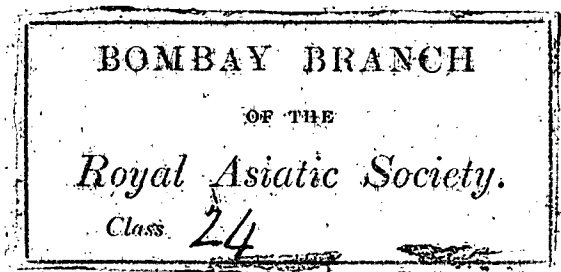




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THE
LONDON
AND
WORLD

XXVII

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

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1854.



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LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PROCLAIM

IT will be no more than the proper thing to do. Our Volume—MR. PUNCH'S Twenty-Seventh Volume—shall be sent, an alliance-offering, to the people of France. To that end, the tome was significantly, magnificently bound: printed upon vellum of



the choicest South-Down sheep. How the bright, black ink flashed from the many faces as MR. PUNCH, in his own room, 85, Fleet Street, complacently turned over the leaves,—the faces, alive and glancing; and smiling, and bobbing heads, and mouths curving, and eye-brows lifting,—a thousand faces, thousands of features, vital, animated! MR. PUNCH reverently closed the book; that he might consider the binding. For MR. PUNCH'S Twenty-Seventh Volume was to be placed for all time on a shelf of polished British oak in the Royal Library of France; an offering to the alliance that in the year of manful daring, was consecrated by the mingled blood of both nations.

The book—we have said it—was significantly bound. On one cover was emblazoned the lions of England in heraldic field; on the other the honey-bees of sunny France! Strength and sweetness were here together; even as the honey in the lion of Samson.

And thus were England and France bound together, with nothing but good fellowship, and give-and-take jest and good humour—written and symbolised in the leaves of PUNCH—between them. And as it is in 1854, so may it ever be!

Still,—how, how shall we present our Volume to the people of France? Through the French Ambassador? Not so? Then how? Let us consider it.

MR. PUNCH sat in his easy chair—(it was never easier, for his Almanack was done, and like summer swallows, had flown away in tens and tens of thousands, twittering promises of sunshine, and fruits, and flowers)—sat, and pondered the when and the how? MR. PUNCH, with his encyclopædic brow in his hand sat and—slept. Forty winks—only forty winks!

MR. PUNCH crosses the Channel; halcyons on the wave, and laughing mermaids lifting up their pocket-mirrors that therein MR. PUNCH might behold his glorious face!

MR. PUNCH lands at Boulogne; his Volume under his arm. A very storm of silver sounds blown from silver trumpets greets his landing. Fishwomen, with coal-black, fiery eyes, and faces fresh as sea-breezes, rush with one accord; catch him in their arms, and carry him to the railway,—French ladies from windows and balconies raining on him roses.

The train is off,—and at the Paris station MR. PUNCH is met by the MAYOR OF PARIS and all the municipal authorities. The Mayor, having paid his first compliments, asked where was LORD MOON, his *cher confrère* and *contemporain*? MR. PUNCH, with the candour that has ever glorified his character, observes that he had come to bask in the Sun of Austerlitz, and cared not to remember the MOON of Portsoken. "*C'est fort bien,*" said the MAYOR OF PARIS; and MR. PUNCH ascended a triumphal car drawn by eight white horses to the Hotel de Ville.

There never was such a banquet—and, perhaps, MR. PUNCH was never so eloquent. At the proper time he rose, and presenting his Volume (through the MAYOR OF PARIS) to the People of France, begged to be allowed to hope that the affections, feelings, and interests of the two countries might continue for ever bound together, even as the leaves of PUNCH were bound and enclasped by the arms of Britain and Gaul.

On this, there was a salvo of cannon that—put an end to MR. PUNCH's forty winks. Nevertheless he resolved to go straightway to Paris that his dream might become a verity.

LORD CLARENDON having heard of MR. PUNCH's determination begged that he would charge himself with the blue riband for GENERAL CANROBERT, the same riband that bound him and his brother hero, RAGLAN; symbolizing the mutual wishes of England and France that so, for all time, they might be tied up in glory and in friendship.





THE VIRGIN AFLOAT.

THE Czar lately presented a miraculous image, by way of figure-head, to a Russian three-decker; and a few days ago, LOUIS NAPOLEON sent *his* image of the VIRGIN MARY to the French fleet; the image was blessed on board the *Inferible*, and will no doubt be quite equal to the Russian saint, should they ever meet. We do not deal in saints afloat; merely adopting for English figure-heads, homely unblest wood cut and carved into BENBOWS, HOWES, and PRINCE ALBERTS. Nevertheless, it is said that the Prime Minister intends to present *his* image to a British man-of-war, that of "Patience on a Monument," smiling at Sebastopol.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

LETTERS FROM THE EAST BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"THE Police silently retired about three in the morning, leaving TUFFSKIN flayed alive, and myself burning with indignation at an insult which, though it had fallen on COUNT TUFFSKIN'S shoulders, had been intended for me. MATILDA SCHOUZOFF—beautiful, beloved, faithless MATILDA—had rescued me from that peril: she had got an inkling, on the previous evening from the Police Minister, her father, of the fate that was destined for me.

"It was pretended that I was a Russian subject. I had indeed accepted service with the EMPEROR—and of what country am I a subject since that day when, a fugitive and an exile, I shook off my country and my allegiance with the bootless clods of Ballingarry?—nevertheless, writhing at the notion of the insult, I rushed away immediately after breakfast, and sent up a note to our—I mean the English minister, SIR H—M—LT—N S—M—R, intimating that the M— of B—M— desired to see him: his Excellency knew me as a gentleman before I was an exile; we have danced together at Almack's and the Tuileries many times, and always lived on terms of the greatest cordiality.

"SIR H—M—LT—N said very fairly, 'My good fellow, what can I do for you? you are no longer a Chieftain and gentleman of the United Kingdom; or if you are, I must claim you. I must claim you as a rebel, send you back to Ireland for trial, when you will be transported to Van Diemen's Land, where probably you will not act as certain friends of yours have done.'

"I said if his Excellency meant MESSRS. M. and N., though I might not possibly approve of their proceedings, yet I was prepared to blow out the brains of any man who questioned their strict honour, and so I tell MR. DUFFY to his face here as I write—thousands of miles away from home under the battlemented walls of Redout Kaleb!

"When his Excellency heard of TUFFSKIN'S misadventure, he burst out laughing as if the deuce was in him, and so did that queer fellow his Secretary, who was in the room when our interview took place. I can see for my part nothing comic in the transaction; however, as the bastinado had been administered in private, as all these things are kept dark in Petersburg, as TUFFSKIN to this day believes he got the rattan on his private account, I agreed with my friends the English diplo-

matists that it was best for me to make no noise about the business, and to walk the streets as if nothing had happened.

"That afternoon, about two o'clock, I was standing before JACOB'S the printseller's shop, talking and joking with young ALEXIS MIRO-LADOWAX: who should pass us in his brown Droschki, in which the etiquette is never to recognise him, but the EMPEROR himself! I happened to be cracking with laughter at one of ALEXIS'S stories (a very queer one about my friend COUNT CANCRIM) when his Majesty passed.

"A man who had been flayed alive at two o'clock in the morning shaking his sides with laughter on the Alexander Platz, at two in the afternoon—here was a strange occurrence! The EMPEROR looked at me as if I had been a ghost: he turned quite livid when he saw me. I appeared to take no notice, laughed and chatted on with ALEXIS, and pretended to be looking at the brass statue of ST. GREGORIUS NAZIANZENSUS, which stands in the Place.

"Gallant men never kiss and tell, so I leave such to imagine the rapturous meeting which took place that evening in the blue saloon of the Winter Palace between me and my lovely rescuer—the pressure of the hand, which, though but momentary, causes the frame to thrill with happiness—the rapid glance of the eye, more eloquent than a thousand speeches. Oh! MATILDA! Can it be that you have forgotten me so soon, and for a Qu—; but I am advancing matters—no woman could be fonder or truer than MATILDA was then.

"It was, I have said, a Thursday evening, the night of the Empress's weekly reception. Our Quaker friends had come to take leave; they were to depart indeed before it was light the next morning, and I recollect MATILDA asking me why young MR. DODKINS was not present, whom I had introduced to her family, from which he had received great and constant attention. The young Quaker is a man of enormous wealth, and I recollect MATILDA and myself counting up, in roubles, the amount of the income which he receives in pounds sterling for his share of the business.

"I laughed. I supposed DODKINS wanted to keep his moustaches, and did not care to face his uncle, old JEDEDAH DODKINS, who with some of the old members of the deputation, lived with an old friend, a serious tallow merchant on the English Quay.

"I went into the Imperial presence with the rest, and made my bow to their Majesties. The dear Empress, I thought, turned away her head from me with a very mournful expression, whereas the Autocrat looked as black as thunder. I did not mind his black looks; made my obeisance, and retired presently into the pink and silver drawing-room, where FALCONNET'S silver bust of the EMPRESS CATHERINE stands, and where the Maids-of-Honour commonly sit and have tea; it is exceedingly good at St. Petersburg, as everybody knows, and I drank two or three and twenty cups whilst chattering with these charming girls.

"Presently I saw MATILDA coming, with a look of great anxiety in her face; she beckoned me to speak to her, and I followed her into the embrasure of the window, in which the CUPID and PSYCHE stands looking out on the Tolstoi Square.

"Oh, my MULLIGANOVITCH," she said, "my Nijni, my Moujik, my Caviare, my M—, my beautiful, my brave, my best beloved, I have dreadful news for you."

"Speak, cushla ma chree na boelish," says I, (the Celtic and the Slavonic dialects are very similar), seizing her lovely hand, and pressing it to my beating waistcoat; "speak, light of my eyes, and tell me what is the matter."

"You asked for passports for Prussia this morning at the Police Office, and they were promised to you."

"They were, adored creature; will you fly with me?"

"Oh MULLIGANOVITCH, (such a heavenly expression of the eyes here) you will never be allowed to depart to Prussia: to-morrow at ten o'clock, somebody who tells me everything—get away you jealous creature, and don't be jealous of him, or doubt your poor little MATILDA,—informs me that you will be seized and sent to Siberia: you are considered as a naturalized Russian subject. The EMPEROR laughed for a moment when he heard of poor COUNT TUFFSKIN being mistaken for you. Oh, dear, dear MULLIGANOVITCH, I could not sleep all night for thinking of what might befall you; but after his laugh, he grew more angry than ever, and had it not been for the Empress going on her knees to him this very evening, the horrid operation would have been performed on you."

"I ground my teeth, crunching between them the execration which otherwise had issued from my lips. To be sent to Siberia—the thought was madness!

"Ladies are not allowed to go there," sobbed out MATILDA, divining the causes of my emotion; "they will separate me from my MULLIGANOVITCH; they will marry me to that horrid tipsy TUFFSKI;"

"I don't know what I should have done in that moment of grief and joy had not MATILDA'S mamma called her at this very juncture, and left me to contemplate my fate, and (to quote the beautiful words of GENERAL WOLFE), bitterly think of the morrow.

"Go to Siberia! I swore I would die first.

"BASHI-BOZOUK."

TEMPERANCE IN TRUTH.

"THE mixture of a lie ever pleaseth," says LORD BACON; unfortunately for himself, a sad authority for the truthfulness of the saying. The Scotch are a nation of philosophers. There is in Edinburgh many a philosopher who, like DIOGENES, would live in a tub—if the tub were made a whiskey-cask inside, with "water-cask" in large letters painted externally. It must be confessed that teetotallers are, at times, terribly temperate in water; especially in that particular water drawn from the well of truth. Truth's bucket is as hateful to their nostrils as though it reeked with the penal fires of Islay or Glenlivet. But, like DIOGENES, they are philosophers, and can lie very comfortably in every sort of cask.

The folks of Glasgow, it seems, rejoice in a new local act—may it remain national with them as the national thistle!—that forbids the furnishing not only of drink, but of meat, to any man, woman, or child, hungering for a tavern dinner, unless the man, woman, or child, aforesaid, are indwellers of the hostelry, sleeping there!

What is the consequence, as related in the *Times*, by an authenticated correspondent? Two men are starving for a dinner. They enter a tavern; are resolutely denied the meal; but at length obtain it, by taking beds for the night! They are permitted the use of knife and fork under the fiction that they are to wear nightcaps! They are allowed to have a fowl for dinner, on the lie that they take with it, goose-feathers. Such are the beds of Justice in Scotland at this hour; most truly of Justice, for here she must sleep in them; sleep the sleep of whiskey—the sleep of temperance, temperate of truth!

DOCTOR LATHAM, in his *Handbook to the Courts of Natural History* for the Crystal Palace, gives specimens of certain savages, who thrust pieces of wood through the lobes of their ears; and cause the most unnatural projection of the under lip, as offerings to their sense of the beautiful. Are there no unsophisticated folks who, in the same way, sacrifice to their sense of truth? who project the lip with a Phari-saical lie; and to prove that they do not take the toddy-ladle to their own mouths, insist upon thrusting it through the lobes of their neighbours' ears? We wish DOCTOR LATHAM would add a specimen or two from the natives of Caledonia.

THE WRITING-MASTER AT THE HOME-OFFICE.

LORD PALMERSTON in addition to the many matters he has on his own hands, has been directing his energies to the hands written by those who are under him. It is perfectly natural that the bottle-holder should object to such "fists" as he has occasionally met with in his correspondence at the Home Office. He has accordingly dealt out a few raps on the knuckles, the effect of which will, we trust, be satisfactory. The next thing for his Lordship to do, will be to issue appropriate copies to the various departments of the Government.

We can imagine a few of those sentences for copy-books, which in his mixed position of moralist and minister, would most probably occur to him:—

Evil communications corrupt good Lord John Manners.

If Sibthorp's bliss, 'tis folly to be other-wise.

It's a long political life that has no turning.

Government waste makes National want.

The Duke of Decanters.

WHEN the KING OF PORTUGAL and his brother, the DUKE OF OPORTO, partook of the meat-breakfast, genteelly called *déjeuner à la fourchette*, at the Mansion House the other day, there were, as we are informed, some curious wines on the table. To the DUKE OF OPORTO the most curious of these wines appeared, we believe, a purple sort of wine, if it can be called wine, nearly as strong as brandy; and we have good reason for stating, that the Duke's astonishment was excessive when his Royal Highness was told that this liquor was the produce of his own dukedom. We trust that the DUKE OF OPORTO'S visit to the Mansion House will be followed by results advantageous to the Port of London, and consequently to that of England.

An Evil Liver.

THEY say that NICHOLAS is labouring under a liver affection—the only sort of affection of which his nature is capable. It appears, therefore, that the Czar is troubled with bile; and there can be no doubt that he complains bitterly of Gaul.

A BOTANICO-MEDICO PROVERB.—Patients are Simples that do not grow in every medical man's garden.

A DAY OF ABSOLUTE REST.



AGAINST MR. HUME'S motion for a resolution that the moral and intellectual improvement of the working classes would be promoted by the opening of collections of natural history and objects of art as well as gin-shops, after morning service on a Sunday, there seems only one thing to be said, which is, that Sunday ought to be observed literally as a day of rest; so that the working classes during the intervals between the services ought to go to sleep. As sleep at will, however, is not procurable without the aid of some narcotic drug, or influence, Mr. HUME'S opponents should suggest some scheme for supplying

the public with cheap opium, or for establishing district mesmerizers. For all the population cannot go to Church, and all would certainly not be sent to sleep there, and though many might, yet very few sermons would have such an extremely drowsy effect as to plunge the hearers in slumber for all the rest of the day.

"A MISSIONARY CHURCH."

MR. HENLEY conscientiously objected to the clause that, in the Oxford University Bill, allows academical honours to stiff-necked Dissenters. As they would not swear and subscribe to articles, wherefore should they have glorifying letters affixed to their names? These literal honours ought to remain the exclusive reward of the members of the Established Church as a very trifling compensation for the unceasing care and interest bestowed by that Church upon all human souls; the more especially on those errant, vagabond souls that were wont to remain unclaimed, going here and there, and nowhere, altogether heedless of the sheep-bell tinkling to the Church flock. MR. HENLEY objected to the clause, and the hon. (and revolutionary) gentleman who proposed it must recollect that—

"It was the duty of our Established Church to look after those who would not look after themselves. The Established Church was a Missionary Church to a large portion of the people. He moved as an amendment, that the clause be read a second time that day six months."

But the clause—the door-opening clause—was, to the consternation of MR. HENLEY and his fellow-labourers in the cause of the Established Church, passed, and the Missionary Church mightily wronged and scandalised thereby. The Established Church was a Missionary Church to a large portion of the people. This affecting fact explains to us the constant practice of so many bishops and archdeacons, and prebends and deans, whom we continually meet in alleys and byways—and always where the poor and ignorant swarm the thickest—in a sort of lowly pilgrim-guise, their footsteps tempted and drawn to the abodes of squalor and of vice. Now we know why the BISHOP OF LONDON himself is so frequently met with in Spitalfields, in Lambeth—on Mutton Hill—in infidel St. Giles's. He is the model Missionary of a Missionary Church; and he condemns and eschews all the Church dramas as produced regardless of expense at St. Barnabas and St. Paul's, Knightsbridge,—giving all his heart and all his soul to look after those of the straying flock, who "will not look after themselves." Belgravia is safe in the piety of her own estimation, but Tothill-fields is running to weeds, choked by cockle and darnel. May Fair smells her Church flowers, and sniffs the odour of piety from Roman roses; but Rag Fair has not a single leaf of the Herb of Grace wherewith to scent and sweeten the foul earthiness of her fallen nature; and therefore it is to Rag Fair and not to May Fair—to the Place of Tatters, and not to the Feast of Roses, that our BLOMFIELD—sweetly-smelling syllables!—takes his missionary way, and calls with silver voice to the careless, scattered flock.

The Established Church is, then, the real Missionary Church. Here and there a Dissenter or two may waylay and redeem a black or copper-skinned barbarian—rejoicing in the treasure of Papuan and Patagonian proselyte—but it is the BISHOP OF LONDON, and such as he, who, wandering forth in the savage places of the British metropolis, call in and secure the wandering sheep whose footsteps would otherwise print their way to perdition!

OLD NICK'S LAST.—NICHOLAS has been so misled by the reports of his generals on the Danube, that he declares he has one LUDERS there, but a whole host o' De-Luders.

LORD ABERDEEN'S EXPLANATION.

It's very hard, and so it is,
To be misrepresented
By a set of low press-writers,
Ill-informed and discontented.
So here I am upon my legs
To offer explanation,
(Though of what there is to be explained
I pause for information.)

They say I'm Russian-minded—
The charge is quite ridiculous;
'Tis five and twenty years ago
Since I pitched into NICHOLAS;
Took the liberty to NESSELRODE
Those same harsh truths to state, my Lords,
Which I checked LORD LYNDBURST, t'other night,
For advancing in debate, my Lords.

If I now say Russia strives not
For extension of dominion,
You'll find in my despatch, my Lords,
The opposite opinion.
In twenty-nine I was in fact
Courageously asserting out
The very things low writers now
Are ignorantly blariting out.

'Tis true I said, the other night,
I feared not Russ encroachment;
But you'll find my words, in twenty-nine,
Another view to broach meant;
I doubt if LORD CLANRICARDE,
In his present most rash line, my Lords,
E'er unmasked Russ double-dealing
More than I—in twenty-nine, my Lords.

You shall see the germ of treachery
Pointed out in that despatch, my Lords.
Which your LAYARDS and your LYNDBURSTS
Say the Czar now tries to hatch, my Lords.
And if my words in fifty-four,
To my words in twenty-nine, my Lords,
Are found to be as black to white,
Why that's no fault of mine, my Lords.

To political necessities
Opinions must give o'er, my Lords;
And the state of things in twenty-nine,
Was not that in fifty-four, my Lords,
Then I abused the Russians,
But from fighting I forbore with them;
Now I defend the Russians,
But then we are at war with them.

But you need not be alarmed, my Lords,
Lest this should check our action;
If I've deprecated war, my Lords,
(As I own with satisfaction.)
If my speeches in the house have worn
The tone of Russian pleadings,
In the Cabinet I've always urged
The most vigorous proceedings.

For my effort it has always been,
To exert my ingenuity
In keeping up 'twixt words and acts
A wholesome incongruity.
Large words and great deeds too, is waste
At which my Scotch heart bleeds, my Lords,
So pray allow me to sing small,
While England does great deeds, my Lords.

The Bashful Muscovite.

THERE is a great deal of truth in what LORD ABERDEEN says. We ought not to be too hard upon the EMPEROR NICHOLAS. People have hastily accused him of unscrupulous audacity; whereas, by evacuating the Principalities, he now exhibits himself as quite a retiring character.

SHOULD ABERDEEN HAVE A STATUE?—Certainly he should—the "statu quo ante."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.



A DELICIOUS SAIL-OFF DOVER.

Old Lady. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, MR. BOATMAN! WHAT'S THAT?"

Stolid Boatman. "THAT, MUM! NUTHUN, MUM. ONLY THE ARTILLERY A PRAC-TIZ-SIN', AND THAT'S ONE O' THE CANNON BALLS WHAT'S JUST STRUCK THE WATER!"

THE PREVISION OF PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH has never been mesmerised, and rendered cataleptic, or a somnambulist. It is impossible to throw into a state of sleep one so constitutionally wide-awake. In short, the clairvoyance of *Mr. Punch* is natural lucidity. The faculty of clear-sight is nevertheless possessed by *Mr. Punch*, in a much higher degree than what would suffice to enable him to perceive, through his office wall, what might be going on in the adjoining establishment. Recent accounts from Russia represent the EMPEROR of that country as being afflicted with a bad leg, a "mind diseased," and a pertinacious liver complaint. Everybody who knows anything of medicine will infer that the bad leg and the disordered intellect in all probability depend on the diseased liver. Did not *Mr. Punch*, before the war, when hostilities were only imminent, declare his conviction that their outbreak would be the eruption of the Czar's internal evils: that the insane course which NICHOLAS was pursuing was the consequence of a mental affection, arising from a bilious disorder? Did he not even suggest blue pill? The few locks which adorn the head of *Mr. Punch* are now in the state of the quills of the "fretful porcupine." He is, like PROFESSOR KATTERFELTO with his hair on end, wondering at his own wonders. But what is the use of wondering at the high truths of medical philosophy? It were better to apply them; and save, with a few grains of mercurial pill, an immense quantity of human blood.

The Game of Russia.

STRATEGY is generally considered to resemble Chess; but the retrograde movement of the Russians across the Pruth looks rather like Back-Gammon.

Q. WHY is the drum in an orchestra like the Government?
A. Because it is beaten almost every night.

ALL THE FUN OF THE FIELD.

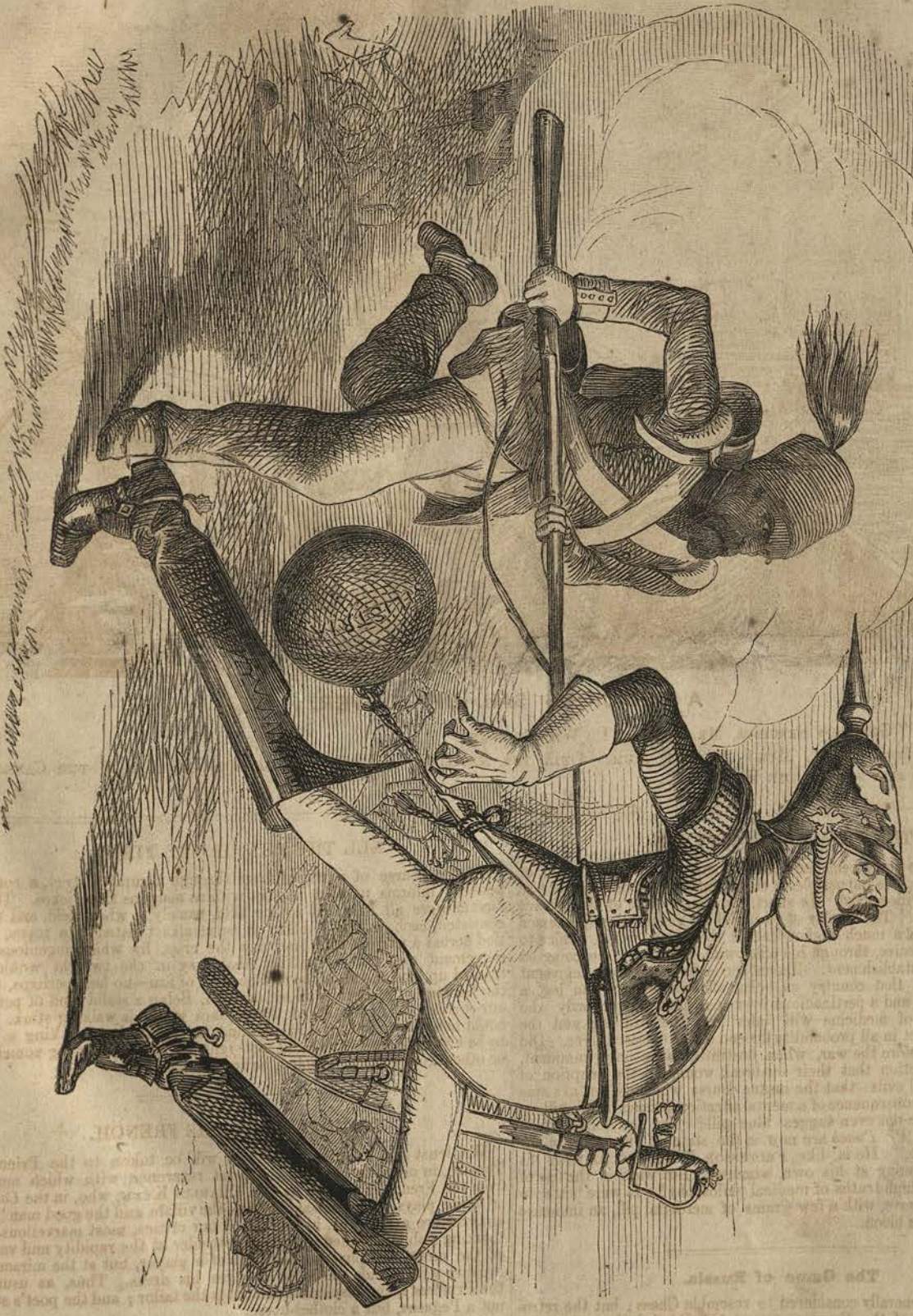
IN the course of a recent tour through a rural district, a correspondent informs us that he met with as many as three jokes. These facetiæ were all included in one field, namely, a wheat field, and they consisted, each, in two bundles of cornstalks twisted into ropes, and tied across a narrow path bisecting the crop, by which ingenious arrangement any person walking that way in the twilight would be tripped up, and the result would be a bit of fun—no less, perhaps, than the fracture of his legs, or nose, or skull. Being a stolid kind of person, our correspondent destroyed these jokes with his walking-stick. He could not concur with the rustic mind in considering breaking a limb to be cracking a joke, and did not reflect that by hindering somebody or other from getting crippled, he spoiled sport.

MURDER FROM THE FRENCH.

WE trust that our French visitors will be taken to the Princess's Theatre, in order to observe the great reverence with which murder from the French is treated by MR. CHARLES KEAN, who, in the *Courier of Lyons*, plays both black and white—the villain and the good man! His changes are said to be, by certain of our critics, most marvellous. A thinking public is called upon not to wonder at the rapidity and variety of the moral and physical emotions of a player, but at the miraculous rapidity with which the actor changes his dress. Thus, as usual at the Princess's, the inspired dramatist is the tailor; and the poet's steed, not a Pegasus, but a clothes-horse.

OUR PIOUS PREMIER.—It is universally admitted that LORD ABERDEEN's explanation is the most conspicuous act of *humble-piety* on record.

JULY 8, 1854.]



ANOTHER RUSSIAN VICTORY!!!

See the "Invulnible Russe."

PUNCH, No. 678.

LAW AND LINDLEY MURRAY.



It is generally thought that the precedent set by one of our most distinguished English Judges, in not only giving judgment upon the merits of a case tried before him, but in deciding upon the right pronunciation of a word used in the pleadings, has given great satisfaction. A series of cases has since been heard, in which various offenders against the laws of language have been amerced in divers penalties. The following is a report of Saturday's sittings:—

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.

(Sittings in Banco.)

LORD CAMPBELL, at three o'clock, said that the paper having now been gone through, he and

his brothers were ready to take any cases of bad language.

Several Barristers immediately left the Court. It was observed that some of them were gentlemen who had obtained notoriety by abusing unfortunate coroners and other magistrates of limited powers of committal.

THE QUEEN v. LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

The defendant was charged with habitually offending against HER MAJESTY'S English, by making a noise sounding like "obleege," when he was supposed to intend to say "oblige."

The defendant pleaded guilty, but urged that a hundred years ago his pronunciation was the fashionable one. It was derived from the French.

LORD CAMPBELL said, that in the case of JOHN KEMBLE v. the PRINCE REGENT the *dictum* had been, "It would become your Royal mouth better to say 'oblige.'" The rule was clear. Had the defendant anything further to say?

The defendant said that he had once visited the Lyceum Theatre, and had heard MR. FRANK MATTHEWS say, in a burlesque called *Robin Hood*—

"With any advice about the siege,
The Field-Marshal therefore cannot obleege."

LORD CAMPBELL said that this proved that the defendant had been warned. The object of burlesque—and he was bound to say that such object was usually attained—was to ridicule what was absurd, by pushing absurdity to the extreme. The Court did not desire to be hard upon the defendant. Would he undertake not to repeat the offence?

The defendant said that he would endeavour to conform to the customs of the day; but he believed that in Magna Charta—

He was here somewhat hastily removed from the Court.

THE QUEEN v. RICHARD COBDEN.

The defendant was charged with laying a false emphasis upon the third syllable in the word inimical, which he pronounced inimical.

The defendant said that he had not intended to give offence, and that he had heard the same pronunciation from the Treasury Bench last week.

LORD CAMPBELL said that the Treasury had better go to its "*Tyronis Thesaurus*." (Laughter, in which nobody joined.) The pronunciation was pedantic—why did not the defendant say severity and urbanity?

The defendant was discharged with a caution.

THE QUEEN v. THIRTEEN CABMEN.

The defendants were charged with having said they were going to drive to the Adelphi Theatre.

The police gave evidence that this abominable pronunciation was of common occurrence, and gave great annoyance to the aristocratic classes on their way to the opera.

The defendants said that it was the ordinary pronunciation of the trading and lower orders.

LORD CAMPBELL said that it was intolerable, and sentenced the whole of the defendants to be civil to their fares for an entire month.

The defendants were removed, one of them remarking that the sentence would be the death of him.

THE QUEEN v. THE HON. ALFRED LAZYTONGS.

The defendant was charged with having used continuous bad language through a whole afternoon, at the Conservative Club. He was proved to have said that the rain was a baw, that MADEMOISELLE LUTHER was a charming creechaw, that LORD DERBY had come out

strong about Canadaw, and that his defendant's, tigaw was a deuced sharp little fellow.

Several old members of the club pressed for a severe punishment, as they said that the offence was so common as to render the place quite unbearable. The young fellows went lounging about in their all-round collars, gobbling out the most ridiculous sounds, and fancying they were talking.

The defendant hoped that the Court would think it didn't mattaw what a parcel of red-faced old pumps thought on the subject.

LORD CAMPBELL said that extraneous matter had been imported into the case on both sides. The Court had no jurisdiction over collars or red faces. But the defendant stood self-convicted. What had he to say?

The defendant said that a gentleman liked to speak differently from vulgarians, and as the latter clipped the QUEEN'S English upon all occasions, it was the duty of a loyal subject to make as much of it as possible.

LORD CAMPBELL said that the defence was plausible, but would not do. The proper way for a gentleman to render his language different from that of vulgarians was to take care that it was precise and accurate, and the vehicle for good sense or true wit. As the defendant seemed desirous to do what was right, he would accept his own bail for his reappearance that day month, conditionally on his reading *Punch* for one hour every day, during the intermediate time.

The defendant gladly gave the undertaking, and was discharged.

The remaining cases presented little of principle and nothing of interest.

WEEPING BIRCH.

VISITANTS to Westminster Abbey have of late been greatly alarmed and excited by supernatural movements exhibited by the monument of DR. BUSBY, considerably more striking than any which are made by the miraculous Madonnas of Italy. The image of the deceased schoolmaster is from time to time observed to shake its head in disapproval, and to knit its eyebrows and frown with awful severity. These extraordinary phenomena first appeared the other morning, when a revolutionary leading article came out in the *Daily News*, suggesting the abolition of flogging in public schools. The marble heart of any pedagogue of the old school would of course be violently moved at the idea of being deprived of that gratification which it derives from the exercise of the rod. To indemnify old scholastic gentlemen for the loss of the delight which some of them seem to take in whipping children, they might be permitted to officiate as assistant executioners; to do the flogging in the prisons: and in order to provide them with sufficient work, a law should be made punishing the maltreatment of women with flagellation. There may be some doubt whether the whip is a proper instrument wherewith to teach tender youth humane letters, but it is unquestionably one very suitable for unteaching a ruffian his inhuman cruelty.

THE AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

MR. BROTHERTON has, we are happy to see, been doing his duty lately, and endeavouring to bring the preposterous sittings of the House to an earlier close than usual. He has divided the Commons several times after midnight on the question of adjournment, and though he has not generally carried his motion, he has so far broken in upon the proceedings of the night, that the rest has been fragmentary, and the adjournment has been hastened. We had been inclined to reprove, if not to rebuke our BROTHERTON, for the facility with which he had been yielding to the oppression of the Government behind which he sits. That shake of the hat at the Speaker, and that deprecating half-smile, which said that it was really too bad to go on at that hour, were all very well, but when MR. FITZROY turned round with a good natured fierceness, and motioned MR. BROTHERTON to sit down, or MR. GLADSTONE looked up with wild amazement, and obviously said, "My goodness, here's a man wanting to go to bed!" MR. BROTHERTON had no business to be quelled, and to resume his seat. He should remember that his legislative mission is to send the other members home to their amiable wives; and if he allows himself to be put down, the ladies have no helper left. The man who would refuse to drive members into the lobby to relieve virtuous females in solitude and distress is unworthy the name of a BROTHERTON.

THE MUSCOVITE ROMANCER.

ONE would think that the Russian journal, the *Invalide Russe*, was so called by reason of its statements being continually invalidated.

THE MODERN PARNASSUS.—Since the promotion of the originator of the Penny Postage, St. Martin's-le-Grand may be called the English Parnassus, for is it not the abode now of England's HILL of Letters?

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



WITHOUT intending to compete with the high authorities who are entitled to carry half the alphabet at the end of their names, and who are men of letters by virtue of a long row of consonants as well as by other attributes, we purpose furnishing a series of hand-and-glove books to the Crystal Palace.

Without any further preface, we shall at once dash up the stairs of the Refreshment Room, leave the Paris Chocolate Company on our right, thread the mazes of marble tables, and darting through the Screen of the Kings and Queens of England, we shall find ourselves in

THE DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

This forms naturally enough the first object of our investigation; and we prepare to treat of Ethnology—a word “which every schoolboy knows,” but which nevertheless everybody thinks it necessary to tell everybody else is derived from two Greek words, and signifies the science of races. Some people would interpret the “Science of Races” as “the art of winning the Ascot Cup” or “Making a Book for the Derby.” Almost every word ending in “logy,” is a scientific word; and perhaps the many disputes arising out of the various “logies” may have given rise to the term “loggerheads,” a state at which the learned are apt to arrive in the course of those bickerings which a love of truth and a dislike to each other will sometimes generate.

Ethnology means the science not of races in general; for if it did, it would be peculiar rather to the Turf than to our common clay; but it is the science of the human race in particular.

In the Crystal Palace it has not been thought necessary to make a collection of the specimens of European objects, for there will always be found among the visitors themselves a collection of living curiosities of the various populations of Europe. Of these a moving cosmorama will be constantly kept up, and a little comparative anatomy may be quietly studied, by reviewing the bearded fop side by side with the Chimpanzee in his primitive condition. Several of the specimens of Ethnology in the Crystal Palace are to be found within the Arctic Circle, though there are some equally extraordinary objects within our own circle, if we are disposed to study them.

In the general arrangement of the department of Natural History, an attempt has been made to group together the botany and zoology of each locality, a plan which may be familiarly illustrated by placing under a glass shade, a costermonger, a donkey, and a thistle. In this interesting group we should have ethnology represented by the man, zoology would rear its head in the donkey, and botany would present some of its finest points in the thistle.

Among the foremost objects is a group of East Indians belonging to India Proper, and (judging from their costume, which is not so shockingly scanty as it probably is in India Im-proper), the epithet “proper,” is not altogether unmerited. The complexion of some of these Indians is as black as Indian ink. Nearly every face has the same stamp, and the process of stamping seems to have been carried out with considerable violence, causing the countenances to become so flat that no one could call them handsome without being disposed to flatter. In India there is a system of caste, which means that the son walks in his father's shoes—if the father happens to have any. If the father is a blacksmith the son is a blacksmith, and indeed all the SMITHS are of necessity black, except perhaps a few of the BROWNS, for brunette is one of the colours that the hand of Nature has rubbed into the faces of the East Indians.

The Malays are given to the habit of tattooing, and they sometimes proceed to such rivalry in the art that one will do his utmost to beat the tattoo upon the other.

Among the incidentals of the Malays may be noticed certain dental operations, such as dyeing the teeth, and filing them down to the gums, for few can wait patiently till they are sufficiently old files themselves for their teeth to wear down to the desired level.

Leaving the East Indians we will now take a glance at the people of Sumatra, who are chiefly remarkable for the form which the

moustache movement has taken among them, for they seem to wear on the upper lip an arrangement similar to that of the Ramoneur with which modern civilisation sweeps her chimneys.

We now turn to Borneo, but we are not sorry to turn away again from a tribe whose fashions are not by any means of an engaging character. The favourite dress seems to be nothing but a head-dress, which consists generally of a *bandeau* of human teeth, and sometimes a hat, similar in shape to those worn by very young ladies at the seaside, but trimmed with such strings of molars and incisors as to suggest the idea that the parties must be proud of their extraction from the heads of families. The Dyaks of Borneo are said to be divided into one hundred various tribes, but it cannot be said that “variety is charming” in the case of any one of them. They are fond of accumulating skulls, which they hand down from father to son; but as these heads are collected by hundreds, it is difficult to say under what particular



head we should class this strange propensity. To such an extent is it carried, that a youth cannot marry till he has presented his bride with somebody else's skull; and unless he has cut off another person's head, he is not allowed to become the head of a family.

One of the most ordinary weapons of the people of Borneo is a blow-pipe, which is capable of inflicting a fearful blow, and by means of poisoned arrows establishing a rather nasty wound with remarkable nicety.

We next arrive at New Guinea, a name of which nobody knows the origin, and we may therefore hazard the conjecture that the people of New Guinea are always seeking for change, and calling for a new Sovereign. Their fashions are easily described, for their costume consists of hair dressed *à la Thillon*, with a necklace of fur, and a waistband of

matting. The ladies of New Guinea carry the *decolleté* principle even further than our own, who seem nevertheless to have borrowed the practice of wearing nothing on their necks, from some of the tribes we have been noticing. The arrangement of the hair is one of the chief employments of life, a point in which some of our drawing-room belles resemble the barbarian coquettes of the Archipelago. The “double skirt” has its origin in the double petticoat of leaves worn round the waist by the women of New Guinea, who dye their hair with ochre, and perform other tricks which are not uncommon among the fairer portion of our highly civilised metropolis.

We must not pass coldly over the Arctic Regions, of which the Great Bear seems to be the star. This animal, or rather his skin, was brought home by CAPTAIN INGLESFIELD, who, it is believed, embraced the opportunity when the Bear was preparing to embrace the gallant Captain himself. Among the North American Indians we recognise an article in trowsers, which would certainly be labelled as “the fashion” in any cheap clothing mart of the present day: the trowsers are of the broadest stripe, and are worn by a Red Indian, who is obliging some of his friends in blue whiskers and yellow eyebrows with an accompaniment to a war dance in which they are engaged.

Passing a few cases of birds, most of them remarkable for their bills, which have been presented to the directors of the Crystal Palace, and accepted without hesitation, we arrive at a party of South Americans, engaged in a fierce encounter with sticks. It is the ugly custom of these very ugly customers to introduce a block of wood into the under lip, and thus to illustrate their faces with a woodcut of the rudest character. Their object is to tear out the illustrations and destroy the blocks, which are set in these very low types of humanity.

Among another group of South Americans may be perceived a rather gentlemanly looking person in the completest, and probably the cheapest suit of stripes that ever came under our notice. The material is nothing but blue paint, so that the entire costume could have cost little more than the labour employed in fitting on what may be termed an entire suit of Nature's blouses. The objects in this department are so numerous that it is impossible to give them more than a passing glance; so congratulating the bonnet-monkey on the opportunity afforded him



by the ladies of the present day, to bring the bonnet into contempt, and with a nod of recognition to the Ounce, a creature which has become so rare, that many when told of its existence will not believe the announcement, we take our leave of the Natural History Collection of the Crystal Palace.

CHARACTERISTICS OF IRISH MEMBERS.

THE Select Committee appointed by *Mr. Punch* to investigate the character of Irish Members, have presented him with their report on that interesting subject, which is as follows:—

Your Committee are of opinion that the Irish Members of Parliament, considered as a body, constitute the most important and influential section of the House of Commons, not by reason of the weight they are able to throw into the scale of nearly balanced parties, but on account of the great moral effect of their support, when afforded either to measures or men.

It appears to your Committee that pure and disinterested patriotism is the primary and leading characteristic of the representatives of Ireland. They are generally remarkable for a lofty superiority to motives of ambition and personal aggrandisement, and their indifference to personal objects prevents them from ever exhibiting those mean jealousies whereof the degrading spectacle is so often presented by other parties.

The quality for which, in the next place, your Committee consider the Irish element in the House of Commons to be conspicuous is an aptitude for practical legislation, and this, together with the amenity and good temper which they are almost as eminent for, occasions their presence in the House to be a great furtherance to its business, whereunto they never offer vexatious obstructions, and which they never interrupt by frivolous and unnecessary disputes.

The utilitarian spirit, however, by which the Irish members are animated is combined, according to the sentiments of your Committee, with broad and liberal views, which are enunciated with a wonderful correctness of logic at once fluent and concise.

Lastly, your Committee take leave to notice, as a consideration of importance in the constitution of an assembly on which depends the maintenance of our civil and religious liberties, the striking solicitude manifested by the majority of the Irish members for the welfare and prosperity of the Protestant institutions of the kingdom.

The only exception that can be taken against the Irish members your Committee conceive to be more than countervailed by the political independence which they derive from the circumstance forming the ground of it. It is that perhaps, altogether, they have rather too much property.

THE WILD-OAT-SOWING MACHINE.

AN American genius, inspired by the Sewing-Machine, has invented a wonderful apparatus to enable young men to sow their wild-oats. It is a most ingenious piece of mechanism, being equally adapted to the pocket of the Government clerk and the cheque-book of the millionaire. It has been calculated that not only will there be a material saving of time by this new process, but that also a much greater expenditure of money will be gained by it. It is so simple in its operation that any young man who can write may play with it with the greatest ease. An experiment was tried upon a wealthy minor, who had all the innocent ways of a child, and it was found that, long before he had become of age, he had not only not a single wild oat left in his possession, but that he had already reaped the consequences of all those he had sown. The result is—and the inventor points to it with no little pride—that the young man has not as many pence now as he had thousands before. The great merit of the invention lies decidedly in its simplicity. It requires not the slightest practice, but is acquired with no greater study, no greater outlay, than a few minutes' patience. Moreover, it is so admirably contrived that any one, who is in the least clever in operations that require the free play of the hand, becomes perfect after one trial, and is in a state to teach others. We will endeavour to describe the principal characteristics of this new "WILD-OAT-SOWING MACHINE."

It is simply a hand machine. At one end of it are arranged a number of slips of paper, and the usual facilities for writing. The slips somewhat resemble in their shape the ordinary bill, or promissory note, that is used in daily matters of commerce. As the operator places his signature to the paper, he presses on a spring which forces down a stamp that gives his slip a legal value. This stamp varies from two shillings up to thirty. As soon as this is done, the bill is snatched up by some unseen power, and commences a series of runs, which are hidden from view. How it runs, and where it runs to, or how it has the power of running at all, are so many mysteries that our ingenious inventor has not thought fit to explain. It is only sufficient to state that after a certain period of running,—that is sometimes over in three months, and sometimes extends to nine,—the operator is expected to be at the other end of the machine to meet his little piece of paper. Should he fail,

however, in meeting it, to such perfection is the machinery of this extraordinary instrument brought that the piece of paper will actually run after him, no matter where he may be, and nothing but actual payment in full will stop it. We must state that at the time of parting with the autograph document, some money is handed over to the person who has just been putting his signature to it. This sum is sometimes half the amount specified in the paper, sometimes only one quarter, and sometimes nothing at all. It entirely depends upon the market to which the young man takes his wild oats to sell. Sometimes he is paid only in wine, beer, blacking, or boot-jacks. The machine is extremely simple to look at, being put in motion generally by a screw, that works it and keeps it running. This screw is regulated by one or two Jews, who are always too happy to explain the principle (or, at least, what little there is, for it is mostly devoid of any principle whatever,) of the action.

We append the following very flattering testimonial of the admirable efficacy of this new machine:—

"SIR,—I first became acquainted with the secret of your wonderful Wild-Oat-Sowing Machine whilst on a visit to FLEET'S, in Roullette Street, Leicester Square. I instantly tried it. Nothing could have been so efficacious. By working it two or three times, I was enabled to visit the different places of amusement about town. I next tried the betting shops. This was not sufficient, and I made a trial of the gambling and cigar shops about St. James's Street. I went to Baden-Baden—kept racers—lent my money indiscriminately to all my friends—published several books of poems—took a theatre—in short, committed every imaginable folly that a young man can be guilty of. The consequence is that, thanks to your excellent contrivance, which always put money at my command as often and oftener than I wanted it, I am now in the Bench, having spent a small fortune of £12,000 a year in less than nineteen months. I also owe £500 to my fishmonger, and a few hundreds to my washerwomen, and can safely lay my hand upon my pocket, and say I haven't a farthing in the world; but at the same time I can boldly affirm I haven't a Wild Oat left, having effectually sown every one of them. If it hadn't been for your admirable 'Sowing Machine,' I doubt if I could have done this.

"(Signed)

ALFRED KEIGHTIE FLEIGHTER."

Other testimonials may be had, on application at the Insolvent Court, and the "Wild-Oat-Sowing Machine" may be seen any day in full operation at the Office of S. WINDLE, Esq., Thoroodoo Chambers, Diddlesex Court, Temple.

CITY OF LONDON CEMENT.



NEW species of cement, which it is hoped may prove durable, has been discovered in the City of London. We are at liberty to mention its principal ingredients, which are derived from both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and from, in short, the well-known materials of the civic banquets. That turtle is of a glutinous nature is generally understood; and in common parlance it is said to stick to the ribs: whence it will be readily inferred that the new

cement contains a considerable proportion of that delicious reptile. The cement, however, is not adapted for ordinary building purposes, although it may be used largely in freemasonry; nor is it of the nature of marine glue, notwithstanding that it will be offered to the two principal marine powers. It will be prepared by the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen for the purpose of securing and consolidating the union between this country and France, with which view it will be employed in lining the interior of certain distinguished French citizens; to be invited to a grand national entertainment of which it will form the staple. This cement for joining France and England might be very much improved if Government would allow the addition to it of French wines admitted at a reduced duty.

The Czar's Creditor.

THE newspapers say that NICHOLAS is trying to raise a loan of seven millions on the Amsterdam Bourse. That sum will not suffice to get him out of his difficulties. Even if it should enable him to liquidate the expenses of his war, there will still be the devil to pay.

THE HEIGHT OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

THE Tectotallers want to exclude the bottle from the Crystal Palace. We wonder they don't carry their fanaticism so far as to endeavour to deprive it of the glass.



TABLEAU REPRESENTING A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, WHO FANCIES HE IS ALONE BY THE "SAD SEA WAVES." HE TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY OF GOING THROUGH THE LAST SCENE OF "LUCIA."

N.B. The Young Gentleman's voice (which HE imagines like MARIO'S) is of the most feeble and uncertain quality.

THE MORAL OF WOODEN CANNON-BALLS.

THE humane governor of Sveaborg—that man ought to be enrolled as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Peace Society—has been imprisoned for life by the inclemency of the wicked Czar, and only for having substituted wooden balls for iron cannon balls, putting in fact the cost of the real shot in his pocket, and painting the fictitious shot very black, that they might, to the vulgar, unsophisticated eye, pass for mortal missiles. We say again that this man ought to meet with some expression of sympathy from the peace-mongers. What, now, if MESSRS. STURGE and PEASE should—in memory of their late visit to St. Petersburg—solicit of the EMPEROR permission to convey to Siberia a pigeon-pie, to the captive governor? A simple pigeon-pie, in testimony and symbolical of his practical peacefulness that turned the adamant heart of mortal shot to painted touchwood? Why should not the men of cotton-balls make some testimony to peaceful balls of wood?

In some way, however, our own Premier has acknowledged the wisdom of the unfortunate governor of Sveaborg—but with much better luck. MR. LAYARD considers the stores of the EARL OF ABERDEEN; and exclaims "wooden cannon-balls!" More: convinced of the woodenness of our governor and guardian Premier, MR. LAYARD gives notice of impeachment, declaring himself ready and able to prove their naked, ligneous substance.

What is the resource of the EARL OF ABERDEEN? Why, he takes a hint from the hapless governor of Sveaborg, and immediately sets about painting his wooden shot. Not, indeed, merely painting, but deeply dyeing the missiles, to prove himself in warlike earnestness against NICHOLAS the arch-destroyer. "Wooden cannon-balls, you call 'em!" cries the Premier. And thereupon, he rummages up his very famous letter to COUNT NESSELRODE on the Treaty of Adrianople, and with the black, mortal ink in which that tremendous missive was written, he dyes and stains his wooden shot and—to the critical eye and acute judgment of a most far-seeking and sagacious public—ABERDEEN'S wooden cannon-shot, painted with ink of five-and-twenty years ago—are shot that VULCAN himself might be proud of; iron shot that, kick

against them as you may, shall still return an iron sound. Never did ink so well disguise falsehood with an outside of truth.

But these Sveaborg timber-shot are evidently destined to beget inspirations. MR. MILNER GIBSON is doubtless touched by wood, and gives utterance accordingly. Manchester with a heart—bleeding like any cotton-pod—begs to know why the pitch and tar of Sveaborg should be ruthlessly destroyed. There is property—sacred property (and still the sympathetic cotton weeps gout of blood!) to the amount of £400,000 given to the devouring element! MR. MILNER GIBSON—still thinking of the wooden shot—strikes his forehead, and of SIR JAMES GRAHAM demands an explanation!

SIR JAMES, with some remembrance—foolishly, weakly piteous, perhaps—of the red-hot iron poured into the stranded *Tiger*—asks, "what particular indulgence should be shown to the enemy we have to deal with?"

(MR. MILNER GIBSON exclaims confidentially to his waistcoat—"Four hundred thousand pounds of property!")

SIR JAMES—untouched by the sacredness of the appeal—ruthlessly continues:

"We had it in our power to destroy the city of Odessa, and we spared it. We attacked the batteries of Odessa only, for which we were subjected to something like censure, and I must confess that I begin to partake of that feeling myself. (*Cheers.*) How did the enemy act towards a British ship which accidentally ran ashore in a fog near this very port of Odessa? An immense multitude of soldiers, with batteries and red-hot shot, were brought down, and the stranded vessel was fired upon. I cannot see that any peculiar forbearance is necessary towards this enemy. (*Great cheering.*)"

MR. MILNER GIBSON could not, and did not, deny all this; nevertheless he thought with sympathetic admiration of the clemency, the philanthropy of the Governor of Sveaborg who, for his own ends, substituted timber for iron. And the sympathy of the peace-mongers, even in his captivity, must comfort the Governor of Sveaborg, who cannot want material for wooden balls, so long as the heads and, we may add, the hearts of such men of peace be with him.

POLITICAL CAPITAL.—The greater part of this Capital is made up of Private Interest.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

LETTERS FROM THE EAST BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK.

"On board H.T.M.'s Ship the *Mahmoudjee Keboljee*, off Sebastopol,
July 5th, 1854.



MY DEAR SIR,

"I RETURNED to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, immersed in disagreeable thought, for it is never pleasant to look on friends for the last time, more especially if you are going away from a pleasant place on a confoundedly disagreeable journey, as a trip in a chain-gang to Siberia undoubtedly is, most especially of all, if you are about to part from a being so beautiful, beloved, and devoted as I then thought MATILDA SCHOUZOFF. Beautiful! Yes! devoted? phoo! beloved? ha, ha!—But I am advancing matters.

"We had our usual company to supper, excepting of course TUFFSKIN, who, for very good reasons, did not show, and drank many a friendly bumper to our Quaker friends, whose last night it was, and whose luggage lay piled in the Hotel corridors, ready to be carried off to the steamer before dawn. Young DOBKINS was particularly melancholy. He has beautiful blue eyes, and a figure and an expression, as I have previously stated, singularly like my own. The young fellow's eyes, I remarked, began to fill

with tears, and he spoke with profound emotion of the kindness which he had received from inhabitants of St. Petersburg, contrasting the splendour and elegance of the society there, with the humdrum routine of Godmanchester, Bristol, and other cities whither his lot had led him, as a Quaker, a manufacturer, and a man.

"I know the world pretty well, and when a young fellow begins to blush, and shake, and sigh, and tremble in his voice, and hang down his head, and rub his eyes with his fist, I feel tolerably certain what is the matter. 'Hullo, my friend BROADBRIM,' says I, 'there's a woman in the case. I see that in a jiffy.'

"BROADBRIM gave a heave of his chest, a squeeze to my hand, and demurely pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment; a woman there was, as beautiful! oh, as be-eu-ti-ful as an angel, he gurgled out, concealing his emotion and a part of his comely young countenance (confound it!) in a frothing beaker of champagne—a woman, the loveliest being in St. Petersburg, from whom he did not know how he should tear himself away.

"The loveliest being in St. Petersburg! thought I; no, no, my fine lad, that young person is disposed of elsewhere, naturally presuming that the young fellow had lost his heart to some girl of the English factory, some hide and tallow merchant's daughter, in his own shop-keeping, slop-selling, square-toed walk of life.

"I have a feeling heart, and having been touched by love and frantic with passion, many many scores of times in my life, can feel another's woe under those painful and delicate circumstances. I consoled honest DOBKINS, therefore; I clapped him on the back; returned squeeze for squeeze of his hand, and pledged his lady love in innumerable bumpers of champagne, for which—poor satisfaction—I now console myself by thinking that the young rascal was left to pay.

"As we were talking, DOBKINS's servant brought him a note, which he seized eagerly, read with glittering eyes and flushing cheeks, over which he murmured a hundred gasps and exclamations, and was about to kiss, had not my presence deterred him.

"Kiss away, my boy," said I; 'I have osculated reams of note paper in my time, and know full well whom that pretty little packet comes from.'

"Do thee?" says he, blushing up to the temples.

"Of course I do," I answered with a laugh. 'Dost thou think, O bashful BROADBRIM! that the'—I protest I had here very nearly written down my name and title—that VERAX has never been in love with a pretty girl.'

"Chief," says he—for Chief I am, though my tribe is well nigh extinct, and my Chieftainship a mockery—"Chief," says he, 'dost thee know that this letter concerns thee; a great danger menaces thee—

exile, chains;' and in a low whisper, so that the waiter should not hear, who was cutting the string of the sixth bottle—'Siberia!'

"Does the whole town know it?" cried I, 'double-distilled donkey that I was—is my disgrace the talk even of the hemp and tallow merchants of the city?'

"My letter," says DOBKINS, slowly, and with much agitation—the artful young hypocrite, I should like to wring his neck,—my letter is from one who is a very good friend to thee, who fears the dreadful fate that awaits thee in the eternal snow—the canting young humbug—who points out the only way to avert thy evil fortune—the way to freedom, the way to escape from thy tyrant, perhaps to revenge thyself on him at some future day.

"Ha! boy," I exclaimed, strongly moved by the young crocodile's words, for as I never told falsehood myself I am slow to suspect it in another; 'so thou knowest the fate that menaces me, and hast found out means to avert it; speak, my friend; whatever a man of courage may do I am ready to attempt, in order to escape from a tyrant, and one day to avenge my wrong.'

"Easy, my good friend!" cries this young squaretoes, this arch sly-boots, 'we Quakers are of the peaceful sort; here is no question about revenge, but about escape, and that immediately. Thee knowest that the gates of Petersburg are shut against thee, and that thee may as well hope to escape from the Autocrat as from death, when the day comes. A way, however, there is, and but one, by which thee can put thyself out of reach of the claws of this Russian Eagle; and though I shall risk myself not a little, nevertheless for thy sake, and for the sake of those who are interested in thy welfare, I will abide the peril, so I may set thee free. Our steamer, the *John Bright*, sails from the Potemkin Quay at half-past two o'clock this morning, when the tide serves. The Friends have given orders to be waked at one, which is now the hour. Thee must take my passports, thee must shave off thy moustaches, and put on the broadbrim and drab, which thee loves to laugh at, and so escape.'

"Generous boy!" I exclaimed, gripping his hand like a vice; 'and what will happen to you?' I was quite confounded by the seeming nobility of the young scoundrel's self-sacrifice.

"Never thee mind that," says BROADBRIM. 'How can I help it if a rogue makes off with my coat, my hat, and my passport? I am a Briton, and my Ambassador will get me another.' I took him to my heart, this loyal, this gallant, this guileless, this affectionate heart, that beats with eternal tenderness for the friend who does me a kindness—that rankles with eternal revenge against the villain who betrays me!

"I agreed to his proposal. To put on his great coat and broad hat was an easy matter; though to part with my moustaches I own was difficult: can we help our little vanities? our long bushy auburn-coloured curly vanities? I rather would say. A more beautiful pair of moustaches never decorated the lip of man. I loved them perhaps the more because my MATILDA loved them. I went up to my chamber, and was absent a few minutes.

"When I returned, DOBKINS started back. 'Gracious heavens!' said he, and looked positively quite pale. 'Gracious heavens,' says he, 'what an alteration!'

"Altered I was indeed. I had taken off my splendid uniform of an unattached colonel of Russian Cavalry—yellow, with pink facings, and the Black Russian Spread Eagle embroidered tastefully on the back—and put on a snuff-coloured suit of DOBKINS's, which I found in his room, No. 10. My face was shaved as clean as a baby's. I had a broad-brimmed hat on. I placed in the Quaker's hand an envelope, sealed with a royal scutcheon that once flamed in the van of Erin's battle; it contained my moustaches. I am not ashamed to own that the tear bedewed my manly cheek, as I bade him deliver the packet to the PRINCESS MATILDA SCHOUZOFF.

"The young villain rushed up into his room, and put on my uniform, which fitted him to a nicety, and I painted him a pair of moustaches with one of the burnt champagne corks, of which a half-dozen were lying on the table: you would really have thought it was myself as you looked at him. Ah! Fatal resemblance! Ah! Sorrow that throws its bleak shade alike o'er my life and my woes!

"Six hours afterwards the *John Bright* steamer was before Cronstadt, and it was not until we were out of reach of the guns of that fortress (which I have a certain plan for silencing) that the friends of the Peace Deputation were aware that I, and not their young companion, was on board.

"I did not care, for good reasons, to go to London; but as soon as we got to Dantzic, put myself into the railroad, and betook myself to Paris, where my old friend, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE THIRD, received me with his usual hospitality. In several interviews with his Majesty, I laid before him the fullest information regarding the military and pecuniary resources of the Russian empire which has ever yet, as I believe, found its way out of those immense dominions. What I told the French monarch (I confess myself a friend to despots, and an enemy to philosophers and praters)—what information I had the good fortune to convey to him I shall not, of course, publish here. My plans, were they followed, would burst in thunder upon the

crumbling battlements of Cronstadt, and hurl into mid air the ships and arsenals of Sebastopol. I fear other counsels than mine may be followed.

"ST. ARNAUD and I had a dispute long ago, when he was in a very different situation in life. With the English commanders I cannot communicate, owing to my peculiar position, and the Ballingarry affair. It was that unlucky business likewise which prevented my friend, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, from giving me a command over troops which were to act in conjunction with the forces of the English QUEEN. He offered me Algeria, but I preferred active service against ROMANOFF, and the Colonel of Bashi-Bozouks has already put a shot or two into the proud wings of the Russian Eagle.

"If anything was wanting to sharpen the edge of my hatred against him, against Russia, against men and women, against Quakers especially, it was a paragraph which my kind friend, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, showed to me one afternoon, as we were sitting in the Pavillon Marsan, talking over Russia and the war. I was translating for him—and I think I have said that I speak the language perfectly—some of the lying bulletins out of the Petersburg gazettes, in which his Majesty and his British allies are abused in a most vulgar manner, when glancing down a column of fashionable intelligence, I came to the following paragraph:—

"CONVERSION OF AN ENGLISH QUAKER TO THE ORTHODOX FAITH.—A young Quaker nobleman, of the highest birth, whose family has devoted itself for some time past to commercial pursuits, whereby he has realised an immense fortune, has quitted the lamentable errors and benighted faith under which most of his countrymen labour, and has professed himself a convert to the only true and orthodox religion. It is M. DOBKINSKI's intention to establish himself in our capital, and his Majesty has graciously awarded him the order of St. ANDREW of the second class, the rank of Colonel, and the permission to marry MATILDA, daughter of Police President PRINCE SCHOUZOFF."

"MICK, my good fellow," said his Majesty, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, 'you look a little pale:' and no wonder; I did look a little pale, though I did not inform my Imperial interlocutor of the causes of my disquiet, but you and the public now may understand in part, for my adventures are not nearly over, why it is that I am a "BASHI-BOZOUK."

THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES.



I HAVE not a friend that will lend me a shilling,
Wherewithal to enjoy my amusement of killing,
My loan over Europe is utterly scouted,
And my ports are blockaded, and forces are routed,
And it seems very likely that I shall be knouted.

There isn't a Christian of whom a small trifle
I can borrow, to pay for ball, powder, and rifle;
Very soon I shall have not a shot in the locker,
And the duns are beginning to bang at my knocker,
So I soon must be done up, according to COCKER.

Fast back from the Pruth my thrashed Cossacks are prancing,
I'm obliged to retreat, none the needful advancing,
And nation against me is banding with nation,
And I see nought before me but humiliation,
Because I cannot obtain accommodation.

SYMPATHY.—Sorrow, shared by two persons, becomes much lighter—like a PALMER'S candle with two wicks.

OLD CAMBRIDGE OWLS.

THE University Intelligence of the *Times* mentions a learned question as having been propounded, but not answered, at the Cambridge Archaeological Society, *à-propos* of an antiquarian paper concerning "rebuses;" whence we learn that the sages constituting that erudite body are not fully informed *de rebus omnibus*, whatever amount of knowledge they may possess concerning *quibusdam aliis*. We read that

"At the close of this paper, Mr. WESTMACOTT asked if any one could explain the meaning of a small gold frog attached to the left ear of a statue of one of the ancient family of the POLEYS, in Suffolk. PROFESSOR HENSLOW said, in that part of the country young frogs were called 'polley-wiggles,' and so it might have reference to the name, but no one could throw any light on this fact."

Much PROFESSOR HENSLOW and the Cambridge antiquaries must know about archæology, or etymology either! Polley-wiggle is a corruption of porwige, which means, according to DR. JOHNSON, a tadpole or young frog, not yet fully shaped. That is to say, a porwige or polley-wiggle is an undeveloped or undergraduate frog, a batrachian not yet arrived at the dignity of a little frog. How the leadenest pump in any learned assembly could have boggled at a riddle so very plain as the connexion of the frog with the "ancient family of the POLEYS" must pass all common understanding. It is almost an insult to the intelligent, nay to the ordinarily stupid reader, to say more; but as some of the Cambridge DRYASDUSTS may happen to stumble on these lines, the liberty may perhaps be pardoned of an allusion to the well-known song—

"A frog he would a-woeing go,"

together with its burden of world-wide celebrity:—

"Roley Poley, gammon and spinach,
Heigh! says ANTONY ROWLEY."

Here is the very name of POLEY, with relation to the frog, pure and simple, without being modified and mollified into POLLEY; and although in juxtaposition with gammon and spinach, a great deal more remote from those symbols of fallacy than that diminutive. The statue of the old POLEY, perhaps, was that of the original ROLEY POLEY, and the little gold frog attached to its left ear was clearly intended for that precocious reptile who was determined to seek a conjugal partner—

"Whether his mother would let him or no,"

in defiance of maternal authority: and here the question naturally arises whether the circumstance that the Archæologists of Cambridge are out—and how far they are out—is sufficiently well known to their Alma Mater.

PAWS OFF MY HAT.

"The Hon. Member (MR. APSLEY PEL-LATT), whose gesticulation is unique, happened to be standing immediately behind MR. LOCKE KING, and during the physical enforcement of the voluntary principle, he continued to dash his fists into the crown of that Hon. Member's hat, and otherwise spread such terror around, that a large space of the bench below him was deserted. CAPTAIN SCOBELL, a naval hero, covering the retreat."—*Morning Herald's Report of the Debate, June 21st.*

MR. APSLEY PEL-LATT, MR. APSLEY PEL-LATT,
You must show more regard for a gentleman's hat;
You may pitch into Bishops, Priests, Church, and all that,
But you've no right to batter another man's hat.
Your gestures may be to the purpose most pat,
But the pat should not fall on a gentleman's hat.
Trust your hands in your pockets, or keep them quite flat,
And then you won't damage another man's hat.
If you do it again, you may get tit for tat;
So keep your paws off, MR. APSLEY PEL-LATT.

LIMITED LIABILITY.

MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP are in favour of a bill for the above commercial purpose. They state that they should like the liability to be as limited as possible; in fact, if the liability could, in all cases, be limited to nothing, they should like it all the better. Some such measure, they are of opinion, is urgently necessary, as it would have the effect, not only of removing many of the fetters that at present shackle commercial enterprise, but also of bringing the purchaser and the vendor in a closer and more friendly relationship together. Moreover, they modestly represent that it would relieve them of a deal of trouble and painful annoyance, as nothing can be more distressing to their feelings, or at times more embarrassing, than to have to send away claims which, however just the liability of them may be, they find they have it not in their power, from a total inadequacy of means, satisfactorily to discharge. They conclude by declaring that they are decidedly in favour of a thorough new system of debt without any liability at all.

LUMLEY'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

(To the air of NAPOLEON'S ditto.)



At midnight's dreary hour is heard an awful sound
From the empty Opera orchestra, through the cobwebb'd boxes round:
A Ghost-Band tunes with fleshless hands shades of fiddles pass'd away,
And the spectre conductor's "rat-a-tat" bids the overture to play:
Oh strange the thrill that from empty stalls to lone parterre there
comes;—

It stirs, it wakes the dead *artistes* from their posthumous dressing-rooms!

Lo! *Prime Dons* that charmed the ears of our fathers long ago—
GRASSINI, PASTA, MALIBRAN—through the *coulisses* stageward flow,
Bassi profondi, who won applause at GEORGE THE FOURTH'S fat hands;
Tenori, whose descendants have on CHAMBERS'S estate demands:
Flooding the vacant Opera-house their phantom voices go,
As the ghost-conductor waves his airy *bâton* to and fro;
And the spectre-band around him the signal beat obeys,
And the *salle* is peopled with ghosts full-dressed in fashions of other
days.

In short book-muslin shrouds the bony *coryphées* appear,
And fleshless hands in ghosts of gloves ghosts of *lorgnons* uprear;
And at the midnight hour, MR. LUMLEY, the Ex-Lessee,
Comes slow and sad into his box, by aid of his master-key;
Gravely he sits him down, and the curtain draws aside,
And gazes on the phantom resurrection of his pride;
The empty space illuming blue the ghostly gas-light falls,
As the Ex-Lessee sweeps round the house from pit to gallery stalls!

He sees it graced by duke and lord—his old patrons still are true:
JENNY LIND crushes crowd again upon his tranced view.
Singers and dancers round him for engagements eager draw,
And to journalists and scene shifters once more his word is law;
And two magic words he murmurs—that in £ s. d. combine—
"LIND" is the watchword—and again, "WAGNER" the counter-sign
Thus at midnight in the Opera House, an opera house no more,
Wanders an Ex-Lessee, who finds law and life a bore!

AMENITIES OF CLONMEL GAOL.

In reference to the brutal Irish rascal, who attempted the other day, the savage outrage of dragging away a young lady—possessed of property—from her family, and against her inclination, by the help of a gang of ruffians, but who was defeated, well thrashed, and lodged in Clonmel gaol, the *Tipperary Free Press* sympathetically says:—

"Under the direction of the local inspector, the REV. JAMES MORRIS, every care has been taken to provide for the comfort of the unfortunate gentleman. He is located in the room occupied by MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, when a State prisoner in Clonmel, in the immediate vicinity of the hospital, where he will receive every attention that his condition requires. His portmanteau, being first opened in the presence of the governor, was directed to be given him, and MR. STRAHAN, it is known, will do all in his power towards rendering his confinement as little irksome as possible, pending an application for bail, to the Court of Queen's Bench."

What a comfortable prison that of Clonmel must be. How much sooner would one be sent there than anywhere else, if one were a thief. If such consideration as that above described is extended to a prisoner committed for stealing a lady, how much indulgence must be shown to one incarcerated for stealing a horse!—particularly if having got kicked in the attempt. Wouldn't he receive "every attention that his condition required!" Would not "every care be taken to provide for the comfort of the unfortunate gentleman!" Wouldn't MR. STRAHAN "do all in his power towards rendering his confinement as little irksome as possible!"

Forcible abduction would seem as popular in Tipperary as highway robbery accompanied by violence was in Middlesex a century ago, and it must indeed be considered to exceed the exploits of TURPIN in turpitude.

Sold for a Song.

THOUGH MR. LIDDELL would not allow his Curates to sing the Church Service, he has not been able to prevent them from lecturing him to a very pretty tune. After what has occurred, it is probable that if there is any chanting at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the Incumbent himself will sing very small.

LORD PALMERSTON'S PARTIES.

It has been the fashion of late years to say that the old distinctions of party have disappeared; and to wonder how the QUEEN'S government could be carried on without a Ministry professing one set of principles, and an Opposition maintaining another. Political antagonism is, however, founded in nature, and LORD PALMERSTON has found a new denomination for the rival sects, on either side, which, under some name or another, must always exist. The noble Lord, in the debate on the Board of Health grant, is reported to have said:—

"Now, in every town there were two parties, well known by two designations corresponding to Whig and Tory, and dividing the town almost as completely. One was the 'clean' party, and the other the 'dirty' party. (Laughter.) Each was a well known faction, and neither felt any diffidence in expressing its views. A man would say, 'I am the dirty party; I like dirt, and I don't choose to pay for being clean.' (A laugh.)"

PALMERSTON is right; and political, as well as evening parties, will go on just as before, under new titles only, with a corresponding modification of watchwords, cries, and cant. The motto of one side will be Soap and Water, and that of the other Slush. The clean party will shout Pearlash for Ever! and their dirty adversaries will exclaim, No Soda! By the former, the principles of the laundress will be advocated, whilst the latter will denounce these as ablutionary doctrines. Oxygen will be the demand of the friends of cleanliness; sulphuretted hydrogen the requisition of the disciples of dirt: and as the clean politicians will march beneath the mop and scrubbing-brush, so the dirty will rally round the cesspool and the cinder-heap.

The Foreign Office in Danger.

THE EARL OF MALMESBURY has expressed his fear in the Lords "lest some day the Foreign Office might come down and bury some members of HER MAJESTY'S Government in its ruins." We know not what changes are in store for us; but should a certain Earl be in office at the time, it will be all the worse for him; for assuredly nobody will be in a hurry to dig him out.



Inflamed Militia Man. "TALK O' TH' ROOSHANS! THERE! DANG'D IF I WOULDN'T MOW 'EM DOWN FOR A SHILLIN' AN ACRE!"

HEARTSEASE FOR THE CZAR.

OUR Scotch friends are great growers of pansies, and have just achieved some triumphant exhibitions. "*Lord Palmerston*" has flowered remarkably well; being almost all that a pansy ought to be. But "*Omar Pasha*" has come out especially brilliant; carrying away the prize as being "of excellent substance and colour, and good in shape."

Now this *Omar Pasha* pansy affords an excellent opportunity for our floral friends of Caledonia to mark their sense of the merits of NICHOLAS; marking it in a manner that should carry a sweet and bitter moral with it. Let them subscribe a halfpenny each, and have the *Omar Pasha* flower nicely executed in gold and enamel, and send it to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA to wear as a breast-pin. The present should be accompanied with the few pithy words—especially pithy since Kalafat and Oltenitza—of SHAKSPEARE—"Omar Pasha pansy,—*That's for thoughts.*"

"Hide and Seek."

MR. WILKIE COLLINS has just published a new novel, called "Hide and Seek." However, we merely allude to it, as it reminds us that "Hide and Seek" happens to be the game that at present is being played in the Baltic and the Black Sea. With the Russians, it is "Hide;" with the French and English, it is "Seek." But the game must soon be played out, and then we hope that we shall be found (and it only depends on our finding the Russians) to be on the winning side.

Parliamentary Economy.

THE reason why the House of Commons has rejected so many measures this Session, lies on the surface. Having the expenses of the war to meet, it is unwilling to render itself liable for any other bills.

ISABELLA IN ENGLISH.

THE Spanish insurrection has fallen short of high treason by a single letter. It may be described as a rebellion against the QUEAN.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE POMPEIAN COURT.



THE road to Pompeii lies beyond the Arctic Regions—of the Crystal Palace—if we enter from the south, and is not very far from Birmingham and Sheffield, if we happen to be coming from the north.

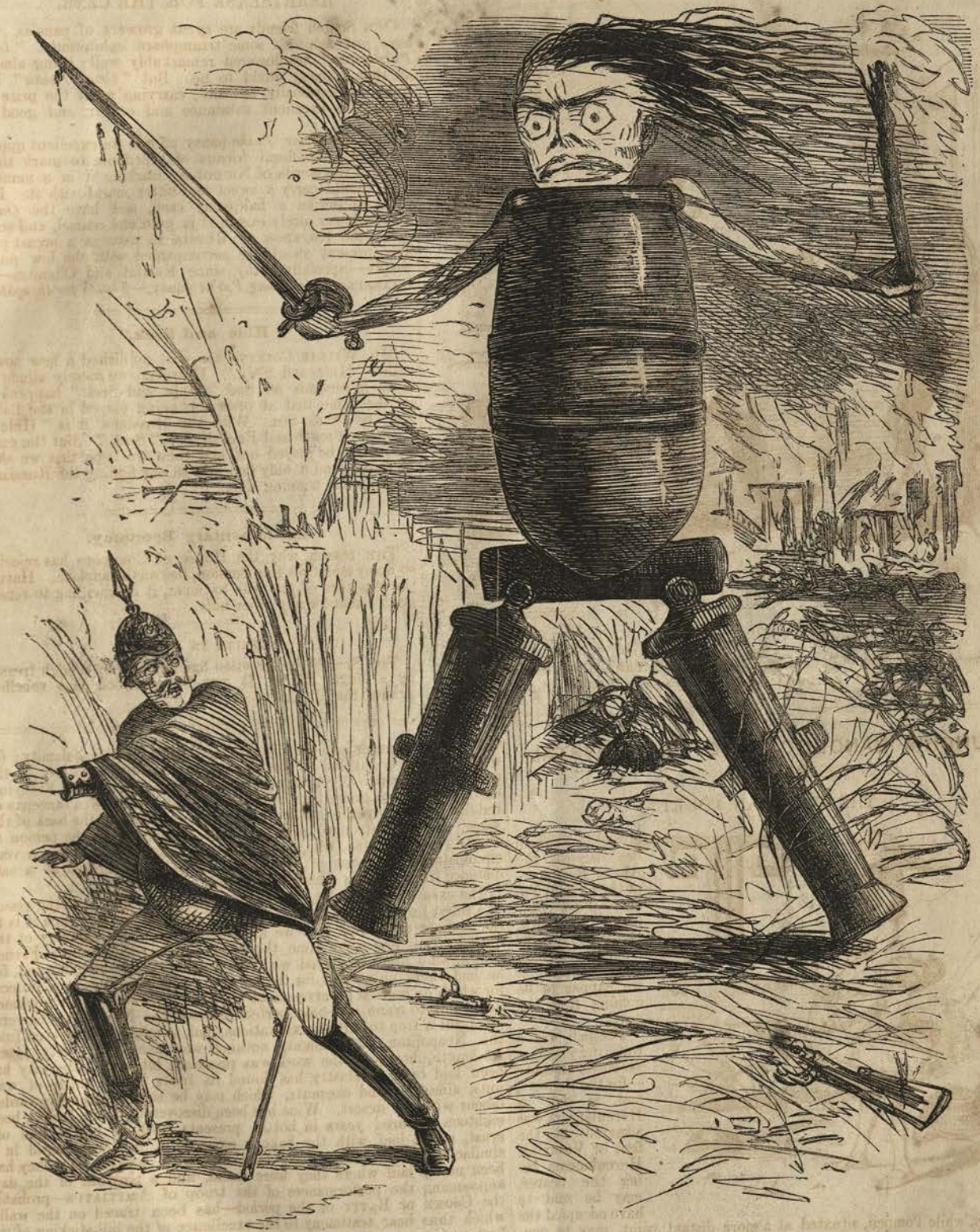
Pompeii was a watering place—a species of Margate—for the Romans, and, as well as Herculaneum, was situated at the foot of Vesuvius. Herculaneum being the nearer, may be said to have occupied the

in-step, while Pompeii, situated at a more distant point, may be considered to have stood on the mountain's great toe. It would not seem creditable to the wisdom of the ancients to have built a watering place immediately under such an extensive fireplace as Vesuvius; but nobody suspected an eruption, and even STRABO, who knew the rocks were igneous, fancied that the fire must be—what he in fact was—quite out. However, in the year 79, Herculaneum and Pompeii were both destroyed.

We will not enter into the distressing details of this calamity; for word-painting might fail as dismally as scene-painting, which, in the opera of *Masaniello*, represents an eruption of a canvas Vesuvius, casting up its imaginary lava from a crater, consisting of a saucepan of red-fire shaken by the hand of the property man at the back of the stage. The catastrophe had its "own reporter" in the person of PLINY THE YOUNGER, who, in true reporter-like fashion, gives a very circumstantial account of the death of his uncle, though at a safe distance from the spot where it occurred.

The excavations which have brought Pompeii to light were the result of a thirst for water rather than a thirst for information, since it is to the sinking of a well that we are indebted for the discovery of the buried city. For some time the work was carried on by a French prince, who literally played with the marbles that were exhumed, for he had them pulverised for the purpose of making stucco—a process for which he himself deserves to be smashed. At length, the workmen happening to come on some perfect statues, the Neapolitan Government put a stop to further excavations, and, as might be expected from the Neapolitan Government, nothing was done for thirty years. At length, however, the work was resumed; bit by bit the city has been laid open; industry has found its fruits in the shape of walnuts, almonds, and chesnuts, which may be said to have rewarded labour with its desert. Wine has been discovered, which having been eighteen hundred years in bottle, presents nothing but a fine old crust, and a loaf, with the baker's name on it, has been found in a similar condition. Eggs have been met with, looking as if they had been newly laid where they were found, and a play-bill of the day, announcing the performances of the troop of AMPLIATUS—probably the COOKE or BATTY of the period—has been traced on the walls, which thus bear testimony to the excellence of the bill-sticking of the first century.

One of the houses that have been discovered at Pompeii used to be called the House of the Tragic Poet, which, owing probably to the modern notion that poets never occupy houses, but always live in lodgings, is now called the Homeric House, and the tragic poet is thus turned unceremoniously out of House and Home. Our respect for literature induces us still to call it the Home of the Poet, and the idea is favoured by an inscription at the entrance of "*Cave Canem*," or



THE RUSSIAN FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS MONSTER.

July 15, 1854.]

[Punch No. 679.]

"Beware of the Dog," which may have furnished a general answer to those clamorous duns with whom the poet was possibly pestered.



The walls are adorned with theatrical and other portraits, among which is a picture of the poet himself in the act of reading what is in all probability a Greek play that the poet intends "adapting" to the Roman stage.

In most of the Pompeian houses there was placed rather ostentatiously a large wooden chest, bound with iron, fixed firmly on a stone pedestal, and supposed to contain the wealth of the master of the house, but on closer investigation of these chests, they seem to have been emblems of the emptiness of riches, for nothing has been found in any one of them. SIR BULWER LYTTON, in his "Last Days of Pompeii," has made an amiable effort to elevate the "tragic poet" by describing his house and its appurtenances in language that its size and pretensions scarcely seem to deserve. He says, "on one side of the atrium a small staircase admitted to the apartments for the slaves on the second floor." If for "slaves" we were to read "lodgers," we fear we should be nearer the truth, for when we remember that the landlord was a poet, "the slaves" dwindle down in our imagination into a solitary "slavey," or maid-of-all-work for the whole establishment.

Let us now enter the Pompeian Court, where we are told we shall find ourselves at once "with TACITUS and the two PLINYs," but on looking round we see a bricklayer and two labourers, while instead of having "the roar of the amphitheatre still in our ears," we catch the distinct clatter of the knives and forks of the refreshment-room. This reminds us that the Pompeian Court at the Crystal Palace was originally intended for purposes of refreshment, and dinners were to have been served in the best modern style under the ancient peri-style. The house is supposed to be detached, forming what is called an *insula* or island, and, with the poet's house still in our eye, we can imagine that his being frequently surrounded with hot water may have caused the application of the term "island" to his place of residence. There are no windows near the ground, but there is over the door a "grating" through which "the poet" or any other lessee might have delivered occasionally a grating reply to an over-impertunate visitor.

The front part of the entrance is called the Vestibulum or Vestibule, which is an evident derivation from the word Vestis, and would seem to show that visitors were in the habit of leaving their Vests, or cloaks in the passage at a Pompeian as at a London residence. At the end of the passage is a screened door, and the threshold is further protected by the representation of a ferocious dog, copied from that which kept guard at the house of the poet, who was anxious perhaps to show that there was a dog who could get a piece out as well as his master, if occasion should require. Just within the *Vestibulum*, or passage is the *Prothyrum* or *Ostium*, which corresponds to the Hall in which a "party" is sometimes asked to take a seat, while the servant goes on with a message, leaving the "party" to make a clearance of the hats and great coats, if his visit should have been a mere cloak for his dishonest intentions.

We next enter the *Atrium*, a Court or Common Hall, which was open to all visitors, but which is in the Pompeian Court of the Crystal Palace, rather too open at the top, too open at the doors, and too open at the windows. The basin in the middle of the *Atrium* was called the *Impluvium*, and its use was to collect the rain, which was admitted by a hole at the top called the *Compluvium*. This ought to have been the same size as the reservoir below, but as the artists did not require any water, and wanted additional light, they sacrificed correctness to effect by making the *Compluvium* so large, that the *Impluvium* or cistern must be in a state of constant overflow.

We will now walk into the bed-rooms or *Cubicula*, of which there are three in the Pompeian House, which was probably adapted to the residence of a "small genteel family," for the width of the best bed-room is only six feet, nine inches. An attempt is made to give an appearance of space by bright paintings on a black surface, an expedient rather calculated to mislead the occupant, for if he ventured on an extra stretch out on the strength of the paintings, he might be unpleasantly reminded of the strength of the brick walls. In the third

bed-room is an interesting picture of a poet and an actor, the former sitting with his legs crossed in the attitude of a tailor, as if he were a mere literary botcher, who has probably been patching up for the actor a very bad part. The *Ala*, or wing, is a small apartment or recess in which luxury might have fixed a butler's pantry, but where necessity would probably have crammed a turn-up bed. The *Ala* is said to have been used for the transaction of business, but the smallness of the wing would seem to have fitted it for none but flying visits.

Opposite the door of entrance we pass into the *Tablinum* which contains the "family archives," but as the "family archives" were often as apocryphal in those days, as the "family plate" is in our own, the *Tablinum* was generally used as a drawing-room for the spoons, and other members of the family.

We here catch a glimpse of the *Peristylum*, in the centre of which was a square garden; but not wishing to take a turn in the square we shall at once enter the *Triclinium*, or dining-room; the walls of which are adorned with pictures of figs of a peculiar figure, and dates of the period. The guests did not sit at table, but were accustomed to lie on their breasts to help themselves—an awkward position in which they must have occasionally looked as if they could not help themselves, particularly if they happened to have imbibed too much wine at the banquet. The guests before dinner always took off their shoes, and it would be as well if the practice were observed in some of our modern clubs, where "gentlemen are"—often in vain—"requested not to put their feet upon the sofas." A Roman dinner of the first quality included peacocks *au naturel*, and other delicacies, of which grasshoppers were perhaps the lightest; but it is a curious fact that the course of so many centuries has not made much alteration in the three courses which formed the usual meal of the ancients. The wine was rather sweet and fruity, but much depended on its age; the bottles were marked with the names of the Consuls who were in office at the time the wine was made. Thus the liquor got the name of a person, and it was customary to call for an *amphora* of CÆSAR, or a sip of SCIPIO, as we in modern days order our bottle of GORDON'S Sherry, or CLUQUOT'S Champagne.

Before quitting the Pompeian Court, we would direct attention to the paintings on the walls, in which the ideas are not nearly so bright as the colours. In one place a yellow-haired VENUS is seen fishing with such success as to have secured a most respectable herring, and there are several paintings in which CUPID is represented as on "sale or hire," in various positions. We may with VITRUVIUS condemn the taste of making figures stalk out of the stems of flowers, and placing buildings on candelabra, as if a house could stand on such a light foundation as a candlestick; but we cannot quit the spot without making up our minds to call again, and again, at the Pompeian House of the Crystal Palace.



AMPHORÆ

SUNDRY RULES AND REGULATIONS

For the better Observance of the Sabbath in Scotland.

- ANY Railway engine heard whistling, to be impounded.
- ANY Dog found barking, to be instantly shot.
- ANY Fountain found playing in the streets, to be treated as a vagrant under the Police Act.
- ANY Weathercock giving way to any airs by turning, or pirouetting, or wheeling round in the presence of the public eye, to lose its post.
- ALL Bluebottles seen gadding about on that day, raising in all directions their irreligious hum, to be dealt with according to the utmost rigour of the Law.
- ANY Hen suspected of laying an egg on the Sabbath, to be unhesitatingly killed, and divided amongst the poor.

Hard People.

IN regard to the state of trade at Manchester, a contemporary the other day reported that "the hardening tendency of prices continues." It is a pity that something cannot be done to counteract the hardening effect of business generally on the population of manufacturing towns.

THE CLASSIC CHURCHES OF LONDON.

IT is calculated that the Congregations of the City Churches consist, on an average, of from ten to a dozen persons, who are all worshippers of MORPHEUS.

A REFLECTION IN THE COMMONS.—Happy the man born with a silver spoon in his mouth! Miserable the member, with a wooden SPOONER in his ear!



TRUTH IS GREAT.

Unsophisticated Little Girl. "NOW, YOU A' DONE, BILLY. IF YOU AINT QUIET DIRECTLY I'LL GIVE YER TO THIS GREAT, BIG, HUGLY MAN!"

[Immense delight of Swell in gorgeous array.]

BAR, BAR BLACK SHEEP.

It is an old trick of barristers of a certain class to abuse each other's clients and bully each other's witnesses, but they have recently begun to bully and abuse each other in a style worthy of the worst days of the Old Bailey. It is not likely that the public will call in question the judgments that these gentlemen of the long robe have mutually formed; nor will any sensible person think of asserting that each barrister has not deserved all the vituperation that his learned brother has spit out upon him. We must, however, protest against the outrage of public decency, which has been committed in selecting the occasion of an inquest on a deceased child, for one of these vulgar exhibitions of forensic squabbling. We cannot be surprised at the impatience of the jury at a scene which was becoming every moment more disreputable between the members of the Bar, who really ought to settle their differences through the medium of *Bell's Life in London*, rather than through the abuse of opportunities afforded by their professional practice.

Civic Glee.

Troll, troll,
The iced-punch bowl,
Troll it as deep as you can;
Troll with whitebait,
And as certain as fate,
You will catch an Alderman.

ANECDOTES OF PAINTING.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER (the anecdote has been hidden from HORACE WALPOLE)—SIR GODFREY was once upon a time painting—the subject has escaped us—from a human model; a humble villager.

"You knows the QUEEN?" says CHAWBACON to SIR GODFREY.

SIR GODFREY bowed.

"There's nowt she won't do for you, eh?"

SIR GODFREY smiled and bowed again.

"Well, then, just have the kindness to ax HER MAJESTY—as I'se a neighbour—to let me have her wash for my pigs."

A "SUMMER FLOWER" IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

MR. SERJEANT BYLES conducted a very delicate case last week; a case very illustrative of the tenderness and respect instinctively paid by moral JOHN BULL to the immorality of noble lords. MR. BYLES was for the fair defendant, whom—as MR. EDWIN JAMES averred—he designated "a summer flower." CHIEF JUSTICE JERVIS did not recollect whether Brother BYLES had so designated the fair wronged one, but—having seen her in the witness-box—thought that, with better justice, she might be called "a full-blown flower." And so, on evidence, it appeared: a very full-blown flower; full-blown as any Dahlia or DALILAH.

We opine that counsel, resolved in such cases upon flowers, would have a more pathetic effect upon juries were they to sing part of their appeal. There is an admirable ditty for the occasion in the *Beggars' Opera*; and, considering the matter, it is to us an especial wonder that CHARLES PHILLIPS, who left the Bar with such an illustrious reputation for the care and cure of trampled flowers and broken hearts, never sang the lines; the more so, as it is well known he is endowed with a deep, melodious voice. Let us suppose the action is for breach of promise, or for a worse wrong. Imagine the effect of a SIMS REEVES (D. V. without a cold, and in gown and wig), trolling forth the lines of GAY:—

"Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground!
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.
But when once plucked, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet),
There fades and shrinks and grows past all enduring,
Rots, reeks, and dies, and is trod under feet."

This would surely introduce a variety into bar practice, the while it must materially assist the cause and increase the damages pleaded and sung for.

The fair flower, in the case in question, failed to obtain that sym-

pathy which twelve true-born Britons generally vouchsafe from a jury-box to that time-hallowed object, a female in distress. But the homage due to the naughtiness of the great was duly paid at the usual cost of exposure of the vulgar small. A worthy chronometer-maker—being the father of a foolish son attracted by the "summer flower"—had his name published in court, to be afterwards sent throughout the world in the morning papers; whereas another admirer of the summer flower, being a nobleman, was not nominated; "his name did not transpire;" his letter to the flower, read in court, being merely read as the epistle of a noble lord, whilst the name of the ignoble chronometer-maker "is told to all the hills." Is the *Red Book* such a place of refuge for the naughty? And because a worthy citizen and mathematician keeps a shop, and has a foolish son, shall *his* name be gibbeted? And lords, too, to sin—lords, who are the born monitors and models of plebeian men! What says DANIEL DEFOE on this solemn theme?—"If my own watch goes false, it deceives me and none else; but if the town clock goes false, it deceives the whole parish." If the watch of the chronometer-maker's son goes false, it deceives him and none else; but if the clock of the House of Peers goes false, it deceives—only the simpletons who unerringly trust to it. Nevertheless, why should Justice expose the son of the chronometer-maker, and at the same time hide, in the folds of her ample gown, a noble lord?

A Sledge-Hammer Argument.

ONE WILLIAM EGLIN was arraigned before the Middlesex Assistant-Judge for having broken prison, by means of a sledge-hammer left in his way, "the handle next his hand." The Assistant-Judge wanted to know how a man could be condemned for so doing. Were he himself in prison, and a sledge-hammer lying in his way, he doubted not he should do the same thing. Bravo, Assistant-Judge! It would sometimes be none the worse for justice in the abstract, if the Judge upon the Bench would—just for a minute or so—taking thought of human nature and human circumstances, put himself at the bar, and so pass sentence accordingly.

PSALMODY FOR THE CZAR.

THERE is too much reason to fear that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is backsliding from that piety of which, at the commencement of his crusade against the Turks, he exhibited such a pattern. PASKIEWITCH, SCHILDERS, LUDERS, *hors de combat!* A loss of 50,000 men altogether since the opening of the campaign! A pontoon bridge with 500 men upon it, and numerous guns, destroyed by a storm, and all the guns, as well as men, gone to the bottom! So many martyrs offering their lives for the CZAR! and he has not the gratitude to order a single *Te Deum!* Surely NICHOLAS is violently carried away from grace. Where be now your quotations from the Vulgate; where be your texts from the Psalms? Or if psalmody on the other side of the mouth should now seem rather advisable, cannot the Autocrat afford a stave of that sort? If *Te Deum* is not exactly the sort of thing, why not sing *Miserere?* Is it, indeed, too much to suggest that his Imperial Majesty might as well at once go down upon his knees in an entirely different spirit, and chaunt *Peccavi?*



FLEAS AND BOOKWORMS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

PUBLIC attention has been directed by the *Times* to the incommo-
dious condition of the Library, and the unserviceable state of the
Catalogue, of the British Museum. Both appear to be in a sad mess,
and the former, in addition, swarms with fleas, which have no business
there; for surely the entomological and literary departments should be
kept separate. From all these evils, and particularly from those last
named, the readiest way to free the British Museum would be a liberal
augmentation of the number of foreigners, especially Italians and
Germans, included among the officers of that truly national Institution.
MR. PANIZZI, if he had but an adequate number of his countrymen in
authority under him, might go on devoting his energies to the prose-
cution of publishers for failing to send copies of their books to the
Museum, and might thus continue adding to the lumber which some of
his assistants would sort, whilst others were engaged in banishing the
vermin, and imparting some degree of cleanliness to the place.

Downing Street News.

WE cannot think that Government has prevented newspaper corres-
pondents from accompanying the British forces. If this report were
true, it would evidence an attempt to render the British Public depend-
ent, for the news of the War, on the *Invalidé Russe*, and the *Journal*
de St. Petersbourg. Surely "dear ABERDEEN" is not so Russian in
his sympathies as all this!

Sermons for Stones.

FOR the rejection of the proposal to transfer the City churches to the
suburbs, there is only one thing to be said, which is that as, according
to the proverb, walls have ears, the clergy who officiate in those sacred
edifices will not be entirely in want of an auditory.

SONG OF THE DEVNA CAMP.

ARR.—"And all to astonish the Browns."

THE fast English ensign was sent to the fight
Against the tyrannical Czar,
So he sought for a dress not too hideous to sight,
And convenient to wear in the war.
He studied in what he could be most at ease,
When one of his friends about town
Said, "Of course, my good fellow, you'll dress as you please,
But, by George, you'll astonish old BROWN!"

"To old regulations you know he's a slave,
And, if you would spare him a shock,
Every hair of your face you will carefully shave,
And appear in a tight-fitting stock.
You may think in hot climates with this to dispense,
But such thoughts are received with a frown;
If your dress were according to good common sense,
You would really astonish old BROWN."

The fast English ensign this good advice spurned;
The comforts of costume he knew;
Aware that in Turkey the sun and wind burned,
A beard and moustaches he grew;
A handkerchief loosely he tied his neck round,
His shirt collar nicely turned down;
Round his forage cap next a white turban he bound,
And all to astonish old BROWN.

But when he appeared in the eyes of the chief
Whose orders he ventured to brave,
The rage of SIR GEORGE quite exceeded belief,
As he roared out, "Go home, Sir, and shave!
A true English soldier in comfort be dressed!
Such new-fangled rigs I'll put down,
The heads of the army, I hope, Sir, know best
What clothes it should wear," said SIR BROWN.

So the fast English ensign retired with a sigh
His tailor and barber to see,
And they made him, according to rule, such a guy
As the true English soldier should be;
With face in a blister and neck in a vice
He's marching away to renown,
Very wretched, no doubt, but all right in the eyes
Of his martinet leader, SIR BROWN.

But smooth shaven faces and tight-fitting stocks
Have both in their turn had their day,
And now that they're scouted by *Punch*, and the *vox*
Populi, even BROWNS must obey.
Should his spirit, some short fifty years hence or less,
To our planet look up or look down,
Such changes he'll see in our brave soldiers' dress
As will truly astonish old BROWN!

NO NOTHING IN SCOTLAND ON A SUNDAY.

IN Scotland, it seems from cases recently published, you can-
not get a dinner on a Sunday. You may starve for what the hotel-
keepers care, before they will give you anything to eat. Yes, there is
one mouthful of a chance for you—if you take a bed, they will throw
a dinner in. The saying formerly was "No Song, No Supper"—it
must be altered now, to meet Scotch consciences at least, to "No BED,
No DINNER." But why not improve upon the absurdity, and make
the poor hungry travellers go to bed at once, and eat their dinners
between the sheets? It would be just as tyrannical, and, besides,
would throw a solemnity instead of a table-cloth, over the ceremony.
Or, again, why not insist upon their turning waiters, on the plea that you
are only allowed to give the servants of your establishment any meals
on that day? It would be fine puritanical fun to see gentlemen whisk-
ing about with napkins under their arms, handing toothpicks to the
customers, before they were allowed to swallow a basin of Scotch broth
themselves. As it is, it stands thus:—"Take a bed, and you may eat
—don't sleep in the house, and you may starve, even in sight of the
larder." Surely, benevolence like this is born (as they say) on the
wrong side of the blanket!

THE EMPIRE OF FOLLY.

IT may well be a matter of astonishment that the EMPEROR OF
RUSSIA does not abdicate, for since he has lost his head he can find
little use for his crown.



"NOW THEN, YOUNG GENTLEMAN, WE CAN'T EXPECT THE PONY TO DRAG US BOTH UP SUCH A HILL AS THIS, AND AS YOUR LEGS ARE YOUNGER THAN MINE, YOU'D BETTER GET OUT AND WALK."

JENKINS ON A BEER-BARREL.

THAT fashionable journal, the *Morning Advertiser*, appears to be emulous of the fame of another fashionable journal, of which our revered friend JENKINS is the inspiring genius. The *Tizer*, as in playful fondness it is called by its patrons, is plunging into dissipation, and sporting about at West End parties, in a way quite incompatible with its decorous licensed victualling character. We meet it at a *r union* at LADY GLAMIS'S, glancing jauntily round the aristocratic *salon*, and observing, in slightly awkward imitation of the patronising grace of JENKINS, that "among the visitors we noticed a brilliant circle of the *corps diplomatique*." As affectionate young matrons say, the way that child takes notice is extraordinary. But the aspiring licensed victualler seeks still higher scenes. One of the younger sons of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE has just joined his vessel, the *Dauntless*, and the JENKINS of the Beer-barrels is present when the young nobleman "takes leave of his Illustrious Young Personal Friend, the Heir-Apparent." The farewell, according to our licensed scribe, is "affectionate." Now we really must remonstrate against our worthy and honest friends, the wiflers, sanctioning this kind of thing. They are men of practical sense, and know perfectly well that the reporter who "noticed" the diplomatists, and the other one who reported the affectionate farewell, had just as much chance of being invited to LADY GLAMIS'S and to Buckingham Palace, as the two dirtiest little boys who should come up to the bar of a publichouse and offer lucifers for sale, would have of being asked into that snug little back parlour, and requested to "put a name" to anything they would fancy. As to the diplomatists who were noticed, we would give odds that MR. JENKINS DE BEER does not know COUNT WALEWSKI from CHEVALIER BUNSEN, and as to the affectionate parting between the PRINCE OF WALES and LORD CHARLES CLINTON, we happen to know that it was in this wise:—

The Prince. What, you are really going, then, CHARLEY?

Lord Charles. Off to-morrow.

The Prince. I wish I was going with you, old fellow.

Lord Charles. Ah, don't I? wouldn't that be *prime*? (*Earnestly*) I suppose it's no use asking?

The Prince. Not a bit. We are going to Scotland. You must write regularly, you know, CHARLEY. You promised that.

Lord Charles. Oh I will. I say, what fun if I should arrive in time to see St. Petersburg taken!

The Prince. I hope you will, that's all. Three cheers for you and Old CHARLEY!

Both. Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

The Prince. Well, come and have some lunch.

We suppose that MR. JENKINS DE BEER will faint away, when he is told that a Prince and a Duke's son talk like other young gentlemen of their age. We should like to see *his* notion of the "farewell" in question. It would probably run thus:—

H. R. H. the P. of W. In parting with you, my dear LORD CHARLES, permit me to say, that while (I admit), envying the duty confided to you, of serving our common country, and regretting the temporary separation which alienates me from a valued friend, I cannot but congratulate you upon the prospects of witnessing, under the gallant NAPIER, an addition to the glory of our arms.

Lord C. P. C. Cordially reciprocating those sentiments, your Royal Highness, so far as the difference in our positions permits me to do, I would reply, that next to the happiness of serving the nation over which your R. H.'s family preside, is the pleasurable anticipation that your R. H. may hear that one whom you have condescended to honour with your friendship has not proved himself altogether unworthy of the distinction.

H. R. H. the P. of W. I do not doubt it, my dear LORD CHARLES, and I will now invite you to dedicate a glass of our best wine to your own prosperous career, and to the glory of the British arms.

Lord C. P. C. Most joyfully will I avail myself of your R. H.'s gracious invitation, and will venture to add, that in combating for the flag of my country, I shall never forget that it bears the arms of a family whose heir has honoured me with his regards.

H. R. H. the P. of W. This way then, my dear LORD CHARLES.

This, no doubt, would be more in conformity with MR. JENKINS DE BEER'S ideas of aristocratic manners, than our version of the interview. We must express our hope that the wiflers will put a stop to his vagaries, and insist upon his drawing it a good deal milder.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF SILISTRIA. BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK.



“Scutari. Tuesday.
“MY DEAR SIR,

“IN order not to be recognised by the 33rd boys, whom I knew intimately at Dundalk (I hereby present my best regards to COLONEL BLAKE and the officers of that regiment, who have the best mess of any regiment in HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY’S service), and to keep out of the way of unpleasant *rencontres* with GENERAL LORD R—GL—N, GENERAL H. R. H. THE DUKE OF C—MBR—DGE, and other acquaintances of happier years, I have taken the precaution since my arrival here of dyeing my face, beard, and hands, and wearing a plaister over my nose and right eye. I use BURGESS’S walnut ketchup for my face and hands in preference to India soy, which I employed at first: but for which the flies and wasps, which abound in this country, have a great liking.

“Yesterday, as I was having an audience of the Sultan’s

mother, the dear SULTANA VALIDEH, a whacking big hornet, attracted by the confounded soy, settled close on my nose, stung me, and occasioned atrocious agonies. Of course I had to grin as if nothing was the matter, and continue the conversation, which was most interesting. When the Sultana left us I could bear the pain no longer, but rubbed my nose, and tore off the plaister which covered that and my eye.

“It was so swollen that the gallant and excellent English Pr—nce, who made one at our consultation, very likely *could* not recognise me. At any rate he *did* not. A dancing dervish (a most holy man, and great favourite of the Sultana’s), fetched some leaves out of the garden, and, having chewed them, fomented my *feature*, which speedily resumed its own classic shape. Mem.—To inquire what the plant is, and send some to dear friends at home; where a *fellow of spirit* may often get a swelled eye still, praised be luck!—at elections, fairs, and so forth.

“The splendid proposals which her Highness made to me (in private) on the part of her imperial son, of course, are out of the question. The young PRINCESS NIJOONA (for those who like that style of beauty) is lovely certainly. She is but sixteen, and must weigh as many stone. Her eyebrows meet. Her complexion is very fair (though I must say I think she is painted). Her teeth are not good, owing to the quantity of sweetmeats they take. When I go to see the SULTANA VALIDEH I am half choked with the lumps of sugar-candy which I am obliged to swallow whenever I say anything witty, and that, of course, is at every other observation. It seems NIJOONA remarked me as I was riding in the Valley of the Sweet Waters (*her’s* then must have been the hand which held out the three rhododendrons and the polyanthus from behind the pink and silver curtains of that emerald-green aroba!), and was pleased with my personal appearance. NIJOONA! thou art not the first, by long chalks, who has been charmed by this figure!

“Wishing to soothe every lady’s disappointment as much as possible—when a hint was given me in a certain august quarter—I told one of the few falsehoods which I have uttered in my life, and said I was married in my own country. And the upshot of this silly fib was to show how *useless* it is to lie.

“The young lady’s imperial grandmother did not seem to consider my previous marriage an objection. All that we shall require is that NIJOONA shall be the first wife; and if the second makes any objection, my dear Colonel, the Sultana-Mother said, in her arch way, ‘there is plenty of sacking in the bazaars, and the Bosphorus is very deep.’

“To have the rank of Pasha, and a palace at Constantinople and at Therapia, with fifty millions of piastres down, and jewels to a still larger amount; to divide the command with OMER PASHA; and, at the end of the war, to have the hereditary pashalic of Syria, with palaces built for me at Jerusalem, Damascus, and Beyroot—these, I confess, were handsome offers, not to be attributed so much to my merit, no doubt, as to the passion which young NIJOONA had conceived for me: who is, as is well known, her imperial father’s favourite, to whom his Highness can refuse *nothing*.

“The poor thing actually tried to fascinate me by her simple accomplishments, and sang me one or two songs to her guitar. Asking me if I was also a musician, I took up the little instrument and sang, ‘*Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?*’ (out of my friend DUFFY’S paper,) in a way which brought tears into the eyes of the Pr—nc—ss—s. No wonder they were affected as the poor Exile sang!

“But marriage and turning Turk was quite another *paire de bottes*. When NIJOONA went weeping out of the room, led away by her maids, and her grandmother put the question to me point-blank, I was about to answer point-blank, No! but a look from my friend, the dancing dervish, put me on my guard. ‘Madam,’ said I, ‘I must ask your R—y—l permission to have some conversation with my reverend friend here regarding the two faiths, and if he can convince me—then, indeed!’ She is a very warm partisan of her creed; she gave me a couple of little tracts, ‘The Washerwoman of Therapia,’ and ‘The Boatman of

the Bosphorus,’ which, she said, had converted a great number of Poles and Hungarians, and left me after my promising to study these works.’

“‘Unless you intend to come round, MULLI-GOON,’ said my friend, the dervish, ‘you had better put some distance between you and the princess. She is a fiery little creature, and will have you strangled or poisoned as sure as your name is what it is.’

“So it seems there is to be no rest for me—not in Dublin, not in London, not in Petersburg, not in Constantinople! Finding that the coach was going to Varna that afternoon (and most uncomfortable conveyances those Turkish stage-coaches are), I took a place for myself and my servant in it, with letters to the Governor of Silistria. And by the time the clock of the Mosque of Saint Sophia struck thirteen (the hour at which the Sultana-Mother had appointed me) the next day, I had left Varna, and was on horseback on the road to Silistria.

“You now understand why my death was announced, on the very first day of the siege of this place; a piece of news which put poor NIJOONA into a dreadful fury; she was so enraged to think I had escaped her vengeance. I do not envy NOBBI PASHA, whom she has married since by order of her imperial father. NOBBI is a quiet man, and she leads him and his family the deuce’s own life.

“The Governor of Silistria welcomed me with that distinction which I am accustomed to receive from brave men. Having been just obliged to hang the colonel of a regiment of most refractory Bashi-Bozouks, the Pasha was pleased to offer me the vacant command, which I accepted, and when I had partaken of coffee and pipes, given my views of the affairs of Europe, the advance of the Russians, &c., to His Excellency, a person of the highest distinction, greatest bravery, and most aristocratic manners, he wrote a line by an aide-de-camp, and mounting horses, which were provided for us, I rode down to the place by the Mosque of SULTAN SELIM, a little to the left of the Bakers’ quarter of the Old Bazaar, where my Bashi-Bozouks were quartered.

“A more drunken and ferocious set of vagabonds eyes never lighted upon. In the centre of the place, they had stuck up their standard with a hideous Russian head, surmounted by its cocked hat on the top. The tom-toms, kettledrums, jinjalls, and other music of the regiment were around this. The men were scattered here and there, some sleeping, some smoking, many intoxicated, and under a rude canopy sate a dozen of officers, of whom a gigantic woolly-haired mulatto seemed the chief; he had a skin of wine by his side as big as a portmanteau; and was gnawing a leg of lamb with his long fangs, holding it up with his huge fists, and glaring at me over the meat.

“‘Are you the Bimbashi?’ says I—‘Are you, gentlemen, the Captains and Lieutenants of this pretty regiment?’

“‘Yes,’ they replied, seasoning their answer with curses in a hundred dialects.

“‘Then stand up!’ I roared out, ‘whilst I read my commission’—and accordingly taking that document from the aide-de-camp (who, I must say, trembled like a mould of jelly), I kissed the paper, held it to my forehead three times, and then read it to the officers and men.

“‘Ho! ho! ho! and so you are the Colonel are you?’ yelled the Bimbashi, laying his leg of lamb down and springing up, rubbing the gravy off his mouth with his great brawny arm.—‘A stranger! and a Giaour, and you are come to be set over us, are you? Keep the gates, you sentinels! Take that Russian’s head off the flag, Ensign!’

“‘Who sides with the Sultan, and who with the Major?’ says I.

“‘We propose that the promotion goes with the regiment,’ roared out the officers.

“‘Where are the non-commissioned officers?’

says I. Seven or eight of them were standing apart as I saw. 'Let the men fall in!' I roared, 'Captains, go to your companies. Major!'—

"What I was going to say to him does not matter; for the ruffian fired a shot at me, and then sent the pistol flying at my head.

"It knocked down the poor aide-de-camp who was with me—upon which, seeing I had to do with nine ruffians, of course I produced my Revolvers, one of COLT'S and one of HANDCOCK'S, regarding the respective merits of which, there has been some question.

"The practice, as I take it, is pretty equal. With the COLT I shot three captains, two lieutenants, missing No. 6, the ensign—with the HANDCOCK I potted two ensigns, a captain, a lieutenant, and finally my friend the major, sending a ball into his great mouth, and stopping his horrid language for the future towards his colonel and your

"BASHI-BOZOUK."

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE EGYPTIAN COURT.



IMAGINING that we have asked a policeman the nearest way to Egypt, and that he has civilly told us, to "take the first on the left," we shall find ourselves at the end of an avenue of Lions, which would not under ordinary circumstances be an agreeable promenade; but fancying ourselves on an equality with any of the Lions of the place we are induced to enter. We find ourselves opposite to the entrance of a Temple, and having a sort of natural aversion to the Temple—from legal associations with which the Lions' mouths, and their formidable amount of jaw, may have some subtle connection—we pause to examine the exterior. The unintelligible hieroglyphics that surmount the Egyptian Temple in the Crystal Palace help to carry us to the Temple in Fleet Street, for there is a close analogy between the jargon of law and the language of mystery. We learn, however, that certain strange figures, of which the least inscrutable are a pair of sugar tongs, a curtain ring, a short German pipe, and the blade of a knife, are the names of HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE ALBERT. It is fortunate for the QUEEN that she has not to make the sign manual in Egyptian characters, for if she did, she

would be compelled to copy the Royal sugar tongs and scribble short German pipes over every official document requiring her signature. On the frieze we find a horse-shoe, a billiard ball, a quantity of strange birds, an individual going either to hang himself or jump out of window, and a few other equally brilliant designs, which we find signify altogether that "HER MAJESTY the ruler of the waves," (we thought BRITANNIA did that part of the business) "the chiefs, architects, sculptors and painters, erected this palace with a thousand colours, a thousand decorations, a thousand statues of chiefs and ladies, a thousand flowers, a thousand birds and beasts, a thousand tanks, and a thousand vases." This language is evidently borrowed from an old declaration in an action for an assault, in which the defendant was usually alleged to have given "a thousand blows with a thousand arms, on a thousand eyes, a thousand noses, and a thousand mouths, whereby the plaintiff had sustained a thousand pounds damages." The same inscription is repeated in other places with the addition of a figure like a chimney pot which means stability, a racket which represents life (though it would seem to be limited to a rackets life) and an utterly inexplicable figure which is said to stand for purity, though to us it appears purely enigmatical. The columns of the facade have their capitals adorned with palm and lotus, both of which are so effective, that both seem to bear the palm



when separately examined.

On entering the door, we see on the wall a representation of the triumph of RAMESES THE THIRD, who, seated in his chariot, looks on at his scribes counting the number of hands cut from the slain, while the few bearers in attendance aid him to look coolly on at the shocking spectacle.

On the other side is a battle scene, in which a chief and a charioteer are both falling by the hand of the king, who, if he has not two strings to his bow, seems to have at all events two victims to his arrow. Passing onward we take a glance at the eight gigantic figures of RAMESES holding the crook and flail, which are emblematical of his power to punish and protect, to cherish and to crush his people. The figures in the Egyptian Court are mere ciphers compared with the originals; but, though the directors would not have objected to the highest figure in point of expense, they were compelled by the space at their disposal to depart from facts, by the diminution of their figures.

One of the most beautiful objects in the Egyptian Court is a representation—in rather reduced circumstances—of the famous Temple of KARNAC at Thebes. This temple was commenced by OSIRIS THE FIRST, and was finished by some subsequent RAMESES, who put his name to the work,—though the idea was not his own—a practice which is still prevalent.

We must not overlook the Temple of ABOO SIMBEL, though it was overlooked for many centuries until BURCKHARDT recognised a row of heads in the sand, which had been running from the hour glass of Time for ages over them. He fancied that where heads had been found, temples might be discovered. BELZONI and others having cleared away the sand, made their way into this wondrous monument in Nubia, which, but for their researches, might as well have been in Nubibus. RAMESES himself is, in the original, sixty-one feet high, while the SUN at his side, to whom he is offering a statue of Truth, is only twenty feet high, and we cannot help feeling that the offer of a statue of Truth comes with but an ill grace from a figure embodying in its exaggerated size a most enormous falsehood.

The model in the Crystal Palace is only one tenth of the size of the original, but the two figures in what is called the Sydenham transept are full-length copies, and are so capacious that a public house might be started, called the Rameses Head, in the occupip of either one of them.

On the left hand is the Philoe Portico, among the prominent features of which are the faces of an ape, a hawk, a man, and a jackal. Figures of this description in wax or porcelain were often placed with a mummy, and there are cases in which a monkey and an ass are found on each side of a man, who is thus represented as something between an ape and a donkey.



Passing through a doorway, we come to the Inner Egyptian Court, where we find a standard bearer, walking with his left leg first, which is the peculiarity of every Egyptian statue, and would seem to show a superstition of the Egyptians, that in placing the left leg first, they were putting their best leg foremost.

Proceeding through the Court of Amunothph, which is of the real size, we come to the facade of the outer Egyptian Court, which is adorned with various more or less interesting figures: one of them represents NILUS bringing her productions on a sort of tray, for the Egyptians always draw the Nile as a young woman acting in the capacity of a waitress, or going round with the tray at a tea-party.

The image of Truth is frequently introduced as an object of Egyptian art, and when we look at the false representations of nature with which Egypt abounds, we cannot be surprised that Truth appears as an image, or, in other words, as an imaginary character.

Re-entering the Inner Court, we come to a portico, the capitals of whose columns are adorned with a capital imitation of the lotus. Above them is the head of an Egyptian VENUS, whose ears are those of a cow, and are fair specimens of carving.



On quitting Egypt by the entrance towards the Greek Court, we may observe some interesting subjects on the façade, and among others, is the initiation of the King into the sacred mysteries, by pouring over him in rapid succession the contents of several vessels.

Having attended the reader through the Egyptian Court, we will request him to take an imaginary turn with us to Egypt itself, whose gigantic monuments are the oldest and largest in the world, so that modern art has never outgrown the ancient, although growing out of it. The two pyramids were built by two kings, CHEOPS and NECHOSO, who had such an idea of their own greatness that they thought nothing less than the pyramids would be large enough for them to be buried in.

The Egyptians used to cut forms of architecture in the rocks, a practice which has long been followed by the people of Ramsgate, who have cut coal sheds out of the solid cliff on their Pier, with much ingenuity. The Obelisk is also of Egyptian origin, and needs no description as the article is one with which we have all been placed on terms of familiarity—bordering on contempt—by the bit of masonry in the Blackfriars Road and the Waltham monument in Fleet Street.

Here we take leave of the reader for the present, to proceed to our office in Bride Court,—a Court which, for “the vast renown it hath acquired” will some day be added to the other Courts in the Crystal Palace.

A SCIENTIFIC QUESTION.

“MR. PUNCH,

“You know everything. And if you do not, you have such an extraordinary talent for hiding your ignorance, that even your ignorance is far more valuable than the knowledge of other people.

“I perceive, Sir, that, answering the urgent call for paper—(the article having become monstrously scarce in consequence of the cash-payments in whitey-brown by Austria)—a Frenchman, one M. VIVEN, has taken out a patent in England for the manufacturing of paper from leaves of trees, plants, and other vegetable matter.

“Now, Sir, all flesh being grass, is it to consider the matter too curiously to hope to see some day, under M. VIVEN’S process, a fine tall copy of “The Whole Duty of Man” printed in clear large type on the fleshy grass of what was once a Bishop? A Chancellor of the Exchequer, “reduced to pulp,” might find himself upon the stalls as a “Ready Reckoner;” and even a fashionable duchess rustle in the leaves of “The Complete Footman.”

“Very curious, Mr. Punch, are the day-dreams of science! With this profound reflection,

“I remain, yours,

“WEASEL WIDEAWAKE.”

THE DOWNFALL OF DOWNING STREET.

THE friends of the Ministers have reason to be alarmed at the shaky condition of the Foreign Office, which seems to threaten the downfall of at least one department of the Government. It seems that the Foreign Secretary cannot give a party without having the building propped up—a fact which we hear without surprise, for if “the party” consists of the old Whig party, a great amount of propping up must be required. It seems that a dinner cannot be given, because there is no kitchen; and indeed if there were a kitchen, it is probable there would be so many Whig cooks on the look-out for employment, that they would spoil the broth among them. If the Foreign Secretary cannot give a dinner cooked at home, we suppose he must have it sent in from some neighbouring tavern, to which an order for “six beefs,” and so many breads and vegetables, according to the number of the guests, will have been previously forwarded. If, however, the Foreign Secretary cannot always offer to those who drop in upon him the luxury of “hot joints,” it may be convenient at times to give them the “cold shoulder.”

We are told that on one occasion of a dinner having been given, the ceiling fell into the soup-plates, and furnished a species of white soup that was not altogether agreeable. The incident probably happened when our relations with France were rather unsettled, and the plaster of Paris was not so firmly united with the Foreign Office as could have been desired. We are rather surprised at what we have heard, for we always thought the Foreign Office was the very last of our Government departments that was likely to give way—which it never would have done while upheld by such a pillar of strength as PALMERSTON.

Pleasure at Pleasure Gardens.

BETWEEN a man who goes up in a balloon to come down in a parachute, and any one who resorts to see him, there is this difference, that the former risks his neck, and the latter does not. As the one, however, is necessary to the other’s suicide in case that other should get killed, it may well be questioned whether the law ought not to place the spectator in equal peril with the aeronaut.

THE SEA FIGHT OF SEBASTOPOL.

(RUSSIAN ACCOUNT.)



OBSERVING an Anglo-French squadron, consisting of 10 sail of the line, detached some distance from the main fleet, which numbered many hundred men-of-war and frigates, our two steamers, *Gromonassetz* and *Wladimir*, issued from the harbour of Sebastopol in order to chastise the insolence of the enemy, who had dared to approach to within a few versts of the range of the guns of the Imperial fortress.

With a temerity which was not to have been expected after their defeat at Odessa, the French and English ships maintained their position, and awaited the conflict, which, however, they did not venture to initiate.

A summons to surrender having been received by the enemy in silence, the *Gromonassetz* fired a ninety-eight pounder, which carried away the mainmast of the British flagship. A similar ball discharged by the *Wladimir* sent two French vessels of 100 and 150 guns to the bottom.

The enemy then opened a fire upon us, which may be described as terrific, on account of its noise, but which did comparatively little damage, although it lasted for full six hours. Our loss amounted to two or three killed, and about twenty scratched and otherwise slightly wounded; inclusive of some officers. The bowsprit of the *Wladimir* was grazed by a round shot, and the topsail of the *Gromonassetz* was torn by the explosion of a shell.

On the part of the enemy the loss must have been very severe. Besides the French vessels sunk by the *Wladimir*, an English line-of-battle ship was blown up by a red-hot ball, sent right through her powder magazine by the *Gromonassetz*. Another shot from the same vessel constituted a miracle of gunnery, taking effect, as intended, under water, and carrying away the propeller of an English screw-steamer. Most of the other ships of the enemy were dismasted, and several lost their rudders.

The unequal contest continued during the greater part of the day, when the hostile squadron, as much as remained of it, took to flight, as fast as its disabled condition permitted. Our two gallant little steamers immediately gave chase, and had nearly overtaken their opponents, whom they would certainly have captured, but that the combined fleets, bearing up to the rescue, presented an array of force so overwhelming that our brave commanders, with due regard to prudence, felt that they would hardly be justified in engaging it. They therefore slowly returned to Sebastopol, covered with glory, and singing songs of triumph, while loud lamentations resounded from the hostile armament.

His Imperial Majesty has issued commands for a *Te Deum* to be sung in all churches as a thanksgiving for this glorious victory. He has ennobled the two Captains of the conquering steamers, BRAGANOFF, and GAMMONOWSKI, conferring on them also the rank of Admirals. All the officers have been proportionably advanced; the seamen have been raised to the rank of lieutenants; and all the cabin-boys and powder-monkeys promoted to be midshipmen.

A Difficult Calling.

IT may be all very well to say that the office of a tax-gatherer needs no great ability for the fulfilment of its duties, but there is no employment which requires such constant application.

THE SILISTRIAN OPERATION.—As the Russian soldier tastes so much of the stick, it is no wonder that he should take the first opportunity of cutting it.



WHAT A DREADFUL STORY!

Stout Party. "STOP! HERE! CABMAN! WE WANT TO GO AS FAR TER-WARDS WHITECHAPEL AS WE CAN FOR SIXPENCE?"
Cabman. "VERY SORRY, MUM! BUT THE OSS HAS BIN OUT ALL DAY—DEAD BEAT, MUM—GOING HOME, MUM!"

A RETIREMENT FOR LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

THE *Journal des Débats*, in an article on the recent failures of the English Government, alludes to LORD JOHN RUSSELL having drowned his own offspring—his Reform Bill—in a river of his own tears, and concludes by saying, that there will be no resource for him but Chelsea or Greenwich. The *Débats* being the best informed French paper on English affairs, we may form some idea of the extent of knowledge that exists in France on matters of the kind, when the highest authority in the Parisian press expects LORD JOHN RUSSELL to end his official career as a Chelsea pensioner or a Greenwich "collegian." Fancy LORD JOHN in a blue coat and cocked-hat, walking about Greenwich Park, offering to show the public a cockroach through a microscope, or telling of the many political contests in which he has passed his life, and asking for a trifle to buy a little extra 'bacco. Such is the termination to his political life, which the *Journal des Débats* seriously anticipates for LORD JOHN RUSSELL, when pointing to Chelsea or Greenwich as the only alternative that is left to him.

We should like our Parisian contemporary to tell us what is to become of LORD ABERDEEN, for whom a Lodge at one of the Park Gates—with the privilege of selling curds and whey—would perhaps seem an appropriate retirement in the eyes of one who can see nothing better than Greenwich Hospital as an asylum for LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

A Tit-bit from the "Invalide Russe."

"THE English newspapers are full of the heroism of one LUCAS (*a non lucendo*), who, in the recent engagement of ten English steamers with three Russian corvettes, off Sebastopol, picked up a shell and flung it overboard before it exploded. What is this to the heroism of our Russian mothers and children, the former of whom have been seen (as even the English newspapers admit) through the telescopes of the officers on board the English fleet, peacefully seated at needlework, by their villas, on the delightful shores of the Crimea, while their infants playfully picked up the shells—at their feet!"

RASCAL WORSHIP.

THERE is a species of cant whereby Mr. Punch has of late been frequently disgusted, and which he hopes will not, after this warning, be repeated, to the excitement of nausea on the part of all humanly organized stomachs. An honest execration of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is met with the remark that he is an amiable creature in private life, or even that he is personally a fine noble fellow. This, not only of the Monarch who has caused a much greater sum of human suffering than NERO, if not than all the worst of the CÆSARS together, but of the gentleman who flogs women and forfeits his word! It is not fine to talk this sort of cant, as those who are addicted to it appear to think; it does not show any superiority to vulgar feeling, but on the contrary, a very remarkable sympathy with the class "Snob." Scarcely a common murderer is placed in the dock who is not reported as having a mild expression of countenance, or comes to be hanged without having numerous instances of benevolence and amiability recorded of him. The base mind delights in magnanimous rascals and gentle villains; and the apologists of NICHOLAS, whatever their rank may be, and whoever are their tailors, belong in spirit to the same vile herd as those whose weak sympathies with THURTELL or with RUSH are addressed by the penny-a-liner.

Shocking Case of Retribution.

A TEETOTAL Spy, watching a tavern-door in Glasgow, the door was swung to with such malicious force, that it shut in the points of three of his fingers! The yell of the spy—says the *Glasgow Post*—cannot be described: but such suffering was trifling compared with what was to follow. A doctor was called in, who immediately ordered half-a-pint of whiskey and water wherein to steep the teetotaler's fingers!

HOPE FOR THE PERSEVERING STUDENT.—The man who has successfully sought a needle in a bundle of hay, need not despair of finding the book which he inquires for at the British Museum.



THE REAL "INVALIDE RUSSE."

SPORTING IN THE SOUTH.



THE *Richmond Examiner*, of the Slave States, suggests the necessity of shooting all schoolmasters so ever. A murderer, named WARD, is acquitted for assassinating one of the tribe; and the *Examiner* speaks of the matter as only an opening of what ought to be considered the sporting season in the south. This is, certainly, teaching the young idea how to shoot their guides, philosophers, and friends. The *Examiner* does not go into the particulars of ammunition, and so forth; but it would surely give a zest to the sport, if every schoolmaster was shot with a bullet cast from his own leaden inkstand, the rifle wadded with a moral scrap of the early murderer's copy-book. "We imagine," says the *Examiner*, "that the propriety of shooting an abolition schoolmaster when caught tampering with our slaves has never been questioned by any intelligent Southern man." Thus, to be true children of Columbia, the children must be the sons of guns!

A JUDICIAL LEAP IN THE DARK.

SERGEANT ADAMS has been sometimes called "singular" in his mode of administering justice, but when we examine the acts of his deputy, MR. WITHAM, we are enabled to acquit both of singularity by saying there is decidedly "a pair of them." The other day MR. WITHAM got hold of the string so often harped upon by SERJEANT ADAMS, and the Deputy twanged away at it, in a style of slap-dashiness quite worthy of his principal. ADAMS objects to summary jurisdiction, and so does WITHAM, and so, in fact, do we, if summary jurisdiction is to consist in entrusting to one man the power of passing such sentences as are often passed at Clerkenwell and Middlesex.

Among other cases tried before the Deputy Assistant-Judge was one of prison-breaking, of which the accused was found guilty, when MR. WITHAM, in passing sentence, declared "he should have done the same thing himself," that "he did not see what the man was to be punished for," and that "justice would be satisfied by sentencing him to twelve months' hard labour."

It is rather difficult to get at the *rationale* of all this; but it would be a perfectly legitimate logical deduction to say, that MR. WITHAM, in his own opinion, deserves twelve months' imprisonment. Against such an authority we should be sorry to appeal, and therefore, when he says that he would do as the prisoner has done, we, remembering that the will is the essence of the deed, and presuming MR. WITHAM to have been just in inflicting twelve months' imprisonment for an act which he himself would have committed, can only conclude that he feels himself entitled to a year's hard labour. It is true he remarked, that "he did not see what the prisoner was to be punished for," but as Justice is said to be blind, a sentence in the dark is perhaps excusable.

MUSIC FOR MARS.

THE Scutari Special Correspondent of the *Morning Post* describes a military mass which was performed the other day in the open air by our French allies at Adrianople. To judge from the following passage in his account of the mass, it certainly does appear to have been a very military service indeed:—

"At the elevation of the Host a salvo of five guns was fired, and three colours, surmounted by the Imperial eagle, were dipped, and all the troops presented arms with bended knees. At this moment the *coup d'œil* was truly imposing. When the mass was ended, the '*Domine salvum fac Imperatorem Napoleonem*' was chanted, and a gun announced the end of the ceremony."

The boom of ordnance does seem a rather odd accompaniment to the Canon of the Mass. "*Gloria in Excelsis, &c. Et in terrâ pax*" generally comes next. In a military mass, accompanied with artillery, the word "Pax" is perhaps expanded into Paixhans. Or, peradventure, it is sung very small, and probably drowned by the report of a howitzer, so that the passage in the Roman liturgy alluded to would be heard as "*Et in terrâ*"—bang! The *Ite Missa est*, too, would be appropriately followed by an explosion in lieu of a benediction. The clash of swords, moreover, might mingle with the roar of great guns; so that the mass-music would be regular MARS-music.

These are the reflections which naturally occur to the mind of a Cockney and a Protestant on perusing the above statement: the author of which, however, appends to his narrative a comment conceived in a sublimer spirit; observing that

"It is very gratifying to find that the God of Forces is set before Mahommedans by the allied armies as the Giver of all victory."

This may be very gratifying to the Russians; but to whom besides can it afford any reasonable gratification? To represent the "God of Forces" to the Turks as the deity of the allied armies, can only confirm them in the persuasion that we are idolatrous ghouls. Certainly, the celebration of divine worship by means of cannon is calculated to impress them with a notion that we do adore that deity; and perhaps at this moment they are convinced that Christians venerate the offspring of JUNO. For further information concerning the "God of Forces" than what may be found in LEMPRIÈRE'S *Classical Dictionary*, the correspondent of the *Post* should resort to a Sunday School, or invite the visit of a Scripture reader.

Count Pahlen in Parliament.

We hope, for his own sake, that COUNT PAHLEN is too wise to return to Russia. After the praise bestowed upon him by the House of Lords, he would inevitably be packed off to Siberia.

DIRTY MONEY.

IN the *Daily News*, a MR. LESLIE'S sense of propriety is duly outraged by a daily practice:

"A numerous class of men and women who chiefly travel by omnibuses, defile their lips and even mouths, by holding money between their teeth."

This is intolerable; and marks either the ignorance, or the unseemliness of the offenders. MR. LESLIE pathetically asks—"Can these persons be aware of the quintessence of filth worked by dirty fingers into the rims of coins and on their uneven surface, putting aside the fear of contagion, &c.?" This ought to be thought of. Considering too the dirty means by which, in this vale of tears, money is sometimes obtained, the coin, held even in the mouth, is doubly dangerous. Nevertheless, we fear MR. LESLIE preaches to an adder-deaf generation. How can money be foul? Money has no odour, said the Roman emperor. *Pecunia non olet*. All money—however obtained—is clean, is the belief of a very numerous class of persons who do not ride in omnibuses, but in vehicles of family exclusiveness. Money, like fermenting wine, cleanses and purges itself of all original foulness; otherwise, could it be thought, that the most worshipful members of society would continually have money between their lips—money even in their mouths?

Were it known that money was liable to harbour dirt and infection would it be necessary to warn stock-jobbing Christians of the peril to be encountered in the Russian loan? Nevertheless the benevolence of a paternal French government has, on its part and the part of England, warned all French and English subjects against the dirty money offered with dirty interest by the EMPEROR NICHOLAS—"Every British subject"—runs the notification—"subscribing to a loan intended for a power at war with Great Britain will be guilty of high treason, as affording aid to the enemies of the QUEEN." This warning is enough to spoil the taste of Russian money in the mouth, even of BEN ISRAEL, making what before was sweet as the mamma of the wilderness, as foul and defiling as Russian tallow, or lard of Russian wild-boar.

The Glass without the Wine.

WE do not believe the following statement of the *Builder*.

"A TEMPERANCE 'PALACE.'—An arrangement is on foot amongst the friends of Temperance, offended by the sale of wine, &c., at Sydenham, to purchase the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and to erect a large building of glass. We have not yet the precise particulars before us, but understand that it is proposed to raise £100,000 by 100,000 £1 shares, and that the gardens have been provisionally purchased for £25,000."

It is incredible that the teetotallers should make an arrangement for collecting their disciples under glass at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, because this would be, clearly, inviting and encouraging them to make beasts of themselves.



MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

Anxious Parent. "OH, MY DEAR CHARLES! HOW DID YOU HURT YOUR LEGS? AND HOW CAN YOU GO ABOUT IN THAT DISTRESSINGLY SWELL'D CONDITION?"

FIRST COUSIN TO CHOLERA.

DR. ROBERT LEE has written a book, in which he describes a rate of mortality, more than 20,000 a year above the natural average, as having prevailed on the confines of Circassia during the last 28 years, amounting, in round numbers, to 600,000 deaths. From the same cause an unknown but enormous loss of life has, according to DR. LEE, occurred also in Persia and Poland; besides 300,000 persons swept off in Turkey during 1828-9; of these 50,000, however, having been destroyed by the concurrence of the ordinary plague. To the above victims, the Doctor adds 30,000 and upwards, fallen in the Principalities since their occupation: the whole of these unfortunate wretches having been subjects of Russia; and an incalculable number of Circassians, Persians, Poles, and Turks, having shared their fate. It might be supposed that DR. LEE is describing the ravages of the Small-pox, Typhus, or Cholera: this is not so; he is only recounting the murders of the Czar.

It is said, by the way, that the Cholera has broken out in Cronstadt. Perhaps this is only a figurative mode of stating that NICHOLAS in person, to encourage his troops, has made his appearance in the garrison.

Eastern Occupation.

THE Anglo-French forces in the East are called an army of occupation; but whatever their occupation may be, they seem to be doing very little. Indeed it may be questioned whether MR. JOSEPH MILLER would not be justified in describing the English troops as doing nothing, and the French as helping them.

SPIRITUAL WORKHOUSE GRUEL.

THE subjoined advertisement appears to indicate that the principle of regaling the inmates of workhouses on a coarser kind and a smaller quantity of food, is extended to their spiritual dietary:—

LYMINGTON UNION.—CHAPLAIN.—The Board of Guardians of the Lymington Union will, on the 17th July next, APPOINT a CHAPLAIN of the Workhouse. Salary £50. Duties, a day service, with a sermon every Sunday, and on Good Friday and Christmas-day, weekly visits to the sick, and generally the duties of the office as defined by Article 211 of the General Order of the Poor Law Commissioners of the 24th July, 1847. Applications, with testimonials, to be addressed to the Board of Guardians, under cover to the Clerk, on or before the 15th July.

Lymington, June 28, 1854.

JOSEPH ROBINS, Clerk.

The manna thus provided for paupers at £50 a year by the Poor Law Commissioners will, those gentlemen perhaps expect, prove deficient both in quality and amount. The allowance must, at least, be scanty, considering the number of mouths to be fed; with but one pastor.

Fifty pounds a year salary to a Chaplain may possibly be meant for a sort of out-door relief to a necessitous clergyman, sufficient just to keep him, and enable him to go about in a threadbare coat out at elbows. In fixing so shabby an allowance, the Poor-Law Commissioners must, of course, contemplate a corresponding recipient. They know, themselves, what a handsome stipend is; enjoying £1500 per annum apiece.

It would be wrong, however, to impute to the Commissioners a meaner motive than that which may, in reality, have actuated them. Perhaps they considered that the Gospel could be preached to the poor most effectually by the poor; and that a hungry congregation would give peculiar attention to the discourses of a preacher exhorting them on an empty stomach.

If a stipend of nineteen shillings a week is all that a Union can afford for the services of a Workhouse Chaplain, and if it is not thought abstractedly desirable that he should be a starveling and a ragamuffin, it is to be wished that the poverty of the apostolic man could be qualified by the mitigation which tempered the poverty of the Apostles. He should be allowed to work with his own hands; to add the mending of shoes to the cure of souls; and to do gardening, carpentry, or any other odd jobs of an honest nature. Or if, as would be the case of the reverend gentleman who should undertake the Lymington Union, unable to eke out a living by such means for want of time, he ought to be suffered to go into partnership with a tradesman; or his wife should be allowed to set up a chandler's shop, or take in washing, or conduct a mangle.

THE BURIAL OF THE SESSION'S BUSINESS.

Not an Act was passed—nothing came to a vote,
As each Bill till next Session was buried;
Not e'en SIBTHORP discharged a random shot
At the style in which business was hurried.

We hurried Supply through at dead of the night,
To account War's necessities turning;
Of HUME and of WILLIAMS making light,
And the candle at both ends burning.

PAM's New Police Bill was laid to rest,
(The Mayors and Town-Councils got round him);
Election abuses we should have suppressed,
But we left them much as we found 'em.

Civil Service schemes we've put snugly to bed,
(Though TREVELYAN's a troublesome fellow);
Young Offenders to deal with, we were to've essayed,
But they're left till next Session, to mellow.

Largely we puffed, when the Session began,
Our intentions—how deeply we laid 'em;
But, somehow or other, the House took each plan
And arrangement we'd made, and unmade 'em.

By August the Session's task will be done;
We shall have an excuse for retiring;
And then we may look to see business begun
With more action, and less aspiring.

The historian will write on our funeral stone,
When resolved into Whig dust and Tory—
"They passed not a bill, but they raised not a loan;
Be this their sole title to glory!"

A Shaky Sovereign.

THE vacillation exhibited by the KING of PRUSSIA has been attributed to the influence of Clicquot, taken in superabundance, on his MAJESTY'S counsels. After all, a Monarch is but a man, and we all know that too much champagne will make any man unsteady.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

PARTIES.

HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

HIS HIGHNESS THE LORD PROTECTOR PUNCH.

SCENE.—*The top of the Boulogne Column.*

TIME.—*After the Review of Wednesday, July 12th, 1854.*

The Emperor (who has been watching the troops depart by the Calais road). So, my good friend, they are gone. And now let our adored NICHOLAS look out. Between the Anglo-French fleet and those brave fellows, St. Petersburg will be a pleasant locality.

The Protector. Will your Majesty permit me to say one word?

The Emperor. My dear Lord Punch, you can never offend me except by your silence.

The Protector. The word then, your Majesty, which I would offer in reply to your observation, is simply this. BAH!

The Emperor. You are incapable of incivility, my Lord, and you have a meaning, for which I will trouble you.

The Protector. I admire the soldiers we have just inspected, your Majesty. I admire your Majesty's fleet in the Baltic. I need not say that I admire our own. But all my admiration fails to discern any particular danger to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. Nor, permit me to say so, does your Majesty discern it.

The Emperor (after a pause and in a low voice). You are a wonderful man.

The Protector (modestly). I am so, your Majesty.

The Emperor. I believe that you have fathomed a thought which I had deemed unfathomable.

The Protector. If my instinct is indiscreet, your Majesty, I can only regret it.

The Emperor. There is no cause for regret. On the contrary, I rejoice that there is one mind in Europe to which I can freely open my own. Punch! I am very weary of this humbug war.

The Protector. Your Majesty has properly characterized it.

The Emperor. We are playing another act of the farce. The stage direction is "Enter several thousand French soldiers, headed by GENERAL BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS. They parade round the stage, and march off at upper entrance left, where is a finger-post marked, To the Baltic."

The Protector. And for all the good they will do, they may as well change their dresses behind yonder trees, and return to their vineyards and cornfields.

The Emperor. True. Oh that we could convert this sham war into a real one. Oh for one hour of him whose title you bear.

The Protector. Does your Majesty allude to a certain Chancellor of the University of Oxford, best known as OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Emperor. Hm! Were he England, I being France, where were Russia?

The Protector. Slightly crumpled, I humbly conceive, your Majesty. For the jest's sake, imagine me that man, Sire, and speak your mind.

The Emperor. We should need little speaking, then, my friend. A strong man armed keepeth his house, but take two strong men armed (call them OLIVER and LOUIS), and every man's house would be theirs to keep. Answer for him, Punch.

The Protector (sternly). Of a verity, KING OF FRANCE, there is man's work to do, and that right early. Art ready to put in thy sickle?

The Emperor (admiringly). Good—good. Waiting, OLIVER. It is England who has been slack, or rather her Government, and its head, my LORD ABERDEEN.

The Protector (with a grim smile). Aye. It may have been so. But I have gone something suddenly to work. Marry, I have swept cleanly. ABERDEEN will hinder no longer. The Government is now certain able scribes who take my orders, and woe to him that slacketh. Moreover, I have sent two words to DUNDAS, touching yon Sebastopolis. He had best obey them.

The Emperor. Might I guess—they are "Take it."

The Protector. Thou hast it. Again, I have sent the LORD PALMERSTON to Vienna, to deliver a message in which his jaunty soul delighteth. He will lose no syllable on the road. He is gone to tell FRANCIS JOSEPH, that if there be a live Russian in Bucharest after this month is out, I shall take it upon myself to desire one KOSSUTH to expel the Muscovites with the aid of such Hungarians as he can raise—he has (another grim smile) some fancy that his recruiting would be speedy. By which route hast thou sent these soldiers to day?

The Emperor. By Calais.

The Protector. How! Is there no iron road to Konigsberg?

The Emperor. That is in Prussia.

The Protector. Nay, friend, we have some smattering of geography. England had as good schools in 1599 as in 1854. We have some remembrance, too, of the Rhine, and of certain ancient boundaries of France. Dost think the muddle-witted sciolist, KING OLICQUOT, would like to see the map of Europe reconstructed after thy fashion?

The Emperor. What is that German song—"The French shall never have the Rhine?"

The Protector. A song that may need re-setting, if thy troops are not forwarded and helped on their way—followed, too, (for I know Frenchmen will not be preceded) by a Prussian army 80,000 strong. Marry, there will be no mistake, for I have sent LAYARD, the bull-hunter, to signify as much.

The Emperor. But the diplomatic negotiations that are going on—

The Protector. Seems to me that they will scarce continue, as I have recalled all my ambassadors, and as I take in no foreign letters. Enough of life and of lives has been lied away by such follies. My Ultimatum has gone to Devna.

The Emperor. In Turkey my orders should be first heard. My army is the larger, my general the higher in rank.

The Protector (craftily). It may be that I have not forgotten that, but have bidden RAGLAN and CAMBRIDGE go forth, instantly, as pioneers, and clear the way for the Marshal of France—if he will give them time.

The Emperor. He will not. In an hour orders shall depart that the united armies advance upon the enemy. What of Odessa?

The Protector. NICHOLAS was so pleased with the little that was done before, that I have given him a theme for another Te-Deum. Six ships were detached from the squadron, and re-visited the place. Odessa fuit.

The Emperor. And the Baltic?

The Protector. I detest profane and rash swearing; yet it seemed not altogether amiss to remind NAPIER of a vow he made on leaving England. Nevertheless, I imperil no lives out of bravado, and he will await thy men. When they shall have arrived, Cronstadt falls, or we have no fleet in the Baltic. Verily, a work is appointed, and a fiery vengeance upon the tyrant and the oppressor, and England shall not shrink back from it, until it be utterly accomplished.

The Emperor. Nor shall France. Oh, Punch, if such words were indeed spoken for England!

The Protector (smilingly). In that case, please your Majesty, England would lose the inestimable advantages of enjoying the services of LORD ABERDEEN, a Statesman whose character, whose experience, whose—

The Emperor. It is now my turn, my friend, to say—"BAH!"

[The word is repeated by the echoes all along the English Coast.]



HOW OUR POLITE CONTRIBUTOR WENT TO HEAR THE BAND PLAY ON THE TERRACE AT SYDENHAM.

The Fellow with the Scythe.

NICHOLAS has ordered a levy *en masse* throughout Poland. Each landed proprietor is to supply twenty-four men, twelve of whom are to be armed with scythes. "Flesh is grass," thinks the moralizing NICHOLAS, and Turks, French, and English, all the same crop. But there are reports from St. Petersburg that tell of a certain scythe, very contemptuous of the order of the Czar; a scythe that cuts very silently, without ever being whetted even against a tomb-stone. The worst of it is, that this old mower, who continues to make his meal on NICHOLAS, does not only carry a scythe, but bears a glass; an hour-glass, whose sand—even at the bidding of the master of sixty millions—is not to be thrown in the eyes of the nations.



Commercial Gent. "THIS WAR, SIR, WILL BE A TERRIBLE HINDRANCE TO ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS!"

Swell. "AW—DESSAY! D'LIGHTED TO HEAR IT—A ALWAYS HAD THE GWEATEST AVERSION T' ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS."

THE CZAR'S CONFUSION.

CONFOUND my men for being beaten,
And by contagious fever eaten,
Invincible because they're not,
And proof against disease and shot.

CONFOUND my generals too, I say,
For being hindered in their way
By obstacles they can't surmount,
And whereupon they couldn't count.

CONFOUND, and blow, and dash, and drat
My scoundrel commissariat,
For not providing for my troops:
A set of knaves and nincompoops!

CONFOUND both Austria and Prussia,
Which I imagined one with Russia,
For leaning to the coalition
Against my Majesty's ambition.

CONFOUND the peoples, whose opinion
Crosses my project of dominion;
CONFOUND the sovereigns who allow it
To have its way, or cannot cow it.

Each upon either throne who sits
CONFOUND alike; both FRANZ and FRITZ:
Whose gratitude, and whose devotion,
I built on with so fond a notion.

CONFOUND the world, confound the weather,
In short, confound it altogether,
Since I must own the hope ill-grounded
That I should "never be confounded."

QUESTION FOR THE CANINE FANCY.—As dogs of draught are now illegal, will it be lawful for a dog to draw a badger?

KING JUNIPER'S SUNDAY.

KING JUNIPER reigns in his Gin Palace on a Sunday. The Church closed, KING JUNIPER opens his palace door, and takes down his palace shutters. MR. HUME's motion in the House of Commons is to give to the Muses the like privileges enjoyed by the alcoholic despot. Shall the Goat-in-Boots serve out quarters, half-quarters of gin; and shall Painting sit with bolted doors in her National Gallery? Shall the Cock-and-Bottle crow responsively to the jocund cry for another pot, and shall the British Museum be only visited by the British Museum flea? All MR. HUME asks is "a small thing;" as the Bishops said when, shudderingly, they appealed to the conservators of ancient sculpture—a very small thing. He only asks of the Government fair play between public-houses and places of public instruction: he would merely place the keepers of objects of fine arts and belles lettres on a level with waiters and tapsters. If Bulls, Red and Black and White, be open after church-hours,—why should not MR. LAYARD's bulls be made public? Bulls, *not* to be taken with beer and tobacco? This is MR. HUME's question, and the question is variously replied to.

MR. EDWARD BAINES has written a letter—long and clear as stream of pump-water—on the intention of throwing open the Crystal Palace to its own proprietors on Sundays. Every man's house is his castle, is the British boast, whether the castle be of flint or of flint-glass. But MR. BAINES apprehends in this movement only "the thin end of the wedge." Let proprietary enter on a Sunday, and very shortly public would follow. And what then? Why then, declares MR. BAINES, would commence a rivalry between the Church and the Crystal Palace. He says, "I apprehend it does not admit of the slightest doubt, that the more pleasure-places you open, the more pleasure-takers there will be." Nevertheless, political economy that, with grave looks, dogmatizes upon demand regulating supply, might object to the absolute verity of this. "Use the palace legitimately," says MR. BAINES, "and the most influential persons will"—do what?—"load it with their commendations!" Let SIR JOSEPH PAXTON take a long, sweet sleep with that thought; his sleep made delicious by dreams of influential persons loading his structure—(it *will* bear them; being built for all sorts of descending blessings)—with commendations. The roof stood up under the snows of last winter, and will doubtless support any load of praise!

But, should the Palace be opened after Church hours, what will be the inevitable result? Why, our "influential persons will regard its crystal attractions as the fascinations of the woman who has every charm but virtue." The Crystal Palace will, in fact, be only another Crystal VENUS! "They [our influentials] will warn others against it,

and for themselves, they will—never enter it again!" Having arrived at this conviction, MR. BAINES must believe the structure doomed; after a short time, a Crystal Babylon given up to owls and satyrs. Influential people refusing their shillings, in due time the whole structure will come down with a crash, and who will pick up the pieces?

MR. EDWARD BAINES is a Lord of Leeds; one of the Barons of Broadcloth, who—let the truth be said—are at times a little more domineering and exclusive than real peers. The Lords of the Ledger are, now and then, prone to be quite as imperious at least as the Lords of the Red Book. Now, who are these influential persons, in whose favour or disfavour the Crystal Palace must stand or fall? Is it the DUKE OF DEVILSDUST? The MARQUIS OF SHODDY? EARL SPINDLES? BARON COTTONTWIST? All peers with letters patent, the letters being *£. s. d.*? Is it these high and mighty units, or the thousands, by tens and twenty of the unimportant, laying down each man his influential twelvenpence, who shall support their own brilliant structure—their own Crystal Palace, price one shilling? Really, we think the people need not be pawed by patronage. The people can see, and judge, and act for themselves. Influence may, in its neglected importance, put on its nightcap and go to sleep; the people can take care of themselves.

"The Crystal Palace Company," says MR. EDWARD BAINES, "like another great invading potentate, will have to beat a retreat with stained laurels." Laurels blackened from the ink-horn of the influential MR. EDWARD BAINES; but the ink is of the most harmless sort; there is in it neither gall nor vinegar to fix its blackness: it will wash off and leave no stain behind. In the meanwhile, according to the Lord of Leeds, we are to look upon SIR JOSEPH PAXTON as only another sort of PAXTONOFFSKY leading a horde of Cossacks against the morality and piety of England, the aforesaid Cossacks remaining for a while disguised in an overcoat of plaster of Paris; and—to the unsophisticated eyes of the Bench of Bishops—standing as the APOLLO BELVEDERE, the INDIAN BACCHUS, ANTINOUS, and so forth.

In the meanwhile, the gates of the Crystal Palace are closed the whole of the Sabbath; and in the meanwhile the Marquis of Granby's Head is open after church hours; and the pewter is crowned with a crown of froth, and pungently strong the odour of shag in the bowers of the CIRCE Tea-Gardens.

Name and Thing.

It appears that MR. I. BUTT could not be satisfied with being BUTT by name. The stir which he made about COUNT PAHLEN in the House of Commons indicates a desire to prove himself a BUTT by nature.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF SILISTRIA. BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK.



"DEAR SIR,

"Fort of Arab Tabia. Thursday.

"I resume my pen, and continue my account of our siege. I accompany the MS. with drawings, which you will please to have copied by proper persons at home. The one I have hastily dashed off on this page represents myself just now [with a little incident that happened. I give you my honour I was so tired after twenty-three hours in the saddle, or in the trenches, that I did not care to remove the shell, but let it blaze away at its leisure. It only killed nineteen men. I thought a few pictures of myself might please the girls at home; and you will take care the artist you employ makes me *handsome enough*, or if I survive this siege, wo be to him on my return home!

"Friday. After dispatching that little business with the officers, I appointed the non-commissioned officers to the vacant posts: reserving the place of Major for my faithful friend, G * * *. Some disturbance may possibly take place on account of the appointments, the Pasha in command of the town naturally liking to have the patronage. If he breaks all these ill-looking scoundrels, I shall not be a whit put out of temper. My temper, when I am pleased, is often very fine.

"Inspected the defunct Bimbashi's quarters, and selected out of his stock such things as suited me. The late villain appears to have had an appetite for plunder: I have the less remorse in having suppressed him. I found in his rooms thirteen very handsome suits of clothes, of different but handsome patterns. Selected for every day wear a pink pelisse, yellow trowsers, and a shawl round my fez: for Sundays a light blue Cashmere ditto ditto, Shulwars striped white and crimson, pea-green morocco boots with silver spurs; and another equally elegant dress for change—the rest I distributed among my men. Besides the clothes I found, among the villain's effects—

"A desk, marked Mr. J. T. JONES, containing £2000 of circular notes of COURTS, payable to JOHN THOMAS JONES, Esq., with the circular letter containing MR. JOHN THOMAS JONES'S signature. I warn Mr. J.'s family that they can have the desk back again, containing—

"Two quires of Bath post paper,

"Eighteen letters, one containing a lock of hair, and signed your ever ever faithful ANNÍ MARIA.

