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“BY Corona Borealis et Corona Australis,” said MR. PUNCH, laying down the gorgeously artistic description by his friend WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, of the Hungarian Coronation, “I will be crowned. I wonder I never thought of it before. That’s my modesty again. But I dare say the Universe expects it of me, and is afraid to say so. I *will* be crowned.”

“Who is worthy to do it?” said MRS. PUNCH, indignantly.

“Asked like a dutiful and adoring wife,” said her Lord. “Take this cheque and buy yourself the biggest diamond in London.”

“I have it already,” said MRS. PUNCH, blushing. “I have you.”

“That is true,” said MR. PUNCH. “Send the cheque to MRS. GLADSTONE, for her admirable Convalescent Hospital, with my best wishes that many may do likewise. Who is worthy? H’m. Yes, I know who. But I must consult authorities. What says MR. VINCENT, able editor of HAYDN?”

“The first coronation he mentions,” said MRS. PUNCH, “was that of MAJORIANUS, 457.”

“Who the deuce was MAJORIANUS?” said MR. PUNCH. “I know no more of history than SERJEANT GASELEE does of geography.”

“I think I remember reading about him in my GIBBON,” said MRS. PUNCH. “He was gentle to his subjects, terrible to his enemies, and he excelled in every virtue, PROCOPIUS says,” added the *docta conjux*.

“He might have been describing me,” said MR. PUNCH.

“Nay,” said his wife, “at least I should be more copious than PROCOPIUS, with you for a theme.”

“Best of women,” replied MR. PUNCH, “more authorities. Look into CHARLES KNIGHT.”

“I remember what he says,” said MRS. PUNCH, modestly. “The Saxon Sovereigns were crowned at Kingston-upon-Thames.”

“Not a bad place. They went over to Richmond afterwards, I suppose, and dined at the Star and Garter.”

“I think,” said MRS. PUNCH, hesitatingly, “that the Order was instituted rather later.”

“So much the worse for the Saxon kings. Well?”

“The ceremony of anointing was first used here in 872.”

"I'll have none of that. Did I ever sing you DR. MAGINN'S song on WILLIAM THE FOURTH'S crowning?" And he sang out lustily—

"I suppose all was right that WILL HOWLEY has done,
That for oiling the king he has warrant divine,
But when I am the Primate, as sure as a gun
I shall hallow my King with a flagon of wine.
And let nobody think that a drop of the drink
On head or on bosom away I shall fling,
No, bemitred I'll stand, with the cup in my hand,
And I'll cry, 'Here, you beggars, three cheers for your king!'

"As for kissing the girls——"

"My dear Lord," said MRS. PUNCH, "consider the neighbours."

"I do. I consider them fools, as LUTHER says, if they don't like song, especially mine. Anything else?"

"The Coronation Oath——"

"By George, by Jove, by jingo, and by gum," as another great bard wrote, "I'll have no oaths. They hamper a sovereign. Even that windbag, KING TURVEYDROP, was troubled by his oath—to be sure he could not understand it."

"The *Liber Regalis* has been, since EDWARD THE THIRD, the authority for coronation business here," said MRS. PUNCH. "It is kept with religious care in the archives of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster."

"Write to DEAN STANLEY and ask him, with my regards, to send it me by the Parcels Delivery Company."

"You will find its essence in STRUTT, dear."

"Yes, I believe the essence of a coronation is in strut, dear," said MR. PUNCH, laughing riotously.

That night he had a dream. It came through the gate of horn. He beheld himself, like the KING OF HUNGARY, bestriding a magnificent steed, which stood on a mound composed of earth contributed by the four quarters of the World. In fact, it was the World itself. And in his right hand was something which was not the Hungarian Sword, but a mightier weapon. It was the PUNCH Pen! And gazing forth with lion courage and eagle keenness upon creation, he waved with his Sword-Pen at the four points of the compass, and at each wave a Humbug howled and fell. And the loyal cheers of innumerable and unseen crowds went up to the firmament.

Suddenly there was a dead silence. Then the silver trumpet voice of the Emperor of the World was heard:

"There was but one worthy to crown me. I have crowned myself. In remembrance of this immortal day, I bestow upon the world as immortal a boon. I present it with my

Fifty-Second Volume.



PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1867.

THE CALENDAR



JANUARY 31 Days.

1	St. Swithin	17	St. Francis
2	St. Basil	18	St. Agnes
3	St. Hilary	19	St. Vincent
4	St. Epiphany	20	St. Agatha
5	St. Andrew	21	St. Agnes
6	St. Thomas	22	St. Agnes
7	St. John	23	St. Agnes
8	St. Elizabeth	24	St. Agnes
9	St. Stephen	25	St. Agnes
10	St. John the Baptist	26	St. Agnes
11	St. John the Evangelist	27	St. Agnes
12	St. John the Baptist	28	St. Agnes
13	St. John the Evangelist	29	St. Agnes
14	St. John the Evangelist	30	St. Agnes
15	St. John the Evangelist	31	St. Agnes

FEBRUARY 28 Days.

1	St. Valentine	15	St. Valentine
2	St. Valentine	16	St. Valentine
3	St. Valentine	17	St. Valentine
4	St. Valentine	18	St. Valentine
5	St. Valentine	19	St. Valentine
6	St. Valentine	20	St. Valentine
7	St. Valentine	21	St. Valentine
8	St. Valentine	22	St. Valentine
9	St. Valentine	23	St. Valentine
10	St. Valentine	24	St. Valentine
11	St. Valentine	25	St. Valentine
12	St. Valentine	26	St. Valentine
13	St. Valentine	27	St. Valentine
14	St. Valentine	28	St. Valentine

MARCH 31 Days.

1	St. David	17	St. David
2	St. David	18	St. David
3	St. David	19	St. David
4	St. David	20	St. David
5	St. David	21	St. David
6	St. David	22	St. David
7	St. David	23	St. David
8	St. David	24	St. David
9	St. David	25	St. David
10	St. David	26	St. David
11	St. David	27	St. David
12	St. David	28	St. David
13	St. David	29	St. David
14	St. David	30	St. David
15	St. David	31	St. David

APRIL 30 Days.

1	St. George	16	St. George
2	St. George	17	St. George
3	St. George	18	St. George
4	St. George	19	St. George
5	St. George	20	St. George
6	St. George	21	St. George
7	St. George	22	St. George
8	St. George	23	St. George
9	St. George	24	St. George
10	St. George	25	St. George
11	St. George	26	St. George
12	St. George	27	St. George
13	St. George	28	St. George
14	St. George	29	St. George
15	St. George	30	St. George

MAY 31 Days.

1	St. Philip	16	St. Philip
2	St. Philip	17	St. Philip
3	St. Philip	18	St. Philip
4	St. Philip	19	St. Philip
5	St. Philip	20	St. Philip
6	St. Philip	21	St. Philip
7	St. Philip	22	St. Philip
8	St. Philip	23	St. Philip
9	St. Philip	24	St. Philip
10	St. Philip	25	St. Philip
11	St. Philip	26	St. Philip
12	St. Philip	27	St. Philip
13	St. Philip	28	St. Philip
14	St. Philip	29	St. Philip
15	St. Philip	30	St. Philip
16	St. Philip	31	St. Philip



JULY 31 Days.

1	St. James	16	St. James
2	St. James	17	St. James
3	St. James	18	St. James
4	St. James	19	St. James
5	St. James	20	St. James
6	St. James	21	St. James
7	St. James	22	St. James
8	St. James	23	St. James
9	St. James	24	St. James
10	St. James	25	St. James
11	St. James	26	St. James
12	St. James	27	St. James
13	St. James	28	St. James
14	St. James	29	St. James
15	St. James	30	St. James
16	St. James	31	St. James

JUNE 30 Days.

1	St. John	15	St. John
2	St. John	16	St. John
3	St. John	17	St. John
4	St. John	18	St. John
5	St. John	19	St. John
6	St. John	20	St. John
7	St. John	21	St. John
8	St. John	22	St. John
9	St. John	23	St. John
10	St. John	24	St. John
11	St. John	25	St. John
12	St. John	26	St. John
13	St. John	27	St. John
14	St. John	28	St. John
15	St. John	29	St. John
16	St. John	30	St. John

AUGUST 31 Days.

1	St. Augustin	15	St. Augustin
2	St. Augustin	16	St. Augustin
3	St. Augustin	17	St. Augustin
4	St. Augustin	18	St. Augustin
5	St. Augustin	19	St. Augustin
6	St. Augustin	20	St. Augustin
7	St. Augustin	21	St. Augustin
8	St. Augustin	22	St. Augustin
9	St. Augustin	23	St. Augustin
10	St. Augustin	24	St. Augustin
11	St. Augustin	25	St. Augustin
12	St. Augustin	26	St. Augustin
13	St. Augustin	27	St. Augustin
14	St. Augustin	28	St. Augustin
15	St. Augustin	29	St. Augustin
16	St. Augustin	30	St. Augustin
17	St. Augustin	31	St. Augustin

SEPTEMBER 30 Days.

1	St. Michael	15	St. Michael
2	St. Michael	16	St. Michael
3	St. Michael	17	St. Michael
4	St. Michael	18	St. Michael
5	St. Michael	19	St. Michael
6	St. Michael	20	St. Michael
7	St. Michael	21	St. Michael
8	St. Michael	22	St. Michael
9	St. Michael	23	St. Michael
10	St. Michael	24	St. Michael
11	St. Michael	25	St. Michael
12	St. Michael	26	St. Michael
13	St. Michael	27	St. Michael
14	St. Michael	28	St. Michael
15	St. Michael	29	St. Michael
16	St. Michael	30	St. Michael

OCTOBER 31 Days.

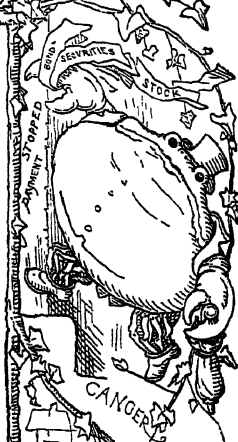
1	St. Andrew	15	St. Andrew
2	St. Andrew	16	St. Andrew
3	St. Andrew	17	St. Andrew
4	St. Andrew	18	St. Andrew
5	St. Andrew	19	St. Andrew
6	St. Andrew	20	St. Andrew
7	St. Andrew	21	St. Andrew
8	St. Andrew	22	St. Andrew
9	St. Andrew	23	St. Andrew
10	St. Andrew	24	St. Andrew
11	St. Andrew	25	St. Andrew
12	St. Andrew	26	St. Andrew
13	St. Andrew	27	St. Andrew
14	St. Andrew	28	St. Andrew
15	St. Andrew	29	St. Andrew
16	St. Andrew	30	St. Andrew
17	St. Andrew	31	St. Andrew

NOVEMBER 30 Days.

1	St. Martin	15	St. Martin
2	St. Martin	16	St. Martin
3	St. Martin	17	St. Martin
4	St. Martin	18	St. Martin
5	St. Martin	19	St. Martin
6	St. Martin	20	St. Martin
7	St. Martin	21	St. Martin
8	St. Martin	22	St. Martin
9	St. Martin	23	St. Martin
10	St. Martin	24	St. Martin
11	St. Martin	25	St. Martin
12	St. Martin	26	St. Martin
13	St. Martin	27	St. Martin
14	St. Martin	28	St. Martin
15	St. Martin	29	St. Martin
16	St. Martin	30	St. Martin

DECEMBER 31 Days.

1	St. Stephen	15	St. Stephen
2	St. Stephen	16	St. Stephen
3	St. Stephen	17	St. Stephen
4	St. Stephen	18	St. Stephen
5	St. Stephen	19	St. Stephen
6	St. Stephen	20	St. Stephen
7	St. Stephen	21	St. Stephen
8	St. Stephen	22	St. Stephen
9	St. Stephen	23	St. Stephen
10	St. Stephen	24	St. Stephen
11	St. Stephen	25	St. Stephen
12	St. Stephen	26	St. Stephen
13	St. Stephen	27	St. Stephen
14	St. Stephen	28	St. Stephen
15	St. Stephen	29	St. Stephen
16	St. Stephen	30	St. Stephen
17	St. Stephen	31	St. Stephen





CALLISTHENIC COLLEGE FOR LADY MUSCULAR CHRISTIANS.

"SPEECH IS SILVERN, SILENCE GOLDEN."

THE French have a good saying, yet not polite nor ce. p.
 "Old Bogue lo-es nothing when men thei. silence keep"
 What a blessing for reporters and *Tim's* reader-it would e,
 Were this suggestion followed by each talkative M.F.

LITERARY NOTICE.

In the Press—*My Table-cloth*.
The Two Aunts of the Butler. By the Autho. of *The Sisters of the Yaltes*.
My Pale Companion.—a bottle of Bass.

SENTIMENT.—Champagne to our real friends, and advertised champagne to our false enemies.

THE commercial consonants, L S. D.
 THE financiering vowels, I. O. U.

SOEBOEDY'S SAYINGS—Clubs are the weapons of the uncivilised.
 A husband is a savage who, if his wife threaten him with dining off cold mutton, is brute enough to fly for protection to his club.
 A MATTER OF TASTE.—An ardent Entomologist lately fell in love with a lady solely because of her beetle brows.

SENTIMENT.—May we always be more ready to publish the faults of others than to correct our own.
 IN THE DIVORCE COURT.—The Man who was Tied to Time is now Bent on a Separation.
 A "MEDIUM" PEN.—What Spirits write with.



TO NEWLY-MARRIED PEOPLE—Don't go to India; there is so much "uffin" there.
 SENTIMENT.—May we never want a friend with a bottle to give us.
 TO HOMEOPATHS.—Never go to law, for *de minimis non curat lex*.
 NEW CHRISTIAN NAME FOR OUR GIRLS—Chignonette.

MRS. MALAPROP'S LAST.—Inviting her friends to partake of a Cold Relation.
 PROVERB BY OUR BUTCHER.—You must take the Thin with the Thick.
 "NATURAL" INDIGNATION.—When the dealer at vingt-un gets ace-king.



BUMBLEDOM'S BATH.



AMATEURS REHEARSING FOR A PRIVATE CIRCUS.

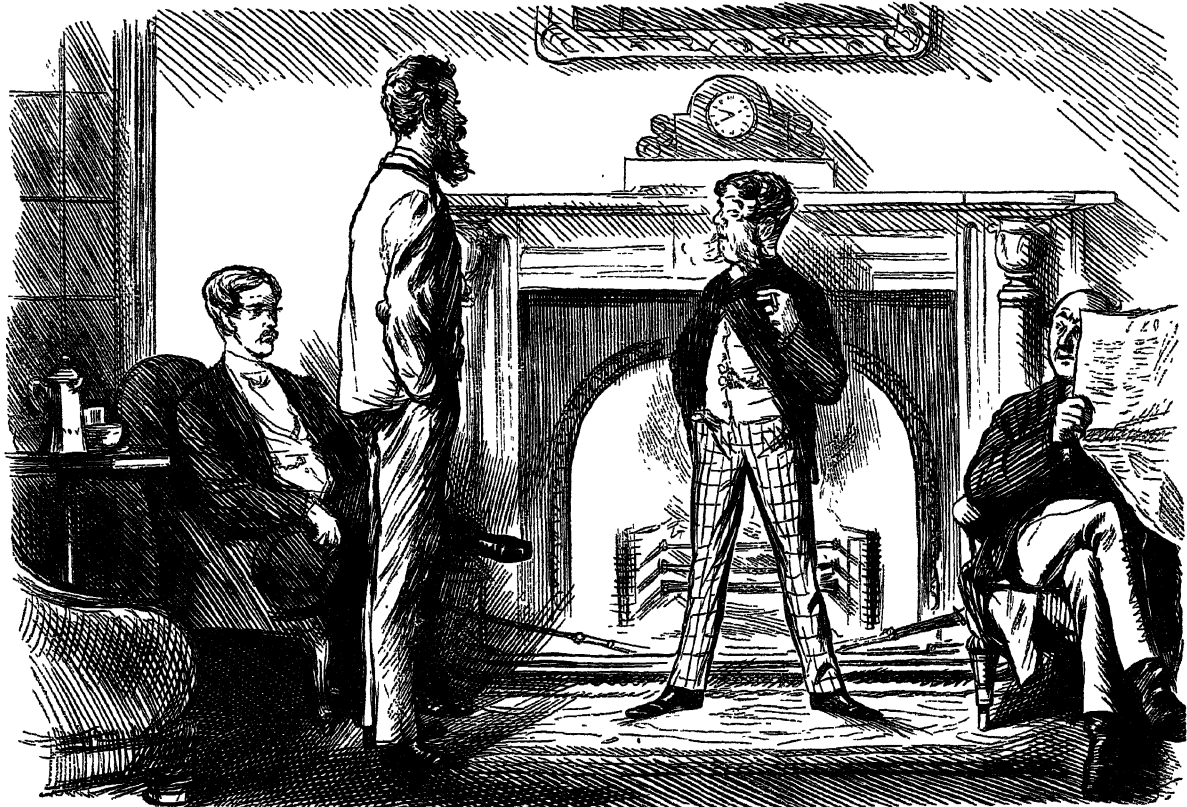


THE IMMOLATION OF REFORM.

IN HARMONY WITH NATURE—The month that follows February is one most of us is glad to see at an end. It ought to be played out with appropriate music—the Dead March.

FOR THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY—When the great FARINA was meditating his immortal discovery of Eau de Cologne, he ate nothing but simple pudding—made of sugar, tapioca, arrow root, &c. Hence the term Farinaeous food.

REFORMATION IN NATURE—Of all the Seasons Spring is the most commendable, for he turns over a new leaf every year.
SUNSHINE—Confusion to the sentiment!



TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

Booster (down upon little Stannery, who's a great booster about his "Excell" acquaintance, and his extensive "Travel," and this year especially, down Palestine way) "DID YOU SEE THE DARDANELLES?"
Stannery. "EH? THE—EH? OH, YE—YES! JOLLY FELLARS AS EVER I MET! DINED WITH 'EM AT VIENNAH!" [Little S has left the Club.]

EQUESTRIAN SENTIMENT—The Thrown and the Halter, and may the bold fellow who rides with the second never be the first.

TOAST.—To the tongue that can keep a secret about the false teeth.

TRUTHS and toads lie at the bottom of the well. Leave 'em there.

PICKPOCKET'S TOAST.—The And that can feel for another's pork-handkerchief, and the Art that can prig it without detection.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS.—Several Costermongers have lately had their Cart(e)s taken.

LOYAL TOAST.—The PRINCE OF WHALES, and may his enemies blubber.



"OXFORD WINS."



MIND AND MATTER-OF-FACT.

Cotton-Man (fro' Shoddydale). "WHAT DUN YO' CO' THAT WAYTER?"
Coachman. "AH, AIN'T IT BEAUTIFUL? THAT'S GRASSMERE LAKE, THAT IS—"
Cotton-Man. "YO' CO'N 'UM ALL LA-AKES AN' MERES I' THESE PA-ARTS. WE CO'N 'UM REZZER-VOYERS WHERE AH COM' FRO'!"



"MEN SHOULD BE WHAT THEY SEEM."

Mrs. Blumizen. "OH, MR. BRAGSHAW, HOW LUCKY! MY GIRLS ARE LONGING FOR A SAIL;—NOW DO FIND A NICE BOAT, AND TAKE CARE OF TH'EM."
 [BUT BRAGSHAW, WHO'S ONLY A SAILOR TO LOOK AT—DRESSES THE PART TO A FAULT, RATHER—AND NO BETTER THAN A CAT ON THE WATER, IS PARALYSED.]

PERSONS WHO OUGHT TO BE VOLUNTEERS.

- Bishops.*—Because of the Charge
- Dentists.*—Because they are the
- Doctors.*—Because of the good P
- Farmers.*—Because of the Drill
- Footmen.*—Because of the Powd
- Hosiers.*—Because of the Ties
- Literary Characters.*—Because
- Magazines and Reviews.*
- Magistrates.*—Because of Judgi
- Mathematicians.*—Because of the C
- Meteorologists.*—Because of the Dr
- Oculists.*—Because of the Sights
- Oyster-eaters.*—Because of a Good
- Persons who Squint.*—Because of
- Packpockets.*—Because of the Rifing
- Police-men.*—Because of the Bull's-ey
- Poulticers.*—Because of the Goose-
- Prophets.*—Because of the Foresigh
- Wine-Merchants.*—Because of the

WINDOW GARDENING (FOR YOUNG LADIES).

Don't plant yourself at the window in curl-papers.
 By careful choice of situation and attention to aspect, young ladies may, by means of window gardening, successfully cultivate every variety of the *sheep's eye* (*ovis ocellatus*), and convert *ox-corn*, from the single to the double variety with great success, by the same agreeable pastime.

VOICES OF THE STARS.

Of all our voices, glad or grave,
 This voice may be relied on—
 ZADKIEL'S a rogue, old MOORE a knave,
 And fools who them confide on.

DUTY ON SUCCESSION TO REAL PROPERTY.

To let everybody believe it is as much as it really amounts to.
 To give yourself all the airs of a landed proprietor.
 To keep a good cellar, well-stocked preserves, a comfortable smoking room, a slate billiard table, a constant succession of pleasant visitors, and to invite *Mr. Punch* by a standing invitation.

PUZZLERS FOR NOTES AND QUERIES.

- WHERE are these lines to be found?—
1. "There was the weight that pulled me down, *Horatio*?"
 2. "He shall not look on what I like again."
 3. "Nor poppy nor mandragora,
 Nor all the ills the flesh is heir to."
 4. "I do remember an apothecary;
 A man of an unbounded stomach,
 Whose virtues we write on glass..."

FARES BY DISTANCE.—Most actresses, not a few belles of the season, and all MADAME RACHEL'S customers, may be noted as examples of "Fares by distance."

FARES BY TIME.—No such thing known amongst the ladies, except in the case of a deaf, old, happy mater-familias, who has the good sense to look her age, and dress it. She is really fair by time or in spite of it.

PRIZE BAD 'UN.—If the Mayor of Garrett were ordered to make his bed in the sea, which one would he choose? *A-dry-otie*, of course.

ECOLESTASTICAL.—The observers of external ceremonies are now called Ritualists, and those who watch their proceedings are Spy-ritualists.

THE GAME OF SPECULATION (as played in the Joint-Stock Share-Market).—"Heads," I win; "tails," you lose.

THE TWO GREAT 'VARSITY TEACHERS.—University and Ad-'varsity.

A RASH ACT.—The Vaccination Law.
THE "PET" OF THE BALLET.—A strike in the Corps.



OUR COUNTRY CONCERTS.

4, THEY 'TAKE' IMMENSELY! SUCH LARKS, TOO, SOMETIMES! WHY, THE OTHER EVENING, AT REHEARSAL, WHEN THE PARSON (HE'S OUR CONDUCTOR) SAID HE'D UNFORTUNATELY FORGOTTEN HIS A-FORK—HIS TUNING-FORK—LITTLE JOE DILBURY, ONE OF OUR 'FIRSTS,' SAID HIS 'FEYTHUR' HAD ONE, AND STARTED OFF AND BROUGHT IT!"

HORT SENSATION DRAMA.

ACT I.

SCENE—The Thames Tunnel. Enter LADY DUDLEIGH.

dy Dudleigh. At last. Ha!

Enter MAXIMILIAN, with a torch.

Max. Together! We will fly!

Enter MACCABEUS MACKENZIE, in his dressing-gown.

Mac Never! With life! or without it! All! Then die!

[MAXIMILIAN applies his torch to a crack in the wall, sets the Thames on fire. Buzza. Shopkeepers rush out, and strike attitudes. Flumes. Tableau.

ACT II.

SCENE—The Horizon. Enter SAILORS. DICK steering.

Sailors. Yarely, Yarely! Yeo ho! Merrily ho! Heave! Belay!

[DICK bores a hole in the boat. It sinks. Dick. Thus perish all proofs of my guilt.

[Swims about, and is picked up after several years.

ACT III.

SCENE—A Buddhist Temple, surrounded by Precipices and Avalanches. Enter TYROLESE MISTRESS. Enter all the characters climbing round the corners. Re enter all the Characters of the previous acts.

Max. (to Lady Dudleigh) And if our kind friends in front will only pardon this unwarrantable intrusion then—

Enter DICK (with his beard growing).

Dick Never!

U. Die!

[Flames burst out of the avalanche. Mountain torrents run up the sides of the Temple. The Precipices fall down their own heights. Everything gives way. So does MAXIMILIAN, who weeps. Crash. He disappears, leaving only his pocket handkerchief. Tableau of one pocket handkerchief and ruins.

MRS. NAGGLETON'S ADVICE TO A WIFE.—Defence, not defence.



SELF-RESPECT.

The Missus. "OH, JEM, YOU SAID YOU'D GIVE ME YOUR PHOTOGRAPH. NOW, LET'S GO IN, AND GET IT DONE."
Jem. "OH, I DESSAY! AN' AVE MY 'CARTE DE VISITE' STUCK UP IN THE WINDER ALONG O' ALL THESE 'ERE BALLY-GALS AN' 'IGH-CHURCH PARSONS? NO, SAIREY!"

HORTICULTURAL HINTS FOR EVERYBODY AND ALWAYS.

CULTIVATE acquaintances, if desirable; if not, cut them.

Never sow the Seeds of Dissension.

Weed your Library.

Invest in Stocks.

Get as much Heart's-ease as you can.

Fern-growers don't be too nice in your rivalry: remember the Wars of the Froud(e).

Attend to Wallflowers and trim Coxcombs.

Emulate the Cucumber—be cool.

Beware of Auricula(s) confession.

Don't Pesch.

Avoid Flowers of Speech.

Pot—a lot of money on race-courses.

"Bedding-out" is good for Plants, but not for friends.

Take the advice of the Sage, or you may Rue the consequences.

Ladies! Success to the great Rose show—on your cheeks, and may you always be Eye-bright! (N. B. Never pay your bets in Fox-gloves.)

A DIALOGUE.

A (who talks fine, to B. in love). I hope your Suit is progressing favourably.

B. (matter-of-fact Man). Thank you, the tailor has promised to finish it by Saturday.

A DISTINGUISHED divine states that there has been a great deal of confession this last year. We hope so, for there has been a great number of marriages, each of which should have been preceded by the only confession Mr. Punch tolerates—a confession of love.

AN APPROPRIATE OFFERING.—A Printseller wishing to give the lady to whom he was engaged some Proofs of his affection, presented her with several choice Engravings.

HISTORICAL FACT.—According to the LADY of SEALOTE, vegetarianism is as old as the Crusades, for they had a Salad in those days.

ETIQUETTE.—A young lady who permits a kiss, should imitate the British cabinman, who on most occasions gives his cheek.

TOAST.—May the tear of sensibility be wiped by the pocket-handkerchief of common sense.



"SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS."—COOKING OUR OWN CHRISTMAS DINNER.

PUNCH'S PROVERBS.

A Post is as good as a riddle to a stupid ass.
 His loss is gone gone.
 "Gee wo!" makes the horse go. "Macker way!" makes the horse stay.
 Slow and steady gets the sack.
 Maresnow. Better never than late.
 Between two fires the breach is a post of danger.
 The crack that slips through the butter-dishes.
 His one and I'll hit you.
 Do what you oughtn't, and come what must.
 Everyone has his trade, as the undertaker said to the physician.
 It is of no use trying to oblige horseless.

Every one is his liking, as the Frenchman said when he ate his horse.
 Good wine needs no brandy.
 A new knife is sharper than an old saw.
 The man is not always a thief who steals a marble.
 Strong beer makes the head clear.
 'Tis a good wind that blows nobody rheumatic.
 'Tis a wise child that knows his New Latin Primer.
 If a your ham and save your bacon.
 Beauty understood is wife without onion.
 No man crick, "Taters all cold!"
 None but great musicians can do great shakes.
 Charcoal.—Is the thief is to the dealer in marble stores, so is the retort to the resawer.

No sickness equal to saving, as Mr. Pansyventer said when he scraped his chaise.
 No burden so light as that of a comic song.
 One man's meat is another man's dinner, as the clown said when he carried his leg of mutton.
 Ducks lay eggs, geese lay wagers.
 Don't set a hogger on horseback for your position.
 Two eyes of a potato are no better than one.
 Throw out tubs to catch a shower.
 Well lathered is well whopped.
 Do not kick the man who calls you an ass.
 What is sauce for cod is not sauce for salmon.
 Oculistitis is a duty which we owe to our neighbors; luxury, a duty which we owe to ourselves.
 The red lamp of the doctor's shop is a danger signal.

SOMEBODY'S SAYINGS.

The course of true love is a recess where there is often a full stop.
 Alas! how tedious are the charms of Nature when unhelped by Art! Who would long gaze Beauty, if it were not for fangs?
 Teeth are stopped with gold, and tongues may be so, likewise. A man with a rich wife is often silenced by her showing her money in his teeth.
 Philosophers have speculated as to whether man becomes denser after death; but let us reflect how often they make sheets of themselves before it!
 Cupid shoots with a rick saw, and not with bow and arrow. How low is it that girl can bear the popping of the question!

THE THOUGHTS OF A MISER.