"JONES'S journal and fifteen of his inn bills (it appears he kept his accounts with much regularity).

"A box of COCKLE'S compound Antibilious Pills, of which I own to having given six one evening to one of my Captains, CRUMMY EFFENDI, who was indisposed, and

"The circular letter containing JONES'S signature. The notes, I am sorry to say, have been taken by some one, and were cashed by MESSRS. NEPHELEGERETES & Co., of Pera, upon a rather clumsy forgery of JONES'S signature.

"In the poor Major's kit I farther found—

"A brace of silver-mounted pistols, and a yataghan, with a case of gold, as I first thought, covered with turquoises. If the late Bimbashi, as I have too much reason to suspect, robbed some innocent family of this yataghan, thinking it was gold, the villain was grievously disappointed, for I could only get 500 piastres for the knife when I sold it at Adrianople.

"Proceeding in my perquisitions I discovered—

"A worsted stocking, containing a Russia leather Pocket-book with 3673 paper roubles of Russia, and a bag of 996 silver

roubles, chiefly of the EMPEROR ALEXANDER'S reign—which—I mean the paper roubles—I gave to the Commandant of Silistria. The silver I thought proper to retain: and make no doubt that the scoundrel I had just exterminated had been in league with the enemy. Also I found

"A portmanteau, marked 'solid leather,' containing two dozen shirts, marked J. T. J.

"Stockings, collars and handkerchiefs with the same mark.

"Six takes of brown Windsor soap;

"And a silver-mounted dressing-case—rather a handsome thing—the bottle-stoppers, &c., marked J. T. J., with a lion rampant for a crest. The maker, WEST, in St. James's Street.

"But how the deuce can I tell to whom a portmanteau belongs marked only 'Warranted Solid Leather?' Of course *à la guerre*, it is *à la guerre*. I found the linen most comfortable, and the stockings and slippers very pleasant for a change, when I came in wet and weary out of the trenches. That Major certainly had robbed somebody, and was a lawless villain, whose life was rightly sacrificed to his cupidity.

Saturday. Paraded my regiment, and gave them fourteen hours under arms. Had to chastise seven or eight of them, showing them *que je n'entendais pas la plaisanterie*. Confiscated a goose and a lamb, which our villain had robbed out of the bazaar, and sent the giblets back to the family. On this day we received information in Silistria that a Russian corps was advancing out of the Dobrudscha upon Rassova.

Monday. My quarters are pretty good in the house of the Greek Papa POLYPHLESBEOUS. His wife BOOPIS must have been good-looking, his daughter RHODODACTYLOS is extremely so. Sate with them, and drank Rakee, whilst the old gentleman was at church. Sang 'Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?' and 'The Shan Van Voght' to the ladies, who were affected to tears.



"After I had done singing, pretty little RHODODACTYLOS took the instrument, and improvised a plaintive ballad respecting the late events with my regiment, beginning

"Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεὰ, μεγαθύμου Μυλλιγανοῦ,"

which my modesty forbids my translating, so really undeserved were the compliments paid to the courage, personal appearance, &c., of a certain Colonel of Bashi-Bozouks.

"They produced some Cyprus wine, and we had an excellent pilaff, over which old POLYPHLESBEOUS found us on return from chapel. As we had polished off the rice and lamb, the old man dined on the flaps of bread which we had used for plates: and I left the old monster actually picking crumbs off the table-cloth!

"Tuesday. Annoyed all night by the old Papa's snoring. Finding he

has a very comfortable bed, ordered it to my room. Went out with my Bozouks to the bridge of Routschouk, where we found the advanced guard of the enemy. Charged them nine times, but were beaten back by the Russians, with a loss of thirty-nine of ours killed, and seventy-eight wounded. All things considered, however, my men behaved very well. RHODODACTYLOS a good deal agitated, and her mother, BOÏRIS POTNIA, delighted at my return. The old Papa seemingly not very glad to see me.

"16. A strong cannonade from the islands of the Danube. The enemy's advanced guard at Adikoi. A skirmish with the Bashi-Bozouks, who retired towards Arab Tabia. The rain fell very heavily from after twelve o'clock. The macintosh I took from the young officer of the Lobski Hussars of great use and comfort. Poor fellow! He too very likely had been in England! The cloak is marked Piccadilly! Such is life.

"18. The enemy who has been establishing batteries upon the islands and the left bank opened his fire this day from noon until night. POLYPHLESBÆOS, in great perturbation, took up his residence in the cellar, where I did not grudge the old chap fuddling himself with Cyprus wine. His comrade, the Papa DOLICOSCITOS called—as he was talking his head knocked off by a cannon-ball—broke china in corner-cupboard: his hand still holding his beard, which was uncommonly fine, the other his large umbrella.

"19. The enemy opened his trenches at about two English miles of our lines—his left towards Arab Tabia, his right on the Danube. Slept as sound as a roach on the old Papa's mattress, though the Russians never ceased firing from sunset until the morning of the 20th, when his first parallel was completed. The enemy's chasseurs, trying to establish themselves on the height opposite Arab Tabia, the Bashi-Bozouks and Albanians drove them back. Little finger carried off by a Minié ball. Gallant conduct of KARAGOOZ BEG, killed a Russian Colonel, and put on his boots in the face of the enemy. Poor poor little RHODODACTYLOS! Sadly put out by accident to my little finger.—Two Circassian prisoners announce an attack for to-night—Bashi-Bozouks kept up in consequence.

"20. The enemy's guns are uncommonly well served. Every one of their balls hit. Twenty-four pound shot knocked letter I was reading out of my hand: and plumped into the bosom of HOKIM-AGA, Commandant's Aide-de-camp. Had order in his pocket—from a certain high quarter—to shoot me, and reward of 1,000,000 sequins to bring my head to Constantinople. Did not tell poor little RHODODACTYLOS

for fear of alarming the timid little fluttering affectionate creature!—*Mem.* MRS. POLYPHLESBÆOS begins to look very sulky at me.

"24. Provisions are growing rather scarce in my quarters, and old POLYPHLESBÆOS begins to grumble. This evening for supper, I ate the bread and the pilaff too. My appetite is excellent. MRS. P. and my little RHODODACTYLOS would only touch a little morsel. Young SPIRIDION POLYMETIS, whom I have appointed Lieutenant *vice* BORBORYGMOS, who ran away disgracefully last night, has been useful in these latter days carrying my messages to or from the Commander of the place. In the sally we made last night, SPIRIDION rode back very good-naturedly into the enemy's column for my umbrella; it was the old priests, and not having drawn my sword, I had been constrained to use it in order to poke out a Cossack Colonel's eye who was making himself very officious in front.

"*Mem.* I am growing rather rich in cash. Besides 39 piastres which I brought with me, I have,

"A portmanteau of handsome clothes as above, value say £80.

"969 silver roubles.

"£2000, which came to me by the laws of war.

"A gold snuff-box with the portrait of the EMPEROR set in diamonds, and the order of the Saracen's Head of the second class in brilliants also, sent by his Imperial Majesty to MAJOR GENERAL BARON SLABBERS, whom I slew in the second attack on the 22nd.

"Twelve silver-gilt candlesticks, and a couple of statues, of an ecclesiastical pattern, I confess: and some gold-lace vestments of which the old Papa POLYPHLESBÆOS has made me a present (very unwillingly) out of his church. He may have a hesitation, but I have none, in taking possession of the bullion employed in the Cathedral of these schismatics.

"A gold bowl, a picture frame ditto ditto, and a silver arm chair which SPIRIDION was instrumental in procuring for me from the abbot of the Armenian Convent hard-by. I shall value these at even more than the bazaar price, as they were the means of saving the Reverend man's life: indeed, I should have hanged him had he not given them up.

"A bag of loose diamonds, emeralds, and a silver soup-ladle of English manufacture given to me with the grateful tear of a Jewish family."

"BASHI-BOZOUK."

A GOVERNMENT COUP DE THÉÂTRE.



PARAGRAPH in the *Moniteur* informs us that it has been determined to make the French opera a Government affair, and to add the management of a large Theatre to the other duties of the Minister of the Interior. Such an arrangement would not be popular in England; but if it were, we have no doubt that our present Home Secretary, LORD PALMERSTON, would make himself as much at home in the wings of the opera as he is in the recesses of Downing Street. A life passed behind the scenes of politics, would find no great difficulty behind the scenes of a theatre, and casting the parts in a grand opera would be easy compared with the task of casting the parts in the drama of Government.

In selecting his instruments a Minister, like a manager selecting his orchestra, will find many wishing to play first fiddle, who are scarcely fit to beat a drum, and many who, though they might be useful if they would act in concert, are so fond of harping on one string, as to be prejudicial to the harmony that is desired. It would occasionally lead to some rather absurd questions in the House of Commons, if the Opera should be made a department of the Government. The following are a few specimens of the kind of inquiries to which the Operatic Minister would probably be subjected:—

The HONOURABLE AUGUSTUS SPOONEY, seeing the RIGHT HON. SECRETARY FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT in his place, would ask whether there was any truth in the rumour that the indisposition of a popular tenor, who did not sing on the Ascot Cup day, though advertised to do so, was in any way connected with the race in question, and whether he, the HOME SECRETARY, would have any objection to lay

on the table of the House any correspondence that might have passed between the popular tenor in question and the Government.

CAPTAIN BALDERDASH would ask whether the military engaged in fighting on the side of Austria in *William Tell*, would not be better employed at the seat of war, and whether they ought not to be immediately ordered out on active service.

The HONOURABLE ARTHUR TWOPENNY would not wish to embarrass the Government, but he would merely ask the HOME SECRETARY whether some arrangement could not be made as to the bones of admission to the Opera, so that the bones of the aristocracy might not be unpleasantly mingled with the bones of the general public, and indeed whether they could not be admitted at separate entrances.

Such are a few of the questions which might be asked, and as the time of the House is already sufficiently occupied about unimportant matters, we should be sorry to see the number increased by adding the management of the Opera to the duties of the Government.

CIRCUIT GAMBOLS.

(From our Legal Reporter.)

"Several members of the Bar went to Bridport to play a Cricket Match to-day."
Western Circuit Report, Times, July 19th.

I entered an appearance, and I gazed with sage abstraction,
At the joinder of the issue—at each flannel chose en action:
I heard a writ of summons, and I saw a wicket fall,
As a proof of actual ouster in ejection by a ball:
As with twisters or with tipplers, each in turn was then nonsuit,
Each granted to himself a rule his notches to compute:
As the cricketing coparzeners to the scorers' tent did stroll,
But few there found an entry of satisfaction on the roll:
When a writ of execution fierce was sued out—mid his pain,
The fielder only heard the plea of son assault demesne;
One in troter shapes his action for the ball, where long grass lingers,
While another makes an effort for a *Capias*, with his fingers:
At last a *Stet Processus* is granted to the play,
And a long account is stated of the tent costs of the day.

PROPRIETY OF PENNY-A-LINING.—NICHOLAS, the greatest criminal in Europe, may now, with a correctness that is quite delightful, be styled "The Unfortunate Gentleman."

TEMPERANCE TRIP TO BERLIN.



OUR legislature has enacted, or was to have enacted, or is in course of enacting, a law to prevent any such expeditions for the future as that made by the Quaker peacemakers to St. Petersburg. No statute, however, can prevent British subjects from visiting any foreign sovereign, into whose presence they may think proper to intrude, on any errand not ostensibly political.

Now there is a subject, which, though not of a political nature, relates seriously to politics, and on which some of her MAJESTY'S subjects might communicate with the KING OF PRUSSIA, to the great advantage not only of England, but also of all Europe, in the present state of affairs.

Certain of the QUEEN'S lieges have of late strenuously exerted themselves to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors at the Crystal Palace. If these well-meaning individuals could prevent the consump-

tion of such fluids in the Palace of SANS SOUCI, they would achieve a victory which would probably lead to a very speedy termination of the war.

Among the many fearful effects of drunkenness, some of the most frequent and well-known are irresolution, vacillation, want of firmness, indecision of character. The mind of the sot loses its equilibrium, wavers, oscillates, and shakes similarly with his hand.

That decent reserve, and respectful reticence which this periodical always observes in making any allusion to the frailties of illustrious personages, would be inconsistent with any remarks more explicit than the above on the very delicate subject which they distantly relate to. But if the teetotalers would send a deputation to Berlin, to see FREDERICK WILLIAM, and point out to him the deplorable consequences attendant on excess of champagne, and induce his Majesty to take the pledge, there can be no doubt that the result would be an attitude, on his part, of steadiness in opposition to the schemes of Russia, much more consistent with his royal dignity than his present course of tottering backwards and forwards. And if the friends of temperance were to undertake this enterprise, they would, since the war is a great hindrance to trade, be minding their own business, which is what they are not doing by trying to interfere with the arrangements for public refreshment at Sydenham.

A VANE AMBITION.

We have all heard of a tempest in a tea-pot, but something very like a tempest in a chimney-pot has recently occurred, and has fluttered in the leaves of the *London Gazette* for a brief period. We read the other day in that much-quoted but rather dull periodical, the important announcement, that the QUEEN has graciously permitted a certain LORD JOHN or TOM or HARRY and his brother "to use the name VANE in addition to that of TEMPEST." We congratulate the TEMPESTS on having obtained a sort of object for their energies, inasmuch as a Vane is likely to afford as much play to a Tempest as a weathercock would to a whirlwind.

Worthy the Attention of the British Female.

"MR. EDITOR,

"Habin red in de *Times*: n extrac from an Merrican paper, which I hab no dout peaks de troct, cos all de wurruld nos dat de Merrican editurs hate lies as dey do swearin and bad spellin, dat de Englishwomen are bery fond of de Merrican coloured gerlm'n, I want you to hab de goodness to put de following v'risement in your paper, gratis, for me, and ib I get a nobleman's darter, or some rich lady, you shall be invited to de weddin:—

WANTED, A WIFE, BY A REAL MERRICAN COLOURED MAN. He is bery much like de uncoloured article; bery small in de nape-ob de neck; narrow in de shoulders; tin in de legs, but bery much sole; bery sharp nose, and bery little eye, libs bery fast and will bery soon die. He will go to market himself and keep all de money. Chews and drinks a little, and pits bery elegum.

De ladies will please address MERRICAN SAMBO, 85, Fleet Street.

N.B. Peaks troo de nose.

"P.S. All de letters dat come for me hab de goodness to keep till I call for dem."

A PLEASANT CABMAN.

How pleasing 'tis to hear a Cabman tell
A tale, in speech of coarse redundancy pruned,
Not only talking decently, but well,
His tongue to mild forbearing accents tuned,
At Worship Street as lately it befel:
The nicest exquisite that ever swooned
Being o'erpower'd by strong expressions, might
Have listened to JOHN WILLIAMS with delight.

JOHN WILLIAMS is the owner of a cab
Or cabs, for subdulous acumen famed,
And gift of what is sometimes called the gab,
"Cabmen's Attorney-General" thence nicknamed;
At queering Beaks and Crushers he's a dab;
Though MR. WILLIAMS would be quite ashamed
That terms, gentility so far beneath,
Should ever leap the palings of his teeth.

Summoned he was by P. C. STANDEN, G.,
Badgeless upon the Shoreditch rank for plying,
And when the Constable desired to see
His catalogue of fares, the sight denying;
Albeit with a form of courtesey,
The Cab Act contumaciously defying.
Upon which charge, with striking grace of diction,
He blandly deprecated his conviction.

Thus, or to this effect, he spoke—"Now I
Am summoned here for two distinct offences;
Permit me separately to reply
To either charge; I care not which commences,
The officer may choose; I quite rely
On what I think a good ground of defence is
Against them both; first I am charged with not
Producing badge, whereas no badge I've got.

"I am the owner of the carriage merely,
That I'm the driver there's no proof to show;
Cabowners to have badges no law, clearly,
Compels—at least of no such law I know.
That of one charge disposes, pretty nearly,
I think; the second is, that I, when so
Required, did not produce the book of fares.
Now that I answer thus: the Act declares

"Distinctly that the driver shall be bound,
Not the proprietor, upon desire,
His book to show, demanded on the ground,
Either of hiring, or intent to hire
His vehicle; but its provisions found,
The right that book's production to require
Upon no other terms. I must, with deference,
Unto the Act request your worship's reference.

"Then will you see 'tis so. Now I, the express
Interrogation to the constable,
Put, as himself will readily confess,
Did he intend to hire the vehicle?
Distinctly he did not, to that address
He answered; therefore, with assurance full,
To you, Sir, do I, most respectfully,
Submit the Act was not infringed by me."

With charmed attention, MR. HAMMILL heard
The Cabman's plea, so pleasant and polite;
And after having to the Act referred,
Pronounced the mild defendant in the right;
Who left the Court without a vulgar word,
(Nor did he wink his eye, nor "take a sight,"
But only shook his head and smiled) surrounded
By friends who scarce contained their glee unbounded.

Hemp to its best Use.

THOSE who think that it is better to teach people not to commit crime than to hang them for committing it, will probably find encouragement in a fact, of which paper-manufacturers have been reminded by the present scarcity of rags, namely, that whatever material can be used for the making of rope, can be used for the making of paper.



First Languid Party. "DON'T YOU FIND SEA AIR VERY STRENGTHENING, JACK?"

Second Ditto Ditto. "OH, VEWY! I COULD THROW STONES IN THE WATER ALL DAY!"

THREATEN THE THREATENER.

PEOPLE who travel by railroad cannot have failed to observe, at various stations, formidable notices of this kind:—

"CAUTION.

"JOHN STUBBS was, on the 11th May last, fined Forty Shillings, for writing with his ring on a window of a railway carriage, that the train was 'disgusting slow.'"

"CAUTION.

"HENRY WABSTRAW and MICHAEL SQUOTT were, on the 9th June, committed to Lampton goal for a fortnight, for riding in second-class Carriages with third class tickets, and offering to fight the station master for the difference."

"CAUTION.

"HABAEKUK BOWLING was, on the 13th of February, sentenced to imprisonment for having insisted upon smoking in one of this company's carriages."

Now we have nothing to say against this mode of gibbeting offenders. MR. STUBBS and the other frightful criminals were, of course, punished for the sake of example, and the more publicity that can be given to an example, the more efficacious it is likely to be. So we are content that they be thus hung in railway chains. But there is such a thing as fair play. There is a saying in the Latin Delectus, "The traveller is not always killed by the thief, but sometimes the thief by the traveller." We might adapt this, and remark that the traveller does not always injure the railway-man, but sometimes the railway-man injures the traveller. We may venture to say this, because juries and judges have said so before us. And therefore we should deem it quite fair, not only in MESSRS. STUBBS, WABSTRAW, SQUOTT, or BOWLING, but in any other railway traveller, to hold out, in his turn, warning and caution to the railway Company and officials. How station masters or Directors who might happen to be on the line, would stare to see affixed to all the hats of the passengers inscriptions to this effect:—

"CAUTION.

"This Railway Company was sentenced by the Court of Queen's Bench on the 3rd June last, to pay PHINEAS ANDERSON the sum of one hundred pounds, for damages to his person, caused by the Company's stinginess in not keeping a sufficient number of officials to provide against accidents."

"CAUTION.

"On the 5th January, 1854, a Director of the Indirect South Northern and West Easterly Junction Railway Company was sent to goal for three months for manslaughter, occasioned by an engine breaking down from neglect."

"CAUTION.

"At this moment the Railway Company on whose line we are travelling is, by compulsion of law, paying an annuity of £50, to the family of SAMUEL STITCH, tailor, who was destroyed by an accident caused by the avarice of the shareholders, the negligence of the Directors, and the wanton carelessness of the officials."

We recommend the Office that Assures Travellers against Accidents to insist upon every assurer wearing upon his hat one of these notices during a journey. It might tend to diminish the chance of his having a claim against that office.

CHASTISEMENT IN THE ARMY.

ALTHOUGH we should like to see the Cat disused, we do not desire that flogging should be altogether abolished in the army. In some regiments it appears that the junior officers are in the habit of bullying their comrades after the manner practised by blackguard boys at a public school. Conducting themselves like juvenile blackguards we would have them punished as such blackguards are wont to be. Let them be chastised, *more puerorum*. Do away with the Cat, indeed, in the Army, but institute the Rod, and keep it in pickle for young lieutenants who are in the habit of beating, and pinching, and "pulling about" their brother officers.

The Czar's Rubbish.

FROM Jassy a Correspondent of the *Morning Post* thus writes:—

"The number of the wounded (Russians) on the day of the 7th only, may be imagined from the fact, that 450 carts laden with them have arrived here."

Pleasant news for NICHOLAS this, one might think. But what are four hundred and fifty cart-loads of his wounded soldiers to the CZAR? Of course he looks upon his whole army as composed of rubbish that may be carted anywhere—and shot.



THE HOLIDAY LETTER.

Royal Mistress (writes), "IN THE CASE OF MASTERS ABERDEEN AND RUSSELL, I REGRET TO SAY THAT THE MOST EXTREME IDIENESS HAS CHARACTERISED THE WHOLE HALF-YEAR."

June 29, 1864.]

[Punch, No. 681.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE MEDIEVAL COURT.



EDIAVAL, a word signifying middle-aged, has given rise to much discussion, and indeed the middle age of art seems to be almost as much wrapped in obscurity as the middle age in nature, which is, especially among the female sex, a subject of much mystery. There is much dispute as to the point at which mediæval art commenced; but we most of us know it when we see it, just as we

can tell a middle-aged woman when we see her, however she may try to baffle us by an argument as to the point at which the middle age begins. The Pointed style has been termed the key-note to the mediæval in art, and perhaps the Pointed style, as indicated by the sharpness of the nose, and other features, that have lost the roundness of youth, may be considered characteristic of the middle age in nature. A mediæval window has the smoothness of its arch interrupted by a point, and the middle-aged eyebrow is drawn up into what is termed a peaked shape, which takes from the eye its arch look. There is a further analogy between the mediæval in art and in nature, both of which resort in middle age to an amount of ornament, which is equally unknown to the early period of the one and the youth of the other. With advancing age ornament becomes more profuse and elaborate till the original object is almost lost sight of in the gaudy adornments with which it is overlaid.

Much learning has been bestowed on the origin of the Pointed style, but we fear that our own style would be found anything but pointed, if we were to dwell any longer on this rather profitless argument. MR. RUSKIN, throwing overboard all fanciful theories, attributes the Pointed style to the necessity for throwing off the snow and the rain, and thus, by reference to the wet, he manages to get rid of a dry discussion.

Instead of entering any further into the dispute, we will enter into the Court itself, which, coming from the railway, is on the right hand, or eastern side of the building. The exterior of the Mediæval Court is decorated with statues from Germany, as well as from Wells and other places of England. There is the tomb of LONGUESPERE, our old friend LONGSWORD, from Salisbury; and lying next to him is our old enemy HENRY THE THIRD from Westminster. The lion has gone from his feet—a remarkable coincidence with the fact, that the British Lion would not consent to be trampled on by a sovereign, who made more than one vain attempt to tread down English liberty. On the left is a monument of BISHOP POOR, or POOR, in three-quarter relief, which will suggest to the frivolous mind the question, whether any Bishop could have been Poor, and whether anything in the shape of relief ought not to be considered superfluous.

Further on is the monument of PHILIPPA, Queen of EDWARD THE THIRD, whose crown was for some time in pawn to meet the necessities of her husband. This needy sovereign would probably have got change for himself, and spent the proceeds, if he could have managed the affair, for he pawned his kinsman, the EARL OF DERBY, who, if he had met with nobody to back him, might have remained for ever on the shelf as a melancholy pledge of friendship. Passing by the tombs of some few others, who, by virtue of their rank and wealth, were buried in Cathedrals, but who might just as well have been buried in oblivion, we enter what is called the English Mediæval Court.

As we go in at the centre we pass under a doorway from Tintern Abbey, adorned with statues from Wells and Westminster, and find ourselves in a cloister from Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, a combination which, though pleasing to the eye of taste, is rather embarrassing to the mind of the geographer. Opposite to us as we enter is the Great Door from Rochester Cathedral, with all its original colouring and gilding, which were once very elaborate, but they have been swept by the fingers of Time, who has robbed it of its richness, and on whose hands all the guilt remains. On the left of the inside of the Cloister is the door of PRINCE ARTHUR'S chapel from Worcester, having at the sides

two crowned kings, whose heads, the Official Guidebooks tell us, are "exceedingly well executed;" but the heads must have been exceedingly well restored, if the execution was really performed. There are numerous other objects of interest, but our Handbook would become a mere Catalogue if we were to note down separately the lots of attractive articles with which the Mediæval Court abounds.

The early Gothic sculptors went to nature for their ornaments, and were particularly faithful in the delineation of the ivy leaf; but the Renaissance, taking French leave with the ivy, completely deprived it of its fidelity. Among the lesser statues may be noticed a small one, known, or rather guessed at, as the "Boy Bishop" from the Cathedral of Salisbury. When the antiquarians have stumbled over a statue, they are not long in finding a story to match it, and they do not leave a stone unturned, to give to any stone that may turn up a legendary interest. We are told in reference to the alleged "Boy Bishop" that it was an ancient custom to elect from the children of the choir, or singing boys, a "regular Bishop," who, it is said, did all the Bishop's work; but it does not appear that he took any of the Bishop's salary. Some authorities are inclined to believe that the statue of the "Boy Bishop" represents a regular prelate, and when we remember that there have been bishops who have been very small men, we are disposed to concur in the suggestion.

The walls of the Mediæval Court present an interesting series of specimens of the sculptural art, and we find among them more than one sovereign whom we now see chiselled out of stone, after having been in his own day chiselled out of his kingdom.

A copy of the celebrated monument of EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE, from Canterbury Cathedral, occupies a good position in the Mediæval Court, where may be seen the well known figure of the Prince, with his head resting on the outside, instead of occupying the inside of his helmet. It may be as well to observe, that the title of Black Prince is not proved to have been derived from the armour of his Royal Highness having been kept constantly blackleaded, like the bars of an ordinary grate, but the name is supposed by some to have arisen from the black shadows his presence threw on the hopes of the French, who always called him the "Noir" after the battle of Cressy.

The last monument we shall notice is that of WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM, whose name has been immortalised in connection with the College of Winchester, and whose association with the Hospital of St. Cross seems to promise him a second lease of immortality through the medium of an endless suit in Chancery.

The German Mediæval Court has many exquisite specimens of art, and there is near the entrance on the left hand a piece of sculpture, attributed to KRAFFT, who has shown much artistic cunning. The figures are distinguished chiefly by the feeling for nature exhibited in their hands, and it must be admitted that the artist who has shown in his hands a feeling for nature, seems to have got it at the end of his fingers.

The French Mediæval Court contains many exquisite specimens of workmanship from France, among which may be noticed a copy of some magnificent iron-work, from the south door of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris. Opinion has been divided on the question, whether the gates are cast in a mould, or wrought with the hammer; and even to this day the disputants are hammering away at the point, with a violence worthy of the forge, and a windy wordiness suggestive of the bellows.

The Italian School is also represented in the Mediæval Court, through the medium of some works by NINO and GIOVANNI PISANO, the latter of whom is the sculptor of a statue in the centre. The figure is said to be Justice because it holds a pair of scales, but if the suggestion is supported by no reason having more weight than is to be found in the scales, the figure might as well be called Grocery. In one of the figures beneath Art may, we are told, be recognised by a pair of compasses, and Charity by a pair of babies, though there seems a childishness in the latter idea, which would make every woman with a brace of infants in her arms a representative of the highest virtue.

We cannot quit the Mediæval Court without expressing our admiration of its beauties, though we cannot go with MR. RUSKIN in his proposed expedition "through the streets of London, pulling down those brackets and friezes and large names" over the shops of the tradesmen, in order to supply "each with a plain shop casement with small frames in it, that people would not think of breaking in order to be sent to prison."* Our love for the Gothic would be tempered by our fear of the police, and we should in smashing the largest windows, put ourselves literally to the greatest panes, with no other attainable end than the station house. We cannot go the length of those who object to all decoration except the Gothic, and who insist on the non-concealment of "hinges, bolts, and nails," as if something besides the door is supposed to hang on the hinge, and as if the only way to hit the right nail on the head is to leave the head visible.

* The Seven Lamps of Architecture, page 169.

"DOGS AND MONKEYS!"

In the present dearth of histrionic talent, it is very refreshing to find not one actor only, but a whole company whom one can praise, without doing violence to one's feelings as a man and one's principles as a theatrical critic. It is at all times very hard work to find out the merits of MR. CHARLES KEAN, to abstain from saying uncivil things of MR. G. V. BROOKE, or to keep down a protest against the blatant emphasis of MR. ANDERSON. The "heavy lightness" of some of our most elaborate comedy "gents," is only less oppressive than the "serious vanity" of most of our performers in the leading business. It is melancholy to have no relief from the rags and tatters of the last French vaudeville, cruelly overdone into English at the Lyceum, better than three acts of stale horror from the Boulevard du Temple, dished up afresh with additional pepper, at the Princess's. In short, wherever I go, I find all French, but the acting.

I am sorry to say that even M. DÉSIRAIS's admirable *troupe* of dogs and monkeys at Cremorne is "from the French." But as the actors don't talk, and confine themselves to a number of "rapid acts," instead of one slow play, this is the less felt.

M. DÉSIRAIS's *troupe* is what would be called at Astley's a double company—one quadruped, the other quadrumanous. Among the former there are no less than three low-comedy poodles, whose grotesque dancing distances FLEXMORE; and a light comedy spaniel, whose grace and lightness might be usefully studied by our actors in the same line, while the heavy-business is efficiently supported by a black retriever, whose gravity reminded me of DIDDEAR. The monkey-performers are rather gymnastic than dramatic artists. But the "Star-riders," and "Cherokee Chiefs," and "British Tars," and "Bounding Brothers," and "Italian Brothers," and "German Brothers," and "Olympian Brothers," and the "Sylphs of the Circle," and "Gems of the Arena," and "Dashing Ecuyères," of "the Turkish Pavilion" (or, in plain English, the male and female horse-riders in the Cremorne Circus) are quite outstripped by their monkey rivals in M. DÉSIRAIS's employment.

In the first place, the scene of the performance of the latter is wilder and more exciting. Instead of the everlasting ring, spread with sawdust, it represents a rocky pass in Kaffreland; and we are reminded of the bow-legged Bushman, or the wild Zulu, while witnessing the rapid act of the Courier of St. Petersburg (with a tail protruding in an agony of nervousness) on two poodles, or the characteristic performance of a simious EATON STONE, on the barebacked pointer of the Prairies.

In the next place, there is no clown in M. DÉSIRAIS's Company. Now, much as we respect the institution of clown to the ring in the abstract, we are compelled to pronounce your Original Shakespearian Jesters, and your Grotesques of the Circle, generally, insufferable bores and nuisances. The good old clown has been replaced by a being full of stupid forwardness and gross vulgarity, but with none of that delightful imbecility and incurable want of respect for the Master of the Ring, which belongs to the ideal clown—the clown of our childhood—the *Panurge* in motley of *Pantagruel* in a laced jacket and enamelled boots, whose mild wisdom he imposes upon, and whose whip-lash he evades so wonderfully—that emblem of shrewd wit, under the mask of folly, mocking pretentiousness in high places, and always getting the best of it.

M. DÉSIRAIS's monkey-riders stick to their work, and clearly don't care a dump for the audience. There is no grinning bow, no conceited attitudinising on the part of the gentlemen monkeys—no ogling and posture-making at the audience on the part of the ladies. The ring is clearly a serious business with them. Not that nature does not occasionally peep out, as when the Courier of St. Petersburg, forgetting that he is a courier, suddenly feels that he is a monkey, and instead of bowing to the public at the end of his performance, springs up the side scenes and gibbers and shows his teeth, and climbs, like the youth in LONGFELLOW's "Excelsior," higher and higher still, till he sings his tail in the gas-border—a warning to the ambitious. As for M. DÉSIRAIS's EATON STONE, we decidedly prefer him to the original. He gives himself no wild Indian airs, indulges in no humbug about his adventures in the prairies, but is simply an agile mountebank, in paint and fringed leggings, vaulting by the aid of a strong pommel on and off an animal, with a back made tenacious by a coat of rosin. But a small black monkey, with a face like a reduced elderly refugee, is the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON of the *troupe*, all accomplished both in arts and arms. He plays the cymbals, executes a solo on the violin, is not above performing such menial offices as sweeping the floor, goes through the manual exercise, and concludes by loading and firing his musket in a state of abject terror, which makes the perfection of his drilling more remarkable.

The animal has clearly pursued knowledge under the greatest difficulties, and has the most indistinct ideas of the meaning of his various feats, and the general purport of the whole proceedings of which he forms a feature. But how many artists do you and I know who are just as ignorant? How few do we know who are half as diligent or as unpretending? If he is now and then distracted by a

stray nut, what actor can resist a bit of fat, or an opportunity of "gag?" If he does occasionally bolt off the stage and conceal himself in the flies, he is much more easily caught than MR. SIMS REEVES; and, besides, he never skulks under shelter of a medical certificate, or insults the public under pretence of making an apology.

I had the pleasure, after the performance, of an introduction to the company. I found them affable and good-tempered, and quite free from that craving for strong flattery which I have generally remarked among bipeds of the same profession. M. DÉSIRAIS describes them as easy to manage—on the whole—but, with them, as with their human brothers and sisters, firmness is necessary. If you give way to them at all they become insubordinate. His rule is never to feed them till after their performance—but then they are not liable to half salaries or "no treasury."

Immediately after acting and supping, they are consigned to small boxes and shut up in the dark till wanted again. I could not help wishing that some actors and actresses of my acquaintance could be subjected to a similar seclusion when not acting.

M. DÉSIRAIS, like other managers, finds the ladies most difficult to deal with—and when they *do bite*, he remarks that they do it with a peculiar viciousness. He is now training a couple of novices to the performance of "*la Perche*," and had even attempted to break-in a large black monkey and his two young ones to a drawing-room entertainment à la RISLEY. But the parental instincts of the animal revolted at the idea of making footballs of his own flesh and blood—thus showing the inferiority of the monkey to the man, in whom such prejudices have never been found to stand in the way of the amusement of the public.

Now that the EARL OF WICKLOW's dog-cart bill is likely to throw so many industrious animals out of employment, why should not British philanthropy secure them a subsistence in the theatrical profession? Let the friends of the dog combine, buy up the lease of the Opera House from MR. LUMLEY, engage M. DÉSIRAIS as their acting manager, and get up a Canine Company—or Dog Dramatic Establishment.



The Bold Aberdeen.

At the meeting of the Supporters of Ministers the other day, MR. BRIGHT declared that "he had great confidence in LORD ABERDEEN, and expressed his scorn for the violent manner in which the noble Earl had been assailed in reference to Russia and the War." MR. BRIGHT's own views upon these subjects being pretty well known, the calling such a witness to LORD ABERDEEN's character is perhaps the boldest thing that has been done during the whole campaign. If LORD ABERDEEN feared to defy Russia, he does not fear to defy England.

Quack, Quack at the Antipodes.

A LETTER in the *Times* from Australia informs us that the Miners of Ballarat give a guinea apiece for BALLAWAY'S Pills! Another tremendous proof that gold has no bowels.

PRUSSIA'S VACILLATION EXPLAINED.

(IN A SCENE FROM THE UNFINISHED DRAMA OF THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.)

SCENE—*Sans Souci. The Royal Study.*

Enter KING CLICQUOT and TWO COUNCILLORS following.

Clicq. We are fatigued, discussion's drought hath dried Our tongue and brain; and Draught, Drought's antidote, In both our natural humour must restore. Without!—some wine there ho!

Enter PAGE with Champagne.

1st Coun. Hey presto!—faith, } *aside.*
Right promptly served.

2nd Coun. The butler hath, I wot, } *aside.*
To make no lengthy voyage to the cellar.

Clicq. Sit, gentlemen, (fills a tumbler) and do as we do.

1st and 2nd Coun. Sir, We humbly thank your Majesty. *[They help themselves.]*

Clicq. Peace! *[Drinks.]*

1st and 2nd Coun. Peace! *[They drink the toast.]*

Clicq. Pros't!—may the pledge avail the wished-for-end!

For which we strive, as yet, alas! in vain, *[Drinks.]*

That end what means were safest to pursue?

1st Coun. If I might hazard speech—

Clicq. Speak freely, man. *[Slaps him on the shoulder.]*

1st Coun. This counsel I would give your Majesty;

At once with Austria and the Western Powers

Make common cause, and lead the Intellect,

The Science, and the Morals, and the Art

Of Germany against the barbarism

And brutish force of savage Muscovy.

Clicq. Why that's well said—that's well and bravely said— *[Drinks.]*

Extremely well and very properly said,

There is the Physical and Psychological

And there is Russia—that's one element—

And Prussia—that's another element—

Antagonistic forces. *[Drinks.]*

2nd Coun. Pardon, Sir:

But is it not of Nature found the law

That force should with opposing force combine?

Acid with alkali; and oxygen

Or chlorine with a metal: positive

With negative in electricity?

Clicq. That's true o' the other hand—that's also true—

Acid with alkali makes a neutral salt,

And that suggests a neutral policy.

'Sides, talk o' chemical affinity, *[Drinks.]*

Rec'lect that Nic'LAS ish my bruz-in-law.

1st Coun. Yet let your Majesty this truth perpend,

Light is the opposite to darkness, still,

Light doth the shades of darkness chase away;

Then champion Fatherland's enlightenment

Against the advance of Russia's night.

Clicq. I will!

I'll be sha champions of our Fazerland.

Russia shall not eclips' sha Human Mind

Dash'isheshal!

I'll give in my adhesion to sh' allies,

And Prussia shall march in she van o' Eu-

pean shivilishash'n. *[Drinks.]*

2nd Coun. Then, Sir, against your august relative,

Your Majesty resolves to draw the sword?

Clicq. Draw sword against my bruz-in-law!

2nd Coun. Against

Your Majesty's near kinsman, and besides,

The great support and prop of monarchy,

On rabid revolution, everywhere,

Enforcing loyal order.

Clicq. No, I won't.

Angel of Peace, you know, he shaysh I am.

I can't, I mush'nt fight my bruz-in-law—

My poor dear bruz-in-law! *[Cries.]*

2nd Coun. And fighting him your Majesty would fight

For MAHOMET against the Christian side.

Clicq. MAHOMET is the false Prophet, and I won't fight for MA-

HOMET. I am a Chrish'n—and I hope to be shaved. I won't take

MAHOMET's part—hangfiwill! *[Drinks.]*

1st Coun. But Russia, as your Majesty well knows,

The Greek corrupt religion doth profess,

Not the confession evangelical

Of MARTIN LUTHER.

Clicq. Why, that alters sha case again *[Drinks.]* MARNLUTHER I

look upon as a Posh'l. MARNLUTHER's sh' only true shysht'm of theology. True sheology's sha bashish of evshing—shecks and evshing elsh! *[Drinks.]*

2nd Coun. What course then doth your Majesty elect?

Clicq. Lemmy turnout immymind. Famous doctorhe was! DOCTOR MARNLUTHER. Sing's DOCMARNLUTHER's song.

1st and 2nd Coun. What song, an't like your gracious Majesty?

Clicq. Song DOCMARNLUTHER used to sing. You know—

1st and 2nd Coun. Full many a goodly song, puissant liege,

Did DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER use to sing.

Clicq. Ay; but zshish was a cap'l song. Tsh! whatamem'ry I have, be sure! "Who lovesh not wine," Thash ish! *[Drinks.]* "Who lovesh not wine" (trying to sing, breaks down). No—I can't shing! I've qui' lost my voice—quilstomy voice—talkinsmuch 'bout this confound East'n quest'n. Shall soon have no voice atall left. I'm very tired—essessively tired—*[Drinks.]*—zhentl'm'n helpyaselves an' downineme *[nods.]*

1st and 2nd Coun. But, Sir, your answer to the Western Powers.

And Austria?

Clicq. Talkaboutthattomorra!

* *[Falls asleep. COUNCILLORS raise their hands, turn up their eyes, and shrug their shoulders; and the SCENE closes.]*

TO YOUNG MEN ABOUT TO ENTER THE ARMY.

A YOUNG gentleman, desirous of a commission in the gallant Light Peashooters, his anxious parent, before coming down with the money, put to his ambitious son the following questions:—

Father. And so, HENRY, you wish to be a soldier?

Henry. Such, my beloved parent, is your son's most ardent prayer.

Father. The discipline is very sharp. And, my dear boy, you have a temper.

Henry. Aware of that infirmity, honoured Sir, I have, I trust, entered upon a self-examination, followed by a self-mortification that, if I err not, has at once restrained and strengthened me.

Father. Very good. Can you obey the orders of a superior?

Henry. Unhesitatingly.

Father. Say, you were an ensign; and in an hour of social converse over cards, your superior officer were to inflict upon you a name I will not mention. How would you receive it?

Henry. Whatever the name might be, with becoming humility.

Father. Say that, on your manifested desire to discontinue play, your superior officer should collar you, and drag you about? What would you do?

Henry. With the fullest sense of the vital necessity of discipline, I should mildly and respectfully remonstrate with him.

Father. Very good. We will suppose that your superior officer is, in his superiority, deaf to remonstrance. We will even suppose him superior—much superior—in station and in strength; and with a proud sense of such superiority, we will suppose that—there is a candlestick upon the table—that your superior officer punches you in the face? What would you take—

Henry. The candlestick, if nothing else, and immediately knock him down.

Father. Your sentiments, my dear boy, do you honour as a man; but they would lead you to inevitable disgrace and ruin in the army. You must therefore give up the thoughts of a Commission in the Light Peashooters.

Rational Remonstrance.

LET peaceful BRIGHT in speech delight
That charms the Cotton crew:
Let GORDEN rather trade than fight,
For 'tis his business to:

But when our Premier, duped before,
Still trusts to Russian lies,
Such weakness but disgusts JOHN BULL,
And makes his monkey rise.

Not a Serious Man.

A GENTLEMAN calling himself ERNEST FITZ ROY has been figuring away in the *Morning Post* as "Hon. Sec." of the Belgravian "Choral Defence Committees." FITZ ROY may be authentic enough—but ERNEST? Oh nonsense! FITZ ROY is only joking.

Nicholas and the Peacemongers.

CERTAIN people almost as insane as himself, appear to think the CZAR OF RUSSIA is desirous of peace. For ourselves, however, we confess we see but little hope of his burying the hatchet, while he so vigorously continues to throw it.



QUITE A NOVELTY.

Amiable Experimentalist. "MAKES A DELICIOUS SIDE DISH, DOESN'T IT? BUT IT IS NOT THE COMMON MUSHROOM; IT'S A LARGE FUNGUS, CALLED THE AGARICUS PROCERUS. IT GROWS SOLITARY IN HEDGE ROWS, IS CALLED COLUBRINUS, FROM THE SNAKE-LIKE MARKINGS ON ITS STEM. THE PILEUS IS COVERED WITH SCALES, WHICH ARE FORMED BY THE BREAKING-UP OF THE MUD-COLOURED EPIDERMIS, AND —

[General panic takes place.]

NO MATES FOR THE VULTURE.

THERE sits a Vulture, gaunt and grim,
Double-headed, golden-crowned,
Foul of scent and lean of limb,
Keen for carrion, peering round
With eyes, albeit seeming dim,
That sweep a vast horizon's bound.

When a sickening nation reels
To the death, this vulture's there,
Ever narrowing, as he wheels,
His circuit, in the tainted air,
Till an instinct sure reveals
Safest time the prey to tear.

So round Brescia's shattered wall,
Sullen swept this bird obscene,
Sniffing through the sulphurous pall,
Reek of blood, with relish keen;
Waiting on the prey to fall,
When beforehand death had been.

So beside the lone lagune,
Where beleaguered Venice stood,
Through the long siege, late and soon,
Hovered still this bird of blood,
Till to death, in mortal swoon,
Sunk the Lady of the Flood.

When 'neath Arab's gallows-tree,
Proud the martyr's death to die,
Stood the Magyar chivalry—
The hideous bird was waiting nigh,
Until Death should leave him free
To rend the flesh and scoop the eye.

And shall England's Lion bold,
And shall France's Eagle true,
With this bird alliance hold
In the work they have to do,
Though each head be crowned with gold,
And each claw be sceptred too?

Never—for the Lion's pride
And the Eagle's is the same;
Carrion neither will abide,
Stooping but to living game—
Victors, they would be defied,
Or the victory brings not fame.

Hence, then, craven carrion-bird—
To the gibbets and the graves!
With thy kindred vultures herd—
Russ and Prussian—fools and knaves:
Be one freeman's strength preferred,
To the strength of million slaves!

THE SMUGGLER OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

EVERYBODY is asking what could have induced the Lords to pass SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON'S "Finchley Road Building Act," which is so framed as to enable him ultimately to enclose Hampstead Heath? There is no knowing, unless it was fellow-feeling with the donkeys, whom their Lordships may conceive to be over-driven and over-ridden on that hitherto common property.

If this Bill has passed the House of Commons, it is evident that a gross act of smuggling has been committed, whilst the people's Preventive Service were asleep or intoxicated. In case it has originated in the Peers and has yet to get through the Lower House, let this be a notice to the ST. STEPHEN'S Coast-Guard to be on the look-out for the contraband article, so as to frustrate the machinations of the Hampstead WILL WATCH, as we may call WILSON; who has so long and so pertinaciously been watching his opportunity of getting an Act of Parliament to enable him to violate his father's Will.

Class Book for Belgravia.

SHORTLY will be published—with numerous illustrations afforded by various clergymen and ladies—a new child's book for the use of Belgravian youth, entitled, *Puseyism in Fun made Popery in Earnest.*

The Sovereign of Potsdam.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA is pursuing courses which may cost him a crown. In this country at any rate they would render him liable to be fined five shillings.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF SILISTRIA. BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK.



Fort of Arab Tabia, June 25.

“DEAR SIR,—Some jealous scoundrels, (I suspect the envious malignity of a couple of English Officers, who are making themselves very officious here) have been complaining of the plundering propensities of my Bashi-Bozouks. In an angry interview with H. E. MUSSA PASHA this morning, I repelled the accusation with scorn, and challenged both the English Officers for the honour of our corps.—N.B. The Turks do not understand the practice of civilised European gentlemen: and MUSSA PASHA said ‘Suppose Captain B. shoots you, will that prove you did not take the Jew Merchant’s silver soup-ladle and diamonds?—Go and shoot as many Russians as you please, MULLIGOON FERIK! but let us hear of no more plundering.’ It is in vain to expect in half-educated men the refinement

and delicate feelings of gentlemen with a long line of ancestry. The enemy made three attacks this evening on Arab Tabia. As I brought in a prisoner, though very much mutilated, MAJOR GENERAL COUNT SWIGGAMOFF who led the last attack, HIS EXCELLENCY MUSSA PASHA was pleased to compliment me, said he would send my name to the Commander-in-Chief for decoration, and look over the affair of the Jew, who was making a deuce of a disturbance.

“The affair last night was very hot. My arm this morning is black and blue from lifting iron. The Russians had actually entered the redoubt and cut down our artillerymen at their guns, when the Bashi-Bozouks luckily arriving gave a different turn to affairs. We may expect a great attack in a day or two. My prisoner says that MARSHAL PASKIEWITSCH was in such a rage, as to kick the Major-General at the head of the column.

“27. Three tremendous attacks upon Arab Tabia took place to-night. The first, under the command of GENERAL COUNT SLUTZ of the Alexander Regiment, was very nearly doing for us. They came on in spite of the fire of our guns, their drums beating, their officers in the front waving their hats and cursing and swearing in the most frightful manner. The Russians actually clambered through the embrasures and over the guns. COUNT SLUTZ, a very stout man, in jack boots, was rammed up in an embrasure against a Paixhan gun, and there I confess I prodded him. After his death the survivors of the attacking column fell back in much disorder. This must have been at 10:35 by the late Count’s repeater.

“At 11:22, P.M., the gallant foe returned in still greater force; they did not fire a shot until they were close upon us, and I heard a voice calling out—‘Three hundred thousand silver roubles and the Order of SAINT ANNE, second class, for the man who brings in MULLIGANOFF dead or alive!’ I thought I knew the voice. ‘Ha, my boy!’ I roared out from the bastion. ‘Ha, TUFFSKIN, my boy! How did you like the bastinado at the Hôtel d’Europe?’ Indeed it was poor TUFFSKIN, who had arrived only that morning at the army. He will never suffer the cat-of-nine-tails more. It was the fortune of war, and now he is no more I can do justice to a gallant enemy. I gave his earrings to little RHODODACTYLOS, on my return to my quarters after

“THE THIRD ATTACK, which was the most severe of all. By this time ammunition had been luckily brought to us in the fort, and as the enemy came up we received him with a fire so murderous, that 452 men were killed, and 2706 wounded, by the first discharge. We gave them a second by the time they were up to our guns, and then rushing out on the disordered column, my gallant Bashi-Bozouks drove the storming party back three miles through their own entrenchments and into the Danube, where, such was their impetuosity, many of my fellows were actually drowned with the Russians. I had marked and seized an old officer who had been making himself particularly conspicuous, and having broken my sword was pummeling him most severely with the handle about the face and ribs, when he cried out in very good French, ‘Tenez, MULLIGANOFF! Je me rends. Je suis le MARÉCHAL PRINCE PASKIÉ’ . . . but I heard no more, for a shot entered my shoulder and down I dropped. Provoking.

“I had to walk home five miles with a bullet in my shoulder; and did not reach my quarters till 7 o’clock, A.M. What a scream of delight little RHODODACTYLOS gave at beholding me. They were eating a piece of horse for breakfast; for provisions are getting scarce.

I took my share of the chivalric meal; and then had the conical ball extracted, which had given me much annoyance. Prisoners who came in this day, the 28th, announced that PRINCE PASKIEWITSCH had received some severe contusions the night before, and that PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF had resumed the command of the siege.

“30. Had some fever from my wound. The fire of the enemy was so hot that no less than twenty-nine cannon balls and four shells fell into my room, which burst there, and filled the place with smoke. I could not move, as the surgeon had forbidden me to stir, even taking away my pantaloons, so as to prevent the possibility of my quitting my apartment. In the intervals of the firing my charming RHODODACTYLOS was so attentive and kind to the poor wounded Bashi-Bozouk, that my heart melted towards the dear girl. I offered her my hand, on condition, of course, that she would separate from the Greek schism, and the blushing young creature gave me her own rosy fingers in reply.

“July 1. The siege is raised. The Russians are in full retreat, my Bashi-Bozouks after them. I am so weak that I cannot move from my bed. Cowards and detractors have been blackening my character to SAMMI PASHA, who has now the command of Silistria, and I am a prisoner. I who saved Silistria!

“2. RHODODACTYLOS was allowed to come in to me with a little calves’ foot jelly, which she had been making. I told the dear girl where I had secreted my property; viz. in a hole under the pumpkin bed in the garden of the house where poor old POLYPHLOSBEOS discovered me investing some of my property on the 23rd. I was in the hole, spade in hand, digging, and thereby saved my life; for a round shot took off POLYPHLOSBEOS’s head just over me: and the poor man thus paid for his curiosity.

“4. Anniversary of American Independence. I rallied this day. The sentry was taken off yesterday, and I received my order of Nisham from the English officer here, who says my conduct is overlooked—I think it is overlooked indeed!—in consequence of my gallantry. The house being empty, I went down to the garden, where I kept my things.

“O RHODODACTYLOS! O woman, faithless woman! Would you believe it? I only found the desk and papers marked J. T. JONES; every other single item of my property has been taken away, except a boot-jack, an old coat, and a pair of very old trowsers, and I was told by the clerk of the Greek Chapel, that RHODODACTYLOS and SPIRIDION were married yesterday morning, and that they left Silistria the same afternoon for Bulgaria, in an aroba very heavily laden. SPIRIDION was in a pink pelisse, red-striped trowsers, and pea-green boots. RHODODACTYLOS, the clerk said, blazed in diamonds: and unless you accept the bill I have drawn upon you through MESSRS. ORNITHES of this city, I am actually a penniless

“BASHI-BOZOUK!”

TREASURE-TROVE FOR A CABMAN.

We should much like to know what answer has been received to the subjoined advertisement:—

TO CABMEN.—If the Cabman who took up a Clergyman and his Wife in the New Road on Sunday evening last, and drove them to the Inverness Road, Bayswater, will return the BIBLE and PRAYER BOOK left in the cab, he shall be well rewarded.

The question which occurs to most of us, on reading the above, is whether any existing Cabman would know a Bible and a Prayer Book if he saw them, as the chances would be much against his ever having looked into either in his life. Perhaps, however, the effect of the foregoing advertisement has been to elicit a circumstance which may form the basis of an affecting story. Possibly the volumes have been returned by a Cabman who never returned any property that he found in his vehicle before; but who, accidentally opening them, and perusing a portion of their contents, was thereby induced to abandon the error of his ways; eschew gin and beer in excess, and extortion, insolence and bad language altogether, becoming civil, honest, and sober.

WHAT IS BRIBERY?

HONOURABLE Members seem to be in a state of much uncertainty as to what is or is not bribery, under the new Bill, and some curious cases have been put, which are certainly rather puzzling. MR. BANKES thinks it ought not to be considered bribery to “refresh” a voter, and the honourable member evidently thinks that the franchise might be safely “wettered” with an occasional pot of beer, lest the voter should neglect a merely dry privilege. Considering that the freedom of election has often been swamped in stout, ale, porter, and other compounds, we think the legislature should be cautious in putting the Beer barrel—or rather the tap—into the hands of Candidates. Many an M.P. who has been supposed to represent a borough, has in fact represented so many hogsheads of half-and-half, and there are some, who, instead of entering the House as members for such and such a place, should have taken their seats for so many pints of double X.



IMPROVEMENT IN IRISH AFFAIRS.

"WHOO!—WILL ANY JINTELEMAN BE SO ENGAGIN AS TO THREAD ON THE TAIL OF ME REGISTERED PALLYTOE?"

SEVEN CASES FOR THE POLICE.

THE knaves who pretend to read the stars for the fools are, it seems, not extinct, although a good many of them have involuntarily exchanged their mock observations of the revolutions of the planets for real acquaintance with those of the treadmill. *Mr. Punch* has been favoured with an assortment of cards and other invitations of some of the scamps, and he perceives, with regret, that the police are not so vigorously employed in extirpating the breed as they might be. No fewer than seven of such documents lie—in every sense—before him.

One impudent vagabond, who calls himself an Astral Professor, excels in English composition. His *affiche* runs thus:—

"The Stars do teach as well as shine.

"NATIVITIES CALCULATED AND HORARY QUESTIONS ANSWERED, whereby persons are warned of impending danger or encouraged to pursuits which promise success relating to Love, Marriage, Business or Pleasure, Sickness or Health, &c. &c., solved by Astronomical Calculations on the true principles of the venerable science of Astrology. Terms, for Nativities, 5s. according to length, &c. Horary Questions, from 1s. Planets Transits, showing their operating influences for the current year, 5s.

"Diseases cured by Herbs, under the influence of the Planets which rule them, being the safest remedy, as minerals, &c. have taken away millions of our fellow-creatures!!! Advice and Mode of Diet, 2s. 6d."

It is hardly probable that anybody who is idiot enough to think of consulting the Professor, is likely to read *Punch*, and therefore the latter merely exhibits these evidences of folly for the compassionate smile of those possessed of common sense. Else it might not be amiss to insist upon attention being paid to the Professor's wretched gibberish. He professes to answer questions "whereby persons are warned"—warned by their own questions. And his clients are encouraged to "pursuits which promise success relating to sickness." Surely one of these must be the pursuit of an emetic, an article which perhaps the quack sells, in addition to his "herbs, under the influence of the planets which rule them." We should like to know something about this vegetable astronomy, and how the fellow found out that Mercury and Venus have no better business than the minding kitchen-gardens. There is one herb, however, which we should very much like to administer to the Professor himself—the herb our old friend RABELAIS calls Pantagruelion. Not, we need hardly say, in the dignified form of a halter, but in nine doses, simultaneously administered every morning for a week, at the "fortunate hour" when the planet *Matrix*, or the Flogger, enters the House of Correction, in conjunction with *Felis*, or the Cat.

Another impostor heads his card "Astrology," and in some dirty den, whose obscurity requires a whole string of directions, (No. 3, Stench Street, Foul Street, Muck Lane, Whitechapel),

"Answers all Questions relative to the Affairs of Human Life, as Marriages, Sea Voyages, long or short Journeys, lost or hidden Treasure, &c. Nativities Cast. Letters Post-paid."

A third spells so charmingly that his card must be reproduced *literatim*, name and address excepted:—

"PRONOGOSTIC ASTRONOMY.—MR. * * * * * Continues with great success to answer Questions upon Business, or any other undertakings of importance.—N.B. Bread Guard Manufacturer."

The "pronogostic" astronomer has so much to do that he has no time to mind his spelling. His "bread guard" was beyond our comprehension, but, luckily, collating him with the next quack, we got a clue to the mystery. Here is the fourth:—

"W. * * * * * Bookseller and Stationer, Dealer in Almamacks, Astrological Books, and Ephemeris, Questions answered on Life or Health, Removals, Marriages, absent Friends, Business, Legacies, and any kind of chance speculation whatsoever. Nativities calculated, &c. Bread Guard manufacturer. Umbrellas made and repaired. Terms moderate. Letters must contain a Stamp."

This gentleman not only reads the skies, but makes machines for protecting you against their influences. We fancy the great astronomer going his rounds, "Many new planets to consult? Many old umbrellas to mend?" And it seems that "bread guard" is the article in which the pronogostic and the umbrella-man also deal—we believe it is the material of which watch-guards are made, articles which anybody venturing into the astrological den is very likely to need.

Next comes a more pretentious party. He dates from the city over whose Cathedral the ancient NICHOLAS is said not to look with a cheerful countenance, though the sight of the wretched folly, whose existence is implied in such an advertisement, might comfort the First Whig. He—we mean the quack—has the presumption to start with a misapplied motto from honest ELIHU BURRITT, for the which we should like nothing better than to see that honest blacksmith take him in gripe for a couple of minutes—probably he will when we tell him to what he is made sponsor.

"MR. * * * * * Mathematical Projector of Zodiacal Planispheres, and Professor of Genethliacal, Horary, Mundane, and Medical Astrology, may be consulted on all important subjects referring to human destiny. All questions are scientifically answered, according to the position and configuration of the planetary orbs, on Life, Health, Love, Marriage, Pecuniary affairs, Sickness, and the probable duration of Vitality. Intelligence of Ships at Sea, and the condition of absent friends, with important advice on Removals and Emigration, so essentially required in all adventures and speculative enterprise. Judicial remarks on the natiivities of Children, invaluable to parents, describing the temperament, propensities, and disposition,—the most beneficial pursuits in life they may be qualified to follow, if destined to arrive at maturity. * * * can also state the periods when the body will be predisposed to sickness, accidents, &c. In order to insure positive remarks on Nativities, it is necessary to forward a notice of the correct time and place of birth.

"* * * * * being the only Professor in the Midland Counties who holds a Diploma from the British Scientific Association, and whose experience in the Celestial science over forty years, amateurs and others may with confidence rely upon obtaining genuine instructions, and important revelations."

For impudence and nonsense this precious announcement beats most things of the kind. However, we will leave the gentleman to the enraged blacksmith, assuring the friend, that if stalwart ELIHU *does* see these lines, a period when an Astrologer's "body will be predisposed to an accident," will not be very far off.

No. 6 on our list is more humble. He only goes in for

"PRONOGOSTIC ASTRONOMY, and begs to inform his Friends and the Public in general, he still continues to give advice to those Ladies and Gentlemen who may favour him with their time of Birth. Nativities calculated on Mathematical Principles.—N.B. Please to observe the Name on the door."

He is as polite as a hungry dodger should be—favour him with your time of birth, and please observe the name on the door. He is scarce worth notice. But we have reserved the climax as a *bonne bouche*. Here is a production of real note. It purports to be a prediction of the fortune of a young lady of exalted rank, whose illustrious position exposes her to the impertinence of such creatures as those who issue the following handbill. They date from St. Luke's, so are probably on a visit to some of their dupes. The lady is one of the Princesses, of whom a firm of impostors cackles thus:—

"At the given time of the Royal Native's birth, the sign Pisces arose, giving the benevolent Planet Venus as her ruling star. We consider her nativity as fortunate, and she will live in great esteem, and be much respected in society. The Moon in Scorpio makes her cheerful, agreeable, pleasant, just, and kind; of good temper and disposition, fond of music, painting, poetry, singing, dancing, reading, also gives a partiality for changes and witnessing many strange and curious scenes, generally a favorite and much admired by Gentlemen. In all kinds of pleasures, love affairs, parties, &c., the Royal Native will find her own sex to be her enemies, and they will deceive her often. She will travel and see many different places, have many removals and changes of residence. Of marriage, her husband will be above the middle stature, good looking, of fair complexion, dark hair, a sharp, acute, and active man, of a pleasant, jocular, and flexible disposition, a free and generous spirit, and in general very much respected and beloved. We judge the Royal Princess will marry about the age of 22 years and 4 months."

And for rubbish and vulgarity of this kind, persons are actually found to pay. This is the sort of trash, by vending which RAPHAELS and ZADKIELS, and URIELS, and other angelic gentlemen (who would probably consider a street pickpocket a dishonest man) get their living. Comment upon such delirious jargon would be almost as absurd as the thing itself.

Truly, people have something to learn, even in this age of enlightenment, and if Evangelicals and Tractarians were not so very busy battering one another in riding-houses upon questions of chants and shirts, we would ask them to consider whether education be not a thing for which there is still some little room. However, we must wait until it is settled whether "Amen" should be said or sung.

SUNDAY FOR THE SUPERIOR CLASSES.



He attended a Meeting yesterday held at the Cat and Fiddle, the large tap of which public house was densely crowded by persons chiefly of the lower orders. The object of this concourse was to reciprocate the kind attention and solicitude of the superior classes in endeavouring to enforce the observance of the Sunday on the multitude by closing public houses, and barring the doors of all places of amusement and recreation. Numerous speeches were made by working men, expressive of the great obligation under which they felt themselves to those who, not content with selfishly minding their own religious business, were so kind as to devote their principal attention to that of others. It was unanimously agreed that such disinterestedness ought to be met in a corresponding spirit; and a resolution

was adopted for the presentation of a petition to Parliament demanding the closure of all club-houses on Sunday, and the exclusion, to be carried into effect by the police, of the nobility and gentry from their own parks and gardens, on the day of rest.

The petition further required the prohibition of hot dinners on that festival, and also of all other superfluous dressing; namely, the excessive decoration of the person, in which the better orders, so called, are too prone to indulge. Much stress was laid on the painful fact that carriages, belonging to the aristocracy, were to be seen on Sunday standing at church doors, in the charge of domestics, bedizened in ostentatious liveries, and having their hair plastered and powdered; operations involving an amount of work wholly unnecessary. All present appeared to feel that one good turn deserves another; and that the grand principle to be observed, in spiritual as well as in temporal matters, is to consult the good of our neighbour rather than our own. The facility attending this method of practising piety was particularly insisted on. The utmost harmony of sentiment pervaded the assembly, and it appeared to be actuated by the best possible spirit.

AN ARISTOCRATIC AVALANCHE.

THE *Morning Post* gave the other day a fearful account of the falling of an avalanche (in the shape of a pane of glass from a skylight) at the "reception" of the MARCHIONESS OF WESTMINSTER. This result of the negligence of the glazier seems to have caused as much consternation as a casualty from a glacier, among the assembled visitors, none of whom, however, were smothered by the debris, though MR. AUGUSTUS LUMLEY was unfortunately under the skylight when the pane tumbled. The affair spread such dismay among the aristocratic group, whose nerves appear to have been frightfully shattered by the breaking of the window, that, "SIR MICHAEL SHAW STEWART and other gentlemen, went in instant search of medical assistance!" The doctors' night-bells in the neighbourhood seem to have been rung by SIR MICHAEL and his frightened followers with such effect, that "several surgeons" were soon on the spot, and MR. LUMLEY'S face having been instantly placed in "several" professional hauds, was found to have sustained a scratch, or to use the technical language of the *Post*, an "injury of a superficial nature." We are rather surprised at the non-issue of a series of bulletins to allay the anxiety of that part of the public which may be supposed to take an interest in MR. LUMLEY'S countenance. Something like the following might have been satisfactory.

- 1 o'Clock A.M.—The scratch has been measured; it exceeds one inch in length.
- 2 o'Clock.—A consultation has taken place among the "several" surgeons, who jointly and severally recommend court-plaster.
- 5 Minutes past 2.—Court-plaster has been applied, and gave its adhesion with great rapidity.
- ¼ Past 2.—MR. LUMLEY has passed a quiet half-hour, and is better.
- 3 o'Clock.—The "several" surgeons have had another consultation, and propose to "exhibit" gold-beater's skin should the state of the scratch be satisfactory.
- ¼ Past 3.—The patient has just submitted to the operation of removing the court-plaster, which was performed by one of the surgeons in the presence of the "several" others, so promptly called in by SIR MICHAEL SHAW STEWART and the other gentlemen who ran for assistance.
- 4 o'Clock.—The epidermis has united under the gold-beater's skin, and the

patient being pronounced convalescent by the "several" surgeons, who have held another consultation, no further bulletin will be issued.

BETWEEN BULL AND BEAR.

A BRACE of vultures,—black and foul both—
On a guide-post I saw perching:
Now back to back, now cheek by jowl, both,
To right and left alternate lurching.
Two names that guide-post's arms display so
That every one who runs may read 'em:
As one to Slavery shows the way, so
The other points the road to Freedom.

Never from more unpleasant weather
Shifty and sly for shelter cowering,
Sat two obscene birds together
Against a sky more darkly lowering.
"Why spread you not your heavy pinions,
Before the gathering storm bursts o'er you?
Why halt you betwixt two opinions,
With roads opposed so plain before you?"

They shake their hideous heads, and answer
In a croaking High-Dutch chorus,—
"How, as a reasonable man, Sir,
Ask us to move, with *that* before us?
Just look along each branching road there,
And of our doubt you'll see the cause, Sir.
In those two rampant brutes bestowed there,
Bristling with horns, and teeth, and claws, Sir."

And then I looked and saw the reason,
Why these 'cute vultures kept their perches:
In spite of the inclement season,
And their uneasy mutual lurches;
Barring the road to Freedom, tumbled
The Russian Bear—that Ursa Major!
Stopping the path to Slavery, grumbled
The British Bull—that tough old stager!

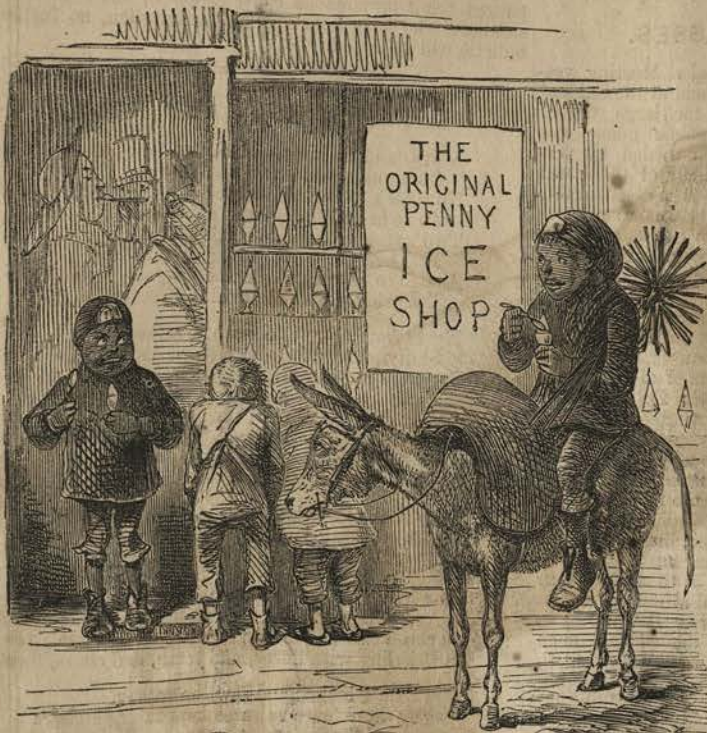
Then, quoth the Vultures, "Fain on Freedom
We'd turn our backs, and hold with Bruin:
But if the Bull should toss and bleed him,
To side with him might be our ruin.
But if from Slavery—*vice versa*—
We turn and trust the Bull's alliance,
Should Taurus be upset by Ursa,
Where should *we* be, if once we fly hence?"

"So, clearly, 'tis our safest plan, Sir,
While each in turn his proffer urges,
To sit as long as e'er we can, Sir,
At this point where the road diverges.
We think the Bull is fool enough, Sir,
To stay, till we have made our minds up;
For though the animal looks gruff, Sir—
Without a fight what odds he winds up?"

"For our own parts, our wish is strong, Sir,
To see poor Bruin get the better:
As carrion-provider, long, Sir,
Each of us owns himself his debtor.
But as, if either floor the other,
We vultures probably shall suffer,
Our game is still war's fire to smother,
And act between them as a buffer.

"Only you go away and leave us
To hun the Bull a little longer;
Say what we like, he'll still believe us,
And every hour the Bear gets stronger.
While the Bull stays on our excuses—
Of course we speak him very fair, Sir—
His time and fighting pluck he loses,
In point of fact forgets the Bear, Sir.

"Hoping the Bull won't be a mover
Till in his boat we vultures pull, Sir—
Our game is still to tide things over—
To act with Bear, and talk with Bull, Sir.
But if the Bull *will* fight,—and flies off
From Protocol and Ultimatum,
At worst 'tis but to fling disguise off,
And help our friend the Bear to bait him!"



PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION.

Ramoneur (on Donkey). "FITCH US OUT ANOTHER PEN'NORTH O' STRAWBERRY ICE, WITH A DOLLOP OF LEMON WATER IN IT."

THE PROTECTOR OF THE PRINCIPALITIES.

THE following announcement, according to a contemporary, has been made by the CZAR:

"To all official documents published in the Principalities in which the name of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS occurs, the words Protector of the Principalities must be added."

Our own correspondent informs us that NICHOLAS has vouchsafed to explain the nature of his Protectorate in the proclamation subjoined:

Inhabitants of the Danubian Principalities.—In the prosecution of my mighty scheme of universal empire, I have thought proper to begin by taking you under my protection, that protection which I purpose extending to all the nations of the earth.

I shall protect you from the evils arising from excess of food, by sending soldiers among you to destroy those crops with which your ground is encumbered, and whereof the harvest imposes so heavy a task upon you.

My armies shall protect your souls from the tyranny exercised by Avarice over most persons who have great possessions, by relieving you of most of your money and goods, and nearly everything you possess. They shall protect your bodies from cold by the conflagrations which they will kindle in retreating (that is feigning to retreat) before the heathen enemy.

My soldiers of the Cross, combating against the enemies of Christianity for the orthodox faith, shall protect your wives, your daughters, your sisters, from yourselves.

"Non confundar in aeternum."

NICHOLAS.

Wooden Bullets and Wooden Walls.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* says that a great part of the walls of the fortress of Cronstadt are "merely wood painted to look like granite." If it is only a fight then between walls, surely ours ought to win the day; more especially, when we know that Russian bullets are also made of wood,—to match, we suppose, their walls. How much longer (may we ask LORD ABERDEEN) are the "Wooden Walls" of Old England to be thus mocked by the "Wooden Walls of Russia."

AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL!

YES, MR. LAING—as clear and unwrinkled, quite—your open, sparkling account of the ledger condition of the Crystal Palace, as made and delivered to Crystal Shareholders in particular, and to the world in general. The GRESHAM Grasshopper might have been heard by the fine, monetary ear, to give a blithe chirp at debtor and creditor account; and the spirit of CROAKER—a spirit that, it is its function, pervades all things for a time—been heard to squeak like a rat in a trap at the manifest, declared prosperity of the Crystal Glory that, like unto prismatic soap-bubble, was to shine awhile, and then, bubble-like, break and vanish. Nevertheless, CROAKER is a serviceable agent, though a spirit "least erect." Old as the hills, and in defiance of a thousand rebuffs, CROAKER is still as active and vigorous, as when he took an invisible place in the Ark, and declared the world's vessel in no way seaworthy; but—the thing had been so hastily built; the wood was so green, and the pitch of the most crude and irretentive quality—but that world's ship must founder, go irrevocably to the bottom. She was too long in the back, too narrow in the beam, and go she must! It proved otherwise. And then CROAKER—what was the spirit's name in the days before the Deluge we know not, but our haphazard rendering of it is CROAKER the familiar—leaving the Ark, with the creeping things, groaned at the miry earth; foretelling the utter annihilation of corn-seed, vine-stocks, lentils. The whole world was a world of mud; and—hapless race of man!—there was nought left for the kind, but to stick in it. Nevertheless, CROAKER, in due season, ate best wheaten bread, drank delicious wine, and comforted his still-doubting stomach with mess of savoury pottage.

And from the flood downwards, CROAKER has been among men chuckling at unborn disaster, and rubbing his thin, dry hands at calamity that never comes! In that year of human presumption, 1851, was not CROAKER ever present in Hyde Park, hugging himself, as the Crystal Palace rose—hugging himself with the thought of its certain destruction? The wind would enter the Palace, a very high, tall wind would some day enter that huge mountain of brittleness, and—like the effect of a hurricane entering an umbrella—like an umbrella, it would be turned inside out! CROAKER's thin blood warmed, and his sharp, pointed ears were pricked with the future music of the warning crash!

Crystal Palace? Wait for the first high wind, and you will have a Crystal Chaos.

It was very provoking—but who, in the name of novelty, could have foreseen it? The Crystal Innovation did not tumble in—neither was it blown out: but, its purpose accomplished, was soberly taken to pieces, bit by bit, and there it is, or nearly all of it, shining and glistening the Crystal Crown of Sydenham Hill. Nevertheless, the thing will not do. It is too far from the resort of civilised men. London will never undertake such a long, tedious, time-consuming pilgrimage. Had it been built up again on Battersea flat, there might have been just a forlorn hope of its success. But Sydenham Hill! As well pitch the building on Salisbury Plain. This time CROAKER is really comforted. There was a chance for the folly of 1851—but what can be hoped for the Insanity of 1854? Nevertheless, SIR JOSEPH PAXTON is not only at large; but is to be seen everywhere going about—and sometimes in half-a-dozen places at once—without a keeper.

And now, MR. LAING delivers his Crystal-clear account of the directors' stewardship; and CROAKER bites his thumb, disgusted and disappointed! People—but then they are all insane—by tens and twenties of thousands, betake themselves to the Crystal Palace; and what is more, going once, they must go twice; going twice, they are compelled to go three times; going thrice, it becomes in them a fixed, determined idea to go as often as life and its duties will permit them. A mad world, my masters—cries CROAKER, whom here we leave—"Mad world, and Crystal Bedlam!"

MR. LAING, having disposed of his bright array of figures—for the accounts were clear as the fabric whereof they were the numeral representatives—did not attempt to disguise from the perilled shareholders the fact of an alarming opposition. The Crystal Palace of Sydenham was to be opposed by a Crystal Bear-Garden at Walworth! The teetotalers, all wormwood at the thoughts of the bitter beer on tap in the Crystal Palace, had resolved to purchase—nay, had purchased the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and were determined to let loose the lions on the bacchanals of Sydenham! Alligators were already on their passage to strengthen the crocodile interest, and a live mermaid secured, who would, of course, appear without her customary glass.

There is moreover an abandoned, rum-addicted mandril at the Gardens at the present hour—it is said, much given to alcoholic fascinations, (for evidence of which, see his red cheeks) being ready at any



THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

Giant. "WELL DONE, MY LITTLE MAN! YOU'VE DRUBBED THE RUSSIANS AT SILISTRIA—NOW GO AND TAKE SEBASTOPOL."

time to consume his half-pound of brown sugar, duly diluted with half-a-pint of old Jamaica rum. This mandril will be subjected to the earnest discipline of MR. GOUGH, and will, it is expected, very soon take water like a duck.

It might be supposed that the teetotallers ought to content themselves with these manifestations of their own purity, without insisting upon throwing cold water upon everybody and everywhere else. But it is not so. The Crystal Company—such was the terrible accusation—had broken faith with a distinguished waterman, inasmuch as they vended sundry abominations known as port, sherry, bottled stout, and bitter beer to the unguarded Briton.

MR. LAING, with unblushing impitenence, confessed to the fact. He was even lost, hardened enough to declare that, after hours' working in the Palace, his forlorn soul had yearned for a glass of the strength of malt, flavoured with the bitterness of hops. Without enigma—he meant bitter beer. He, moreover, confessed to what might be called broken faith; but which he considered amended determination. On reflection, it had been thought better that men, under the Crystal roof, should temperately refresh themselves, all mutually sustaining one another even by their own self-respect of the decencies of life, there and then in their own Crystal Palace,—than that, turned away hungering and athirst, they should be absorbed in the holes and corners of surrounding public-houses. Is it not better that ROBINSON—in the full light of his own Palace, with humanising elevating objects all around—should there and then quaff even his bottle of stout, better than that he should enter the hole and corner parlour of the Devil-in-a-Bush, and there obscurely drink and smoke, and smoke and drink? In the Crystal Palace, ROBINSON'S soul delights with beauty; in the pot-house, the said soul may haply drop and wallow in the sawdust of a spittoon.

Nevertheless, an earnest, good man—high CHARLES GILPIN—cried aloud for teetotalism, frankly and fervently denouncing the heathenism of LAING, declared and shown in a glass of bitter beer. "Water! Water!" was the cry of the teetotaller.

And then arose SIR JOSEPH PAXTON. ("And JOSEPH was a goodly person and well-favoured.") And SIR JOSEPH, opening his mouth, even as the mouth of the Thames, promised water. Yes; most happy public, happy in this, your Crystal generation, PAXTON promises that next summer's sun shall turn to diamond showers thousands of tons of water. Moreover, a silver lake! And for the fountains, they would give any odds to the fountains of Versailles, and whether by working or playing, would beat them afterwards.

With this glad assurance, MR. LAING'S report was joyously received, the pregnant prologue to a happy future. In proof, however, of the kindly feeling between the Crystal Palace governors, and the keepers of the Crystal Menagerie, SIR JOSEPH PAXTON has promised next year to forward the earliest crop of water-lilies by way of spring medicine to the lions.

THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMON DOMESTIC LIFE.

(By a Strong-Minded Woman—with a strong Chemical Turn.)

The subjects to be treated in this interesting series—and into which will be thrown the experience of a long married life—will be:—

- No. 1.—The AIR we breathe, and why our dear children (bless them!) always require a change of it at a certain period of the year.
- No. 2.—The COLD MEAT we eat, and why it generally produces ill humour when there is no pudding after it.
- No. 3.—The JOINTS we cook at home, and the Joints that are cooked for us in a lodging-house, and how the latter invariably lose so much more in the cooking.
- No. 4.—The PANCAKES we fry and the wonderful PUDDINGS we contrive, whenever there is a doubt, whether there will be sufficient for dinner.
- No. 5.—The POT-LUCK that our husbands will persist in bringing their friends home to partake of, and the various STEWS and BROILS that always come out of it.
- No. 6.—The LUNCHEONS we enjoy when alone, and the DINNERS we cannot touch when there is company.
- No. 7.—The SHERRY we drink ourselves, and the MARSALA we give our friends at an evening party.
- No. 8.—The SWEETS we give our children, and the BITTERS we receive from our husbands for so doing, on the absurd plea that it makes the poor little dears ill.
- No. 9.—The SOIL we cultivate in our conservatories and out in our balconies, and the FLOWERS (hyacinths particularly) we rear on our mantelpiece.
- No. 10.—The BEVERAGES we infuse after an oyster supper, and the STOPS we imbibe when we have a cold.

No. 11.—The ODOURS (including musk and patchouli) we love best, and the SMELLS we dislike most, especially that filthy tobacco-smoke.

No. 12.—The PETS we cherish, and the real causes of the illnesses that are generally attributed to our over-feeding them.

No. 13.—The QUARRELS we ferment and the STORMS we brew, whenever poor mother comes to make a short stay in the house.

No. 14.—The TABLE-BEER we give our servants, and an analysis of the strange rapidity with which it is drunk, though the ungrateful creatures are always complaining of it.

No. 15.—The TEA AND SUGAR we allow the Cook and Housemaid, and the extraordinary preference they have for that which is used in the parlour.

No. 16.—What we BREATHE, and whom we BREATHE FOR, and the great benefit there is in STAYS, by their enabling us to breathe so much better, and how a heated room generally improves the RESPIRATION and VENTILATION.

No. 17.—The BODY we love and nourish and take care of, with an exposure of the absurd fallacy that thin shoes, low dresses, and scanty clothing are in the least injurious to health.

ALL UP WITH ENGLAND.

(From the Journal de St. Petersburg.)



INCERELY do we congratulate our readers on the extreme distress and misery in which the English are involved by reason of the impious war which they have dared to wage against our august Lord and Master, NICHOLAS. We have the happiness to assure the subjects of HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY that those wicked islanders are in a state of absolute starvation. The price of bread has increased to a sum which places it beyond the means of all classes but the most opulent of the nobility: and the scarcity of all other provisions is equally severe. Mutton-chops are a sovereign apiece, and thirty pounds are demanded for a joint of meat by the few butchers

who manage to keep their shops open. There is not a cat to be seen; and everything would be eaten up by rats and mice if there were anything for the mice and rats to eat; and if those vermin had not all perished of famine, as many as have not been caught, and applied to the same purpose as the cats. The dogs also have disappeared from the streets, and even from the kennels of the aristocracy: thus foxes can no longer be hunted for food, and there is not a basin of soup to be had, or a sausage.

Owing to the imposition of the Malt Tax, the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER and BARON ROTHSCHILD are the only persons in the country besides the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, who can afford beer: and consequently all the cab-drivers and coalwhippers are in a state bordering on revolt. Whitebait and minnows are sixpence each: whilst aldermen, who this time last year were rolling in wealth, may now be seen fighting in the City gutters for a bone. The few hides imported have been entirely devoured; so that boots and shoes are not procurable, and the population is going barefoot. The same statement applies to tallow: insomuch that the nobility's balls are illuminated by rushlights, and soda and potash being equally deficient, there is now a terrible meaning in the popular inquiry, "How are you off for soap?" Such is the want of hemp, that CALCRAFT, the executioner, is reduced to the employment of hay-ropes, and the dearth of paper is so extreme that not only can the boys fly no kites, but accommodation bills cannot any longer be drawn, for lack of material. Nay, it has been found impossible, for the same reason, to carry into effect the issue of bank-notes, by which it was in contemplation to establish an artificial currency: for paper in England is now more valuable than gold. It is obvious that the expenses of this unhallowed contest cannot be sustained much longer by the British infidels: in the meantime we may reflect on the gratifying circumstance that they are subsisting on offal, and beginning to think seriously about eating their babies.



Itinerant Newsmen, No. 1. "I SAY BILL, WHAT ARE YOU GIVING 'EM?"

Ditto, No. 2. "GRAND MASSACREE OF THE FRENCH, AND TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF THE BRITISH TROOPS."

A LADY'S CONSCIENCE AND A JUDGE'S DUTY.

At the Exeter Assizes a lady, acting on conscientious scruples, refused to be sworn. The judge, Mr. JUSTICE WIGHTMAN, hearing that the lady objected to an oath under the impression that all oaths are forbidden by a text of Scripture, referred her to the "Sheriff's Chaplain," who it seems is prepared to "explain texts of Scripture," a process which sometimes ends in rendering obscure that which at first appeared perfectly plain. The lady left the court to have an interview with the professional remover of conscientious scruples, who had been recommended by the judge as a person calculated to overturn, by a few minutes' conversation, the conviction of perhaps many years, and to change into an easy oath-taker, an individual who had on principle refused to "swear at all." The expected lubrication of the lady's conscience was however not accomplished, and the professional explainer of texts did not succeed in that rapid overthrow of those objections to an oath, of which he had been expected to make the very shortest work. The lady returned into court as firm as ever in her conscientious refusal to be sworn; and the judge, telling her that "she would have all the inconvenience but none of the merit of a martyr," that "he could not say he sympathised with her," committed her to prison for the remainder of the assizes, in the discharge of what he called his "painful duty." If his Lordship had no sympathy we are at a loss to know how his duty could have been painful to him, for unless he felt pain for the object of his sentence, we do not see how he could have been pained by anything but the mere labour—such as it was—of uttering so many words. Both parties perhaps fulfilled their duty, but in looking at the respective merits of the judge and the lady, there is no difficulty in deciding which had the highest duty to perform. We think the judge might have spared his irrelevant observations, and he might certainly have omitted his gratuitous declaration of want of sympathy—a quality he had not been asked to manifest, though his repudiation of it will do him as much harm in the opinion of thousands, as the firmness under implied insult and real suffering will reflect credit on the lady, whom his Lordship politely committed to the hands of the jailer.

It is strange that it did not occur to the judge that if it was his duty to act in obedience to the law of the land, it was *à fortiori* the duty of the lady to pay obedience to that higher authority, under whose direction she was conscientiously acting. If this fact struck his mind, he might have refrained from those sneers at the expense of her scruples, with which he accompanied the sentence of imprisonment he thought proper to enforce.

The whole transaction, as affording a fresh instance of the way in which the law of the land and the moral law are brought into collision, by the present system of oath-taking in judicial proceedings, may have an effect that will prevent a repetition of such scenes as the one in which the pledge acted—perhaps the principal, but certainly not the highest—part.

SCOTTISH LIONS AT THREE PENCE.

(From the *Caledonian Advertiser*.)

THE Season for Summer Excursions is now at hand, and doubtless the steps of numerous tourists, whether in search of health or recreation, or both, will take the direction of the Land o' Cakes. Among the many attractions which are

THE GLORY AND THE BOAST OF CALEDONIA, not the least interesting is offered by

DRYBURGH ABBEY,

which, in addition to the historical associations connected with its venerable ruins, derives a peculiar charm from the circumstance of being hallowed by enclosing within its precincts the cherished tomb which contains all that was earthly of the far-famed

Wizard of the North.

It is unnecessary to state that by that title is intended, not our wonder-working countryman, MR. ANDERSON, who, we are happy to state, is alive and well, but the magic minstrel, whose enchanting strains and romances have won for himself and his country a world-wide celebrity, the talented author of "Waverley."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

As an object worthy the attention of the tourist, Dryburgh Abbey has this peculiar advantage, that, considered in the light of a burial place, and therefore as a locality suggestive of grave and solemn meditations and trains of thought, it is one of those few scenes of a recreative nature which are eligible for a Sunday visit, affording, as it does,

"SERMONS IN STONES"

on the transitory nature of even the most gifted existence, and other subjects fraught with melancholy instruction.

For admission to the Abbey, including the sight of SIR WALTER'S tomb, the enterprising lessee has reduced his demand to the small sum of

Three Pence for Adults; Children Half Price.

No extra charge is made for the privilege of dropping a tear over departed genius.

The Lessee of Dryburgh Abbey confidently trusts that the liberality with which, whilst practically excluding the vulgar masses, he has thus thrown almost open to the better orders a scene of so humanizing and softening a tendency, especially to the young, as is presented by those time-honoured and consecrated premises, will be met by the genteel portion of the public in a corresponding spirit; and that there "breathes not the man with soul so dead" as to refuse to the memory of

SCOTLAND'S GREATEST AUTHOR,

a tribute so extremely reasonable as Six Bawbees.

TREATING PRUSSIA DIPLOMATICALLY.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA, wishing to assist his imperial brother-in-law in his difficulties, sent him an affectionate letter, in which he begged of him not to have any reserve with him, but candidly to submit to him his case, and he would promise faithfully, and without disguise to give him his unbiassed opinion upon its merits. The EMPEROR, deeply touched with this noble proof of friendship, sent his "dearly-beloved brother," the case as he thought it exactly stood. It was carefully gone through, and when the King had thoroughly made himself master of its contents, he forwarded to St. Petersburg a report, in which he said "he had scarcely made up his mind yet—it was certainly a most difficult question—but as far as he had gone, he must say his opinion was decidedly favourable—still it appeared to him that the case at present was incomplete—so he would much rather not say anything until he had seen the whole of it." The fact is, the case submitted to the Prussian Monarch was no other than a case of CLICQUOT Champagne.

Rescue of Hampstead Heath.

WE are much obliged to the House of Commons for having thrown out the Finchley Road Estate Bill. Thank Heaven we have a House of Commons! The Lords, with parks of their own to enjoy themselves in, had no difficulty in passing an Act tending to deprive the public of a playground. The Lower House has shown more sympathy with the people, and will, we trust, make a stand against the further enclosure of lands which are the people's property: for, being Commons, they must feel the force of the question. How would they like to be enclosed themselves?

THE UNITED HAPPY FAMILY.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Cabinet.)

WALK up—walk up—walk up!
 Threepence each—for the Exhibition!
 The United Happy Family—
 Defying competition!!
 Composed of discordant creatures
 In colour, and species, and age too,
 Complexion, habits, and features,
 And all in the same cage, too!
 Walk up! Walk up!

The Patriarch of the collection
 Is this cunning old Scotch cat, here,
 He has hardish strife for a quiet life,
 What with owl and monkey and rat here.
 But he stands aggravation with meekness—
 Though the monkey his temper tries, Sir;
 Ob—serve the animal's sleekness,
 And his habit of shutting his eyes, Sir,
 Walk up! Walk up!

Next observe the performing monkey—
 He's a bad un—he is—to keep under;
 He pulls the owls' tails, and the cat he assails—
 How the old boy stands it, I wonder.
 PAM's the monkey's name—up to all sorts o' game,
 He keeps the whole cage in 'ot water;
 But the coppers he draws and gets great applause,
 And that's what he looks arter.
 Walk up! Walk up!

Here's a pair of owls—werry wise-looking fowls,
 Rayther given the young birds to cuffin'—
 Much looked up to by all the family,
 But that monkey—as don't respect nuffin.
 One's a Woburn bird—he's great, I've heard,
 In constitutional histories:
 T' other's Oxford-bred—and big as his head
 May be, it's chock-full of Church mysteries.
 Walk up! Walk up!

There's that mag-pie, but he's a bad bargain, d' ye see,
 I was told he was *sich* a talker:
 But since here he come, the bird's been dumb—
 What they said of his *jaw*'s all Walker!
 He was coched, I've heard, in Adm'rally yard;
 But it's time his neck was wrung, Sir:
 For I ax, what's the use, for fun or abuse,
 Of a mag-pie without a tongue, Sir?
 Walk up! Walk up!

Here's a Netherby terrier—a wonderful worrier
 Of vermin, I've heard, he used to be;
 But now lives cheek by jowl with the cat and the owl,
 And parted they can't be induced to be.
 That there teasin' the cat's the Australian rat,
 Observe his white skin and pink peepers;
 He's a rum un to bite, and he's day and night
 At the owls, which they're 'eavy sleepers.
 Walk up! Walk up!

That there cockatoo, red-crested and blue,
 Was brought all the way from Argyle, Sir:
 And alongside the same, is a cock, real game—
 The Newcastle ginger-pile, Sir.
 That Grey starling's been ailing, we thought he was failing,
 But again, as before, his tongue pegs away;
 We've a Cuckoo from Clarendon—aint he just an arrant un!
 That's him hiding between the cat's legs away—
 Walk up! Walk up!

And there if the straw on one side you'll draw,
 Is the Southwark guinea-pig dozing:
 Though smart when awake, his sleep's hard to break,
 And he's gin'rally found reposing.
 Another I put in the cage—such a strut
 As he had, when he warn't a-snoring!
 But the fam'ly one day found him so in the way,
 He got shoved through a hole in the flooring.
 Walk up! walk up!

So if pleased you have been with the sight that you've seen—
 Recommend the Exhibition.
 I'm snre you must own such a show was ne'er shown
 At the same low charge for admission.

Birds and Beasts with each other live, as brother with brother,
 Of encroachment or strife none complain e'er:
 We've no rumpus—nor row—

[A tremendous caterwauling, barking, screaming, scuffling, shrieking, and general outbreak of agonised and angry animal noises heard within.]

(Aside.) Hullo, what's up now?
 There's the fam'ly a fightin' again there!

[Exit Mr. Punch to settle the difficulty.]

A WORD WITH MR. BAINES.



MR. BAINES.—In a letter published as an advertisement in the *Times*, you are pleased to object to the Crystal Palace Company opening their Institution to themselves on Sunday, and to people going for recreation to Kew Gardens on the same day.

Now, therefore, without intending to affront you in the least, I might ask, who are you?

I believe the truth is, MR. BAINES, that you, who set up to teach us what we are to do on Sunday, do not yourself even go to Church. Unless

I am much mistaken you are a Dissenter of some species, and attend an Ebenezer, or Enon, or Little Bethel, or such like meeting-house. Very well. Enjoy your dissent with all my heart. Dissent from me *toto calo*, if you like to carry your dissidence so far. But let us have reciprocity. Spend your whole Sunday in Ebenezer if you will, but allow me so far to differ from you as to pass part of mine, at least, in Kew Gardens, or the Crystal Palace, if I please.

I respect EBENEZER. The word, I know, has a mystic signification. It means, to me, freedom of conscience. But the time was when you, MR. B., would have been fined for attending that tabernacle instead of your parish church; nay, perhaps your ears would have ultimately been cropped for your nonconformity. And certainly to sanction, by the advocacy of sectarian prohibitions, the principle whereon you would have been subjected to that operation, is to exhibit a length of those appendages which presents a strong case for its performance.

I am a Protestant and a Dissenter, myself. I dissent from the Council of Trent, and I protest against the supremacy of FERRETTI, otherwise PLO NOVO, Pope of Rome. Much more do I dissent from your opinions in regard to Sunday, and protest that there is no authority in them to control my actions. I say that you neither have nor ought to have any spiritual jurisdiction in these dominions. I also say that neither you nor any other of the Sabbatarians can bring me one text out of the Book, which we all agree to be guided by, to prove that I am under any obligation to keep Sunday as the Jews were ordered to keep Saturday, or forbidding me to walk in gardens, or stroll about in a conservatory, or inspect statues, or any other objects that are not vicious or impure. I further say that you and the rest of you have been thus challenged over and over again, and will not answer the challenge; that you ignore the argument which you are unable to refute; blink the truth on which we stand against you; and persist in preaching your sermons on a text that is not.

Do you really believe that the average mind—I will not say of a mechanic or artisan—but of a master tailor or butcher, or grocer—of the mass, in short, of the middle classes—is capable of really occupying itself with spiritual meditations during all the hours of Sunday intervening between the services, besides being attentive to these? If not, what had the man better do than seek some innocent amusement? Go to bed and to sleep, or sit twiddling his thumbs, or smoke a pipe, and fuddle himself with spirit-and-water? That is the only spirituality, MR. BAINES, that will be promoted by the tyranny of your Sabbatarians; believe

PUNCH.

A PICTURE OF PEACE (*Vide LANDSEER'S Picture*).—LORD ABERDEEN, as a Scotch Sheep looking into a Russian's gun.



SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

Jolly Angler. "HOORAY, TOM! I'VE GOT ONE—AND MY WORD! DIDN'T HE PULL?"

THE MUSIC OF THE POLITICAL SPHERES.

ON the proposition of SIR FITZROY KELLY, a clause has been inserted in the Bribery Bill to prevent the employment of bands of music at elections. This arrangement will be rather hard on all the trumpets, trombones, and other "brazen engines whose rude throats" have been hitherto employed in providing a sort of nominal harmony at a contested election. We think that all the Green Baize Bands in the kingdom are entitled to ask for compensation for the loss they will sustain by this rather harsh enactment. A band was a most useful appendage at a contested election, for even the most short-winded of brazen instruments was preferable to the long-winded and equally brazen of those who are in the habit of making themselves the instruments of rival candidates. A bad polka is always better than a bad speech, and we would rather hear even MENDELSSOHN murdered on the ophicleide than LINDLEY MURRAY murdered on the hustings. As the Bribery Bill is intended to prevent candidates from paying, as they have formerly done, to a pretty tune, it is perhaps thought that by doing away with bands, a stop will be put to the practice of paying to any tune whatever.

The Czar's Want of Scimitary.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has shown the cloven foot. It is greatly to be wished that he would lead his own troops into action, as in that case there would be some hope that he would likewise show the cloven head.

THE BELGRAVIAN MUSIC-MANIA.

IN Belgravia there is, and has been for some time, raging a frenzy analogous in character to the remarkable mania resulting from the bite of the tarantula spider. It consists in a rabid propensity to sing, as uncontrollable as the itch for dancing, wherewith the Neapolitans are irritated by the venom of that insect.

This species of delirium, which is of a contagious nature, and also somewhat corresponds with that of the "Flagellants" of ecclesiastical history, first manifested itself among the sect called Puseyites or Tractarians, who abound in the district. It is said to have broken out simultaneously in the Churches of St. Paul and St. Barnabas, which are frequented principally by those enthusiasts, who, abandoning, under its influence, the usage of rational persons, took to chanting their prayers instead of saying them, and have now arrived at such a pitch of absurdity, as not only to sing, but against all sober and sensible advice, to persist in singing the Litany. It is not to be expected that the disorder will stop here: indeed there can be little doubt that the St. Paul's and St. Barnabas' congregations will very soon, if not next Sunday, insist on having the Sermon sung, instead of being preached to them.

Demeaning themselves with so much extravagance in Church, it will correctly be surmised that these music-mad people proceed to still greater excesses in social intercourse. They are reported to sing responses to inquiries about their health, which they also put to one another in singing, and to converse concerning the weather and the war in recitative. Their table-talk is likewise all carried on in music; so that their dinner parties, and other réunions, as the fashionable phrase runs, are so many harmonic meetings: and very wonderful it is to see the higher phases of society thus approximate to those which are presented at Cider-cellars and Coal-holes. They make love in song, as characters do at the Opera; they debate likewise in tune: although their differences with their neighbours have created much discord in their parish. Their commands addressed to their footmen and other servants are all melodious, and they literally sing out when they want their coachmen to stop.

If ever Belgravia should obtain a member to represent it in the Commons, and a Puseyite should be returned by the Constituents, there is no doubt that the honourable gentleman will have a voice in the House which he will exert in *arias* and *bravuras*. At a Public Meeting recently held for the purpose of securing a choral litany, the Belgravians are understood to have sung those observations which in general constitute a plain speech.

A RUSSIAN PROBLEM SOLVED.



COMMON, we suppose, with most civilised beings, we have long been puzzled to understand why the Russians, perhaps more than any other nation, have such an inordinate taste for tallow—we mean not as an article of light but of diet. From our earliest cradlehood the portrait of a Russian has been drawn in oils upon our mental canvas: and we have pictured him to ourselves as a hairy individual, holding with one hand a bunch of candles to his lips, like the boy with the grapes in MURILLO'S picture, while his other hand rests upon a can of lamp oil, wherewith to wash down the tallowy tit-bits. We have also heard recounted wild legends by our fathers of how, when the Russian fleet once lay

at Spithead (as we rather think it possible it may again shortly, with the Black Eagle flying beneath the British Ensign), the streets of Portsmouth were nightly put in darkness by unenlightened Russians, who sucked out the lamps as fast as they were lit. In fact we have always been led to believe that however strong an attachment the Russian may profess for his country, he is still continually betraying a preference for Greece.

There is proverbially no accounting for tastes, and there has been until lately no accounting for this. Time, however, and the *Invalide Russe* have together helped to solve the mystery. From the official reports which that veracious print has published concerning the bombardment of Odessa, and other so-called Russian victories, it seems to us quite clear that every Russian subject finds it necessary to his existence to keep his throat well greased, in order to prevent his being choked by the enormous lies which his Government is constantly obliging him to swallow.

A CLODHOPPER AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



WE are indebted to a correspondent at Skimmerton's Bottom for the subjoined epistle, which, he informs us, he heard the other evening, read out before a considerable assembly of the inhabitants of that Arcadia, at the blacksmith's shop. The TROTTS are agriculturists, uncle and nephew, and the letter was addressed by the latter gentleman to the former. In point of orthography our correspondent has rendered it on the phonetic system, in accordance, he says, with the pronunciation of old MR. TROTT.

To MR. ISAAC TROTT, *Job's Acre, Skimmerton's Bottom.*

"Bell Savige, June, 1854.

"DEAR UNCLE,

"The last words you sez when I left, mind you writes and tells me all about

that are Crystal Pallus, 'cause if you sez a be wuth zee'n, I thinks as how I shall come up and ha a squint at un myzelf—Squint at un! Dost, thee'st squint thy eyes out, uncle, I tell'ee that. Well, I zed I 'ood, and little thought what a precious lie I was tell'n of. Tell thee all about un! why, mun, that takes a matter o' aighteen books—the laste on 'em as thick as a dab o' bacon, and the biggest no thinner than a slice o' brem-butter. All I can tell thee of un is about my zee'n of un, and not bein a scollard, that 'll be hard work, how-somedever I'll zet to at it, for which purpose I've took off my quoad.

"Fust of all, uncle, if ever you visits the Crystal Pallus, I tell 'ee what you do aforehand. You take and drink a jug o' beer. Not but what there's plenty o' that beveridge to be had in the Pallus, and wine, too for the matter o' that,—in spite o' them teetotaler chaps—and lots o' beef, and everythink else that's good to ate, as well; but thee ha' a zwig o' beer afore thee go'st in. Thee'st very zoon want another, I promuss thee! Take a drop o' beer vust to strengthen thy heart, and screw up thy pluck, and vartify thy narves. Dostn't, when the zight bursts upon thee, thee'st be struck all of a heap wus than old HOBBS was at the Fat Cattle Show. It took me aback, I can tell 'ee, for all I did take a purty tolerable dose o' the physic I recommends at startun'.

"Fancy a gurt build'n like a Cathydral, only eversomuch bigger, all o' glass, 'cept the posties and pillers, and sitch, which is iron, painted differn't colours. Fancy a greenhouse, like as ADDU med a had to grow vlowers under in the Gearden o' Edun, vive or zix times the zize o' NORE'S Ark—big enough to cover half the parish, and moor

nor a hunder'd voot higher than the weathercock 'top o' the church spire. And when you looks up into the roof on un, drat if it don't sim as though the cielun of un was the sky itself, hooped athurt and across wi jistes and bames, like raainbows.

"As to what there's inzide of un. Well, to tell 'ee that ood take more sheets o' foolscap than there war skins o' parchent in that laa-suit about Ditch-End. Statchies, picturs, plants, vlowers, stuffed birds and beastices, saviges and natives, took from Natur, in wax-works, wild man apes, and all manner of wonderful works, oringe and lemon-trees, paams or whatever they calls 'em, and trees and shrubs of every sort from Afrikey, Botany Bay, and other hot climuts. Besides all this here when a be finished, which a bain't nigh yet, there'll be fountains squirtun rheumatic vinegar, and shootun up colms o' water into the sky; these here, in coorse, 'll be outzide, and there, among all manner o' plants and vlowers, you'll ha gurt ponds, and all round 'em, as large as life, the huge evouts and dragons, and other monsters as there used to be afore the Flood.

"Well, then you sees all the Kings and Queens o' England in plaaster o' Parrus. You sees the temples o' the haythen Griks and Rhoamans, and their greaven imidges, copied arter the ruins of 'em, and done up and paainted like they used to be in the times o' JULUS CESAR. Not only that, but you sees likewise the palluses o' FAIRER, King o' Egypt, and SNATCHACRAB, King o' Syrier, as you reads about, and all their ways and fight'n, and charrats and hossmen, and the dumb idols they used to worship; bastes and birds, and creepin' things and vovls o' the air, and monstus figgers that looks meant for old HARRY, and giants which represents their kings. Sitch rum uns, zum on 'em; specially the bulls in SNATCHACRAB'S pallus, my eye, what bulls! bulls wi' wings and faces like Christians. I never heard o' a bull wi' a human veace afore 'cept JOHN BULL, and he hant got no wings like these here. I s'pose SNATCHACRAB was forced to keep his bulls in a cage, for fear they should take it into their heads to wish good by to 'n, and vlee away.

"Moorover likewise there's the insides o' churches, and all their curiosities, coloured and mended zo as to look like what they was in the times when everybody worshup'd the PUOAP; monniments o' dead kings, took from life, as the Irishman zed, all gilt and warmillun, sitch as thee'st zin on a Satturday at the Caythadrel arter thee'st bin to market; saaints wi' their necks atwist stare'n like stuck pigs, and bishops wi' their crooks in all manner o' queer posters, cast'n the devil out o' Pagan kings; zig-zag arches, twoads and frogs, griffins, imps, and hobgoblins.

"But there!—I should ha' to goo on writun vrom this time to to-morrer, and not done then if I was to tellee all there is to be zin. Zoon as I gets back to look arter the varm, thee come up and zee'n thyself; only mind what I sez about the beer, and git thee a new hat, one as fits tight, else thee'st git zo many new notions into thy head that they'll be like to bust un.

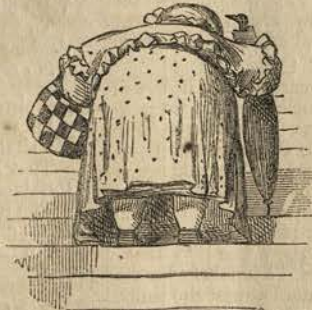
"Well, this I ooll zay—though whate's up—for all these here times be good for we—when I see this here gurt work o' Peace, the Crystal Pallus, I did think to myself, what a horrid thing 'tis that the civilisash'n and improvement we've got into should be interrupted by this here war. And though a be just now the Varmer's Vriend, I do zay, confound the EMPEROR o' ROOSHER! Zo no moor at present from your dootiful nevvly,

"JEACOB TROTT."

THE STEPS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE FIRST.



HALF-WAY.



THE LAST.

The Balance Right in the End.

DISRAELI is always threatening to move a want of confidence in Ministers. However, if ministers have too little confidence, MR. DISRAELI on the other hand has rather too much, so the House does not lose a great deal after all.

Military Mems.

IF LORD RAGLAN'S army is to make no other movement, his Lordship might as well allow it to adopt the moustache movement. The British soldier would be just as bold as he is if he were not so barefaced.

CRONSTADT TAKEN AFTER DINNER.



BROWN and JONES over their wine.

Jones. How would I take Cronstadt? With vigour and decision, nothing more easy. My dear BROWN, look here. This table is the Baltic, very well. Now look—(JONES places certain strawberries for the forts; the City of Cronstadt on this occasion only being represented by a plate of gooseberries at the back.) Here we are. The strawberries the forts; Cronstadt the gooseberries. Now a little vigour and decision! This spoon is the Duke of Wellington, three-decker, leading the van. We go in here, firing both broadsides at once, to destroy the forts to larboard and starboard; while at the same time our guns in the bows and stern-sheet-smash the other forts before and behind. Very good. We are then in front of Cronstadt—the City of Cronstadt. We shell that, Sir; shell it of course! Blow up the powder-magazines; capitulation ensues; the Russian fleet is in a blaze, and, my dear BROWN, that is how I would take Cronstadt—

Brown. —After dinner.

POLITICAL FASHIONS IN SPAIN.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN promises, in her recent proclamation, "a new era of true liberty, morality, and justice." There can be no doubt that if "liberty, morality, and justice" are really introduced into the Government of Spain, they will be amongst the greatest "novelties of the season." We should recommend the inscription of the words *Magasin des Nouveautés* over all the Government offices. We shall be curious to see the new patterns of morality that are to proceed from the palace of Madrid, where the *modes* have hitherto been such as would disgrace any decent milliner's establishment.

In the way of Liberty we may expect some rather curious devices, and we are very much afraid that the material will be of too flimsy a description for the wear and tear to which it will be liable. It is something new indeed to see Madrid setting the fashions to Paris, but if anything in the way of Liberty is to come into vogue, the Spanish capital will be decidedly in advance of the French metropolis. We fear, however, that poor Liberty will soon have her figure spoiled, and her free respiration impeded by the tight lacing which is too much in fashion with some of the Continental Governments.

An Educational Dampener.

A REVEREND gentleman advertises to "prepare pupils for the public schools, washing included, for forty-four guineas per annum." We do not quite understand the preparatory washing the pupil is expected to undergo to fit him for a public school, though we have met with cases in which there has been a liberal use of soft soap on parents and guardians. Perhaps "washing included" means to comprise the "mangling" that it may be necessary to apply to the back of the pupil, should the rod be found requisite.

EXPLOITS OF THE ALLIES.

It is true, as the *Times* remarks, that six months have elapsed since the Allies have taken the field. They have taken the field; and that is all they have taken.

FINE ART IN POETS' CORNER.

WESTMINSTER Abbey is often spoken of as a fine building, and very properly so, whether you consider the word fine as a substantive or an adjective. The Dean and Chapter who preside over that venerable pile possess the power of exacting a fine for the erection of any statue or other monument within its walls, so that the Abbey may be described as a fine-edifice, containing fine-statues. This power they are said to be at present exercising, by demanding the sum of 200 guineas for the permission to erect the monument of CAMPBELL in Poets' Corner. The monument is stated to have been completed several years, and to be imprisoned in the artist's studio, or elsewhere, only because the fine is not paid. If, as is also alleged, the DEAN and CHAPTER of WESTMINSTER have already had a fine, and a heavy one, out of the Poet's grave, they might consider whether the fine-feeling which they have evinced towards departed genius should not give place to a finer.

It seems to be the object of these fine fellows to make hay in fine weather, and certainly such weather may not be permitted to last. That BUCKLAND and MILMAN are fine names we all know, but how fine they are was known to comparatively not many. A general dislike is felt for ecclesiastical finery, but that is nothing to the odium which the authorities of Westminster Abbey will incur by their style of "coming it fine." Not to put too fine a point on it, we would recommend them to confine their exactions, lest the fine thing they make out of Westminster Abbey should be confined for them, within a small compass, one of these fine mornings.

Lights of the Church that want Snuffing out.

THOUGH the Puseyites are indebted for their tallow principally to Russia, still it is to be doubted whether Puseyish after all is worthy to hold a candle even to old NICHOLAS.

THE CONVICT OF LOVE.

I don't feel ashamed of this sad situation,
Though much I dislike my hard labour and fare,
For I know that I'm sympathised with by my nation,
Whose daughters all weep for the lot I've to bear.
With pistols and bludgeons I went out a wooing,
To win a fair bride thirty-thousand above,
And my passion for that same has been my undoing;
No rest at the crank for the Convict of Love.

My pistol I carried, the delicate question
Of Wilt thou be mine? to the charmer to pop,
My skullcrackers hinted a tender suggestion,
That I was a boy not at trifles to stop,
Retainers I took, lest, my fond passion spurning,
The mate that I wanted should peck at her dove,
And here, hubbadoo! at this handle I'm turning;
No rest at the crank for the Convict of Love.

Cases under the Bribery Bill.

Is there anything in the Bribery Bill to prevent a candidate from giving a voter five guineas for a pair of gloves?
Does any clause hinder the candidate from discounting the voter's bill? The bill having been discounted, is there any provision to hinder the discounter from lighting a cigar with it?
Does the Bribery Bill prevent the candidate from paying the voter a compliment?
Does it prevent the former from paying the latter any attention?
Does it prevent the candidate from paying his addresses to an elector's daughter?

A VEGETARIAN EATING HOUSE.



The immense success of the late Vegetarian Banquet at Leeds has induced an enterprising enthusiast to start an Eating House, conducted entirely without the assistance of the Butcher. But not only is the Butcher renounced, but also the Fishmonger, on the principle that it is wrong to catch fish: for vegetarianism professes to be an improvement on that doctrine, the first promulgators whereof were fishermen. The Poulterer is excluded likewise; for not even eggs are tolerated: it being considered cruel to rend the tie which exists between them and hens, if not cocks also: and although this objection may not apply in the case of ducks, by reason

of the indifference of those birds to their eggs, yet it is thought that to eat ducks' eggs would be to take a shameful advantage of the ducks' neglect of their eggs. Recourse is not even had to the Dairyman; to drink cows' milk is to rob calves: and if the cow has no calf, to milk her is to weaken her, by creating an artificial drain upon her constitution. Milk quite sufficient for the composition of puddings and pies is obtained from various plants, and the requirements of the tea and breakfast-table are completely met by the milk of the cocoa nut.

In short, the Baker, the Greengrocer, and the Grocer in ordinary, purvey all the materials which form the bill of fare provided at these novel Refreshment Rooms: the staple of the kitchen is derived entirely from the kitchen-garden. The beverages—for the establishment is teetotal as well as vegetarian—essentially consist of the unfermented juice of the pump.

We have honoured this Vegetarian Eating House with a visit, and on inquiring what there was ready, were informed by the waiter that there was "some very nice grass just up." "Do you think," we cried, "that we are going to be such geese as to eat that?" "Nice young grass, Sir," he repeated: "new cut."

The idea of grass made us ruminare a little. "Any hay?" said we. "No 'ay, Sir," answered the waiter, blandly. "No 'ay, Sir; but beautiful 'grass—sparrowgrass."

"Peas, Sir?" suggested the waiter. We ordered peas. "Two peas—thoroughly done!" shouted the man, down a pipe.

"What will you take to drink, Sir?" he asked, returning to the table. "There's toast-and-water—there's apple-water, lemonade, ginger-beer."

"Any ale?" "HADAM'S hale, Sir; very old; first liquor as ever was drunk." "Bring us a pot of ADAM'S ale apiece; we prefer it mild."

"Yessir." So saying the waiter disappeared; and presently returned with our dinner; for which, however, we found our two peas insufficient, so we demanded what else there was.

"Kidneys, Sir—fine kidneys. Marrow." "Come," we said. "This is better than we thought. Kidneys and marrow. Bring a couple of marrow-bones."

"No bones, Sir." Vegetable marrow." "Two kidneys then."

"Two kidneys, Sir, yessir." "Let them be devilled."

"Very sorry, Sir: don't devil our kidneys. Red-nosed kidneys, or kidney beans, Sir?" "Red-nosed kidneys!" we cried in astonishment.

"Yessir. 'Tatars, Sir."

"Potatoes with red-noses!" we again exclaimed. "In this abode of Temperance! Well; never mind: bring us some of your debauched potatoes."

"Ow will you 'ave them, Sir? Plain?"

"Hey?—no. *A la maître d'hôtel*—that is with parsley and butter."

"Parsley, Sir, we 'ave; but no butter. Butter a hanimal substance, Sir; we use no hanimal substance. Ile, Sir."

"One wants something else with potatoes," we observed.

"You can 'ave," replied the waiter, "minced turnip, or 'ashed carrot, cabbage 'art stuffed, scolloped hartichokes, curried brocoli, fricasseed cucumber, roast onion, stewed endive, truffle and mushroom pie, beet-steaks, pumpkin chops." We chose a slice of roast onion; and when we had eaten it, the waiter inquired whether we would take pastry or cheese.

"How is it you have cheese," we demanded, "and not butter?" "Damsion cheese, Sir," was his reply. We had some bread and damson cheese; and then asked what was to pay. "Yessir. Two peas is eight; and kidneys is five—that's thirteen—and two roast

onions is one shilling, two and a penny: and breads and cheeses four: and two waters a apeny each is two and fivepence apeny."

We settled this little account without any demurrer; and under the excitement of the generous fare we had been partaking of, gave the waiter half-a-crown, telling him to keep the change, which amounted to a halfpenny for himself.

MANY THINGS IN FEW WORDS.

A poor Bachelor never looks so pitiable as when he is looking out his linen to send to the wash.

A Violin is an instrument that tortures many for the enjoyment of one.

None but a Frenchwoman knows how to put on a shawl.

A Lawyer's carriage is only a blue bag on wheels.

A woman's age is a problem of which no ARCHIMEDES has ever yet cried out "Eureka."

Puseyism is a kind of sandwich taken between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism.

Every Dramatist fancies all his Geese are Swans of Avon.

With a Cabman (since the FITZROY Act) mostly all roads lead to the Police Court.

The Balance of Europe is mostly left in ROTHSCHILD'S hands.

Shopping is woman's only consolation when she has no money to spend.

Drunkenness is a dead wall with a row of broken bottles at the top.

Repentance must travel always by an Express Train, for it so repeatedly arrives too late!

TIPPERARY ROASTING PIG.

THE little pigs of some town, blest with extraordinary prosperity, are described in an Irish anecdote as running about the streets roasted and smoking hot, inviting the public at large to come and eat them. When MR. CARDEN was acquitted, the other day, on his second trial for attempted abduction, the ladies are said to have cheered him and waved their handkerchiefs. Perhaps this was because of their persuasion of his innocence; but if it was owing to a belief in his guilt, the sympathy manifested by these ladies is a hint that may be worth taking if there is among them a handsome heiress, or an heiress worth anything handsome. In that case, also, there can be no doubt, that the town of voluntary roasting-pigs is Clonmel, and that the ardent ladies of Tipperary are those little pigs.

Grape Shot.

SOME of COLONEL MABERLEY'S friends have been quizzing him about the presentation of a testimonial to him, on his retirement from the Post Office. The Colonel takes the quizzing in very good humour, and in allusion to the design of the candelabrum, which represents a vine laden with fruit, he says he can well understand that "the grapes are sour."

Wanted an Aide-de-Colonel.

THERE is a certain foreign officer who, being now, however, a naturalized individual, is eligible for admission into the British Service; and as soon as a vacancy occurs in the 46th Regiment, we recommend that it should be offered to him. We allude to MAJOR BENIOWSKI, whose system of mnemonics, or method of improving short memories, would render him a valuable auxiliary to one of the members of that distinguished corps.

ADVICE TO SABBATARIANS.—Keep your own Sunday, and don't take away ours.



VERY KIND.

"WELL! GOOD BYE, UNCLE! I'VE ENJOYED MYSELF VERY MUCH IN THE COUNTRY; AND IF YOU WILL RUN UP TO LONDON AT ANY TIME, I'LL SHOW YOU A LITTLE LIFE!"

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

An Apartment at Osborne. HER M—Y is graciously pleased to be hearing HER R—L H—s THE P—s L—A C—E A—A read to her out of Punch. The EARL OF A—N and LORD J—N R—L are announced, and HER M—Y's smile at the graceful satire in which Mr. Punch encraps his profound wisdom, is utterly and entirely misconceived by the two Ministers into an expression of pleasure at their arrival.

Her M. Good morning, my lords. I hope you had a pleasant passage, and that the Fairy did her duty.

Lord A. Admirably, your M—Y, and we have come to do ours, we hope as satisfactorily. In obedience to your M—Y's commands, we are in attendance to receive any intimation your M—Y may wish to make as to the Speech from the Throne, at the approaching prorogation.

Her M. LOUISA, my love, give me that paper. (The Princess smilingly hands Punch to her illustrious mamma.) No, dear, keep that. The paper on the table.

Lord J. R. Allow me, your Royal Highness. (He fetches the paper in question, and observes, to his extreme discomfort, that it is the Times of Wednesday, February the 1st, 1854.)

Her M. My lords, I have been reading the speech which you were so good as to prepare for me at the opening of the present session, because it appears to me that the address at its close should refer to the hopes and promises with which we set out. Does not that seem reasonable?

Lord J. R. Without venturing to discuss the reasonableness of such a course, your M—Y, I would observe that it is not precisely exacted by the Constitution, and inasmuch as there are occasions when such references might be productive of unhappy cavil, we can be guided by the exigency of the moment.

Lord A. (contradicting his colleague, as usual with Ministers). There is not the slightest reason for any hesitation on the subject. As the Houses will rise as soon as the speech is made, there can be no cavil.

Her M. Be that as it may, suppose we go through the January Speech, and see what material we can find for the August one.

The Princess (smiling). All your Speeches must be August Speeches, Mamma, mustn't they?

Her M. My love, I am sure you never found such a joke as that in your Punch. Pray show more respect for Prosody. Now, my Lords, (HER M—Y reads) the first paragraph of the January Speech referred to the war. I said that "the differences between Russia and the Porte had not been settled, and that a state of warfare had ensued." What are we to add to this statement now?

Lord A. I beg to suggest that we add—nothing. The words exactly express the present state of things, and the least said is the soonest mended.

Lord J. R. (indignantly). That won't do. There is our Declaration of War, and the departure of the fleets, and of the armies, and the French soldiers going away in English ships, and—and—

Lord A. And—well—and what? The glorious capture of Cronstadt, the splendid storming of Sebastopol, and the brilliant victory on the Danube. Don't let us forget those triumphs of English and French arms.

Lord J. R. It may be matter of satisfaction to a friend of the Czar that nothing has yet been achieved, and the person who has thrown every obstacle in the way of our vigorous action may fairly exult in his success.

The Princess (appealingly). Mamma, don't let them speak crossly to one another. It's wicked, isn't it, Mamma?

Lord J. R. We are not cross, your Royal Highness, at least I am not. Your M—Y, I would submit that a reference to our having joined in the grand quarrel, and a hope that our arms will be triumphant, will fitly commence the Speech.

Lord A. But without any unnecessary vituperation of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Lord J. R. I do not often agree with PALMERSTON—in fact he is my colleague—but he was very right in denouncing the "jargon" of you opponents of the policy of England.

Her M. (with dignity). Your Lordships will be good enough to make this paragraph speak the plainest English. You understand. (They bow, LORD J. R. with evident enjoyment). Now, the next paragraph



SMOKE.

Inspector Punch. "YOU MUSTN'T MAKE SO MUCH SMOKE NEXT SESSION, MY LORD, OR YOU'LL GET INTO TROUBLE, I PROMISE YOU."

said that the Estimates had been framed with a due regard to economy. The war alters the circumstances, but, without reference to the war, have you any economical reforms or retrenchments to appeal to?

Lord A. We have nothing to do with such matters in the Lords.

Lord J. R. Except that we have done the BISHOP of NEW ZEALAND out of his salary—only a few hundreds—I fear we have nothing to boast of, your MAJESTY, but GLADSTONE promises wonders from the new mode of national bookkeeping.

Her M. I do not see how the mode of stating an account can alter the account itself. We must pass over this. I mentioned that the year before we had not had a good harvest. This year, providentially, the harvest will be a rich one.

Lord J. R. It will sadly offend the friends of the farmers to be told that they have nothing to grumble at, but I think we should risk that.

Her M. I said that trade was prosperous.

Lord J. R. The war impedes commercial enterprise by causing hesitation and uncertainty, but things are not very bad—yet. If the war were vigorously pushed towards a speedy termination, we should scarcely feel the mischief.

Lord A. I protest against mixing matters which have nothing to do with one another.

Her M. I referred to University Reform.

Lord A. (looking triumphantly at his colleague). Your M—y's late Ministers have passed a very good bill on this subject. My noble friend was beaten about twenty times during the debates, and the bill was remodelled by the enemy. Would it be constitutional, LORD J—N R—L, for HER M—y's Government to compliment HER M—y's Opposition?

Her M. I said that bills would be submitted to Parliament for transferring from the Ecclesiastical to the Civil Courts the cognizance of testamentary and matrimonial causes. In other words, we promised reform in the law of Wills, and of Divorce.

Lord J. R. Excuse me, your M—y. We said that bills should be submitted. They were. We promised to do nothing more, and have kept our promise. Both bills have been withdrawn.

Her M. We promised a reform in the Civil Service system.

Lord J. R. I fear we must ask your M—y to promise it again, and next year we will see about it.

Her M. We promised to reform the law of Pauper Settlement.

Lord J. R. The country squires did not like our bill, so we withdrew it.

Her M. I said that measures would be submitted for the amendment of the laws relating to the representation of the Commons in Parliament.

Lord J. R. "*Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*" (Bursts into tears, to the great grief of H. R. H. P—ss.)

Her M. My lord, you fulfilled your pledge. Let the disgrace lie with those who hindered your doing more, and specially with Manchester, which, rather than see reforms achieved otherwise than at its own dictation, rejected them. The Free-Traders, false to their principle, desired a monopoly of the manufacture of law. As somebody said to MR. BUCKSTONE in an amusing burlesque I saw at the Haymarket—

"There's no complaint of you, my little man."

Then I promised a Bill against Bribery.

Lord J. R. We have done something, but this bill also has been remodelled by the Tories, and its best parts are cut out.

Her M. As to Education—could you not manage to do something?

Lord J. R. We have tried, but bigotry beats us, the Church voting that a child cannot learn its letters aright except from a leaf torn out of the Book, and the Papists solemnly declaring that children had better be half-naked, half-starved thieves, than learn off such a leaf unless it have been printed at Douay.

Her M. Well, have you drained London? Have you made it felony to send out Emigrants in ships ill-found or not sea-worthy? Have you regulated Savings Banks—a reform which the industrious operatives have implored for years? Have you dealt with the Landlord and Tenant question in Ireland? Have you considered whether Partridges are quite worth their price in gaol-room and murder? Have you put down the medical quacks who advertise poison for the people?

Lord J. R. Unfortunately, your M—y, the war—

Her M. What on earth had the war to do with these things? You have been sitting from the end of January to the middle of August, and what have you done? What am I to say that you have done? What, my LORD ABERDEEN, in the Lords?

Lord A. Abolished dogcarts, your M—y.

Her M. What, my LORD J—N R—LL in the Commons?

Lord J. R. Smashed SIR THOMAS WILSON, Your M—y.

Her M. Good deeds, both, no doubt, and deeds that could not be done in less than seven months. Well, you must make me the best Speech you can, and, for the future—what is that Latin, LOUISA, that Papa quotes, when he means that he hopes for better things.

The Princess (after consideration). *Sperno meliora*, isn't it, Mamma?

H. R. H. the PRINCE A—T, entering. Say *spero* next time, my dear. Ah! my Lords. I did not know that you were here.

Her M. We have done, my love. Suppose we go to lunch.

[The distinguished party move off, HER M—y leading the way with the PRIME MINISTER, the Princess and LORD J. R—LL following arm-in-arm, with much stateliness, and the Field Marshal bringing up the rear.]

A COURT-MARTIAL FOR ME.

Oh of all fair tribunals give me a Court-Martial!

That's the Court I would go to, pure justice to seek.

So forbearing, considerate, calm, and impartial,

From the strong such protection affording the weak.

Pulled up there—if I ever be brought to a bar shall—

Let me be; not before Judge and Jury, or Beak.

Sing, over the left, boys, and like a whale, very,

And "where are your witnesses," eh, MR. PERRY?

"In Turkey? we thought so;" chaff, laugh, and be merry,

And in judgment we'll sit with a heydownderry.

'Tis of men of nice honour composed altogether,

Men of honour that bears not a speck or a stain,

Honour brilliant and bright as their boots' patent leather,

Men who stoop to no humbug and scorn all chicane,

But of fact, pro and con, strictly weigh every feather,

To the infinitesimal part of a grain.

Sing, over the left, &c.

Don't tell me of the Bench—how unsullied the ermine,

What spotless peruke clothes my Lord Judge's head:

I had rather that Colonels my case should determine,

I prefer much the coat of immaculate red—

As for Serjeants at Law, this persuasion I'm firm in,

It were better to have Sergeant-Majors instead.

Sing, over the left, &c.

May I never be dragged into vile *Nisi Prius*!

Try my cause without cavil, or quibble, or quirk,

Let my judges have minds that are warped by no bias,

And my questions not suffer a witness to shirk.

Yes, let officers, yes, boys, let gentlemen try us,

Who have hearts above dirty and underhand work.

Sing, over the left, &c.

For of every attempt to intimidate, bully,

Or embarrass a prisoner, incapable quite,

They will bid you speak boldly, and hear you out fully,

Being free from impatience, and passion, and spite,

And without fear or favour, and justly and truly,

Will that sentence pronounce which they feel to be right.

Sing, over the left, &c.

From the Sessions defend me, and from the Assizes,

By my peers be it never my lot to be tried,

I don't care for that right which each Englishman prizes,

Of our free constitution the glory and pride:

A Court Martial the rarest of courts in my eyes is;

No such other we've had since JUDGE JEFFERIES died.

Sing, over the left, &c.

Interesting Habits of Ministers.

MR. GLADSTONE, when he buys a bundle of asparagus, begins by dividing it into "three heads."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, before doing anything, always looks into *Magna Charta*, to see if he is justified in doing it. He will not even take a walk, unless he has thoroughly convinced himself beforehand that it is a perfectly "Constitutional" one.

IRISH BACON.

IRELAND has long enjoyed a peculiar celebrity for its hogs, but it has now produced a Philosopher who bids fair to rival the English BACON. MR. CARDEN, of Barnane, has exhibited himself to the world as the great practical exponent of the Abductive Philosophy.

A Day of Settlement.

MR. BRIEFLESS, being pressed exceedingly hard by his creditors to fix a date for the payment of his debts, has named "the day when the Russians evacuate the Principalities." The date, he confesses, is a little uncertain, but, if agreed to, he is willing to promise most solemnly that he will not think of asking for any further extension of time.



GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.

Sarah Jane. "OH, BETSY, COME 'ERE, AND BRING HISABELLER! WE CAN SEE THE 'OOFS OF THE 'ORSES!!"

THE CZAR'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

'Tis midnight—all is deadly still—
And I this silence dwell within;
I, by whose solitary will
The world is roaring with the din
Of myriads that each other kill,
Because I am resolved to win!

Their howlings cannot reach me here,
Though far as Heaven they might ascend,
If Heaven indeed had any ear
To hear, or, hearing, would attend.
But Heaven if we begin to fear,
Then everything is at an end!

What groans, what agonising cries,
What yells, what ravings of despair,
In torment what a world of eyes
Uplifted, plead against me there;
For my confusion thither flies
How many a curse—how many a prayer!

I sometimes think there is a Power
Above—and then again I doubt.
Could I exist a single hour
In outraged Europe's face, without?
Would men before me crawl and cover?
Yes—there 's a Heaven, and I 'm its Knout!

And am I, like my hangman's thong,
Commissioned human flesh to tear
In chastisement for human wrong,
Until mankind no more can bear;
Then, soaked in gore, endured too long,
Cast by Eternal Justice—WHERE?

THE PLEASANTEST RINGING IN ONK'S EARS.—
The Dinner-Bell.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF A RESPECTABLE PERSON.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "THERE is much said about the humanity displayed nowadays in war. Enemies are treated with the most friendly consideration, and belligerent armies proceed to the cutting of one another's throats, and the blowing out of one another's brains, with the most exquisite politeness.

"How comes it, that in our catalogue of things deserving of consideration in war-time, we have not included 'respectable persons?' 'Respectable persons,' as the name implies, are eminently persons to be treated with respect. This holds of all respectable persons; but how much more does it apply where respectable persons are also officials? I have read, with equal pain and surprise, in the *Times* of August 1st, in a letter from Baro Sound, how—

"CAPTAIN SULLIVAN, being on shore to day, has captured a VERY RESPECTABLE PERSON IN A GREEN COAT, WITH BRASS BUTTONS. He says that he is the SHERIFF OF THE PARISH, and a Consul."

"In other accounts of the same incident I find this respected person variously described as 'a policeman,' 'a general officer,' 'a beadle,' 'a dignitary of the church,' and 'a high-bailiff.'

"Conceive the feelings of a British beadle, who having gone down to Ramsgate for the benefit of sea-air, should find his walk to Pegwell Bay suddenly cut short by the appearance of a boat's crew of Russian privateersmen, and himself—laced hat, official coat, staff and all—carried off to St. Petersburg, and exhibited to the jeers of a brutal populace, ever glad to insult dignity in distress—perhaps to the taunts of the Russian little boys—a class at all times difficult to impress with awe. Nay, the stern and solitary policeman of Herne Bay, or the gallant though stout artilleryman, who constitutes the garrison of Brighton, is not safe, from this moment, if reprisals should be attempted by the enemy. Realty, to read the paragraph, one would think 'respectable persons' were a kind of birds, to be bagged at pleasure—and green coats with brass buttons, a plumage to be described by the naturalist. This respectable individual probably imagined that his green coat and brass buttons rendered his person sacred. Perhaps he was digesting a sober meal—perhaps protecting a peaceful population, like the policeman of Herne Bay, or the Brighton artilleryman to whom I have referred.

"In the name of the order to which I belong, I call upon the authorities at home to interfere and insist on CAPTAIN SULLIVAN

restoring this man to his home and his official duties. The British beadle recognises in him a man and a brother. He may be a sheriff—perhaps a high-sheriff. Finland may be advanced enough in civilisation to comprehend how admirably these higher functions may be combined with the much-misunderstood and sadly undervalued duties of Beadledom.

"At all events, I claim your sympathy for my Finnish brother, thus rudely arrested, in the green coat and brass buttons of civil ædileship, and I declare that I, for one, will be ready to hold out to him the right hand of fellowship on his arrival, as a prisoner, on these shores.

"I remain, Mr. Punch, yours obediently,

"JOHN BUMBLE,

"(Beadle and Pew-opener of St. Candlestick-cum-snuffers,
Vintry Ward without)."

The Greatest Event of the Present Session.

We think that the greatest event that has taken place during this Session occurred on Friday evening, July the 28th, when BENJAMIN DISRAELI actually passed a vote of censure upon himself! This censure was for having passed a censure upon the Government, which he ought properly to have taken to himself. The vote being put by the Right Honourable Gentleman, was carried without a division. At the conclusion of his speech, the talented Ex-Minister was surrounded by his friends, and warmly congratulated upon the flattering unanimity of the House.

A RELIGION THAT NO ONE OWNS.

THE worst thing that can be said against Puseyism is that you never by any accident hear any one openly avow that he is a Puseyite. Surely that must be a strange religion that even its followers, who practise it most, are ashamed to confess they belong to it.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.—The English for "Parachute."—*Punch's Dictionary.*

SABBATARIAN PHILOSOPHY.—The Philosophy of CANT.

GET UP.—Stopping in bed too long is decidedly bad for the temper—even Port Wine gets crustier the longer it has been lying down.

HOW TO BEAT THE RUSSIANS.

"Varna, Aug. 10.

THE following spirited address to the British Army serving in the East has been issued from Head Quarters:—

"Soldiers!—In the conflict which you are about to sustain with the forces of the greatest military power of Europe in point of numbers, your QUEEN and country trust you will never desert your colours, by wearing any that are contrary to regulation.

"Whether in the face of the enemy, or encamped side by side with your allies, your officers will never unbutton their shell jackets, and allow them to fly open, showing underneath a red flannel shirt. The bosom of the British Officer, his jacket buttoned bravely over it up to the chin, will never betray the shirt to friend or



foe. He will set his men the example of wearing a white collar and a black stock. He will avoid all plaids that are not strictly regimental, and leave checks to be experienced by the Russians. He will never put on a turban over his forage cap under the hottest fire of the sun; and having been commanded to draw the sword, he will know how to wear it.

"In facing the enemy you will show that face which has always been shown by the British soldier. That is, you will display as much of it as possible; you will, with the regulated exceptions, remove all hair from your upper lips, and shave your chins.

"You will put on your uniforms with that care and attention which will enable you successfully to resist the heaviest odds and the most vigorous charge, as well as to prove more than a match for the most crafty stratagems of your antagonists.

"You will pipeclay your belts and epaulettes with that perseverance which has always distinguished English troops in the field; and you will strap yourselves in the manner that becomes tight lads: so that while you strike terror into the hostile ranks, it may not at the same time happen that they cannot be otherwise than struck by your general disregard of what is proper.

"By Order,

"X. Y. Z. FITZBRUMMELL, D. A. G."

An Al Fresco Dinner (at Cremorne).

Indignant Old Gentleman. Here, Waiter—Waiter—Waiter—Waiter. (running breathlessly). Yes, Sir.

Indignant Old Gentleman. Take this cherry pie away directly. It's impossible to eat it. It's most shameful—why, it's choke-full of sand.

Waiter. Very sorry, Sir, but cannot help it. The fact is, Sir, it's the ballast from the balloon, Sir, that's just gone up.

LEGAL DESTITUTION.

SINCE Taverns and Coffee-Houses in the City write up "No Fees given to the Waiters," MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP declare that, considering the little practice there is at the Bar, a somewhat similar placard might, in better truth be hung up over all the Law Courts, viz.: "NO FEES GIVEN TO COUNSEL."

Tender Solicitude.

(Being an Extract from a fashionable young Lady's farewell Agonising Letter.)

"Oh! CHARLES dear, they tell me you are ordered off to the Theatre of War. I beg of you therefore, dear, as you love me, to bear in mind one thing—and that is, above all, not to forget to take your opera-glass with you, for I know myself how extremely inconvenient it is to go to the Theatre without one."

A GRAND SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE.

CHADWICK flinging himself, like a second QUINTUS CURTIUS, into one of his own sewers, for the benefit of his country.—N.B. The picture might be drawn on the Board of Health.

THE DOG-DAYS AT THE BLUECOAT SCHOOL.

THE late hot weather has been peculiarly trying to the dogs and the Bluecoat Boys of the City of London, but though precautions against hydrophobia were adopted, no measures were taken to prevent the boys from going mad. This remark is addressed to the Governors of Christ's Hospital, who will require no apology for mentioning the scholars of their institution along with dogs. Are not those scholars objects of charity, and, as such, entitled to no more consideration than so many whelps? However, it cannot be denied that they deserve as much. Now, dogs have been emancipated from the servitude of the coster-monger, and must no longer be employed in drawing trucks. Certainly it does not follow that Bluecoat Boys should be released from their tasks. No; but Greek and Latin are diaphoretic work at any time, as a city alderman might ascertain if he would try the declension of *Masa*, or endeavour to master $\delta, \eta, \tau\delta$. If he attempted such exertion on a moderately warm day, his worship would certainly find it necessary to take off his gown. Can it therefore be right that a poor lad should be compelled to fag at SALLUST, VIRGIL, LIVY, CICERO, XENOPHON, THUCYDIDES, HOMER, ÆSCHYLUS and EURIPIDES, in a frying atmosphere, and under a weight of woollen clothes? This is really treating the boy worse than a dog, and those who subject the former to such treatment in hot weather had better muzzle him like the latter, for the recipient of charity under such conditions might naturally be expected to bite the hand that feeds it.

"Is the costume of EDWARD THE SIXTH a fit dress for the school-boys of 1854?" demands "M. D." in a letter to the *Times* on this subject; and he correctly describes that costume as consisting of a heavy blue woollen robe, yellow petticoat of the same material, cap, also woollen, of the size of a pen-wiper, yellow worsted stockings, and shoes. In answer to M. D.'s inquiry, it may be said that of all the above-named articles of apparel, there are none that are fit for the schoolboys of 1854, except perhaps the last in the list. Perhaps except these, for the case may be that it is no longer customary for the scholars of Christ's Hospital to scramble for their shoes thrown together in a heap after having been cleaned, and perhaps they have thus ceased to be misfitted with shoes and to get lamed in consequence.

The cap, indeed, of the Bluecoat Boy can be worn, but only in the pocket; so that the head has no clothing at all. The uncovered head betokens humility, which the Governors of the Hospital may think desirable, but they cannot be of opinion that it is also a good thing to expose a boy to a *coup de soleil*.

Surely the climate of the country must have changed; for a dress which may have suited the days of EDWARD THE SIXTH, is not adapted to the days—at least the dog-days—of VICTORIA THE FIRST. The only argument that can be urged in behalf of it—and mark how canine associations cling about the theme—is derived from what is likewise said to constitute the beauty of a bull-dog, its ugliness. It makes the wearer look extremely ridiculous, and it therefore keeps the children of the higher classes out of the school. The same object might, as M. D. justly observes, be gained by the substitution of a costume equally absurd but more comfortable. It might also be secured by the simple method of the Governors faithfully discharging their trust.

But if Charity must have its Objects—that is to say its Frights—the Aldermen and their colleagues might clothe the boys in colours as preposterous as those of the LORD MAYOR'S coach, and yet in caps, jackets, and trowsers of ordinary make: such as a boy might play about in. The material might be motley if they chose, but would not something simply mean and common suffice? would not fustian and corduroy answer every purpose? Some sort of charity-dress may be considered requisite for charity-children: but the Bluecoat School dress is decidedly the dress of a much too "melting Charity."

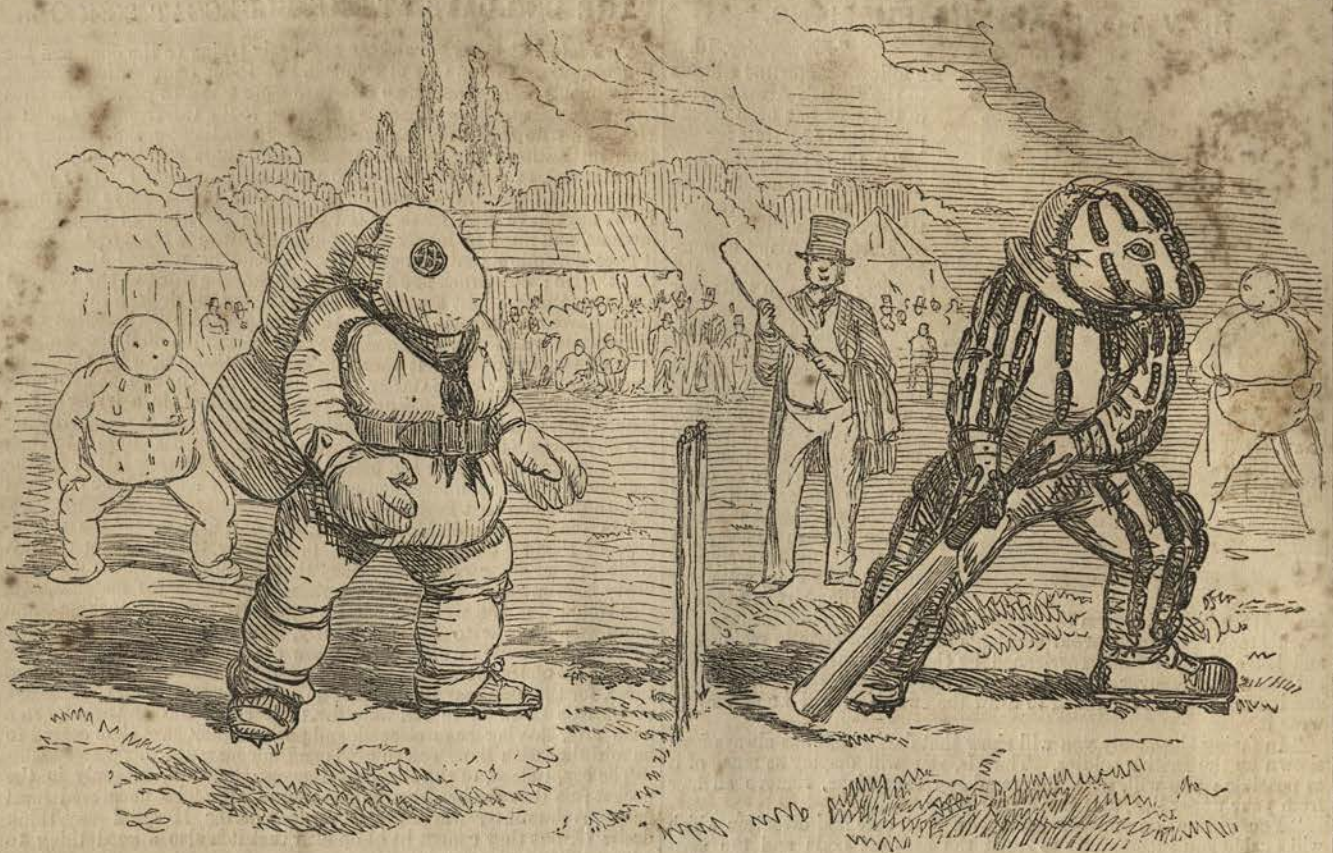
Our Account with Russia.

WE don't know what to say about paying debts to Russia. Honour among thieves is an acknowledged maxim; but the recognition of social obligations towards them depends upon circumstances. The property of a convicted felon is forfeit to the Crown. Government would not pay dividends to JACK SHEPPARD under sentence: and why, it may be asked, should we stand upon more ceremony with the Burglar and Outlaw of Europe? All we can say is that we owe NICHOLAS a hiding, and ought to try our utmost to pay him that.

DUSTING THE WRONG JACKET.

THERE is a great fuss about the costume of the army. We only wish our commanders would attend a trifle less to the dressing of the English, and trouble themselves a little more about giving the Russians a good dressing.

OUR CYNICAL CONTRIBUTOR SENDS US THIS:—There is a Blue Beard's Chamber in every man's heart, of which he does not like to trust the keys to any one, not even to his own wife.—(Rubbish. Ed.)



NEW CRICKETING DRESSES, TO PROTECT ALL ENGLAND AGAINST THE PRESENT SWIFT BOWLING.

FRENCH TROOPS IN BRITISH BOTTOMS.

Being the literal Translation of a Letter from ANATOLE GRIGOUX, Sergeant of the 3me Légère, on board HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S ship Hannibal, to MARTIN TOULOUROU, Corporal of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, Camp at Devna.

"MY DEAR,

"I WRITE thee to give thee an idea of the life we lead on board the ships of war of the Insularies. In the first place put on one side all thou hast read or seen in the journals, thy *feuilletons*, the Dramas of the Boulevard, of the John Bull—that fantastic animal, as he has been created by MERRY, D'ENNERY, COZGNARD Brothers, and all those gentlemen—and instead of a being, morose, taciturn, continually selling his wife by auction, always suffering from the 'spleen,' expending enormous sums in incredible bets, nourishing himself on a bleeding roast-beef, watered with a flaming punch, always clothed in the riding-coat, and the top-boots—loving the box, the race, the sport and turf, and detesting the 'French dogue' (*sic*)—figure to thyself an individual gay, amiable, careless, free of word (*libre de parole*), dressed in the blue jacket and loose pantaloons of the mariner, willingly making himself to our habits, though flaying alive our language (*écorchant notre langue*) in a manner the most diverting, not eating but of the boiled-beef, and contenting himself for all beverage with a modest grog of rum.

"In fine, reverse the picture, which has been held up to you amongst us (*chez nous*), and you will see something like the JOHN BULL, as our transport on board the vessels of war has made us know him. But above all, figure to yourself, that this JOHN BULL is also an accomplished cook. I see you make the large eyes. It is true, my word of honour. Thanks to Heaven we have learnt from him, already, to appreciate the famous plum-pudding! It has been received with a lively adhesion, and, in the end, adopted almost to unanimity by our brave soldiers!

"The first day of our traverse, on which that frightful sickness of the sea rendered it possible for us to take nourishment, they have distributed to us (*on nous a fait partage*) rations. It was to each an enormous piece of boiled beef, accompanied by dry peas, with a portion of a solid and excellent biscuit. We have at once (*tout de suite*) under-

stood we were to arrange this each after his own fashion. But to this succeeded something quite mysterious—a portion of flour, morsels of suet, raisins of Corinth, in fine, what do I know? Here we are, entirely off the scent (*nous voilà tout à fait déparisté*), regarding each other in the eyes, interrogating each other—ashamed, as French soldiers, of an ignorance which it was impossible for us to conceal from the eyes of our insular hosts.

"At length repeated expressions, from our new friends, of 'the plum-pudding! the plum-pudding!' have revealed to us that we held to us in the hands this mysterious comestible, so dear to the inhabitant of Albion, alike by sea and by land. Enough! we had received the elements—but how to combine them? At this crisis has revealed itself the generous instinct of those we have always hitherto considered our irreconcilable enemies! Mingled with our ranks might be seen the insular mariner of Albion, engaged, with a touching simplicity, in the task of instructing the brave soldiers of France in the mystery of the plum-pudding.

"This moment has appeared to me sublime! I wished myself a VERNET, or a SCHEFFER, to fix with the brush this symbol, at the first sight so trivial, but at the bottom so profound, of the fraternization of the peoples! We have since frequently made trial of the plum-pudding. Some essays have even very well succeeded. The great art consists to make it at once compact and light. It must be avowed that the greater part of ours have issued from the pot heavy, of a desperate solidity (*solidité désespérante*), almost as the bullets of cannon. Slight indigestions have followed, but hitherto without serious results. The morsels of suet have a taste of grease, at first displeasing, and remain long to you in the teeth; but we shall reconcile ourselves to this as to other novelties.

"For me, who am of a reflective spirit, the event has appeared of a range difficult to calculate (*d'une portée difficile à calculer*). May these bullets, so succulent, be the only ones that shall henceforth be exchanged between the two great peoples of the future!

"All to thee, Thy ANATOLE."

BEARING THE MARKET.—When BARING stands up for dealing in Russian securities, it's clear he cares more for interest than principle.

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR RAGS.—Bank-notes.



GENERAL SIR GEORGE BROWN DETERMINES TO
INSPECT SEBASTOPOL.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE GREEK COURT.

THOUGH MR. OWEN JONES has thought it necessary to offer an Apology (price sixpence) for colouring the Greek Court, we shall offer no apology whatever for painting the Greek Court in our own peculiar colours. Without pausing to consider whether MINERVA should be treated to a pair of blue stockings, or whether the hair of VENUS should be dyed, we shall dash away in black and white, combining all the vigour of the six-pound brush with the delicacy of the finest pencil, made of the silkiest hair of the sleekest and best groomed camel. Greece, as anybody knows, is next door to Egypt, and within, we were going to say, a stone's throw, but we feel that those who enter glass houses should not be throwing stones as a mode of measurement.

The Greek Court is approached by a façade, having three Grecian doorways of the Grecian Doric Order. The visitor is, or may be, arrested at the principal entrance by what to the inexperienced eye would appear to be some rather strange characters; but the learned will recognise these characters as constituting a passage from HERODOTUS. The unlearned will at once enter the Court without going through the passage, which, if it is unfortunately above their comprehension, is luckily so much above their heads that they can pass immediately under it.

There is over each of the three entrances an inscription of the merest common-place, and they are so far appropriate to a doorway, which is a very common place to have an inscription over it.

Having nearly lost ourselves in admiration of the façade, we find ourselves rapidly in the Central Greek Court, which represents an *agora* or market-place. The names around are those of poets, philosophers, and artists, but considering the place is a market, the most appropriate names would have been those of butchers, greengrocers, and fish-mongers. The list begins with HOMER, who may perhaps be admitted into a market by virtue of the accuracy of his measures. HIPPOCRATES, the father of physic (a most disgusting relationship by the way, which must have prevented the father from meeting his physical progeny with a pleasant face), may have been introduced as the first man who made a business of medicine, and who may have realised the commercial idea of "a drug in the market." While HOMER has arrived on his Pegasus, ARCHIMEDES may be said to have come down to posterity on his celebrated Screw, and his name is by no means ill-suited to a market-place, where he might have had a stall, not only for his screw but for those celebrated burning-glasses which were the result of his own deep reflection.

The Paintings on the wall of the Greek Court would seem to be hardly suited to a market, though the subject of the *Judgment of Paris*

is perhaps admissible, where the golden pippin may be offered for sale, and the *Fall of Troy* may be allowed to pass, under the somewhat strained idea that Troy weight might be kept in view by the heaviness of the catastrophe. A third painting represents the *Disfernal Regions*, in which the tormented are seen listening to the playing of ORPHEUS, who must be playing dreadfully out of tune to account for the horror depicted in the countenances of the listeners. The subject of the fourth painting is *Phidias exhibiting his Model of Minerva*, or in other words acting as a showman of his own productions. It has been thought a happy idea to place this picture at the supposed entrance of the workshop of PHIDIAS, as if the ancient sculptor had hoisted a sign, which should be equivalent to a cry of "Walk up" addressed to the people in the market place.

We now enter the Atrium, which contains a model of the West End of the Parthenon. The building of the Parthenon is said to have cost one thousand talents, though its highest value is represented in the single talent of the architect. The Temple was built in honour of MINERVA, who was supposed to live in the cella, where her statue was deposited.

The whole of the ornaments of the building are supposed to represent scenes in the life of MINERVA, the mistress of the mansion, who, with all her ancient wisdom, seems not to have risen above the modern folly of filling her own abode with pictures of herself and of her own exploits.