"Oh, that I had been born in the Golden Age, with a Silver Spoon in my mouth!"
 "A penny for your thoughts," indeed! Why, most people would be dead at two jobs for three-halfpence.
 It drives me frantic to read of "a glut of gold"—of money being "a drop in the market." I could take any amount of that drug.
 The horse I should like to live in would be a house at a peppercorn rent.
 The man for my money is the man who can kill two birds with one stone.
 If children are ever "as good as gold," I shouldn't mind having a few.

What business has anybody to enjoy a laugh at my expense? "Hemorrhagic Cocoa,"—that's the stuff for me; a little will go a long way.
 There's one thing I would give a trifle to see—a man made of money.
 Why even Nature is on my side—remember its mean temperance.
 "A Sovereign Remedy" forsooth! I think I would rather die than go to such an expense.
 FRANK TALK.—How about the horse power of a screw-steamer?
 MAX AND MEASURES.—Bath of the kitchen in *And Lay* Sync engages to be his own joint-stopper.



A WARNING; OR, "DRUNKARD'S PENANCE À LA RUSSE."

A REASON AGAINST DRAMATIC COPYRIGHT.—What should Dramatic Authors want with a right to copy French pieces, when they already exercise to the fullest the right to steal them?
TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—Every Quack in his pill-ory.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION QUESTION.—How much does a fool weigh generally? A simple ton.
ADVICE TO AN OLDISH BACHELOR.—Repent at leisure, and then marry in haste.



YACHTING IN LITTLE.

SQUEAMISH ACCEPTS STUNSEL'S INVITATION FOR A MONTH'S CRUISE IN HIS 10-TON YAWL. HE SUFFERS MUCH.
Stunsel. "COME, COME, SQUEAMISH, OLD FELLOW, CHEER UP! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A WEEK OR SO!"

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1867.

ADVICE TO ENGLISHMEN ABROAD.

ALWAYS take the wall in walking, especially when you meet a lady. Never hesitate, if need be, to force her off the pavement. This will show you are a free-born Briton, and can do as you like.

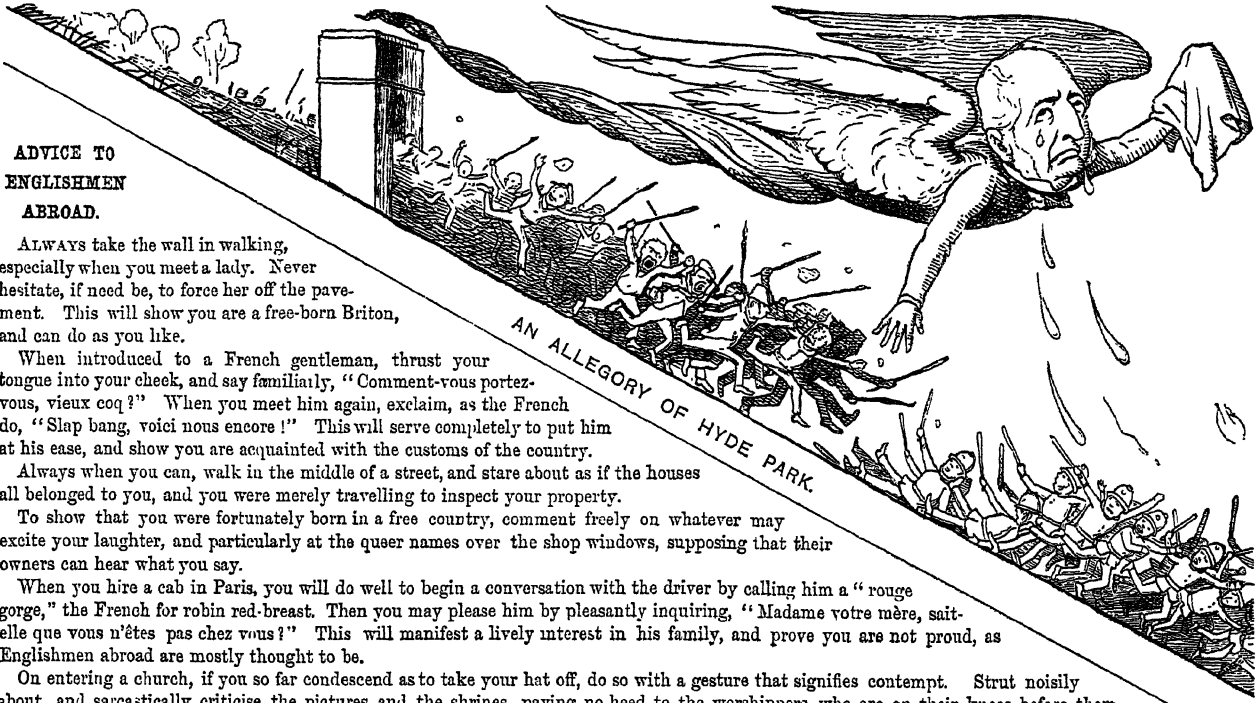
When introduced to a French gentleman, thrust your tongue into your cheek, and say familiarly, "Comment-vous portez-vous, vieux coq?" When you meet him again, exclaim, as the French do, "Slap bang, voici nous encore!" This will serve completely to put him at his ease, and show you are acquainted with the customs of the country.

Always when you can, walk in the middle of a street, and stare about as if the houses all belonged to you, and you were merely travelling to inspect your property.

To show that you were fortunately born in a free country, comment freely on whatever may excite your laughter, and particularly at the queer names over the shop windows, supposing that their owners can hear what you say.

When you hire a cab in Paris, you will do well to begin a conversation with the driver by calling him a "rouge gorge," the French for robin red-breast. Then you may please him by pleasantly inquiring, "Madame votre mère, sait-elle que vous n'êtes pas chez vous?" This will manifest a lively interest in his family, and prove you are not proud, as Englishmen abroad are mostly thought to be.

On entering a church, if you so far condescend as to take your hat off, do so with a gesture that signifies contempt. Strut noisily about, and sarcastically criticise the pictures and the shrines, paying no heed to the worshippers who are on their knees before them.



A GOOD CALLING.—Painting must be a most lucrative profession, for there is scarcely an artist who has not his own "vehicle."

PROVERB BY OUR BAKER.—You must take the Crust with the Crumb

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.—Our butcher's daughter, who is an excellent pianist, prefers to all other music that of—CHOPIN.

MOTTO FOR A SERVANTS' HALL.—"Learn to labour, and to wait"

A PHRASE AMENDED.—Instead of "as sharp as a needle," say "as sharp a needle-gun"

STAR OF THE FEMALE OYSTER.—The *Georgium Sidus*, to be sure. Ah, but why? Because most people call it her shell



YACHTING IN LITTLE.

Squashish (better, but far from well; so he has been appointed Tea-maker and Steward in general). "OH, WHEN ARE YOU FELLOWS COMING DOWN-STAIRS? TEA'S ON THE——" (correcting himself, with a sigh for the conveniences of terra firma) "TEA'S WEADY!"



THE TABLES TURNED AT THE "ZOO."

GAMES FOR ALL TIMES OF THE YEAR.

1. *How to tell a Number*—Get a number, any number, and tell them. Very simple.

2. *How to discover what Number somebody else has Chosen*.—Ask anyone to choose a number. Add 11,817 to it. Trade it. Take 2,230, 73,010 from it. Request him to tell you the number he thought of in a whisper. If he won't, don't play any more.

3. This is also a pretty game. Tie a ribbon to the poker, and pretend to be QUEEN ELIZABETH. This keeps up a knowledge of history. Then go on pretending to be any one else, until everyone's tired of you.

4. *Blind Hooker*—Fasten a handkerchief round anyone's eyes. Then let everyone take fishing rods, and try to hook him. If he guesses who has hooked him, he's out. This way goes on for hours.

THREE TRUTHS.—He who asks to see his wife's accounts is a Snob. He who, asked by her, looks at them, is a Fool. But he who, after inspection, diminishes her allowance, is a Beast.

SENTIMENT.—May difference of opinion never alter expression of unanimity.

TOAST.—To the man who has courage to conceal his thoughts.

INTERPRETATION OF A SLANG PHRASE.

Our own Chaff-Cutter sends us the following piece of information:—

"Get inside," cries the little street Arab to a Cockney equestrian.

The Cockney equestrian is perhaps unaware that the only method of "getting inside" is by "entering" a horse for the Derby.

NOTE BY H.R.H. IN RUSSIA.

(Communicated.)

In Circassia the haidrressers have organised a mounted corps. Each man provides his own Circassian cream, and rides it. There is a report that, in consequence of their proficiency on horseback, the name Circassia is to be changed to 'Treas sic, and MR. BARRY will be made Emperor.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—The man who came to a check in the hunting-field, didn't pocket it. The Master of the Hounds subsequently "drew" on a bank in the neighbourhood.

NAUTICAL AND PHYSICAL.—May the bark of friendship never sink in the quinine of ingratitude.



SUCCESS IN LIFE.

DR. ELIZABETH SQUILLS HAS BARELY TIME TO SNATCH A HURRIED MEAL AND HASTY PEEP AT THE PERIODICALS OF THE DAY IN HER HUSBAND'S BOUDOIR.

POST-OFFICE REGULATIONS

1. Letters may be sent under Cover of night, but the clerks are not to be enveloped in darkness.
2. Postmasters must have the Stamp of respectability about them.
3. The Postmaster-General is not to accept any Foreign Orders.

TO PIANOFORTE-TORFURING YOUNG LADIES.—If you think your music be the food of love, play on; but don't be surprised if your lover pleads another dinner engagement.

THOUGHT WHILE WAITING FOR SEAVEN-WATER.—An upright attitude is favourable to truth. There is a great temptation to lie in bed.

WHY is gravel-digging SIR THOMAS WILSON, of Hampstead, the rudest creature in the world?—Because he is always making holes in his manors.

We pity the over-worked baker. He ought to be allowed to sleep till morning, if only because the sun rises in the yeast.

MERRILY NOMINAL.—The proper term for a Military Congress would be a General Assembly.



THE COSTUME BALL.

(LITTLE FITZTOOTLES HAS SOMEHOW CONTRIVED TO BE INTRODUCED TO BLANCHE VAVASOUR, AND IMPROVES THE OCCASION. ARRAGED IN THE PICTURESQUE ATTIRE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH (?), HE CONSIDERS IT "THE CORRECT THING, YOU KNOW," TO TALK THE LANGUAGE OF THE PERIOD)

Fitztootles. * * * * "BY MY HALIDOM, AND IN GOOD SOOTH, FAIR LADY, TRY DEVOTED SLAVE HATH NO MEAN SKILL IN A SARABAND! SHALL WE TREAD A MEASURE, I' FAITH? SAY, PRYTHEE, SHALL WE JOIN THE MAZY DANCE?" [*Blanche Vavasour is speechless with amazement.*]

SENTIMENT.—May we never have to shed the tear of regret that we ever denied ourselves anything that we liked.

TOAST.—The dramatist who observes the unities by mercifully giving us only one act of his nonsense.

"A CHECK in time saves nine," says a mean husband, explaining that unless you give your wife's extravagance a check, she will ask for one every week.

REFLECTION.—When a friend's arms are indeed welcome. When you see them on his carriage sent to fetch you to his dinner.



SENTIMENT.—May we never have occasion to serve a friend—with a writ.

RECIPROCITY.—You may safely mind other people's business. They will be sure to mind yours.

TOAST.—To brothers who are not bothers, and sisters who are not blisters.

A CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY THOUGHT.—Our School-boy says that the Better Half is the shorter one.

THE only excuse for the fool who fears to make his will, is that an execution is generally fatal.



A PAST POSSIBLE PIC-NIC, 1866.

THE IDLE APPRENTICE



SAM IS AN IDLE BOY



HE WILL NOT DO HIS WORK



HE WOULD RATHER PICK A POCKET, BUT HE IS AFRAID OF THE POLICE



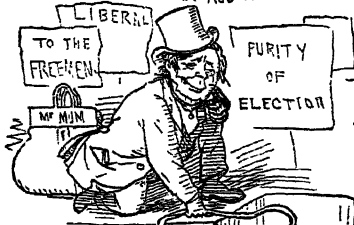
SO GOING TO SALES BY AUCTION INSTEAD



HE HAS JOINED THE "KNOCK-OUT"



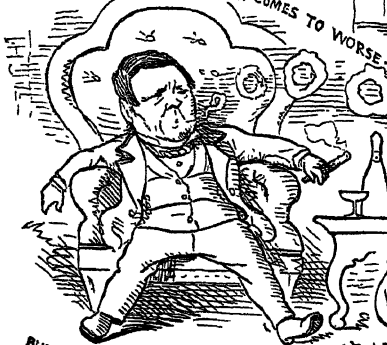
AND NOW, SAD TO TELL, HE IS VERY RICH IN-DEED



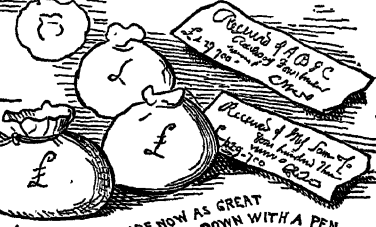
BUT FROM BAD HE SOON COMES TO WORSE: BRI-BING AND COR-RUPTING HO-NEST E-LEC-TORS



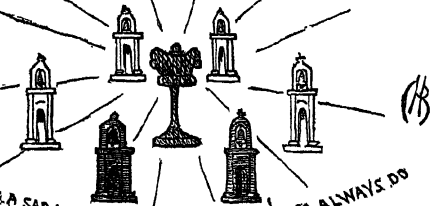
HE SOON FINDS HIMSELF RICHER THAN HE WAS BEFORE



BUT THIS IS NOT THE WORST I HAVE TO TELL HE IS CONTRACTOR FOR THE A B & C RAIL-WAY



AND HIS RICHES ARE NOW AS GREAT AS HE CAN WRITE DOWN WITH A PEN



THIS IS A SAD WARNING TO YOU, MY SON! SO ALWAYS DO WHAT-EV-ER YOU ARE TOLD

THE MOUTHWORTHY APPRENTICE



TOM IS A GOOD BOY, HE DOES WHAT HE IS TOLD

MR. PLODSON - PLODS ON - PLODS ON - PLODS ON - PLODS ON - AND PLODS ON UNTIL HE HAS MADE A FORTUNE FOR HIS OLD AGE - AND AS HE HAS INVESTED IT ALL IN SAM'S RAILWAY, YOU MAY GUESS WHAT A REWARD HE HAS SECURED FOR AN INDUSTRIOUS LIFE!



KING PUNCH'S NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION.

IN accordance with his usual gracious custom, His Majesty *Punch* held his Reception on New Year's Day. The *salon* was filled with his royal sisters and brothers, and His Majesty walked about with the utmost affability, saying a few kindly words to each guest.

His Majesty then ascended the steps of the throne, and spoke as follows :—

“ Here we all are again, and how do you do to-morrow? What a smell of anointing-oil!

“ **LOUIS NAPOLEON**, my friend, I am pleased with you. Your word, given to the Italians, has been honourably kept, and there are no French soldiers in Rome. So you do not let my beautiful friend on your arm go to see the Pope, as the old gentleman may possibly show her a certain coldness, which it befits not the Wife of France to endure. You are perfectly right. I presume that you are much occupied with the Grand Exhibition. It will not be a success unless you and I abolish the detestable Search of Personal Baggage. I hear that **M. FOULD** and **MR. DISRAELI** are anxious to do so, if possible, and that it is only the Custom House fellows that are in the way. Kick yours, and I charge myself with the duty of kicking mine. Madame, you look lovelier every day, but if you would join my **JUDY** in her crusade against extravagance in dress, you would be lovelier still, in my eyes. I hope your delightful boy is well. He has an English governess. That is good, but I advise you to send him to Cambridge as soon as he is old enough. My love to him, and this box of *étrennes*, among which he will find neither sword nor bayonet.

“ **ALEXANDER**, I am very glad to see you. I wish you joy of the marriage of your son. He has made the very best choice that was open to him. Remember me to him, and to his charming **DAGMAR**, whose name I wish had been conserved. Very much obliged by your splendid kindness to **ALBERT-EDWARD**, though I fear the frozen provisions did him no particular good. I don't forget what you have done for the serfs, or any of your other good deeds. But I say, **ALEC**, no meddling in Turkish affairs, my brave.

“ **FRANCIS-JOSEPH**, accept my condolence, but what could you expect, my dear fellow? A bundle of provinces is not an empire, and bumpiness is not strong government. You are out in the cold. But you must pluck up heart. Don't think of fighting, but administer and improve the noble dominions left to you. Venice was never yours by right—think no more about it. Finer fellows than Austrians I never knew; and, if you mind what you are about, there are good times in

store for you. Those shoe-buckles, which are *de rigueur* in Vienna, are very handsome and becoming. Send me a few pairs, for in this respect I will gladly tread in your shoes.

“ **ISABELLA**, I am glad that you have the grace to be here. I am, however, exceedingly displeased with you. Priestly tyranny is the worst form of all, and the worst form of priestly tyranny reigns in Spain. Crozier and bayonet against pen will come to grief, and so will you, unless you repent. I will not detain you.

“ **WILLIAM**, you are a Conqueror, and may think that the name of **WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR** commands my respect. Not in the least. I favour no cause but a just one. It may be that what **BISMARCK** has done will be good for Europe and liberty in the end, but we shall owe small thanks to him or you. Still, I cannot be altogether displeased that a strong Protestant power should arise in the centre of Europe, nor can I be otherwise than interested in a crown that will devolve on the husband of one of the sweetest of English girls. Examine your conscience, *mon vieux*, and be kind to those whom you have injured. You may stay to lunch.

“ **WILLIAM OF HOLLAND**, I never hear anything but good of you, and I wish you many happy returns of the day.

“ **ABDUL AZIZ**, *salaam alaikum!* I don't wish to be unpleasant, but I fear that the clouds are gathering over the Bosphorus. I will talk with you in private. Refreshments await you in my library; and my servants have neither ears, eyes, nor tongue, except at my orders, so take what you like, orthodox or heterodox. I can recommend the truffles in wine.

“ **VICTOR-EMMANUEL**, my jolly, how goes it? Congratulations on Venice, and sorry you seemed bored with the demonstrations. Remember, you are paid to be a Ceremony, and you should behave as such. I dare say you see a great deal of spooniness in some of your subjects, but remember, they have not had the hardy, healthy Piedmontese education. And, I say, I don't preach, but some things are not in good taste. We are neither of us boys, old man, eh? Stop, of course, and we'll have a smoke.

“ **LEOPOLD**, most welcome, for your father's sake and for your own. I thank you for your regal kindness to my Household Guard. We'll try to repay it at Wimbledon, and elsewhere. My humblest homage to your admirable Queen. May Belgium always prosper!

“ **CHRISTIAN**, whatever may happen to territories, no good father can be unhappy whose dearest child has married as your **ALEXANDRA** has done. In fact, she is my child. With that fact before us, I cannot

condole with you—the less that some of your enemies have suffered for doing injustice, and the game is not yet played out. Welcome, for your darling daughter's sake, and your own.

“LOUIS, Portugal and England are friends of old, and you need not be told how glad I am to see you. A bore, that recent visit of a neighbour, no doubt; but we have sometimes to be civil to people whom we hate. I quite understood the situation, my boy. Stay, and have a smoke with your father-in-law, King Gallant-man.

GEORGE, my boy, we are happy to see you, but I think your father here will agree with me that the sooner you are back in Athens the better. I'm afraid you are not exactly in a bed of roses, but it is something to be called the KING OF GREECE.

Plus, pray let me conduct your Holiness to a chair. I only wish you were come to stay with me. You do not want to be told that you should be made thoroughly comfortable. However, if it can't be, receive the assurance that, deducting that little matter of the temporal power, nobody would be so rejoiced as myself to see your Holiness honoured as the Head of the Catholic religion. Pray never think of the Catacombs while Malta is mine.

ANDREW JOHNSON, I hardly thought that you would come over, old hoss. Did you come in the *Henrietta*? A dashing thing, that race, and England is proud of her descendants, the American Seakings. Pooh, Fenianism—I understand you, don't bother. I have told STANLEY to settle the *Alabama* business, since it really rankles—what is such bosh between JOHN and SAM? Spex you'll have to cave in touching “My Policy.” I love the American people, and I hate them who won't let 'em believe it. One of these days I'll come over by the CUNARD line, and talk it out with you all. Tell SEWARD I say so.

His Majesty *Punch* then went round the circle, and said something pleasant to divers sovereigns who happened to be without any Thrones to speak of, and then he gave the signal to proceed to lunch, which was served in the most luxurious and tasteful manner. At an advanced hour, he left his distinguished guests to enjoy themselves under the presidency of VISCOUNT TOBY, and after dispatching a kind note to Sandringham, went off to Osborne to offer to his own beloved Sovereign his humble congratulations for the New Year, and to act charades with the Princesses.



SHARP—RATHER!

First Boy. “I SAY, BILL, WHAT 'A YER GOT IN THAT WALLET?”

Second Boy. “HOW D' YER KNOW MY NAME WAS BILL?”

First Boy. “OH, GUESSED IT.”

Second Boy. “THEN YER M' GUESS WHAT'S IN THIS 'ERE WALLET!”

MAN AND HIS MASTERS.

OLD philosophers have often said that man is a microcosm, or little world of order. The Isle of Man used to be a little world of disorder. Its House of Keys, as the Manx House of Commons was called (a self-elected and irresponsible body) has been in the habit of playing the strangest pranks, and frightening the isle out of its propriety by arbitrary taxation of its lieges, and if anybody grumbled, by arbitrary imprisonment of its critics in the local newspapers. But Reform has reached even Man. The members of the House of Keys who used to strut about in their irresponsible and self-elected majesty, like so many Pashas of three tails, must henceforth go, like the Manx cats, tail-less. GOVERNOR-LOCK, taking his stand, as a LOCK had every right to do, “on the human understanding”—which we take to be only another name for the understanding of Man—has procured to be passed a Bill, duly promulgated on the Tynwald Hill, in Manx legislative fashion,—a Bill which allows the tight little island to elect its own members, and so leaves Man free to do what he likes with the Keys, instead of allowing the Keys to lock up the liberties of Man. It is only the Papal Keys which can claim that privilege now-a-days, and even they seem to be rapidly coming face to face with the alternative of renouncing their pretension, or being flung into the dust-hole.

THE RIGHT MANNS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—At the Crystal Palace.

OUR GYMNASIUM.

SOMETHING has lately been said on the subject of athletic sports (*Mr. Punch* must protest against “athletics:” once received in society, it will be followed by dramatics and other objectionable abbreviations) their danger, expense, and undue predominance at our universities, public schools, and generally amongst the youth of these Isles. Impressed with the conviction that a programme of manly exercises prepared by competent authorities, at his request, might be acceptable wherever the English language was spoken, *Mr. Punch* commissioned the Nine Head Masters to supplement their labours on the *Latin Primer* with a Vocabulary of athletic sports. They have obeyed his mandate, and he now dedicates their compilation to all parents and guardians, heads of colleges and other seminaries of sound learning, gentlemen engaged in sedentary pursuits, and muscular and sinewy people in general, confident that it will be found to contain nothing detrimental to life, limb, and pocket-money, or adverse to the due cultivation of the *Belles Lettres*, *Literæ Humaniores*, and higher branches of Mathematics.

Balancing—one's cash account.

Boxing—the compass.

Catching—an heiress.

Climbing—to the top of the tree.

Cudgelling—one's brains.

Driving a Carriage and Four—through an Act of Parliament.

Fencing—with a question.

Fighting—with shadows.

Fishing—for compliments.

Galloping—through a novel.

Hitting—the right nail on the head.

Hunting—the slipper.

Jumping—to conclusions.

Poaching—eggs.

Racing—up and down stairs.

Ratting—at elections.

Riding—the high horse.

Rowing—when dinner's late.

Running—up a house.

Sailing—close to the wind.

Shooting—folly as it flies.

Sporting—“the oak.”

Swimming—with the stream.

Training—a vine.

Trotting—a catch.

Trotting—people out.

Tumbling—head over ears into love.

Wrestling—with difficulties, and

Walking—*Mr. Punch's* own particular sport—into everybody!

CON ON THE CONFESSIONAL.

In what part of St. Paul's would you expect to find DR. PUSEY?
In the Whispering Gallery.

QUANTUM SUFF. IN THE WORKHOUSES.



CERTAIN papers this year, Mr. Punch, departed from their hitherto usual custom of publishing an enumeration of the pit-tances of beef and pud-ding distributed to the paupers in the London Workhouses on Christ-mas Day. The omission pleased me, for hereto-fore, on the day follow-ing that festival, being rather in a state of repletion myself, I have always felt considerably nauseated by reading the beggarly account of so many, or rather so few, "oz." of the above-named luxuries dis-pensed to the paupers. I thought how disgusted I should be if I had my dinner weighed out to me in "oz." I wondered

how BUMBLE used to weigh the "oz." out, whether by so many "oz." a time, or so many lb. afterwards subdivided into "oz."; also if, having weighed out the "oz." of beef, MR. BUMBLE took the trouble to wipe the scales before weighing the "oz." of pudding, or vice versa if the pudding, as was likely, preceded the beef.

But now, Sir, I am induced to hope that a change has come over the spirit of Boards of Guardians in regard to the poor, and that this year they have generally allowed the paupers consumption of the customary "good old English fare" *ad libitum*, thus precluding that sordid specifi-cation of "oz." which was wont to turn the stomach of,

Yours truly, a
SYBARITE.

P.S. Perhaps—who knows?—this time the raisins of the paupers' plum-pudding were stoned.

A PENANCE MADE PLEASANT.

AMONG many other Christmas customs, more honoured in the breach than the observance, is the newspaper custom of "doing" the theatres *en masse* on such popular festivals as Boxing-Night and Easter Monday. Everybody on the staff of every morning paper must turn out on these occasions as dramatic critics; and mysterious as newspaper dramatic criticism is always, its mysteries on such nights are more inscrutable than ever. Mr. Punch does not attempt this ubiquitous game. He is content to squeak through his own "swidgell," and is not ashamed to own that he has been too busy with Christmas trees and Christmas turkeys, to say nothing of Christmas boxes and Christmas bills, out of the theatre, to have much time for Christmas boxes and Christmas bills of the play. One theatrical debt, however, which he ought to have paid before this, he takes the opportunity of paying now. Christmas time, and of all days in Christmas time, Boxing-Day, has its penances. But some penances have a pleasant side to them. And such a penance is *A Sister's Penance* at the Adelphi. To give us the true pleasure of art even through pain, at once tasks and tests the power of a true artist. And the heaviest weight of *A Sister's Penance* is laid on the shoulders of one of the truest *artistes* now on the stage—MISS KATE TERRY. The authors of the piece have imposed a hard task on their heroine. In their first act they drive her out of the pale of our sympathies by a base act of selfishness, not the less base because it is prompted by passion; and then they leave her to win her painful way back to our compassion through sorrow and suffering, from under the *tulwars* of the Indian mutineers, out of the very shadow of death. There is no actress now on the stage who could achieve this feat as MISS TERRY does; no one who could so keep alive our pity and interest, even while sacrificing a sister and desperately attempting to kindle an answering passion in a dead heart. But these cruel authors have not been satisfied even with setting their heroine *this* hard task. After a second act, culminating in a scene of such physical strain and excitement, that the audience hold their breath, and men who have known the real horrors of Cawnpore and Agra, of Arrah and Jhansi, feel the terrible remembrances of that time revived, the authors of *A Sister's Penance* have risked anti-climax by a third act, in which, though they have thrown in such light sensational spice as a sup-posed poisoning and a real suicide, the main interest is moral, and not

physical. It is in this act that MISS TERRY shows herself most a mistress of her art. She makes us feel that, terrible as was the penance of avowing a base act to the man she loves, and meeting death at the hands of the rebels in the Indian bungalow, it was less terrible than having to bear about the burden of unacknowledged sin in the presence of the sister whose misery that sin had engendered. The actress who can make us *feel* this pre-eminence of moral over physical suffering, proves that she understands the right balance of her art, according to which the strains and stirrings of the heart and conscience should incal-culably outweigh those of the nerves and muscles.

Thanks to Miss TERRY's picture, in so brief a compass that only the nicest Art can reconcile it with possibility, of the struggle of a passionate nature between love and baseness, tenderness and treachery, the first act of *A Sister's Penance* has its own interest. This interest rises gradually in the second act, through the coquettish playfulness out of which the station-belle tries in vain to extract an anodyne for her aching heart and accusing conscience, though the high-bred grace, and serene, half-incredulous contempt of her reception of *Ahmedoolah's* declaration, and the struggle between a daughter's love and a woman's shame in her touching good-night to the old colonel, up to the crowning horror of that confession of her guilt to the man she loves, in the presence of death, which brings the act to a close.

Then comes the real *crux* for the actress—that the interest carried to this height in the second act, should not flag in the third. MISS TERRY meets and conquers this difficulty by the touching delicacy and mournful tenderness of her acting in a most difficult situation. She succeeds not only in winning back the sympathies she has alienated in the first act, but creates a climax of pathetic effect, even over the physical and sensational horror of the mutiny-scene.