The Parthenon was in a comparatively perfect state until 1687, when the Venetians besieged Athens, and threw in a shell which destroyed nearly all but the shell of the building. The Parthenon was on the top of the Acropolis, and occupied what DR. WORDSWORTH called the "finest site in Europe;" a distinction that has been sometimes claimed for Trafalgar Square, where an almost unlimited sight of money has been employed in rendering the finest site in Europe remarkable for its extreme unsightliness. The frieze forms a striking portion of the building, and an attempt has been made to give warmth to the frieze by painting it. This proceeding has been the subject of much discussion, it being argued on one side that the frieze cannot be too cold in order to be correct; and it being contended on the other side, that those who would paint the frieze have a colourable excuse for coming to that conclusion.

The result is that the advocates of the paint-pot have prevailed, though many artists allege that the colour should not have been applied till the subject had been thoroughly canvassed. It would be a tedious task to trace the progress of sculpture from the primitive efforts of the wood-cutter, who hacked the human form into a shape resembling the doll of our own days, until the skill of the sculptor reached the culminating point in the genius and chisel of PHIDIAS. This great artist literally played with the marbles that came into his hand, and he died in the middle of a game, for he did not live to complete his colossal statue of MINERVA, which was so lofty that it must have taken half the sculptor's time to travel from the top to the toe, or even to find his way across the bridge of the nose, if he happened to be making for the Temple.

APPEARANCE OF THE POLICE.

WRITING in reference to the Police, asks a Correspondent of the *Times*:-

"Would it not be advisable to give them a short frock in lieu of the absurd swallow-tail, which has neither appearance nor comfort, and by that means afford men who are exposed to all weathers, at all hours, some protection to their loins, stomachs, and hips, as well as adding grace and manliness to their appearance, neither of which the present coat does?"

It is no doubt very desirable that the Police should be clad in garments which would afford sufficient protection to their loins, stomachs, and hips, but there is a serious objection to dressing them in any manner calculated to add grace and manliness to their appearance. Most householders will be of opinion that the personal appearance of the Police is quite graceful and manly enough as it is; and that it would be very much the reverse of an advantage to families to make any addition whatever to those attractions which Policemen, attired in their present uniforms, present to cooks and housemaids at our area-railings.

NOTE AND QUERY.

A CORRESPONDENT, who would much oblige us by contenting himself with being a Subscriber, writes to say that he perpetually sees the following Advertisement:-

THE MOOR AND THE LOCH.

He wishes to know whether this is an announcement of an engraving from SHAKSPEARE, illustrating the scene in which *Othello* requests *Emilia* to "turn the key and keep his counsel."

WHEN can a steamer tap a bottle of wine?—When she's a Cork "Screw."

THE OFFICER'S OWN BOOK.



THE following extracts from this little book of Military sports and pastimes may amuse some of our junior readers.

1. DRAWING THE BADGER.—In this game the Badger is a Lieutenant, who gets into bed and goes to sleep. The Terrier is played by another Lieutenant, who catches him by the legs and pulls him out. The fun of the game may be heightened by using a string to draw the Badger; attaching the string, by means of a noose at one end of it, to the sleeper's toe.

2. SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.—This is a very simple game. It consists in merely taking a young officer out of his bed, and carrying

him down stairs in his nightgown, when he is placed upon a table, and in that situation compelled to sing a song. This pastime is otherwise called The Forty-Sixth Undress.

3. BOLSTERING.—This game is performed by young officers, who provide themselves with Bolsters, and break into the bed-room of a brother-officer. It does not differ from the sport of the same name practised among the school-boys.

BAD THOUGHTS.

(Written at Baden-Baden.)

FROM the little gratitude shown now-a-days, you would imagine no one ever did an act of kindness.

Little by little, as we travel through life, do our whims increase, and become more troublesome—just like women's luggage on a journey.

A girl at school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she grows up a woman, she objects to having even one.

The Parentage of a Lie is the most difficult of all to trace. It is, indeed, a clever Lie that knows its own Father!

The worst kind of borrower is he who borrows with the intention of repaying, for you know to a moral certainty that he intends to borrow again.

If England was a paradise, still you would find Englishmen grumbling.

More beggars are relieved for the sake of getting rid of them than from any feeling of charity.

It is a curious system of drainage to close up all the Sewers, and to leave the Thames open into which they all flow!

They say "Friendship is but a name;" at all events it is not one you often see on the back of a bill.

It is strange how often it occurs, whenever a person is disinclined to do a thing, that he is labouring under "a cold!"

Scandal, like a kite, to fly well, depends greatly on the length of the tale it has to carry.

CURIOUS CHINESE DEFINITION.—The Chinese call a pricking conscience "a hedgehog with all the points turned inwards."

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE—OR, THE REPORTER'S DREAM!

In the gallery, stuffy, steamy,
I was sitting dazed and dreamy,
Feeling life an utter bore;
While, with endless iteration,
NEWGATE informed the nation,
Floundering, maundering evermore!
Such that weight of leaden spouting,
Not impatient members shouting,
Nor the loud division bell,
Nor APSLEY PELLATT'S arms unaisy,
Working wild in circles mazy,
Like a semaphore gone crazy,
Could my lethargy dispel!

Faint and fainter came the tittering,
And the rustling and the twittering
Of caged lady-birds behind;
Faint the Speaker's "Order! order!"
As, too loud, a Member snored, or
Cried "Hear!"—not to hear inclined.
All things swam and danced around me,
Till the chains of slumber bound me,
And in Dream-land I was blest—
(Far from Parliament'ry pothering,
And the gallery gaslight's smothering)—
Where sub-editors lave bothering,
And reporters are at rest.

And I pondthered, and I pondthered,
As through Dream-land on I wandthered—
Wandthered without pause or check;
Till, looking up, of walking weary,
I found me in a desert dreary,
Strewn with rubbish and with wreck.

Large professions, dropt when spoken,
Pledges unredeem'd or broken,
Good intentions out of gear;
Half-form'd projects, shrunk and shat-
ter'd,
Embryo law-schemes, torn and tatter'd,
Notions into form scarce batter'd,—
The abortions of the year!

Here and there, its bulk uprearing,
Taller for that waste appearing,
Rose a parchment roll complete;
As in Egypt's ruins solemn,
You may see a perfect column,
Pierce the chaos at its feet.
And I had a clear impression
What I looked on was THIS SESSION,
Scant of bearing, flush of bloom:
Wherein, scornful opposition,
Such a force of coalition
(Or as some would read "collision")
Rose in fire and set in fume.

Then I cried, "Is this the harvest,
Wherewith, cruel Time, thou starvest?
Folks who waited to be fed?
With such wealth of seed for sowing,
And such wondrous hands for mowing,
Is this all our six-months' bread?"
Said a voice, "You would be talk-
ing—
While grim-visaged War was stalking

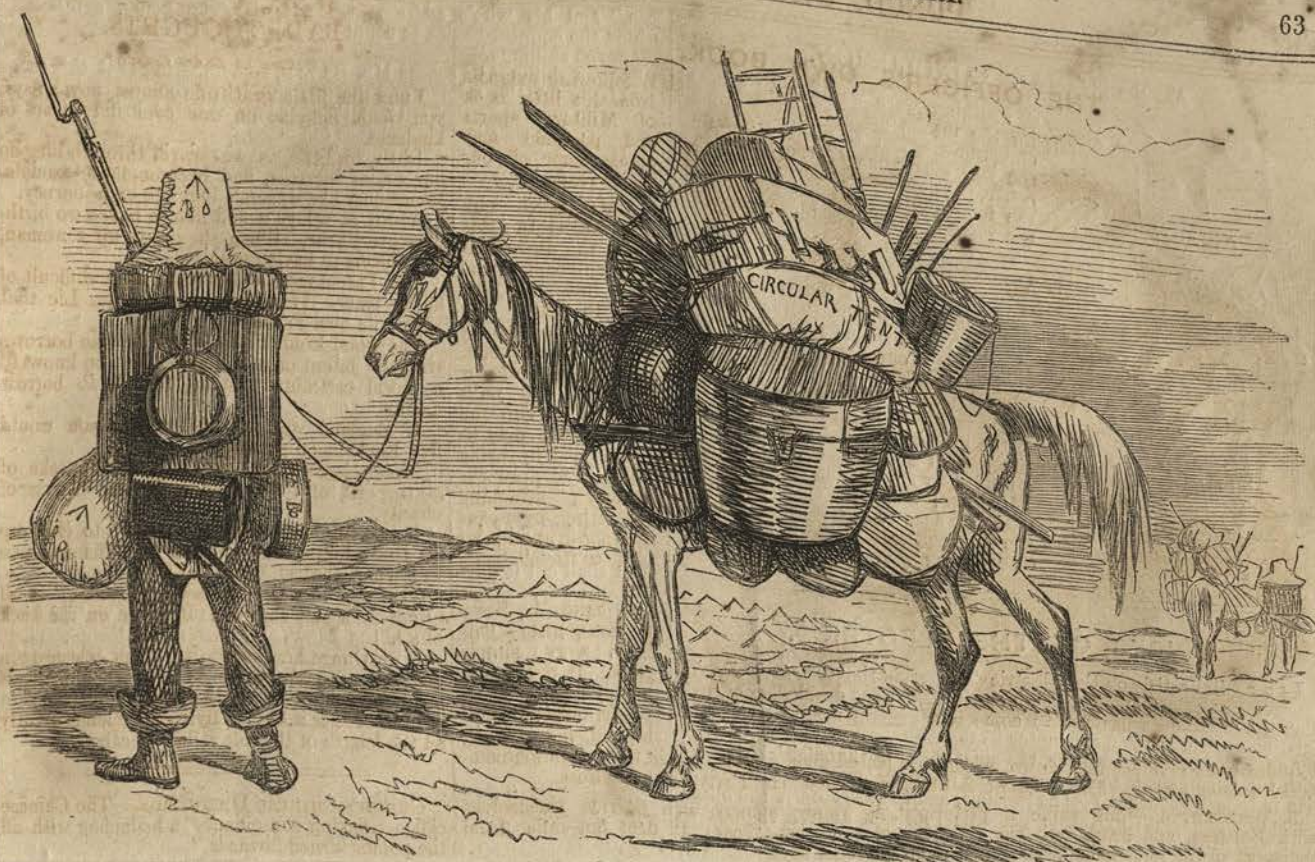
O'er the green blades as they grew.
And as, more than silent labour,
Each loved arguing with his neighbour,
For the sickle, came the sabre,
To snip and slash—to hack and hew.

"If you'd gather consolation
For this scene of blank frustration,
To yonder valley turn your eye."
I looked—and lo—the pleasant places!—
I saw a green and gold Oasis
Smiling 'neath a sunny sky!
Crops of glorious hopes and wishes!
Fruits of word-o'-mouth delicious!
Full of savour to the sight!
And I knew I saw NEXT SESSION—
Land of promise and profession;
Forth I sprang to take possession—
Eager for its rich delights.

Fast as on my wishes bore me,
Faster fled the scene before me;
Dim it grew and faint and thin:
Till its fruit in air seemed fusing,
Colour first, then substance losing;
Still my way I strove to win.
O'er the stones my shin-bones barking,
With my blood my passage marking;
Yet with hope my heart was big—
Ha! 'Tis done—I near the border—
When lo a cry of "Order! Order!"
I'd dropped my note-book, and—oh murder!—
Hit MISTHER SPARKER on the wig!

Queen Christina, not a Small Difficulty.

THERE is a difficulty in the way of disposing of this lady. We think we espy a means by which she might be availably bestowed. Why not place a yacht at her service, and send her against Sebastopol? Considering what she has already done in the way of pillage, can there be any doubt that she would fail in taking anything; no matter how hot, or how heavy?



SERVANT AND BAGGAGE OF THE BRITISH OFFICER IN THE EAST.

[From an authentic Sketch in the possession of Mr. Punch.]

REAL STEAM ENGINEERS.

WE have good reason for announcing that a very great extension of the powers of steam will shortly be made on the North-Western Railway. In a letter addressed to the public through the medium of the *Times*, "AN ENGINEMAN" makes the statement following:—

"Under the present system of working the engines, it can be proved that men are fast asleep on their engines while on the road, and in charge of a train consisting of between fifty and sixty waggons. As a proof of the foregoing statement, I have only to add, that one engineman came on duty on Friday, the 28th of July last, at seven o'clock in the evening; he was piloting till half-past two in the morning; he was then sent from Rugby to Rockingham and back, a distance of fifty-four miles. He was then sent to London and back, a distance of 163 miles, thereby commencing duty at 7 P.M. on Friday, and finishing at 1 A.M. on Sunday, making the total number of hours on duty thirty; out of which he had not time to obtain the least refreshment, except as he was riding upon his engine."

The signatures of four individuals, who give their names, are appended to the above document, on which therefore reliance may probably be placed. If enginemen are overworked on the North-Western Railway to the extent described by the writer, of course they must go to sleep, supposing their frames to be constituted of ordinary flesh and blood. It is almost unnecessary to remark that a nap of forty winks on the part of an engineman might involve the whole of the passengers in an interminable slumber. But if dividends demand economy, and economy necessitates the employment of one man to do the work of six, the only thing to be done for public safety is to get a man with a frame that will stand the fatigue. He must, in short, have an iron constitution; and therefore the Directors of the North-Western will consult both their duty and their interest in providing themselves with Enginemen who may truly be described as Iron men. Accordingly their Enginemen for the future will be men made of Iron; their limbs, their joints, their brains, in so far as they require brains for the performance of their duties, being all composed of that metal. Hearts they will have no need for, or these might be formed of the same material, as some may imagine that those of the Directors who will employ them are. They will be men of wheels and cogs, of hinges and screws; more particularly men of screws, we may say, considering who will be their masters. Their bodies, thus consisting of an iron

mechanism, will be animated by steam; they will, in fact, be engines constructed to direct other engines: and that this is impossible who shall say, knowing that an automaton has been made to play chess? In them will be realised the idea of Steam-Enginemen—a notion which has never yet been carried out. The North-Western Company will find in them the very servants it wants, servants who will need no sleep. To eat, indeed, they will require somewhat: but will want only a little coal and water, which being placed within their reach, perhaps they will be enabled by the ingenuity of their contriver to help themselves, and be their own stokers. They will never turn out for any increase of wages, or strike, except in case of a reduction of the allowance of oil that will be requisite to keep them going, and even then will create no disturbance, nor murmur or grumble, but only run a little rusty. It will be impossible that they should ever get tipsy; as, though they may smoke, they will drink nothing but water; or that they should be guilty of carelessness or negligence; and if they should ever exhibit a fatal want of foresight, a verdict of manslaughter will be returnable against their employers.

Call a Spade a Spade.

WITH a warmth of indignation which is exactly suitable to this hot weather, the *Times* calls special attention to the fact of a Russian frigate having eluded the blockading squadron off Sebastopol, and carried off some prizes from almost underneath the British Admiral's nose. We are not in the habit of employing personalities, but we have certainly a prejudice in favour of calling things by their right names; and if such a slip as this should occur again, we shall be strongly tempted, when we speak of ADMIRAL DUNDAS in future, to call him not Admiral of the Fleet, but of the Slow.

A SENTIMENT FOR LORD PALMERSTON.

MAY all who invest in Russian stocks be clapped into British dittos!

THE GREATEST TRIAL OF PATIENCE.—A Stammering Barrister examining a Stuttering Witness in the presence of a Deaf Judge.

A RATIONAL CONCLUSION.



If anything were wanting to account for the insane actions of the present Government, and to confirm our own too just suspicions of the lamentable cause, the deficiency is now supplied by the following public announcement in the *Times* of the 2nd instant:

"DR. FORBES WINSLOW had an interview with LORD ABERDEEN yesterday."

Comment on the mournful intelligence conveyed by this short paragraph would be superfluous, and we can only congratulate our readers that the necessary step, however late, has at last been taken. It is at least some consolation to know that, if the indisposition of the Premier is not to relieve us entirely from his counsels, he is being attended by so eminent a man as DR. WINSLOW; and most sincerely do we wish him success in restoring sanity to the Cabinet, but we fear it is a bad case, having been so long neglected.

TRICKS OF THE ELECTRICS.

In a capital article on the Electric Telegraph, the *Quarterly Review* expresses a decided opinion, in which *Mr. Punch* as decidedly concurs, that the instrument has yet to come into general use, and that the existing system is a non-conductor to the wires.

As far as *Mr. Punch* can see, the chief object of the officials entrusted with the telegraphs is to discourage the transmission of messages. The plan is to make as much fuss as possible, and to insist upon the observance of details with the same pedantic precision as if a request to your wife at Brighton to secure a bed for SMITH, who is coming down with you, was to be registered amid the archives of the nation. Then the niggardly, petty-tradesman-like way in which an extra word is made the excuse for an extra demand of money, gives a meanness to the whole affair. Add, that the prices are already far too high, and that, generally speaking, the manners of the electric shopmen impress you with their conviction that they are really doing you a great favour in selling you a pint of electric fluid, though really the barman who pulls at his ivory handle and draws you his fluid (when you refresh yourself between the acts of *Norma*) is just as much entitled to give himself airs of importance.

MR. BROWN meets MR. JONES, salutes him by the title of old fellow, and also characterises him as a pretty fellow. JONES demands the meaning of the ironical compliment. BROWN, with Anglo-Saxon frankness, explains that both he and MRS. BROWN are perfectly savage with MR. JONES for never coming near them. JONES, desirous to abate their fury, asks when they will be at home and give a fellow a knife and fork. BROWN says there is no time like the present—he is at Dartford, in Kent, with MRS. B. If JONES will go down with him by the 5.30 train, they will give him dinner, a cigar, and a bed, and they can come up together in the morning. JONES assents, and goes off in a Hansom to pack his carpet bag, BROWN remarking that he will let the missis know. For MRS. BROWN, though the kindest, smilingest little thing in the world, has a matronly liking for knowing when an addition is to be made to her dinner-table, and *Mr. Punch* would not give twopence for any wife who has not, or for any husband who does not—if he can—gratify that liking.

Plungeth MR. BROWN through the swinging gin-palace doors of the electric fluid shop, and going up to one of the pawnbrokerly boxes, tears down a form, and writes:—

LOVING TODDLUMS.—OLD CHARLEY JONES IS COMING DOWN WITH ME TO DINE AND SLEEP. SALMON, IF YOU CAN. ICE.—YOUR AFFECTIONATE DODDLEKINS.

"There," says MR. BROWN, "send that to Dartford. How much?" The shopman takes the paper without a word, and reads it over. MR. BROWN suddenly recollects that the familiar epithets of his note were not exactly intended to be reviewed by an uninterested clerk, and he feels rather absurd.

"Put in your name and address, and the name and address of the person to whom the message is to be sent."

MR. BROWN obeys the command, and writes "JOSEPH BROWN, 13, Lauristina Villas, Clapton."

"That won't do," dictates the other. "Put figures in words. Can't you read the directions?"

"Blessed nonsense!" mutters MR. BROWN; but he writes "thir-

teen," and his wife's address at Dartford. The young gentleman behind the counter begins to count the words.

"Seven shillings."

"Seven shillings!" echoes MR. BROWN, remembering that this sum would pay for the salmon and the ice, and leave something in hand. "How do you make that out? I thought you charged half-a-crown a message; and that is eightpence too much."

"Half-a-crown for twenty words," explains the clerk.

"Oh!—Ah!—Well, give us hold. Why, I have only made twenty-two. Let's knock out 'old'—he isn't old, for that matter. And we'll knock out 'if you can;' she won't get it if she can't, that's certain. There now, there are only eighteen words."

"Eighteen!" echoes the clerk. "There are thirty-two."

"What, do you charge for the address?"

"Can't go without an address, can it?"

"Well, no; but it's precious shabby. But look here—you don't want my address—my wife's is all that's needful."

"The rule is that you give both."

"But the addresses make thirteen words out of the twenty."

"They make fifteen." And he counts the words to MR. BROWN.

"Why, you are counting the printed words 'To' and 'From.' They don't go into the message; they are only directions to yourselves, inserted for your own convenience."

"Those are our rules, Sir. You need not send the message unless you like."

"I am aware of that, young man," says MR. BROWN, who has an Englishman's distaste for being bullied at a bureau. "But I do like, and I shall cut it down to twenty words."

"Cut away," says the clerk, walking off.

"Five words. Well, I am bless'd!" says BROWN, but we'll do it. Out with loving TODDLUMS, she knows I know she's loving. Out with old, as I said. Out with CHARLEY, she knows which JONES I'd bring down. Out with the coming to sleep, she knows I shouldn't let him go away. She'd think of fish, out with the salmon, but women never think of ice. Stop, I have it. Out with her affectionate DODDLEKINS, she knows that. Here you are, young gentleman, and there's your half-crown.

"JONES TO DINNER. SALMON, ICE."

"Fifteen the address, that makes twenty. Four and Sixpence."

"What—after all the cuttings? What the deuce do you mean?" says BROWN, waxing wrath.

"Porterage, a shilling."

"Why, it's only five minutes walk from the railway. And you ought to deliver the message you undertake to deliver."

"That is the charge."

"And what's the other shilling?"

"Why, you see, our line does not run into that one exactly, so the other fine make a charge at the break."

"By Jove," says MR. BROWN, furiously crumpling up his manuscript, "sooner than submit to your extortion, JONES shall take his chance of potluck." And he strides through the gin-palace doors in a rage.

It must be satisfactory to a benevolent mind to be informed that dear little MRS. BROWN was not at all put out, but having been watching with a telescope for the stoppage of the train at Dartford, made out MR. JONES, and long before he and BROWN came up, she had secured the last piece of salmon which GRILSE the fishmonger had got, and also sixpennyworth of ice, and was ready with her smiles as they turned the corner. But no thanks to the Electric Telegraph.

THE JOSEPH HUME PORTRAIT.

MRS. HUME has been presented with the portrait of her husband, the patriotic, unflinching JOSEPH. He has already been forty-three years in parliament, a sentinel over the public purse. May he stand a century so! The portrait is a capital likeness, subscribed to by men of all parties, from COBDEN, of the West Riding, to DISRAELI, JOSEPH'S politically prodigal godson, almost of Marylebone. LORD RUSSELL made a capital speech, on presenting the portrait, and brave old JOSEPH warmed into pathos in his reply. A portrait to the senator's wife carried a happy thought with it! So many public men have, as CASTLEREAGH said, "turned their backs upon themselves," that to paint their portraits, would be to paint them backwards. Again, so many men have been so purely self-seeking in all their doings, that for them the fittest testimonial would be, duly framed in brass, the smallest pocket-mirror.

The New Minister of War.

This appointment was decidedly necessary, as there has been nothing of the kind hitherto in the present Ministry. We suppose the DUKE of NEWCASTLE was appointed Minister of War in express contradiction to LORD ABERDEEN, who is too generally looked upon as England's MINISTER OF PEACE.



THE SHOOTING SEASON.

SELLING OUT.

A Question. "MY GOOD FELLOW, I THINK I SHALL SELL OUT. WILL YOU BUY MY COMMISSION? HAVE IT A BARGAIN."

An Answer. "WHY, THANK'EE, OBLIGED FOR THE OFFER; BUT THE FACT IS, ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN 'CUSTOMED TO THE SOCIETY OF GEN'L'MEN."



THE SHOOTING SEASON.

Bull (a Suspicious old Dog). "NOW THEN, GENTLEMEN, COME ON—DON'T KEEP ME POINTING ALL DAY!"

BREAKING UP.

(Song for Mr. SPEAKER.)

BREAK up the House,
No more of your mag;
Away to the grouse,
With a gun and a bag.

No more prose and plod
On each wearisome theme;
Take your line and your rod,
And be off to the stream.

Fling blue books aside,
And throw up all reports,
Mount your horses and ride;
You're dismissed to your sports.

Go out in your yachts,
Having cut your debates;
Visit famed foreign spots,
Or your country estates.

By inhaling fresh air
In your drive, ride, or walk,
You the breath may repair
Which you've wasted in talk.



THE PERPETUAL YOUTH OF THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

It appears from the Census, that the people of Great Britain are the youngest people in the world. We are not surprised at this result, and indeed we only wonder that there is any woman in England above the age of thirty, which we are convinced would have been impossible, had the ladies been left to make their own returns. We have had a striking proof of the numerical strength of the Young England party, to which it seems that nearly the whole of the fair sex belongs. There is such a tendency to youth in our female population that we find them ranging themselves under the different heads of "children," "girls," "infants," "maidens," and "young women," as if juvenility were a luxury to be enjoyed under as many different denominations as possible. We verily believe that if the women had their own way, they would never adopt the epithet "old," should they even live to be a hundred, and that they would class themselves in the category of "second childhood" rather than admit their arrival at the stage of anility. Such is the female horror of the vale of years, that a woman would sooner declare herself to be in her dot-age, than to have reached that "certain age" which any figure above thirty is supposed to indicate.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?—A Friend is one who jumps down, and puts on the drag, when he finds that you are going down hill too fast.

A VOICE FROM STOKE POGIS.

STOKE POGIS has long been a name familiar to our ears, but we should as soon have expected to hear of any one having extracted a pint of pea soup from a paving stone as of any one having victimised Stoke Pogis by a misappropriation of the funds of its charities. We always regarded the Stoke Pogians as a mild and simple people, rich in nothing but their parish pump, their public pound, and their private virtues. It seems, however, that Stoke Pogis possesses a charity, known as LORD HASTINGS'S HOSPITAL, designed for the reception and maintenance of three poor men and three poor women. Of course the charity had a Master, who was of course a clergyman, who ought to have read prayers in the chapel, but who, on receiving a rather disagreeable visit the other day from MR. INSPECTOR SKIRROW, admitted that for some years he had read prayers in his own dining-room. This led to an inquiry, what had become of the chapel, when

"The Master stated, in answer to questions from the Inspector, that the reason why service had not been performed in the chapel for many years back was because it was totally unfit for church service; but he admitted that during that time he has used the chapel as a private apartment for the convenience of his family.

"The Inspector inquired to what particular use the chapel had been applied.

"The Master said that it had been carpeted and furnished for the use of his governess and children, and that he had also kept in it barrels of beer, sacks of beans bran &c."

The chapel seems to have been devoted to the good things of this life rather than to any preparation for the next, and the Reverend Master appears to have used it for stowing away together his beer, his children, his beans, and his governess.

A perusal of the statutes at the inquiry before the Inspector must have somewhat confounded the Reverend Master, who was bound by the 20th statute to have presented a pair of shoes and 6s. 8d. once a year to the visitors; but "those gentlemen then present," says the report, "declared that they had never received either during their term of office, so that the charity was in large arrears to them on that head."

We recommend the Reverend Master to contract immediately with some cheap shoe shop for a large supply of highlows, to enable him at once to put this part of the awkward affair on a somewhat better footing. From such arduous duties as he had to perform, which consisted of reading prayers in his own dining-room, the Master was glad to escape for six weeks in each year, "during which," said the Commissioner, "the Master let the house for four guineas a week, and did not appoint a *locum tenens*." We have heard a great deal of the abuse of charities, but it was reserved for Stoke Pogis to supply an instance of a Reverend Master having converted a public hospital into a private lodging-house.

The number of inmates had been reduced from six to four, whose magnificent "maintenance" consisted of "seven half-quarters of bread and one and a half of flour every fourteen days for the whole." The vegetables they had the glorious privilege of cultivating in the garden "at their own expense," and they were allowed a shilling a week each for meat, which at the present price, would give them about nine ounces on Sunday, none on Monday and Tuesday, nine ounces on Wednesday, and none on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. The poor creatures were called in and examined, when, as might have been expected from the possession of spirits broken by semi-starvation, "they had no cause of complaint, except the deficiency of meat"—or in other words they had no fault to find with their maintenance except that they were half-famished.

It is to be hoped that the "visit" which has been paid to LORD HASTINGS'S HOSPITAL at Stoke Pogis will not prove a mere formal visit, but that there will be no ceremony whatever in causing the restitution of the funds of the institution to their legitimate objects.

"Get thee to a Nunnery," &c. &c.

THE Queen of Spain wishes that "a thick veil be thrown over the dissensions of the present struggle." We think it would be all the better for Spain, and that it would be the quickest way of putting an end to its dissensions, if the Queen Mother were to take the veil, though we doubt if a nunnery could be found in the world that would consent to receive CHRISTINA.

A JOURNEY WITHOUT END.—Entering upon an argument with a metaphysician is like getting into an omnibus; you know where you start from, but it's impossible to tell where it will carry you.

PUSEYITE MUSICAL TEACHER.—A Reverend Gentleman, who is about shortly to start for Rome, and is possessed of a good Organ, will be happy to give young ladies who are in the habit of attending St. Barnabas, and St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, a few lessons in the difficult art of clerical singing. Intoning taught in all its fashionable branches. Terms, including the Use of the Responses, Ten Guineas for half-a-dozen lessons. Testimonials from MR. BENNETT, MARIO, FORMES, the BISHOP OF LONDON, and some of our most accomplished Singers at Concerts, and the Opera. N.B.—Candidates finished for the Puseyite Pulpit, according to the latest *Mode de Belgravia*. Smart young boys trained for the censor and procession business, and an active candle-snuffer wanted with a high tenor voice. Ladies' Schools attended within ten miles of the Aristocracy, and music for ecclesiastical evening parties provided at the shortest notice. Address to Monkshood, S. BARNABAS.



DELIGHTFUL OUT-DOOR EXERCISE IN WARM WEATHER.

RUNNING AFTER "ANOTHER FOUR!" AT CRICKET, AMIDST DERISIVE SHOUTS OF "NOW THEN, BUTTER-FINGERS!"—"OH! OH!"—"THROW IT IN! LOOK SHARP!"—"QUICK! IN WITH IT!" &c. &c.

AN IMPROVEMENT ON EARLY CLOSING.

THE late closing of shops has been found to lead to the early close of the existence of shopmen. Humanity has therefore demanded that the shutters should be put up betimes, in order that the eyelids may not be sealed prematurely, and that the gas should be turned off at a reasonable hour to prevent an untimely extinction of the vital spark. Humanity has had one of these demands partially complied with; but not the other. The shutters are pretty generally up about eight, but the gas is not out till nine or ten. These observations are especially applicable to drapery establishments; where counters have to be cleared, windows undressed, and dummies, in many instances, put to bed; the young men and apprentices doing the work of the nurse, and being detained by that labour an hour or two after shop has been shut.

We gather these facts from an "Appeal on behalf of the young Men of Scarborough," which those young men have published, and we are happy to find that they have something to say for themselves. What they have to say, in addition to the facts above-mentioned, is, that if purchasers would, if possible, never "shop after an hour before closing time," this forbearance would allow them time for putting the shop and accounts to rights, and for taking needful recreation thereafter. So that, if shops close at eight, and you want a pocket-handkerchief, go and buy it at or before seven—if you can. If your pocket has been picked, and you have a cold, that is another matter. On such an emergency, the shopman will serve you gladly. "In those cases," the "Appeal" assures us, "no want of polite attention, on the part of the young men, would be experienced." We do not doubt that. We do not question that there would be an excess of polite attention. We are even sure that the young men who sold the handkerchief would have the superfluous politeness to say, "Any other article to-night?" We object to that question. It ought never to be capable of being put. "Any other article to-day?" there is no objection to, except that it is surplusage—and a query which bores. But to-night? No other article to-night that will stand over till to-morrow; no article of any sort but the article in the evening paper! We know our old friend Mrs. HARRIS will quite agree with us in this sentiment; and we are sure we feel, equally with that estimable lady, the force of the following passage of the "Appeal":—

"We might appeal to the religious, on the ground that these young persons rarely, for a large portion of the year, have the opportunity of attending any religious week-day service. To the moral, on the impossibility of the feelings being rightly cultivated

NICHOLAS TO HIS PILLOW.

My peaceful pillow, ah, how sweet
On thee my head to lay
And think in my imperial seat
What work I've done to day!

How many a head on earth there rests
Just now, as mine on thee,
Of men with bullets in their breasts
My people shot for me!

To-morrow morn, refreshed by sleep,
I hope once more to rise;
But their repose will be too deep
To let them ope their eyes.

Should I ne'er wake on earth again
Where am I like to go?
Not, surely, after such a reign
As mine has been, below!

New Military Forces.

News from St. Petersburg tells us that two battalions of skaters have been formed at Cronstadt. When winter comes, they are to act upon the ice. We have also heard that a self-taught engineer of Aberdeen has submitted to our impetuous Premier the model of a gun capable of being loaded with snow-balls, to act against the skaters aforesaid. Further intelligence states that the KING OF PRUSSIA, to show his sympathy with his royal brother-in-law, and to act in concert, as occasion may serve, with the Imperial Cronstadt Skaters, has originated and drilled a new Prussian force, to be called the Royal Berlin Backsliders.

where there is so little opportunity for social intercourse, and where the whole of youthful energy is expended in the service of Mammon; and to the friends of Education, because the intellectual faculties cannot be improved when both mind and body are exhausted with the long hours and fatigues of the day."

The foregoing passage suggests an admirable expedient for keeping young men out of pleasure grounds and parks on a Sunday, to those who consider that a desirable object. By abstinence from late shopping you will give them time for recreation on working days, and in so far prevent them from desecrating the Sabbath by excursions, or perhaps, by what must be considered almost as bad, by drunkenness.



COSTUME OF A FRENCH OFFICER IN PURSUIT OF
"GIBIER" AT SHUMLA.



Stout Party (log.). "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR! WHERE CAN THAT STUPID DOG HAVE GOT TO?"

BEHIND THE SHUTTERS.

"My dear, these peas have no flavour."

"Not a bit, my love."

"You might as well eat bran, my dear."

"Just as well; but—no matter—I'll give it 'em. It's very provoking, my love, but—set your mind at rest—I'll give it 'em as they never had it."

Green peas are a sweet thing; like green youth; it is a pity they should ever be spoiled. Our esteemed friend, MR. DEWLAP—(no man as a Christian was prouder of the beauty of his pew in the Church of St. Oil-cum-Honey than DEWLAP)—our esteemed friend, we say, was particularly fond of green peas, and in the course of a tolerably long and to himself extremely useful life, he had so educated his palate—and what it had cost for its education not he himself could tell!—that with the first green pea he could pretty well tell the hour when it was plucked; whether at sunrise or sun-down; the precise time, too, when the pea was shelled, whether a certain number of hours before dinner; or whether, a few timely minutes before they were dropt into the pot. Now, as the Sunday—it was a beautiful Sunday late in June—on which MR. DEWLAP condemned the peas as being of no better flavour than bran, he had been much comforted by a sermon under the roof of Oil-cum-Honey, preached by the REVEREND JOSHUA STICKLEBACK in denunciation of Sunday bakings. A shoulder of mutton dripping upon the under kidneys was a fearful type of what the consumers thereof in this world might—upon his authority—take it upon themselves to expect upon the coals. MR. DEWLAP dropt a five-shilling-piece in the plate that day; and MRS. DEWLAP observed to more than one friend in the church-porch that they had been edified by a most sweet discourse. When the Government wanted a bishop—she spoke in a whisper—she only hoped that the Government would take its staff, and make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Oil-cum-Honey.

The next day, MRS. DEWLAP's brougham stopped, with almost ominous emphasis, at the door of POTTLES, flourishing fruiterer and greengrocer; for the DEWLAPS dwelt in the beautiful suburban village of Tomfitfield. Nevertheless, the shop of POTTLES might have fairly held up its head even in Covent Garden; it was so rosy with fruit; and so fresh, so cool with the freshest and coolest of vegetables.

MRS. DEWLAP, having nothing to do, would always overwork herself by causing herself to be driven to her own tradesfolk. She only dealt with people of unimpeachable character—in so far as that could be for their station,—but how was she to know who was who, unless she personally bent the whole powers of her intellect to the inquiry? Hence, MRS. DEWLAP drew up at the door of POTTLES.

In one moment POTTLES was at the door of the brougham.

"MR. POTTLES, those peas you sent in yesterday"—

"Yes, my lady?"

"They were like bullets. You'll not contradict it, bullets."

"Quite fresh, my lady. Picked on Saturday morning, and shelled the very last thing over night."

"Shelled over night!" exclaimed MRS. DEWLAP, astounded by the intelligence. "And do you think, MR. POTTLES, that you can dare to hope to continue to serve me with peas shelled over night?"

"Shouldn't do it, of course, my lady," said POTTLES, who began to feel all his guilt coming upon him, falling from the avenging brow of MRS. DEWLAP—"shouldn't do it of course, except on a Saturday night."

"And wherefore on a Saturday night?" asked the lady.

"Why, my lady, because you know we don't keep open any time of a Sunday."

"I should suppose not; or do you suppose I would lay out a penny with an infidel? But if you do close on a Sunday, and have to supply me with peas, can't you, at the last minute, shell them behind the shutters?"

POTTLES was weak—POTTLES was money-making—POTTLES was afraid of losing his custom. He had already been threatened with a rival. What was to be done?

We cannot answer—that is, not for the very truth. But it is said that never again did MR. or MRS. DEWLAP complain of insipid Sunday peas. They asked no questions. POTTLES' Sabbath shutters were, as ever, closed; but who can tell what things were shelled behind the shutters?

Next Parliament, MR. DEWLAP intends to be returned for the Borough of Coseysoul; if only, as he has been heard to declare, to lift his voice against the unhallowed Bill of JOSEPH HUME—of the infidel who would open the British Museum and the National Gallery after the hours of church.

Perhaps, however, MR. DEWLAP may be brought to a compromise: he may vote for the measure, with the amendment, that what is to be seen may be exhibited—behind the shutters.

THE GALLANT FORTY-SIXTH.

HURRAH for British bravery, for gallantry and worth!
Three cheers for English officers and gentlemen by birth!
The honour of the army is not an idle boast;
Fill high the pewter-pot—fill high—the Forty-sixth we toast.

What noble deeds of chivalry the Forty-sixth have done!
How gallantly ten officers have persecuted one!
What brilliant feats of daring! honour to him who led
The six or eight who went to pull one ensign out of bed.

What valour and what bravery the Forty-sixth displayed,
When on each other's bedroom doors a grand attack they made;
When officers and gentlemen came to decisive blows,
Banging each other gallantly about the eyes and nose.

What bold and skilful strategy the Forty-sixth employed,
How cleverly the enemy was harassed and annoyed!
What splendid engineering! what tactics can compare,
With throwing all the bed-clothes into the barrack-square!

The boldness of the Forty-sixth! how gloriously rash!
What recklessness of character—what recklessness of cash!
How heedlessly the officers a sacrifice can make
Of fame and money—turning both into a gambler's stake.

'Tis true that England is at war, but who can with her cope
When to the Forty-sixth she points—part of her pride and hope?
No wonder that the world in arms she boastingly defies,
While she upon her "officers and gentlemen" relies.

Let's own that with the Forty-sixth no other can compare;
That in the British army its qualities are rare;
Upon itself alone, 'tis right, its character should fix;
Let's strike from out the Army List the number *Forty-six*.

Physic for the Enemy.

A CONTEMPORARY lately stated that the Government has been engaged in trying antimonial balls. It is necessary to observe that the balls in question were cannon-balls; otherwise it might be surmised that the War-Office authorities must have made themselves ill. The advantage of these balls consists in breaking when they strike their mark, and flying to pieces: thus flinging in all directions lumps of metal, which, being antimony, are of course calculated to give all within the sphere of their destructiveness a regular sickener.

AN INVARIABLE RULE.—Let the wittiest thing be said in society, there is sure to be some fool present, who, "for the life of him, cannot see it."

GRAND FANCY FAIR

FOR THE BENEFIT OF DESTITUTE BARRISTERS AND BARRISTERS' CLERKS.



THE Bar of England having been for months past in a state of the greatest destitution, a few generous individuals have succeeded in getting up a Fancy Fair for the relief of those Barristers and Barristers' Clerks who happen to be reduced to the last extremity of briefdom.

The Proprietors of Her Majesty's Theatre presented the Committee with the free use of the Theatre.

Yesterday this Grand Fancy Fair took place. Never did the beautiful building look to so much advantage! The large chandelier was decorated with handsome bunches of red tape,

from which hung playfully huge clusters of legal seals. The effect at a distance was excessively grand.

At the back of the stage was observed a most elegant illumination. It consisted simply of three large letters, "L. A. W." Many a legal bosom throbbed with feelings of honest pride on beholding those three significant letters, shining, as they were, in jets of the most brilliant gas, and entwined, as they always have been, in their associations with three other letters, not less potent or glittering in their eyes—"E. S. D."

In honour of the occasion, the playbills were printed on the backs of old deeds and writs. This touching compliment seemed to affect sensibly some of the oldest veterans of the Bar. One aged junior was carried out in tears.

The Band of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum was in attendance, and played some of their most favourite tunes.

At the door were stationed two venerable QUEEN'S Counsel, who had formerly enjoyed the largest practice, but who were now reduced to such a pitiable state that they were compelled for their living to write for the Magazines. Their wigs, round which was wreathed a strip of black crape, were pulled over their eyes, and in their hands they held blue bags, which were turned upside down, with their mouths gaping hungrily open, as though apparently they were seeking whom they could devour. Behind these two veterans stood their two Clerks, thin and mouldy-looking, holding up their fee-books, which presented as melancholy a blank as their countenances. From the books were suspended large placards of brief paper, on which was written, in a fine law-copyist's hand, the plaintive announcement of "WE ARE STARVING."

Over the portico was a transparency of LORD ELDON. The worthy Chancellor was represented before the celebrated Turnstile in Holborn, pondering on which side he should go through.

The front of the boxes was hung with the handsome material from which the silk gowns of Counsel are generally made. This material was of the very finest texture. The refreshment-rooms were decorated with the common stuff that juniors delight in, but this was fluted most elegantly, or arranged with great taste into fanciful festoons. The cushions were all covered with serge of a warm legal buff, somewhat similar to the colour of the usual bilious binding of law books.

The general effect of the theatre was quiet, but imposing.

The principal stalls were held by dignitaries, whose names have always been dear to the legal heart: MR. JOHN DOE, opposite to whom we noticed MR. RICHARD ROE, attended on this occasion at great personal inconvenience to themselves. They appeared in good health, and many were the regrets heard that they had retired so early from a profession they had so long adorned with their valuable presence. They sold a number of articles, and the rivalry between the two gentlemen, as to which of the two should obtain the greater number of victims, was excessively keen and amusing.

MONS. ROBERT MACAIRE (of the French Bar) came purposely all the way from Paris. His stall was excessively patronised. His *portemonnaies*, which were no sooner full than, by a *coup de main*, they were empty again, had an enormous sale. A Lease, too, that wouldn't hold water, amused the spectators exceedingly; and a good-natured Farmer, who was persuaded to become the temporary holder of one, caused

considerable amusement, in which the Lord Chancellor who was present with his mace, joined most heartily.

A couple of stalls were held by the former managers of two Italian Opera Houses. Their contributions to the day's receipts must have been far from contemptible. They waged a fierce war all the time about a trumpety bird (supposed to be a Prussian Lark), that kept flying backwards and forwards from one to the other, and which neither of them could catch. The burden of this bird's song was "England is only to be valued for its money," and it was a burden that seemed to weigh excessively heavy upon the recollection of many a poor broken-down barrister present.

A picturesque model of a House in Chancery excited a great deal of admiration, and some pretty reduced copies of the same, with the windows smashed exactly after nature, found ready purchasers.

It was the subject of general remark, that at this legal Fancy Fair, as at all others, "no change was given." A bank note once parted with, no matter what its amount, was immediately appropriated to the benefit of the fund, and the owner, as though he had been entering on a Chancery Suit, never saw any of his property back again.

The proceedings terminated with the Band playing the well-known air of the "Rogue's March," (during which, all the Lawyers present uncovered) and the popular tune of "That's the way the money goes." The latter was the signal for every one to button up his pockets, and to hurry away as fast as possible.

The attendance was extremely select and respectable. MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP walked through the hall in the course of the day. No Sheriff's Officers were admitted.

The day's receipts must have been enormous. MONS. ROB. MACAIRE alone took upwards of £200. It is to be regretted, however, that it is always a matter of the greatest difficulty to get any accounts from that honourable gentleman. The difficulties on this occasion have been rather increased than lessened. In the meantime, the Committee declare that what little money they took was bad, and in fact, they maintain that they are out of pocket by the whole affair. But this statement is stoutly disputed, and there is a strong hope that the entire matter will be thrown into Chancery. In this latter event, the claims of the charity will not be exactly defeated, as the litigation of the case, should it once find its way into Chancery, will fortunately provide employment for several years to come to several of our most distinguished, but at present half-starving members of the Bar.

P.S. MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP have just received retainers in behalf of the Destitute Barristers and their unfortunate Clerks. The Charity is in Chancery! The infamous robbers of the Destitute will not be allowed to keep all the spoil to themselves.

AN ELEVATED COURT CIRCULAR.

(From our Prussian Gubernouche.)

HIS MAJESTY awoke this morning with his usual headache.

After an ineffectual attempt at shaving, in which his Majesty severely cut himself (owing, it was said, to the bluntness of the razor) his Majesty was at once attended to the breakfast-room, where, however, he, as usual, found he had no appetite. By the advice of his physician a bottle of soda-water was immediately administered, and the King shortly afterwards took his prescribed walking exercise upon the terrace.

By lunch time his Majesty was sufficiently recovered to enjoy his usual two bottles of champagne, after which he found himself in a condition to attend to business. Some important state matters being summarily disposed of, the King's attention was directed to the Eastern question, which, with some facetiousness, he remarked he really couldn't answer. It being afterwards announced that the French and English ambassadors had urgently solicited an audience, his Majesty was graciously pleased to observe that they might call again to-morrow.

Immediately his Ministers retired, the King held a private interview with his butler, with whom he remained closeted for upwards of an hour. There is no reason to believe that the conference was otherwise than of an agreeable nature, although his Majesty appeared a little flushed and excited after it.

There was no addition to the royal dinner to-day, with the exception of a few extra bottles of champagne, of which his Majesty partook with his accustomed freedom, and was carried to bed somewhat earlier than usual.

Antidote to Clicquot.

WE understand that MR. SAINSBURY, the eminent manufacturer of soda-water, has received a large order for that article from Berlin. In connection with this intelligence, it is reported that an eminent German chemist and physician has been presented by the KING OF PRUSSIA with a handsome gold medal, in acknowledgment of a memoir which the Professor had the honour of submitting to his Majesty on the subject of ammonia, particularly considered as a remedial agent in relation to the effects of inebriety.



Tourist expostulates: "OH—H, COME! THEM SEEGAR IS POOR LE—LE—LE—FOOMIGASEONG DE MOR—MEM—YER POOL!"

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

By a letter which may doubtless be accepted as a letter of credit, it would really seem that the Seat of War just now might be more correctly described as the Seat of Hunger, so far at least as the British Army is concerned. The General in chief command there appears to be a GENERAL FAST, and whenever a vacancy occurs in anybody, there seems to be no one appointed to fill it. Dating from "the Camp at Monastir," the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* observes:

"It may sound strange, and perhaps appear incredible to people at home, but still it is a fact that the troops out here in Bulgaria are half starving. Whatever provision may have been made for the food of the troops, I believe there is not a single man, not a general officer, in the Camp at M. nastir, who will dare to assert that the rations served out to the men are sufficient for their maintenance. * * * The men have grown so thin that their muscles are in an alarming state of softness. I felt the arms and legs of many, and those not men who were on the Sick List, and I was quite startled by their leanness, and the unhealthy relaxed condition of their muscles."

We surely cannot expect much service of a man if we deny him acquaintance with the dinner service, and although our soldiers are in general obedient to command, it is surely quite preposterous to bid them "stand at ease" upon an empty stomach. The nature of the military man of course abhors a vacuum as much as that of any other; and although you may restrict him to "regulation stint" of food, you cannot guarantee him "regulation stint" of appetite. If the present almost Total Abstinence System be adhered to, we shall find our ranks thinned by famishing before they come to fighting, and our artists will be sending home sketches of the emaciated English, lying in the *pose* of the London Street Professional, and chalking "I am Starving" on the Varna pavement.

Seriously, though, something must be done to alter this "empty state" of things, or in speaking of our forces we shall be reduced eventually to call them our weaknesses.

THE TURKISH MUSEUM.

(By one who has not seen it.)

We made sure that this Museum had a political meaning hidden inside it, and that it would be full of political subjects that of late have been a great deal talked about, but which none of us have seen.

However, we will describe the building as we expected to have found it:—

CASE I. "The *Homme Malade*."—In this case is shown a full-length view of the present SULTAN, in a very prostrate condition lying helpless on the Ottoman. A Russian doctor, not unlike the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, is in attendance upon him, about to apply some very severe remedies for his restoration. Whilst engaged in bleeding him at the extremities, his hand is also raised against the SULTAN, as if in the act of levelling a blow upon his crown. Two figures, attired in English and French military costume, are rushing in at the back, with the intention, apparently, of averting the blow.

CASE II. "The *Emperor's Ultimatums*."—This is not a very interesting compartment, consisting merely of heavy bundles of paper, each one being marked "Ultimatum." There must be several hundreds of these Ultimatums, and they fill a space somewhat larger than the Queen's box at the Italian Opera.

CASE III. "The *Battles of the Allies*."—There is nothing in this case as yet; a donkey race with English officers, and that is all.

CASE IV. "The *Seat of War*."—This Seat is an Ottoman, that apparently has been very much put upon. An English and French General are extended at full length upon the Seat fast asleep.

CASE V. "The *Protector of the Holy Places*."—A tall military-looking figure, with long moustaches and spurs, entering a mosque, and carrying off the plate under the cloak of Religion. The cloaked figure bears an ugly resemblance to the Czar of all the Russias.

CASE VI. "A *Jar of Caviare*."—Captured by the English at Odessa.

CASE VII. "Sebastopol Taken"—in French Chalks by LIEUTENANT O'REILLY.

CASE VIII. "A *Copy of the Queen's Speech*"—in which the English Government is congratulated by HER MAJESTY upon Silistria having been so gallantly defended—by the Turks.

CASE IX. "The *Panorama of the Danube*"—particularly those memorable spots at which the Allies rendered such valuable service to the Turks in their engagements against the Russians.

CHARACTER OF THE WAR.—We read long accounts of the *Fury* doing wonders in the Sound. The whole expedition to the Baltic might be aptly described as "Sound and *Fury*, signifying nothing."

SINGULAR UNITY IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.



Our astonishment is always great at the small number of "killed" in the Russian Returns. In many instances, they have been literally "next to nothing," as the saying is, for they have actually not exceeded one. The fact is, NICHOLAS wished by so low a figure to convey a high notion of the courage of his army; and though, it was true, several thousands had perished, still he was confident that, inspired by the "orthodox faith," they had all fought and died with the heroism of one man. That was the reason he would never allow the Deaths to exceed

that number. "Where there was but one heart and one soul," he would frequently say, "there could not possibly be more than one body."

A New Cloak.

A NEW military garment has been registered under the name of the "COURT-MARTIAL CLOAK." The object of this new martial cloak is to screen superior officers, and to save them on all occasions from public exposure. It has been tried in one or two regiments, and has been found to cover Majors and Captains with the greatest ease and comfort, but, if applied to the shoulders of a poor Lieutenant, it shrunk immediately, and did not afford him the least protection. N.B. One trial (at Windsor, or elsewhere) will prove the fact.

The Proofs of Popery.

An advertisement states that

"The FIRST PROOFS OF CARDINAL WISEMAN are now ready for delivery."

We should like to see them. We have carefully weighed CARDINAL WISEMAN'S arguments, but we never discovered anything like proof in them.

SHOULD THIS CATCH THE EYE OF A POLICEMAN, it is to tell him that I am going out of town, and that during my absence, which will be for six weeks or thereabouts, my cook and all my servants will be upon Board Wages, so that what he eats will be at their expense, and not at mine.

Smith Square, Smithfield.

(Signed) JOHN SMITH.

VULGAR TRUISMS.



Hall-looking friend at Cremorne, it is always "the first time that he has ever been there."
A man's ruin is never the result of his own folly—it is sure to be the fault, or treachery, of some one else.

The man who neglects himself is sure in time to be neglected by others.
In fashionable society nothing promotes conversation so much as "a little music."
Ladies who "never eat suppers," generally eat the most.

OUR EXCURSIONIST ON SUNDAY.

THE proverb that Necessity is the mother of Invention, was illustrated last Sunday by the devices adopted by the Excursionists to provide themselves with that needful refreshment, which, under the agreeable New Beer Bill, they are prevented from obtaining at an inn, not only at unreasonable, but at reasonable hours. Hampers, baskets, barrels, and all manner of vessels capable of transporting liquor, from stone bottles to black jacks, were piled on all the railway platforms and crammed into the carriages; the out-of-town omnibuses and steamers carried similar cargoes: and all the gigs, buggies, dog-carts, taxed carts, and other humble vehicles on the various suburban roads, were laden with the same description of luggage; of which sundry articles were even to be seen strapped upon the top of the neat brougham, or occupying a space in the handsome carriage. The road and the river, in short, presented such an appearance that it might have been supposed that races were going on everywhere, and that the holiday-folks were engaged in the observance of a general Derby.

The subject of this article is in the habit of going for a long walk on Sundays—after one o'clock. This practice is requisite for his bodily health: for his occupation is sedentary, whilst his appetite is keen, and his corpulence, but for taking strong exercise once a week, would be excessive.

He usually extends his walk about Richmond, because in that circuit he passes a number of quiet old houses; and still, shady avenues lie in his way, and other places and objects breathing a spirit of repose that tends to allay the irritation of mind under which, from the contemplation of affairs in general, and especially his own, he generally labours.

About the middle of his journey he usually gets tired; hungry and thirsty always. Among the old houses above mentioned there are some of a public nature. At these he has been in the habit of obtaining rest and refreshment—the latter including a limited quantity of beer. But now their hospitable portals are closed against him on Sunday, and perhaps very soon will be shut on every other day, if gentlemen, who can go to clubs as well as to church, being blest with affluence, and therefore belonging to the better classes, continue to legislate, in their present spirit, for himself and the rest of the worse—that is, the worse-off. The privation which has been thus imposed upon him has exasperated him in the highest degree: for nothing enrages him more than injustice and tyranny, particularly when practised upon himself.

He is a person whose constant and earnest, but, unfortunately, ineffectual desire is to make provision for the future. It was, however, in his power on Sunday last to secure bread and cheese for lunch. He put a moderate loaf of the former and a suitable slice of the latter into a wallet, slung to a shot-belt which he girded himself withal in the usual fashion. On the previous day he had procured a small cask, such as reapers take into the fields: had sent this to "the Jolly Gardeners," and got it filled with strong ale. He strapped this cask to his back, put a horn in his pocket, and, thus accoutred, sallied forth for his customary walk, armed with his trusty cudgel, attended by his faithful dog, followed by a train of admiring youth, and greeted by the smiles of everybody that he met,—except a few ugly and unwholesome-looking fellows in black suits and white stocks, who scowled on him.

It is a wonder, when EVE went out walking, what she did without a parasol.

Women are true to one another in all things but babies, and there it must be confessed they do flatter each other a little bit.

The strongest-minded woman shrinks from being caught in her night-cap.

The one thing in a household that all persons, servants included, take a common interest in is—the Postman's Knock.

The Hen-Pecked Husband is happy enough if he were only left alone, but he generally has some kind friend, who is perpetually urging him "not to stand it."

The man who hesitates between mutton and venison is lost to all sense of the Beautiful.

Ask all the lodging-house keepers—there never was such a thing known in a lodging-house as a Flea!

If you meet an Exeter

He ate his victuals and drank his beer in Richmond Park, by the side of a cool and rippling brook, which sufficed to allay the thirst of his companion, who is a teetotalter,—as, indeed, all but drunken dogs are. His bread and cheese were somewhat dry, to be sure; his ale had become flat, and considerably warmer than was desirable; but hunger is a good sauce, and thirst is not particular. He therefore drained his keg by means of his pocket-horn; and every time he emptied that little vessel he drank the health of the People, and enlightenment to legislators who discourage the recreation which is necessary to it, by depriving us of needful accommodation on our Sunday excursions.

THE RICKETY CABINET.

Shaky and shatter'd 'twas,
Worm-holed and batter'd 'twas,—
Never a trustworthy panel or slab in it;
All sorts of wood it had,
Ne'er a leg good it had,—
Oh! 'twas the fustiest, mustiest Cabinet,—
The craziest, shatter'dest,
Ramshacklest, batter'dest,
Varnishedst, slackest-pegg'd,
Tarnishedst, blackest-legg'd,
Closest-patch'd, crosslest-hatch'd Cabinet!

All had a pull at it;
JOHN BRIGHT went skull at it;
DIZZY each knot-hole and crack tried to nab in it:
Now a leg dropp'd away,
Now one was lopp'd away,—
Till the wonder was how it continued a Cabinet.
The weakest, yet longest-lived,
Slackest, yet strongest-lived;
Making resistance most,
Lacking persistence most,
Never-die, ever-die Cabinet!

Winds whistled through its boards,
Damps warp'd askew its boards,—
There was dry-rot, and mildew, and fungus and scab in it;
Many tongues swore at it,
Many hands tore at it,—
All own'd 'twas shameful to keep such a Cabinet,
So wormy and moth-eaten,
Sluttish and sloth-eaten,
Strange and unshapenly,
Twopenny-halfpenn'ly,
Vamp'd-up and eramp'd-up a Cabinet!

None had a doubt of it,
Foul things crept out of it,
Bred there like moths in a folded-up tabinet;
From the work to the wood in it,
Scarce aught was good in it.
So every one said—yet it served for a Cabinet!
All sighing and squeaking still,
Groaning and creaking still,
Threatening to fall to bits,
Yet shaking all to bits,
Who measured their strength gainst this Cabinet.

Sure its upholsterer
Was a rare bolsterer—
Used to Wardour Street work, and a regular dab
in it,
Who, 'gainst wind and weather,
Still made hang together
Such a set of materials in shape of a Cabinet;
But ours are King Log days;
Else, spite of the dog-days,
And the length of the session
And war-times' depression—
Surely some one could turn out a decenter Cabinet.

NOBLE SACRIFICE.—We know a benevolent old lady, who, ever since she has been told of the great scarcity of paper, has discontinued wearing curlpapers!

JEREMIAH SMITH AND WILLIAM STAGGERS.

(From our own Reporter.)

By a singular coincidence, on the very day that JEREMIAH SMITH, late Mayor of Rye, was welcomed home, on his release from the gaol to which he had been sentenced for perjury, and out of which LORD PALMERSTON mercifully let him, on the ground of SMITH's bad health, the procession, rejoicings, speeches, and other demonstrations of delight at this honourable and triumphant acquittal were paralleled in Whitechapel.

BILL STAGGERS, *alias* JONES, *alias* BROWN, *alias* the VARMINT DODGER, was that morning discharged from the CHESTERTON Hotel, better known to honest folks as the House of Correction. The Varmint had been convicted, at the Clerkenwell Sessions, of knocking down an elderly lady and plundering her of her watch and purse. The compassionate old soul, grateful to Mr. STAGGERS for not actually putting a period to her existence, and thankful that she got back her fat old watch, recommended him so earnestly to mercy (such is the indulgent but illogical manner of women), that he escaped with a sentence of a year's imprisonment; and on its being medically certified to the authorities that the Varmint exhibited tokens of incipient dyspepsia, which might be aggravated by diet he did not like, he was set at liberty, after enduring a portion only of his sentence. His numerous friends and admirers determined to receive him on his extrusion from gaol, and to escort him in triumph to his lodgings, Nine-Eyed-Cat Lane, Garbage Gardens, Whitechapel End.

At least an hour before COLONEL CHESTERTON could make up his mind to part with his interesting guest, two cabs and a cart drew up before the prison, and about a dozen of the culprit's friends alighted. We did not observe any Member of Parliament among them. They disposed of the tedious interval by smoking short pipes, occasionally refreshing themselves with liquors which they had providently brought with them, and otherwise beguiling the time with playful gibes at passers-by, and with sportive announcements, through the little grating of the door, that breakfast was a vaitin and the muffins a gittin cold. At length Mr. STAGGERS was shoved out, and was received with a wild hooray from his enthusiastic friends. He looked exceedingly well, and even clean; but he seemed by no means in a good temper, stared at the surrounding objects rather vacantly, and then intimated that his audience had better stow all nonsense, and eat it. MR. STAGGERS was promptly thrust into a cab, into which five companions followed him, and their united consolations, and those of a bottle of the Ancient Thomas Vintage, which was speedily produced, restored the Varmint to something of his habitual placidity. The bewildered cabman, under a storm of emphatic exhortations from each window, drove frantically to Whitechapel, dashingly followed by the cart. MR. STAGGERS and his friends partook, largely, of a substantial breakfast (furnished by MR. ATCHBONE, of the Harp and Warmingpan, with all his accustomed liberality and taste), and the utmost cordiality and good feeling—relieved from sentimentality by a couple of fights—were the order of the morning.

Breakfast being over, and beer introduced,

MR. JAMES CROWBAR desired to say a few words; and the company promptly requested that they might be very few. He said that their friend STAGGERS had got out of quod, and how and why was nobody's business. There he sat, and there was his good health, and confusion to all Pealers.

MR. STAGGERS did not appear to see any reason for taking further notice of their remarks than by a grunt of satisfaction with the concluding sentiment. But in answer to the general call, he rose and said he was much obliged, and that if anybody thought that locking him up and talking spooney to him was likely to alter him, anybody was not a wise party. (It is possible that our reporter, who was disadvantageously seated on a spike of the area railings, may have done inadequate justice to the force of MR. STAGGERS's eloquence.) He added that he had certainly been led into an error, which he hoped his friends would pardon. An extra touch on the head would have rendered his prosecutrix unable to say much about him; but he admitted that he had been weak. We was all asses at times, but such a mistake should not occur again. He drank all their jolly good healths, and wished that they would be off, for he was uncommon sleepy.

On this hint the party, and a band of Anglo-Ethiopians who had been performing various tunes before the house, in honour of the occasion, received a good many more kicks than halfpence from the dispersing guests. MR. STAGGERS intends, at the earliest vacancy, to offer himself as one of the Churchwardens of Whitechapel.

The Fate of Umbrellas.

WHEN a person is carrying a cotton umbrella, it is, curiously enough, never his own property—he "has just borrowed it from a friend." If our own experience did not tell us a very different story, it would seem as if it fell to the fate of *only cotton umbrellas to be borrowed!*

TEMPERATE ADVICE.

ACCORDING to the latest accounts we have audited, the KING OF PRUSSIA just at present seems behaving like a weathercock. One day he points clearly to the side of England, and the next is found suddenly veering round to Russia.

It is difficult to say what has caused this vacillation, although thanks to the industry and invention of "Our own Correspondents," there have, of course, been many most "authentic" reasons assigned for it. That however which apparently has gained chief credit seems, in our opinion, anything but creditable: for it has been broadly hinted by some narrow-minded *gobemouche*, that His Majesty's unsteadiness is attributable to champagne, through the influence of which the royal mind has gradually become as shaky as his hand.

It is but natural, perhaps, that so exalted a personage should show himself at times a little elevated; but the Sovereign who can so habitually forget himself cannot be regarded but with sovereign contempt. At a juncture like the present, it behoves every Monarch to assume an attitude of firmness, to which champagne is certainly but little conducive: and it must in truth be owned, that by his present course the KING OF PRUSSIA runs the risk of losing his crown—in England he certainly would run the chance of being fined one. In sober seriousness, then, we would advise His Majesty to take the pledge at once, for we cannot but regard his now frequent elevation as the height of imprudence.



Uniform of the Forty-Sixth.

SOME mistake appears to exist about the Guards—a name applied by many people to troops not so calling themselves. Among these may be included the gallant 46th. This now famous corps does not profess to be a regiment of the Guards, but certainly ranks as such in popular estimation. If not disbanded, it will probably obtain the appellation of the Royal 46th Guards (Jet).

AN ILLUMINATED CHURCH.

THE Puseyites have quite a Cossack's love for tallow-candles, and one of the reasons why they use so many of them in their churches—decorating the altar and other places with candles of all sizes—may be, that they hope by so doing to bring the Protestant religion into a state of what is popularly called "sixes and sevens."

WHERE BAD SONS ARE SENT TO.

FORMERLY the Scamp of the Family used to be sent into the Navy; but we should say the system of family transportation was altered now, for, judging from recent Court Martials, all the Scamps must have been sent into the Army.

HAS WOMAN NO CONSCIENCE?

HAS Lovely Woman no conscience? or is it that she never goes wrong in money matters? At all events, let the strange cause be what it may, you never see the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledging "Conscience Money" from a woman!



ON THE MOORS.

Mr. Puff. "MY BIRD, I THINK."

Mr. Muff. "BELONGS TO ME, I FANCY," &c. &c. &c.

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

With halyard and rattlin the wild wind is battling,
The canvass is flapping from yard and from boom;
The hail and the sleet on the sky-lights are brattling,
In the teeth of the gale comes the thunder-cloud's gloom:
On our course as we're bounding, the breakers are sounding,
The water is shoaling beneath the ship's keel;
Ten to one we may touch on the reef we are rounding—
What matter? "Don't speak to the man at the wheel!"

The rising and falling of the wind mocks the bawling
Of the hoarse master's call, through the trumpet conveyed:—
For basins and brandy the passengers calling—
There are orders enough, so they were but obeyed.
Her bows wildly yawing—and madly see-sawing,
Now to starboard, now larboard, haphazard we reel:
To the fatal lee-shore near and nearer we're drawing—
What matter? "Don't speak to the man at the wheel!"

There are sailors aboard her who *could* bring to order
The chaos that reigns both above and below,
But ne'er fash your thumbs: soon the strait will get broader,
And sooner or later the sea down will go:
The helmsman is hoary, well up in his NORIE,*
And all other authors of maritime "skeel,"
But ere we're all sent, by his guidance, to glory—
Mr. Punch begs to "speak to the man at the wheel:"—

"From your dreams, *douce* and dozy, your pilot-coat cozy,
Wake up, ancient mariner—wake while you may;
'Tis a time for brave deeds, not for talk pert and prosy;
There are breakers to baffle and shoals in the way.

* Nantz's Navigation, Sailor's Text-book.

Yet we've strong gales to blow us, a good ship below us,
With a true British crew, hearts of oak, thews of steel;
Only one thing we lack—and that one who will show us?—
Give him space, in your place—'tis "a man at the wheel!"

"Our sires have recorded what a helmsman before did—
They call him 'the pilot who weathered the storm.'
Be his faults what they might, he was bold and unsordid;
Defied Revolution, and longed for Reform;
The seas you are braving are summer-tides laving
Calm shores, to the waves with which he had to deal;
Catch a strain of his courage, and change your behaving,
Or England will soon change "the man at the wheel."

THE WOMEN AND THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

THE Electric Telegraph Company has organised a band of female Clerks to work the Electric Telegraph. It is a happy idea to turn the gentler sex to account by employing the ladies in a task which will give full scope to their love of rapid talking. We have known and (unhappily) heard tongues that can go at a tremendous rate, but to talk as quick as lightning is a luxury that the women have not yet been able to enjoy, and we doubt not that there will be a rush of gratuitous Clerks, when it is generally known that females may have the opportunity of talking by Electric Telegraph. We may expect a great increase of speed from the new arrangement; for if a man can talk at the rate of a thousand miles a minute, it is impossible to say what will be the velocity attained by a woman, who can always run on far beyond the speed of the most rapid male orator.

A SHOT AT THE EAST.—It is, or was till the other day, somewhat absurd to speak of the "Seat of War;" for the War can hardly be said to have a seat while it is at a stand-still.



“YOU ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.”

THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH OFFICER.



Now I'll sing a brand new song made by a practised pate,
Of a fine old English regiment that's in a pretty state;
With a fine old English Colonel who sits up rather late
And drinks his grog, while at the door bullied lieutenants wait,
Like fine young English officers all of the modern time.

The mess-room was a precious mess with bickerings and rows,

And frequently the officers would come to sudden blows;
And one would have a broken head, and one a broken nose,
While now and then a candlestick at somebody there goes:
Mid those fine young English officers all of the modern time.

When off to bed they seem to go they on each other call,
And burst into each other's rooms, and raise a midnight brawl;
Pul'd from his couch a subaltern upon the floor may sprawl,
And out of window goes his bed, sheets, blankets, quilt, and all;
Thrown by these fine young officers all of the modern time.

But fun so fast must have an end, and words may get so high,
That blows will follow, and may leave a mark upon the eye;
Which e'en the Colonel cannot pass wholly unnoticed by,
And a Court Martial must be held, and people will say "Fie!"
On these young English officers all of the modern time.

Now surely when such precious scamps appeared upon parade
As "officers and gentlemen" they were in masquerade;
For such extremely blackguard pranks they never could have played,
If anything like gentlemen they'd been by nature made:
These fine young English officers all of the modern time.

A WORD FOR MR. WALKER.

"*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.*"—MR. VIRGIL.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* complains that MR. WALKER, the famous author of "Gatherings from Graveyards," has been left out in the arrangement of the new Board of Health. As the existence of any Board of Health at all is probably owing to the researches and publications of MR. WALKER, this omission is certainly rather like that of the PRINCE OF DENMARK in the performance of *Hamlet*.

It is true that at the head of the Board we have a very proper man; a man of eminent scientific, as well as administrative ability. For SIR BENJAMIN HALL is something more than a shrewd, and active, and intelligent reformer. He is a man of science, too. Of course he is. Sanitary Reform requires a knowledge of the laws of health and disease; of the relations of the human organisation to surrounding circumstances, and of their agencies upon it: physiology, nosology, chemistry; in all which matters, doubtless SIR BENJAMIN HALL is well versed. The President of the Board of Health must, at least, know as much about the subject of his administration as the President of the Board of Control knows about India. Still, two heads are better than one, and perhaps the sanitary knowledge of SIR BENJAMIN HALL is not quite so perfect as to be incapable of being augmented by any suggestion which he might possibly derive from MR. WALKER.

It is, of course, quite right that the chief of the Board of Health should not be a Physician. The medical faculty is not the faculty of common sense. Therapeutics have nothing to do with hygienics, and the Art of Cure is a different thing from the Science of Prevention. You would not consult the parish Doctor as to the means of keeping well; on that subject you would rather ask the advice of the district Surveyor. Still, MR. WALKER is a man who knows as much about sanitary matters as anybody in London—perhaps not even excepting that eminent man of science, SIR BENJAMIN HALL. He is a gentleman whose public services are vast and unacknowledged, and there is every reason why he should be a member of the Board of Health, except that

he is a Surgeon, and is therefore voted ineligible for "office" by the gentlemen of red tape. It is not wonderful, to be sure, that a prejudice against the medical profession should be entertained by political quacks. Nevertheless, it is carrying this prejudice rather too far to exclude MR. WALKER from the constitution of a Sanitary Board. He is a surgeon—but he is a very able one. Is there no room at the festive Board of Health for MR. WALKER?

SITUATIONS FOR "SOCIETY."

At a highly genteel meeting, numerously attended, and including many distinguished members of the aristocracy, which was held yesterday at JENKINS'S Rooms, to consider the steps which it will be incumbent on society to take in consequence of the system of examinations which not only prevails in the learned professions, but in the Army and Navy, and has now been adopted in the Civil Service, the following resolutions were put and carried:—

Moved by ALGERNON SPRIGGE, and seconded by JESSAMIE PHIPPS, Esqrs.,

That the examinations which it is now necessary to undergo in order to enter any profession, or to obtain any office or situation regarded as suitable to a gentleman, constitute a serious obstacle to the acquisition of that employment which the junior and other less opulent members of society are unfortunately under the necessity of procuring.

Moved by the DUKE OF DUNSINANE, and seconded by the MARQUIS OF GOTHAM,

That the intellectual exertion required to enable a candidate for office, military or civil, to pass the least difficult ordeal to which he could be subjected, is much too severe to be endured by the majority of young gentlemen moving in society who have been educated to fill an employment suitable to their position.

Moved by SIR CHARLES DAWDLE, and seconded by the HON. MR. LOLLINGTON,

That the occupations which have heretofore been considered gentlemanly by Society, must now, on account of the study exacted by them, be regarded as laborious.

Moved by VISCOUNT SIMPER, and seconded by DUDLEY SMIRKE, Esq.,

That the anxiety attendant on the intellectual application involved in preparing for examinations is productive of an uneasy and careworn look, and sometimes of a tendency to frown and stoop, and other ungainly peculiarities, in place of that serenity of aspect and elegance of deportment which have hitherto characterised the majority of those who constitute Society, and are denominated the Superior Classes.

Moved by LORD DRAWLEY, and seconded by CAPTAIN LISP,

That in the opinion of this Meeting it has become necessary for Society to reconsider its estimate of the dignity of avocations and employments, in order to the maintenance and preservation of the principle which ranks as the most honourable those which demand the least industry. And Society is accordingly recommended by this Meeting to stamp with the seal of gentility the situations of shopman, and clerk in a mercantile or lawyer's office: and to brand with the stigma of snobbishness and vulgarity all places at the Treasury and Somerset-House.

Moved by EARL PLUSHINGTON, and seconded by MR. BUCKLES,

That this Meeting esteems the situation of an official Secretary as decidedly inferior in dignity to that of a valet-de-chambre.

The Lads of the Forty-Sixth.

OF all the Corps in HER MAJESTY'S Service, the 46th is that which may, with the greatest propriety, be called an infantry regiment, as the pranks which its junior officers are accustomed to play upon each other, are of a description so puerile. But we hope the 46th is not the Nursery of the British Army.

NAPIER NAPPING IT.

WE have often been puzzled to find out why NAPIER is so familiarly spoken of as "OLD CHARLEY." We think we have at last discovered the appropriateness of the *sobriquet*, for the *Old Charleys* had a shocking character for going to sleep on their posts.

A STORY WITHOUT FOUNDATION.

THE GARRET story is the uppermost story; but if we add to GARRET another T, we must regard the story as a base story—as base as any story can be that has no basis.

THE HIGH PRICE OF PAPER.

We must confess we are astonished beyond description, either in prose or poetry, at the high price of paper being still maintained. We should have thought that the numberless despatches and interminable autograph letters, which have been flying backwards and forwards between St. Petersburg and Berlin, and the endless diplomatic notes that have been exchanged between Austria and those States, would have lowered the value of waste paper so considerably as to have lessened the value of paper at least one half. There can have been no want of materials for making paper, when we think of the extensive correspondence that has been going on for months in relation to this still-unanswered "Eastern Question." What has become of all this correspondence? As for its value, it cannot be of the slightest worth to any one, excepting to buttermen and trunk-makers, and it is high time that the notes and letters, being completely such dead letters, were sold. What has become, also, of all the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S "Ultimatums?" In waste-paper alone, they would be a small fortune to the holder of them. Whoever is the lucky proprietor should come forward and throw them into the scales of public competition.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE GREEK COURT (CONTINUED.)

The principal objects of interest in the Greek Court are the pieces of sculpture, some of which are so well known and have been so frequently described, that we might as well attempt to get blood out of the stone of which they are composed, as to extract anything new from them.

First on the list is VENUS VICTRIX, from the Louvre, representing that rather coarse creature, familiarly known as a fine woman. Such a VENUS would conquer rather by her muscle than by her beauty, and though the latter might, vulgarly speaking, strike one all of a heap, the former might knock one over in a still more decisive manner.

No. 4 is the celebrated Quoit-thrower, or Discobolos, of which there are many copies. The figure is in the rather difficult position of throwing the quoit, which the sculptor has caught rather happily.

No. 5 is a Warrior from the Louvre, who is generally known in England as the Fighting Gladiator, and who has probably been seen by many of our readers in the person of some suburban Signor, who "does the statues."



at a minor theatre in a suit of white fleshings, a wig of wool, and a countenance thickly embedded in chalk—a style of getting-up which is supposed to qualify the worn-out Harlequin for the embodiment of all or any of the "classical heroes of antiquity."

No. 16 brings us to LAOCOON and his Sons, from the Vatican. A group which has come down to the very humblest on the heads of half the Italian image boys, who offer us "SIGNOR MILTONE" for eighteen pence, or will throw in "SIGNOR SHAKSPERI" for an extra shilling, if we will take the pair of them. LAOCOON was the son of PRIAM, who attempted to keep out of Troy the wooden horse by setting up a pike, but he had no sooner raised his lance than he found himself encircled, with his two sons, by a brace of serpents in one of the most affecting instances of a family tie that has ever been witnessed. This magnificent

work of art is too noble to be idly touched by the fingers of innovation, and we therefore can hardly excuse the officiousness which has lent a hand to the elder son, who had lost one of his arms—the right—and helped him to a set of new tips for his toes, out of pity to the extremities which he had been reduced to.

No. 25 is a copy of the JASON in the Louvre, which has been usually called "CINCINNATUS tying on his sandal," as if CINCINNATUS had been rather slovenly about the feet, or was in the habit of slipping out of his own shoes, instead of adhering to the walk of life to which he was accustomed. The mistake has, no doubt, arisen from the propinquity of the ploughshare, which was the only share of the gifts of fortune that CINCINNATUS wished to appropriate.

No. 30 brings us to SOMNUS, who almost sends us to sleep when we look at him. So drowsy is the aspect of the figure that we are almost compelled to pay the highest tribute to the sculptor's talent by shutting our eyes to it.



No. 34 is the sleeping ENDYMION in relief, from the Capitol at Rome, a figure in which repose and grace are so blended as to present in this alto-relief one of the finest specimens of out-door relief that can be afforded by the artistic union already mentioned.

No. 51 represents THALIA, who has been much misrepresented by the modern writers of comedy. She is seen at the Crystal Palace with a mask in one hand and a roll in the other—the roll probably containing some of that fancy bred in her brain, though the mask does not present any very agreeable features.

No. 65 is a diminutive philosopher from Munich, who from the smallness of his size, was probably one of those philosophers who are not destined to make a very great figure. The head does not belong to the body, but this is natural enough, for many a philosopher has lost his head, which, under such circumstances, is of no use to any one—not even to the owner.

Nos. 69 and 71 are horses' heads, the former being peculiar for the arrangement of its mane, and the latter for the absence of its eyes, which leave us in the dark as to its origin. If we might indulge in speculation without the aid of the eyes, we would hazard the conjecture that the head is that of some blind horse of the dark ages, which may have worked in some cart employed in the removal of the dust of antiquity.

No. 78 will be easily recognised as "CUPID and PSYCHE;" a very familiar subject, though this is the only specimen in which the figures are without the wings which usually mark their flightiness. The Cupid is a very "old love," and has undergone a good deal of restoration about the nose and chin—the points upon which age is likely to tell,—and has also been supplied with a new foot, which many an old Cupid who is a martyr to the gout would be glad to be provided with.

In No. 79 we have another THALIA, from the Louvre, with her head very much worn by the action of the atmosphere. One would suppose that the Muse had been accustomed to exhibit in booths and shows in the open air, which may have subjected her to such an amount of fair wear and tear as to have seriously affected her head, and deprived her of that genuine mirth which in these days she fails to manifest.

No. 119 furnishes us with some portions of the bas-relief of TRAJAN'S celebrated column at Rome, with which no column of the Times can compete in interest. It is a record of the deeds of the Emperor whose name it bears, and it is very creditable to APOLLONORUS, its author, to have condensed so much history into a single column.

At No. 178 B, we come to the renowned marbles, which have given a sort of monumental fame to the name of ELGIN. This fortunate nobleman came over to England with a magnificent collection of marbles in 1801, but it was not till 1816 that the British nation, after a considerable amount of funking, was induced to knuckle down to the extent of £35,000, which was the sum paid for the purchase of these treasures. The Annual Register (Vol. 58) contains the report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons which sat upon those marbles for a considerable time, and did justice to the labours with which LORD



ELGIN had left no stone unturned, and had consequently obtained a right to turn an honest penny.

The Government of that day, like the Government of almost every other day, refused to contribute anything to the advancement of art as a national object—a matter in which Governments seldom interfere, except to be alternately penny wise and pound foolish. LORD ELGIN was therefore left to prosecute his task at his own cost, and to save these marbles from the Turks, who were in the habit of amusing themselves by taking shots at the figures, which would probably have ended in macadamising the streets of Athens, if they had not been preserved to pave the way to a new and improved standard of taste in England.

These marbles tell their own story so well, that we shall not insult the sculptor PHIDIAS by pointing to the procession on the frieze, and saying, "those figures are men on horseback," or "that article is intended for a helmet,"—a style of description which is justified by nothing but the failure of the artist to express his own meaning.

No. 187 represents NIOBE, whose boast, like that of a witness in a police court, was to be "the mother of a large family." This reiteration of the rather doubtful merit of extensive maternity, rendered NIOBE such a nuisance, that one day when bursting out in her favourite character of the "mother of fourteen children," she insulted LATONA, who happened to come in her way, by throwing in the face of the latter the whole of their aggregate families. LATONA'S irritation induced her

to complain to her own offspring, APOLLO and DIANA, who at once abated the NIOBE nuisance by destroying the NIOBE children. One only was spared, a daughter, named CHLORIS, who is represented in the Crystal Palace as attending on NIOBE herself, who having been formerly all fire and fury, became all water and slop, for she took to perpetual tears, and after having been nearly all her life a roaring termagant, she ended her days as a crying evil. The group has been assigned to PRAXITELES, though in some parts the critics pretend to trace an inferior chisel.

No. 198 will be easily recognised as the renowned VENUS DE MEDICIS, of which the original may be seen at Florence. This statue has been more written on perhaps than any statue in the world, though after all that has been said, it tells its own story best in a few lines of beauty. The moderns have had a hand—indeed two hands—in this work of art, for the arms are both of them "restorations."

Without descending from the pedestal of the writer to the rostrum of the auctioneer, it would be impossible to enumerate all the objects of interest in the Greek Court of the Crystal Palace. In a mere Catalogue they number 217 Lots, scarcely one of which can be said to fall under the common lot, for genius has given to nearly every one a sort of immortality. Were we to attempt to do justice to each and all of the numerous objects that claim our admiration, we should be compelled to anticipate a very important addition to the Greek Court, for we should be occupied till the arrival of the Greek Kalends.

JOLLY COMPANIONS.



WE do not object to the moderate use of generous liquor; we only condemn the abuse of it. Drunkenness is bad enough in a man, but in a multitude it is terrible. What, then, will the readers of *Punch* think of the conduct described in the following extracts taken from a contemporary, without any alteration or addition in as far as the narrative relates to acts and deeds?—

"GREAT BACCHANALIAN DEMONSTRATION.—Several thousands of toppers congregated yesterday morning in Russell Square, for the purpose of paying their fourth annual visit to the Surrey Zoological Gardens."

A very suitable place of resort, you would say, for those who make beasts of themselves.

"Every part of London and its suburbs contributed its quota to the general mass; and by the time the procession was ready to start, it was found that Russell Square, capacious as it is, would not hold it, and large bodies of persons had to move down the adjoining streets in order to give the leaders an opportunity of making a dignified exit. Every description of vehicle which could be begged or borrowed was brought into requisition to convey the enthusiastic votaries of BACCHUS, and the procession was made of omnibuses, cabs, clarences, broughams, gigs, &c., headed by bands of music, the vigour of which must have taken the aristocratic residents of Russell Square and its neighbourhood not a little by surprise."

This must have been a slight nuisance—particularly to any inhabitant of the vicinity troubled with a headache. Those who ought to know what that suffering is might have been more considerate. Besides, how could they tell that they were not disturbing somebody's last moments, or the first moments of somebody else—and the repose of somebody else's mamma?

"Shortly after 11 o'clock the procession made a start, amid the deafening cheers of the persons who composed it, some hundreds of whom were children, designated the 'Band of Hops,' who are bound by a solemn league and covenant never to drink water themselves, and to discourage the practice in others."

As if children were capable of being bound—except by their sponsors—to any league or covenant whatever; whether solemn or absurd: whether to drink water or brandy. Such children must be very precocious; but an unhealthy precocity is one of the results of gin: and children who vow to discourage any practice on the part of others, but that of doing mischief or of eating trash, must have been previously seduced into an extreme state of liquor.

"Mr. HOUQU, the well known Bacchanalian singer, whose sudden and remarkable transition from teetotalism to habitual inebriety is well known, headed the procession which moved along Tottenham Court Road, Oxford Street, Regent Street, Pall-Mall, Whitehall, Parliament Street, over Westminster Bridge, down the York Road to Blackfriars Road, and thence through Walworth to the Surrey Gardens, where a grand *fête* took place."

What an intolerable obstruction in the streets they must have created!

"On entering the Gardens, there was a gathering by the Band of Hops, when each member was presented by Mr. HOUQU with his 'Address to the Young.' Afterwards there was a meeting on the lawn, at which Mr. HOUQU,

Mr. GORMOND, and other gentlemen spoke on the subject of drinking. Later in the day there were salutes of cannon, and musical performances by various professionals. In the evening there was a display of fireworks, and other representations for which the Surrey Gardens are so remarkable. The whole of the proceedings, which were very well managed, were under the direction of the London Bacchanalian League."

Here were rare orgies! Here was a jolly row! A mob choking the thoroughfares, parading the streets with bands of music, shouting, bellowing, vociferating, for no reason whatever, and uttering "deafening cheers" to the annoyance, if not injury, of everybody except the aurists, and MESSRS. SOLOMONS—what are we to think of such a concourse but that it was a most tipsy rabble? What is such outrageous conduct as this indicative of but of being half-seas-over, three sheets in the wind, bosky, beery, screwed, the worse for liquor—much the worse—so much the worse as to be literally roaring drunk. We naturally ask what these roysterers had been having, and what they had been giving the unhappy infants whom they encouraged to imitate their own noisy and riotous behaviour?

But we are going too fast—like the people whose extravagances are above related. There are a few corrections to be made in the foregoing quotations from the *Times*. For "Bacchanalian" read "Temperance," and carry out the same principle of emendation to the end. Substitute "Band of Hope" for "Band of Hops," and alter "Bacchanalian singer" into "Temperance orator," call the gentleman alluded to GOUQU, instead of HOUQU, and reverse the statement made respecting his change of habits. With such exceptions as these, however, we have faithfully transcribed our contemporary's report of the "Great Temperance Demonstration." The uproar, the obstruction, the wild excitement, the tumultuous disorderly behaviour on which we have commented, are facts. Only they were not, at least they professedly were not, the results of intoxicating drink. They were meant for manifestations of total abstinence; on behalf of which system they afford just this argument, that the great mass of teetotallers can make as great fools of themselves on water as other people can be made by alcoholic fluids, and get as tipsy on tea, or on nothing, as ordinary individuals can on wine and grog. Thus a teetotaller might be considered to be a person who abstains from fermented liquors because he can be sufficiently drunk without them.

ABERDEEN'S SYSTEM OF WARFARE.

THROWING away the sword, and keeping the scabbard.



PRIVATE OPINION.

Lieutenant Whobble (who has just been embodied). "HAB! THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE!
INFINITELY BETTER THAN THE RIDICULOUS OLD COATEE!!"

MEMORANDUM FOR YOUNG OFFICERS.

It is particularly recommended that every Officer who joins a regiment shall have an independent income besides his pay, sufficient not only to live upon, but to support a life of that fast description that becomes an officer and a gentleman.

In cases where it may not be possible to comply with this recommendation, the young officer is advised to incur debt rather than odium, for the latter is calculated to bring him into disgrace, but the former will extend his credit.

Officers should make it their invariable rule to do everything like a gentleman; and this particularly applies to spending money. Prudence is not a quality the cultivation of which is desirable on the part of those whose profession it is to risk their lives. It invariably exposes all who act on its principles to obloquy and contempt, because by abstinence from gratifications in which others indulge, officers set their comrades a disagreeable example.

An officer who does not spend the whole of his income will be naturally required to lend the remainder. Every officer of experience well knows that money lent should be regarded as money lost. The probability is that the officer who borrows will, however honourable may be his intention, be unable to repay what he has borrowed, for the same reason as that for which he borrowed it in the first instance. Officers therefore had better spend all they have, so that they may not have anything left to lend, or to get stigmatized as mean and shabby for not lending. Thus they will at least secure their money's worth in pleasure, besides acquiring the name of fine fellows. It may even be expedient that they should notoriously exceed their means, to preclude all troublesome applications on the part of their comrades: and every officer should remember that it is his duty, on any emergency, to sacrifice his tailor.

By carefully attending to the above suggestions, and acting otherwise in their spirit, the young officer may hope to insure himself against being pulled out of bed, beaten with an umbrella, set on a table in his night-shirt, made to go through the sword exercise naked, and ducked in his tub.

"ADVICE GRATIS."—What a chemist, or a friend, generally dispenses previous to dosing you with a quantity of physic!

THE ROMANCE OF THE SECOND COLUMN.

ACCORDING to the dismal innuendoes darkly shadowed forth in the second column of the *Times*, everybody seems to be abandoning everybody else, and the column in question ought to be regarded as a species of monumental column, sacred to the memory of those dear departed who seem to be continually running away from their wives and families. One day last week there was a fearful catalogue of absconded husbands and miscellaneous runaways.

The following appeal is rather deficient in that romantic interest which usually pervades the second column of the *Times*; and indeed it will be difficult for the most morbidly melancholy imagination to invest the advertisement with much idealism:—

A. W. (if this should be seen) is earnestly requested to COMMUNICATE immediately with J. H. M., late of R-fus C-ttage, at Golden Cross Hotel, Charing Cross.

The only really mysterious part of this advertisement is the omission of the *n* that is clearly necessary to complete the word "*Rufus*," and the still more unaccountable gap which is left between the *C* and the *t* in the word "*Cottage*." If the parties have no greater secret than how to spell *Rufus* and *Cottage*, they have no right to take up a position amongst the crushed, the broken-hearted, the desolate, and the deserted, for whom the second column of the *Times* ought to be kept sacred.

The next article we have the pleasure of showing, as the linendrapers' shopboys say, is replete with—with a—with a—with a—all that sort of thing which we—but the reader, after drawing his own conclusion, may supply ours.

J. is the spirit of kindness, but proud, and knew not what was revealed; if K. is the real quantity he wants to proceed, direction required. Post Office, Dorking, Surrey. Address to real name.

We should like an introduction to J., for if he is really the legitimate "spirit of kindness" we should like to have an opportunity of mixing a little of this spirit with the current of the rather turbid stream of our

own existence. We are sorry to hear he is "proud;" but we can only say that we are not proud, and shall be happy to make his acquaintance. It is natural enough that he should "know not what is revealed," for "the spirit of kindness" is not particularly knowing.

A key to the next advertisement on our list would be very acceptable.

TO A. W. CIN. O.—ALL'S WELL; a lovely Baby. Advise, on seeing this, to the old address, No. 11, or No. 173.

Who can "CIN" be?—and is the "lovely baby" the child of "CIN"?—and is it desirable at any time to follow the counsel of "CIN"?—and is not the "old address" of "CIN" a locality to which no respectable person would think of making an application?

Betwixt me, you, the Ambassador, and his Post.

WE read in the papers that a serenade was given at Madrid to LORD HOWDEN. Now this is a slight mistake—it was not a serenade, but a *charivari*; a regular, good, continental derisive *charivari*, given to the English Ambassador in honour of his absence from Madrid, as long as the revolution was going on, and in celebration of his heroic return directly the danger was over. This was the reason of the *charivari*, to which we have no doubt the Spanish pots and pans and marrow-bones and cleavers did every justice. But we suppose that LORD HOWDEN is no worse than our other Ambassadors. For ourselves, we always know when something of importance is going on in a foreign capital by the fact of the absence of the English Ambassador.

Free Trade at the Tap.

THE closure of the public-houses on Sunday is treated by the Licensed Victuallers too much as if it were their question. We consider it as a matter that chiefly concerns the public, and in regard to the sale of food and liquor, we are advocates of the principle, which we wish to see applied universally, of Liberty without License.



THE ATTITUDE OF PRUSSIA IN THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Mr. Policeman Punch. "NOW THEN, SIR, YOU MUST MOVE— ONE WAY OR THE OTHER."

FLOWERS FROM THE WEST.

Culled from the "New York Scourge," the "New York Spy," the "New York Eaves-Dropper," and other respected publications. (Forwarded by an American contributor.)

GENERAL PIERCE.

GENERAL PIERCE watches with more than the vigilance of HAROUN AL RADSCHID over the population committed to his charge. Even the benighted negroes are not deemed beneath the care of the President. In order fully to understand their wants and feelings, the General is in the habit, about once a week, of blacking himself all over with best Japan blacking, and, in a check shirt and white trowsers, mingling among the negroes' festivities after dark. His own features, being of an African contour, aid in the disguise. Some merriment was excited by his presenting himself one evening in this costume at a brilliant party given by one of our Upper Ten Thousand, but any risibility was speedily suppressed in admiration at the truly manly and republican bearing of the President, which no disguise could hide, and one of the fairest of America's daughters, quoting from our celebrated bard, exclaimed, "She saw Old PIERCE's visage in his mind." When will a fastidious, bloated, crowned despot of Europe do the like?

MR. MARCY.

Our eminent Secretary of State, MR. MARCY, is a pleasing instance of the superiority of native talent over acquired learning. Up to the age of forty-seven he could neither read nor write, yet he invariably dictated to his secretaries the most forcible and the most eloquent despatches, which shame the puling and twaddling diplomatic "notes" of the old world. At the age of which we speak, MR. MARCY, then on a visit to the Saratoga Springs, succumbed to the fire of those weapons to which only a true American yields, the eyes of lovely woman. Unwilling to entrust his *billets doux* to a second hand, MR. MARCY addressed himself to reading and writing, and with such success that in two days he was able to read fluently. At the end of the week he wrote his now celebrated and beautiful hand, unequalled throughout the Union—except by that of the marvellous writing-master, our friend JEREMIAH DOWNSTROKE, 35, Forty-Ninth Street, right hand side, second bell, whose advertisement will be found in another part of our paper, but who is quite unaware that we indite these lines.

MR. BUCHANAN.

Our despatch containing VICTORIA's speech on dissolving her Congress (which seems to have done about as much as our own), mentions that our envoy, MR. BUCHANAN, appeared among the ambassadors "unadorned but adorned the most." One of the corrupt English journals sneers at the "austere republicans who adopt and exaggerate French fashions before they are heard of in England." That we go ahead in dress, as elsewhere, there can be no doubt, and if we had chosen to deck BUCHANAN in a fool's uniform, we might have managed to gild it pretty handsome out of California. But the aristocratic English journals should know this, that MR. BUCHANAN was ordered not only to refuse to attend the Parliament, except in plain black, but to insist on his right of attendance in any costume he pleased, or none at all, and if the haughty lord who had the arranging of the ceremony made any difficulty, MR. BUCHANAN was expressly commanded to be present in the clothes he wore when he was born. We wonder what the old world would have said to that.

CAPTAIN HOLLINS.

Our American hero, who has just signalized himself by the destruction of Greytown, need not be afraid that the gallant deed will really injure his prospects with the government, although it may be necessary, by a show of displeasure, to warn other energetic spirits to wait for orders before burning down undefended towns. We have heard that when the news first reached the President, he exclaimed, "Bravo, HOLLINS!" and though GENERAL PIERCE's advisers have meanly sought to explain this spontaneous outbreak into a censure, and to allege that the President said that HOLLINS had acted like a bravo, in destroying the unarmed and unsuspecting, we can say, confidently, to HOLLINS, "Heads up, HOLLY!"

MR. N. P. WILLIS.

This slavish sycophant of European aristocrats, whose few free and glowing sentiments were washed out of him by the essences besprinkled over him by the haughty dames of the Court of St. James's, has actually refused to lend the aid of a single puff to the books of a female relation of his, a true democrat, whose talents as far transcend his own as the mighty Niagara exceeds the Windsor waterfalls of which he is so fond. Such it is to become the *connive* of Countesses and the darling of Duchesses. If the Order of the Garter were offered us to-morrow at the price of our independence, we would kick the noble who proffered it, and tie up our washing with the ribbon. Not so N. P. WILLIS, who doubtless looks forward to that honour (?) the next time he prostrates himself before the throne at Kensington Palace. Let him show himself in it here, that is all. In the mean time we would call attention to the cheap and excellent edition of the works of the authoress in question, published by BEN SQUOBBLES next door to our own office.

A RIVAL EDITOR.

JACKSON was the b'hoj. Yes, Siree, JACKSON was some in a bar fight. But what was JACKSON to JOHNSON, the elephantine JOHNSON, of the *Sloppjsticator*? Nothing, Siree, 'pon our veracity. Why, the animal waddles past our door like one of the Rocky Mountains going to have a julep with Chimborazo. What a pity that with all that flesh there should be so little brains. Read his article on the Nebraska compromise! Jerusalem! Snakes! We'll tell you how much it is. If the smallest *gamin* that sells our paper did not, at one kick's notice, swarm up our editorial stool, and knock off a brighter bit than JOHNSON's on Nebraska, we'd instantly put him under glass and send him to BARNUM's Museum, as the specimen of the greatest ass in the Union. At present that honourable title belongs to the Editor of the *Sloppjsticator*. He is a bright b'hoj, and a ring-tailed roarer.

THE MILITARY MARCH OF INTELLECT.

In consequence of the practices revealed by a recent court-martial, we should not be surprised seeing in the *Times* some morning an advertisement to the following effect:—

MILITARY EDUCATION.—A Gentleman, who has several vacancies in his Establishment, will be happy to receive a few young Gentlemen and Noblemen's sons, and fit them in all the accomplishments requisite for entering the Army. He is well versed in all the practical jokes that are practised in most regiments, and has flattering Testimonials of his ability from several officers, who have attained a high rank in the 46th. The art of drawing a Subaltern out of bed made free and easy in three lessons. Pumping taught from the living model, a tradesman's son being kept expressly on the premises. A Mess-table on the Military principle regularly at six o'clock, where Military Conversation is encouraged in all its original purity and suavity. The Way of Sending a Brother Officer to Coventry shown by the aid of maps and diagrams, so as to be within the reach of the meanest capacity. Gambling, so indispensable to every gentleman of fortune, a trifle extra—the pupil for the first three months paying his own losses. A Professor from BEN CAIRN's attends twice a week, to give lessons in Slang and the Use of the Gloves. For terms, &c., Address to "Noy at Ricordo," Barrack Yard, Windsor. N.B. None but perfect gentlemen need apply.

THE CZAR'S TWO FLEAS.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA sitteth alone,
And maketh a sad and grievous moan,
And with his two hands doth his two ears squeeze,
And crieth "Alas these dreadful fleas!"

As soon as his knaves from the Danube fled,
A whizzing he felt in his crazy head,
And when the villains recrossed the Pruth,
"I've a flea in my ear," he cried, "in sooth."

When Bomarsund in the Baltic fell,
'Twas a flea in the other ear as well,
So he belloweth now, with groans and tears,
"I have got a flea in both my ears."

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.



THOSE "odd fellows" the Archæologists have been enjoying their annual "out" at Chepstow, where the river Wye has suggested a number of wherefores, to which the stream has we hope given a wise answer. The savants have visited among other places a spot "supposed to be the remains of an ancient priory, and now the site of premises occupied by a wine merchant." The visit to the wine merchant was natural and perhaps excusable after a long morning's

prowl among the old walls of Chepstow Castle, which was probably very dry work, but we disapprove of the paltry attempt to mix up a thirst for information with a thirst for something else, by the assumption that the wine merchant's establishment had been "formerly an ancient priory."

The report states that there was nothing to warrant the conclusion, "except some very dubious pieces of work in the cellarage;" but a dubious piece of work in a wine cellar, is not such an extraordinary thing after all, that it should be made the ground for attributing to the spot an extreme degree of antiquity. We believe that we are justified in stating that the Archæologists discovered a remarkably fine old brick in the person of the wine merchant.

In the evening there was a meeting at the public rooms, "for the purpose of reading and discussing papers," but there was a difficulty in getting papers to discuss, for the gentlemen who had kindly undertaken to read on the lively subjects of "the Architecture of the Castle," and "the Earls of Chepstow," had probably gone to sleep themselves over the labours that were to have been the cause of sleep in others.

The intended readers were too ill to make their appearance, and a MR. WAKEMAN—rather an inappropriate name by the way—kindly came forward with a few rough notes, to deliver a rough and ready dissertation on the walls of Chepstow. He commenced by remarking that having tumbled over some bricks, he concluded there had been a Roman road, and having seen some more bricks he thought there must have been a Roman wall, because there was no probability of there having been a Norman castle. He then proceeded to smash STRONGBOW'S reputation as a famous archer—however adroit he might have been at drawing the long bow—and wound up in the usual way with apologising for what he had been saying.

The Archæologists dine together every day, and the DUKE OF BEAUFORT kindly sends them game—a rather superfluous piece of generosity, considering how easy it would be for them to make game of each other.

KING SMOKE.



KING SMOKE was a vile old fellow,
He suffered no sun to shine,
As he spread out his veil so yellow,
The woof of the coal-black mine.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black mine,
For the coal-black mine!

There railed on him many a maiden,
With "blacks" in her weeping eye,
And her toilet with soot o'erladen
From the reck of the coal-black mine.
Hurrah! &c.

The chemist applied all his learning,
And the poet bewailed these woes,
But their fuel men kept half-burning,
Whence still the dark fumes arose.
Hurrah! &c.

They railed on the vile old fellow,
Who smirched all our buildings fine,
As he spread out his veil so yellow,
The woof of the coal-black mine.
Hurrah! &c.

MORE MUSICAL QUACKERY.

WE read in the *Athenæum* (advertisement column, mind), that—

MR. W. VINCENT WALLACE, the eminent and popular composer of *Maritima*, &c., has just arrived in this country from New York. He returns teeming with freshness, overflowing with genius, as when he left our shores.

We are exceedingly glad to hear this, and especially that MR. WALLACE is teeming with freshness, although we do not profess to understand either what this means, or what are the symptoms of the process. But as the gratifying announcement heralds another, to the effect that certain music publishers are to issue to the public the freshness with which MR. W. is teeming, we suppose that further particulars may be procured at their shop. Lucky that MR. WALLACE is really a man of talent robust enough to survive the sickening quackery of the musical puff system.

Earth and Water.

A TEETOTALLER, who goes the whole hog, proposes to change the name, applied to a portion of the globe, of Temperate Zone, into that of Zone of Total Abstinence. But another, who swallows bristles and all, would extend the territory of Total Abstinence over the whole world.

LATEST FROM PRUSSIA.

(From our own Detective.)



RECENTLY the war has given great employment to the *Gobemouches*, and one of its heaviest taxes, perhaps, has been the tax which they have laid upon our patience by the absurd reports they have contrived to circulate. Stories without end have been raised upon the flimsiest foundation, and as prolific writers of fiction, "our own Correspondents" may be almost said to have rivalled MR. JAMES the Novelist, or ALEXANDRE DUMAS. The news they tell us in the newspapers of to-day is pretty nearly sure to turn out nonsense in those of to-morrow, and scarcely any of their letters can be regarded wholly as letters of credit.

As a sample of the stuff which the "constant readers" lately have been called upon to swallow, it was the other morning stated, "on the most reliable authority" (an authority which we usually have found the most liable), that the KING OF PRUSSIA had at length "given a convincing proof of his adhesion to the English." Being of course extremely suspicious of this "fact," we considered it our duty as Reviser-General of the Press to dispatch at once a Special Hoax-Detective to the Court of that (frequently) elevated Monarch, with instructions to sift out the truth of the matter through the sieve of his experience. Thanks to the Post Office his despatch has been characterised by the very reverse of that quality, but the explanation we have been so long in receiving we will in brief communicate. It appears then that his Majesty has lately, in his more sober moments, been trying to cultivate an acquaintance with our language, and his "adhesion to the English" is, therefore, only a politer phrase to express his recent sticking to the study of that tongue. The "proof" which was spoken of is discovered to have been merely the printer's "proof" of some lines which his Majesty did lately by way of an exercise, and which, although printed "for private circulation only," we do not scruple in the least to make as fully public as a place in *Punch* is certain to ensure:—

AIR—*A Bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me.*

A bumper of Clicquot come fill, fill for me,
There's no drink can compare with Champagne;
With the head that is empty 'twill ne'er disagree,
Since it only affecteth the brain.
When war puts the people of peace in a funk,
And friendly states claim our assistance,
We'll show that a king may get royally drunk,
And keep sober sense at a distance!
Then a bumper of Clicquot, &c.

CRITICISM ALL HOT.

No person expresses himself with more real strength than *Mr. Punch*, and although he is not absurd enough to expect that the writings of anybody else should exhibit that exquisite mixture of intensity and elegance which renders his teaching at once the instruction and the delight of mankind, he is never displeased, in a superficial age, to see energetic sentiments put forth. But there is a limit to all things, and he cannot but think that the editor of the Shropshire newspaper, out of which *Mr. Punch* extracts the following declaration, is inclined to infuse almost too much fire into his diction. The writer in question is complaining that a certain MR. HAY's Musical Entertainments were not sufficiently patronised in Shrewsbury. Whether HAY did not make himself when the sun shone, or whether those who took the LIND-fever are proof against all other complaints, including the HAY fever, we are not aware, but MR. HAY was not successful, and thus the delinquents are castigated:—

"The proud Salopians must be very poor, or very shabby, to hold back under these circumstances, or there is an absence of all spirit in Shropshire, except where eating and drinking are concerned. The mind appears to be quite a secondary consideration, and the belly the all-absorbing object of the affections. These are plain words, but not one whit the less true. Were we MR. HAY, we would see the town of Shrewsbury, and the county, d—, before we would toil, and sustain loss, for such an illiberal-minded set."

Now, we are not, of course, so well informed as the Salopian journalist, as to what kind of remonstrance is most effective with readers in the proximity of the Wrekin, but brief sojourns in the county of Salop have left upon our minds the impression that somewhat more gracious words might be appropriately used upon such an occasion. The proud Salopians seemed to us to be, generally

speaking, affable, courteous to strangers, and as intelligent as provincials are likely to be; and really, even though one of their own body chastises them with scorpions after this fashion, we feel inclined to protest against such merciless treatment. The punishment proposed certainly exceeds the offence, which we take to be the staying away from some concert. Now our friend the indignant "Man from Shropshire" may take it from us, that any entertainment which the public does not patronise is not worth the patronage of the public. The business of the contriver of an entertainment is to entertain, and people know quite well whether they are likely to be entertained or not. And so, if we are not taking too great a liberty, we would respectfully hint that the Shropshire critic would better serve MR. HAY, by pointing out to him the most likely mode to please the Shrewsburians, than by suggesting to him to obtain a previous sight which we trust is not in store for him. It is just possible that the character of provincial journalism might be improved by a little more general adoption of the amenities cultivated by the metropolitan press. Imagine the *Times*, or the *Chronicle*, some morning, making such a recommendation as the above to an unlucky *bénéficiaire* at the Hanover Square Rooms. And are not provincials our fellow-creatures, and entitled to be treated with as much humanity as we demand for ourselves? Echo answers in the affirmative, and we beg to transmit her answer for the consideration of our Shropshire contemporary.

A PLEA FOR THE PEWTER.

SOME folks have a skin that's marvellous thin,
And BAREBONES they revere:
And it's sinful they say to moisten one's clay
With a drop of Sunday beer.
For my part I ain't so severe,
And at this hot time of the year,
On my Sundays out, I can't do without
My modest allowance of beer.

Some folks, it's true, prefer to look blue
When a joke or a laugh they hear;
Their house of call is Exeter Hall,
And their tittle is tea, not beer.
Now I'm no teetotallere,
Though a temperance course I'd steer,
And down I'll cough MR. ORATOR GOUGH,
Whenever he talks against beer.

Some folks at their feasts will make themselves beasts,
And home zig-zag will steer:
Bands of Hope let them follow, and pledges swallow,
And ORATOR GOUGH go hear:
But as I can enjoy good cheer,
And yet keep my noddle clear,
I can't understand why you thrust your hand
Betwixt me and my Sunday beer.

All the week at my work I stand like a Turk
From beginning to end of the year;
And on Sundays I rest, and put on my best,
And at church I always appear.
But the parson I go to hear
Don't feel called to interfere
With my afternoon walk, and tea-garden talk
With a friend or two over our beer.

Heaven gave malt and hops, as well as slops,
And to me it's perfectly clear,
As the rich have their wine, so the poor, when they dine
Were meant to enjoy their beer.
The Vine Rhenish folks may cheer,
And Holland is good for Mynheer;
And the Briton bold shall never be told
There's sin in a drop of good beer!

For my part I think both in meat and drink,
'Tis abuse, not use, we should fear;
Enjoying of each what's within our reach,
With thankfulness sincere.
So as I don't mean to come near
Your cordials and compounds queer;
Live and let live, pray; and go your own way,
But don't come between me and my beer.



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

MASTER SMITH, AS HE APPEARED TRYING TO FORCE HIS MOUSTACHES FOR THE BROWNS' PARTY.

THE CAPTURE OF BOMARSUND.

From the Invalide Russe.

BOMARSUND is a pig-sty, which, by order of the EMPEROR, whose provident care extends over the meanest of his subjects, was fortified with a forty-eight pounder. Foreseeing that the combined French and English fleets would carry out the tactics they have all along pursued, by endeavouring to destroy this little piece of private property, the Commander of the troops at Cronstadt sent a force of ten men, under the command of CORPORAL KICKEMOFF, to defend it from invasion.

The approach of the Allied Fleets speedily demonstrated the wisdom of these measures of precaution. As soon as they came within range, the Corporal opened fire upon them, and quickly sank several of their largest vessels with his single gun. For many hours KICKEMOFF and his gallant soldiers sustained an unequal combat with the French and English under a tremendous but ill-directed shower of shot and shells. One of the latter at last set fire to the thatch of the fortress; and under the cover of their guns the enemy succeeded in effecting a landing, not however without the loss of several hundred men who were shot by three riflemen of KICKEMOFF'S force. As the fort had no outworks, its only intrenchment lying in the hog-trough, our little troop was ultimately overpowered by superior numbers, and made an honourable surrender, with the loss of one man killed, and two wounded, including the brave KICKEMOFF, who lost his little finger. As the savage Britons were loading him with chains, the gallant captive exclaimed, "Oh England, England, I hardly expected this from you!"

The loss to the EMPEROR'S service of the brave KICKEMOFF and his intrepid band is ill compensated for by the destruction of nine of the enemy's ships; but his Imperial Majesty consoles himself with the reflection that he has a hundred million subjects in Russia as good as they, and has ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung on account of the damage they inflicted on the enemy. The ten ships lost by the Anglo-French were first class men-of-war, all of them having the peculiarity of being rigged with sails of buckram.

WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?

It is really nauseating to witness the quantity of doctor's stuff that is allowed to run down the columns of the newspapers. It will be necessary at last to proceed against the public press as a public nuisance if we have much more of the "foul and offensive matter" circulating under our noses every day at our breakfast tables to an extent highly dangerous to the health, the patience, and the nerves of the reading community. If the doctors who write to the papers would agree in their prescriptions for cholera, the public might feel grateful for the trouble taken, but when one medical man's "infallible medicine" is another medical man's "deadly poison," and the specific of to-day is denounced as the fatal drug of to-morrow, we are puzzled and alarmed at the risk we run in following the doctors' contradictory directions. The conclusion at which we have arrived is, that however valuable the recommendation to "let well alone," it is still more desirable to "let ill alone," if a sick man is subject to be poisoned by one or more of the numerous concoctions suggested in the newspapers by the medical practitioner. According to Monday's paper, such and such a dose is a sure safeguard against cholera, until Tuesday's print denounces the same mixture as death to all who take it. "I have tried so and so with success," says M.R.C.S., and "it stands to reason so and so must prove fatal in a few hours," rejoins an "M.D. of thirty years' standing." When doctors disagree their want of unanimity is indeed most wonderful.

Jolly Companions Every One.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been set on foot to pay the expenses of LIEUT. PERRY'S defence against his recent persecution. One of his friends goes a little further than the rest, and says, "I would purchase for him his company." We doubt whether LIEUT. PERRY would consent to this arrangement, for after reading the account of the insults and intrusions to which he has been exposed, we have come to the conclusion that he cannot have found either his room or his company very agreeable.



A WATER PARTY.

Austria. "COME ON, PRUSSIA! IT'S SO JOLLY, AND THERE'S NO DANGER."

SOME VERY PETTY SESSIONS.



OME of the Sessions held in the country are generally termed Petty, and after perusing the annexed extract from a Shropshire paper, the reader will admit that the Sessions sometimes fully deserve their name for Pettiness.

"AN EXPENSIVE TURNIP.—SHARP PRACTICE.—THOMAS PYE, a respectable young man, in the employ of MR. SAMUEL CORRETT, Blacksmith, of Park Street, Wellington, was charged (before the Rev. H. BURTON alone) with stealing a turnip, of the value of one halfpenny, the property of St. J. C. CHARLTON, Esq. Defendant was taking a walk on the footpath through the field, with others, on Sunday evening last, when he pulled up the turnip in question. He was observed by JOHN LLOYD, shepherd to Mr. CHARLTON, and for this grave offence, defendant was taken into custody and locked up the same evening. The turnip being grubby he threw it down again, without eating it. Defendant expressed his contrition for the offence. The Rev. Mr. BURTON, after lecturing

the prisoner upon the serious character of the offence, and the consequent disgrace on his employer, fined him 10s. with 3s. expenses, and a halfpenny the value of the turnip, making a total of 13s. 0½d. Mr. CHARLTON stated that he had lost a great number of turnips, and was determined to make an example of the first he caught. The money was paid. During the hearing of this case Mr. CHARLTON withdrew from the bench."

In the first place the offence—such as it was—may be termed petty enough, though the reverend magistrate, putting on the magisterial magnifying glasses, was able to descant on its enormity. With the enlarged sympathies of respectability, the reverend lecturer felt less for the culprit himself, who had to endure the punishment due to the guilty act, than for the respectable employer, who was doomed to suffer the disgrace of having in his employment a wretch that could pull up a grubby turnip, and throw it down again. We commenced by saying that the whole affair was truly petty, but we must be allowed to withdraw the expression as far as the penalty is concerned, for the amount of the fine, when compared with the offence, may be considered as the very reverse of pettiness.

THE CZAR AND HIS COUSIN JONATHAN.

SCENE FROM THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.

An Unfinished Drama.

SCENE.—*St. Petersburg. A Room in the Palace. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, and Dr. THOMAS COTTMAN, seated. At the elbow of each, on a malachite table, sherry cobbler. COTTMAN smoking a cigar with his heels elevated on the back of a chair.*

Emp. Yes, Doctor, in this world there are two forms Of Government, and but two possible, Your own, and ours. You, an enlightened people, Are capable of self-rule; each of you A Sovereign is whose subjects are himself.

Cottm. And Niggers.

Emp. Yes; and Niggers. But our Russians, Unripe for institutions such as yours, As yet do need a master.

Cottm. I expect There just this difference is 'tween you and we, Yourn is white Niggers, Emperor, ourn is black. You owns more slaves than we do.

Emp. Even so.

Cottm. And you and we are near about as like, As cowhide is to knout.

Emp. And both combined—

Cottm. Will flog creation—

Grand D. And the Britishers.

Cottm. Grand Duke, you're right. I tell you what, Grand Duke, You talk exactly like a reg'lar Yankee, Though in your silks you stand but five feet five, You'd pass for one on Broadway—that's a fact; Now, Emperor, hand us a cigar.

Emp. Try these. *(Passes cigar case.)*

They're Cubas; and although the question may Appear superfluous—Do you smoke?

Cottm. Wal, yes,

Emperor, I rather speculate I do.

Emp. Well, Doctor, now's your time to take your Cuba; You shall do so; and I, in the meanwhile, Will help myself to Turkey.

Cottm. Here's a light!

Emp. Thanks, Doctor, for the candle you propose To hold to NICHOLAS.

Grand D. Those Britishers Would NICHOLAS corrupt to a nickname, Whereby the miscreants do miscall my sire. Consume the dastards!

Cottm. Dastards, cowards, curs, Rascals and scoundrels, loafers, possums, 'coons!

Grand D. Nation of hucksters, pedlars!

Emp. Shopkeepers! *Cottm.* The mighty Russian Eagle, I compute, At Cronstadt and Sebastopol, right slick, Will chaw the mangy British Lion up.

Enter the GRAND DUCHESS MARIE.

Wal, Emperor, wal, Grand Duke, I call that there The finest gal in Europe.

Grand Duch. Doctor, pray How are your patients? And have you prescribed This physic for Papa and CONSTANTINE? The Doctor his own medicine takes, I see; So I suppose it must be rather nice.

Cottm. Taste it, Grand Duchess.

[Offers his glass and straw. She takes a suck.]

Grand Duch. Oh how very good!

[Returns glass and straw.]

Cottm. I'll keep that straw. I'll never part with it: BARNUM would give me something for the straw Which the Grand Duchess sucked her cobbler through, But he shan't have it.

Grand Duch. Go along with you! I will not stay and let you make me vain, Farewell, you flattering doctor.

[Exit.]

Cottm. Wal, time flies, The hour has come for me, likewise, to say The word of parting, and absquotulate. So, about Sitka?

Emp. Tell your Government That they shall have it cheap; at their own price, I'll sell it at a loss, so that I may The Yankee thorn plant in the British side.

Cottm. Wal, good bye, Emperor, and good bye, Grand Duke; Your message I will take to GENERAL PIERCE. And may we strike a bargain. You, meanwhilst, Will lick them cussed Britishers, I hope, Into a tarnal and immortal smash, Whittle down all their greatness to a pint, Scuttle their island, 'nihilate JOHN BULL, And of his catawampous carcass leave No more than an invisible grease-spot.

Emp. Farewell!

[Exit.]

Grand D. Adieu, most rich American.

Emp. There goes a gull of Anglo-Saxon brood; The dirty bird befouls his own old nest, Would he befouled that only! Ho, there! Put The windows up and fetch a mop or broom— In what a mess the wretch has made the room!

[Scene closes.]

A REVIEWER REVIEWED.

THE *Quarterly Review*, in an article on the Drama, which seems to have been written from some room in the neighbourhood of Wych Street, commanding a view of nothing but the Olympic, says that "with less than a cubit added to his stature Mr. ROBSON would be the first Shakesperian actor of his day." We do not quite agree with the *Quarterly* critic, who measures genius by the foot rule, and believes that an actor may stamp himself as first-rate by the aid of high heels to his boots. If Mr. ROBSON requires nothing to make him a first-rate Shakesperian performer but a cubit added to his stature, he had better apply to CUBITT, the builder, who would obligingly build up his fame by providing him with a pair of stilts. For ourselves, we are no admirers of the stilted style which the *Quarterly* reviewer appears to patronise, and we are quite satisfied to take Mr. ROBSON as he is without the "magnificent addition," as the showman would call it, of a few inches to his stature.

AN "INDEX EXPURGATORIUS" FOR ENGLAND.

BY CARDINAL WISEMAN.

ALL the Daily Papers.
All the Periodical Press, weekly or otherwise.
All newspapers, excepting the *Tablet*.
All books, excepting DEN'S *Theology*.
In short, all newspapers, papers, pamphlets, books, &c., excepting such as have been previously submitted to CARDINAL WISEMAN, and approved of by him.



"NEVER HURRY A PIKE, CHARLES; OLD WALTON SAYS, 'GIVE HIM TEN MINUTES TO GORGE HIS BAIT.' HE HAS HAD FIVE ALREADY."

BRACKISH THOUGHTS.

By our Man on the Shingles (waiting in wrath for a Bathing-Machine).

THAT snob who keeps me waiting so long, while he is dressing after his bath, should not be judged harshly. He is probably some counterjumper, who is usually obliged to dress in five minutes. Perhaps, too, the machine is more commodious than such a wretched lodging as he can afford to hire.

Those women have left the water three quarters of an hour, and are still in their machine. They are romping. How vulgarly they laugh. Doubtless, too, they are dowdies, and after bungling over their toilette for an age, will come forth, blowzed and looking as if their lady's maid had been a pitchfork. I hope they will, and thus revenge me for being kept here.

The ass who swims worst is always the one who bawls in the water, waddles about, splashes idiotically, and keeps his betters out of the machine. A gentleman plunges in, takes his swim in silence, and dresses rapidly.

Women are all cheats. Those women have cheated me out of my turn, and the woman who keeps the machine pretends to think it is all right. I hope, for her sake, that the season will be short; and very cold.

Those ugly women who went in last would make more haste, but they think the two pretty girls near me are waiting, and so in sheer spite they are doing their hair here instead of going home like ladies, and doing it in their bed rooms. I hope they will catch colds.

How that child shrieks in fear of the sea! But I hear the mother slapping it, and thrusting it in. And yet they say women are tender-hearted. I would see the little beast at Jericho before I would expose myself to hear such noises. There it screeches again. People have no right to annoy others by causing such yells—if they must torture the brat, why don't they have a tub at home.

[Here the Bathing mistress beckons him.]

I don't think it is my turn, (*aside*) but I'll have it. And as I have been kept so long, I see no reason for treating others better, and so—

[Enters the machine, leaving his successors to think similar thoughts for the next half hour.]

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR LIBERTY.

SAID JOHN BULL's man of measures, or Tailor, to JOHN, "Sir, your sleeves are too short—let me put these cuffs on." "Cuffs?" quoth JOHN, "yes, they seem just like handcuffs to me. For instead of a button they're closed with a key: Well; they're not locked together—my hands are still free."

TO JOHN BULL said his Tailor, another fine day, Sir, your ankles want bracing—they're like to give way. Pray now, let me advise you these Gaiters to wear. Said JOHN BULL, "Gaiters, eh? Pair of fetters I swear, But they've no bolts or shackles—and so I don't care."

JOHN BULL danced in his fetters and dined in his cuffs, Meeting all observations thereon with rebuffs, Such as—"Don't talk to me about being confined, I am full and am lazy, I've danced and I've dined, Let me now go to sleep—for a nap I'm inclined."

JOHN BULL slept, and was plunged in a slumber most sweet, Whilst his Tailor the gaiters and cuffs did complete; JOHN BULL woke hand and foot irretrievably bound, And unable to stir, being chained to the ground, While his cries for release with stern laughter were drowned.

Sunday Bills are the handcuffs with which we begin, On pretence of preventing the evils of gin; To keep sots from their swill we are liquorless made, And we suffer the Government thus to invade Both our freedom of action and freedom of trade.

And the fetters are trammels, which soon will, unless We look out very sharp, be imposed on the Press. The first step its liberty destined to cramp May be taken by some Jesuitical scamp With a little more rigour by pressing the Stamp.

For the Press may be easily chained by degrees. The rat has already his tusks at the cheese. At St. Martin's Hall, lately, was heard such a rat, All so stealthily, covertly, nibbling at that, Underneath the broad brim of a Cardinal's hat.

To be earnest in any way—care to bestow, Save on stomach and skin may be dreadfully slow. 'Twould be slower if we like our neighbours behaved, With their lips all unshorn—of their liberties shaved— And became, like the nations around us, enslaved.

OFFICERS' WITNESS DRILL, OR FORTY-SIXTH EXERCISE.

THIS drill is practised in a room, which, in military phraseology, is called the Mess Room, but to which, perhaps, with greater propriety, might be applied the collegiate term of Combination Room. The fellows, that is to say the officers of the regiment, having met therein, ostensibly for the purpose of auditing the mess accounts, but really for that of being drilled to give evidence, are put, by a Serjeant at Martial Law, through the following exercise:—

Handle Book!	Lies Right!
Kiss Book!	Lies Left!
Return Book!	Lose Memory!
Stand at Ease!	Recover Memory!
Attention to Question!	Charge Memory!
Weigh Question!	Ground Oath!
Parry Question!	Shoulder Oath!
Right Shirk!	Make Ready Oath!
Left Sneak!	Present Oath!
Right-about Wheel!	Swear!!
Left-about Face!	

THE PRIVATE OPINION OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.—"If I were not the Czar of all the Russias, I would be the President of the United States."—According to DR. COTTMAN.

VAUXHALL IN THE SULKS.



HE proprietor of Vauxhall has shut up his gardens in a huff, extinguished every one of his twenty-five thousand additional lamps, turned out his hermit to grass, put away all the cocked hats of the band, stowed away Cronstadt into the shed at the back of the Waterloo Ground, finished the ham that used to make the celebrated Vauxhall slices, dismissed the Signor who makes fearful ascents amid showers of fireworks by night, and is employed at the gas works by day—in fact from Vauxhall Gardens

“The lights are fled,
The waiters dead,
And all the band departed.”

The reason for this abrupt closing of the establishment in a hot week of fine weather, is set forth in a letter that appeared in the *Times* of Monday the 21st of August. It seems that the proprietor in his extreme eagerness to meet the wishes and suit the tastes of an enlightened British public

—more than usually enlightened during the season by twenty-five thousand additional lamps—had scoured the Italian Brothers, who had bound themselves by the ties of a stringent engagement to bind themselves to the car of a certain balloon by the stringent ties of certain bandages fastened to their feet, by which they were to hang suspended in the air with their heads downwards. These sons of the south had it seems made a profession and a practice of this upside down or topsy-turvy proceeding, and they had frequently delighted a generous British public with this imminent risk of their lives, and by permitting their existence to hang upon a thread at a surprising altitude. It is true that there have been a few deaths from experiments in ballooning, but this fact, it must be admitted, so far from depriving the affair of the features of a public amusement, had tended rather to heighten the zest with which the display was looked for by an enlightened English assembly. The police, however, having other duties besides those of encouraging a refined taste for what certainly may be called in one sense the highest style of art, and remembering that several deaths had occurred for the amusement of the British public by ballooning experiments, felt called on to step in and interdict what we may be justified in calling this “brilliant display of assmanship.” The proprietor of the gardens became so indignant at this interference with an earnest desire to “cater for the public amusement,” that he in a fit of the sulks has cut short his season, and written a letter of indignant remonstrance to the *Times* newspaper. The Italian Brothers are so shocked by the denial of their right to risk their lives, that they have appealed to the Secretary of State, and if there were any Italian nationality, we might possibly be involved in a war with Italy. These remarkable specimens of suspended animation had it seems recently purchased a balloon for the more complete enjoyment of the luxury of hanging by their heels to the bottom of the car, and their disgust is extreme at finding that the words of the poet—

“I, surely, in a country that is free,
May kill myself if it so pleases me,”

are but the idle dreams of the rhapsodist, and not the calm declaration of a right admitted by the British Government. We must however be content to dispense with our evenings at Vauxhall for the rest of the season, and the London public must learn to bear as it best can the deprivation of not being allowed the risk of a brace of brothers tumbling down from a height of some thousands of feet into the middle of some public thoroughfare. Perhaps the brothers may in their calmer moments reflect that however anxious they may be to run the risk of pitching on their own skulls, there may be other skulls—not quite so thick—underneath the balloon, which are not so eager to be pitched upon.

THE SUNDAY TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

To temper the New Beer Bill to Sunday excursionists, it is proposed to establish an adequate number of Travellers' Clubs; since clubs are exempt from the restrictions of that enactment, and it allows beer to be served to travellers.

Each Club will consist of from four to six persons who, however, will have power to add anybody who chooses to be added, to their number. They will besides, individually possess the privilege of introducing a friend, or as many friends as they please, whether gentlemen or ladies, into the Club, to enjoy a temporary participation, for an indefinite period, in the advantages of its membership, which will include the use of any of the Club apartments, and the right to be supplied with any species of refreshment provided by the Club, at the usual Club prices.

A member of the Club will be in constant attendance in the Hall, or where there is no Hall, in the Passage, to admit visitors. The ceremony of admission will be simply that of putting the visitor's name and address, under the denomination of Traveller, without any particular

inquiry as to authenticity, down on a slate, which will be suspended for that purpose against the wall.

Buildings to serve for Club Houses have been already erected, comprising the various premises hitherto called and known by the name and sign of the Crown, the King's Arms, the Goose and Gridiron, the Cat and Fiddle, and other the like appellations.

The Club will consist of the Landlord, the Boots, the Head Waiter, and the Ostler of the establishment; to whom will be added other waiters, the Stable-boy, and the Landlady and Chambermaid if necessary. The terms of subscription will be One Farthing per Annum: no entrance Fee. Visitors will not be called upon for any subscription whatever. A smoking room will offer its attractions in every room in the house except the apartments reserved for private parties.

Should any legal difficulty be thrown in the way of the above arrangements, the Club will constitute itself a regular Club, by appointing a Committee, consisting of the Boots and the Ostler, with the Landlord for Chairman, who will be responsible for all the Club's liabilities. Anybody will be eligible to become a member at a moment's notice, by being balloted for by the already existing members, and the requisite facilities for prompt election will be afforded by two or more of them attending without blackballs, at the Club entrance. The Club will be kept open during such hours as the convenience of the Public may require; and to preclude the possibility of any mistake, the words “ALL TRAVELLERS' CLUB” will be painted in large letters over the door.

A BALTIC BROADSIDE.

Look to breaching-tackles, lads,
Trunnion, sponge, and rammer:
With round and grape and canister
To the muzzle cram her!
Run her smartly out, my lads!
Captain!—lay her level!
Soon we'll blow, no doubt, my lads,
Old Nick to the Devil.
Fire away!

'Tis an honest gun, my lads,—
Gallant hearts to man it!
'Bout their ears, like fun, my lads,
Topple down the granite.
Russian guns are quakers, lads,—
Russian walls are rubble;
Russian troops are shakers, lads,—
Russian strength a bubble!
Fire away!

Spite of rock and reef, my lads,—
Spite of shoal and shallow,—
Show the odds on British beef
Match'd with Russian tallow.
For chance of NAPIER's bullets, lads,
They're too glad to risk it,
If it give their gullets, lads,
Lots of pork and biscuit.
Fire away!

If a messmate fall, my lads,
By shot or shell or splinter,
Greenwich finds for all, my lads,
A snug berth for life's winter.
If a man, by death, my lads,
Lose his mess's number,
In cheers he yields his breath, my lads,
And Glory guards his slumber.
Fire away!

While your steady fire, my lads,
Through his forts is digging,
Let him, till he tire, my lads,
Spoil our upper rigging.
Hurrah!—From their towers, my lads,
Signal of surrender!
God bless QUEEN VICTORIA,—
And more victories send her.
Hip!—Hurrah!



John Thomas "I TELL YOU WHAT, WILLIAM—THE PRESS MUST BE PUT DOWN; THEY'VE BIN AND GOT THE SOLDIERS' UNIFORM ALTERED, AND I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF THEY CALLED OURS RIDIKLUS NEXT!"

PUNCH'S OWN RAILWAY.

THIS snug little suburban line occasionally makes a mild demand on public attention, by a sort of popgun-like proceeding known as the issuing of its annual report, which is usually accompanied with a very little smoke, and somewhat less fire. Everything is on the smallest possible scale; and the rolling stock includes a garden roller, which is kept for the purpose of rolling the gravel walks by the side of those cabbage beds which form the vegetable wealth of the Company. The property of the railway is understood to have somewhat increased; but there has been a loss of one engine and two buffers,—the former being the moral engine which the Company once possessed in the support of a now apathetic press; and the latter consisting of two old buffers who have got better places, after having been for some years in the service of the line as gardeners.

The balance at the bankers' has been augmented by a few pounds, and the goods traffic is nearly eight ounces more this year than it was last—an increase which, considering the level of former times, may be considered feverish. Of coals there is a scuttle more in the Company's cellars than there was in 1853; and the Directors purpose that this surplus shall not be disturbed, but that it shall be added to the "rest," and carried over to the credit—the very great credit—of the Company.

The engineer of the line has inspected the boilers, and reports that "the concern is not yet out of hot water, nor likely to be for some time to come;" nor have the law proceedings been brought to a termination. Thanks were voted to the chairman, who had lent a Bath chair for a visit of the resident director to the terminus.

A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

In order to ensure fine weather for the Harvest, MR. WARDELL has closed Vauxhall.

SANCTIFIED SLANDER UPON PUNCH.

A WRITER, who appears to be an adept in the pseudosophy of Cant, has been perpetrating an article, whence the following is an extract, in the *English Journal of Education* :—

"There are two very clear dangers to which boys are liable to be exposed on a Sunday. The first is the very palpable and glaring one of temptation to forget that it is a holy day as well as a holiday. It is very sad and grievous to think of the shock that a young boy's moral system must receive when he emerges from the too tightly laced apron-strings of a religious home into the atmosphere which hails the day on which our Lord overmastered Death with the broadsheet of *Bell's Life*, *Punch*, the loose morals of *Reynolds*, and other worse than worthless literature."

The Journal that admitted the foregoing remarks may call itself the *English Journal of Education*; but, as far at least as they go, it is, in the strongest sense, un-English. The unhappy Scribe, and Pharisee, who penned those illiterate and absurd observations, represents a boy as emerging from apron-strings, as if apron-strings were the ocean, or a river, or pond, or other receptacle containing fluid in which it was possible for the youth to have been plunged. We should like to see him emerge, himself, from the sink of folly and impertinence, at the bottom of which he now flounders. In the meantime he may contribute to the public amusement by explaining how a home, religious or profane, can wear an apron, and how the strings of any apron, whether worn by a home or a housemaid, or even a bishop, can be laced, unless by being adorned with lace. Also by stating the composition of that atmosphere which is capable of hailing a day otherwise than by hailing for twenty-four hours, and which must consist of other and very different elements than oxygen and nitrogen, with an admixture of aqueous vapour and carbonic acid. Further, given an atmosphere that can hail a day without a hailstorm, by showing how the atmosphere desecrates the day by hailing it with *Punch*; a work which shocks no moral system but a weak one, and, like electricity, shocks only to invigorate that.

So far from containing aught calculated to shock the moral system of a boy, these pages are characterised by a scrupulous reverence for childhood, as this person, who abuses them, would know if he had ever

read them. One would think that the "atmosphere" which he is in the habit of breathing is one of very strong tobacco-smoke and fumes of beer, whereof the effect has been to muddle his understanding and confuse his style. A man must be in a very extreme state of pipes and ale to commit such a wretched attempt at a pun as that involved in the antithesis of holy day and holiday—a pun betraying a peculiar disregard of DR. JOHNSON. If the punster is not capable of picking a pocket, he is evidently quite capable of robbing others of their good name.

We will not "shock" the feelings of our readers by more than alluding to the equivocal construction consequent on the misplacement of the preposition "with" in the concluding sentence of the paragraph above quoted. We advise the professor of education to educate himself before he puts any more of his discourses into print, and should recommend him, for the present, to deliver them only from his pulpit, which we would suggest might consist of a cinder-heap in a low neighbourhood, if the man were fit to preach anywhere.

BOMARSUND TO BEGIN WITH.

SING of the gallant Baltic Fleet,
Which, with our French allies, did beat,
Thrash, whack, whop, wallop, and contund
The enemy at Bomarsund.

With speedy news of the downfall
Of Cronstadt and Sebastopol,
May NICHOLAS'S ears be stunned:
And I wish he had been at Bomarsund!

Prussia's Last.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA, in a moment of hilarity, was heard to say that "he'd join any campaign if they put a / in it."

A FINALE TO AN OPERA.



HAT the annexed finale may be understood, it will be necessary that the following explanatory argument should be perused with some attention.

The action of the First Act passes in Drury Lane, and opens with a grand flourish of trumpets. The Theatre having just been taken by a bold and enterprising chief, at the head of a very gallant band, who had consented to become instrumental—and vocal—to the views of their leader, the populace are seen rushing forward with eager curiosity, and they recognise in *Caradori*—the heroine—an Italian lady, whose talents had already excited admiration and interest.

Everything proceeds merrily for some time, and large masses of people are seen advancing with contributions of gold and silver, till a slight murmur of discontent arises in consequence of a mysterious demand from the director—a dark figure in the back-ground—of an increase of twelvepence a head from a certain section of the contributors. This throws a gloom over the scene, which is scarcely dispelled by the appearance of *Pavesi*, a young Italian tenor, who is destined to become the hero of what is to follow. We have omitted to allude to the part taken by a German of imposing aspect, and considerable power, who, under the well known name of *Formes*, had entered on the scene, and by the influence of his voice and character—or characters, for he could assume several—had partly reconciled the people to pay the increased tax which the director—the dark figure in the back-ground—had imposed.

The Second Act opens rather cheerlessly in a sort of desert with a large thermometer standing at 80 in the shade, and a number of liveried box-keepers opening the doors of vacant boxes for the admission of what little air may be wafted through every gaping aperture. A burning heat gives languor to the whole band, and throws a damp—in the shape of perspiration—on the countenances of all concerned. The Second Act soon comes to a close, the curtain itself dropping from mere exhaustion.

The Third Act opens in a Jew Attorney's Office, with a sort of *Marche diabolique*, which conducts to the scene of the Judges' Chambers, where a concerted piece ensues, introducing the taking of the oath and the issuing of the writ; concluding with a Chorus of Tiptaves, who proceed to the abodes of *Caradori* and *Pavesi*. In the next Scene we find the heroine and the hero locked—not in each other's arms—but in the *Maison d'éponge*, or Sponging House, to which they have been consigned, by certain machinations, in which a regular machinist is supposed to have taken part. After some rather mysterious action in what is called a carpenter's scene, the stage represents the Police Court at Bow Street, and the finale begins. *Enrico*, a *Podesta*, is seated on the Bench of Justice, surrounded by his officers, and at the Bar stands *Il Falegname*, who had taken the oath in the previous scene. In the foreground are two lawyers, both bearing the name of *Luigi*, but belonging to different houses; one representing the much-respected *Casa Luigi Piazza d'Oro*, near the celebrated *Giardino d'Hatton*, and the other being *Luigi della Piazza d'Oro*, or Golden Square.

The Finale commences with a striking piece of Recitative by *Luigi della Casa*, who informs *Enrico*, the *Podesta*, that *Caradori*, the heroine, has been placed in captivity on the oath of *Il Falegname*, who swore that she was about to depart for Germany in *Il Falegname's* debt. The following is the text of a portion of this grand Recitative:—

'Twas at dread midnight's sad and awful hour
She fell within the Sheriff's deadly power,
The victim of an oath—which had averred
She owed a debt of which she'd never heard.
Ah me! oh horror! how shall I reveal
The truth that justice bids me not conceal.
Semiramis, great *Nino's* widowed spouse,
Was led ignobly to a sponging house.

CHORUS.

Oh us! Oh horror! How shall we reveal
The truth that justice bids us not conceal.
And was *Semiramis*, great *Nino's* spouse,
Hurried ignobly to a sponging house?

LUIGI DELLA PIAZZA D'ORO.
Though to condemn the act all may incline,
Ye Powers! it wasn't any fault of mine.

THE PODESTA.
Thy views I cannot share—the Sheriff's slave
Will always guidance from the lawyer crave,
But let me hear the gentle lady's story.

UN UFFICIALE.
Silence in Court for MADAME CARADORI!
CARADORI (*advancing to the witness box*).

RECITATIVE.
I came across the seas—my only views
Have been the British public to amuse;
I ne'er had come at all if I had known
Into a jailor's hands I should be thrown.

AIR (*con molto espressione*).
Oh, hear me, Justice, while I swear,
As here alone I stand,
I never said I did prepare
To quit this pleasant land.
They led me forth, I knew not why,
Took me, I knew not where,
Deprived me of my liberty,
Regardless of my prayer.
Yes, thus they treated me, although
I nothing owed, and told them so.

THE PODESTA.
Oh, can it be? I did not understand
This was the practice of my native land;
To drag to jail before you make a claim.

LUIGI DELLA PIAZZA D'ORO.
'Tis often done, Sir.

THE PODESTA.
Is it?—more's the shame.
But now 'tis getting late. The day doth wane,
The evening shadows fall on Drury Lane;
The Covent Garden columns in a row
Stand darkly out beneath the portico.

LUIGI DELLA CASA.
Yes! Night advances! On the startled ear
Fall cries of "waiter!" from the cookshop near,
The ham-and-beef shop now begins to feel
The public pressure for the evening meal;
The clubs begin to serve the second joint—

LUIGI DELLA PIAZZA D'ORO.
Those observations to adjournment point.

GRAND CHORUS.
Though with ardour we burn
For justice and right,
It were best to adjourn
The proceedings to night.

THE PODESTA.
And if my advice the defendant will take,
Some fit compensation he'll rapidly make.

GRAND CHORUS.
Though with ardour we burn, &c.
The Curtain falls.

A Scotch Monster.

A STARTLING paragraph appeared the other day in the *North British Mail*. It was headed MONSTER BEAN. The only Monster BEAN that we had ever before heard of as being produced by North Britain was the Monster SAWNEY BEAN. We were relieved to find that this was a cultivated instead of a savage bean; a regular bean: a bean of quite a different kidney from SAWNEY.

THE FASHION AT THE SEASIDE.

THE Blackguard Donkey Boys at Ramsgate, if stopped by a lady with a huge green blind over her bonnet, attract her notice by screaming out, "Now then, Ugly!"

KEPT IN TOWN.



COMRADES— you are
off on pleasure
—I must linger
here forlorn ;
Not a house where
I can dine at—
nothing open but
Cremorne.

All my friends
have gone and
left me ; all I
know are far a-
way :
Some are yacht-
ing, some are
sporting, some at
country houses
stay.

And I see
the grouse at
GROVES'S, and I
think upon the
moors ;

They have shut up all the clubs, and they have opened all the sewers.

Gone from Rotten Row the dandies—gone the neatly got-up grooms ;
Gone the pretty riding-habits ; gone the quiet little broughams.

Hot and hard the length of gravel, for the water-carts are done ;
What am I that I should murmur, being but a younger son ?

Being but a Treasury Clerk, to whom existence is a bore ;
Working for a wretched pittance, every day from ten to four.

In the season, there's the paper kills time for an hour or two ;
Now the *Times* itself is empty—at a glance one skims it through.

I am sick of the Crimea—sick of Bomarsund—and all ;
And the very name of PERRY'S nauseous, in large type or small.

I've read all about the Cholera, till I think I could impart,
From chalk-mixture up to camphor, every remedy by heart.

After office hours I wander, in a sort of moody maze,
Up Pall-Mall, and through Belgravia—all the haunts of happier days.

At the houses, where to dinner oft I've driven at half-past eight,
Pint pots—token of board-wages—hang upon the area-gate.

There where GUNTER'S stately foremen went the supper carts to stop,
Butcher-boys to lean charwomen hand the solitary chop.

Balconies, where ball-room-roses bloomed 'neath EDGINGTON'S
marquees,
Show a range of dusty bow-pots for the cats to take their ease.

'Tis the square, where she would meet me—meet me, between four
and five,
When the governess was busy, and Mamma was on her drive.

Where she brought the new French novel to the very shadiest spot,
Which she always meant to get through, but through which she
never got.

Oh my MABEL—shallow-hearted !—was it well to let me down,
And go off to Baden-Baden, when you might have staid in town ?

For your father is in office—a pretext you might have had ;
Staid to mind the old boy's comforts : he'd have only been too glad !

Darkling comes the night and dreary ; and the gas they're lighting up :
But for me—where can I go to ? I've no place to dine or sup.

At the club they cook no dinners : and the smoking-room is bare ;
All the house, in fact, is under what the steward calls "repair."

Even PRATT'S is sad and seedy : oh, this is not to be borne—
I will rush to the Casino : I will drive to far Cremorne.

What is there that I should care for ? From what madness should
I shrink ?

I will eat September oysters : sherry-cobblers I will drink.

I will take a snobbish female : I will join the platform dance :
There indulge in gentish antics, and unseemly *pas* from France.

What to me is indigestion ? What to me is head-ache now ?
I will chaff the stern policeman, though I get into a row.

Though he take me to the station—bring me up before the beak—
Let them send me to the tread-mill—'tis excitement that I seek.

Let it come in any form : policeman—station—beak or mill,
Aught but this bare, blank existence—'tis a horse enough to kill !

Let it come and sweep me with it : though the governor should frown ;
Serves him right for thus deserting his poor son—the last in town !

CORONERS AND RAILWAY COMPANIES.

(Specially Reported.)

AN investigation into the causes of the last accident (but eleven) which took place on the Grand Indirect East and West Junction Railway, was held before MR. CORONER CRINGE and a select jury, at the Buffalo's Arms, Wapshot, on Tuesday last. It will be remembered that upon the occasion in question an express train ran into an excursion train, and that four carriage-fulls of passengers were either destroyed or mutilated. The interests of the sufferers or their executors were represented by MR. POUNCE, a solicitor ; while MR. BLUSTER, Q.C., and MR. SNARL, of the common-law bar, attended on the part of the railway company. The public was unrepresented, the law officers of the Crown having special retainers in private cases, which made their attendance, for which the country pays them only a general retainer, impossible upon the present occasion.

The CORONER opened the proceedings by addressing the jury. He must begin by stating that the conduct of the Grand Indirect East and West Junction Railway Company did them the highest credit. They were disposed to court the very fullest investigation, and, although it might not be strictly within his judicial knowledge, he must add that the first-class carriages on the line were most comfortable, and the station-masters were among the most genteel and polite young men he had ever seen. That, however, did not exactly bear upon the present inquiry, which was, how this unlucky accident had occurred to vary the usual regularity and safety of the excellent and admirable line in question.

MR. BLUSTER begged to remind the Coroner that he, MR. B., and not the CORONER, was the advocate of the Company.

The CORONER was aware of that, and was quite sure that the usual sound discretion exercised by the Company had dictated their choice of counsel.

The first witness, HENRY BATTER, was called. He said that on Tuesday last he was a passenger by the excursion train from Diddleton. At 6:30 they passed the Hangmansleigh Station, and were going at a wretched pace—

The CORONER cautioned the witness not to use injurious expressions. The train might be going more slowly than the witness liked, but surely a noble Company like that of the Grand Indirect knew better than the witness what pace to keep.

The Witness, in continuation, said that they were going not more than thirteen miles an hour.

The CORONER said that this showed the prudence and caution of the Company. As it was, the pace was faster than that of the best stage coach of former days. How much had the witness paid ?

WITNESS.—Thirteen-and-sixpence.

The CORONER (with indignation).—What ! To come ninety miles ! And with such generous liberality on the part of the Company, the witness had the baseness to complain of the pace ! He thought, after such a display of character, it would be for the jury to consider what weight to attach to the witness's evidence.

The Witness said that he paid what was asked, and believed that by law the Company undertook to convey him speedily and safely. He certainly did not accept the contract on the understanding that he was to take the chances of a smash.

The CORONER immediately ordered him into custody for speaking so flippantly of a great public body, and expressed a conviction that the jury would be as much disgusted as he was.

LAURA MOULD was then called. She deposed to the fact that she had been travelling by the excursion train, and as they came crawling up to the Hangmansleigh Station—

The CORONER.—Don't say crawling, woman. Beetles crawl. As the train was proceeding at a comparatively slow pace—well ?

Witness adhered to the word crawling, and despite all the remonstrances of the Coroner, who entreated her to consider what a splendid institution the railway was, and how much the public were indebted to the spirited and wealthy gentlemen who managed it, she would use no other word. The Coroner was obliged, therefore, to record his protest, and to take her evidence, that while the excursion train was lagging, three quarters of an hour late, the express ran into it, and caused terrible damage.

Seventeen other witnesses deposed to the same fact, and despite the Coroner's cautions, inveighed bitterly against the mismanagement of the railway.

The signal man of the Hangmansleigh Station gave evidence that he was underpaid and overworked, and admitted that he was too tired and too sleepy to make the danger signal. He had no doubt that, had it been made, the express train would have stopped.

The CORONER, after reading him a severe lecture upon his ingratitude in speaking in that brutal manner of the Company which gave him bread, directed that he should be taken into custody.

Several witnesses, conversant with railway matters, desired to be examined, but the CORONER said that he did not see what good they could do. The last witness had shown how the accident occurred.

The Jury said that the evidence was insufficient. The signal man was in fault, but why was the train so late?

The CORONER was sorry to see that the vulgar prejudice against railway management extended to that box. They ought to be above such nonsense. He would close the inquiry, unless the learned gentlemen had anything to say.

Mr. POUNCE said that the Railway Company had been proved guilty of two unpardonable offences, and he hoped that the verdict of the jury would convince them that no Railway Directors, any more than any other tradesmen, could be allowed to cheat their customers. They offered good and swift conveyance, for money; they sold bad and slow conveyance, and when compensation was demanded, they began to bully.

The CORONER, who had several times interrupted the solicitor, now ordered him out of Court.

The hired representatives of the company said that they had intended to speak, but were quite content to leave the advocacy of their clients in the hands of the judge.

The CORONER summed up. Railways were a glorious invention, and this line was one of the best specimens we possessed. It scarcely ever killed anybody. Why, the population of Great Britain at the census of 1851 was 20,936,465 persons; and how few of those the Grand Indirect East and West Junction had destroyed! The number was a trifle, compared to that of those who travelled, or might, if they liked, travel on the line. Moreover he was quite sure that the directors were most sorry when any casualty occurred. Most of the witnesses had given their evidence in a very unbecoming manner, and therefore it was valueless. On the whole, therefore, he thought—of course the jury would judge for themselves—that the company were quite free from blame in the matter.

The Jury, without retiring, returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against the Directors of the Company, adding a strong expression of disgust at the system they had sanctioned.

The CORONER said that they must be mad. He should record no such cruel and oppressive verdict.

The Jury insisting, he was compelled to yield, but appended a written apology to the Company for being the unwilling agent in insulting them so shamefully.

Mr. BLUSTER was quite sure that the Company were aware of the CORONER's feelings. The inquiry then terminated.

ALDERMAN IN THE WATER.

DEAR GEORGE, this white jug, mixed with ADAM's mild ale,
(That's the stingo for toasting your NAN of the Vale)
Holds what once was GOBBLE, a greedy old soul,
Who mopped up the turtle-soup, bowl after bowl,
In guzzling 'twas also his wont to excel,
And at all civic dinners he'd feed till he fell.

It chanced as in Guildhall he gorged by degrees,
Eating all sorts of messes, as rich as you please,
At the custards and pastry whilst pegging away,
And with brandied brown sherry well soaking his clay,
His steam-valves of life on a sudden were shut,
And he went, blowing up like an engine—all but.

In ground intramural when long he had lain,
Resolved into salts, earths, and gases again,
Ammonia leaked into a well near him dug,
And so part of old GOBBLE got into this jug;
Now held in solution by ADAM's mild ale,
Drink GOBBLE in drinking sweet NAN of the Vale.

Theatrical Note and Query.

(By a Playgoer of weak Intellect.)

Note.—There is a little book recently published, called "The Buxton Guide."

Query.—Now, what Buxton? Is this not, pray, an indirect method of announcing the *Spanish Dancers*, for we know of no other Guide just at present that is taking all the people to BUCKSTONE?

MAINE MODEL LAW.

THE frequent occurrence of accidents from fire-arms at this season of the year suggests the question whether it would not be possible, at the cost of a little self-denial to a portion of the public, to prevent these deplorable casualties altogether.

The means by which this desirable purpose might, there is every reason to believe, be fully accomplished, would be the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of gunpowder for any purposes but those of Government.

It is true that we are not as yet in possession of any statistical facts tending to show that abridgement of the facilities for the purchase of this dangerous substance in any locality has been attended by a proportionate decrease of the deaths, mutilations, and other bodily injuries arising from its incautious use on an average during a given period in that locality. Official and other returns, however, have clearly established that a decided diminution of cases of drunkenness on Sundays has attended the partial restrictions which have been imposed on the supply of intoxicating liquors; and it is not perhaps jumping too hastily to a conclusion to infer that, if no such drinks were allowed to be sold at all, the result would be a very general, if not a total, cessation of inebriety. If this inference be allowed, it must also be admitted that the analogous measure of putting a stop to the trade in an explosive compound would at least greatly limit the frequency of explosions.

The Maine Liquor Law is said to answer well; and many persons are of opinion that a similar law would answer equally well here. Unquestionably. So would a Gunpowder Law; a law forbidding all dealings in Gunpowder. Let us have such a law then; the sooner the better. Why not put that "villanous saltpetre" under a ban as well as that pernicious alcohol? How many an existence has been embittered for life; how many a family has been bereaved of its only support; how many wives, sisters, children, have had to mourn the frightful and fatal consequences which legislation, by intercepting their cause, might have rendered impossible!