The piece is well acted throughout, except by a very full-faced and obstinate moon, which will persist in gazing like a large moderator lamp from the same place in the heavens through the whole of the second act. But if Moon be stupid, *Marion* is played by MISS HUGHES—whom Mr. Punch welcomes heartily to the New Adelphi—with excel-lent taste and a quiet pathos in the third act, of the rare and right quality. MR. HERMAN VEZIN acts *Markham* like an artist and a gentleman. His lines are all laid right. All they want is deepening here and there. Both his sadness in the second act, and his languor of convalescence concurring with sadness, in the third, were excel-lently conceived, but wanted more emphasis to bring them up to the most effective stage-pitch. MR. VEZIN must learn to make more allowance than he makes now for stage-perspective, stage-concentration of effect, and stage-light. Stage-emotions, like stage-scenes, must be painted broad and strong, and many of the half tones must be left, for distance to supply. MR. BILLINGTON's *Ahmedoolah* is the best played part we have seen the actor in, for some time, and he gives us the grace of the tiger while his claws are sheathed, and his ferocity when they are out of the velvet. MR. STEPHENSON's *Old Colonel* and MR. ASHLEY's honest *Indian Doctor* are as good as possible.

We are proud to bear witness that the piece thus acted—aye even MISS TERRY's delicate and deeply-felt delineation of *Alice*—was appre-ciated as it deserved by a boxing-night audience—quite as ready to relish, afterwards, our dear MRS. MELLON's graceful swagger, unflinching point, and exquisite coxcomby in *Fitz-James*, MISS FURFADO's pretty sauciness in *The Lady of the Lake*, and the Celtic majesty of TOOLE—may his shadow and his salary at the Adelphi never be less—in *Rode-rick Dhu*. It is a real Christmas treat to witness TOOLE, multitudinous in martial array of weapons, gathering the Clans in the Pass of Ben-ledi, to bet on him in the fight of Coil-nan-toile Ford, and to assist at his resuscitation, by help of a pinch of Scotch snuff, from stuffed dummyhood to re-animated mountain Dhu-dom in the Court at Stirling. MR. TOOLE acts burlesque as burlesque should be acted, earnestly, gravely, as if his life depended on it. He is the right man in the right place at the Adelphi, and we welcome his Highland clay-more, dirk, battle-axe and his whole *batterie de guerre*, back to the old Toole-house, in MR. HALLIDAY's clever burlesque, which may be called, in the broadest sense of the word, an excellent "halliday" entertainment.

Another Parcel of Proverbs.

- If the cap fits, wear it—out.
- Six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other—make exactly twelve.
- None so deaf as those who won't hear—hear! hear!
- Faint heart never won fair lady—nor dark one either.
- Civility costs nothing—nay, is something to your credit.
- The best of friends must part—their hair.
- Any port in a storm—but old port preferred.
- One good turn deserves another—in waltzing.
- Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm—very sea-sick.

WILL THIS SATISFY MR. BRIGHT?

THE Suffrage is indeed becoming Universal. At the recent Cattle Show one of the chief prizes was taken by a Polled Bullock.



ACCOMMODATING—VERY!

"BEG PARDON, SIR! MUSTN'T SMOKE ON THE PLATFORM!"
 "OH, MUSTN'T I? THEN I'LL GET INTO THE CARRIAGE!"

OUR PARTING KICK.

Get out, Old Year, get out, get out!
 And don't keep lingering here about,
 We don't care whether you've got the gout,
 Or what's the matter, but just get out!

You stupid, sorrowful, sad old year,
 You maundering, mischievous, mad old year,
 O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
 To enjoy the kicking you out!

Your life's a chapter of griefs and woes,
 You were always treading on people's toes,
 Till you set great nations at brutal blows,
 And gave their braves to the kites and crows.

You savage, slaughterous, sad old year,
 You mocking, murderous, mad old year,
 O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
 To enjoy the kicking you out.

You prolonged the plague that destroyed the ox,
 You dashed our ships on the grinding rocks,
 You aimed at credit such cruel knocks
 That on came Panic with ruinous shocks.

You spiteful, slanderous, sad old year,
 You mumping, miserly, mad old year,
 O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
 To enjoy the kicking you out.

You stirred a quarrel of class and class,
 And when we thought we'd a chance to pass
 A wise Reform, you abused the mass,
 And slanged the few, and it went to grass.

You sulky, scandalous, sad old year,
 You mouthing, muddling, mad old year,
 O law, we're heartily glad, old year
 To enjoy the kicking you out.

You flung fresh food in rebellion's jaws,
 You established Yankee and Fenian raws,
 You frightened Erin, and gave us cause
 To suspend fair Freedom's noblest laws.
 You base, bewildering, bad old year,
 You mean, malingering, mad old year,
 O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
 To enjoy the kicking you out.

Come in, New Year, with your hopeful smile,
 To end our ditty of blare and bile,
 That mean old cuss was enough to rile
 An angel's temper, but *you*'ll strike ille.

You nice, no naughtiness, neat new year,
 You smiling, saucy face, sweet new year,
 Your look increases the treat, my dear,
 Of kicking that old Cad out.

The Clemency of the Weather.

IN proof of the extraordinary mildness of the season, it may be stated that a hayrick in a field belonging to Mr. SMITHERS, of Barnstaple became so heated on Christmas-day as to require the prompt exertions of several men to prevent it from catching fire. A family residing in the vicinity of Southampton had their Christmas plum-pudding iced.

A BONE TO PICK WITH ITALY.

HIS Holiness the POPE occasionally venerates the relics of Saints; for example, bones. It is said that the Holy Father has a particular fancy for the "temporal bone."

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.—Always to go to bed early—in the morning.



PUNCH'S PANTOMIME ;

Or, the Old Year out, and the New Year in.



DECIDEDLY NOT.

Aunt. "I'M SURE, DEAR THAT 'PUNCH' CANNOT MAKE FRIGHTS OF US NOW!"

BALLADS FOR BACHELORS.

THE BRIEFLESS TO HIS BOY!

RUFUS! my chambers thou may'st close,
 Draw in the outer oak;
 And from our labours let's repose—
 Hang LYTTELTON and COKE!
 My slippers find, my candles light,
 My flute fetch from the press;
 But bring no books—for this one night
 We'll give to idleness.

Oh, RUFUS, in those awful tomes,
 How oft have I dug deep;
 To hold dread converse with the gnomes
 Who there pale vigils keep.
 Thy day-dreams in an easy groove
 Glide, checked by sorrows brief;
 Thy brain burns not a court to move,
 Or bow before a chief.

While Juniors with each others spar,
 At clubs in sham debate,
 You long to practise at the bar
 Which tops some rustic gate.
 Thy mind ambition never racks,
 And more delight you'd feel,
 In netting humble stickle-backs,
 Than bagging the great Seal.

To get silk with its charming gloss,
 Long legal yarns we spin;
 Your little games entail no loss—
 At mine, heads only win.
 Thou hast no reverence, I fear,
 For shrines where learned dust is;
 Nor would a fig give for the ear
 Of even a Lord Justice.

Some ladies say I'm growing bald
 With mental wear and tear;
 'Tis scarce three years since I was called
 To shun my native hair.
 Hark! there's a knock—don't crush my wig
 Good RUFUS—haste, go see,
 And mind! if it's a guinea pig—
 There's half-a-crown for thee.

CHARITY AT THE CHARTERHOUSE.

CHARITY, we are told, begins at home; but we are not told that it ought to end there. Yet there are many charities where Number One is looked on as the Golden Number. We cite for instance from the *Standard* a rather striking case:—

"The Charterhouse was intended to gather beneath its roof poor, aged, maimed, or impotent people, who had broken down on the respectable paths of life, and give them a dignified asylum. So wrote THOMAS SUTTON, when applying for his letters patent. It was also planned to include a free school for the maintenance and education of the poor children of reputable parents, and the founder expressly declared his hope and will that the funds of the endowment should never be diverted from the use of the needy. All increases of revenue he ordained should be devoted either to augment the number of brethren or to improve their allowances."

How religiously this ordinance of the founder is obeyed may be gathered from the fact that, while the pensions have been raised from £25 to £40:—

"The master's stipend was originally £50; it is now £300; the preacher's £40, it is about £400 at present; the manciple has about £200 a year, and every other officer in proportion. Thus, while the master's salary was at first about eight fold the amount of a brother's pension, it has risen to twenty-two fold; add a house and furniture, with allowances for bread, beer, light, fuel, and linen, and a free dinner daily."

Where we further are informed that there is a staff of nearly four dozen officials for merely fourscore pensioners and four-and-forty boys, we think there is fair reason for saying that the Charterhouse "has assumed somewhat too openly the appearance of an institution set apart quite as much for patronage as for charity." As the Poor Brothers are "passing rich on forty pounds a year," they are obliged to buy themselves their groceries and clothing, and to pay for all such luxuries as boot-cleaning and washing. Perhaps it may be said that £40 a year are sufficient for this purpose, and it may also be alleged that the salary of the Master is somewhat more than sufficient for his labour or his needs. If so, let "the number of the brethren be augmented" as the revenue increases, and as the founder has ordained. No doubt it is a good thing to be Master of the Charterhouse; but it would be a better thing if the governors of the charity would bear in

mind the purposes for which it was established, and remember that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is not to be considered as applied to Number One.

SAFETY FOR SOLDIERS.

As Christmas is a time of peace and general goodwill, it is pleasant to observe that nearly every other column in our newspapers just now is full of warlike topics. In one sentence we read how France is to be asked—we will not say, commanded—to augment her numerous army; in another we are told how Austria is ordering new breechloaders by the million; while a third describes the trial of big guns and armour-targets at Shoeburyness, or some other experiment in armour, such as this:—

"A trial has just been made in Paris of a cuirass in aluminium, which is as light as an ordinary waistcoat, nearly as flexible, and capable of turning a musket-ball fired at a distance of 38 paces, and resisting a bayonet thrust from the heaviest hand. Each cuirass costs only 25 francs. Two regiments are to be immediately supplied with them as a trial."

A capital example, surely, and one for which all lovers of peace must wish success. Why should not living men of war be safely cased with armour as well as merely wooden ones? What a good thing it would be if soldiers were made shot proof as well as floating turrets! War certainly would cease if no one could be killed in it. If aluminium be ball-proof, let our army be encased in it forthwith from head to heel, heeding specially the latter, having memory of Achilles. Let our "Invincibles" henceforward bear the name of "Indestructibles," and let the world be warned that it would be a sheer waste of shot to blaze away at them. There would then be little trouble in finding new recruits, for the fear of being killed would be no longer a deterrent. Even *Falstaff* would have fought as bravely as a lion, and would not have needed the shelter of his shield, if he had been clad with a suit of steel-proof armour.

SPECULATION AT A CHRISTMAS PARTY.—What colour's Blind-man's Buff?



NOTHING LIKE A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

Papa. "WHAT! YOUR GOLD-FISH COME TO GRIEF, ARCHIE?"
 Archie (stotically). "YES, PA. ALL RIGHT LAST NIGHT, BUT I FOUND THIS MORNING TWO OF 'EM HAD GONE TO THE EVERLASTING SLEEP OF HADES!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(At the Feudal Castle: Morning.)

Happy Thought.—No ghost after all: and they call this a haunted room. I don't believe in the old woman who was burnt to death here, unless (as a Happy Thought) they burnt her ghost into the bargain. Note for Vol. XI. of *Typical Developments*, "On Popular Superstitions."

Always wake early in the country, and always expect a nice bright morning in the country. Looking at the weather from my bed, I should say it drizzles. I don't hear anybody getting up. My clothes, and boots have not been taken: it must be very early, or very late. My watch is on the table—can't see it from here. It *must* be very early—I'll lie in bed and think. * * * Odd: I was quite awake a minute ago. * * * I'll take my note-book and arrange some work for the day. * * * Put note-book on pillow. * * * Write down heading *Notes for Typical Developments*, Vol. IX. * * * which is all I find on the page when I wake up again with a galvanic start. Noise in courtyard below; jump out; it *must* be late now.

Frost or damp on the glass: window open: it looks on to the courtyard. Here, in mediæval times assembled pilgrims, retainers, falconers, barons, knights, ladies, mitred abbots, pages, dogs in leashes, and good-looking young men coming of age on the steps.

"By my halidome! gadso!" quoth the shorter of the two knights, over whose fair head some twenty-five summers had shed their something or other, I forget what now.

Ah, I wish I'd lived then. On thinking over it, why? Chiefly I think because they said "By my halidome," and "zooks" and "the merry maskins," and generally, because it was "the olden time." Ours will be the olden time one of these days. Perhaps this very room will be exhibited as the place where the author of *Typical Developments* slept. I wish this would happen while I'm alive, though: how it would surprise my relations.

Happy Thought.—Surprise my relations.

I will. Get on with *Typical Developments* as quickly as possible. I feel

MANY HAPPY NEW YEARS.

THE world is another year older,
 So are you, my young fellows and dears,
 Never mind, whilst the old fogies moulder,
 May you see many happy new years.
 There is hope that you will, for in store you
 Health and wealth may be destined to find.
 It may be many years are before you,
 And maturity isn't behind.

Thereafter but few years, if any,
 Can be happy—a truth to regret!
 And when'er an old friend you wish many,
 'Tis what don't you just wish he may get?
 All in vain's the good wish of the season,
 Would, indeed, you were able to say,
 As on juvenile birthdays, with reason,
 "Many happy returns of the day!"

Many happy new years an old man
 Or old woman might count, O my son,
 If at three-score-and-ten we began,
 Going back till we reached twenty-one.
 So on, over and over again,
 As the planets revolve in their spheres;
 With some reason and sense you might then
 Wish your dad many happy new years.

Great Christmas Effect.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, in dealing with his Army re-organisation scheme seems disposed to borrow a hint from a well-known bit of pantomime business—dropping the hot poker.

BACHELORS OF DIVINITY.

RITUALIST young Clergymen seldom get slippers worked for them by girls. The fact is, that they show the cloven foot; and moreover they preach celibacy.

A STARTLING TRANSPOSITION OF KEYS.

No wonder the Papal keys should be *cross* keys, at the idea of being transferred from the ward of LOUIS NAPOLEON to the ward of VICTOR-EMMANUEL.

now that I *can* do it. I will dress at once: no more delay. I wish to goodness I could get my clothes brushed; and boots. Hang it, where's the bath?

Look out of window: drizzle over. Dull: housemaid kneeling in a crinoline cleaning steps of portcullis archway. A bumpkin of a boy stands under the archway, cleaning boots. He leaves off, to draw up the portcullis, being thereto summoned by the baker with the rolls, and, I hear a voice say, Muffins, outside.

Happy Thought.—Muffins. Buttered.

I say, "Hallo!" All three below puzzled: perhaps they can't see me. Put my head out: boy laughs—so does the baker. The maid still kneeling, sits on her heels, and smiles too. I think (from this distance) she sniffs: cold morning. I say, "I want my boots cleaned, please." The baker who evidently doesn't wish to be mixed up with the matter at all, looks at the boy. The boy replies, "Yes, Sir," takes the bearings of my room, cleverly deducing the locality of my body from putting this and that together. This being the head, and that the window.

He shuffles towards a side doorway in the quadrangle. The baker says something of an amatory character to the housemaid, at least, so I imagine, from her tossing her head in an "Ah, yes, I-dare-say" sort of style, as she resumes her work, while the gay young baker walks across the quadrangle, disappearing, after one look back at the housemaid, at a small side door. Demoralising life a baker's or a butcher's, if he has to call at many houses every day. Might call them butterfly tradesmen, sipping the sweets from every—come in. Boot boy. He will also take my clothes. MARY, he explains, however brushes them. Will he be good enough to ask MR. ENGLEFIELD if he'll let me have the bath? He will be good enough, and goes.

Happy Thought.—"Conferring on the boy the order of the bath." I'll say this at breakfast. Must manage to introduce it neatly. SHERIDAN used to arrange a lot of good things before he went out to dinner (I don't know if he said any good things at breakfast) and lead up to them. Note it down, or I shall forget it. If you don't note it down, it's a nuisance to bother yourself all day with trying to recollect what that good thing was you thought of in the morning.

Knock : come in. Boy and bath, with Mr. ENGLEFIELD'S compliments. Dressing. * * * Dress anyhow in the country. Can't : ladies.

Happy Thoughts while Dressing.—One ought to have a secretary in one's room to write things down while one is dressing. I hum tunes when brushing my hair, which are really very good, if some one could only catch them and fix them on paper at the moment. I wonder how many composers are lost to the world through this. I'm certain I could do an oratorio. Hum one, I mean : I can't write it, or play it. Oratorios are not effective with one finger on the piano. I find, that, on trying to pick out on the piano any original composition, I lose the tune before I can hit upon the notes. Also find that what I thought was original, some one has heard before. I think I might have been a composer if I'd never heard anybody else's tunes. As to arranging a piece for an orchestra, that would be easy enough, as I can imitate most instruments with my mouth, which would show any practical musician what effect I want, and then he'd do it.

Boy comes for ENGLEFIELD'S bath. I ask, "Is anyone down?" and am told, "Oh, yes, Sir; Mrs. CHILDERS is breakfastin'."

I wish they'd ring a bell, or send up to one's room. Now, for Mrs. CHILDERS.

Awkward stairs—find my way—came through this hall last night. There's the screen—here's the door. No. Suddenly find myself in courtyard. See warm-looking room in right corner of quadrangle: see breakfast-table : a lady eating, and a man's back, seated, and by the movement of his elbows, eating.

They see me : I must look unconcerned, as if I was up and taking the air, without any idea that breakfast is going on. The window is opened by STENTON, the rising philosopher, who says, "Good morning." I ask him "How he is?" and he replies, "Come in at this door, here—breakfast is quite ready."

The philosopher is dressed in knickerbockers and a shooting coat, and has his hair cut like a VANDYKE child. This strikes me as original. I like the idea. Now, I shall see what Mrs. CHILDERS is like. Walk in briskly and smilingly. Be agreeable. Show her that though I do write on deep and serious subjects, yet there is a lighter and brighter side to my nature.

In the Breakfast Room.—There are two ladies, one is making the tea, the other the chocolate and coffee. It is a round table, so there is no top or bottom. Which is Mrs. CHILDERS? CHILDERS is not down. The philosopher, STENTON, has to introduce me to them, which he does in a stupid fashion of his own, by merely mentioning my name to them, and not theirs to me. Which is Mrs. CHILDERS? They are both blondes, and very nearly of an age. Will I have tea? I will, thanks. Muffin? with hesitation—yes, thanks. Oh (chocolate-lady hands them), pray don't: oh, thanks, thanks. Oh (to tea-lady who hands tea), thanks. Will I have some fish or some-broiled ham? Mustn't be too long considering: I say in a hurry, "Ham, please"—meant fish. Oh, thanks, thanks. To the philosopher for the butter, to the chocolate-lady for the mustard, and to the lady for the pepper. Thanks, thanks, thanks. Then to the three collectively for everything, "Oh, thanks." I should like to say something brilliant now at once, but, here I am, flustered by a muffin.

Happy Thought while eating Muffin.—They're twins: sisters. Still, this doesn't tell me which is Mrs. CHILDERS, and I want to ask after the children.

"Am I looking for anything?" No: thanks. I am though, but can't make out what it is; that's where my want of presence of mind bothers me. Oh, it's a small knife: on sideboard. "Oh, don't move," (to everyone) "thanks, thanks." Note. Must get out of this habit of saying "thanks": it's nervousness, not gratitude. Will I have any more tea? If you please. Finding that this wish of mine involves ringing a bell, fresh hot water, and trouble generally, I say, "No—no—please don't: I'd rather have chocolate. Thanks, I prefer, I assure you, I prefer chocolate." Tea-lady smiles, and says, "I'm sorry there is no chocolate." It turns out to be cocoa. I meant (I say) cocoa: all the same—cocoa and chocolate. Thanks. Philosopher STENTON says, "No, it isn't—quite different." I don't want a discussion before ladies, so I merely observe, smilingly, that it doesn't matter. Thanks. I think I've ingratiated myself so far with whichever is Mrs. CHILDERS. Tea-lady observes, "MAT will want some tea directly he comes down."

Happy Thought.—MAT is CHILDERS—this is Mrs. CHILDERS. I say, relying upon this, "This is a very quaint old place, Mrs. CHILDERS." Having said it, I think it was a little rude; ought to have thought of that before speaking: that's just like me—me to the ground, in fact. The ladies smile, the philosopher smiles, so do I, but am uncomfortable. I won't try names again, or remarks on where your host lives; it is rude.

CHILDERS appears: he calls tea-lady NELLY, which makes me think I was right, until he addresses the chocolate-lady as ALLY—which unsettles me. I can't keep up conversation without names. Besides, I want to ask after the children. ENGLEFIELD arrives, very lively, and nodding at me, and is called BOBBY by everyone. POSS FELMYR (they all call him POSS, and he calls the ladies ALLY and NELLY, so there's no rule) comes down very shivering, and rubbing his hands; he nods at me encouragingly; they all nod at me, as they

come in, encouragingly, as much as to say, "Don't be frightened—it's all right." I don't know why; and I find myself nodding back in the same style, as much as to assure them, "Yes, here I am, all right, not a bit frightened;" but I'm sure I shouldn't be doing this if I only knew which was Mrs. CHILDERS. It's like being ignorant of a language. They are all BOB, MAT, ALLY, NELLY, POSS, JACK, and MAT to one another. They can't be all CHILDERS?

The philosopher solves the difficulty; he asks MAT "How Mrs. CHILDERS is this morning?" To which CHILDERS replies, "Pretty well," and that "she's coming down."

Perhaps, then, ALLY and NELLY are two Miss CHILDERSSES. I won't hazard this in conversation, though. They might be any of the other fellows' sisters, as they are all Christian names to one another. Breakfast finished, but all waiting for Mrs. CHILDERS. Children with nurses in the courtyard.

CHILDERS, in character of papa, looks out of window. Fair-haired child, very pretty, runs up.

"What a fine boy," I remark, to please CHILDERS.

There is a smile. "Girl," CHILDERS explains. At that moment I dislike the child. [Analysing this feeling for *Typical Developments* subsequently, I ascertain it to be the result of humbled pride. I had said the girl was a boy, and he was a girl. Chapter on *Insight into Character*.]

Nurses call children off, "like a huntsman and dogs," I say to CHILDERS, by way of a sharp simile, which will be appreciated by clever men. I fancy I'm saying rude things this morning. I wish Mrs. CHILDERS would appear, and I should be on safe ground again.

The door opens: it is Mrs. CHILDERS. Elderly lady—old enough to be MAT'S mother. I talk to her at once about her children. She smiles graciously: all smile. BOB ENGLEFIELD bursts into a guffaw, and says he can't help it. MAT CHILDERS explains—"not his wife, his mother."

BOB ENGLEFIELD shouts out, "Oh, haven't you got a chance for a compliment?" I laugh foolishly, I feel it's foolishly, and say, "Yes, I have." But the only thing I can think of is something about "A man not being able to marry his grandmother," which I don't say, thank goodness. But where is my repartee? That's where I fail. What ought I to have said? A quarter of an hour after, I shall think of it: provoking. However, I now find that the tea-lady is the Mrs. CHILDERS.

"MY FAVOURITE."

- King.—A new sovereign.
- Herc.—The man who is one to his valet de chambre.
- Author.—BRADSHAW.
- Artist.—Not the lady who paints.
- Opera.—The Opera of *Lucian*.
- Song.—"The Mistletoe Bough."
- Play.—Upon words.
- Actor.—Self in "Seven Parts."
- Name.—Her name.
- Dish.—Of chat.
- Study.—A brown one.
- Amusement.—The Game of *Speculation*.
- County.—Beds.
- Book.—My banker's.
- Motto.—One good turn deserves another—in waltzing.
- Exercise.—A run on a Bank.
- Ambition.—To be a Contributor to *Punch*.

DOMINO PUNCHIO ALUMNUS CANTABRIGIENSIS S.P.D.

LITERAM in periodicale vestra puerulo qui ad Scholam mecum fuit, scriptam nuper vidi. Meum juvenem amicum a lucida compositionis ejus stylâ semi-oculo virgavi, quoniam ea styla caput-magistrum nostrum multum sapuit. Jamque ad punctum. Insum ad Examen a doctis, "Parvo-pergo" vocatum, et rectè quidem, quum multis "no-go" est et nullus error. Quod novum tormentum, puer antique, Varsitatem nobis miseris tandem invenisse existimas? Quod extra-subjectum Græco, Latino, Mathematicis (puris impurisque), Pallido (qui veritate est nullus jocus), cæterisque difficilimis rebus additum esse putas? Horresco referens:—*papyram in Accidentiâ et Græcâ et Latinâ!* In Senatus-domo jam sum, illaque papyra ab inexorabili Examinatore mihi modo data est. Quum tamen eam facere non possum frenum, hanc tibi literam, nobilissime Punchie, scribo.

Num pulchrum est rogare tales questiones? sic:—*Παρσε, μινδέρει, νωπωπέρη, ἀλδευοῦ, ῥιδάκοκος, τωβαβύριχρος, κολλυπυθεκτέτελο, et unquam sic multa alia.* Claram ideam habeo. Est mihi in pocetto meo libellum cram-grammaticum. Id consulam, *ῥοπερ ὄρον*, ut ait poeta. Venditus sum tamen; duo namque tauri-canes a tergo me stant, juvenesque quatuor miseri in fronte mei sedentes, edentesque fines penarum me placidè contemplant. Quid in terrâ faciam? Nos septem totam horam nihil fecimus. O gemini! nunc tempus est reddere papyras nostras, ac nihil feci. Me miserum! Cura teipsum, mi-puer.



COMMON OBJECTS IN OUR HEDGEROWS.

Cousin Charlotte. "OH, WILLIAM, DO COME HERE!—SUCH A FUNNY PLANT GROWING ON THIS TREE!"

Cousin William (to himself). "MISTLETOE, BY JINGO! NOW, OR NEVER!"

A LITANY FOR THE SEASON.

(Dedicated, without the least respect, to MASTER A. C. SWINEBORN, by an Old Bachelor.)

FIRST ANTIPHONE.

ALL the plagues of the season,
Thick and threefold are down on me:
Lord of Mis-rule and Un-reason,
Christmas doth frown on me.
My patience hath gone by the board,
Ridden over rough-shod:
One growth Christmas trees should afford,
And don't—that's a rod!

SECOND ANTIPHONE.

Turkeys, plum-puddings, mince-pies!
Mis'erable sinner,
Must the sins of my youth arise
To make penance of dinner?
Why should I tip the breed
Of brats, all about me?
Why find Christmas boxes to feed
Harpies that scout me?

THIRD ANTIPHONE.

From dishes that ruin digestion,
From juvenile hops,
From wares readers should like a pest shun,
In the booksellers' shops:
From the coarse Christmas beef butchers kill,
With fat triple-lined;
From the twaddle of peace and good-will,
When I hate human-kind—

FOURTH ANTIPHONE.

From the vile begging-letter impostors
Thou bring'st out in swarms:
From the flaunting of pantomime posters,
And music-hall charms:
From the bills, boxes, bores that bewray thee
Arch- nuisance to be,
I pray thee, King Christmas, I pray thee,
To set the town free!

RACING EVENT.—The Black Horse wins the Sweepstakes.

POLYPHEMUS IN PARLIAMENT.

PUNCH, MY GOOD SIR,

I AM hurt. Though not accustomed to the melting mood I—
Polypheumus—weep. A glass-blower (may his bellows wheeze and his
ladle never get hot) flings sarcasms at my visual organ. I stagger.
I reel. Sparks fly from my eye. For a moment I see double. Con-
fusion seize thee, ruthless King—of bubble-blowers!

I had resolved to stand for Utopia as soon as that thriving colony
was enfranchised; but now comes a Blower of Bottles, and like rude
Boreas, blows fierce scorn at all monocular legislators. Again I say
I'm hurt. It's grossly personal.

This æsthetic Bubble-blower requires *his* representative to be a
model for PRAXITELES!

So ho, then! We are to have a House of Apollos! Ho! ho! ho!
Pardon me for mingling laughter with my tears. If, *Punch*, it comes
to that, you had better look to your Ladies' Gallery. Already the
darlings complain of scant accommodation. Already there are honor-
able orators who perfume their eloquence with otto of roses to charm
those birds of Paradise who flutter as they listen in their gilded cage.
O! what clouds of incense will go up when 600 and odd worshippers
of Belgravian beauty set about swinging their rhetorical censers! It
makes me merry—the idea—M. P., Model for PRAXIDAS!

But let us be grave for a moment. Why are *eyes* singled out by our
fastidious Bottle-blower for invidious comment? What colour would
he insist upon as a proper eye qualification for Members of Parliament?
Is a gentleman to be driven from the Commons by a pair of greys? or
if his orbs are darker than a feminine committee of taste may desire, is
the candidate to be looked upon as black-balled? Is preferment to be
the reward only of the far-sighted, and are Ministers to have a bright
expression in spite of all opposition. Is an eye in a fine frenzy rolling
to be pointed at as the unerring sign of a celestial Premier and the
pledge of an enlightened policy? Is an eagle gaze always to command
a working majority, and is no confidence to be reposed in an Adminis-
tration who suffer from a slight—a very slight obliquity of vision?

Must a Foreign Secretary sparkle like Venus—gem of the western sky
—when he rises from his seat and every minor Member of the Cabinet
be required to twinkle like a little star?

Are no optical glasses to be allowed on the Treasury Bench? Is a
Conservative leader not to have the aid of "clearers" or an advanced
Liberal to be denied the use of "magnifiers?" Is the watchword of
party henceforth to be "looks not lungs?" Is Parliament to produce
every night during the season, as the Manager may direct, either a
serious or a comic pantomime? And finally, are country gentlemen to be
won over by side-long glances, and is a Chancellor of the Exchequer
to be kept in office by a leer?