What valid reason can be assigned for the practice of shooting? It is notorious that partridges, pheasants, hares, nay woodcocks, and snipe, may be easily procured, for the purposes of the table, by catching them in nets and snares, or simply knocking them on the head as they lie. As to the plea that the sport affords healthful exercise, surely the same amount and kind of exercise might be taken by walking through heath, turnips, and stubble, or over ploughed fields, with a large stick instead of a gun. The mere exhilaration attendant on the act of striking down a bird on the wing, or a quadruped running, doubtless will be cheerfully resigned when it is considered how great a preservation of human life and limb will be the reward of the sacrifice.

As the principle gains ground of legislating to prevent the misuse or the abuse of a thing by interdicting its use, it will perhaps come to be considered whether we had not better abolish penknives, because they sometimes cut fingers, and are no longer necessary now that we have steel pens. The moustache movement also will be rendered imperative on the part of every man, since it is possible to get on well enough without shaving, but that operation cannot be performed without razors, and everybody will be precluded from obtaining those instruments because some persons, if they got them, would commit suicide with them. Laws will ultimately be passed for depriving us of the ability to gratify any inclination which can be gratified improperly—in which case shall we any longer be men to thrash the Russians, or even to render the sort of service which we are now rendering to the Turks?



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

[From an Original Drawing by our Little Boy.]



Lady. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME, MARY, THAT MY NEW CRYSTAL MILK JUG IS BRO ———!"

Mary. "YES, 'M, IT'S THE ORKERDIST JUG AS HEVER I SEE—IT JEST TOOK AND TUMBLED RIGHT OFF ITS 'ANDLE!! WHICH IT'S LEFT ITS 'ANDLE IN MY 'AND, 'M."

EVIL EYES ON NICHOLAS.

"As melts this effigy away,
And as I thrust this image through,
So may my enemy decay
And Death's sharp arrows pierce him too."

Thus Malice mumbled o'er her spell
And, as the wax was pricked and ran,
So, Witchcraft's ghastly legends tell,
Transfixed with pains, declined the man.

DE MOLAY, writhing in the flame,
Called Pope and Sovereign so appear
With him at judgment—and they came—
Both died, at least, within the year.

The laws of Sympathy are dark.
'Tis said that Human Will hath fire
Which flashes farther than the spark
Can fly upon the speaking wire.

Without a charm, or magic verse,
The rays of Hate may dart so far,
That some one's bitter, deadly curse
A Tyrant may have strength to mar.

The death-look of a wounded hare
It is not pleasant to abide,
Conceive, then, CZAR, the dying glare
Of victims crushed to glut thy pride.

'Mongst all those rays of horrid light
Aloft in fearful torment cast,
Will Heaven reflect not one to smite
Thee, NICHOLAS, old wretch, at last?

Q. WHAT four persons would be worth Eighteenpence?

A. One Joey, two Browns, and a Bob.

THREATENED ANNIHILATION OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

WE hope MISS FREDRIKA BREMER will abandon her design of getting up a Ladies' Peace Society. An association composed of such elements might exert a most dangerous influence. Suppose MISS BREMER could succeed in inducing the generality of the young ladies of England to form a confederacy devoted to the prevention of war. Imagine one of its rules to be that every member should take a pledge, or enter into a solemn engagement, never to accept an invitation to dance at an evening party with an officer. The consequence would be that we should want chiefs to lead our troops to battle. Thus deprived of national defences, we should fall an easy prey to Russia, or any other invader.

For what inducement has anybody to enter the Army who can get a decent living without risking his life and limbs? Patriotism? We are afraid that a very small minority of young gentlemen of the present day are actuated by a motive so serious and slow as that. Glory? This is no object to the generality of Englishmen; moreover the chance of winning it is too slight to operate, in any considerable degree, as an incentive. Gain? Now that clothing colonels are abolished, an officer has no opportunity of thriving, and if he has only his pay to depend upon, he is poorly off indeed. In short, to any individual of common sense, and ordinary ideas, there is no temptation to accept a commission, much less to purchase one, except the preference given by the fair sex to military men over civilians. But for the predilection evinced by the female taste for a man in a red coat, hardly anybody but a clown would put on a garment of that colour, unless for the chase, or in the capacity of general postman. If MISS BREMER could contrive to persuade British Beauty to refuse its hand in the *thé dansant* and the *soirée* to British valour, we should very soon be hard up for Ensigns and Lieutenants, next for Captains and Majors, in no long time for Colonels, and should ultimately be destitute of every single General and Field Marshal.

The Great Problem of the Day

Is,—Given *Bradshaw*, to find the way from any place to any place on any line. So highly does the solution of this problem exercise the intellect, that it is proposed to add *Bradshaw* to those books of *Euclid*, in which proficiency is required of candidates for honours at Cambridge.



"THERE, MY BOY! IT ISN'T EVERYBODY WHO COULD DO THAT!!"

A Vacuum that wants Filling up.

SINCE the Surrey Zoological Gardens are to be in the hands of the Teetotallers next year, it is rather difficult to imagine what they will get to supply the place of the volcanos that have generally done fire-work duty at that popular place of amusement. It is as clear as a drop of filtered water that they will have nothing to do with Vesuvius, or Etna, or Hecla, or any other disreputable mountain that is known principally by the violent eruptions that take place on its brow, and the fearful explosions that issue at times from its flaming mouth—for such exhibitions would only be colouring a wrong moral, for we are well aware they are but the aggregate result of repeated drops of the "crater."



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

British Farmer. "WELL! HERE'S A PRETTY BUSINESS! I'VE GOT SO MUCH CORN, THAT I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO PUT IT."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JABOSH.—In reply to your inquiries as to the period of the siege of Troy, the weight of the Elephant that was shot in Exeter Change, the amount of the imports and exports in 1703, and other interesting historical queries, we must refer you to one of our Sunday contemporaries, who, in his Notices to Correspondents, is steadily reprinting (we trust under Mr. Moxon's sanction) HAYDN'S "Dictionary of Dates."

A FIANCÉE.—We think that he had a right to look sulky, and had we been in his place, and you had said so to us, we should have refused to stay to supper, unless you had asked us very prettily indeed.

AMANS OPERÆ inquires whether "music" be really "the food of love."—We do not know, but it always inspires us with the love of food, as our correspondent shall see if he will invite us to oysters after a *Huguenot's* night.

A DOUBTER.—The Hebrew word means, in its primitive signification, a carpet-bag, and is so used by the Talmudists. But by gradual deduction, it has now come to mean Spanish liquor, and you can interpret it in whichever sense is least inconvenient to your feelings. The Bishop of London and the Puseyites take the first meaning, and therefore travel with portmanteaus only. The Independents and the Irvingites take the second, and, when they have coughs, will eat only horehound and allcampane. But, after all, what does anything mean? Words, if spoken, are but air, and what is the air? Oxygen, nitrogen, and a little carbonic acid gas. Will you be slave to a chemist's bottle?

JOCULAR.—We must decline "dressing up" your "funny anecdote" about the old bachelor who was so averse to making a declaration, that when he became a bankrupt he would not declare a dividend. We receive tons of such "jokes" every week, to the great advancement of our credit at the cheesemonger's.

PHILIDOR JUVENIS.—The white king may not castle at chess, the black only having that privilege, by the new rule of the Paris club. While the white knight is on a black square, a pawn must not take him, and the same rule applies with the black knight on a white square. At the Palace, and in the highest circles, it is not etiquette for a bishop to give check to the queen, but this rule is not of universal adoption.

MISS ANGELICA S. N. puts a difficult question. Her elder sister is engaged, but ANGELICA, on calm reflection, thinks that the young man would suit her better than the present object of his affections. She is solely guided by a view to her sister's happiness, and wishes to know how to break off the proposed match, and secure the gentleman for herself, without causing any unpleasantness in the family.—We will think over it—meantime, as ANGELICA is invited to spend a month in Paris, by all means let her go.

V. L. P.'s obliging offer to give us some "smart satirical shows-up" of the "would-be genteel people" among the lawyers and tradesfolk of his town (in Montgomeryshire) is declined without thanks.

A WHITE LILY.—Indeed, Miss, we shall not tell you where the best rouge is to be bought. But we will tell you where it is to be got for nothing, and that is in Kensington Gardens, from 8 to 10 A.M., but you must go every morning, walk briskly, and think over passages in your *Punch*.

GRACCHUS wishes to serve his country in some way which will bring him into notoriety, but he has conscientious objections to fighting. We respect his ambition and his scruples, and will endeavour to meet both. Let him make his way into Russia, penetrate to St. Petersburg, and paste the last twenty of our large cuts along the front of the Palace on the Neva, with explanations in the Russian language. We undertake to give, from the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, a faithful account of his execution.

WILLIAM CRANKY inquires whether, as we are at war, the Postmaster General is obliged to read all the letters that are put into the post-offices before he allows them to be forwarded.—Such is the rule, but there is, we regret to say, an aristocratic evasion of it. **LORD CAMMING** reads only the sealed letters, **MR. ROWLAND HILL** peruses all with adhesive envelopes, while the wafered ones are examined by **MR. TILLY**. Copies of all letters are made, and **LORD PALMERSTON** keeps them under his seat in the House of Commons, in order to be ready to answer questions about them. The number is about 360 millions a year.

A YOUNG WIFE has got into a scrape through taking the advice of a female pretended friend, who is now discovered to be deceitful, and who persuaded her to run in debt at a milliner's, unknown to her husband, who has always been very kind. The milliner presses for money. The friend advises her being kept quiet out of the next cheque for housekeeping, and offers to manage the casting-up the bills.—We advise the wife to tell her husband what she has told us, and to add that we command him not to be angry with her, and we also advise that "not at home" be the answer for the future whenever the "friend" calls.

HOBATIAS (Southend) inquires whether there is any companion work to the *Whole Duty of Man*, entitled the *Whole Duty of Woman*. We are not aware of it, but the latter might be described in a single word—Buttons.

A LOVER OF AVON'S SWAN wishes to know whether we can tell him the name of the sailor's wife who had chestnuts in her cap, and ate them in such an unladylike manner. We have written to **SIR JAMES GRAHAM**, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and he has made **MR. PERNAL OSBORNE** search the records of the Navy for us. The woman's husband was Master of the *Tiger*, and he went to Aleppo, in the year 972, that of **DUNCAN'S** murder. He was much distressed on the voyage for want of sleep. His name was **THOMAS JONES**, and his wife's Christian name, as appears by her signature to the receipt for his pay, was **SARAH**.

MATILDA is in service, and complains that because one of the daughters of the house is named **MATILDA**, the mistress insists on the domestic being called **ANNY**. A young attorney's clerk, who lodges in the attics, says she can bring an action against the lady for taking away her good name.—We recommend a compromise: let our fair correspondent withdraw her **MATILDA**, and the lady her **ANNY**, and let the daughter and the clerk be joint referees, and settle on a third name for her—say **ARABELLA**, or **SAL**.

LORD FREDERIC B.—is informed that we do not settle sporting queries, but that we believe the length of the course on which the Derby is run, is eighteen miles and a half, and that no competing horse must be over fifteen years of age. When it is said a horse "loses a plate," it means that he has not won the cup, vase, or whatever the prize piece of plate may be. A handicap is so called from its being easy to put on and take off.

A STUNNER sends us some sketches which he calls "suggestions for sea-side shirts." We have an objection, ourselves, to wearing pictorial linen, but, for the benefit of enterprising manufacturers, we will mention that our correspondent desires the Brighton shirt to bear a large view of the Pavilion; the Margate garment a neat representation of the old jetty with the new one crawling over it; while the article for use at Herne Bay is to show a pier about three miles long, with a single plethoric policeman at the end of the vista. The effect would certainly be very snobbish, but not more so than the horses, foul anchors, dancers, sculls, and cricket tools, still admired by gents.

A PROUD YOUNG MOTHER is informed that *Mr. Punch* never stands godfather to any darling whatever, no matter how angelic and unparalleled. The Royal children are the exception to this rule, and are so, because in standing sponsor at the Palace, he is simply discharging one of his functions as an institution of the country.

SOPHIA'S handwriting is about the worst we ever saw, not even excepting that of our own contributors. We do not profess to judge characters from autographs, but since **SOPHIA** insists, we should say that she was cross, idle, selfwilled, and uninformed, had red hair, wore her dresses badly made, slapped her little brothers and sisters, and came down to breakfast with her red hair in curl papers. To her inquiry whether we think she would make a happy wife, we reply that we don't know, but we think she would decidedly make an unhappy husband.

PARTICEPS CRIMINIS helped to steal a sausage-roll from a pastrycook's shop in the year 1827, when he, P. C., was a little boy. He has been haunted by remorse ever since, and desires us to suggest some penance for his crime. We submit that with his present advanced views of what is nasty, he had better steal another, and eat it.

INDEQUATABLE.—It is not ungrammatical to say "him and me see them as they was a coming," but it is more elegant to frame the sentence differently, and we doubt the accuracy of your assertion that the phrase as above is to be found in **MR. MACAULAY'S** History of England.

JOCULUS ESCRIBENS.—We believe there is such a book, but its more proper title would have been "Jokes I Ought to have put a Pen Through."

A MISERABLE WIFE had better have signed herself "A justly punished Offender." She deserves to lose her husband's affection if she gives him such dinners as she describes. He allows her plenty of housekeeping money, and yet she is weak and criminal enough to expect that he will come home to mutton chops, alternated by steaks. The plea that she lives in a large house, and that the servants have quite enough to do without their time being taken up in "finkin' cooking" (as the coarse-minded woman puts it), is almost worse than the offence. We hope that her husband will continue to accept every invitation he receives, besides dining at his club when not asked elsewhere, until the woman buys a cookery book and condescends to mind the business to which she bound herself at the altar.

NABOB.—We are not sure that we quite understand the legal question as you state it. Is it thus? Your grandfather, having no right to a house, devised it to his uncle-in-law, in trust for the direct heirs of his cousin, with remainder over to the collateral representatives of his father, who died without issue. So far all is clear. But levying the fine and suing out the super-negit would not have barred the outstanding term, and given the certificate in bankruptcy the force of an escheat in tail male, unless you or your father, had ejected the rightful owner, and caused his tenants to attach. The fact that you tried to do this, and were kicked out of the house, is not a material fact in the case. Consult a notary public.

COLONEL SETHORP.—The joke about a pear (pair) being two pears has been made before.

A BEGINNER had better leave off while he is safe. He asks us a poetical conundrum founded upon an Irish Melody: "Why is a retired doctor like hearts that once beat high for praise? Because he feels the pulse no more."

JESUITICAL DRAMATICUS says that he is convinced that the Stage is a mischievous institution, and that to encourage it with money would be wrong. But he thinks there can be no harm in going to the theatre with an order, and therefore asks us to forward him one. If he will come to the corner of Bride Court, on Monday morning next, at ten o'clock, he can wait there until we send the order out to him, unless the police remove him.

DENTIFRICE.—We believe that diamond dust makes very good tooth-powder. Any respectable Jeweller will give you a pint or so on your applying dilly, or you may get it from the Keeper of the Crown Jewels, at the Tower, for a small fee. Saturating the powder with cod liver oil (pale), makes the friction more pleasant.

A.S.S. writes on behalf of himself and some friends who have had a dispute as to the ceremony of presentation at Court.—It is simple. After rising from your knee, you stand out in the circle, and **PRINCE ALBERT** (whose good taste is celebrated) notices any portion of the dress of the presented party, lady or gentleman, which he sees pleases **HER MAJESTY**. **H.R.H.** inquires where it was bought. It is etiquette to be prepared with cards of all the tradesmen who have furnished your attire, and you hand in the proper one to the Mistress of the Robes, mentioning the price. Then you pass on. The cards not used are the perquisite of the Bishop of London.

TWO LITTLE PERIWINKLES.—Not ladylike, but not deserving the harsh censure and chastisement you describe. On another occasion, when you see a young respectable nobleman walking past your window, and you desire to make his acquaintance, throw something more graceful than a coal at him to attract his attention. Your mamma and papa may be too exacting, but remember your duty, and if you make faces in reply to their strictures, never do so while the servant is in the room. It is small matters that make the lady.

J. FLAMARK (Penzance).—You are perfectly right in saying that the bolting of any one out prevents his bolting in—that the purchasing on tick is frequently the douloureux—that there is nothing so touchy as touch-paper—and that **NICHOLAS** makes his nobles "bleed" to provide the "sinews" of war, and the observations of honour to your head and heart. Could you oblige us again?

ADELINE.—You must return either his affection or his presents, but we cannot advise you as to which you should do, unless we know what the latter are worth. Do not be in a hurry. A marriage licence costs two pounds fifteen, a divorce a thousand pounds. Draw your own inference.

WILLIAM SAWBINCLE.—With practice and study we have no doubt that you will become the first poet of the day. But you have not yet attained that distinction, although your verses are very sweet and pretty. The following—all we have room for—breathe a natural spirit of chastened affectionateness:

*"Bid me quaff the cup of Paoisson,
Bid me seek the deadly Upas,
But I still must keep my eyes on
You, my radiant fair, when you pass!
Hurl me from the height of Snowdon,
Dash me from Plynymnon's brow,
Still I'll bellow as I go down,
That I love you then as now."*

MARY MARIA MARGARET.—Despair of being married? Don't be such a little silly. Thirty-seven last December, and no offers. What of that? Perhaps you may have thirty-seven offers before next December. What are you like? Send us your picture, and particulars as to the amount of your fortune. We'll take care of you. Bless you. Not be married! Bosh! Bah! Bo!

QUESTIONER (Margate).—The Buddhists are a sect of Oriental religionists who offer the buds of roses, and other flowers, as sacrifices. The Anabaptists are so called from their founder, **ANNA BAPTEE**, who died 1729. The Pædobaptists, take their name from *pedes* (Lat.) "feet," because they stamp with their feet during service time. We never heard of the other sect you mention, the Humguffins, but no doubt truth and error are mingled in their teaching.

OTHER COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—**X. V. Y.** (we should think he was, "rather")—**MODEST JANE** (hit him again).—**QUIES** (you may play the trumpet all night if you like).—**UNHAPPY SELINA** (if you don't like fat, why eat it?)—**LOBB MALMESBURY** (Tunis is not in Mexico).—**BIFRONS** (wear the grey front when he is at home, the brown one when he is gone to business).—**TELESCOPE (Uranus)** is of a bluish white colour, and its diameter is 35,865 miles—if you are going there, give our love).—**ANGELICA** (in sticking the look through the worm beware of pricking your fingers).—**ALEXANDER BEAN LEAN** (a bathing machine, No. 7, is hardly an address to give).—**LARS PORSENNA** (the Nine Gods—the *Di Majores*—were **HERCULES**, **PLUTARCH**, **JUPITER**, **HALICARNASSUS**, **APOLLO**, **PHOEBUS**, **POSEIDON**, **NEPTUNE**, and **CORNELIUS NEPOS**).—**PATER** (some people would give anything for a set of *Punch* from the beginning).—**AVIS** (get out with you).



SCENE—PALAIS ROYAL.

Garçon (to London Gent). "VOILA! M'SIEU! LE CHARIVARI—FRENCH—A PUNCH. GOOD MORNING, SARE! OH, I SPEAK INGLEES VERRA WELL—I LIVE INGLEES COFFEE TREE MUNSE. OH YAS—ALL RIGHT!—NEVARE MIND!"

[Jumps over three chairs, and vanishes, to the great astonishment of TOMKINS.]

SING A TE DEUM!

I 'VE killed far above half a million of men,
And more of them subjects, I reckon, than foes;
And expect to destroy full as many again,
Ere my blessed existence shall come to a close.
Sing a *Te Deum*; sing tol-de-rol-lol.
I don't care if they batter Sebastopol!

As long as I've legions to lay down their lives,
And throw themselves under the Juggernaut Car,
Which my pride o'er their grovelling carcasses drives,
I'm determined that I will continue the war.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

It little will vex me if Cronstadt should fall,
I've a plan that will make the invaders retire,
For the fiddle I'll play as I sit on a wall,
While St. Petersburg blazes—by me set on fire.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

Whilst I have a hangman, a knout, and a stick,
To drive my battalions, like beasts, to the field;
Or the point of a sword, the retreating to prick,
Regardless of carnage, I never will yield.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

I'll pillage and burn as the champion of pure
Christianity; playing the gentle and meek;
And I'll quote from the Psalms with a visage demure,
And I'll shoulder the Cross with my tongue in my cheek.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

Let ruin and beggary stalk o'er my land,
My peasants may starve and my merchants may smash;
Go on to the Deuce! is my word of command:
I have not got a conscience, and don't care a dash.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

I know I'm a great inconvenience to some,
And should in my person dislike to be hurt;
So, perpending the grief to which tyrants oft come,
I shall take the precaution to wear a mail shirt.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

To partake of my meals, ere a morsel I taste,
I'll have a dog, when I sup, breakfast, or dine,
And a slave at the back of my chair shall be placed,
And the fellow shall drink first the half of my wine.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

A MOCK JENKINS AT THE PALACE.

JENKINS is weak enough—even though his be sometimes an "amiable weakness" and means no harm—but a mock JENKINS is in literature what mockery would be to mock-turtle in the world of soups, or imitation Walker in the region of sham champagnes. We regret to perceive that there are several imitation JENKINS, whom we can only compare to a species of mocking bird flitting about the columns of the newspaper press. They are seen perching sometimes on the window-sills of the palace, and sometimes on the area railings of the houses of the nobility, and after picking up what they can they hop off to the offices of some of the would-be fashionable journals. This feathered tribe will often indulge in such hoaxes as would entitle them to rank as "humming-birds," and we are disposed to believe that the qualities of the "humming-bird" are displayed in a recent account of some alleged festivities at Osborne on PRINCE ALBERT'S birthday.

We are told, that on the occasion spoken of, there were "jumping in sacks, wheeling barrows blindfolded," and other fooleries, to which the name of "Rural old English Sports" is usually given. "Among the rest" we are told there were several candidates for a prize, "who had their hands fastened behind them, and the task was to bring forth, from tubs of meal, money thrown therein, with their mouths." The report adds, that "as they raised their heads covered with flour, their ludicrous appearance created roars of laughter." Now, as the regular Court Newsmen says nothing of all this, and as the great original JENKINS is silent on the subject, we must regard the whole affair as a weak invention of the Mock JENKINS, who has lately got possession of the penny-a-liner's "flimsy." We cannot believe that "jumping in sacks," the fun of which consists in the probability that the jumpers may fall and receive some personal damage, can have been provided as "a dainty dish to set before the QUEEN" on PRINCE ALBERT'S birthday, nor do we think that HER MAJESTY would have looked on with delight at the disgusting exhibition of a number of degraded beings

trying to lick up filthy lucre by the still more filthy process of digging their tongues into sacks of flour.

We have no doubt there are always about the court a sufficient number of mealy-mouthed people, without adding to the quantity by the nasty process of plunging a variety of mouths into a sack of meal in the very presence of the Sovereign and her family. We can only say that if such "sports" were really provided on the occasion, the Master of the Revels seems to be as much behind the taste of the age as he is, no doubt, behind that of the Royal lady whose favour he hoped to propitiate.

NEW NAMES FOR THE NAVY.

WITH considerable pleasure we see from the *Times* that—

"The greatest activity prevails in our dockyards. Several line-of-battle ships have lately been laid down, and are already in an advanced stage of forwardness."

When these ships are launched, we suppose it will be the duty of the Government to officiate as godfather, and as we are decidedly of those who think there's something in a name, notwithstanding SHAKSPEARE'S purely nominal objection, we would suggest that the style of naval nomenclature in use hitherto should be discarded as being now completely out of date and inappropriate. It is proverbially advised that we should "call a spade a spade," and such bellicose titles as the *Bulldog*, the *Terrible*, the *Vengeance*, or the *Fury*, sound to us imposing only in the sense of make-pretence. The peaceful war policy of our present Government would, we think, be indicated far more correctly by such names as the *Lamb*, the *Reluctant*, the *Forbearance*, the *Harmless*, and our ships would thus no longer be sailing under false titles, as seems to be the case, especially in the Black Sea, just at present.

OUR SANITARY REPORT.—*The best Chalk Mixture*: London Milk.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

(AS PAINTED BY DR. COTTMAN.)



HIS simple pure-minded man has been most shamefully libelled. From a long intercourse with his Imperial Majesty—from having eaten, smoked, and played at scratch-cradle with him for many a year—I am fortunately enabled to give some interesting particulars of his life, which have never before been published.

To give a notion of his extreme simplicity, I will endeavour to sketch the programme of his occupations for one day, and really his habits vary so little, that the description of one day may fairly do duty for all.

The EMPEROR rises at six—never a minute later—he takes but one cup of cocoa for his breakfast, and he boils it himself with a “Bachelor’s

kettle.” If it is raining, he makes up his accounts of the previous day, but if it is fine, he goes into the garden, and pulls the garden roller about for an hour. At a quarter past eight he rings the bell for the servants, never disturbing them before that time. His moustache generally takes him till nine. His mornings are mostly passed in his dressing-room. He sees that his razors are in good trim, gives his diamond boxes a rub or two, or else looks over his shirts and collars, for the EMPEROR mends all his own linen. After that he waters his flowers, of which he is passionately fond, or amuses himself by whistling “the Russian Hymn” to a piping bullfinch that he has educated himself. His private room, in fact, is crowded with objects of natural history. It is a small menagerie. There is scarcely a square inch of space that is not occupied by a glass globe, or a cage, or a kennel of some sort. It is difficult to pick your way across the room without treading on a rabbit, or a squirrel, or a guinea-pig, or knocking down a canary cage with your hat. Parrots threaten to bite you on all sides—little puppies and kittens crawl up your legs at every step. The EMPEROR will pass hours among these favourites, playing with them, feeding them out of his own hand, scratching their “pretty polls,” or teaching them some curious trick. In this way he has brought up a pet spider that answers to its name—he has taught a French poodle to strike a lucifer, light a pipe, put it into its mouth, and begin smoking it—and still more wonderful, he has succeeded in training an oyster, (an English native) that follows him all over the house.

These amusements occupy the EMPEROR till luncheon, which is just as simple as his other meals. A small cup of tapioca with a dash of sherry in it, or else a small slice of toast and caviare, washed down with a glass of goat’s milk. He then receives his ministers, and if a death-warrant is brought to him to sign, he is intensely happy. It is immediately torn up into a thousand pieces! he will listen to no more business that day—but, without a hat, will rush into the garden and fly kites, or play at coach and horses with his grandchildren. His heart is so full that it must vent itself in play—and he will jump over a gardener’s back as he is bending down—he will throw an officer’s cap up in a tree that he may have the scampish delight of climbing up after it—he will send the ball springing through a large window of beautiful plate-glass, simply that he may enjoy the surprise of the servants and fine ladies, who instantly rush out to inquire who is the author of the guilty fracture. It is most charming to observe the EMPEROR on such joyful occasions—you would imagine he was some simple country gentleman, and not the Czar of all the Russias.

Then for three hours of uninterrupted application follow despatches, and letters, proclamations, and ukases. The pay of some favoured regiment is increased—some poor political prisoner, exiled to Siberia quite unknown to the EMPEROR, is liberated—some young Russian nobleman

has his passport honoured with the signature of the EMPEROR, thus receiving the Imperial permission to travel out of Russia. NICHOLAS writes every one of his letters—and like a wise sovereign will insist upon his signature always proceeding from his own pen.

These matters of state occupy his mind till dinner, which indeed is very quickly discussed. As the EMPEROR is a vegetarian—and a vegetarian not so much from choice as from principle, as he objects to taking the life of a single living being—the table is not occupied by large joints of meat, nor the time taken up in consuming them. A fried potato, a stewed pea or two, a boiled cauliflower, a mouthful of roasted onion, with perhaps a small plate of cherry pie, and a custard to follow, complete his repast; which his Majesty will enjoy better than the grandest dinner you could give him at the Astor Hotel. He will rise joyfully from the Imperial mahogany, and, with the smack of an epicure, exclaim, “I have dined to day—like a Prince!”

His favourite beverage is orangeade; but with his cheese, he will indulge occasionally by taking a glass of ginger-beer.

In the evening he plays a round game, but never for money. Sometimes he will read out a fairy or nursery tale to the ladies, as they are assembled round the table, busy with their needles. His great enjoyment is to make tea. Cribbage, too, is another of his amusements, and, if he wins two or three games, his merriment knows no bounds. One of his favourite pursuits is to stick pictures and engravings in an album. At ten his gruel is brought in with lighted candles, and many seconds do not elapse before he walks up to bed carrying one in each hand.

The acquirements of the EMPEROR are very considerable. He can build a house of cards at least six stories high before they begin to fall, and he is very clever, also, in inventing riddles. When no one is nigh, he has been known to try them on the servants, and has often interrupted a Cabinet Council to ask NESSELRODE some laughable conundrum that has just struck him. His voice is beautifully clear and soft, and he employs it to great advantage in singing hymns. He is, however, not above singing a comic song occasionally, and he does it with such rare humour, that the chamberlains always laugh. His ability in cutting out likenesses in black paper is the marvel of all those who have witnessed it.

Such are the tastes and habits of the great man, who has been so disgracefully vilified by all Europe, but by England especially! It will be America’s proud glory (through me) to vindicate the character of this calumniated Hero! All Honour to NICHOLAS!—*The New York Hatchet-Thrower.*

MRS. DURDEN ON THE BLOCKADE.

In fat, and grease,
There’s some increase;
But yet we haven’t ile, and tallur,
And candles, rose
As you’d suppose,
All Rooshan goods, through British valour.

The price of ‘ides
Still middlin’ bides;
There’s no sich scarcity of leather:
Our troops and crews
Ain’t made our shoes
Come so outrageous altogether.

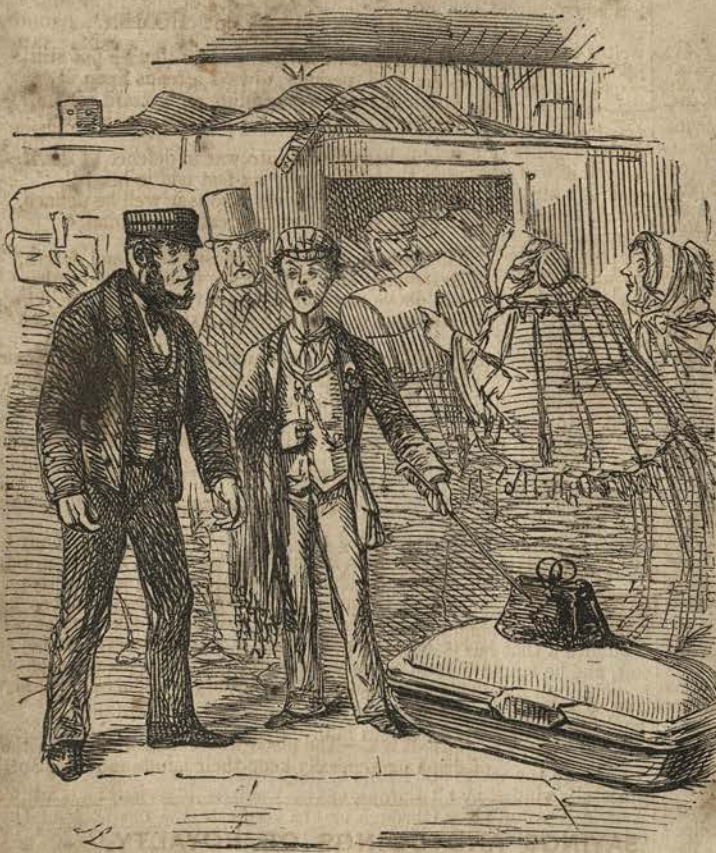
And this here war
Of pitch and tar
Makes little difference in the walley:
So your blockade
Of Roosha’s trade
Is all what I call dilly-dally.

The Astronomical March of Intellect.

MR. PEPPER, the able and indefatigable Managing Director of the Polytechnic, is giving a series of interesting lectures on the Precession of the Equinoxes. We understand that the manager of a minor theatre has written to know at what expense this procession might be introduced into a Grand Eastern Spectacle. The Manager supposing that the Great Bear and the Little Bear will be introduced in the procession, proposes that these interesting characters should be represented by living animals. He has also undertaken to get the composer of the establishment to “arrange” some entirely new music to the procession, to be played by the Band of Orion—if the members of that famous orchestra should be open to an engagement.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.—This maxim is admirable when applied to others, and to others alone should it be applied, for it will never do for you (unless you’re an Officer) to Forgive and Forget yourself.

126530



Railway Porter. "ANY LUGGAGE, SIR?"

Traveller. "YEA—CARPET BAG AND CIGAR CASE."

THE ONE POWER.

In every street is a yawning sewer ;
In every court is a gutter impure ;
The river runs stinking, and all its brink
Is a fringe of every delectable stink :
Bone-boilers and gas-works and gut-makers there
Are poisoning earth and polluting air.
But touch them who dares ; prevent them who can ;
What is the Health to the Wealth of man ?

The potent spirit of Vested Right
Laughs lungs to scorn, and smell and sight ;
Mocks Boards of Health, with their idle commands ;
Lames Commissioners' feet, and ties Guardians' hands.
Come what may to husband, or child, or wife ;
Work havoc at will on limb and life ;
The evil shall flourish this many a day—
For Vested Right still stops the way !

The fever-fiend may come to the door,
And level at will both rich and poor ;
The child's fresh life may wither up ;
To manhood's lip set his poison-cup ;
Steal age's last few years away,
And swing his scythe like a mower at play ;
Only Vested Rights are sacred from death,
And none has a vested right in his breath.

Oh, England's a favoured land, no doubt,
And wide her power is spread about.
Under Indian suns her might is known,
And she shakes the Czar on his frost-locked throne :
But there is a Power that's mightier still,
That mocks her efforts, and spurns her will—
A Power none can or none wills to fight,
The omnipotent power of Vested Right !

Oh, when is the DAVID to arise
That shall smite this GOLIATH betwixt the eyes ?
That shall take his own sword from his side,
And hew off his head from his shoulders wide ?
By force of *Right* slaying that which long
With the name of *Right* hath sanctified *Wrong* ?
We die—we cry—for one to fight
With this Giant usurper—*Vested Right* !

MR. BRIEFLESS AND THE COUNCIL ON LEGAL EDUCATION.

We are authorised to state that in consequence of the recommendation of the Council of Legal Education respecting the public examination of law students, MR. BRIEFLESS is ready to take pupils and give them his best consideration in return for the best pecuniary consideration they may be prepared to offer. His plan will be very comprehensive, and embrace all the subjects recommended by the Council. He will commence with *RAPIN*, and will particularly elucidate those chapters relating to the law of rapine and robbery. The law of Real Property will be richly illustrated with specimens of the thing itself, and a theatrical property man has been engaged to make all the properties as real as possible. The "liability of purchasers" will be familiarly shown by MR. BRIEFLESS himself, who will give the student the run of his papers, and allow him the perusal of the innumerable dunning letters to which purchasers—who don't pay for what they purchase—are incessantly liable. The theory of "verbal contracts" will be exemplified in a pleasant way by ordering a dinner at the Rainbow, where the contract, though verbally made, will hold good, and the student in return for this valuable illustration will be called upon to pay merely the cost of the dinner. The important science of the "natural obligations," arising from ownership, will be shown by the aid of several pawn tickets, on which the owner is "naturally obliged" to pay the interest.—N.B. The pupil will be expected to furnish the funds for this highly useful practical lesson. As a sequel to the "liability of purchasers," a few examples will be given of the "liability of vendors," who are very liable to lose their money if they happen to give credit.

In common law the student will have an opportunity of watching, from experience, the effect of every step from the service of the writ of summons at MR. BRIEFLESS's own outer-door, by pushing it through the letter-box, to the final adjudication. The above sketch, though incomplete, will it is believed, enable those young gentlemen who are entering on the study of the law, to calculate on the advantages they will gain by being the pupils of MR. BRIEFLESS.



HOW OUR ARTIST WAS TORMENTED BY THE FLIES, AND THE MEANS HE EMPLOYED TO OBTAIN RELIEF.

A TRAVELLER.—Anybody who wants anything to drink.—Walker.



AWFUL APPEARANCE OF OUR FRIEND JONES AFTER HAVING ENJOYED (?) A DAY'S CRICKETING, WITH THE ADVANTAGE OF PLAYING AGAINST A FAST "PROFESSIONAL" BOWLER. (MRS. J.'s first suspicion is that her Husband has been acting as Umpire at a Prize-fight.)

HARVEST HOME.

MISFORTUNES may never come single; but still
Some good, perhaps, always attends upon ill;
Although, such a poor blinking buzzard is man,
We can't always see it, yet sometimes we can.

We've been forced into war in defence of the Right,
By a brutal big bully six feet odd in height,
The greatest of thieves who may well be defined,
In every respect but in greatness of mind.

This villain attempts to cause famine and dearth,
Destroying and burning the fruits of the earth,
But above the foul fiend are the sun and the skies,
Overruled to th'art NICHOLAS, monarch of Lies.

That the incense of thanks should ascend it is meet,
For the Harvest that brings us such plenty to eat:
May the good food give strength to our hearts and our
hands,
To win peace from the CZAR and his villanous bands!

Very Close Husbandry.

It was stated last week in the papers that many farmers had given their labourers notice of a reduction of wages, in consequence of the bountiful harvest. Is this the way to show gratitude for such a blessing? Those grinding agriculturists, who are capable of reducing the wages of their labourers for such a reason, deserve to be reduced themselves, so as ultimately to be set to work at macadamizing the roads in the capacity of reduced farmers.

THE RACK.—The place where men who are in the habit of drinking generally keep their minds and their bottles.

WHAT IS A TRAVELLER?

WE know a jovial old gentleman, who has answered this question very cleverly:—He knocks at the door of an hotel, or public-house, and demands admission on the plea of his being a traveller. Upon his being questioned or detained, he produces one of MURRAY'S *Handbooks*. This is as good as an "Open Sesame" at once, for how can a gentleman's word be doubted that he is a *bona fide* traveller, when he has a crimson Guide to Switzerland, or Sweden, or Turkey in his hand? The Gentleman we are alluding to always makes a point of carrying one of these useful "Handbooks" with him when he travels on a Sunday—even if his travels do not exceed a sixpenny cab-fare from his own door. He says he does not know an instance of its having failed to open the door once. In fact, for ourselves, we have always heard that a MURRAY'S *Handbook* was universally looked upon as an undeniable proof of an English Traveller all over the world.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER.

It is said that PRINCE ALBERT, after taking his seat in the carriage of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, handed to his Majesty a sealed letter, supposed to be an autograph from QUEEN VICTORIA. If this was really the case his Royal Highness must have infringed the rules of the French Post Office, and subjected himself to a rather heavy penalty. It is against the law to carry a sealed letter from England to France, though it may perhaps be urged on behalf of the Prince, that the letter was in fact stamped, for the QUEEN had given her head to it. Should the letter have been a private one from any other hand, we may expect to find that an item of tempest, the charge on a letter between England and France, has been sent as "conscience money" to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for "unpaid postage."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ROYALTY.



ALL the Boulogne correspondents of the London papers have been professing to give the exact words, addressed by certain imperial and royal personages to each other, on the occasion of their recent meeting. Not having had the happiness to secure a reserved seat on the railings, or a stall—we mean a fruit stall—under the immediate nose, eyes, and mouth of royalty, we are unable to say precisely what dropped from the last of the features we have specified. According to one of the accounts we have read, LOUIS NAPOLEON and LEOPOLD approached each other like a couple of tragedy heroes, and the Emperor commenced a long speech beginning with the word "SIRE," just as "the walking gentleman" apostrophises the "heavy man" in a Surrey drama. Our own impression, from our acquaintance—which is rather select than otherwise—with crowned heads, is, that kings and emperors do not speak in blank verse, though they do not talk in the slang of excessive familiarity; there is, however, a considerable margin in styles of address between the "old cock" of modern farce, and the "sire" of ancient tragedy. We believe that the royal personages lately assembled at Boulogne met and talked like gentlemen, without either the courtier-like fooleries of NOODLE and DODDLE on the one hand, or the utter unceremoniousness of BOX and COX on the other.

HOW ACTS ARE WALKED INTO!—It must be confessed that Parliament, in failing to give the definition of "A Traveller," in the New Beer Act, has left the door rather stupidly open for its evasion.

PHYSICIANS IN MUSLIN.



EVERYBODY knows that the Doctors' gowns are not worn in this country trimmed with skirts or flounces, although it seems to be the fashion to wear them so in America, if we may credit the subjoined extract from the *New York Tribune* :—

"FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—The Massachusetts Legislature, at its last session, appropriated funds to the New England Female Medical Colleges located in Boston, to pay for the tuition of 40 students annually."

Can none of our illustrated contemporaries give us an idea of the costume adopted in America by the female medical profession? That of the physician of the old school, tastefully adapted, would be becoming. The hair might be powdered, and gathered at the poll in a *queue*. Where the dress sets off behind, the place of the little rapier might be supplied by a Cupid's dart, in an elegant case or quiver, stuck diagonally across the prominence. The gold-headed cane could be matched by the gold-handled parasol. It would be necessary that the costume should be of the BLOOMER species, in order that the idea of it might be carried out by shorts (elongated to a suitable extent) of black velvet, with their accompaniments and continuations of silk stockings of the same colour, and gold or silver buckles.

Perhaps, after all, there is no great absurdity in the notion of female physicians. All physicians, except those who practise gratuitously, may be designated by the word female spelt with another *e*; and there are not a few of whom that is all that can be said. If the head of a woman is not calculated for the formation of a diagnosis, she can at least shake it, in a difficult case, as effectually as a man can; and, having a softer and more musical voice than the masculine, she is better qualified than most men are for that large part of medical practice which consists in whispering comfort to invalids.

The Ladies' College in London does not, we believe, grant medical degrees; but there appears to be no reason why it should not, if it chooses, confer on its students the distinctions of Spinster and Doctress of Medicine. Nor is there any law, that we know of, to prevent a lady from serving an apprenticeship to a general practitioner, attending lectures, walking the hospitals, drinking beer, and smoking cigars if she likes, and passing an examination at Apothecaries' Hall or the College of Surgeons. It is quite possible that in a short time Savile Row may exhibit a succession of brass plates, engraven with the names of medical ladies who have brass enough to place them on their doors.

GIVE US THE PAPER.—WHO'S DIVORCED?

We have received a file of papers from California, and we learn that the go-ahead population of that region have caused a new feature to be introduced into their newspapers. In the announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, the Californians imitate our own press,—except that they frequently give the weight of the new baby, that they eschew the humbug which supposes that one parson cannot unite a lady and gentleman without "assistance," and that they occasionally launch out into franker and more specific laudations of a deceased party than is usual here—indicating, if he were a tradesman, what article he was celebrated for selling in perfection and cheap, and not hesitating to record that he was a "witty chap and a crack shot." But they have added a fourth estate to the list, and between the Marriages and the last announcements they insert Divorces. And as divorce is cheap and easy in America, the papers are seldom without some notification of the kind, and of the reasons for the step which has been taken.

Shall we ever come to this in England? Will divorce ever cease to be the exclusive right of the rich man? And shall we ever read anything of this kind in the first column of the *Times*?—

DIVORCES.

"On the 18th ultimo, at the office of the Separator-General, FREDERICK MONTAGUE DE JONES, Esq., from ARABELLA his wife, formerly ARABELLA BROWN, spinster, daughter of BARNARD BROWN, of Old Partington Street, M.D. She wasn't going to

stand his staying out after twelve o'clock every night, and then coming home in a state of mops and brooms and tumbling up stairs, she could tell him, and did tell him before the Separator-General.

"On the 19th inst., by special licence, at Messrs. RABBIT AND BURROW'S offices, HENRY LUCIUS TOMKINSON, Esq., from MARGARET his wife, formerly MARGARET DODDS, widow. Her tongue.

"On the 20th inst., at the District Separator's, May Fair, TIMOTHY, EARL OF CANDAMUMS AND REDPEPPER, K.G., from LUCRETIA, his Countess, formerly the HONOURABLE LUCRETIA JELLED, Maid of Honour. He did not mind HOWELL AND JAMES'S, or HUNT AND ROSEKILL'S, but when she came to *écarter* at three in the morning, it was time to draw a line.

"On the 21st, at the District Separator's, St. Pancras, JOHN PETER FAWKS, Attorney-at-Law, from ELLEN ADALGISA, his wife, formerly Miss MOONSHINE. He thought she had money; she thought he was romantic. Both were deceived.

"On the 23rd, at the chapel, Kensal Green, FRANCIS CHARLES TOBBS, M.D., from EMMA MATILDA, his wife, formerly EMMA MATILDA VERNON. Her old name, CAPTAIN HORACE B— has just become a rich widower. Besides, TOBBS smokes, and sometimes swears."

Mr. Punch sincerely hopes never to read anything of the kind. But who knows?

SPIRITUAL PERFORMANCES.

WE are informed by the *Spiritual Telegraph*, a new American paper, that acts as a kind of Telegraph between the Present and the Past, delivering messages from the other world at so much a line, that—

"The latest reports speak of a new drama dictated by the Spirit of SHAKESPEARE and superior to any of his former works. It has been read to the manager of the Broadway Theatre, and is now about to be brought out as one of the greatest curiosities."

Here is Novelty, that promises to be an effectual cure for the Decline in which our Drama is said to be in! Could not our managers,—our BUCKSTONES, our SMITHS, our CHARLES KEANS, and CONQUESTS—engage the same "Spirit" to write them a few dramas?—dramas that should be superior to *Macbeth*, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or any of the same Dramatist's former works; though by the by, if they were only as good, we should be perfectly content. We foresee but one difficulty to this very original plan—and that is the scarcity of Shakespearean actors. If our managers engaged the Spirit of SHAKESPEARE to write them a tragedy, they would also have to engage the Spirits of other actors to act it, for we are sure we have but very few performers of the present day who could do justice to it. However, this double plan would only enhance the attraction, and we can imagine the excitement produced by an announcement like the following :—

On Monday next will Positively be Produced
A NEW FIVE-ACT PLAY,

CALLED

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE;

WRITTEN BY THE SPIRIT OF THE CELEBRATED WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

And in which the Spirits of Messrs. Edmund Kean, John Kemble, Charles Kemble, Bannister, Oxberry, Inledon, Abbott, Egerton, Warde, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neill, Mrs. Billington, &c. &c. will perform.

Assisted by various other Spirits of Minor reputation.

The Scenery by the Spirits of Vandyke, Hogarth, and Sir Joshua Reynolds; and the Dresses and Decorations by the Spirits of Brunel, David, Gros, and Stultz; all of whom have been engaged at an enormous expense. The Incidental Dances will be presided over by the Spirit of Vestris (the acknowledged "Dieu de la Danse.")

A Subordinate part will be played by the Spirit of the "IMMORTAL BARD" himself, who has kindly consented (through a talented Spirit-Medium) to return to the Stage on this occasion only.

. N.B. No increase in the prices.

The above would be something like a Bill!—a Bill that would be instantly honoured by thousands "at sight," even if it were only "second sight." We have but one fear that there would not be a Spirit Vault in the kingdom large enough to contain the thousands who would rush to hear the Spirited performances. We have, also, another fear, that this new scheme (which would not be in the least sacrilegious) of calling "Spirits from the vasty deep," and getting them to answer to the "call" (by the way, who would be the Spiritual Call-boy to this modern theatre *des Beaux Esprits*?) is far too Spiritual ever to be carried out.

BLACK-BALL PRACTICE.—A man was never black-balled at a Club yet, but it turned out afterwards that somehow "his name had been put up without his consent."

DEFINITION, à la TALLEYRAND.—Ingratitude is only a painful feeling of consciousness that there are no more favours to be received from the same person.

EXCUSE FOR HORSE GUARDS.



It must not be too hard upon the gallant officers, of whom the late Court-Martial on LIEUTENANT PERRY was constituted; we should not too severely condemn the GENERAL COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF for recommending the confirmation of the judgment of that tribunal. Such a verdict, such a sentence, on the part of a civil judge and a common jury, would certainly have been simply atrocious. But it is unreasonable to expect the judgment of SOLOMON from judges not endowed with SOLOMON'S advantages; and when their learning and abilities bear no proportion whatever to those of SOLOMON, it is only reasonable to be satisfied with a corresponding amount of justice and wisdom in their decision. The "Memorandum," entitled "Instructions for Officers on first joining a Regiment or Depot,"

contains much—very much—in addition to the spirit of pure morality which it breathes, that will palliate the iniquity of the award in question. For instance, take the very first paragraph: in which it is stated that the GENERAL COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF had apprehended that certain "inconsiderate officers"

"Might bring their regiments into disrepute unless, in their social conduct towards each other at their mess-table and in their barrack-rooms, their behaviour should be regulated by a higher standard of what is due to the honourable position in which they stand as holders of commissions in HER MAJESTY'S ARMY."

Regulated, that means, by a higher standard of moral and gentleman-like feeling. If the author of the above-quoted clumsy piece of circumlocution hesitated to express his meaning in plain terms, he should of course have said "estimate," not "standard." "Standard of what is due!" What corporal's grammar you would call this, if you did not see that the document is signed with the name of a Deputy-Adjutant General!

Here is a similar specimen of composition:—

"The case originated in a disgraceful scene of deep gambling in a barrack room at Windsor, between LIEUTENANT GREER and LIEUTENANT PERRY, terminating in a violent assault, in the course of which the most disgusting language was applied by LIEUTENANT GREER to LIEUTENANT PERRY."

In the course of the assault, or in the course of the "scene of deep gambling?" Why "scene," when there were no spectators? "Affair" is the word that would have been used by any decent clerk.

One more example will perhaps be just tolerable:—

"The language and behaviour which formerly were held to justify a challenge must now, therefore, be visited by the removal of the offender from the society of which he has shown himself to be an unworthy member. Every assistance and support are given to the young officer in his endeavours to avoid rendering himself liable to those consequences."

What this last sentence is intended to express is quite inconceivable. What consequences are those of which it declares that the young officer, in his endeavours to avoid liability to them, receives support and assistance? Those mentioned in the preceding paragraph are the removal of an offender from a society of which he has shown himself to be an unworthy member by language and behaviour which were formerly held to justify a challenge. Does then DEPUTY ADJUTANT-GENERAL WETHERALL, whose name is appended to the memorandum, wish to be understood as stating that young officers are assisted and supported in their endeavours not to be insolent? If not, what does BOTHERALL—we beg pardon, WETHERALL—mean? And if he does mean that, is it his wish to imply that a young officer finds it so difficult to abstain from insolence as to stand in need of support and assistance in making the necessary effort?

Great allowance must be made for the errors in judgment of those who have manifestly not enjoyed the advantage of the simplest English education. Minds untrained to express their ideas in common language are not likely to understand the plainest rules of evidence. An illiterate jury may, once in the way, return a virtually just verdict of "Serve unright," but is much more likely to decide against testimony in the face of both law and justice. When heads at Head Quarters are so badly furnished as they are shown to be by the foregoing examples of grammar and logic, what must be the vacuity of those which are subordinate? But, if a Court-Martial and Commander-in-Chief have committed brutal injustice, have they not the excuse of equally brutal ignorance?

THE CZAR'S TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

IN reference to the four conditions for the restoration of peace, tendered by Austria to the Czar, we are informed by Submarine and European Telegraph that—

"The EMPEROR NICHOLAS would rather sacrifice his last soldier than accept such propositions."

As self-constituted Head of the Russo-Greek Church, NICHOLAS is Pontiff as well as Czar. In the character of High Priest he offers sacrifices, in that of Autocrat he provides victims. The Russian Gentleman is quite a patriarchal sort of personage, combining, in himself, the capacities of Priest, King, and Shepherd. The mutton, however, which he devotes to his gods, is a two-legged species, and may perhaps have some little voice in the question of its own immolation. It is well that he has published his intention of sacrificing his last soldier rather than his pride. His slaves will now have some leisure to consider how they like, and whether or not they can help, being sacrificed by their master to Moloch.



A BRILLIANT BLACK JOB.

WE are happy to hear that the Society of Shoe-blacks is progressing with a most satisfactory rapidity. Those who are employed in giving a polish to the understandings of others must be gaining some enlightenment on their own account; and they are, at all events, learning to regard dirt as a thing to be got rid of.

A good deal of money has been earned; but, although we dare say it is all right, we were somewhat startled by the expenditure of £203 for "carrying out the society." We do not see what occasion there can be to "carry out the society" at such a cost as this; and, indeed, a society may be carried a long way, in these days of rapid progress, for a very little money. We should be perfectly satisfied to see less money devoted to "carrying out the society," and more to carrying out the blacking.

People who "Haven't always been used to that Sort of Thing."

LODGING-HOUSE keepers, billiard-markers, charwomen, betting-house keepers, check-takers, pew-openers, pianoforte-tuners, commission agents in the wine and coal trade, wet-nurses, the "walking gentleman" at a large theatre and the "frightful example" at a temperance lecture.

A JEW WHO SEES FURTHER THAN HIS NOSE.

A LONG-SIGHTED Jew, of Holywell Street, has sent his card to COLONEL GARRETT and all the Officers of the 46th, with the intimation that he gives "the best price for uniforms that military gentlemen have no further use for."



THE FRENCH CENT GUARDS AND THE BRITISH LIFE GUARDS;
OR, SIX OF ONE, AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

A WORD TO ALARMISTS.

STRINGENT measures should be taken for stopping the mouths of all old women, of either sex, who go about gaping and staring and spreading exaggerated rumours respecting the partially prevalent epidemic; and it would become some of our contemporaries to treat the subject otherwise than in the spirit of anile consternation. Let the old ladies be got to confine their attention to scrubbing and washing their abodes, and employ themselves in useful precaution, instead of creating terror and alarm.

The influence of fear in producing those morbid phenomena which, if unchecked, may terminate in the disease alluded to, is matter of popular and even puerile notoriety. For this reason those who are concerned in spreading a panic do a great deal of mischief; and they ought to be smothered.

For the same reason it is but just to say that the greatest credit is due to SIR BENJAMIN HALL for going into the Python's mouth, personally inspecting the infected districts, and encouraging and assuring the inhabitants by his official presence as President of the Board of Health.

Who is not ashamed of giving way to fright, that thinks of our soldiers and sailors who are braving wounds and death! At the same time they do all they can to defend themselves. We should imitate their courage and their caution.

A Card.

MADAME TUSSAUD has sent her compliments to the DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER, begging to say that, far from charging £200 for the statue of CAMPBELL, she shall be very happy to exhibit it, in her collection of poets and celebrities, for nothing!

A BLOW, AND GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT.

THE new Smoke Abolition Act was intended to annihilate smoke, and yet indirectly it encourages it, for does it not profess to indict all chimneys that do not smoke *consumedly*?

THREE EPOCHS OF HALF-A-CENTURY.

1804.

I WONDER what his thoughts were—that sallow, silent man—
As athwart the lines of bayonets the dancing sunlight ran,
Steeping in golden glory the white tents on the down,
And the old gray Roman watch-tower that looms o'er Boulogne town.

Along the heights above the sea, along the beach below,
The cannon and the mortars showed their muzzles all a-row.
There were twice a hundred thousand men, that waited but a breath
From those firm lips, to fling themselves, rejoicingly, on death.

Ribbing the sky with masts and yards, like a wood on a winter day,
Within the land-locked basin three hundred transports lay.
And the soldiers swarm'd aboard them, and swarm'd ashore again,
As in and out their galleries the ants swarm after rain.

Did he think of all that he had done—or of what was yet to do?—
Of nations he had conquer'd, or of *one* still to subdue?
Was he prouder that he stood there, acknowledged Europe's lord,
Or angrier one small island should yet defy his sword?

For from that tower by daylight, if seaward turn'd his gaze,
NELSON'S blockading squadron show'd its white sails through the haze;
If after dark he paced the cliff—on the verge, but full in sight,
There were England's beacons blazing, like red eyes, through the night.

And he knew those ships were waiting, if his dared put to sea;
And he knew those fires were lighted by men who still were free.
And though his soldiers, ships, and guns were as twenty unto one,
He knew what Englishmen could do—what Englishmen had done.

Like an unquiet tiger, that chafes, and champs, and cries
Before a couchant lion, that stirs not where he lies,
So chafed fierce France upon the cliff which looks on Boulogne town—
So still—so stern—lay England, upon the Kentish down.

1840.

I wonder what his thoughts were—that shabby, silent man—
As thirty-six years later to shore a pinnacle ran,
Bearing a homeless penniless adventurer, with his train,
A draggled pinioned Eagle, and some cases of champagne.

Was it trusting to the magic of his great uncle's name,
That on a desperate venture thus recklessly he came?
Or deemed he, like that uncle, he was following a star,
That beckoned him still forwards, on a road no force could bar?

Had he well read the people, when thus he came unto
Their sympathy with hardihood, their love of *l'imprévu*;
Deem'd he the attendant eagle would guarantee the JOVE?
Or was 't trust in five-franc pieces—like to his with whom he strove?

Did he foresee the downfall of that throne that seemed so sure?
Deem'd he that desperate evils would hail a desperate cure?
Was it Debt, or was it Destiny that drove him on his way
To the maddest act that madman did ever yet essay?

How lured he on the scanty band that made his cause their own?
Saw he or they the shadow of Revolution thrown
From the dim Future forwards?—saw he the prison-cell
Opening upon the palace? His thoughts—what man can tell?

Enough that to this shore he came—landed and fought and failed:
Nor in that madman's enterprise—nor ever after—quailed;



THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.

Emperor. "WELL, NOW YOU HAVE FOUND YOUR WAY HERE, WE HOPE WE SHALL SEE YOU OFTEN."

Prince. "OH YES, AND THE NEXT TIME WE HAVE A HOLIDAY, I HOPE OUR WIVES MAY BE PRESENT!"

A pleader for his forfeit life—a prisoner—but still
Silent and stern and saturnine, and of an iron will.

We cite the first NAPOLEON, when a banned and banished man,
With his handful of old grenadiers he sprang to shore at Cannes,
As one who threw a desperate throw, and thereby won a throne—
What was he unto his nephew—in *that* landing at Boulogne?

1854.

I wonder what his thoughts were—that sad-eyed, silent man,
As alongside Boulogne's jetty England's royal steamer ran;
While with a King beside him, that adventurer was seen
Greeting, as Emperor of France, the Consort of our QUEEN?

The ships around are gay with flags, the streets are green with boughs;
The people press about him, with cheers and prayers and vows;
The court, the camp, the church, its best, its bravest, holiest brings;
There stands the madman of Boulogne—a Kaiser among kings!

What memories are sweeping through that impassive brain?
Thinks he of that first landing—of his out-at-elbows train?
Of the oath—or of the ballot—or of June's red barricades?
Or thinks he of December's yet bloodier fusillades?

Or turns he from the past—with its bead-roll of dark deeds,—
Its desperate encounters with yet more desperate needs,
To the present with its trials, its triumphs, and its tasks,
Or is 't of the veiled future, her secret that he asks?

Is he thinking how what shall be may wipe out what has been?
How the blood-stains may be hid from sight under the laurels green?
How long Prestige of Power may into silence awe
The still small voice of NEMESIS, the claims of Right and Law?

Why question thus? Heaven sends the scourge; but in that guiding hand,
What chastens still to blessing turns. So doth this man's command.
Own we in him an instrument, through sin, and pain, and blood,
That worketh still, as all things work together, unto good.

'Tis due to him that France's flag floats side by side with ours,
'Tis due to him that France's hosts are leagued with England's powers;
Thankful for this, 'twere out of place too curiously to scan,
Through the good deeds of the monarch, the ill deeds of the man.

"YOU JUST LET THAT TUB ALONE."

THE WITLERS must not blame us. We always told them that their Organ played flat—flat as yesterday-drawn beer—and now they are finding it out for themselves. They have held a large meeting to proclaim their discovery that the *Morning Advertiser* is unworthy of them. Cremorne, and Hampton Court, and the Coalhole all open fire upon the unlucky Tub, which rolls helplessly about like a buoy smitten by cannon-balls.

"The victuallers must in justice to themselves encourage other papers," says one victualler. "It rested with the trade, if not to give up the organ, to get rid of the present organ-blowers," says another. A third speaker announces that "the *Morning Advertiser* is barely tolerated in many houses. As a literary production it is far behind the age; in point of intellect, it is a disgrace to the trade, and far inferior to the articles in the *Family Herald* and other penny publications." A fourth complains that PRINCE ALBERT is abused by the poor Tub, and that "SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH had been held up to the public as a demon of darkness in its pages." A fifth is "obliged by rules to take in the paper, but hopes to get rid of it;" while a sixth goes savagely at our unlucky friend JENKINS ON THE BEER BARREL:—"It was the management that was reducing the *Morning Advertiser* to its present wretched, canting, drivelling condition. Why, they actually offered a gentleman five shillings per week for undertaking to supply the fashionable news of the paper, but afterwards consented to make it three half-crowns!"

We deeply sympathise with our contemporary, who is thus assaulted on all points, and who is declared to understand neither the interests of his clients the witlers, nor the politics and fashion for which he sacrifices them. We hardly know what advice to give him. He has abused the Roman Catholics with every injurious epithet in the language, thundering at them in a way to turn sour all the beer of all his patrons, and yet he cannot give satisfaction. He has even published Random Records of the most wonderful and adventurous tour that perhaps was ever accomplished since Hogarth and his friends went to Gravesend, but the startling narrative, brilliant sketching, and deep philosophy of the work failed to tell. He has printed and praised the jerks and spasms of that convulsive vituperator the "Englishman Out of Bedlam," but people, touching their foreheads, said with MISS FLIT, "A little M. you know." He has lauded MR. URQUHART, and even proclaimed

LORD DUDLEY STUART's fitness for office. He has committed ludicrous typographical errors, and, that everybody might notice them, has apologised for them next day. What more, we ask in all earnestness of pleading for an oppressed contemporary, can a poor party do who wishes to make a journal famous? *Punch* will not see the Tub ill-treated; we fought for PERRY, and certainly shall not "forget the humbler creature, Small Beer." We will trouble the witlers to let that Tub alone.

SLEEVES AND SAUCE.



THE most stupid and ugly fashions always last the longest. How many years the long dresses have swept the streets! For the last twelve months bonnets have been flying off the head, and so, probably, they will continue for twelve more. However, the bonnets are simply ridiculous. As to long dresses, there is something to be said for them. They are convenient to aged ladies. They enable them to enjoy, without attracting remark, the comfort of list slippers and laced stockings and rollers for their poor old ankles. They render it possible for young ladies to wear bluchers and high-lows, thereby avoiding damp feet, and to save washing, by making one pair of stockings last a week. So they will doubt-

less continue to be worn whilst the laws of Fashion are dictated by a splayfooted beauty, or a lady troubled with bunions.

But this kind of apology cannot be made for hanging sleeves. They are not only absurd but inconvenient. They are always getting in the way, and the sauce, and the butter-boat. Your wife cannot help you to a potato across the table but she upsets her glass, and breaks it with her dangling sleeve. It may be said that your wife has no business to help potatoes—that there ought to be footmen in attendance for that purpose. Certainly: or else, she should not wear the sleeves. But ladies must, of course, follow the height of fashion, whether suitable to their circumstances or not. Could not the leaders of fashion, then, in pity to the less opulent classes, devise and sanction a kind of sleeves adapted to life in a cottage—whether near a wood or elsewhere—to be called cottage sleeves, and to be worn by the genteel cottager-classes without prejudice to their gentility?

Putting too fine a Point upon it.

AMONG the improvements to be adopted in the costume of the British soldier, we hear that those who wear helmets are to have a spike on the top of them. This spike, which has often been a subject of amusing contemplation to us on the head of the Prussian sentinel, has often perplexed us as to the use to which it could be put, and we think the British soldier will be puzzled what to do with it; for he cannot make it an instrument of attack unless he does what he is not at all in the habit of doing, and bows his head to the enemy. Perhaps indeed he may sometimes go full butt at a foe; but really we can ascertain no value in the spike, unless it be—as some fiend of mischief whispers in our ear—to make the British soldiers con-spike-uous!

A British Flora for Russia.

THE papers tell us that the Victoria Regia has commenced flowering in a hot-house at St. Petersburg. The fact is rather curious under present circumstances, for we should scarcely have expected to find our Royal Victoria in St. Petersburg, where every house, and *a fortiori* a hot-house, would probably be too hot to hold her. We hope, however, to see VICTORIA, or at least the flower of her army, in full blow at Sebastopol before the season is over.

IS IT SO?—The greatest rake, it is said, makes the best husband—on the principle, we suppose, that the greatest drunkard makes the best temperance-lecturer.

GOOD NEWS FOR COCKNEY TRAVELLERS.

WE are happy to learn that the repeated complaints of the Cockney tourists, who so feelingly depict, in letters to the *Times*, the dangers and hardships of travelling, are likely to receive attention. The suggestion of the gentleman who desired that iron railings might be carried up Helvellyn and placed along the side of the precipices, in order to save him the expense of a conductor, and the requirement of the other old woman who demanded a Bath chair in which she might be wheeled up the mountain, have attracted the notice of the authorities, and arrangements are being made, both at home and abroad, in the spirit of those requisitions. The ascent of Snowdon will now be easy, the road having been paved with flagstones, and comfortable benches having been placed at every twenty-fifth yard. In the more steep parts, cranes have been fixed, by which, for a trifling fee, in proportion to his weight, the traveller can be lifted from height to height without trouble. Similar precautions have been taken with Ben Nevis, and a capital *restaurant*, with all the English, French, and Scotch papers, has been erected on its summit, and an electric telegraph from thence to the nearest hotel will insure a traveller any luxury beyond what is mentioned in the *carte*. The whole of the water in the Cumberland lakes has been warmed, in order to adapt them to the wants of the class who chiefly complain, and who naturally miss, in travelling, the tepid baths in which they disport when their employers have allowed them to shut up shop. Arthur's Seat has had cushions fitted to it, and Macgillieuddy's Reeks have been expressly interdicted from smoking.

A similar system has been pursued on the continent. Mont Blanc has been carpeted as high as the Grands Mulets, MR. ALBERT SMITH having been requested to bring out with him, to Chamouni, carpets of the same pattern as those of the *tapis* in the Council-Room at Osborne, where he recently gave his entertainment, and he is also to make another ascent, for the purpose of indicating the best place for lamp-posts, the government having determined to light Mont Blanc with gas, to the very top. We are glad to hear that the new VICEROY OF EGYPT is equally alive to the advantages of making travellers comfortable, and that he has caused an awning to be erected from SHEPHERD'S Hotel, at Cairo, across the desert, to the base of the Great Pyramid at Gizeh, and all the sand is to be wetted with otto of roses, by the Arabs, three times a day. The Governor-General of India, LORD DALHOUSIE, has sanctioned a plan for a railway from Calcutta to the summits of the Himalayas, and the Dhawalagiri and Jewahir stations

are already in course of construction. The caves of Elephanta will be ventilated, and commodious seats fixed round them in the course of the season. In the present ticklish state of transatlantic politics, we are rejoiced to add that PRESIDENT PIERCE has signified to our representative, that he means to have gauze screens placed all along the American side of Niagara, to keep the spray of the cataract from splashing. On the whole, therefore, we hope speedily to be able to assure the cowardliest and feeblest Cockney, that he may see the world in tolerable safety and comfort.



A FISH OUT OF WATER.

MR. PUNCH TO AN EMINENT PERSONAGE.



MOST EMINENT LORD,—I HAVE scarcely congratulated our mutual friend the British Public, on your return from Rome to Golden Square. It is an honour and pleasure to possess amongst us a Prince so illustrious—to find him busy for our welfare, and devising kind schemes for our good.

Knowing how excellent many of the customs are of the foreign cities in which it has been your good fortune to be bred, you naturally wish to benefit your province of England and your archdiocese of Westminster, with importations from abroad; and as my wife comes home with a bonnet from Paris, my son with a pair of moustaches from Germany, your Eminence brings an Index Expurgatorius from

the Vatican and a little plan of an Inquisition from Spain. Often as I pass that modest house in that modest Golden Square I think, with a respectful wonder, that the greatest man of all the Empire lives within. *Principibus prestat et regibus, &c.* I will not continue the quotation. But so the fact is. You are the equal of the QUEEN herself, what my friend MULLIGAN calls the "Shuparior" of Princes. Poor DR. SUMNER is not fit to kiss your honour's shoestrings, or DR. WHATELY to hold your red hat. Say that the LORD CHANCELLOR, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FIELD MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT, and your Eminent Lordship were to visit my humble abode, I should be obliged to give you the *pas* before H. R. H. the FIELD MARSHAL—upon my word I should—you would have to lead Mrs. Punch into dinner: the other illustrious guest, of course, would be appropriated by my mother-in-law; and as for the Chancellor, his Lordship and I would be obliged to walk in the dining-room arm-in-arm. We should not be expected to kneel I suppose? I could hardly get my old knee-bones

down so low; not but that this very winter at Rome I saw scores of folks doing so, and kissing your Eminent Lordship's hand as if it were a young beauty's.

What a fine thing it is to think that a man of this Prodigious Rank (for such yours is) should be an Englishman after all, and care for us, our laws and our people! In the late little affair of *BOYLE v. WISEMAN* you came into Court like any other Briton: and after writing a libel against this poor BOYLE who vexed you (holy JOB was vexed with 'em too) how affably you took advantage of the law which consuted him. It is the greatest compliment which has been paid to our Courts, since PRINCE HENRY'S behaviour in that notorious affair with Chief Justice GASCOYNE. A Cardinal by the Divine pity, a Prince of Rome, you came into an English Court to take your chance there: you stood by the laws of your country: that is to say, you did not exactly stand—you bolted as the law gave you full permission to do—I can fancy the confusion of poor BOYLE losing you when he thought he had got you; and the calm good-humour of your Eminence's face, seeming to say, "Don't you wish you may?"

The law business, although noble and edifying, is not however that which occasions these brief and respectful remarks. It is on your Eminent Lordship's appearance as an educator of all England that the Nation ought to be congratulated. It's kind of you. The very thing we like is the Roman system. What we want is a good Index Expurgatorius: a parental board of Inquisition to look over the books for our people; and prevent them from being poisoned by bad literature. Most pestilent lies are told by fellows who write books: most wicked doctrines promulgated: and it is uncommonly good-natured in a man occupied as your Eminence is, in the affairs of your own church: rows and squabbles

with refractory priests: affairs of your newly-created province: regulations of suffragans and minor clergy: writing articles for the *Dublin Review*: and reports to that august foreign Court and Sovereign, greatest of all Courts, Sovereign of all Sovereigns, of which, and under whom you are yourself a most distinguished and ornamental Prince and Dignitary—I say it is exceedingly kind of one so illustrious and so busy to think about us outside Britons at all, and offer to help us in our emergency.

I had read in my favourite Journal, *The Record*, a brief report of "CARDINAL WISEMAN'S Lecture on the Home Education of the Poor," but waited until Sunday and my still greater favourite, the *Tablet*, arrived, with the authentic report of the Lecture. Here is the journal before me which speaks out like a man for its own part, and saying, "We have often thought that even to a limited philosophical point of view the Index of Prohibited Books, of all other Catholic Institutions the one scorned and hated by Protestants, is one that commends itself most highly to the calm view of Reason." Here is the *Tablet* and the report of the Cardinal's Lectures. May I venture to make a respectful tansure in the columns?—

"His Eminence confined himself chiefly to the general topic of the want of a suitable popular literature, reserving for his next lecture the consideration of the modes by which it might be supplied. It seems most important, said His Eminence, that the public, especially those interested in the education of the people, should know what is at present the literature which awaits the rural population on leaving school. In France this has been done, and it may be useful to know the results of the inquiry. For several hundred years the population of France was supplied with a cheap literature by the well-known system of *Colportage*, by means of which some eight or nine millions of small volumes and pamphlets were circulated amongst the people. But in 1852 a decree was issued by the Minister of the Police appointing a commission to examine all books sold by licensed hawkers, who were in future not to be allowed to circulate any without the Government Stamp of approbation. This very interesting report of the Commission has this year been published, from which it appears that of the books that had been examined three-fourths had been condemned. . . . If I were in a position of political influence (said His Eminence) I should most strongly urge upon the legislature the importance of appointing a *Committee of Inquiry into this matter*."

Of course you would. You would do as they do at Rome. We have read about expugnandos, comburendos, expurgandos, and the old processes; which commend themselves, as our friend the *Tablet* says, "most highly to the calm view of reason." And if you were in a position of political influence, we know, dear Eminence, that you would keep your promise.

But you see you are not in a position of political influence. We don't want to go down on our knees, as they do at Rome. To kiss your hand is not to us the source of the slightest comfort. Gentlemen who choose to do so are welcome; but it appears from the Census church returns that you and your followers are but as two hundred thousand, to the ten millions of the unroman English. CHADBAND has as large a flock as you have; who, had he his will, would no doubt smash the windows of your mass-houses, break your images, and bonnet your Eminence on your big hat. We give hospitality to CHADBAND and WISEMAN. Why not to other religionists? Our exemplary ally, who has stopped the *Colporteurs*, has stopped *Punch* too in his dominions. Can it be that if your Eminence were in a position of political influence you would go so far? Heaven help us! I fear yes. We should have a certain shop in St. Bride's shut up if that "political influence" could but be managed: and "calm reason" could but get its own way. You would no more let us in than in Rome, where you have political influence, you let the Thirty-nine Articles pass the Porta del Popolo! Fancy your Eminence's faith and practice restored among us, and we should see, not only FRANCIS MOORE, Physician, against whose poor old almanacs you are wrath, but CHARLES JAMES (now JAMES of London), and Mr. *Punch* walking out of the city, and across the *finis patrie*, like TITRUS and MELIBÆUS!



Considering that your religion is not ours, but exists here on toleration; that your journals take their fill in abusing our Church and

political establishments (I have heard of DR. NEWMAN in the pulpit making admirable fun of the former); that you are free to publish your tracts, apologues, homilies, and sell them where and at what price you please, is it not a little premature in your eminent Lordship to quarrel with other folks for doing exactly what you do? Were you in a station of "political influence" I do not say, of course you would gag every man of us according to the Roman mode; but meanwhile, why should we have a censorship for our press? on account of the hostility to our received institutions of any writer or party of writers living among us? Upon my honour and conscience I do not believe there is any party in England so opposed to our views of right, morals, politics, as the party of which you are the head. And you are left to speak, to sneer, insinuate, deny, assert exactly what you please. Say a Mormonite Gospel is an absurd and monstrous dupery in my eyes: so I believe is a winking statue. But the man who advocates either is welcome to publish his belief in this country, where the mischief is met not by persecution, but by free discussion, and where JOE SMITH'S disciples (decently attired) have as good a right to a sea-baptism as DR. NEWMAN to wear a hair-shirt or FATHER IGNATIUS to shave his head. How did you win those two gentlemen over to your side? By free discussion. How is the conversion of all England to come about, and the day when we shall all be down on our marrowbones in the street when your Eminence walks it? By more free discussion, more books, more preaching, more pamphlets, more cuts at the Established Church, and what not. We can't have that commission of inquiry as yet in your own particular interest; otherwise your shop would be shut as well as other peoples', and your preachers would be as mum as the MADIAL. In our field the wholesome literature and the bad, the tares and the wheat, must grow up together, and, saving your Eminent presence, that is very likely the reason why some of the rubbish, stamped with the tiara and cross keys, and guaranteed with a "permissu Superiorum," is allowed to pass current in the country. Mischievous works forsooth! pernicious literature! degraded superstitions! absurd Almanacs! O most eminent Lord! Don't you think for absurdity, for superstition, for mischief and folly, there are books published by your own people that can equal FRANCIS MOORE, the Radical press, the Penny Novelist, or your obedient humble servant,

PUNCH.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The Morning Post, describing a recent fire in Sackville Street, says "The conflagration was caused by a candlestick setting fire to the furniture while reading in bed." We cannot quite make out, from this statement, whether it was the candlestick or the furniture that was reading in bed, but in either case great imprudence was manifested. If the candlestick was the offender, it ought to have known better, having had so much experience of fire, but for the furniture to be reading in bed was most unpardonable. What was the particular article of furniture that was thus unseasonably devoting itself to literature we are not told. Perhaps it was the Sofa, studying its own history in COWPER'S Task; or the Old Arm-chair, reading its praises by MISS COOK; or it might have been an earnest-minded dining table desirous to turn over other leaves than its own. But be the culprit what it may, we hope the example will not be followed, as we are sure it is as painful to the *Morning Post* to describe such things as to us to read of them.

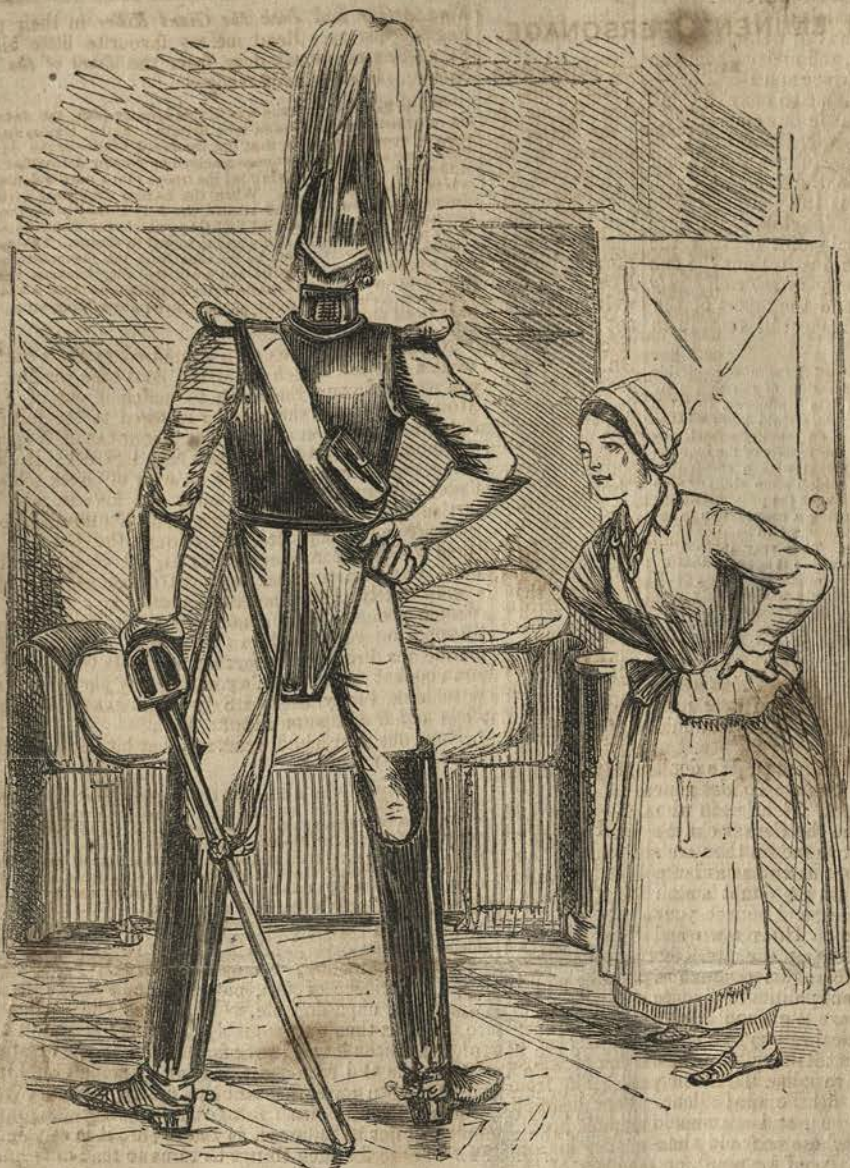
THE TYRANNY OF FURNITURE.

It is a folly to suppose, when a man amasses a quantity of furniture, that it belongs to him. On the contrary, it is *he who belongs to his furniture!* He is bound hand and foot by it—he is tied by the leg to his own mahogany! He cannot move anywhere without dragging his furniture after him—he cannot go abroad without previously finding a home for his furniture; he cannot be absent for any time without first taking every precaution that his furniture will be properly provided for in his absence. If he projects any little trip, the thought that always stops him at the door, is, "Whatever shall I do with my furniture?"

Many a man who boasts of his freedom is the secret slave of his furniture. No man can call himself perfectly free who, whatever he does, or wherever he goes, has always to carry in his mind so many chairs and tables!

Conscience Money for Intemperance.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has to acknowledge the receipt of 5s. from "D. D., for amount of penalty due by reason of excess in port." Also of £91 5s., from "BIBO, money owing to Government for the state in which he has gone to bed every night for the last year." Likewise of 15s. from "THREE JOLLY POSTBOYS DRINKING AT THE CARLTON, for fine incurred after dinner at their Club on Sunday."



THE LIFE-GUARDS AT BOULOGNE.

AFTER THE FATIGUES OF THE REVIEW, A GALLANT FELLOW IS SHOWN HIS BED.

PRINCE ALBERT AND THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT BOULOGNE.

WE are authorised to state—or in other words we are justified in stating—that PRINCE ALBERT, as he passed from the Port of Boulogne along the *Rue de Boston*, must have felt extreme mortification at the sight of the old tin pot shop, over which the British Consulate hangs out for the purpose of selling passports. The whole concern is derogatory to the dignity of the British throne, of which the crazy old chair in the one pair back is the temporary representative. The rather irritable individual who rushes out from an inner room when the bell rings, to confer aid and protection on the part of *Sa Majesté Britannique*, was of course not presentable as the representative of the English Government in Boulogne, on the arrival of PRINCE ALBERT.

Had His Royal Highness been desirous of visiting the consular establishment on the Port, he might have hauled himself up the dark and narrow stairs by a rope which loosely does the duty of banisters. By pushing open a door, he would have rung a bell, which might probably have brought an old woman or a young child into his illustrious presence.

It may perhaps be convenient that the Consulate should have a passport shop in the lower town, and that the public should be spared the trouble of going to the distance at which the Consul resides, but surely, considering the profit on the passports, a more decent *boutique* might be engaged than a lodging over the tin pot establishment.

How the World is Ruled!

(By an old Schoolmaster.)

THE World, to my eyes, is divided into two classes—those whose province it is to dictate to others, and those (the more numerous class) who are bound to receive their dictation. If the two classes could occasionally change places, so that those who dictate might know that it is not always so agreeable to be dictated to.

UPON THEM—CHARGE!

THE Forty-Sixth will, it is said, immediately leave for the East. We are rather surprised to hear that the Commander-in-Chief has altered the proper destination of this regiment, which it was supposed would be immediately sent to Coventry.

A VILLAGE HAMPDEN IN THE CHURCH.

A VILLAGE, or at least a pastoral HAMPDEN is not always doomed to neglect, and it is probable that he will be more than appreciated if he happens to be the son of a Bishop. The following paragraph, extracted from the *Times* of one day last week, will quite justify our statement:—

“RAPID ECCLESIASTICAL PROMOTION.—THE REV. EDWARD RENN HAMPDEN, a son of the BISHOP OF HEREFORD, has made rapid progress in Church preferment in the course of the present year. Early in the year the incumbency of Breinton, in the diocese of Hereford, became vacant, and the Bishop conferred it upon his son. He had held this living but a few weeks, when CANON MUSGRAVE, Rector of Eaton Bishops, was preferred to a living in Yorkshire. The rectory of Eaton Bishops, being worth about £500 a year, and in the gift of the BISHOP OF HEREFORD, was conferred upon MR. HAMPDEN. He had not long been installed into the rectory of Eaton Bishops, when the death of the DEAN OF ST. ASAPH rendered vacant, among many other benefices, the rectory of Cradley, worth £1,000 a year. This, being one of the Bishop's livings, was conferred upon MR. HAMPDEN, and he has been duly collated to it by his father. The Reverend gentleman has thus been preferred to three benefices in the course of a few months.”

The “fortunate youth” mentioned in the above extract seems to have risen with a celerity and success that entitle him to be considered as a sort of ecclesiastical aeronaut, and his ascent may be regarded as a piece of church ballooning that throws into the shade by its excessive

boldness, the comparatively commonplace exhibitions of aerostation at Cremorne and Vauxhall Gardens. The Reverend gentleman, starting from rather low ground, suddenly shoots up to the parsonage of Breinton, and ascending rapidly, he reaches the adjacent heights of the rectory of Eaton Bishops. Here he scarcely pauses, but continuing his upward career, he touches the rectory of Cradley (worth £1,000 per annum), having thus reached within a very brief space of time three different points of elevation, all within the diocese of his excellent father, the good BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

It will be admitted that there is nothing in the annals of ordinary ballooning that beats this achievement in audacity, and we think the lessee of Vauxhall may now complain with reason, that while he was not permitted to make money by sending up the Italian Brothers hanging by their heels, and risking two lives, the ecclesiastical aeronauts have been suffered to experimentalise on three livings. We presume the reverend gentleman has not been overloaded with ballast, nor could he have much occasion for grapnels—as there has been really nothing for him to grapple with. The name of HAMPDEN is illustrious, and “the cause for which HAMPDEN fell in the field” is never spoken of without respect by Englishmen, but “the cause for which HAMPDEN rose in the Church,” will, we fear, give rise to a feeling of a very different character.

A SECOND LETTER TO AN EMINENT PERSONAGE.



ABSURDITY and superstition, mischief and folly, a friend cries to me on perusing my letter to your Eminence in the last number as ever was of this Miscellany. "My good Mr. Punch, what expressions are these to use concerning a great body of Christians, and to their chief in this country! What is the use of hard words? What call have you to be putting your old nose into the quarrel, and is it (the quarrel I mean) not much better carried on without your interference?"

What right have his Eminence, NICHOLAS CARDINAL WISEMAN and the *Tablet* newspaper to tell the public that they would like to appoint a censorship over our literature? My good Sir, I pay taxes in Fleet Street as well as his Eminence in Golden Square—I am *Civis Romanus* as well as the Prince of the Flaminian Gate, and have as good a right to say my say as

common occasions, can there be any earthly use in using such naughty words as superstition, absurdity, folly, &c. to any body of brother Englishmen.

Your Eminence does not use a hard word—you are as mild as milk—you would just like to have a little censorship over us, for the sake of the poor benighted peasantry and mechanics in these islands—just to see that lies are not told to them, and they are kept out of harm's way. Were you in a situation of political influence you would strongly urge the importance of an inquiry—that's all. What on earth is the good of being angry?

Potztausend Donnerceitter! Corpo di Bacco! Mille tonnerres d'un petit bon homme! When you propose, ever so politely, to gag the press of this country, we intend to be in a rage. Sing, chant, shave, wear hats as broad as you like, gloves as crimson, stockings or no stockings. No man wants to meddle with you. But leave us and our liberty alone. We will not have it gagged or shorn in the Roman fashion, and at the slightest hint of your desires that way, we shall do our best to awaken the wrath of our Sovereign Master the British Lion: in the den of whose magnanimity your Eminence and followers are welcome to rest in peace; but from whose mane, please the Fates, you shall not shear a single hair. Poor decrepit toothless Old FRANCIS MOORE! Why should he not be let on to mumble his old humbugs? The old gentleman has nearly lied himself out; and quakes his old prophecies to but a very few old women. Need we send for familiars of the Inquisition to clap a handkerchief over his face, and drag him away to the Holy Office? To let him talk on is best:—to let everybody speak. He has as good a right to preach and to frighten his congregations, and to conjure the stars, and to bawl out his abracadabra, as any other professor. And it is because you would persecute him, that I am moved, yea, feel constrained to say, "O Sir, Have you not also got a *grimoire*, and a wonder-book, that seems to us unbelievers no better than friend FRANCIS'S hocuspocus?"

I said "absurd," I said "mischievous." I beg my son, *Master Punch*, to take down from the bookshelf some amusing volumes which I keep there, to wit, the *Essay on Development*, and the *Lives of the English Saints*, written by several clerical gentlemen who, no doubt, have knelt long ere this at your Eminence's feet. I declare, on my conscience, that the credulity which FRANCIS MOORE, Physician, would have of us is a trifle compared to that demanded by your Doctors. Read, my son, from the *Essay on Development*, the proper way in which the faithful should receive the stories regarding the Church.

Master Punch reads—

"Mythical representations, at least in their better form, may be considered facts, or narratives untrue, but like the truth. . . . The same remark may be made upon certain narratives of martyrdom or of the details of such narratives, or of certain alleged miracles, or heroic acts or speeches, all of which are the spontaneous produce of religious feeling under imperfect knowledge. If the alleged facts did not occur, they ought to have occurred (if I may so speak); they are such as might have occurred, and would have occurred under circumstances; and they belong to the parties to whom they are attributed potentially, if not actually."—*Development*, 345.

Now is a doctrine like that absurd or not? mischievous or not? Would you have country village-folks instructed in history after this fashion, your reverences providing the details? Would our friend the Astrologer ask for better laws of evidence, and upon such, might he not call upon the people to believe in his friars, FRIAR BACON and FRIAR BUNGAY? Given this, and HER MAJESTY'S Inspectors of Schools ought to examine boys in the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, and put

King Arthur and Jack the Giant Killer in their place in English history. Read me my favourite little bit about SAINT GERMANUS, my dear, from the *Lives of the English Saints*. *Master Punch* reads—

"While SAINT GERMANUS was in this country (449), the Saxons made one of their annual inroads into Britain. SAINT GERMANUS (an old soldier), upon information that the combined armies of the Saxons and Picts were approaching, at once resolved on putting himself at the head of the British forces. Having led the troops into a narrow d-file he gave orders to them what to do. When the Saxons drew near with all the confidence of men secure of victory, the holy Bishop pronounced, three successive times, the word ALLELUIA, which was immediately taken up by the whole British army and chanted in chorus. The sound was repeated and reverberated by the echo from the mountains, and with such violence that the rocks and even the very heavens themselves seemed to tremble. The barbarians supposing so loud a shout must issue from an immense body of men, threw down their arms, and ran away in all directions."

Now, I can beat this with a hundred extracts out of the *Golden Legend* (which is in the book-case yonder), but I will trouble your Eminence to match it out of FRANCIS MOORE. Suppose the country restored to the faith of our Fathers, suppose an army under NICHOLAS of Westminster advantageously posted along Oxford Street; Holborn in possession of the enemy; and an army of Greek schismatics under NICHOLAS of Petersburg, and his son, with a battery of guns before the marble arch. NICHOLAS (the Czar) is about to open his fire. NICHOLAS the Cardinal orders three volleys of Alleluia along his whole line, and away goes the Calmuck horse, foot, and dragons, leaving guns, standards, muskets, lances, knouts, &c., behind them! Would you, on your conscience as an Englishman, and "supposing you were in an influential military position," handle the British army in that way? Is that story not in your books? Do you believe in it or any part of it. Ought it to have occurred—Did SAINT GERMANUS so defeat the Picts and Danes potentially? Pooh!

Now, my dear child, read me that bit about my darling Saint, SAINT GUNDLE.

"SAINT GUNDLE was a king in Glamorganshire about 500; his wife was GLADUSA, one of the ten daughters of KING BRACHAN. One night a supernatural voice broke in on the slumbers of GUNDLE and GLADUSA, and said, 'The King of Heaven hath called me hither. . . . I will show you the straight path which you must keep, unto the inheritance of God—Lift up your minds, and for what is perishable, slight not your souls. On the river's bank is a rising ground; and where a white steed is grazing there is thy habitation.'

"The king arose in the morning; he gave up his sovereignty to his son CADOC; he left his house, he proceeded to the hill, and found the animal described. There he built a church, and there he began an abstinent and saintly life; his dress a hair cloth, his drink water, his bread of barley mixed with wood-ashes. He rose at midnight and plunged into cold water, and by day he laboured for his livelihood."—*St. Gundleus*, 7.

There's a king in Glamorganshire for you! "*The King of Heaven*" sent a messenger to him to leave his wife, live on a rising hill, dress in hair-cloth, mix wood ashes with his barley-bread, and jump into cold water at midnight! In another charming passage, in the life of sweet SAINT EBBA, we are told regarding SAINT CUTHBERT that—

"It is well known that SAINT CUTHBERT carried the jealousy of intercourse with women, characteristic of all Saints, to a very extraordinary pitch. . . . Yet such was the reputation of EBBA'S sanctity and the spiritual wisdom of her discourse, that SAINT BEDA informs us that when she sent messengers to the man of God, he went and stopped several days in conversation with her, going out of the gates at night-fall, and spending the hours of darkness in prayer, either up to his neck in the water, or in the chilly air."—*St. Ebba*, 114.

And we may be sure the Chronicler speaks in terms, poetic and respectful, of "the hair shirts and the iron girdles, and the secret spikes corroding the flesh, and the long weals of the heavy discipline, and the craving thirst, and the stone pillow and the cold vigil," which these good souls applied to one another, and would recommend to posterity.

If Absurdity and Superstition, mischief and folly are hard words, as hard I own they are, are they too hard? But I think with all this in *your* calendar, your Eminence is harder still upon poor old FRANCIS MOORE'S.

Put up the precious volumes, little *Punch*, my son! I have done. I am going to call no more hard names: and would live in peace with every gentleman, and have him say his prayers as best likes him. Good SAINT EDMUND, as I read "would so spend the whole night, beating his breast, and falling with his bare knees on the floor, in such a way as to disturb the sleep of his clerks who were lodged beneath." I know not if your present Eminence bumps up and down in this manner, or if you sleep over your secretaries, MONSIGNOR SEARLE and MR. GAYTHORN—in that case, it is them I would pity: not with your Lordship I would

interfere. May you have a quiet life, and give us one! May all mollahs, priests, rabbis, have peace! May bishops in our native shovel-hats, or pontiffs in those more extensive tiles which roof the heads of the Roman clergy, have the respect of their flocks, and preach and practise to their edification! But prythee, my good Lord Cardinal, leave us alone, standing on our ancient Anglo-Saxon ways. Bring no Roman Sbirri to guide us. We wish to be allied with our friends in France: but we desire to keep our free press too. The *Tablet* says rightly, that "the Index of Prohibited Books is of all things the most scorned and hated of Protestants;" Yes. And we won't have it, however much, as one of the Indicators, your Eminence may recommend it: We won't have it: by SAINT GUTHLAC and SAINT GUNDLE!

PUNCH.

DRAT THE FLIES! OR, THE PEST OF THE SEASON.

The sun was hotly shining on a fine September day,
When I heard an angry matron so bitterly inveigh
Against the tribes of insects that in Autumn's time arise;
She clenched her fists and stamped her feet, and cried, "Ah—drat them flies!

"There ain't no rest, nor quiet, nor comfort to be had
For them nasty filthy creatures; they're enough to drive one mad;
They settles on our noses; they whizzes in our eyes;
And they buzwuzwuzes in our ears: ah—drat them plaguy flies!



"There's not a safe that's safe from 'em; no apple-room without,
And them vexatious wasps, which also is about,
And one can sting almost as bad as t'other when they tries,
Ay, through a cotton stocking too: ah—drat them vicious flies!

"Them hojus big blue-bottles blows over all the meat,
To that degree that mutton can't be kep' a day to eat;
They swarms in every pantry; and them of smaller size
Bespots and spatters everythink: ah—drat them horrid flies!

"They sticks in treacle, jellies, preserves, and sweets, and jams,
And they breeds their nits, and hoppers, and choppers in our hams,
They infestes every cupboard; not a hole but where they pries,
No crink or crank but they creeps through: ah—drat them crawly flies!

"They drownds themselves in milk-jugs and gets into the tea,
In every sugarbasin there's always two or three,
We finds 'em in our puddins, we finds em in our pies,
I've no patience with the rebels: ah—drat them tiresome flies!

"They ferrets into wardrobes; and there they spiles the cloth,
For 'tis my firm opinion 'tis they that breeds the moth,—
And tell me what you will, you won't persuade me otherwise,
No, get along with you: I say, ah—drat them noxus flies!

"I lays about fly-papers in every room in vain,
Catch hundreds and kill thousands, as many comes again,
Just like them Rooshian locusts, which also I despise;
I can't abear no insect: ah—drat all them nasty flies!"

WHAT IS THE NEXT ARTICLE?

OR, THE PLAGUE OF THE SHOP.

In some remarks which we lately had occasion to make on the subject of Early Closing, we adverted to a habit, common among shopmen, particularly those of linendrapers, of attacking the purchaser of any commodity with the question—"Any other article to-day, Sir?" If a mild answer is returned in the negative, the query is followed up with suggestions of "other articles;" so that a man cannot enter a shop to get a pair of gloves without the fear of being bored by a series of importunities. In case the customer is a lady, the annoyance thus given has generally the effect of driving her to purchase a quantity of goods that she has no occasion for—and the trick succeeds.

But the consequence of this practice is, that no man will go into a linendraper's shop if he can help it, or trust his wife or daughter shopping, except in case of absolute necessity. It is therefore for the trade to consider whether they do not lose more than they gain in the long run by causing their customers to be worried in this manner. If haberdashers wish to be truly polite, they will relinquish their system of forcing sales by practising on the delicate feelings of ladies. A lady cannot utter those brief exclamations by which an individual of the sterner sex is permitted to stop the mouths of the troublesome.

Over-eagerness to sell frequently defeats its own end. We have often bolted from a book-stall in disgust because we were disturbed in turning over the volumes by the proprietor darting out upon us and pestering us with the enumeration of works which he seemed to think we were looking for; instead of quietly placing his catalogue within our reach. Only the other day, a boot salesman prevented us from further considering a contemplated investment of capital in a pair of "men's strong walking," by making a dead set of this kind at us with, "Now then, Sir! what can we serve you with, Sir?—prime Oxonians—best Bluchers—superior Alberts," &c. Of course any man of refined feelings who is thus interrupted in reconnoitring the assortment of a stall or a shop window, instantly vanishes. He has not made up his mind to buy; it is possible that he may not buy, and he feels that in entering into a negotiation which will perhaps turn out abortive, he may excite hopes destined never to be realized, and trifle with the feelings of his fellow-creature in an apron. His impulse to decamp is, moreover, accelerated by the consideration that the bargain into which it is attempted to hurry him would be very likely to prove a take-in.

Should the foregoing remarks not occasion the instant abatement of the plague and nuisance against which they are directed, its victims will be obliged to put a stop to it themselves. Solicitation might be met with banter, and when teased by being pressed to declare "What is the next article?" the customer might ask for certain lengths of the *Quarterly*, or, perhaps, inquire if the establishment kept the present article in *Punch*.

HONOUR IN STORE FOR NICHOLAS.

CHRISTINA—says the Lisbon correspondent of the *Times*—travels under the title of the *COUNTESSE D'IRAMENDE*. LOUIS PHILAPPE, after his expulsion from France, assumed the title of *COUNT DE NEUILLY*. The exiled claimant of the crown of that country is the *COUNT DE CHAMBORD*; the gentleman who holds the same relation to Spain, calls himself the *COUNT DE MONTEMOLIN*. May the happy day arrive, and arrive speedily, when the *EMPEROR OF RUSSIA* shall be also reduced to a Count; and a light let-off that will be for the murderer of more than half-a-million! What Countship will he rejoice in? Shall his title be the *COUNT OF SINGAPORE*? Or the *COUNT OF ODESSA*, which he has doomed to be burnt, if peradventure the flaming ruins of his subjects' homes may serve to arrest the march of the Allies to his chastisement? Or would the Knouter of the Nuns rather prefer to travel adorned with the dignity of the *COUNT OF MINSK*? For the blessed hour at which he may have to take his choice may come. Recent as well as remote history proves that evil rulers are sometimes called to a Count—even here.

Little War Problems.

1stly. GIVEN:—An Army of Occupation.

REQUIRED:—To Find, if you can, what it has occupied, and what has been the particular nature of its occupation.

2ndly. GIVEN:—An Army of Expedition.

REQUIRED:—To Find out, if possible, the amount of expedition it has shown, and whether PICKFORD, or any common carrier, would not have expedited matters much more quickly in infinitely less time.

UNFOUNDED RUMOUR.—There is no truth in the report that the next edition of MR. PENNYSON'S "In Memoriam," is to be dedicated to the officers of the 46th.

THE ATTACK ON BOULOGNE.



THE rumour that the Emperor contemplated another attack on Boulogne, threw the inhabitants of that Anglo-Gallic watering-place into a state bordering on hysterics. JONES, of Cheapside, who happened to be stopping at a Boulogne boarding-house, immediately put himself in communication with the British Consul, who put himself in communication with the hall porter, who put JONES (who was getting troublesome) outside the door. The select society of English who meet at one of the *cafés*, called an extraordinary meeting which was suddenly broken up by the still more extraordinary meeting of the chairman with his tailor, who had strolled into the coffee-house, and whose presence caused the chairman to vacate the chair with a precipitancy which led the assembly to believe that the attack on Boulogne had already commenced.

A deputation of British nursemaids had been appointed to wait on the Emperor to ask him to spare the children, and in several places white pinafores were suspended from the truce. The English coal-merchant threw himself at the feet of the Emperor, and begged that if it should be thought necessary to sack the city, his Majesty would not sack the coals. All idea of opposition to the advance of the Emperor was abandoned, but the British consular passport office seemed to be fortified by a tremendous weight of metal, in the shape of the tin pots and saucepans in the window of the shop below. This, however, was merely by way of demonstration, for there was no intention on the part of the consular authority to offer any opposition to the plans of the Emperor. The whole city, in fact, seemed prepared to place itself in the hands of the invaders, and there was scarcely an apartment that might not have been taken by the first who approached.

The hotels and pastrycooks, expecting to be besieged, laid in an extra supply of provisions for the besiegers, so that the surrender was complete.

PUNCH AGAINST MAWWORM.

THE Sabbatarians pretend to retort upon *Mr. Punch* the charge of wishing to take away the Sunday of the people. Their morning journal represents him as having "required" that "a poor cab-driver, after toiling through six days in the week, should be obliged to rise on Sunday, like all the other days in the week, to clean his cab and his horse, and to place himself on the stand, ready to convey *Mr. Punch* to the Richmond Railway."

Mr. Punch begs to say that he "requires" that no cab-driver, whether poor or prosperous, should be "obliged" to do anything of the kind. He extends this disavowal to the case of the "hundreds of railway servants" whom he is supposed by the same journal to have "calculated on finding at Waterloo station," of the vehicles which it alleges that he "demanded to find at the local station," and the taverns which it avers he "expected" would be open for him all day and all night.

All that *Mr. Punch* "requires" and "demands" is that if he wants a cab, a railway trip, or tavern accommodation on a Sunday, nobody, if willing, shall be forbidden to supply his wants. *Punch* would be the last person in the world to wish to compel a Sabbatarian cabman, a stoker, an engine-driver, a waiter, a chambermaid, or any body else, to labour upon his account on their day of rest. Far be from him the idea of forcing conscientious publicans of Sabbatarian principles to keep their houses open on that day. *Mr. Punch* respects the sincere conviction of everybody—even that of a convict. It is notorious that *Mr. Punch* would no more scruple to eat a salmon-cutlet than a mutton-chop on Friday. Yet if MR. LUCAS were to resign his papal trumpetership, and to set up the Wiseman's Hat Hotel, Tavern, and House of Call for Jesuits, *Mr. Punch* would, with all his might, defend MR. LUCAS from being bound to provide animal food in general on a day when he might think it his duty to let none of his guests have any but fish. *Mr. Punch* only asks that those who choose shall be permitted to do him reasonable service on Sundays. He holds that to be reasonable service which is necessary to his enjoyment of healthful recreation. Surely he has as great a right to hire a cabman, if he can get one, to take him to the station, as a Duke has to be driven out by variegated retainers, or a Bishop to be conveyed to Church by a mazarine domestic.

Let Sunday be a day of rest—but rest is not inaction. Cricket is rest to a journeyman tailor. To rest one set of muscles most effectually

we must move others. Overworked faculties are best relaxed by employing other faculties. The eye that is fatigued with brick-walls should rest on green fields. But the rest—the salutary and effectual rest—of the generality necessitates the labour of some. Suffer those to perform that labour who think proper. To say, Make those do so who think it improper, is quite another thing; and it is a thing not said by *Mr. Punch*.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.



Y a report in a theatrical contemporary, we learn that an audience which might have assembled at Drury Lane, a few nights since, were fortunate enough to escape unvictimized. A MR. BARRY SULLIVAN had been announced for the leading character in the play of the night; but, fortunately, before the hour of performance, it occurred to this individual—Irish, we presume him to be, from his names and his modesty—that his name had not been printed on the play-bills in characters sufficiently gigantic. So he writes to the person for whose benefit he had promised to act—

"SIR,—I cannot suffer my name to be slighted in the Drury Lane play-bills.

"Yours, &c.,

"BARRY SULLIVAN."

and—to the deliverance of the public—this bright and very particular star does not shine. No more is heard of him, and the doors do not even open. We congratulate those who escaped. But what sort of actors are those who rely upon huge posting-bills to do for them what is achieved for real artists by public recognition? We do not remember ever seeing MR. ROBSON'S name in larger letters than those of the ordinary *affiche*; yet that performer did, night after night, crowd a London theatre. But MR. SULLIVAN, content "to be slighted" by the public, will not be slighted in the play-bill. *Chacun à son goût*. We believe that unlucky box book-keepers have learned, by this time, that, generally speaking, the larger the letters the smaller the "let," though we imagine that the converse of the proposition was not proved true in MR. SULLIVAN'S case.

THE GENDARMES OF EUROPE.

The brave French, with our steady British host,
Embattled, march; their heads are high and light,
Yet break not out in any brag or boast;
And in the army camped on yonder coast
The name of glory seems forgotten quite.
And why? Because full well they feel and know
They are not mustered, with a generous foe,
By battle, to decide a doubtful right;
That they are going forth unto the fight
Not with swords only, but as if with staves,
Against a Robber; to destroy his den,
And rout his legionary gang of slaves,
As a police-force, unexcited, braves
A Brigand and his troop of highwaymen.

A Prize Infant Show.

AMONG other American "notions" that have lately prevailed, is the novel idea of getting up shows of fat children. Massachusetts has already had an exhibition of the kind, at which there was a very large collection of adipose infancy. Prizes have also been given to the parents who could show the fattest child, and a system of oil-cake feeding has been adopted to produce large oleaginous masses of fatty deposits in the shape of offspring. We cannot say that we approve of this new plan of cramming the young, for we cannot bear to see anybody's children made too much of.

UNIVERSAL FITNESS OF THINGS.—There never was a young man yet who did not think himself specially qualified for a Secretary, or a young woman who had not the same strong belief in her qualifications to go out to-morrow as a Governess!



"NOW, CHARLEY! HERE'S THAT PRETTY ROUND HAT AGAIN—WE WILL HAVE A LOOK AT HER THIS TIME."

MUCH ADO ABOUT DIPLOMATIC NOTHING.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA has earned a name for himself, and so has the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, by the line of behaviour which they have pursued towards the CZAR. The names which they have respectively earned are *Dogberry* and *Verges*. As Peace Officers of Europe, they call upon NICHOLAS to submit to certain conditions. NICHOLAS laughs at them; and they determine to—let him alone. They charge themselves, as *Dogberry* did his watch, to "comprehend" a "vagrom" man; to wit, the CZAR. Unfortunately, "a will not stand," and accordingly, as *Dogberry* advises in such case, they "take no note of him." Instead of that, as further recommended by the same authority, they "presently call the rest of the watch" (the Bund) "together," and in their hearts, doubtless, "thank God" they "are rid of a knave."

The parallel seems perfect. The only difficulty is to settle which shall be *Dogberry* and which *Verges*. *Dogberry*, to be sure, when called an ass, answers, "Dost thou not suspect my years?" but then he represents his colleague as "an old man, Sir," adding, "and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were:" whence it appears that *Verges* is the elder fool. Both, to be sure, are dotards; but a young actor often plays old men: and on the stage of Europe FRANCIS JOSEPH, at present, personates feebleness and imbecility to the life. To him, therefore, we must assign the character of *Dogberry*; and "suspecting his years" less than those of FREDERICK WILLIAM, allot to the Prussian monarch that of *Verges*.

Dogberry describes himself as "a fellow that hath had losses." FRANCIS JOSEPH may soon be able to say the same. What does he think of Hungary and Italy?

A Lawyer off his Feed.

THOUGH the penny roll is still sold at a penny, it has become "small by degrees" until it is "beautifully less" than enough for a moderate man's breakfast. In consequence of this state of things an attorney of our acquaintance, who used to treat himself to one of the above-mentioned articles every morning, has deliberately struck himself off the roll.

DONALD IN THE EAST.

OUR northern friends will be delighted to hear that the Highlanders have achieved a great triumph in Turkey. In an extract from a letter from the Black Sea, published by the *Morning Post*, it is related of those gallant Scots, that

"When they were reviewed before the Sultan he seemed quite confounded with their strange appearance, but when, to complete it, they suddenly struck up the bagpipes, he quite lost all his gravity, and burst out in the most violent fits of laughing in spite of himself, for it is contrary to all notions of Turkish etiquette to laugh, much more to do so in public."

Glory to the Gael! They have conquered the gravity of a Turk, and will doubtless achieve as easy a victory over any number of Russians. The same letter states that the Turks "follow them about the streets, and seem both amazed and delighted with their strange dress." It may be expected that they will astonish the forces of Russia even more effectually, though less agreeably, than they have astonished the natives of Turkey, and that the former will run away from them faster than the latter follow them. This happy result will probably be much expedited by their favouring their enemies with some of that music with which they obliged the Sultan. In aid of a charge of bayonets, the best imaginable means to disconcert an enemy must be a concert of bagpipes.

An Honest Clergyman.

THE newspapers say that the REV. MR., late ARCHDEACON, WILBERFORCE, having arrived at certain conclusions at variance with the articles of the Church of England, has placed the resignation of his preferments in the hands of his Bishop. Such being the fact it is to be hoped that so eminent an act of honour and honesty will prove a beneficial example in that truly humble station—that station of the deepest theoretical humility—which this good man occupies.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—Such is the mercantile spirit, and at the same time the intellectual poverty of the present day, that a number of gentlemen in the city have put their heads together to see whether they cannot get up amongst them a JOINT STOCK ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.



THE RETURN FROM THE BALTIC!!

British Lion. "OH YES, I'LL COME BACK—BUT I MUST JUST LEAVE A CARD AT CRONSTADT FIRST!!!"

PUNCH'S PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

To Mr. Punch.



EVERED SIR,—I am the regular London Correspondent of that well-known and largely circulated provincial newspaper, the *Squashborough Gazette*. I flatter myself that no set of country readers is more constantly and faithfully supplied with an account of the sayings and doings of the London world, political, literary, and fashionable, than by your humble servant. But having more time on my hands than I quite know what to do with, I am desirous of becoming one of your contributors. I do not, of course, expect you to purchase what I facetiously call an animal of the porcine species enveloped in a wrapper, and therefore I send you a specimen of my usual style. The enclosed letter, I ought to say, was intended for the *Squashborough Gazette*, but I happened to miss the post, and therefore it became useless for that week's publication. Should it appear in your paper, I shall conclude that further communications will be acceptable, and in that hope,

"I am, Dear Sir, Yours very faithfully,

"BRASSEY GOBE MOUSH."

"2nd Floor back, No. 11, Buggy's Rents,
"Squalory Court, Drury Lane."

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

"Athenæum Club, Wednesday.

"I have just looked in here to be out of the way, for the Duke's house (that was) in Pall Mall is insufferable from the noise of the workmen at my other shop, the Carlton, and I was driven from the Reform Club by seeing PALMERSTON pop in, evidently to catch me. I dodged the Judicious, and came here, and if the Bishops will but let me alone, I shall be able to send you a few lines, though really, at this flat period of the year, with all one's aristocratic friends on the moors, it is difficult to hear anything. And I am, in fact, so *blasé* with the fatigues of the season that I am more than usually fastidious. I was rude enough just now to stop the Bishop of Oxford in a very good French story, which really has not been in town more than a week, and to ask his lordship whether he knew that QUEEN ANNE was dead. But Saponaceous SAMUEL is very good-natured—to me at least—and took it well enough.

"There are no politics now, of course. But I happen to know that there has been a good deal of uncomfortableness in the Cabinet, and there will be a split before long. LORD JOHN is now most eager for a peerage, but the PRINCE CONSORT (and perhaps a higher personage) thinks that a peerage ought not to be conceded to him before the PRINCE OF WALES comes of age, and the proper allowance is obtained from Parliament. LORD PALMERSTON, who is very much attached to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, offered to pledge himself to get this done in the most liberal manner, if the latter were ennobled at once, and the affair was deemed so nearly arranged, that LORD JOHN RUSSELL and his lady went to HUNT and ROSKELL'S to look at some new gold forks, which they ordered to be marked with an Earl's coronet, and the cipher R (Earl of Runnymede being the title selected by the admirer of Magna Charta), but the Court was inexorable, and I can assure you, upon the best authority, that the Leader of the House of Commons will be in his place next session under the same name he now bears. I have too often been right in my predictions (as when I told you there was no truth in the report that the Monument was coming down, and on other occasions) to make it necessary for me to say more.

"The young KING OF PORTUGAL went away deeply smitten with the charms of one of the royal Princesses. I shall not say which, as I have no desire to trench upon such delicate ground as a lady's affections, but it was not the Princess to whom rumour would naturally point. A very distinguished lady, filling a high office at court, assured me, in confidence, that the young King tried hard to enlist the sympathies of the Princess's father in his favour, but that upon his growing more than usually urgent, the Prince, with a good-natured, but firm expression of countenance, led him into the picture gallery, and planted the young Catholic before a fine picture, (by RAPHAEL) of MARTIN LUTHER. The hint was taken, and the subject dropped. But if Three per Cents. can be converted, why not Portuguese? as I said, with some *éclat*, at the Travellers' yesterday.

"Talking of pictures, I heard a capital story of SIR EDWIN L. the great animal painter. He had been out in the Highlands, with the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, GENERAL ESPARTERO, and a distinguished

party, one of whom was a wealthy individual of the Hebrew persuasion. Ascending a green hill, the last-named individual slipped and fell, luckily without hurting himself, and no one joined more loudly in the shout of laughter which arose when SIR E. began to sing the celebrated air "*When the Jew (dew) is on the grass.*"

"MR. MACAULAY has just looked in to lunch. Seeing that he had some papers under his arm, I naturally asked him what they were. It appeared that they were the proof sheets (just received from MESSRS. LONGMAN) of the next volume of his *History*. He was good enough to let me glance over them; and though of course I should not pretend to criticise his magnificent style, I was able to point out a few grammatical and historical mistakes, which he instantly corrected. The fifteenth chapter, in which he describes a fight that took place in one of the bed-rooms at Hampton Court, between OLIVER CROMWELL and PRINCE EUGENE, then young men, and both attached to the celebrated MOLLY LEPEL, is as fine a bit of sarcastic writing as there exists in the language. But *verbum sap.*; and I must not abuse the confidence of a brother *littérateur*. In accordance, however, with the custom of some of my colleagues, let me mention that MR. M.'s lunch consisted of a *côtelette à la saubise*, a biscuit (with carraways) and half-a-pint of madeira. It is a curious trait in the great historian's character that he always uses his own toothpick (ivory), instead of taking a quill *cure-dent* from the club wine-glass. Perhaps he respects the material of pens too much to apply it to a meaner duty than writing.

"I have mentioned, more than once, that the *Record*, the organ of the Evangelical party, was about to be sold. The negotiation is at last complete; and some sporting gentlemen, represented by MR. JIM BURN, as agent, have purchased it. There will be no change in the editorship, and the theological principles of the paper will remain the same; but the editor has undertaken to advocate dog-fights, and the column to be devoted to that amusement will, I believe, be headed with the quotation, 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,' which implies a justification of the sport. It is supposed that the influence of the paper will enable the new proprietors to obtain Exeter Hall, for sparring matches, except during the May meetings.

"My lady readers will be interested in knowing that the reign of long dresses is at an end. The PRINCE-CONSORT, during his recent visit to Boulogne, was so charmed with the effect of the abbreviated costume of the *poissardes*, that he made some sketches from his window at the Hôtel Brighton, and sent them to Osborne by the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE. They were approved, and have been handed by the Mistress of the Robes to the Court milliner, who will of course have to invent an artistic method of embodying the style in question, and nothing has yet transpired; but I think I may venture to say, from a hint I have received, that white silk *bas*, with blue clocks, will be among the earliest novelties of the season. The street-sweepers, who will now be obliged to do their own work, threaten an *émeute*.

"The marriage between a young Marquis in your county, and a fair charmer whose ancestral seat is not a hundred miles from Birmingham, will take place, despite the foul and ignorant contradiction by that wretched rag, your contemporary the *Squashborough Herald*. If it were worth my while to bandy terms of abuse with the miserable donkey who supplies that newspaper (?) with news (?) from London, I should fail in Billingsgate, because the *fashionable* (!) correspondent of the *S. Herald* has the advantage of living in a garret near that ichthyophagic locale. But when I tell you that parchment is parchment, and that solicitors live in Lincoln's Inn Fields, I fancy I have said enough.

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is at Broadstairs, diligently occupied in working at his new budget. What would those who believe in the pretended conflicts in the House of Commons say, if they knew that MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI are in continual and jocular correspondence on the financial measures for Easter, and that they even met at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, and had a jolly evening, under pretext of discussing a tax on fish. MR. DISRAELI is writing a new novel, called *Bolingbroke*, some of which he read to MR. GLADSTONE on that occasion, and the latter helped him to some Latin mottoes for his chapters. Yet these two men will, in February next, assail one another with all the skill and ferocity of gladiators. Such is life! Besides the tax I have hinted at, I am told, by the SECRETARY-AT-WAR, that we are to have an impost on shirts, on balloons, and on second editions of books. Playbills are to bear a penny stamp, and oysters, other than natives, will be taxed two-pence a dozen. The newspaper stamp will be taken off, but an *ad valorem* duty will be imposed on the articles contributed to journals. If writings are to be taxed in proportion to their value, I doubt whether you will be able to afford to keep your present London Correspondent, from whom no more at present."

The World's Estimate.

ESTIMATES generally have one half knocked off when they come to be revised, and it is mostly the same with moral as with commercial estimates. No one is taken at his own estimate; so if you wish to be considered clever, you must pretend to be twice as clever as you are, and then the world will give you credit for one half of it.



HOW TO GET A CONNECTION.

Shopman (to Ancient Party). "YES MISS—THANK YOU MISS—IS THERE ANY OTHER ARTICLE MISS?—CAN WE SEND IT FOR YOU MISS?"

[Old Lady thinks it such a nice shop, and such well-behaved young men.]

CORNISH WRESTLERS WITH FAMINE.

MAY the effects of the late abundant harvest be felt to the Land's End; may they at least be felt at Helstone, Cornwall! At that place there exist institutions, the printed dietary of which is now under our nose: and we may say that it suggests but little of the fragrance of osmazome, or the savoury principle of animal food. It allows the inmates of those institutions, men and women, just three ounces of cooked meat a-piece once a week. The establishments in question might hence be supposed to be monasteries conducted upon almost purely vegetarian principles: and when we add, on the authority of the document already mentioned, that the weekly cost of each individual resident in them, for food, clothing, and necessaries, per head, is one shilling and tenpence, it will be inferred that fasting, even in respect of split peas, is practised with rigour, and luxury in apparel mortified almost to the length of nudity. However, these abodes of privation are British Protestant workhouses: and certainly there is less reason for us to laugh at the friars for macerating themselves, than there is for them to laugh at us for macerating the aged and infirm poor.

Put a Poor Law Commissioner for one week under the regimen and discipline of the Helstone Workhouses, and how much would he lose in weight at the end of it? It is a pity this experiment is not tried, for the Commissioners of the Poor Law have sanctioned the above arrangements, and might as well learn, by experience, the effect of them on the human frame. This would, anyhow, be doing something for their money, namely, for an ample yearly salary, which they receive for the not very laborious, nor perhaps to them disagreeable, employment of paring down the comforts of those who are unable to earn any wages at all. They would then be in a position to commiserate the Helstone Paupers if not to help them. For perhaps these are Paupers of Paupers; the whole district poverty stricken: and those inhabitants of it who can maintain themselves subsisting chiefly on potatoes. In that case, let us hope that the harvest will at least give them all bread enough, if it will not afford those who are in the workhouses another weekly toothful of meat.

PUZZLING QUESTION FOR THE ROYAL TOPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Whether it is easier for a person, who is on the High Road to Ruin, to pass a Note, or to meet a Bill?

BELLA, HORRIDA BELLA!

WE perceive that at the recent meeting of the Archæological Society in Wiltshire, "the REVEREND MR. LUKES read a paper on Bells." We have seen no report of this amusing production, but we can fancy the rich scope the subject must have afforded. We can imagine the Reverend Gentleman commencing with a plunge into the diving bell, then seizing the street door bell, and suddenly running off to take the dustman's bell for a few moments in hand. We can conceive his taking a passing hold of the night bell, and then darting off abruptly in the direction of the muffin bell with which he might hold a sort of sportive dalliance. His next step would probably be in the direction of the bell-fry, where he would wind up with a hearty pull at the bell-ropes, and leave us with the subject still ringing in our ears. We understand the whole company consented to act as clappers, for the paper was received with much applause.

BIRDS—NOT OF A FEATHER.

THE following advertisements recently appeared on the same day, and in the order in which we have given them. We hate to use strong expressions, but we are inclined to fear that the second advertiser is a Brute.

GREY PARROT LOST.—Flew away from a villa in St. John's Wood, on Tuesday afternoon, a lovely Grey Parrot. Is full of playfulness, and though its articulation is indistinct, it will scream and screech in the most enthusiastic manner for hours together. Any one who has found it is earnestly prayed to treat the dear thing kindly, and not to resent its biting, and, on bringing it to its disconsolate mistress, the reward of Three Guineas shall be thankfully paid. Address Mrs. DE POPPETS, Acroceraunia Cottage, St. John's Wood.

GREY PARROT LOST.—Flew away from a villa in St. John's Wood, on Tuesday afternoon, a Grey Parrot. May be known by its viciousness, its not speaking a word, and its habit of screeching in the most abominable manner, without any reason whatever. Any one who has found it, and will bring it—*stuffed*—to the undermentioned address, shall receive Four Guineas, and thanks. Address Mr. DE POPPETS, Acroceraunia Cottage, St. John's Wood.

THE FLOWERS OF THE ARMY.



OME Regiments, we believe, are called, *par excellence*, "the Flower of the Army;" and we certainly can see no reason why this floral style of nomenclature should not be applied to our troops more particularly: thus we cannot see why the younger branches of the service should not in future assume the title of the Greens; while all the more than ordinarily dissipated regiments might with equal propriety be talked of as the Seeds. In allusion to their trowsers, the Hussars should henceforth rank as the Pinks (of perfection); and the red-coated Light Infantry, who are accoutred so heavily that they can barely walk, might in playful irony be called the Scarlet Runners; whilst the popular "Guards" should be described as the Dandy Lions. On the same principle (or want of it) the oblivious 43rd should henceforth, in this military "Language of Flowers" be *lucus à nonically* known as the Forget-Me-Nots.

MARTIAL JUSTICE FOR THE MILLION.



E understand that the following important observations were addressed by MAJOR SHORT of the 146th Buffs to a select civil and military Circle :—

“I tell you what, Sir. The result of that PERRY’s trial is a deuced good thing. I don’t care whether the sentence was right or wrong; it has been confirmed: and there’s an end of it. The good thing is, it has shown we may do what we think proper.” [by “we,” the gallant MAJOR is supposed to have meant the British Army as represented by its ruling spirits] “and set public opinion at defiance. It has shown, Sir, that we need not care a dash for that dashed Press. The merits of the case were not the question. The question was, whether

the officers of a Court Martial and a Commander-in-Chief would allow themselves to be dictated to by a set of newspaper men: a parcel of dashed fellows, a set of rascals and vagabonds, by Jove, Sir, who get their living by their wits. Perhaps PERRY was an ill-used lad. I dare say he was. By Jove, Sir, so much the better. The dashed public will now know that we are not to be controlled by clamour, even if there is ground for it. This is the case, Sir:—The members of the Court Martial say to one another, ‘This is a bad business. But we’ve begun it, and by Jove we must go through with it. Between ourselves, we’ve made a mistake; but we musn’t be intimidated into owning we’re in the wrong. That will never do.’ So they deliver their sentence, and when it comes before LORD HARDINGE, he says the same thing. ‘By Jove,’ he says, ‘these fellows have been in an awkward position. But there was only one course for them to take, and they took it, and I must support them in that course, by Jove.’ So his Lordship goes to the QUEEN and advises HER MAJESTY to confirm the sentence. If HER MAJESTY objects, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF says—with all the proper and necessary respect—‘Ma’am, by Jove, you must.’ So the sentence is confirmed, and the fellow is sent about his business. By Jove, I think it’s a pity he was allowed to sell his commission. The example, to the Press I mean, and the Public would have been better if he had been cashiered outright. Now, Sir, another thing. The success that authority has been asserted with in this affair shows that we might have a deuced deal better Government than we have at present. Any fellow that is troublesome, don’t stand on ceremony with him—don’t be particular about forms of trial—get a jury that will find him guilty without bogging; and then tie him up and well lick him: or hang him on the next tree. There would be a great outcry, perhaps, and hulla-balloo, but what would that signify? Or if it did, you might soon stop it by shooting half-a-dozen of those dashed Editors, or stringing them up over their own office doors. Show public opinion that you’ve got force on your side, and are determined to use it, and by Jove, Sir, public opinion will knock under. Look around you, Sir, and see what has been done in foreign countries. The same thing might be done here; and a deuced good thing too. You’ve crammed this Court Martial down their throats, Sir: so much for a beginning. As to the treatment of PERRY, just or unjust, there’s an end of the matter.”

These remarks, listened to attentively throughout, were greeted at the conclusion with approving laughter, and cries of “Bravo Major!” though a doubt was whispered among some of the civilians, whether the gallant officer was not, and would not be till after the meeting of Parliament, a little too hasty in saying that the matter had ended.

Lines by Frederick William.

THE War is good for Prussian trade,
Then wherefore should I interfere,
While Russian exports, thank blockade,
Can only find an outlet here?

EXCLAMATION AFTER READING MR. PATMORE’S DELIGHTFUL BOOK—
“Save us from being either your friend or your enemy; but especially the former.”

WHAT ON EARTH HAS HE DONE

THE following paragraph from one of the daily papers has rather startled us. It is headed DR. PEITHMAN!

“DR. PEITHMAN, whose intrusion into the Chapel of Buckingham Palace was reported in the journals a few weeks since, was sent to Hanwell, after examination before the Police Magistrate. By the active interferences of MR. PERCEVAL, son of the late Prime Minister, and the Rev. Dr. EREBROX, principal of Hanwell College, aided by the good feeling of some of the Middlesex Magistrates, he has been liberated; but only upon the condition of his leaving the country. This he did on Saturday week with MR. PERCEVAL, who will accompany him to Germany.”

Several of what the authorities might call very impertinent questions crowd upon us after reading this paragraph:—First, What has DR. PEITHMAN done? Secondly, Why send him to a lunatic asylum? and Thirdly, If it was proper to send him there, why take him out again? Fourthly, If it was proper to release him, why transport him by ordering him out of the country? Fifthly, Why has MR. PERCEVAL expatriated himself with DR. PEITHMAN? But we might go on asking questions to all eternity on this very questionable paragraph, which discloses no other offence on the part of the Doctor than his having attended divine service uninvited in the chapel of Buckingham Palace.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

To the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, greeting, *Punch* would say
That for cruel and despotic Czars full long has set the day:
The world with years has wiser grown, and now will tolerate
No government but that which in its laws is moderate.

That tyranny is suicidal history will show:
A nation’s vengeance, once aroused, is sure, however slow;
From furthest age the darkest page in clearest proofs is strong
That the monarchy called absolute is absolutely wrong.

’Tis true that many an instance the good old times afford
Of nations trampled underfoot, and Might o’er Right the lord;
Yet many a proof of nation’s wrath might even then have shown
That power bought with others’ blood is paid for with its own.

Small pains to tell how NERO fell, of cruel tyrants worst,
Or how they slew CALIGULA, by every Roman cursed;
Or how the vile DOMITIAN, who profaned the name of lord,
Yet found his mock divinity no shield against the sword.

Nor were it hard to bring the proof a little nearer home,
For tyrants fall in Russia, e’en as tyrants fell in Rome;
Bear witness, PAUL, beneath whose thrall a nation suffered long,
Yet proved at length a nation’s strength could expiate its wrong.

Then NICHOLAS, be warned in time, learn prudence from the past,
Be sure the worm, long undertrodden, yet will turn at last;
Though one may rule o’er many, and believe their spirit gone,
Yet, in the end, the many prove too many for the one.

THE CHARACTER OF DANDO, THE GREAT OYSTER EATER:—AN ELEGANT EXTRACT.

“This great man died unknown, his greatness almost unacknowledged. And yet he was a genius in his line, if ever there was one. He discovered an opening, where no one else did. The world to him was literally an oyster, and he opened it with his sword in the shape of a clasp-knife. He devoured oysters as easily as other men breathed. His fame filled England as his exploits filled the newspapers. Not a police office where he was not as well known as the magistrate. He was a CÆSAR, before whose conquering sword thousands and thousands of natives fell; and will it be believed, it was the fashion to despise, to sneer at this bivalvian conqueror, because it was his proud custom not to pay for the natives that every day he sacrificed to his insatiable hunger and ambition? This mighty HANNIBAL—for he was as mighty as HANNIBAL, cutting himself a path through Fame with a vinegar bottle—was subjected to every contumely. He was cuffed, collared, locked up, imprisoned, fined, sent to the treadmill! And all because he would not pay for the paltry bread and butter he had consumed! How many persons, I should like to know, are in the habit of paying for their pats and loaves—their quarters and pounds of Dorset? Is it not well known that, in this miserable nation of shopkeepers, there are hundreds of millionaires who owe hundreds of pounds to their bakers, and hundreds more to their buttermongers? How many men are there in this haughty England that are not in the debt of their fishmonger, if not for oysters, at all events for salmon, for red mullet, turbot, prawns, or white-bait. Oysters were a want, a craving, a fated necessity of DANDO’S nature. It is wrong to say he did not pay for the shops where he loved most to eat them. Granted—that he did not pay for the many dozens he could comfortably stow away at one sitting—still was the fame of his having been to that shop to be considered nothing? Was his patronage nothing? was not the name of DANDO more than sufficient compensation for any paltry little bill that might be brought up against him? In any other country but England, where shopkeepers make the laws, and where characters are named to the counter as reluctantly as bad shillings, DANDO would have been made a great man. But the day will come when a monument will be erected to his memory higher than any groto, and the very oyster-shells that in his lifetime he threw carelessly away will be collected carefully together for the purpose of raising it. Then, when full justice is rendered to the injured character of the Great DANDO, will this poor eulogy of mine shine, like the votive offering of a tallow-candle, brightly inside it!”—From a private copy of “PATMORE’S Friends and Acquaintances.”



THE SEA-SIDE HAT.

WHAT IS ENOUGH FOR ONE IS ENOUGH FOR TWO.

THE MANSION HOUSE IN BAD ODOUR.

A FEW days ago, the LORD MAYOR created a fearful sensation by walking on to the Bench in the Mansion House, and declaring that such a horrible smell proceeded from the justice-room as to render it impossible for the LADY MAYORESS to enjoy a dance in the ball-room above, without the fear of suffering from the vapours. In consequence of the excessively disagreeable smell proceeding from the administration of justice down stairs, nobody can tolerate the atmosphere of the room above; and the LORD MAYOR has therefore decided on turning his tribunal into a closed court, trapping it, as MR. NICHOLS recommends we should trap our drains.

We can only regret that this measure should be necessary, for we think justice should not be administered with closed skylights any more than with closed doors. If there is no other object in view than to enable the LADY MAYORESS to dance in comfort in the ball-room above, we would suggest that her ladyship's dancing days must be pretty well over—at least for the present season—as we hear of no balls at the Mansion House; and we cannot suppose that the Queen of the City is so infatuated with the amusement, that she remains in London, executing an occasional *pas seul*, while all the rest of the world is out of town.

The much-injured 46th are about to start for the East to seek "the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth," and we only hope they will find it.

RUSSIAN TROPHIES OF VICTORY.

By a paragraph with this heading, which has recently been going the contemporary circuit, or, in vulgar phrase, "going the round of the papers," we observe that

"An immense number of snuffboxes, warranted to be made of the wood of the English man of war, *Tiger*, taken by the Russians, are exposed for sale in the shops of Odessa."

As the *Tiger* is the only prize the Russians have as yet succeeded in capturing, it is but natural perhaps that they should try to make the most of it; and by cutting it up into snuffboxes they will certainly succeed in bringing it under the nose of a great number of people. Much as we were once disposed to quarrel with it, we must certainly begin to put some faith in MR. COBDEN'S opinion, that the Russians are an eminently trading community, when we find them turning their prizes to account in this way. Regarded simply in a commercial light, this capture of the *Tiger* must have proved quite a godsend to the shopkeepers of Odessa; indeed we should not be surprised if that invalid authority the *Invalide Russe* is found in a day or two warmly congratulating the Russian nation generally on the immensely lucrative and important branch of trade which has thus been opened up.

With people who have any knowledge of mechanics, there cannot be much difficulty in turning a helpless stranded vessel into snuffboxes. But we rather fancy that ere long, the Russians will have found our ships in general, afloat, are anything but things to be sneezed at.

How to be an Early Bird.

JUMP out of bed the moment you hear the knock at the door. The man who hesitates when called is lost. The mind should be made up in a minute, for early rising is one of those subjects that admit of no *turning over*.

THE HIDE AND SEEK MARKET.



LEVY and SLOMAN relaxed for one moment in their efforts to seek them. Amongst the papers that MR. DUNUP left behind him was one pasted up outside his office door, and which contained an intimation to the following effect:—

Gone on the CIRCUIT of my acquaintance.
Shan't be back till they are tired of me.

Several noblemen and gentlemen, who left town without settling their bills are supposed to be hiding abroad, or in the country. Their unfortunate tradesmen, perfectly used to such treatment, are not putting themselves much out of the way in seeking for them.

THE three yachts, that started as an escort to the *Victoria and Albert* arrived at Boulogne only three days after it. As His Royal Highness has already reached Osborne several days, it is expected that the three yachts, which were to have escorted him home, will very shortly arrive at their destination.

The Allied Army has left Varna to go and look for Sebastopol. They have taken several of DORLOND'S strongest telescopes with them.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER, who went out to the Baltic to give the Russians a good hiding, is rapidly seeking, it is said, his way home.

The Crown and Jewels of Hungary still remain where they were.

MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP have not ceased for one minute to hide, neither have MESSRS.

A DIG WITH A LADY'S PARASOL.



PUNCH, you naughty fellow!—You laugh at our bonnets, and the funny way in which we ladies wear them. I only wish you gentlemen would look at your own dress a little, before you think of laughing at ours. Our bonnets after all are not half so ugly as your hats—nasty black things, that have no more shape in them than an elephant's leg. I'm sure I should be sorry to put the slice of a chimney-pot on my head! I wish you could see yourselves—you would be a little more careful then how you go out of your way to ridicule us. As for your scarfs, also—I would sooner go bare-necked than put round my throat anything half so nonsensical. Why, I have

seen young gentlemen wear neck handkerchiefs no thicker than the ribbon we should think of putting round the neck of a little kitten. They are not half so broad as watch-ribbons. I declare in size they are no broader than the white satin favours we tie up wedding-cake with. You will be wearing your shoestrings for a necktie next. I will tell you what they put me in mind of—whenever I see one of these pretty dears, I imagine he is the favourite lap-dog belonging to some lady, and has slipt his string. The next morning I expect to read in the papers an advertisement, describing his hair, ears, and eyes, and offering a reward of ten shillings if any one will return him to his disconsolate mistress. Mind, these are not shop-boys—they are not lawyers' clerks, or medical students, but elegant young men who part their hair down the middle, indulge in the most extraordinary shirt-collars, sport black stripes down their legs, and altogether pretend to some degree of taste. Then the shirt-collars!—No military stock ever strangled a poor unfortunate soldier half so cruelly as one of these 'all-round collars' cut and torture the unfortunate physiognomy that is locked up in it. What! if I were to direct public attention to those stupid stripes down your trowsers? What do they mean? Are they useful? Are they even ornamental? Is it not an affectation of the military style, which argues that those who adopt it are anything but military men? Must you be marked all over like a giraffe?—need you be scored about with broad gashes like a leg of pork? You only see those black lines on the body of a mule, and we all know that the mule is the nearest approach to the donkey. I will not say anything more—but will simply conclude by asking you, *cher Punchey*, if you think it is fair to attack us for anything ridiculous—the ridicule with us sinning only on the side of beauty—whilst you, gentlemen, if you do sin in matters of dress, are sure to sin on the ugly side. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourselves. And you, Mr. P., as an admirer of our sex, as a lover of everything that is beautiful, I'm sure you ought to know better. Nevertheless, my Dear *Polichinelle*, I remain,

"Yours, not angry, only indignant,

"EMMA JANE MARIA SOPHIA," &c.

COMMON SENSE IN REGIMENTALS.

THANKS to the war, common sense has lately had unusual influence with our military authorities, and "ease before elegance" is to be henceforth the order of the day. In their race for glory, our soldiers will no longer be so heavily weighted, and their arms in future will be rather more reasonably proportioned to their legs. Troops on active service will have a better chance allowed them of displaying their activity, and the feat of "standing at ease" in their regimentals will cease to be viewed as an impossible attainment. Time and the *Times* have happily exploded the old martinet theory, that to make a useful soldier you must begin by half strangling him; nor will our men, in order to look smart on parade, be any more prevented by tight clothes from being "smart" on service.

But while reforming our soldiers' clothing, the authorities, it appears, have not exactly acted upon *Hamlet's* principle, and "reformed it altogether." A recent paragraph informs us that—

"Sealed patterns of new uniforms have been received at the Horse Guards, and are now under consideration. In all of them, we understand, there is very considerable alteration as to cut; but as far as we can learn there will be little, if any, change in point of colour."

We suppose it is from mere force of habit that the British army so persists in sticking to its colours, else we should fancy there are not many in the service but would be glad to have the brickdust shaken from their coats. In trowsers, too, we are not ourselves particular to a shade, but we cannot think that exactly a becoming one, which makes

the bearer look as though he literally had been walking into cherry tart. Such pantaloons we think are only fit for a pantomime, and must elsewhere be regarded as breaches of good sense.

For soldiers who have sometimes to lie in ambuscade, any clothing is absurd which tends to make them conspicuous; and we cannot help thinking that our military authorities would be puzzled to adduce a colourable pretext for putting their men in such a coloured dress as only renders them the better mark for the ridicule of their friends, and the rifles of their enemies.

A PRE-SCIENTIFIC PEER.

POOR LORD DERBY appeared at the Association for the Advancement of Science at Liverpool, and there—before the wise ones of the earth—lamented his ignorance with a fund of humour. He had been born in dark times, before the lights of science had dawned. He presented himself as a specimen of nobleman ignorance, and was received as a remarkable addition to the large stock already on hand. PROFESSOR OWEN pointed out to the company the peculiar characteristics presented in the noble Earl; and called upon his audience to mark and reflect upon the development of the moral qualities that, when put forth under a coronet, may exert an extraordinary fascination upon mankind in general; when, in fact, without the coronet, the influence of the animal might, even to the most sagacious of men, have remained altogether unacknowledged. The learned Professor next called the attention of the assembly to the pouch, or pocket, of the specimen before him; observing that, if time permitted, he could show the extraordinary powers of the specimen, latent in their strength, and existing in auriferous secretions, that, with such organisations, must continue to have a most noble influence upon all surrounding bodies. The Professor was continuing these profound speculations, when the noble specimen of a pre-scientific age, broke from his hands; and struck up a comic song. We have only room for the last stanza; which was sung in jig time, the members of the Association all joining in chorus:

"Here stands with head of coroneted earth,
An Earl to quartz and mastodons unknown;
A golden spoon did feed him at his birth—
And Whig and Tory marked him for their own."

The noble Earl made such an impression upon the audience in general, that more than one of the Liverpool Council was heard to remark that "after all, the real, condescending, hearty ignorance of a true nobleman was worth all the bothering knowledge of a bundle of professors." A very melancholy opinion for the philosopher to reflect on! But then, how very brilliant ignorance must be when it is embedded in fifty thousand a-year!

INCREASE OF ALDERMEN.

IN describing the livery of MR. ALDERMAN MUGGERIDGE, one of the Sheriffs elect, the *Morning Post* says:

"Pendant from the left shoulder, from a chastely-executed shoulder-badge, is a plaited *egleottaire*, the badge representing, in exquisite embroidery work, the arms of the worthy alderman, with the motto—*Dat Deus incrementum*."

As a text looks rather out of place on a shoulder-badge, would it not be as well to make a slight alteration in this motto, which would secularise it, and at the same time render it more appropriate; namely, by the change of a single word; thus: "*Dat testudo incrementum*,"—"The turtle gives the increase?" We are not acquainted with the dimensions of MR. MUGGERIDGE; but surely his motto would derive, from the substitution proposed, a peculiar fitness for the livery of an Alderman.

SCHOOLING FOR SOVEREIGN BRUTES.



WE wish HIS HOLINESS THE POPE would read the discourse, lately published in the *Times*, of the EASTERN PRINCE, addressed to his elder brother the CELESTIAL KING, leader of the Chinese insurgents. Like the POPE, the EASTERN PRINCE pretends to inspiration, and in some respects he gives rather more evidence of it than Pius does. Really, the following gentle admonition might serve as a model to the holy father, the next time he has occasion to reprove anybody:—

"When the ladies wait upon you, my elder brother, it is of course their duty; but sometimes they may be apt to excite your righteous displeasure, in which case you must treat them gently, and not kick them with your boot on,—for, if you kick them with your boot on, it may be that some of the ladies are in such a state as to call for the congratulations of their friends, and thus you interfere with the kind intentions of your Heavenly Father, who loves to foster human life and if still any of the ladies should commit any trifling fault, so as to give offence to my lord, it would be as well to excuse them from being beaten with the bamboo. You may, however, scold them severely, and tell them not to offend any more."

Another potentate who might be edified by the perusal of this exhortation is the CZAAR. Whether NICHOLAS is in the habit of kicking ladies with his boot on,

or whether he mercifully condescends to take it off first, at least if the offending lady is in an interesting situation, we are not able to say. It is notorious, however, that women are flogged under his paternal Government; and perhaps, when any more Nuns like those of Minsk persist in saying their prayers their own way, the AUTOCRAT, imitating the clemency of the CELESTIAL KING, (who, we are happy to state, has promised to adopt his brother's suggestion) will at least excuse them from being beaten with the Knout, and content himself with scolding them severely, and telling them not to offend any more.

DIPLOMATIC MOVEMENTS.

THE PRINCESS LIEVEN has returned to her old quarters in Brussels, having sojourned awhile in certain of the Rhenish provinces, where, it is understood, she has proved of the greatest assistance and consolation to the KING of PRUSSIA. "The women are the best judges, after all," says SIR FRETFUL; and there can be no doubt that women make the best war ministers. No coats like petticoats. THE KING of PRUSSIA is a philosopher, and therefore open, as a housebreaker, to conviction. Thus counselled by the PRINCESS LIEVEN, Prussia's Monarch has presented to the world that inflexible countenance for doing nothing that for nothing will, to all posterity, make him especially remarkable. His Majesty has been right royally grateful; and, in a confidential letter, written in zebra's milk, has presented PRINCESS LIEVEN with the Colonecy of the Prussian Blues. For obvious reasons, the PRINCESS will not appear at the head of her regiment until the conclusion of the present unhappy war. In the meantime she will live near Brussels. A charming country house has been taken for her, with an extensive garden attached. It is said that the PRINCESS intends to give her best energies to the cultivation of Brussels sprouts, with a view to acclimating that very green and marrowy vegetable in Russia.

PUNCH'S PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "You did me proud last week. The *Squashborough Gazette* by this time knows what it lost by not receiving the letter you were so obliging as to print. I beg upon the present occasion to send you another instalment of literary, political, and fashionable information. I have, of course, forwarded it also to *Squashborough* (thanks to a manifold writer), but as you and the *Gazette* appear on the same day, no harm is done. Receive, Sir, another despatch from a "London Correspondent," and receive, also, the assurance of his profound esteem.

"Yours faithfully,
"BRASSEY GOBE MOUSH."

"2nd Floor back, No. 11, Buggy's Rents,
"Squalid Court, Drury Lane." *

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

"Athenæum Club, Wednesday.

"Political news this week. ABERDEEN is going out, and a good thing too, I suppose you will say. Did you read the leading article in the leading journal, about the Baltic expedition? That showed in what direction the household mouser intended to become saltatory, eh? Who do you think wrote that article? You will not easily guess, nor do I make any pretence to especial discernment, but it so happened that calling to tell the Editor something it was as well he should know, my eye fell upon the MS. of the article, and I recognised the hand-writing. It is SIR CHARLES NAPIER's, and it was sent home from the Baltic in a red envelope, by the *Coleombo* transport, now at Woolwich. As soon as it appeared, LORD ABERDEEN drove off in a rage to Printing-House Square, and demanded that every word of it should be retracted. This was refused. He then required the author's name, and by way of mystification was told that the remarks were from the pen of MR. CHARLES KEAN. His lordship then declared that MR. KEAN should never again perform at Windsor, and that he himself would resign the Premiership. If the public is half as pleased with the latter resolution as the junior branches of the Royal Family are with the former, we shall have an illumination.

"You have heard something of the story about the BISHOP OF OXFORD (WILBERFORCE) leaving a religious meeting to go to a ball at Sutherland House, and HER MAJESTY telling one of her maids of honour to go and dance with him. The papers have got the anecdote rather incorrectly. The BISHOP did go, but he was rather entrapped

into the ball-room. He was standing by the balcony, looking down into the grand hall, where VIARDOT GARCIA was singing 'Una voce,' and having previously been into the card-room to speak to the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK (who was being scolded by LORD SHAFTESBURY for twice revoking), the BISHOP did not know that the QUEEN had arrived. LADY ERNESTINE MALTRAVERS was near him, and both were enchanted with VIARDOT. 'Oh, my dear BISHOP,' said the lovely LADY E. M., 'I positively must give the dear thing my bouquet. Would you fetch it?—it is on the couch opposite the Murillo.' What could SAMUEL do? He went smilingly to the ball-room, and making his way to the place, confronted the astonished look of his Royal Mistress. 'Well, Doctor WILBERFORCE,' said the Head of the Church; but in the mild words was conveyed the essence of a whole judgment of Convocation. The humbled Lord of Oxford took up the flowers, and backed out of the presence. 'Going to decorate an altar?' said LORD JOHN RUSSELL, as the Puseyite prelate passed him. He made no reply, but presented the bouquet to its charming owner, who protested that she had changed her mind about giving it up. While they were speaking, pretty LADY MARGUERITE VIMBLYNTON tripped up, and begged to engage the BISHOP for the next *deux-temps*. The WILBERFORCE wit came to the aid of the once-caught, twice-shy prelate: '*Pas deux temps!*' (Not twice!) he said, bowing, and evaporating.

"HER MAJESTY sent over an autograph letter by PRINCE ALBERT to LOUIS NAPOLEON, with which the latter was much pleased. I did not see it, but I have reason to think that I am pretty well aware of the contents. They were not political, nor were they complimentary, but they were simply to say that HER MAJESTY had no hesitation in entrusting the Prince to the care of a steady man like the EMPEROR, but she hoped they would not smoke too many cigars, or feel it necessary to baptise the *entente cordiale* in too much claret. It was observed that in accordance with this hint the royal personages retired early each evening, but an officer in the Cent Guards writes me word that the Emperor had a meerschaum at his bed-room window.

"You do not care much about theatrical intelligence, and indeed I seldom go into the front of a theatre, though I occasionally lounge into the green-rooms to have a gossip with the actresses, and to give them a hint as to costume and other matters. I hear, however, that they are going to revive *Hamlet* at the Adelphi, with a cast which I should think would be attractive. *Hamlet* will be played by MISS WOOLGAR; *Ophelia*, by MR. KEELEY; *Ghost*, MR. PAUL BEDFORD; (with 'I believe you, my boy,' when his son names his uncle as the murderer); *Osric* by MR. RYDER (from the Princess's); and *Gertrude* by MR. O. SMITH. A great tank, which the late MR. YATES made below the Adelphi stage (for an aquatic spectacle) is being restored, and will be filled with real water, in which the drowning of *Ophelia* will be seen, and MR. KEELEY is



THE PLUNGER IN TURKEY.

"I SAY, OLD FELLAH!—DO YOU THINK IT PROBABLE THE INFANTWY WILL ACCOMPANY US TO SEBASTOPOL?"

VERY DRY LEAVES FROM OLD EGYPT.

At this season of the year, such of *Mr. Punch's* contemporaries as cannot find food for discourse above ground, are wont to do a little business as excavators, and rummage out enough of buried antiquities to stock Strawberry Hill anew. At this season we may reasonably expect that "a vase of the red Samian ware, lettered SMI. FE. (SMITH fecit), or OFFICI PUSC. (BROWN'S Factory), and containing a strigil, several fibulae, and a quantity of coins in third brass," will be found by the workmen engaged in making a sewer in Lewkenor's Rents.

It is not impossible, again, but that a fine specimen of tessellated pavement (in size 18 inches by 20 inches), representing the lower portion of the hind legs of a horse (reasonably considered by one of our most eminent antiquaries to be Pegasus), may be found thirty feet below the old Excise Office. And should such a discovery be made, we may predicate with certainty that "that indefatigable virtuoso MR. ROACH SMITH" will hasten to secure the treasure for the civic museum; but will find, on arriving at the spot, that the discoverer, an honest navigator of the name of SYKES, after in vain endeavouring to sell the priceless relic for eighteenpence, has, in extreme disgust, chopped it up with his pickaxe.

"Now barrows yawn, and cairns give up their" torques, or other conventional contents. Now, too, the happy possessor of the house in Aldgate, beneath which stands an Early English chapel, makes the seventy-eighth annual discovery of that recondite fact. For the seventy-eighth time it is communicated to the daily papers; and once more an accurate drawing of the chapel, taken (on the spot) from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of December, 1772, appears in an illustrated journal.

Next year, however, our archaeological penny-a-liners have gone to the East, and, in company with CAPTAIN NEWENHAND, "our Admiral" have discovered the "ruins of that Alexandrian Library which was burnt by the CALIPH OMAR." They are confident of the discovery of the "remains of a building," and

"masses of double columns;" which, to be sure, must have been the columns of the *Memphis Gazette*, or *Thebes Intelligencer*. They go on to say: "An immense block of blue granite was also dug out, weighing several tons, and covered with, apparently, Coptic letters. The Captain was unable to obtain a tracing of these letters."

It was at once evident to *Mr. Punch* that a mass, of the described colour and density, could only be vitrified Blue-books; and he immediately applied to SAID PASHA for permission to make that transcript which the Captain had been unable to effect,—and it is unnecessary to say that the SAID PASHA readily gave the said permission to the said *Punch*. At present the eminent scholars whom *Mr. Punch* has employed have only been able to translate a portion of a "Report from the Commissioners appointed to convey the god APIS from Nubia" (where they had purchased him) "to Memphis."

He appears to have been of the short-horned breed, and it is very interesting to know that he had been brought up "on 12,000 lb. of oil-cake, 10 tons of turnips, and 40 fodder of hay," and that ere he reached the place of exhibition he travelled eight hundred miles on foot (during which journey the commissioners whopped him unmercifully), and two hundred and thirty in a car decorated with flowers, and drawn by relays of fellahs—*i. e.* of any fellahs whom the commissioners could press into the service.

Doings in the Hop Markets.

An immense deal of business has been done lately at the new Hop Markets, or cheap dancing shops, of which there are several in every quarter of the town. These hop markets are chiefly frequented by the growers, who have not yet done growing, and who are still quite green. The produce is considerable, and indeed there are in low neighbourhoods some Hop Markets where pockets are at all times being picked by those who may be said to have their hand in, whenever an opportunity occurs.



SEBASTOPOL—A PRAYER FOR THE BRAVE.

"A BOOK IN A BUSTLE."—A TRUE TALE OF THE WARWICK ASSIZES.*

(BY THE GHOST OF CRABBE.)

THE partial power that to the female race
Is charged to apportion gifts of form and grace,
With liberal hand moulds beauty's curves in
one,
And to another gives as good as none:
But woman still for nature proves a match,
And grace by her denied, from art will snatch.
Hence, great ELIZA, grew thy farthingales;
Hence, later ANNA, swelled thy hoops' wide
pales;
To this we must refer the use of stays;
Nor less the bustle of more modern days.

Artful device! whose imitative pad
Into good figures roundeth off the bad—
Whether of simple sawdust thou art seen,
Or tak'st the guise of costlier crinoline—
How oft to thee the female form doth owe
A grace rotund, a line of ampler flow,
Than flesh and blood thought fit to clothe it
with below!

There dwelt in Liverpool a worthy dame,
Who had a friend—JAMES TAYLOR was his
name,
He dealt in glass, and drove a thriving trade,
And still saved up the profits that he made,
Till when a daughter blest his marriage bed,
The father in the savings-bank was led
In his child's name a small sum to invest,
From which he drew the legal interest.

Years went and came; JAMES TAYLOR came
and went;
Paid in, and drew, his modest three per cent,
Till, by the time his child reach'd girlhood's
bounds,
The sum had ris'n to two-and-twenty pounds.

Our cautious legislature—well 'tis known—
Round savings-banks a guardian fence has
thrown:
'Tis easy to pay into them, no doubt,
Though anything but easy to draw out.
And so JAMES TAYLOR found; for on a day
He wanted twenty pounds a bill to pay,
And, short of cash, unto the bank applied;
Failing some form of law, he was denied!

JAMES TAYLOR humm'd and haw'd—look'd
blank and blue;—
In short, JAMES TAYLOR knew not what to do:
His creditor was stern—the bill was overdue.

As to a friend he did his plight deplore—
The worthy dame of whom I spoke before—
(It might cause pain to give the name she owns,
So let me use the pseudonym of JONES);
"TAYLOR," said MRS. JONES, "as I'm a friend,
I do not care if I the money lend.
But even friends security should hold:
Give me security—I'll lend the gold."
"This savings-bank deposit-book!" he cries.
"See—in my daughter's name the sum that
lies!"
She saw—and, satisfied, the money lent;
Wherewith JAMES TAYLOR went away content.

But now what cares seize MRS. JONES's breast!
What terrors throng her once unbroken rest!
Cash she could keep, in many a secret nook—
But where to stow away JAMES TAYLOR's book?
Money is heavy: where 'tis put 'twill stay;
Paper—as WILLIAM COBBETT used to say—
Will make wings to itself, and fly away!

Long she devised: new plans the old ones chase
Until at last she hit upon a place.
Was't VENUS that the strange concealment
planned,
Or rather PLUTUS's irreverent hand?

Good MRS. JONES was of a scraggy make;
But when did woman vanity forsake?
What nature sternly to her form denied,
A Bustle's ample aid had well supplied,
Within whose vasty depths the book might
safely hide!

'Twas thought—'twas done! by help of ready
pin,
The sawdust was let out, the book put in.
Henceforth—at home—abroad—where'er she
moved,
Behind her lurked the volume that she loved.
She laughed to scorn the cut-purse and his
sleight;
No fear of burglars scared her through the
night;

But ah, what shrine is safe from greed of gold,
What fort against cupidity can hold?
Can stoutest buckram's triple fold keep in,
The odor *lucris*—the strong scent of *tin*?
For which CHUBB's locks are weak, and MIL-
NER's safes are thin.

Some time elapsed—the time required by law,
Which past, JAMES TAYLOR might the money
draw,
His kind but cautious creditor to pay,
So to the savings-bank they took their way.
There MRS. JONES with modesty withdrew,—
To do what no rude eye might see her do,—
And soon returning—with a blushing look,
Unmarked by TAYLOR, she produced the book.
Which he, presenting, did the sum demand
Of MR. TOMKINS, the cashier so bland.

What can there be upon the red-lined page
That TOMKINS's quick eye should so engage?
What means his invitation to J. T.,
To "walk in for a moment"—"he would see"—
"Only a moment"—" 'twas all right, no doubt,"
"It could not be"—"and yet"—here he
slipped out,
Leaving JAMES TAYLOR grievously perplexed,
And MRS. JONES by his behaviour vexed.
"What means the man by treating people so?"
Said TAYLOR, "I am at a loss to know."

Too soon, alas, the secret cause they knew!
TOMKINS return'd, and, with him, one in blue—
POLICEMAN X, a stern man and a strong,
Who told JAMES TAYLOR he must "come
along"—

And TOMKINS, seeing MRS. JONES aghast,
Revealed the book was forged—from first to
last!

Who can describe the wrath of MRS. JONES?
The chill of fear that crept through TAYLOR's
bones?
The van—the hand-cuffs—and the prison-cell
Where pined JAMES TAYLOR—wherefore pause
to tell?
Soon came the Assizes—and the legal train;
In form the clerk JAMES TAYLOR did arraign;
And though his council mustered tears at will,
And made black white with true Old Bailey
skill,
TAYLOR, though MRS. JONES for mercy sued,
Was doomed to five years' penal servitude;
And in a yellow suit turned up with gray,
To Portland prison was conveyed away!

Time passed: forgot JAMES TAYLOR and his
shame—
When lo—one day unto the bank there came
A new JAMES TAYLOR—a new MRS. JONES—
And a new book, which TOMKINS genuine
owns!
"Two TAYLORS and two JONESSES and two
books"—
Thought wary TOMKINS, "this suspicious
looks—
"The former TAYLOR, former JONES I knew—
These are impostors—yet the book is true!"
When like a flash upon his mind it burst—
Who brought the second book had forged the
first!

Again was summon'd X, the stern, the strong—
Again that pair were bid to "Come along!"
The truth before the justices appear'd,
And wrong'd JAMES TAYLOR's character was
clear'd.

In evil hour—by what chance ne'er was known,
Whether the bustle's seam had come unsewn,
Or MRS. JONES by chance had laid aside
The artificial charms that decked her side—
But so it was, how or when e'er assailed—
That treacherous hiding-place was tried—and
failed!

The book was ta'en—a forged one fill'd its
place;—
And MRS. JONES was robb'd—not to her face—
And poor JAMES TAYLOR doom'd to trial and
disgrace!

Who shall describe her anguish—her remorse?
JAMES TAYLOR was at once released, of course;
And MRS. JONES, repentant, inly swore
Henceforth to carry, what she'd keep, before.

My tale is told—and, what is more, 'tis true:
I read it in the papers—so may you.
And this it's moral: MRS. JONESSES all—
Though reticules may drop, and purses fall,
Though thieves may unprotected females hustle,
Never invest your money in a bustle.

* Vide Spectator, for September 16.

Objects of the Bluecoat School.

ON Thursday last week, being St. Matthew's day, the annual orations were—according to the newspapers—delivered at the Bluecoat School. Unfortunately, we were not present on this interesting occasion, and are therefore not in a position to give the particulars of those discourses. As, however, the benefits of the Hospital constituted their subject, the clothing of the scholars was probably alluded to for one thing; and we suppose the youthful speakers amused their auditors with panegyrics on blue eas-ocks, and pewter buttons, praises of flannel petticoats, encomiums on yellow stockings, and apologies for caps into which it is impossible to get the head.

Questionable Taste in Literature.

SOMEBODY has written a book bearing the somewhat affected title of *What am I? Where am I? Why am I?* These are just the sort of questions we can fancy might occur to the rather bewildered mind of a gentleman waking up after a night's lodging in the station house. We protest against the assumption of objectionable titles by authors and publishers, just as much as we protest against the said assumption by Archbishops and Cardinals. There is rather a tendency to this kind of affectation among writers of a particular class, and we therefore feel called upon to quash *What am I?* &c. &c. as an impertinence, to which *Who are you?* would form an appropriate supplement.

THE CZAR'S WORST FEAR.



Consider the occupation of the Crimea is nothing to another invasion of Russia which must take place—and that when the war is over. We may pitch shot and shell into Sebastopol, and throw French and English troops upon the town and fortress: but what is that to turning loose some thousands of heads, primed and loaded with liberal notions, on Russian soil? This we shall do in sending back the prisoners whom we have taken from the enemy, instructed and educated by their sojourn in England—imbued with the ideas of free men. What will NICHOLAS do to avert this blow? No quarantine will purify men from liberalism;

will he order the vessel that shall convey them to their native country to be scuttled and sunk, or command that they shall all be hanged or shot? Really, in the event of a peace, the best thing for the Russian prisoners to do will be to remain where they are: they will have learned too much to be suffered to exist among their countrymen by the CZAR.

MONKEY'S ALLOWANCE.

A Boa Constrictor has, it seems, arrived lately at Liverpool, in good health and tolerable spirits. After having eaten nothing for nearly five months it suddenly made a mouthful of a live monkey. If this was only a preliminary snack, we recommend all monkeys to keep out of the way, and we congratulate the powder monkey on his fortunate escape, for the boa constrictor luckily had no appetite on the voyage. We are told that the animal was "at large among the cargo" for fifty-eight days, but we have not heard that he bolted any of the luggage. Supposing the beast to have spared the limbs, we wonder he did not swallow the trunk of a passenger.

A Political Shawl.

We are told that, when the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH visits England, she will appear in a shawl, worth forty thousand francs, with the arms of England and France woven in lace. This to be typical of the coming free trade in thread and cotton. *Punch's* own correspondent observes, in addition, that the EMPEROR'S dress waistcoat will be ornamented with a border of corkscrews and grape-vines; as emblematic of his intention of throwing open France to English steel, that England may, in return, take cheap French wine. *This is authentic.*

WATER-DRINKING SONGS.—We observe that "Temperance Melodies" are advertised. Are the tunes selected from HANDEL'S Water Music?

AN ACT

For the Abolition of a certain Nuisance, now being largely practised by Performers, Amateurs, Singers (Professional as well as Private), and young Gentlemen generally of a facetious and persecuting turn.

WHEREAS it has lately become the habit of many hundreds of YOUR MAJESTY'S subjects—authors, reporters, guardsmen, performers, officers, singers at the Cider Cellars and evening Parties, apprentices, shopboys, "Old Boys," and other boys, and young gentlemen of all ranks and grades and degrades of life—to indulge in a certain imitation of MR. CHARLES KEAN, which is excessively unpleasant when it is not exact, and is still more so when it is:

And Whereas it has also been the habit for several months past, of the above-mentioned individuals, and many more equally infatuated, or perversely inclined, to indulge in those same imitations at all times and places, when they are neither wanted, expected, called for, or agreeable—so much so, that it has lately become positively dangerous and unpleasant to go to the Theatre, or to make any allusion in Society to the Stage, for fear of having that eternal imitation dinned into your ears:

And Whereas such a habit must, if illiberally pursued, necessarily tend, in point of time, to bring into disrepute a great actor who enjoys the patronage of the Court, and has done so much to improve and elevate the Drama, and may also, if not stopped, have the further unhappy effect of throwing an undeserved slur upon his universally-admitted talent, to say nothing of his genius:

May it therefore please YOUR MAJESTY that it be enacted: **And be it Enacted** that henceforth each actor in burlesque or otherwise, so offending against good taste, be considered unpardonably guilty of a great breach of manners, and for each such offence his salary be stopped for the evening; and, moreover, if he be convicted of more than three such offences then that no mercy be shown to him, but that his engagement be, *ipso malo*, forfeited, and the stage doors of all other theatres be closed in his face, without benefit, even, of any Saloon, Tavern, or the Princess's:

And be it further Enacted that each individual so offending in private, and not having even the common excuse of a poor actor, of getting his livelihood by the atrocity, be, the moment he begins with "Now is't the winter of our discontent," &c. &c., instantly ejected from the room, and thenceforth without further ado, sent to Coventry by all his friends and acquaintances, as being a man of perverted tastes and vulgar propensities, with whom it be lowering to one's self-respect to associate, and, moreover, if such misguided individual will persist in the same line of general annoyance, that anyone be at liberty to give him into custody for endeavouring to incite HER MAJESTY'S subjects to commit a violation of the peace:

And be it further Enacted that for each such offence, fully proved before a Magistrate, the lowest penalty be a fine of five pounds, or a month's imprisonment in one of HER MAJESTY'S Houses of Correction.



SKETCH ON THE BEACH, NOT A HUNDRED MILES FROM BROADSTAIRS.

HOW SMITH APPEARED IN HIS NEW BOOTS AFTER BATHING.

Thanksgiving in Spain.

It is said that a form of public thanksgiving for the expulsion of QUEEN CHRISTINA, and other blessings to the Spanish people, is about to be ordered, and that with a quick and honourable sense of what is due to the foreign creditor, ESPARTERO has commanded the thanksgiving to begin with these words—"Let us pay."

A QUEER GUIDE TO GOVERNMENT SITUATIONS.

It has been dimly evident to the British Public for some months past, that the "Civil Servants of the Crown," (with which mouth-filling title Government clerks eke out their scanty emoluments,) have acquired an "organ" of their own—an organ, too, with a trumpet stop of such peculiar power as to tempt the performers to a frequent use of it. Of this organ, however, the British public would probably not be cognisant were it not that certain hebdomadal paragraphs, purporting to contain the latest intelligence of vacancies and appointments in Government offices, are rather greedily appropriated by its contemporaries.

From these paragraphs the public may learn how T. PERCY JONES, Deputy Assistant Tidewater, has at length been overtaken by "that tide in the affairs of men" for which he has so long been waiting, and which has now taken him on the flood and borne him on to be an Assistant Tidewater. Thence we learn too (under the head of Customs) that there are as many "classes of clerks for general business in London," as there were circles in DANTE'S *Inferno*—and we may trace the progress, painful and slow, of many BROWNS and GREENS towards the giddy heights of first class and £300 per annum.

It is not generally known, and Mr. *Punch* rather prides himself upon the discovery, that the hebdomadal announcements of vacant appointments are concocted by contumacious "Civil Servants," who well know what trouble will thence ensue to the chiefs of their several departments. But though not generally known, this will be generally understood, when it is stated that on the last intimation that there was a vacancy for a third class probationary clerk in the Subsorting department of the General Post Office, no less than 394 country curates (whose united families comprised 4855 persons), 478 widows (whose united incomes amounted to £8567 13s. 4^{d.}), and 832 lieutenants in the Navy (who had served in the aggregate 4296 years, and had seen 13,676 juniors go over them), wrote urgently to entreat LORD CANNING to bestow the appointment "on one who would never give him reason to repent of the kindness he had shown to a distressed," &c. &c. Some idea of the labours of his Lordship's private secretary may be gleaned from the fact that he was occupied for three months, eight days, and nine hours, in reading these applications, and that he wrote 1714 polite notes setting forth that,

"Unfortunately the appointment had been filled up six days before the notice of the vacancy had appeared in the public prints, and that indeed, as a rule, such valuable appointments were not given away to the Public, but were reserved exclusively for the eldest sons of such meritorious Civil servants as had been more than 50 years in their respective posts."

Now Mr. *Punch*, who has designs of his own upon the Civil service, peruses these weekly announcements with the greatest attention, and very much surprised was he to read a few days since the following startling notice:

"The appointment of Postmaster of Bath is vacant, caused by the death of Mr. MUSGRAVE; £400 per annum, vice SMITH, in the gift of the Postmaster General."

As far as the word "MUSGRAVE" the sentence was sufficiently clear, but after that word, the master of sentences himself could not fathom its mystery. Does slavery then exist in England? Has the Postmaster General a serf named SMITH, whom he can devise at pleasure like any other chattel? Who of all the SMITHS? But, No! that way madness lay. Mr. *Punch* could not pursue that inquiry. Still, however, there were the tempting words "£400 per annum vice SMITH, in the gift of the Postmaster General." Of course if he were free to choose, Mr. *Punch* would take £400 per annum vice SMITH, but how the Postmaster General could be so mad as to retain SMITH vice £400 per annum, Mr. *Punch* could not tell. Racked by conflicting thoughts he passed a sleepless night, and on the morrow in his extreme wrath with the paragraph, which had so perplexed him, he reverted to the words "caused by the death of Mr. MUSGRAVE," and exclaimed:

"I'd give the lands of Deloraine
Dark MUSGRAVE were alive again!"

Not Bad, Hay?

A GALLANT and discontented ornament of HER MAJESTY'S naval service transmits to us the following recipe for preventing burglary. Inscribe on your door plate, and under your name, the words "Naval Half-pay Lieutenant." The severity of the satire is, so far as we are concerned, slightly alleviated by our not in the least understanding what it means, but we trust that the First Lord of the Admiralty will feel himself duly scarified.

THE CZAR'S COUSINS GERMAN.

It appears that the CZAR has no end of German cousins. Every day brings forth some fresh proof of the enormity of his cozenage.

THE WAR IN PARIS.



CONSIDERING that the allies have not hitherto been very active at the Theatre of War, the French troops have been tolerably busy at the Theatres of Paris, and a considerable force is occupied three or four times a week in resisting the *Siege of Silistria* at the Hippodrome. The whole proceeding is what might be called in the despatches a "brilliant affair," and we have no doubt that if the managers of the Cirque had been entrusted with the management of the whole campaign, the Russians would now be licking the dust of Cronstadt as completely as they are now licking the sand of the arena outside the barrier of Paris. The French are so essentially a theatrical people that they require a stage manager for their movements

in the field, as well as for their manoeuvres behind the footlights. If MONS. ROQUEPLAN had been sent out to the East with a sufficient staff of *maîtres de ballet*, and directors of the *mise en scène*, we should by this time have seen the curtain ready to drop on a brilliant tableau, in which Russia would have been represented as effectually quashed by the spurs of the Gallic Game Cock and the claws of the British Lion.

The *Siege of Silistria* is got up at the Hippodrome with such splendour and effect that we doubt if the real thing could have been half so good as the imitation; and it is quite certain that we have nothing in the British army that can compare with the Scotch regiment of little men with long black beards, which strikes terror into the Russians at the Hippodrome.

In order to give as much reality as possible to the siege, the troops are commanded by real French officers, who do not think it beneath their dignity to take part in the "scenes in the circle," under the guidance of some Parisian WIDDICOMB. We understand that several gallant soldiers of high rank take part in the mimic *Siege of Silistria*—an arrangement which could not be copied among ourselves, for we can hardly imagine LORD RAGLAN galloping backwards and forwards on Astley's stage, or H. R. H. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE dashing up a platform on his richly caparisoned steed, and inviting six mounted supernumeraries to follow him through the upper entrance O. P. side to death or victory.

We think our French neighbours are a little premature in converting *Silistria* already into a stage spectacle; and although the events now passing will hereafter be read in those great pages of history—the Astley's playbills—we think the War with Russia is not yet quite ripe for the pen of the dramatist or the riding whip of WIDDICOMB, the undying one.

CARDINAL VIRTUES IN A HAT.

IN an account recently of the death of CARDINAL MAI, we are told that "the Cardinal owed his hat to the high position which he had acquired in the learned world." Considering that a Cardinal is almost as conspicuous for his red legs as his head-dress, we do not see why any particular reference should be made to his hat, and why are we not informed to what he owes his stockings? We object to all affectations in phraseology, and we therefore enter our protest against the expression above quoted. If poor old BRIEFLESS were to die, we should be greatly irritated if his biographer were to tell us that "he owed his wig to the Benchers who called him to the Bar," or that "he owed his gown to the liberality of his robe-maker, who had never received—or sued him for—a farthing of the money." The fact is that CARDINAL MAI did not owe his hat, or the price of his hat, to anybody but his hatter. His elevation to the rank of Cardinal may have been owing to his "position in the learned world," but to confound his hat with his rank is to allow the former to get a-head of the latter in a manner we cannot approve.

A Wishy-washy Joke.

* THE Australian steamer *Croesus* having been laid up at Sydney with a leak, we beg leave to suggest that her name should be forthwith changed to the *Water Croesus*.

HINT TO RUSSIAN SERFS.

THE TRUE CAP OF LIBERTY.—The Percussion Cap.



"YOUTH AT THE PROW, AND PLEASURE AT THE HELM."

"THE HAPPY PAIR THEN STARTED FOR THE CONTINENT, VIA FOLKESTONE, TO SPEND THE HONEYMOON."

THE ULTRAMONTANE CRAB.

(Lines for an Inscription on a Tablet.)

LET us go back; renounce the senses quite:
And altogether cease to place reliance
On reason, save as guided by the light
Of faith: let us abjure all human science,
And set all facts, but Rome, at mere defiance.

The earth stands still; it is the sun that moves;
Astronomy is only a delusion;
We therefore will not credit what it proves,
For both the premises, and the conclusion,
Are forged by demons, for our souls' confusion.

The powers of steam and electricity,
So-called, are diabolic emanations;
And all the curious arts of chemistry
Are, in effect, so many incantations,
Of sorcery the modern applications.

The stars are lamps suspended from the sky,
To light this world, placed there for that alone;
A solid is the blue expanse on high,
Flat is this earth which we exist upon,
Antipodes beneath us there are none.

None, but the Prince of Darkness, and his crew,
NEWTON and GALILEO who include,
PRIESTLEY, and WOLLASTON, and DAVY too,
Who will be joined by all the wicked brood
Of your philosophers, that men delude.

Let us go back; consistent let us be:
All their discoveries outright deny,
As magic frauds: and what we plainly see,
Flatly maintain to be an utter lie:
And—when we're able—all gainsayers fry.

THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE" IN A CIGAR-BOX.

LOUIS NAPOLEON and PRINCE ALBERT are said to have smoked cigars together. If the honourable plain-dealing of our noble Prince were not known so well, he might almost be suspected of going over to France purposely "to smoke an Emperor."

THE BROOKE TESTIMONIAL.

A CIRCULAR, signed "JOHN FUNKS," or some such name, has been forwarded to *Mr. Punch*. It is dated from New Street, Birmingham, and it "earnestly solicits" the recipient's "subscription and influence, made payable by cross check or otherwise," to a fund for the purpose of presenting "the above Eminent Actor with an appropriate memento of the high sense entertained for him as a Man and an Actor."

To a printed circular, *Mr. Punch* begs to answer in print, as follows:—

1st. That he does not know how to make his influence payable by cross check or otherwise.

2ndly. That he has a general contempt for the whole Testimonial system, and a special contempt for the system of canvassing in order to get up a Testimonial.

3rdly. That he has never enjoyed an opportunity of entertaining any sense "for" MR. G. V. BROOKE "as a Man," except that having viewed MR. BROOKE from the front of several theatres, *Mr. Punch* considers him a reasonably good-looking "Man," and one who makes up extremely well for the stage.

4thly. That he does not entertain a high sense "for" MR. BROOKE as an Actor.

5thly. That from the above premises, MR. JOHN FUNKS may draw his own conclusion, which is about all that, in his capacity of canvasser for "the BROOKE Testimonial," he is likely to draw out of *Mr. Punch*.

Down on Disraeli.

THE Orangemen of Down have requested MR. DISRAELI to be their leader; and further, at the shortest notice begged him to act for them the part of MOSES. MR. DISRAELI has returned a very benign answer, but it is plain from his response, that he is not at present prepared to double the character of MOSES, seeing there is just now such uncertainty about the Prophets.

LEFT-OFF CLOTHES FOR AUSTRALIA!!



VERY day advertisements may be seen in the papers, commencing with the words at the head of this article. Australia would seem to be in want of a sort of Rag Fair, at which worn-out wearing apparel may be obtainable. This is perhaps on account of the new Constitution, which proposes to adopt an aristocracy, and some other of our old habits. The advertisements to which we allude make special mention of "Regimentals and Court Suits," as if it were in contemplation to establish in the Colonies second-hand Court costumes, to be followed by second-hand Courtiers in second-hand Court dresses, and other seedy finery. It does not say much for the cause of progress in Australia that there should be a large demand for the left-off liveries of our Courtiers,

who are offered the "best price" for their trappings, by the MESSRS. ISAACS and MR. and MRS. LEVY. We had hoped better for the colonies than the attempted establishment of a Holywell Street Court at Sydney or Melbourne, supplied with dresses by the ordinary costumiers of Drury Lane Masked Balls and Vauxhall Fancy-Fête Galas.

ESPPOSE IN HASTE, AND REPENT AT LEISURE.—The worst kind of espousal, is when you espouse another person's quarrel—and still worse, when it is the quarrel of a married couple you are espousing. To get divorced from an espousal of the latter nature, it is decidedly two to one but you will have to pay most dearly for it.

A TALE OF THE DOG DAYS.



"It is not perhaps generally known"—as the penny-aliners say, when they are about to furnish a shilling's worth of the very stalest news—that there exists in London a regular body of professional dog-stealers. The members of the fraternity are understood to keep a Secretary to conduct their correspondence, as well as a large tanning establishment, to prepare for the leather market the hides of such animals as are not ransomed by their owners. The dog stealers recently took a savage way to work on the fears of an old lady whose pet had fallen into the hands of "the trade," and who had shown some

reluctance to lay down the sum of eight pounds, which had been demanded as the price for the restoration of the favourite.

The owner of the delicate animal received one morning by post the tips of her dog's ears, with an intimation that the entire animal would be forwarded to her by post in the same minute instalments unless the money was forthcoming, and that on the next day the parties who sent the letter proposed to drink each other's health in a cup of dog's nose. Rather than submit to the infliction of these homoeopathic doses of anguish composed of infinitesimal morsels of her lost favourite, the lady at once sent the sum demanded, and received her dog, minus the tips of his ears on the day following.

A BROADSIDE FROM THE BLACK SEA.

I. THE EMBARKATION.

We know what hopes went with them, from either side the sea—
The flower of France and England—our Western chivalry—
Into their hands we gave our strength—believing that the trust
Was destined soon to be redeemed—with sword and bayonet thrust.

They sailed—our prayers rose after them—a fair wind sped them on;
Day by day we looked for tidings of battles fought and won;
We heard of halts—of landings—of camps—reviews—and all
Save only news of battle, till our high hopes 'gan to fall—

And *we* murmured—and *they* murmured—for they across the foam,
Knew well what was expected by the good folks here at home;
And under summer canvass high hearts did fret and fume,
Till defiance grew disquiet, and glee gave place to gloom.

And all the more for that while they lay idle by the shore,
The Turk all singlehanded plucked the laurels of the war;
And Silistria's bloody leaguer, on earth-work and in foss,
Showed the conquering Crescent gleaming, where we looked to see
the Cross.

At last came news of battle—but not of man with man;
The Plague it was the enemy—that smote them rear and van;
Who can resist the Pestilence that rides upon the air?
And chooseth, at its will, whom to smite and whom to spare?

Death was busy in the daytime, was busy through the dark:
They that lay down hale and healthy, by the dawn were stiff and stark,
And France and England in dismay looked on and could not save;
And glory brought no laurels to deck the soldiers' grave.

Like a grim, gaunt lion in his lair by sickness stricken low,
That feels his strength pass from him—and his leaping blood wax slow,
So lay the French and English on Alady's green plain,
While the fierce sun blazed above their heads—and rose and set again.

When sudden came the trumpet-call, and straightway like a charm,
Dull eyes grew bright, and strength was put in many a nerveless arm;
And life chased death from out the camp—and streaming to the shore,
The French and English legions stood to their arms once more.

Six hundred transports floated to bear them to the foe—
And the great ships, round about them, their iron teeth did show.
Sorrow and sickness were flung off, as a serpent casts his skin,—
There are sixty thousand soldiers—and Sebastopol to win!

II. THE LANDING.

'Neath the lee of Serpent's Island, they have mustered one and all—
Ships of the line and frigates and steamers great and small:
Near twice three hundred transports at their moorings fall and rise—
With sixty thousand gallant hearts—a fire for high emprise.

The flags fly out!—a rending shout!—and lo, upon its way,
That mighty mass is moving o'er Kalamita's bay.
As on they pass, both eye and glass are sweeping all the coast—
But all is still, on steppe and hill: where is the Russian host?

Shoal-water now—from every bow hark to the cable's clank!
Down from the davits swing the boats—still filling—rank on rank.
Then from each hull with even pull, three yards 'twixt oar and oar,
Silent and strong they surge along, till the stems grate on the shore.

And still they land—along the strand close forming as they come,
Close girt for strife: ne'er a scream of life: ne'er a roll of the throbbing drum.

On shore or height no foe in sight! Behind his walls he cowers.
Now forward—France and England—and Sebastopol is ours!

THE NEW POLICE IN PARIS.

As our French neighbours intend introducing the new police in Paris, it will be desirable that we should supply a translation of a few of those terms to which the institution has given rise in this country. Of course there will be a new vocabulary daily growing up in Paris, just as there has grown up in London a complete dictionary of words which were never dreamed of in any other philosophy but that of the boys and blackguards—too often synonymous—of our great metropolis. We have only to suggest, however, a few words by way of commencement to those young beginners in the art of slang, who may be expected to "chaff" the Parisian policeman in the execution of his duty. That they will be called "Bobbies" is perhaps not unreasonable to expect, and the word "Robert" being the same in English and in French, the *sobriquet* is very likely to be adopted. The playfully disposed *gamin* will perhaps salute the ears of the new Paris policeman with the words "*Oh! Robert, toi qui j'aime!*" which will be equivalent to the cry from our own native street urchin, of "Oh, Bobby! don't I love you!" Some may apply to the new French constable the powerful term *Ecraseur* as an equivalent to our rather expressive "crusher," and the still stronger word *Teorceur* may correspond to the denomination of Peeler, with which our street juveniles favour the ambulant preserver of public order. We congratulate our neighbours on this new institution, which could not have had a more appropriate founder than the present Emperor, who was a special constable in London in 1848, and has had the duties as well as the staff of a policeman at his fingers' ends, and has been ready to perform his appointed task, whether in capturing a burglar or taking charge of an old woman for being "drunk and incapable."

COPIOUS BLEEDING.



LAST week (according to an Irish contemporary) a CAPTAIN HELSHAM, of Kilkenny, wrote a letter of sympathy to COLONEL GARRETT, wherein he makes the following declaration:—

"As a descendant of those who fought and fell in olden times at Cressy and Fontenoy, and whose family blood saturated the plains of Waterloo and India, had I a son who would follow in the footsteps of his ancestors, I don't know any regiment in HER MAJESTY'S service I would more willingly confide the care of that child to, than I would to you and the officers under your command."

How very numerous as well as ancient must have been the HELSHAMS to have saturated not only the plain of Waterloo, but also the plains of India, with the contents of their arteries and veins! What oceans of blood must they have shed for their country, to impregnate all those extensive tracts of land with so much of that fluid that no more of it could be received or imbibed! Surely the exploits of CAPTAIN HELSHAM'S ancestors will never be forgotten, even by his friend, CAPTAIN GARRETT, and the officers of the oblivious 46th.

Difference between Two Suits.

THERE is this difference between a Law- and a Love-Suit—that with a Law-Suit our fears are generally for the worst, whereas with a Love-Suit our hopes are always for the best.

THE IRON AGE OF THEATRICALS.



See that an Iron Theatre is about to be exported to Australia. We suppose the appointments that accompany the building will be of a corresponding texture, and that the actors—or at least the principal tragedian—will be a gentleman with iron lungs, adapted to a hard style of acting. We would suggest that on the opening night the company should sing *All*

idea di quel metallo in addition to the National Anthem. The freight of the Theatre will, it is said, be very expensive; and if the company and the pieces are exported with it, the cost will be ruinous; for supposing the dramas to be estimated as dead weight they would be sufficient to sink the ship, while the actors, if taken as measurement goods, must be estimated at the very highest figure if they are allowed to rate their magnitude by their own standard.

PROGRESS OF WOMAN.

THE softness of the softer sex is sometimes excessive, not only in respect of heart and head, but also of general bodily constitution. The skin is so soft that it is affected by every impression; the chest, the digestive apparatus, are equally susceptible, and this feeble and sickly condition of system is termed, in genteel slang, "delicate." Delicacy in ideas, delicacy in complexion, delicacy in thought, word, and action, constitute the charm of woman; but there is nothing charming in a weak stomach, and a tendency to catarrh, and a disposition to faint on the least exertion. Infirmities like these can never render her an object of interest to any rational man but a medical one. We turn with pity and distaste from the poor creature afflicted with them to the contemplation of such a feminine phenomenon as that of which an idea is suggested by the following paragraph from the *Bristol Mirror*—

"FEMALE PEDESTRIANISM.—MRS. DUNNE, the Bloomer Pedestrian, accomplished her task of walking 1,000 half-miles, in 1,000 successive half-hours, on Saturday morning; and so little distressed was she by the feat that she immediately commenced another task of walking 150 quarter-miles in 150 quarter-hours, which she completed in due time."

We do not mean to say that we should like the practice of walking for wagers to become fashionable amongst ladies; if they are to be Pets and Wonders, let them be such in virtue of their endearing and admirable qualities, and not by getting over so much ground in a stated time, and picking up a given number of pebbles with their mouths; which were not made for that purpose. The better half of humanity was meant for other matches than pedestrian. But neither is it desirable that all men should be athletic performers. Both in one sex and the other, however, a few professors of nimbleness, and muscular agility, are useful. They set an example to, and exert a wholesome influence on the rest. We don't want the wives and daughters of England to do pedestrian feats and to wear pantaloons. But MRS. DUNNE teaches them one fact; namely, that a woman can walk. This is denied by some, and with a show of reason.

Women do not in general walk; only amble along, or pace to and fro, with the sort of crawl called "promenade." Whatever may be the qualities of the female heart, that organ cannot possess the power to carry on the circulation properly, if its proprietress takes no more exercise than this. Hence the need of nurses, doctors, medicines, and changes of air without end, entailing embarrassment, distraction, and often ruin; at any rate causing the expenditure, to avert misery, of money that might have served to purchase pure enjoyment. In any case, an ailing wife is a torment to herself and her husband, and the greater torment to him the more he cares for her. Sighings, yawnings, moans, and groans, to say nothing of fits, are the accompaniments of indisposition; accompaniments not melodious, nor tending to increase domestic harmony. Then, how much more a husband might enjoy of his wife's society, if she had the adequate use of her legs! Why should man be doomed to take his constitutional alone? Why must every family excursion cost poor Paterfamilias more than it is worth by eversomuch, that would perhaps have bought new dresses?—simply because most womankind can go nowhere without being conveyed. MRS. DUNNE shows her sex what they might do; and without going her lengths as regards exercise, or her brevities as regards dress, they might so far take an example from the active Bloomer, as to derive a great accession of brilliancy, as well as increase of duration to their own bloom.

REPUBLICANISM.—A "Sovereign" contempt.

AGRICULTURAL REVELS.

THE *Northampton Herald* reports, that at the late meeting of the Northamptonshire Agricultural Association, MR. STAFFORD, in proposing the health of "The Agricultural Labourers of England," made the following candid remarks:—

"The labourer asked as much for his labour as he could get for it, and the employer engaged that labour for as small a sum as he could. That was a hard bargain in which there was no question of feeling cherished, but simply a transaction of commerce and barter; but undeterred by that severe bargain, the agriculturists still drank to the prosperity of the agricultural labourer."

According to the journal just quoted, the toast was received with loud cheers; the reporter, however, does not state that it was succeeded by a song, with the appropriate title of

DRINK THE LABOURER!

Drink the labourer; drink the swain,
Through whose toil we reap our grain,
Rear our oxen, sheep, and swine,
By whose means we've got this wine.

Drink him; and observe that he
Should be drunk with three times three,
Of the labourer's hire a sign,
Meaning weekly shillings nine.

Drink him; in a sense 'tis true
That we absolutely do;
That, whereby we eat him short,
Forms a portion of our port.

Claret too, champagne, and hock;
Drink the fellow in the smock!
Drink him; may you must do so
If you drink his health or no.

Fill your glasses to the brim,
Like your garner, filled by him.
Drain your bumpers, every sup,
As you use the bumpkin up.

Drink him, farmers, in your wealth,
Shall we say we drink his health?
Yes; for toil and scanty fare
Do the labourer's health impair.

Drink his health; but, as we do,
Let him drink his own health too,
Health, imbibed with wholesome beer,
Lest we drink it all out here.



Extraordinary Reserve.

A PUSEYITE BISHOP, who fills up his leisure time with little dabs of literature, has put at the bottom of his last work "the Author reserves to himself the right of translation." A Bishop hesitating about being translated! There never was such reserve.

IN AMERICA HAS AN ENGLISHMAN PROPERTY IN HIS OWN NOSE?



ost certainly not. There can be no doubt that, analogically reasoned upon the principles laid down by Citizen CAREY, the great transatlantic political economist, an Englishman's nose in the States, is in no manner a man's property. In a word, a British nose in America is outside of all ownership.

Citizen CAREY is a man doubtless held in most deserving honour, by his fellow-citizens. This fact of course implies that he is smart as gifted. He has plainly a great genius for annexation. The magpie might be Citizen CAREY's crest, even as the secretive genius of the bird seems to guide his quill. Weak, conscientious citizens have been moved by doubts of the honesty and fair-dealing shown to British authors by American booksellers who, without the outlay of a dollar, have annexed the author's works. Take good heart, ye timid ones, and rob at peace; authors have no rights. Citizen CAREY has proved the hollowness, the emptiness of the author's pretension, playing upon it like any drum. In fact the author has no claim to his book, because he never had any property in it; he has merely worked up common stock. Take the parallel case of a silk-worm. The worm, to be sure, produces silk; but by what means? The worm must first consume the green leaf. "Patience," says the Eastern apothegm, "and the mulberry leaf becometh satin." Now, what is your author but a mere worm, who feeds his brain upon the common things around him—human hearts and human doings, and such matters, in which there is no property whatever—and being fed his fill, sets himself to work and spins out his book? If a man could write a book in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, he might have some small claim to a portion of the work; but writing with the view and enjoyment of all the world about him, he takes from everything, and so taking acquires no property. For instance, when TASSO—for want of the midnight taper—wrote his verses by the light of his cat's eyes, we should like to know—and perhaps Citizen CAREY will some day benevolently resolve the question—how much of the verse was due to the cat, and how much to TASSO's own Muse?

"The man who makes a book," writes Citizen CAREY, "uses the common property of mankind, and all he furnishes is the workmanship. Society permits him to use its property, but it is on condition that after a certain time, the whole shall become a part of the common stock." What is the *Iliad* but a certain apposition of all the letters of the alphabet; and Greek cowherds had as much right to the alphabet as HOMER, even after HOMER's use of it. The thing is plain as A B C.

SIR WALTER SCOTT had no property in his novels; because he had only filled his mind with facts preserved. He had eaten mulberry leaves, and it was his business to produce silk! "So again with MR. DICKENS. Read his *Bleak House*, and you will find that he has been a most careful observer of men and things, and has merely been enabled to collect a great number of facts that he has dressed up in different forms; but that is all he has done." *Dixie!* CAREY! The Court of Chancery overrules the printed Chancery suit. The book is not allowed by the Great Seal. A man may have divinest brains in his head, but if they deal with legal horsehair, the wig is the original claimant of all accruing rights.

A stockbroker, guilelessly labouring on 'Change, does not meekly make a huge fortune by the intelligence and capacities of men, and the common pulsation of the electric wires; therefore, when BARABBAS lays out his half million or so on the fattest slice of a county, that slice remains to him and his heirs for ever; never, never becoming "a part of the common stock."

But it is logically otherwise with authors. There was a common stock of jealousy in the world before the birth of SHAKSPEARE. What copyright, then, has he in *Othello*? Men and women died for love from the beginning. What property, then, in *Romeo and Juliet*?

Can MILTON have any copyright in *Sin and Death*?

The Covenanters were known before the Scotch novels. And even before the days of *Fagan*, were there not American booksellers?

MR. CAREY has convinced us; but he strengthens his argument against the British author by the fact that he is held and treated as a ragamuffin and a pauper by his own beloved England. Thus, if England permits the author to go naked, for such nude reason America may take his skin. If England strips, surely America may flay?

The weight of MR. CAREY's name will, doubtless, for a time keep down all agitation of international copyright. At the same time that a British subject has no property in his own book, neither has he any property soever in his nose. For how has his nose been nurtured

and renewed? It is proved that by gradual waste and gradual renewal a man gets an entirely new nose every seven years. And how does he get it? Why from the common stock of elementary matter lying around him. His nose is not his private nose, but a nose gradually built up by the common influences incessantly at work. And, reflecting on the masterly logic of Citizen CAREY, we are finally comforted with this conviction, that an American bookseller has every right to take to himself an English author's book,—with this supplementary privilege; a further moral and physical right, should the author complain of the theft, there and then, and without the least mercy or remorse, to pull the author's nose.

A WITLER'S QUESTION.

THE great question now agitating many bars—convulsing many parlours—and all but confounding many tap-rooms, is this. It is well known to civilized Europe, that, for the last month, the gigantic, many-sided author of *The Great Taptubopolis* has been taking his yearly wanderings. He was last seen—his shadow flung upon the moonlight—ascending with his carpet-bag the side of Mount Ararat; and it is said has possessed himself of the fossil remains of a monkey, with a collar marked N. O. A., with the very imperfect remains of an H. as detected through speculative spectacles. Our author may be hourly expected at the Mermaid-and-Cork-Jacket. There was a thrill of hope that he might arrive on Sunday, between the hours of two and five, when the great question—still throbbing in witlers' bosoms—was, is he, the author of *The Great Taptubopolis*, even with a carpet-bag in his hand, and perspiring from Ararat, is even he to be considered a traveller? With the strong sense of impartiality that has ever animated the feelings and works of our author, it is believed that he will not hesitate to decide against himself in the negative.

A DRY SUBJECT.

WE were sorry to see a paragraph in the *Morning Herald*, stating that a stoppage had occurred in many of the canals throughout the country, partly from the growth of an obstructive water weed; partly from a deficiency in the supply of water. We trust some means will be found for removing the weed; but the only remedy for the deficient water-supply that we see, is at present *in nubibus*. Should it descend from the clouds in copious rain, the showers will have to be very heavy to afford the needful quantity of water, whereof the decrease has been doubtless occasioned by the spread of teetotal principles, which, if they go on extending, will ultimately occasion every well to be exhausted, and every river in the country (except the nasty Thames) to be drunk dry.

The Outraged 46th.

MAJOR BOMBHELL (for he enclosed his card) has written to the *Morning Herald* awakening indignant attention to the abuse of the *Times* of the 46th. Why is there not a Court-martial? Why should not Printing-House Square be given up to the outraged, gallant fellows, who would make the scribblers of the *Times* swallow their own envenomed iron quills, and wash down those hireling stiletos with their own leprous ink?

MRS. GAMP, however, does not advise strong measures; but rather counsels MAJOR BOMBHELL to raise himself above the slander; to which effect, she has kindly offered the Major the loan of her pattens.

The Military Harvest.

It will be a late autumnal harvest this year. However, wait awhile—when the harvest is gathered in, you will see that the crops will be most abundant. Glory does not shoot in a day—especially when it has walls like Sebastopol to shoot against.

LONDON UNDER LUNAR INFLUENCE.

THE approaching reign of the LORD MAYOR Eleet is looked forward to with curiosity, not unmingled with apprehension. People wonder what will become of the Civic intellect under the dominion of the MOON.

WISEMAN'S CORRECTIONS OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

CARDINAL WISEMAN, from his desire to put a censorship on the English press, is only betraying a secret wish to change all our printers' cases into so many ecclesiastical founts of Roman type.

OFTEN WANTED, RARELY FOUND.—Next to a Policeman, there is nothing so absent as Presence of Mind.



THE ROUND HAT, LADEN WITH NOVELS, IN A STORM.

Ancient Mariner. "HOLD ON A BIT, MISS—I'LL TOW YOU OFF—YOU SHOULD NEVER CARRY SO MUCH SAIL IN A SOU-WESTER!"

RUSSIAN PRISONERS AND RUSSIAN JOURNALISTS.

ALEXIS OLDKLOVITCH, private in the Russian army, and prisoner at Sheerness, to the object of his affections at St. Petersburg.



RULY, my TECKLA, hast thou cause to thank the saints that put it into the heart of the priest DIMITRI to teach me writing. For thou wilt hear for thyself of the condition of thy ALEXIS, and the silver moonshine of comfort shall rain upon thy soul. I send thee a thousand kisses. Down upon thy knees, O TECKLA, and bless the name of our holy Father and Emperor. For he is the best and the wisest of men, and I owe him eternal thankfulness for warring with the accursed infidel Moslem, and stirring up such quarrels as have ended in thy ALEXIS being brought prisoner to England. I bitterly repent me that I did not comprehend his fatherly care over me on the day when our regiment was ordered to Bomarsund, and that I did break out in curses. We marched on the very Pondilnik that had been fixed for thy wedding and mine, dear girl. It was all for the best. Next to being with thee, no better place on earth could have been found for me than this. Out of the way of all harm, and daily faring like a merchant of the First Guild, daily do I cry, 'Heaven preserve the EMPEROR,' and if he in his wisdom desires it, may the war last twenty years.

"Thy master has not a better table spread than that which these

English provide for us, that is, according to the knowledge they possess. Their meat is another thing from the foul, coarse mess of our barrack tubs, and their bread is as white as thy shoulders. Fruit and other things are given us in abundance, but they have no pumpkins, nor pickled cucumber, and their drinks—except brandy—are tasteless compared to ours. But a man can, with patience, get very drunk upon English beer and spirits, and thy ALEXIS is learning to like them, and must not complain.

"The officers are treated well, but the English have much to learn. They lack reverence. They do not understand that an officer is a being incalculably superior to the private soldier, inasmuch as he is nearer our Father the Emperor, and reflects his radiance. When we bow with abject humility, I see they pity us. And in their own army I find that there is strange condescension. When a common soldier salutes his officer, the salute is returned. There are other singular things. Some officers of England have newly been tried by court-martial. English civilians have presumed to be offended at the verdict, and have publicly sent large sums of money to a young officer, because they thought him wronged. Such insolent interference with one's superiors is unknown in our happy land. The knout would be the fitting reward of it, were it seen. Thy master is a rich merchant, and his house is full of golden furniture and pictures, and the wealthiest feed at his table. Yet fancy that worthy RACKAMOFF daring to send a kopec to a soldier because he had been ill-used. Thou wouldst speedily comb MADAME RACKAMOFF's brown curls in Siberia, my TECKLA, if our Father left her any curls to comb.

"The people behave kindly to us, and as thy ALEXIS is a handsome man, with a smiling face, the women look at him, and present him with tokens of their admiration, as great pieces of cheese, apples, and cakes, which nevertheless they call nuts, and which stick mightily about the teeth. But be not jealous, my TECKLA. Many of the maidens have blue eyes, but none of them are so blue as thine, and if I gaze into them long and deeply, it is only that at last (when the owners are gone) I may say that there is a brighter pair sparkling for me on the quay of the Neva; if I hold their hands, it is but that I may think how much softer are thine; if we dance together it is but that I may compare their

movements with thine own. The same remark applies to any other attentions thine ALEXIS may pay these English girls.

"One thing, O TECKLA. That IVAN GOLOWNIN, valet to thy master, is a thief and a rascal. He is utterly unworthy of thee. I hope that thou dost give him no encouragement. I beat him on the evening we came away, that he might remember thou wert mine, but the beast is of a revengeful nature, and might pay court to thee out of malice. If IVAN dares do this, TECKLA, I command thee, by my authority, to thrust into his face the red-hot iron of the tea-urn, and if he complains, tell the steward to go to the Jew, REUBEN ASHKOFF, and demand where are the silver backs of certain hair brushes of thy master's. IVAN will trouble thee no more after the steward brings back the answer. Be faithful to me, O TECKLA, or when I return to Russia dread a husband's scourge. Meantime, I send thee a thousand kisses."

"To-morrow, our officers are to be taken out to sea, for upon a sand, where is a Light ship, built after the model of the ark, and called by the name of NOAH, is to be some sport for their amusement. I do not know what it is, but there is an insect that squeaks upon the hearths which bears its name. The stoves here are of a foolish and barbarous construction, and nearly all the heat goes up the chimney, instead of warming the chamber. The English are very bigoted about some of their customs, and under the doctor's order thy ALEXIS has washed himself twice this week, yet here is only Thursday, but I have not as yet suffered in health thereby."

"I offer my loving duty to thy excellent master, to the mistress, and to the household, and I pray that thy mistress will read this to thee, and write to me from thee, and also that thou wilt not fail to burn the face of IVAN GOLOWNIN, or to leave the red-hot iron in his chair, as may be most convenient."

"Thy loving
"ALEXIS OLD CLOVITCH."

Sheerness, England.
Sept. 28, 1854.

From the Journal of St. Petersburg.

"WE have been favoured by M. RACKAMOFF, an eminent merchant of this capital, with the sight of a letter written by a private soldier to a young female serf belonging to MADAME RACKAMOFF. The soldier is a prisoner to the English savages. His letter, which is written with true military *naïveté*, affords irrefragable evidence of the brutality with which these ferocious islanders treat the handful of gallant men who have fallen into their hands. They force upon the unfortunate soldier food of an utterly different character from that to which he has been accustomed, and insist on his washing it down with the most wretched and debasing liquors. The poor fellows are made spectacles to the population, who fling them cheese and apples, as if they were animals in a cage, and this poor ALEXIS, who seems a modest and virtuous, as well as spirited and loyal young fellow, especially complains that the English women, who have no delicacy whatever, stare him out of countenance, and mock his misery by invitations to him to dance. The treatment of the officers is still more disgraceful. We happen to know that they are allowed but two roubles a day (except when married, and then three are given) to provide themselves with everything. A man and his wife are expected to live on twelve 'shillings' a day! True, he would have but three in Russia, but then he would enjoy all those indirect but not unprofitable means of improving his income, which the paternal indulgence of the EMPEROR allows to all discreet officials. But this barbarous meanness is not the worst. In the hopes of saving even the paltry cost of maintaining these victims of treachery, the English are about to take them out to a sand, upon which, in other days, British KING CHARLES caused two thousand Jews to be exposed and drowned, in the hope that a similar fate may overtake these unhappy Russians. We are authorized to state, that if this be done, their deaths shall be terribly avenged at the approaching capture of the dastardly Baltic squadron."

Financial Logic.

The *Times* City article commenced the other day with the statement following:—

"The English funds have again been without the slightest animation to-day."

It follows that the fundholders for the time being were proprietors of dead stock.

England and France Afloat.

ENGLAND has built a three-decker, to be called *France*; and France, returning the compliment, launches a *Great Britain*! To make the compliment complete, nothing but the French language should circulate under the British flag, and pure English be spoken under the tricolor.

THE SILVERY LIGHT OF THE CITY.—Some say that the splendour of the ensuing Mayoralty will be very great; but others express an opinion that it will be all Moonshine.

THE SIDEREAL DIRECTORY OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.



EVERYBODY knows that the Council of the British Association have long been actively engaged in the preparation of a Sidereal Directory, and that they have managed to obtain the addresses of upwards of 8,000 stars.

It is obvious, that could implicit reliance be placed on such addresses, the British Association would have much better reasons, than VIRGIL ever possessed, for saying *sic itur ad astra*. The last report from the Council, however, compels us to conclude that no such certainty has been attained, for it states—

"Many of the Northern circumpolar stars have been observed at Oxford, and their positions have been fixed accordingly."

A manifest allusion to the gathering of contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*, which took place at Oxford about a year ago. Now we all know that those circumpolar stars went *back again* immediately after they had taken their degrees, and it is absurd to suppose that their positions could in any way be fixed or determined by what took place on that memorable occasion. Penetrated with this truth the B. A. have determined to do their work anew, and have resolved to issue a circular to each star, calling upon him to furnish all the necessary information respecting himself under the following heads:—

Name and Titles in any Scientific or Learned Bodies.—Under this head each star will have the goodness to state the name by which he is known in his own sphere, and also his Arabian or Roman names. If he should not have been known to the Arabians or Romans the B. A. will require very precise explanations from him before his claim to be registered as a star can be admitted.

Address.—Here must be stated the star's right ascension at the time of his filling up the circular, and, to ensure uniformity, it is particularly requested that all the stars will observe Greenwich time.

Qualifications.—Under this head the star's magnitude must be stated. If a shooting star, his game license must be exhibited. Here, too, he may say if he be of a malignant or of a benign aspect, if he be a "bright particular star," if he be in the habit of "still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

Medical or Surgical Offices held by him.—The information to be given under this head is principally required by ZADKIEL, who has undertaken to bear part of the expense of postage for the B.A. Under this head the star must state whether, when he is above the horizon, PROFESSOR EISENBERG may once more extract a corn from my LORD STUART DE DECIES' foot by a painless operation, and if, when he is in apogee, it will be better for Mr. Punch ("whose hairs, old friend, now thinly grow") to purchase one of the inimitable DICKS'S *toupées*, or to make himself a savoury mouthful for a Cossack by a copious use of PROFESSOR BROWN'S *Oleum jecoris camelopardalis*.

Honorary Appointments held by him.—Here the star will state over the concerns of what mortal he is supposed to preside—that presidency being a purely honorary appointment, and productive of no advantage to the star. The B. A. give notice, however, that it is an act of treason against common sense for any star to say that he has taken the concerns of NICHOLAS ROMANOFF under his charge.

As it is to be feared that stars of malignant aspect will, from the very malignancy of their nature, endeavour to conceal their real dispositions, every star is earnestly requested to give all the information in his power concerning his neighbours, and the natives of the galaxy are desired not to let the milk of human kindness, in which they so abound, prevent them from stating the truth boldly.

In the case of a double star, or of the nebulae, the circular need only be filled up by one of the firm, and it is hardly necessary to state that if the leading star (*Orion* for instance) be from home, *Alpha Orionis* may act for him.

Poetry in all Things.

A Good interpretation can be put upon almost everything. Even Newgate with all its chains and horrors can be eulogised by a poet of the *Jack Sheppard* school, as the grand battle-field of bold men who have died for their convictions!



THE SEA-SIDE HAT—A HINT TO MATERFAMILIAS.

FRAGRANCE VISIBLE.

A SCIENTIFIC correspondent of the *Times*, signing himself "INVESTIGATOR," declares that he can, with a great approach to truth, assert

"That a bad smell may be mapped, i.e., the organic atoms in it laid down on paper, so as to show their very outline."

This assertion "Investigator" illustrates by an experiment, in which, by the use of the microscope, immense numbers of fungi and animalcules, existing in the exhalation of a cesspool, were found to mark it with characteristic forms. The further progress of discovery will no doubt show that every odour has its shape; and we shall be able to distinguish the perfume of a dead well from that of a pig-sty, by looking at it through a magnifying glass. It is to be apprehended that the celebrated dispute between the eyes and the nose in regard to the spectacles, will be revived, with a complication derived from the fact that glasses are now made use of by the former to make researches in the province of the latter. Perhaps optical instruments will in time be constructed of such power as to enable us to see a nasty smell at a distance, and give it a wide berth or get out of its way.

The Reign of War in Russia.

It has been stated by the newspapers that the *Amphion* and *Archer* have captured twenty Russian barges laden with corn and rags. Especially, we should think, with rags. Should the reign of NICHOLAS last much longer, the Russians will have nothing but rags to export—and little else to wear.

"ANTHROPOMORPHOUS APES."

SCENE—An Apartment, furnished for smoking. ACUTE and OBTUSE SWELLS.

Obtuse Swell. What a baw! (*Throwing aside newspaper.*)

Acute Swell. What's the matter?

Obt. Sw. Paypau full of Bwedish 'Sociation. P'FESSAW OWEN on Anthwopomawfus Apes. What's an Anthwopomawfus Ape?

Ac. Sw. An ape that's like a man.

Obt. Sw. Ape like man. Why, ewry ape's like man! The man's an ass.

Ac. Sw. No; not exactly an ass. Some apes more particularly resemble men—Chimpanzee—Oran-outang.

Obt. Sw. Aw!—yes. Wangatang—disgasting beast!

Ac. Sw. But I suspect he did not mean them.

Obt. Sw. Fellow with blue nose, pawhaps?

Ac. Sw. No; not with the blue nose. With the aquiline nose, rather, and moustache beneath it.

Obt. Sw. Eh?

Ac. Sw. Whiskers also, and exquisitely arranged: collar likewise, and tie, both faultless; and everything, downwards, irreproachable, to boots—inclusive.

Obt. Sw. A neva saw an ape got up like that. A've seen an ape in a wed jacket.

Ac. Sw. Ah!—in his regimentals; very likely one variety of the Ape that OWEN describes. This kind of ape is a splendid fellow—plays all manner of tricks. Smokes cigars.

Obt. Sw. 'Strawny queechaw!

Ac. Sw. Drinks claret—champagne.

Obt. Sw. Beeaw?

Ac. Sw. Oh yes!—beer: and eats the best dinner that you could get at the best club, or anywhere.

Obt. Sw. What an expensive monkey! Shouldn't like to be his keepaw.

Ac. Sw. Or Governor?

Obt. Sw. Decide'y not.

Ac. Sw. Well, then, this ape will gamble.

Obt. Sw. All monkeys a' fond o' fwolies.

Ac. Sw. Oh!—but I mean *lansquet* and that style of fun.

Obt. Sw. Weally! It's astonishing what some bwutes may be brought to do.

Ac. Sw. Then he'll get behind the scenes of a theatre.

Obt. Sw. Ah!—when he has to perfawm.

Ac. Sw. No; for his own amusement—if the Manager is fool enough to let him in. And then, Sir, this ape diverts himself by running about after the *coryphées*.

Obt. Sw. Like a dog?

Ac. Sw. Yes; like any puppy. But on two legs, you know.

Obt. Sw. Oh! of cawse. Bai Jove, the Anthwopomawfus Ape seems to enjoy himself!

Ac. Sw. He does nothing else; he laughs at the idea of doing anything else.

Obt. Sw. Laughs? Oh!—come, now! A've hawd of laughing hyena; but neva of laughing ape.

Ac. Sw. He chatters.

Obt. Sw. Ah!—theyaw I b'lievyaw. Apes do chattaw.

Ac. Sw. He chatters of nothing else but his luxuries and his pastimes; his games, his sports, his amours, his dogs and horses.

Obt. Sw. Ah now I see y' a' joking. The Anthwopomawfus Ape is something maw than Mawphus—which means sleepy, doesn't it? (*yawns*).

Ac. Sw. The ape that OWEN means; not I. Between you and me, my boy, I've little doubt that the beings he does mean are our noble selves.

Obt. Sw. You don't mean t' say you think he means me?

Ac. Sw. I'm afraid it's the fact.

Obt. Sw. Call me an Anthwopomawfus Ape! Confound the fella! Shouldn't I like to catch him!

Ac. Sw. You will be very likely to find him at the College of Surgeons, studying the gigantic bone of some extinct monster.

Obt. Sw. I'll go and extinguish P'FESS' OWEN himself. Wha'bouts 's the College a' Sawgeons? I'll go to the College a' Sawgeons and beat P'FESS' OWEN into sevawal pieces with his gweat bone!

Scene closes.

The Empire is—Police!

LOUIS NAPOLEON has resolved to introduce our English system of New Police into Paris. Several distinguished members of our force have been dispatched from Scotland Yard to instruct the French policemen in their duties. It is not true however, as reported, that they have been accompanied either by cooks or nursery-maids.

EXTREMES.—Many a fool has passed for a clever man, because he has known how to hold his tongue; and many a clever man has passed for a fool because he has not known how to make use of it.

ROYAL AND IMPERIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.



PUNCH has often thought that the varieties of human life are scarcely more wondrous than the various ways of getting a living. There used to be a man about town who got a daily meal by literally whistling for a dinner, and who in pursuit of a diurnal blow-out, eventually blew out the brief bellows of his own vapid existence. He flourished for a time on the wind which he was enabled to raise, but his flatulency became at length flat and stale, until it ended in being utterly unprofitable. Some men live by hanging out from the car of a balloon, where they are so tied by the leg as to keep every one who sees them in a state of frightful suspense; and there was a poor fellow who lived—and died—by descending in a parachute until the aim of his life proved to be literally the end of his existence.

One of the last new expedients for putting bread into one's mouth, is the recently discovered art of walking with the head downwards. Two or three headstrong individuals have adopted this new walk of life, and among them is a certain Signor, who declares that his Antipodean exploit has been commanded by the KING OF PRUSSIA and the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. There are some courtiers who in the presence of Royalty can scarcely be said to know whether they stand on their head or their heels, and there are many persons who to win the favour of an Emperor, would lower the

head to an extent that would degrade it even below the level which the heels would naturally occupy. Of course if the Signor asserts that he has been commanded by foreign potentates to walk with his head downwards, we are bound to believe him, but we do not think that either the KING OF PRUSSIA or the EMPEROR NAPOLEON would have desired any but one of their own subjects to stoop the head to the extent that is shown in the topsy-turvy proceeding to which we have alluded. Such a proceeding must compel the executant to look at the world in an upside-down point of view, and teach him to look up to everything low, and down on what is elevated. Such a feat may suit the humour of absolute monarchs, but we are not surprised that the trick—if such it may be called—has not become very popular with the British public.

POETRY OF PARISH CLERKS.

A QUESTION has arisen as to what hymn books shall be used in churches. Those at present in use are felt to be objectionable on many accounts, one of which, of some importance, is that the verses which they contain are about the worst in the language. Hymns are devotional songs, and songs are poems; but the lines in question are quite destitute of poetry. Most of them consist of mere tumid prose put into rhyme; and what can be more repulsive than doggerel applied to the expression of solemn ideas? There are certain compositions of the sort required—the work of a Royal Hebrew bard—one might think that they would serve till better could be had, without the alterations (not improvements) necessary to turn them into the form of ballads. Sacred songs are surely the only fit songs to be sung in churches; and at least none should be tolerated that have not ordinary poetical inspiration.

A Conversational Key.

MEN never talk amongst each other about their babies; women always do. With the former it is the Padlock of conversation, with the latter the Staple.

MOST FEARFUL WORK.

EVERY man, they say, is to be judged according to his works; but if MR. COVENTRY PATMORE is to be judged by his, we pity him.

MILITARY RIDDLE.—Why is the Army in the Crimea like an Ostrich? Because it has wings which are not formed for flying.

A NOTE FOR THE CITY ALMANACK.—Next Lord Mayor's Day, A Full Moon.

A TEMPERANCE DEFINITION.—Gin: The Drunkard's Snare.

OUR RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

THESE people increase upon our hands. A day or two since, a poor little baby war prisoner was born at Chatham; but, as we understand that the EARL OF ABERDEEN immediately telegraphed his intentions of becoming godfather to the infant Muscovite, the little stranger will doubtless be provided for. Still, the question remains to be answered, what is to be done with our Russian prisoners? Are they to be kept in idleness? The magnanimity of NICHOLAS stops the pay of his sailors and soldiers when made captive: they have then his imperial and paternal permission to starve; but, of course, JOHN BULL takes humane care that the Muscovite belly shall be filled, and that, doubtless to the said belly's astonishment, with good beef and wheat flour. For once in their lives, the Russians have fared better than Russian dogs.

“— they on honey-dew have fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise!”

Nevertheless, we ought to have some return for our outlay on such very comfortable board and lodging. Be it understood, we are not desirous of making mere vulgar profit by our prisoners. Certainly not: all that we ask is, that the Russian captives should be put to some sort of occupation that, in due time, should present, symbolised to the eyes of men, a meaning and a memory of the present war. We would have a Russian monument built by Russian hands. There would be a fitness, a significance in such a tribute that should have, at once, a moral and historical value. We propose, then, that the Russian prisoners be placed at the benevolent disposal of MR. MITCHELL, Secretary of the Zoological Gardens; and that, under his direction, they shall by easy task-work construct anew a den for the Russian bear at the Gardens aforesaid; the bear's abiding-place being wholly constructed of the timbers of a prize Russian ship; and the bars forged from the iron of Russian cannon and Russian anchors.

A den, constructed of such materials and by such hands, would surely enshrine a continual lesson and a continual moral. With the bear—a real Russian bear, and the Gardens rejoice at the present time in a magnificent specimen of the brute—pacing to and fro, oak-bound and iron-barred in that den, what would he represent but NICHOLAS thrust into confined limits? And the Russian timber and Russian metal confining the brute, what would they represent but proper Russian barriers, newly made the Russian confines to Russian aggression?

LEAD LINES.

MR. PUNCH is so inexperienced in feminine wiles as to have read with the greatest astonishment an article headed thus:—“Leaden Combs for Darkening the Hair.”

On the first perusal of these marvellous words he was led irresistibly to the conclusion that he had accounted for the hitherto mysterious circumstance that black lead always figured as an important item in the household accounts of Mrs. Punch. The remainder of the advertisement, however, dispelled this idea. “They are of everlasting wear,” it stated, and Mr. Punch, knowing black lead to be of a crumbling and perishable nature, straightway abandoned his hypothesis. But on the supposition that the combs were really composed of the metal in its commonest form, it became evident that the advertisement had been drawn up by a person altogether ignorant of orthography, and that it should have run thus—“They are of everlasting ware,” or rather “of everlasting hardware.”

That the combs must answer the end for which they were constructed was evident to him when he considered that the *chevelures* which are secured by them can never be called light hair; whilst that they must operate beneficially on the wearer's might, to a certain extent, be inferred from the fact that those who wear them can never be light headed.

Punch would gladly “bear a hand to help a female in distress,” and he begs to suggest that as these leaden combs cannot conveniently be worn during the hours of repose, it may be as well that ladies, whose tresses are what Punch is and always will be—universally red—should in lieu of the ordinary curl papers employ the lead with which the Chinese merchants line their tea chests. Then perhaps the salutary operation of a cup of bohea on the pineal gland of Matilda or Anna Maria would be considerably enhanced by the reflection that the wrapper which whilom enveloped that bohea was about to exercise as great an influence on the integuments with which that pineal gland was surrounded.

WHAT IS FIG IRON?—The mail of the Hog-in-Armour.

AN INFALLIBLE RULE.—There is but one rule without an exception—and, what is that pray?—why, that there is no rule without an exception!



AN UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Lady. "AND SO CAPTAIN—THEY SAY YOU ARE GOING TO TURN BENEDICK?"

Adonis. "WHY YA-AS-AW—I DIDN'T WISH TO—BUT—AW—IN FACT LADY MARY'S ATTENTIONS BECAME SO MARKED—THAT—AW—THE THING—AW—WAS INEVITABLE—AW."

PARIS MOVING ON.

PARIS, rejoice, for lo! thy new Police
Will break all heads inclined to break thy peace,
On each street brawler with their truncheons
rush,
And thus will Crushers insurrection crush.

The cause of progress greatly will advance,
And if in Paris, then all over France,
When every person, who the way impedes,
On being ordered to move on, proceeds.

But vain Imagination would essay
The New Parisian Peeler to portray
Delineate his form, depict his mien,
And uniform—of azure? red? or green?

Will Berlin gloves adorn his ample fist?
And will a band, on duty, bind his wrist?
Will that be only coloured white and blue?
Or will a brilliant pink be joined thereto?

Will he be furnished with an oilskin cape?
And will his boots be made of any shape?
Or will his highlows, wonderful to see,
Like those of our own X., amorphous be?

And will the French Policeman be, like X.,
The cherished favourite of the softer sex?
And will the cooks and kitchen-maids delight
To cater to his hearty appetite?

Whate'er his dress may be, whate'er his looks,
Whate'er his fortune with admiring cooks,
Oh Paris, when the cry, "Police!" shall
sound,
May thy Policeman evermore be found!

HOPE (*by a Butcher*).—There is a Silver Side
to every Round of Beef.

THE SANITARY TO-MORROW.

THE decline of the lately prevailing epidemic will no doubt allay those gloomy, or at least uncomfortable, apprehensions, which, during the period of its destructive existence, must have oppressed Boards of Guardians, and Parochial and Municipal authorities in general. The temperature is declining; and it may be hoped that the return of the pestilence may be postponed for several, perhaps as many as nine or ten months. The immediate necessity of making drains, repairing or covering in sewers, and executing suchlike sanitary works, may be considered to have abated, which will probably more than counterbalance the less gratifying consideration that the ensuing season is the proper time for abating nuisances. Ratepayers will naturally feel that it will be time enough for that another day, and of course will not believe that day to have come until it shall have passed, and the epidemic shall have become prevalent once more.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

THE Emperor attacked the Russian general, SKRAMM, in the defiles of Ambleteuse, turned his left with a considerable amount of imaginable slaughter, compelled the enemy to lay down his arms at the base of the column, and then made his triumphant way to his hotel, dining like a conqueror on jambon flavoured with bays—not that he is of those

"Qui ne pensent le laurier bon
Que pour la sauce et le jambon,"

and *cotelettes aux olives*. Boulogne was not sacked; but several young fishwomen (previously affianced) were put to the edge of the wedding-ring.

Political Chemistry.

A Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* states that—

"There is a talk that PRINCE PONIATOWSKI, who has recently resigned his appointment as Minister of Tuscany at Paris, is about to become a neutralised French subject."

A neutralised French subject should be something like a living neutral salt. How is PONIATOWSKI to be neutralised? Probably, as he is to become a French subject, by being saturated with Gallic acid.

A DYING BLACK SWAN IN THE CHURCH.

AMONG the literary advertisements of the day we have noticed the following:—

Just published, in Post 8vo, Price 5s.

DEATH-BED CANTICLES. By a Dying Clergyman of the Church of England.

We are obliged to put up with a good deal sometimes in the way of nausea, but we must say there is rather too strong a savour of cant in the idea of these death-bed canticles. A canticle is literally a little song, and if the clergyman is really dying we think it is rather too bad of anybody to speculate in a publication of his death-bed ditties. At all events we think the publication should be postponed until the fate of the author is known, when the work might either be advertised as the productions of a dead or a convalescent person, but there is something awful in issuing from "the Row" the musings of a moribund minister. If the reverend gentleman has life his friends ought to have hope, and it is really enough to finish him off at once to announce him publicly as a dying singer of death-bed canticles. If the work is published by his own authority, he may have assumed the title of a "dying clergyman" from a melancholy and morbid feeling that ought not to be encouraged, but if he is really too ill to attend to the matter himself, and his friends are preparing his work for the press, it is prematurely passing sentence of death upon the author, to advertise him as in the act of expiring while his work is in the hands of the printer. Suppose the reverend individual should get perfectly well, which we hope he will do, before a second edition is required, it will be absurd to go on calling him a "dying clergyman." We cannot wish him better than that he may survive the sale of the first impression of his book; for he will in all probability reach an almost fabulous age if he should live till a reprint is required.

Before and After.

Most French Ministers have in their time been farce-writers. Many English Ministers have also been known for their farces, but then with them the farce has been the result of their having being made Ministers, and not the cause.

WANTED A GOOD STRONG ADHESIVE PLASTER, to make busybodies stick to their own business.

RUSSIAN VIEW OF ALMA.

PRINCE MENDAXCOFF, *Commanding the Russian Forces in the Crimea, to the Emperor, St. Petersburg.*

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTY,

"I have the gratification of announcing that the series of movements, originating in your Majesty's wonderful military invention, and executed, with humble but scrupulous fidelity, by myself, has been crowned with the most complete success, and that your Majesty's enemies are exactly where your Majesty foresaw and I agreed that they would speedily be.

"On inspecting, by the aid of a superb DOLLOND (one of the trophies gained when your Majesty's soldiers at Odessa so brilliantly cut out the English frigate *Tiger*) the manœuvres of the combined fleets in the bay of Kalamita, it became perfectly clear to me that the audacious purpose for which your Majesty gave the aggressors credit, but of which I confess I scarcely believed them capable, was to be carried into effect. In short, I perceived that it was their intention to land upon the soil of Russia. I must own to your Majesty that, having made up my mind on this subject, and having actually beheld hundreds of boats, filled with the ferocious soldiery of Albion and Gaul, and pulling for the shore, I felt so unspeakably disgusted at such a mixture of effrontery and sacrilege, that I was quite unable to witness the completion of the outrage. Nor would I expose my men to the demoralisation of a spectacle which might have had the effect of rendering them atheists, by showing them that the God of Russia (I need not name your Majesty) was unable to protect his own holy land from insult. I therefore withdrew with my whole force, and left the unprincipled invaders to accomplish their guilt, while I hastened to prepare the trap devised by your Majesty's prescience.



"I am happy, however, in being able to inform your Majesty that the elements themselves arose to chastise the aggressors. The most terrible rain began to descend the instant that the first keel touched the shore, and continued throughout the whole night, drenching the invaders, especially the English, to the skin. The mortality in their ranks, occasioned by the deluge of that night, has been enormous. At least 8000 have been carried off by colds caught upon that occasion, and the whole of the survivors cough, and roar, and sneeze to such an extent, as to excite the irrepressible laughter of your Majesty's brave soldiers. As your Majesty, in your great leniency, was pleased to order that the war should be carried on with humanity, I should have sent a supply of pocket-handkerchiefs to the afflicted enemy, but for the circumstance of there being but two in our whole army, and these I thought it well to retain in case we should need them for flags of truce.

"The enemy speedily commenced his advance, and I immediately proceeded to put in practice the system enjoined by your Majesty. I steadily retreated before the allies, until I had lured them as far as the River Alma, the banks of which, I need not remind your Majesty, are steep and admirably calculated for defence. Indeed, but for your Majesty's orders to the contrary, I could have held the position until the end of the campaign, for it is one from which no general of ordinary talent, and with a few thousand men, ought to be driven. The enemy commenced a fierce assault, and was received by your Majesty's soldiers with the calmest valour. We drove the English back eleven times, and the French twelve, sweeping away thousands at every discharge. About thirty-five of the enemy's generals were killed, and the lowest estimate at which I can place the carnage in their ranks is forty thousand men. Great numbers of English flags and French eagles were captured, but in the ardour of the moment your soldiers were too eager to secure them, and, the Alma happening to be full of water, they have all been washed down to the sea, or I should of course add them to the thousand similar trophies in your Majesty's possession.

"May I reckon upon your Majesty's goodness of heart, and your affability towards the lowest of your subjects, and venture to record a little *jeu de mot* which has become a by-word in your army. Nothing in itself, it demonstrates how cool, and even playful were your troops, while combating for you. The

vaunting LORD RAGLAN came galloping to the front, and urging on his reluctant troops to battle. A shot from a Minié rifle wounded the animal. It rushed away, plunging, and speedily dismounted his awkward rider, who fell head over heels. 'RAGLAN, thou callest thyself,' said the gallant fellow who had fired the shot, tranquilly reloading. 'Methinks thou hast again turned a SOMERSET!'

"I have the further honour to inform your Majesty, that, having inflicted this terrible chastisement, and finding, to my satisfaction, that the enemy was bent upon his doom, and continually renewed his charge, I ordered my troops to inculte him, and to fall back, giving the movement the semblance of flight. I need not add that I caused them, by precept and example, to keep so far in advance of the pursuer as to incur little peril. This system I have continued up to the present time; and I am happy to inform your Majesty that I have led the allies a wearisome march across the Crimea, making a show of resistance, but giving way when attacked, until I have brought them to Balaclava Bay, within a few miles of the spot prepared for their annihilation. Having seen them here, I have withdrawn under cover, well assured that they will speedily rush upon their fate. They are, I rejoice to say, bringing all their artillery, ships, and stores together; so that the whole armament will be destroyed at a single effort, and your Majesty's soldiers be relieved from further toil and exertion. Sebastopol awaits the invaders.

"The loss in your Majesty's ranks has been trifling; and none of it is due to the fire or steel of the enemy. In repelling the English from the banks of the Alma, three privates and a corporal pressed too near to the crumbling edge, and fell into the waves. As they shouted to us not to mind them, but to beat their Father's (your Majesty's) foes, we felt obliged to comply, and they were drowned. This, and the loss of a recruit, who expired with joy at beholding the gallantry of his comrades, are the only casualties I have to record.

"In the meantime, I humbly recommend everybody, including myself, for stars and orders. Everybody achieved miracles of valour, and it would be invidious to select any one for especial mention, unless I make an exception in my own favour. When the allied army is annihilated, I shall do myself the honour of letting your Majesty know. Until then, and always,

"Your Majesty's faithful Servant,

"MENDAXCOFF."

"Sebastopol, Sept. 23."

THE ELECTRIC STORY-TELLER.

WHAT horrid fibs by that electric wire
Are flashed about! what falsehoods are its shocks!
So that, in fact, it is a shocking liar,
And why? That rogues may gamble in the stocks.

We thought that it was going to diffuse
Truth o'er the world; instead of which, behold,
It is employed by speculative Jews,
That speculative Christians may be sold.

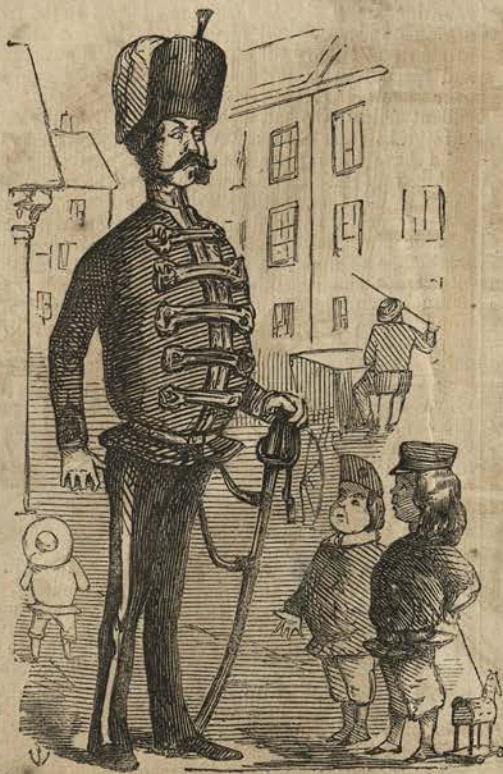
Nations, we fancied, 'twas about to knit,
Linking in peace, those placed asunder far,
Whereas those nations are immensely bit
By its untrue reports about the war.

Oh! let us rather have the fact that creeps,
Comparatively, by the Post so slow,
Than the quick fudge which like the lightning leaps,
And makes us credit that which is not so.

The calm philosopher, the quiet sage,
Fair Science thus abused to see, provokes,
Especially it puts him in a rage,
To be, himself, deluded by the hoax.

EXTREME BACKWARDNESS OF THE DEAD SEASON.

THE Flat Season is nearly over, and the *Athenæum* hasn't had one letter yet upon the authorship of *Junius's Letters!*



THE NEW UNIFORM.

THE LIVES OF THE SHERIFFS.

WE have had the Lives of the Chancellors, and the Lives of other public functionaries; but the Lives of the Sheriffs, though yet an unwritten book, is a work for which ample materials will be found in those brilliant biographical bursts which bubble up every Goose-day from the mouth of the Recorder to the ears of the Cursitor Baron. We have lately been favoured through this medium with a sketch of the careers of HENRY MUGGERIDGE, alderman and corn-dealer, and DECIMUS CROSSLEY, sheriff and poulterer.

MR. BANKS, the Cursitor Baron, having taken his seat on the bench in the Court of Exchequer, in his full scarlet robes (*Quere*, has he a scanty set for less important occasions?) commenced listening with solemn gravity to the life, adventures, and achievements of MR. ALDERMAN MUGGERIDGE. That distinguished man is, it seems, "sprung from that class," says the Recorder, "with which I have the honour of knowing that your lordship has a warm and hereditary sympathy—that class which, under the name of British yeomen, &c., support their families through the pleasant and fertile plains of England."

We then learn the important fact, that "he is one of a large family—one of eight sons I believe"—an announcement which no doubt impressed the Cursitor Baron, as it will the world, with due admiration for the multiplicity of the MUGGERIDGES. "At an early period," continues the learned Recorder, "at the age of 13, I understand, he was inducted into the mysteries of a merchant's counting-house." What these "mysteries" may be, which required the awful ceremony of an "induction," we cannot understand, but we know that some of the first of our City magnates have been "inducted" into these "mysteries" by no more formal process than an engagement as errand boy. Having "attracted the attention of his fellow citizens in the ward of Castle Baynard"—though what he did to attract their attention, except to follow the usual course of canvassing them for their votes, we are not informed,—he became a Common Councilman. In that character he hammered away very properly at one of the thousand abuses of the City. The result of his labours seems, however, to be almost, if not quite void for remoteness, inasmuch as the Recorder has no doubt that "the exertions of ALDERMAN MUGGERIDGE will have laid the foundation of some future arrangement, which, either by the internal powers of the Corporation itself, or by the assistance of the Legislature will be productive of some satisfactory result."

Having traced his hero to the dignity of an Alderman and Sheriff, the Recorder quits the subject of the MUGGERIDGE Memoirs, and introduces MR. CHARLES DECIMUS CROSSLEY, the Sheriff and Poulterer,

who seems to have brought his eggs on the whole to a very fair market. There is no particular distinction to be claimed for MR. CROSSLEY, except that he "enjoys the Freedom of the City"—what a pure source of enjoyment!—and is "connected with highly respectable families in York, with which county," adds the Recorder, favouring us with a delicious little bit of autobiography, for which we cannot be too grateful, "I MYSELF have the honour to be connected."

There is not much to be made of MR. CROSSLEY's biography, for a poulterer's life presents but few opportunities for distinction, and the Recorder therefore looks to the future as the field of future exploits. The Recorder thus proceeds—

"It is with the greatest confidence I present these gentlemen to your lordship, for confirmation on the part of the Crown. The past year has been a year of tranquillity and prosperity in our history. Of that which is to come no one can judge the importance, but of this I am sure, that the loyalty and determination of the gentlemen I now present to you will not be found wanting, should any unexpected difficulties arise."

It is certainly a new fact to us that the past year has been one of tranquillity, for we were under the rather general impression that it had been a year of war, but if any emergency should arise, if there should be "unexpected difficulties," for which the Government and the Legislature have failed to provide, there will be the "loyalty and determination" of MUGGERIDGE and of CROSSLEY, "citizen and poulterer," to fall back upon. It is gratifying to feel that the valiant poulterer is not likely to prove chicken-hearted, or to display the white feather.

After a speech from the Cursitor Baron, in which he augured "immense things" of the shrieval career of MESSRS. MUGGERIDGE and CROSSLEY, the ceremonies by which the city holds its lands were commenced, and ALDERMAN SALOMONS, who appears to be the Civic low comedian proceeded to go through some "ryghte pleasaunte" foolery in the fashion described in the following paragraph:—

"MR. ALDERMAN SALOMONS, as the senior alderman present, not having passed the chair, proceeded to the floor of the court, and created considerable laughter by the humorous and quaint manner in which he took up the mimic adze and billhook to cut in twain two small bundles of peeled willows, about six inches in length, supposed to be two bundles of faggots, and so adroitly was it done with the assistance of the grave and solemn usher, who looked upon the ceremony as one big with the fate of a great city, without which a sheriff could not perform his function, that not to have seen the faggots cut, the horse shoes and hobnails counted, was destruction to all his grandeur and official usefulness." [1]

We cannot help admiring the spirit of satire in which ALDERMAN SALOMONS, converted into a "screaming farce" the pompous absurdities that used to be performed with the most imbecile solemnity.

"ALDERMAN SALOMONS then proceeded to go through the ceremony of counting six horseshoes (*which*, by the by, are stated to have been used for the same purpose during the last four centuries) and 61 hobnails, and on the announcement of that number, "The Cursitor Baron declared the number a good number, and that suit and service had been well done."

Thus ended a piece of annual foolery, which takes place appropriately enough on the great goose festival of England. We cannot help pitying men of sense, such as the Recorder we are sure is, and the Cursitor Baron we hope is, who are compelled to go through a series of the most egregious fooleries that have survived the modern advance of intellect. We fancy we see in the inflated style of the Recorder a disguised air of satire which is intended to have the effect of a *reductio ad absurdum* on a custom the breach and ultimate annihilation of which we are all earnestly looking for.

APES OF THE BOUDOIR.

A PHRENOLOGIST presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs that *Mr. Punch* would point out to young ladies, but more particularly to old ones, the absurdity of wearing their hair à l'Impératrice, indiscriminately, and without reference to the shape of the forehead. The EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH is represented as furnished, in the front of the upper story, with large organs of Imitation, and Wit, or Mirthfulness, and her hair is arranged naturally, by being extended over the former of those organs, and around the latter. She shows her Wit, and sets off her Imitation, in thus arranging her hair; but the reverse is the case with ladies who stick out theirs over their Imitation, which slopes, and twist it round their Wit, whose surface recedes. They, by aping her, only show the poverty of their Imitation, and their sad deficiency in Wit.

Wanted, at the Foreign Office.

IMMEDIATELY, Wanted a few Clerks who can tell what o'clock it is; despatches having arrived at their destination some hours before they were transmitted.—Trustworthy timekeepers will, during the war, be liberally remunerated.

SCOTCH WRONGS.

THE EARL OF EGLINTON has recently sent a very liberal subscription to the Scotch Hospital, in order that in his present desperate condition the Scotch Lion may "become an in-door patient."



HOW KIND.

Cruel little Path. OH HARRIETTE DEAR—PUT ON YOUR HAT AND LET US THEE THE STEAMBOAT COME IN. THE THEA IS THO ROUGH!—AND THE PEOPLE WILL BE SO ABTHURDLY THICK!!!”

THE TYRANT'S DOOM.

(By TUMMUS.)

As I was a zittun atop of a gate,
In pace and in quiet my victuals to ate,
There come a young ooman along the road-zide,
“Now what bist thee arter?” says I, “purty maaid?”

“Well, if you must know, then, I'll tell you,” says she,
“I be gwyun into town, mun, and that 's what I be.”
“And what, purty maaiden, bist gwyun there vor?”
“Oh! to hear if there 's any moor news vrom the War.”

“What consarn is the War unto thee, then?” says I;
“Oh! never you mind,” she so sharp did reply.
“But I wants for to git satisfaction about
The wounded and killed if the listes is out.”

“Ah! thee bist afeard 'bout zome ebap o' thy kin,
That either the vleet, or the vorces is in.”
“No, I han't got no kinsman among 'em at all,”
And the drops from her eye did begin for to fall.

“Then thee'st got a zweetheart,” says I, “I suppose,
By thy tears tricklun down 'long the zide o' thy nose.”
“There's a young man as went for a soger,” she said,
And I wishes I know'd if he 's livin or dead.”

“Now come, purty maaiden,” says I, “leave off cry'n,
There 's hundreds and thousands in a wus case than thine.
There 's mothers, young ooman, and zisters, and wives:
And their zons, brothers, husbands, a lozun their lives.”

“'Tis frightful to think on; 'tis dreadful,” she said,
“Oh, what must there be on that IMPEROR's head!”
“Well,” says I, “altogether, I s'pose, not much less
Than a million of murders, to gie a round guess.”

“What, a million!” cries she, “what will ever be done
With the wretch if he's cotched—when they hangs men for one?”
“Done?” says I—“why, young ooman, they'll let un alone.
Ees, as likely as not, let un bide on a's throne.”

“When murder 's committed at that mighty rate,
They lets off the culpurt 'cause why he's so great;
For tyrants be reckon'd too big for the 'size,
Such precious fine fellers they be in folks' eyes.”

“They wun't sarve un out, then,” says she, “for his crimes?”
“Did,” says I, “they'd have to hang un a million o' times;
Seenun that can't be done; why they'll let the chap goo,
But I'll tell 'ee what I should like wi' un to do.”

“I'd suffer'n no moor 'long o' Christians to live,
But a den to un 'mongst the wild beastes I'd give,
This feller that 's caused zo much bloodshed to flow,
I'd ha' took round the country in 'OOMWELLS's show.”

“There his teeth a med grind, and his eyes a med roll,
Whilst he wor stirred up wi' the keeper's long pole:
Zo I'd ha' the brute, carted vrom Fair unto Fair,
Wi' 'walk up, good folks, and zee the Gurt Rooshan Bear.’”

Elastic Shot.

A DEPUTATION from the Peace Society waited, yesterday, on the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, to request that, in concession to the requirements of humanity, Indian rubber balls only should be employed in the war against NICHOLAS.

AD CAPTANDUM.

A LADY, very fashionably known for her mistakes in English, French, and all languages, says, “the worst of LOUIS NAPOLEON's proclamations to the army is—they are certainly extremely good—but then they are so very *ad claptandum*.”

OUR RUSSIAN GUESTS.

POOR fellows, whom NICHOLAS no more commands,
Having laid down your arms, give us also your hands,
We forget you were foes—and in truth you were not,
Any more than the stones that were crushed with our shot.

You were only a Tyrant's unfortunate thralls,
With your bodies for bricks who built ramparts and walls,
Which if we, to hit at him, were forced to strike through,
'Twas with sorrow and pain and compassion for you.

He piled you, like sandbags, or clods of mere dirt,
The blows which we aimed at his power to avert;
He cares not what swarms of his vas-als may fall,
Whilst yet he has more to oppose to our ball.

Should a score of his serfs stop a shot or a shell,
That, your monarch considers, will do pretty well,
For he thinks his loss less in the slaves that we slay,
Than our own in the missiles which we shoot away.

Come; you're out of the clutch of your savage old chief,
Here's some bread for you: here are potatoes and beef.
And to wash it all down here's a jug of good beer;
We'll make you all jolly now we have you here.

May our nations soon cease this sad warfare to wage,
And your CZAR have been caught and confined in a cage,
May you then to your country take back all you've gained,
Whilst by war's happy fortune you here were detained.

May you take the plumpudding whereon you have fed,
And the notions that each has had put in his head,
That by you Holy Russia delivered may be,
You, through being made prisoners, who learned to be free.

We shall make your captivity easy to bear,
And may our own people as happily fare,
As many as—but, may their numbers be few!
Are, or shall be, in like situation with you.

LADIES' HABITS FOR OCTOBER.

HERE is a morsel of fatuous delicacy, nicely adapted to the palate of imbecile elegance. The description of the fashions for October, in *Le Follet*, commences with the following scrap of fiddlefaddle:

"Notwithstanding the unusually long duration of the fine weather with which our fair patrons have been so highly favoured during their stay at the gay chateaux of their aristocratic acquaintances, or at the various fashionable watering places, the chilly mornings and evenings, and the undeniable lengthening of the latter, indicate but too plainly the approach of that period of the year when in-door amusements must be made to compensate for out-of-door recreation."

Le Follet may be done by a man six feet three inches high, with bulk and brains in proportion. He may have penned the foregoing specimen of queasy miminipiminyism with a fist like a shoulder of mutton, immediately after devouring the greater part of a leg, or swallowing some pounds of bacon and cabbage, washed down with a quart or two of BARCLAY and PERKINS'S stout. He may be able to knock down an ox, walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, and fight, with the likelihood to thrash, any man of his weight—that being fourteen stone. He may, however, have no other business, whereby to support his huge frame, and satiate his craving maw, than that of writing stuff to flatter the vanity of the softer portion of the softer sex. Necessity alone—the necessity of gorging and swelling—may have compelled him to file a ma-culine mind down to this. So no more of him; only let the readers whom he addresses beware, if they want to look pretty for any while, how they follow his suggestion with respect to in-door amusement. Every woman, every fashionable woman, even, has a heart, at least considered as the organ of circulation; and blood vessels, on the healthy play of which depends the bloom of her face, and which will not play healthily without out-of-door exercise. She has also muscles and ligaments, which have to brace her up, hold her together, and keep her clean-limbed, but will do nothing of the sort for long unless they are maintained in proper tension by the same means. Let her lol about all day in a close "muggy" house, instead of exerting herself for a due time in the fresh air, and she quickly begins to droop and look unwholesome. Soon her complexion fades, or grows discoloured, her features are puffed or shrunken, her form either wastes or swells, she gets either haggard and lanky, or round and fat; her figure tumbles all of a heap; her ankles give out, her feet spread and flatten: her elastic step becomes a waddle: and her person altogether acquires the style of a cow.

Brilliant eyes, on the other hand, complexion to match, features retaining the chiselled outline, a slim and smart figure, neatly turned

ankles, finely arched insteps, are the reward of walking or riding out at a good pace, and for a reasonable distance, every practicable day. And by these means is preserved for many a year a contour, the cut of which resembles that of the doe or the gazelle.

At no period of the year is any healthy young woman, of whatever station, obliged to exchange out-of-door recreation for in-door amusement, except when it hails or rains, or snows, or thunders and lightens, or blows a hurricane. Are there not furs? never mind the expense: the war with Russia has not made them dearer than the attendance of a simpering doctor. Are there not muffs, and boas, and all sorts of waterproof armour? Young ladies, take the advice of your elders, and as the old women say, "Get out!"—in all tolerable weather.

As to necessary in-door amusement, mind, it also may be made conducive to beauty, by being rendered in some degree intellectual. Intelligence adds considerably to the lustre of the eyes, which, without it have only the glitter of glass beads, whilst the best shaped and most splendidly coloured face which they can be stuck in resembles that of a waxen dummy in a hair-dresser's shop. In order, therefore, to attract admiration, ladies of fashion would do well to cultivate intelligence, to some extent, by way of in-door amusement.

Beauty may be called a fading flower; but it is a flower that will fade very much the sooner for being taken in-doors for the winter, like a geranium. Even *Le Follet* must, on reflection, if able to reflect, see the justice of these observations. It will admit that a lady is not a mere clothes-horse, and will perhaps allow that the figure is more than the dress, and the face than the bonnet.



"OH! HERE'S A COUPLE OF JOLLY MUSHROOMS!"

A STORM IN A KENSINGTON (SLOP) BASIN.

KENSINGTON, our favourite suburb, has lately been the scene of a series of frightful convulsions, in consequence of an election of what are called "Improvement Commissioners;" for improvement is a quality of which Kensington is especially susceptible. The election was carried on amidst the mingled foam of eloquence and porter; the mouths of the orators and the heads of the pint-pots were equally frothy. Such was the excitement of the hour that the stranger passing casually through the town was dragged in to vote, and even children were pulled up to the poll, with a reckless disregard to everything.

When the poll had closed, everybody threatened to break the head of anybody who dared to add the numbers up; and somebody ran off to bury the voting lists in the churchyard till somebody else ran to dig them up again. The chairman's coat was pulled from his back in a boisterous game of oranges and lemons, into which both parties, somehow or other, happened to fall, until all fell down together. One man began to ring the church bells, and another threatened to wring his nose for doing so. A timid adherent of the blues called out "Police!" Another threw himself into the arms of PUMPELL, the beadle; and a third ran up the ladder of the fire escape, in a panic which only subsided when the fireman thrashed him down again.

AN ACTRESS IN A RAINY DAY.

THE French papers inform us that the celebrated tragic actress, MADemoiselle GEORGES, is, in consideration of her straitened circumstances, to enjoy the privilege of taking charge of the sticks and umbrellas at the Great Paris Exhibition. It seems rather *infra dig.* on the part of an eminent *tragédienne* to accept an office so humble, but it is humanely felt by the Government that she who has suffered from the storms of adversity deserves to be sheltered from those storms by as many umbrellas as the public will place in her hands; while the charge of a number of sticks is one that an actress who must have seen a great variety of sticks on the stage will find rather congenial to her old habits. Though the office is temporary, it is possible that it may be made permanent by giving her the custody of the umbrella of Louis PHILIPPE, which seems at present useless to the Citizen King's family.



VICTORY OF THE ALMA.

[OCTOBER 14, 1854.]

[PUNCH, No. 692.]



BURSTING OF THE RUSSIAN BUBBLE.

A BROADSIDE FROM THE BLACK SEA.

III. THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

BRIGHTLY, briskly runs the Alma, cold and green from mountain snow;
Pleasant shade, along its borders, oak and plane and walnut throw,
Where the Tatar shepherd shelters with his flock from noontide heat,
In a silence only broken by the browsing goat's faint bleat.

From the huts beneath the hill-sides, Tatar women to the brink
Shyly come to fill their pitchers, or drive down the cows to drink.
All is calm and peace and plenty. Over all—a form of awe—
Sleeps in light the snow-spread table of the mighty Tschatyr-Dagh.

On the northern bank the copses flush with autumn red and gold:
On the southern bank the margin shows a cliff-line bare and bold.
You may cross the stream in spring-time, nor be wet above the knee,
But when summer melts the snow-wreaths, who would ford it stout
must be.

On the twentieth of September—they had march'd from early morn—
As our armies near'd the Alma, they were weary men and worn;
But the heaviest tread grew springy, strength was in the weakest hand,
As the word "Halt!—Form!" was given—for they knew the Russ at
hand.

There, along the southern heights, in entrenchments lay the foe,
With his batteries in position—seven-score great guns, levell'd low.
There was little time to count them ere their roar the silence woke—
And the dell has grown a hell—all fire and sulphurous smoke.

Now Zouaves and Tirailleurs!—now Rifles and Chasseurs!—
Scatter wide, finding shelter where you can;
Fire steadily and slow, till the distant foemen know
That every Minié bullet has its man!

See, they crouch, well-filled pouch, firm hand and murderous aim:
Every bush, a puff of smoke: every stone, a jet of flame;
And behind their covering shot, at a steady, swinging trot
Downward pours, to the shores, the Allies' van!

Again—again—again—those batteries' iron rain,
And thick, alas! our gallant fellows fall:
For the river it is deep, and the banks they are steep,
And the heights there beyond, are like a wall.
But a lusty British cheer, and a thundering British charge, and the
foremost are already in the flood,
Though the great guns ever roar, down upon them from the shore, and
the water that was green turns to blood!

Through the shallows, in the deeps, o'er the boulders, up the steeps,
British, French and Turk, eager for the work,
Are floundering and clambering and rushing with mad leaps—
On again—on again—some are left, though many die—
Your powder may be damp, but your bayonets are dry:
Let it come but to the steel, and the Muscovite shall feel
With what men he his prowess hath to try!

Hark to those ringing cheers! 'Tis the bold Welsh Fusiliers,
Ever foremost where there's work to be done:—
They've won footing on the bank—they are closing rank on rank,
Scores of dying, but of flying never one!

Now, fiery Celtic blood, to our French allies make good
The credit of the lineage that you share!
They have gained the heights' bald crown!—Now they stagger—now
they're down!—
But, hark, another cheer, and the gallant Guards are near!
And with glorious tartans streaming, and Highland bagpipes screaming,
The Black-Watch to the rescue appear!

At length the crest is won! Stab the gunner at his gun!
E'er to take up new ground the batteries wheel;
On—Britons, Turks and French—o'er redoubt and over trench,
Surge on like a wave of flashing steel!—
Lo, they waver—lo, they shake—lo, their line begins to break,
With the tramp of flying men, flying horses, Earth doth quake.
You have fought a desperate fight, you have crushed a giant might,
And four hours ere the setting of the sun,
The triple flags wave high, bullet-rent against the sky,
And the Battle of the Alma hath been won!

IV. WAITING FOR NEWS.

Haste, haste,—post-haste—across the waste the sleepless Tatar rides;
The steamboat's prow the sea doth plough, defying winds and tides;
On iron rails the train-spiced mails like fiery meteors dash;
Electric fires, along the wires, their thought-quick tidings flash.

But neither Tatar riding, nor steamboat cleaving sea,
Nor engine's race, devouring space; nor lightning fast and free,
Can match the speed, wherewith at need, hope, fear, and love combined,
In their strong flight, to the scene of fight, will sweep the unresting
mind.

Almost we curse the skill perverse, that so far having gone,
To conquer space and time efface, halts ere its work is done;
Leaving half-said, what should be read entire, or not at all,
Till hope's hot thrill, and fear's cold chill, like ague on us fall.

In stately homes—in lowly rooms—how many hearts unsleeping!
What pampered wealth, and toiling health, alike their vigil keeping!
Still to one tune, both late and soon, all hearts are set and strung;
In mart and street, where'er men meet, one theme on every tongue!

What stalwart hands are lifted up, what gray heads bowed and bare!
What lisping tongues of infants are taught to shape a prayer!
Young hearts that looked to lives of love, are sick with bitter fears,
Old eyes are dim for thought of him that should have stayed their years.

At the Horse-Guards gate, are throngs that wait, till the fateful lists
are shown,
Hard men—pale women—selfish all—all thinking of their own;
While those too proud, with the common crowd, their joys and griefs
to blend,
Restless, at home, await the doom that hopes or fears shall end.

But those who hide their hearts at home, and those the gates that fill,
Whate'er their hopes—whate'er their fears—are English, English still.
No soul so glad, no soul so sad, but its sorrow and its glee
Will be lessened and be heightened by the news of victory.

Thank God, we still have something of the stout old Spartan strain;
What mother but would sooner learn how that her son was slain,
Face to the foe, than he should owe his life to fight or fear?
Better to spare a hero there, than have a coward here.

Then pray and wait—you at the gate, and you, your homes within,
Till the cannon's roar, from sea to shore, wake a victorious din.
Your country laughs with those who laugh, and mourns with those who
mourn;
And their names that fall, at duty's call, in England's heart are borne!



INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC.

AMONG the Foreign Intelligence of a contemporary there lately appeared the statement following:—

"The CARDINAL VICAR OF ROME has just published an edict, in which, after attributing the cholera to the sins of the Romans, he directs that the finger of ST. PETER, the arm of ST. ROC, the heart of ST. CHARLES, and other relics, shall be exposed to the adoration of the faithful, in order to avert the wrath of the Almighty."

Mummy was formerly included in the materia medica, and was administered as a remedy for various complaints. In all probability it wrought some cures, by the operation of what is commonly called faith, and which doubtless, in the patients who were cured by mummy, was the same condition or quality of mind as the faith of the faithful to whose adoration the CARDINAL VICAR OF ROME has been recommending his dried anatomical preparations. His Eminence, however, has the advantage of the old doctors. Those nasty creatures made their patients actually swallow their mummy; he only requires that his should be looked at, which is an improvement on the system of DR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME, who advertises a cutaneous disease "cured by smelling."



BUSINESS LIKE.

"I SAY, CHARLEY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER GO BACK TO YOUR CUSTOMER?"
Incipient Wine Merchant. "NOT YET. ALWAYS GONE A QUARTER OF AN HOUR FOR THE VERY OLD PORT—FURTHER END OF THE CELLAR! CELLAR'S VERY EXTENSIVE! GREAT CARE NECESSARY FOR FEAR OF DISTURBING THE CRUST YOU KNOW—ET CÆTERA—TWIG?"

WE KNOWS YER FEELINGS.

Oh how shall we comfort our Muscovite Premier—
 How shall we solace that good man's grief?
 He is certain to hear, by the very next steamer,
 How soundly we've walloped the Petersburg thief?

If there's comfort in *this*, let our friend well-intentioned,
 Be told that the nation's completely aware
 That NICHOLAS Senior, and NICK above mentioned,
 Alone find our victories harder to bear.

THE FAITHLESS SHEPHERD.

We pity the condition of the lost sheep whose fate is described in the following paragraph:—

"SHEEP WITHOUT A SHEPHERD.—A curious incident (says the *South-Eastern Gazette*) took place at High Halden on Sunday week. The REV. R. SHUTE, rector of Halden, and a minor canon of St. Paul's, London, having been absent from his clerical duties four Sabbaths out of the last five, during which time the church-going people have had to return to their homes without their usual spiritual admonitions, the congregation assembled on the 17th ult., and proceeded to make the best arrangements in their power for public worship. The parish churchwarden and the churchwarden of the absent rector with common consent gave out the old hundredth Psalm, after which the parish churchwarden read a portion of Scripture, selected from Jeremiah, chap. 23; an anthem followed, sung by an excellent sacred choir. The assembly being not quite satisfied with so small a portion of sacred writ, the churchwarden read another portion of Scripture selected from St. John, chap. 3, succeeded by another anthem from the choir; and in conclusion 16 verses were read from the 10th chapter of St. John. The churchwardens deemed it expedient to offer praise and thanksgiving for all past mercies, and likewise an appeal against cholera, which is very prevalent in the village and surrounding neighbourhood."

However laudable may have been the efforts of the churchwarden and the congregation to get up a service in the absence of the clergyman, there is something rather derogatory to the solemnity and sacredness

SHORT LEADING CASES.

OUR legal contemporaries give occasional Reports of what they call Short Leading Cases; and as we think the idea a good one, we shall adopt it, with our own improvements. We shall add to the shortness—if that can be called an addition which is, in fact, a curtailment—and we shall show the direction in which the cases lead, if that can be called a direction which is most uncertain as to the issue.

ADDING NEW PLEA.

Defendant owed plaintiff twenty pounds on a dishonoured bill of exchange. Plaintiff seeks payment, and defendant refuses, on the plea that he has got no money, and this becomes therefore a leading case, for it leads the plaintiff several times to the outer door of defendant's chambers.

BAIL IN ERROR.

In this case judgment had been given against A, when B so far lost his own judgment as to become bail for A, and thus found himself in error. The leading quality of this case consisted in the fact of its leading B in pursuit of A, who had run away to Calais.

JUDGMENT FOR WANT OF APPEARANCE.

A was in search of a situation as a footman; but, being a very little man, he never could obtain a place, and judgment went against him for want of appearance.

INSOLVENCY.

In this case, plaintiff, a speculative attorney, brought a speculative action against defendant, who succeeded, but being saddled with the costs of his own defence, which could not be got from the speculative attorney, was obliged to take the benefit of the Act, and the case became a leading case by leading defendant to the Insolvent Court.

THE GREAT CRIMINAL.—It is the profound remark of somebody whose name we are unacquainted with, that the CZAR has committed a crime, and is losing the Crimea.

of public worship in the piece of pious patchwork described in the foregoing statement. The rector cannot, of course, be in two places at once, and if he was performing the duties of a minor canon at St. Paul's in London, he could not be exercising his ministry at High Halden. A manifold writer is no rarity, but a manifold preacher, or indeed a parson with more folds than one, has a difficult, if not an impossible task to execute.

THE SLAVE-TRADE IN BRISTOL.

We beg leave to direct the attention of MRS. STOWE to the following advertisement from a Bristol newspaper:—

WANTED to purchase immediately, a powerful COB PONY, not less than 13 hands high; must be warranted sound and steady in harness. Also, a YOUNG MAN to groom and drive the same, and make himself generally useful.—Address in either case to R. P., *Bristol Mercury Office*.

Is this a free country? Shall Britons ever, ever (instead of never, never), be Slaves? are the questions that suggest themselves to us on reading the above paragraph. Here in the heart of England is an intimation that "a powerful Cob Pony and a Young Man to groom and drive the same" are "wanted to PURCHASE." There can be no mistake, for the word "ALSO" distinctly connects the Young Man with the Cob Pony as an article "wanted to purchase," and if the shadow of a doubt could still remain on our mind, the ambiguity is dispelled by the concluding intimation that we are to "address in either case to R. P., *Bristol Mercury Office*." It is evident from this that the Cob Pony may be purchased without the Young Man, or the Young Man may be purchased without the Cob Pony.

We cannot write any further on this subject in consequence of our burning indignation having boiled away all the ink in our pen, and set our blood dancing in our veins at such a rate that we can no longer guide our fingers.



AUSTRIA AT LENGTH DEFIES RUSSIA.

"THOU EVER STRONG UPON THE STRONGER SIDE."

A NEW WAY OF PLEASING THE PIGS.

We hope our readers will be as much amused as we have been by the following:—

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS, SHIPOWNERS, AND CAPTAINS.



JOHN BELL, FLESHER, Union Court, 172, Argyll Street, having his attention drawn to the fact, that pigs, when put aboard ships, if they be strangers to one another, quarrel and fight, and will eat nothing for a few days, has erected at his own residence, four miles out in the country, a large Piggery, at very considerable expense, where a stock of Pigs is kept always on hand, completely domesticated, by which the inconvenience above alluded to is avoided, when transferred to ships. And as live stock is

now so essential for Passenger Ships, J. B. has always on hand at this place, a large Stock of suitable live Sheep and Poultry, also Vegetables, Fruit, and Potatoes.

We have not been sufficiently versed in the philosophy of BACON, to have observed the tendency of pigs to fight on board ship, unless they have been previously made acquainted with each other by a formal introduction. We certainly were not aware that a scrupulous regard to etiquette was prevalent among the porcine tribe, and that they stood on such very nice points of ceremony, as we should call humbug in human beings, and gammon in the pig or other inferior animal. We are now for the first time made acquainted with the fact that the very extreme of fastidious etiquette may be called "going the whole hog," and we ought perhaps to admire the individual who keeps an establishment for the purpose of introducing all sorts of boorish brutes into polite piggish society. "A large piggery" is, it seems, kept up at a great expense for inculcating the *bienséances* of porcine life, and we ought to be very much obliged to the gentleman who undertakes the part of Hogg's *Instructor*.

THE "SPECIAL" EMPEROR.

WHAT more natural than the introduction of the new police (*à l'Anglaise*) in Paris? Was not the Emperor himself a model "special?" Did not LOUIS NAPOLEON, on a certain day in April, turn out in defence of order, and collaterally, it may be, in defence of his own portmanteau in the two-pair back of a modest habitation in the parish of St. James's? After this, it is true he turned out, or caused others to turn out, in "defence of order," on a certain day of December; and the turn-out being very successful, why the Empire is the tremendous result. Nevertheless, the future philosophic historian, profoundly diving for causes, will discover in LOUIS NAPOLEON's instinctive love of order, as shown in April in the streets of London—the exile then keeping watch and ward as a sworn special—the forsworn love of order as triumphant in the streets of Paris. The Emperor, in lieu of a constable's staff, now flourishes an imperial sceptre; nevertheless, we understand that, in memory of that constabulary event, LOUIS NAPOLEON's staff will be enshrined at the Paris Police Station (the Scotland Yard in French) for the admiration and encouragement of all the force. Beneath the weapon will run this inscription: "*Courage! He who was once a special constable, is now an immaculate Emperor!*"

Flower-Pickers in the Crystal Palace.

Two women have been detected in the grounds of the Crystal Palace picking and stealing dahlias and other flowers. It is understood that, as a serious warning to their sisterhood in general, the offenders, for having plucked the living flowers, will be sentenced to wear their bonnets for fourteen years with no flowers at all!

HOW TO TEST A NATION'S PROSPERITY.



TRAVELLER says, "I can always judge of the prosperity of France by the condition of the Trees on the Boulevards at Paris. If the Trees are tall, noble, and towering, I know well enough that the kingdom has been enjoying many years' internal peace and undisturbed prosperity; but if, on the contrary, the Trees are poor, sickly, short, and stunted, looking as if they had been either cut down or planted yesterday, I know to a certainty that the country is only just recovering from a recent revolution, or still labouring under some great civil convulsion." He calls the Trees on the Paris Boulevards, "The leafy barometers of France."

THE GREAT TAPTUB CASE!

A VERY solemn inquiry has been entered upon, pursued, and carried out by the Black Bull, the White Horse, the Pig-and-Whistle, the Red Lion, and other distinguished, well-known conservators and comforters of public morals, public benefactors, and publicans in general; an inquiry having for its solemn object the discovery of a gifted creature, who, by nature and accomplishment, shall best glorify the *Morning Taptub*, making it another morning sun to the gladdened and uplifted eyes and hearts of the human race in general, and of Britons in particular. Very exalting, very gratifying were the speeches made on the occasion; especially the utterances that were made most musical, most melancholy by their ring of morality and truth. A vain, coarse, unthinking generation has little thought of the greatness and purity of purpose animating a Black Bull; has no suspicion whatever of the deep note of morals and of truth roaring from the chest of the Red Lion. The Three Jolly Pigeons are doves of tenderness, and the Cock and Bottle, a Cock that turns up a jewel with every scratch!

The Pig-and-Whistle begged to put the editor of the *Morning Taptub* on his trial. It was plain that the *Taptub* demanded the nursing care of an editor who would join the wisdom of a MINERVA with the thunderbolts of JOVE; a man whose leaders should be pinks of gentility, fragrant and with the dew upon them—fresh from the gardens of rhetoric, so famous for its flowers. Now, how stood the case? The editor was not MINERVA; he hadn't even the little finger of JUPITER; and for flowers of rhetoric, what was to be thought of a benighted individual, who, in this age of light and good manners, should so degrade the *Taptub* as to call a rival editor a "nincompoop?" (*Cheers and sensation.*) The Pig-and-Whistle had thought such a word banished from every self-respecting tap-room; nevertheless there it had been found dimming and defiling the brightness and purity of the *Morning Taptub*! Again, had not the slumbers of PRINCE ALBERT been disturbed by the goose-quill of the editor; a goose-quill that had been made to mix with other goose-feathers of the royal pillow? Again, had not the editor declared the Protestant Church in danger from the appearance of the many mediæval mugs unrestrictedly exhibited in the crockery shops of Regent Street and the West End? Moreover, the editor in his sympathy with the Anti-Sabbath-Bang-Bill, had advocated the extension of the measure, so that on Sundays no day-light might be served between the hours of two and six; and on no pretence whatever should moon or stars shine or twinkle after ten. Viewing these things with deep alarm, the Pig-and-Whistle moved that the editor of the *Morning Taptub* should be invited to retire into that privacy of life that his virtues, his morals, and his genius were so well calculated to adorn.

The Bear-and-Ragged-Staff, in a neat growl, seconded the motion. MR. EDITOR rose for his defence. He had travelled much for the *Taptub*, and not for his own health, his own pleasure. He had visited salt mines (salt sometimes being used in beer); he had sought the site of the Garden of Eden with a view to grains of Paradise. He had not re'used to tread the burning plains of Hindostan with a view to *cocculus Indicus*! With respect to the use of the word "nincompoop" he must say, he thought it a good, bold, sinewy word that, properly applied would knock down an elephant, or even break the back of a Prime Minister! As for PRINCE ALBERT he entertained the highest respect for that gifted individual, and believed that the feeling was reciprocated with increased intensity. But he knew the object of the

present persecution; it was hatched in the scorpion bosom of the Catholic Church. Let his enemies prevail, and he knew that in a week—he would not mention the name of CARDINAL NICEMAN—in a little week a pair of scarlet stockings would sit cross-legged under the editorial desk of the outraged and betrayed *Taptub*!

After a very stormy debate, the Pig-and-Whistle's motion was carried by 176 to 149; and five minutes after the Editor followed the motion in a sedan-chair. He, however, retires—and we are happy to chronicle the fact—full of honours. Already the London Tavern, the Freemasons', DOLLY'S Chop-House, &c., have voted him the freedom of their establishments. JOE'S has sent him the Order of the Gridiron; and the Cheshire Cheese the Decoration of the Welsh Rabbit.

We cannot, however, dismiss this case without imploring the thoughtful reader to mark the great moral and commercial advantages that, to the public at large, must result from it. Of course, as the Wilters are so resolute, so earnest in their determination to have nothing but purity, health, and strength in their newspaper, they will come to the like resolution with respect to the commodities of the bar. When an editor is cashiered for indulging in such low syllables as "nincompoop," no censor wilter can think of dealing in *cocculus Indicus*. Since we are to have all purity in the *Taptub*, of course we shall have the like unadulterated excellence in the glittering pewter!

A VIOLENT AGI-TATAR.

We cannot sufficiently express our disgust at the Tatar who has hoaxed half Europe by prematurely announcing the fall of Sebastopol. Such a Tatar or Tatur ought to be immediately mashed, and severely roasted. At the risk of being considered "vulgar" we must say to all who make a mouth-piece of a mere Tatar or Tatur for promulgating false news, "Come, come, let's have none of this sort of thing again, so just shut your Tatur trap."



THE ABUNDANT HARVEST.

THE thanksgiving for the abundant harvest was solemnised, with peculiar fitness, in the parish church of Alum-cum-Potato. There, a miller and a baker (they were picked out by lot) were compelled to stand in the middle aisle during the service, dressed in a white sheet, in penitence for the high price of bread, seeing that wheat had been so abundant; and further, each of them being

"Crown'd with rank fumifer and furrow-weeds,
With harlecks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn."

A good significance in these crowns; showing that if benevolent plenty sends us a heavy harvest, there is still the miller and the baker, the "weeds" that grow upon the price of our sustaining bread!

MARINE PRIVILEGES.—The Admiralty have graciously made it known to the Marines that, for the sake of uniformity, they may, in common with the military, wear moustaches! After this liberal concession, it is expected that the two forces will act with such unanimity that there will not be a hair's difference between them.

SELECTIONS FROM PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S CARRIAGE.



THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and in order to avoid the difficulties which arise from the present system of distributing official information among the daily journals, the Duke begs to say that all interesting documents will in future be forwarded to Mr. Punch alone, but on the condition, (in which the Duke is assured of Mr. Punch's acquiescence,) that all the journals shall be at liberty to copy such documents from Mr. Punch's pages.

In conformity with this understanding, the Duke encloses a selection from the correspondence found in the captured carriage of the PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF. The letters were originally sent to Paris for translation into French, and have been re-translated by

a Clerk in the Foreign Office, whose grammar has been remarked, upon several occasions, to be very tolerable. Official discretion has, of course, been used in withholding passages which it seemed undesirable to publish.

No. 1.—A Young Lady of Sebastopol (family name unknown) to PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

"MY DEAREST PRINCE,

"How amiable of you to propose to me and Marie so charming a pleasure as that your delightful *billet* expresses. How truly good of you to reserve for us two front places upon the scaffold raised to enable the ladies of Sebastopol to behold you defeat these wretched French and English. Accept, my dear Prince? Decidedly I accept, with smiles of happiness, for my cousin and myself, and we promise to do your invitation credit by our good looks and toilettes. We have already hastened to MADAME CRAMPOLINE (who assures us that though her husband's name is French, her heart is Russian and your own—there, Prince, and she is only 36), and have secured—but no. You shall see the effect, not hear of it. We only hope that the horrid barbarians will not disappoint us, as you seem to think possible, and that they will come to the attack. Savages as they are, if they knew how many ladies depended on their boldness for a day's pleasure, they would certainly venture down to the Alma. However, we know you will do your best for us, and we are deeply thankful. Our carriage shall be on the field by half-past ten, or a quarter to eleven at latest. If you cannot come to put us into our places, perhaps you will send an *aide de camp*; perhaps, *ce cher petit* PAUL HAIRENOFF. But we leave all to you.

"*Toute à toi, ELOISE.*"

No. 2.—COUNT OBENTHALLER, St. Petersburg, to PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

"MY DEAR PRINCE,

"I have, as you desired, hinted at your proposal, in the probable event of your capturing the English and French generals, to knout them to death before the army, as a moral lesson to Europe. He will not hear of it. They are to be instantly forwarded to the capital, in irons. I do not advise you to neglect his wishes.

"Yours sincerely, O"

(The writer of this letter is known from the Prince having endorsed it. "From OBENTHALLER. What I am to do with RAGLAN," &c.)

No. 3.—THE MINISTER to PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

"MY DEAR PRINCE,

"On no account must you make another mistake. I am not in the habit of using strong expressions, and therefore I trust to you to understand me when I say that no probability, however painful, must be considered as too remote a consequence of your deceiving NEVA [the Emperor] again. In your despatch to him you say that you can hold the A for three weeks. From what dropped from NEVA, on reading it, I advise you to hold it for six. For things are looking blacker and blacker. We must have a victory in the course of the next fortnight. *Verbum sap.* Ought I to add that NEVA has been speaking well of POWDERFLASK [PRINCE PASKIEWITCH] lately, and hinting that if he had been in the C. no landing would have been achieved?"

"One word more. We have been friends. If you are deceiving him, send me—before the explosion—powers to get your property over the frontier. Now you understand.

"Yours, in anxiety, NESSELRODE."

No. 4.—Secret Report made to the PRINCE by an Employé unknown.

"In regard to the Colonels your Excellency has named to me, I am able to report, with one exception. B. is merely the creature of T., who has lent him money for gambling purposes. T. is discontent about the last promotion, and has had nightly interviews with a Jew, professedly a usurer, but probably a spy. V. I have followed home several times; he resists my advances (in itself suspicious); but I have bribed his servant, and obtained some of his letters. I do not think that I have as yet discovered much, but he keeps a journal, which I shall get sight of. Z. is at your mercy; he has appropriated regimental money. I can get at the particulars. If I might advise, it would be that your E. should, without exposing him, make him aware of your knowledge, and then depute him to bring you information as to the private habits of F. and P., to whom I cannot procure access. He may win, but it is better than ruin. The surgeon L. is also at your disposal; he has sold all the bark from the medicine chest of the regiment, and has certified, twice, that he has an ample store. I think the Jew, M., sent it to Constantinople for sale; but at any rate the chest, if suddenly opened, will be found empty. The exception I alluded to, is young P., who had formed a suspicion that I was on a scent, and who called me a dishonourable ruffian and a spy, and kicked me down stairs. But he has a love affair, through which I shall be able to sound his views. He is a good and amiable young man. This is all at present. May I humbly remind your E. that my promotion will be most acceptable!"

"S."

No. 5.—From a Resident in London (name withheld) to PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

"I have received your instructions, but it would be useless and dangerous to attempt to carry them out. I fear that you deceive yourself, and judge our aristocracy by your own. Your offer is munificent, but I should hardly have made him understand what you wanted him to find out for you before I should be through the window. I would even risk this for you, but his office is on the first floor, and over a deep area with spikes. His being poor, as you say you have heard, he is (it is true), makes no difference. Besides, if you had a copy of the instructions, it would be too late now. I thank you much for the £100—never was it more needed—and I would gladly earn more, but it is impossible."

No. 6.—From the EMPEROR NICHOLAS to PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

"PRINCE,

"I will not recur to the past. I will remember it only in the event of the future resembling it.

"You inform me that you can hold the Alma for three weeks against any force that can be brought against you. For your own sake, as well as mine, I am willing to believe that this time you have not miscalculated.

"I, too, have an almanac before me. This is the 10th of September [the 22nd N. S.]. The enemy landed a week ago. He can hardly have attacked you before this time, but I give you the 8th or 9th [20th or 21st] for the pleasure of receiving him. Allowing a week for the transmission of news, I shall hear of his first repulse on the 15th or 16th [27th or 28th], and I have ordered illuminations for one of those nights.

"On the last day of the third week from the 9th September, you will send me a despatch apprising me that the enemy is still at bay on the Alma, or you will yourself set out from wherever you may be (resigning the command to your second in rank), to explain to me in person how you have dared that it should be otherwise.

"With this understanding I fervently implore the blessing of all our holy saints upon you, and I kiss you.

"Your affectionate Father, N."

No. 7.—Intercepted Letter from a Sailor belonging to the "Agamemnon," but on shore at the Old Fort, to his brother, a private in the 23rd Regiment.

"BILL YOU BEAUTY,

"aving cotched a Hare right these loins to be tide Round her and set her loose wereby if She do make sale for Your part of country in this Crymeer You will shoot Her or Another hoping he will Pass this here Loins to you wich is hooray you Beauty i heard the Cappun say

as in 3 days time you be into Them lubberly thieves and menshykof ruffians wereby i hope you will Give it them as Hot as scaldins and a good Belyfull of the same wishing i was in your Luck you being None the wurse no More at present From your

"Afect. brother JIM.

[The animal to which this missive was attached appears to have fallen into the hands of the Russians. The original has been transmitted to PRIVATE WILLIAM GRITTS, whose delight at the receipt was immense.]



JOY OF THE MACKENZIE, OF MACKENZIE FARM, AT SIGHT OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

A COLLEGE OF REAL COOKERY.

(To the Shade of COBBETT.)

SHADE,

I HOPE that you fine fellows who have left us look down upon us sometimes as you are hovering about, and therefore that your eye may meet these lines. Perhaps you know what I am about to tell you; but if it be no news to you, it may still not have come yet to the knowledge of some people below here, who will see this letter. Well then, to make no further palaver about the business in hand, I have to tell you that there is, really and truly, a COLLEGE OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY, established at 54, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, for the INSTRUCTION OF LADIES, as well as of *Female Servants*, in HOUSEHOLD MATTERS. Long ago I said there ought to be such an Institution. However, you had previously preached the true doctrine (unlike some PARSONS whom we know) that education ought principally to consist in teaching those things which the learner's future BUSINESS requires that he or she should know. That is my main reason for writing to you now, to tell you about this College, at which ladies are taught, not Latin and Greek, not 'Geography, Astronomy, and the Use of the Globes,' not to *hammer away at the piano*; no: but the COOKING OF VICTUALS, of all sorts, and the BAKING OF BREAD, how to make Pastry, Pies, and Tarts, and the sort of *Globes* called PUDDINGS. That's zummut like, bean't it? as we say in Hampshire.

Observe, this COOKERY COLLEGE is both for *ladies* and *servants*, by which latter are meant hired servants; for what do ladies expect to be, I should like to know, but *SERVANTS*? All ladies, except a few wretched beings meant by nature for old maids, intend to get married; and of course every wife is, or ought to be, the *SERVANT* of her husband. Does she not swear to *obey* him, in the FORM OF SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY (composed by TOM CRANMER)?—in return for which oath, on his part, he swears that he will *cherish* her, and so forth. Of course, therefore, his servant she will be, unless she have SWORN TO A LIE. Now a duchess may serve her husband by sitting in a drawing-room and talking

French, and Italian, and German, in his absence, to the various foreign counts and other aliens who come calling, bowing, scraping, intriguing, and begging at his house: but the only SERVICE which the majority of ladies can render their husbands, otherwise than with the needle, is one to be performed in the KITCHEN.

Well but, however, this COLLEGE OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY is no GAMMON. It is no sham-ABRAHAM concern, got up for the sake of enabling fellows in black clothes, and white neckcloths, and green spectacles, to prate about the "mission of woman." It is a genuine undertaking. We are told by its prospectus that—

"Everything necessary to the acquirement of a perfect knowledge of domestic economy will be taught."

And the truly sensible remark is added, that

"The Culinary Art will be the leading feature of the education given at the commencement, it being the most required."

It also says that

"The students for practice will be divided into classes of four or five each, with a servant-student to attend on them and assist them in their operations."

And it adds this most important proviso,

"The articles prepared to be consumed at the meals."

I think I have now said enough to recommend this College to your good wishes, and to the patronage of all whom it may concern; that is, almost everybody who has, or expects to have a family. For the convenience of ladies who merely want to pick up hints, lectures are delivered on stewing, hashing, braising, and so on; admission to which alone may be had; lessons also are given at so much a lesson.

I am, Respected Shade, your admirer,

PUNCH.

Punch Office, 85, Fleet Street, October, 1854.

JOHN BULL'S SHARE OF THE BATTLE.

I CAN'T draw the sword, and a helping hand afford,
The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA with my own fist to lick;
But I can draw my purse, that the doctor and the nurse
May do all that can be done for the wounded and the sick.

To hear my money chink, it pains me when I think,
Of RAGLAN's gallant army in a state of distress
For bandages and lint, without strapping or a splint,
And the maimed in want of surgeons their injuries to dress.

My name isn't JOHN if they want diachylon,
Or proper hands the plaster and salve to apply,
And to bind up their gashes and close their cuts and slashes,
And to set their broken bones and their bleeding vessels tie.

When I've got the gout how it makes me holloa out,
And medical attendance to implore and beg!
What a hullabaloo, what a terrible to-do
I should make, if I had no one to dress my shattered leg!

Among Russian foes every shell our ordnance throws,
Is as many pounds in money as in weight flung away,
And I'll shell out my brads too, among our noble lads,
Dressings, doctors, and assistants to send without delay.

A PLAGUE FOR THE CZAR.

WHAT will NICHOLAS ever do with our Russian prisoners, when we return them on his hands? Undeceived, instructed, enlightened, will they be suffered by the despot to intermingle with the rest of their countrymen? But the old tyrant will find it no easy matter to prevent them from propagating the infection of liberalism and civilisation among his now barbarous and enslaved subjects. No quarantine will purify them from the taint of that distemper, contracted in this island of freedom. The Knout itself will not flog this poison out of them. Poor CZAR! What will he do with these dangerous fellows? Make a clean sweep of them with grape and *mitraille*, sink them all in the Baltic, or only send them to Siberia? This is a question for them to consider before they trust themselves back again into the hands of their Autocrat.

A Policy that Kills.

It seems that Prussia exercises great influence over the Bund; but, if the latter listens to Prussia's hesitating voice much longer, we are sorely afraid that in a short time the German Bund will be very little better than a MORI-BUND.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.—Prussia is waiting until Half-price begins.



We see by the papers, that after the glorious Battle of the Alma, English sailors were to be seen in all directions appropriating to themselves the boots of the defunct Russians, JACK first ascertaining whether the boot was likely to fit by trying the flat of his foot against

the sole of the dead soldier's. We think we could name "a patty" who would like a little plunder of the same sort from a "certain EMPEROR" under the same circumstances. To use an Irishism, we already "know the length of his fut."

THE "GREAT TRAGEDIAN" AND THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

THE Citizens of London have been suddenly seized with a strong desire to witness what they call the "masterly impersonations" of MR. G. V. BROOKE; but "owing to the distance"—Drury Lane being about half a mile from Temple Bar—"thousands" are de-barred the gratification of their wishes. Under these painful circumstances the citizens finding personal locomotion impossible, and forgetting that omnibuses are running perpetually, while cabs are reduced to sixpence a mile, there is nothing to be done but to get up a requisition; and as the city can't go to the great tragedian, the great tragedian must be induced to go to the city.

The individuals through whom this important result was to be achieved were no other than MESSRS. JOHNSON and NELSON LEE, formerly the spirited proprietors of RICHARDSON'S Show, and now the no less spirited managers of the City of London Theatre. These gentlemen put themselves in communication with "several influential patrons" who rapidly took the shape of a Committee, and a "requisition" was drawn up for signature by the "Merchants, Bankers, and Tradesmen of the City of London." Names were rapidly appended, and a long list has been advertised.

The list opens very spiritedly with a Churchwarden, followed by an Overseer and a Vestry Clerk, after whom there is a slight drop down of dignity to a "past Churchwarden," supported languidly by a "ditto." After this blaze of parochial power, we begin to look among the "Merchants" in the hope of meeting with one or more of the BARINGS, but we are compelled to be satisfied with NEGUS, whose name, but for the address appended to it, would look like a "weak invention." The great banking firms do not figure very largely in the requisition, but the house of ROTHSCHILD is represented by "E. CULLEN;" and though the LORD MAYOR has not signed, there is a string of FORESTERS who come forward to vindicate the dramatic taste of the Mansion House. The FORESTERS in question are, we presume, the famous thief-takers, whom we are glad to find capable of nobler pursuits than those to which they professionally devote themselves, and who, by running after *Virginus* or *Macbeth*, show that they are not always running after the very worst characters. It is true that we miss the names of most of the great City houses, but we

dare say the defect will be cured by MR. BROOKE being able to draw great houses to the City.

Some of the addresses appended to the signatures are anything but civic in their sound, and we cannot remember having met with Clapton Rise, Symond's Inn, or Botheralguerus—the residence of one MATHEW—as standing within the precincts of cockneydom. As a directory of the "principal bankers, merchants and tradesmen" of the City of London, we think the list would be found somewhat incomplete, but we have no doubt the names, as far as they go, are *bonâ fide* enough, and it is at all events a good sign to see a taste for the drama progressing amidst any class of the community.

PUNCH AND PIO NONO.

SOMEBODY, in a letter to the *Times*, avers that

"One of the Inquisitors told me himself, in his own office, in the Sant Uffizio (the palace of the Inquisition), that the POPE was a figure of *Punch* (*in Potichinello*), of which the kings of Europe can pull the strings as they please."

This acknowledgment of what Yankees would call the "indebtedness" of the "Holy See," to *Mr. Punch* was very handsome on the part of our friend the Inquisitor. The various likenesses of the POPE, which *Mr. Punch* has from time to time published, have evidently been the making of his HOLINESS. He is a figure of *Punch*; and *Mr. Punch* is the proper person to pull his strings. The European sovereigns should not do that. They only occasion troubles by working the Roman Pontiff, but when *Punch* is his showman, his performances throw Europe into merely harmless convulsions.

April Fool Day in October.

THE canard which announced the fall of Sebastopol rather too soon has been regarded in some quarters as a *ruse* devised by NICHOLAS. But considering the effect it was calculated to produce on the money market, we conclude that it was invented to serve the purpose of a Bull rather than a Bear speculation.

A STRICT VEGETARIAN.—He won't take a Pill unless he is firmly convinced it is a Vegetable one.

THE MAN WITH THE MILD EYES.



GENTLEMEN who admire the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA's eyes, and call him "a fine fellow," are requested to read the following extract from the *Times*—the statement of an actual witness. The narrator is speaking of the earthwork carried by SIR COLIN CAMPBELL and the Highlanders:—

"The oldest generals declare that in no battle heretofore fought have so many dead been heaped up in one spot. It would be impossible to describe to you the frightful scene which I witnessed in the square mile comprising this earthwork, the slope beneath it, and the slope above it, upon which were formed the enormous squares of the Russian infantry. The greater part of the English killed and wounded were here, and there were at least five Russians to every Englishman. You could not walk for the bodies. The most frightful mutilations the human body can suffer—the groans of the wounded, the packs, helmets, arms, clothes, scattered over the ground, all formed a scene that one can never forget."

This will do for these pages. There is more of the same kind where that came from: and worse. Fancy the eyes of NICHOLAS—those eyes, which LIEUTENANT ROYER tells us are "expressive of mildness"—beholding the scene of slaughter on the Heights of Alma, lambent, in gazing thereon, with a mildness getting gradually ecstatic; rapturous: till they glow with an expression absolutely seraphical: and the countenance, and ultimately the whole figure, of the NUN-WHIPPER, boots and all, are transformed—for we know that the thing is possible—into the image of an Angel of Light.

Poor LIEUTENANT ROYER!—but let us be considerate in what we say of an officer who was under fire in the *Tiger*. That fire, doubtless, astonished the Lieutenant much less than the gentle radiance that streamed from the eyes of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. JACK ROYER—JACK—we take leave thus to abbreviate ALFRED—no doubt expected that he was going to see, in the Russian monster, the likeness of DAVY JONES. Scales of a blue or green colour, a tail with a sting at the end of it, grinning fangs, cloven feet, and eyes glowing with sulphurous and red flames instead of being "expressive of mildness," were perhaps the elements which the unsophisticated seaman supposed he should find united in the person of the CZAR: and such, indeed, might be a correct portrait of the Russian Gentleman as he would appear in a state of things wherein the external is conformed to the interior.

LIEUTENANT ROYER may also have made his mind up that the Autocrat would order him to be knouted to death, or at the very least send him in chains to Siberia. He never read the stories about Ogres who could be wonderfully civil to gentlemen in their castles and in their power—when it suited their purpose. Doubtless, those Ogres subdued the hungry glare wherewith they were disposed to regard the strangers to an expression of great mildness. No wonder NICHOLAS was "much amused" at his captive's exhibition of "surprise and embarrassment" when he set him at liberty: as much, doubtless, as old ROTHSCHILD used to be at the astonishment of the beggar to whom he would occasionally throw a guinea, for fun.

To give NICHOLAS his due (according to the adage) he is a fine actor. An actor on the stage of real life and a hypocrite, are the same thing. Having a foul name to cleanse in the eyes of the British Public, what dodge would it be more natural for him to try than that of doing the magnanimous to the English prisoner? GUSTAVUS VASA BROOKE would have produced the same impression on LIEUTENANT ROYER, if he had been playing the CZAR in ROMANOFF'S boots, and if GUSTAVUS VASA can perform as well as NICHOLAS.

Sinope, Oltenitza, Citate, Bomarsund, the Heights of Alma; perhaps, ere this, Sebastopol!—given these scenes only of carnage: how large a mound of corpses: what heaps of lost limbs: how numerous a variety of lacerations, and attendant agonies: what amount, in tuns,

of bloodshed: how many wretches starved, ruined, burnt out of house and home? Here is a sum for Europe and civilised mankind to do. And the answer will be a figure to be put down to the account of the man of mild eyes: simply because he cast those eyes of mild desire on his neighbour's dominions.

Bereaved families; surviving sufferers; spirits of the slain, send in your bills. Governments of Europe—What is the Man with the mild eyes to pay?

OUR MEAN METROPOLIS.

PARIS making such a movement in her buildings and her streets, How is it that all improvement here with opposition meets? Hear the Corporation clamour; hear the Parish Vestries' row: How they bark and how they hammer, Centralisation, bow wow wow! Centralisation! Centralisation! Centralisation! bow wow wow!

Paramount some power is wanted, noble schemes to carry out, Not to be withstood or daunted; nothing can be done without: Which, when Vested Interests muster, can their sordid spirits cow, And put down their worships' bluster, and their bark of bow wow wow! Centralisation! Centralisation! Centralisation! bow wow wow!

When the Seine is as the Derwent limpid, if not yet more pure, Of the Thames why does the current run with liquid (pah!) manure? Oh! no proper drainage measure will the stingy snobs allow, Whilst they bark in gruff displeasure, Centralisation, bow wow wow! Centralisation! Centralisation! Centralisation! bow wow wow!

Wherefore do those clouds appalling still the sky above us cloak, And the blacks continue falling; when we might consume our smoke? We forbidden are to do it, though we very well know how, By that cry—confusion to it! Centralization! bow wow wow! Centralisation! Centralisation! Centralisation! bow wow wow!

In the name of all that's gracious, let our streets be wider made, Why should not they be as spacious as is meet for health and trade? Narrow ways to views are owing, narrower still, which they avow, Barking, grunting, puffing, blowing, Centralisation! bow wow wow! Centralisation! Centralisation! Centralisation! bow wow wow!

DISRAELI IN A BEER-BARREL.

MR. DISRAELI being at Plymouth, certain licensed victuallers addressed him on their wrongs. They wanted protection. They did not ask the hon. gentleman to employ his genius for the protection of beer from thunderbolts; but against further legislation. An unhallowed attempt was about to be made that should destroy that vested right—the right of licensing. The beer trade was to be thrown open to the unprincipled sons of Free Trade. There was to be no longer a monopoly of *cocculus Indicus*; and grains of Paradise were to be freely used by the lowest capacity. In this dilemma, and MR. DISRAELI being at Plymouth for the benefit of the sea-breezes—in this dilemma, to whom could the wilters appeal but to the member for Bucks? The right hon. member gave courteous ear to the complaint of the oppressed, and would do his best for them. What a change! "May we not trace the noble brain of BENJAMIN, until we find it stopping a beer-barrel!" We would advise the author of the *Great Taptubopolis* to enter Parliament, and boldly intercept the wreath of hops in its way to the brow of DISRAELI.

TO MOTHERS OF NEW SHE-BABIES.

MY DEARS,—You often write to me, privately, asking me to suggest pretty names for your daughters, and you are always delighted (if you are sensible women) with my recommendation.

Now—who wants a sweet pretty name for the finest lady baby ever produced? Do not all speak at once. Well then—

ALMA.

What do you say to that? For whether as a pretty-looking and euphonious name, or whether as the memorial of a brilliant victory, or whether for its own private Latin signification—*gentle*—the name strikes me as perfection. Let me hear your opinions.

Your affectionate Friend,

Crimea, Tuesday.

PUNCH.



BROTHERS IN ARMS.

BRITANNIA TAKES THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE BRAVE UNDER HER PROTECTION



BROTHERS IN ARMS.

BRITANNIA TAKES THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE BRAVE UNDER HER PROTECTION.

LIEUTENANT MAXSE'S RIDE.

AFTER Alma's glorious battle, RAGLAN, having changed his plan, said, "I wish DUNDAS could know it." "Well," said MAXSE, "then I'm your man." "Would," said RAGLAN, "he could bring his fleet to Balaklava Bay." MAXSE said, "I'll ride back, then, to him, and inform him what you say."

"But," said RAGLAN, "my good fellow, round us hover the Cossacks, Thousands of those rascals scour the country." "They be dashed!" said MAXSE.

"But, in case the thieves should catch me, write not what you have to tell, I by word of mouth will bear it." RAGLAN answered, "Very well."

MAXSE forthwith upon his pony leapt, and galloped right away, Whilst the brave spectators cheered him, shouting "Hip, hip, hip, hooray!"

On the army's track returning, through the tangled wood he sped, Dashing mid the stiffest thickets, which he butted with his head.



Down before him goes the cover; hazel, and young oak, and ash; And the hares and rabbits scamper round him while the branches crash, At the sticks full tilt he charges; every stick, that bends not, cracks, Brambles tear his coat and trowsers: go it, pony! go it, MAXSE!

Through the forest, through the meadow, MAXSE for dear life rides his race;

Time there's none to look behind him: Cossacks may, or not, give chase.

Bullets after him may whistle; whizzing by he hears them not, Why? because the brave LIEUTENANT'S gallant steed outstrips the shot.

Hedge, ditch, wall, gate, fence and paling, brook and rivulet he clears, Swims the torrent, having plunged therewithin! head over ears, Tramples pigs, and scatters sheep and goats that on the pastures browse, Goes clean over the old women, and the oxen, and the cows.

Farmers raise, in Crim-Tartaric, shouts which correspond unto "Don't go ridin' amongst they turmuts! this field don't belong to you!" "Hulloa, fright'nun them there cattle!" "Hoy, there, tearun up them grapes!"

MAXSE nor heeds nor hears their clamour; like the crow's his flight he shapes.

Splashed and tattered, but triumphant, smoking, dripping, drenched with heat,

He has reached the shore commanded by the French and English Fleet, MAXSE is safe, and safe delivers what he was desired to say, So the Admirals their vessels bring to Balaklava Bay.

When the youngest child now living is a foggy, grey and old, By his mouth this deed of daring will full many a time be told, To the rising generation Astley's shall present the scene, Oftentimes, when you and I are laid at rest in Kensal Green.

A NEW SHAKSPEAREAN READING.

It is suggested that, on the revival of *King John*, the taunt of *Falconbridge* to *Austria*, of "and hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs," for "calf's-skin," "bear's-skin" should henceforth be substituted.

DEFEND YOUR MAYOR.

MR. PUNCH, in token of the affectionate and devoted loyalty which he feels towards the new King of the City, and being desirous to protect his civic sovereign from a mass of wit, which there is too much reason to believe would otherwise be launched against his Majesty, doth hereby order as follows:

That no person do, for the space of one year from Lord Mayor's Day next ensuing, presume to make any jokes whatever founded upon the fact that his lordship's name is spelt with the same letters as that of the luminary which is appointed to attend upon this earth.

And with the view of better preventing much dreary jocularly, the following, and all kindred witticisms, though included in the above order, are specially forbidden.

If the LORD MAYOR should not attend upon any occasion when his lordship has been expected, no one is to say that the Moon is eclipsed.

If the LORD MAYOR's health is drunk, no one, as his lordship proceeds to reply, is to say, "Rise, gentle MOON."

If the LORD MAYOR goes to Windermere next autumn, no country journalist is to head his account of such excursion, "The MOON's on the Lake."

If the LORD MAYOR makes a remark, no one is to call it a Lunar Observation.

If the LORD MAYOR knocks anybody down (and it is to be hoped that in the case of any violation of these orders, his lordship will do so, either personally, or by athletic deputy), such person is not to be called Moonstruck.

If one of the Hammersmith omnibuses comes between the LORD MAYOR and a spectator, the latter is not to talk of the Moon behind a Cloud.

If the LORD MAYOR invites MR. CHARLES KEAN, MR. JAMES ANDERSON, MR. GUSTAVUS BROOKE, MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, MR. N. T. HICKS, MR. WENTWORTH BUTLER, and MR. JAMES W. WALLACK to dinner, no theatrical journal (even if his lordship should survive the occasion) is to quote anything about "The Moon and the Seven Stars."

If the LORD MAYOR requests MISS CATHERINE HAYES to sing at the Mansion House, no person is to predict wet weather from the fact of there being a Haze near the Moon.

If one of those wonderful correspondents of the *Sunday Times*, who ask for the most elaborate antiquarian and philological information (how providential that HAYDN'S Dictionary of Dates always opens with a reply) should not have inquired what is the height of the LORD MAYOR, our learned, but still facetious contemporary is not to say—"You are wrong. The Moon's altitude is 5 feet 10 inches."

If the LORD MAYOR is upon any particular occasion more witty than usual (if possible), no person is to remark "The Moon shines to-night."

If the LORD MAYOR looks at the thermometer to see whether the weather be warmer or colder than that of the preceding day, no astrological donkey is to say that the Moon is in apposition to Mercury.

Any person violating any of the above rules is to be liable, for the first offence, to be called a Pump, and for the second, to be placed under one, the handle to be worked by

PUNCH.

The Deserted One of Downing Street.

THE *Court Newsman* informs us, that on Tuesday "the Lord Chancellor arrived in town and visited the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE." It was very kind and considerate of the Chancellor to come to town and look in upon the Duke, who, while all his colleagues have been enjoying their vacation, has been "alone in his glory" in Downing Street. His Grace would have had a dull time of it indeed, but for an occasional conversation with the porter who fills the Government scuttles, and who came into the Duke's room now and then for the purpose of carrying coals to NEWCASTLE.

The University of the Army.

WE congratulate our QUEEN and our country on the progress that education has made in the British army. It is a gratifying fact that the officers and men constituting the expedition to the Crimea have all taken high honours at their Alma Mater.

Not Always so Easy.

ONE of the provisions of the Oxford University Reform Act is, that "Statutes may be made and altered, and the Congregation may speak in English." Ah!—that is, of course, if they can.

A SAFE RACE.—Muscovite has won the Cesarewitch this year. How could he help it, with the example of the splendid running of his namesakes on the Alma race-ground, before him?



AUSTRIA, HAVING DULY WEIGHED THE CHANCES OF THE PRESENT WAR, WRITES TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH TO CONGRATULATE HIM UPON THE SUCCESS OF THE ALLIES IN THE CRIMEA.

POVERTY AND PROPERTY.

A WOMAN of poverty (her name is not given by the Incumbent of Haggerstone), together with her family, make the most heroic sacrifices in aid of a "family upstairs," fellow-lodgers, visited with the cholera. Children die, other children are smitten, and the mother asks leave to lie down awhile "in the bed belonging to the other family." She does so, and—

"From that time until her own death, which took place yesterday morning (Oct. 6), the whole of the second family have never had their clothes off, nor have they laid down on a bed; and this act of self-denial has been borne without a murmur or complaint."

This is only another illustration of the benevolence of the poor towards the poor. Without the poor, what would the poor do?—is an old, searching question: a question that may, at times, put property to the blush in the attempt to answer it. To this benevolence of poverty, let us now oppose a case of the selfishness of property.

The scene is Worship Street Police Office. A lady named ROBINSON, "the owner of large leasehold property in Marlborough Court and other places in Whitechapel," is complained of by Inspector PRICE (a most vigilant and enlightened officer), for neglect of sanitary precautions. In Marlborough Stye, the inspector—

"Found the houses so densely occupied by tenants of the lowest class, each room being apparently tenanted by a separate family, that upon counting the tenants, who were in many instances promiscuously huddled together, he found there were no less than 157 grown-up persons of both sexes, and 111 children."

And yet can it be said—*pecunia non olet*? Has, indeed, lucre no smell—no taint—when obtained by way of rent for such dens of disease; such cholera-beds, but one remove from charnel-places?

"There was a total absence of the necessary drainage, the cesspool had overflowed, forming stagnant pools in the yard, from which was emitted an effluvia of the most pestilential and dangerous character. Several cases of cholera had occurred among the wretched inhabitants, and the continuance of such a revolting nuisance was calculated to engender disease of the worst description."

Yet, possibly, this fact did not break the nightly rest of Mrs. ROBINSON. She, it may be, still enjoyed "rosy dreams and slumbers light," the weekly rents still accruing. Mrs. ROBINSON's agent

MAKING GAME OF POETRY.

WE shall no longer despair of the project for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers since it has been found practicable to get a poem, in four cantos, out of the game of CHESS. For some time past we have noticed the advertisement of the work to which we allude, and we may therefore look in due time for "Backgammon, an Epic in sixteen books," and "Dominos, a Lyric in six octavo volumes, with a supplement in three." Since the happy days of prolixity, when PETERSDORFF launched on the world his famous "Abridgment" in nineteen volumes, and his equally famous addenda in about sixteen more, we have met with nothing to equal the poem of chess in four cantos—extra boards. Nevertheless, the subject is not a bad one for the poet's art. The ground work is chequered, the King and Queen give scope for the introduction of the dignifying element of royalty, the knights open the way to romance, the castles are suggestive of chivalry, the bishops invite the poet to a display of ecclesiastical learning, while the pawns lead naturally to the necessities, disappointments, and unredeemed pledges of every day life. Altogether there may be many inferior subjects for a poem, than the subtle game of chess.

Jonathan's Baby Show.

A SHOW of American babies—according to the *Cincinnati Gazette*—was to take place in Springfield on the 5th instant. The prizes were various. There were to be three complete silver tea-sets for the mothers of the three finest babies of three different ages. Doubtless, it is very right that the mothers of the finest babies should be rewarded, but are the sires to have nothing? If this omission be not amended, it is thought that the fathers will strike.

Decline of Irish Humour.

It has been for some time remarked that the Irish character is undergoing an alteration. The Belfast Trade Report confirms this observation. It states that

"Yarns continue as dull as possible."

A complete change, therefore, appears to have taken place in the character of Irish anecdote.

implored for time; "hoped the magistrate would suspend the immediate execution of the summons," as the herd of lodgers should very soon be put in lavender. MR. HAMMILL, however, was obstinate, and Mrs. ROBINSON must immediately set about cleansing her Marlborough stye. Possibly, too, she would like to make some reparation for past neglect; in which case we beg to refer her to the incumbent of Haggerstone, who will gladly be her almoner for her poorer and more heroic sisters.

WHITE FEATHERS.

How wonderfully easy does the British officer make a seeming impossibility! In the field of battle he wears the white feather, yet never shows it.



WHYS FOR THE WISE.

Mr. PUNCH has a kindred respect for clever people, and will therefore be proud to make acquaintance with any constant reader who can tell him—

Why do authors who profess the most profound contempt for prefaces invariably write one?

Why is it not thought "the thing" to call for beer at a dinner party, or be seen in Regent Street beyond the middle of August?

Why can Constant Readers never write a letter without an allusion to "your influential columns?"

Why do public singers, even when off duty, apparently consider it derogatory to shave themselves?

Why can you by no persuasion ever get a man to own that he has ever won above "a crown or so" in a night at loo?

Why cannot a business man in Parliament pronounce the word "Schedule" otherwise than "Sheddle," and why cannot a concert critic describe a singer's voice without calling it an "organ?"

Why can fashionable people never condescend to write at all legibly?

Why can Undergraduates never offer you a cigar, except by its slangy synonym of "weed?"

Why should a cabman or a Brompton bus conductor act as though he would lose caste by treating ladies civilly?

And lastly—



WHY CANNOT YOUR WIFE TRAVEL FOR A WEEK WITHOUT TAKING WITH HER LUGGAGE FOR A TWELVEMONTH?

OUR ANTI-PRUSSIAN BLUES.

THE "curious observer" may have recently remarked that the policeman is no longer identified with those white Berlin gloves which from the very foundation of the force have been one of its most prominent characteristics. We have often wondered where could be the analogy between the policeman and the white Berlins, and we have sometimes imagined that the spotless gloves were emblematical of stainless hands, or of a readiness to cope with the light-fingered gentry in general. Having for some time "lost ourselves in speculation," as the poet says when he has nothing to speculate with, and only himself to lose, we at length came to the conclusion that we had discovered the cause of the abandonment of the Berlin, and the substitution of the black worsted glove by the Metropolitan Police. The fact is that the Berlins are discarded because we are no longer hand in glove with Prussia, of which we need not remind the careful reader of PINNOCK that Berlin is the capital. We have no doubt that the casting away of the Berlin glove by the police authorities is a pointed method of throwing down the gauntlet to Prussia, which until it unites with us in arms, ought not to be permitted to receive our hands.

A SPECTACLE FOR CIVILISED EUROPE.

How little the Russian War has made itself felt in the money market! We do not see the CZAR in the Stocks. No: but we should like to see him in the Pillory.

GOING, GOING, GONE!

AT last Mr. G. V. BROOKE has removed his carmine and hare's foot from Drury Lane Theatre. At one time there were signs of a very severe winter, for we thought that G. V. had set in until at least Christmas. But he really is gone, having—ere his departure—with his customary benevolence played for the benefit of the Licensed Victuallers' Charities (the ex-editor of the *Tizer* did not sing a comic song as was expected), and further, having consented to sit for his portrait as a sign—*The G. V.'s Head*, a sign that will be substituted by the owner for the present *Bull and Mouth*.

MR. BROOKE being about to take a long voyage to the Antipodes, the Licensed Victuallers presented the actor with an affectionate and no less fitting testimonial; namely, a cork-jacket manufactured from their own bungs!