Punch these questions every man who is not blinded by prejudice
will gravely con. The *argumentum ad hominem* is a light and pleasant
mode of carrying conviction to a stubborn mind. If you have nothing
solid to urge against an opponent, cast dust in his eyes. If he is a
politician—well—call him a Polypheumus.

Give my love to the girls, and believe me, Yours ever,

POLYPHEMUS,

Cyclops Hall, Arcadia.
3rd Dec., 1866.

Chief Commissioner—Woods and Forests.

Stanza in the Lucid Style.

THE sun sinks in emerald glory,
Like snakes in the sea.
There are many not old who are hoary:
There are slaves that are free.
Dost thou love me? No. Else thou wouldn't bite me,
And sting like a bee!

BITTER RIVALRY IN BEER.

It has been whispered in musical circles that one of our eminent
brewers is performing as a *contra-basso*. The gentleman referred to is
MR. ALLSOPP.



PROBABLE.

"HALLO, OLD BOY, YOU'VE GOT A BAD COLD. HOW DID YOU GET IT?"

"WELL, DO YOU KNOW, I THINK I MUST HAVE LEFT OFF MY HAT-BAND TOO SOON!"

THE MARTYR-BUNG.

OUR friends the Licensed Victuallers are always holding meetings for self-glorification, and for the purpose of declaring that they are the victims of Legislative oppression. They are perpetually defending themselves against some imaginary danger, and imputing dark designs to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for the time being. That right honourable gentleman, be he who he may, is supposed by them to lie awake whole nights considering what cruel blow he can inflict upon the virtuous and noble Victualler, and upon the principle that it is best to cry out before you are hurt, as it is of no use bellowing afterwards, our friends may be wise. Sometimes they get a member of Parliament, usually one who is not much regarded in the House, to preside over their Banquet of Howling, and it is funny to read how that unfortunate senator tries to reconcile the business of adulating the Bungs with his own sense of truth and statesmanship.

Lately, however, *Mr. Punch* has noticed that a good many hundreds of Victuallers (who, however, by no means represent the whole class) have taken a method of obtaining the approbation and admiration of the public, instead of confining themselves to enthusiastic eulogies on themselves. In the long lists of persons who have recently been fined for using False Measures, the Licensed Victuallers have been distinguished. Indeed, they always head the array, and are convicted in batches. This we deem a proof of the workings of conscience behind the bar. To adulterate is human, to filch the adulterated liquid is divine. These Witlets, who doubtless manipulate their liquors after the fashion of their fellow tradesmen, who are thought honest, do something towards mitigating the evil wrought by their doctored fluids. They sell as little as they can for the money. In their banquets let the fact be noted—they rob their customer, but only rob him of the trash which helps to make him sick indeed.

Yet, we fear, the Licensing Magistrates may not be sufficiently refined to appreciate this delicacy of sentiment, and on the next application for licences may examine the list of convictions, and refuse the documents to those who have shown such tenderness of conscience. Well, the Martyr-Bungs must make the best of it, and comfort themselves with past profits.

MEDICAL.—We know a young man who is suffering severely from having had a girl "thrown at his head."

EUROPE'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

COME, each little King and Queen,
Let your reigning business be,
And gather round the green
Of Europe's Christmas-tree.
A pretty tree it is,
With a pretty crop of toys,
To irradiate the phiz
Of royal girls and boys.

Here's a little Papal Bull
Of excommunication,
Which KING VICTOR'S free to pull,
And the whole Italian nation.
Here are warrants of arrest,
Gift of QUEEN ISABELLA,
To her Cortes, by request
Of her priestly Camarilla.

Here's a *congé* for KING MAX,
From the hand of Uncle SAM,
Sealed with Imperial wax
By the ex-prisoner of Ham.
Here's a broad hint for the POPE
With Rome accounts to square:
And a Papal Zouave, with rope
To hang himself in air.

KING WILLIAM, here's your passport
To power—a needle-gun:
For the EMPEROR here's a Chassepot,
For the KAISER ne'er a one.
Here's a breech-loading, rifled
Ship cannon for JOHN BULL,
Who swears "My Lords" have trifled,
Or he'd have a navy-full.

For my little CZAR so perky
Here is a tempting prize—
A nice old Christmas Turkey,
Devoured by greedy eyes:
Keep back, you little gluttons,
Or, at least, all start fair;
Mind, if you burst your buttons,
You must pay for repair!

Here are rifles, bayonets, sabres,
For little Sovereigns prone
To taking from their neighbours
And adding to their own.
Here are pretty oaths for breaking,
Like *bon-bons* sugared fair,
Treaties made for un-making,
And warranted to tear.

Then gather, little Princes,
Round Europe's Christmas-tree—
He'll get most the least who minces,
And in grabbing most makes free.
Peace and goodwill may quake—
And if they do 'tis well:
What's peace?—A thing you break:
And goodwill?—A thing you sell.

Puseyism and Poetry.

AMONG the candidates for the vacant Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, if its tenure were compatible with the Professorship of Hebrew, a peculiarly proper person would be DR. PUSEY. Who so fit to fill the Chair once occupied by KEBLE as the genius who is credited with the amendment of the *Christian Year*?

SEASONABLE.

THE Floral Hall is open for skating. Anticipating tumbles, *Mr. Punch* makes the witlets a present of a new name for the building—the Floor-all Hall. (N.B. One charge for admission: no sliding scale.)

LEGAL NOTE, BY MRS. BRIEFLESS.—Spring Circuits—Crinolines.

A CAPITAL PANTOMIME JOKE.



Here is a good hearty bit of Christmas fun. A correspondent cites it for us from the *Chelmsford Chronicle*:—

“A DESPERATE RUFFIAN!—CHARLES LEONARD, aged eight, was charged with the unlawful possession of a piece of wood ten inches long and nine inches wide. The defendant, who appeared to be almost starving, and who said he picked the wood up to make a bit of fire for his mother, was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour and four years in a reformatory.”

What a joke to send a boy of eight years old to prison, with hard labour, for the heinous crime of picking up a little piece of firewood! And what a famous bit of fun to send the little fellow for four years to a reformatory, in further-expiation of his horrible offence! Of course, a boy of eight years old has read enough of BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries*, and other English law-books, to know that picking up a scrap of firewood, even for one's mother, is an indictable

offence, and one for which the punishment above named may be given. So we can have no pity for poor little CHARLES LEONARD, whose desire to help his mother led him, knowingly, of course, to commit a flagrant crime. We only hope our pantomimists will not hear of the hard sentence passed on the poor lad, lest they be tempted to ridicule the sage bench of Essex Magistrates, by exhibiting them nightly as a lot of Essex calves. A reformatory for country Magistrates might be suitably established in counties where a little boy is sentenced to hard labour, and then sent to a reformatory, for so trivial an offence as the one above described.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(A Day at the Feudal Castle.)

GETTING STENTON, the philosopher, alone by the window, I find it all out. MRS. CHILDERS is CHILDERS's mother, yes, of course. I say “Yes, of course,” as if I'd known it for years. NELLY is MRS. MATTHEW CHILDERS. “Yes,” I say, “and the other is her sister.” I am wrong. ALLY is no relation: ALLY is MRS. FELMYR. Oh, now I see it all: POSS FELMYR is MRS. FELMYR's husband. STENTON further explains: BOB ENGLEFIELD is POSS FELMYR's brother-in-law, and NELLY is his, STENTON's, the philosopher's sister. She was a MISS STENTON, and the other was a MISS ENGLEFIELD, and that MRS. FELMYR is a very old friend of MRS. MAT, and MRS. CHILDERS has known her from a child, and he and BOB were children together, and so was MAT and Old Poss, who has been brought up abroad, “and so they get on,” he says, continuing what he calls his explanation, “very well together, more like brothers and sisters.” “And mothers,” I suggest, thinking of CHILDERS's mother. CHILDERS coming up at this moment seems grave; perhaps he thinks I was sneering at his mother. I wouldn't sneer at a mother for anything.

Happy Thought.—Not to say anything about it now: ask him quietly afterwards if he thought I was insulting his mother, and then explain that I wasn't. Good fellow, MAT.

“What would I like to do?” they want to know. Anything, I return. The ladies have gone to their household duties. BOB ENGLEFIELD is busy this morning, hard at work at a five-act drama. He won't tell me what it is about. STENTON informs me apart that it's about ANNE BOLEYN and HENRY THE EIGHTH: scene laid here, in Bovor Castle. STENTON is also hard at work: an article for a weekly review. CHILDERS whispers to me *The Saturday*. STENTON is evidently a superior man. May I ask what he is writing for that periodical. He smiles mysteriously: shakes his head, and says, “Oh, no, no, MAT's joking.” I see by his manner that he does write for the *S. R.* Will ask him all about it afterwards. MAT tells me apart that STENTON's doing an article on “Henry the Eighth and Mediævalism,”—in fact, about Bovor.

Happy Thought.—Write for the *Saturday Review*: they needn't put it in, but I can smile and shake my head. I wonder if the contributors to that paper know one another by sight? or by any masonic signs? If they do, I should be found out. I wish I could find out STENTON.

POSS FELMYR says, looking at his watch, that he had no idea it was so late, and must get to work. What work? His novel. May I ask what's the story. He can't say: send me a copy when published. ENGLEFIELD tells me, apart, that it's to be called *Bovor*, and is about HENRY THE EIGHTH and CARDINAL WISEMAN—he means WOLSEY.

MAT CHILDERS must get to work too. What he at work? I say with surprise. All laugh except CHILDERS, who, I think, doesn't seem pleased at my remark. POSS FELMYR takes me aside immediately afterwards and asks me didn't I know that MAT was engaged on a grand historical picture for next year's Academy. I didn't, I wish I had: in fact, I didn't know he painted. What? didn't I hear last season about the row and the A.R.A.'s? It won't do to go on being ignorant of these sort of things, so I say, “Oh, that,” as if he'd brought it all, vividly, to my recollection now.

Happy Thought.—Get an almanack or something, and see who's President of the Academy. Ought to know these things.

It seems that MAT is an injured man, academically speaking. I will condole with him, if he likes it. What is the subject of his picture, I ask him? Historical, he says. They are none of them willing to enter fully into their subjects. FELMYR takes me aside and informs me that MAT is painting *Bovor Castle in the Olden Time*, and is portraying ANNE BOLEYN playing on the dulcimer to HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Being asked what I'm going to do, I reply, as they're all so busy, I've got plenty of work to do, and commence giving a brief outline of *Typical Developments*, its scope, subject, and object. This is to impress them, and to show them that I am not a mere idle lounge, but an artist, one of themselves. They are not much interested in my work.

Happy Thought.—The Future: I'll astonish them. One day they'll be cringing to me for a copy of *Typical Developments*.

MAT wants to know, if, before I go to work, I'd like to see the Castle. I should, but don't let me take him away from his work. Not in the least: they'll all show me over. We take umbrellas (it is raining) and look at the moat. The moat is swollen and has risen. If it goes on like this, says MAT, the baker will have to come in a punt. The water will be over the drawbridge and into the Castle. They show me the piggery; there are no pigs. And the orchard; no apples, to speak of. They show me a fine old room with painted paneled ceiling and side gallery. ENGLEFIELD, who, MAT informs me is an authority on these matters, says that this was the old Chapel. We (none of us) think it could have been the chapel, because of the fire-place. Then says ENGLEFIELD, positively, it was the Refectory. Refectories, says MAT CHILDERS, were only in monasteries. I chime in, “Yes, only in monasteries.” ENGLEFIELD is positive that it *must* have been the chapel or the refectory, or, after some consideration, the armoury. “But,” objects POSS, “they wouldn't have had that sort of window.” ENGLEFIELD says, “why not?” which is treated as an absurd question; whereupon he suggests that it's the Hall. “No,” says STENTON, “the other's the Hall.” They all agree with STENTON; “Oh yes, the other's the Hall.” “I say,” says STENTON, “Yes, I think the other's the Hall,” meaning the place I came through last night, where BOB ENGLEFIELD looked through a window in the screen at me. ENGLEFIELD, after looking at the chamber for a minute longer, says with certainty, “This was two rooms once,” and we leave him there regarding the chamber sorrowfully.

MAT then takes us up winding stone stairs to top of tower. I think, while going up, what's the best way of coming down again without feeling giddy; sideways, like a horse down hill. On the roof. I always thought castle roofs were flat, and that warders with Carbonels (am not sure of the word, so won't say it) walked up and down. This castle roof is like any roof on an ordinary second-rate London house; very disappointing. In fact, but for the name of the thing, it is simply being “on the leads.” There is no view, as Bovor lies in a valley, and is hemmed in by hills. If they were snow mountains it would be grand, but they're only spongy-looking green hills. There are no gargoyles to discharge the rain. I want to know which is a bastion? ENGLEFIELD, who is an authority on all these subjects, as he is getting them up for his historical drama, doesn't know what a bastion is, but shows me a gable. I want to know where the Donjon Keep is? It appears it hasn't got one. What a castle! ENGLEFIELD, however, says that it's one of the few in England that has a barbican. “Don't I know what a barbican is?” “Well, we can't see it from here, but it's a—sort of—it's difficult,” he says, “to describe exactly, but surely I *must* know what a barbican is.” I answer, “Of course I've seen one often enough; but I don't *exactly* know what it is.” With this answer he seems satisfied, as he merely returns, “Oh, of course you do,” and volunteers no further explanation about the barbican.

Happy Thought.—There's a Barbican in London, somewhere. Where? Wonder if I've seen it.

“Some of the passages, here,” says ENGLEFIELD, as we descend, “are beautifully corbelled.” I am getting tired; I hate sight-seeing,

and having knowledge thrust on me, so I merely reply, "Yes, beautiful," and nearly fall down the winding stairs. BOB ENGLEFIELD, on the drawbridge, shows me what he calls a first-rate idea for a scene. Troops pouring out from under the Norman arch, enemy coming down on them from the heights; the fair Thingummy, ALICE, anyone, he says, a prisoner, waving her hand from the turret, while the tyrant is below ready to dispatch her. Good that," he says, appealing to me, "and original, eh?" I say, "Yes, very original." But on consideration I suggest to him diffidently, "Isn't it a little like *Blue Beard*?" He says, "Oh, if you turn everything into ridicule—why—" I think he's annoyed. We meet MAT, JACK STENTON, and POSS. They've none of them been to work yet; they all say they *must* go, at once, as it's getting so late. MAT asks ENGLEFIELD if he's shown me the machicolated battlements. BOB says no, rather sulkily. Odd, he can't get over *Blue Beard*. I say I don't care about machicolated battlements. Well, we'll leave them till to-morrow. By all means—till to-morrow. They say they are going to work in earnest now till luncheon time. One hour.

Happy Thought.—Write some letters. Ask when the post goes out? CHILDERS says, "Oh, not till night," that is, he explains, not the regular post. From which I gather that there is an irregular post which goes out in the day. I am right: the irregular post is the butcher. He comes from Beckenhurst, and to oblige us will post any letters before two P.M. at Beckenhurst. The only thing against the butcher is, that he's rather uncertain on account of his pockets. If my letter is not very important I'd better send it by the usual post. If it *was* very important I certainly shouldn't intrust it to the butcher. There's no sort of necessity for my letter to go by an early post, but the fact that there is only a late one seems to cause me a great deal of inconvenience. Why? Analyse this feeling for Vol. XII, *Typical Developments*, Sec. 2, par. 3.

We meet at luncheon time: it is still raining. The ladies regret that we're running into winter because there's no more croquet. MRS. MAT CHILDERS says if the rain continues the feudal castle will be swamped. MRS. FELMYR says she'll be glad to get back to town; it's so damp. POSS FELMYR says, "Pooh! they came down to rough it." CHILDERS sides with him. There's a row threatening: awkward for a visitor. MRS. CHILDERS asks me if I think it's fair to keep her down in this dismal place all the season, and only to return to town when nobody's there? I feel that CHILDERS's happiness in private life will materially depend upon my answer, but I can't help agreeing with MRS. CHILDERS. If I knew her better I wouldn't, as I hold with MAT's view of the case—picturesque feudal castle, rustic scenery, *versus* town house and right-angled streets. I shall explain to CHILDERS afterwards that I only said it to please his wife. [When I do tell him afterwards, he says testily, that "he can't understand how a man can be such a humbug," having evidently had a scene with MRS. CHILDERS in consequence of my observation.]

POSS wants to know if I'd take a walk in the rain. For exercise. I will. STENTON stops at home to do something with some photographs he's been taking. When he's not writing for a review, he's always going in and out of the back-kitchen with wooden frames, glasses, and slips of damp paper. When there's a sun he holds glasses up to it. He shows me views of Bovor, and portraits with a backing of coat-sleeve. He says I can't see them now. He's right. When in the back-kitchen, which is a dark place, one may just catch a glimpse of him stirring up wet photographs in a large red pie-dish. [His pictures are always "getting on," or "coming out very well," but they don't come out of the pie-dish, at least while I'm here.] He offers to take one of me.

Happy Thought.—To be taken with MS. of *Typical Developments* in my hand.

My difficulty is to get an expression on my face which shall be neither a scowl nor a grin. To be taken to-morrow. Walk now—in the rain.

A MARVELLOUS WOMAN.

A LINCOLNSHIRE paper apprises us that:—

A THOROUGHLY DOMESTICATED CHRISTIAN LADY is requiring a re-engagement as HOUSEKEEPER where one or more Servants are kept. She was 11 years in one position, and has been accustomed to Children. Good references.—Address X.

Eleven years in one position! But that she particularly describes herself as a Christian lady (a remarkable article, as she supposes in this land of heathens) we should imagine that X is a she-Fakeer. We wonder what the position was. She must be awfully stiff. On the whole we think that she had better slacken herself by a course of Turkish Baths before undertaking a housekeeper's duties. It would not look well to see her come in hopping, or unable to remove her hands from her head, however thoroughly domesticated (how do they domesticate a Christian lady?) she may be.

THE MISER'S PARADISE.—The Guinea Coast.

TITLES AND HEADINGS OF CHAPTERS OF FORTH-COMING NOVELS.

- Poles Asunder.*
 - Chapter I. Lonely Lane.
 - II. The Note in the pink Envelope.
 - III. The Splash in the "Dutchman's Pit."
- Fast and Loose.*
 - Chapter I. The Match for £100,000 between *The Casual* and *Asphaltum*.
 - II. The Champagne Supper at DE TAWNAY'S.
 - III. The Struggle in the Tunnel.
- Changed at Nurse.*
 - Chap. XXXIX. What they found in the Coal Cellar.
 - XL. LUCIA BURGOUNE lets down her back hair.
 - XLI. The Spot on the Floor.
 - XLII. A Telegram in Cipher.
- Daggers Drawn.*
 - Chapter XIII. Another Doctor called in.
 - XIV. Violet Eyes.
 - XV. Inspector FERRETT finds the Phial.
- Spots on the Sun.*
 - Chapter VI. The Ring at the Front Door Bell.
 - VII. In the Rain behind the Haystack—AVICE ELDON'S first Kiss.
 - VIII. Sleeping Churchyard at Midnight.
- Brought to Bay.*
 - Book the Third.
 - Chapter XLVI. A Splendid Woman.
 - XLVII. The Pool of Blood in the Osier Holt.
 - XLVIII. BLANCHE HAMBERTON at her Secret Drawer.
 - Book the Fourth.
 - Chapter XLIX. The Footstep on the Stairs.
 - L. and last. Newgate.

THEATRICAL.

NUMEROUS applications were received by the Manager of Covent Garden from "professionals" wishing to take part in *The Forty Thieves*. It was not found possible to offer engagements to the following (amongst others):—

- The Thief*—who stole a march.
- The Thief*—in the candle.
- The Thief*—who was set to catch a thief.
- The Thief*—who stole the "purse" and found it "trash."
- The Thief*—who stole up-stairs.
- The Thief*—of time, *alias* Procrastination, and—
- The Thief*—who stole a kiss (overwhelming number of applicants).

Several correspondents are informed that DYKWYNKYN is *not* the author of *Masks and Faces*.

"A Mother and a Protestant" make take her daughters to the Adelphi to see *A Sister's Penance* without the slightest hesitation. There is nothing in this Play contrary to the tenets of the Reformation, or that countenances the absurdities of the Ritualists.

It is clear that of all the Christmas pieces not one can have so much spirit in it as *Mountain Dew*.

Here is a startling novelty in Art! At the Haymarket you may see "The Living Miniatures."

THE PEACOCKS OF THE CHURCH.

LADIES sometimes are accused of having gone to Church to exhibit a new bonnet, or to examine the new bonnets which others there exhibit. But now that certain parsons are so splendid in their raiment, we should think that shawls and bonnets must be less attractive than tunicles and albs, and whatever other vestments may chance to be displayed. Instead of talking of the Sermon, ladies, after Church, will criticise the robes worn by the clergyman, and we shall hear such observations as "What a lovely tunicle the rector wore this morning!" or "What a sweet thing in dalmatics the vicar had to-day!"

Gorgeous vestments clearly are befitting to a Church, whose Founder specially enjoined us to pay no regard to raiment. Clearly, too, the robes of rainbow colours, the velvets, silks and satins now in fashion with some parsons, are precisely the things proper to be worn by the rectors of a Church, whereof the curates are in some cases dependent upon charity to provide them with clothes.

THE ANTIQUITY OF BEER.—Tradition has omitted to preserve a fact relative to the early historian, HERODOTUS. He was fond of old ale.



BOXING-DAY.

(Mrs. Bustleton's favourite Cabman has called for his usual Christmas-Box in a state of—never mind.)

Mrs. B. "OH, SAWYER, I'M SURPRISED—I THOUGHT YOU SUCH A STEADY MAN! I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU GIVEN TO DRINK!"
Sawyer. "BEG Y' PAR'N MUM, NO S'H 'HING MUM (*hic*). DRINK 'ASH GI'M T' ME, MUM, 'SH MORN'N, MUM!!"

A QUEER CHRISTMAS DAY.

CAN the gentleman named in the following extract from the *Times* be the MR. LAWSON who is one of the chiefs of the United Kingdom Alliance, and was formerly Member for Carlisle?—

"A VEGETARIAN FESTIVAL.—A rather remarkable festival was held at Blennerhasset, Cumberland, on Christmas-day, upon the farm of MR. WILLIAM LAWSON, son of SIR WILFRED LAWSON, of Brayton. The farm is conducted upon the co-operative principle—a tithe of the profits being divided among the workers, and MR. WILLIAM LAWSON and his servants are vegetarians."

For, if so, there can be no wonder in any sane mind that he has ceased to represent that borough. Diet may be regarded as very much a matter of taste; still there are probably few rational beings who will not think they discern somewhat of eccentricity, at least, in the foundrship of the feast thus described:—

"At noon a meal of grain, fruit, and vegetables was given, which rather surprised some of the beef-eating peasantry who had assembled to take part in the festival. There were raw turnips, boiled cabbages, boiled wheat, boiled barley, shelled peas (half-a-ton of each of these three last named); oatmeal gruel, with chopped carrots, turnips, and cabbage in it; boiled horse beans, boiled potatoes; salads, made of chopped carrots, turnips, cabbages, parsley, &c., over which was poured linseed boiled to a jelly."

This repast was preceded by the entertainments hereinunder specified:—

"All the people of the district who chose to write beforehand for free tickets or to pay 4d. on Christmas-day were invited. Musicians were requested to take their instruments with them, and it was added 'those who like may bring their own spoons.' About 1,000 people attended. The farm buildings were decorated, and in the large rooms singing and dancing and lecturing on phrenology, co-operation, vegetarianism and physiology went forward at intervals during the day."

The mixture of mental provender supplied by MR. LAWSON to his guests appears to have been about equally heterogeneous with the material banquet which he placed before them. That the character of the latter may be fully and duly appreciated, our readers must know that:—

"As there were no condiments of any kind, either upon the extraordinary

messes or the table, and all being cold except the potatoes, it may be imagined that the guests did not sit down with much relish to their vegetarian fare."

Hunger is said to be the best of sauces; but even that condiment appears to have been as absent from MR. LAWSON'S board as salt, vinegar, mustard, and pepper. His guests had doubtless had enough of his dinner; yet we are told that "each one" of the beef-eating peasantry, as well as the herbivorous Lawsonites, "had an apple and a biscuit presented to him on rising from the table." The conclusion of this remarkable Christmas-day's festivities was answerable to the previous jollification:—

"In the course of the afternoon MR. LAWSON'S two steam engines, called by him 'Cain' and 'Abel,' set off with steam up and whistles screaming to lead a procession over the farm, but they did not get very far, and the procession was rather a straggling one. Good order was maintained all day, the farm servants of the establishment acting as officers, and MR. W. LAWSON himself performing the duty of special constable—a fact which was announced by placards posted up on the farm buildings, bearing the words, 'WILLIAM LAWSON, sworn constable.'"

The nature of the "establishment," at which such fantastic diversions as those above related were practised, would hardly be imagined to be simply agricultural. There are certain institutions at which the inmates, by scientific management, are enabled to exercise such faculties as they possess in various industries. It would naturally be taken, in the absence of knowledge to the contrary, for one of those. Phrenology is enumerated among the entertainments provided for the vegetarians of Blennerhasset. What had it to say to their heads? Perhaps that the development of vegetarians coincided with that of teetotallers, and that both were also equal in quality of brain.

Among all the vegetables consumed by MR. LAWSON and his company, it may be remarked that no mention is made of thistles.

AFTER READING A NOTICE OF THE TWENTIETH.

HOMER is said sometimes to nod. Does he nod assent to all the translations that are published of his works?



RIVAL SWEEPERS.

GENERAL CHORUS. "CLEAR YER DOOR-STEP DOWN, MUM?"

ANNUS FLORABILIS.

In vain, Old Year, with summer shows
Thou striv'st to prank thy dying face,
Mocking with green the month of snows
Till winter wears spring's breath and grace.
A sorry year thou camest in,
A sorrier year thou diest out;
Little 'twas thine for earth to win,
But death and dole, dismay and doubt.

At home, what have thy conquests been?
What goodly sheaves thy garner fill?
The many's cries, that little mean,
The few's retorts, ill-word for ill.
A battle, but no victory won
A problem set, but still to solve;
Loose arguments, the grasp that shun,
In vicious circles to revolve.

In high finance, in shares and stocks,
Swindling, collapse of credit wide,
A murrain on our herds and flocks,
With watchful Cholera at its side.
High Church, with Mumbo-Jumbo rites,
Stopping the road 'twixt man and heaven;
Low Church, content with Sabbath slights
Of Mammon, Lord six days in seven.

Death-dealing, e'en as it expired,
Thy breath spread ruin and dismay;
Kindled the spark the mine that fired,
Its hundreds at a stroke to slay.
Unto the palace of our pride,
And all its gathered treasures rare,
Thy dying hand the torch applied,
And left a ruin blank and bare!

Abroad, at one another's throats
Kings letting loose the dogs of war;
By armed hosts, or doctored votes,
The nations' landmarks shifted far.
Soldiers in rivalry increased,
Till nations into armies turn,
And Peace goes armed when War has ceased,
That scarce their difference you discern.

Shakings of thrones, kings hunted out;
Of race and blood strange throes in air;
And throne of thrones, its props struck out,
All tottering, St. Peter's chair.
Go hence, Old Year, and hide thy head,
Leaving thy awful tasks undone
To the Young Year, with lightsome tread
And hopes of youth that fears outrun!

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

THE old year raised his dying head,
With pity in the glazing eye,
Though curses rang around his bed,
And not a loving look was nigh.
And all the angry tongues were hushed,
As with light like eve's after-glow
The sharpening features fired and flushed,
And he spake solemnly and slow.

"What metes have ye to mete my task?
What scales to weigh my good and ill?
Is yours the verdict I should ask
On what I leave or what fulfil?
Fools! that with the foot-rules of man
Think to gauge Him, who guides the spheres—
Whose voice, e'en through your buzz and ban,
Sounds audible for reverent ears.

"'Murrain and Plague'—Did not my hands
Bring blessing, even bringing these?
Shake penny-wisdom, where she stands
Guarding the dirt that breeds disease.
Prove pestilence another name
For duty shirked, and work ill-done;
Show where air, light, and water came,
How baffled Cholera must run.

"Wars that shift land-marks, shatter thrones:
Arming of nations, far and wide"—
Is not seed fed on dead-men's bones,
Seed of large growths that shall abide?
The year that made North-Germans one,
Swept Italy of aliens free,
Can show, besides these great things done,
Ground laid for greater things to be.

"Strange stir of blood, new throes of race,
Seeking new order, spurning old"—
Is it so hard His hand to trace
In young loves lit, grey hates grown cold?
The year that laid, 'neath ocean wild,
The wires of peace, good-will to man,
'Twixt mighty mother, mighty child,
Is not a year to blame and ban.

"Battles of church and creed and class,
Roguery unmasked, and fraud laid bare"—
Does the storm end with storm, nor pass
And leave behind a healthier air?
The ills and miseries that men know
Are springs of good they cannot see:
Blest, and not curst, hence let me go;
Dark 'HAS BEEN' still shapes bright 'TO BE.'"

WHITE UPON BLACK.