We wish the actor a speedy and prosperous voyage! But if his ship has to encounter as many puffs at sea as he has raised about him ashore—why then Heaven help the underwriters!

Another Brutal Assault.

NEXT to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, perhaps no one has of late so much disturbed our peace as the perpetrator of the following:—

Q. Why is a lean dog like a man in meditation?—A. Because he's a thin cur.

A BROADSIDE FROM THE BLACK SEA.—V. THE RE-KINDLING OF THE BEACON.

"The Russians had abandoned the light-house on the Western Cape, and extinguished the beacon. Our men have occupied the tower and re-kindled the light!"—
Letter from the Sea of War.

WHILE the Russians, cowed and craven,
 Under Akhtiar's batteries hide,
 Deep in Balaklava's haven,
 Lo the fleets of England ride!
 Since the tall mast gilt and graven
 Of the Viking, far and wide,
 Bore the bloody-beaked Norse Raven—
 No such flag all flags defied!

Yet how many flags that water
 Hath reflected, since of yore,
 Shipwrecked wretches, saved for slaughter,
 Stained the Taurian temple's floor;
 Where pale AGAMEMNON'S daughter
 As the votive lock she shore
 From a victim's head they brought her,
 Knew a brother's face once more.

Here the grim Varangian rover,
 His sea-dragons would embay:
 Stalwart swordsman, lusty lover,
 Frank at feast, and freck in fray.
 All the world's wide waters over,
 With his war-axe cleaving way
 Hovering, as the ospreys hover,
 Ere they swoop upon their prey.

Hither came Byzantium's galleys,
 Gilded stems, and sails of grain,
 For the wine of Ktenian valleys,
 And the corn of Paphra's plain.
 Hither, on their venturesous sallies,
 Genoa sent her merchant train—
 Fraudful friends, and treacherous allies,
 Keen for conquest, as for gain.

Where the Chersonese advances
 Westernmost to meet the sea,
 Stands a beacon-light that dances
 O'er the waters, watchfully:
 Through all changes, and all chances,
 Whoso uppermost may be,

Through the night that Pharos glances,
 For wave-wandering eyes to see.

Cymric hands its fires have tended;
 Greeks have fed its friendly blaze;
 Dark Khazars its flame have mended,
 Norse Vikings nursed its rays.
 Tatar hordes, their way that wended
 Hitherward from Akhtiar's bays,
 Still the helpful light defended,
 Guide o'er ocean's darksome ways.

Till—when both Khazar and Tatar,
 Norse and Greek had passed away,
 When proud Genoa ceased to barter,
 And the Moslem ceased to slay—
 Russia's lascivious daughter,
 Witch in wiles and man in sway,
 After Tschesme's fearful slaughter,
 Saw these shores her nod obey.

Since that day, the beacon scorning
 To be dimmed, whoe'er its lord,
 Still the brow of night adorning
 O'er the sea its light has poured.
 But no more like star of morning
 By the sailor 'twas adored—
 Guidance gave it none, but warning
 From a coast accurst, abhorred.

Far it shone—the scene revealing
 Of dark deeds that shame our time;
 Where men thrive by double-dealing;
 And the basest highest climb:
 Where foul fraud kills noble feeling,
 Where free speech or thought is crime,
 Outward polish ill-concealing
 Barbarous nature 'neath its slime.

For a time, but not for ever
 Such things are—to shame our pride.

But God's justice slumbers never,
 Though the sword awhile she hide.
 Lo, at length, the chains to sever,
 That have stretched so far and wide,
 And the nations to deliver,
 France and England side by side!

Cowed before that high alliance,
 Russia's hosts are fain to flee,
 While, in glorious defiance,
 Our great navies sweep the sea.
 Strong in justice—in reliance
 On our cause, what fear can be?
 Shall slavish gold or slavish science,
 Or slavish myriads daunt the free?

On that cape, the Russian flying,
 From our fleets and armies bold,
 Left the ancient beacon lying
 In its ashes, black and cold.
 'Twas well done—for in its dying
 That still shone from days of old—
 War and elements defying—
 Emblem of their fate behold.

Russia's star for ever faded,
 As that beacon sunk in gloom;
 But bold hands by true hearts aided,
 Take the knaves' and cowards' room.
 Hither through their blood they've waded,
 The old tower to re-illum—
 Shine again! nor e'er be shaded
 Till the awful day of doom—

Shine—a light that none shall smother—
 Shine across an open sea;
 Shine, for brother greeting brother;
 Shine, for slavery made free;
 Shine, for men's love of each other;
 Shine, for commerce, toil and glee;
 Shine, for Progress—mighty mother
 Of the good that yet shall be!

DOUBLEBEESEIORAUS.



PROFESSOR OWEN has hitherto exhibited no specimens of this animal. Everybody has a passing acquaintance with the Plesiosaurus, the Megatherium, and so forth, that the visitor sweeping round the corner on his way to the Crystal Palace, beholds in grim repose amid pre-Adamite deposits; but, we repeat it, the Doublebeeseioraus, that marks the good old time of corn laws, top boots, and leather breeches, that animal specimen is only to be found at Castle Heddingham. The creature—for some strange, mysterious purpose—endowed for a time, with articulate utterance, talked to the agricultural mind. The Doublebeese observed—

"I want to know nothing more than what I already know of Popery," a fact very gratefully received by the company. And then the Doublebeese spoke of "that rascal FLEWKKER;" also of a letter written to that individual, in which that letter speaks of "strong religious and Protestant principles as to my mind the foundation of true conservatism." Perjury may sometimes come to the help of conservatism, just as pepper gives heat and flavour to cookery. DOUBLEBEESE confessed to the remorse of having voted against his conscience for SIR JAMES GRAHAM, whom he never could abide!

"Talented as he is, I never could bear that evil eye, that sinister look, that brazen meretricious leer, and the braggart, impudent face which he puts on to cover as dastard a heart as ever beat beneath a coat!"

This is a good specimen of strength of words! Among the pre-Adamite animals, there are marvellous indications of power, but nothing equal to this. The Megalosaurus had, it is supposed, a most wonderful swing of tail, but what is that when, with the above in our mind, we think of the potency of the Doublebeeseioraus—its indomitable strength of cheek, and invincible power of jaw!

THE SPIRIT OF FOLLY.

THE following advertisement opens out a perfect Australian gold field with which quackery and humbug may still no doubt be tempted to extend their "diggings." We had thought all the forms of imbecility had been pretty well worked up in the hands of swindlers and impostors, but here we have a new phase of intellectual softness, offering its plastic self to the manipulations of the regular professional victimiser or the artful dodger:

A GENTLEMAN, curious in such matters, wishes to find a person capable of SEEING and SHOWING VISIONS in the CRYSTAL, or otherwise acquainted with Spiritual Divination. Address to "Box," at G. Ramsden's, Stationer, Vicar Lane, Leeds.

We see scarcely any limit to the amount of "visions" which will be offered to the gullibility of this confessedly "curious" gentleman. We can imagine the rapid succession of "visions," complete with "baseless fabrics" which would be presented to the advertiser by an adroit schemer on the Stock Exchange. We can fancy the beautiful "bubbles" that could be blown expressly for the gentleman desirous of "seeing visions," and we can conceive his admiration and surprise at seeing them dissipated into "thin air," and thus substantiating—by their total want of substance—their visionary character. There may also be another class of visions introduced to the notice of the "curious gentleman" through the medium of the "crystals" or glasses, and that "spiritual" agency—including cordial and other compounds—to which the "gentleman" seems to point in the latter part of his advertisement. "Visions" may be seen at any public house by placing the "Crystal" frequently to the mouth, provided the "Crystal" is fully charged with that "spiritual" essence, which our advertising friend has alluded to. We do not envy the postman the work he will have to do in carrying the correspondence that will be addressed to "Box"—a characteristic name no doubt, though we think some softer wood would have been more appropriate.

KUDOS FOR DONALD.—The Russian snake has been scotched at Alma; and it is by no means extraordinary that in that operation a leading part should have been taken by the 93rd Highlanders.

EXPRESSIVE DOUBLEFACEDNESS.



Do you hear that the eagle of Prussia, for the future, is to be drawn with two heads instead of one. This change has been adopted, in order that it may the more closely resemble the eagle of Russia in all its attitudes. Besides this double front will fit most admirably into its old diplomatic habits of duplicity, and even grace them like an appropriate ornament. Not only will they be ornamental, but also extremely useful, for with two heads Prussia will be able to look two ways at once with the greatest ease. We have been favoured with a private

view of the intended alteration, and find that, to suit the present aspect of European affairs, one head of the Prussian eagle is turned towards the East, leaning decidedly in favour of Russia, whilst the other head is looking coldly to the West, but slightly, very slightly inclined in the direction of England and France. The change has been submitted to the King, and he has been pleased to highly approve of it, and indeed an emblem of Prussia with two heads could not well be otherwise than agreeable to a monarch who, it is well known, is always having two minds.

“A BLIGHTED BEING.”

MR. ROBSON, at the Olympic, great as he is in his wretchedness, is not the only blighted being. There is also a Blighted Being in the French, namely M. BARBÉS. He is released from gaol, and he is broken hearted! His prison doors, by imperial command, are thrown open, and what lies before him? The sunny path of liberty? Certainly not; but the wide, wide, cold, cold world: its road strewn with shards and skirted with briars. He was happy, quiet, and content in his stone dungeon, as toad in the heart of a block of marble: but the stone is broken, daylight is let in, and it is too much for the eyes and brain of the liberated. He is from that moment a blighted being, scorched, withered, paralysed by the quality of mercy, dew-like descending upon him. What right had the imperial despot, LOUIS NAPOLEON, to degrade the patriot BARBÉS with the blighting gift of freedom? M. BARBÉS was patriotically at work cutting on blade-bones, in beautiful relief, a whole series of scenes of the coup d'état. Those bones—like the engraved tin-cups of BARON TRENCK—would have perpetuated the memory of that gigantic wickedness; and now, with the twentieth blade-bone in his hand, he is turned forth into that wilderness, the outside world! Who is to wonder that BARBÉS should kick, bite, spurn at such tyranny? How writes he,—the noble, bursting heart?—“I shall pass two days at Paris to allow time to replace me in prison, and that period once over, on Friday night I shall go into exile.” He has been as good and as bitter as his word; he is now in Brussels, we hope on his way to London; when—such is sympathy—he must visit the Olympic Theatre. Great will be the attraction to behold at the same time Two Blighted Beings!—ROBSON blighted on the boards, and BARBÉS blighted in a stage-box!

THE GROWTH OF A NEW SUBURB.

FIRST come the masons and bricklayers. As the houses begin to rise from the ground, a public-house shoots up suddenly at the corner. After the publican, come in due time the baker, grocer, and butcher, who are quickly followed by the tobacconist, and the barber, who sells peg-tops and newspapers on the Sunday. The doctor follows next, and after him comes, as a matter of course, the undertaker; and lastly, when the new Suburb has fairly settled down, and has got gas, water, new milk, and a policeman of its own, arrives the Lawyer. The arrival of the Lawyer is always a sure sign that the new Suburb is getting on well, and it is a singular fact, that though the Lawyer is generally the last to come, he is invariably the last to go. The poor-house soon rears its *chevaux-de-frise* head as a natural consequence, and as long as there is a pauper in it, or a man in the new Suburb to make a pauper of, the Lawyer never leaves it. Once firmly located, nothing short of an earthquake, or universal emigration, or perpetual cholera, will get him to move—but then we know it is not in the nature of a lawyer to be easily moved.

A Proper Precaution.

THE French band of the Emperor's “Guides,” who are to visit us to play in aid of the Soldiers' Fund, have, before venturing to London, had the Solicitor of the Dramatic Authors' Society bound in a very heavy bond that, being the last French novelties, they shall not be translated into English.

WHAT IS THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND?

WHAT is the German's Fatherland? The world would like to understand, And why the German holds it worth More than another tract of earth?

Is it a land of bright sunshine? Is it a land of corn and wine? Abounding, all the world above? That Fatherland which Germans love.

Who, for itself alone, would prize The land of finest scenes and skies? Or care a fig about its fruits, If they but served to fatten brutes?

The Fatherland of Germans, then, Should be a land of noble men; A land of arts, and arms, and lore, Their Fatherland should be, therefore.

In learning, glorious art and song, The German's Fatherland is strong: Arms, too, the brave Teutonic breed To wield, like men, are good to need.

But parcelled out that land we see Which should be all entire and free: Each weak state owns a despot's rule: One strong one that of one weak fool.

With strings of apron basely tied, By means of sister or of bride, Are these mere satraps of the CZAR To their Imperial Master's car.

What, Germans! honest men, and true, And shall they also harness you? You to that chariot shall they bind Whose wheels but move to crush mankind?

If you will crouch, and kiss the ground, Before those poor old women crowned, The dirt, whereon you dare not stand, That is the German's Fatherland.

A HANDSOME OFFER!

THE following appears in an Irish paper:—

ADVERTISEMENT.

AN extensive Landed Proprietor on the Banks of the Shannon, will make a Wager of £500 that he has
The Handsomest Wife,
The Handsomest nine Children,
AND
The Handsomest Estate in Ireland.

Application to be made to J. F. E. G., *Erres' Hotel*, Glin, Co. Limerick.

In these days, when Prize Baby Shows are coming into fashion, we may expect a pretty strong competition for the £500, offered by the “extensive” Landed Proprietor. If the term “extensive” is to be applied to the “personalty” rather than the “realty”—to the man rather than his property—we wonder he does not throw himself into the scale, and make his own weight the subject of a wager.

The Lord Mayor's Day.

It has been proposed to omit or very much to abridge the luxuries of the LORD MAYOR'S dinner, giving the money to the Soldiers. To do this, to pay down ringing sovereigns so saved, would indeed be to make “the voice of the turtle heard in the land.”

THE CLOAK OF RELIGION.—It is to be known sometimes by the *fine nap* it has during sermon time.

"WHERE'S MISS CRUVELLI—CAN ANY ONE TELL?"

"*MADMOISELLE CRUVELLI* has most unaccountably mizzled. She was announced to appear on Mouday last at the Grand Opera; and the audience had actually assembled and the curtain was ready to rise, when it was announced to the astonished director that the *prima donna* had not arrived. * * * The only additional information which could be obtained was that she had started for some place—no one knew where, and no one knew why. There was nothing for it but to apologize and announce that *MADMOISELLE POINROT* would perform the part—who did so with such spirit that *MADMOISELLE CRUVELLI*'s absence was much less regretted than she perhaps imagined it would be. But what has become of *MADMOISELLE CRUVELLI*? No one seems to know. Some say she has gone to America, seduced by the mighty *BARNUM*; others say she was dissatisfied because her name did not appear on the bills in large characters; others, again, say that she was displeased with the part allotted to her in *La Nonne Sanglante*. But no one here is surprised, and few are sorry."—*Paris Correspondent of the Chronicle*.



WHAT has MISS CRUVELLI done,
And why has MISS CRUVELLI run?
The manager can't say,
But he knows she's cut away,
And MISS POINROT thinks it monstrous fun—fun—
And MISS POINROT thinks it monstrous fun.

Off, like a bullet from a gun,
Off, like a Quaker from a pun,
Off, self-willed SOPHY goes,

Not a word to friends or foes:
Not a line of explanation—none—none—
Not a line of explanation—none.

When JENNY gave the sack to BUNN,
When JOANNA by great GYE was won—
The ladies let us know
Why they served the parties so.
Not one word from MRS. SOPHY—one—one—
Not one word from MRS. SOPHY—one.

Was it BARNUM (that unequalled son
Of puffing) with a tempting ton
Of nuggets, made her shirk
Her duty and her work?
With her salary it couldn't be a dun—dun—
With her salary it couldn't be a dun.

Did the printer make her angry, mun?
Or was it that she sought to shun
A part she thought too bad,
Too comic, or too sad,
And she wouldn't be a Bleeding Nun—Nun—
And she wouldn't be a Bleeding Nun?

She was forced down London throats like a bun,
Or objectionable Sally Lunn.
The *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*
In puffs we thought ironical,
Bawled her praises in a way fit to stun—stun—
Bawled her praises in a way fit to stun.

But our public is a stubborn sort of Hun,
And wouldn't hail the new mock-sun;
But, owning she had merit,
Lots of voice and lots of spirit,
Stayed away, as it oughtn't to have done—done—
Stayed away, as it oughtn't to have done.

But in Paris with success she begun,
(The French like their music underdone)
Now, the *Chronicle* can tell ye
How its ancient pet, CRUVELLI,
Deserved the gold opinions that she won—won—
Deserved the gold opinions that she won.

If a twopenny Prime Lady at Vite Cun-
Dick Ouse from the proscenium hath spun,
Ere again they let her play,
She must tell the Abonay

Why she left 'em with her work undone—done—
Why she left 'em with her work undone.

But Souls made of Fire (SOPHY's one),
And talented young Children of the Sun,
(Which means, you know, my dears,
Them gifted Foreigners)

May do what they like, and call it fun—fun—
May do what they like and call it fun.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR ARMY SURGEONS.

WHETHER our forces have, or have not, been provided with sufficient surgical aid in the Crimea, it appears that the French troops at least have been well off in that respect. Our allies have adopted a remarkably clever plan to ensure a plenty of good surgeons for their wounded soldiers and sailors. With a wisdom which must astonish our Government, they afford them the same inducement as other officers to serve their country. For instance, according to the *Moniteur*, M. LAUVERGNE, first physician-in-chief in the navy, has been promoted to the rank of officer, in the Legion of Honour. Even ordinary medical practitioners are accounted by the French Government members of an honourable profession: for in the same paper we read that two surgeons, MM. MACRET and LAMBERT, have been appointed Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour, for their devotion to the sick during the raging of the cholera at Toulon. In this country the highest distinction awarded ordinarily to medical men is no higher than that ordinarily awarded to eminent grocers. Government does not consider a doctor to be, as such, too much of a philosopher to care about titles. It knights him by way of reward for merit. It thinks his profession as dignified as that of a tea-dealer, and no more. In these days of degenerate knighthood a snob, as aristocracy calls a tradesman, may be made a knight of; and aristocracy regards surgery and medicine as rather snobbish avocations, and a regimental surgeon as doing a lowish kind of duty even when performing a capital operation with a cool head and a steady hand amid a shower of bullets, sustaining the highest courage, without the excitement of fighting, under fire.



A LARK AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

A LARK is all very well for young gents in its proper place, but a church is not exactly the proper place for it. MASTER ERNEST FITZROY and his juvenile associates have been a little too frolicsome in sky-larking, by singing, contrary to the arrangements of the service, the Litany, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. There are plenty of places where they might render themselves conspicuous in the character of monkeys without being more than simply ridiculous. We say monkeys because these youths appear to affect that simious imitation of Popery called Puseyism. One of these little monkeys, however, bears the name of BULLOCK, but his acquaintance will probably be rather inclined to call him calf.

MR. WESTERTON, another time, if this offence is repeated, had better not interfere with the delinquents. He is the Churchwarden and not the proper officer to quell a puerile disturbance in church. That is the duty of the Beadle, and we hope that a large and powerful Beadle will be established at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; a Beadle with a strong arm and a stout cane, with which latter he will teach such young gentlemen as MASTER FITZROY and MASTER BULLOCK not to make a row in church.

THE PIANO IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

MR. PUNCH quite agrees with the sentiments respecting the piano and farmers' wives, which MR. C. R. COLVILLE meant to express at the Sparkenhoe Farmers' Club Dinner; but then, if *Mr. Punch* had been MR. COLVILLE, he would have said what he meant, and not the reverse. MR. COLVILLE, of course, was joking: but never venture on irony with ladies, or farmers either, still less with both together; your joke will most likely create a disturbance, as his did; and what is worse, you may also have to explain it; which, likewise, was his unhappy case. The following *béteses*, as the remarks in question were universally denominated by the ladies of the Sparkenhoe farmers, are reported by the *Sun* to have been delivered by that unlucky gentleman, in proposing "The Ladies," as a toast. Having noticed the circumstance of their presence as a new feature in agricultural meetings, and alluded to a notion generally prevalent, that farmers' wives were "too proud for their business," undeterred by the disapprobation which followed these words, MR. COLVILLE thus injudiciously proceeded:—

"It is, therefore, that I have observed with the greatest pleasure so many fair faces around me, and see them take an interest in agricultural affairs; for, depend upon it, if you intend to make a good dairy of cheese, you have not too much time to play upon the piano."

Well; then came the storm which might have been expected. Had *Mr. Punch* been in the place of MR. COLVILLE, the papers would have had to report the subjoined observations in place of the above:—

Mr. Punch, in proposing the toast of "The Ladies," said: "In the discharge of the pleasing duty which has been confided to me, I cannot sufficiently express my gratification at the sight of the ladies who have done us the honour of coming here. Their presence on this occasion refutes the vulgar calumny which asserts that farmers' wives are above their business. This vile slander is grounded on the circumstance that the accomplishment of music is general amongst them. They are accused of playing upon the piano. And why should they not—when they have nothing else to do? All work and no play—we know what the consequence of that is; and if farmers' ladies must have some playing, what can they play better than the piano? Are they to go jingling about with the cupboard-keys and the keys of the cellar continually, and never rattle over the ivory keys by way of a change of key? Then it is said that if they want a good dairy, there must be no piano-playing. That is, I suppose, for fear what is called a thundering accompaniment should turn the milk sour. Fiddlestick! When a farmer comes home of an evening he requires amusement; he does not always want to go to sleep—and what else can he go to?—he has no theatre, no concert, no Exeter Hall. Then what can be more suitable to his circumstances than that his wife should sit down at her instrument, and give him a bit of music. Suppose she plays something from HAYDN'S *Seasons*—for instance, "With cheerfulness the husbandman:" is not that just the sort of thing to raise his spirits, when perhaps they are depressed by the circumstance that the weather is bad for the corn; or if good for the corn, bad for the turnips? Or she might perform a selection from *Acis and Galatea*, that beautiful composition of HANDEL'S, so pastoral in its expression, and therefore so calculated to soothe his mind when anxious on account of his live stock. Well then she may refresh that affection which is the source of domestic happiness, by means of some tender melody of MOZART'S: and there are many passages in BRETHOVEN'S works by which she might awaken those sensibilities, which the grandeur and beauty of that Nature, amid whose glories he exercises his calling, do not perhaps always arouse as much as they ought in the mind of the British Farmer. Or should he, as may sometimes be the case, have not quite enough spirituality in him to understand that sort of thing, she might at least amuse his ear, and accelerate his slumber by the pleasant tinkle of a polka. Talking of that, I would venture to express the hope that the refining influence of music in the rural districts will ultimately reach the agricultural labourer, for whose improvement we are all so anxious; insomuch that no long time will elapse before the harvest home is held in the drawing-room, and whilst the ploughmen take the milkmaids gracefully around the room, the farmer's wife sits down at the piano, and plays the *Schottische* or the *Cellarius*."

Of course this speech would have been received with mild applause, and gentle laughter; and instead of the following sentiment having been proposed in consequence:

"Here's to the wife of a jolly good farmer, who can make a jolly good cheese, and play a jolly good tune on a jolly good piano to a jolly good family;"—

which indicates a very late hour and a yet more advanced state of beer; the Sparkenhoe farmers would have given "The health of our gallant friend, *Mr. Punch*, the chivalrous Protectionist of the Agricultural Ladies."

LADY A—E L—A S—E F—Z—P has obliged us with the following:—In the event of CERITO'S engagement at St. Petersburg, do you suppose the EMPEROR will allow the *Galop from Alma* to be played!!

THE ONE SHOP A-LIGHT IN THE STREET.



In one of the chief thoroughfares of one of the chief cities of the world, there exists a money-grub in the form of a hosier. All the other hosiers in that thoroughfare have, for the last two years, closed their shops at eight o'clock in the evening, so as to allow their assistants some little time daily to keep up the intellect, recruit the faculties, and exercise the affections which distinguish the human being from the ox and the ass and the pig. But this grub of a hosier persists in keeping his shop open till nine or ten at night; hence fears are entertained that the rest of the neighbouring hosiers will be obliged in self-defence to return to the old barbarous system of keeping their shops open equally late.

Deputations without number, consisting both of employers and employed, have, we understand, repeatedly waited on this sock-seller, and vainly endeavoured to prevail upon him to abandon his greedy practice of late closing. To all their remonstrances and entreaties a deaf ear has been turned by the obstinate and incorrigible snob.

The hosiers' assistants of the city alluded to, who have published the above-mentioned particulars in a handbill, further observe that the greedy "party" who keeps the hosiery nighthouse in the thoroughfare in question, will be at once discovered by means of a walk through that thoroughfare after eight o'clock in the evening. They also point out that by simply abstaining from the purchase of any hosiery subsequently to that hour, the inhabitants of the said city may protect the early closing hosiers from the loss now accruing to them, from competition, at a disadvantage, with those who close late.

We hope the residents of the Boulevard des Italiens will carefully perambulate that great thoroughfare on the first convenient evening five minutes after eight, mark the hosier whose shop remains open, and book his name. We trust that the people of Broadway, New York, will do the like.

And lest—but the thing is almost impossible—lest there should, peradventure, dwell any such linseywoolsey caitiff in the midst of our metropolis—lest, perchance any such worsted polypus should infest the heart of London—suppose, good fellow citizens, we also take a walk together the first convenient evening, shortly after eight—say—through Cheapside.

THE FLEET'S FAREWELL TO THE BALTIC.

FOR the winter we quit, to return with the swallow,
And then—Heaven only knows what is to follow!

Aberdeen at full Length.

THE good people of Aberdeen have hung a full length of their pacific Earl in the Town Hall. It is generally understood that the artist has been allowed to take a duplicate copy for the library of NICHOLAS, to be shipped for St. Petersburg when the present gunpowder cloud has quite blown over.

BASE ATTEMPT ON THE CRIMEA.

NAME of ill omen to that province-gulper,
In the CRIMEA he'll CRY MEA CULPA!

ADVICE FOR THE GOLD FIELDS.—The last advice that has been forwarded to the Diggings is the advice to remember the difference between mine and thine.



GROUSE SHOOTING LATE IN THE SEASON. JOLLY VERY!

"COME ALONG, OLD FELLOW! HERE'S A POINT!!"

DISRAELI AND THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER!

At Exeter, on the Fifth of November, there is to be a grand exhibition of fireworks in honour of Protestant ascendancy! In humble imitation of the City managers who, by requisition, wooed and won G. V. BROOKE to pass through Temple Bar, a committee is about to be formed at Exeter to invite MR. DISRAELI, as the Protestant champion in especial, to preside over the pyrotechnics. "If MR. DISRAELI would place himself at the head of the Protestant feeling of this country, he would soon be exalted to permanent and immoveable power." Thus saith the *Standard*. He would, in fact, go up like the rocket, and there should never be a coming down of the stick.

We think the invitation of MR. DISRAELI peculiarly felicitous. The Protestant mind of the country sees in DISRAELI the natural opponent of FAWKES. It is BENJAMIN v. GUY! The arrangements at Exeter are not yet complete; but it is already known that MR. DISRAELI will make a prefatory speech in the midst of the prepared fireworks. He will then, with his own hand, ignite a rocket, a Catherine-wheel, and—by way of irony—a Roman candle. The whole will conclude with a blaze of fireworks, MR. DISRAELI appearing in the centre. "Coningsby," in variegated lamps—indicative of the many-coloured genius of the president—will be lighted at a flash above the head of the Protestant champion.

We owe it in justice to the committee to state, that the nominal effigy of GUY FAWKES will in no feature resemble the B—U—P OF Ex—T—R: and, further, that an unprincipled attempt to bribe the rev—d d—gnitary's valet to sell a cast-off coat and apron of the revered b—h—p was indignantly refused by that faithful servant. In fact, the malice of the report is evident, from the circumstance that the man had no such articles in his possession.

Fatal Effect of Sudden Joy.

GREAT tragic actors ought to reflect somewhat upon the probable consequences ere they greatly condescend. It is well known that a deputation of the bankers, merchants, fishmongers, tripe-boilers, and others of the City of London supplicated MR. G. V. BROOKE to come into the City and act. He consented, and what was the consequence? A distinguished sausage-maker was so affected by joy at the event, that he has been in a state of delirium ever since. Two keepers constantly watch him. Fortunately the poor man's wife is able to attend to the business.

RUINS.—You never saw a ruin without ivy—you never saw a ruined man but he had a lawyer clinging round him.



HOW TO GET RID OF AN OLD WOMAN.

DEPUTATIONS RECEIVED AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE

BY BENJAMIN DISRAELI, ESQ., M.P.



BEING the *vezata questio* of the day, the honourable gentleman will receive, on Monday, a deputation from the Beard and Moustache Party, and listen to the proposals that will then be made to him to put himself at the head and chin of the movement. A large portrait of the talented Ex-Chancellor has been painted, in which he is represented with a most magnificent beard and flowing moustache. This portrait will be exhibited, and so becoming and flattering is the effect of it, that it is said Mr. DISRAELI will then and there give his countenance to the advocacy of the Muntzian cause. Intimation has been privately sent to MR. MECHI to prepare him for the worst.

On Tuesday, the Vegetarians have obtained permission to attend in a deputation upon him. They bring with them a calmly prepared statement, that if Mr. DISRAELI will espouse their principles, he will not save less than £3 2s. 5d. a-year,—that being the difference between the price of butcher's meat and vegetables; and will also become healthier, cleverer, wiser, and be able to

sleep sounder during LORD DUDLEY STUART'S speeches. It will likewise enable him to stand with greater fortitude the late hours, and taunts, and sneers, and turmoils of a Parliamentary life. His return to power (they hope to convince him) lies through a kitchen-garden.

On Wednesday, it is to be the turn of the Cabmen. They want Mr. DISRAELI to get the new law repealed. If he will only declare himself a regular Hansom, they engage to drive him back to Downing Street in less than no time, and to charge him nothing for the fare.

On Thursday, several distinguished Mormonites have an appointment with Mr. DISRAELI. They are anxious that he should give his consideration to the principles of their sect, with the view of becoming one of them.

On Friday a deputation of citizens and merchants from the New Cut will have the honour of waiting on Mr. DISRAELI. It is their wish that he should try to exert his influence with Mr. N. T. HICKS, for the purpose of dissuading that gentleman from leaving the Victoria Theatre before he has gone through a round of his most popular characters in the domestic and burglarious Drama.

On Saturday, Mr. DISRAELI has promised to attend a meeting of Bonnet-makers in Cranbourn Street. Having long noticed a gradual falling off in ladies' bonnets, they are only fearful that the bonnet may fall off the head altogether, and then what is to become of their trade? It is to avert this fall, that they are about to implore of the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer to turn his head a little to bonnets, in order to restore their proper equilibrium.

Besides the above, there are memoranda on Mr. DISRAELI'S table of deputations from the Scotch grievance-mongers, from the Italian Brothers, from the American female physicians who have been denied admission into the English hospitals, from the Bloomers, the readers of the *Morning Advertiser*, and various other persecuted classes and individuals, including of course all grades of Protectionists. In the meantime, as Mr. DISRAELI has generously stated that his time is always at the service of any deputation that may require his advice or assistance, there is but little doubt that he will have plenty to do until Parliament opens. For Parliament there is a recess, but for a DISRAELI none.

Lawks a Mercy!

THE name of the British chaplain still resident at St. Petersburg is the REVEREND O. LAW! His name is naturally enough in the mouth of such of his fellow countrymen as are obliged to remain in Russia when they hear unfavourable news through the Russian press, and as plenty of it is continually being fabricated, the reverend gentleman under the denomination of O. LAW! is wanted pretty frequently.

A Joke worthy of the Pillory.

By a new arrangement which the Post Office authorities are about to adopt, an old saying will be rendered obsolete; for how can we talk about being "knocked from pillar to post," when the pillar and the post are in future to be identical?

THE DUE OF THE DEAD.

I sit beside my peaceful hearth,
With curtains drawn and lamp trimmed bright
I watch my children's noisy mirth;
I drink in home, and its delight.

I sip my tea, and criticise
The war, from flying rumours caught;
Trace on the map, to curious eyes,
How here they marched, and there they fought.

In intervals of household chat,
I lay down strategetic laws;
Why this manoeuvre, and why that;
Shape the event, or show the cause.

Or, in smooth dinner-table phrase,
Twixt soup and fish, discuss the fight;
Give to each chief his blame or praise;
Say who was wrong and who was right.

Meanwhile o'er Alma's bloody plain
The scathe of battle has rolled by—
The wounded writhe and groan—the slain
Lie naked staring to the sky.

The out-worn surgeon plies his knife,
Nor pauses with the closing day;
While those who have escaped with life
Find food and fuel as they may.

And when their eyes in sleep they close,
After scant rations duly shared,
Plague picks his victims out, from those
Whom chance of battle may have spared.

Still when the bugle sounds the march,
He tracks his prey through steppe and dell;
Hangs fruit to tempt the throats that parch,
And poisons every stream and well.

All this with gallant hearts is done;
All this with patient hearts is borne:
And they by whom the laurel's won
Are seldom they by whom 'tis worn.

No deed, no suffering of the war,
But wins us fame, or spares us ill;
Those noble swords, though drawn afar,
Are guarding English homesteads still.

Own we a debt to these brave men,
Unpaid by aught that's said or sung;
By leaders from a ready pen,
Or phrases from a flippant tongue.

The living, England's hand may crown
With recognition, frank and free;
With titles, medals, and renown;
The wounded shall our pensioners be.

But they, who meet a soldier's doom—
Think you, it is enough, good friend,
To plant the laurel at their tomb,
And carve their names—and there an end?

No. They are gone: but there are left
Those they loved best while they were here—
Parents made childless, babes bereft,
Desolate widows, sisters dear.

All these let grateful England take;
And, with a large and liberal heart,
Cherish, for her slain soldiers' sake,
And of her fulness give them part.

Fold them within her sheltering breast;
Their parent, husband, brother, prove.
That so the dead may be at rest,
Knowing those cared for whom they love.

Russian Military Habits.

In very many instances at Alma—the Russian officers covered their uniforms with the gray great coats of the common men. Thus they illustrated the old taunt, that "the post of honour was a private station."

QUIET STREETS.

(LANDLADIES' CIRCULAR.)

THE Season for taking lodgings in London having arrived, the LANDLADIES of the QUIET STREETS of the metropolis respectfully submit the following programme of

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMANCES,

which they have, by dint of toleration and encouragement, succeeded in procuring for the benefit of ladies and gentlemen who may desire quietness.

References to lodgers who have gone away, and who can testify to the fidelity with which the whole of these performances are regularly given in the neighbourhoods in question, are kindly permitted. Inquiries may also be made at Bethlehem Hospital, and Hanwell Asylum, of inmates of those establishments who have removed thither from Quiet Streets.

To invalids, to persons possessing nerves, to clergymen and others desirous of study, to authors, to musicians, and to all who deem quietness, at certain hours at least, one of the necessities of life, the Quiet Streets offer advantages not to be found elsewhere.

PROGRAMME

PERFORMANCES IN THE QUIET STREETS OF LONDON.

MORNING.

Six. Swceps, who will knock loudly until seven, varying their performances by whistling, by invocations to the blessed housemaid MARY, and by rattling their brushes along the rails of the areas of the house to which they come, and of its immediate neighbours.



The following cries will then begin, and each will be continued up and down the street until the performer is relieved by his or her successor:—

Seven. First Milkman, with loud shouts of "Mieaw!"

Half-past Seven. Second Milkman, with loud shouts of "Low-eu!"

Quarter to Eight. Third Milkman, with great rattling of pails, and a prolonged shriek, "New Milk, twopence, a kvort!"

Eight. Hoarse young Girl: "Any Water-cree-ee-ee-ee-ses?"

Half-past Eight. Hoarse old Man: "Fine Water-cree-ses!"

Nine. "Hearthstones!"

Half-past Nine. "Dust, ho!" "Any Chairs to Mend?"

Ten. "Pa-per! Pa-per! Pa-per!"

Half-past Ten. First Organ: *Morning Hymn—Pop Goes the Weasel.*

Eleven. Two Costermongers who purposely bawl at the same time, "Vegetables! Tatars! Turnips." (The great effect of the morning—in fact a sensation.)

Half-past Eleven. Hebrew melody, "Any O Clo?" Grunt accompaniment.

Twelve. All the boys come home from school, and are sent to play for an hour in the Quiet Streets that they may not be run over. Gymnastics—leap-frog—pugilism—quarrels.

Half-past Twelve. Second Organ: *Love Not—Villikins.*



AFTERNOON.

One. Cat's Meat. Also Rabbits. Also Images.

Half-past One. Knife-grinder—very deliberate artist—with pleasing accompaniment on grindstone—fireworks.

Two. "Any Umbrellas to mend?" The Three Furious Milkmen again.

Half-past Two. Third Organ: *Rule Britannia—Polkas.*

Three. Flower-show. Loud lecture: "All a blowin', all a growin', a penny a pot, ladies, a penny a pot, ladies—a penny a pot flow—ers!"

Half-past Three. The sailor who received the immortal NELSON in his arms at Trafalgar; with tracts to sell. Pious song, "Your art's uncommon stony, But still there's opes for you." This performer is irascible and slightly abusive if an unprotected female looks at him and does not give him money.



Four. "Grunse for your birds—now then—grunse—grunse! Grunse for the dicky, for the poor little dicky, grunse!"

Half-past Four. Fourth Organ: *Partant pour la Syrie—Jolly Nose.*

Five. "Fly-papers! Fly-papers! Here's somefin to catch the nasty flies wot bites the little babies' eyes. Fly-papers!"

Half-past Five. "Muffins—muffins!" Mass bell accompaniment.

EVENING.

Six. "Walnuts, fine new walnuts!" Usually a trio.

Half-past Six. Fifth Organ: *Evening Hymn—Drinking Chorus from Robert le Diable.*

Seven. Boys having had their tea, and it is hoped learned their lessons, are turned out for an hour's wholesome play before dark. Performance as at twelve, but much noisier.

Half-past Seven. Sixth Organ. Band instrument, drawn by a horse, and worked by two men. (The roaring of this instrument may be heard many streets off, and so far as mechanical inventions may be compared to the *vox humana*, the effect equals that of the eleven o'clock performance.)

NIGHT.

Eight to Ten. Miscellaneous. If the night be fine, the boys howl at the passengers, and sing defiant ballads. If wet, children are turned out, with very few clothes, to sing in a very high voice, and to whine to the basement story. Hurdygurdies, and other instruments are also heard, and a German band plays at the public-house at the corner. But arrangements have been made for the performances to conclude about ten o'clock. It should, however, be added, that all cabs in a hurry take the Quiet Streets during most hours of the night, and therefore the depressing stillness so fatal to health and intellect, is avoided until, at six o'clock, the round of performances is renewed.



SOMETHING RADICALLY WRONG.

The following is from an Australian paper:—

THE party who stole a root from my garden and dropped a nugget, is informed that there are more plants left. W. LAW, Seedsman, 187, Little Collins Street East.

We have been taught that we should "set a thief to catch a thief," but it would appear from the above, that in order to catch a thief we should sometimes set a cabbage or some other member of the vegetable kingdom. We are not told what root it was that the thief took away, but he made ample amends if he left behind him a carat of gold in exchange for a carrot of a more humble material. We are not surprised at the invitation to the "party" to come again, on the same terms, though he will probably absent himself for the future from a set of roots, where he has found one that has proved to him a root of evil.

Qualified Praise.

A CONTEMPORARY, remarking upon a Lecture on the Mind, says "the Reverend Gentleman's Discourse was profound and erudite, comprehending nearly all that we know respecting mental phenomena."

THIEVES "WANTED."

WE wonder that we do not see among the curiosities of advertising literature such an advertisement as the following :

WANTED, by a Wholesale House in the City, an active young Man, as Collector, who will actively collect his employer's money (and appropriate it to his own purposes). He must be a good walker (and well able to walk off with the fruits of his labours). Salary (nominally) £50 a year (but as it is quite obvious that he cannot support himself, with possibly a wife and family, on this sum, he will naturally be disposed to make up any deficiency from the funds with which he will be confidentially entrusted).

The above advertisement may seem somewhat unusual, but the following, which appeared in the *Times* of the 14th of October, if interpreted by the ordinary rules of common sense, can scarcely be supposed to differ from that which we have imagined.

CLERK.—WANTED, by a Wholesale House in the City, a respectable, active, young Man, age not to exceed 25, as COLLECTOR, and to make himself generally useful in the counting-house; must be a good walker. Apply by letter, in own handwriting, stating previous employment, references, capabilities, &c., age, and height, to, &c. &c. Salary £50 per annum.

We cannot suppose that the "wholesale house" putting forth the above advertisement can expect to obtain a "collector," a general clerk, and a porter (for he is to be "generally useful," and to be "a good walker," unless he is to collect for himself, to be useful to himself, and to walk off when detection seems imminent. If the "wholesale house" had other intentions, the advertisement would not have concluded with the significant words, "Salary, £50 per annum."

THE STAR SQUABBLE.

(AT PRESENT AGITATING ASTRONOMICAL AND ASTROLOGICAL SOCIETY.)

SAYS BREWSTER to WHEWELL, let's fight a star duel,
Though you're very cruel to raise such a strife.
What! Nature make worlds for mere lanterns, or fuel?
I tell you all planets are swarming with life.

SAYS WHEWELL to BREWSTER, you old Cock, or Rooster,
Why will you anew stir the question with me?
Excepting our planet, Creation's whole cluster
'S as empty as you and your volume, Sir D.

SAYS BREWSTER to WHEWELL, you've just got your gruel,
So, MR. PROFESSOR, you'd best sleep upon it.
SAYS WHEWELL to DAVID, go get your head shaved,
Unless you're afraid of the bees in your bonnet.

THE PIANOFORTE AND THE DAIRY.

MR. COLVILLE, Member for South Derbyshire, at the Sparkenhoe Farmers' Club Dinner, ventured to observe that he thought "the Farmers' wives above their business."—"The pianoforte would not harmonise with a good dairy of cheese." On this MR. COLVILLE was blown by a burst of indignation almost off his legs; as, ten to one, he will at the next election be blown clean out of his seat. MR. COLVILLE, as a peace-offering, then flung himself upon the poultry; "it was highly creditable to the ladies." It would not do—the ladies would not be mollified. Dropping the poultry, MR. COLVILLE next suggested that there should be, to the honour of the mothers, a baby show: we showed heifers, "why not infants?" This liberal suggestion was hooted, screeched at; and COLVILLE became wan and crest-fallen. All he said was a joke—a mere joke. After a time, the meeting professed to be satisfied with the explanation; but it was clear—after the departure of COLVILLE—that his words rankled. "This comes of making a man a Member of Parliament. He will tell his mind; he gets such a habit of straightforwardness in the House of Commons." It is thought that MR. COLVILLE will consider it as only due to himself to make a written answer to this aspersion.

An Attack not Easily Repelled.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS, it is said, is overcome with the deepest melancholy—and, to make melancholy matters worse, our brave Allies in the Crimea are likely soon to prove to him that it is no such easy matter to drive away the Blues.

EPICRAM BY SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

We've taken Bomarsund; *non constat*
That we could also have taken Cronstadt.

NIGHTINGALES FOR THE EAST.—We are about to send some dear Nightingales to nurse our sick soldiers. *Punch* would not much wonder if some of the Nightingales, in due time, became Ring-doves.

THE PILL AND DRAUGHT MARKET.



MEDICINE is evidently looking down, and Physic is becoming a drug in the market. In proof of this statement we subjoin quotations from the advertising column of a contemporary. From the first of these it will be seen that professional gentlemen are inquired for at an extremely low figure:—

MEDICAL.—WANTED, immediately, by a Surgeon, residing a few miles from town, a GENTLEMAN, to visit, dispense, and attend Midwifery. Salary, £40 per annum, with board and residence. Apply &c. &c.

By the next, it appears that the demand for assistants is not limited to medical gentlemen, but may be sufficiently answered by Surgery boys.

WANTED, by a Surgeon of limited practice, a YOUTH, about 18, with some knowledge of dispensing, to assist in the Surgery and take out the medicine. For address apply to WINDSOR, Bottle Merchant, Bartholomew Close.

The former of these announcements supplies us with data from which a tolerably safe estimate may be made of the extent and value of the advertiser's business. That the practice is a large one may be inferred from the fact that the services of an assistant are required in all its branches, but the amount of remuneration offered for the acceptance of candidates is an indication of small profits, which, taking all circumstances into consideration, we should be disposed to put down at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per visit, for medicine and attendance, over and above the cost price of the articles supplied. The nature of the board and residence which are promised the assistant in addition to something less than 15s. 5d. a week, is not stated. Of course no exception can be made to these terms; the wages of medical labour, like those of any other labour, must be regulated by the laws of supply and demand. It must, however, be considered absurd to advertise for a Gentleman, when the proffered hire is such that a Journeyman, unless he be a very unskilled one, would turn up his nose at it.

The remuneration, to be received by the Youth who is wanted to dispense the medicine and also carry it out, is not specified. We suspect, too, that the duties which he is expected to perform are more numerous than those mentioned in the advertisement. Besides taking round the physic to the limited number of patients constituting his master's practice, we apprehend that he would be employed in cleaning boots, knives, and forks; and also have to officiate in the stable, should the limited practice increase so as to necessitate the keeping of a horse. We must confess, however, that we hope no such extension of its limits may take place: since amongst a multitude of patients, whose medicines are compounded by an errand-boy, some awkward mistakes might happen. Possessing some knowledge of dispensing, but perhaps not quite enough, the Youth might put up corrosive sublimate for calomel, or substitute hydrocyanic acid for hydrochloric.

One thing is quite clear: that if medical assistants are paid at the rate of common mechanics, and engaged to perform the services of pages and tigers, we shall soon have our prescriptions dispensed by boys broken out with buttons, and medical and surgical operatives will call round for orders, in brown paper caps and fustian jackets, or without any jackets at all, and in mere waistcoats and shirt-sleeves.

A Determined Emperor.

SOME of the shot fired by the Russians at the battle of Alma are described as having been marked with the cross. The cross was probably the same kind of cross that was formerly borne on the Russian Flag. Formerly, we say, for the cross of the Russian Flag is now, we believe, white on a black ground, and has been altered into the figure of a pair of crossed bones, surmounted by a death's head, by order of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

WONDERFUL RESULT OF SUCCESS.

So immense has been the success of G. V. BROOKE in the City—so tremendously has his reputation increased—that it has been found necessary to take his passage to Australia in two ships!



Successful Conductor. "OH YES! THE LADY SENDS HER RESPECTFUL COMPLIMENTS, AND 'LL SEE YOU JOLLY WELL BLOWED FUST."

REST TO HIS SCISSORS!

LIEUTENANT ROYER may congratulate himself upon one great literary feat. He may be pretty certain that his *English Prisoners in Russia* is about the only English book that has lately been allowed admission into the CZAR'S dominions without some kind of mutilation. How the scissiors of the Censor must have gaped open wide with astonishment at finding that there was not a single passage that wanted cutting out. So signal an honour deserved some acknowledgment; and accordingly, LIEUTENANT ROYER has, we are informed, been appointed "Our Own Correspondent" to the *Gazette de St. Petersburg*.

HOURS AT COURT.

WE learn that M. VIVIER, the marvellous horn-player, gave such a blow to the Court of Wurtemberg that, after the Concert, "he had the honour of supping with the royal family, and sat next the PRINCE ROYAL." Why does not MONSIEUR VIVIER visit the Court of Berlin? He might give a most effective blow to the resolution of the KING OF PRUSSIA; who, it is said, has been required to give a definite answer to Austria—"yes, or no." Catch his Majesty doing anything of the sort. With him "yes" and "no" are only so far good as, like certain liquors, they are good for mixing.

NIobe FOR A BETTER HALF.—A poor simple husband has a wife, who is so addicted to crying, that he calls her "the perpetual Tear and wear of his life."

THE GLUT OF GREAT CREATURES.

It is delightful to see the daily string of Theatrical Advertisements in the *Times*, announcing the important fact of the whereabouts of those great luminaries of the stage, who, though leaving London in darkness, are pleased to shine with terrific glare in the Provinces. Numerous as these announcements have been, we can assure our readers that circumstances alone prevent the appearance of at least half a hundred additional advertisements every day from those geniuses, who are desirous of letting the world know what they are about, and how much the Metropolis is missing in the way of amusement by their absence from London. We subjoin a few specimens:—

MR. STENTOR, the distinguished hippo-tragedian, whose impressive horseback impersonations have created the greatest sensation ever known in any sawdust, will appear as *Mazepa*, at Greenwich Fair on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and at Charlton near Woolwich in the summer of 1855; and on Whit Monday, 1856, sails by the *Pink*, CAPTAIN CHAFFERS, for Cremorne. Letters in the meantime to be addressed to the Ostler, at the Stable Yard of the Hen and Hair-brush.

MR. BLACKWELL, the renowned Ethiopian, whose bones have long attracted the curiosity of the anatomist of human nature, will perform at the Haymarket on Monday Evening at 6, in Regent Street at 7, in Oxford Street at 8, and in Holborn from 9 till 11. Letters to be left with the Baked Potato Merchant, at the end of the Cab Stand, opposite the Theatre Royal Haymarket.

THE PUBLIC is respectfully informed that MR. CLATTER the renowned Drum, whose Concerts on that instrument, combined with the Mouth Organ, have attracted the attention of the authorities, and street-keepers in all parts of London, and whose running accompaniment, by command of INSPECTOR BLESTED, placed him in the very first rank of those with whom he was moving, will be in Smithfield Market on the 9th of November, until which period he is open to treat, or be treated. A whistle directed to the Three Pair Front Window, in Little Tufton Street, Westminster, will meet with immediate attention.

MISS LEONORA TOMBOY begs leave to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, the Cabinet Ministers, the Law Officers of the Crown, her friends, and the public generally, that on Saturday last she ceased to be a member of the Company of the Theatre Royal Greco-Bowery-Britannic Saloon.

SIGNOR FLEXIBLE, the unrivalled Indian Rubber Acrobat, who has twisted himself round the hearts of the public by a long series of contortions, and wound himself up to the highest pitch of public favour of the tight rope, will appear at the Elysian Gardens on Whit Monday next. All applications until that date may be addressed to the Signor at his private residence, which may be ascertained by application to the relieving officer of his parish, who is empowered to make all engagements for the Signor until further notice.

MR. WITHERBY.—This unrivalled delineator of the nicer shades of elderly characters, who is looked upon by himself as the only successor of FARREN, and whose aged fops have excited the enthusiasm of his family, and the box-keepers wherever he has acted, will have the honour of making his appearance at the Theatre Royal Anywhere, as soon as he can get engaged.

SHAKSPERIAN READINGS.—MR. JONES will read *Hamlet* on the 5th of November, with fireworks; *Richard the Third* on the 24th of August, 1855; and *King Lear* on the 7th Monday of 1864. All letters to be addressed to the Post Office, Islington.

HOW TO MANUFACTURE SPANISH DANCERS.

SPANISH Dancers begin to abound in London, from St. James's to Whitechapel. They are manufactured pretty much in the same way as a real Whitechapel Havannah, namely, of produce of English growth. Take a dark-looking young lady—if of the Hebrew persuasion the better—let her be pronetted two hours a day, made to stamp upon the floor, like an energetic housemaid killing black beetles—let the name of LEVY or MOSES be turned to the fulness and favour of PAQUITA or DOROTEA, and the transformation is complete. You have your muscular Whitechapel Spanish Dancer even as you have your full-flavoured Whitechapel Havannah.

Serenade for Sans Souci.

GLEE—"Here's a Health to all good Lassies!"

To the CZAR allied by marriage,
FREDERICK WILLIAM, move your carriage;
Let us pass, good monarch, pray,
To protect your brother, BRUIN,
Will you run the risk of ruin?
Prussia's carriage stops the way!

OLD BAILEY TO WIT.

LAST week the Manager of the Princess's made his first double appearance for the season as *Dubosc* and *Joseph Lesurgues* (the murderer and the victim) in the highly criminal drama of *The Courier of Lyons*. The Old Bailey did not illuminate.

VULGAR DEFINITION OF A TEETOTALLER.—A Drunkard convinced against his (s)will.



THE EMPEROR (with the mild eyes) DETERMINES TO SINK HIS SHIPS AND BLOW UP HIS CITIES—IN OTHER WORDS, TO CUT OFF HIS NOSE TO SPITE HIS FACE.

THE FATE OF FRANKLIN AND HIS MEN.

LET us draw around the fire ;
Embers ruddy glowing,
What a comfort they inspire,
Whilst the bitter tempest roars,
And it freezes out of doors,
And the wintry haze is snowing,
And the keen North-West is blowing !

Sit and listen to the gale ;
Frost without is stinging :
What a sad and solemn wail
Runs throughout its gusty squalls,
As it rises and it falls
Ever with a death-psalm ringing :
What a dirge the winds are singing !

Reddened in the hearthlight warm,
From the great log yonder,
Housed and sheltered, safe from harm,
Tracing pictures in the coals,
On the poor unhappy souls
Homeless in the cold who wander,
Is it not a time to ponder ?

Whose that wild wind's requiem,
Desolately sighing ?
Has it not swept over them,
Whose unsepulchred remains
Now bestrew the icy plains,
Where for Science martyrs dying,
FRANKLIN and his crew are lying.

There they starved among the snows,
Mid the icebergs hoary,
There to death they slowly froze.
On such errand let brave men
Never be dispatched again ;
Keep them for the strife of glory :
What a fireside winter story !

PUBLIC NUISANCE IN DOWNING STREET.

MR. PUNCH and a full bench of Contributors were occupied for some hours at the No-Quarter Sessions, in hearing a complaint against a very respectable looking old Scotch lady, who was understood to be a native of Aberdeen, and who was charged, as the owner of certain premises in Downing Street, with keeping a place so as to be a nuisance.

MR. INSPECTOR SHALLABALLA was the first Witness called. He said he was occupied in looking after the healthy condition of the neighbourhood of Downing Street, and finding the place occupied by the Defendant to have got into very bad odour, he had visited the spot and found a great accumulation of various matters, which caused a stagnation, which he, the Inspector, thought was very injurious to the healthy condition of the public. He would, however, with *Mr. Punch's* permission, bring forward a very important Witness, who could give full particulars. He would call LORD POMICESTONE.

LORD POMICESTONE deposed that he had long known the neighbourhood of Downing Street, and that he had lived on and off the premises for a series of years. He had sometimes been obliged to leave the place of his own accord, on account either of obnoxious businesses that were being carried on, or of some stagnation or other which prevented matters of various kinds from flowing in a free channel, and the place had thus got, from time to time, into bad odour. He knew the Defendant, whom he believed to be a very worthy well-meaning person, but very slow in adopting any improvement. He, the Witness, lived with Defendant as a neighbour, on pretty good terms, though he confessed he had sometimes lost his patience, and put himself out, but then he could soon put himself in again. (*A laugh.*)

MR. PUNCH asked the Witness if he could give any information as to the subject of the present complaint.

LORD POMICESTONE said that he certainly could say a good deal on the subject, though he had no wish to do anything unneighbourly towards the Defendant, who was a good old creature in her way, but when in other people's way was rather objectionable. (*A laugh.*) The Witness then proceeded to state that since he had been in Downing Street, lately he had observed various disagreeable effects from the place occupied by the Defendant. There was a sort of something which he could only compare to a kind of Scotch mist, which threw a damp on

everything, and imparted a disagreeable languor to everybody employed on the premises.

MR. PUNCH remarked that the Witness did not seem to be affected by it, for he seemed strong and hearty, and was understood to get through a great deal of business.

LORD POMICESTONE admitted that was true, but he added that he worked in a different part of the premises from that occupied by the Defendant, but he had nevertheless felt at times the influence of the damp he had spoken of, which could be compared in its consequences to nothing but the vapours. In fact, continued the Witness, it is well known that I have left my place more than once, and have only been coaxed back again by a promise that what I complained of should be remedied.

MR. PUNCH inquired if the Defendant had any answer to make to the complaint.

The Defendant, a most respectable-looking old party, here stood forward, and said that the place agreed very well with her. She had herself nothing to complain of, and she thought people had better mind their own business instead of making all this fuss about nothing. If people chose to poke their noses into places where they had no business, they could not complain if they found things not exactly as they liked.

Several witnesses spoke to the excellent character of the Defendant, but

MR. PUNCH remarked that this was not a case in which character was concerned. Public improvements must not be stopped, and nuisances suffered to exist, because the character of the party might be unexceptionable. There was a nuisance proved to exist, with a considerable amount of stagnation, affecting the whole atmosphere of the place, and throwing a damp on every thing in the neighbourhood. He should therefore order the place to be emptied and filled up in a complete and effective manner.

The Defendant said it would be useless to empty it, for it could not be better filled than it was at present.

LORD POMICESTONE remarked that he would undertake to fill it in a satisfactory manner, if the place was only once properly emptied.

DEFENDANT. You had better try.

LORD POMICESTONE. No, no! Let's have it emptied first, and then if nobody else will fill it, I will, if I can be allowed to do things in my own way.

MR. PUNCH declared this conversation irregular, and the parties left the Court.

THE CZAR'S FORGE.



WE have a little bird that flies a great way, and sometimes brings us back intelligence come-at-able by no other party's "Own Correspondent." By the aid of this little bird of ours we are enabled to take a bird's-eye view of the interior of one of the most im-

portant manufactories in Russia; that is to say the Imperial Forge at St. Petersburg. Here, the practical, no less than the poetical mind will naturally surmise, are forged the thunderbolts of war. Bombs, cannon balls, rockets, however, are not the description of articles produced at this establishment. Yet the weapons fabricated at the St. Petersburg Forge are almost, if not quite, as telling, in general warfare, as any of those missiles; instead of being round shot they are, in two plain and simple words, round lies. Made up in the form of bulletins, they do a service for their author which often, to a great extent, compensates for the shortcomings of his bullets. Let us use our little bird's eye as the lens of a peep-show, and take a look through it at the internal arrangements and economy of this interesting workshop, whence the whole Russian empire derives its principal supply of the commodity which is necessary to its political existence; to wit, in Oriental phraseology, the thing which is not.

The room, of which we are surveying the interior, does not look much like a blacksmith's shop. There is too much carving and gilding about it; too many statues—of nude VENUSES, many of them—too large a number of malachite vases in it for it in any measure to resemble that humble species of manufactory. There are a few more books also, and maps therein, than would probably be found in the best furnished apartment of even a master iron-founder. It is, in fact, a library. You see no fire in this forge; that is in the stove; no bellows; and no anvils except tables, whereon lie inkstands, pens, quantities of paper, and copies of the *Times*, *Moniteur*, *Punch*, and all the leading journals of Europe. These periodicals, supplying correct news and truthful comments, form the raw materials, which are to be worked up into masses of quite a different looking substance for distribution.

At each table sits a workman engaged in operating on the supply of facts before him. We remark that several of these labourers are decorated with ribbons and crosses: these are princes and other noblemen, of high civil and military rank. But our attention has been more particularly attracted by a tall stout personage, in a blue uniform and jack boots, who sits at a larger and handsomer table than the others, with despatches before him as well as newspapers, and whose chair is surmounted with the carved image of a nondescript of the feathered race, apparently meant for the Black Swan with Two Necks: only the bill is crooked, and the creature has a crown on either head, so that we understood it to represent the Russian eagle. This gentleman is MR. NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, the proprietor of the establishment. You are struck with a singularly mild expression in his eyes; a tiger's physiognomy is considered amiable by some people. Be thankful that you are not struck, nor ever likely to be, if we can help it, with the knout of which your mental vision may discern the thong hanging out of this gentleman's pocket. You observe that he wears a large silver cross at his breast; yes, MR. ROMANOFF is very devout, in the orthodox Russo-Greek way, and sanctifies all his operations of business, especially his transactions in wholesale murder and robbery, by connecting them with that holy symbol. And now MR. ROMANOFF, with his cross on his heart, is engaged in the hallowed work of his Forge: for NICHOLAS ROMANOFF is not so proud as to be above his trade.

Now you see a workman, evidently somebody of rank, perhaps one of MR. ROMANOFF'S OWN SONS; can it be MR. CONSTANTINE ROMANOFF, *alias* the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE? No; it is PRINCE POLISHOFF: quitting his desk, he walks up to MR. ROMANOFF, SENIOR, with a sheet of foolscap; like a schoolboy showing up his sum. The task which he in fact does show up is a piece of intelligence which has been allotted to him for alteration and embellishment. Ah! we perceive it is a version of the battle of Alma, in which two-thirds of the French and English are declared to have been killed, half of the other third to have been taken prisoners, and the remainder to have run away and fled before the face of MENSCHIKOFF, whose signature is appended to the document. See; MR. ROMANOFF, SENIOR, is looking over the performance. Now he nods and smiles with approbation; a fact has been exactly and adroitly falsified; now he frowns and dashes his pen through a word: it is a blunder expressing a truth. On the whole he is pleased: and, dismissing the author, sends the manuscript by an attendant to be set up in a neighbouring apartment wherein there is a printing-press, worked by a gang of pressmen from the office of the *Invalide Russe*. In a few moments the proof is returned to him for correction. First, he holds it out at arm's length, in a front aspect, and then takes an oblique view of it from either side with a right and left inclination of the head. He grins a little, and we seem to hear him chuckle. Yes; he thinks that will do, and having had the errata in it amended, sticks it against the wall, and retiring a pace or two indulges in a final gaze at its general effect, which is that of the most wonderful deception ever practised or exhibited. By means of fabrications of this sort, MR. ROMANOFF is enabled to drive a roaring trade; for they are sufficient to satisfy the requirements of his public, and he, for his own part, does not care, so long as his public enables him to carry on the War.

A GOOD BLOW-OUT FOR BARRISTERS.

AMONG the great Reforms contemplated by the Inns of Court is an alteration in the price of the dinners, which is to be henceforth two-and-sixpence. As the dinners are at present the only qualification for a member of the Bar, we would throw out the suggestion, that by way of popularising the profession, authority might be granted to a number of respectable eating-house keepers, to confer the degree of barrister on those who may have eaten and paid for a certain stipulated number of dinners at a certain price, to be hereafter agreed upon. We would propose that the dinner bills, regularly receipted, should be sufficient evidence of the dinners having been eaten, and paid for.

As we are enemies to all monopoly, we cannot see why the mere consumption of thirty-six dinners at half-a-crown each should entitle the consumer to be called to the Bar if the dinners happen to have been eaten in an Inn of Court; while the same amount of dinners eaten and paid for at the Wellington, or Simpson's, or even at a decently-conducted "slap-bang" confer on the consumer no professional standing whatever. We never could precisely understand the principle on which dinner-eating is considered a necessary qualification for a barrister; but it has just occurred to us, that the achievement may be a sort of guarantee that the power of jaw is satisfactory.

SINOPE REMEMBERED.

WHERE shall I be this time twelvemonths? is a wholesome thought for all of us. It might have occurred to ADMIRAL KORNILOFF a year ago, whilst he was doing the work of his master at Sinope, for which he now lies paid at Sebastopol. Does it ever occur to NICHOLAS? Does this wicked old man ever reflect that after a lapse of a determinate number of seconds, few or many, his Imperial person will be a mass of carrion, or a mummy? Then, for all the bloodshed and misery with which he has afflicted mankind, how much the better will he be?—how much the worse? Is this last a question ever propounded by this obstinate old savage to himself, in occasional intermissions of his habitual ferocity? We trust such may be the case. NICHOLAS is our enemy; but we hope he may some day think seriously, and experience a change, as they say at Exeter Hall. We also hope SAWNEY BEAN did, and THURTELL, and GREENACRE, and RUSH, before they came to be hanged.

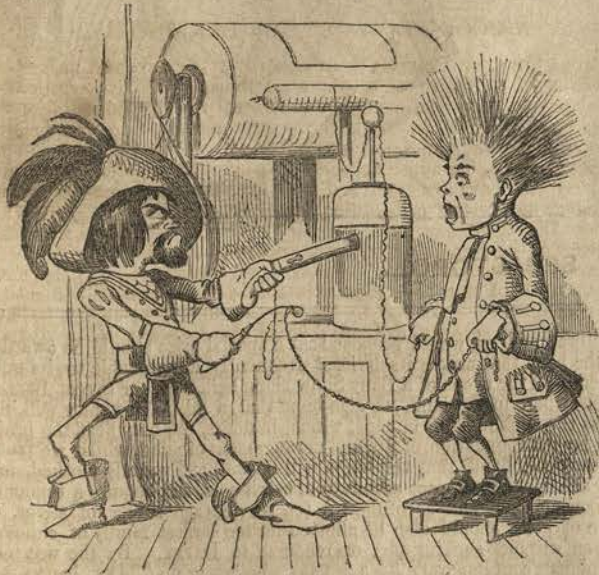
A Nice Name.

DR. RAE mentions that he was accompanied, in the Arctic Regions, by an Esquimaux interpreter named WILLIAM OUGLBUCK. We should like to know if that is the individual's real name. Very likely he so pronounces it and spells it so too, if he can spell; but considering what is the Esquimaux type of countenance, we doubt if that is the exact appellation by which MR. OUGLBUCK was christened. We suspect that he was indebted for that very suggestive distinction to some sponsorship midshipman, of a factious turn, who not only gave him the name of WILLIAM, but added the more characteristic denomination of UGLYBUCK.

PHILOSOPHICAL DRAMA.

OUR readers need not be alarmed. We are not going into a disquisition concerning the "Stage in Germany"—a subject which so alarmed the editors of the *Antijacobin* some years ago. We wish merely to offer a few suggestions with reference to some advertisements we met with lately. It seems that the proprietors of the Polytechnic and Panopticon are about to introduce dramatic readings and singsongs as part of their attractions—there can be no objection we should think to this. To unite the *utile cum dulci* has long been the wish of right-minded educationists, and there seems to be no reason why the crucible cum dulcimer should not be engaged in furtherance of scientific education.

That SHAKESPEARE knew anything of the Atomic theory, of the diffusion of gases, or of compound radicals, we may be permitted to doubt; but a general notion of chemical laws he must have had. His allusion to the possibility of the dust of ALEXANDER ultimately stopping a beer barrel is sufficient proof that he understood all about the indestructibility of matter, while the familiar manner in which *Touchstone* speaks of the retort "courteous" shows on the part of the author an acquaintance with chemical apparatus. But we do not intend to go into the question "did SHAKESPEARE understand Chemistry?" we leave that to MR. CHARLES KNIGHT, who can no doubt make the subject as clear as day. We merely wish, as we said before, to offer a few suggestions which we hope the proprietor of the Polytechnic will not think us precipitate in making at this early stage of the chemical drama speculation. We would respectfully hint that instead of reading old plays, new ones should be written and read—the plots laid in the laboratory; and scenes of thrilling interest might easily be got up with the



voltaic battery: the titles must be appropriate and taking. For instance, *Margarite of Glycerine* would be, as they say in the transpontine districts, a stunner; and if "written up to" with a purpose on the amusement and instruction plan, would be sure to take. MR. PEPPER might make the reading of various compounds quite simple, and if he could not reach the sublime, might at least achieve a sublimate. With passing remarks on the organic compounds, with an accompaniment on the piano, together with allusion to the connection between the treble and bass, and the tribasic phosphates, the thing would be sure to go off well. Even a "screaming" effect might be produced, when ladies are present, by the judicious introduction of a few explosions—"as part of the performance," as JACK said.

"The reduced Oxide, or I don't care a Button," would be a good title for either farce or tragedy; and with a few well-seasoned remarks from MR. PEPPER, a good audience could not fail to be mustered.

The Prince of Wales a Sailor.

THE young Prince, it is said, is about to enter the navy, and will take rank as lieutenant on board the line-of-battle ship the *Albert*, christened after papa. His Royal Highness, it is said, is most impatient to be aloft before CHARLES KEAN's tragedy at Windsor sets in with its usual severity. We do not vouch for the accuracy of the statement, but are bound to give it as one very current at the clubs.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

THE Mayoralty of MOON has been long looked for by those who have kept their eyes on the course of that great Civic Luminary, which originally rose from behind the shadow of a small counter in the city, and has at length reached its full in the vaulted dome of the Mansion House. Expectation has been not only on tip-toe, but has seized the stilts of imagination for the purpose of raising itself to the utmost height, with a view to the forthcoming LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, which it is supposed will be characteristic of the great lunar phenomenon that is to shine during the ensuing year in the City of London.

In the first place it is suggested that the streets should be converted into a novel kind of milky way, by laying down chalk instead of gravel in the thoroughfares by which the procession will pass, and the figures of GOG and MAGOG will be superseded by those of ORION wearing his belt, and the Great Bear wearing his collar. The state coach will, it is hoped, be broken up for distribution in slices of gilt gingerbread among the children of the poor, while the LORD MAYOR takes his seat in CHARLES'S Wain, a conveyance worthy of the Great MOON'S dignity.

Instead of the old unmeaning mace, which with every jolt of the vehicle, has endangered the windows of the state-coach, or the head of the Mayor, it is proposed that the Remembrancer shall carry a large stick of Lunar Caustic, while the banner of his Lordship shall be an Almanack, to tell the MOON'S age—a piece of information which, during the ensuing year, will possess unusual interest.

The national air of the city for the next twelvemonths will be "*Rise, Gentle Moon,*" and the favourite air of "*The Young May Moon is Beaming*" will be played in compliment to the juvenile members of the Civic-royal family.

It is expected that the population will be thoroughly "Moonstruck" on the ninth of November, and the City Treasurer will be instructed to be prepared with the MOON'S first quarter at the usual period.

Perhaps the most pleasing part of the exhibition on LORD MAYOR'S day will be the effect of MOON-light on the water, when the LORD MAYOR smiles on the Thames with the radiance of his silver countenance. We trust there will be many MOON-light nights of Mayoral hospitality at the Mansion House, and we have no doubt that instead of being the subject of an eclipse, the Civic MOON will eclipse most of those lesser luminaries who have twinkled heretofore in the vaulted dome of Cockneydom.

A SCHOOLBOY'S SONG OF THE WAR.

EVIL possessed one man, NICHOLAS ROMANOFF,
Projects for robbing the Sultan to lay,
Evil possessed one man: that's how the war began,
So the proud Tyrant went canting away.

He made of his cross a sword; NICHOLAS ROMANOFF,
Scandalous, shocking, and shameful to say!
He made himself a sword of the cross he adored,
So the proud Tyrant went canting away.

Of the Bible he made a sham; NICHOLAS ROMANOFF
Quoted texts—as we know the old gentleman may.
Of the Bible he made a sham—fanatic serfs to bam,
So the proud Tyrant went canting away.

Of the swindle he made a mess; NICHOLAS ROMANOFF,
Foiled in the trick he intended to play,
Of the swindle he made a mess; yet, in his wickedness,
Still the proud Tyrant goes canting away.

Controversy in the Crimea.

WE are glad to notice a new feature in theological controversy. Clergymen of various denominations are going out to the Crimea as peacefully together as the owls and the guinea-pigs in the happy family. Their design is to contend with each other to the utmost in the instruction of the troops and the consolation of the sick and wounded; and as they all doubtless mean well, and probably mean the same thing, we wish them all success.

The Tailor Non-suited.

THE great paletot interest has failed at Frome, and MR. DONALD NICOLL has been returned, or rather sent back, by the electors, whose suffrages he solicited. Perhaps if the ex-sheriff had resorted to bribery, and promised a wrap-rascal to every rascal who would sell his vote, the result might have been otherwise. "Measures, not men," is an old political cry, but in this instance the issue has proved that some men may be rejected, though their "measures" may be unimpeachable.



EVENING PARTY AT SEBASTOPOL.

HINTS ON BABY SHOWS.

A CINCINNATI newspaper, describing the Baby Show, which was held lately in Clark County, Ohio, remarks that in that interesting exhibition large and fat infants predominated, and states the weight of two of those innocents, aged 4 and 5 months respectively, as 20 and 27½ lb. Should the American notion of prize babies be taken up in this country, we hope that too much of a point will not be made of fat in this description of stock. The fat cattle show, when the obesity of the animals is excessive, is in great part but an exposition of materials for the melting pot; but a mere fat Baby Show would not amount even to that, and as it would be in no measure useful; so neither would it be ornamental in the least degree. Tombstone angels, indeed, and stone-masons' Cupids, are models of a corpulence which it is unpleasant to contemplate in mere stone, and would present a still more disagreeable appearance as wheezing and puffing masses of actual blubber. If it is distressing to witness the respiratory labours of a hypertrophied pig, how much more painful a spectacle of imminent suffocation must be afforded by the babe half stifled with plethora!

We would therefore suggest that in the award of prizes, the absolute weight of a child should not alone be considered, but that regard should also be had to its specific gravity. For an infant consisting principally of fat might, as a mere lump, outweigh another infant of smaller size but of greater density, having its bone and muscle in a more forward state of development. To find the specific gravity of any body, you divide the weight of that body by the weight of an equal bulk of water. The specific gravity of a baby would be readily ascertained by plunging it gently into a tub quite full of water over head and ears, collecting the water that ran over, weighing it, and dividing the positive weight of the child by the weight of the quantity of water so displaced. Water at 60 degrees of FAHRENHEIT is the standard for determining the specific gravity of ordinary bodies, but in the case of a baby, a rather higher temperature would be advisable: and then the process would amount to no more than putting it into a warm bath, and giving a salubrious and comfortable ducking to a little duck.

Not crying, and freedom from catarrhal symptoms, as indicated by the nose, we would also recommend as qualities and merits to be specially taken into account in adjudicating on the claims of the infantile com-

petitors: and we would propose that a special prize should be awarded to the baby that makes itself least frequently disagreeable to its male parent. In the event of a Baby Show being held at Baker Street Bazaar, or elsewhere in England, we also hope that a mistaken vanity will not dress the sucklings up in caps, which, in-doors, can only heat the brain, and lay the foundation of fits and derangement of mind, whilst we trust, on the other hand, that the limbs will be well and warmly clothed, and not left naked to attract admiration, catch cold, and acquire a tendency to consumption and serofula. A tea service and salver of silver, or even of gold, should also be allotted for the largest family of children reared without sucking-pig, or recourse to DAFFY. By the way our Cincinnati contemporary does not say whether or no "MRS. JOHNSON" was much in request at the American Baby Show.

LIVERPOOL ORANGES.

THE Orangemen of Liverpool have sent in an address to LORD ENNISKILLEN on the late railway horror. In this address, they meekly observe to his Lordship that he may (with, doubtless, great self-consolation) sing the following sweetly soothing lines:—

"We'll bear, we'll hold the Orange name,
Though hell oppose and earth deride;
We'll keep the faith through fear and shame,
That faith for which our fathers died."

LORD ENNISKILLEN makes affectionate reply: the above, he says, is a lovely evidence "of true loyalty and sound religious truth." He then proceeds to denounce the Catholic religion as a creed that "brings forth such fruits" as the late atrocity. This is very Christian-like. Now we should be sorry, indeed, were the Protestant faith to be judged by such fruits as the Liverpool Oranges, things at once very green and very bitter. But LORD ENNISKILLEN pities the Catholics; and to show his feeling for them, he compassionately—spits in their faces.

IRISH JOHN BULLISM.—Coolness under fire seems an Irish expression; but it is also an Irish quality no less than an English, Welsh, and Scotch.



SIR EDMUND LYONS GOING IN HIS BROUGHAM TO THE OPERA
 AT SEBASTOPOL.

"The *Acamenion* goes about in places where no line-of-battle ship ever thought of going before. Sir Edmund Lyons's Brougham, as it is called, is not at all a bad name for her."—
Own Correspondent of the "Times."

GREAT GRATUITOUS BREWERS.

(To JUSTUS LIEBIG.)



SCIENTIFIC SIR,—I believe you are partial to ALLSOPP'S Pale Ale, and also that you have analysed that beverage.

You will therefore be sorry to hear that I have had a circular sent me, signed SAMUEL ALLSOPP AND SONS, announcing that those gentlemen have come to the decision to make an advance of 6s. per barrel upon their ales of all qualities. You will likewise be in a position to inform me whether or not this augmentation was necessary: at least in regard to pale ale.

In addition to the increased malt duty, "the almost total failure of the crop of hops" is assigned by MESSRS. ALLSOPP as the reason for raising their ales. Supposing the necessity for that step to exist, I am glad to find that it is occasioned by these circumstances.

The specific value of a glass of pale ale consists, I believe, scientific Sir, almost entirely (cost of production excepted) in the alcohol and bitter extract which it contains: and in the bitter much rather than in the spirituous ingredient. Now, can you tell me what are the quantities, respectively, of malt and hops represented by the strength and the bitterness of a glass of pale ale? Because I should like to know how many pennyworths of hops and of malt I consume in swallowing a pint of that fluid. So much, MESSRS. ALLSOPP say, that the advance which has been made by them "will still leave" them "without any margin for profit." At that rate, they have been giving their ale away now for some time, and intend continuing to supply us therewith gratis. Nothing can be more liberal than this: and pale ale, offered at these terms, becomes a truly generous liquor. To you, however, I look for those data, whereby alone I can be enabled to appreciate its generosity. Pray illuminate on that point your respectful admirer,

PUNCH.

P.S. I have heard it remarked by Law Students (from the country) that MR. JUSTUS LIEBIG ought to be a jolly good judge of beer.

THE GOVERNMENT EXAMINERS.

It appears that the Examinations to which Candidates for Government Situations are now subjected, have proved dreadful stumbling blocks to numerous young gentlemen, who felt an honourable ambition to receive the public money quarterly. We learn that out of some 250 of these aspirants, only 30 could acquit themselves respectably before the Examiners. It must be admitted, however, that the ordeal is dreadfully severe, and a young man must devote himself to many years of intense study before he has a chance of passing. We shudder to think of what he is required to do. The tests are threefold. He must,

- First. Write a common business note, on a given subject.
- Secondly. Evince a knowledge of the first rules of arithmetic.
- Thirdly. Take down a passage from some standard English author, from dictation.

No wonder that in the presence of such requirements 220 young gentlemen broke down, and we hear that out of the 30 who succeeded in passing through the frightful trial 25 have since been laid up by their exertions and the excitement; three have been interdicted by their doctors from reading anything heavier than SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON even if they can find it, and the other two have resigned their salaries and been superannuated. We hope that official pedantry will not be permitted to pursue this inhuman system longer, but that the sons of our influential classes will once more, as heretofore, be admitted to the situations to which their birth entitles them, without submitting to this ruinous and tyrannical treatment. We have had a batch of the Examination Papers sent to us, and as one fact is better than a thousand arguments, we shall strengthen the case of these oppressed persons a thousand fold, by printing the result in one case. The details may excite a smile on the lip of the heartless, but certain we are that no hater of oppression, no person with his heart in the right place, no loather of tyranny will read them without a burning blush upon his brow to think that in the nineteenth century, &c. &c.

ALGERNON CLAUDE FITZMONTAGUE VERNON BOTT, ESQ.,
Examined on the 15th of October.

Desired to write a business note. To signify to a tradesman—say a builder—that some of his charges for work were objectionable, while others were fair—that he had better refer to his original agreement, meet the writer's agent, and revise his demand, after which it should be satisfied.

(He wrote as follows):—

"Dear Sir,"
(But remarking that he was writing to a snob, said he wasn't going to call him dear, smeared the note, and demanded another sheet.)

"SIR, or BUGGINS" ("Perhaps that's better. Another sheet, old fellow").

"BUGGINS,—You must be a fool to think I am going to submit to your infernal extortion. A whole lot of your charges are downright swindling, and no mistake, MASTER BUGGINS. You'd better rub up your memory a bit about our bargain, and go and talk to SCREWMAN, and what he says is right I'll abide by, but confound your cheating.

"Pimlico, Tuesday." "Yours, &c., A. C. F. V. B."

"I suppose that is about the thing," said MR. BOTT, handing it in; "I don't see that the thief can mistake that."

Informed that the tone of the note was less civil than is usual in business, and that he must write as if addressing a respectable man.

(He wrote as follows):—

"Sir,—I beg to state that you are obnoxious, ("No, I don't mean that he is. We'll try again").

"Sir,—I beg to state that your charges are obnoxious, some of them that is to say, and I must admit that I think you are quite inconsistent in regard to your conduct, because we agreed quite different to what you put down in your bill, and must be revised and corrected. If you will be so good as to take the trouble of calling upon MR. SCREWMAN, and point out the reductions which ought to be made, according to what we settled, and oblige

"Yours obediently," "A. C. F. V. B."

"P.S. After he and you have put it correct, of course you may have your money."

MR. BOTT declined making another epistolary attempt, stating that the last was the best he could do, and quite civil and clear. The Examiners then proceeded to the second head.

Asked to write, in figures, ten thousand and nineteen.

Result. 10901. Result of second attempt, 1000019.

Asked to subtract £196 11s. 3d. from £205 7s. 6d.

Result stated by MR. B. at £401 18s. 9d.

Asked to divide 375 by 9.

Result stated by MR. B. at 417. Being requested to explain the process, he said that nine in thirty-seven went 4, one over; nine in fifteen 1, and 7 over, which of course made 417. The Examiners proceeded to the last head.

Read passage from GRAY'S "Bard," and MR. BOTT requested to write from dictation.

(He wrote as follows):—

"Ruin sees thee, roofless King,
Confusion on thy manners. Wait.
Though FANNY conquers crimson wing,
They sing the air in an idle state.
Helmet nor hawbuck's vested male,
Nor the virtuous Tyrant shall prevail
And save his sacred soul from knightly fears,
From Gambia's curs, from Gambia's tears,
Such were the sounds that caused dismay
Over the army of KING EDWARD THE FIRST,
As down the steep (MR. B. to himself, "some hitch here,")
He came marching down Snowdon to Gloucester
He stood agast and speechless in a trance
To his arms came MORTIMER quivering—"

MR. BOTT here hauled in the document, remarking that there was something more about a cough being launched, but protesting against the Examiner going over the last part too fast for a fellow to follah that had never heard the stuff before.

Minute.

ORDERED.—Intimation to ALGERNON C. F. V. BOTT, ESQUIRE, that he is not at present qualified for a Government situation.

BY THE BOARD.

Stand at Ease.

WE hope that as the uniform of the Army is to be changed, and our troops are to have re-dress for their grievances, the authorities will cause the tailors to take at once the necessary measures.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG TO THE SICK SOLDIER.

LISTEN, soldier, to the tale of the tender NIGHTINGALE,
'Tis a charm that soon will ease your wounds so cruel,
Singing medicine for your pain, in a sympathising strain,
With a jug, jug, jug of lemonade or gruel.

Singing bandages and lint; salve and cerate without stint,
Singing plenty both of liniment and lotion,
And your mixtures pushed about, and the pills for you served out,
With alacrity and promptitude of motion.

Singing light and gentle hands, and a nurse who understands
How to manage every sort of application,
From a poultice to a leech; whom you haven't got to teach
The way to make a poppy fomentation.



Singing pillow for you smoothed, smart and ache and anguish soothed,
By the readiness of feminine invention;
Singing fever's thirst allayed, and the bed you've tumbled, made,
With a careful and considerate attention.

Singing succour to the brave, and a rescue from the grave,
Hear the NIGHTINGALE that's come to the Crimea,
'Tis a NIGHTINGALE as strong in her heart as in her song,
To carry out so gallant an idea.

THE BOTTLE-HOLDER AND THE BOTTLE OF SMOKE.

MR. PUNCH, M.P. happened to remain late in the House of Commons one night last year. He had promised his vote to LORD PALMERSTON, on the Smoke Bill. Curiously enough, instead of going up-stairs into one of the quiet and sheltered nooks at the end of the gallery, and taking an instalment of his night's rest, until the division should be called, Mr. Punch actually listened to the debate, as respectfully (to outward appearance) as if he could learn anything from anybody in that assembly. He has called the time night—but the weary clock, staring hard into MR. SPEAKER'S face, reminded him, savagely, that it was a quarter past two. The public knows little of what happens in the Nether House when the "little hours" come on. Reporting is over, and the desultory chat of the National Dustmen (whose number has then dwindled to that of the occupants of certain jars in the Ali Baba story, or even to that of certain Pieces of Silver whereof we have heard) is wisely compressed by the Gallery into a brief note, that "the Bill was read a second time." For, though the cackle of geese might save the country, Editors prefer, by omitting it, to save the morning mails.

Sometimes, however, the better men whom official red-tape ties to the Treasury bench until the word "adjourn" cuts the fetter, come out, at that uncontrolled hour, with denuded truths which they feel compelled to drape, very jealously, during the period of set speech and watchful stenography. And on the Smoke Bill aforesaid did LORD PALMERSTON say a shrewd thing—recently recalled to Mr. Punch's mind.

The Bottle-holder had determined that the Bill should pass through a stage that morning, and the way in which he flung his open hand upon air, as presenting his palm for a hand-shake before the fight, testified to the observant that he meant business. Nevertheless one or two members resisted—Vested Interest in stench, and bone-grubbing, and poison, was duly represented—and progress with the measure was deprecated. One Voice from the Chimney croaked out, with soot in his throat, that the proposed prevention of smoke was "impossible."

"I have not the least—a—a—doubt in the world," said the Viscount, rising, "that what the honourable member says is perfectly true. I have had the—a—a—honour of a seat in this House for a good many years. I have seen a good many impossibilities. I am certain that it is quite impossible for people to consume their smoke instead of poisoning their neighbours with it. But I am equally certain that if Parliament will only enact that people shall consume their smoke instead of poisoning other people with it, they will find it the easiest thing in the world. I move, Sir, that the Bill be read a second time." And it was—and speedily passed.

Months went by, and no particular heed was given to the Smoke Act, save by those immediately interested. Certain Gunpowder Smoke, caused by a more pestilential nuisance on the banks of the Neva, made us forget the black clouds on the banks of the Thames. But the Act was being worked, and Mr. Punch has just read a paragraph, of which the following is the essence.

"CONSUMPTION OF SMOKE.—At the Court of the City Commissioners of Sewers, on Tuesday, Mr. H. L. TAYLOR stated that about twelve months ago MESSRS. CALVERT, the great brewers, came to answer a complaint made against them for not having used effectual means for the Consumption of the Smoke of their premises. The explanation given at the time was not satisfactory, but additional time was granted. The difficulty has been overcome. The consumption of smoke in this extensive concern has not been attended with the expense which was anticipated by the proprietors. On the contrary, the improvement has been accomplished by the judicious application of the stokers' duties and the fuel alone. The whole of the smoke-consuming mystery was referrible to the state of the furnaces and the conduct of the stokers. It was a great advantage to the community to be aware of that important fact, as there could now be no excuse for the filthy discharges of smoke from the extensive manufactories in the metropolis. They could all banish the nuisance by the most simple and cheap process."

LORD PALMERSTON has a good deal to attend to just now, and therefore Mr. Punch has not asked his lordship to call in Fleet Street and be congratulated upon the literal fulfilment of his prophecy. Indeed Mr. Punch prefers to bear this public testimony to his noble friend's foresight. And he begs to notify to all whom it may concern, that as a voyage from Chelsea to Blackfriars will prove to the most careless Eye and the dullest Nose that the "filthy discharges" above mentioned still continue in unremitting plenitude of abomination, there is "no excuse" for any of the authorities who shall neglect or delay to pursue the offenders with all legal rigour and vigour. Meantime he drinks the health of the reformed CALVERTS in a tankard of their best. It seems to him to have a richer smack of healthful raciness now that it is manufactured without poisoning the atmosphere.

THE BLESSING OF THE RUSSIAN OLD GENTLEMAN.

THE reserve of the Russian Imperial Guard—according to the *Presse*—witnessed, the other day at St. Petersburg, a touching spectacle. Our Parisian contemporary says:

"The Emperor reviewed them, and availed himself of the opportunity to bless at the head of his troops the two Grand-Dukes MICHAEL and NICHOLAS, who, it is said, are to join the active army. The benediction took place with much pomp. The two Grand-Dukes went on their knees to receive it, and all the troops also knelt."

Pious souls! An edifying scene, doubtless; of thirty thousand and odd pairs of eyes, nothing to be seen but the whites. Solemn silence; the tongue of every man present thrust into his cheek, except the CZAR'S—that being employed in invoking Heaven's grace and benediction on his offspring: sons of rapine and murder. One does not envy MICHAEL and young NICHOLAS, their father's benison. "The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him," are words that would, one fancies, be evermore running in the ears of anybody that had been blessed by OLD NICK.

Legal Intelligence.

A PARAGRAPH has appeared on the subject of the small amount of business pending in Westminster Hall, which includes only "three new trials." We are authorised to add that there will be a fourth, consisting of a "new trial," which MR. BRIEFLESS is about to make to obtain a living by his profession. It is however probable that this new trial will not swell the number mentioned in the official list, for the new trial in question will not appear in the paper. There are only "three cases set down for judgment," but we understand that the Benchers of one of the Inns of Court being about to lay in champagne, have recently ordered "a case for judgment."

OXFORD MIXTURE.—Puseyism.

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA. AS FOUGHT AT ASTLEY'S.

(By "Our own Correspondent"—that is to say, the little gentleman in black, who represents the Press in the new Military Spectacle.)



HAVING provided myself with a note-book, an umbrella, and an eye-glass, which I invariably kept fixed in my eye, I proceeded to witness the embarkation of the British troops, and to secure a passage to Gallipoli. For this latter purpose, I addressed myself to a private soldier, who though he proved the tenderness of his nature by the affectionate manner in which he bade farewell to his sweetheart, had evidently no great respect for the profession of literature. He introduced me to the Commander-in-Chief as a "thing called a penny-a-liner," while another individual stated that I was a "sillywillain."

He evidently meant "civilian," but whether his corrupt manner of pronouncing the word proceeded from gross ignorance or a spirit of illiberal sarcasm, I cannot say. The Commander-in-Chief was, on the whole, an agreeable sort of gentleman, though somewhat grandiloquent. So much importance did he attach to my presence, that after haranguing his soldiers, he delivered an oration on horseback for my exclusive benefit, warning me to tell the truth in my report, and to take care of Russian bullets.

I need not occupy you with the passage to Gallipoli, but I must hasten to remove the impression you may have received concerning that much-abused town. You have heard it described as an abode of poverty and dirt, in fact, as a city of pig-sties. Nothing can be further from the fact. So luxurious is Gallipoli, that the municipality, at its own expense, supports a company of opera-dancers, for the gratuitous amusement of illustrious strangers. A very agreeable *pas de trois* was danced by some young ladies, symbolizing England, France, and Turkey, much to the delight of the Allied Forces, who were stationed around to contemplate the grace and agility of the fair *artistes*.

While at Gallipoli I made the acquaintance of an intelligent Irishman, who became my inseparable companion during the rest of the expedition. Although on the most intimate terms with him, I never could exactly make out to what regiment he belonged, for while he wore the new military habiliment, he never attached himself to any *corps*; but perpetually carried on a little war against the Russians on his own account, preferring the use of the shillelagh to that of the musket. It was in the company of this intelligent individual, that after my arrival in the Crimea, I performed a deed that perhaps has some little claim to immortality. Some ruffianly Cossacks had seized upon a cart belonging to some Crimean market-women (who, by the way, looked far above their station), and ransacked its contents. These miscreants were throwing away the vegetables, eating some candles that formed part of the luggage, and binding the women, when the sudden appearance of my friend and myself put an end to the ruffian's proceedings. He was armed with his accustomed shillelagh; I had my pistol and my umbrella, which, though tattered to an extreme degree, was a formidable weapon in a vigorous hand. The contest was decidedly in our favour, for we restored the terrified beauties to their place in the cart, and bound the ill-favoured marauders to the cart's tail.

Shortly after this exploit, I found myself somehow or other—(how, I cannot precisely say) within the walls of a Russian prison, together with my Hibernian friend, a private in a Highland regiment, and a facetious sailor. With these also I had been in habits of intimacy during my journey, and you will observe generally that, with a view of studying character, I selected my associates rather from the humbler than the more aristocratic ranks of military life.

My imprisonment was not such a misfortune as, at first sight, it

appeared; for it made me acquainted with PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF, who is, on the whole, rather a jolly sort of person, with nothing of the diplomatist in his appearance. He walked among us in a rollicking sort of manner, indulging in pleasantries of a somewhat rough, but by no means ill-natured kind. Wit he does not greatly appreciate, for when, objecting to a diet of tallow-candles and train-oil, I delicately told him that I could not think of "taking all the fat of the land, and leaving all the lean to the Russians," he neither took the hint, nor applauded the neatness of the sarcasm.

Never did I so clearly perceive the truth of the proverb, that warns us not to measure other men's corn by our own bushel, than during the time of my incarceration. The Russians, high and low, evidently eat nothing but what in our country is needed by the chandler and the soap-boiler. To this I do not object—let them eat what they like. But I do say it is a hardship on British prisoners that are forced to live on such repulsive fare. As for my three friends and myself, we were so disgusted with the *cuisine* of the prison, that we knocked down the guard and set ourselves at liberty, in time to see the Battle of the Alma.

Why the scene of this glorious action is called "the Alma," I had some difficulty in understanding. The definite article seemed to denote a river, but though I made the most minute survey, nothing like water of any kind could I discover. The heights are approached by a kind of table-land, which is connected by a gentle declivity with a curious round hollow. This is more like a dried-up lake than anything else, and is called the "Cir-kuss" or "Cir-kass," probably from the belief that this country was once inhabited by Circassians. My classical studies coming to my mind, I recollected the legend of Alpheus and Arethusa, and then it struck me that the Alma might perchance be a subterranean stream. I made some inquiry on this subject of a native in a fustian jacket, who told me that the inclined plane connecting the table-land with the Cir-cuss, went over the "Or-kees-tra," which is completely concealed. "Or-kees-tra" is doubtless the barbaric name which the Tartars of the Crimea have substituted for the more elegant "Alma."

The Allied Army in making the attack, first entered the Cir-cuss by an aperture in its circumference, and then steadily advanced up the inclined plane, till a few of them were repulsed by a party of Cossacks, who kept them in the Cir-cuss while their comrades were engaged on the table-land. I could not help admiring the order and amity, with which the fight in the Cir-cuss was carried on. The combatants crossed their weapons, and then their horses went round and round an imaginary point, without any one making the slightest attempt to wound his adversary. At last the Cossacks (why, I do not know) considered themselves defeated, and retreated up the inclined plane, followed by the Allies, who joining their companions took the heights without further difficulty. At this moment, a curious natural phenomenon might be observed. The atmosphere, which during the battle had retained its usual no-colour, became of a brilliant red hue as soon as the victory was complete. I asked my friend in fustian the cause of this phenomenon, when he told me drily, that "it gave effect to the Tab-lo"—a native expression, which conveyed to me no meaning whatever.

However, that some English words, even of an idiomatic kind, have crept into the Crimea, was amply proved by the shout which was raised by the inhabitants when the triumph of the Allies was complete. At first there was a general cry of "Cook!" which could only mean that the goose of the Russian army was "cooked" by the Allied Forces. Then followed a cry of "West!" clearly a tribute of admiration and gratitude to the Western Powers. This fact demonstrates beyond a doubt the sympathy felt for the Expedition by the Tartars of the Crimea.

Invitation to the Ball.

WE read in the *Times* that, at the Battle of Alma, the Russians displayed "no ensign, eagle, or standard of any kind," and that they made the British colours a special mark for their rifles. Colours are inappropriate in the war with NICHOLAS. Constables' staves would serve as well for rallying points, and would be more suitable to the work in hand. It does seem worse than absurd to sacrifice the lives of brave soldiers to a taste for colours, which, however splendid, can only exhibit a tint of mere greenness to the enemy.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

A RUSSIAN Bulletin states that "the Allies had begun to bombard Sebastopol, but the fire was not sustained." We should fancy not. The combination of French and English fire is not easily sustained by Russians, who must have found that it made Sebastopol rather too hot to hold them.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL OF RUSSIA.—Why is a certain port of Russia called Archangel? Probably the Archangel, honoured by the appropriation of his name, is that one who is said to have preceded St. MICHAEL.



A PRETTY GENERAL OPINION.

Mr. Kiddlums. "WELL, ELIZABETH—I HOPE WE SHALL HAVE A PRIZE BABY SHOW HERE—AND THEN—I FLATTER MYSELF— * * * * *

IMPORTANT MEETING.

TO THE (FEMALE) HEADS OF FAMILIES.

At a large meeting of the hair-dressers and *coiffeurs*, lately held in the Burlington Arcade—and at which MONSIEUR FÉLIX, "*le dieu de la Coiffure*," was unanimously voted into the hair-cutting chair—it was resolved that, with a view of upholding the true interests of the profession, a League be founded to oppose *la rage* that was at present so deplorably manifest among all English ladies in having their hair dressed, no matter whether it was becoming to them or not, in the same style as the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE. Such a stupid system should at once be torn up by the roots. Accordingly the following resolution was carried without a single comb being raised against it:

"That for the future, no true-minded *Coiffeur*, or *Artiste en Cheveux*, having a proper respect for himself, or for the glorious Art, of which he is a humble instrument, should allow himself to dress à l'Impératrice any head of hair that is put into his hands, labouring under the following *primâ facie* ridiculous disqualifications.

"I. All young ladies, who have already reached the age of forty.

"II. All young ladies, who have pug noses, pink eyes, white eyelashes, and low foreheads.

"III. All young ladies, whose eyes are not perfectly regular, or who wear spectacles.

"IV. All young ladies, whose locks are decidedly of a vermilion hue, or of an auburn rather more than *suspect*.

"V. All young ladies who may be entrusted with the care or education of young children, as it would only put foreign notions into the heads of their young charges, that they will learn quite soon enough as they get older.

"VI. And, lastly, all young ladies whose positions, or complexions, are not exactly suited for such an imperial style of head-dress, as it only tends to attract notice that, in all phases and faces, may not be exactly favourable, or complimentary."

Wig blocks, illustrative of the various disqualifications enumerated, were exhibited, and afforded general amusement to the distinguished *Coiffeurs* who composed the meeting.

PET PIGS AT LEICESTER.

THE *Leicester Mercury* contains a pleasant paragraph, headed "THE PIG QUESTION"; whence it appears that a crusade has been instituted by the Local Board of Health against the Hogs, whilst the crusaders have been strenuously resisted by the Hogs-in-Armour. We are informed that:—

"At a numerous meeting held at the George Hotel, on Tuesday, an association was formed for the Protection of Persons Keeping Swine, when upwards of 100 members paid their subscriptions, and joined the association, with a full determination of resisting the proceedings of the Local Board of Health."

The immediate objects of this Association seem to be the defence of any of its members who have been persecuted for the sake of their pig-sties by being prosecuted for a nuisance; and the prevention of any burgesses from being elected to the town council who "are opposed to the keeping of swine." Nobody is opposed to the keeping of swine at a reasonable distance from his nose; and the burgesses considered objectionable by the swinists can only be considered so for being opposed to the keeping of pigs among the houses of Leicester. Whether the pig-party go so regularly the whole hog as to excommunicate municipally all their fellow citizens who are averse to pigs in the parlour, is a question to be asked, considering their enthusiasm on the score of the pig, indicated by their concluding toast; viz:—

"May the opponents of swine never eat a pork pie, see a ham, chew a bit of bacon, or taste a delicate morsel of sucking pig."

Chew a bit of bacon; what strength of expression!—worthy of philosophers feasting on the *Novum Organon*. Of course the opponents of swine would be opposed to pork pies, or pig in any shape; but without opposing swine as we should oppose wolves, we should think the most devoted pig-fancier would grant that we might oppose their claims to the privileges of cats and spaniels. We are further told that similar meetings have been held in Coventry; and we can only say that we will never march through Coventry with any parties who would wish to make its streets in the state they would be brought to if pigs were permitted to run about in them.

RELICS IN STORE FOR RUSSIA.



THE Cardinal Vicar of Rome, the other day set the people to worship the heart of St. Roc. The Russian Church venerates Saints equally with the Romish; and if it offers the same adoration to their relics, the viscera, probably, of that great philanthropist and benefactor of the human race, ST. NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, will come to be worshipped one of these days. Anticipating the canonisation of the CZAR, we recommend the future worshippers of his "inwards" to devote their pious attention to his stomach, which has undergone the trial of digesting so many defeats; and his liver, the disturbance of whose bile (preternatural of course) first instigated him to undertake his crusade. We fancy we see the Imperial biliary organ prepared after the manner of specimens at the College of Surgeons; and a crowd of adorers piously ogling the hepatic arteries, or gazing in rapture on the ramifications of the *Vena Porta*. For the

happiness of mankind, the sooner this anticipation is realised the better.

Goosey, Goosey, Gander.

CONSIDERING the impudence of a certain Ex-Sheriff in offering himself as a candidate for a Seat in Parliament, we beg to propose that the words "NICOLL the only Substitute for Brass," shall be adopted by way of amendment to "Nickel the only Substitute for Silver."



DISTRESSING EFFECT OF ENGLAND'S ROUGH HOSPITALITY UPON ONE OF THE ELEGANT GUIDES.

AN OLD FOGEY CLUB.

Among the rubbish that regularly falls into our hands every week, is a lithographed prospectus of a proposed "Putney Club," the object of which is to bring together "all old Putney men." Why it should be more desirable to collect the veterans of Putney than the veterans of Chelsea, Kensington, or any other suburb, we are at a loss to conceive; and indeed, if the object is only to get together a mass of senile imbecility we think Kensington is the place best adapted to furnish the materials of such a combination of age and incapacity.

If it is desirable to start an Old Fogey Club, why should the Old Fogeyism which constitutes a qualification for membership be claimed exclusively for the "Old Putney Men," when there are old Greenwich men, old Chelsea men, old Brompton men, old Kensington men, aye! and old women too, that would constitute such a phalanx of suburban seniority as might make the veterans of Putney hide its diminished head in the very first Welsh wig or cotton nightcap that it could catch hold of. We perceive that the rules are well adapted to the aged classes for whom the club is designed, as all the members are expected to be in bed by eleven. We fear, however, that it will not be popular with the old ladies, as "spirituous liquors" are to be "entirely excluded."

Homage to the Drama.

ANOTHER Dramatic Petition, infinitely more numerous than that presented to MR. G. V. BROOKE, will shortly be presented to an eminent tragedian, who performs within 500 miles of Oxford Street. It has already received the signatures of all the Clubs, Libraries, Reading-rooms, and Literary and Mechanics' Institutions in the Metropolis; and it is to be hoped that, representing, as it does, the united intelligence of London, it will be crowned with the desired effect. The object of the Petition is, we need hardly say, to beg of the eminent tragedian who performs within 500 miles of Oxford Street, as he loves the Drama and values his reputation, to have the kindness to leave for Australia as soon as he possibly can.

THE FAMILY HERALD.—A Monthly Nurse.

FROM WINDSOR TO ST. PETERSBURG.

MR. PUNCH has been solicited by the respected housekeeper of Windsor Castle to give insertion to the subjoined letter (dispatched *via* Prussia, and favoured by Prussia's king) to the EMPEROR NICHOLAS. The letter, arriving at the last minute, Mr. Punch had no time to send even an electric message to the respectable gentlewoman who keeps, as EDMUND BURKE says, "Windsor's proud keep," to have the document duly authenticated. The letter, for aught Mr. Punch knows, may have been furtively obtained from the writing-desk of its authoress; a copy of it may have been taken on the way to its destination, the more especially if the envelope were superinscribed "private and confidential." With this, Mr. Punch, as a public editor, has nothing to do. Mr. Punch can only state that, to the best of his eyesight, the letter—at least his copy—is not lithographed. To print a purely private letter may be about as moral as to pick a private pocket; Mr. Punch feels this: what then? He puts down his feelings with a strong hand, and devotes himself to the requirements of the public.

To the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS from the HOUSEKEEPER OF ALL WINDSOR CASTLE.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY, IF YOU PLEASE,

"I HAVE long had a burden in my bosom which is a brooch. When your Imperial Majesty did us the honour of a visit here at Windsor, there wasn't a heart you didn't leave with your picture behind you. You did me the honour (and when you did it, if I didn't think I should have died with astonishment; and should, I'm certain, but for the mild eyes (not that saving your presence I'll ever believe in eyes again)—the mild eyes in the royal head that looked so gracious on me; and the sweet smile, as innocent as any baby's weaned on milk and honey, on your royal lips.

"May it please your Majesty, when you went away, that very morning you gave me with your own hand a brooch as you said as a small reward for my attention. I shall never forget your lofty manner and your gracious words. When you put the brooch in my hand, I thought I should have fainted: but then the thoughts of proud Windsor

(as I've heard our Castle called) supported me, and it wasn't until I'd reached the maids' room that, with the brooch in my hand, I dropt in a chair like any stone!

"May it please your Majesty, I wasn't myself for a week; nor, indeed, were any of us. Your Imperial affability turned the whole place topsy-turvy, and when you took leave of us for Russia (where you said, as I heard it said, you hoped some day to see a certain gracious person, whom I won't name, any further than by pointing to the highest lady in the land), when you took leave of us, not a soul knew whether they stood upon their head or their heels. It took me more than a week to come to anything like myself; you put us all—as I heard one of the Equerries was heard to say—in such a heaven of presents; a perfect paradise of rings and snuff-boxes. Not but what, as I've said before, mine was a brooch!

"May it please your Majesty,—I can never forget, saving your presence, our first meeting. I've been used to royal blood, being born in the Castle, the British Standard—as I've heard my mother say—waving over my cradle! I've been used, I say, to royal blood from a baby upwards, and have had to see things set to rights for crowned heads of both sexes, with the rest of their royal families. But when I was called up to your imperial Majesty, my teeth did chatter, and I felt in a twitter.

"There was the state-bed—and the pains I'd taken about it, bran-new damask, with the Russian eagle in dead gold at the head and the tester—the state-bed; and there stood your Majesty. I see your Majesty at this very minute. A soldier—you said—and my heart fluttered like a whole cage of little birds—a soldier sleeps anywhere. There I shall sleep, and as you said this, you pointed with your imperial finger to a folding bedstead, in old iron, that had been taken out of a portmanteau, and covered with a mattress in Russian leather. There you slept, turning your back upon the bed of state and your own eagles in gold and damask.

"The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—said I to myself when I'd got into my own room—the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA's a downright Christian if ever EMPEROR OF RUSSIA was! And upon that bedstead, and on that Russian leather, your Majesty slept every night, and the state bed was never so much as rumpled. What a lowly heart—I was always thinking

to myself—and although a mighty Emperor, after all what a *real gentleman!*

"Your Imperial Majesty went away, and there wasn't a *dry eye* in Windsor. You might *have walked over us* in your boots, and hardly a soul but would have *blessed your spurs*. I'm bold enough to write this, to show you what you've *lost*; to bring you back to the *paths of virtue and peace*, if I'm not *too bold* in mentioning such things to your Majesty.

"A *small reward for my attention!* They were your Royal words, when you put the *brooch* into my hand. Small or *otherwise*, it was more than enough for my *deserts*; for what had I done, but seen that your Majesty's Russian leather bed was shaken, and your pillow *smoothed!* Still, that *brooch* I carried in my bosom; and still, whatever I heard *against you*, I believed in LORD ABERDEEN (as steady-going nobleman as ever slept), and smiled in scorn. You go to war with *England!* The EMPEROR NICHOLAS that had given *his arm* to our *gracious QUEEN*, and smiled so with his mild eyes at every word—he to *draw the sword*, and flourish it in the face of *HER blessed MAJESTY*. He who had slept upon our *iron bedstead*—slept sweetly as any baby—under the banner of Royal Windsor,—he to *bring his Cossacks* into the Castle, and to give us all up to the *proud invader!*

"No, your Imperial Majesty, I wouldn't believe it. I read the speeches of LORD ABERDEEN—upon my word and honour *every word of 'em*—and was I not a female, would say, I still *swore by you*. When people here called you names, I would *look down* upon the brooch in my bosom, and just *pity 'em*.

"But the scales have *fallen* from my eyes, and now I see the *truth*. I've struggled, but at last *give up*. That brooch has got *hotter and hotter*, and at last began to scorch and burn me like burning coal. I began at first to think I couldn't wear it without being a *traitor* to my Royal Mistress—(I hope she'll never believe in an Emperor again, wherever he may come from!)—but now have snatched the *burning thing away*, and return into your Majesty's hands the snake I have *too long reared*.

"(PRINCE PICKLEHERRINGER, one of the Cousin-Germans to the KING OF PRUSSIA, has promised to get his Royal Master to send the brooch back to you. And so I've done *my duty* to my QUEEN, Windsor Castle, my country, and *myself!*)

"And now, NICHOLAS—for I've *dropped* the Emperor, and come without ceremony *to the man*—now, NICHOLAS; tremble and be warned by what I'm going to tell you. Last night as ever was I had a dream. I thought you were once again in the Castle; I thought you'd once again gone to bed *upon the old iron*: and I thought I was neither asleep nor awake; nor full-dressed, nor undressed, but as I may say, between the two. And then I dreamt I went *right off asleep*, when I was awake, as I thought still in my dream, by a dreadful smell of something burning—burning like roasting. Still dreaming, I jumped up, my flannel gown—(which in case of fire I always have)—wrapped about me, and went with great presence of mind to your room!

"NICHOLAS, there *you lay*, upon that iron bedstead: every bit of the iron, *red-hot!* There you lay, and *ground your teeth*, and looked at me, and couldn't speak outright, but I thought you said something that sounded like *Sigh No Pay—Sigh No Pay*; as much, perhaps, as to say that no amount of sighs were then of any use. Well, the bedstead still glared *redder and redder*, and you seemed turning into *tinder*,—when I thought all the *dead gold eagles* from the state bed gave, with their double heads, a *double scream*, and I, trying to scream also—I then awoke!

"NICHOLAS, think of the *iron bedstead* that a wicked Emperor's sins may, at his last hour, make *red hot*, and

"Believe me,
"Still your Well-wisher and Adviser,
"THE HOUSEKEEPER."

"P.S. As I've sent back the brooch, don't you think you'd better return the *garter!* Your banner still hangs in St. George's Hall, but, since the war—I don't know what can have put it in their heads—the flies have used it *shockingly!*"

HUSH, BOYS, HUSH!

BY AN ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

Hush, boys, hush! pray do give over singing
That plaguy tune, pray hold your tiresome breath:
That song for ever in my head is ringing,
And very soon will worry me to death.
I do not quarrel with its sense or grammar,
But that perpetual air annoys my ear,
Ring, ding, ding, ding, and hammer, hammer, hammer,
Oh what a horrid bore is Cheer! boys, Cheer!
Hush, boys, hush! that song desist from shouting;
Hush, boys, hush! oh cease to make that noise!
Hush, boys, hush! I cannot stand it longer,
Hush, boys, hush! be quiet can't you, boys?

Hush, boys, hush! especially Italian,
Who that hack tune from morn to midnight grind,
Far, far away, move on, each young rascalion,
You'll drive me, else, completely out of mind.
Butchers' boys, too, at area gate attending,
Whistle no longer that tormenting strain;
And let me never hear that never ending
Measure, you idle bakers' boys, again.
Hush, boys, hush! you vagabonds, you varlets,
Hush, boys, hush! or make some other noise;
Hush, boys, hush! you youthful ragamuffins,
Hush, boys, hush!—be quiet, all you boys!

CROSSING SWEEPING AS A FINE ART.

It is said that "New brooms sweep clean," but a new spirit will do more with even an old broom, than could be effected by the newest of birches in the hands of one who keeps to the ordinary track of Crossing Sweepers.

We have noticed a genius in the neighbourhood of St. James's Palace, in the shape of a ragged boy, who has started in the rather startling line of an "Artist in Crossing Sweeping." There are some people who adorn every thing they touch, and here is an instance of an urchin who, while touching mud, invests it with a grace and a sentiment not exactly "beyond the reach of art," but within its legitimate precincts. He has converted Crossing Sweeping into one of the Fine Arts, for he has decorated his crossing with various devices, in which loyalty is the dominant feature, though patriotism sometimes enjoys the ascendancy. A few days ago the "artist" had arranged the superfluous mud swept from the crossing into the form of a crown, surrounded by the words, "God save the QUEEN;" and on the day

following, the device was changed to an anchor, with a motto complimentary to the British Navy. It is to be lamented that such genius should be provided with no better School of Design than the street, and that such fertile invention should have no other bank than a bank of road-dirt to draw upon. We recommend the patrons of art to keep their eyes on the crossing, lest some incipient WILKIE should be nipped in the bud, or only live to be "blowed" by some insensible policeman.



NOTHING LIKE BEING IN THE FASHION.

Exasperated Mother. "WOT ARE YER HAT—YER YOUNG HUSSY? AND NOT A MINDIN THE CROSSIN, AS I TOLD YER."

Daughter. "HAT? WHY A DOIN SOME CROSHAY FRILLIN FOR MY TROWERS TO BE SURE. YOU WOULD'NT AVE ME DRESSED LIKE NO ONE ELSE—WOULD YER?"

A DREADFUL BLOW AND DISCOURAGEMENT TO THE PORTE.—
"Gentlemen, Tea's ready."

A SUNDAY BAND OF HOPE.



THE Concert performed by the Guides at Exeter Hall merits peculiar notice. The Guides had been playing on the previous Sunday, on Windsor Castle Terrace, under HER MAJESTY'S window. Yet Exeter Hall opened its doors to receive them. Now, if Exeter Hall has no objection to a band playing at the QUEEN'S Palace on the Sunday, of course it can have no objection to a similar performance on the same day at the Palace of the People.

We do not mean to express a wish that the People should have "Pop goes the Weasel," and tunes of that description performed for their Sunday recreation at the Crystal Palace. Let Exeter Hall (under the advice of M. COSTA), prescribe the programme. Sacred day—sacred music; but, be it recollected, all good music is sacred: good music being that which moves the heart and the higher emotions, and not merely the lower feelings and the heels. Surely, any serious family—and seriousness sometimes degenerates into stupidity—would be much more edified on a Sunday afternoon by hearing HANDEL and MOZART, than by sitting together in doors dozing, and those half awake listening to the snoring of the others.

The Directors of the Crystal Palace, probably, could make some arrangement for not taking money at the Station, or at the doors of the building, if that were felt to be wrong. Admission might be had by tickets only, the requisite facilities for obtaining them in various parts of Town being provided during the week. The only thing that could then remain to be demurred to would be the Railway journey: but if a bishop's carriage may take its proprietor to church on a Sunday, without impeachment, surely a steam engine may be permitted to convey the public to a place whither they go to hear sacred music.

Exeter Hall should approve of the above suggestion the more cordially that it would, if adopted, tend greatly to the advantage of Protestantism at the expense of Popery, by setting up a rivalry to the latter in the attraction of music, which would be much more powerful, as well as more pleasant, than the discords of controversy.

A DINNER FOR EVERYBODY.

THE following deserves to take a very high place—the top of the Column—among the curiosities of advertising literature:—

NOTICE.—During a temporary residence in Brighton, a gentleman wants a young gentlemanly man to breakfast with him, and an elderly person to dine with him, every day, during which hours they will be treated as friends. Address, A. K., Bristol Hotel.

The "young gentlemanly man" must find great difficulty in breaking his fast, and the "elderly person" must be hard up indeed for a dinner, who would accept a meal on the terms proposed. It is like adding sauce to the matutinal cutlet and the afternoon joint, to offer the "friendship" of the advertiser during the hours of mealtime. Who would accept a friendship that is to cool with the heater of the urn, and be dropped after the cheese? who, in fact, would accept the double cut (from the joint and the host,) and come again. We cannot pretend to enter so far into the philosophy of dining and breakfasting, as to speculate on the feeling which prompts the selection of youth for the companion of a breakfast, and age for the adjunct of a dinner. Should the advertiser take tea, we could understand his advertising for an elderly lady as an appropriate *vis-à-vis* at the tea table, and we shall keep our eyes on the provincial papers, to watch the result. We can imagine the mountain of answers that the gentleman will receive, who wants a youthful and an elderly companion for his daily meals. Everybody who cannot get a dinner, has now an opportunity, provided he is of sufficient age. As there is no margin named in the advertisement, the applicants will begin at five and thirty, and go on to an almost fabulous age, till it extends to those who have not a tooth left to masticate the object of their desires. We think it would be but fair on the part of the advertiser to give a *carte* of his daily dinner, as it may not be every kind of dinner that even the hungriest would sit down to. We trust the advertiser will repeat his advertisement in a more explanatory form.

THE DEVOTED.

Who says that the heroic stirs no longer
In this our English life:
That in rude times men's frames and hearts were stronger,
Their souls in faith more rife;
That luxury has sapped the deep foundation
On which alone is based
What makes a great man, and a mighty nation;
Till noble deed, and lofty aspiration,
Like giants, in a pigmy population,
Seem monstrous and misplaced?

Whoso says this makes falsehood more than truth,
Good weak, and evil strong,
Sets forceful manhood under stormy youth,
Asserts God's rule is wrong.
Our heart revolts against the withering creed;
And though our eyes were blind,
There shines an inner light, by which we read
It is not, and could never be decreed,
Ill should on good, not good on ill succeed—
Or woe to human kind!

And if sight fail, and if that inner light
Darkling, at times, appear,
Out of the war, where good and evil fight }
(Our fainting faith to cheer),
Some champion of the Right, when cowards fly,
Restores the battle still;
Still rears his spotless flag against the sky,
Still shouts aloud his glorious rallying cry,
Still shows how soldiers of the faith can die,
Victors o'er World and Will.

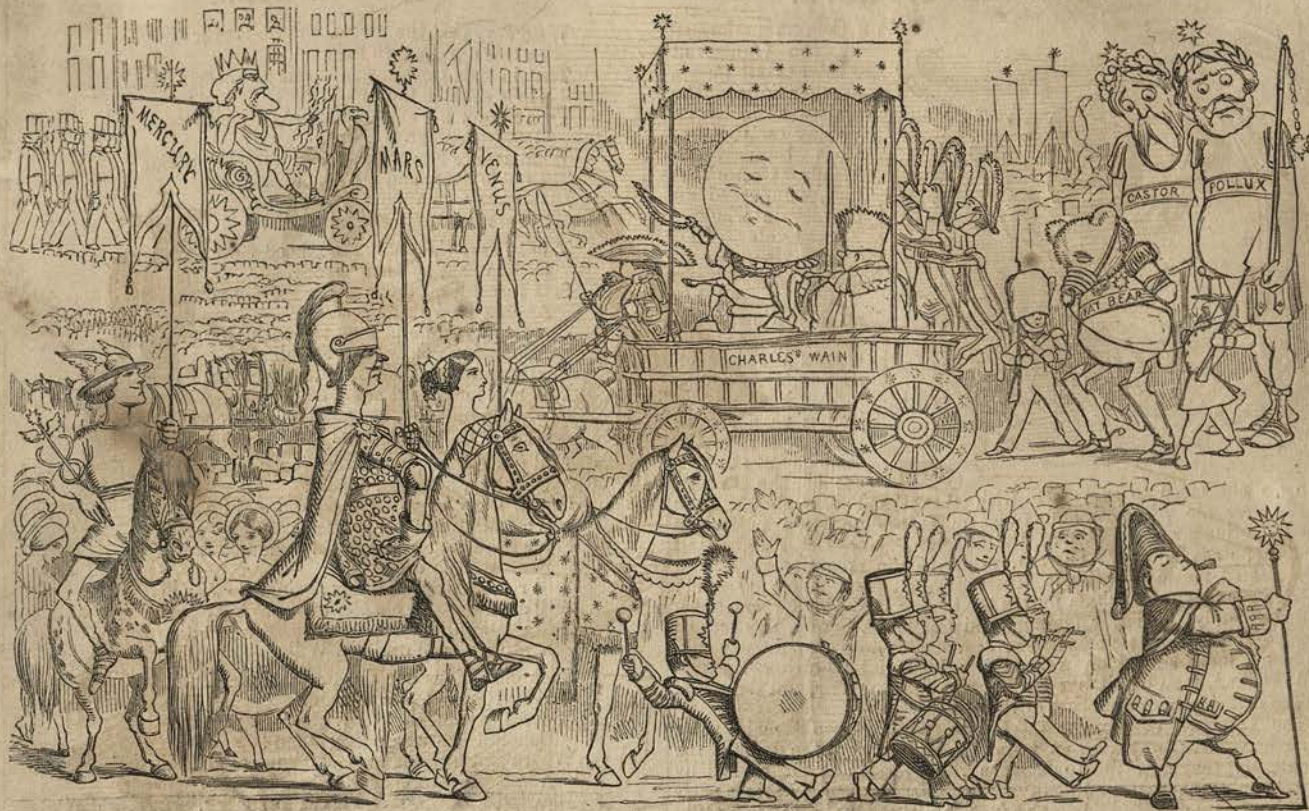
Such champions our England still has found,
When needed, aye at hand.
Sneerer, put off thy sneer, and look around—
Behold them where they stand!
Where storm-winds rave, and sunless skies lie dark
About the Arctic shore,
Devoted FRANKLIN and his sailors mark,
Wrestling with death upon their ice-bound bark,
Wandering anon—then frozen stiff, and stark,
But suffering no more.

Look Southward now: the wounded of our foes
Strew Alma's bloody plain,
The victors march upon the battle's close,
But one wills to remain.
A man we knew not—never thought to know—
Who what he can will try.
Moving among that mass of pain and woe,
Upon his work of mercy, to and fro,
He used his life in succouring the foe,
Then sought his friends—to die!

I said "one willed to stay"—I was unjust;
He did not stay alone.
A soldier-servant shared the ghastly trust,—
His name, ev'n, is unknown,
And there in faith and love and duty strong,
Among that writhing host
Of enemies, all day and all night long,
Defying chance of violence or wrong,
To entomb the dead, and help the living throng—
These two men held their post!

Nor to men only such heroic mould
Of heart is given.
See yonder band of women—young and old—
No nuns, yet brides of Heaven;
Forsaking all that to their sex is dear—
Some, wealth—all, home and ease—
Womanly pity chasing woman's fear,
They go to bind lopped limbs, pale heads to rear,
And with soft touch, and softer speech to cheer
Our sufferers o'er the seas!

If England have aught good, 'tis that she knows
Due reverence to give
To those who die in duty's work, and those
For duty's work who live.
Grieving for all that these great dead have borne,
All these great living bear,
We know they die and suffer, to adorn
Life with examples—such as, though we mourn,
In our hearts and our children's shall be worn
While men breathe English air!



THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

HOW THEY TREAT TRUTH IN RUSSIA.

'THROUGH the pine-trunks spare, o'er the steppes
so bare,

Who walks with a pace of pride?
A maiden fair, with abundance of hair,
And nothing on beside!
With her unshod feet o'er the stones she stopt,
And when she came to a brook,
Lightsomely over the water she leapt,
And all were free to look.

Neither for man nor boy she stopt—
Well might they stand at gaze—
Nor ever her broad bright eyes she dropt,
Though theirs stood wide with amaze.

And—a sight all must own exceedingly rare
In any civilised land—

This travelling fair no luggage did bear,
But a looking-glass in her hand—
In which—a fact more singular still—
She ne'er looked at her own perfections,
Though all she met might stare their fill,
And indulge in their own reflections.

Oh wonder of woman! a baggageless lass,
In purissimis naturalibus,
On a steppe, where from daylight to dark you
might pass,

Nor e'er have a chance to hail a buss!
So lightly she walked, and swiftly she ran,
Until she came to the Pruth—
When I knew her face—rarely seen by man—
The naked lady was *Truth!*

"Oh, Lady, Lady, whither away?
'Tis Russia's frontier-water.
On this side of the stream you had better stay,
For across it you'll get no quarter.
They'll gag you with an iron gag,
To Siberia send, or knout you,

For hitherto it has been their brag
That they get on best without you."
Oh proud was the light in her eye so bright,
As she tossed her wavy hair,
That it showered a blaze of golden rays
About her forehead fair.
And then came a voice, made my heart rejoice,
With its music clear and strong—
"Have I waded through mire, and flood and
fire—

Have I braved all wrath and wrong—
Have I shaken my glass in the tyrant's face—
Have I reared it strong in faith,
Where priestly knaves were teaching slaves
That to look therein was death—
Have I borne all pains, and worn all chains,
And smiled on brand and bar—
That Siberia or knout, should bar me out
From the Empire of the Czar!
I laughed as I heard, thy warning word,
How I prize it, be witness true."
With a flash and a gleam, on the Pruth's wide
stream—
She's in and she's over too!

There's a rattle and clank on the further bank,
Where, all in the Muscovite mud,
Stands, sword on flank, a cortège of rank
To receive her from the flood.
And through the rushes, with bows and blushes,
And discreetly averted face,
Two Generals hand fair Truth to land,
With the well-known Russian grace!
As the lady steps out, all face right about,
As dreading to behold her;
Though a young aide or two take a kind of slue,
And a sort of a glance o'er the shoulder,

As much as to hint, they'd make the squint
A stare, if they were but bolder.

Then in that choice Russian, that bars discus-
sion,

She's informed, that on the border
They are waiting for her, as a *garde d'honneur*,
By the Emperor's special order.

"Madame is not aware how the Russian air
Will try the best complexion:

Being used, 'tis true, to travel *à nue*—
So, if she have no objection,

Or whether she have or not, they have here
A costume '*qui ira à Madame à ravir*,
Of the Emperor's own selection."

Poor Truth is used to being abused,
Cuffed, cursed, kicked, scourged, and im-
prisoned;

But can these be her foes, who in such fine
clothes,

So politely have her bedizened?
There's a coat for her use, of an *Invalide*
Russe,

And to ward off the cold hybernal,
From the head to the feet she is swathed in
a sheet

Of the courtly *St. Petersburg Journal!*
Ruefully gazes Truth, poor elf,

As each article they throw her—
Alas, she doesn't know herself,
And how should others know her?

Her dressing done, a figure of fun,
A Cossack on each side for usher,
Truth's politely informed that she's free to
run,

And *pose* before Pole, Finn, Tatar, and Hun,
In the uniform of Russia!



THE EMPEROR (WITH THE MILD EYES) OBJECTS TO THE NAKED TRUTH.

A GREATER MAN THAN THE EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.



OUR old friend MADAME TUSSAUD'S Exhibition will be very incomplete, without the addition of the extraordinary model mentioned in the subjoined paragraph from the *Liverpool Standard* :—

"A MODEL CABMAN.—The other night JAMES LOMAS, a Cabman, received half-a-sovereign from his fare, in mistake, which he duly returned next day to his employer, MR. HAMER, stating from whom he had it. We believe that LOMAS, who has been 20 years in MR. HAMER'S employ, has been frequently known to do similar acts. Some little while ago, one of our Merchants, residing in Aigburth, had a sovereign returned him by LOMAS, which had been given him in like manner by mistake. Such traits of honesty in a class who are too often known as affording examples of an opposite line of conduct, cannot have too much publicity, inasmuch as it gives an excellent incentive to others to follow the like example."

LOMAS is really a much greater man than the majority of those of whom likenesses are made in wax or even in marble. In any well-ordered collection of images, molten or graven, his figure would be placed in a high position. His bust would be put along with the good heads; and not in the same row with COURVOISIER and DANIEL GOOD. At what a height it would be classed above the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S! That, indeed, could not be suffered to stand on the rank of common cabmen; fellows who are guilty of mere extortion and insolence, and not of absolute robbery: much less of murder. It would have to be ranged with that of NERO, and the casts of BURKE, and BISHOP, and WILLIAMS; differing from these only in wanting—for the present—perhaps only for the present—a certain groove around the neck.

Why compare the EMPEROR NICHOLAS with LOMAS the CABMAN? Because the comparison between the two individuals, conspicuous at the same moment, is natural. NICHOLAS and LOMAS appear in the papers together; both remarkable: one as an honest man, the other as a villain; LOMAS with his twenty years of good character, and good life: NICHOLAS with his more than twenty years of infamy and evil reign. LOMAS is the greater man. He has more in him of that which constitutes man. All the magnitude of NICHOLAS consists in what is bestial. If a boa-constrictor were endowed with a little intellect, and had great power given it over men, the reptile would act just as the CZAR does: that Russian serpent, whose head is in the Baltic, and tail in the Black Sea, whence, unless it is chopped off there, it will coil round Europe.

Ascend, mentally, towards Heaven, some little way higher than you can soar in a balloon: then look down at LOMAS restoring the coin, and at NICHOLAS trying to seize the territory, which, respectively, did not belong to them. Then see which is the finer thing. Observe, as you rise, how the acts of the two men come more and more largely into moral contrast. How, by degrees, all the greatness of the CZAR'S rascally enterprise, as apparent to the eyes of snob and flunkey, decreases. The thunder of the cannon gets fainter and fainter till you cease to hear it, the death-fires dwindle to sparks, and the glimmer of a rushlight. But the act of which the noise and the blaze are accessories remains neither more nor less than an attempt at burglary, accompanied with murder. As the planet beneath you grows more and more like a star, the crime gets divested of all the dignity which it derives, in that planet, from affecting a large part of it; loses all the importance attaching to the robbery which is extensive: and appears as petty as any larceny that does not arise from want, and pettier than that.

On the other hand the upright conduct of LOMAS increases in magnitude as you regard it from higher regions. You see the half-sovereign not in its proportion to the riches of the Bank of England, but in its relation to the earnings of a cabman. It then seems a great enough thing to part with: and you perceive that as a work of indefinite charity was done by a widow, with a mite, so may a considerable act of justice be performed by a cabman with a ten-shilling piece.

A New Opening.

OYSTER-KNIVES are much cheaper this year. This cheapness, we understand, is principally owing to the large number of razors that have been thrown out of employ by the Beard and Moustache movement, and that have been driven, poor blades, into the oyster line to find an opening for their talents.

KEAN v. PICKARD—MANAGER v. MUSICIAN.

MR. CHARLES KEAN is the depository of a trust, a great public trust, and he knows it, and comforts himself accordingly. He is licensed to give the best entertainment to a scrupulous English public: and thereupon he engages the very best horn-players and fiddlers (the most musical brass and the most melodious cat-gut) for his orchestra. Moreover, that the English public aforesaid may have its sensitive, appreciative ears, always fed and entertained, the managerial trustee binds every trumpeter and fiddler in a bond of ten pounds "not to be absent" from the duties of trumpeting or fiddling, when required in the orchestra. The British public expect the presence of the musicians, and the British public should have it. This cause came on last week in the Southwark county court, and ended with a burst of triumph for the manager. It is long indeed since MR. CHARLES KEAN has made so successful a hit.

The fiddler is punished, the fiddler is mulcted in the sum of ten pounds ("a jewel with a fiddler's keeping"): nevertheless, the very justice of the verdict causes the contemplative, philosophic mind to ask—wherefore should not the like justice be meted out in every case in which the British public, as patient visitors to the Princess's Theatre, are deeply interested? How often, for instance, have they paid to see *Macbeth* according to SHAKESPEARE, and *Macbeth*, the Thane, has been from the rising of the curtain to the going down of the same, absent—absent as PICKARD when, as proved, wandering with JULIEN? How often have simple-hearted folks laid down hard shillings in the belief that, at the Princess's, they were to see *Hamlet*: and *Hamlet* has been altogether omitted, there being nobody in his place but MR. CHARLES KEAN?

These thoughts entered the brain of *Punch*, and—all for the sake of the public, for why should fiddlers be fined, and managers go free?—*Punch* put the case to a counsel very learned in the laws of the land. Could the public recover of MR. KEAN for the absence, throughout the whole play, of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, when duly advertised to appear, or otherwise to be fully and efficiently represented? Could the public recover? In a word, could they have their money back?

And the counsel answered—"No; because at the foot of the play-bills there is this intimation—*No money returned!*" Let it therefore be clearly understood that people pay for SHAKESPEARE at the Princess's wholly at their own peril.

NURSES OF QUALITY FOR THE CRIMEA.

THE noble example set by MISS NIGHTINGALE has excited emulation. A large number of young ladies met, yesterday, at PHYLLIS'S Rooms, to take into consideration the question of proceeding to the Crimea, in the capacity of Nurses.

The *fauteuil* was occupied by the HON. MISS FLOUNCESTER, who, in a few words, expressed the object of the assembly. She said every one was talking of the dreadful state the Soldiers were in for want of proper Nurses. Who could bear to think of it without doing all she could to relieve the suffering which they were enduring on our account? It would be so pretty, too, as well as so right, to go out as Nurses to the poor fellows. MISS NIGHTINGALE had given a *ton* to the thing: and on one's return one would be quite *distingué*. They had had some experience in dressing; and now was the time to show it.

MISS WALTZINGHAM said that an evening party gave her no pleasure when she thought of the balls flying about at Sebastopol. Who could enjoy an ice or a glass of lemonade, whilst our heroes had no one to hand them a little toast-and-water? She was quite willing to go out, although the passage might be unpleasant: and a voyage always made her ill.

MISS POLKER would be delighted to go. She had heard of baggage-waggons, and should not mind riding in one a bit. Or if that was all, she could march. Give her only a parasol and her Indian-rubber goloshes, and she would walk ever so far—she would walk the military hospitals.

MISS PISCINA COPESTOLE said that the ministry of surgical aid to the wounded by female hands was customary in the ages of faith. The proposed act of self-devotion was approved by the Church, and no doubt the bishops would bestow their blessing on it: so that it would be sure to prosper. To attend the sick was one of the corporal works of mercy.

MISS WAGLEY said she hoped it was sergeant as well as corporal.

MISS GREENWOOD said they should take plenty of things with them. She did not mean clothes; but things for the poor men. Stuff to rub in for bruises: for how bad must be a bruise from a great cannon ball! And then there would be such sad cuts to dress. Every one who went as nurse had better take out plenty of Court plaster.

Here a desultory conversation ensued as to which would be the costume most eligible for the lady-nurses. That of *La Figlia del*

Reggimento was proposed, but it was ultimately decided that Miss NIGHTINGALE'S brown frock and gray mantle would be more *comme il faut*.

At this stage of the proceedings, DOWAGER LADY STRONGI'TH' HEAD entered the room, and, her opinion being asked of the contemplated expedition, replied, that it was a very generous and spirited enterprise to attempt, a noble demonstration on the part of the women of England: and would at least be a cheering expression of sympathy toward our brave army. Perhaps, before proceeding as nurses to the Crimea, a day's experience at Saint Batholomew's Hospital would be advisable. But however praiseworthy was the display of enthusiasm now; however much called for; it must never be called for again. It was the business of the Government to provide proper nurses for military hospitals: and not to leave the duties of the soldier's nurse to be undertaken by young ladies of rank and fashion, who knew not even as yet what it was to nurse a baby.



"TIMID COUNSELS."

THE use of the words "timid counsels" by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, has caused much discussion, and many people in authority have assumed that the words have been directed against them, as a reflection on their presumed want of energy. We understand that the Beadle of the Lowther Arcade has had the words thrown in his teeth more than once by those who are perhaps jealous of his high and dignified position. The only case that has been made out against him, is founded on a statement, that one day last week, when there was an unusually large collection of boys at the western entrance of the Arcade, he, instead of proceeding to immediate action, was heard to exclaim, "Come, come, young chaps, I'd advise you to move on;" which of itself might perhaps come under the head of "timid counsels!" We are, however, authorised to state, that he added the words, "or I'll precious soon make you:" which at once redeems the advice or "counsel," given above, from all taint of timidity.

The Lost Sheep Restored.

WE were lamenting the other day the condition of some lost sheep, or rather, we were deploring the absence of a lost shepherd. The Reverend absentee has, however, satisfactorily explained his supposed desertion of his flock, and we are happy to do him justice by announcing that he had provided a temporary pastor, who was seized with illness, and his curate being "indisposed," there was nothing but an extemporaneous performance of morning service for the parishioners to fall back upon. We are happy to do justice to the rector, and relieve him from the imputation of wilful neglect of his pastoral duties.

RUSSIAN TOYS.

THE Russian Prisoners in England and France are amusing their leisure, and increasing their resources, by the manufacture of small toys, models, and knick-knacks, in the making of which they display much ingenuity, and for which a ready sale is found. That such of *Mr. Punch's* readers as may desire any other reminder of the war than the daily papers and the doubled income-tax afford, may be able to make a selection, he subjoins a list which has been furnished to him by authority.

THE KNOT.—These models are very neatly constructed, and the makers have evidently enjoyed the advantage of close personal acquaintance with the object they have reproduced. The Knot for the EMPEROR'S male children is made with an ebony handle, that with which the God of Russia and the Father of his People causes his daughters to be chastised (for their good) is in ivory. The executioner's knot, which can either prolong a culprit's agonies during a morning, or dismiss him to another tribunal with a couple of cuts, according to the will, or temper, of his Imperial Father, is made from some treasured bits of the marble used in the Cathedral of St. Isaac.

MODEL CANNON.—These are in wood, and are exact copies, reduced, of the guns in the unreduced ports of the Baltic. The modellers vouch for their accuracy, the guns and miniature balls having been made out of the same wood as the originals which have kept SIR CHARLES NAPIER at bay.

HUMAN FIGURES.—These are not very successful. The Russian idea of male beauty seems to be enormous height, and black moustaches. Nor are the female figures much better, with the exception of some ingenious ones in an elaborate model of the shrine of Minsk. The nuns, in every attitude of terror and torture, are represented as undergoing the penalties which were inflicted by the Father of his People upon these contumacious religionists, and the mangled bodies of the girls who have been murdered are depicted with much imitative accuracy.

DISSECTED MAPS.—A few of these, suggested by educational reminiscences, have been drawn and carved by the prisoners. The world is their chief subject. Russia is the centre, and all the other countries are small islands, lying in shadow.

MACHINERY.—Generally speaking, the models of machines attempted by the prisoners are ludicrously simple. A miniature cart, for conveying wheat, is exactly in the primitive form described by HERODOTUS, on which no improvement has been made for ages, and a water-machine is precisely that which has been in working on the banks of the Nile from time immemorial. But a little contrivance for a lemon-squeezer or similar purpose, is clever. It has a series of clutches, each more rigid than the preceding. In satire, it is to be presumed, the makers give each a name. The lemon they call the *Serf*, and the first squeeze is given by a pair of flaps called the *Crown*. Then a closer hold is taken by a pair inside, called the *Lord*. After this comes the *Soldier*, next the *Official*. And when all these have exhausted the lemon, and it is nearly dry, it is pierced through by a sort of prod called the *Priest*, and the last drop is obtained. The invention is said to be in general use in Russia.

OUR HANDS IN OUR POCKETS.

BRITONS hate war because of its cost;
Money that's spent in fighting is lost,
Only the loss were worse, did we not
Fire away cash in powder and shot.

Britons, however, know this thing,
Better to fire it away than fling:
Out, therefore, being forced to shell,
Whilst they're about it, they do it well.

So that, as well as rocks and hills,
Offices, factories, shops and mills,
Echo with "NICHOLAS to the ground:
In for a penny, in for a pound!"

Not Bad for a Beginning.

A YOUNG beginner, whom we are rather anxious to encourage, sends us the following, as his first attempt:—"The difference between the two potentates, who rule over the destinies of Turkey and Russia, is simply this—the one is a Sultan, and the other insultin'."

PUNCH'S AMERICAN NOVELIST.

☛ TO THE TRADE, ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

MR. PUNCH gives notice that until England and the United States think proper to devise a mutual Law of Copyright, he, for one, intends to annex—or (if Anglo-Saxon be preferred to Anglo-American) to steal, exactly what he pleases, or rather what pleases him, from the works of Transatlantic authors. He trusts that the system of reciprocal plunder will be pushed to the uttermost in both countries, that process affording, as it seems to him, the only chance of arousing the honourable statesmen of the two nations to the propriety of doing justice to the Labour of the Brain. And by way of setting a good example, he begs to purloin the following brilliant and sparkling tale from the pen of one of the most fashionable authors of the States.

As it is now the custom for publishers to set forth their own disinterested opinion of the works they issue, *Mr. Punch* will add that the tale he thus submits is a faithful and exquisite specimen of popular American fiction, in which the delicacies of our own Silverfork school are charmingly blended with the strong effects of the French novelists; while in addition, such homage is paid to millinery, upholstery, and the almighty dollar, as befits the writer who addresses a commercial community.

GOLD AND STEEL.

A Story of New York.

GRACEFULLY—oh how gracefully did the lovely ALBINIA ST. JULLIEN glide through the dance that night. The glorious creature moved with that proud and swanlike freedom known only to women whose infancy has been swaddled in the star-spangled banner, freedom to which neither the awkward yet haughty aristocrat of London, nor her superior, the elaborate-mannered and artificial dame of Paris, can ever pretend. The costly velvet carpet, from DAGBY AND JEWKINS'S, scarcely yielded to her white satin slipper as she skimmed along, and the alabaster nymphs wherewith HIRAM POWER'S gifted chisel had garnished the magnificent *salon*, scarcely equalled in elegance its beautiful young mistress. How superbly she looked, as the strains of BAWLKY'S wonderful band bore her on their stream of melody—how the diamonds, with which her robe was thickly set at every hem, flashed in the light of one of REHOBOTH'S world famous or-molu chandeliers. She was indeed a rapture and a gush, and an emanation from the stars.

Music—what need had ALBINIA of music to mark her steps? She had imbibed, it is true, the teaching of our most celebrated professors, whose skill (as is admitted by all who have seen American dancing) is unequalled. But she needed it not. The plash-dew from the marble fountain in her gilded hall fell not more certainly upon the rich mosaic pavement than did her tiny foot touch the embossed flowers at the given moment when it was due. Her heart, her soul, were in the dance, and a planet might have strayed from its appointed orbit more easily than could ALBINIA ST. JULLIEN have swerved from her graceful career.

The HONOURABLE HORACE F. POTLUCKY watched her with a lover's intense gaze. Could aught earthly come up to ALBINIA, that godlike form, redolent of nature's nobility, might seem to balance her. A tall, pale forehead, lustrous as marble, exquisitely voluptuous Grecian features, eyes of the most unutterable violet, hair jetty as the raven's wing—such was HORACE F. POTLUCKY. Already he had distinguished himself in the field and in the council. Though still under sixteen, the dauntless young republican had made his voice heard in the Caucus and to BUNKUM, and though he looked delicately feminine, those who glanced at his rose-coloured vest might see between it and his richly-embroidered cambrie shirt a silver-handled bowie-knife, which had been drawn three times, and thrice had his country lost a son. He leaned against the jetty mantel-piece, and his small white hand, adorned with a priceless emerald, lay like a snow-flake upon a nigger.

As ALBINIA and his partner rested for a moment from the polka, HORACE concluded to ask her hand.

"Pretty lady," he said, in the rich, sweet voice peculiar only to the Italian and to the American, "may my devotion aspire to the next spin with you?"

"I would hope," said her partner, a Judge of great celebrity, "that I have acquitted myself so well that I shall not be discharged as yet."

"I guess you are a queer Judge, some," retorted the *spiritual* HORACE, "not to know that discharge always follows acquittal."

"Then I move for a new trial," said the Judge, displeased at being thus successfully reckoned up by one so much younger.

"Rule refused, with costs," responded HORACE, and the next moment his arm was around the yielding waist of the beauty, and he bore her away. The dark eye of the Judge lowered flashingly upon him, but it was for an instant only. Trained to conceal his fiercest emotions, JUDGE BEAKUM mastered his countenance, for at that moment MR. ST. JULLIEN, one of the wealthiest New York merchant-princes, came up.

"Saw you on the cars this morning, Judge, and afterwards at the Tombs."

"I did not see you," replied the other. At that instant the sight of ALBINIA and HORACE, revolving with excessive grace, and looking the delight each felt in the other's admiration, stung the haughty Judge with an unaccustomed pang, and he vowed vengeance. Accustomed to all the artifices of law, a plot was with JUDGE BEAKUM the work of a moment. His fiendly smile followed the coruscating couple, as the costly robe of ALBINIA touched him, like a seraph's wing, in her flight, and he said to MR. ST. JULLIEN, glancing at HORACE—

"I hope that he means to escape. Swindling is but smartness in exaggeration, but forgery is a blunder."

The old man's eyes opened widely, but the expression on the Judge's face defied his scrutiny. After a moment or two of vacant staring, MR. ST. JULLIEN led him into a charmingly furnished boudoir, where three golden lamps spread at once soft light and perfumed incense, and seating himself upon a white satin couch, demanded what he meant.

"I thought you was posted up," said the Judge, "or I would not have mentioned it. My duty forbids my adding another word, except to assure you, in confidence, that POTLUCKY is to-night a beggar, and will to-morrow be a prisoner."

"And he dares dance with my child—my only darling—all that is left to me of her sainted mother, except \$3,000,000, her dowry." And with lurid light gleaming from his aged eyes, he dashed down a costly crystal vase, filled with expensive exotics, and hurried back to the gorgeous *salon*. The polka had ceased, and ALBINIA half reclined upon the manly shoulder of HORACE, panting with the exertion.

"Quit that, and follow me, b'hoj," hissed, rather than said the old man, close at the side of HORACE. MR. ST. JULLIEN had not meant that ALBINIA should hear him, but as our immortal bard expresses it, "a lover's ear will gaze an eagle mute." The rich blood mantled over her lovely countenance, and she pressed the hand of her companion in speechless terror. There was no mistaking the scowl on that old man's face. HORACE hesitated, and the next moment ALBINIA'S overwrought emotions mastered her. Unable to speak, she suddenly sung out with the full, ringing note of the dying swan—

"Boston is a pretty town,
And so is Philadelphia;
You shall have a sugar-plum,
And I'll have one myself-y."

And with a few incoherent words—as "WASHINGTON—liberty—PIERCE—" showing what is ever at the heart of a true American girl, even in the hour of agony, she dropped upon the embroidered carpet.

HORACE POTLUCKY dashed himself down beside her with a wild cry of horror, which struck deep, even to the soul of the Judge. Did he remember how, years before, in the trackless forest marshes of the Susquehanna, a golden-haired girl—But why speak of memories!

The old man, roused to new frenzy, seized the elegantly cut collar of HORACE'S well-fitting coat, and sought to drag him from ALBINIA. The young man looked up with a tiger-glare, and the glittering bowie-knife leaped from his bosom. In an instant he regarded MR. ST. JULLIEN, as if about to annihilate him, but the next moment instinct taught him who was his foe, and with a pardlike bound he sprang towards the Judge, and dashed the knife full upon his heart. A shriek of horror burst from all, followed by a cry of wild surprise as the well-tempered blade flew into innumerable sparkling splinters.

The Judge drew a revolver. HORACE POTLUCKY felt he was doomed. But his eyelid did not quiver, his cheek did not pale. He confronted his stern enemy with an eye stern as his own.

"Down with him, Judge!" shrieked the remorseless old man.

"Shan't," replied the Judge. "I only did it to try him. Trying people is my vocation, you know. He could not hurt me—will the ladies turn away their heads for a moment?"

Every fair eye was veiled by a delicate gossamer kerchief as the Judge, for a moment unbuttoning his waistcoat, showed a polished steel cuirass below it. Buttoning himself up again, he raised ALBINIA from the ground, and as she opened her lovely eyes he placed her in HORACE'S arms.

"In the name of the glorious Republic, whose servant I am," he said, solemnly, "I pronounce you man and wife. If you say a word, old man, I'll send you to the Tombs. MR. POTLUCKY is rich and virtuous. I am his father, which accounts for it."

The POTLUCKYS inhabit the handsomest house in New York, and are two of the most distinguished among the Upper Ten Thousand.

Nicholas the Less.

To war by NICHOLAS compelled to go,
We fight for something more than *status quo*;
Of all the Russias Autocrat?—nay, come,
An't please the pigs, he shall surrender some.

MEMORANDUM FOR ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.—Puseyites are Papists without the P: Apists of Papists.



LORD PALMERSTON'S PRIZE (AGRICULTURAL) BABY.

THE PESTILENCE AND ITS BROTHER.

As NICHOLAS, the other night, was sitting all alone,
Now smiling, as he fancied that he heard our soldiers groan,
Then cursing his own legions for their failures in the war,
The CHOLERA, in a demon's form, appeared before the CZAR.

The Tyrant shuddered at the sight: he thought his hour had come,
A shriek stuck in the throat of him: the AUTOCRAT was dumb.
So grievously did livid fear his heart and midriff wring;
Or he had howled as a hangman howls whose turn it is to swing.

The spectre with its bat-like wings the quaking monarch screened;
"Fear not," it cried, "my NICHOLAS, my Brother in the Fiend:
I love thee as ASDRAMELECH doth tender ASMODAI,
Or MOLOCH MEPHISTOPHELES, or ZAMIEL ZATANAI.

"What? The destroyer I destroy?—dismiss that idle fear.
Ho! no, no, no, my fellow CURSE; to warn thee I am here.
As yet thou art but flesh and blood: their tenure is but slight,
Thou mightest be where HEROD is before to-morrow night.

"All in good time; meanwhile, thou hast a mission to fulfil,
More human creatures to torment, to ruin, and to kill;
Unless mankind, whose foe thou art, against thee should combine,
And I fear they will, because they hate thy name as much as mine.

"I am a Pest, that, like thyself, the world hath to endure;
See how the wretches search in vain for me to find a cure;

But thee, incarnate Brother, thee, malevolent Disease,
How easy to the nations 'twere to cure thee, did they please.

"How sure a dose were mixed for thee, with England and with France,
If Germany to physic thee united would advance,
For every honest German heart, as thou full well must know,
Abhors thee and thy Cossacks, as he hates the place below."

"My CHOLERA," said NICHOLAS, recovered of his dread,
"The Germans whom you talk of, with the Prussians at their head,
Are slaves of slaves of slaves; I mean, of women, slaves of mine:
Small fear have I that Germany against me will combine!"

"Then," said the CHOLERA, "fare thee well; on sewage-reek I'm off.
What ukase or what message can I take to MENTSCHIKOFF?
I'm going to Sebastopol, where corpses taint the air,
To carry on the work thou didst begin in Turkey there."

SETTLING FOR SINOPE.

KORNILOFF, NACHIMOFF, executors of the Sinope massacre, both
off! Who'll be the next off? Let us hope, ROMANOFF.

"LA 'BELLE' ASSEMBLÉE."

THERE is a clever little book, by the REVEREND ALFRED GATTY,
called *The Bell*, and published by MR. BELL, of Fleet Street. It is
a pity it hadn't been "MR. BELL, of Bell Yard," and then the set of
Bells had been complete.

CLERKS AT STARVATION PRICES.

WHEN we headed an article the other day with the words "Thieves Wanted," we felt satisfied that a demand for anything would always produce a supply, and we are therefore not astonished at a communication from a "Wholesale House," enclosing to us a shower of answers having been received to an advertisement for an ill-paid collectorship. We do not mean to say that all the unfortunate young men, whom dire necessity may drive to the degradation of becoming candidates for a hard place at a beggarly salary, are positively dishonest; but we maintain that a taskmaster who stipulates for over-work at under-pay, is not justified in expecting first-rate integrity from men whose remuneration is out of all proportion to the confidence reposed in them.

That a worthless situation should be eagerly sought after proves nothing but the existence of a class which is prepared to plunge recklessly into the first semblance of the means of livelihood which offers itself; and though the hopes of decent subsistence may be dashed after the experience of a few weeks, there will always be a fresh supply of victims ready to embrace the hollow delusion.

Louis Napoleon and the English Bar.

THERE was a rumour on the first day of Term in Westminster Hall, that MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP had addressed a respectful memorial to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, calling on him to say whether, if he didn't mean LORD ABERDEEN, or ADMIRAL DUNDAS, he intended to allude to either MR. BRIEFLESS or MR. DUNUP, or both, when he made use of the words "timid counsels."

An Answer is Requested.

"No man is an hero to his valet-de-chambre;"—but we wonder if an exception could be made in favour of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA? We want to know if NICHOLAS is not a NERO to his valet, and his aides-de-camp, and all about him?

OPERATIC PROVERB.

You may engage a Tenor, but you cannot make him sing.

THE GREAT PIG QUESTION.



We have all heard of the expediency of getting up a "cry" for election purposes, but we never expected to find the British Lion superseded by that much less noble and far more disgusting beast, the Pig, as a medium for appealing to the patriotic passions of the people. Nevertheless, the Pig is beginning to be held up as the animal round which the Swinish multitude are invited to rally. "Love me, love my Pig!" is taking the place of the old invocation in favour of the dog—hitherto considered as the friend, we may

add the honourable friend, of man; and "Please the Pigs!" will soon be equivalent to saying "Please the Populace." To prove that we are not unduly depreciating the public to the porcine level, and looking at a subject with an obliquity of vision, caused by prejudice having placed a sty in our eye, we quote the following from a printed address to the Independent Burgesses of Leicester:—

"GENTLEMEN,—You will in a few days be called upon to Elect fit and proper persons to represent your Interests in the Council Chamber; and we would, on the present occasion, particularly impress upon you, at all the Ward Meetings in the Borough, to ask the parties who offer themselves as Candidates. 'WHETHER THEY ARE AVERSE TO THE KEEPING OF SWINE, WHERE THEY ARE KEPT CLEAN.' If they object to Swine being Kept, turn them to the 'right-about-face,' and tell them plump that you won't vote for them.—One and all, stick to this, and you will find plenty of Gentlemen who will come forward to protect your interests."

It is evident that the "Pig Party" is beginning to make itself heard with a force of grunt that cannot be ignored, and the Leicester electors are willing to accept one, of whom they know nothing except that "he don't object to pigs," though he may be a mere "pig in a poke" as to their acquaintance with his general attributes. It is evident that in the Borough of Leicester the pearls of health and cleanliness are to be thrown away before swine, for "Pig or no Pig!" is to be the question proposed to all who ask for a vote, and rejection stares in the face of the anti-hoggish candidate. We do not know where the electors are to find a public man ready to throw himself into the arms of the Pig Party, and the only way to secure an individual who will not set his face against swine is to look out for some Bath Chap as a representative.

LORD PALMERSTON WANTED.

We lately saw in the papers a complaint from the worthy magistrate of the Hammersmith Police Court, as to the unfitness of the building in which "Justice to Hammersmith" is necessarily administered. As LORD PALMERSTON is a sort of Government Times, to whom every body is to write who wants an evil officially redressed, we take the liberty of calling his Lordship's attention to the rickety old tenement which forms the Hammersmith Temple of the Suburban THEMIS. Supposing the blind goddess to have been set down at the corner of Brook Green by an omnibus, she must grope her way into the Court itself, which it seems is held in a small room where the magistrate is almost backed into the grate, to keep up a fitting distance from the prisoners, who, if the room were furnished, would have to occupy the side-board.

As to the witness-box—supposing the room to be furnished—there would be nothing available but the cellaret, from which a "party" could give his evidence; and the Clerk could only enjoy the semblance of a partition from the general throng by the aid of the fire-screen. As to Counsel, when they attend, and Solicitors or their clerks, they must all be huddled up together in a space of some few feet square, under the very nose of Justice; and as some Counsel are rather foul-mouthed, the nose of Justice is not always treated to a very agreeable bouquet. It appears also, from the complaint of the Magistrate, as reported in the Times, that there being no waiting-room for witnesses, they are, if it is necessary to order them out of Court, sent literally outside, and frequently into the rain, so that when re-called to detail dry facts, to form the thread of evidence, they have often not a dry thread about them.

A glance at the exterior of the building has been sufficient for us, and we have often wondered that the Police Court, which is the only tribunal for the poor, should be made so difficult of access, that there is nothing but an old tumble-down ladder—for we can hardly dignify it with the title of "a flight of steps"—to get up to it. Somebody said something about some surveyor having done something or nothing, or meaning to do something some time or other about some improvement; but if the underlings are inactive, or there is an impolitic shabbiness about the necessary money being granted for the accommodation of the public, we invite the attention of LORD PALMERSTON to the state of the case, and we have no doubt the lazy subs will all quicken their movements. In the mean time, as the severe weather is coming on, we would suggest the erection of a large gig umbrella outside the door of the Court, as a shelter for those who are waiting on business—there being no accommodation within—and the umbrella could, of course, be removed at the close of the business of the day, to prevent any infringement of the law as to obstructions of the thoroughfare.

IN RE SEBASTOPOL.

THE QUEEN v. NICHOLAS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"By advice from the seat of war we are informed that the batteries opened some weeks since on Sebastopol, and that an assault is in contemplation. Now, Sir, though an assault may take place without a battery, it is impossible that a battery can take place without an assault. If I brandish my fist in your face, that constitutes an assault; if I extend it a little farther and hit you, the act amounts to battery; so that assault precedes battery, and battery is the sequel and consummation of assault. Query, therefore, if the defendant, when the present case of ejection has been decided, should bring an action for damages (which will probably be considerable) would not it be correct that his plea should allege a tort sustained by assault and battery, and not, whatever the newspapers may state to the contrary, by battery and assault? I am not defendant's attorney: that gentleman, I believe, is MR. BRIGHT: I merely moot the question as a legal problem, and am,

"Your obedient Servant, without prejudice,

"Chancery Lane, Nov. 1854."

"SCIRE FACIAS."



BULLS AND BEARS.

The Midnight Oil.

THE Russians are so ignorant because they will not study—in other words, they do not "consume the midnight oil;" and one of the reasons why they do not consume it at "midnight," is because they cannot refrain from drinking it long before that hour.

LAYARD'S FAVOURITE TUNE.—"Partant pour l'Assyrie."

THE GAMBLING GERMAN GOVERNMENTS.



Y a printed prospectus with which we have been favoured, we see that a series of State Distributions will be made, which offer the following advantages, exhibited in large bold capitals—a species of capital in which the speculators would seem to be particularly rich, if we may judge by the display they make of it.

“With a single Stake of £1 in the Sardinian State Distribution, you will gain £21,250!!!”

“With a single Stake of £2 in the Hessian State Distribution, you will gain £25,000!!!”

“With a single Stake of £10 in the Frankfort State Distribution, you will gain £43,500!!!”

If £1 will gain £21,250, we should like to know the extent of the fund out of which the gain is to be paid, and we can but wonder at the lavish liberality which is prepared to make such an “alarming sacrifice.” The proposal reminds us of some of those very benevolent Benefit Societies, in which a subscription of £1 entitles the subscriber to a pension of £10 a year—as soon as he can get it.

If these petty German States cannot go on without lotteries to pay their expenses, it would be better for the princes to take bazaars at some of the watering places in the Season, when the fact of a crowned head presiding at a raffling table, or a princess giving whirls to a wheel of fortune, might bring more grist to the German mills, than can be obtained through these “State Distribution” dodges, which, instead of bringing grist, excite only the “chaff” of those whose duty it is to protect the pockets of the community.

WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENTS IN ENGLAND. 7

It is strange the extraordinary improvements that have taken place in England since the Alliance with France. It would seem as if the Eastern Question had had the one good effect of opening the eyes of French writers, for they have lately noticed things in England, which, either they could not, or would not, notice before.

Amongst other things, they have seen the Sun. They admit now that the Sun is occasionally visible in England. They are generous enough to acknowledge that cucumbers are raised by it—that corn is ripened by it—that photograph portraits are taken with it—and that the Sun, which is said “never to set on the English dominions,” is, after all, a real *bonâ fide* genuine Sun, giving out heat and freckles, and not the mere cold shadow of a Sun, borrowed for the occasion from France, or the nearest tin-shop and gas-works.

The Climate, also, is endurable. People can actually live in it now. There is not a fog every day of the year. You can see to read at noon day. The atmosphere is likewise pronounced not to be so depressing as it was formerly. Young ladies do not make up parties to go and throw themselves off Waterloo Bridge, twelve at a time. Countesses are not found in their beds dead of *ennui*. The trees do have leaves, and they are green, and not black.

The decrease of “*Spleen*” is likewise most wonderful. It has numbered fewer victims this year than any previous twelvemonth. You no longer hear of noblemen turning jockeys or policemen, because their life is made miserable to them on account of the Spleen. It has ceased to be quoted as a pretext for every absurdity that every English lunatic out of Bedlam was guilty of. It is no longer made answerable for the endless follies that our courts-martial and police-courts drag into print. All our suicides and accidents are not put down any more to its melancholy account. An Englishman can wear a white hat now without its being said that it was “*le Spleen*” that drove him to it.

A similar improvement has taken place in our social habits: the day when Englishmen got drunk down stairs, whilst their wives were left by themselves in the drawing-room is apparently over. We have dropped the fashion, it seems, of tumbling insensible underneath the table, where we lay until our servants came in the morning, and wheeled us home in wheelbarrows. A great reform has taken place in these things, and in less than six months! We do not *box* in the House of Commons—our legislators do not rise in the House of Lords with a bottle of brandy in their hands. We do not eat raw *bifteks*.

We have given up the awful propensity we were so greatly addicted to in all French novels and melodramas of taking our wives to Smithfield, and selling them at public auction, with a rope round their necks. We value them, we are glad to notice, at a somewhat higher figure than a mere pot of porter, price *4d.* We have grown more humane,

more rational; in a word, we are more civilized, since we went to fight the Cossack. Every Briton has not, at present, a bull dog at his heels, nor has he a prize fighter for his tutor, nor is he in the habit of selecting his better half out of the kitchen. We do not drink gin in tumblers for our breakfast, any more than we kill a crossing-sweeper or two just to give us an appetite for our supper. It appears that *nous avons change tout cela*.

Perfide Albion has discontinued being *Perfide*. He has now grown brave, loyal, *généreux*! There is nothing too good that can be said of him. His ships can sail all over the world without being suspected of stealing continents, or of abetting some sable Emperor in his cannibal propensities at the expense of the French; and the British flag can be unfurled now in any French print without having a whole column of mud thrown after it. *Perfide Albion* is now the object of French praise, of French admiration. French ladies fall down, and kiss the tips of his venerable top-boots—even his round fat belly is used as a big-drum of honour on which enthusiastic Frenchmen love to beat his praises as loudly as they can.

And these wonderful improvements have all taken place in the short space of a twelvemonth! We are not aware that we are any better, or any worse, than we were two years ago. The fact is, we have not changed, but the feeling of the French towards us has changed. They see us now with very different eyes—the eyes of Allies. This change is all owing to the war, and we ought to be thankful to Russia for it. The Russian cannons have done some good, for they have hit an object they never aimed at. They have purified the atmosphere of the channel, having succeeded in blowing away a number of stupid prejudices that only mystified people, and prevented the noble countries seeing each other as they really were. The air cleared of this prejudicial mist, France is virtually brought many miles nearer to England. We thank NICHOLAS for it, and hope this time he will sing a *Te Deum* for this, the only victory he has as yet achieved.

Filling a bumper of the best Bordeaux, we drink to the health of our recent improvements, and trust that they are not merely for a day, or for a victorious year, or for a long campaign of continual success, but that they may be as lasting as the Alliance itself between England and France, until the two countries, continually improving, shall see nothing but good in one another!

Henceforth, *il n'y a plus de femmes vendues à Smithfield!*



“TWICE KILLED.”

We are not sentimentally humane. We know that certain suffering must precede various acceptable sacrifices to the Mahogany Tree. We do not turn from our lobster, though the manner of his death was probably not that which he would, if consulted, have selected—we dispose of our oyster, while the knife which broke at once into his castle and into the treasure house of his life is still in the hands of his burglarious assassin. Our eel, our shrimp, our coursed hare, might, if disrespectful, say hard things touching their respective *causes* from those states of being—but, nevertheless we eat the spitcheek, and the sauce, and the “jug” has charms which we neglect not. But the pleasures of the table are not to be purchased at the price of downright cruelty, and as such we cannot but denounce the treatment recommended by M. SOYER in the following passage in his cheap Cookery Book.

“Every Cottager ought to kill his own pig once, or twice, in every year!”

A MAHOGANY TRUISM.—Every Englishman in his life-time drinks a fearful quantity of bad Port wine.

PATRIOTISM BY THE YARD.



R. BRIGHT says we have no right to interfere with Russia, because "the Seat of War is 3000 miles away from us!"

MR. PUNCH, in a conversation the other day with the worthy Member, delicately elicited that in anticipation of the probability of his one day being entrusted with the Seals of Office in a Manchester Ministry, he had prepared for his own private reference a "graduated scale" of war policy, "as per distance." Having insinuated the delight our readers (especially those at St. Petersburg) would experience from its perusal, he most obligingly favoured us with a copy, which we subjoin:—

- WHEN BRITISH INTERESTS ARE THREATENED OR ATTACKED AT A DISTANCE OF
- 3000 Miles—Let them alone. There will be sure to be a market for Manchester Goods under any circumstances.
 - 2000 Miles—Ditto, ditto. Where's the good of interrupting commerce by quarrelling? Perhaps get embroiled in a nasty wicked war.
 - 1000 Miles—If anything very important, a polite inquiry may be permitted.
 - 500 Miles—A gentle remonstrance is allowable, but if assured by the other parties that they mean no harm, we are bound to believe them. The days of MACHIAVELLI are gone.
 - 250 Miles—Within this distance we might assume a little more dignity, and inquire "If they know what they are about?" &c.
 - 100 Miles—Send word we shall be down upon them if they don't mind.
 - 50 Miles—Get the *Morning Herald* to talk about the "British Lion," in order to frighten them.
 - 20 Miles—Tell them they have no idea what a lot of ships and soldiers and sailors and cannons and balls, and other horrible things we've got at home.
 - 10 Miles—We'll only give them this one more warning to keep off.
 - 1 Mile—We might now fire some blank guns; and even if they won't go away, I don't see it will matter much. They're all Christian people no doubt, and won't hurt us if we let 'em have their own way.

The idea of a certain critic who "looked only at the shop watch," flitted across our mind as we left the distinguished free trader; and we thought it not improbable that if we had suddenly asked him "Did you see the Bear trying to swallow the Turkey?" he would have answered, "No, I looked only at the *Yard Measure*."

"YE SUBALTERNs IN ENGLAND."

From *TUVE*, of the Fusiliers in the Crimea, to *MURF*, of the Grenadiers, at St. James's.

YE subalterns in England,
Who live a life of ease,
How little do ye think upon
Our sufferings o'er the seas.
To sup, lunch, dine, and lunch again,
Upon fried pork we go,
And three-deep, we've to sleep,
In the trenches, all a-row,
With the batteries roaring loud and long,
Four hundred guns or so!

The ghosts of clothing colonels
Would shudder in their graves;
For no two of us are rigged the same,
And scarce a fellow shaves.
Light cavalry and heavy swell
Black as coal-heavers show;
You can keep clean so cheap,
But here a tub's no go;
For water you've to shell out strong,
And then it's salt, you know.

Out here we need no boot-jacks,
For in our boots we sleep,
One never sees a dressing-case,
And hair-brushes are cheap.
Deuce a cigar one gets to smoke;
Short pipes we're glad to blow;
And we floor rum from store,
As we can't have Bordeaux—
The point is, something short and strong,
Although it may be low.

But round the flag of England
We'll our last cartridge burn,
Till we have made the Russians smart,
And victors home return.
Then, when, as veteran warriors,
At fête and ball we show,
With the fame of our name,
The ladies' hearts will glow,
And while you swells are voted bores,
The pace, oh, shan't we go!

THE AIRY AND THE COALHOLE.

PORREX A Young Sage.
FERREX A Young Swell.

Ferrex. HERE, PORREX, lend your ear.
Porrex. Conceive the loan
Negotiated, FERREX. Cut away.
Ferrex. Here is a paragraph in Wednesday's *Times*,
Which states—or I misread—that some Professor,
His name—let's see—yes, AIRY, hath gone down
Into a coal-pit, with some pendulums,
Electric wires, and goodness knows what else,
And hath abided there for several days,
In the pursuit of knowledge.
Porrex. It is true.
He's QUEEN VICTORIA's chief Astronomer.
Ferrex. What doth he at the Court, then, of KING COAL?
Porrex. He wants to weigh the Earth.
Ferrex. It seems to me,
As an Astronomer the man should know
A shorter course. In his own Zodiac
Hang Libra, or the Scales. Let him take them,
And go his weighings.
Porrex. Thou speakest foolishly.
Jingling the word, but jangling on the sense.
If thou dost seek for information, well,
If not, shut up.
Ferrex. Thy brotherly rebuke
Is just, and just the thing my jest deserved.
Now tell me, PORREX, what is the connection
Between the Airy and the Coalhole.
Porrex. This.
He'd weigh, I've said, the Earth.
Ferrex. One other joke,

And then I've done. Risking his precious neck
In such a task, proclaims him what the printers
Denominate a Weigh-Goose. Now, get on.
Porrex. 'Tis needful, therefore, that he should discover
Whether this earth, at distance from its surface,
Grows denser than above. Perceivest, dense one?
Ferrex. Marry come up, I apprehend thee well.
But he might learn the nature of the soil
Below the pit, without descending thither,
Seeing that buckets full come up each minute.
Porrex. Dreariest of donkeys, and of dunderheads
The dullest, thy unscientific soul
Appreciates not the great Astronomer.
Ferrex. Yes. I know well that from a coalpit's bottom
The stars are seen at noonday. If he took
His telescopes down with him, and attended
To his own business, so. But weigh the Earth!
Pooh! Pshaw! Bah! Bosh! Stuff! Twaddle! Tilly-Vally!
Porrex. Thy interjections prove thy wealth of words,
And poverty of wit.
Ferrex. It may be so.
I'd learn of thee. Well, he took down his clocks,
And pendulums, and tripods, and the colliers
Hearing each clock's strike, thought upon their own.
But how all this assisted him I know not.
Porrex. Listen. If earth were denser towards its centre,
The force of gravitation would compel
More rapid action of the pendulum
(When 'tis approximated towards such centre)
Than 's seen upon earth's surface. Therefore, Sir,
If of two clocks (joined by electric tie
To note the variation) that below
Goes faster than its twin *horloge* above,
We've gained at once the fact of density's
Increase—let computation do the rest.
Dost understand it now, thou Booby, speak?
Ferrex. Blest if I do. Let's go and have some beer.



A LITTLE DINNER AT THE CRIMEA CLUB.

"JACK'S HOLIDAY."

THE fleet was anchored taut and trim,
Beneath the Russian forts so grim,
When on the *Aggy's* gun-deck dim,
Says JACK the topman unto JIM,
Says he, "Let's go a-shootin';
Blest if I couldn't pipe my eye,
To think like lubbers here we lie,
While them there sojers high and dry,
Ashore, gets all the shootin'."

Says JIM to JACK—"I'm blest," says he,
"If with that 'ere I don't agree;
But then the skipper wexed might be,
If when all hands was piped, d'ye see,
He found we'd gone a shootin'.
SIR EDMUND he is fond o' game,
And thof we topmen is the same,
Blow'd if it wouldn't be a shame
To spoil the skipper's shootin'."

"Avast!" says JACK, "do you suppose
I ain't a man my dooty knows?
For liberty afore we goes,

To ax the skipper I propose,
Bein' he's fond of shootin':
There's you and me and all our mess,
In our shore-going togs we'll dress—
Blest if the skipper can do less
Than give us a day's shootin'.

"With cutlasses well ground and filed,
And our ship's pistols cleaned and 'iled,
And lest our day's sport should be spiled
(Them Russian coveys bein' wild,
And very hard o' shootin'),
Suppose we axed the skipper straight,
To let us take our sixty-eight—
The poor dear gun's been kept of late
So werry short o' shootin'.

"We'll have the old girl's breechings struck;
Bouse her up handsome on a truck;
If we don't bag a Rooshian 'duck,
When once we gets ashore—worse luck;
Say I ain't up to shootin';
Blow your grasshopper nines and twelves!

Them sojers, they enjoys themselves,
And leaves us sailors on the shelves,
Never to get no shootin'."

Next day, the holystoning done,
JACK and his messmates, every one,
All from the captain of the gun,
Down to the powder-monkey, run
To ask for their day's shooting.
"No," says SIR EDMUND, with a grin,
"For liberty the crew's too thin:
But here's the ship: let's take her in,
And all have a day's shooting."

So said, so done: the anchor's weighed:
All sail the saucy *Aggy* made;
'Longside Fort Constantine she's laid,
And there her big broadsides she played,
As cool as if saluting.
Says JACK, as his gun's breech, all hot,
He slapped after a well-aimed shot,
That sent ten Russians to pot,
"My eyes, JIM, ain't this shootin'!"

What is a Sausage-Maker?

THE best answer to this popular question we heard given at Newmarket by a young jockey. "A Sassingerman" (he said, pulling his front hair as if it were a nightcap he wanted to pull over his eyes)—"a Sassingerman is a gent as lives by chopping horses."

A MODEL MISCREANT.

NICHOLAS is advertised as one of the additions at MADAME TUSSAUD'S Exhibition. We hope TUSSAUD has had the good taste to put him in the Chamber of Horrors.

Ask Mrs. Gordon.

LORD PALMERSTON asserts that all babies are good. We should like confirmation of the statement from somebody still better qualified to testify—one of his colleagues. What does Old Nurse ABERDEEN say?

OPEN TO ALL THE WORLD.

SOME one is advertising his "Patent Sewerage." We think it is quite superfluous, creating an *embarras de richesses*, for we have already got the Thames, and that, unfortunately, is a Sewerage Patent enough to everybody.



JACK'S HOLIDAY.—A SCENE OFF BALAKLAVA.

Jack. "ASK YER HONOUR'S PARDON, BUT MAY ME AND JIM GRAMPUS HAVE A LIBERTY DAY ASHORE,
TO GO A SHOOTIN' WITH THEM SOJERS?"

A CAUTION FOR MR. GLADSTONE.



OMEbody has been sending to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER a parcel of Mexican Bonds, nominally worth £500 each, for a debt long due to the nation. We do not know the real value of Mexican Stock, but there is some Foreign Stock which is worth about as much as a Mohair Stock, or any other rag that might be used for conversion into paper. We do not say that the Mexican Stock is in this state, and indeed, for what we know, every £500 bond may be at a premium, and worth more than the sum it bears on its face, but we only say that we have heard of some foreign securities which have nothing of security about them, except the fix in which they place the party who has relied on their presumed value. We dare say these Mexican Bonds may be all right, but we should advise the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to be careful in accepting all sorts of gifts, for he may some day be having Railway

Shares or Bank Shares sent as conscience money, by which, instead of obtaining an asset, he may be saddled with a liability.

MRS. GRUNDY TO MR. BRIGHT.

JOHN BRIGHT, you're no more than a calico feller,
You're all made of cotton, like my umbereller,
You must have been, sartingly, spun with a jenny,
I'd own no sitch son if you'd give me a guinea.

A Hinglishman's birthright, with sitch a poor sperrit,
Is what chaps like you isn't fit to inherit,
If nobody else's heart wasn't no stronger,
This wouldn't be no land of freedom no longer.

To tell you the truth, 'tis my candid opinion,
You wouldn't oppose any forming dominion,
Supposing as how you believed opposition
Would cost you a few shillins more nor submission.

Old Hingland would have not a soul to defend her,
If all was like you are, from POPE or PRETENDER,
You wouldn't mind letting the CZAR take possession,
The same as it was with the Papal Transgression.

But Britons won't never give in to invaders,
To please you, nor none of your Manchester traders,
Whatever JOHN BRIGHT is, JOHN BULL's no sitch nobby;
So, therefore, now, let's have no more of your shoddy.

PARSONS' PARLIAMENT.

(SPECIALLY REPORTED.)

Saturday, 1st December, 1855.

CONVOCAION met yesterday for the first time since the exertions of its promoters succeeded in obtaining its recognition by the Legislature as the proper body for administering the affairs, conducting the reforms, and promoting the peace, harmony and efficiency of the Established Church. The Jerusalem Chamber was the locality. The excitement of the fiercely contested elections of members has only partially subsided, and several reverend gentlemen appeared with rosettes of their constituents' favourite hue, the Puseyites wearing the colours of the Scarlet Lady (slightly paler than the original), the Irish Clergy generally sporting Orange; while the Evangelicals patronised Black-and-Drab. The fusion of the two chambers into one gave an additional feature to the assembly, in the presence of the Bishops in their robes.

The ordinary formalities having been gone through, Convocation proceeded to the election of a speaker.

The BISHOP OF EXETER, in a neat and sarcastic speech, proposed the BISHOP OF OXFORD, to whose judicious and persevering exertion of his great influence in very high quarters, Convocation mainly owed its existence as a recognised and working body. (*Puseyite cheering*). The Bishop added a protest against any body who differed from himself in opinion upon this or any other subject being allowed to vote or speak, and suggested that such person should be excommunicated.

The HON. and REV. MR. TWIDDLE seconded the motion. One WILBERFORCE had been mainly instrumental in emancipating the wearers of black skins, and another—*sequitur patrem passibus æquis*—

bad done as much for the wearers of black coats. He did not anticipate that they would have many differences of opinion (*laughter*) but should such arise, no man was so well qualified as the prelate in question to prove that every man meant exactly the same thing, whatever his words might seem to imply.

The REV. BARNEY O'BRAWLER opposed the motion, and gave notice that (D. V.) he should oppose every motion that proceeded from the same quarter, both before it was made, and afterwards. Giving an eloquent but somewhat severe sketch of the character and history of BLOODY QUEEN MARY, and some biographies of the apprentice boys of Derry, the reverend gentleman denounced the BISHOPS OF EXETER and OXFORD as disguised Papists, and proposed the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of KING WILLIAM THE THIRD. (*Hear, hear, and the Kentish Fire.*)

The REV. BOANERGES M'HOWL seconded the motion.

The REV. PETER BOBBLES said they were talking nonsense. How could the memory of KING WILLIAM be made their Speaker? He wished the Irish clergymen would have a little brains in their zeal.

The REV. BARNEY O'BRAWLER despised the insult to Ireland, and pitied the wretched Jesuit who could so pretend to misunderstand him. His malevolence was helpless, however, for Jesuit's bark was worse than Jesuit's bite. He proposed for their Speaker that imminent Irish clergyman the REV. TIMOTHY O'BLARE.

The REV. BOANERGES M'HOWL seconded the motion.

The VENERABLE ARCHDEACON LUKER suggested that whatever their private opinions might be, Convocation had better be represented by an individual of discretion, who was not, to say the least of it, likely to surrender any of their Vested Rights and interests. By no means approving of most of Dr. WILBERFORCE's doctrines, and utterly disbelieving his orthodoxy, he thought him a safe man as regarded more important matters, and should support him.

The REV. DR. HIGHANORY assented to the premises, but denied the conclusion of the last speaker. DR. WILBERFORCE was an agitator and a polemic, and what they wanted was a quiet, business-like, impracticable man, who showed no zeal, and did only what he was compelled to do.

The BISHOP OF CARLISLE objected to anybody who, like Mr. O'BLARE, had ever spoken tolerantly of dissenters. He himself had no toleration for such people, and had refused to consecrate a cemetery unless a wall were built between the resting-place of the churchman and of the dissenter. A broad gravel walk would not do.

The REV. CLAPHAM FLABBY said that Dissent was to be lamented, but Puseyism and Popery were ten times worse. He would much sooner go and preach in a Little Bethel or a Zoar than in St. Barnabas or St. Knightsbridge, or whatever they called it.

The BISHOP OF EXETER was, luckily for the reverend gentleman, not his diocesan, or for that speech his gown should have been pulled over his head.

The REV. SILAS TRUMP begged his brethren to understand that he set no value on a gown, which was but so many yards of serge. He could preach as well without a gown as with one; better, in fact, in hot weather.

The HON. and REV. MR. TWIDDLE, the HON. and REV. MR. TWADDLE, the HON. and REV. ALB CHASUBLE, and others, rose to order at this, and three young Puseyite clergymen fainted away. After an animated and personal debate, the matter dropped.

The BISHOP OF EXETER suggested, that if there were no more to be said, they had better proceed to election. He hoped that the misguided and unhappy persons who had opposed his nomination would not think of dividing. (*Sensation.*)

The REV. BARNEY O'BRAWLER would not be dictated to, and would certainly divide, and believed he should divide and conquer.

The BISHOP OF OXFORD begged to say a word—only one. He was perfectly certain that the reverend gentleman, who had been proposed in opposition to himself, was every way better qualified than himself for the office, and he should certainly vote for him (*hear, hear*), if only to show that he did not consider the facts of that reverend gentleman being an Irishman, with a broad brogue, of imperfect education, of a not entirely untainted character, and in embarrassed pecuniary circumstances, as any reasons why he should not represent Convocation. If, however, contrary to his own wish, they should decide on selecting himself, he should try to do his duty, and an essential part of that duty would be to afford special assistance to those gentlemen who did not exactly think with him—most probably from having studied the subjects of difference more deeply and earnestly than he, alas, had been always able to do. (*Loud applause.*)

The REV. TIMOTHY O'BLARE. The turrums in which me LURD OF OXFORD has been plazed to spake of me are so preposterious that— (*Shouts of laughter, and confusion.*)

Convocation then divided, and the numbers were:—

For the BISHOP OF OXFORD . . .	362
For the REV. MR. O'BLARE . . .	151
Majority for the Bishop . . .	211

The Bishop was then formally declared the Speaker of Convocation Militant, and the meeting adjourned amid great excitement.

THE MODEL COURT.



it; and will also stand a chance of introducing it to certain duly salaried officials, who in their capacity of overseers have completely overlooked it. The directors likewise feel that the working man himself will the better see the value of the arguments for change when he has them put before him in a better light; it being obvious to any one that the sunshine of Sydenham affords a clearer mean of observation than the fog of the Metropolis.

Accordingly, a quantity of casts have been taken by certain duly qualified employés of the Company, who have lately, at a great expense to health, been exploring what are generally alluded to as the "back slums" of Spitalfields, Lambeth, Soho, and Bethnal Green: and, as the result of their self-sacrificing labours, a Court at Sydenham is being now constructed, which it is expected will present a faithful copy of the courts that still exist in those so long-infected districts.

The construction is not yet sufficiently advanced for us to do more at present than detail a few of its principal features: but we believe that even these will be received with some interest. As in the Pompeian Court, it is intended not so much to show the model of a single dwelling, as to throw together the most striking parts of several: and in this case there will be a further advantage gained by this arrangement, as the want of uniformity, it will ensure, will represent the more faithfully that structural higgledipiggledness which so much prevails in the localities it is intended to depict.

The first thing that will probably excite attention is the admirable ingenuity which is displayed in completely excluding every possible arrangement, which in the slightest may conduce to domestic comfort: and to show this the more clearly, figures of the size of life will be introduced, and the inconvenience of four families occupying what is really only space enough for one will, it is hoped, be thus distinctly demonstrated. In their introduction of these figures the directors are but following the course they have pursued with respect to the uncivilized tribes of Central Africa; and it will be seen that in domestic cleanliness and comfort, the natives of that region are but little behind those of Central London.

To represent the gutter which generally runs down the middle of our courts, there will be a fountain placed in the centre of this, to play alternately with Thames water and liquid manure; and it is expected that but few eyes, or noses, will be found sufficiently acute to detect the difference. We also are informed that at the especial request of certain civic authorities a smaller fountain will be added, which will be daily fresh supplied with an essence of the celebrated scents of Smithfield, in which the wives and daughters of those gentlemen are, we understand, exclusively to be allowed the privilege of dipping their handkerchiefs.

In order to assimilate the atmosphere of the Court as closely as possible with that of its originals, engagements have been made with some of our most eminent bone-boilers and gut-dressers for a continual supply of those highly noxious gases, which have so long kept in such bad odour the districts where their trade establishments are situate. This arrangement, and that of the fountains afore-mentioned, will, it is expected, form the chief (nasal) attractions of the court: and will obviate the need of any guides or finger-posts, as the visitor who may wish to be directed to it, will simply find it necessary to follow his nose.

In order to ensure the most perfect mismanagement, we learn that the general superintendence of the Court will be entrusted to certain duly constituted parish authorities, who have had great experience in local government, and are now fully competent to administer its defects. When we add that all the sanitary arrangements have been placed under the control of a regularly organised Board of Health, our readers will feel satisfied that no pains will be spared to keep it in the most unhealthy state possible.

PUBLIC attention having been at length in some degree attracted to the long-since mooted, and daily more and more important question of providing the poor with a better class of dwellings, we understand that the directors of the Crystal Palace intend fitting up a Court to represent the now existing state of architecture, and internal house economy, of our lower London and provincial city districts.

The directors conceive that by so doing they will most likely bring the matter to the notice of a number of people, by whom it may have hitherto been considered quite beneath

EXAMPLE TO THE ENEMY.

Is there not something mystical in the subjoined extract from the *Overland Friend of China*?—

"DEATH OF AN OLD ENEMY.—TAH-HUNG-HA, the sanguinary wretch who murdered so many of our countrymen at Formosa in 1842, and who, despite SIR HENRY POTTINGER'S request for his condign punishment, was elevated by the EMPEROR HIENFUNG to one of the highest posts he could confer, has met his death at the hands of China's regenerators—the patriots."

As this gentleman was HUNG, as well as TAH and HA, we can quite understand that he was elevated to a high post by the EMPEROR OF CHINA: but we cannot imagine how he could have lived after that to be killed by the patriots.

We hope that the sanguinary wretch who has caused so many more of our countrymen, besides others, including his own subjects, to be murdered, will ponder the fate of TAH-HUNG-HA. Great criminals are sometimes brought to justice in this world, and NICHOLAS ROMANOFF himself may come to be elevated to one of the highest posts that an exasperated people can confer: which post may be a lamp-post.



ONE OF THE GALLANT 93RD, AS HE APPEARS AT ASTLEY'S.

Instructions for Counsel.

WE really wish our friend BRIEFLESS, or some other equally intelligent member of the English bar, would apply to the Queen's Bench for a *stet processus*, to put an end to the foolery of the Lord Mayor's Procession. We should like also the learned gentleman to move for a *quo warranto* calling on the Man in Armour, to show by what authority he represents himself as an Esquire, and if he is an Esquire, to show cause why he acts as a scene shifter at a minor theatre on ordinary occasions.

THE HIGHER CLASSES' ENCOURAGEMENT SOCIETY.



SOCIETY has been formed on a principle corresponding with that of the Labourers' Encouragement Association, at the late meeting of which, at Romsey, LORD PALMERSTON presided, and distributed prizes for good conduct to meritorious clowns. It consists chiefly of members of the commercial and working classes, and its object is the encouragement of industry and economy amongst the higher orders. Its first annual meeting took place yesterday, and the noble lord, the

member for Tiverton, himself, was one of the foremost of the distinguished persons to whom rewards were adjudged. To VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, for length of service in the Foreign Office, and diligence in his subsequent employment as Home Secretary, was awarded a prize of five shillings. A similar sum was given to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, for steadiness and sobriety in various and important ministerial situations of trust, including the office of Premier. For administrative energy and ability displayed in the capacity of First Lord of the Admiralty, SIR JAMES GRAHAM was presented with half-a-crown. In distributing these prizes, the respectable President of the Society, MR. BROWNJONES, remarked that, of course, the sums bestowed would, considered only in regard to their amount as the recompense of a lifetime of political labour, be ridiculous; their value consisted in the honour and esteem of which they were intended for testimonials. The following prizes were further delivered to deserving individuals of property and station: to

The EARL OF HOLLOWAY, for having supported his title and a family of nine children upon ten thousand a year without ever having applied for any favour to Government—a new coronet.

The MARQUIS OF ACTON, for having lived thirty years at Wormholt Park, and during that time devoted himself to the improvement of his estate, and never once raised the rents of his tenants—a double eyeglass and a yard and a half of blue ribbon.

The HON. MR. SYDENHAM, for having supported his widowed mother, the DOWAGER LADY DULWICH, for some years, during which the affairs of his elder brother were in a state of embarrassment—a pair of dress boots.

CAPTAIN SWELTON, of the 110th Light Dragoons, for having always lived on his pay and private property without getting into debt—a silk pocket handkerchief. The Captain produced satisfactory receipts from his tailor, whose account, from the time of his joining the regiment, he had punctually settled every Christmas.

SIR REDWARD TAPEMAN, for prudence and savings during twenty years' diplomatic service—a silver spoon.

The LORD BISHOP OF PUTNEY, who has got out a family of five boys respectably in other professions, instead of providing for them at the expense of the Church, for which they had no inclination: whilst his Lordship has also devoted the bulk of his episcopal income to the wants of his diocese—a Bible and Prayer Book.

The LADY ADELIZA MATILDA GINGHAM, for ten years' service as Maid-of-Honour—a vinaigrette and a plume of feathers.

SIR JAMES JENKINSON, for eight years' service as Groom in Waiting—a waist-belt and silver buckle.

LORD BAGWIG, for propriety of demeanour in the capacity of Gold Stick—a pair of scarlet plush breeches.

MR. BROWNJONES then addressed the prizeholders. He said there were two principal rocks on which the aristocrat was apt to split. He meant the Turf and the Gaming Table. The Turf swallowed his property and ruined his prospects. A noble lord or an honourable gentleman went to a race-course with a balance at his banker's, and came back involved in difficulties which obliged him to mortgage his estate. If such a person only ruined himself it would be bad enough; but the reduction or break-up of his establishment also involved a multitude of dependants in beggary. The same remarks applied to gambling, and even more strongly: for the gamester's extravagance served no useful purpose whatever. But though the Turf encouraged the breed of horses, he would advise the nobility and gentry to beware of the betting-ring; those who once entered it went on from one thing to another till they were reduced in circumstances to the most lamentable degree: and all this while they were associating with blacklegs, swindlers, and members of the swell mob. But he was ware that what he had just said would not affect his present hearers, who, otherwise, would not have come there that day to receive the

rewards of prudent and virtuous conduct. He would, in conclusion, propose, as a toast, "Success and prosperity to the honest aristocratical Labourer."

The toast was received with three gentle cheers, after which the prizeholders sat down to a light repast, and were regaled with elegant modern French fare, consisting of *hors d'oeuvres* and *entremets*, accompanied by a plentiful allowance of sound wholesome Lafitte and Sillery.

THE JOLLY RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

How jolly the prisoner, who gets, for his pay,
From his captor's own purse, seven shillings a day!
And that 's how we pension our officer-foes,
For which we shall certainly pay through the nose.

With nothing to do, lots to eat and to drink,
On parole, it is hard lines for them, I don't think,
A sort of a life, which, to phrase it aright,
Is living like fighting-cocks barring the fight.

Of course crafty NICHOLAS—bless his mild eyes!—
Must smile with delight whilst he stares with surprise
When he thinks to himself—for the CZAR's wide awake—
Of the loss that we gain by each prisoner we take.

Well; let the sweet NICHOLAS chuckle and grin,
The laugh will be theirs who shall finally win;
We don't throw our money entirely away
In giving these men seven shillings a day.

By having been captured, in fact, they've been freed;
They hear our free speech; have our free Press to read,
And find that with us to be prisoners of war
Is simply to cease being slaves of the CZAR.

Each man will to Russia instructed return,
Having learnt what the CZAR would have nobody learn,
And amongst the poor creatures around him diffuse
Constitutional notions and liberal views.

Their heads, with ideas of Liberty stored,
Will all be live shells, midst the Muscovites poured,
Where NICK would have any shell rather explode
Than those that are charged with that species of load.

So, these things considered, the clodhopping swain
Perhaps will not think he has cause to complain
That these Russians receive—within compass to speak—
As much in one day as he earns in one week.

The nation that prisoners so handsomely pays
The wages of postmen will probably raise,
And doubtless provide on a grand scale for all
The children and wives of our soldiers who fall.

WANTED—RODERICK RANDOMS.

SOME people say that the deficiency of medical attendance on the sick and wounded in the East has been exaggerated. We should be much surprised, however, if the following statement of the *Times* Black Sea Correspondent were not to prove in every respect well founded:—

"I cannot conclude my letter without alluding to another just cause of complaint, the effects of which are most terribly felt at the present moment. I mean the want of Assistant-Surgeons. You remember, of course, the representations to the Admiralty that they ought to be treated as officers, and mass in the ward-room, for circumstances have changed, and the Assistant-Surgeons, who were formerly chosen from apothecaries' boys, are now men who have passed in medical colleges, and received the education of gentlemen. The Admiralty was shocked at their request; the consequence is, that there are not a half-a-dozen Assistant-Surgeons in the fleet of the Black Sea."

So, here is the fleet in a proper mess, because the Assistant-Surgeons are excluded from one! If the Admiralty is determined to persevere in excluding these officers from the mess-room, it had better revert to the old system of selecting them from apothecaries' boys. They will not be likely to get many other candidates for the berth of naval Assistant-Surgeon than such young gentlemen as that sort of one who was advertised for the other day, with some knowledge of dispensing, to assist in the surgery, and carry out the physic. No glory, no respect, no comfort, small pay, and a service of danger!—it must take a very hard situation to induce even a surgery-boy to doff his buttons for those of the naval uniform to be worn on these terms. Perhaps Government will be reduced to the necessity of providing for the medical service of the navy by forcible impressment, and we shall have gangs of "four-and-twenty brisk young fellows clad in jackets blue array," waylaying respectable practitioners on their rounds, and dragging them out of their gigs and broughams, and away from their brass plates and red lamps, thus compelling them to transfer their professional exertions from the scene of a genteel neighbourhood to that of a cock-pit.



"WELL! BECCA!! DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A BARE-FACED THING AS THAT? FOR TO GO AND WEAR SUCH BONNETS AS THEM!! IF IT WAS ME AND YOU AS DONE SUCH A THING, THE WHOLE ALLEY'D BE IN A UPROAR."

A BRIGHT IDEA CARRIED OUT.

"MR. PUNCH,

"PEACE at any price is my motto; and I am sure that any price that we could have had to pay for peace would have been less than the expense to which we shall be put by war. Of course, therefore, I say ditto to MR. BRIGHT; and the opinion I entertain of MR. BRIGHT'S consistency induces me to hope that he also will say ditto to me.

"In the first place, I think, with MR. BRIGHT, that the war was unnecessary. I believe, as he does, that the fear of Russian aggression was a chimera. This statement, being apparently absurd, requires explanation. I mean to say that if we had let the Czar alone, it would have taken him a long time to consummate his scheme for the annexation of Turkey. It would have taken him another long period to avail himself of the Turkish seaboard, to create a marine strong enough to destroy our naval supremacy. He therefore would have hardly been in a position to invade these dominions during the reign of HER MAJESTY. There would not have been a very high probability that a Russian invasion would occur in that of HER MAJESTY'S successor, who (after many years) I trust will be HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES. Loyalty and Patriotism need look no further forward. Two generations, and perhaps three, would have had to pass away before England would become a province of Russia. Our free institutions would not have been doomed to be destroyed by Russian barbarism; our Press would not have been destined to be shackled, nor our poets and our women to be flogged, and our reformers to be sent to Siberia. It would have been the reformers, the women, the poets, the Press, the liberal institutions of our grand-children or great grand-children only, that would have been condemned to be destroyed, shackled, flogged, and exiled. The knout would have been appointed to fall upon Posterity; not on our own backs. Besides there was no occasion to fear an invasion by NICHOLAS, even if there had been

reason to expect one. Suppose he had invaded us. He would not have harmed us much if we had received him peaceably. He would only have made some addition to the taxes, amounting to less than it will cost us to fight him. Nay, if he had subjected us to some cruelties, the mass of suffering which he would have inflicted would not have been so vast, and so severe, altogether, as that which must attend these hostilities. No doubt it is very bad to be knouted; but I had rather receive many stripes behind, than one shot in front of me.

"Secondly, I hold, as of course MR. BRIGHT does, that all war is wrong. I maintain that Christianity forbids us to defend ourselves, and not only that, but also commands us, when attacked, to invite a repetition of the outrage. Thus are we required to act by one of its precepts, literally understood. I understand it according to the letter. If, therefore, as I was walking along Fleet Street, you were to rush out of your office, double your fist, and strike me a blow with it on the right side of my face, do you think I should knock you down? By no means. Or call for the Police and give you into custody? Certainly not. I should only turn the left side of my face towards you, in order that you might inflict another stroke on that. The same rule of conduct would be observed by me in case of receiving a punch in the head, or having any other species of assault and battery committed on any other part of me. Carrying out the same principle of interpretation, I not only never defend an action at law, however unjust, which may be brought against me, but always pay double the amount claimed; and give away and lend my money for the mere asking. If anybody attempt to rob me, I offer no opposition to him; as, doubtless, MR. BRIGHT offers none, wishing as he does, like myself, that none had been offered to the act of plunder attempted by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

"I am, Sir,

"A man of Peace who goes tne whole Guinea Pig, and your

"CONSISTENT READER."

WHAT A LONDONER HAS REASON TO BE PROUD OF!



HERE are certain peculiar advantages and beauties that exist and flourish in London, such as cannot be found, perhaps, in any other metropolis in the world. It would be idle, impossible to dilate upon them. Sufficient, therefore, for the purpose to give a short list of their various charms and characteristics:

In London, you get pure milk—purer even than you can get it from the cow; and as for the water, the best fact in favour of its purity is, that the greater part of it is drawn from the Thames.

In London, you have the pride of possessing a magnificent river that may be beautifully adapted for all matters of commerce, but is, perhaps, not quite so beautiful when viewed in the other points of beauty, adornment, health, and recreation. Still it must be conceded that this same noble river acts as a most convenient cesspool to the numerous factories that overhang its charming bank, besides officiating as a most admirable sewer to the metropolis in general—in which latter capacity it is well entitled to claim the great honour of being the largest Sewer in the world!

In London, you have a wonderful City Corporation, that has the enviable distinction of having stood up against municipal Reform longer than any other corporation in the Kingdom.

In London, and twenty miles even round London, you have the enjoyment of paying, for the maintenance and glorification of that same Corporation, a tax on every ton of coals you burn.

In London, you have a number of Church clocks, and other clocks that enable one to keep an appointment with the greatest punctuality, for as two of those clocks never by any accident agree, so it stands to reason, no matter what your system of calculating time may be, that you must be right at least by one of them.

In London, you have a Lord Mayor's Show, that for several hours every Ninth of November, clears the City of the tremendous business that, on all other days of the year, completely blocks up the thoroughfare of its crowded streets.

In London, you have the further gratification of finding the narrowest streets where there is the most commerce, and the widest thoroughfares where there is the least traffic.

In London, you will see, to your great amusement, more ugly monuments in one day than you will have the pleasure of laughing at, if you travel over the Continent for one year.

In London, you will, also, see the few beautiful buildings, which it has, placed in the worst positions, so that it becomes an ingenious difficulty to see them without dislocating your neck—and this is doubtless a source of considerable relief to all visitors and foreigners, who, naturally judging from the many bad buildings that are placed in the most conspicuous situations of the metropolis, would rather be spared the pain and annoyance of seeing any public buildings at all.

In London, you have not less than three bridges at which you are stopt to pay toll—which are nearly three bridges more than any other capital in Europe possesses with similar advantages—and you also have three other bridges, that are either so crowded, or else so dangerous, that it becomes a question of courage, or the greatest urgency, to induce you to pass over them.

In London, you have the further happiness as you walk out, or stop at home, of listening to music of some kind, either vocal or instrumental, and this continues all day long, without the cessation of a single minute; and at Christmas time, this music is, moreover, continued during the night.

In London, you will see in a stroll any day more beggars than policemen—so that the wonder is their duties are not reversed, and the beggars paid to look after the policemen, and to tell them occasionally “to look alive there, or else they'll soon make them.”

In London, you will see the street sweeping, and mud-collecting, and all the scavenging carried on in the day time, whereas in most Continental towns such dirty work is generally done during the night, and completely finished before the people are out in the streets in the morning.

In London, you have more frequent opportunities of studying the anatomy of the pavements, with their various veins and arteries of gas and water pipes, than in any other town, for if a second *QUINTUS CURTIUS* were to take a walk from Piccadilly to the Bank, he would find at any time plenty of chasms on his way, into which he could conveniently leap, supposing he particularly wished at that moment to save his country.

In London, you see, rising every week, stacks of monster buildings defying every order of architecture, and swarms of new streets built without any regular plan, so that, left to the mercy of every builder, and in that helpless condition that every plasterer who puts himself up as an architect can raise his hand against it, London bids fair soon to be called—if it has not already acquired the proud distinction—“the ugliest metropolis in the world.”

The above is but a scanty list of the peculiar graces and glories of our “great metropolis,” but, incomplete as it is, is it not enough to make every resident proud of being a Londoner?

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES KEMBLE.

BRIEF as 'tis brilliant, the Actor's fame
With the spectator's memory lives and dies;
Out of the witness of men's ears and eyes,
The Actor is a name.

A name, that seldom lasting place can hold!
Within his country's records or regards.
He stands not with the painters, sculptors, bards,
Whose works are never old.

Yet some so much have stirred the common heart,
That, when they long have past from sight, we find
Memories, which seem undying, left behind
Of their so potent art.

Such *ROSCIUS* was, the cherished of old Rome;
Such *GARRICK* was, in our forefathers' day;
Such, more than *GARRICK* or than *ROSCIUS*, they
Who graced the *KEMBLE'S* home.

Who is there of us, old or young, but knows,
Familiar as one of his own race,
The stately *SIDDONS*, with her sibyl-face
And statue-like repose?

Nor less the Elder *KEMBLE*, he who slept
The true *Coriolanus*—full of scorn:
So Senators their togas might have worn,
Such countenance have kept.

Less grave of mien, of manners less severe,
And powers more slow to ripen, came the third;
Gay, gallant, debonair—in act and word,
The perfect Cavalier.

He too is gone, whom all his fourscore years
Had left with something of the youthful fire
That blazed in *Falconbridge*, and did inspire
Benedick's quips and jeers.

Where is *Mercutio*? Where *Don Felix* now?
Where *Hotspur*? *Cassio*? *The Merry King*?
Where that clear laugh that made old *Drury* ring;
That light step and bold brow?

He linked us with a past of scenic art,
Larger and loftier than now is known;
Less mannered, it may be, our stage has grown,
Than when he played his part.

But where shall we now find, upon our scene,
The Gentleman in action, look, and word,
Who wears his wit, as he would wear his sword,
As polished and as keen?

Come all who loved him: 'tis his passing bell:
Look your last look: cover the brave old face:
Kindly and gently bear him to his place—
CHARLES KEMBLE, fare thee well!



LYNCH LAW; OR, MAKING A DOVE OF PEACE.

SCOTTISH GLORY.

Most people imagine that the Highlanders distinguished themselves on the Heights of Alma by actually fighting with and routing a large number of Russians. This, however, was not exactly the case, if we may believe the following paragraph from the *Inverness Advertiser* :—

"HIGHLANDERS AT ALMA.—A friend in the Crimea writes :—'One of the Russian Generals whom we took prisoner being asked his opinion of the English troops, replied that they were all splendid; but that whenever the Russians saw the half-naked fellows without trousers marching at them, they knew the day was lost, for the savages came on with a yell that no human power could withstand.'"

We do not, however, believe the above statement. It is our firm conviction that the brave Highlanders really and truly bore back the Russians at the point of the bayonet, and did not, as pretended by the Russian General, frighten them away merely by their uncouth exteriors and horrid screams. The personal appearance of the Highlander is magnificent, and his voice is musical; by these advantages he conquers in love only, and not in war. No Russian is to be terrified by savages that has ever looked in a glass, and Cossacks are not to be put down by clamour. At the Battle of Alma the soldiers of MENSCHIKOFF saw nothing half so ugly as themselves. It would be no credit to the Highlanders to have scared Russians in the field, as if Russians had been crows: and we wonder what can induce the *Inverness Advertiser* to advertise his gallant countrymen as a race of Guys.

ON DIT IN THE CITY.—If we received a check at Balaklava, it has been duly returned.

GENERAL VIEW OF GREECE.

(Know'st thou the Land where the Cypress and Myrtle.)

Know'st thou the land where a sly press's dirt 'll
Be flung upon all who won't pay for its slime.
Where the merchant's a Doo, and the soldier's a THURTELL,
And the lawyer's their trusty accomplice in crime?
Know'st thou the land, once beloved of the Nine,
More lately the scene of Pacifico's shine,
Where a soft head like OTHO's the Crown could assume,
A King, with the mien of an underbred groom—
Where the traders in feats of rascality vie,
Where they cheat if you sell, and they cheat if you buy,
And to list to a native's to list to a lie,
Where if trees (as we say) may be known by their fruit,
One's certain that Honesty never struck root.
Where their dastardly banner bears Christendom's sign,
In type that each fight is a Cross, we opine?
'Tis the fair land of Greece, whose demoralized son
Exults in the hope that the Russians have won.
Oh! wild are his accents, when telegraphs tell
That our soldiers are doing their duty right well.

FROM THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

"DEAR PUNCH,—I have learned the English language since I have been in Elysium, and I think that the English newspapers have not used me well, spinning out my ή ταν, ή επι ταν, into 14 or 15 lines: what I really said was

"Come back with your ταν,
Or I'll think that you ran.

Come back upon ταν,
And I'll call you a man.

"13th Nov. 1854."

"THE SPARTAN MOTHER."

AND IT'S ALL TOL (DEROLLOL) ERATION, &C.—Toleration means allowing you to think as I do, but directly you want me to think as you do, then it's gross INTOLERATION.

NEW PROFESSORSHIP.

THE Cambridge Philosophical Society having found that newspapers are absolutely essential to the successful following up of the pursuits of science—a representation to that effect has been made to the University Commission, and the establishment of a new Professorship is the result. The Licensed Victuallers having given, or being about to give, the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* the sack, that renowned traveller and Protestant champion has accepted the appointment of Regius Professor of Penny-a-lineism. We have been kindly favoured with a list of the questions which will be asked at the first Examination—we subjoin a few :—

1. Find the circumference of the most "enormous gooseberry," and explain the ramifications of its roots.
2. Extract the roots mentioned in the foregoing question, and show that they are "inversely" as the *Times*, and directly as the "square" of Printing House.
3. Show how point is given to an article at three halfpence a line and give the method of diffusing small matters over a large surface.
4. To what crystalline system may the Palace at Sydenham be referred. Show the relation of the roof generally, and the dome or dome in particular to the longer and shorter axes; and state the relative number of plain and pretty faces on shilling and five shilling days respectively.
5. Who is the author of the following passage? Construe it—
Δν αλαμινγ φινε βροκε ουτ λαστ νιτε ιθ ην νεγ'βουροδ οφ Ζαιντ Βαρναβας ουδουτ, ανδ ιφ ιτ'αδ κοντινυεδ φορ α κοιναδραβλε λεργθ οφ τιμε φουλδ δουβτλεσ 'α βην απτενδεδ ουδ κοιναδραβλε λοσθ οφ λιφε ανδ προπερτι, βυτ, κ. τ. λ.
6. Show that 1 penny = 3 halfpence, and quote authorities in support of the opinion that P. LINX the Younger was the first reporter.

THE DANGER OF DOGMATISM.

A BISHOP may be thankful that his charge is not a charge of cavalry, but he should nevertheless remember that he stands some chance of being cut up.



A TRUMP CARD (IGAN).

CLERKS AND CLODHOPPERS.

WHILE the Agricultural interest has been looking up, the Commercial interest seems to be looking down, or at all events, it often takes a very low view of clerks' salaries. Every day supplies us with some fresh instance of the dreadful discount to which commercial industry, ability, and integrity have fallen. The *Times* of the 11th of this month contained the following advertisement:

CLERK WANTED.—Wanted an in-door Clerk, to take cash and keep a set of books. Salary £30 per annum. Address, stating age, &c. to the Early Closing Association, Ludgate Hill.

Though we are advocates for "early closing," we should be sorry to see a young man, prematurely shut up as an in-door clerk at thirty pounds per annum. If he is "to take cash," it is rather a prudent step to stipulate for his staying in-doors, as it would be putting his integrity to a rather severe test, if he were allowed to be at large on his miserable pay, with any of his employers' money in his pocket. His proposed salary is 11s. 6d. per week, which is about 5d. below the wages of an agricultural labourer. At this rate it seems more conducive to health and wealth to use a spade in the open air than to dig away with a steel pen in a close atmosphere. We cannot be surprised that while clerks are remunerated at less than bricklayers' wages, the criminal courts should now and then be called upon to correct clerical errors.

AN EXTRA-PAROCHIAL OFFICER.

We must admit that MAJOR POWYS, Hon. Sec. to the Widows and Orphans Association, has shown himself, by his conduct, in the case of ANN GODWIN, to understand thoroughly the duties of a Relieving Officer. As that conduct has been approved of by the Woolwich Committee, we now suppose, what otherwise we should not have imagined, that a Relieving Officer in the Army is expected to dispense charity in the same spirit as that in which assistance is dispensed by the Relieving Officer of the Workhouse. If this is the way in which relief is to be administered to Soldiers' Widows and Orphans, those Orphans and Widows will rejoice in the guardianship of a regular Board of Guardians.

AVARICE OF THE CHURCHYARD.

WE have often heard of the gaping and the greedy grave; and always supposed that it gaped for, and was greedy of, only dead bodies, and the valuables interred with them by social folly. It gapes, according to the letter of "A TOWN CURATE" in the *Times*, for something more. That clergyman, after relating a case of sad distress, proceeds—

"The sick person died, and in a few days the landlady of the lodgings applied to me for money to pay the funeral expenses. The parish, she said, had done all it could do—had given a coffin, a shroud, and means for the payment of half the necessary fees, the poor neighbours had contributed their pence and halfpence, but still there remained upwards of 5s. or 6s. to be provided before the burial could take place—the girl was utterly unable to find the requisite money, the body could no longer remain where it was; it must, as she expressed it, 'be put under ground,' and before the ground could be opened, these fees must be paid."

So that the grave gapes not only for the poor remains of mortality, but also for a sum upwards of twelve shillings: considerably upwards, perhaps, in some cases. For this money, however, the grave of course does not gape on its own account. It gapes vicariously for some monster—does that mean that it gapes for the Vicar, or is the Rector that monster whose mouth ought to be shut immediately?

RUSSIAN DUCKS AND GEESE.

THE wicked CZAR's subjects don't swim on a pond,
But they're ducks of the sort that belonged to Mrs. BOND;
What seas of their blood he has caused to be spilled,
Crying—"Bless you, bless you, bless you, bless you, go and be killed!"

To say they are geese 'twould perhaps be more right,
For such an unmerciful brute since they fight,
In whole flocks for slaughter by whom they are drilled,
With his "Bless you, bless you, bless you, bless you, go and be killed!"

A HINT.—What if there should appear in the next European Family Recipe Book (revised in London and Paris) a direction How to take Greece out of Maps?

HOW TO TAKE CRONSTADT.



It is a remarkable fact, that while the professional soldiers and sailors, the experienced generals and admirals, find so much difficulty in terminating successfully the War with Russia, it is impossible to go anywhere any day without finding somebody who if he could only have his own way, would make us masters of Sebastopol, Cronstadt, or any other stronghold of the CZAR in less than half an hour. The following scene took place in our presence, not very long ago, and we have thrown it into blank verse as being best suited to the heroic nature of the subject :

SCENE.—A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SMITH }
 JONES } Railway Travellers.
 TOMKINS } Station Master.

The Train has just stopped.

Smith. 'Tis a sad business, Sir, this Russian War.
Jones. 'Tis very sad! I have seen the morning paper?
Smith. I have, 'tis very full of "latest news,"
 So late as to have left the scene of action
 A week at least ere the events occurred,
 Which form the subject of the "latest news."
Jones. The Electric Telegraph is truly called
 "A great invention"—for it doth invent
 Some novel fiction nearly every day.
Smith. That's true, indeed; but tell me, Sir, what think you?
 Shall we succeed, or will this Russia beat us?
Jones. Upon my word, the question puzzles me.
 But do you know the Station Master here?
 One TOMKINS—once a Master in the Navy.
 He'll tell us all about it.
Smith. So he will!
 We couldn't light upon a better man. [*Calling out of the carriage.*
 Hi! TOMKINS.
Jones (also calling). TOMKINS! MR. TOMKINS. Hi!
Smith. He sees us, for he's coming up this way.
 [*TOMKINS appears at the window of the carriage.*
Tomkins. What is it, Gentlemen?
Smith. We have been talking
 About the Russian War! Now, you can tell us.
 Now give us your opinion.
Jones. Yes! now, TOMKINS.
 You've been a sailor!
Tomkins. Yes! I've been afloat,
 And know a hawser from a marlingspike;
 At least, I ought to (*laughing*).
Jones (aside to Smith). He's the very man.
 I'd take his judgment sooner than I'd take
 The word of half the Admiralty Lords.
 Now, TOMKINS, give us your opinion, do (*aloud*).
Tomkins. Well, as for that you see, the thing's as plain
 As that there railway signal.
Jones. Ah! you mean,
 We might have taken Cronstadt.
Tomkins. Might have taken!
 Why bless you! let me have a single schooner,
 And put aboard a crew of twenty men,
 And I'd soon show the Admiralty folks
 How to take Cronstadt!
Smith. Would you though, indeed!
Tomkins. Oh! that I would! in less than half an hour.
Jones. This is important—let me understand you.

Now tell me—am I authorised to say
 That with a single schooner and a crew
 Of twenty men—you could effect the object?
Tomkins. Mind you! There's one condition!
Smith. And what's that?
Tomkins. I must do everything—in my own way.
Jones. Of course! Why what would WELLINGTON have done
 If he'd not had his way?
Tomkins. That's what I tell them.
 Give me (*Yes! ring the bell!*) a schooner (*right!*)
 With twenty men (*whistles.*) Good morning, Gentlemen.
 [*The Train moves on.*
Smith. You see, what might be done, if Government
 Went to the proper men.
Jones. Exactly so.
 Now, here's a man—lost as a Station Master,
 Who, if he had the opportunity,
 Would—
 [*A fearful shriek from the railway whistle, followed by the whirling
 of the train into a tunnel, brings the SCENE to a close.*

PROTESTANTS AT A PREMIUM.

THE announcement of a new Holy Office, to be called THE PROTESTANT LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, appears in the columns of some of our contemporaries. We have not seen the Prospectus, but we understand that the following is one of the papers which every person will be required to fill up, who proposes to effect an Assurance with a Company bearing a very similar name.

1. What is your name?
2. In what kind of edifice were you christened? Are you quite sure that it was not, and never had been a Roman Catholic place of worship?
3. Have you ever been afflicted with Puseyism?
4. Do you regularly subscribe to buy a Guy, and assist, during certain hours at least, on the 5th of November, in carrying him about?
5. Would you take wine with a Roman Catholic gentleman, or dance with a Roman Catholic lady?
6. Did you ever call the Missal by any other name than the Mass Book, or speak of the Roman Catholic Clergy except as Popish priests?
7. Were you ever troubled with the slightest doubt as to the ultimate destiny of every lay and clerical professor of the Roman Catholic faith?
8. Do you consider it possible for a Roman Catholic to do a good action?
9. Could you be induced, whatever might be your complaint, to take a dose of Jesuit's Bark?
10. Would you drink S. JULLIEN, S. EMILION, S. PERAY, S. ESTEPHE, or any other wine named after a Popish Saint?
11. Would you do at Rome as they do at Rome?
12. Has your Grandmother, Great Aunt, Little Aunt, Wife, Sister, Niece, Female Cousin, Daughter, or Granddaughter ever worn as ornament a Cross of any kind?
13. Have you been Vaccinated, and if so, was the lymph taken from a Protestant baby, and the operation performed by a Protestant doctor?
14. Do you feel a due aversion for the Douay version?
15. Give a reference to an intimate friend who can satisfy the Office that you are in no danger of believing that any commandment about duty to your neighbour was ever intended to refer to a member of the Roman Catholic religion.

A Winning Throw.

THE *Times* correspondent says that our Riflemen lately met some Russian soldiers in a quarry, and both being without ammunition they commenced pitching large blocks of granite at each other. It is evident from this that should powder and shot fail, the war will not be at an end while our men can get within a stone's throw of the enemy. Hostility has evidently been brought to such a pitch, that the parties will go on pitching into each other as long as there is anything with which the Allies can have a shy at the Russians.

ECONOMY OF WAR.

POLITICAL Economy says that supply should be proportioned to demand. If the same principle is observed in Military Economy with respect to reinforcements for the Crimea, it will be found the best economy in the end.

BREACHES MENDING AT SEBASTOPOL.—We are told by the Electric Telegraph that "the Bombardment continued, but the Breaches were always repaired." Certainly, those Russians are good tailors.



THE RUSSIAN BEAR'S UN-LICKED CUBS,
NICHOLAS AND MICHAEL.



ENTHUSIASM OF PATERFAMILIAS,
On Reading the Report of the Grand Charge of British Cavalry on the 25th.

THE BATTLE OF ALMA MATER.

THE Temperance Commissioners
In awful conclave sat,
Their noses into this to poke,
To poke them into that.
In awful conclave sat they,
And swore a solemn oath,
That snuff should make no Briton sneeze,
That smokers all to smoke should cease;
They swore to conquer both.

Forth went a great Teetotaller,
With pamphlet armed and pen,
He travelled East, he travelled West,
Tobacco to condemn.
At length to Cantabrigia,
To move her sons to shame;
Foredoomed to chaff and insult,
That gallant Hero came.

'Tis Friday: to the Guildhall
Come pouring in apace
The Gownsmen and the Townsmen,
Right through the market place.
They meet, these bitter foemen,
Not enemies but friends;
Then fearless to the rostrum
The Lecturer ascends.

He cursed the martyr'd RALEIGH,
He cursed the mild cigar,
He traced to pipe and cabbage leaf
Consumption and catarrh;
He railed at simple bird's-eye,
By Freshmen only tried,

And with rude and bitter jest assailed
The yard of clay beside.

When suddenly full twenty pipes,
And weeds full twenty more,
Were seen to rise at signal
Where none were seen before.
No mouth but puffed out gaily
A cloud of yellow fume,
And merrily the curls of smoke
Went circling through the room.

In vain th' indignant Mayor harangued,
A mighty chandler he;
While peas his hoary head around
They whistled pleasantly.
In vain he tenderly inquired,
Mid many a wild "hurrah,"
"Of this what Father dear would think,
Of that what dear Mamma?"

In rushed a host of peelers,
With a Sergeant at the head;
JAGGARD to every kitchen known,
Of "Missusses" the dread.
In rushed that warlike multitude,
Like bees from out their hive,
With FLUFFY of the squinting eye,
And fighting No. 5.

Up sprang INSPECTOR FLUFFY,
Up SERGEANT JAGGARD rose,
And playfully with staff he tapped
A Gownsmen on the nose.

As falls a thundersmitten oak,
The valiant JAGGARD fell,
With a line above each ogle,
And a "mouse" or two as well.

But hark! the cry is "SNUFFKINS!"
And loud the Gownsmen cheer,
And lo! a stalwart Johnian
Comes jostling from the rear:
He eyed the flinching peelers,
He aimed a deadly blow.
Then quick before his fist went down
Inspector, Marshal, Peelers, Town,
While fiercer fought the joyful Gown
To see the claret flow.

They run, they run! to win the door
The vanquished peelers flew;
They left the Sergeant's hat behind,
And the lecturer's surtout.
Now, by our LADY MARGARET,
It was a goodly sight,
To see that routed multitude
Swept down the tide of flight.

Then hurrah! for gallant SNUFFKINS,
For Cantabs one hurrah!
Like wolves in quest of prey they scent
A peeler from afar.
Hurrah! for all who strove and bled
For liberty and right,
What time within the Guildhall
Was fought the glorious fight.



THE "JUG" OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

The Poetry of Chess.

SOMEBODY has lately written, and somebody else has even published, but we should think that nobody can have read, a Poem on Chess. Perhaps, however, the theme may not be a very bad one, as the ground work is chequered, and the characters are various. Church and state are represented in the King and Bishops, chivalry is present in the knights and castles, while the pawn is suggestive of the difficulties of every-day life. It must however require a high degree of poetical art to invest a set of chess men with the interest that belongs to the actions of men of a different material. The only mode of treatment that occurs to us is to describe the adventures of a king having lost his queen, and being ultimately ruined by another mate.

GUNNERY PRACTICE.

THE three wooden Guns that belong to the Allied Army go through their practice every night at Astley's. This practice consists in entering at full gallop at the side-entrance on the right of the warlike arena—defiling rapidly over the sawdusted plains that stretch themselves out in the form of an Amphitheatre at the foot of Alma—and then dashing impetuously up the platform that represents the steep bank of that redoubtable river—only the river, as viewed from the present Theatre of war, is not visible to the naked eye, or through an opera glass either. After executing these spirited evolutions, the three guns, as soon as they have reached the topmost height, wheel round, fire one, two, three times—being exactly the number of tubes of which an Astley's piece of ordnance is ordinarily composed—and then disappear with the greatest speed and enthusiasm by the O.P. wing of the army. This movement is necessary to enable them to come on again as soon as possible, and go through precisely the same martial exercise. It gives a capital idea of numbers, and besides is a great economy of men and expense. After this manœuvre has been repeated with the greatest success two or three times, the brave artillerymen retire to wash out, as is generally presumed, the mouths of their guns—the liquid they apply to their mouths being generally a substance resembling very much in its appearance porter or half-and-half—either of which is said to be very efficacious in cleansing away the smoke that sometimes chokes them. A good artilleryman's pay rarely exceeds a shilling a night. In addition to this, however, a certain allowance of powder is given to him, but on the occasions above alluded to, every man is expected to pay his own shot.

The Two Great Movements.

THE two great movements of the present day are the tremendous exertions of the Roman Catholics to extend their religion, and the strenuous endeavours of all good men to elevate the condition of the working classes. These two movements, so dissimilar, and somewhat contradictory in their tendency, nevertheless do agree in one important respect, for the object with each is decidedly a solemn desire to *celebrate the mass*.

Affecting Farewell Speech of a Brave Defender of his Country.

(As heard, literally, every Evening, 10 m. p. 7. p.m., at Astley's.)

"COMRADES, Honour calls us to the Field of Glory, but Time and Tide wait for no man, not even for a British Soldier!"
[Rushes on board the Southampton Steamer.]



JACK ASHORE.

Policeman. "HOLLO, JACK! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE NOT SORRY TO COME ON LAND FOR A BIT?"

Jack (who hasn't got his shore legs yet). "WELL, IT AIN'T SUCH A BAD PLACE FOR A DAY OR TWO—ONLY IT'S SO PRECIOUS DIFFICULT TO WALK STRAIGHT."

ADVICE TO CLERICAL AGENTS.

In a recent advertisement, offering a "Next Presentation for Sale," it was mentioned that "The incumbent is of very advanced age." This, of course, meant, that the reverend gentleman was likely soon to die; so that hope deferred would not probably make sick the heart of any holy man on whose behalf the succession to the aged clergyman's income might be purchased.

Dead men's shoes, however, have sometimes to be waited for a long time. The living wearers of the shoes are old men, but obstinate old men, and won't die. The mere age, therefore, of the incumbent, affords insufficient information. It should also be mentioned whether he is in an unpromising state of sound health, or labours under any hopeful infirmity or ailment which might reasonably be expected to compel him shortly to resign the Church for the Churchyard. "Eighty years old and afflicted with paralysis;" "In his second childhood, and constitution breaking up;" these would be announcements giving a speculator something to go upon. If the incumbent had an aneurism of the aorta, or an ascertained disease of the heart, or was the subject of phthisis, those important circumstances should also be mentioned: and it might also be stated whether he was abstemious or given to excess in port wine.

Guy's Nose Put out of Joint.

REMEMBER, Remember,
The Fifth of November,
Sebastopol, powder, and shot;
When GENERAL LIPRANDI
Charged JOHN, PAT, and SANDY,
And a jolly good licking he got.

RATIONAL RECREATION.

We hope the Commissariat supplies provision enough to fully sustain the energy of our forces before Sebastopol. Plenty to eat must be necessary for such capital trenchmen.

CLERICAL SHERRY.

An advertising wine merchant recommends some sherry on the ground that "many of the highest dignitaries in the Church are drinking it." The description given of the sherry is rather clerical, for it is said to be "pale and dry," in which respect it resembles those white-faced and hard looking parsons by whom it is probably patronised. We trust the "dignitaries of the Church" will not begin the practice of writing letters to their wine and spirit merchants to be used as puffs and advertisements. If the custom begins we shall soon hear of the Dean of So-and-So's port, or perhaps even the Bishop of Blank's brandy. It would be a melancholy matter to the friends of the Church, if out of pure good nature, the great clerical dignitaries were to commence writing recommendations of wines, spirits, or even beer, after the fashion now so common among the Peers, who are in the habit of puffing patent medicines.

We should lament to see a letter dated from a Bishop's palace, and presenting a Bishop's compliments to Mr. So-and-So, with a request for "six more bottles of that peculiar cream gin, which had diffused so much satisfaction throughout the Bishop's family." We should regret if even a mere Archdeacon were to be advertised as sending for "another gallon of that delicious dew from the top of Ben Nevis," which had been "highly relished as the foundation for a good sound toddy by several of the Archdeacon's intimate friends and acquaintances." It is possible that "many of the highest dignitaries of the Church" may enjoy a good glass of sherry, as well as other people, but it is a little unseemly to find them quoted as an authority for the wares of a wine-merchant. Some clergymen can appreciate a cigar, but we should be sorry to see the tobacconists' windows filled with "cheap clerical cheroots" as companions to the "penny Pickwicks."

THE CZAR'S DEBT OF GRATITUDE.

We don't think that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA ought to send the order of St. VLADIMIR to MR. BRIGHT. A large order for cotton goods would probably be more in that gentleman's way.

THE INSCRIPTION INSIDE THE LORD CHIEF BARON'S HAT.—"Castor and POLLOCK'S."

ANOTHER WAR WITH THE KAFFIRS.

OUR old enemies the Kaffirs have once more commenced hostilities and declared war against the enterprising individual who has brought over a small party of them for exhibitional purposes. The agreement with the Kaffir chief now in this country was, that he and his fellow savages should appear, in their native costume, consisting of a few beads and a blanket. Since the severe weather has set in, the Kaffirs have insisted on adding trowsers to their usual apparel, an arrangement which, while highly conducive to comfort, is wholly destructive of effect, inasmuch as a war dance in a pair of seventeen and sixpenny tweeds, is deprived of all its romance and half its reality. The proprietor of the Kaffirs has, it is said, consulted the authorities with the view of tearing the objectionable garments from the legs of the Zulus, but it is evident that if the slave is free when he sets his foot on British soil, he is equally free to set his foot in a pair of British trowsers. We must confess that we are disposed to sympathise with the Kaffirs on this occasion, for we think it rather hard that they should be stripped to the skin, in order that they may, as an exhibition, outstrip all competition. In any event it is impossible that their trowsers can be torn off by the hand of the law, and if they should thus be deprived of their dress, it is evident that they might claim re-dress from the legal tribunals of this country.

A Roundabout Joke.

THE reader is particularly requested to go on to the end of the first paragraph, for though the commencement may be unpromising we guarantee him a joke at the end, which is warranted to repay perusal.

Though it may not be prudent to buy a pig in a poke, it is advisable when purchasing a set of fire irons to select those made of pig iron, and thus it will be wise to buy a portion of a pig in a poker.

PROBLEM FOR MAJOR POWYS.—If you punish the Soldier's Widow for having been deserted by her husband, then, if a Soldier deserts his colours, ought you not to flog the regiment?

JIGS THAT ARE BAD JOKES.

WAR is something pretty. It is a light and elegant employment. Perhaps we shouldn't say employment. Diversion may be the better word. Suppose we call war a pleasing, graceful species of pastime: for such it would seem to be considered by the world of fashion. "Sebastopol—a new set of quadrilles, by D'ALBERT;" "The Anglo-French Polka," by the same Dancing-Master; "The Grand War Galop, Sebastopol, for the pianoforte, with splendidly Illustrated Title;" "The Alma Galop;" "The Alliance Quadrilles;" and "The Bomarsund Quadrille," are so many pieces of dance music all advertised in one column of the *Times*. To some minds war seems to suggest the notion of such balls only as are set going by the fiddle and the cornet with pistons. The cornet with pistols and the Minié bullet would more naturally occur to others, and in tripping Sebastopol and Alma Quadrilles on the light fantastic toe, we should think that people of any feeling as well as fancy, would mentally stumble over the bodies of the dying and wounded.



CHARITY BY PROXY.

MR. PUNCH observes, in the list of donations to the Patriotic Fund, certain gifts, touching which he requests some little explanation. He reads that divers sums are subscribed by Assurance Companies. Now *Mr. Punch*, having done more for the good of the services and of the fund than any person in the world, is entitled to ask out of what moneys these Assurance Companies pay their subscriptions. If the payment is made out of the private purses of the directors and officials, their liberality and modesty do them honour. But if the money is taken out of the profits of the Companies, money therefore which ought to be applied, according to contract, in increasing the bonuses, and otherwise promoting the interests of the Assured, and of the Shareholders, *Mr. Punch* begs to remind the particularly benevolent gentlemen in question that they are not only being generous at no expense to themselves, but that they are actually robbing other people in order to make a show in the subscription columns. This would be a species of Assurance of so remarkable a character that *Mr. Punch*, if certified of its existence, would assuredly bring out his own Great Moral Engine, and play upon the offices themselves until all sham patriotic fire were completely got under. Meantime, he will just trouble certain functionaries, called Auditors, to get up the law of *meum* and *uum* before they are called upon to revise the next set of balance sheets.

THE PEACE SOCIETY IN EARNEST.

PUBLIC expectation has been somewhat disappointed by the Peace Society, which, it was naturally supposed, would display an activity during war, corresponding to that evinced by the medical profession in time of pestilence. Till very lately, however, no effort has been made by that once busy association, tending in any degree to a pacification between the belligerent Powers. But a meeting composed of members of the Society was, we are happy to announce, held yesterday, in the large room at the Olive Branch, for the purpose of considering what steps to take with a view of effecting the speediest cessation of hostilities.

The Chair was occupied by

MR. BELLWETHER, who after dwelling upon the horrors of war, as now exhibited and experienced in the Crimea, stated that the prevention of those horrors was the object for which the Society had been constituted. That object, however, had certainly not been attained, and he wished that was the worst that could be said; but the fact was, a general impression began to prevail that, so far from tending to the prevention of war and bloodshed, their exertions, in fact, had tended to entail upon Europe and the country those very evils which they had been so anxious to avert.

MR. BARLAMB said the statement of their worthy Chairman was too true. Their intentions had been the best, but good intentions formed a pavement which he hoped he should never tread upon. They had proclaimed England to be a nation which had renounced war, even in self defence, had turned its sword into a shuttle, and its bayonet into a billy-roller, had yielded itself up altogether to commerce, and intended on no account ever to fight any more. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA unfortunately believed this: the fear of England was before his eyes no longer: he gave loose to his ambition, and hence the disturbance of the peace of the world. Considering the calamities which they, unlucky peacemakers, had been the means, however much against their wish, of bringing on this country, he submitted that they were bound to do their utmost to bring them to a conclusion. We were now at war, and the shortest way to peace was to prosecute the war vigorously. He therefore moved that a subscription be forthwith entered into by the Peace Society in aid of the funds at the disposal of the Government for carrying on the war.

MR. CAFFE seconded the motion. He agreed with the last speaker, that they had been making the noise that had brought down the wolf on the fold. In fact, they had been bleating much too loud.

MR. DOVEY said he wished their intentions had been as good as his brother BARLAMB had described them; but he, for one, was ashamed to say that although he had been, he hoped, to a certain extent sincere, he had, as a public advocate of peace, also been too much carried away by a love of tea, of playing pretty, of waving handkerchiefs, of cheers, of notoriety, and approbation, and by a sentiment of spoonysm. On this account his conscience now pricked him, as he had no doubt was the case with many he beheld around him. They had too much cause to look sheepish: but it would be better to do their utmost to repair the mischief to which they had so largely contributed. Let them now contribute as largely what he might well call their conscience money: and he would propose that they should subscribe an additional sum for the support of the widows and orphans of our brave soldiers who fell in fighting to restore that peace which had mainly been interrupted through the ill-judged agitation of the Peacemakers.

The motion was seconded by MR. CURDS; who expressed a hope that Government would devote a portion of the new supplies which they would be furnished with to the provision of larger Lancaster guns and a greater proportion of Minié rifles to carry out the objects of the Peace Society: and after singing *God save the Queen* and *Rule Britannia* the meeting separated.



BLANK CARTRIDGE.

Going the Whole Pump.

TETOTALISM has its extravagances like everything else, and the head may be turned by water as effectually, if not so rapidly, as by whiskey. We have lately heard of a sad instance of aberration in a tectotal intellect, the result of which was, that the unfortunate victim threw away a handsome Macintosh wrapper because it was water-proof.

SURSUM CORDA.



IS no time for looking palely,
'tis no time for gloomy
fancies,
While the Alma's shouts
of Victory are ringing in
the ear,
Solemn brows, but stern as
solemn, hopeful hearts
and proud high glances
More beseech a British free-
man than white cheeks
and words of fear.

Did our heroes perish vainly
on that wild September
morning,
When the Chivalry of
Britain and the warriors
of Gaul
In yon cruel Tartar vineyard
taught the foeman such
fierce warning?
Have we learnt no nobler
lesson from their valour
and their fall?

When our leaguer-brethren's leader with a cruel anguish stricken,
Scorned the down-bed and the pillow and the nurses' aid to die,
Was it only for a moment, that we felt our hearts' pulse quicken
And the blood rush to our foreheads and the lustre to our eye;

When with tone calm, but heroic, to his faithful followers turning,
Who, with sorrowing sobs besought him of his sickness to take heed;
He smiling sweetly told them, his wan cheek with strange fire burning,
That "a Maréchal of France should die upon his battle steed;"

Was it only for a moment that the glow such proud words gave us
Could warm our hearts to confidence, and nerve us 'gainst despair?
Is it worthy of our name that we lament when foemen brave us,
And mourn that Vict'ry is not won unless we do and dare?

Should we not be shamed to utter such weak words? for they will wander
To our soldiers' Tartar watchfires, and before the leaguer'd wall
Of the Russians' frowning fortress, is it well that they should ponder
How ungrateful hearts in England doubt their power to make them fall!

Should the Welchman's bold battalion, which the sun of Albuera
Lit to such a field of glory, and to such a field of death,
Whence its ancient laurels dyed in noble blood have issued fairer,
And to hear whose fatal prowess e'en the "bravest hold their breath;"

Should the Guards of Royal England in their trenches gaily singing
Of the valour and the glories of the British Grenadiers,
While their comrades' shouts of triumph through the smoky air are ringing,
Be told that men at home are trembling with unworthy fears?

Should our glorious Chieftain, he with eye so true and so discerning,
He who learnt his stern war lesson from the greatest of the earth;
And now in his life's evening with a soldier's soul is yearning
To leave a name like WELLINGTON'S for valour and for worth;

Should the Prince of Royal England, who with soul true to his station,
And despising courtly cavils, urged his Cousin on the Throne,
That as Prince no less than soldier he was one of a free nation,
And besought to strike a blow for England's honour and his own;

Should these gallant hearts be told that *our* hearts have grown so craven,
That their doughtiest deeds of daring cannot rouse us as they ought,
And that like the dismal croaking of poor POE'S unearthly raven,
We are crying, "Never more" shall fields be won though they be fought!

Nor alone the *living* hear us our manhood thus forswearing,
And forgetting our high kindred with the brave and with the true;
Pallid spectres on the rugged banks of Alma may be hearing,
And though they be dead, our hearts shall seem the colder of the two.

Gallant CHESTER little pondered when his country's flag he planted
On the stronghold of the foeman, and, his task completed, died,
That of hearts like his, so loyal to the death, and so undaunted,
We should dare to have misgivings, or to think except with pride.

CUST and CHEWTON, who remind us that the men of noble breeding
Are as stern and stubborn soldiers as their brethren from the plough,
And the humbler dead beside them, must not feel their wounds fresh bleeding
At the breath of our cold words, for they *may* hear them even now!

And our terrible war engines must be manned by hearts
unquaking,
Nerved by our prayers and hopes at home to do their
deed of woe
With an awful resolution and with steady purpose slaking
Their revenge for their brave leaders who were slaughtered
by the foe.

They must hear no cry or wailing—we want arms strong
and unyielding
As the metal of the cannon they are pointing at the
town;
They are smiling fiercely, grimly, as those great guns they
are wielding;
Do ye think *THEY* deign to doubt those granite walls will
topple down?

For young WALSHAM'S spirit's with them—he their gallant
young boy-leader,
Who with fiery valour followed on the flying Russian's
track
Till he perish'd at his cannon. Can they need a nobler
pleader?
And, remembering his glory, can ye think they will turn
back?

Nor alone who died in battle have a debt which we must
pay them,
They who sank in strife more hopeless with no war cry
in their ears;
And whose torments had no soothing shouts of Vict'ry to
allay them,
Feel their martyrdom of anguish is blasphem'd by our
pale fears.

Brave old TYLDEN, who but lived to add one chaplet to his
laurel,
Then died of the dread Pestilence, shall he have vainly
died?
Shall much-loved WELLESLEY'S fate teach British hearts
no nobler moral
Than a passing sigh of sorrow and a transient glow of
pride?

'Tis no time for looking palely, 'tis no time for gloomy
fancies,
While the Alma's shouts of Victory are ringing in our
ears;
Solemn brows, but stern as solemn, hopeful hearts and
high proud glances
More beseech a British freeman than white cheeks and
words of fear.

A JOKE BY A TEETOTALLER.

It is not often that a Teetotaller attempts a joke, for
it has been considered no less difficult to make a pun on
toast and water, than to manufacture a steam engine on
the same flimsy fluid. A good sound joke is believed to
require a certain amount of stamina in the maker, and it
is therefore a commonly received opinion, that a *jeu d'esprit*
by a Teetotaller will be deficient in body as well as in
spirit. We are, therefore, prepared to extend much in-
dulgence to the juvenile effort of an ambitious member
of one of the Infant Bands of Hope, who, on hearing it
said that teetotalism was "*Utopian*," is said to have
replied, "I think you Toppers are far more *Utopian* than
we are." As a mild instance of feeble-minded facetia,
this joke, without point, may be considered almost as
harmless, if not quite so ingenious, as the Chinese anomaly
of fireworks without fire.

Russia Holds on by a Rope of Sand.

It is rumoured—and we only hope that the rumour is
true—that there is "a deal of sand in the Russian gun-
powder at Sebastopol." This is all of a grain with the
wooden cannonballs, and the fortifications at Cronstadt,
which are said to be in many places but little stronger
than park-palings. Moreover there is every chance for
the above rumour being true, for we know from experience
how all Russian officials, in their dealings with Govern-
ment, delight in throwing sand in the eyes of the
Emperor.

WONDERS OF RUSSIAN WINTER.



HE weather is so cold in Russia, according to A CONSTANT READER, writing to the *Times*, that—

“It is not uncommon for Russian Officers in pulling off their boots to pull off their feet or toes with them, for in severe cold the extremities are completely devoid of sensation.”

This is a very remarkable statement; and more so, inasmuch as the writer also says that he has had to break his brandy with a hammer for breakfast! Like other intelligence from Russia, it seems to require confirmation; for suppose the integuments, ligaments, and tendons of the ankle-joint of a given Russian Officer to have been so congealed by intense cold as to have become extremely brittle, would they not still be sufficiently

strong to resist the Russian Officer's own pull? Could the muscles of the thigh, if the feet were frozen to ice, exert the force necessary to separate the leg from the foot and leave both

together in the boot-jack? Cold, to be so intense, and so peculiar in its operation, as this would amount to, must be capable of freezing the notes in a bugle, and keeping them frost-bound till liberated by a thaw. Startling, however, as the assertion of the *Times* correspondent may appear, we do not object to it. It occurs in a letter intended to call attention to the necessity of providing our troops in the Crimea with winter clothing. If the writer has succeeded in his aim, we shall not complain of his having shot with a long bow.

SEBASTOPOL GEESE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

THE *Times* correspondent—(and how gloriously he handles his quill)—writes from before Sebastopol as follows—

“Down in this valley [the Inkermann valley] is a *fine flock of tame geese*, swimming on a pond near a house; the owners have long since deserted both the geese and the house. Many a longing eye is cast upon these geese, but the risk is great; any one venturing down so steep a hill to get the geese would run every risk of being caught by the Cossacks, who are always prowling about the valley, where we never venture.”

This is written on the 2nd of November. Oddly enough, all these tame geese took flight a day or two afterwards, and alighted in the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday, the 18th instant, where they made their presence very loudly known to the author of *The Sentinel of the Alma*. Never—since the days of the Capitol—never did geese acquit themselves more faithfully, or in a better cause, than these geese; these Inkermann geese.

THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

THE wind of dawn is breathing, the mists of night are wreathing
Up from the valley, in white swathes the mountain ranges sheathing;
Watch-fires are burning dimly; hill-batteries frowning grimly:
Troop-horses in the plain below at the picquets tethered trimly:
And the Turks in the redoubts, and the sailors on the hill,
And the Highlanders, within their tents, in the gray dawn, sleeping still

When in with hot haste riding, our out-picquets bring tidings,
That the Russians in force within the Eastern gorge are hiding.
“Boot and saddle,” and “*revellé*,” in the cool clear air ring gaily,
And horse and foot are forming, all eager for the *mêlée*;
Marine and sailor batteries are alive with fuse and match;
Every English heart's a-fire,—every English eye's a-watch.

Manned by our Turkish ally five redoubts command the valley;
From a gorge, a short mile distant, the Russian vanguard sally:
Tirailleurs and Cossacks dashing o'er the plain, with lance-points
flashing—

Now they open! Two field-batteries their showers of grape send crashing;
And as the smoke blows over, six squares of Russian horse,
Three on each flank, *en-échélon*, proclaim the foe in force.

The redoubts with shell they're plying. By Heaven, the Turks are flying!
Under Cossack lance and sabre, by scores, like cowards dying!
Curse the slaves, and never mind them; there are British hearts
behind them,

With British bayonets sharp and sure—and so the foe shall find them.
Two deep the gallant Ninety-third are formed to bear the brunt;
And the Russian horse come thundering on that unshaken front!

They're at six hundred paces—wait till you see their faces—
Down go the rifles, with a fire, that empties scores of places;
But on their line still dashes, when a second volley flashes,
And as lightning cleaves a cloud, through the Russian squadron crashes;
Down, rear and van, go horse and man, the wounded with the slain—
That mounted host will count the cost, ere they charge our Scots again!

Meanwhile their chargers reining, and their own hot hearts restraining,
Our heavy horse upon the right inactive are remaining—
The hill their squadrons hiding, when o'er its summit riding,
All a blaze with blue and silver, and in their strength confiding,
The Russian horse, in triple force, to what our line can show,
With loosened rein, upon the plain dash, shouting as they go.

In spurs, and out sabres! Now bend to your labours,
Enniskillen, and gallant Scots Gray!

Full oft in the fight you've aforesaid stood neighbours,
But ne'er in more desperate fray.
The First Royal Irish are hard on your track,
With the Fourth Dragoon Guards at their side,
And the gallant First Royals, that never showed back,
Nor found foe that their onset defied.

On they dash, boot to boot, bended brow and bare blade—
What care they for the numbers against them arrayed?
In *pêle-mêle* on the foe, like a bolt from a bow,
With a cheer, loud and clear as a trumpet, they go.
Through a line, twice their length, and three deep for their one,
They have past, like a blast—but their work is not done.

Fresh squadrons close round them: 'tis one man to three!
Out-flanked and out-numbered, what rescue may be?
Hurrah! the Dragoons and the Royals so true,—
They'll finish what work you have left them to do!
Soon they clear all the rear, with the sweep of their blades,
And that shout tells the rout of the Russian brigades.

Oh, would to God that gallant charge had closed the bloody day!
Then clear of blame had shone the fame of Balaklava's fray;
But who is there, with patient tongue the sorry tale to tell,
How our Light Brigade, true martyrs to the point of honour, fell!
“'Twas sublime, but 'twas not warfare,” that charge of woe and wrack,
That led six hundred to the guns, and brought two hundred back!

Enough! the order came to charge, and charge they did—like men;
While shot and shell and rifle-ball played on them down the glen.
Though thirty guns were ranged in front, not one drew bated breath.
Unflinching, unquestioning, they rode upon their death!

Nor by five times their number of all arms could they be stayed;
And with two lives for one of ours, e'en then, the Russians paid:
Till torn with shot and rent with shell, a spent and bleeding few,—
Life won against those fearful odds,—from the grapple they withdrew.

But still like wounded lions, their faces to the foe,
More conquerors than conquered, they fall back stern and slow;
With dinted arms and weary steeds—all bruised and soiled and worn—
Is this the wreck of all that rode so bravely out this morn?
Where thirty answered muster at dawn now answer ten,
Oh, woe's me for such officers!—Oh, woe's me for such men!

Whose was the blame? Name not his name, but rather seek to hide
If he live, leave him to conscience—to God, if he have died:
But for you, true band of heroes, you have done your duty well:
Your country asks not, to what end; it knows but how you fell!

WHO HAS SEEN HIM?

It has often appeared to us extraordinary that in the rage now prevailing for light and amusing periodical literature a little publication known as the *Police Gazette* has not attracted a larger share of public attention, as we feel convinced that a man might, without difficulty, make the grand tour without meeting with a tithe of such eccentric individuals, both in dress and personal appearance, as are therein weekly held up to public execration. We select from this charming journal the description of two gentlemen who have modestly quitted their friends without leaving an address:

"Escaped from Shiffnal Lock-ups, on the night of the 18th instant, charged with Felony, JOSEPH EVANS. He is about fifty years of age, five feet five inches high, light hair, fresh complexion; had on a drab billycock hat, a brown coat, patched on the sleeves with a light coloured blue waistcoat red neckerchief and fustian trowsers one hob-nailed half-boot. His parents reside at Bromstead-heath, near Newport, Salop. He worked lately with a horse at a village a few miles above Welsh-pool. Information to be given to JOHN GRIFFITHS, Police Constable, 26, Shiffnal, who will pay £1 Reward on his apprehension."—*Bow Street, October 23.*

Can any of our readers predict how long the individual is destined to retain his liberty, who is described as having escaped from "the Shiffnal Lock-ups," dressed in "a drab billycock hat and a brown coat patched on the sleeves with a light coloured blue waistcoat, red neckerchief, and fustian trowsers, one hob-nailed half-boot," for on reference to the punctuation we find the patches to have been composed of these materials. We should imagine that unless his career had been ere this cut short, the 5th of November can hardly have passed without his having been called on to play a conspicuous part.



"Escaped, from the *Defence Hulk*, at Woolwich, on the 20th instant, MILES CONFREY, twenty-three years of age, five feet six inches high, light brown hair, grey eyes, fresh complexion, and slight made; a man in fighting attitude, man, woman, mermaid, and anchor on left arm; half moon, seven stars, crucifix, ship, and hope on right arm; man and woman, T.C. and C.C., M.L. M.B. on breast. By trade a tailor, and a native of Manchester."—*Bow Street, October 21.*

The difficulty of recapturing MILES CONFREY would, we think, certainly be increased by that gentleman's peculiar eligibility for the part of an Indian chief in any caravan in which additional attraction was required, as with a man in a fighting attitude, a man, woman, mermaid, and anchor, on his left arm, a half-moon, seven stars, crucifix, ship, and hope on his right arm, and a man and woman, and T.C., C.C., M.L., and M.B. on his breast, he would have little difficulty in convincing the most sceptical of his having originated in a locality where tattoo is a national characteristic. With a view of assisting the endeavours of our enterprising cotemporary, we present our readers with the portrait of Mr. MILES CONFREY, without which their labours can hardly, we think, be said to be complete.

CLERICAL INFORMATION.—The Cloth Market at Leeds is not the Market in which Advowsons and Next Presentations are put up to sale.

THE BATTLE OF GUY FAWKES DAY.

(Supplement to "The British Grenadier.")

'Twas on the Fifth of November
The Russian Forces ran,
And long will they remember
The fight of Inkermann.
That day they were defeated
Of all days in the year;
That day they lost when they bayonets crossed
With the British Grenadier.

Our cannons did salute them,
In honour of the day,
Our riflemen did shoot them,
And swept their hosts away;
We threw them shells for crackers,
They found our rockets queer,
But hand to hand they could not stand
With the British Grenadier.

'Twas very gratifying
To see them walk their chalks,
And think we sent them flying
In keeping up GUY FAWKES;
Their slaughter was tremendous;
Our loss has been severe;
But you'll reinforce the ranks, of course,
Of the British Grenadier.

"PATENT ON THE FACE OF IT."

WE used to think that the lawyer who made a charge for anxiety of mind, and trying to borrow money which he didn't get, was a unique specimen of coolness; but the individuals in Chancery Lane, who charge a shilling for looking for papers which they haven't got, or cannot find, afford equally good specimens of that amiable quality. We hope our readers may not have occasion to make frequent application to the Patent Offices—though perhaps one visit would be well repaid by an inspection of the ingenious machinery for raising the wind which is in operation there.

The following little scene, which, with slight alterations, has had a run of a considerable number of years, will give an idea of the profit to which the ingenious contrivance can be worked in judicious hands:

(Inside of MESSRS. A. & B.'s offices.)

Gentleman. Pray can you let me see SNOOKS'S patent for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers?

Clerk (looking in a book for half a minute). Aint got it, you'll most likely see it at C. & D.'s, close by.

Gentleman (going). Oh! thank you.

Clerk. Shilling, please Sir.

Gentleman. A Shilling! What for?

Clerk. Searching the books. (He had looked at an alphabetical list for half a minute.)

Gentleman (giving the shilling).—H'm.

[SCENE changes to C. & D.'s offices, where a similar dialogue ensues, and another shilling is paid, and gentleman is referred to E. & F.'s offices.]

(Inside of E. & F.'s offices.)

Gentleman. Have you SNOOKS'S patent for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers?

Clerk. Yes, Sir—One Shilling.

Gentleman. Let me look at it, if you please.

Clerk. Yes, Sir—One Shilling, Sir.

Gentleman (taking out his note book). Oh, another Shilling! Well, I want to make an extract or two.

Clerk. Yes, Sir—One Shilling searching, one shilling reference, three shillings reading—five shillings, Sir.

Gentleman. Yes! and Two Shillings to your friend close by—Seven Shillings! Very ingenious, but very scandalous. I'll write to *Punch*!

Hogg's Instructor.

THE papers announce that at Glasgow there has been a positive panic in pig iron. Our own notion of pig iron is derived from our having seen an iron ring suspended to the nasal organ of the pig, and we have always had an idea that there must be a good deal of what is called "paying through the nose" for such an article. We can thoroughly understand a panic among the pigs themselves with respect to the iron in question. We presume that the money market will not be seriously affected, for as the panic relates to iron "in the pig," the great Jew capitalists will have had nothing to do with it.

A QUACK AND A QUERY.



HANDBILL has been forwarded to *Mr. Punch*, containing a rather choice specimen of the abominable lies with which the quack medicine-mongers endeavour to improve the sale of their pernicious trash. It sets forth that an Indian Captain's little girl, aged eight, was in such a state of disease from dropsy that she was given over by the doctors, that her face was "a mass of complete ulceration," and that her teeth were so clenched that her affectionate father, desiring to cure her, had to wrench her mouth open "with a wedge" in order "to force down a dozen of pills, No. 2." The *very next day* she got up, dressed herself, and was "discovered sitting on a

hard form before a plate of ham and beef," and her father "has never heard of her ailing since." The Indian Captain seems to have some idea that his readers will think him a great liar, for he adds a sneaking regret that "people are of such slow belief." But *Mr. Punch* would not have wasted space upon the above miracle merely because the narrative is a little more clumsy and audacious than the majority of similar manufactures. There is a special class of idiots for whom pills and puffs are made, and upon whom all argument would be thrown away. They would but grin, and go away and swallow another dose, and the box into the bargain, if recommended to do so.

But *Mr. Punch* observes something in this handbill which induces him to request five minutes' audience from the RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and of the VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, Home Secretary.

The rubbish which the bill in question is intended to puff is sold—more shame to *MR. GLADSTONE*—under a Government stamp. It is thus specially accredited and recommended to the ignorant, who think more highly of any mess wrapped up in paper adorned with HER MAJESTY'S emblems than they would do of the same trash in a plain chip-box. Government is not ashamed, for a consideration, to lend its influence to the quack. But this is an old-standing complaint, and *MR. GLADSTONE*, and *MR. DISRAELI*, and *SIR CHARLES WOOD*, and *MR. BARING*, and *LORD MONTEAGLE*, and a whole file of other Chancellors of the Exchequer, have given, or been ready with the hack answer that "the finances of the nation are not in a condition to permit any sacrifice of revenue at the present moment." This is the reply to every proposition for reform, until a significant demonstration by the House of Commons makes a different answer more prudent, and then down goes the grievance. Some evening, no doubt, before the House goes into Committee on some Ministerial scheme, the Government of the day will be compelled to promise dissolution of its partnership with the quacks.

But *MR. GLADSTONE* ought not, we think, to do more, by affixing his Royal Mistress's Seal upon quack medicines, than recommend them. We do not think that he ought, for the sake of the revenue, to assist in discountenancing an invaluable preventive of disease, and in discouraging obedience to an Act of Parliament, recently carried through by his own colleague. In the very handbill to which we allude, and which is folded round the "medicine" whose miracles it narrates, the Indian Captain is made to say:—

"I attribute all my ailings, weakness, and diseases to having been bled once, and VACCINATED."

There is no need, of course, to tell *Mr. Punch*, *MR. GLADSTONE*, or any reader of these lines, that the Indian Captain comes out of the same inkstand from which spring so many Yorkshire Farmers, Marine Officers, Beneficed Clergymen, Ladies of Fortune, Retired Solicitors, and other myths, who recount ludicrous cures, and give almost as ludicrous addresses. But the doctrine that Vaccination is injurious, is preached with equal mischief, whether a real fool wrote or a clumsy quack invented the letter. And under the stamp of the Government which introduced the Compulsory Vaccination Act, most properly enforced under *LORD PALMERSTON*'s direction, is circulated a notice that all a person's ailings, weakness, and diseases may be attributed to Vaccination.

Are the people to consider *PALMERSTON*'s Lancet as their Bane, and *GLADSTONE*'s Pill Box as their Antidote? We do think that they have a right to complain of what *Mrs. Malaprop* would call the Vaccinating Policy of the Government.

MOTTO FOR OUR GALLANT FRENCH ALLIES.—*Zonaveter et fortiter.*

THE VICTORY OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

OF all persons remarkable for fairness, liberality, and tolerance, for a high estimate of their duties, and a low opinion of themselves, Hospital Committeemen in general may be said to stand foremost—by anybody who does not mind making a bold assertion.

A splendid example of this rule has been afforded by the Committee of Almoners of Christ's Hospital, in trying to procure the expulsion of *DR. JACOB* from the Head Mastership of the Bluecoat School, for having, in preaching them a sermon from the pulpit, pointed out to them certain defects in the management of that Institution, which it was their duty to amend. The failure of these high-minded gentlemen in this generous attempt, is to be regretted by all Beadledom. What renders it the more grievous is the decision of the Court of Governors, that the thanks of the meeting should, on the contrary, be presented to *DR. JACOB* for his sermon: for thus has that Reverend Doctor been placed in a better position than he was in before; instead of being ruined.

The proceeding on the occasion of *DR. JACOB*'s impeachment appear to have been not altogether dreary. A Member of the Committee of Almoners, one *MR. DARBY*, seems to have afforded some amusement to the meeting. We think we see and hear *MR. DARBY*; who is reported by the *Times* to have thus expressed his fine and gentlemanlike feelings of indignation against *DR. JACOB*:—

"*DR. JACOB* had also said that the Committee had not been careful in their selection of the Under-Masters; and was not that an imputation upon those gentlemen? He begged to tell *DR. JACOB* and that meeting that none of the Under-Masters had been selected but those who had brought with them as high testimonials as those of *DR. JACOB* himself."

Any one who has had the advantage of hearing an active Committeeman of any Charity abusing one of the officers of the Institution, will have no difficulty in imagining the inflamed countenance, and the explosive utterance of bluff *MR. DARBY*. If *MR. DARBY* is not bluff, we beg his pardon.

After accusing *DR. JACOB* of concealing the truth and telling a lie, the worshipful *MR. DARBY* is represented to have put the case following:—

"Now let him ask some of the Aldermen of the City of London what they would think of the official Chaplain of the *LORD MAYOR*, if he had stated from the pulpit in one of his sermons that not one of those same Aldermen had ever been chosen to fill that office, because of his possessing any one of the qualifications requisite for the discharge of the duties of it? (*Great laughter.*)"

What would an Alderman think of such a Chaplain, *MR. DARBY*? He would think, aloud, Sir—the sort of Alderman that you contemplate. He would say "Bough-ough-ough? What?—ough! What, the *LORD MAYOR*'s own—ough ough!—Chaplain?—ough!—teach us our duty!—ough!—servant—ough ough!—have the—ough!—impudence—ough ough!—never in my life, Sir!—ough!—heard of such impudence—ough ough!—ought to—ough!—have his gown stripped off his back, Sir!—ough ough!—a fellow!—ough!—dependent!—ough ough!—in the *LORD MAYOR*'s pay—ough ough!—receiving our money—bough-ough-ough! Send him about his business!"

Of such gentlemen as *MR. DARBY*'s ideal Alderman does the Christ's Hospital Committee of Almoners appear to be constituted.

Story from Sebastopol.

GENERAL GORTSCHAKOFF is reported to have said to *CAPTAIN FELLOWES*, "*Vous n'excuserez si je vous dis que votre attaque du 25e était une attaque bête.*" The Gallant Captain's answer, we are informed, was eminently British, both as regards its French and its feeling. "*Peut-être, Monsieur; mais nous avons seize mille autres bêtes parfaitement prêts de vous donner un pareil a—a-licking—à la plus courte notice. Maintenant donc.*"

MODERN BARBERISM.

SOMEBODY advertises a pomade for the allied armies, "warranted to give a graceful turn to the whiskers and moustache." Considering how much is in the scale, and that life and death are in the balance, we think it not at all likely that the gallant soldiers in the Crimea will trouble themselves about the mere turn of a hair.

Great Cry, but Little Wool.

WE suspect that the Manchester Men raise such a cry about the War purposely, in order that they may force us to buy a quantity of cotton for our ears, to prevent us being fairly deafened with the absurd noise they are continually making about it.

TOO LATE NOW.

WHAT a pity it is that before plunging Europe into war, *NICHOLAS* had not consulted a competent actuary, who might have given him some idea of the value of human life!



THE CZAR TO HIS CUBS.

Czar. "WELCOME, MY CHILDREN; INKERMANN IS A GLORIOUS VICTORY FOR YOU."

Cubs. "AH SIRE, IF THAT IS VICTORY, WE SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE A DEFEAT THE NEXT TIME!"

THE BATTLE OF THE BUNGS.

THE author of the *Great Taptubopolis* may smile with contempt upon his enemies. He still serves out his foaming small-beer at fivepence a morning pot to thirsty thousands. His triumph, however, conveys a most useful moral if men will only be wise enough to accept and profit by it. In the first place, it shows the danger of education to the editorial mind; in the second, it marvellously illustrates the use and advantage of a shake of the hand by a Member of Parliament. Nothing can be more touching than the tribute paid by publican HOMER to the licensed victualling editor. HOMER observed:—

"He was a proprietor of a paper which had a circulation of 10,000, but in consequence of having an editor who was a scholar brought up at Cambridge, but who knew nothing of the practical working of a newspaper, it soon went down."

A great warning this, to all proprietors of newspapers! Let them avoid Cambridge and Oxford, and—if they want an editor—seek in *Mrs. Peacem's* school for manners, in Hockley-in-the-Hole. HOMER would further ask—

"He would ask where was the *Age*, the *Spectator*, or *Wanderer*, the works which Steele, Addison, and Goldsmith, conducted? They were gone: those great authors lived to see their papers die."

Now, the author of the *Taptubopolis*, not being a great author, would certainly not survive the journal to which his shortcomings were so particularly valuable. But our author is much respected by the upper classes. Only to think it! Why, he, is petted by the live son of a live lord!

"To show the feeling in the higher classes, last week a post-office order was received from a son of LORD RODEN, and a letter stating that he understood that the editorial management was changed, and if that were so he should discontinue subscribing to it."

This announcement made a very profound impression upon a meeting otherwise disposed to be a little noisy and irreverent. HOMER continued, like a master of oratory, keeping his grand fact for the last.

"Now, MR. GRANT mixed with the very *élite* of society. When he (MR. HOMER) and others of the committee went with MR. GRANT to the House of Commons, he (MR. GRANT) had the honour of shaking hands with *Mr. Osborne*, *MR. DISRAELI*, and *MR. PETO*."

This was too much for the victuallers. The Pig-and-Whistle fainted! The Marquis of Granby flung himself into the Angel's arms, and the Hen-and-Chickens sobbed on the bosom of the Mermaid. In the midst of these profound and varying emotions, MR. GRANT was introduced to the meeting astride a kilderkin, and the scissors of the *Morning Bung-hole* returned into his hand: into the very hand that had been shaken by an *Osborne*, a *DISRAELI*, and a *PETO*!

A BLOW FOR A PUFF.

If anything would increase our sympathy with the sick and wounded in the East, it would be the sickness caused and the wound inflicted on our feelings by the disgusting attempt of certain puffing tradesmen to make a profit out of the sufferings of our soldiers. The low-priced tailors, who always take the lead in any assault on the pockets of the public, have endeavoured to tack themselves on to the skirts of the Allied Armies by advertising a quantity of what they call *Crimea Cloaks*, *Balaklava Wrappers*, and *Alma Overcoats*. Considering that gallantry is not a quality for which the tailors, as a body, enjoy any very great credit, we are rather surprised at the impudence with which some of the fraternity have ventured to mix up their names with "the brave men who suffer in their country's cause," for we never heard of a tailor being made to bleed except by his non-paying customers.

As our readers will doubtless share the disgust we have felt at reading Tailors' advertisements headed with such clap-traps as "the Sick and Wounded at Alma;" we think it scarcely necessary to point out that the best mode of punishing this offensive mode of puffing is to deal with its authors by not dealing with them in any shape whatever.

BLOW YOUR HORNS.—The *Standard* expresses its opinion that LORD ABERDEEN is a Snail. It may be so, but we shall be much surprised if, next session, he is found to carry a House with him.



AUSTRIA STILL PLAYS ON THE SCOTCH FIDDLE.

THE MATRIMONIAL INSTITUTION.



WE have before us at the present moment two rather interesting documents—the one, a prospectus of the “Matrimonial Institution, John Street, Adelphi,” and the other a police report, professing to throw some light on the mode in which the business of the Institution is conducted. The prospectus complains of public opinion, which “withholds from woman the right to which equality of intellect entitles her, viz., that of making choice of a companion, and of giving expression to that choice when made.” The professed object of the Institution is to enable woman “to ask and to have” any male “companion” she may take a fancy to. This object is to be effected by “a safe, speedy, and successful mode whereby parties may be brought to-

gether”—a mode which is exemplified in the police report to which we have alluded. From this it appears that a young spooney in want of a wife was required to pay down a sum of £10 for the privilege of an introduction to a “nicely dressed and tolerably good looking lady,” waving a white handkerchief as a “signal” in St. James’s Park, opposite the Duke of York’s Monument.

The young spooney felt rather dissatisfied with the result, and sought another interview, which he was told by the secretary could only be arranged in the usual “safe, speedy, and successful mode,” by a farther payment of money. The young “spooney” upon this confessed his folly to a friend not so green as himself, but still sufficiently green to hope for the immediate return of the £10, a demand for which was met by “a violent personal attack” upon him by one of the “officials” of the institution. This led to an application at Bow Street for a warrant, which was no sooner granted than, according to the report in the *Times*, “the matter was arranged by the repayment of the £10—probably to prevent publicity.” So much for the case in point, and now as to the general RULES of the Institution, of which we have a printed copy before us.

RULE 1. Provides that “the Institution be conducted with the strictest confidence towards both sexes, so that the delicate sensibilities of the most modest lady will receive no shock.”

We can readily believe that there is not much to try the nerves of the ladies with whom the Institution has to deal, and that the “delicate sensibilities” of that “most modest lady” who waved a white handkerchief as a signal in St. James’s Park, were not in the least shocked by the apparition of the young spooney who had paid £10 for the privilege of an interview at the foot of the Duke of York’s Column.

RULE 2. Provides very prudently against “the annoyance of the curious” by requiring five shillings, as “a registration fee,” before anyone is “entitled to an interview with the Director.”

RULE 3. Limits the privileges of the Institution to parties who are “respectable” and professes to limit the charge to the registration fee, “until a successful selection takes place”—a limitation which seems to be at variance with the alleged payment of £10 for a mere interview with an apparently anything but “select” female party at the foot of the Duke of York’s Column.

RULE 4. Provides for the payment of all letters, a regulation that must be satisfactory to MR. ROWLAND HILL, as it prevents the loss of revenue that might arise if the Post-office had nothing but the “Institution” to look to for postage.

RULE 5. Prescribes a form of application which must contain the “age, size, wealth, sphere, &c., of each applicant,” and contains a promise that “on no consideration are the names or residences of parties given up until they are both satisfied that their respective circumstances and positions correspond.” It is to be presumed that when both are “satisfied” that both have been duped, “their respective circumstances and positions” may be considered to “correspond,” and each may then know who is the other fool in the transaction.

RULES 6 AND 7. Provide, among other matters, for placing in the hands of the Director “an envelope sealed, and containing the real name and address, which will only be opened after all the preliminary proceedings have been discussed, thus securing secrecy and honourable conduct.” We are not told whose “secrecy” is thus secured, but when there are two parties to a transaction, one of whom is a

fool and the other something else, the fool will be quite as likely as the other to hold his tongue about the matter.

RULE 8. Gives any lady or gentleman the privilege of forwarding a portrait to the Director, who “will only show it to interested parties, after which the same will be returned any time when required.”

This seems to us the only really valuable part of the whole scheme, for the portraits, sent under such circumstances, would be likely to form such a gallery of remarkable idiots as could not fail to interest the student of phrenology and physiology.

HOHENZOLLERN’S APPEAL.

As sung at SANS SOUCI, with immense disapprobation by M. CLICQUOT.

PARDON, my children, your unhappy Sire,
I stain your name: I steep you in disgrace.
But if that thought with rage your hearts inspire,
Oh put yourselves, my people, in my place!

Before in thought my dastard’s nose you wring,
Or forfeit honour oust with mental toe,
Reflect, if I appear a recreant KING,
That I the model of a BROTHER show.

England and France are up in arms to save
Europe and you from brute barbaric power.
Whilst you would join the battle of the brave,
I bid you skulk, and sneak, and quail, and cower.

Yes; but above the Freemen’s battle-cry,
Above their savage foe’s malignant yell,
I hear a tender sister’s gentle sigh,
Who, if I crossed her Lord—would feel unwell.

Above the War’s whole thunder, of her heart
Forgive me if I hear the anxious throbs,
And of your KING decline to play the part
For fear of her hysterics and her sobs.

’Tis sad, ’tis very sad, all that brave blood
For Freedom shed; yet pardon, subjects dear,
That I withhold my help to stay the flood,
Because I know it would cost HER a tear.

I do not crawl in infamy alone,
Companions of my shame, my neighbours bend.
Before the CZAR, for reasons like my own,
Your German freedom fearful to defend.

Oh do not scornfully exclaim, that those,
Who Germany so basely have betrayed,
Deserve to be paraded in the clothes
That symbolise the sex by which they’re swayed!

And then the Anglo-French may gain the day,
And stave your serfdom off without my stir,
Then you’ll rejoice that you had nought to pay,
And whilst you thank me, gratefully bless HER.

But curse me not, of liberty if stripped,
And forced to venerate “The Russian’s God,”
Art, Learning, Genius, to Siberia whipped,
You have to meekly kiss the Kalmuck rod.

Still, if my memory must endure your hate,
With resignation I accept the doom,
I shall not fear your vengeance, then too late,
Nor feel my ignominy in the Tomb.

A Difference between Father and Mother.

THE German language has both its “Fatherland” and its “Mother-tongue.” The difference observed between the two sexes is (says an old bachelor) in the above instance both a wise and profound one. The “Land” is clearly given to a “Father” because he is a man, and we know it is the province of Man in a country generally to hold the “Land;” but the “Tongue” is expressly given to a “Mother” because she is a Woman, and it is well known that if Woman is a greater adept in one thing than in another, it is in holding her tongue.

THE NEWCASTLE COSSACK.



"MR. THOMSON, a subscriber to the Newcastle Reading Rooms, who was notorious for his pro-Russian sympathies, his exultation at news favourable to the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, and his habit of marking such news in the papers belonging to the rooms, has been expelled, despite his protest, by a resolution of the other subscribers."

Has he though? and serve him right,
Only they were too polite,
We'd have paid him for his tricks,
With a score of parting kicks.

While a nation, roused to strife,
Pours its treasure, pours its life—
If a snob obtrudes his views,
Toe, not talk's the thing to use.

Argue with a man of brains,
Censure, where it's worth your pains,
But with booby or with brute,
Hold your tongue, and heave your boot.

But this newsroom news may tend
To convince the Russian's friend
That the traitor's game, to-day,
Is not one it's safe to play.

While a nation's calm and still,
Any fool may prate his fill,

But when feverish symptoms come,
Fools—if they'd be safe—are dumb.

Not for THOMSON *Punch* would print
Such a well-intentioned hint,
But for snobs of larger mould,
Lately something overbold.

Be they Quakers, be they Greeks,
Bigots, spies, or only sneaks,
Writers, working for his cash
Whom JOHN BULL has sworn to smash;

Let them, ere it be too late,
Learn from wretched THOMSON's fate,
That the slavers of the CZAR
May, perchance, presume too far.

For a struggle, stern and fair,
Close the Lion and the Bear,
But if Curs will join the fight—
And get mangled—serve 'em right.

SHAKSPEARE PROTECTION SOCIETY.

LOBSTERS and cod-fish have been feelingly talked of as creatures worthy of protection. Eels have met with sympathy. Wherefore, then, should poets be suffered to remain objects of the most barbarous persecution? The name and fame of great bards ought to be respected, venerated as among the dearest national possessions. We are happy to say that this deep, this serious truth is fast possessing many influential persons, and the result is the formation of a Society for the Protection of SHAKSPEARE. This society has, it is said, been quickened into existence by the alarming report that MR. CHARLES KEAN is at this moment about to put in an appearance as *Cardinal Wolsey!* The play of *Henry the Eighth* has been rehearsed at the Princess's under the most solemn pledge of secrecy on the part of the company, and with closed doors. Nevertheless, the intentions of MR. CHARLES KEAN have become known, and it is said the Society for the Protection of SHAKSPEARE have at length determined to act with all the vigour demanded by the extremity of the case.

De Bello Anglo-Gallico.

It is well known that the EMPEROR NICHOLAS not only is anxious to pass as a great Commander, but also is ambitious to be looked upon as a mighty historian. In this way, when he is not wielding his sword, he flourishes his pen in the service of his country, and busies himself in writing graphic accounts of the war in the *Gazette de St. Petersburg* and the *Invalide Russe*. In fact, a good title for the latter would be the "*Czar's Commentaries*," and we have no doubt it will be re-issued in some such form for the use of Russian schools, as something superior to CÆSAR'S.

The Black Sea Reviver.

THE success of the Siege of Sebastopol would preserve the Black Sea in its natural colour, and prevent it from being rendered a Russian Lake, or Carmine, by being crimsoned with any more of the CZAR'S Sinope massacres.

CHEAP HOSPITALITY AMONG THE CLERGY.

THE *Examiner* of last week called attention to a delicious bit of pluralism in the person of the Master of the Temple, who appears to be no less than "five single gentlemen rolled into one," if our contemporary has given an accurate list of the reverend individual's appointments. He was already Master of the Temple, Canon of St. Paul's, Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, and Rector of Thurfield, when the Lord Chancellor—perhaps with the view of trying the extent of clerical endurance, and ascertaining how much a poor clergyman can really bear—thrust upon him a stall in Rochester Cathedral.

That the Master of the Temple has not sunk under the burden, will be satisfactory to his friends, who—if he has a separate set of acquaintances for each of his several characters must be a very numerous body.

It has occurred to us that one advantage of this personal pluralism will be found in the facility it will afford for enjoying the pleasures of society at a cheap rate, or at all events getting a character for hospitality, without resorting to that extravagant outlay which is the great bane of the social habits of the present day, and renders it necessary for moderate people to live apart, or go to ruin amid the wreck of jellies, the popping of champagne corks, and the unpaid bills of wine-merchants and pastrycooks. As nobody thanks anybody for a plain dinner, and as everybody feels it necessary to outdo his neighbour in living beyond his income for the sake of display, the Master of the Temple may deem himself fortunate that he combines in his own person the materials for giving a dinner-party without admitting a single stranger to his house, and that he sits down at his own table with a party sufficiently distinguished to entitle his entertainments to a place in the Fashionable Intelligence of a newspaper.

We subjoin a specimen of an article for the *Morning Post*—

"INTERESTING CLERICAL REUNION.

"One of the most interesting Réunions that we have lately heard of took place a few days ago, when the Reverend Master of the Temple entertained a select party of clerical dignitaries at his London residence. The entertainment was given in honour of the recent presentation of a stall in Rochester Cathedral to the newly appointed Canon. The guests present were the Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge University, one of the Canons of St. Paul's, the Rector of Thurfield, and the Canon of Rochester Cathedral. The Master of the Temple occupied the chair, and in proposing, after dinner, the usual toast of Church and State, he made some very serious reflections on 'the unhappy divisions in the Church—divisions he was glad to see which were not participated in by the present company, which presented a charming spectacle of Clerical unity.'

"The health of the newly-elected Canon of Rochester Cathedral having been drunk, the Reverend Gentleman returned thanks with much emotion, and expressed a hope that the same unity which had always existed between the other reverend dignitaries then present would not be disturbed in consequence of his having joined them, but that they would rather feel renewed vigour from the connection, on the ground that 'Union is Strength.'

"After some further compliments and congratulatory observations having passed, tea was announced, and the company rose as one man."

A Case for the Knout.

To a classical mind there may be alleged one excuse for some of the flogging which NICHOLAS may administer to his officers and editors. Their despatches and statements abound with the grossest false quantities.

A TRIFLE FOR PRUSSIA.



NICHOLAS has sent, with especial pomp, a trophy taken from the English on the field before Sebastopol, to the KING OF PRUSSIA. The trophy is not very costly, neither is it very big; but it peculiarly combines utility of object with significance of meaning. The trophy, then, sent with such ceremony by NICHOLAS to KING FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA is no other than an iron corkscrew.—A thing that at once illustrates the pacific purpose of Prussia, with her twisting, tortuous means of arriving at it.

SERIOUS ENTERTAINMENT.

WHAT has been done with the Surrey Chapel? This question is suggested by the subjoined advertisement:—

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, B.A., Author of "Come to Jesus," &c., successor to the REV. JAMES SHEEMAN, at Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars Road, (the late REV. ROWLAND HILL'S).—The Trustees inform the Public that the Service hitherto held on Tuesday evening is now held on Thursday, commencing at seven, and closing at eight o'clock.

Are we to understand from the above that the Surrey Chapel has been got up as a rival place of amusement to the Theatre of that ilk? What description of entertainment is given by the REV. MR. HALL, who is advertised "at Surrey Chapel," as MR. WRIGHT might be announced at the Haymarket? Nothing is said about preaching: does the Reverend gentleman, then, give a series of imitations, or performances in ventriloquism, or does he divert his audience with a monopolylogue, or conjure, or stand on his head?

EDUCATIONAL NEWS FROM THE CRIMEA.—The system of LANCASTER is pursued here with great success. "A Russian will learn more from an hour's practice under this system than from a whole day of any other."—*Burgoyne.*

"THE SENTINEL OF THE ALMA" (IN THE HAYMARKET.)

MR. PUNCH has received the subjoined letter from a private serving under CAPTAIN JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, of the Haymarket Dullshooters: and—inserting it as in *Punch's* duty bound—cannot but express sympathy with the gallant fellow put upon such foolish and wicked service, as the actions of the 18th, 20th, and 21st instant.

"HONOURED SIR,—I am an old (stage) soldier, and have been in many scenes of action; but, honoured Sir, I have never been called upon to serve so shabbily as on the 18th instant, as *Sentinel of the Alma*.

"The action began about a quarter to ten. The weather was very hazy; and after the Russian general and his niece had talked for five minutes, the fog was so great—in consequence of the talk—that they could not see one another's heads. This feint made no effect; when the scene of operation changed—and I came upon the field, telling the field about me that my name was TIPPERARY TIM, and at the same time, comically—for I was ordered to be 'comic,' ordered, Sir, by the general who planned the campaign, who, if not a Lover of his country is, I am sure, an immeasurable Lover of Himself—comically, as I said, brushing my master's coat.

"Of course, honoured Sir, being a sentinel, I sang a song—but that wasn't much. Next came the sharpshooting! Such crumbling bullets and such wet powder! However, Sir, a (stage) soldier only knows his duty; and I went on firing away, blushing the while at the rascally ammunition and the piece altogether. I have been in many stage actions, but I never felt as I felt on the deplorable 18th. Only think, Sir, of loading and firing a honeycombed gun that you expect to go to smithereens with every discharge! And yet I stood to it. Yes, Sir, I rammed in and fired off I don't know how many shots of the late JOSEPH MILLER of comic memory; but they all fell short. I knew my only chance of taking the audience was by dash; but it couldn't be done. Boxes, pit, and gallery opened upon me, and their shot hissed and whistled, that every moment I expected to be carried off my legs. However, I am spared; although the treasurer is very much wounded, and the manager himself has received a contusion of the breeches-pocket. He is, however, doing well; and I hope will do better.

"Well, honoured Sir, I sang another song, and although the Music-sellers' Light Brigade cheered gloriously, making a dash at the resolution of the audience, the audience wouldn't give ground an inch. At that moment I assure you I wished myself in bed, or in any other place of comfortable obscurity. As the night grew on, the enemy thickened his fire, and I had to discharge jokes at the cannon-balls that rolled about me; jokes that, I thought they ought to have hired the ape of the Zoological Gardens to crack, and not a real, live human man. Jokes on bomb-hells at the same time that heart-stings are cracking in many a breast; that hot, scalding tears, big as bullets, are rolling down poor widows' cheeks!

"But, honoured Sir, I was commanded to be comic; and as an old (stage) soldier, I could only do my duty, and try my hardest. Still, I must confess the truth—I *wasn't* comic. How could I be? You may blow bubbles out of soap-suds, but heart's blood is another matter.

"But, honoured Sir, I haven't come to the worst. You have heard

and read how the rascally Russians have prowled about the battle-field killing and stabbing the wounded,—the very devil's wickedness. But, honoured Sir, isn't it the cowardliest work in the world to deny to the enemy even the common feelings that bull-dogs and mastiffs have? Do we make ourselves the stronger by showing the Russians to be a set of cowardly braggarts and runaway poltroons? And yet, Sir, I had to do this in the Haymarket on that awful night of the 18th.

"I must say, the audience fired hissing volleys: and I did think at one time they would discharge the pit benches upon the stage. But no, honoured Sir, the true English pluck for a playhouse fight is gone. You may get up a stiffish hiss, but a discriminating public no longer breaks the chandeliers.

"After three nights' watch—three nights memorable in disgraces of the dramatic campaign—the *Sentinel of the Alma*, as a sentinel, was removed from his post. I can only say, honoured Sir, that I was quite ready to serve my country in any other force; but I trust never again to be called to fight in the Comic Skull and Crossbones Brigade. I am ordered change of air after the severity of my short campaign, and put this in the post on my way to the rail for Herne Bay.

"Yours, honoured Sir, to command,

"*Haymarket Theatre, Nov. 24.*

TIPPERARY TIM."

UN-PATRIOTIC WESTMINSTER.

WHILE every place in the kingdom is forming its Committees and collecting contributions for the Patriotic Fund, it is naturally to be expected that Westminster—the seat of the Aristocracy, and as the late MR. GEORGE ROBINS used to say, "the abode of royalty"—would have taken the lead in the Great National Movement. A meeting was announced, and the appointed day came, when the citizens were invited to assemble in St. Martin's Hall, which it was thought by some would hardly prove equal in size to the truly great occasion. The hour of meeting arrived, but as nothing else had arrived, except a cab or two with some of the officials of the city, the Hall was quite empty at the moment when it was expected to have been crammed to suffocation with an ardent crowd of Westminster patriots. In this emergency the High Bailiff rushed upon the platform, and addressing the vacant space made a few observations on the weather, which, being rather wet, had probably kept away the patriots. It is fortunate that the rain, which damped the ardour of generosity at home, has not a similar effect on the bravery of our soldiers abroad, who fought the Battle of Inkermann under an amount of moisture—to say nothing of the fire—which would have sent the Citizens of Westminster flying for shelter under the nearest archway.

Austria's Four Points.

WE cannot tell what these four points can possibly be, but considering how long a period Austria has been turning, shifting, and veering round all points of the compass, we should say that the four points in question must be N(orth), S(outh), E(ast), and W(est).

THE PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION.—A sealed Book, strongly bound in Russia.



Philanthropist. "WHAT NOW, MY MAN?"

Street Boy. "THEY'VE BEEN AND GONE AND SPIKED MY PEASHOOTER."

THE CURATE'S UNIFORM.

MUCH question has been raised of late concerning ecclesiastical costume, but there can be no doubt as to the propriety of an improvement in that particular, which we have to suggest, bespeaking, first, attention to the advertisement ensuing, which has appeared in the *Ecclesiastical Gazette* :—

WANTED, a GRADUATE of OXFORD or CAMBRIDGE, in Full Orders, of sound Evangelical opinions, with some experience and a good voice, for an Agricultural Parish of 700 inhabitants. Two Full Services, Occasional Duty, Pastoral Visiting, and Attendance on Schools. A knowledge of Church Music, and a willingness to impart it to a Choir, already partially instructed, very desirable. Remuneration, £90 a year, with a very small cottage, partly furnished, and free of all charges, taxes excepted, but fit only for a single man, or one without a family. Apply to the REV. G. M., 7, Bath Street, Bath.

Now, then, we propose that certain alterations should be made in the apparel of Curates. The waistcoat as usually worn, indeed we would have retained, together with the cravat, for distinction's sake; but the frock discarded. Instead of that garment, let the Curate wear a coat, which in respect of cut shall resemble that of a Bishop, but shall be distinguished therefrom by an addition presently to be specified. The trousers also, and boots, shall be relinquished, and the Curate shall wear knee-breeches and stockings, such also as a Prelate wears, save only as to the material of those nether garments, the former whereof shall be of a coarser description of cloth, and the latter shall consist of cotton. The clothing of the Curate's lower extremities shall be completed with a pair of long-quartered shoes, buckled beneath the instep. And here it may be mentioned, that the superfluity whereby the coat shall demonstrate that a Curate and not a Bishop is the wearer, shall be that species of ornament which is fashionably styled an *epaulette*, but called in the Saxon vernacular a shoulder-knot. This embellishment will not only prevent anybody from confounding Bishops and Curates, but will likewise hinder all persons from mistaking the latter for reverend gentlemen, simply so called. It will denote them to be such only in the sense of being reverend gentlemen's reverend gentlemen; it will, in short, indicate that the raiment which it is affixed on is a suit of Livery.

The Livery must, of course, be black, in order that it may preserve the character of the cloth: and for the same reason it is not recommended that the breeches should consist of plush; but powder might be worn in the hair with great propriety. That a Curate out of place should appear in this trim would be unadvisable, because that might prevent him from being hired: but the garb would be becoming so long as he is in service; as showing that he stands in the relation of a menial servant to his master.

Is there not many a butler, cook, valet, who would turn up their noses—if Nature had not done that already—at wages of £90 a year? As to the little partly-furnished cottage offered in addition, by how much does such houseroom exceed the accommodation which the owner of a park affords the man at the lodge? It falls short of that, indeed, by being subject to the calls of the Government and the Parish; so that the occupant would not exist in that happy ignorance of the nature of taxes enjoyed by the majority of lackeys. Only he would not be called upon for Income-Tax.

Some people may think somewhat of Full Orders, and estimate sound Evangelical opinions at a high rate; the higher if matured by some experience, and accustomed to be preached with a good voice. But what is the value of these qualifications more than that of civility of deportment, bodily alacrity, length of previous service, and a good character from the last place? As much as £90 exceeds a superior footman's wages. Two Full Services, Occasional Duty, Pastoral Visiting, and Attendance on Schools, may be, morally speaking, more elevated employments than waiting at the breakfast and dinner-table, cleaning boots and shoes, going errands, and attendance on the foot-board, but their worth in the labour-market does not appear to be much higher. A knowledge of Church music, too, and a willingness to teach it, are made apparently little more account of than the ability to drive, and the readiness to be generally useful. Certainly the situation altogether is "fit only for a single man, or one without a family." Why did not the advertiser say, "without encumbrance."

If the social dignity of service is to be measured by its average remuneration, undoubtedly the situation of a curate must be regarded as menial. Let the Curate, therefore, be attired as a servant in livery; ecclesiastical livery: but still livery. Call him, if you like, a reverend Flunkey. Very well: let him behave as such, and in time he may come to be a Bishop. In the meanwhile, let him ride behind the carriage of his master, the Rector, to Church: or, if his master does not ride, let him follow him to Church on foot, with a long cane in one hand, and the sermon-book in the other.

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY THE QUEEN

Is terribly taken to task by the very pious and exceedingly bilious editor of the *Record*. HER MAJESTY, it is well known, gave attentive ear and smiling looks to the band of the French Guides playing at Windsor Castle on a certain Sunday. Well, the editor of the *Record* declares he will not endure it! No: he shall be very sorry to be driven to such an extremity, but—if it must be—he will lay hold of any of the pillars he can put his hands upon about Windsor Castle, and bury himself and the whole House of GUELPH (with supplementary governesses and nursery-maids) in the ruins first, ere he will permit the Sabbath to be again broken by wind instruments. There! And now HER MAJESTY knows the *Record's* mind; and a terrible bit of sulphur it is. The Bible King and LOUIS NAPOLEON are pathetically put together by our *Record*.

"We have no doubt that the music of the French Guides is far superior to the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and dulcimer, which were listened to by the King and his prime ministers on the plains of Dura: but counterpoints, mezzo-forte, and mezzo-piano, will do little, we fear, to justify an open breach of the commandment of God, or to make listening to opera-music on the Lord's-day a fitting employment for our rulers, when a world is rushing to arms, and every post is bringing us the solemn tidings of bloodshed and death."

The withering satire that contrasts the cornet and the sackbut, burns like point of lighted lucifer, and has as saintly an odour. Nevertheless, the *Record*, amidst this trumpeting and shrieking of brass, finds matter for rejoicing; but only after he has coupled NERO with VICTORIA!

"NERO fiddled whilst Rome was burning. We rejoice to think of the inverse contrast between our QUEEN and PRINCE, and the Roman parricide. And we are pained all the more at this solitary resemblance."

THE QUEEN and the PRINCE are, ordinarily, unlike the Roman monster; nevertheless, on a certain Sunday the resemblance between the listeners to music and the infernal musician was very striking. Still the resemblance "pained" the *Record*, and that is something.

Well, we have advanced somewhat in political toleration. The *Record* is no more heeded than a dead blue-bottle on its back, dead as the last *Record*. Like the aforesaid dead blue-bottle, the editor has buzzed his little nothing in his sackbut, and is despised. Still, we have advanced somewhat, when a writer was fined and condemned to two years' imprisonment for calling GEORGE THE FOURTH "a fat ADONIS of fifty," and now a brimstone-faced *Melworm* declares a resemblance between VICTORIA and NERO, and is no more stopped in his way, meets with no more hindrance from his house to his office, than a dead dog in its transit from Fleet ditch to the Thames.

The Great Case before the World.

MANY members of the legal profession regard the Siege of Sebastopol in the light of an action of ejectment. Behind this case, however, lies a more extensive issue; the prosecutors having determined to dispute the Will of PETER THE GREAT.



RATHER HARD LINES.

"NOW THEN! ADOLPHUS!! GOOD GRACIOUS, WHAT MAKES YOU STOP SO ABRUPTLY?"

"PLEASE 'M, IT'S—"

"OH! DON'T ANSWER IN THAT IMPERTINENT MANNER; BUT GO ON. (*Aside.*) HE'S EVIDENTLY GETTING ABOVE HIS WORK."

A STEAM BATTERY.

A CAPITAL joke appeared the other day in the *Times*. A correspondent of that journal proposed to batter Sebastopol by means of PERKINS'S steam-gun. This proposal has no doubt excited as much laughter as the very best thing in JOE MILLER. Of course it is perfectly absurd. Why? Oh, nonsense! Yes, but why absurd? Oh, fiddlestick!—pack of stuff! Nay, but, how so? How! Why, of course, the thing is impossible—that is, impracticable—in other words, can't be done.

What a laughable idea was that of steam-navigation when first started! When it became a fact, how ridiculous was the hope of its utility to any extent! That hope, however, having been justified, how unreasonable it was to expect that a steam-vessel would ever cross the Atlantic; and how utterly preposterous was the chimera of railroads! Haw, haw, haw! chorussed the old gentlemen; and some of the young ones, at each of these anticipated failures in succession—hee-haw! The impossibilities all came to pass, though.

Nevertheless, let us laugh at the suggestion of trying PERKINS'S steam-gun against Sebastopol. To be sure the son of MR. PERKINS declares that he is "prepared to undertake to supply the Government with a steam-gun capable of throwing a ball of a ton weight a distance of five miles." It is true that he adds the assurance that, with such a gun, fixed in BRUNEL'S large ship of 10,000 tons, Sebastopol "might be destroyed without [our] losing a man." No doubt that to throw a ball of a ton weight five miles by steam may be a less difficult thing than to drag several tons, any number of miles, three or four times faster than a stage-coach. But, then, fancy a gun loaded with steam instead of powder! What a queer gun! And a bullet of a ton weight! Imagine such an odd projectile. It strikes one as so droll. Ho, ho! Try it? Oh pooh!

Yet we do try some things which we are by no means sure will answer. We try expeditions without knowing what force they will have to encounter. We try to batter a fortress by means of ordinary ordnance without being at all certain that our missiles are capable of

demolishing its walls. We try all this at enormous expense: and why? Because it is usual; because it is the regular thing: because we do.

If we were to try the steam-gun and fail, the Russians would laugh at us. Of course, they don't laugh at us when our vessels run aground, or our shot and shell fall short.

If we fail—we fail: and it is a failure to the extent of the cost of the experiment. Is the risk equal to that of one transport in a storm: of one regiment in a battle? If we succeed—only think how much we save. What fun *that* would be. So let us laugh at the mention of PERKINS'S steam-gun—but laugh to think that it is not tried—laugh with MR. BRIGHT, and the Greeks, and the Russians—laugh on the other side of the mouth than the right.

A Hat in Want of a Place.

We admire enthusiasm in the artist. In fact, without enthusiasm, the author is but a paper-stainer, the painter but a colour-grinder, the sculptor but a chipper of stone. Admiring the generous quality that makes the artist, we were delighted to hear that MR. CHARLES KEAN had purchased—at HORACE WALPOLE'S Strawberry Hill sale, with an oblique view to the future production of *Henry the Eighth*—had purchased the hat, the genuine hat—duly authenticated—of CARDINAL WOLSEY. Now, it may be very laudable in MR. CHARLES KEAN to buy CARDINAL WOLSEY'S hat, but this question *will* arise—*What*, in the name of all fitness of things, WHAT is he to put it on?

ANOTHER FOR ABERDEEN.

"VICTORY, or that old Abbey," was LORD NELSON'S cry. LORD RAGLAN'S is nearly the same. "Victory, in spite of that old ABBY."

A GREAT LIBERAL.—What a munificent Sovereign is NICHOLAS! See in what a generous manner he sacrifices his herds!

THE MATRIMONIAL OFFICE.

A LIFE DRAMA.

In Three Acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. SPOONBILL (a party who, "from circumstances" has "few opportunities of mixing in female society, but having an independent income, a pleasing and gentlemanly exterior, a good heart, a sweet temper, &c. &c. is convinced that he should make an eligible partner for life, and therefore adopts this method of," &c. &c.—See his various advertisements previously to his applying to the Matrimonial Office).

MR. CUTHBERT EDWARDS (a party managing the Matrimonial Office. For his especial merits, see the Police Reports).

MR. ST. CLARE, } his Confidential Clerks.
MR. DE DUMPKINS, }

MR. BONIFACE BRICK, (the truly British Landlord of Mr. Spoonbill's hotel).

MISS LEONORA MONTGOMERY (a she-party, of mysterious antecedents, but smart personal appearance).

A Small Boy, and the General Public.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Clerk's Room at the Matrimonial Office.

Enter SPOONBILL.

Spoonbill (with some confusion). Is—are—dear me—I beg your pardon, but this is, I believe, the—a—Matrimonial Office. Is the Principal disengaged?

1st Clerk to 2nd ditto. Vot's a principle?

2nd Clerk. He means CUDDY, you muff. Show him in.

1st Clerk. Vell, but if it's a plant—

2nd Clerk. He's all right. Look at him. This way, Sir.

[SPOONBILL is introduced to

SCENE 2.—The Manager's Room.

Manager (loftily). Be seated, Sir. (Reads MR. SPOONBILL'S card.) I conclude that your object in favouring me with this visit is to negotiate some one of those arrangements which conduce alike to worldly advantage and to domestic happiness. In other words (relaxing his dignity), that you are—ha! ha!—a person about to marry.

Mr. Spoonbill (blushing). Presuming that an eligible party offered, such is my desire, Sir.

Manager (all dignity). I should recommend no other to your notice, my good Sir.

Mr. Spoonbill. O, I assure you—I didn't mean that—I am confident in your discretion no other to your notice, my good Sir.

—quite confident. You see I know very few people, but being possessed, &c.

Manager (smiles graciously). Precisely. Why should you be debarred from happiness you are so well qualified to appreciate? What is an introduction? "MR. BROWS—MISS JONES." Those four words entitle a gentleman to make an offer to a lady. Is he not to make it for want of those four words? Ridiculous! Yet such is society.

Mr. Spoonbill (delighted). My own sentiments! Sir, you talk admirably.

Manager. I might hesitate to accept your compliment, but it is paid me by thousands. Last Wednesday, the young EARL OF ASTONSWIGGLE, calling to thank me for his rapturous honeymoon—by the way, you resemble his Lordship so much, that at first I thought he had come again; but you are the taller man—used your very words.

Mr. Spoonbill. La!

Manager. He did indeed. "In my adored JULIA," he said—why do you start?

Mr. Spoonbill (smirking). Nothing—only JULIA happens to be my fancy name.

Manager. Curious coincidence. But I was about, I fear, to betray confidence. (Takes down a large ledger.) Now—(murmurs to himself)—LADY LAVINIA, blue eyes, £10,000; HONOURABLE MISS ELDERBURY, golden hair, £12,000; MRS. VILLIKINS, a young widow, £500 a-year; MISS MARYGOLD, slightly lame, £900 a-year; hu o, ha! Mr. SPOONBILL, oblige me by looking into that Book of Beauty on that table, and indicating any face you prefer.

[MR. SPOONBILL, in some confusion, selects the picture of the MARCHIONESS OF HILDENBOROUGH (supposed to have been engraved for some such purpose).

Mr. Spoonbill. Something in this style, perhaps—but—if you haven't one like this, why—

Manager (archly). Knowing dog. (Looks into his ledger.) I know there's—yes—no—she's a brunette—ah! LEONORA MONTGOMERY—

that's it. MR. SPOONBILL, will your engagements permit you to be at the foot of the Duke of York's Column, on Tuesday, at two o'clock?

Mr. Spoonbill. Certainly, Sir.

Manager (writes a note and rings. Enter CLERK). ST. CLARE, either you or DE DUMPKINS order round the brougham, and take this note to Cavendish Square. See the Countess, and—(whispers). [Exit CLERK.

At two o'clock, Sir, then, be at the spot I have mentioned, and if a beautiful girl—I am sure I ought not to speak so of one whom I trust to hear of as MRS. SPOONBILL—I would say an enchanting young lady should ask you the way to—Westminster Abbey—afternoon service,—I suppose (slyly) that MR. SPOONBILL will be too much of a lady's man to leave her to find the way by herself.

Mr. Spoonbill (in ecstasy). Trust me, Sir.

Manager (aside). Not exactly. The fee, MR. SPOONBILL, is—let me look—(reads) "fortune in her own control"—"large black eyes"—"charming figure"—the fee, MR. SPOONBILL, is ten guineas—we'll say ten pounds!

Mr. Spoonbill (aghast). Ten pounds.

Manager (haughtily). Surely I cannot have been mistaken in supposing that I was dealing with a gentleman. However, the note has not yet been dispatched.

[Is about to ring.

Mr. Spoonbill (alarmed). Bless me, Sir, do not mistake me. Would you prefer notes, or gold? Here are both.

Manager (carelessly). As you will—the note if you like—it has only to go to COURTS'S with about fifty more—or, stay, I may want some small change—give me the sovereigns. At two o'clock, then, MR. SPOONBILL. Do not keep a lady waiting. Au revoir. May your wooing be successful. (Exit MR. SPOONBILL). Ha! ha! ha! JINKS! (Re-enter ST. CLARE). You and SNOGGS mind he never gets in here again.

[Curtain falls.

De Clare. All right, CUDDY.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—The Duke of York's Column.

Mr. Spoonbill (who has been waiting since twelve o'clock). One—two. There go the Horse Guards, and now—now. Whatever shall I say to her?—the sentence is out of my head.

Small Boy (to the Sentinel). Lobster, I say, keep an eye to that cove—blest if I don't think he wants to prig the pillar.

[Exit, whistling "Pop Goes the Weasel."

Enter LEONORA.

[She glances round—instantly detects her game—and approaches him timidly.

Leonora. I am sure I beg your pardon—I have left my carriage—and fear I have missed my way. Could you direct me to Westminster Abbey?

Mr. Spoonbill (in a flurry). Yes—O dear certainly—(points nervously and alternately to the County Fire Office and to the Horse Guards) there—that—I mean—it's not easy to find—at least for a lady—would you allow me to show you?

Leonora. O, would you be so very kind? I am sure I may trust myself with you.

[Takes his arm, and they descend the steps and walk about.

A quarter-of-an-hour elapses. Anybody can supply the dialogue. They ascend the steps.



Leonora. O, you flattering thing. Again? I can't promise. Certainly I can't now. But (archly), if you find, on reflection, that you so very, very much wish to see me again (I don't know why you should), perhaps dear MR. EDWARDS will tell you some way to manage it.

Mr. Spoonbill (coaxingly). Couldn't we do it without him? For to tell you the truth, he is dear. He made me pay a great deal for this pleasure—not that it is not worth all the money and more—only—

Leonora. Really? I am a child in these matters—I know nothing about money—but if it's an objection to you—

Mr. Spoonbill (*frightfully wounded*). No, no, no, adored Miss MONTGOMERY, or if I might say—LEONORA.

Leonora. For shame! But what did you pay MR. EDWARDS—fifty pounds, perhaps?

Mr. Spoonbill. Not so bad as that—only ten.

Leonora (*aside*). Then I know my per-centage. Is that all? I hope you don't grudge it. Oh dear me. There's my uncle the BISHOP OF HIPPOPOTAMUS and my cousin the DUKE OF BALAKLAVA. I must go this instant. If you want to hear of me again, you creature, you know the way. *[Exit.]*

Mr. Spoonbill. What an angel! *[Curtain falls.]*

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Before MR. SPOONBILL'S Hotel.*

Enter MR. SPOONBILL and MR. BONIFACE BRICK.

Mr. Spoonbill (*in the fulness of his heart completing the narrative of his matrimonial speculation*)—And so she went off.

Mr. Brick. You great stupid Ass. You Idiot. You Gull. You Ninnyhammer. You horrible Donkey. *[Exit.]*

SCENE 2.—*Before the Matrimonial Office.*

Mr. Brick. Now you stop there, you blockhead. Don't stir till I come out, or I'll— *[Enters.]*

[A pause, and then a fearful row heard inside, and some heavy falls.]

Enter from office ST. CLARE, with a black eye.

St. Clare. Oh my eye! *[Exit.]*

Enter from ditto DE DUMPKINS, with a bloody nose.

De Dumpkins. Oh my nose! *[Exit.]*

Re-enter MR. BRICK, flushed, but triumphant.

Mr. Brick. I've got back your ten pound, you fool. And now the sooner you are off to your native turnip-fields the better. Marry the first honest dairy-maid that will have you, and leave London alone. It's for asses like you that rogues set traps.

MR. SPOONBILL (*to the audience*).

My friend's a brick, and if he's rough he's right. To Lincolnshire I'll go this very night; So all take warning by this lesson grave, And when you cut for partners, cut a knave. *[Curtain falls.]*



BEADLEDOM IN DANGER.

The following alarming placard has been posted on the walls, the pumps, the pound, and other parochial property of a place called Ashted—a name for which we have searched, in vain, in the map of England.

ONE GUINEA
REWARD.

WHEREAS on Sunday Evening last some one (from among a gang of disorderly youths who congregate in Berwick, Street during the time of Divine Service at St. James's Church.)

THREW A STONE
AT THE
BEADLE,
WHICH STRUCK HIM ON THE HEAD.

The placard then proceeds to state that the authorities will pay "the above reward" to any one who will give such information as shall lead to the detection and conviction of the offender.

We can almost sympathise with the panic into which Ashted has been plunged by this outrage upon her beadle, who we trust rejoices in that thickness of skull which has protected so many of his fellow dignitaries under similar difficulties. It is evident that a blow is aimed at the head of a parochial state when it is aimed at the head of a Beadle, and a stone thrown in that sacred direction, is in fact defiance hurled at one of our most venerable institutions. In the Beadle may be said to be united, the staff of authority, the gold lace of dignity, and the cocked hat of power. It is due to his successors, that he should hand down that staff unbroken; that gold lace untarnished; and that cocked hat unstained by the mud of malice, or the stone of violence, to an expectant posterity. We are glad to see that Ashted has spoken out, and is ready to lay down its guinea, if not its life, in defence of its Beadledom.

AD PISTOREM BANBURIENSEM.

O BANBURY! Carmen non prius auditum
Musarum sacerdos will sing in thy praise,
And thy deeds (as non tenui pennâ he'll write 'em)
Shall be wafted by him to the world's latest days.

Yet let not thy old woman hasten to read it;
Its music won't praise her wherever she goes,
For we know atra cura post equitem sedet,
And we scorn the gay rings on her fingers and toes.

Nor shalt thou, Puritane one! long hated by many,
Be able my strains to command, or to hire 'em,
And from this, not thy vultus instantis tyranni
Shall shake this tenacem propositi virum.

Sed salve! mi CLARIDGE, tu, inclyte motor
Of the songs which this fidicen lyra will make,
Until to discet Iber et Rhodani potor
Et noscent Geloni thy Banbury Cake.

Non ebur nec aurum in domo renidet,
But think not, ye proud ones, his counter to scorn,
For cakes, piping hot, everlastingly hide it,
And leave not an inch for your art to adorn.

And such cakes! as I eat them, jam, jam efficaci
Do manus scientiæ, greatest of men!
For if cakes ever tempted the Moon from her place, I
Am sure thine would easily do it again.

Ah! Quid fles Asterie quem tibi candidi
Amici declare bo'h a flirt and a rake,
Had he served you more vilely than ever yet man did, I
Could soothe you at once with a Banbury Cake.

Great Punch! cease to scourge the world's follies and leave 'em
One moment's repose from thy labours to take;
Consiliis misce stultitiam brevem,
And solace thy soul with a Banbury Cake.

And all ye who seek a lenimen laborum
For CLARIDGE your PURSELL or VEREY forsake,
For non Siculæ dapes tam dulcem saporem
Can give to mankind as his Banbury Cake.

COMFORT AND DANGER.



YOUR Peace man rails at your Soldier pretty much in the same way, we can imagine, as the Bright Poker rails at the poor Poker that does all the work—standing quietly aloof, exposed to no hard knocks or blows, its comfort never disturbed, its brightness never sullied, but enjoying a most comfortable post, it entertains necessarily the most polished contempt for the poker that is every moment liable to be carried into the thick of the fire. In the same manner does MR. BRIGHT, who never stirs from his fireside, look contemptuously down, we fancy, upon the poor fellows, who do all the stirring work, and have to stand the brunt and fierce heat of every day's action, in order that he may enjoy his snug and comfortable position in doing nothing. In fact, not at all a bad

title for the Member for Manchester—and we make all men of cotton a present of the *nom de paix*—would be to call him "England's BRIGHT Poker."