MR. PUNCH has been abused for abusing the "Black Country," its ways and works—or, rather, its foul ways and its neglects. Some of the ladies of Wolverhampton, and of its gentlemen, too, in all probability, have emptied the phials of their wrath on Mr. Punch's head for rudely calling spades "spades," an offence he never dreamed of being hauled over the coals for by a spade-making community.

Since his answer to his Wolverhampton censors appeared, he has received a letter, which shows that among the things which "they manage better in France," are parts at least of their "Black Country." His correspondent, who writes from Paris, and encloses his name, after a compliment which Mr. Punch's modesty forbids his putting in type, goes on—

"I read your reply to the Ladies of Wolverhampton on my return from visiting one of the great iron foundries of France, which, though under one proprietorship, is a small 'black country' of itself. I will tell you what I saw in that great French factory. I saw a town of 25,000 inhabitants, wholly built and owned by the miners and ironworkers themselves, who buy their land in fee simple from their employers as they require it for building. I saw 10,000 of these people, some few of them women, who do light out-door work, go daily to their duties, and 4,000 of their children go daily to their schools. I saw drawings and attended historical and scientific examinations in the higher classes of these schools, which would have done credit to Rugby and Eton, and heard, with a longing wish, that it were so in England: how none were allowed to leave the school for the workshop till they could read and write well, and do some arithmetic; and I heard with no surprise that several of the higher boys have passed up into the school of Government Engineers in France. I saw the chateau of the proprietors standing in the very midst of this town of workmen, and, within it, assembled round the venerable founder of this great industry, a little society principally composed of the officials of the place, which in refinement and intellect would have done honour to any capital in Europe.

"I saw all this, Sir, but I did not see a policeman, or a soldier. I believe there were in the place (of course not near the areas) three of the former, but none of the latter; and finally, during a ten days' stay, I did not see a drunken man, though I once heard one."

This is no community of hammer-men in Utopia—no black country of Cloud-land—but an actual translation of Bilston, Tipton, or Dudley, out of the vernacular of our Black Country, into French. This happy valley is called Le Creusot, situate in the department of Saône-et-Loire. The proprietors are not angels, but plain men, trading under the designation of "SCHNEIDER et Compagnie," and the head of the firm is M. A. SCHNEIDER, Vice-President of the National Assembly.

Will some great firm, or cluster of firms, in our Black Country go and do likewise?

FAT GIRLS.

A LADY of the teaching sort advertises thus:—

SCHOLASTIC.—MRS. PILGRIM, Cornwall House, Longlazzyham, finding her Boarders so much increased, will REMOVE at Christmas to Nelson House. Terms, 25l.; sisters, 45l. Diet unlimited.

The unlimited diet has increased the young lady boarders to such an extent that their governess's old house is too small for the pretty giantesses and MISS DANIEL LAMBERTS. Well, but we say. If we had a daughter (we haven't), and wanted to send her to a boarding-school (we shouldn't), we are by no means sure that we should wish MISS PUNCH to be fed up in this alarming manner. However, we admire the lady's frankness, if not her grammar.



A SENSATION WATER-JUMP, OR SPORT (P) IN 1866.

SONG ON A STEEPLE-CHACE.

If I had a 'oss wot could and would go,
D'ye think I'd ride him to death? Oh, no!
I'd gallop him easy and cry, Soho!
Gently!—

If, &c.

When I was at Croydon t'other morn,
I witnessed cruel sport with scorn,
The ridin' of a steeple-chase,
With leaps 'cross every dangerous place.

If, &c.

I see a jockey come down smack,
Whereby he broke the hanimal's back,
The sight did so my feelins rack,
I cried, Swells!—

If, &c.

As though for breakin' of the peace,
The Humane Society's police
Had up these Swells, for all their state,
Before the sitting Magistrate:

If, &c.

They told his Worship the disgrace
Of that barbarious steeple chace;
But, lo, the Beak dismissed the case!
And thought I, your Worship—

If, &c.

The parties was released from Court,
Unpunished for their Croydon sport.
This ain't wot I calls equal laws
Between the 'oss and donkey's cause.

If, &c.

Them Swells their 'osses kills and maims,
And, though the Press their conduct blames,

They never gets committed or fined,
For their Worships and them is both of one mind.
If, &c.

Now, I'll maintain, 'tis werry 'ard,
Whilst punishment the Beaks award;
Whenever by chance it comes to pass
That a costermonger wollops his hobstinate Ass.
But, however—

If, &c.

RIDDLES.

BY SIMPLE SIMON.

SIMPLE SIMON wishes to know—

Why a story handed down from generation to generation is like the thing on which the butler carries up the luncheon, and at the same time like everything on it?

S. S. supplies the solution, Because it is tray-dish-an'-all. [The word which S. S. means is, therefore, *traditional*: so we've guessed it.]

Simple SIMON sends this:—

My first is one of several exclamations,
'Tis also used for gardening operations:
Of it the slave is oft a holder,
A nigger will carry it on his shoulder.
My second is what I will not do
About my whole, my friend, to you.
My whole is where I think I'll stop,
And so I will: so let it drop.

We have guessed it. The word of course is—*Ho-tel*.

Last and Best.—Why is a—(to be continued in our next).

Latest and Bestest.—If you saw the Great Khan of Tartary laughing fit to kill himself, why might you be sure that he wasn't a Tartar? Because he would evidently be *A Merry Khan*.

THE CLOWN'S BOOK OF COOKERY.



THIS is an extremely useful little work. Young housekeepers especially will find it quite invaluable. It contains above a hundred stage receipts for cookery, as practised by our clowns. We regret that we can only now spare room for two or three of them:—

Jerked Beef.—In order to prepare this fashionable delicacy, you must first of all “bone” a bit of beef, which you may do by simply stealing it from any butcher’s shop-front, or taking it from the tray of the first butcher’s boy who passes. When a policeman comes in sight, which (in a pantomime, at any rate) he is pretty sure to do, you must jerk your beef behind you towards your friend the pantaloon, saying, as you do so, “Look at my jerked beef!”

Collared Eels.—The way to collar eels is to go to a stage fish-shop where you see some eels. Rap at the door smartly, and then lie down flat in front of it. Of course the fishmonger will fall over you, and pantaloon will tumble on him and keep him on the ground, while you “collar” all his eels, and cram them in your pockets. When the eels

begin to bite you, which, if they know their business, they ought certainly to do, you must jump about and scream as if you were in agony; then flop down on your back, and pretend you have squashed your eels, which will afford the greatest satisfaction to “the gods.”

Raised Pie.—First catch your pie. This you can best do by standing near a pie-man, and stealing from his pie-can when he is not looking. Of course he will run after you, calling out “Stop thief!” and then all you have to do is just to throw your pie up high above his head. It is clear that by this process the pie will be a raised one.

MR. PUNCH TO MR. BRIGHT.

MY DEAR JOHN, *Osborne, Jan. 3rd, 1867.*

I AM spending some days here, and it is with regret that I apply myself at this time (or any other) to business, but I feel that there is something to be said to you.

First, old fellow, I wish you a happy new year. Our differences have never hindered our good fellowship. It is only half-educated coves, and cads, that let political antagonism interfere with the courtesies and jollity of private life. And talking of jollity, that was a capital evening at my house. I could not help commemorating it in a Cartoon. Come, didn't Bob Lowe tell good stories—not that some of yours were not first rate? As for my own epigrams, you both declared with a frankness that did you honour that you never heard anything like them. If you meant anything disrespectful, I forgive you.

But after pleasure, business. MR. DICKENS makes RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, reverse this arrangement, and insist on killing the King in the Tower before smothering the babbies, but I like my own way. Doctors now recommend the sugar-plum before the physic, as that arrangement destroys much of the nastiness.

Now, see here. We are on the eve of a jolly political row. The meeting of Parliament is fixed. Now, I say, let us fight through this coming campaign like gentlemen.

It is rather a good sign that you, my dear JOHN, are personally getting uncommonly particular as to what is said about you. Divers folks of late have retorted some of the freedoms which you have been taking with all kinds of persons, and you have been abused. I see that you set your clerk, MILLS, and your little brother JACOB, to write letters complaining of these things, and you have yourself burst out upon some parson who has called you names. You repay him by calling him worse names, and pitying a congregation that sits under such a muff. I was glad to notice this. I won't say that it isn't cool. You have been for months saturating the minds of the least instructed classes with a conviction that rich people not only maintain bad government, but are the personal enemies of the poor, and then you cavil at a few coarse expressions in return. Somebody accused you of saying that the poor only ought to make laws for the rich. I did not read anything of the sort in your speeches, and I don't think you would talk such nonsense. But if you countenance the idea of Manhood Suffrage, what else is this than asserting the right of the Poor to legislate. Who but the poor would have rule if Manhood Suffrage were law? But I am not finding fault, I am applauding your sensitiveness. Keep it up, my dear JOHN, cultivate it, and give others credit for the same feeling.

I have said that we are going to have a jolly row, and you may as well know my Platform. I expect that I shall have to hit hard, and you know that I hit from the shoulder. But I have always hit fair, and I mean to do the same thing again. I am in capital training, and I think that you will applaud my style of fighting, even if you should have the misfortune to catch a staggerer, now and then, and have to look nine ways for First Day.

I was a Reformer, my JOHN, when you were a very young man, and I am a Reformer now that you are fifty-six or so. (By the way, BOB LOWE and you were born in the same year. I wonder which first gave his nurse a black eye). And I know what I mean by Reform. You don't know what you mean, or you would not preach one thing in the House, and another among ODGERS, RODGERS, BUBB, and GILL, and that lot. You can't tell me what you mean, but I can tell you what I mean, in regard to the kind of Reform of which we are now thinking, the extension of the Suffrage.

This Suffrage I want to give to the intelligent, moral, self-respecting Artisan, who lives in a decent home, who if he has children, educates them, and who is an honourable citizen of whose aid in supporting and improving our Institutions all thoughtful men should be glad.

I mean to support a Reform Bill which shall give the suffrage to this man, and to some others now excluded. I don't care who brings the Bill in, but I tell you frankly that I don't see that the traditions of the Conservatives, and the absurd terrors of a good many of them, will permit them to make a complete measure. But if they do, I will support it, and if they don't, I will let fly at them, right and left.

And I will also let fly at you, my dear JOHN, and at anybody else who proposes to do mischief. Above all, I will put down the agitators for Manhood Suffrage, who would swamp both the educated and the artisan classes in an ignorant and passionate Mob.

Do you believe that I will give votes to all who happen “not to be paupers, and not to have been convicted of crime?” according to the precious definition of the Manhood Suffrage party. “Emanipate the Unconvicted,” seems to me to be a pretty sort of cry for a great and noble nation. No, my dear JOHN, I draw the line a good way from the edge of the dock. A man convicted of any offence should lose his vote for seven years, and a man convicted of any serious offence (Totness bribers and Lambeth cheats, for instance) should be disfranchised for life. But I want as my fellow-voter a man who is not likely to be convicted. And you, if sincere, would give the vote to thousands who are extremely likely to be convicted, and I hope will be. No, my dear JOHN BRIGHT.

The Constitution of England is too solemn and serious a thing to be played with. I will not have it—

“Butchered to make a BEALES's holiday.”

It contains its own machinery for its improvement, and that machinery shall be worked, and it will work admirably, as of old. I will allow no violence. I will have no beams removed by explosions. I will have no bulwarks torn down like Hyde Park railings. Do you mark me, JOHN? Let those who dare talk of physical force beware of such physic as I will give them. This Reform shall be the result of conviction, not of fear, and it shall be slowly and conscientiously worked out, according to the ancient usage of England. Do you mark me, JOHN?

Now, let us gird up our loins, whatever that operation means, or rather let us put on our great coats and hats and gloves, and go down to the House of Commons, attend the Great Debate, and if we are of the talking sort, take part therein. But let us, in the name of all that is decent and in good taste, address ourselves to the fray in the spirit of gentlemen. Order your tail of Cacklers to hold their tongues and go home. If you don't, and there is the slightest attempt at intimidation of Parliament, I shall assemble it at Windsor, or Oxford, or in Iona. For, please Providence, this great problem shall be worked out with the calmness due to a great constitutional process.

There, my dear JOHN. Now you know my sentiments. I might add more, but the DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ATHOLE has just sent a great snow-ball at my window as a hint to me to brush my hair and come to lunch.

Ever yours affectionately,

Fifth Day.

PUNCH.

What the Metropolitan Vestries Sang after the Great Snow-fall, Jan. 2, 1867.

AIR—“Nix my Dolly.”

SITTING at home so nice and warm,
We don't care nuffin for the storm,
Fake away!

Parishioners their rates do pay,
The snow must clear itself away.

Oh! Nix (to other Vestrymen over their brandy-and-water),
my jolly palls, (derisively) clear away!

Nothing of Nix will we clear away.

[Dance of Vestrymen, and all go to bed.]



MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE RING.

THE HEIRDOM OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

THE brave are of the brave and good ;
 In steers and steeds, of sires innate
 Is mettle, nor the dove's meek brood
 Fierce eagles do progenerate.

The bearer of a noble name
 May mount the coach-box ; choose the lot
 Of groom, or jockey, or, more shame,
 Be knave, or profligate, or sot ;

But, how a name may be defiled,
 A guess the shrewd old saw supplies ;
 For truly still 'tis said, the child
 That knoweth its own father's wise.

A gentleman of lineage old
 Of Hampstead's Manor was the Lord,
 Its noble Heath, from being sold
 To builders, he resolved to ward.

From bricks-and-mortar, by his Will,
 Sacred he thought to keep the scene,
 Preserve the beauty of the Hill,
 The trees, the heather, and the green.

To all ancestral feelings dead,
 His heir is of another mind,
 With eye to mere pelf, like one bred
 And born of an ignoble kind.

To pile with stucco Hampstead Heath
 SIR THOMAS WILSON has begun.
 Wise father he, who can bequeath
 His land, securely, to his son !

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

To see MR. T. ROBERTSON'S play of *Ours*, which did much content me. As at the New Royalty, in *Mej's Diversions* and *Black-Eyed Susan*, so here, the actors play thoroughly well together. The piece is of course by this time an established success, and a genuine success too. *Ars celare artem*, and, with one single stagey exception, this piece is so thoroughly well acted as quite to remove from the spectator's mind the notion that he is looking at acting. Of the exception I shall only say that he is the tallest gentleman in the company, and the one who evidently fancies himself most of all at his ease. The piece is well written, but that alone wouldn't have insured its great success, which I, therefore, feel myself justified in attributing generally to good stage management. The author knows how to write for the stage, but, beyond this, he is evidently capable of directing the actors how to play his piece. The actors are to be praised for thoroughly carrying out the author's intentions. I'll be bound that most actors, of any position at all, would have thrown up the part of the Russian Prince in disgust.

I have also seen the Covent Garden Pantomime by GILBERT & BECKETT, whose first success will, for the sake of Auld lang syne, be hailed by *Mr. Punch* with real pleasure. Great praise is due to MESSRS. GRIEVE & MATT MORGAN for the ingeniously designed Transformation, which, however, is not so startlingly original as MR. MORGAN'S Clock in *Cinderella*. MRS. WOOD is visible any Christmas night at the Princess's, playing *The Invisible Prince*, and I can't but think, that in a livelier part and a more busting piece, she will prove herself a very first-rate burlesque actress, in a special line of her own. The last scene at this theatre is beautiful, and, with its cool groves and dripping wells, is quite refreshing after the gorgeous fiery displays at the larger houses.

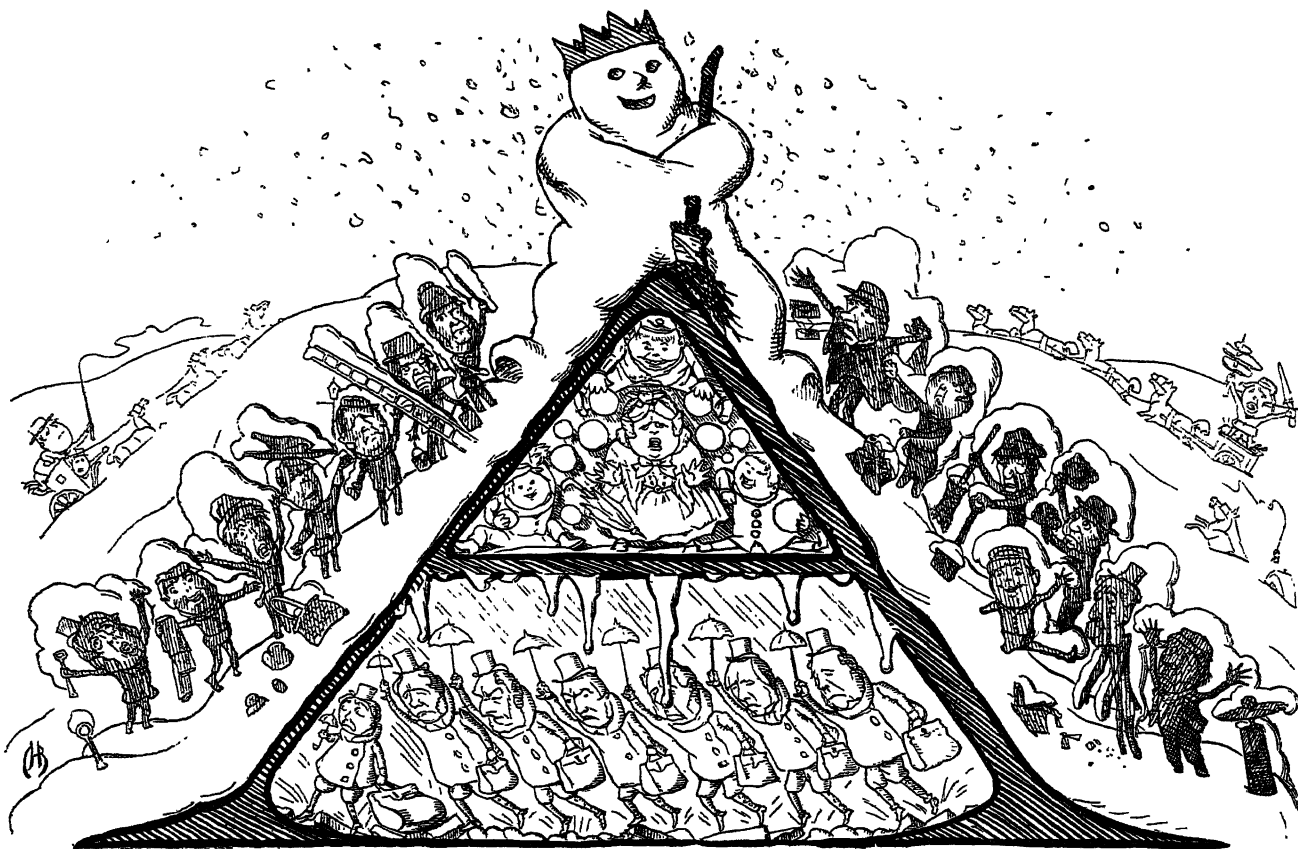
Controversial Query.

THE Ritualists draw arguments in favour of the celibacy of the clergy from the most ancient ecclesiastical writers. How can they consistently appeal in such a case as this to those who, on all hands, are admitted to have been *Fathers*.

THE GREAT AMERICAN "RACE."—Across the Atlantic.

ITALIAN MOTTO FOR THE FRONTISPIECE TO THE NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF DANTE.—Do-ré mi fa.

MEMS. MADE IN THE FROST. BY A. S. CATOR.



FTER me the deluge." Just what I said of you, MR. FROST, when our water-pipes burst, and I had to go for the plumber at 6 A. M.

My youngest boy was sorely disappointed at the skating being over so soon. To make amends, he had some slides—for his magic lantern.

Vagueness and uncertainty to a degree almost incredible were displayed by well-dressed young men and women, expensively educated at public schools, universities, and fashionable finishing boarding establishments, on the subjects of zero, freezing-point, degrees of frost, and the difference between Fahrenheit and Reaumur.

My young friend, BURTON JOYCE, broke the ice on the Serpentine, and proposed to MAVIS ENDERBY. He is over head and ears now, but she is humane, and will extricate him.

I had the courage to go to MISS WOBURN'S dance. It was a regular snowball. Several stiff people thawed—after supper.

Four-wheel Cabs made a handsome thing of it.

People were getting meteorological (a knotty word for you to set your victims to spell, Messieurs the Civil Service Examiners!) in their talk. MR. VENHAM said of a rich but vulgar woman, that she was several degrees below gentility point.

People were also becoming very cruel, for they had begun to go about sleighing their friends.

JESTERBY, one of those detestable creatures who are always asking riddles, compared me to a Welsh mountain, because I was Snow'don. After much hard thinking, I saw the drift of his joke.

Old SINGLETON, devoted to his whist, declared that all through the frost his best cards were ruffed.

As a proof of the severity of the season, several ecclesiastical dignitaries were seen, in St. Paul's Churchyard, clearing away the snow in their shovel-hats.

How grand we grow! One broken-down old labourer asked another, who was working at the snow in front of my town residence, whether he was doing it "by contract!"

The frost was bad for the laurels in the shrubberies: it was not good for the green baize in the theatres.

A foolish practice not altogether disused suggested a proverb: Don't make matters worse, don't sprinkle salt on snow.

Everybody put on extra clothing except ARTHUR and AMY, who were wrapped up in each other before.

CALL A SPADE A SPADE.

THE writer of an article in the *Daily Telegraph* has demonstrated that the people called Ritualists are, beyond all question, Dissenters. *Mr. Punch* had, long ago, pointed out the same fact, when he suggested that, for the sake of analogy, the Puseyites had better be called Puseyan Methodists. If the followers of WESLEY were styled Wesleyans, the adherents of DR. PUSEY ought, *à fortiori*, to be named Puseyans; for DR. WESLEY never taught doctrines contrary to any of the Thirty-nine Articles, nor did any of his disciples ever call them forty stripes save one. Whereas, whether the teaching of DR. PUSEY is right or wrong, he distinctly asserts what one, at least, of those articles distinctly denies. Calling names is low, and nobody who claims the right to think for himself can, unless he is an ass as well as a bigot, presume to call anybody else a heretic. Roman Catholics, indeed, can quite consistently denominate the Puseyites or Ritualists heretics, and their leader an heresiarch. But those who, equally with them, stand anathematised by the POPE, would only, by applying those terms to them, stultify themselves. Give a dog a bad name, and hang him. But the appellation

Dissenter, is not a bad name. Those who bear it mostly rejoice in it. And so should DR. PUSEY. So should his tail. They need not be ashamed of a name that was borne by BUNYAN, and BAXTER, and DR. WATTS. Call them Dissenters, simply as you call a spade a spade.

Puseyites and Ritualists are convertible terms, and the sect denoted by them may finally get converted to Popery. But whilst they remain out of the pale of the Pope's church they stand in relation to the Church of England simply at the pole opposite to STRIGGINS. Only the bishops ought to let them know where they are. If that is more than the bishops can do, or more than they will do, what is there to hinder parsons from turning Independents, Baptists, Quakers, or Mormons, and yet retaining their position in the Church of England? Nothing but honesty.

Call, as aforesaid, a spade a spade. And call the Knave of Spades the Knave of Spades.

POST JANUM MARS.

WHAT class in the social scale comes after nursery-maids? Soldiers.



THE VERY LATEST FASHION.

Wife. "HAVE YOU LOST YOUR WATCH, LOVE?"

Husband. "NO, DEAR, 'T WAS A NEW BONNET I HAD FOR YOU SOMEWHERE."

A RECOMMENDATION TO RITUALISTS.

A DREADFULLY intolerant law prohibits Roman Catholic priests from going about in their sacerdotal costume, on the wretched pretence of preventing a no-Popery row and breach of the peace. But no such law restrains the clergy of the Established Church from perambulating the streets and thoroughfares in their canonicals.

It is therefore extremely desirable, for the propagation of Puseyism, that Anglo-Catholic divines should fully avail themselves of their privilege to march in procession, attired in their rubrical vestments in the very height of the fashion which the law allows. They will do well to carry plenty of ecclesiastical banners, emblems, and images, particularly a Madonna and a bambino at their head.

By frequent recourse to this expedient for converting the British Public, they will at least succeed in securing numerous followers among the juvenile part of the population, for the boys will follow them.

BRIGHT AND LOWE.

(A Remonstrance, after the Laureate.)

AIR—"Soft and Low."

BRIGHT and LOWE! BRIGHT and LOWE!

Why with small fry make free?

For worthier foe keep your blow,

Let GARTHS and GUEDELLAS be.

Each of you into the other go,
LOWE into BRIGHT and BRIGHT into LOWE,

Hammer and tongs for me,

But let the little ones, let the silly ones, sleep!

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Session will come to ye soon;

Rest, rest, at *Punch's* request,

Session will come to ye soon:

Session will come, to see each at his best,

Breaking a lance on a worthier crest

Than that of a snob or a spoon:

Sleep, my wordy one, sleep, my sturdy one, sleep!

THE WORST KIND OF CORKSCREW.—The Man who is sparing of his Wine.

POLITE CONVERSATION.

RESPECTFULLY MODERNISED FROM THE CELEBRATED SCENE BY
JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

A Dinner at the House of SIR BILBERRY TUNKS, M.P., in Belgravia.
The Party has just sat down.

A Colonel (in great measure covered by the dresses of his fair neighbours). Not at all. Thanks. Plenty of room—aw. Pray, don't—(Studies the menu.) Ah! (to himself.) Another of TUNKS's long, heavy dinners. Wish I hadn't come. (Privately inspects his neighbours.) Don't know the old woman. Couldn't catch the name of the girl I brought down. Good complexion—big ears. No (to mental), the clear. (Eats his soup. Wipes his moustaches, and thinks he may as well say something.) Riding this morning, I think?

Mrs. Wambleby (the "old woman") looks round at the sound of his voice, but perceives that he could not have been addressing her.

Miss Glitterking. No, indeed! Papa would not hear of my going out; he said that the frost made it quite dangerous. Do you really think that there would have been any danger?

Colonel. Not a bit. That is, not to a good horsewoman, which you are.

Miss Glitterking. Well, I don't know that I am good, but I am not in the least frightened.

Colonel. Yes, you ride very well. I have often noticed it. (He never saw her before.)

Miss Glitterking. O, have you? (Laughing.)

Colonel. O yes. (Smiles, and thinks that he has done enough in the way of sparkle for the present.) Turbot. (Eats it.)

Mrs. Wambleby (after a long pause, severely). You shouldn't encourage young ladies to set up their judgments against those of their parents.

Colonel (frightened out of his senses at this sudden onslaught). I assure you—I—O—exactly, yes, yes. (Wonders what right the old woman had to attack him, and also what right she has to stick her old self over with all those diamonds.)

Sir Bilberry Tunks (in continuation). But in the present state of parties, and the even balance which exists, it is difficult to say whether a definite policy—yes, a *rissole-foie gras*, isn't it? yes—a definite policy would not disintegrate—

Mr. Snigger (a wit, to his next neighbour). Disintegrate—that's a good word—sounds like the nigger minstrels, don't it?

Miss Millikins. Hush—don't make me laugh, please. He is looking at us.

Mr. Snigger. I'm a looking at you, MISS MILLIKINS. Yes, take some *suprême*. Have you heard this riddle?

Miss Millikins. O no, tell me. I adore riddles.

Mr. Snigger. What is the difference between an accident and a misfortune?

Miss Millikins (eagerly). I don't know.

Mr. Snigger. I'll give you an illustration. If MR. BRIGHT were to fall into a river, that would be an accident.

Miss Millikins. Ah, I don't understand politics.

Mr. Snigger (aside). Stupid idiot! (To her.) But it isn't exactly political. It may be anybody. (Sotto voce.) Let us say SIR BILBERRY. If he were to fall into a river it would be an accident.

Miss Millikins. Yes.

Mr. Snigger (aside). O, she understands that. (To her.) But if he were to get out again, that would be a misfortune.

Miss Millikins. O, delightful!

Mr. Snigger (aside). More than you are. (Eats a cotelette, and, finding it cold, privately anathematizes the house of TUNKS, and hopes SIR BILBERRY will lose his seat on petition.)

Mrs. Cranching (to her neighbour). Well, she has been pointed out to me at the Opera.

Mr. De Mumbles (laughing). Of course I mean that. Well, a fellow told me this afternoon that—(sinks his voice, and it would be as well if he sunk his scandal.)

Mrs. Cranching (delighted). O, but that's very sad. Very sad indeed. And his wife is so pretty—I thought they were so attached.

Mr. De Mumbles. So did everybody. But everybody does not know everything.

Mrs. Cranchling. Is it true, do you think?
Mr. De Mumbles. Why, I suppose I ought not to tell you, but the fellow who told me—(voice sinks).

Mrs. Cranchling. Well, well, it's very shocking; but, as a mother, I suppose I must say that young men will be young men. But there can be no excuse for the Viscount.

Mr. De Mumbles. Awful ass, that's the only excuse.

Lady Tunks (to her neighbour). O, don't look at me as if I knew anything about the dishes. When we lived in the country, it was my business, but BIBBY won't let me interfere now. I like to see my dinner.

Major Blaggon (an old sponge). So do I, my dear LADY TUNKS, and—a—admirable and elegant as this—a—arrangement is, I own that to recognise the—a—genius of the lady of the house in a—a—banquet, gives it an irresistible charm for me. But then I'm an old fellow—one of an old school.