A Companion to the Calendar.

NEWGATE has already its "Calendar of Crime," and, judging from the atrocities practised by the Russian soldiers in the East, NICHOLAS will soon be able to furnish an appropriate companion in his "Calendar of the Crimea."

A SCOTCH FAST.—All the Spiders in Glasgow are, for the future, condemned to fast regularly once a week, for we see that no Flies are allowed to come out now on a Sunday.

HINT FROM KOSSUTH.—In attacking the Russian Bear, you will find no weapon efficient unless you also employ a Pole.



HOW THE HOLY MEN OF RUSSIA INSPIRE THEIR SOLDIERS.

THE MOTHERLESS CHILDREN OF FASHION.

We should be glad to know what has become of all the Mothers in the Aristocratic circles, for if we are to judge by the paragraphs in the fashionable papers, a Mother is a relationship that has become extinct. The article now in fashionable use, as a substitute for the once favourite character of a Mother, is described as a "maternal parent," with whom the young VISCOUNT SO-AND-SO is said to be "staying" when he happens to be at home with his Mamma. These are really not the days for this kind of stupid affectation, and our disgust at the absurdities of a highly artificial state of society is turned into a somewhat stronger feeling, when we find the nearest of natural ties deprived of its natural name in favour of a made-up title, more adapted to the cold phraseology of fashionable life. If this sort of thing is to be carried further, it will be necessary to have a fashionable dictionary for the guidance of those who may wish to render their relationships into the terms current in "society"—a phraseology which may fairly be termed the slang of the *salons*. We give a specimen of two or three words, which will be sufficient for the guidance of any one who has the patience to pursue the disagreeable task:—

Mother.—A maternal parent.

Father.—An author of one's being on the paternal side.

Brother.—A male relative in a similar degree of affinity to the same parental stock.

Son.—An individual of the masculine gender, deriving his being from a paternal and a maternal parent.

Grandmother.—The maternal parent of a maternal or a paternal parent.

Grandfather.—The paternal ditto of a ditto or ditto.

To those About to Marry.

THERE are certain noodles who complain in the papers of being fobbed by the Secretary to the Matrimonial Alliance Association out of various sums, from £25 to £90, laid out on the chance of future wives. Such simpletons do really deserve the wedding-ring; and ought to wear it,—but then it should be, in the nose.

ANATOMY OF A RUSSIAN GUY FAWKES.

AN Irish surgeon, residing in Manchester has sent us an account of a *post mortem* held on the body of MR. BAIGHT'S effigy, which was burnt there the other day. The appearances observed were the following:—

The whole exterior exhibited a drab discolouration.

The chest presented an almost total absence of heart; the pericardium forming a kind of cyst, bag, or purse, resembling an old brown-paper cap, and exhaling a strong odour of Russian leather, communicated to it by a quantity of rancid oil, which constituted the *liquor pericardii*. The heart, or what remained of it, afforded throughout a specimen of fatty degeneration, and may be said to have consisted of tallow. The lungs were consolidated by a morbid deposit of a nature apparently bituminous, like pitch or tar, and the only air-tubes perceptible in them had the appearance of straw.

In the stomach, the liver attracted attention by its remarkable whiteness, which was owing to its structure having assumed a cottony character. The convolutions of the viscera also bore a singular resemblance to cotton-twist.

The head contained an average proportion of brain, but it had been all converted into lignine or woody fibre, disposed in bundles like deal shavings, which smelt powerfully of turpentine.

All these appearances were considered quite sufficient to account for the inflammation which terminated the patient's career.

The Foreign Vintage and the British Cellar.

THE extensive failure of the vintage, owing to the disease of the grape, will probably not occasion, in this country, an appreciable scarcity of wine. If every grape in Portugal has perished this season, there is little fear that England will be supplied the less plentifully on that account with Port.

REFORM IN THE ARMY.—It is pleasant to know that, if our soldiers in the Crimea are to have winter clothing of sheep-skin, they are not to be fleeced by clothing Colonels.



“GIVING THE OFFICE.”

Johnny R.—II. “I SAY, ABBY, MY OLD-UN, THE VESTMINSTER SESSIONS IS FIXED FOR THE 12TH. IF YOU AIN’T PREPARED WITH YOUR DEFENCE, YOU’D BETTER CUT.”

MENSCHIKOFF'S RETREAT.



BACK, bold Russians! "Back-wards!" shout;
Follow!—to the right about:
Fight, though, whilst you run away
Fight!—that is, the wounded slay.

Routed Cossacks, drive the lance
Through each crippled son of France,
Comrades, fly!—but as you go,
Kill the wounded British foe.

There's a General prostrate, see!
Bayonet him quick!—and flee.
There's another living yet,
Ha! unscrew his tourniquet!

Shoot the halt and stab the maimed;
Nay, lads! never be ashamed;
Hack and slash them now they're
down;
Let your swords win that renown!

Cut away, bold Major, cut,
On the helpless victims glut
All your soul: for liege lord NICK
Cut away; and cut your stick!

Cut the last with all your speed,
Then a Cross shall be your meed,
And an Order, let us hope:
Not a gibbet and a rope.

DE LUNATICO.

A PARAGRAPH appeared a few days ago in a Manchester paper informing the world that "a gentleman of low stature" has lately "been observed" to travel frequently during the last fortnight between London and Manchester. We should have thought that in these days of rapid locomotion a man might have made a few journeys to and fro without subjecting himself to remark; but it appears that in Manchester "different conjectures are made as to the cause of his eccentricity." These conjectures have, we find, terminated in the "general opinion that he has suddenly become possessed of a large fortune, and his brain has become affected." As if there were no very satisfactory reason for thus summarily returning a verdict of insanity on a man who has frequently travelled by rail, we are further informed, in confirmation probably of the theory of "the lost senses," that "he had three gold chains to his watch."

We should like to know in what way these gold chains are regarded as supplying the links of evidence required to prove a case of insanity. To us the circumstance of the three gold chains, coupled with the fact of frequent journeys by railway, would seem to afford proof of an abundance of caution, and a sensible desire to prevent the loss of a watch while travelling.

PAROCHIAL UNION IS STRENGTH.

A DEADLY dispute has lately been going on between two parochial paving boards, in a suburban neighbourhood. We are happy to announce that the feud has ceased, and that the Commissioners no longer seek to use the public paving stones for the purpose of paving the way to the gratification of their own ambition. It was a gratifying sight a few days ago to see the respective headles presiding at a friendly paving act of a once disputed footpath, and superintending the union of "the flags" of the two lately hostile parties. We trust that the cement used on the propitious occasion will be durable, and that the kerbs will operate on the passions as well as the pathways of the neighbourhood.

A Walk beyond Walker.

Most people that we meet with call
The seat of war Sebastopol;
But that's not right, say some pe-ople;
You should pronounce it Sebastople.

ADVICE TO THE ORDNANCE.—Spare no expense in increasing the calibre of your guns. It will be a greater bore to the Enemy than to us.

ONE COMFORT.—Hardly our poor fellows may fare in the Crimea; but the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA won't have his Turkey this Christmas.

OUR HOLY WAR.

His Holiness the POPE has convened a meeting of Prelates to take into consideration the propriety of adding a new article to the Christian Faith, in the view of thus appeasing the wrath of Heaven, and averting the calamities which afflict the world. The Fisherman, whose successor Pius esteems himself, PETER, and eleven others, are not supposed by the Roman Pontiff to have settled the matter of belief above eighteen hundred years ago.

It is not for us to teach our Grandmother Rome to suck eggs: yet we would venture to suggest that the POPE might do something a little more direct in relation to the present crisis than minting a new mystery. Precedent for it would not be wanting. Did not sundry of his predecessors of holy memory promote and encourage divers crusades, inclusive of one against the Albigenses? Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Albigenses and the Saracens were miscreants, who deserved to be exterminated with fire and sword. Can any thing less be said of NICHOLAS and his savages? Are they not a set of misbelieving cutthroats? That they are cutthroats we know, and of course the POPE considers them misbelievers. They don't believe in the whole of the Nicene Creed, and what, perhaps, is almost as bad, they don't believe in the POPE himself. They have persecuted the POPE's faithful as well as MAHOMET'S. They are now in arms, not only against us, heretics, but against the soldiers of the Church, our Allies. Now, then, is the time for his Holiness to come out in defence of his own. Could he not aid the French artillery by launching a fulmination against NICHOLAS? Our ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY does not do these things. But they are competent to the POPE: and a hearty anathema hurled at the Tyrant's head, would be worth some shells and rockets.

It is not probable that the Papal benediction, or any other, of a bullet would have the same effect as the grooves of a rifle, or the oval twist of a Lancaster gun. The ball would not be likely to go farther or straighter for a Latin benison and a spargefaction with holy water. Bullets thus consecrated, however, would be aimed more steadily and fired more sharply, by all who believed in them. The CZAR stamps his cannot-shot with a cross. Small blame to him for that, if any, but rather much the reverse, would be attributed by the BISHOP OF ROME were it not that the cross is a Greek instead of a Latin one. In place, therefore, of holding an idle synod at Rome, the POPE should repair to Paris, where he might crown the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON, and solemnly bless the French ammunition at the same time.

Coupled with this overt act, his HOLINESS might promulgate a Bull, denouncing NICHOLAS as the Great Thief of the World, and raising the hue and cry against him of all Christendom. The usual condition of remission upon penitence would of course be attached: but the offender held up in the mean time as a Bear to be hunted down, or rather a gigantic Rat to be baned.

In his last pastoral the POPE abused some person or persons very violently, but did not specify whom he meant. It is a pity that the thunders of the Vatican should sound so vaguely. They seem to roar at everybody in general, and nobody in particular: when there is somebody who has so loudly called them down.

To place the Church of Rome in a great moral position; to show her forth as the patroness of right and justice, and opponent of evil: to banish the recollection of winking pictures and sham apparitions, why cannot the POPE now make a demonstration against the CZAR? Is it because he wishes to convince Exeter Hall that he does not pretend to excommunicate and depose Sovereigns? Very likely!

Memento Mori.

SHOULD blessings of the dying fail
To rescue dear Miss NIGHTINGALE;
Nor a nation's prayers suffice
To stay Death's unrelenting hand;
She'll surely in another land
Be a Bird of Paradise.

"SLUMBER, MY DARLING."

ABERDEEN'S notion of the "Entente Cordiale" must be that it is something like "Godfrey's Cordial," for he has tried all he could to send both countries to sleep with it.

RUSSIAN DUTCH COURAGE.

THEY say the Russian soldiers have plenty of Raki served out to them previously to going into action. Certainly, the enemy is carrying on the war with spirit.

IMPROVEMENTS IN RUSSIA.—NICHOLAS ought to be very much obliged to LOUIS-NAPOLÉON, for he has declared it to be his intention next year, with the aid of his brave army, to repair the French Retreat at Moscow.

THE GRAND FEAST OF THE GRÆCO-COSSACK CHURCH.—Candlemass.



SOME PEOPLE NEVER CAN SPEAK THE TRUTH.

Man. "HERE YE-ARR—ALL 'OT, ALL 'OT."

Boy. "OH MY! WHAT A JOLLY CRAMMER!"

THE RANGE OF RUSSIAN FIRE.

WHATEVER doubt there may be that spontaneous combustion ever occurs in the human body, there exists ample proof that it often happens in warehouses. Cotton, which has been used in wiping oily machinery, is generally the material which ignites. This same cotton is a dangerous substance. So it seems from the following statement in the *Times* :—

"THE LATE ATTEMPTS AT INCENDIARISM IN MANCHESTER.—A man named BENJAMIN SELLERS was brought before the Manchester Magistrates yesterday, charged with having been taken by a Police-Officer between the blocks of warehouse property bounded on one side by Cross Street and on the other by Pall Mall, with a ball of cotton wool in his hands, to which he had applied a light, and which resembled in every respect the balls of cotton waste, with which so many attempts have recently been made to burn down warehouses in that town."

Since Cotton of a superior quality shows a disposition to succumb to NICHOLAS, it would not be wonderful were an inferior description of the same article to lend itself to the designs of the Russian Incendiary. There is Cotton in Manchester and elsewhere sufficiently wicked to be willing to serve him for a wick. Fellows who rejoice at the slaughter of our brave soldiers are quite capable of hiring themselves to the CZAR to injure their country by means of arson, and no doubt the CZAR is more than capable of employing them. Who can think there is any villany at which that miscreant would stick to gain his ends? Of course there must be some reason why "so many attempts have recently been made to burn down warehouses at Manchester." The most probable is Russian agency. A cross-holy symbol!—and the order of ST. VLADIMIR, with a large sum of roubles to boot—would, of course, be the need of any traitor who should contrive to burn down a British Dockyard. That such a reward has actually been offered for such a purpose there is every ground to suppose, that can be afforded by the barbarism and rascality of the enemy. At any rate, the supposition is likely enough to render it advisable to keep a sharp look-out on the strength thereof. Beware of JACK-THE-PAINTEROFF. Look out for GUY-FAWKESKI. Withal, be on the watch to prevent the EMPEROR NICHOLAS from insidiously attacking your arsenals and your stores with GREEK FIRE.

Aberdeen at Odessa.

WE learn from Odessa that a statue of LORD ABERDEEN, a statue that will, at least, last out the winter, for the statue is to be cast of the very best Russian tallow—a tallow statue of the Premier is about to be erected in the most prominent and public place of Odessa: the pedestal of Russian oak will bear this inscription, written in Russian pitch—"To the Saviour of Odessa."

THE BATTLE ROLL.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

TIME preserves the Spartan story of LEONIDAS's glory,
How with his true three hundred, Persia's swarms he held at bay—
Fame records the Switzers' daring, who Burgundian overbearing
Tamed, hundreds matched 'gainst thousands, on Morgarten's bloody
day.
But Swiss nor Spartan annals contain no deed more glorious,
No feat of stubborn hardihood, 'gainst mightier odds victorious,
No list of nobler martyrs, no tale of bloodier slaughters,
Than that which shall have name, upon Britain's roll of fame,
By the title of Inkermann's affray.

Cloud-wreathed our camp was sleeping, when like serpents they came
creeping,
Through the brushwood of the gorge where the dark Tchernaya flows;
Our picquets were wet and weary, and the mist lay dense and dreary,
And their guns were on the heights in face, or e'er the morning rose—
When from the fog-bank dashing, lit with their rifles' flashing,
With ninety great guns in their rear, all thundering and crashing,
In columns fifty deep, through the scrub and copse-wood thrashing,
The gray-clad Russian hosts, with the foremost of our posts,
In desp'rate but unequal grapple close.

Back, slow and stern retiring, fall our picquets, but the firing
Has given the alarm to the sleepers in our camp;
All is ordering and arming—and mustering and forming,
Brigade upon brigade along the hill-crest—dark and damp.
BROWN's gallant Light Division hold the slopes towards the sea;
To their right the sturdy Second—what though fasting men they be!
And CATHCART, with the Fourth, none gallanter than he—
Coldstream and Fusilier and stalwart Grenadier!
Taking ground with a stern and steady tramp.

On come the Russians pouring, with yell and drunken roaring,
Hill-ward urging, up surging, like the leaping of a wave,
While mute and without motion, as a rock that breasts the ocean,
One to nine, stands that line of British brave.
And as back from off the rock-face the breakers start in spray,
So, shattered from that iron wall, the Russians fall away,
While howitzer and field-piece on the broken masses play,
And the bayonets flash bright in the rapid push of fight,
And the Minié reaps the harvest of the grave.

Still hurled back, but still ascending—shall the struggle have no ending?
What care they how many fall? Lives are cheap.
Our unshaken line is thinning, out-wearied ev'n with winning,
And the foe still pours on his columns deep.
Till the rock our soldiers fight on is slippery with blood,
And the dead dot all the slope, and the wounded fill the wood,
And as each Briton falls, there's another where he stood,
For the fight is hand to hand, a host against a band,
But the foe win no footing on the steep!

Slowly climbs the red round sun, as weary and foredone,
Their arms all stiff with striking, ammunition failing fast,
Our gallant handful still holds its place upon the hill,
And will hold it, come what may, to the last—
Three long long hours have past, since the awful strife begun,
When lo! upon our right, in good time, with nimble run,
Come the brisk and bronzed Zouaves, whom fighting serves for fun,—
Catching up the British cheer in chorus loud and clear,
To the heart of the battle they have past!

Now when that dashing charge has made bloody space and large
In the serried Russian columns—now's the time!
One more effort as they reel! one rush of British steel
Down the slope they have vainly tried to climb!
Forth they dash, Line and Guards, their failing strength new-strung,
And on the Russian bayonets their sore-thinned ranks have flung,
A thirst for blood, as hunting-dogs upon their quarry sprung,
With revenge in every breast, for their bravest and their best—
Cut off in the promise of their prime.

So after nine hours striving, the foe-men backward driving,
We sent him bootless to his walls, before the sun went down.
Sixty-thousand strong at morning, the evening saw returning
A baffled forty thousand to the shelter of the town.
Yet of that sixty thousand—unshaken—like a rock—
Shoulder to shoulder—man to man—in adamant lock,
A bare eight thousand bayonets of Britain stood the shock!
And their country weeps the slain, but the burden of our pain
Is as nothing to the blaze of their renown!

MR. BRIGHT'S LEG IN RUSSIA.



RIESTS show the arm-bone of CHARLEMAGNE at Aix-la-Chapelle; the bone enclosed in a model arm of gold. In like manner, and to all future Muscovites, will they show JOHN BRIGHT'S leg at St. Petersburg. When MR. BRIGHT was burned at Manchester, the police, we are told, "secured one of his legs." This leg, we learn from exclusive and authentic information, has been purchased by certain Manchester Greeks—Greeks of Cottonopolis—and will be forwarded, as a relic of the martyr in Russia's cause, to the EMPEROR NICHOLAS. The BRIGHT leg will be

duly consecrated by the Greek bishops, and be carried around the boundaries of the city. It is hardly to be wondered at that one of MR. BRIGHT'S legs should find itself in Russia, seeing his heart has been there long ago. However, there can be no doubt that he has put his foot in it *this time*.

GERMAN TINDER.

THERE'S a certain sort of Fungus,
Called *Polyporus Fomentarius*
By a learned few among us;
Or *Boletus Ignivarius*.
But, beside these, it has two
Names that less in length of wind are:
One of these is Amadou,
And the other German Tinder.

This same Tinder, German light,
Fire so sensitively catches
That 'twas used to strike a light,
Ere the time of Congreve matches.
If thereon the least spark fall,
Straight a burning zone about it
Spreads, until the Tinder all
Burns, and glows red-hot throughout it.

Would another German thing
Were as quick of inflammation!
Then a spark might England fling,
And ignite the German nation.
Thus a noble fire impart,
Courage Tyranny to hinder,
Could but that—the German heart—
Catch and burn like German Tinder.

"CUCUMBERS AGREES WITH US!"

"PICKLED cucumbers agrees with us," said MRS. GREEN, a Jewess. "Our peoples eats enormous quantities of pickles during the pass-over." This was given in solemn evidence by a mother in Israel on Saturday last, struck forth by the truth-eliciting JAMES in presence of MR. BARON MARTIN. "Pickles agrees with us!" At first there seems little in this declaration of the Hebrew mind as bearing on the Hebrew stomach; but a philosopher, like Mr. Punch, sees in the words the whole wilderness before him, and the wandering Israelites yearning for their cucurbitaceous provender. "Cucumbers agrees with us," says MRS. GREEN, thousands of years after the Wandering; attesting by that simple declaration at once the antiquity and unchangeableness of Hebrew bowels. "We remember the fish which we did eat freely in Egypt, the cucumbers, and the *abattachim*," lament the weary ones of the Desert. They longed for the flesh-pots, the fish-pots, and the cucumbers. As it was in Egypt, so is it now in the Minorities!

We believe that MR. DISRAELI attributes much of the success of his eloquence to the fact that he is a great devourer of cucumbers. His Caucasian stomach is true to its traditions. "Cucumbers agrees with him!" Physiologists who delight to discover the source of outward actions in the nutriment taken into the inward stomach would, we doubt not, prove that MR. DISRAELI when he spoke his boldest, spoke biggest cucumbers. What, too, are those sharp and acid points? Are they not words of exquisite keenness? By no means; they are no other than gherkins, pickled in the very finest vinegar. "Cucumbers agrees with him!"

With what a beautiful antiquity is the cucumber of Israel invested. Thousands of years still lie upon it, freshly as morning bloom! Its blossoms are yellow with immortal gold—the pure gold of Egypt. How do the prophets delight to speak of it! "The daughter of Zion," says ISAIAH, "is left like a cottage in a vineyard, like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!" And again—"As a scarecrow in a garden of cucumbers keepeth nothing, so are their gods of wood." And even in our time, does the gentile mind acknowledge and do compliment to the Judaic love of cucumbers: hence, in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, a short while since, we read the advertised virtues—virtues of great precocity and great and enduring abundance—of "the Young Jewess," a cucumber of excellent price. Reader, when you behold—say a Jew clothesman—munching a cucumber, do inward reverence to that cucurbitaceous Hebrew; for you behold in him a living antiquity; an unit of the yearning multitudes who, MOSES-led into the wilderness, clamoured for the fish they did freely eat in Egypt, together with "the cucumbers." And tens and tens of centuries have passed, and a mother in Israel solemnly attests in the Court of Exchequer that during the passover "our peoples eats enormous quantities of pickled cucumbers." The PHARAOHS are shadows; thinnest, and dimmest of shades; but the Jew survives to cry old clothes, and still "cucumbers agrees with him!"

Too OBVIOUS.—Why is the next portion of MACAULAY'S *History of England* like the Premier?—Because everybody wishes it was out.

THE CANT OF CRITICISM.

THE *Athenaeum* has lately become affected with the "serious" cant of the day, and the "good young man" who does the dramatic criticisms takes the opportunity, while noticing a deservedly unsuccessful drama at the Haymarket, to give a few dismal groans over the fact that the comic muse has chosen a variety of subjects for ridicule. The dramatic reporter in question sustains the "serious" character of the present day by an exhibition of that customary mixture of melancholy and malice which so often renders the modern "saint" as great a nuisance to himself as he would wish to be disagreeable to others.

If the *Athenaeum* really objects to a joke, or at all events to laughter, it should avoid the solemn absurdities in which it is apt to indulge, for if it really hates ridicule, it should abstain from making itself ridiculous. In conclusion, we have only to say that though not affected by the saturnine horror of the *Athenaeum* to everything in the shape of gaiety, and though we think that even history may be fairly employed as a means of satirising vice, folly, and crime, we do object to the clumsy allusion to the possibility of our having "Comic Prayer Books," a contingency which the *Athenaeum* profanely and stupidly alleges to be the subject of "fair speculation."

RAILWAY CHEAP LITERATURE.

"SIR,—BEING anxious to emulate the noble example set by MESSRS. WINDOWLEDGE & Co., I shall be happy, also, to contribute to the amount of 'Railway Cheap Literature' that is being sent out by Government for the relief of the wounded soldiers in the East. Accordingly, I beg to forward you 100 yards of 'new and popular songs;' of those very songs that formed part of the valuable stock of the late lamented MR. CATNACH, whose mantle, at his decease, I purchased. In addition to the above, which comprise something like 1000 songs, I also beg to offer 100 of the very best marbles that can be picked out of the rich museum I have established in my justly-celebrated 'Marble Halls;' and I only hope, Sir, that these same marbles may have the effect of making the hated Russian quickly knuckle down.

"I will not say anything more, for fear you should think I wish to puff my far-famed establishment, which is well known along every line, and in every domestic circle and Square of the metropolis, and the united, or at present disunited, world.

"I remain, Sir, Yours, modestly and patriotically,

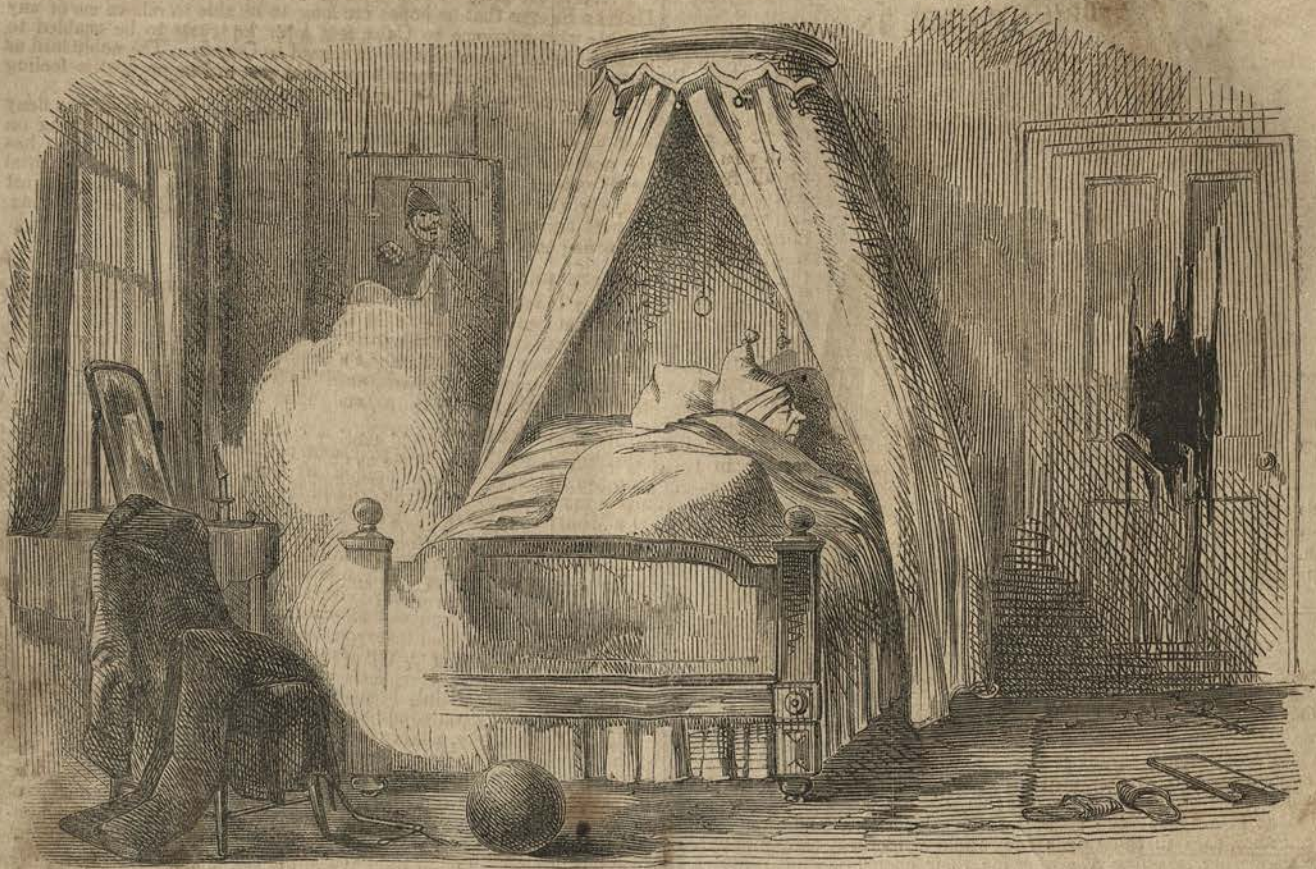
"GULIELMUS PITT,

"(Toy and Marble Warehouse, Seven Dials.)"

"Omnibus Rebus."

WHY does an Omnibus conductor always try a silver fourpenny-piece with his teeth?—To prove that it's a "fourpenny Bit."

A NEW TITLE.—The last new title for MR. BRIGHT and the Manchester party is—"The Cotton-Miller and his Men."



SCENE.—A BEDROOM IN SEBASTOPOL.

Old Gentleman (who is rather deaf and very sleepy). "SOMEBODY KNOCKING AT THE DOOR—COME IN!"

"OUR EXISTING DRAMATISTS."

OUR energetic contemporary, the *Daily News*, has made a most timely discovery; he has found out a batch of English dramatists. Last week, reviewing the *Game of Speculation* at the Lyceum, a *Game* in which CHARLES MATHEWS is the finest of trump cards; the quintessence of assurance; extracting even an elixir from the base quality of impudence, —the *News* says of the piece very profoundly, "it is a comedy in the true sense of the word, and entitles its author, MR. LAWRENCE, to be regarded as one of the ablest of our existing dramatists." There is a coldness of impudence, quite Cossack in its temperature, with which we rob the French of their goods, and then boast of them as of our own manufacture. MR. LAWRENCE "nims" *Mercadet*, the original French cambric, from the pocket of M. BALZAC, picks out the owner's name, and then, with English ink that ought to blush scarlet in the employment, writes his own speculating name in the corner—"SLINGSBY LAWRENCE!" He becomes an "existing" dramatist! When IKEY SOLOMONS twitches the French watch from the foreigner's pocket, straightway IKEY SOLOMONS is, by the act, "one of the ablest of our existing watchmakers!"

This crowing and clucking remind us of Mrs. GRUNDY's fowls; fowls that continually disturbed her neighbours with their notes of self-exultation. "What wonderful layers are Mrs. GRUNDY's fowls!" was the common cry. "By the noise they make, some of 'em must lay twice or thrice a day. Most uncommon fowls!" Now, it happened that they never laid a single egg. Nevertheless, Mrs. GRUNDY took an especial pride in the fowls; and smiled benignly when the neighbours spoke of Mrs. GRUNDY's poultry as such wondrous layers!

Mrs. GRUNDY was a great consumer of eggs. Eggs for breakfast; eggs in custards, eggs in pancakes, in almost everything edible, eggs. Well, every day—on some days twice or thrice—MOLLY the maid would be sent for eggs; as Mrs. GRUNDY thought and paid for, fresh, new-laid eggs.

MOLLY returns from her errand. She lifts the yard-gate latch with the key, and enters the premises, a basket on her arm, and in that basket half-a-dozen eggs. Immediately, all Mrs. GRUNDY's fowls begin

to cluck—cluck—cluck—and the cocks to crow—as if the eggs were their own offspring in the germ—cluck!—cluck!—cluck!—cock-a-doodle-doo!—cock-a-doodle-doo!—and all, with the loudest voice of assurance, as though the eggs were newly dropt and home-laid.

And what was the fact? The eggs were invariably French eggs. Eggs, shipped at Calais, and sold to English shopkeepers. Nevertheless, not one of these eggs was ever brought into Mrs. GRUNDY's premises that Mrs. GRUNDY's fowls did not vaunt their production. "Cluck!—cluck!—cluck!"—"Cock-a-doodle-doo!—cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Mrs. GRUNDY's fowls were thereupon regarded by the neighbourhood as among the most prolific of "our existing layers!"

NO MORE TIME-TABLES.

It has long been agreed on all hands that nobody can understand a Railway Time-Table. The Railway Companies, acting on this conclusion, have apparently come to the sensible determination that inasmuch as the public cannot obtain any information from a Time-Table, it would be useless to give the public an opportunity of procuring one. The Great Western seems to proceed on this principle; and accordingly, though there are several branch offices of the Company in various parts of London, where it is advertised that "Time-Tables may be had here," an inquiry for one is pretty sure to be answered by the exclamation "None Left. Sold." The last word being intended perhaps to describe the condition of the applicant. In the absence of an official guide, it is sometimes customary to rely on a non-authorized publication, a process which leads you, or rather misleads you to the Terminus some ten minutes after the starting of one train, and some two hours before the departure of another, an interval which gives you leisure for inspecting the extensive premises of the Company.

THE EMPEROR'S PLATE.—It was always thought to be the best Silver, but it is nothing better than OLD NICKEL.



Stranger. "MY FRIEND! I WISH TO GO TO EXETER HALL."
Operative. "WELL, WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU GO THEN?"

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

(As originally sketched by LORD AB-RD-N, but summarily and ignominiously rejected by his Lordship's Colleagues.)

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

It had not been intended that Parliament should re-assemble before Christmas, but the prescient sagacity and prompt energy of the noble lord who is good enough to be the head of my Government, at once foresaw a necessity, and provided a remedy. Resources are wanting, and (as is sportively observed by the principal comedian in the festive entertainments of the approaching holidays)—here we all are.

War with my ancient Christian ally, Russia, is still proceeding, and it is to be regretted that the temper of the nation is such that though the noble lord at the head of my Government is most desirous to make peace at any price, the country will not listen to such counsel. Under such circumstances there is no alternative but the reluctant prosecution of hostilities.

You will have learned by the papers and (at very considerably later periods) by the Government despatches, that since your dissolution in August, three victories, those of Alma, of Balaklava, and of Inkermann, have shed a baleful lustre upon British arms. The noble lord at the head of my Government will, in his place here, explain to you that these victories are entire mistakes, and that had a policy, martial enough to save appearances, but devoid of aggravation to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, been adopted by the leaders of the allies, peace, which is the object of war, would have been more facile of attainment. But at the same time, as the victories have been won, they must be accepted and registered as brilliant errors.

The conduct of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA and of the KING OF PRUSSIA is, in the opinion of the noble lord at the head of my Government, most admirable. It is matter of congratulation that I have been enabled to enter into an alliance with the former power, by which Austria is, in the most solemn and categorical manner, bound to act with the strictest regard to contingencies, modified by circumstances, dependent upon probabilities, and interpreted by eventualities. Thus assured of the hearty co-operation of Austria, we regard with equal respect and pleasure the impartial attitude assumed by Prussia, who negatives all incentives to demonstration until the ultimate fortune of the complicated struggle shall be evident to the weakest intellect—I allude, of course, to that of the Sovereign of Prussia.

I receive the most flattering assurances from the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES that he hopes ere long to be able to relieve me of any trouble with reference to Cuba, and later he trusts to be enabled to make a similar communication in regard to Canada. The noble lord at the head of my Government hopes that no jealous or hostile feeling will be permitted to mar either pacific probability.

From my ally the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH it is impossible to deny that England is receiving the most cordial co-operation in carrying on the war, and the noble lord at the head of my Government, who has never ceased to entertain unfriendly feelings towards his Imperial Majesty, can only see in this proof of his readiness to join in an unjust quarrel an evidence of the noble lord's original wisdom in impeding, as far as possible, the alliance of the nations.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

It is not the fault of the noble lord at the head of my Government that we are engaged in this most expensive and objectionable contest, but as such is the case, the nation must pay for it. A great deal of money is wanting, and the noble lord suggests to you that by imposing the most disagreeable taxation you do your best to disgust the nation with the war.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

You will not have to discuss a single measure of importance, and the noble lord at the head of my Government wishes to impress upon you that another of the evils of this war is that the whole time of the Ministers is taken up in reading the newspapers, and therefore that no attention can be given to the preparation of bills.

As soon as the measures regarding the militia, for the passing of which you have been specially summoned, shall be enacted, which the noble lord at the head of my Government thinks had better be done without discussion, you can all return to your country residences, where it is to be wished that you may enjoy a merry Christmas, rendered still more joyous by the assurance, which the noble lord at the head of my Government requests me to give you, namely, that he has not the most distant idea of resigning office, "unless pedal propulsion should expedite antiquated imbecility." [Last words supposed to have been surreptitiously appended by VISCOUNT P——— N.]

WANTED A PRISONER.

WE wish people would say distinctly what they want when they advertise in the newspapers. We often see an intimation that somebody wants a clerk, when he is apparently looking out for a thief, for as we have already pointed out, honesty and starvation are not always compatible. In the following instance we think the advertiser must be on the look-out for a prisoner. The extract is from the *Exeter Flying Post* of a recent date—

CLERK WANTED.

WANTED in an Office in the Country, a respectable Young Man as Clerk. He must be a good Accountant, and one who can bear much confinement. Salary £15 per annum, with Board and Lodging. The most unexceptionable character will be required.—Apply by letter, prepaid, stating age, to A. B., Post Office, Newton Abbot.

The young man who is to "bear much confinement" on £15 a year, had better enlist in the Russian service, get taken by the English, and he would be considerably better off as a Russian prisoner than as a captive clerk in an English office. Instead of getting up subscriptions to add to the comforts of the subjects of the CZAR who have fallen into our hands in the course of the war, it would be far more worthy of British benevolence to get up a subscription for the poor ill-paid clerks who are bearing "much confinement" on very little salaries.

A Saint Militant.

BEFORE every sortie of the Russians the image of ST. NICHOLAS is carried round the batteries. As there is some doubt of the validity of Russian orders of Saintship, it is probable that this act is intended to put the "Canonization" of the CZAR's sainted namesake beyond all question.

It is proposed that henceforth pilgrims to the saint's shrine, shall carry on their shoulders bomb-shells, instead of scallop-ditto, and in their hands, instead of the usual pilgrim's staff, a gun-rammer.

SPECULATIVE FRENCHMEN.

SOME desperate Parisian gamblers, as a last resource, are actually going to put "*La Morale en Actions*," for the purpose of disposing of them on the Bourse, only we are rather afraid that they will find *La Morale* to be at a terrible discount in that quarter.

THE TOAST OF THE "AGAMEMNON."—"A *Lyca*'s share of all the fighting."

THE PARVENU AND THE BOTTLE-HOLDER.

"The greatest interest is excited," says a Paris Correspondent, "about a conversation which has taken place at St.-Cloud, between the EMPRESS and LORD PALMERSTON." On reading this, Mr. Punch immediately wrote to both, for their notes of the conversation in question, and as he thinks that its publication may be serviceable, he prints it without the slightest hesitation, or the formality of asking leave of either of his above-mentioned friends.



SCENE.—After Dinner at St.-Cloud.

Parvenu. In that case, my dear LORD PALMERSTON, it is clear that—by the way, what a pity you don't smoke. (*Lights cigarette.*)

Bottle-holder. I have been told so, your Majesty. They say that a cigar in one's mouth gives one so much time to answer a question. I have usually an answer ready. *Appropos* of nothing, CLARENDON smokes.

Parvenu. Right—he is nothing. Else the Foreign Secretary of England might, one would say, have been the Envoy naturally selected for a foreign mission. I am the gainer, of course, *cela va sans dire*, but what shall we say of a certain Ministry?

Bottle-holder (demurely). Whatever your Majesty may please to say of that Ministry it will be for me to listen to with resignation. I would add that your Majesty is skilful in the use of language, but I must doubt whether it will occur to you to speak more severely, as regards that estimable body, than people speak in England.

Parvenu. Ah! Let us omit censure. How much more pleasant to speak in eulogy of the chivalry of an able and popular statesman, who consents to share the obloquy cast upon his colleagues, and who descends to an inferior station that he may the more effectually serve them at need.

Bottle-holder. I have reason to believe, your Majesty, that my motives are even more emphatically recognised by my colleagues than are my services. *[They exchange glances.]*

Parvenu. That is well, for then, no matter what may occur, there can be no charge of treachery or insincerity. This is a malicious world, and cruelly apt to place wrong constructions upon actions. Let us project our minds into the future, and suppose that something has occurred upon which (but for the understanding you describe) our friend ABERDEEN might look unfavourably.

Bottle-holder. Does your Majesty mean a glorious triumph of the Allied Arms?

Parvenu. To re-arrangements at home, calculated to conduce to many such triumphs.

Bottle-holder. I will not affect to misunderstand your Majesty. I am to suppose that I have the honour of being here in a different capacity, say that of Foreign Secretary?

Parvenu. You are too modest, my dear LORD PALMERSTON. In very early life you recollect that it was feared that characteristic might injure your rise—how delightful to see the freshness of youth still adhering to you. Possibly, if I mentioned you as PREMIER, you might almost get up a blush.

Bottle-holder. We have arranged with ABERDEEN, your Majesty, who has a great deal of blushing for himself to do, that he shall undertake that duty for us all. I venture to think that I can bear the dazzling vision your Majesty has been pleased to raise.

Parvenu. "A Scotch mist clears away, and discovers an English Minister at the head of English affairs." After that stage direction, my Lord, what follows?

Bottle-holder (with animation). Not England—she has followed long enough. It is time she began to lead.

Parvenu (imperturbably). Never excite yourself. What do you mean by lead? Do you take the word from the card-table? Because, if so, you must know that no one can lead out of his turn.

Bottle-holder. I admit it, your Majesty, but when we are sick of irre-

solute play, of being deceived, of having (*indignantly*) our best hearts forced, until they are covered by the adversary's spades—

Parvenu (gravely). Enough—enough—France, too, has her account to settle with that accursed Crimea.

Bottle-holder (recovering himself). Then, your Majesty, it is possible to demand a change of partners. In other words—will your Majesty pardon my being for a moment in earnest—if England finds that out of all Europe, France alone is her friend, rely upon it that England does not play again the old foolish wretched game which recognised neutrality where it could not obtain friendship. In presence of Russia, the great powers shall be my—shall be England's friends, or her enemies.

Parvenu. You cannot make them the first. Despotic Austria, for instance, can never really be the friend of democratic England.

Bottle-holder. No, your Majesty, but thank Heaven, I can—I could, I should say (under the circumstances you were pleased to suppose) make Austria our bitter and avowed enemy.

Parvenu. Why, while her ruler is FRANCIS JOSEPH—

Bottle-holder. May I—with apologies for the interruption—suppose the name to be JOSEPH, without the FRANCIS. The two syllables could be got rid of at slight expense and by simple process, which would have the additional advantage (*slowly*) of involving the fall of the House of HAPSBURG, the regeneration of Hungary, and of Italy, the triumph of one GIUSEPPE, surnamed MAZZINI, and the establishment of a permanent barrier against Cossack aggression—all trifles, but fortunately, to be obtained at trifling cost, if one happened to want them.

Parvenu. Continentals certainly give England credit for looking to such results without a shudder. Possibly, the nerves of France may be less firm.

Bottle-holder. What if she should invigorate them by a plunge into the Lower Rhine. We promise not to steal her clothes while she is bathing, as a particular friend of your Majesty's and mine observed.

Parvenu. With that understanding, I could afford to let the people of France see the people of Austria allowed to imitate my subjects (*gravely*) and choose their own ruler.

Bottle-holder (gravely). Without venturing to pronounce an opinion upon your Majesty's economy or means, I can assure you that the next Ministry of which I may have the honour of forming part, will have no sentimental traditions in reference to Germany.

Parvenu. Then I may say, as I said just now—in that case, my dear LORD PALMERSTON, it is clear that—

[But a message from the EMPRESS to the effect that thé était prêt, here summoned the gentlemen from their wine.]

A FAIR WAY OF RAISING THE WIND.



THE following statement has appeared in the *Connaught Watchman* :—

"A priest in a neighbouring parish has fallen on a singular, and, as it would seem, successful, device for replenishing his pocket at the expense of HER MAJESTY'S Service. He has announced from the altar that no married men will be taken into the militia, while all bachelors are liable to be haloted for, or even impressed. Acting on this hint, backed by his strongest recommendation to do so, the eligible bachelors

of his flock have very extensively entered into the matrimonial state. As each marriage secures a handsome fee to his reverence, his advice was not very disinterested."

The dodge by which this particularly jolly priest has turned an honest penny is not likely to injure HER MAJESTY'S Service to any alarming extent: and it is only to be wished that gentlemen of his cloth would generally preach in a similar spirit about matrimony. He has quite a right to puff his own business. Let nobody envy his Reverence his harmless gains. Connaught contains some wild lads whom his sermons will have rendered steady. Those discourses will probably not be found to prevent the Connaught Militia from obtaining its complement of recruits: although they may thin the ranks of a certain brigade of Connaught Rangers. Moreover, in time of need the married men will doubtless fight for their wives and children, and so (in Connaught certainly) will all the bachelors.

FACT FOR MR. GOUGH.—GENERAL BOSQUET led the French to glory, but GENERAL BOSKINNESS brought the Russians to grief.

THE FIRST RAILWAY IN AUSTRALIA.



N Australian paper gives an account of the start—and rather a “run start” it was—of the first Railway in Australia. The line is called the Hobson’s Bay Line; and from the account of the proceedings we should say, that in the case of Hobson’s Bay Hobson’s choice has been realised. The Colony must be satisfied with the best it can get, though the Railway Line seems to be something quite

out of the line of the Australians, if we may judge by the description contained in the following paragraph, extracted from the *Sydney Empire*, of the 18th of September:—

“SIR CHARLES and LADY HOTHAM and a considerable number of the distinguished officials having taken their places in the train, which only consisted of four carriages, the signal was given to proceed. The steam was turned on, but the iron horse would not budge an inch. Great was the dismay depicted on the face of the engineer and engine-driver. The valve was opened to its widest extent, and the pantings of the over-laden steam horse were quite alarming. The band of the 40th struck up a merry tune to hide the confusion, but still the train would not move. Accordingly a whole host of railway porters and policemen set to work and pushed it along the line by main force for a hundred yards, when it again came to a dead stop. More police then came on, and a stout gentleman in a dress coat, ready for the banquet, came behind and applied his shoulder vigorously to the buffer of the last carriage, and at last, by slow degrees, the train moved, amid shouts of laughter from the assembled thousands in Flinders Street.”

This is not exactly the way to go a-head in an infant Colony, and though the police may be considered to embody the great principle implied in the words “move on!” we do not think “the force” should be used in applying that principle to an obstinate railway train. Even the police, however, could not make the Hobson’s Bay locomotive “move on!” and it was only when “a stout gentleman in a dress coat” applied his shoulder to the “buffer”—and it became a question of “buffer against buffer,” that the train moved in earnest, and the old buffer triumphed over the new one. As it is probable that the stout party in the dress coat will not be always at hand to put his shoulder to the wheel of a refractory railway carriage, it is to be hoped that the Australians will get up their steam a little better than they did on the inauguration of their first Railway. Later advices are, however, not very encouraging, for a more recent extract informs us that:—

“As the six o’clock train was leaving Sandridge a slight derangement occurred which prevented its progress, so that the passengers had to alight and walk up to town. The stoppage was understood to arise from some of the fire bars having fallen out, so that the fire could not be sustained.”

What with an engine that won’t strike out, and a fire that won’t keep in, we fear that the railway system must be considered in a state of infancy, or even babyhood in Australia.

MANCHESTER PEACE-GOODS.

(Disrespectfully dedicated to MR. BRIGHT.)

NEVER mind about the kicks, so long as you get the halfpence.
 Britons, strike home—but mind, the strike musn’t come near a Cotton-mill.
 Better to lick the dust than lick the enemy.
 There is but one Manchester, and the whole world is its profit.
 An Englishman’s Home is his Castle, but then it should be a Castle, not for fighting but for feasting, like the Castle at Richmond, where there are no charges but hotel charges, and the only dead men are empty bottles.
 The best Bail for keeping the Peace is your Bale of Manchester Goods.
 Every gun fired makes a hole in our profits.
 The mill to grind Old England young agair is, it must be confessed, a Cotton Mill.
 Sooner than Manchester lose its Peace, sacrifice the whole of England.
 The real pillars of Great Britain are the Chimneys of Cottonopolis.
 No Securities like Government Securities!

THE POISONERS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

THE *Morning Post* reports an assemblage of medical and scientific gentlemen, which took place last week at Birmingham, to discuss a question of much importance to the interior. The stomach is supposed to be principally a receptacle for two classes of substances; food and physic. Together with these, however, in point of fact, it admits a considerable quantity of rubbish, commingled with them by certain rascals. The consideration of what measures the Legislature should adopt to put an end to this villany constituted the business of the meeting, in the course of which a gentleman named POSTGATE made some statements which are calculated to make us open our eyes and shut our mouths.

We turn up our noses at the poor creatures who subsist upon potatoes: we had better turn them down again. We flatter ourselves that we eat bread; but bread, according to MR. POSTGATE, in many cases, consists of the despised root in the ratio of a quarter to a peck of meal. To a proportionate extent the stomach and system of the consumer are cheated out of nitrogen, which potato-flour does not contain. But whilst the bread is minus nitrogen, it is plus alum, together with a quantity of water amounting to 50 per cent. To call such a mixture the staff of life is ridiculous. For staff, read stuff, and omit life—or substitute the reverse. The stuff cannot be capable of supporting life; and thus, as a jocular chemist may have remarked, though deficient in nitrogen it abounds in azote. It may be necessary to explain to children in arms that azote means that which does not support life, and that it is an *alias* of the substance now called nitrogen, which was applied thereto when chemistry was, like themselves, in its infancy.

By the same authority we are given to understand that we are apt to be much mistaken when we think we are helping ourselves to cream; anatto and turmeric communicate the appearance by which we delude ourselves: we add little to our tea or coffee but colouring matter, which may be defined as azure or sky-blue disguised with drab.

It further appears that grains of Paradise, if they are not to be taken *cum grano salis*, are usually not to be bought without a great many grains of linseed. This fact concerns all who delight in beer, and do not brew their own. Grains of Paradise are brewers’ grains—albeit, unfit for pigs. The brewer who cheats his customers therewith has himself been cheated by his druggist; and those who place their paradise in beer, and drink his, get but a very slight taste of their fool’s paradise.

Honey, generally supposed to be derived from the bloom of plants, is stated to be made in great part out of bakers’ flour, to which are added raw sugar and pipeclay by the dishonest imitators of the industrious bee.

Peppermint lozenges, instead of having sugar for their base, have a much baser substance, namely, plaster of Paris, so that when swallowed they become changed from confections into concretions. The plaster of Paris is qualified with a little starch—but that, at any rate, would not prevent its stiffening. MR. POSTGATE also says that the acid of acidulated drops is the sulphuric: whilst tartaric acid is, in the proportion of 30 per cent, no acid at all, but merely an astringent, viz., alum: a sort of tartaric acid that must have been invented in Tartarus.

It does not appear that the meeting succeeded in devising any adequate punishment for the adulteration of diet and medicine. The best would be to make an offender subsist on adulterated diet till he was ill, and then to physic him with adulterated medicine.

The Russian Bear and his Cubs.

It is understood that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has bestowed the order of something or other upon his two sons for “the bravery they displayed both before and after the battle of Inkermann.” We cannot compliment the “licked cubs” of the CZAR on a display of courage at once premature and tardy, for the valour that intrudes itself before a battle begins must be as much out of place as the heroism that is exhibited after a battle is over. We suspect that there is a good deal of Russian bravery of the same inopportune kind, and we confess we have greater admiration for the courage of the allies, which makes itself manifest at the exact time when it is wanted.

SUPERNATURAL SCIENCE.

By the account of JUDGE EDWARDS they still seem to be communicating with the spirit world in America. Can the Judge inform us whether spirit-writing can be accomplished with a Medium Pencil?

● A FACT FOR THE EDUCATION COMMISSIONERS.—A pupil at a ragged school was asked the other day to name some of the tribes expelled from Canaan by the Israelites. The boy answered “Hivites, Jebusites, and Puseyites!”



WHAT OUR NAVVIES ARE LIKELY TO DO.

POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES.

A CERTAIN LORD, lately commanding a Cavalry regiment, has resigned his Command and retired from the service at the most critical period of the Campaign. The act has excited much remark among the Army, not flattering (we are bound to add) to the officer setting such an example at such a time.

The officer has returned to England. How has he been received in that quarter in which, for the soldier, stands the fountain of honour? With coldness—with marked disfavour—or with that chill and cutting civility, which is bitterer than reproof?

That officer has more than once had the honour of being the guest of the QUEEN.

Heaven forbid that at this moment MR. PUNCH should approach HER MAJESTY with aught but the language of affectionate loyalty. But the next time he dines at Windsor, he will certainly take the liberty of hinting to HER MAJESTY, in the most delicate way, that this is not exactly the thing to encourage the self-devotion which, at this moment, is offering up the best blood of Britain on the heights before Sebastopol.

Hint to the Commissariat.

“MR. PUNCH,—As an article of food which would be popular in the Crimea, especially in the Scotch regiments, is there no way of preserving or potting sheep’s head? If sheep’s head were sent out to the army, there can be no doubt that the officers and men would find the pluck.

“Permit me to subscribe myself,

“BLUE APRON.”

“Newgate Market, Dec. 1854.”

“OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE.”

GAY GORDONS, fling up every bonnet!
Drawn—discussed—settled—ratified, fast—
With the broad seal of England upon it,
Here’s the Treaty with Austria at last!

’Twill foil Russian projects so sinister;
’Twill finish the war—clear and clean;
And better than all, as Prime Minister
’Twill secure us “*Ce cher ABERDEEN.*”

In short all the Tadpoles and Tapers
Declare ’tis a masterly *coup*:
Here’s none of your one-sided papers;
’Tis *off-ensive* and *de-fensive* too.

“*Off-ensive?*” the country will say,
“The description is perfectly true:”
For, as *Hamlet* remarks in the play,
“There’s offence in’t, and much offence too.”

Offensive it is—beyond doubt:
For grievously all it offends,
Who would see Right and Wrong fight it out,
And not shaking hands, like good friends.

Offensive to all who remember
What Austria ever has been,

Still trampling out Freedom’s least ember
Wherever its glimmer is seen.

To all who, for Italy feeling,
Would loose Austria’s gripe from her
throat;
Who would listen to Hung’ry’s appealing,
And lend her a hand ’gainst the Croat.

To all who, by history’s warning,
Have learnt to believe that the night
Must still be at odds with the morning,
As darkness is hostile to light.

To all who in gen’rous aversion,
Hold tyranny, perjury, lies,
Priest-craft, state-craft, and crushing coercion
Of minds, bodies, hearts, heads, and eyes.

Yes. “Offensive,” whate’er its conditions,
Any treaty with Austria must be.
But this has “*defensive* provisions.”
“*Defensive*” of what? Let us see.

Defensive of France or of Britain?
Thank God, our defences we seek,

Not in lies acted, uttered, or written,
Whether Russ, or Pruss, Austrian, or Greek.

Our defences are those that environ
Free hearts that to free hands appeal—
Our navies’ hard oak and hot iron,
Our armies’ cool heads and cold steel.

Still your treaty we own, *is* “*defensive*”
Of Austria’s ill-gotten gains,
Which the HAPSBERG has found it expensive
To defend at his own cost and pains.

Defensive of rights of possession,
(Sole rights that e’er Austria has known):
Defensive of lawless aggression,
That shakes on a tottering throne.

Defensive of frontiers Gallician,
Of Hungary’s corn-bearing plain;
Defensive of winnings Venetian,
And Lombardy’s vine-clad champaign.

To command of the Danube we’ll hoist her,
Give her aid if a subject rebels:
So Austria swallows the oyster,
And gives France and England the shells!

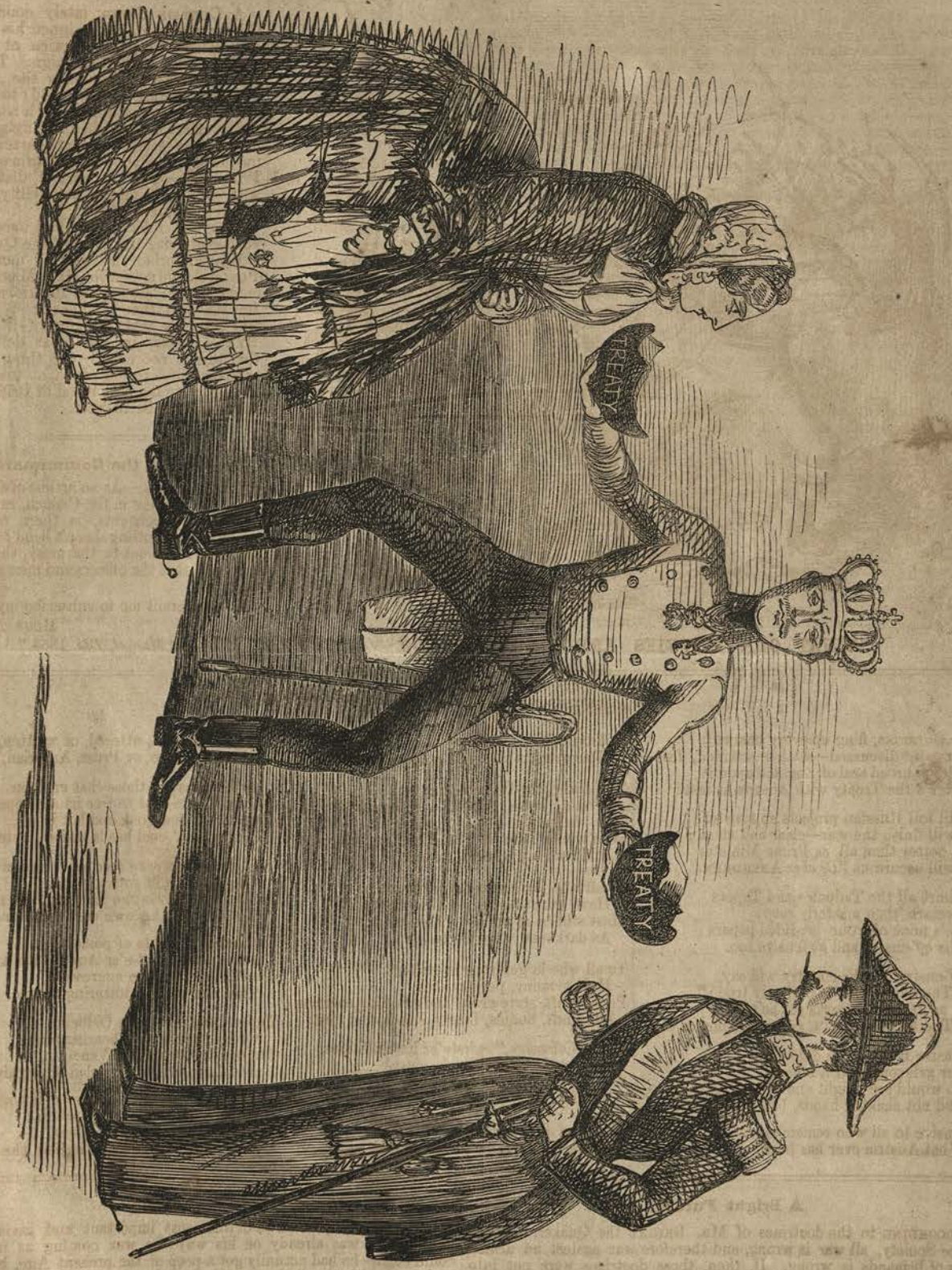
A Bright Future.

ACCORDING to the doctrines of MR. BRIGHT the Quaker, and the Peace Society, all war is wrong, and therefore war against an armed gang of brigands is wrong. If, then, those doctrines were put into practice, the country might be ravaged by troops of banditti, and there would be no means of putting the robbers down. So the consequence of carrying out Peace principles would be that the Peace would be broken with impunity: and as there would be nobody at home to preserve the Peace, in order to restore it, somebody would very soon come from abroad.

The Coming Man.

WE have received news of this most important and invisible individual. He was already on his way—he was coming as fast as he could come—he had actually got a peep of the present Age, but was so disgusted with the little he did see, that he immediately went back again.

THE RUSSIANS Afloat.—On the part of the Russians, the battle of Inkermann may be said to have partaken of the character of a naval engagement in so far as the combatants were half-seas over.



OYSTRIA AND THE SHELLS.

DECEMBER 16, 1854.]

[Punch, No. 701,

THE WAR AND THE BUMBLES.



HE parochial patriots are coming out again in full force, or rather in full feebleness. The vestry of St. Pancras echoes once more with the declamations of dissentients, and the Board Room of Marylebone vibrates with the eloquence of the parochial malcontents. Whenever there is a "crisis" the Metropolitan vestries begin to indulge in those irrelevancies which lead them to neglect their own proper

business, and set them off on a Quixotic inquiry into the merits of Ministers, instead of adhering to their proper province of controlling parish expenditure. The parochial patriot gets so inflated with the idea of his own importance that he feels himself a statesman instead of a vestryman, and he asks indignantly what is going on "out of doors," a pompous question we should like to answer literally, by saying, that "they are just going round with the afternoon's milk, and crying 'muffins.'"

The War is, of course, a fine field for the senators of the Vestry Room, and poor LORD ABERDEEN is being spattered with the patriotic mud of parochial invective, at least once a week in at least two of the London parishes. We are continually nauseated by reports of speeches in which we are told of the "attitude Marylebone must assume," and "the position St. Pancras must take up," in "the present state of things in the Crimea." We recommend the vestrymen, most of whom are respectable tradesmen, to be satisfied with assuming a graceful "attitude" while waiting on their customers, and taking up a becoming "position" behind their respective counters.

It is very kind of the parochial patriots to think of "serving their country," but if they will, for the present, content themselves with serving those who favour them with orders, their country will be equally obliged to them. We are sometimes afraid from their language, which is full of allusions to "honourable members" and "this side of the house" that the Vestrymen have all gone mad, and imagine themselves the House of Commons, nor should we be surprised at their treating one of their own resolutions as an Act of Parliament, and speaking of it, as chapter so-and-so, of the 4 and 5 of NICOLAY, or the 6 and 7 of D'IFFANGER. If these sort of fooleries continue we shall really feel disposed to get somebody to act the part of a parochial CROMWELL, and dissolve the parochial parliament at one fell swoop, by ordering the Beadle, who we believe is always in attendance, with his cocked-hat and brass-headed staff, to "take away that bauble."

A BACK-HANDER.

In this country there is a strong tendency in things to start up the more you try to put them down, and in fact if a thing is really good there is no quizzing it out of its vitality. We have occasionally indulged in a good humoured joke at the expense of our rusty fusty friend BACH, the great composer of innumerable *Ops*, and whose sundry *Schezzi* in A, B, or C, are anything but A B C work to those who conscientiously try to "render them." Such however is the tenacity with which the *virtuosi* keep in what may be called the BACH ground of the musical world, that a "BACH Society" has sprung, or rather toddled, into existence. This society we believe invites an audience, and has such a thorough-going way of BACH-ing its friends, that there is nothing to be heard but BACH during the whole evening. We shall expect to find the BACH enthusiasm ultimately reaching such a height that the BACHITES will be satisfied with nothing less than a BACH attic in which to hold their meetings.

LAW OF WAR.—The siege of Sebastopol, having in prospect a breach, may be regarded as a suit for breach of promise.

A SEWER READY-MADE.—Brick over the Thames.

AFTER SUPPER AMUSEMENT AT BERLIN.

"CARRY MASTER CLICQUOT to bed."—Variation of Shakspeare.

CICERO says that nobody dances sober. From this rule, of course, are to be excepted individuals of the feminine gender. Ladies have a sufficient motive for dancing. It is the only exercise, worthy of the name, that they ever take. In dancing, moreover, they carry out the principal end of their education, which is to present the most attractive outward appearance possible. A dancing-girl is a display of a pretty figure in elegant attire and graceful attitudes. A dancing-man is a comical object. He would, indeed, be an exhibition entirely pitiable, but for the circumstance that he has, in England at least, a partner usually more or less pleasant, with whom a waltz or a polka is an allowable romp. For this cause he does not mind pointing his toes, and kicking his heels, and revolving about an apartment with his coat-tails flying behind his back, and before men and angels. It is nice to be unwise in the right place, and the right place is made by one's company. The softer sex delights in stultifying the sterner a little; as that QUEEN OF LYDIA did HERCULES. Mythology says that he spun by her side among a train of women. So does a gallant Guardsman, or other hero, spin away with his OMPHALE for the evening, looking no less absurd but rather more so, than his prototype in the Lion's skin. He is ridiculous but blest. A man simply dancing is simply ridiculous. The greater the man the more ridiculous. Fancy a Judge, or the LORD CHANCELLOR dancing: particularly in their robes. Imagine the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY figuring as *cavalier seul*, or CARDINAL WISEMAN pounding the floor in the College Hornpipe, or the REVEREND DR. CUMMING, at Balmoral or Buckingham Palace, footing it to the tune of "*Tullochgorum*." Imagine these grave and reverend signiors dancing?—you cannot; except dancing after supper, and that would bring us back to CICERO.

At the Palace of Berlin, however, after supper, they appear to do as the Romans did, if the *Patres Conscripti* exemplified the converse of the Ciceronian aphorism. The world has been credibly informed that PRINCE KARL OF PRUSSIA was joined the other day in holy Matrimony with the PRINCESS MARIA ANNA OF DESSAU. The solemnity was preceded and followed by divers ceremonies of a different nature, being neither solemn nor suitable, with the exception of the discharge of numerous guns; music which, under the existing circumstances of Europe, may be admitted to have been serious and appropriate. The rest of the nuptial rites consisted of mummery and flunkeyism, more or less brilliant, whereof the climax was, according to the *Times*, "a polonaise, or torch-dance, performed by twelve Ministers of State, with wax-tapers in their hands." This might be called the Polonaise of POLONIUS; the rather that, as it came directly after the wedding supper, the dancers probably exhibited more signally than usual, the senile phenomena of "most weak hams." It is said that the Ministers were twelve. To their Sovereign they probably appeared twenty-four. The example of these advisers of Prussia's Majesty was, we are further told, followed by the "King, and all the Princes, the Bridegroom, the Queen, and all the Princesses." Again comes the question, Is it possible to imagine great people making themselves such great fools? Yes: not only possible—the thing was done. However, in conformity with what Cicero says, it was not done till after supper.

What a mess they must have made with their candle-grease!—especially the King, if his Majesty's hand has been rendered as unsteady as his policy.

Any doubt that may exist about the nature of the influence under which these Royal hymeneals were celebrated, is removed by the fact that, by way of winding up this excessively jolly evening, the Bride's garter was cut up into pieces, which were distributed as wedding favours among the company.

King Stephen with a Difference.

KING CLICQUOT was the worse for beer;
His cups will cost him but a crown:
He holds the flagon all too dear;
For that they call the sovereign, loon.
He is a wight of base renown
For toping to a great degree;
'Tis drink that pulls the country down,
So change the swipes-pot for the tea.

AMMUNITION FROM CHINA.

As instancing the enthusiasm in providing for the wants of the Army which inspires all ranks, it may be mentioned that the Grocers are sending out Gunpowder.

A DECIDED MONOMANIAC.—A man has been taken up for stealing a copy of the *Morning Advertiser*.



VERY MUCH TO BE PITIED.

1st Undergrad. "WELL, FRED, FLOORED THE QUESTIONS?"

2nd Undergrad. "NO, HANG IT! WHAT CAN A FELLOW DO WITH TWO MEN ON EACH SIDE WHO DON'T KNOW MORE THAN HIMSELF, AND A CONFOUNDED EXAMINER BEHIND PREVENTING HIM LOOKING AT HIS POCKET-BOOK!"

SONG FOR THE ALLIED ARMY.

To the Celebrated Tune of "ÇA IRA."

Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira
A tous les diables, oui, je le répète,
Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira ;
Malgré les All'mands, tout réussira.

A Sébastopol on le ross'ra,
Comme à Inkermann et à l'Alma.
Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira,
Au diable par la baïonnette ;
Avec vitesse il fuira.

Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira
A tous les diables, oui, je le répète,
Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira ;
Malgré les JOHN BRIGHTS, tout réussira.

Quand URQUHART, jadis, du Czar nous parla
Comme un prophète, il prédit tout c'la.

Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira
Au diable avec tout' sa famille.
Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira.

Des alliés tout s'accomplira ;
Jamais le Turc on n'abaissera ;
Plus haut qu'avant on le relèvera.

Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira
A tous les diables, oui, je le répète,
Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira ;
Malgré Veuv' CLICQUOT, tout réussira.

Pendant la guerre, aucun ne trahira.
Anglais, Français, l'un l'autre soutiendra ;
S'il voit un Russe, haro on criera :

Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira.

Que l'on fasse à Vienne ce qu'on voudra,
Le patriotisme lui répondra :
Les neutres ont cœurs de femmes ;
L'alliance toujours vaincra !

Oui ! l'Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira
A tous les diables, oui, je le répète,
Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira ;
Malgré les All'mands, tout réussira.

NEW READING.—"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the THUG of War."

THE WAR EXHIBITIONS.

SINCE ASTLEY'S gallantly led the way with the *Battle of the Alma*, and gained the heights of popularity, as well as the heights before Sebastopol, the example has been followed by numerous caterers for the entertainment of the public ; and there seems to be no investment so profitable as the investment of Sebastopol. The war is not confined to the Crimea, but it has been carried into the very heart of England, and has even found its way to Clifton, whose walls bear the marks of some tremendous broadsides, which have been poured into the place, with the hope of taking it by storm, and laying siege to the pockets of the inhabitants. The war now being waged in the West is a sort of counterfeit of the war in the East ; and while, at the Crimea, we have England's war with the Czar, we find at Clifton "GOMPERTZ'S war with Russia." It appears from GOMPERTZ'S printed declaration of war, that he has for twenty years been engaged in hostilities—on canvas—with the enemies of this country ; for, "stimulated by the general appreciation of his war with China, and, on a prior occasion, that of the Cabul passes," he has, it seems, gone to war with Russia on a scale of magnitude and an extent of canvas far exceeding his former achievements.

We wish that England were as triumphant with her stores and ammunition as GOMPERTZ is with his paint pot and his FEW "brushes" with the enemy. The facility with which GOMPERTZ lands his troops in the Crimea "elicits," as we are informed by himself, "the most enthusiastic and simultaneous expressions of approbation," and we can well understand how the enthusiasm reaches its height when GOMPERTZ brings his war with Russia to a conclusion by the "ultimate triumph of the allied armies." With such a result before us, we wonder there is not a cry of "GOMPERTZ for Premier," in place of ABERDEEN, and indeed of the two men, the views of the former will the better bear canvassing.

In the explanatory bill that forms as it were the programme of the war, our friend GOMPERTZ gives a succinct account of the policy of the

CZAR, which we are informed was of such a nature as to render hostilities—and of course GOMPERTZ'S panorama—utterly inevitable. NICHOLAS is therefore denounced as being responsible for the frightful shedding of blood—and consumption of paint—which has come to pass ; so that on his head will fall the whole of the consequences, including bombs, ten-pouuders, paint-pots and paint brushes, which England's—and GOMPERTZ'S—war with Russia have called into powerful activity.]



NEW JEWEL FOR THE FOURTH ORDER

OF

RUSSIAN BRAVERY,

IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCES

MICHAEL AND NICHOLAS,

WHO WON THEIR SPURS AT THE

FLIGHT FROM INKERMANN!

THE LORD CHANCELLOR AND THE SECOND COLUMN OF THE "TIMES."



INCE the LORD CHANCELLOR takes cognisance of love letters, and commits young gentlemen to the Queen's Prison for writing them, we beg to call his lordship's attention to the evidently amatory communications which are daily made through the second column of the *Times* newspaper. If "LEONORA" is a ward in Chancery, it is high time that "LEOPOLD" should be locked up, and, indeed, we are not sure that our distinguished contemporary of Printing House Square is not guilty of a contempt of court in aiding the process of unauthorised love-making by throwing open his columns, to those who pledge their faith and per-

form other similarly absurd freaks through the medium of an advertisement. We perceive that the CHANCELLOR refused to let a young man out of durance the other day until he had placed all letters he had received from the object of his adoration in the hands of his lordship. Possibly the communications might have been partly contained in a file of the *Times*, where, if couched in cyphers, they would have afforded his lordship a series of "nuts to crack" with his port, during the approaching Christmas. If LORD CRANWORTH should find any difficulty, we flatter ourselves we are rather clever at getting at a kernel through the hardest shell, and we shall be happy to place at the disposal of the Court of Chancery, our own intellectual nut-crackers. As a specimen of our abilities we beg to call the attention of the CHANCELLOR to the following from the *Times* of November 30, which is probably intended for the eye of some ward of the court whom we are perhaps saving from the grasp of some needy, greedy, and seedy adventurer by the course we are now taking—

FROM AIBARA.—Thyt lluwv ng, I mntch ngd, bthv mdvr yffrt tknwv hrur—urm rtmthn vr! I dhpn dhvvr ynof dncnyr castncy.—Idl f myhr frnt! Lvfr mnd schd vtms thvt 'srwr.—*Times*, Nov. 30.

If the writer's motives are as easily seen through as the clumsy enigma he has concocted, we think we might safely leave him to be dealt with by even the dullest of guardians. We give the obvious translation of the above rather transparent piece of protestation—

FROM ARABIA.—They tell you wrong. I am not changed, but have made every effort to know where you are; you are more to me than ever! I do hope and have every confidence in your constancy. Idol of my heart, fear not! Live for me, and such devotion must have its reward.

A QUERY FOR THE WAR OFFICE.

ONCE upon a time, it is said, there was a Brigadier-General in India. GENERAL NOTT was his commander-in-chief. GENERAL NOTT sent to the Brigadier an order to advance with the troops under his command. The Brigadier sent answer that it was impossible—no doubt for some excellent military reason. GENERAL NOTT sent back to the Brigadier a repetition of his order. With it was a letter informing the Brigadier that a duplicate of the order had been sent to his second in command, with directions, if the Brigadier still declined to advance, to advance the Brigade and bring the Brigadier along with it under fixed bayonets. So runs the story. *Mr. Punch* would respectfully ask the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE if he has ever heard it. And if he have, does he know the name of the Brigadier? And if he know, would he oblige *Mr. Punch* by informing him whether that Brigadier now commands a division of the army of the Crimea, and, further, whether, if anything happen to deprive that army of the services of LORD RAGLAN, the routine of service, which would entitle this Brigadier to the command in place of LORD RAGLAN, would be followed?

Justice to the Enemy.

RUSSIAN exaggeration of the numbers of the Allies who beat them at Alma and Inkermann, may not be entirely wilful falsehood. After the raki and run with which the Cossacks were primed for fighting, no doubt they saw two Frenchmen and as many Englishmen for every one.

LAW v. PHILOSOPHY.

A MAN, it is said, is either a fool or a physician at forty, and it appears by a recent decision of LORD CAMPBELL, that a man is either a fool or a philosopher when the tax-gatherer calls. "Given *t, a, x*, to find a philosopher" is a problem which has been recently solved by that learned judge, *in re* the Cambridge Philosophical Society. We should be sorry, however, to come to the conclusion pointed at by the decision mentioned, as we do not wish to be classed with the conscience-stricken maniacs who are continually sending voluntary contributions to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. But whichever view is taken of the matter, it is pleasing to know that the payment of a few shillings by the philosophers of Cambridge (long life to them) will not be a very heavy blow, if indeed it be considered even a great discouragement to the cause of Science. MR. ADAMS, who is doubtless on the eve of discovery of a new planet, will discover it notwithstanding, and he will, we know, be among the first to rejoice if the contributions from his Alma Mater hasten in any degree the subjection of the Great Bear.

MR. JUSTICE WIGHTMAN asks, "what are the primary objects of a Society which spends more money in newspapers than in philosophical publications." Without stopping to enquire how far that will depend on the relative price and numbers published of each class (if there are two classes) let us ask a question or two. What is News? Do only fools read newspapers? The philosopher who was "caught" eating the "delicacies of the season" replied in answer to the sneer of an acquaintance, "Do you suppose that all the good things were meant for the fools," and *Punch* begs to ask, Do you suppose that newspapers were meant only for fools? Do newspapers never philosophise? Does *Punch* never philosophise? And, besides, do not the so-called philosophical journals contain news? The announcement in the "*Philosophical Transactions*" of the next discovery by MR. HIND of a new star (§ *Hippopotami* he may call it) will be as much "news" as is the announcement in the newspapers that any one is giving Vulgar Burlesque, or "starring" it in the east. Or suppose the following to appear in the *Chemical Gazette*—

NEW METHOD OF PREPARING MONODITETRETHYLOMETHYLOPROPYLAMYLAMONIUM.—The proper materials are placed in a suitable apparatus, raised to the required temperature, and the heat continued as long as necessary; when the object is attained, the process is stopped; the result is 'thrown' on a filter—'plunged' into a water-bath, and, if the operation is not successful, pitched to the deuce.

Would not this be news? Perhaps it may be objected that the stuff with the long name is a non-isolated radicle; but surely if there is any wisdom in the wigs of the Bench, it will be admitted that the mere title of the recipe makes every atom of it equivalent to news. In conclusion, it may be well to observe, that while we object to the inference that no philosophers read newspapers, though such inference be made by all the judges, even the holder of the Great Seal—we would strongly impress upon the various philosophical Societies, that now that the Sinews of War are so much required, every one ought to pay his whacks.

WHAT WILL THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND BE?

WHAT will the German's Fatherland	How brave 'twill be, if Fatherland!
Be, if the Germans fail to stand	Have bard and sage, chained hand
Against encroaching Russia's	to hand,
might,	Off to Siberia marched in packs,
And skulk aloof, afraid to fight?	The lash resounding at their backs!
The upper hand if Russia gain,	For Fatherland, the sight how
The CZAR will rule in Allemagne;	fine,
And Fatherland, ere long, will be,	Not merely Left of all the Rhine,
What Poland is to Muscovy.	But far beyond it, by-and-by,
Should France and England over-	To see the Gallic Eagles fly!
throw,	Germans! the Fatherland disowns
All by themselves, the tyrant foe,	A helpless brood of stocks and
Then Fatherland will take the	stones,
chance,	Adopting sons who understand
To be whatever pleases France.	How to defend their Fatherland.

The Way the Cat Jumps.

THE admirable behaviour of our troops is a great triumph for those who advocated the abolition of flogging in the army. Now that corporal punishment is in a great measure discontinued, the soldier gets scarcely any stripes except for good conduct.

A COLULDRUB.

(By a Gentleman with a cold in his head.)

WHEN is a pot-boy likely to become a soldier?—When he's goilg to cry-beer (*Crimea*).



AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

"HERE! BIJOU! HERE! I CAN'T STOP THE DOG—I KNOW WHAT MY WIFE'LL DO—'LOST, £5 REWARD!' AND IF HE CATCHES THE THINGAMY, I SHALL BE HAD UP FOR WHAT'S-A-NAMIN WITHOUT A LICENCE."

OUR BRAVE NAVVIES.

HURRAH for bold LORD RAGLAN, and valiant GENERAL BROWN,
And the brave men who fight under them to put a Tyrant down.
No end of glory to them all; of honour and renown
To those who live: to them that fall an everlasting crown.

As loud a cheer give, England, to the Navvies' gallant band,
Who have gone to lend our warriors a stalwart helping hand.
These to their work with shovel and crow-bar as true will stand,
As those to theirs with bayonet, with rifle, or with brand.

To hew out the highways of Peace was heretofore their trade;
Trust we the road to Conquest shall now by them be made.
Their pickaxe at the Upas Tree of Russia will be laid,
And they'll dig at the foundations of the Tyrant with their spade.

That Tyrant, brutal NICHOLAS, who rules by force and fear,
Has he for subjects working men who hold their country dear?
In Russia are there any on his side to volunteer?
How many Navvies have they there to match our fellows here?

England needs no Conseription which peasants must obey;
Her sons go forth to fight for her when they are free to stay:
And many more will follow where the Navvies led the way,
And may they, for a good day's work, receive a good day's pay!

The Heir with not many Friends!

A NEWSPAPER paragraph informs us that the estates of a certain noble family are about to be "brought to the hammer." As we read the announcement we could not help thinking how many estates there are, which by being brought to the hammer are taken away from the Ninnyhammer.

RUSSIAN PROVERB.—Your Raki makes the best soldier.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER'S DEAD WALL.

EVERYBODY admits that a line ought to be drawn somewhere; but few probably are of opinion that a churchyard is the place for drawing a line between one set of people and another. Among those few appears to be the BISHOP OF EXETER. According to the *Globe*, the Burial Board of Great Torrington, Devonshire, cannot get the Bishop to consecrate any portion of their cemetery, because the ground is divided merely by a carriage-road. The Bishop wants a wall, and

"If cemetery walls are not erected, not only all round the grounds, but across them, so as to make two distinct burial-grounds, the Bishop will not allow Churchmen, throughout his wide diocese, to have any ground, under the new statute, in which they may bury their dead according to the rites of their own church."

The BISHOP OF EXETER does not seem to have that faith in the efficacy of consecration that his antecedents would induce most people to give him credit for. Is he unaware that the herbage withers on that part of a burial ground which has not received episcopal benediction? that the sun never shines and the rain and the dew descend not on the unblest earth, insomuch that no turf is possible on the graves of Dissenters? Does he not consider that a sufficient distinction? On the other hand can he not see that a brick wall does not, in fact, secure the division which he desires? It merely separates the bones of one denomination of Christians from those of another. It does not prevent the softer parts of their old worn-out frames from commingling in the form of those gases which they are resolved into, and ascend in the air. What are the exteriors which we leave behind us in the world but cast-off apparel? And what, O Bishop! is the use of building a wall to separate old clothes? And is this the time for making such a distinction, when Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Churchman are interred side by side at Inkeremann?

THE QUAKER'S COLOURS.

THE BEST WAY OF DYING FOR ONE'S COUNTRY:—Dyeing Drab.

THE MISSING DESPATCH.



"THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and begs to place at his disposal the following despatch from F. M. LORD RAGLAN, which by an accident, over which the Duke had no control, has not been hitherto made public."

"War Office, Dec. 11. 1 P.M."

Head Quarters, Camp before Sebastopol, Dec. 1, 1854.

MY LORD DUKE,

My previous despatches (Nos. 60 to 69) having been written immediately after the actions to which they respectively refer, were necessarily imperfect in details. I believe, however, that they will be found wanting in none of the particulars on which information is demanded by the forms of the Service.

In compliance with the rule usually followed in such communications, I have hitherto considered it my first duty to bring under the favourable notice of your Grace, for the well-merited recognition of the Country, the admirable conduct of every member of my personal staff on all occasions, the indefatigable exertions of all the Generals commanding Divisions and Brigades, and the manner in which these exertions have been seconded by all the members of all the personal staffs of all these Generals, without a single exception. I cannot charge my memory with any omission in this respect, though for my fulfilment of this pleasing duty, I take no credit to myself.

Intimate as I am with the Officers serving on my own staff (most of whom I have the pride of counting among my own relations or near connections), sharing with them not only the labours and dangers of the field, but the few hours of enjoyment and repose which the hardships of the campaign leave at our disposal, it is but natural I should bear ample and cheerful testimony to the accuracy and speed with which these Officers have carried my orders, their admirable horsemanship, their agreeable social qualities, the readiness with which they have borne unwonted privations, and their coolness under the hottest fire. Under these circumstances, it would have been unpardonable in me not to have assigned to these Officers the first place in all my official communications. The General Officers serving under my command, have, no doubt, been actuated by similar feelings (prompted by motives as creditable to all parties, and by services as conspicuous), in bringing so prominently forward for favourable consideration the names of the officers composing their respective staffs.

No General and no Staff Officer having been left unnoticed, it may have been thought that my duty, as the medium for directing attention to eminent services, had been fulfilled.

It has, however, been represented to me from quarters entitled to respect, that some notice of Officers in lower grades of the army would be neither injurious to the Service, unacceptable to your Grace, nor displeasing to the country.

The names of even some Non-commissioned Officers and Privates have reached me, as having done their duty under difficult circumstances, in a manner to merit particular mention.

I am aware that, in venturing to bring under your Grace's favourable consideration the names of merely Regimental Officers, possessing no claim of hereditary rank or social distinction, and still more in descending to the ranks for conspicuous examples of heroism and self-devotion, I am departing from precedent in a way many may think inexpedient and even hazardous. But I humbly venture to suggest that the conduct of the British army throughout this campaign, has been such as to justify me in a wide deviation from rule, and I do not apprehend that any danger is to be feared from the course I am about to take.

The conduct of the Artillery, both in the batteries and the field has, throughout the campaign, been beyond praise, and I subjoin a list of Officers who have especially distinguished themselves.*

I have already repaired the oversight by which I had omitted, till my last despatch, all mention of CAPTAIN MAUDE, of the Horse Artillery, whose severe wound in the action of the 25th, has, for a time, deprived the army of one of its ablest and most energetic officers in this

* Here follows the list given in the Gazette of the 12th inst., as promoted.

arm. The Officers of the same arm, whose names are appended, have, on every occasion, shown themselves worthy of the utmost confidence, and I beg to recommend these Officers to your Grace's most favourable consideration.

It is difficult for me to describe my obligations to LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DIXON, to whose resistless energy in bringing up his two eighteen pounder guns in the Battle of Inkermann (in connexion with the timely charge of the division of GENERAL BOSQUET), I attribute the decision of that well-fought day in our favour. Nothing could exceed the stubborn courage of the whole British Army in that unparalleled encounter with overwhelming numbers. It was an action, the glorious result of which can be but little attributed to my own dispositions as Commander-in-Chief, or to the unwearied services of my personal staff, any more than to those of the Generals of Division or Brigade, or their several staffs, all of whom I have already recommended to your Grace's most favourable consideration for their conduct on that occasion. It was essentially a struggle of regiments, not a combination of masses, and was decided, not by strategy, but by the personal prowess of regimental officers (both Commissioned and Non-commissioned), and the unparalleled steadiness of the British private soldier.

In the case of the Guards' Division, this characteristic was particularly conspicuous. Owing to the wound which, early in the action, disabled GENERAL BENTINCK, and the employment of his ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE in other parts of the field, these splendid troops were for some hours left, virtually without a General Officer in command, but I am bound to say that, thanks to COLONEL UPTON, the want did not seem to be felt. The noble young men, to whom were entrusted the colours of the different regiments, and their covering Sergeants, supplied a rallying point to the shattered battalions, and every Officer engaged covered himself with honour.

I have not hitherto had an opportunity of visiting the camp of this Division, but the moment I can find leisure to do so, I propose (if your Grace do not consider the proceeding injudicious) to take an opportunity of thanking them for their heroic defence of the redoubt, which formed the key of our position on the right.

I hope (subject to your Grace's approval) to be able to offer the same recognition of the merits of every regiment engaged. Meanwhile, besides the Officers whose names are annexed, I would earnestly recommend to notice the services of CAPTAIN ELLISON of the Fusiliers, who, with admirable presence of mind, suggested to his men the use of stones, when their ammunition was exhausted; and those of a Sergeant of the Coldstreams, who, single-handed, captured sixteen Russian soldiers, but whose name I omitted to enquire when I encountered him conducting his prisoners to the rear, with the unpretending air of a man who had performed a simple act of duty. Your Grace will pardon me for adding, that a Commission could not be better bestowed than on this Sergeant, should I eventually succeed in discovering him.

The limits of a despatch will not allow me to particularise examples, when not to be a hero was to be conspicuous, and it is extremely difficult to arrive at names, with which I have no familiar or habitual connection. But I beg to add as many of these names as have reached me.* I cannot refrain from recommending to such consideration as can be bestowed on a Private, JOSEPH COULTER (whose regiment you may ascertain by reference to his letter published in the *Times*), who (as I find from the public prints) after receiving two serious wounds, maintained his place in the ranks, and finally carried out of the field, in various parts of his person, four Russian bullets and the fragment of a shell.

The mention of this man's name recalls to me that of SERJEANT SULLIVAN of the 30th regiment, specially brought under my notice for his conduct in the action of the 26th, by GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS, but omitted from my despatch forwarding the report of that distinguished officer. I have reason to believe that the rank of the Service to which SERJEANT SULLIVAN belongs would appreciate any favour which can, consistently with propriety, be shown to that person, and that it might even prove of value in stimulating the private soldiers, who are by no means so insensible to the motives of hope and pride as by my previous experience, I had been led to anticipate. I believe that the recognition of the services of this rank of the Service might be carried further without disadvantage. If a certain number of commissions were placed at my disposal to be given to highly distinguished non-commissioned officers, I venture to suggest that young men of a superior class, both in social standing and intelligence, might be attracted to the Service.

The conduct of PRIVATE WHEATLEY, in throwing an unexploded shell over the parapet of the battery in which he was stationed, has already received its reward—a gratuity of £5. But it has been suggested to me that there are some, even in the ranks, who are more sensible to honour than to money. And if some reward of merit could be discovered (akin to the French cross of the Legion of Honour) accessible to Privates as well as Officers, there are not wanting persons who maintain that the distinction would be eagerly sought and highly prized by the common soldier, and that even Officers would not shrink from accepting it. I only submit this, however, with great deference, for your Grace's consideration.

To the Officers of the Medical Service, the army and the country owe a deep debt of gratitude, which some day, I hope, will be paid, and which is the heavier, as the convenience of these Officers, both personal and professional, cannot always be consulted. Meanwhile, I would humbly recall to your grace the act of self-devotion to which ASSISTANT-SURGEON THOMPSON of the 44th regiment fell a sacrifice after the action of the Alma.

That Officer (as your Grace may perhaps remember) volunteered to remain behind on the field, for the purpose of succouring the wounded Russians, accompanied only by his servant, PATRICK MAGRATH. For five days these two, unaided, buried the dead, comforted and relieved the wounded, braved the dangers of marauding Cossacks, and all the privations which circumstances rendered inevitable, such as want of food, fuel, medical stores, and shelter. To the hardships then encountered so nobly Dr. THOMPSON fell a victim, having been carried off by cholera soon after joining his regiment at Balaklava. I have not inquired whether Dr. THOMPSON has left behind him any relations or connections dependent upon him. Your Grace may be able to ascertain this: if he have, and the rules of the Service do not interpose any obstacle, I venture to suggest that some slight mark of your Grace's appreciation of an act of heroism which some consider one of the most sublime of the many to which this campaign has given occasion, would neither be misplaced in relation to the Service itself, nor begrudged by the British Nation. I would also beg to recommend PATRICK MAGRATH for promotion, if he be still alive.

If your Grace should consider that I am not introducing a dangerous innovation, in devoting to the humbler grades of the Service so large a space as I have done in this despatch, I shall endeavour in future, to obtain information, through Divisional, Brigade, and Regimental Officers, acts of conspicuous daring or intelligence, and shall take the liberty of bringing them occasionally under your Grace's

notice, and through your Grace under that of HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, and the Country. I cannot but feel, however, that some further excuse may be required for so bold a departure from established practice. I think such excuse may be found first, in the stimulus that this practice may give to recruiting for the regular army; and secondly, in the effect that a more habitual recognition of the services of Regimental Officers and Privates, may have in depriving the Correspondents of the daily newspapers of a plausible plea for the length and minuteness of their communications.

The publicity given by these communications to the movements and arrangements of the Allied Forces, is often very inconvenient. A fuller and freer official recognition of merit, might often check the unofficial proclamation of it, and I cannot think, after the fullest consideration I have been able to give the subject, that the efficiency of that portion of the army on whom fall the most harassing duties of the war would be impaired, were more space given in the Commander-in-Chief's despatches to their services, and less to those of the Staff—though I should much lament if the latter should not, on all occasions, be most fully recognised.

I can never forget that the best blood of England is being freely poured out on the heights before Sebastopol, but I know that plebeian blood, not less heroically shed, mingles with its stream; and I humbly submit that the names of those who, side by side, face death on the field, may, without indecency, stand associated in the same despatch. Waiting your Grace's instructions on the point above,

I have the honour to be,

Your Grace's most obedient servant,

To His Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

RAGLAN.

NOTE.—Mr. Punch is glad to see that this admirable despatch has already produced its effect.

REMONSTRANCE WITH THE TOAD AND RAVEN.



H! you are quite right my dear Toad: what you croak is perfectly true, Raven. Certainly we have not been so successful in the war as we could wish. Sweaborg, in fulfilment of our anticipations, should have surrendered when NAPIER held up his finger, and Cronstadt should have fallen before the flourish of his walking stick. The victories of Alma and Inkermann ought not to have been gained, because the battles ought never to have been fought. MENSCHIKOFF and his army ought to have been seized with a panic at the sight of the red coats, and to have bolted as fast as they were able, leaving all their guns and ammunition

behind them. The walls of Sebastopol, had they accomplished our hopes, would have crumbled at the blast of the British bugles. LORD RAGLAN would have kicked down Fort Alexander with his foot, and GENERAL CANROBERT would have blown up Fort Constantine with a puff of a cigar. No doubt we are much disappointed by the fact that the flags of the Allies are not at this moment flying over St. Petersburg, and that the CZAR, having been obliged to eat dirt and abdicate, is not now residing at the Star and Garter. That our desires in these particulars have not been gratified is very vexatious.

However, suppose the Russians had razed an immense fortification, in course of construction at John O'Groats; that they had burnt a vast quantity of pitch and tar accumulated on our northern coasts; that they had swept our flag from the seas, and shut up our fleets in our harbours; that they had captured no end of our merchant vessels; that they had effected a descent, in large force, on Malta, and were maintaining their position there, besieging Valetta, having done an immense deal of mischief to the place, and being certain to take it unless we put forth the whole might of the Empire, and very likely indeed to take it in spite of that. Suppose they had already thrashed us handsomely on our own territories, with enormous slaughter, in two pitched battles, wherein every extraneous advantage was on our side, and in one of which our numbers exceeded theirs in the ratio of five to one. In short, suppose we had changed places with Russia: should we like our position better than than we do now, or would our opinion of ourselves partake more decidedly of the nature of small beer? And would you croak less or more?

Britannia, my Toads, is under circumstances of trial; circumstances requiring an effort, my Ravens. But may we not venture to say, on the whole, that Britannia—in her present interesting condition—is as well as can be expected?

A GREAT MAN.

LORD DERBY has called NICHOLAS a "great man." Still, a great man; although misusing his resources. Well, he is a great man, in the like sense that MOLOCH was a great idol. DAGON, too, was another great idol; and yet, tumbling flat upon his fish face, he had his head and hands dissevered. The "elephant is a great lord," chants the Hottentot in his respect for the dead brute when, reverently approaching the carcase, the savage cuts off the great lord's trunk. The bear is a great bear; for which reason let us do our best and speediest, if not to knock him on the head, at least to cut—even to the roots—his carnivorous claws.

A Bible Hero.

MR. BRIGHT has discovered in NICHOLAS a great patron of the Bible! At the Rochdale Auxiliary Bible Society, the pacific member for Manchester was very much hurt that the REV. HUGH STOWELL had spoken somewhat irreverently of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA: it was too bad. Consider the pious sacrifices of NICHOLAS! Why, he had remitted the duty upon Bibles imported into Russia to the amount of between £300 and £400; and should be spoken of respectfully as a subscriber to that amount.

Tattoo £ s. d. upon the body of Satan, and there is a man in drab breeches who will drop down upon his knees before him!

Shells that Won't Shell Out.

COMPLAINTS have reached our ears that the Shells in the Crimea are not up to the mark, or at all events, when they do get up to the mark at which they are aimed, they do very little damage. It is said that when they reach the ground, they won't explode, and that when once discharged they appear as if released from further service. It is rather unfortunate that the shells should be made of such strong materials that they will not break, a state of things that must be equally creditable to the manufacturer and satisfactory to the enemy.

Better for Mixing.

MR. SIDNEY HERBERT believes that in our allied battles—"while we shall be acquiring the dash of the French, the French will be acquiring the firmness of the English." The Right Hon. Secretary might as well have said—"While we shall be acquiring the feathers of the eagle, the French will be acquiring the bones of the lion." Can men change their nationalities by rubbing coats together? In such way, can red make blue, and blue red? But these Right Hon. Secretaries are privileged to talk unlike philosophers.

THE WAR PUFFS.



SEVERAL tradesmen have, with various motives, been writing letters to the papers, to offer their wares on more or less favourable terms to the troops in the Crimea. We are willing to give credit for the purest disinterestedness to the great majority of those who have come forward on the present occasion, but some few letters have fallen into our hands, which, though intended for the *Times*, were rejected by our contemporary as being little better than dodges to obtain gratuitous

advertisements. We select a few of the richest specimens:—

TOFFY FOR THE TROOPS.

“MR. EDITOR,—Amid the horrors of war, our gallant fellows will probably be thinking of the sweets of home, and I beg, therefore, to state that our firm is willing to place one hundred ounces of our Everton Toffy at your disposal for the troops in the Crimea. Our Toffy is packed in ounce papers for the convenience of the public, to whom it is sold at a penny per packet, and it will perhaps be satisfactory to the friends of our heroes in the East, to know that their leisure moments are soothed by some of our superior sweetstuff.

“Your obedient servants,
“LOLLIPOP AND CO.”

CIGARS FOR THE CRIMEA.

“MESSRS. SHADRACK, Brothers, present their compliments to the Editor, and having just received a large consignment of real Havannahs, of a superior description, now selling at their London shop at 3*d.* a-piece—(a reduction on taking a quantity)—are prepared to place one pound of those goods in the hands of LORD RAGLAN for distribution among the most distinguished of his brother officers. In order to celebrate the glory of the achievements of our brave army in the East, MESSRS. SHADRACK, Brothers, propose to give the article above mentioned the name of the RAGLAN Cigar, and those of the public who may wish to show their sympathy with our brave army by smoking the same cigars, may be furnished with them at the price above mentioned. MESSRS. SHADRACK, Brothers, have not taken this course from any motive of ostentatious generosity, but simply from a feeling which induces them to think that the smoke of their cigars will be an agreeable mitigation of the horrors of the smoke of the enemy.”

PRESERVES FOR THE ARMY.

“MR. EDITOR,—Anxious as we all must be for the preservation of our gallant heroes in the East, I think it is the duty of each to do his best, and I for one am willing to make my share of the sacrifice. Much will depend on the provisions within their reach, and it is clear that nutritious articles, such as potted soups, and jellies, in which I deal, would be very acceptable. Hoping that my offer will be followed by others, I am prepared to pack up six dozen of my potted beef (usually sold at a shilling, and fairly worth fifteen pence), at ninepence per pot, which will give me about one fourth the usual profit on my capital invested. As most of my money is locked up in gallipots, I cannot pretend to offer cash, but I am ready with my mite in the way I have mentioned.

“I would offer, at a little above cost price, some few Westphalia Hams, of which I have lately received a large consignment in a highly satisfactory state, but I fear that the public demand for them at sevenpence a pound would exhaust my stock before a shipment could be effected. My Jams I do not propose to send, as I think they might be damaged in the transit, and I shall therefore continue to retail them at ninepence per pot to the public in general.

“Yours, and my Country’s,
“JOSEPH JELLYBOY.”

TOOTH-POWDER FOR THE ALLIES.

“SIR,—Among the necessities of our noble warriors encamped on the heights of Sebastopol, it has occurred to me that a desideratum

which may not have been hitherto supplied is that of an efficient, agreeable, and innoxious DENTIFRICE. Our ODONTOLEUCOPOION combines these qualities, besides imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath, and I shall be happy to deliver a ton of it to the Government for the gratuitous supply of the army in the Crimea. Sold, otherwise, in boxes at 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 3*s.* 6*d.* each, at the emporium of your humble servants,

“High Holborn, Dec. 1854. MAYBUG AND SON.”

P.S. The ODONTOLEUCOPOION is the only acknowledged preservative of the teeth and gums.

A BLESSING TO THE NERVOUS.

“RESPECTED PUNCH.—A Clergyman of Oxford University having discovered a remedy by which he has cured himself of a nervous or mental disease, offers, from benevolence rather than gain to cure others now in the Crimea. Directions will be given and medicines sent to the Seat of War, gratis, the Government affording the means of transport. Anxiety, tremors, to which the bravest are sometimes liable, giddiness and confusion of the head threatening derangement of operations, with blushing, the consequence of failure, are effectually prevented by this never-failing specific, for which application should be made to

“DR. MILLIS WOZELEY.”

“Dec. 1854. St. Giles Street, Bloomsbury.”

P.S. ELEVEN CHAPTERS ON NERVOUS and MENTAL COMPLAINTS are published at DR. MILLIS WOZELEY’S Residence.”

NO WOODEN LEGS WANTED.

“PUNCH.—It grieved me much to hear that the troops at Sebastopol were in want of medicines and dressings. I have placed at the disposal of MR. SIDNEY HERBERT a waggon-load of my PILLS, which will supply the place of the former, and an equal quantity of my OINTMENT, which will be all that will be required for the latter. I feel that if I could contemplate the sufferings of our soldiers without freely offering them that miraculous remedy by which all complaints and diseases whatever may be infallibly cured, I should be unworthy the name of

“Temple Bar, Dec. 1854. PROFESSOR GULLOWAY.”

“P.S. It may be as well to state that for the astounding Cure of a most obstinate complaint, I possess a most flattering testimonial received from the EARL OF ALDBOROUGH.”

The above specimens of patriotism which advertises not itself, will perhaps suffice: we can only add, that if the soldiers of LORD RAGLAN’S army have got tired of their rations, DE POMPADOUR will be most happy to give them lots of his delicious *Revalenta Arabica*: and, in order that all may be enabled to masticate it, MR. SNAGGS, the Dentist, is ready to supply them plentifully, on the same terms, with an Entirely New Description of Teeth.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

WE benevolently afford our circulation to the subjoined, that originally appeared in the *Times*:—

ST. PAUL’S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.—WANTED, after Christmas, an experienced SCHOOLMISTRESS, for the Infant School. Address the Hon. and Rev. R. LIDDELL, 36, Wilton Crescent.

The candidate, it is said, will be expected satisfactorily to answer the following questions:—

- “Can you teach girls to make artificial flowers for the feast of St. Barnabas and other feasts?”
- “Can you instruct girls in chanting and ‘intoning;’ the said intoning to sound as through a Roman nose?”
- “Are you a judge of fresh eggs, and eggs not fresh; in order that, on the election of low churchwardens, you may purchase eggs at the lowest price, and the best profit to the good cause?”
- “Give the recipe of a cake for High Teas as held in Belgravia.”

Infinitesimal Warfare.

OUR Ministers are wrong if they imagine they can allay the War that is raging in the Crimea by Homœopathy. We doubt if Sebastopol is to be reduced by homœopathic doses. LORD ABERDEEN’S prescription would, doubtless, be “a billionth of a grain of gunpowder, and a quintillionth of the infusion of lead. The latter to be worked up into a pill, of the size of a small bullet. The two to be well mixed, and given to the Walls of Sebastopol three times a day.” We can only assure his matronly Lordship that after all there is nothing like the regular old practice; and, in a desperate case like the present, the larger and the more frequent the doses, the quicker will the complaint disappear.



THE THEATRE OF WAR.

A PRIVATE BOX FOR ENGLAND'S DEAR BOYS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL!

THE GREAT DEBATE NUISANCE.

We confess we did not like the aspect of the *Times* on the morning after the assembling of Parliament. It is bad enough for the country to be at war with Russia, but it is an aggravation of the evil to find an attack made upon our patience by thirty-nine columns drawn up in close order before us, at our very breakfast table. Finding it hopeless to stand against such an overwhelming display of heavy and misty material, such a massive charge of lead and smoke, we retired at once under the shelter of a light column of advertisements.

We must really request LORD PALMERSTON to show his impartiality by calling on the Houses of Parliament to consume their own smoke, just as he would deal with any other factory; and thus he might put an end to the noxious trade of speech-making. We can assure his Lordship, that with so much Parliamentary smoke before us at our breakfast, we always suffer from the vapours. We do not see any great difficulty to be overcome in this case, for surely, when we find honourable members sometimes ready to eat their own words, they would not hesitate to consume their own smoke, or in some way get rid of the disagreeable result of their own speeches.

The Scotch Sunday Cab.

The following touching incident is narrated in the *Caledonian Mercury* :—

"While a cab was conveying an *infirm lady* to church yesterday morning the driver was heartily *hissed* by a number of passengers in one of the leading thoroughfares of the new town."

An infirm woman on her way to church *hissed!* Oh, Scotch piety! is not thy symbol a goose?

WOMEN AT THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

It is found that women make the best clerks for the Electric Telegraph. Very rarely, indeed, are they at fault. The only difficulty is, to prevent each young lady at either end of the line from having the last word.

A POCKET LAVATER.

In the account of a sanguinary miscreant given by a contemporary, we are informed that—

"The desperate character of the assassin may be gathered from the following list of articles found upon him;—A pair of pistols (the barrels about six inches long), 24 cartridges, some percussion caps, a dagger, having a blade nine inches in length, 8*1*/*2*d. in money, and a corkscrew."

The first four of the above items, certainly, indicate that the gentleman on whose person they were found was a ruffian of some determination. That his character was of a desperate nature is strongly suggested by the pistols, the cartridges, the percussion caps, and the dagger. But it does not appear quite so plainly that his desperate character could in any measure be gathered from his possession of eightpence-halfpenny in money, unless it could be proved that the sum he had in his pocket was all he had in the world. The corkscrew would rather intimate that this was not the case: as it is an implement which a person only worth eightpence-halfpenny would be likely to have no occasion for. Perhaps, however, the preachers of total abstinence will consider that anybody must be in a desperate state who carries a corkscrew.

Blood of the Grape.

In a sick soldier's letter from Scutari, he writes—that he has had, among other comforts, "a gill of port wine every day, which has somewhat pulled me up, after the quantity of blood I left at Balaklava." We understand that the Temperance people are about to assemble at Exeter Hall; calling the attention of the Government to the fact; and further expressing their confidence in the Ministry, so long as the soldiers being debarred of wine, the war shall be carried on at home through the usual pump.

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

It is calculated that if every well-to-do lady would only make and subscribe one flannel shirt for the men wintering in the Crimea, that the men will, on their part, be able to make a capital shift.



REMANDED.

J—y R—s—N. "WELL, OLD BOY, WHAT LUCK?"

A—d—n. "WEEEL, I'M JUST REMANDED TILL NEXT SESSIONS."

THE CHARACTER OF MENSCHIKOFF

(Judging of him from the absurd way in which he goes on at Astley's.)



His appearance MENSCHIKOFF is rather short, but a wonderful cocked-hat that he wears with an enormous *jet d'eau* of feathers that shoots up to some height, and then falls in green spray upon his shoulders, makes the Prince appear much taller than he really is. His coat is of a light malachite colour, and with proper military precaution it is buttoned close up to his throat, MENSCHIKOFF knowing very well that a General's first duty is to cover well his front. This spinach-coloured garment is elegantly

balanced with a pair of glittering epaulettes, as yellow and almost as big as birdcages, and which hang on each side of him like the paniers thrown over a donkey's back. His large breast is punctuated with every possible order, and these diamonds, stops and notes of admiration follow one another in a straight line in regular succession, like the long row of bells we see in a lodging-house, when, by accident, we go down into the kitchen. He wears jack boots worthy of a French Postilion, and has long buff-gloves that reach nearly up to his elbow, and which he is continually pulling back, as though he were afraid that, like the Russian soldiers, they were going every minute to run away.

The manner of PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF, we regret to say, is not much more dignified than his appearance. He storms, raves, blusters, and throws his arms and legs about as absurdly as the Uncle just arrived from India does in one of the fine old English comedies. He is most liberal too, with his stamps, counting you out at least a shilling's-worth at a time. In fact, it must be confessed that the General gives way to passion worse than any spoilt child. He shouts so loud that we should be very sorry to be his next door neighbour, and his behaviour to the servants is so brutal, that we wonder he ever can get one to stop with him. ST. VLADIMIR have pity on the poor fellow who has to pull off his boots, when the Prince happens to be in a passion—which, by the by, seems to happen pretty nearly all the time. His favourite way of impressing an order on the understanding of any one is by kicking him—a kick when the order is given, and another kick when the order is brought back executed. It is MENSCHIKOFF's customary method of salutation: instead of taking off his cocked hat to any one, he kicks him.

His humour is not considerable, but it is very peculiar. It consists principally in saying "Pooh! Pooh!" to everything that is uttered, and though the extreme facetiousness of this brilliant saying loses somewhat on constant repetition, still it comes in with great happiness at times, such as, for instance, when he is contradicting a lady, or haranguing the troops.

Another phase of his humour lies in giving utterance to statements of the most Siberian coolness, and advancing them as truths. Thus, a defeat is always paraded as a victory, and a drummer, who is taken prisoner, is instantly magnified into a Field-Marshal. Tens become hundreds, hundreds soon grow into thousands, and the loss of a picket is equivalent with him to the slaughter of an entire army—of course, when the loss is on his own side. These propensities, however, are very diverting, and in a country where all, from the EMPEROR downwards, are represented as habitual liars, the one man who stood up for the truth whilst every one else was lying, would certainly appear very singular, and would probably be put down.

However, the worst point in MR. MENSCHIKOFF's character is his inveterate cowardice. You do expect bravery in a Commanding General, and we always thought MENSCHIKOFF was brave, but it is no such thing. He is only a *brave Belge* in his bravery. The sound of cannon, to which you would imagine he had got by this time tolerably well accustomed, sets him off shaking worse than any closet of china, and the sight of an English or French uniform makes him vanish with a speed that is highly comical. If he hears the enemy is coming one way, he runs instantly in the opposite direction, and the only wonder is that he remains in the Crimea at all.

We can only say, that if PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF is the great simpleton,

the great blackguard, the great coward, the great liar, the great nin-compoop, that he is so plainly represented at Astley's for our amusement to be, he decidedly deserves a large share of the kicks he is so liberal in distributing to others.

THE MODEL BAL MASQUE.

THAT pleasant *réunion* of the respectable classes, and the better orders morally as well as socially, the annual *Bal Masqué* at Drury Lane, came off under the auspices of M. JULLIEN, this year, with all its customary gaiety tempered by refinement. Amid the merry, but decorous throng, we noticed several families of professional gentlemen and tradesmen, as well as persons of higher rank; and many men, whom we personally knew, had brought their sisters. The costumes were such as are usually seen at a fancy-dress ball; but, generally speaking, of a less violent and obtrusive character: and exhibited, in their fit, materials, and workmanship, the appearance of having been made for the occasion, rather than that of being hired from a Masquerade Warehouse. This circumstance deprived that contact with the wearers, which is inevitable in a crowded assembly, of the unpleasantness necessarily communicated by garments that have been worn by all manner of persons in every imaginable condition, and that have most probably been stewing under an oleaginous heap of frippery, in the repository of a Hebrew inattentive to cleanliness.

Many of the young men wore plain black suits and white ties: and though some of those youths, thanks to the early closing movement, may have been linen-draper's assistants, a greater proportion evidently were of the aristocracy, and not a few, who abstained from actually dancing, had all the appearance of curates. A Bishop occupied a private-box among the spectators.

Some of the characters were very cleverly sustained, and lively, yet polished repartee, attended with genial, but never boisterous, mirth, was the order of the evening. The general tone of the assembly was that of perfect ease, and perfect propriety; the unrestrained and correct expression of amiability and animal spirits. The refreshments were of an exquisite quality, and a mild and innocent nature. Subdued and quiet magnificence was the pervading character of the decorations. The utmost urbanity prevailed, and after a light and moderate supper, the company separated at a comparatively early hour.

It is a pity that an opportunity of enjoying this delightful and unobjectionable species of entertainment is not more frequently afforded to young men, desirous of combining an evening's rational amusement with improvement in the graces, and exercise in the courtesies and decencies of life.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR THE CRIMEA.

O CHIVALRY of England! ye lion-hearted men,
Encamped upon the heights above the Russian Robber's den,
If not a merry Christmas, a glorious one at least,
You'll spend while on those cold bleak hills you hold your slender
feast.

But not a man amongst you can more heartily desire
Here with his friends that he could be beside a blazing fire,
Than we do, safe at home, who eat our pudding and our beef
In peace—thank you, and such as you brave fellows and your chief.

Officers of Distinction.

WISDOM at Head Quarters has decorated our Officers with a distinctive uniform and plumes of white feathers. This arrangement answers its purpose very well by day, but it is of no use at night. Therefore, in any military operation that has to be performed after dark, it would be advisable that every British Officer should wear a lighted lantern on the top of his helmet or cap, and also a blazing bull's-eye on his left breast. Thus the Officer, by night as well as by day, would bid the enemy defiance, and dare his ability to hit the target or send a shot through the bull's-eye.

Charley's (not) my Darling;

SIR CHARLES NAPIER in his telegraphic address to the electors of Marylebone, takes for his watchword "War to the knife with Russia." It is all very well for "OLD CHARLEY" to talk about "War to the Knife," just as he is about to "cut it."

PIGS FOR A WRONG MARKET.

NINETY tons of pig-lead, shipped for Prussia, have been stopped, to the dismay of his Majesty, as contraband of war. SHAKSPEARE speaks of the "mobled Queen." Future commentators (the race is equal to anything) may read—"Pig-lead King."



A REHEARSAL!

"Now, don't you 'URRY THE HANDANTY (*Andante*) THIS TIME, YOUNG FELLER!"

THE WESTMINSTER REPRESENTATION.

WHEN we say that Westminster may be justly complimented on the excellence of its representation, it will be found that we intend to pay no compliment to its present representatives in Parliament. The representation to which we allude has not been ensured by the electors of Westminster, but by the "elections" of Westminster School, where the *Eunuchus* of TERENCE has been lately represented in a very able and efficient manner.

The *Eunuchus* has been generally described as a comedy, but we think it may be classified, with greater fitness, under the category of broad—exceedingly broad—farce. Its breadth is indeed far more noticeable than its depth, for the plot is of the shallowest, and the only deepness we can find, is that of the scampish man-about-town, *Gnatho*, upon whom the weight of what is called the "comic business" principally devolves. We say emphatically "weight," for the levities of the part are not a little ponderous, and rather lead us to suspect that the ancient Roman audience had but feeble powers of appreciating a joke.

Viewed indeed as a dramatic composition, we cannot understand by what process of vitality the *Eunuchus* should have not only survived its night of first production, but have maintained its existence through near a score of centuries to "be received with applause" in this enlightened nineteenth. The plot is indescribable (at least in these pages) and were it not for the life which the youthful actors somehow manage to throw into them, half the jokes which enliven it would, we fancy, fall as dead as the language in which they are written. In short, there is no principle, and but little interest: and the only really striking situation in the piece, is that where *Parmeno* gets his ears boxed.

Nevertheless, its intrinsic merits notwithstanding, the play has been revived at Westminster with complete success. And perhaps it is lucky for us that we possess a LORD CHAMBERLAIN, for such is the fashion just now for translating anything that has been anywhere successful, that we should probably soon be having the *Eunuchus* "adapted from the Latin," but inasmuch as it would puzzle the cleverest "old Westminster" to translate the *Eunuchus*, so that decent ears might listen to it, we think we may rest satisfied that its soporific witticisms will be confined, appropriately, to the dormitory at Westminster, where their production once a twelvemonth, for a season of three nights cannot, certainly, do much harm, and may tend in some degree to the prevention of that puerile dulness which "all work and no play" is proverbial to ensure.

IGNORANCE (*Coalheaver reading the newspaper to companion*).—Vol't 'orse de combat, BILL? Is it a war-'orse?

THE ARTIST CROSSING SWEEPER.

THE Artist Crossing Sweeper continues to attend at his *studio* opposite St. James's Palace; but we regret that the patronage of the *cognoscenti* is not as yet commensurate with the results of genius. He is, however, beginning to be recognised by "the profession," and we saw him the other day surrounded by a small party of brothers of the brush—or besom—who were regarding "the anchor," (which he had completed in a relief of thick mud) with intense interest. We trust that the youthful genius, who has been the first to apply the arts to the ordinary street refuse, will soon attract the eye of some friend to talent, who will take it by the hand, and drag it out of the dirt at the first convenient opportunity.

We cannot help thinking that the same taste which directs the birchbroom might be applied with success to the pencil, and though we do not mean to claim for our young *protégé* the future of a JOSHUA REYNOLDS, we feel that the actual condition of a *Jack Rag* is hardly worthy of his merits. His favourite design at present is the anchor—the emblem of Hope—which we trust is not destined to be dashed by the rude waves of adversity, or the chilling winds of neglect which are perhaps less endurable.

A Task for the Enemy.

FROM the enormous length of most of the speeches on the Address, it appears that Parliament means to go on talking this Session as heretofore. At the present time, the length of Parliamentary speeches may perhaps be excused, on the ground that not only are their hearers and readers bored by them, but the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, also, has the trouble of reading them through. It is sincerely to be hoped that every debate will sicken him, and give him a headach.

TWIN KNIGHTS OF THE BATH.



GENERAL CANROBERT is made Knight of the Bath with his companion-in-arms LORD RAGLAN. HER MAJESTY binds the two heroes together with the same blue riband: the same bit, for both are cut, as we are assured, from the same piece. Of a marvellous texture is this same riband.

"The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk."

Worms fed on French mulberry leaves: and the raw silk imported to Coventry.

"And it is dy'd in mummy, which BELLONA Conserved heroes' hearts."

No less true is it, that a couple of centuries

ago, while France and England were cutting each other's throats—

"A sibyl that had numbered in the world, The sun to course two hundred compasses, In her prophetic fury wove the work."

And now it binds CANROBERT and RAGLAN; and NAPOLEON and NELSON as they wander through the shades—NAP's arm affectionately about NELSON's shoulder—laugh and talk about *this* blue riband alliance.

We are heartily glad that this grace has been done to our gallant ally. We hardly know what compliments we are next to interchange; unless, indeed, it be thus. When Sebastopol shall have fallen, and when the war shall have ended, we propose as a consummation that CANROBERT be made an English duke, and RAGLAN a French prince. The Duke of Windsor—and the Prince de St. Cloud!

A MOST DESIRABLE INVESTMENT.—The Investment of Sebastopol by the Allies.

THE GHOST OF COBBETT TO THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.



“**ABERDEEN.**—Just look here, will you? I have been reading your Speech. When I say *your* Speech, I mean that which *you* concocted, and which **CRANWORTH**, your precious Chancellor, presented to the **QUEEN** that she might read it to the Lords, Commons, Women, and Reporters, on Tuesday last. The **QUEEN**, of course, had nothing to do with the composition, and though you, with your national impudence, will accuse me of disrespect to *her*, you *know* that I mean nothing of the kind. I am writing to *you*, and about *you*, Old Woman.

“You never had so good an opportunity of writing a Speech in which strong things could properly be said in a strong manner.

You might have blown a trumpet, and have set English blood in a flame with the music. You have preferred to squeak upon a penny whistle, and to squeak out of tune. The Speech is the very worst that ever was delivered. However, I shall confine myself to a notice of its bad grammar.

“You cannot get through the first line without a Scotch mull.”

“I have called you together at this **UNUSUAL** period of the year.”

“What do you mean by *that*, eh? Why is the period of the year unusual? Is it unusual to have winter, or to have December, or to have a twelfth of December? The *period* is not unusual. What I suppose you meant was, that it is unusual for Parliament to meet in December. Then why could you not say so? Why not have written, ‘The *period* (slipslop) at which I have called you together (a vulgar phrase) is an unusual one.’

“Well, you go on—

“That by your assistance I may take such measures’ [With your assistance] ‘as will enable me to prosecute the great war in which we are engaged with the utmost vigour.’

We are *not* engaged in the war with the utmost vigour. What you mean is, that you want measures by means of which the war may be prosecuted with the utmost vigour, not that you *do*, but you wished **QUEEN VICTORIA** to say that you *do*. Then why not write down for her what you meant?

“I cannot doubt that you share my conviction of the necessity of sparing no effort to augment my forces now engaged in the Crimea.”

“This is not ungrammatical, but a weaker, sloppier phrase for the description of a strong act was never devised. But you cannot long adhere even to such English as that.

“The exertions they have made’ [mean writing—why not have said, which my soldiers have made?] ‘and the victories they have obtained are not exceeded in the brightest pages of history.’

“How can exertions and victories be exceeded in pages? Exertions (you had better have made a few) are the acts of men, pages are paper, and it is sheer slipslop which brings them together as if they were things of the same nature. What you meant, was, that ‘the brightest pages’ (Minerva Press) ‘of history record nothing exceeding in merit and glory the exertions,’ &c.

“The hearty and efficient co-operation of the brave troops of my ally, the **EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH**, and the glory,’ &c.

“Co-operation with whom or what? Do you mean that the troops co-operated with each other? Of course they did, but you do *not* mean that. But you do not say with whom they co-operated. Why not have said that they co-operated with ‘my forces?’ Because you write like a Lord, that is to say, abominably.

“But this co-operation with nobody

“Cannot fail to cement still more closely’ [than what?] ‘the union which happily subsists between the two countries’ [what two?]

“Slipslop, again! Do you know what cement is? Or do you know what a union is? A union means an accomplished fact, to use Gallican jargon. How can more cement be used *after* a union? My brick-layer’s apprentice could teach you better.

“I have also concluded a treaty with America, by which **SUBJECTS** of long and difficult discussion have been adjusted.”

“Even an American would have written better English. Adjust a subject! **QUESTIONS**, you meant, I presume.

“I trust that other matters [mean, again,] of great interest and importance to the general welfare will not be neglected.”

“Interest to the general welfare! I do not entirely approve of flogging, I strongly disapprove of flogging women (*your* friend and *ally*, the Austrian, thinks differently), and I should shudder to flog an Old Woman. So you are safe. But such a sentence ought to ensure to a lad of fourteen, a whipping which would make even your House of Lords cushion no easy seat. ‘Subjects (again) of interest to the general welfare!’

“Now, **ABERDEEN**, do not, with your impudence, say that I find fault for the sake of finding fault. I can praise when people deserve praise. The last paragraph in your Speech is very decent, and I believe that **BILLY GLADSTONE** wrote it. The statement that *Parliament* exhibits the example of a united people would be rubbish but for its clever subtlety, which implies (a lie) that *Parliament* represents the people. The last sentence is vulgarly clumsy, ‘*thus*’ and the ‘*trust*’ having no connection. But the sentiment is unexceptionable, so I quote the passage—

“I feel assured that in the momentous contest in which we are engaged you will exhibit to the world the example of a united people. Thus shall we obtain the respect of other nations, and may trust that by the blessing of God we shall bring the war to a successful termination.”

“I trust that we shall. But we shall not, while the country tolerates you as Prime Minister.

“I remain, **ABERDEEN**,

“Yours, disrespectfully,

“**WILLIAM COBBETT’S GHOST.**”

“Gridiron Cottage,
“Lothe Bank.”

THE SONG OF THE CRESCENT.

To the celebrated Tune of “Au Clair de la Lune.”

Au clair de la Lune,
Un joli complot,
Le Czar prend sa plume
Pour écrire un mot.
“La Turquie est morte,
Ou n’en faut que peu,
A moi donc la Porte,
Protégé de Dieu.”

Au clair de la Lune,
Répond la Turquie:
“Je me moque de ta plume,
Et de toi aussi.
Deux braves voisins
A moi sout unies,
De toutes rapines
Jurées ennemies.”

Au clair de la Lune,
L’aimable **ABERDEEN**
Frappe sur le “Tune”
De *God Save the Queen*.
Et la France apporte
Aussi son secours,
Pour sauver la Porte
De ce vieux Pandour.

Au clair de la Lune,
On n’avance que peu,
Mais déjà la plume
A fait place au feu.
En s’ battant de la sorte
Je n’ sais c’ qui arrivera,
Mais quant à la Porte,
Czar tu n’ es pas là.
L’AMI PIERROT.

The Question is—Why do they do it?

A **PARISIAN** Critic, possessed of no mean allowance of brain, and gifted with the longest beard, lamenting lately over the fearful increase of Tragedies, is at a loss to account for the strange infirmity. He cannot understand how so many human beings can be found year after year to do it when they might so easily avoid it—for of all easy things in this world he cannot imagine anything easier than *not* to write a piece in five acts!

A Great Man in his Own Way.

A **NOBLE** Lord considers that the **CZAR** is a great man, but going in a wrong direction. Certainly, **NICHOLAS** is remarkable for that greatness which was conspicuous in **JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT**. That he is going in a wrong direction is more than doubtful: there is no question that he is going to his own place, except that everybody’s question is, where can he expect to go to?

FLANNEL FOR THE CRIMEA.

LADY DUNTIZE having forwarded 150 flannel vests for the Crimea, has been pronounced by an Exeter sergeant, to be “an elegant brick.” The sergeant is right. Such bricks make the most glorious firesides.

A Very bad Cause.

AFTER the lame display of **MR. SIDNEY HERBERT** the other evening on behalf of his chief, the cause of **LORD ABERDEEN** may be described as the cause for which **SIDNEY** fell—or rather floundered—in the field of Parliamentary discussion.



ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

1st Collier. "SURREY, DUST THEE KNOW THE BISHOP'S COMING TO-MORROW?"

2d Do. "WOT'S THAT?"

1st Do. (emphatically). "THE BISHOP!"

2d Do. "OI DON'T KNOW WHAT THEE MEAN'ST, BUT MOY BITCH, ROSE, SHALL PIN HER!"

THE LIFE PRESERVER.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE tells us of divers isles in the Perilous Valley that is a part of the golden cloud-land of PRESTER JOHN. Now beyond this vale is a great isle inhabited by giants. And these giants have been seen to board ships, taking men out of them and bringing them to land, "two in one hand, and two in the other, eating them going, all raw and alive." Even as men would peel the pulpy flesh of a new fig. Men built of mere flesh and blood, the mortar unmixed with any grain of fancy, may shake the head at this story. We believe it to the letter: we cannot but do so; for every week here, in the Perilous Valley of London, the fog-and-smoke-land of PRESBYTER VICTORIA, do we not see men—giants of Mammon—eating other men; holding them in either hand, as they would hold a bunch of radishes, and munching them raw and alive as they would munch and swallow that pungent vegetable?

Did anybody ever hear of the Life Preserver insurance office? One FLIGHT is the beneficent projector thereof; and at the present hour benevolently insures the lives of borrowers. Very precious must be their lives, seeing what they pay for them. It was proved last week in court that FLIGHT (in the case of ALLEN, the recalcitrant defendant)—

"Usually charged 10 per cent. per annum for loans, and then there was a policy (in the Life Preserver Office), which he retained possession of as security. He had had many transactions with the defendant, and on the 9th of July, 1853, the defendant applied to him for an advance of money, and according to witness's ledger the transaction was as follows:—The defendant gave him a bill for £100, for which he received a cheque for 584 9s. 6d., a receipt for the second year's premium on policy, No. 770, and witness charged him two guineas and a half for discount, after the rate of 10 per cent. A further condition was that he should purchase two Polberro mining shares at the price of 25 guineas each."

The Polberro is supposed to be a mine of virgin gold; the mine remaining virgin up to the present time! A hard-hearted jury found the plaintiff, by finding a verdict for the defendant. Reader, drop a tear for MR. FLIGHT!

KING FRITZ.

(DEDICATED TO M. CLICQUOT.)

KING FRITZ is a poor old fellow,
He sits where the beakers shine,
And he raises his hand—so mellow
That he spills half the CLICQUOT wine.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the CLICQUOT wine!
For the CLICQUOT wine.

The Scholar forgets all his learning,
The Sovereign his People's woes:
And the bloom of the grog is burning
Like fire in his ruby nose.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the CLICQUOT wine!
For the CLICQUOT wine.

There lies he, what drink has made him,
His eyes have forgot to shine:
He calls, where his cups have laid him,
For a draught more of CLICQUOT wine.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the CLICQUOT wine!
For the CLICQUOT wine.

"Oh, come to a poor old fellow!"
He shrieks, whilst his eyes run brine,
"Anraise him an' lesgetmellow
Wizh a draughtmore o' CLICQUOT wine.
Hooshaw! hooshaw! hooshaw for zhe CLISHQUOT wine!
For zhe CLICQUOSH wine!"

"THE BRIGHT POKER."

MR. BRIGHT'S Russian letter will, after all, it is said, do good; inasmuch as it has stirred up the manly hearts of Manchester to the work of patriotism and charity. More money, it is expected, will in the end be obtained, by virtue of the Muscovite missive. What says GÖTHE—we believe a favourite author of MR. BRIGHT'S?—

"The adversaries of a good cause are like men who strike at the coals of a large fire. They scatter the coals, and propagate the fire."

After this manner may the member for Manchester, by his blow at the fund, prove himself no other than a—Bright Poker.

A PRIZE CITY—WHEN THEY GET IT.—MENSCHIKOFF has promised his troops, that if he once gets Constantinople, he will instantly deliver it up to Cossack and rapine.

We cannot, however, dismiss the matter without offering our mite of admiration to the genius that thought of the "Life Preserver," as the name of an insurance office. *Curiosa felicitas!* But we have no doubt that as with every other genius, FLIGHT will have a list of imitators. After the Life Preserver, will inevitably come the Garrotte—the Revolver—the Bowie Knife—and the Hocus.

A REWARD.—FRANCIS ROBERT BERTOLACCI.

WHEREAS, one FRANCIS ROBERT BERTOLACCI has declared himself the Auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster, *Mr. Punch* will bestow upon any one giving in fair round hand an answer to the following questions, one copy of his *Almanack* for 1855, printed on best parchment in letters of effulgent gold:—

Who is FRANCIS ROBERT BERTOLACCI?—What is the size of his feet since they have got into J. C. LOCKHART'S shoes?—How did he acquire the name of BERTOLACCI? Is it of Italian growth; or a vegetable of the Heralds' Office? By what means did the aforesaid BERTOLACCI endear himself to the loaf-and-fish-giving minister? Was it by mere merit? Or was it by spell or incantation? If by the latter, will FRANCIS ROBERT BERTOLACCI state the terms (private and confidential) of the secret?

All communications must be forwarded to *Mr. Punch's* office before New Year's Day.

A Good Thing by W. B.

A FLOURISH of trumpets—of silver trumpets, too; not brass—for MAJOR BERESFORD. He has moved for a bill to relieve effects of officers killed in the Crimea from the succession duty. Very good! The country owes something to men whose wills are proved not only in ink, but in their life-blood.



REHEARSING FOR THE CRIMEA IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

"NOW THEN, MATE, HERE COMES AN ORFINCEER. MAKE READY, PRESEND HARMES!"

SIBTHORPE'S POSITION.

Among the few matters that tended to enliven what was in other respects a rather dull debate on the Militia Bill, the most amusing incident was the inquiry of COLONEL SIBTHORPE what would be his position after the passing of the measure. LORD PALMERSTON recommended the "home circle" to the gallant Colonel, as his most appropriate sphere of usefulness. Certainly, "SIBTHORPE at home," offers a rich field—much richer than the battle field—for the contemplation of those who are familiar with the gallant Colonel's peculiarities. We are quite sure, nevertheless, that he would act with becoming bravery before a foe, and, indeed, the daring nature of his charges must be pretty well known to the Members of the Government. With characteristic straightforwardness these charges are always face to face, and he is not one of those who are addicted to the cowardice of wounding an enemy, or more properly speaking, an opponent when his back is turned. We admire the tact with which the Colonel effected a diversion in his own favour, for when told that the best place for him was his own home, and by implication that he ought to be in bed instead of in the House of Commons, he discharged one of those pieces of light artillery which are always sure to tell, by giving notice, that "on a future occasion he should take an opportunity of moving the Reduction of the Salaries of those who sit on the Treasury Benches." This shell, thrown into the Government ranks, produced the usual explosion of laughter, which continued holding both the sides of the House for a few seconds, and enabled the gallant Colonel to retreat under cover of his own fire.

The Recruiting Serjeant Abroad.

It is currently remarked among the medical students, that in introducing foreign bodies into the system of England, great care must be taken to prevent constitutional irritation.

THE QUEEN'S SERVICE.—Will the Britannia metal, of which the Queen's Service is exclusively composed, stand fire any the better for a little German plating?

ST. CRISPIN IN THE CAMP.—Now we have no more Wellingtons in the Army, we are going to adopt Coburgs.

PASS TIME OF THE PEERS.

THE other evening a considerable portion of the time of the House of Lords was occupied in the discussion of the important question, whether a noble Lord's argument had been properly described as "absurd," and whether some other noble Lord had been really guilty of uttering "degrading" and "debasing" sentiments. It seems to us rather immaterial whether their Lordships were right or wrong in abusing one another; but it is undoubtedly wrong that they should waste what is usually termed "the time of the country" in an enquiry whether the coarse language used by the Peers was appropriate to the objects against which it was directed. Their Lordships may rest assured that the nation does not insist on any explanation, but will be perfectly satisfied to take it for granted that both sides thoroughly deserved all the abuse they got from each other.

The discussion went off into an, if possible, still more unprofitable discussion, as to "what would have been the late SIR ROBERT PEEL's opinion" on some question or other. There will be no end to a debate if the opinions of dead statesmen are to be made the subject of a *post-mortem* examination, and the house may as well resolve itself into an inquest for the purpose of sitting on the debates of former days, if these subjects are to be disinterred for the guidance of living statesmen. The discussion on what SIR ROBERT PEEL would have thought might have been got rid of by an amendment, proposing a Select Committee to enquire and, if possible, ascertain, "What will MRS. GRUNDY say?"

A Safe Guess.

If the American President had to send one of his "Messages" by the Electric Telegraph, and pay for it so much for so many words, we guess rather that he would not make them so tartation long.

A SPECIAL DEMURRER.—In spite of MR. SIDNEY HERBERT's contribution to the Ministerial defence fund, it is easy to prove that the Government has been guilty of some short-coming, as the reinforcements have been so long-going.

MR. BRIGHT'S NEW WORD.

ACCORDING to the *Morning Post* MR. BRIGHT says that "The populace are running red-hot after something that will turn out to be a Will-o'-the-Wisp and a delusion."

In urging on the war, MR. BRIGHT means. But what does he mean by the Populace? We did not know that there was such a word in MR. BRIGHT's book. Is it possible that he means those whom he used to denominate the People? Does he intend to say that they are now running after a Will-o'-the-Wisp who used to run after himself? Having fallen out with his friends, does he now abuse them and call them names? Or has a large fortune come to him, or has his right to some peerage in abeyance turned up that he now speaks so contemptuously of the Masses and the Million—termed more correctly the upwards of Twenty Million? Really we may expect shortly to hear MR. BRIGHT calling the British Public the *Οι πολλοι*, the Herd, the Vulgar, the Great Unwashed, the Mob, the Riff-raff, the Tag Rag and Bobtail. MR. BRIGHT ought to get himself proposed at the Carlton Club, and introduced at Almack's.

Many a demagogue discovers that the Demos is a Populace when it has burnt him in effigy.

Disraeli for "All Eyes."

THE orangemen of Dublin avow and declare that—
"All eyes are now turned towards MR. DISRAELI."
Have oranges eyes, then? Or do oranges look with the eyes of potatos?

THE BRAVE GERMANS.—Some fear that the German soldiers about to be added to our forces will not stand fire. One thing is certain—they will all have been accustomed to stand smoke.

RED DOVES.—It is sometimes asked, "Where is the Peace Society?" The most influential Peacemakers are now encamped before Sebastopol.



"WELL! I CAN NOT SEE THE BEAUTY OF SUCH OVER-FED ANIMALS FOR MY PART."

PRUSSIAN MAXIMS.

DELAYS are anything but dangerous.
 Never do to-day what can be done as well to-morrow.
 The kettle that's boiled too quickly boils over.
 The line of beauty is a corkscrew.
 Distance lends enchantment to the view—especially of a field of battle.
 Champagne à Discretion is the better part of Valour.
 The man who does not fight, has his hands free to hold the coats of those who do—and to run away with them if he pleases.
 If your neighbour's house on each side of you is on fire—what matter?—it's all the easier for you to make the pot boil.
 Anything for a life of peace and quietness!

THE FATE OF THE THETIS.

GRAHAM to CLICQUOT gives—sure GRAHAM dotes—
 A British frigate for two poor gun-boats,
 Does CLICQUOT want a larger vessel still
 Than those great cups which he is wont to fill?

Yet, than a Ship 'tis true no gift could be
 More suitable to CLICQUOT'S Majesty,
 Who is of Ocean such a jolly rover,
 That he is always sailing half-seas-over.

Question for the House of Commons.

WE have no acquaintance with the pleasures of a military life, but COLONEL SIBTHORPE has much, and perhaps the Colonel will inform anybody who may ask him, whether, in the practice of fortification, at least when fascines are used, there is not something very fascinating.

SUGGESTION FOR MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISERS.

ONE thing was forgotten by the gentleman who put the following advertisement into the *Morning Post*:—

MATRIMONY.—A GENTLEMAN, good-looking, aged 28, possessed of an income of £300 per annum, is desirous of meeting with a Lady of respectability, and possessing an income of at least £100 per annum. Being himself of an amiable disposition, he has no doubt that, to a Lady of congenial habits, he is in a position to offer a comfortable and happy home. His intentions are straightforward and honourable, and his moral character will bear the strictest investigation. The utmost secrecy will be observed.

This gentleman forgot to stipulate that a full length photograph of the party desirous to treat with him should accompany her tender. A lady "possessing an income of at least £100 a year," is an article of such demand in the market that any goods of the kind remaining on hand may be presumed to be damaged or defective. Much needless negotiation would be precluded if the hundred pounds desirous of adding themselves to the three hundred would transmit a correct likeness of themselves to that sum. What a pretty collection of miniatures three hundred, or the gentlemen who corresponds to the amount, would get!

To advertise for a wife of £100 a year, indeed, would be a capital way to obtain a gallery of natural caricatures. Every ugly variety of the nose, irregularity of the mouth, aberration of the eyes from the axis of vision, deflexion, contortion, emaciation, or tumefaction of the figure; every species of disfigurement and blemish: would be illustrated in the replies to such an advertisement. All hope of beauty would be out of the question for the author of the above: the ruddiest ringlets, with tolerable form and features, plus £100 per annum, are quoted at far above £300 ditto. Grey, in combination with venerable good looks, would be his only chance: or the semblance of youth, exhibited by the sun-picture, would be found, on inspection of the original, to be due to a fallacy contrived by a TRUEFIT.

A Puff Clothed in 40,000 Great Coats.

SOME of the papers have been publishing with an amount of iteration that smacks of the advertising columns—an account of an offer to supply 40,000 great coats—at cost price—for the troops in the Crimea. The offer was, in spite of its magnanimity, declined by the Government, who had already contracted for a supply of coats, and therefore the 40,000 at cost price will have to remain on hand.

We do not exactly see the grounds on which the "thanks of the Government" have been given to a tradesman, for an offer by which nothing has been obtained, and MR. SIDNEY HERBERT in conveying them, has only illustrated the old saying of "thank you for nothing."

A POST-MORTEM PUFFER.

SOMEBODY advertises a "Resilient Boddice or Corsaletto di Medici." We should think this must be a very inconvenient article, for inasmuch as "Resilient" means leaping up again, the Boddice in question must be one that it is difficult, if not impossible, to keep in its proper position. The term "Corsaletto di Medici" is rather puzzling, for if it is meant to be suggestive of the beauty of form of the VENUS DE MEDICI, we are perplexed by the recollection that the Venus alluded to wears no "Corsaletto" of any kind, or any "boddice" "resilient," or otherwise. The advertisement contains an "opinion of the press" on the high authority of the "Editor of the *Courier*." Considering that the "*Courier*" has been dead these eight years, the office of Editor must be a bit of a sinecure; and, indeed, we should like to see the shadowy being who fills it, for though a newspaper might possibly exist without an Editor, we cannot fancy the existence of an Editor without a journal. The Editor of the *Courier*, however, seems to have been so impressed, during his actual Editorship, with the value of the Resilient Boddice, that now in the days of his Editorial ghosthood, he wanders about exclaiming (in the words of the extract), "All whom we have any influence over shall in future wear them." We should really like, by way of curiosity, to have a return of the names of all over whom the Editor of the *Courier* (a journal which died eight years ago, and sold its own carcase, by anticipation, to the *Globe*)—has "any influence."

SIX OFFICERS ROLLED INTO ONE.

TALK of the work our troops have to do in the Crimea!—what is that to the spiritual labour which has to be performed by the Reverend gentleman named in the following paragraph from the *Daily News*?

"A PLURALIST.—THE REV. C. A. THURLOW, who has just been appointed to the Chancery of Chester diocese, has at present on his hands the duties of the following offices:—Rector of Malpas (worth £1000 a year), prebendary of York Cathedral, rural dean of Malpas, canon of Chester, and chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Fancy the same officer being Commissary, Colonel, Major, Captain, Adjutant, and Aide-de-camp. If he discharged the duties of all these commissions effectually, perhaps he would not enjoy too high a remuneration in receiving the pay of each. The same may be said of the officer in the Church-Militant, who is supposed to do the duties of half-a-dozen clergymen. But is that supposition tenable? Can the Reverend gentleman divide himself into six, retaining his vitality as if he were an earthworm: or can he preach or officiate in so many places at once? If so, we must not quarrel with the POPE for expecting us to believe prodigies and propositions which are contrary to common sense.

THE DENOMINATION OF KING CLICQUOT.



CLICQUOT was not this monarch's original name. If you wish to discover that, see *Punch's Pocket-Book for 1855, "Sovereigns of Europe,"* page 2. It is generally known that the name of CLICQUOT was given to his Majesty by his Majesty's Imperial Brother-in-law, by reason of his Majesty's extreme fondness for the exquisite, but intoxicating, beverage so denominated.

It is not, however, generally

known that NICHOLAS, besides being the Godfather who gave KING CLICQUOT that name, was also the priest who christened him thereby.

But as NICHOLAS has created himself Pope of the Greek Church—and he really is the successor of PETER—it is not at all wonderful that he should have taken it upon himself to perform the priestly operation of christening, which we suppose he did in the case of CLICQUOT, according to the rite practised by young ladies in christening ships. That is to say, that NICHOLAS, in christening his royal relative, CLICQUOT, flung a bottle of the wine so called against his person. NICHOLAS is subject to fits of frantic rage; like the bull, and other brutes. In one of these he has been known—as an eyewitness states—to transfix, with his sword, the foot of an officer who had offended him, and pin it to the ground. To such a potentate it would be a mere trifle to throw bottles. He has since pook-pooed CLICQUOT in the most contemptuous manner; and CLICQUOT has endured this insolence with such meekness that, there can be no doubt he would stand any outrage at the hand of NICHOLAS, or even at his foot.

But, strangely enough, although CLICQUOT has been twice christened, there is good reason to believe that if his own feelings had been consulted in the matter of christening, he never would have been christened at all.

Some years ago CLICQUOT came over to this country: on the occasion of a grand christening, by the by. Perhaps the external splendours attendant on the ceremony, savoured, to his thinking, too much of pomps and vanities, and thus impressed his mind with an objection to it. However, if we remember rightly, KING CLICQUOT, about this time paid a visit to Newgate in company with a celebrated Female Member of the Society of Friends, and thus accompanied went down upon his knees then and there, and performed his devotions in a public manner, much less, it is to be feared, to the edification, than to the astonishment, of the beholders.

It is impossible not to recall this remarkable demonstration on the part of CLICQUOT in connexion with what might be called the extremely pacific tendency of his late policy, if that policy, by reason of its timorousness and indecision had not mainly contributed to bring on the war. Still Peace was his object: Peace at any price—except a pecuniary price. NICHOLAS, besides having nicknamed him CLICQUOT, calls him the Angel of Peace. This brings us back to CLICQUOT's christening, with the reason why we apprehend he had rather not have been christened, which must now be apparent. Take his sympathetic exhibition at Newgate with that which he is now making, to the admiration of MR. BRIGHT and MR. CORDEN, and the scorn of Europe. But this and that together, and then say if it is not clear beyond all controversy that KING CLICQUOT is—a Quaker!

This conclusion is strengthened by the fact that the influence which at present actuates his Majesty occasions on his part phenomena corresponding to those which were manifested by the primitive Quakers, and procured them that title. His vacillation or quaking of purpose is notorious.

Our own correspondent is instructed to observe the costume worn by KING CLICQUOT at his next appearance in public: for we expect that he will soon display himself in his true colours, namely drab ditto, without buttons, and with a broad brimmed hat.

One qualification, however, must be added to the inference that CLICQUOT has turned Quaker. Not long ago, as all the world knows, he ran up against an apple tree in his orchard, and barked his nose. From

this, besides other false steps, and courses of an indirect and devious kind, the conclusion is inevitable that, if KING CLICQUOT has joined the Society of Friends, his MAJESTY is what is termed a Wet Quaker.

RELIEF FOR THE DESTITUTE.

It is the beautiful theory of the law that every destitute person in this country may claim relief; but the most charming theory may often have its beauty marred by very ugly features. A destitute person may indeed claim relief, just as a pauper may order a dinner at the London Tavern, but the claim in the one case may meet with as little attention as the order in the other. The principle adopted in some of the metropolitan parishes with regard to destitution, is simply to drive it away, and if poverty were a wolf at the door, there could not be greater anxiety to keep it off than is usually displayed by the authorities at a workhouse. A family of starving infants supplies the materials for an active game of "None of my child," between the relieving officers of neighbouring parishes. "You don't belong to us," cries Saint George, "you must go to Whitechapel;" and, on arrival there, the weary applicant perhaps hears the repudiation by Whitechapel of a burden that is re-directed to Rotherhithe.

Supposing the place for relief to be at last reached, the question arises of what relief shall be given. This is a subject for the discretion of the relieving officer; but, judging by some recent police reports, this "discretion" is sometimes exercised in a very remarkable manner. A few days ago a destitute female applied at the door of a metropolitan workhouse at seven o'clock (on a cold winter's evening, and wanted a night's lodging. The relieving officer, in the exercise of his "discretion," offered "a piece of bread" as a substitute for shelter. The ideas of a relieving officer are no doubt original; but we should like to ask him, if he is a married man, what he would think of the wag who, in the event of his (the relieving officer's wife) being out shivering in the cold at seven o'clock on a winter's evening, should offer her a portion of a loaf by way of shelter and bedding. If a slice of bread is facetiously proposed as a substitute for a mattress, and a piece of crust is humorously offered instead of a roof, we can only say the joke is the very worst it was ever our misfortune to light upon.

We heartily commend SIR ROBERT CARDEN, for having inflicted a penalty on a relieving officer who had presented "bread" to a poor destitute creature, without a place in which to lie her head on a winter's evening. The officer paid the penalty "under protest," and if he relies upon some quibble of law, we do not doubt he will find some learned authority or other to agree with him in maintaining any absurdity that will exempt him from the legal liability to support a pauper not "belonging to the parish." Great credit is due to SIR ROBERT CARDEN for the boldness with which he adopted the side of common sense and common humanity, at the risk of finding Common law opposed to him. If the relieving officer should bring his action, SIR ROBERT may appeal with confidence to the Superior Court of his own conscience, in which, at all events, his good action will be quite justified.

DANGERS OF FINE WRITING.

In these days of common sense "fine writing" is rather a dangerous experiment. We experienced the truth of this the other day, when perusing a rather spirited, but somewhat inflated letter, signed W. NAPIER, we came to a passage, which, at the first glance, read to us as follows:—

"Makes England snore and stare like a warehouse in the midst of cartage."

Having taken a second look at this rather stunning sentence, we found it to run thus:—

"Makes England snort and start like a war-horse in the midst of carnage."

If a more familiar style of expression had been adopted, and the writing had not been quite so fine, this little mistake would probably not have happened.

OUR FULL COLONELS.

In the course of the Debate on the Militia Bill our friend SIBTHORPE exclaimed that he "had the honour of being a full Colonel." We were aware that the Colonel was tolerably full of something or other, for there is not a night passes without his showing that he is full even to brimming over in the House of Commons. Fullness may be accomplished in various ways, and BACON says, "that learning makes a full man;" though we doubt if this is the way in which the gallant Colonel's "fullness" has been acquired. Considering the amusing part he takes in the performances of the house, we think the programme might be headed appropriately with the words—

COLONEL SIBTHORPE

GRAMMED TO SUFFOCATION—CONTINUED OVERFLOWS!



UP TO WEIGHT.

Stout Party. "AH! I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE HOUNDS TO-MORROW! DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE GOT ANYTHING THAT WOULD CARRY ME?"

Stable Keeper. "WELL, SIR! I THINK I HAVE TWO BROWN OSSES—AND A OMNIBUS AS PERHAPS MIGHT DO IT!"

SERJEANT KITE.

THEY'RE nobly consistent, these Statesmen of ours,
In begging Recruits from all neighbouring powers;
And assert the great principle, thanks to whose aid
Their own Coalition was easily made.

You've only to pocket your private opinions,
You Germans, Greeks, Spaniards, Danes, Poles, and Sardinians,
You Belgian, you Switzer, you Dutchman, you Finn,
Come, join the QUEEN'S Service, and take the QUEEN'S tin.

Your betters have done it—some folks had their views
About Franchise, Reform, Oath, School, Ballot, and Jews,
About Taxes, State-Churches, and Social Conditions—
But *à bas* with all that, when we make Coalitions!

Come, Pole, take the coin. What you want, we dare say,
Is to fight for the kingdom crowned thieves tore away—
You'd better be practical, list, if you've sense:
You cannot get Poland, you can Eighteenpence.

Hi! *Sprechen Sie Deutsch?* Here! you, Student VON KROUT—
You want a Republic, like PLATO'S, no doubt.
Put that in your pipe, man, and fall into rank.
"But for what?" For your money—it's safe as the Bank.

Come, Spaniard, enlist. Here's the cash. Join the herd.
What, all the blue blood in blue flame at the word?
"Not be coupled with those you've professed to despise.
And for gain?" You're a Donkey. Some Dons are more wise.

Now, Greek! True, for Scio and Cyprus's sake
You abhor the fierce Turk—but the drachmas you'll take?
Aye, you've not a scruple—on you we rely,
You're ours, till some new, better bidder shall buy.

Here, Russian deserter, your kopecks and gun,
And blaze at the cause from whose ranks you have run.

Of course. Why it's not the first time we've been told
How "later convictions have modified old."

You Dane, though we gave you our *Eau-de-Vie NAN*,
You can't forget NELSON—we've shewn that we can.
Well, we don't ask your love, flabby son of a skate,
Take our side, and the money, and help where you hate.

Come, tender your service, you consciences tough.
KING MAMMON'S drum beats, and all scruples are stuff;
To expedite things in our grand Expedition
We'll send my LORD RAGLAN an armed Coalition.

If in taking of places it only can do
As well as some people in sticking thereto,
MR. RUSSELL will write—(and how well he will do it)—
"I am happy to say that SEBASTOPOL *fait*."

No Mercy for Palmerston.

COLONEL SIBTHORPE concluded one of his numerous speeches on
the Foreign Enlistment Bill with these remarkable words:—

"The conduct of Ministers was underhand, low, dirty, mean, cowardly, unworthy of
Englishmen. Save and except the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT,
they had no proper feeling. With that exception, the Lord have mercy on such a set."

We regret this burst of almost truculent antipathy to LORD
PALMERSTON, for we beg to ask, what has he done to render him an
exception to the mercy which is asked by COLONEL SIBTHORPE for the
other members of the Cabinet?

INCONSISTENCY OF THE DERBYITES.

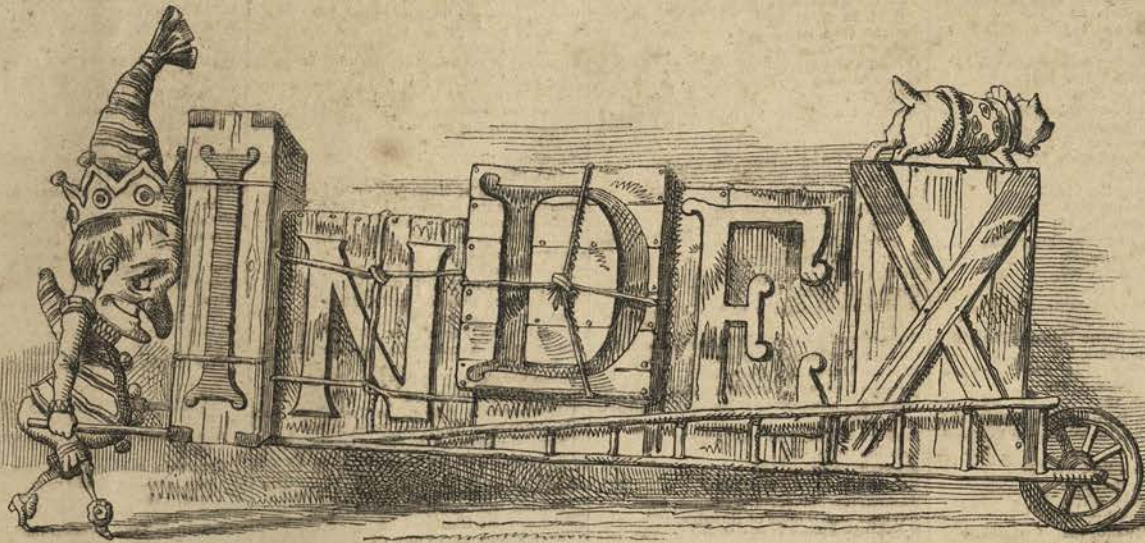
It is rather odd that the political party which includes W. B. should
have opposed the Foreign Enlistment Bill. They, at least, could
hardly have been expected to object to the services of a mercenary
band.

HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF INVISIBLE.—Go into the Police.



FOREIGN ENLISTMENT.

If we must have it—for Goodness Sake begin with the Organ Men.



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