Lady Tunks. Of a good school, Major, I'm sure. And if ever you find your way into Norfolk, I hope that you will come and see us.

Major Blaggon (who intends to find out that way moyennant Bradshaw). You are most kind, my dear lady. I think you are near a station, by the way?

Lady Tunks. Only four miles. And then, if we knew, the carriage—

Professor Omnibus. The coal raised in 1865 amounted to about a ton per day for each of the 307,000 persons employed, and the number of collieries at work increased from 2,397 in 1853 to 3,180 in 1863, and 3,268 in 1865; but if you want an invaluable manual of statistics of all kinds, British and foreign, you should get FREDERICK MARTIN'S *Year-Book*.

Mr. Theodore Slopehead (who had incautiously made a joke about coals, and drawn down a flood of information upon himself). Thanks, deeply interesting, I'm shaw. No, *dindon braissé*.

Professor Omnibus. The name *dindon*, you are aware, indicates that the turkey came from what were called the Indies.

Mr. Slopehead (oppressed). Is he going to improve my mind any more? Just so, yes. I recollect. (*Doesn't understand it, even now.*) Noble bud, turkey. Turkey's considered a noble country too, I believe.

Professor Omnibus. Certainly, for though the area and population are known only by estimate, and not as the result of scientific measurement and a trustworthy census, we have information enough to enable us to approximate to the truth. The population of Turkey in Europe is about 15,000,000, and when we add Natolia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and the African provinces, we arrive at a total of 35,000,000. The area is about 1,812,048 acres, so that the population to the square mile is 20. Now, if you will classify—

Mr. Slopehead is too utterly crushed to do more than make faces at the champagne for not being dry enough.

Mrs. Sternhold (to her neighbour). What nonsense it is for men to talk in that way. Merely because she has a pretty face, evidently painted—

Mr. Hopkins (meekly). I think not.

Mrs. Sternhold. You can see it across the room. And because, as I say, she has a pretty face, when it is made up, and writes flashy flippant books, you all conspire to call her a Muse. If she were ugly, we should soon see how her books would be demolished, and very rightly.

Mr. Hopkins. Are you not a little hard upon her? Remember, she has never learned anything, and has never been in society.

Mrs. Sternhold. Then, what does she write for?

Mr. Hopkins. Money, I suppose.

Mrs. Sternhold. Then she'd better earn it honestly by going out as a governess.

Mr. Hopkins. Would you let her teach your children?

Mrs. Sternhold. I? No; but among the lower orders. How can you eat those truffles? Don't you know that pigs find them?

Mr. Hopkins. Well, and I eat pigs. (*Shuts her up, anyhow.*)

Mr. Gush Carper (a critic, to his neighbour). But, (*smiling with indulgent contempt*;) you do not mean to say, seriously, that you have been told to consider him a great painter?

Miss Merridew (young and pretty). I have not been told, but I use my own eyes.

Mr. Carper (who is between the ages at which we compliment.) Of course, if you take that way of— (*Mumbles out the rest of his sentence and takes some Maraschino. Then has an idea that he might possibly be a little more civil, and adds*) I mean, you know, that—a—(*supremely*) he can't PAINT. But if you mean that his things, though worthless, are pretty enough in a sense, I don't know—(*relapses into his mumbles*).

Miss Merridew. They are very like nature, and they are very pleasant to look at often, and they are worth acres of the dirty, old, ugly, distorted things which are called high art, and which nobody but hypocrites pretend to admire.

Mr. Carper (biking the girl, while detesting her sentiments). I wish I could talk to you in presence of a REMBRANDT.

Miss Merridew (thinks that she would prefer the distinguished man's talking to her in presence of a clergyman). Pray do not register my nonsense, as I dare say it is, as an opinion. I would not have said such a thing to—to—well (*crumbles bread*) to a foolish person; but I feel

that to you one might venture to reveal one's ignorance, as you know too much to make it worth your while to be hard on me.

Mr. Carper (knows too much to take this fly). Nay, but if you care to be informed—

Miss Merridew (doesn't in the least, but listens as if to the Sphinx).

This sort of thing goes on for two hours and a half, when LADY TUNKS collects some Eyes and rises. At that moment Polite Conversation is at its height.

Miss Glitterking.—and I thought you were such a silent creature. Colonel—am. But you have waked me up.

Sir Bilberry Tunks.—between Democracy and Oligarchy, however,—

Mrs. Wambleby.—(*aside*) flippant girl—empty man.

Mr. Snigger.—like a peacock with top-boots?

Miss Millikins.—tell me up-stairs.

Mrs. Cranchling.—smashed decanters, flowers, everything on the table.

Mr. de Mumbles.—second-hand viciousness, imitated from the *demi-monde* of Paris.

Major Blaggon.—loses all charm when the ladies desert us.

Professor Omnibus.—don't understand. Electricity travels faster than light; and—

Mr. Slopehead (aside). DR. LANKESTER'll sit on me.

Mrs. Sternhold.—detest mock charity.

Mr. Hopkins (aside)—dam venomous old woman.

Mr. Gush Carper—your own forehead and hair, for instance—

Miss Merridew—please, don't make me so proud.

The ladies then go up-stairs, and the host, having shut the door, takes the seat lately occupied by his wife, calls on the gentlemen to help themselves, and anecdotes set in, which are usually stopped while the servants hand round coffee.

A SHAKSPEARIAN EXERCISE.



O tell the names of MR. SHAKSPEARE'S Plays
 Is a feat, rather, in these prosy days,
 So here's a rhyme which (if you don't forget
 A single link) may help you win a bet.

A *Monster*, and two *Black Men*, and a *Jew*,
 Two *Gents*, Two *Wives*, Two *Dromios*, and a *Shrew*.
 One *John*, two *Richard*, and seven *Henry* plays;
 And now get alphabetical. Three A's,
Angelo, *Antony*, *Autolycus*,
Bottom and *Benedick*, two B's, my muss:
 Two C's, *Coriolanus*, *Cæsar*. String
 The *Dane*, the *Scot*, the ancient *British King*.
Romeo, and *Rosalind*, and *Rosaline*,
 And *Timon* and *Thersites*; and entwine
 Three of the dearest darlings seen of men,
Viola, *Mariana*, *Imogen*,
 Lastly, throw in the bumptious fool, *Parolles*,
 And there's the list completed, bless your souls.

"MAKE YOUR GAME!"

A NEW newspaper from Brussels has been sent us, called *The Rifleman*, containing, among other novelties, the following report:—

"His Royal Highness the COUNT OF FLANDERS, while hunting lately in the Forest of Soignies, killed, reckoning the other guests of the company, 200 game."

This is inserted beneath the heading, "Sport;" and we long ago have learnt that what is sport to others may to some be death. Still, we hope our new contemporary has been misinformed. We trust it is not true that H.R.H. the COUNT OF FLANDERS reckons his guests among the game which he goes out to hunt. In England such barbarity would render him most certainly amenable to law, although we hear of guests in England complaining that their hosts are killing them with kindness; and we have heard of hosts who sometimes, under savage provocation, have made game of their guests.

Degenerate!

GENERAL SIR MARTINET BUCKRAM STOCK writes us a furious letter on the subject of regimental dress. We extract the following:—"What, Sir!" says he, "Are we cowards? Are we going to turn our backs on the enemy? Is it for this reason that our soldiers are to be costumed more with a view to running than to fighting. Shame!"

MUSICAL.

A CERTAIN admirable Tenor always refreshes himself with oysters before he sings "*In Native Worth*."



HERE YOU SEE

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AMATEUR MUSICAL PARTY OF THE SEASON. PIANOS, HARMONIUMS, &c., PROVIDED REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE. EVERY AMATEUR PERFORMING AT ONCE. CHOICE OF MUSIC OPTIONAL TO EACH. NO ONE COMPELLED TO LISTEN TO ANY ONE. NEVER ENJOYED THEMSELVES SO MUCH IN THEIR LIVES. JUBILANT OLD MAN, IN THE MIDDLE, STONE DEAF: CAUSE OF HIS JUBILATION UNKNOWN. HOSTESS LOOKING AFTER SUPPER. HOST SMOKING QUIET CIGAR IN THE KITCHEN.

[Our artist apologises if any of the Instruments are incorrectly drawn. The only Instrument he can either draw or play upon correctly is the "bones."—(He came late, and left early.)

THE GREAT MILL OF BLACKIE AND JONES.

I SING of a mill that the papers did fill—
Eight columns of type closely piled—
At the town of Auld Reekie, in style rather cheeky
And cool, "Modern Athens," self-styled.
Where in wordy-duello encountering his fellow—
A DEMOSTHENES each, *with* the stones—
On Democracy's bane and Democracy's gain,
Ding-dong at it went BLACKIE and JONES.

First BLACKIE went in determined to win,
Or, O'CONNOR-like, die on the floor:
And with ink from the bottle of old ARISTOTLE
Daubed the ancient Democracies o'er:
Proclaimed himself foeman of CICERO's Roman,
Picked Italian republics' old bones:
Made France sorrow sup, and the Yankees chawed up,
In the first round of BLACKIE and JONES.

'Twas a caution to see with what truculent glee
To the dead men he gave his one, two:
How he proved what none questioned, and all of the rest shunned,
How wide of the question he flew.
Granting counsel were clients, and windmills were giants,
That present but echoes past's tones,
Ne'er were giants so floored, ne'er such innings was scored,
As the first in *re* BLACKIE and JONES.

Then BLACKIE to match ERNEST JONES toed the scratch,
For Democracy did his *devoir*,
And drew with his blows as much *couleur de rose*
As BLACKIE tapped *couleur de noir*:

With superfluous pluck ran a terrible muck
At aristocrats, tyrants, and thrones,
At his own windmills flew, and his own giants slew,
In round second of BLACKIE and JONES.

If our nobles were knaves, and our working-men slaves—
If steam had not yet been invented;
If we kidnapped our labour, and hated our neighbour,
And with Heathenism's law sat contented:
If A. D. were B. C.; England over the sea;
If our calendar marked *ides* and *nones*!
But, without these large *if*'s, mere spouting club tiffs
Are debates *à la* BLACKIE and JONES.

Where BLACKIE saw evil and deeds of the devil,
JONES saw good and the Gospel in action;
But as each *made* a case, where the facts had no place,
Honest people may feel satisfaction.
Fights of BLACKIE-Democracy JONES-Aristocracy
Are fights that can never break bones:
Though they *may* ease the mind, and get rid of the wind
Of warriors like BLACKIE and JONES.

Variation on the Bones.

A LECTURE was advertised, the other day, "On the Skeletons of the Primates,"—by, we suppose, the kind permission of the Three Graces; that is, his Grace of Canterbury, his of York, and his of Dublin.

PROVERB BY OUR SERVANT-OF-ALL-WORK.—Wishes won't wash Dishes.



MOVE ON, BUMBLE!

"WON'T HAVE THE SNOW CLEARED AWAY, WON'T HE?"

A CHIVALRIC BALLAD.

"A LANGPORT ROMANCE.—On Sunday the congregation at Huish Church were amused by the forbidding of banns of marriage between FRED. BIDDLECOMBE, of Muchelney, and a girl named ANNE HARRIS, of Huish Episcopi. A dispute had arisen between the parties in consequence of a soldier having met the couple and insisted on a prior claim to the girl. A fight ensued, and shortly afterwards HARRIS decamped with the soldier, taking BIDDLECOMBE'S best clothes with her."—*Bristol Mirror*.



ILT kneel before the holy priest,
And be my blushing bride,
Thy life shall be one pleasant
feast,
Myself thy friend and guide."

So spoke young BIDDLECOMBE
the brave,
His hand in hand of ANNE'S,
Her whispered answer ANNIE
gave,
"My FRED, put up the
banns."

He published once, he published
twice,
That reverend priest and good,
This Sabbath day to publish
thrice
In holy church he stood.

"If any know a righteous cause
Why these should not be wed,
Cite the divine or human laws
On which they seek to tread."

Young BIDDLECOMBE he smole a smile,
Fair ANNIE blushed a blush,
When up the consecrated aisle
A Soldier rushed a rush.

His face was bronzed by Eastern suns,
He seemed to come from far,
As one who'd charged on Indian guns,
And fought the Russian Czar.

To his broad brow his manly hand
He raised in grave salute.
The plighted pair that Soldier scanned
With gesture stern and mute.

Then turning to the priest he said,
"I do forbid those banns."
The bridegroom's cheeks are fiery red,
And pale are lovely ANNE'S.

"Before I joined the Ranks of Death,
Our foemen to defy,
To me she pledged her troth and faith,
ANNE! answer, if I lie."

No answer gave the trembling maid,
But glistening tears she shed,
Outspoke the bridegroom, "Who's afraid?
I'll punch that Soldier's head."

In vain the frighted Beadle cried,
"This here's no place for jaw,"
The lovers and intending bride
From holy church withdraw.

And e'er the good and reverend man
On knees hath meekly kneeled,
They stand, those twain, and faithless ANNE,
In an adjacent field.

Brave BIDDLECOMBE flings down his coat
His Sunday coat so gay,
The Soldier from his manly throat
Tears his cravat away.

From Huish there hurries many a clown,
They form the fatal ring:
The Soldier fires a furious noun,
Unmeet for bard to sing.

Then stern on guard, like Saxon men,
They both together fell,
If either spoke his rival then
'Twas scarce to wish him well:

Slap-bang with left the lover leads,
His right flies nobly out;
He's home! he's home! the Soldier bleeds
From his sarcastic snout.

Ha! well returned, the stream of gore
From FREDERICK'S muzzle drips,
That kissing-trap shall never more
Entrap sweet ANNA'S lips.

Then with twin yell the champions close,
And hit the best they can,
And blackened eyes and flattened nose
Attest the English Man.

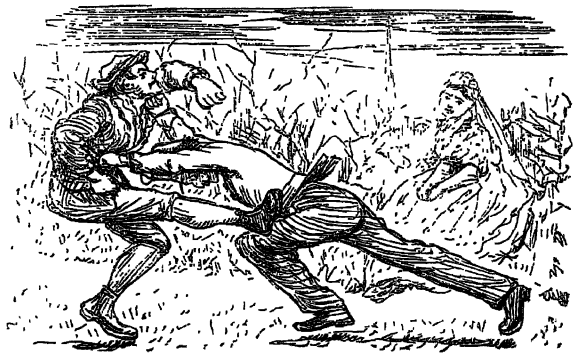
By Jove, 'twould stir a coward's heart
Would make a mourner gay,
To see them on each other dart,
And nobly pound away.

While ANNE sits weeping on the grass,
And knows not which to choose,
Between that Soldier's arm of brass,
And FREDERICK'S iron thews.

'Tis done, 'tis done, that fatal blow,
Has stretched him, lax and loose,
He strives to rise; Brave FREDERICK, no,
Cooked, BIDDLECOMBE, thy goose.

One glance of hate, from darkened eyes,
The conquering Soldier sped,
Then whispers ANNA, "Love, arise,
And marry me instead."

She rose and followed him, to stray
Far from dull Huish's ditches;
But called at FREDERICK'S on her way,
And stole his last new breeches.



SELF-GOVERNMENT v. SHELF-GOVERNMENT.

(By an Indignant Metropolitan Rate-payer, with stinking drains, an overflowing dust-bin, an empty cistern, six inches of snow in the street, and a rate-collector on the door-mat.)

OF Local Self-Government too much we've heard,
And Local Shelf-Government should be the word,
By which, save the duty of taking our pelf,
Every duty of Government's laid on the shelf:
On that shelf, where the loaves and the fishes are stored,
Which go so, when, except them, all goes by the Board.

Anson's Annual (1867).

NEXT to the *Post Office Directory* we place the *Dramatic Almanack*, produced by J. W. ANSON. By the aid of our "Anson" we can visit the birthplaces of our favourite princes, chamber-maids, villains, lovers, or singers, and learn all we want to know of their ap- and dis-appearances. We can recommend this booklet to pass away pleasantly an hour either in an easy-chair before the fire, or when buried in a snow-drift in a railway carriage.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF (VESTRY-)MAN.—To do nuffin, and to abuse the newspapers.

WHY is my best pair of blue woollen socks like snow-flakes?
Because they both get into my best pair of shoes.



SHIVERLISATION.

Mr. Gelidouche (to himself, shivering as he breaks the ice in his bath). "SH—SH—SH! WISH I WASH KNIGHT I' MIDDLE AGESH—B'FORE ALL THIS—TET! (sneezes) SEANATORY SHIVILISATION WAS THOUGHT OF—(sniffs). P'POSTEROUS RUBBISH!"

HOW TO PLEASE AMERICA.

Ye Gentlemen of England who sail upon the seas, give ear unto the paragraph that follows, if you please :—

"A fund is being raised for the families of the six poor men who were so unfortunately swept overboard from the yacht *Fleetwing* during her recent match from New York to Cowes."

Of course all British yachtsmen will heartily contribute to so laudable a fund, and there will be a race between them, doubtless, to decide who can the most quickly draw the largest cheque. So all that COMMODORE PUNCH need add is, that subscriptions may be paid to the credit of the "Fleetwing Fund" at the National Bank, Charing Cross, and that the biggest contributions will be thankfully received.

RETALIATION FOR LADIES.

THRICE welcome, Thaw, Deliverer, comes,
The greedy cabman scowls and swears,
And thinks upon the awful sums
Extorted from his bullied Fares.
How, in those days when snow was ice,
He waged his war on great and small,
At times exacted ten-fold price,
At times refused to go at all.

Now, blest be Thaw, the snow is mud
Which rains and carts will clear away,
It drips with tears, it falls with thud,
In turn the Public has its day.
When next the greedy Cabman begs
For extra sixpence, answer "No"—
What joy to knock him off his legs
With "Please remember *New Year's Snow*."

A Terrible Temptation.

WE never see a lady with her hair frizzled out in front, without fearing lest some wag should tell us that he thinks she ought to call it *cheveux de friz*.

A WARNING TO OXFORD.

It may not be generally known that Logic is a most intoxicating study, it being so easy to get drunk on the premises.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Evening at Bovor. A Game at Whist.)

EVENING, after dinner. On the moat in a punt with ENGLEFIELD. Dark night: cold: damp: romantic, but for this. ENGLEFIELD says abruptly, "Capital point." I ask here, what? He replies, "Two fellows, one the Villain, the other Injured Innocence, in punt: real water easily done on the stage. Villain suddenly knocks Injured Innocence into the water: he sinks: is caught in the weeds below: never rises again. Or, on second thought, isn't drowned, but turns up, somehow in the last Act." I own it a good idea, and propose going in-doors, as I see Mrs. CHILDERS making tea.

In-doors.—STENTON, the philosopher, says, "Tea is an incentive. So much tea is found in every man's brain." POSS says it ought to be a caution to anybody not to use hot-water to his face, or he might turn his head into a tea-pot. I'm sorry POSS turns this interesting theme into ridicule, as I like hearing STENTON's conversation. He has a deep bass voice which is very impressive. There is a pause. Considering that we are all more or less clever here, it is wonderful how dull we are. I suppose that the truth is we avoid merely frivolous and common-place topics. ENGLEFIELD, who is a nuisance sometimes, suddenly looks at me, and asks me to "say something funny."

I smile on him pityingly. CHILDERS says, "Come, you're last from town, haven't you got any good stories?" This poses me: I know fellows who could recollect a hundred. I know fellows, merely superficial shallow men, who are never silent, who have a story or a joke for everything. I consider, "Let me see": I try to think of one. The beginnings of twenty stories occur to me, mistily. Also the commencement of riddles as far as "Why is a ——" or "When is a ——" I've got some noted down in my pocket-book, if I could only get out of the room and refer to it quietly, in the passage. I can't take it out before everybody; that's the worst of an artificial memory.

Happy Thought.—To read two pages of MACMILLAN'S *Jest Book* every morning while dressing, committing at least one story to memory.

CHILDERS proposes "Whist." I never feel certain of myself at whist: I point to the fact that they are four without me. POSS FELMYR says if I'll sit down, he'll cut in presently. "I play?" I reply, "Yes, a little." I am STENTON's partner: ENGLEFIELD and CHILDERS are against us. Sixpenny points, shilling on the rub. STENTON says to me, "You'll score." Scoring always puzzles me. I know it's done with half-a-crown, a shilling, a sixpence, and a silver candlestick. Sometimes one bit of money's under the candlestick, sometimes two.

Happy Thought.—To watch ENGLEFIELD scoring: soon pick it up again.

First Rubber.—STENTON deals: CHILDERS is first hand, I'm second. Hearts trumps the Queen. It's wonderful how quick they are in arranging their cards. After I've sorted all mine carefully, I find a trump among the clubs. Having placed him in his position on the right of my hand, I find a stupid Three of Clubs among the spades: settled him. Lastly, a King of Diamonds upside down, which seems to entirely disconcert me; put him right. ENGLEFIELD says, "Come, be quick": STENTON tells me "Not to hurry myself." I say I'm quite ready, and wonder to myself what CHILDERS will lead.

CHILDERS leads the Queen of Clubs. I consider for a moment what is the duty of second-hand; the word "finessing" occurs to me here. I can't recollect if putting on a three of the same suit is finessing: put on the three, and look at my partner to see how he likes it. He is watching the table. ENGLEFIELD lets it go, my partner lets it go—the trick is CHILDERS'S. I feel that somehow it's lost through my fault. His lead again: spades. This takes me so by surprise that I have to re-arrange my hand, as the spades have got into a lump. I have two spades, an ace and a five. Let me see, "If I play the five I"—I can't see the consequence. "If I play the ace it *must* win, unless it's trumped." STENTON says in a deep voice, "Play away." The three look from one to the other. Being flustered, I play the Ace: the trick is mine. I wish it wasn't, as I have to lead: I'd give something if I might consult POSS, who is behind me, or my partner. All the cards look ready for playing, yet I don't like to disturb them. Let me think what's been played already. STENTON

asks me, "If I'd like to look at the last trick." As this will give me time, and them the idea that I am following out my own peculiar tactics, I embrace the offer. CHILDERS displays the last trick: I look at it. I say, "Thank you," and he shuts it up again. Immediately afterwards I can't recollect what the cards were in that trick: if I did, it wouldn't help me. They are becoming impatient.

About this time somebody's Queen of Diamonds is taken. I wasn't watching how the trick went, but I am almost certain it was fatal to the Queen of Diamonds: that's to say, if it *was* the Queen of Diamonds; but I don't like to ask. The next trick, which is something in spades, trumped by ENGLEFIELD, I pass as of not much importance. STENTON growls, "Didn't I see that he'd got no more spades in his hand." No, I own, I didn't. STENTON, who is not an encouraging partner, grunts to himself. In a subsequent round, I having lost a trick by leading spades, STENTON cries out, "Why didn't you see they were trumping spades?" I defend myself; I say I *did* see him, ENGLEFIELD, trump one spade, but I thought that he hadn't any more trumps. I say this as if I'd been reckoning the cards as they've been played.

Happy Thought.—Try to reckon them, and play by system next rubber.

I keep my trumps back till the last; they'll come out and astonish them. They *do* come out, and astonish *me*. Being taken by surprise, I put on my king when I ought to have played the knave, and both surrender to the ace and queen. I say, "Dear me, how odd!" I think I hear STENTON saying sarcastically in an undertone, "Oh, yes; confoundedly odd." I try to explain, and he interrupts me at the end of the last deal but two by saying testily, "It's no use talking, if you attend, we may just save the odd."

My friend, the Queen of Diamonds, who, I thought, had been played, and taken by some one or other at a very early period of the game, suddenly re-appears out of my partner's hand, as if she was part of a conjuring trick. Second hand can't follow suit and can't trump. I think I see what he intends me to do here. I've a trump and a small club. "When in doubt," I recollect the infallible rule, "play a trump." I don't think anyone expected this trump. Good play.

Happy Thought.—Trump. I look up diffidently; my partner laughs, so do the others. My partner's is not a pleasant laugh. I can't help asking, "Why? isn't that right: it's ours?" "Oh, yes," says my partner, sarcastically, "it *is* ours." "Only," explains little BOB ENGLEFIELD, "You've trumped your partner's best card."

I try again to explain that by my computation the Queen of Diamonds had been played a long time ago. My partner won't listen to reason. He replies, "You might have seen that it wasn't." I return, "Well, it couldn't be helped, we'll win the game yet." This I add to encourage him, though, if it depends on *me*, I honestly (to myself) don't think we shall. After all, we *do* get the odd trick. STENTON ought to be in a better humour, but he isn't; he says "the odd, we ought to have been three." ENGLEFIELD asks me how Honours are? I don't know. STENTON says, "Why you (meaning me) had two in your own hand." "Oh, yes, I had." I'd forgotten it. "Honours easy," says STENTON to me. I agree with him. Now I've got to score with this confounded shilling, sixpence, half-crown, and a candlestick.

Happy Thought.—Ask BOB ENGLEFIELD how he scores, generally. He replies, "Oh, the usual way," and as he doesn't illustrate his meaning, his reply is of no use to me whatever. How can I find out without showing them that I don't know.

Happy Thought (while CHILDERS deals).—Pretend to forget to score till next time. ENGLEFIELD will have to do it, perhaps, next time, then watch ENGLEFIELD. Just as I'm arranging my cards from right to left—

Happy Thought.—To alternate the colours black and red, beginning this time with black (right) as spades are trumps. Also to arrange them in their rank and order of precedence. Ace on the right, if I've got one—yes—king next, queen next—and the hand begins to look very pretty. I can quite imagine Whist being a fascinating game—STENTON reminds me that I've forgotten to mark one up.

Happy Thought.—Put sixpence by itself on my left hand. STENTON asks what's that for?

Happy Thought.—To say it's the way I *always* mark. STENTON says, "Oh, go on." I look round to see what we're waiting for, and ENGLEFIELD answers me, "Go on, it's you; you're first hand." I beg their pardon. I must play some card or other and finish arranging my hand during the round. Anything will do to begin with. Here's a Two of Spades, a little one, on my left hand; throw him out.

"Hallo!" cries ENGLEFIELD, second hand, "trumps are coming out early." I quite forgot spades were trumps; that comes of that horrid little card being on the left instead of the right.

Happy Thought.—Not to show my mistake; nod at ENGLEFIELD, and intimate that "He'll see what's coming." So, by the way, will my partner. In a polite moment I accept another cup of tea. I don't want it, and have to put it by the half-crown, shilling, and candlestick on the whist-table, where I'm afraid of knocking it over, [and am obliged to let it get quite cold as I have to attend to the game.

Happening to be taking a spoonful, with my eyes anxiously on the

cards, when my turn comes, STENTON says, "Do play, never mind your tea." Whist brutalises STENTON: what a pity!

Happy Thought.—Send this game, as a problem, to a Sporting paper.

Happy Thought.—Why not write generally for Sporting papers?

STENTON says, "Do play!" I do.

PAROCHIAL COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

"NAMING PAUPER CHILDREN.—The Guardians of one of our metropolitan Parishes the other day, having to settle the transference of some pauper children from one industrial school to another, met with two girls chargeable to the parish, named 'MARY UNKNOWN' and 'POLLY PANCRAS,' and it was proposed to change these names to the same as those borne by the Churchwardens or some of the Guardians, but as this was opposed on the ground that some people might look upon the matter in an uncharitable light, it was therefore resolved, after a long discussion, that the names of the girls should be changed to 'MARY SMITH' and 'POLLY JONES.'"—*Pail-Mail Gazette.*

SCENE—The Board-Room of a Metropolitan Union. Board of GUARDIANS and CHAIRMAN.

Chairman. Well, gentlemen, now we've a'most got through our bisniss. There's only them two gals.

1st Guardian. What two gals?

Chairman. What's to be removed from the hunder to the hupper industrial school. Their names is—let me see (*puts on his spectacles*) MARY UNKNOWN and POLLY PANCRAS.

2nd Guardian. Rummish names.

3rd Guardian. Why, yes, they do sound rayther queer. Who gave 'em their names?

2nd Guardian. Their godfathers and godmothers in their baptism—which—

Chairman. Was the Beadle and the Matron, I fancy. UNKNOWN and PANCRAS! Them was the Beadle's suggestions, I'll be bound. Shows deficiency in the inventive faculty, great want of imagination on the part of the Beadle.

4th Guardian. The poor gals will be chaffed about their names to death as long as they live. (*Laughter.*)

3rd Guardian. Mr. Chairman, I rise to order. It's irregular for any honourable member of this here board to talk Irish. (*Order, order, and cheers.*)

4th Guardian. You be blowed!

Chairman. Bisniss, gentlemen, bisniss. *Fugit tempus.* Them names had better be altered.

1st Guardian. They can't.

Chairman. Not the Christian names; no, but the sur. Wasn't the feller as was named JAMES BUG allowed to call his self NORFOLK HOWARD?

2nd Guardian. Yes, to be sure; and bugs have been called Howards ever since.

3rd Guardian. Well then, what shall we name 'em?

4th Guardian. Call 'em PUGH and HASSOCK, arter the Churchwardens.

Chairman. Humph! PUGH and HASSOCK isn't here. P'raps they mightn't like it.

3rd Guardian. Suppose we names one on 'em arter Mr. Chairman?

Chairman. Werry much obliged to the honourable member for his proposal, but it's a 'compliment I'd rayther decline: Would he like e'er a one of 'em to be named arter his self?

1st Guardian. There's no knowin what ill-natur'd persons might say.

2nd Guardian. Certainly, certainly; no doubt. If the gals was named arter any of the Guardians, 'twould werry likely give rise to invidjus remarks.

1st Guardian. Couldn't we call 'em arter the day they was born upon, like what's-his-name—*Robison Cruzer*—did *Man Friday*?

Chairman. We don't know the day of their births, and there's no time to inquire. Besides, Saturday, Sunday, or Monday, or Tuesday, or Wednesday, would be as bad as either Unknown or Pancras. And hang it, we might as well be original.

1st Guardian. What do you propose yourself, then?

Chairman. Well, that's a question as requires some thought. Yer see, it wouldn't do to give 'em too pompous igh soundin names, unsuoted to their station in life. Then, if we gives 'em names of the ornary kind, it might, as the honourable member justly said, cause invidjus obserwations, unless we gave 'em the werry commonest of all. But if we does that, then we can't give no handle and no offence to nobody. So upon the whole, and lookin at it altogether, my opinion is, that the best thing as we can do is for to call 'em MARY SMITH and POLLY JONES. There is too many SMITHS and JONESSES in the world for it to signify who may be named SMITH or JONES. Them that's for MARY SMITH and POLLY JONES, old up yer ands. (*All hands held up.*)

Chairman. Carried unanimous. So much for that. And now, gentlemen, our evenin's bisniss bein concluded, I will, with your kind permission, wacate the chair. [*Scene closes.*]

WHERE CARPENTERS OUGHT TO LIVE.—*Filey and Chiselhurst.*



THE SNOW-STORM, JAN. 2, 1867.

Cabby (petulantly—the Cabbies even lost their tempers). "IT'S NO USE YOUR A-CALLING O' ME, SIR! GOT SUCH A JOB WITH THESE 'ERE TWO AS'LL LAST ME A FORTNIGHT!"

A LITTLE WORD FOR LITTLE BIRDS.

GOOD MR. PUNCH,

You are a sportsman, I believe, and not a battue butcher. So I trust you have no sympathy with cruel brutes of gamekeepers, who go about with guns to murder pretty birds in this way:—

"RARE BIRDS SHOT.—MR. JOHN RODDAM, gamekeeper to R. D. SHAFTO, Esq., Whitworth Hall, has shot seven specimens of the Bohemian wax-wing. Three were shot on the 12th, one on the 13th, and three on the 24th. Amongst them five were males and two females. They are interesting and rare in this country. They were upon the hawthorn when shot."

Now, can anyone call this a case of justifiable avicide? What harm in the world had these pretty little wax-wings done that they should be thus butchered? Had they been hawks or kites, a gamekeeper perhaps would have been right in killing them. But wax-wings are quite harmless, unoffending little birds, and ought to be petted rather than be potted. "Rare and interesting" as they are in our benighted country, we ought to do our best to encourage them to live with us. How pretty they would look among our tom-tits and our finches, and our common little hedge-warblers! "Welcome, little strangers!" should be our salutation to them, instead of bang, bang, bang, from the guns of stupid gamekeepers. "Specimens" indeed! As if a stuffed bird could be made to look as pretty as a living one. And where can be the use of shooting "seven specimens?" one male and one female would surely have sufficed for the biggest of museums.

Well, I am very glad that I am neither rare nor interesting, and not at all in any way worth stuffing as a specimen, being happily for me,

Yours simply,

A COCK SPARROW.

Art News.

It is announced that a well-known Danish sculptor, at present in Rome, is "engaged in executing in marble three groups, all of which are destined for England." Pleasant intelligence for English sculptors. How they must all wish this lucky foreigner at—Jericho!

A PREVENTIVE OF BRASS KNUCKLES.

DR. PUNCH has frequently had occasion of late to express his approval of the active treatment resorted to in some of our penal institutions for the purpose of checking the propensity to commit robbery with violence. That treatment has consisted in the stimulating local application of the preparation of hemp commonly known as whipcord, administered in the form of a cat-o'-nine-tails to the patient's back. This acts as a counter-irritant, producing considerable excoaration, attended by severe smarting, which, however, is essential to a successful result.

At the Liverpool Police Court the other day, HENRY HANSOME, Second Mate of the American ship, *Resolute*, was charged with having committed a brutal assault upon one of the crew of that vessel, inflicting injuries which, in the belief of the Magistrate, could only have been caused by brass knuckles, otherwise called "knuckle dusters." The use of this weapon arises from the same propensity as that which actuates garotters, and would, doubtless, yield to the same practice as that which has been effectually resorted to in their complaint. It is to be hoped that, as soon as possible in the ensuing Session, a parliamentary prescription will be drawn up and appointed for the proper application of the remedy employed on the garotter to the other ruffian's dorsal region.

What Baronet is Missing Just Now.

PEOPLE may say that they don't care. But they ought to care. One member of the Baronetage is out of the way, and we fear is being ill-treated. For we read in the *Times* that a respectable firm of auctioneers announce the sale of a quantity of wine, "the property of a Baronet, now lying in his Cellar."

GETTING IT AT BOTH ENDS.

TREMENDOUS Rating—what the Vestries raise from the rate-payers, and bring down on themselves.



A QUIET SMOKE.

Charlotte (in gasps). "OH, LAURA!—DO YOU THINK—IT WAS TOBACCO—WE TOOK OUT OF WILLY'S BOX?—I BELIEVE I'M—DYING!!"

ANTI-BRIGHT ANECDOTES.

THE principal business of the smaller Conservatives, while kept in the dark by the large ones, is to invent stories against MR. JOHN BRIGHT. But most of them bring the concoctors to grief, as was notably the case with MR. GARTH, on whom MR. BRIGHT laid the hands of vengeance somewhat heavily. Moved with compassion for the troubles of his fellow-creatures, *Mr. Punch* subjoins a series of anti-BRIGHT anecdotes, which Conservative writers may use with perfect safety, and which have quite as much to do with the question of Reform as any other allegations against MR. BRIGHT's personal character. They are labelled in the pleasing American fashion.

HIS YOUTH.

When young, JOHN BRIGHT had many fastidious tastes. It was with great difficulty that he could ever be brought to eat an Orange. This un-boylike and un-English hostility to a beautiful fruit may be thought to have betokened his hatred for the Orangemen of Ireland, and her landlords.

HIS INDOLENCE.

JOHN BRIGHT was always an exceedingly idle young man, and his friends could seldom persuade him to take the needful amount of exercise. Pressed hard to take a walk by a Quaker relative, who said, "It has come to me, JOHN, that thou art unwise not to pay more regard to health. Dost not know that exercise is demanded by the constitution?" BRIGHT replied, scornfully, "Bother the Constitution!" Fully, deeply, wickedly has he acted up to the spirit of that deadly *double-entendre*.

HIS LOW TASTES.

Although MR. BRIGHT's family was most respectable, and he might, had he pleased, have been a constant visitor at the best houses in the vicinity, he was remarkable, when a young man, for eschewing such intercourse. We have it on the best authority that one evening when he had been invited to a tea-party, after which there was to be an interesting discussion on Pre-adamite fossils, he absented himself, and was detected leaning over a wall and amusing himself by observing some dirty lads

playing at skittles. And this was "the father to the man" who presumes to talk of the shortcomings of the aristocracy!

HIS BRUTALITY.

Small things show us a man's character better than large ones, because the former accidentally reveal the truth, while the latter are the result of premeditation. BRIGHT's brutality was manifested at a very early period of his evil life. A Friend of his was endeavouring to induce him to play at leap-frog, a diversion which though not enjoined by the Quaker doctrine is not inhibited to Friends of any age or obesity. After several refusals to "give" his companion "a back," and the latter continuing to urge the claims of sport, JOHN BRIGHT exclaimed, suiting the action to the word, "I'll give thee a back-hander," and the unfortunate Friend went head-over-heels.

HIS FALSEHOOD.

We have so repeatedly exposed the unblushing falsehoods of MR. JOHN BRIGHT that the task becomes wearisome. But we fear that the line will go on to the crack of doom. The habit is ingrained in his nature, and was in full efflorescence at an early period. We have obtained from an aged servant in the BRIGHT family the following story which may be relied on, though we suppress her name, that we may not expose her to the vengeance which the un-English agitator is fond of taking on old women. His brother JACOB had a favourite knife, which on one occasion he missed. The poor boy demanded of his brother JOHN whether he saw the cherished article anywhere about. "No," was the answer. Yet at that moment it was in BRIGHT's closed hand. He did not see it—such was his miserable subterfuge. Is it not like him?

HIS TREACHERY.

At the age of sixteen, JOHN BRIGHT, though brought up amid a strict sect, was not blind to the charms of the other sex. He was not an unwilling companion of young Quaker ladies in their walks, and perhaps was even then cultivating that feminine habit of reiterated impertinence which so signally distinguishes him. Be this as it may, upon one occasion a young male Friend asked him if he knew whether a certain young lady, whose name we would certainly introduce if we

knew it, intended to be one of a walking party that evening. JOHN BRIGHT seriously assured the other that she could not come, for that he had heard her arrange to attend an aged aunt, to whom she was reading *Barclay's Apology*. Hearing this, the other young man stayed away, but what were his feelings next day when he learned that the young lady had been of the party, and had been escorted chiefly by one JOHN BRIGHT? Yet we are asked to rely on the word of such a man, when he promises not to subvert the Throne and the Altar!

HIS IGNORANCE.

MR. BRIGHT is exceedingly fond of citing passages from the older English writers, and sometimes they sound well by contrast with the intolerable and nauseating trash of his own composition. But we do not believe that he has really studied those authors. The selections are either made for him by his secretary, whom we dare say he ill-treats, or by some friend to whom he is probably ungrateful. We have reason to know that being asked to name the place where to find the line

"Men are but children of a larger growth,"

he said that it was in a play of DRYDEN'S. Every Eton schoolboy knows that it is in no play at all, but in the prologue to a play of DRYDEN'S. The character of the mind that assails our noble system of classical education may be estimated, and we may truly say with CICERO, *Sic vos Non Nobis mellificatis oves.*

THE ARISTOCRACY OF LABOUR.



URE enough, union in general is strength; but Trades-Unions in particular are weakness, at least on the part of skilled workmen who belong to them, and submit to be dragged down by them to the level of the unskilled, or idle. Natural equality for ever; artificial equality never! The former is the consequence of liberty; the latter is the effect of dictation. Didactic as these maxims must be confessed to be, they appear to express the sentiments of a large number of working men in the employment of the Staveley Company who joined, on Tuesday evening last week, in a great

Non-Unionist demonstration in the schools at Barrow Hill. The following remark of their Chairman, MR. CHARLES MARKHAM, will find an echo in the brain of every intelligent working man who is determined to think and act for himself, and not endure coercion by a majority of his inferiors in intelligence:—

"The superior and industrious workmen would rebel against being ruled and governed by idle and thoughtless men, who were unable to raise themselves to the same level as the superior working man."

This is the sort of rebellion that any working man, inspired with a hatred of arbitrary power, may be advised to engage in. It is a rebellion that will bring him into no trouble of the nature of imprisonment or penal servitude; but on the contrary, will ensure the most respectful attention to his demand for political power.

King Bladud's Sleepy Pigs.

THE "genteel" people of Bath are what are called "goodies." They love all sorts of meetings, and mild demonstrations, and sometimes they get almost up to excitement point over religious controversies. But they seem a flabby lot. When we were all welcoming the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, Bath got up a testimonial to H. R. H.—that is, it ordered one. Where is the article? We read that Bath raised some subscriptions the other day, for an excellent purpose, by the attraction of a big doll, dressed as a collier. Perhaps another doll, elegantly attired as the PRINCESS OF WALES, would attract the Bath flabbies and tabbies, and get the testimonial out of pawn. They are welcome to the hint.

PICTURES FOR PRISON WALLS.

THE State is a small employer of Art. It has invoked painting and sculpture to decorate the Houses of Parliament. That is nearly all it has done for the encouragement of plastic or pictorial genius. A short-sighted utilitarianism incapacitates it from seeing the use of paintings and statues. It cannot understand the good of High Art, to which branch of Art its views are limited. But there is also such a thing as Low Art whereunto the eyes of Statesmen may be directed. Low Art might be employed with great and obvious advantages in the decoration of certain public buildings.

The prisoners sentenced at Leeds, before Christmas, by MR. JUSTICE LUSH, to be flogged, in addition to penal servitude, for robbery accompanied with violence, were punctually flogged on Wednesday last week at Armley Gaol. The *Leeds Mercury* contains an account of their punishment, which would be highly instructive if the *Leeds Mercury* were a less respectable paper than it is, and circulated amongst the criminal classes. Its description of the special cat, issued for the express purpose of flogging garotters, from the Home Office, and its detailed account of the strapping up, the scourging, the yelling and howling of the convicts, and the appearances exhibited by their backs, were extremely vivid, and calculated to make a wholesome impression on any ruffian who could read them.

But mere description, however forcible, is soon forgotten by low minds. Pictures have been called the books of idiots; they are also the best books for blackguards. Some four or five refractory prisoners were compelled to witness the chastisement of their fellow-criminals. Their "anxious looks betokened the effect the proceedings had upon them." The actual spectacle of such "proceedings" is of course the best thing for the admonition of ruffians. A flogged garotter's howling is inimitable; but the pencil of a truthful artist would suffice to convey a very effective idea of his sensations. Let Government, therefore, engage the cleverest Royal Academicians, and other artists whose services they can command, to adorn the New Palace of Justice, and the Assize Courts generally, with frescoes representing scenes of punishment, and especially garotters undergoing the discipline of the cat-o'-nine-tails. Let them also have the walls of prisons similarly ornamented, and cause the cells of the prisoners to be embellished with the like designs, the unpopular penalty thus depicted being that to which their inmates shall be rendered liable for the offence of defacing them.

THE PERILS OF THE PARKS.

WE read in that delightfully amusing old *Gentleman's Magazine* how a hundred years ago, it was a common thing for persons to be stopped and purses to be filched, a little after nightfall, upon Hounslow Heath. How far we have advanced in safety since those good old times, may be seen from this account of what took place the other morning in St. James's Park:—

"Gangs of roughs and thieves assembled to the number of several hundreds at each end of the bridge, and at a given signal, when the bridge was crowded with respectably-dressed persons, they rushed on pell-mell, hustling and bonneting all who came in their way, watches, purses, and pins changing owners with extraordinary rapidity. This disgraceful scene was repeated about every half-hour until it grew dark. The park-keepers did all they could to repress the disorderly scene, but they were comparatively powerless. A dozen police-constables would have been effective for the purpose, but they were not there, and so the roughs had possession of the park until all respectable people had been chased away, there was no more plunder to be obtained, or people to be hunted down."

Bold *Turpin* and his crew but seldom showed their blackened faces in the daylight, but our modern highway robbers are far bolder than they. In Hyde Park last summer there were several such scenes as this recorded in St. James's, and probably this winter there will be several more. How many more acts of brutal violence must take place before an Act of Parliament be passed to hand our parks to the care of the police? It is too bad that one cannot take a walk in St. James's without being maltreated by the roughdom of St. Giles's.

N. and Q.

DON'T you think had COWLEY lived in this age of "Limited liability" his lines—

"If then, YOUNG YEAR! thou need'st must come,
Choose thy attendants well
We fear NOT THREE—but 'tis thy Company—"

would have had the last word in the plural?—A VICTIM.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE is favourably known in the literary world as the author of most of the best Nigger melodies.

A PUSEY-LISTIC ENCOUNTER.—Between the Dr. and S. G. O.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

"But, in truth, the active duties of a Director extend much beyond the points we have named. There are other duties, vague rather than avowed—understood, though not stipulated—which he is bound to exercise. His vigilance should extend beyond the board room, and should involve a surveillance more or less minute over even the private concerns of those whom he permits to control the property entrusted to his own guardianship. In one word, he ought to exercise as watchful a care as he is accustomed to do in the case of his own servants and assistants."—*Daily Telegraph.*

A Meeting of the Directors of the Objective and Subjective Individual and Consolidated Bank and Life Assurance Association (Limited). Refreshments.

Chairman. Help yourselves, Gentlemen, and do so with a good conscience, for you will perceive that instead of the magnificent Madeira which used to be supplied to us, and which, in the interest of the Bank, I have purchased from it, at the cost price, you have simply a cheap Marsala before you. (*Applause.*) I will now ask gentlemen who may have reports to make, to read them, or state the contents. JOHN, get out of the room, and shut the door. [*Exit Menial.*]

Mr. Brown. I believe that at our last meeting it was agreed that we, the Directors, should endeavour to act up to the suggestion of one of the daily papers, and initiate a surveillance over the private concerns of those who act under us. We divided the duties, and it fell to my share to inquire into the habits of MR. BUMPTIOUS, our General Manager. (*Applause.*)

Chairman. I need hardly say that everything that passes is strictly confidential. At least, I need not say this to unmarried members, but those who are fortunate enough to be married will remember that these inquiries are business secrets, and not to be used for social purposes. (*Hear, hear, and a few guilty looks.*)

Mr. Brown. I dined with MR. BUMPTIOUS at his house in Belgravia. His dinner was excellent, but the wine was bad. I expected that it would be so, as he began to praise it so early as the Chablis, which was beastly. I think this badness a good sign. He does not spend much with his wine-merchant. The dress of MRS. BUMPTIOUS looked very splendid velvet, but I am assured by a competent authority that it was only velveteen. This also is a good sign. There were three men waiting, but two were palpable green-grocers—he did not know their names. I incidentally learned that the brougham is jobbed. I see no reason for distrusting MR. BUMPTIOUS, who evidently knows how to keep up appearances, cheaply.

Mr. Smith. He has a boy at Eton, though.
Mr. Brown. He was there for half a year, that he might say he had been at Eton. He goes to a cheap school now. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Smith. I wish that I could give as good an account of our Secretary, MR. FLAPPER. I went down and stayed a night at his place in Surrey. He lives luxuriously, and I privately inspected the stables early in the morning—he has two horses, and two ponies for his children. He has just bought a picture, for which he paid, he said, three hundred guineas. I do not understand pictures, but there seemed very little for the money.

Mr. Jones. Let us be charitable, and hope he lied.
Mr. Smith. I am very willing to believe it, for he is a good servant, but MRS. FLAPPER wore real point-lace—having been in the trade, I cannot be deceived in that.

Mr. Robinson. Was not her father a pawnbroker? She may have had it through him. I am for vigilance, but consideration.

The Chairman. Most certainly. I submit that it be somebody's business to ascertain how MRS. FLAPPER got that lace. We will await the information before acting. (*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. Robinson. I had to ascertain particulars as to one of our head clerks, MR. ELISHA BALDEAD. I hardly know what judgment to arrive at. His establishment appears to be carried on with economy, indeed MRS. B. called him, more than half in earnest, an old screw. They are without children. He has a large salary; yet he never seems to have any ready money, and I have reason to know that he has been summoned for water-rates.

The Chairman. This may mean one of several things. Old debts—gambling—poor relations—secret speculations—enormous gifts to Religious and Charitable Societies—

Mr. Robinson. He had to pay for kicking a collector sent by the Society for Propagating Prayer-books among the Patagonians.

The Chairman. That suspicion, then, we eliminate. He does not look a lady's man. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Smith. An old bear.
The Chairman. Nevertheless—however, we must have him watched.

Mr. Sniggles. I had to look up three or four of the younger clerks, and it was rather perilous work, and took me into odd places, but I have nothing very bad to report. MR. JAMES JOBSON goes a good deal to the Oxford, but he plays fiddles, and I believe goes only for the music. MR. ROBERT TANNER is very domesticated: he lives in a street out of the Strand, and is generally in bed by ten—when he gives a supper to a few of his friends, I believe artists, chiefly, the fare is tripe and trotters—he is all right. MR. CHARLES CUMBLEPORTLE I am

not so sure about; he takes Turkish Baths, and rides a horse, and wears splendid studs, which it is charitable, but may be unsafe, to believe Mosaic.

Mr. Jones. I heard, I forget how, that he was going to marry the daughter of a beefsteak house, and he may wish to impress her with an idea that he is an aristocrat.

Mr. Sniggles. Ah! That explains something else—let CUMBLEPORTLE's case stand over. I will report again. The other man on my list is MR. FREDERICK TOOTLES. He is all right. He has married a very little wife, and lives in a very little house at Camberwell, and they keep little white mice, in dozens. I would raise his salary, to encourage the others.

The Chairman. Move it at the next meeting. Any more reports?

Mr. Bunce. I promised to find out anything there might be against BURLEYGRUNT, the porter. I think he is all right. They wanted him to sign a petition for Manhood Suffrage, and he beat the man who brought it. He also beat a man who wrote *No Popery* on our shutters. His wife beats him. He breeds guinea-pigs. He gives money to Italian organs, at night. He always has a cold sausage in his pocket. On the whole I think he is a very good man, and he goes to sleep at such short notice, and snores so awfully, that he must have a clear conscience. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman. Well, gentlemen, I think that we have done our duty thus far, and the result has been very satisfactory. We have good reason to think well of several persons in our employ. Of course, we shall not relax our vigilance, and we will meet again soon, meantime gentlemen will arrange to look up other servants. We will take another glass of Marsala, and adjourn.

THE WEATHER.

THE slippery pavements were very trying to all classes. Acrobats tumbled for nothing, bankers lost their balance, farmers grazed their shins, soldiers embraced the flags, tailors measured their length, and travellers tripped in all directions.

The mails were snowed up, but the females ventured out enveloped in frieze wraps.

Young men found their whiskers turn white in the course of a single night.

A Caution to the Benevolent. Four great hulking fellows in a well-to-do street, sing "We've got no work to do." One of them adds (in an undertone), "And we don't want any."

People grumbled who went to evening parties, for they found nothing but a freezing Reception.

How indefatigable our Vestrymen were in clearing away the snow! They were as industrious, as busy as bees—may we not say, as Bumble bees?

The cold was so intense that for a time MRS. LOUDLEY TALKINGTON was unable to speak, but she soon began to chatter—with her teeth.

How human nature varies! Some people looked sympathetic when their fellow-creatures tumbled, others *simperthetic*.

A new branch of literature has lately been largely cultivated—reading the thermometer.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the members of the Curling Club are hairdressers.

A nice place for a walk this Polar weather would be—Cold Bath Fields.

A CANDID GIRL.

THERE is nothing like frankness. We would rather send for the young lady who makes this open announcement in a West of England paper than for any pretentious person who should puff herself.

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

A YOUNG LADY teaches the above in Four Lessons, without any previous knowledge of either.—Apply, &c.

A good girl. If she has no knowledge of what she is going to teach, she is no worse off than many who pretend to a great deal, and we like her candour and truthfulness. Is she disengaged?—we mean, matrimonially. If so, she may send up her photograph. We have several young men on hand.

Musæ Canoræ.

THE ancient rhymer wooed each Muse
To earth, in well remembered line:
The modern rascal gets his dues
From cat that Mews "Descend, ye Nine!"

WELL PLAYED, CONYNGHAM!

THE MARQUIS OF CONYNGHAM, who is well known in the cricket field, has just made a splendid "hit." He has struck—off the rent of his tenants—one half their losses by the Cattle Plague.



TANTALUS.

POOR EDWIN HAS TO STAND PASSIVELY BY, AND SEE HIS ANGELINA'S FOOT IN UNWASHED AND MERCENARY HANDS.

MRS. BRITANNIA AND MADAME FRANCE LAY THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

QUOTH stout old BRITANNIA to brisk MADAME FRANCE,
Who wooed her o'er sea with her best *bien-séance*,
"I'd step over with pleasure your great Show to view,
But there's a vile barrier 'twixt me, Ma'am, and you;
'Tis what I call the Custom-house, you, *La Douane*,
That to keep us from visiting does what it can.

"Now, I've no taste for smuggling; in fact, I contend,
Smuggled goods always cost twice their worth in the end:
Then, what *is* there to smuggle, I'd much like to know,
Now there's free-trade between us, thank COBDEN & Co?
E'en your Paris to show me a thing I defy,
But at shillings for francs I in London could buy.

"But if I meant smuggling, my dear, *entre nous*,
'Taint portmanteau or bag I would choose for 't—would you?
If one *does* carry things one don't want to declare,
As a sensible woman one don't put 'em *there*.
There are means, ain't there, dear, to stow goods on the sly,
Where e'en Custom-house searchers don't venture to pry?"

"But, really, to have one's trunks tumbled about,
One's dresses all rumpled and turned inside out,
One's bonnets passed under an officer's stares,
One's things from the wash pawed and touzled by bears—
It's really more than a woman can stand,
Above all, not at Reason's but Custom's command."

Quoth brisk MADAME FRANCE with a shrug and a sigh,
"*C'est vrai, chère Madame*, as you say, so say I;
Cette sacrée Douane! mille excuses, if I swear,
It is so bad, almost, as *l'affreux mal-de-mer*.
If your *mystères de toilette* to show you decline,
Figurez-vous, Madame, what I feel for mine!

"*Voyons donc—c'est l'affaire de ces deux beaux Seigneurs,*
Votre Chancelier du Trésor, et mon Empereur.
To les droits du beau sexe, what are droits de Douane?
So let each of us tackle her own gentlemàn."
"Agreed!" quoth BRITANNIA—"a Customs' Reform
From my DIZZY I'll coax, or, if that won't do, storm!"

UNWAVERING, OR, 'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

THE above joke is SIR WALTER SCOTT's, by the way, and serves *Mr. Punch* very well for a heading to half-a-dozen lines which, in departure from his general custom, he proposes to insert in reference to a contemporary. The *Examiner* newspaper is completing its sixtieth year, and is gracefully mindful of the fact. *Mr. Punch* wishes the *Examiner* many happy returns of its birthday. That journal has stood manfully by the famous motto from DEROE, which it has worn on its shield for so many years. Fearless, witty, and gentlemanly, not given to gushing, but not ashamed of honest sympathy, scholarly but not pedantic, and always in tone with the minds of thoughtful and refined readers, the *Examiner* is distinguished even among the high class journalism of London. *Mr. Punch*, who is also remarkable for all the above good qualities, and many others, takes off his hat, and gives a cheer for the birthday of the sparkling sexagenarian.

A FIRST-RATE GAME TO BE PLAYED BY ALL ENGLAND.

IN the first place you must take a new envelope, neither too large nor too small. Then think of your greatest "favourite." Having, of course, selected *Mr. Punch*, write his name and address in a legible hand on the envelope. You must now take six postage stamps, and having affixed one to the envelope, place the remaining five within the directed cover. You must then write "*For the Distressed*" in one corner of the envelope, and put it carefully in the Post-office letter-box.

Mr. Punch will receive the communication in due course, and afterwards forward it to the BISHOP OF LONDON.

N.B. Everybody can play at this game, and the more the merrier.



THE WRONG OF SEARCH, OR THE LUGGAGE QUESTION.

EMPEROR. "MADAME WILL COME, I TRUST?"

BRITANNIA. "WELL, I SHOULD BE DELIGHTED, I'M SURE; BUT I DON'T LIKE TO HAVE MY LUGGAGE PULLED ABOUT."

EMPEROR. "AH! I WILL DO MY BEST TO PREVENT IT, IF THAT GENTLEMAN IS AGREEABLE."

CONJUGIUM VOCAT.



UMBUG should have its limits. *Punch* does not think that the ceremony of marriage is one which should be parodied in the persons of a couple of hideous and semi-idiotic dwarfs. Two objects, which it pleased the exhibitors to call Aztecs, were shown in London some time ago, and when puffing had done its worst they were taken away. A Liverpool contemporary says that they were shown as a brother and sister. We forget how this was. Recently the creatures have been brought back, and have been put through what is called a marriage—a farce suggested, we suppose, by some previous dwarf unions. The proceedings were marked by a banquet, and have been largely advertised. Of course this

means that the ugly little animals are to be exhibited as man and wife. We wonder whether English women will countenance a disgusting desecration of the idea of marriage.

HONOUR TO VICTOR HUGO!

≡ HONOUR to VICTOR HUGO! And success to his good works! We do not mean his *Notre Dame*, his *Misérables*, or his *Travailleurs de la Mer*. These all are works quite good enough for any author to be proud of, but VICTOR HUGO may be proud of better works than these. For instance, listen here:—

“M. VICTOR HUGO having ascertained, satisfactorily to himself at least, that good meat and wine, so far from being poison, are necessary to the proper nurture of young people, feeds about forty children once or twice a week, with a sufficient meat dinner and a glass of sound burgundy for each. So satisfactory has been this process that the children have vastly improved in strength, intelligence, industry, and a wish to learn.”

Hunger very often paralyses intellect. It is difficult to study on an empty stomach. If you want a child to learn well you must take care to have him fed well. Proper food is needful to keep the brain in health, and there is little use in schooling unless the brain be healthy. VICTOR HUGO, who has used his brain, well knows the need there is to nourish it. So he wisely leads poor children to the school-room through the *salle-à-manger*, and before their minds are fed, he takes care to feed their bodies. Honour to VICTOR HUGO! and may his wise example be followed here in England! Said he, the other day, while giving out his yearly Christmas gifts of clothes to his poor little ones:—

“There are two ways of building churches; they may be built of stone, they may be built of flesh and blood. The poor whom you have succoured are a church which you have built, whence prayer and gratitude ascend to God.”

Hath not old JEREMY TAYLOR said something like to this? If so, honour to VICTOR HUGO for thus knowing English literature. Or perhaps the thought sprang in his mind as he looked at his poor children, and may be, he all-unconsciously echoed the old writer. Any way, let there be honour to the good, kind VICTOR HUGO. There is a rage just now for church-building in rich and pious England. Let us hope that flesh-and-blood churches will be built as well as stone and brick and mortar ones.

When he distributed the clothing, VICTOR HUGO said this also:—

“God intrusts us with the children of all who suffer. * * * To relieve children, to train them to be good men, is our duty; this it is that justifies the publicity given to this act.”

The more good men there are, the better; and the more that kind, judicious charity is shown to the children of the poor, the greater chance there is that something good will come of it. This it is that justifies our giving VICTOR HUGO the world-wide publicity of a paragraph in *Punch*.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.—In the newspapers appears the Marriage of the Aztecs. It is to be presumed that these marvellous specimens of humanity will henceforth be *ecclesi-Aztecs*.

PETER, MARTIN, AND JACK.

PETER, MARTIN, and JACK are at it again. We would much rather record the Loves of the Triangles than Triangular Duels, but we have no choice. Here is DR. MANNING delivering a “pleasant” address, in which he bears a graceful testimony to the increasing tolerance shown by Protestants to Catholics, and is reasonably thankful for the willingness of the former to concede spiritual privileges to Catholic criminals, interesting creatures who appear to engross an extraordinary share of the attention, not to say affection, of the Romish clergy. It is an age of compliment, and highly polite recognition has been made of DR. MANNING’s affability, and very right too. But “comes there no sequel at the heels of this ‘MANNING’s’ admiration?” We are indebted to our friend the *Morning Star* for a little reflected light.

“Catholic doctrine teaches us that a civil ruler in no respect transgresses his province by punishing offences against the Catholic religion as such. It is impossible by direct argument to make Protestants understand the reasonableness of this principle, because they do not, of course, recognise the terrible evils which ensue from a nation’s rejection of Catholicism.”

This appears in the *Westminster Gazette*, the respectable and recognised organ of Catholicism. DR. MANNING was said to have written the above lines. He disclaims the authorship, but carefully abstains from disavowing the sentiments. So they may be regarded as DR. MANNING’S. Wherefore, brethren, you may note that all the toleration is to be on one side. We are complimented by DR. MANNING for not forcing our religion on him, but he does not affect to deny that circumstances, only, prevent his forcing his religion on us. If he could manage as they manage in Spain, it would not be exactly good times for Protestants. Suppose he could convert the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and some other high officers to Catholicism, and get hold of the Life Guards and other military missionaries, sweep Parliament into prison or exile, and hang the Editor of *Punch* and all his brothers in ink, the above-mentioned “terrible evils” would be met in a resolute fashion. And Protestants are courteously invited to recognise the fitness of such a process! Our friend JACK is a little more considerate than our friend PETER. The said JACK has learned from his idol, CALVIN, that nobody but JACK and his allies have any chance of a happy Hereafter. But he does not persecute here—except in the matter of Sabbatarianism or so. PETER, on the other hand, will not, if he can help it, permit us to be comfortable in either world. However, as in England, at all events, we are intolerant of one thing, namely intolerance, PETER sees it prudent to be polite, and hope for better times. To this we can have no objection—thought is free, and so is hope—and therefore we beg leave to acknowledge, in the blindest manner, the compliments of DR. MANNING, and to assure him that we will do our best to continue to deserve them, and to prevent any state of things in which he will be able to address us in a less agreeable way.

THE HORSE AND THE CARTE.

AMONG a quantity of literary and scientific news, the *Athenæum* naively tells us that—

“The Parisians have taken so kindly to horseflesh that, it is stated, no less than 43,000 lb. of this substance is sold weekly by the Paris butchers.”

Is “this substance,” we wonder, sold as horseflesh by the butchers, or do they dispose of it by the pseudonym of beef? Under the latter supposition, we can easily conceive that a great quantity is weekly distributed in Paris. Ignorance is bliss, sometimes, and people with good appetites may doubtless be made happy with a juicy slice of horseflesh, if it be only served up with the name of a beefsteak. With French cookery it is impossible to distinguish between meats of one sort and another, and a man might very easily swallow horseflesh without knowing it, and possibly, if hungry, he might like it very much. *Sam Weller* mentions a veal-pieman who found cats were very useful in the making of veal pies, and doubtless many a horse in Paris has been made into beefsteaks.

THE JAMAICA COMMITTEE.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE Jamaica Committee respectfully announces that in order to carry out, if possible, the views of its members, and to divest Great Britain of the incumbrances called Colonies, no better plan can be suggested than the prosecution of such of her Majesty’s officers as may be selected for colonial Governments, and who may have occasion to save the colonies in their charge. When such treatment shall have rendered it impossible to obtain high-class officials for the Dependencies, the latter will be disgusted into severing a tie which, for patriotic reasons only, the Committee desires should be broken. As such prosecutions are expensive, subscriptions are solicited.

VESTMENTS.—Proposed Site for a new Ritualistic Church—Petticoat Lane.



“MAY THE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION,” &c.

Skater (excited). “HERE’S JOLLY WEATHER! COME AND HAVE A TURN ON THE ICE, OLD FELLOW!”

Hunting Man (disgusted). “MORE LIKELY TO TURN INTO BED TILL THIS BEASTLY FROST’S OVER!”

THE MEDICAL WARBLER.

ILL is the wind good that no one doth blow,
Taking mankind altogether.
Hail to that wind which blows hard frost and snow,
Medico-surgical weather!
Prospects of many a bill and a fee,
Suscitate pleasing reflections;
Ills blown to others are good blown to me,
Namely, thoracic affections;

Air-tubes, disorders of, also; catarrh,
Cough, influenza, bronchitis.
Peripneumonia’s gainful: so are
Phthisis, dyspnoea, pleuritis.
Numerous patients, moreover, accrue,
Just now, from those inflammations,
Which, a peculiar diathesis through,
Seize on the articulations,

Nerves, muscles, tendons; rheumatic attacks,
Cases, no end, of lumbago,
And of the hip that sciatica racks:
Down in my visit-book they go.
Oft with a good dislocation I meet,
Oft with good fractures, from tumbles
Caused by the slides on the slippery street:
Thanks to the boys and the Bumbles.

Thence too, do cuts and contusions occur.
’Gainst all those frequent disasters,
Soon as comes frost, with my splints I’m astir,
Bandages, pads, lint, and plasters.
Gay as a lark in the season of spring,
Soaring aloft in full feather;
Whilst for a call on the look-out, I sing—
Jolly professional weather!

Not so Easy to Give Up.

THE REV. MR. MACONNOCHIE, ruling Ritualist and High Priest of St. Alban’s, Holborn, has announced to his congregation that in deference to legal opinions he means “to give up incensing persons and things.” Does he, indeed? We doubt it extremely. The Reverend Gentleman may give up incensing “things,” but we defy him not to incense persons, *i. e.* sensible persons—while he maintains any portion of his ritualistic performances.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(We finish our Whist and our Evening at the Feudal Castle.)

WE finish a second game, and STENTON says, “We win a single.” This I am to score: having some vague idea on the subject, I hide my half-crown under the candlestick. When our adversaries subsequently win a double, and there is some dispute about what we’ve done before, I forget my half-crown under the candlestick, until asked rather angrily by STENTON if I didn’t mark the single, when I am reminded by POSS FELMYR that I secreted the half-crown. This I produce triumphantly as a proof of a single.

Happy Thought.—Buy Hoyle’s Laws of Whist. Every one ought to know how to mark up a single and a double.

I get very tired of whist after the second round of the third game. Wish I could feel faint, so that POSS FELMYR might take my place; or have a violent fit of sneezing which would compel me to leave the room.

Happy Thought.—If you give your mind to it, you can sneeze sometimes. I talk about draughts and sneezing, while ENGLEFIELD deals. ENGLEFIELD says, *à propos* of sneezing, that he knew a man who always caught a severe cold whenever he ate a walnut. If a fact: curious.

Old MRS. CHILDERS has woke up (she has been dozing by the fire with her knitting on the ground) and begins “to take notice,” as they say of babies. She will talk to me: I can’t attend to her and trumps at the same time. I think she says that she supposes I’ve a great deal of practice in whist-playing at the Clubs. I say, “Yes; I mean, beg her pardon, no,” and STENTON asks me, before taking up the trick, if I haven’t got a heart, that being the suit I had to follow. I reply, “No,” and my answer appears to disturb the game. On hearts coming up three hands afterwards, I find a two of that suit, which being sticky had clung to a Knave of Diamonds.

Happy Thought.—“Heart clinging to Diamonds;” love yielding to the influence of wealth; or by the way, *vice versa*, but good idea, somehow. Won’t say it out, or they’ll discover my revoke.

Happy Thought.—Keep the two until the end of the game, and throw it down among the rubbish at the end. I suppose the last cards which players always dash down don’t count, and mine will go with them unobserved.

Happy Thought.—One act of duplicity necessitates another, just as one card will not stand upright by itself without another to support it. [Put this into *Moral Inversions*, forming heading of Chap. X., Book 6, Vol. XII. of *Typical Developments*. Must note this down to-night.]

The game is finishing. Luckily, our opponents have it all their own way, and suddenly, much to my surprise and relief they show their hands and win, we only having made one trick.

Happy Thought.—POSS FELMYR takes my place.

On reckoning up I find that somehow or other I’ve lost half-a-crown more than I expected. You can lose a good deal at sixpenny points.

STENTON, who hears this remark, made to MRS. CHILDERS, observes, “Depends how you play.” I do not retort, as I am fearful about the subject of revoking coming up. *Moral Query*. Was what I did with my Two of Hearts dishonesty or nervousness? Wouldn’t it lead to cheating, to false dice, and ultimately to the Old Bailey? I put these questions to myself while eating a delicate piece of bread-and-butter handed to me by MRS. FELMYR. I smile and thank her, even while these thoughts are in my bosom. Ah, BOB ENGLEFIELD has no such stage for his dramas as the human bosom, no curtain that hides half as much from the spectators as a single-breasted waistcoat. More tea, thank you, yes.

Happy Thought.—Single-breasted waistcoat! Ah, who is single breasted? Is that the fashion! [Note all this down in cipher in my book, *Moral Inversion Chapter, Typical Developments*.]

I pick up old MRS. CHILDERS’s knitting. I take this opportunity of saying, jocosely, that I suppose that’s what ladies call, “dropping a stitch.” No one hears it, except the old lady, who doesn’t understand it. I shall repeat this another day when they’re not playing cards, or talking together, as the ladies are.

Happy Thought.—To tell it as one of SHERIDAN’s good things. Then they’ll laugh.

Old Mrs. CHILDERS says she thinks the moat's rising, and that the baker will have to come over in the punt. CHILDERS, at the table, says, "Nonsense, mother." She appeals to me as to whether it isn't damp, and whether the rain won't make the moat rise? And do I think, from what I've seen of it, that the punt is safe for the baker? Yes, I do think so. She observes that I'm too young to have rheumatism, or suffer from cold in the ears. I don't know why I should feel offended at the old lady's remark, but I do. I feel inclined to say (rudely, if she wasn't so old) that I'm not too young, and have had the rheumatics: the latter proudly. She dares say I don't remember the flood there was in Leicestershire in 1812! No, I don't: "Was it bad?" I ask—not that I care, but I like to be respectful to old ladies. "Ah!" she replies, shaking her head slowly at the fire, as if it was *its* fault. I get nothing more out of her.

Mrs. CHILDERS is working something for the children. Mrs. Poss asks about a peculiar sort of trimming for her dress. Mrs. CHILDERS stops to explain, and point her remarks with the scissors. They are deep in congenial subjects, and don't mind me. No more does old Mrs. CHILDERS, who has dropped her knitting, and is asleep again, quite upright, in her chair.

Happy Thought.—To ask the ladies to play on the piano. It will disturb the game, Mrs. CHILDERS thinks. Two of the players seem of the same opinion, but they're losing, I discover. The two others are smiling, and would like a tune to enliven them. CHILDERS calls out "Mother!" loudly, which makes the old lady wake with a start, and on finding that the moat has not risen and that the baker hasn't come in the punt ("which she was dreaming of, curious enough," she says), she begs MARY not to call like that again, and I pick up her knitting for her. She thanks me, and asks if I recollect the great floods in Leicestershire in 1812? I reply, as I did before, That I don't. It leads to no information. Wonder how old she is?

She rises, and thinks, my dears, that it is time for Bedfordshire, which is her little joke; she gives it us every night at exactly the same time, and in exactly the same manner. It always commands a laugh. The ladies didn't know it was so late, and put up their work, hoping I'll excuse them not playing this evening. They're afraid I've found it very dull.

Happy Thought.—To say "More dull when you're away." Just stopped in time, and turned it off with a laugh and a good-night. I must have looked as if I was going to say something, as Mrs. Poss says, "What?" and I reply, "Oh, nothing," vaguely, and she laughs, and I laugh, and Mrs. CHILDERS laughs, and says good-night laughing, and old Mrs. CHILDERS smiles and repeats her joke about Bedfordshire, which she evidently thinks we are all still laughing at, and this makes us all laugh again, and STENTON and ENGLEFIELD, who, having lost, are fondly clinging to the whist-table, laugh as well, and saying good-night becomes quite a hysterically comic piece of work, so much so that I wonder we don't all sit down in our chairs, or on the carpet (old Mrs. CHILDERS on the carpet!) and have convulsions: and all this because I *didn't* say what I was going to say. They didn't laugh when I *did* make a really good joke this evening.

The ladies have gone. "Now," says CHILDERS, "how about pipes and grogs." Carried *nem. con.* ENGLEFIELD proposes we stop whist and play Bolerum. What is Bolerum? Doesn't anyone know? CHILDERS knows, it appears; he and ENGLEFIELD will show it us: and to begin with, he and ENGLEFIELD (this, they say, will simplify matters) will keep the bank.

The game, they explain, is very simple: so it appears. In fact its simplicity hardly seems to be its great charm to those who do not happen to be the bank. The players back their sixpences against the bank, and the bank wins. CHILDERS calls it "a pretty game."

"One, two, three, four—bank wins," cries ENGLEFIELD; "pay up!" And we give him sixpence a-piece.

"One, two, three, four, five—bank again," cries CHILDERS; "tizzies round," by which he means that we are again to subscribe sixpence a-piece. Poss says, after five times of this, that he doesn't see it. STENTON, the philosopher, taking a mathematical view of it, attempts to show how many chances there are in the players' favour, but ends in demonstrating clearly that it is at least a hundred to one on the bank each time. This argument occupies a quarter of an hour, and three pieces of note paper, which STENTON covers with algebraic signs. CHILDERS still sticks to it, that "It's a pretty game." We admit that it is very pretty, but we get up from the table. What game shall we play? We decide (and sixpences are at the bottom of our decision), "None."

"Quite cold," observes STENTON. We gather in front of the fire. Poss suddenly wonders that I've not yet seen the ghost in my room. CHILDERS says "Ah," and then we all stare at the fire, wondering at nothing: silence.

CHILDERS turns quietly to ENGLEFIELD and inquires "If he knows JIMMY FLEWTER?" ENGLEFIELD does. CHILDERS asks him "If he heard about his row with MENZIES?" ENGLEFIELD, with his pipe in his mouth, and embracing his knee, nods assent. "It's settled," says CHILDERS, and stares at the fire again. "Foolish of him," observes Poss. "Very," says STENTON, in his deep bass. It would be rude to ask who FLEWTER is, but this sort of conversation is very irritating.

CHILDERS anticipates me by saying, "You don't know JIMMY FLEWTER?" I do not, but signify I am ready to hear anything to his advantage or disadvantage for the sake of conversation.

"Ah, then," returns CHILDERS, "You wouldn't enjoy the story." "Must know the man," puts in STENTON, "to enjoy the story." Poss assents, and smiles as if at a reminiscence. They all chuckle to themselves. I wish I had a story to chuckle over to *myself*. Wish I knew FLEWTER.

"Seen my lord, to-day?" asks ENGLEFIELD of CHILDERS. Wonder who "My lord" is.

"No, comes to-morrow," is the answer.

"Paint?" asks Poss. "Sketch," answers CHILDERS. "Odd fish," observes BOB ENGLEFIELD, putting on his spectacles to wind up his watch. "Very," says Poss. We knock out our ashes, and finishing our grog, go to bed.

Happy Thought.—Shall find out who "My lord" is to-morrow. Hang FLEWTER! Rain, violent; no ghost. Room seems darker. Window troublesome. Think of FRIDOLINE. Wish it was Valentine's day I'd send her a sonnet. Too sleepy to think of it now. * * * * JIMMY FLEWTER. * * * *

FROM F. W., IN PENTONVILLE, TO SIR M.P.,
IN ALGIERS.

SADLY sitting over my skilly,
In a grey and yellow slop,
With my hair cut, willy-nilly,
In what's called "the Newgate crop."
Hands reduced to picking oakum,
That with cheques and cash made free,
By hard laws, which, till I broke 'em,
I ne'er dreamed were meant for me!

Hardly falls such sad reverse on
One who was what I have been—
So respectable a person!
With hands I still call so clean!
But the thought that most has tried me,
In "the Tench" since I've been thrown,
Is that company's denied me,
Is that I sit here alone!

Where are they whom I might pity,
Who, in turn, might pity me;
As looked up to in the City,
In *financing* quite as free:
Who, while I with thousands peddled,
Bold, their kites for millions flew;
Who, while with *one* till I meddled,
On all England's pocket drew?

Where are ye, great ex-Directors
Of those "limited" concerns,
Which bring profit to projectors,
If the town its fingers burns?
Where are OVEREND and GURNEY?
Where, my own M.P., art thou?
You but suffer by attorney,
While, *your* scapegoat, I must bow!

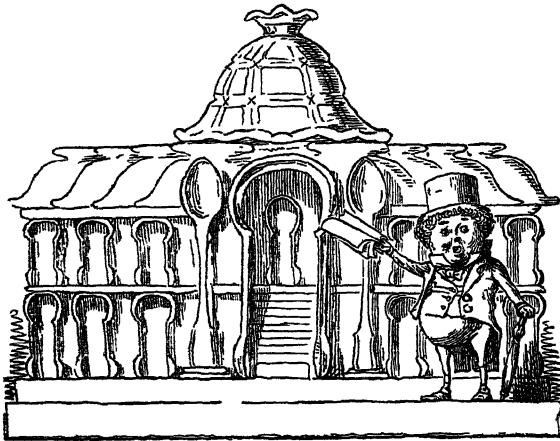
"Birds of feather flock together"—
All-awry the proverb runs!
Or I now should share my tether
With finance's greater guns.
"Sauce for goose is sauce for gander"—
Why thus penned then have I been,
While in Southern climes you wander,
Unconvicted and serene?

Things are wrong: that's my assurance:
Where the wrong is though I doubt:
Whether that *I'm* here *in* durance,
Or that *you*, my friends, are *out*;
Either I'm an ill-used martyr,
Or fate's even has come odd:
You've caught flats; *I've* caught a Tartar:
You're at large and I'm in quod.

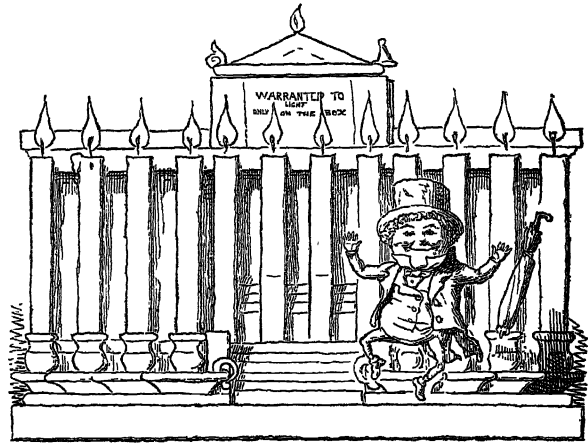
Britannia's Baggage Stops the Way.

If the great "right of search," as applied to passengers' portmanteaus and carpet-bags is to be allowed to block the passage over the Channel, during the Great Exhibition of 1867, we had better Latinise "luggage" at once, by its old Roman name—*Impedimenta*.

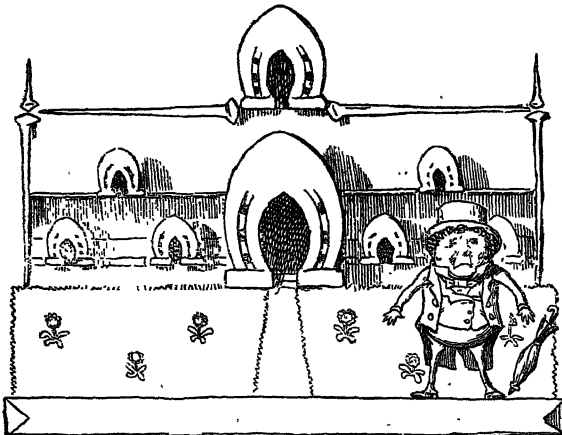
MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FOR THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.



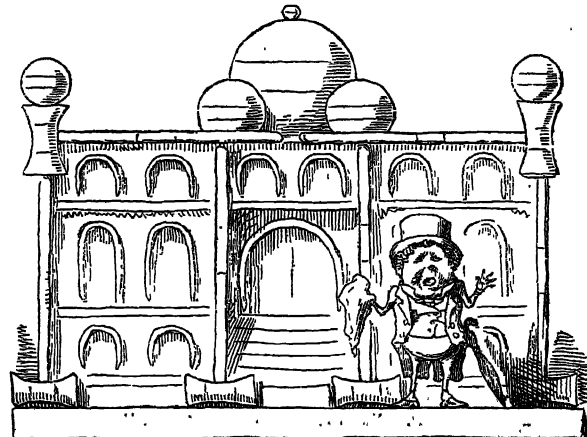
No. 1.—SUGAR-TONGS PATTERN.
NOT BY OWEN JONES.



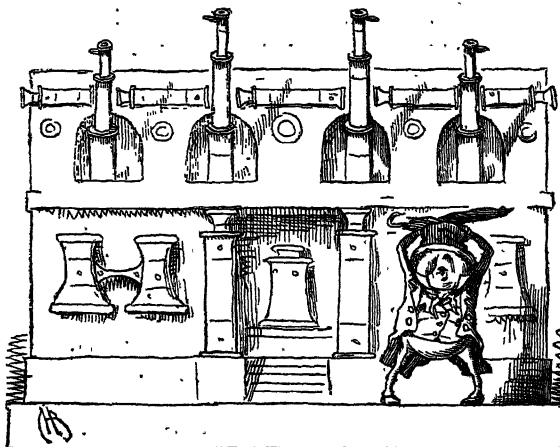
No. 2.—STEARINE ORDER.
BORROWED BY BRODRICK.



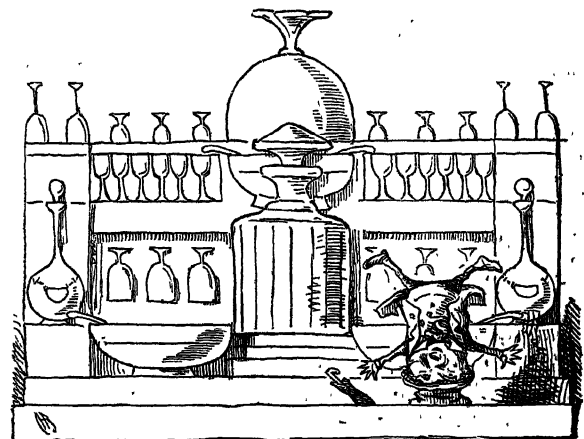
No. 3.—GOTHIC HORSE-SHOE STYLE.
A SUGGESTION FOR STREET.



No. 4.—CROQUET STYLE.
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS FOR A DOME, MR. BARRY?

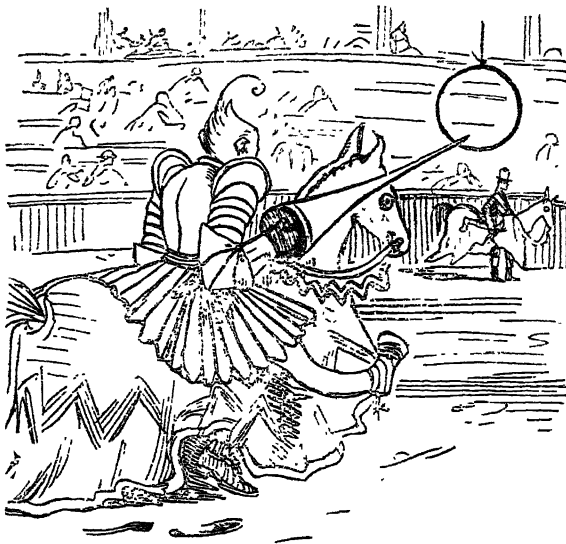


No. 5.—THE TELESCOPIC STYLE,
OR HOW TO GET "TOP LIGHTS" FOR PICTURES, MR. DIGBY WYATT,
IF YOU PLEASE.



No. 6.—THE BOTTLE AND GLASS,
OR CONVIVIAL PERIOD—WHICH MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF BANKS HAD
DINED WITH BARRY.

A FLOURISHING STATE OF AFFAIRS.



OUR Dramatic Authors complain that while Managers continue to make fortunes out of long runs and enormous successes, the cold weather continues so to numb their fingers as to render them useless for writing.

By the way, the returns from the provincial Managers show what fortunes successful and "distinguished Authors" may make if they are only lucky. In the LACY v. TOOLE case a MR. VIXER states, in a letter put in as evidence, the dramatists' fees in the provinces ranged from two to three shillings a-night. There's a gigantic sum! Cæsus will soon be but a synonym for Dramatic Author. The Actor, starring about the country, does not manage (poor wretch!) to pocket more than forty or fifty pounds a-night, while that exorbitant vampire, the Dramatic Author,

to whom in many cases he owes more than half his success, is sacking no small advantage out of these performances, drawing (the mean scoundrel!) not less than two or three shillings per night!

The "Star" returns home with two or three thousand pounds (poor unfortunate man!), and the three or four Dramatic Authors, whose pieces (lucky dogs that they are!) he has been kind enough to play, divide a five-pound note between them.

NO STANDING JOKE.

THE natives of Colchester were probably more or less astonished the other day at a Conservative dinner, when thanks for a toast were returned by COLONEL LEARMONT, in a speech the conclusion of which looks likely to be regarded as rather peculiarly post-prandial:—

"One word more before he sat down: as a Churchman, he should support the Church of England as long as he could stand."

The perfect coherency, and considerable sharpness of the gallant Colonel's previous observations, oblige us to warn his political opponents against attempting to make any joke at his expense on the foregoing declaration.

CHANGE FOR DR. MANNING.

MR. PUNCH,

YOU doubtless rejoice to see that DR. MANNING is willing to accept the silver age of toleration as the next best thing to the golden age of unity. His Church, then, no longer goes in for either "mastery or martyrdom." I think I remember a passage in a certain sermon, which said that it did. Could that sermon have been DR. MANNING'S? If so, DR. MANNING is to be congratulated on a happy change of his Church's mind, if not on a vast enlightenment of his own. The silver which he is now content to take in lieu of gold is no small change. I give him joy of it, Sir, and am,

Yours truly, MEM.

A BAND-BOX.—An Orchestra.

A PROPHET AT FAULT.

THERE is an old song that tells us

"'Tis a pity when charming women
Talk of things they do not understand,"

and the same with equal truth may be said of charming preachers. DR. CUMMING, who is one of the most charming preachers going (at least, so many persons think), has unfortunately talked about the end of the world, which is a thing that nobody can expect to understand. It is a pity that he did so, for, when a preacher becomes popular, some people have an awkward way of recollecting what he tells them. Then unpleasant little paragraphs creep into the newspapers, as, for instance, this:—

"A short time ago, in a letter to the *Times*, DR. CUMMING protested that he had never fixed any specific period for the end of the world, but had merely said that prophecy did not extend beyond the year 1866. MR. JAMES GRANT, editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, and author of the *End of All Things*, just published, declares, in that work, in a most emphatic manner, that DR. CUMMING did say that the world would certainly come to an end long before this."

Mr. *Punch*, who has read everything, of course has read the *End of All Things*, and can in a moment point to the passage here referred to:—

"I myself heard him, as far back as twenty years ago, affirm, as a matter of fact—not advance as a matter of opinion—that in four years, possibly in a shorter time than that, the world would come to an end in the literal acceptation of the words. This was stated on a Sunday morning, in Exeter Hall, not in my hearing only, but in the presence of about five thousand people, among whom, as may well be imagined, the absolute unconditional assertion produced no ordinary excitement."

In future, DR. CUMMING doubtless will be careful how he prophesies. Indeed, he had much better give that business up to Mr. *Punch*. The latter has for years been famous as a prophet. His Derby prophecy is annually looked for with intense anxiety and interest, and, by his own showing, is annually fulfilled. DR. CUMMING, should he feel again impelled to prophesy, would be wise, before he does so, to consult with Mr. *Punch*. The great rule with the latter is never to predict what he will not have the power to prove as having come to pass. It is this which has sustained his high prophetic reputation, and gained for his predictions such remarkable success. Had DR. CUMMING but attended to this golden rule, he would stand a better chance of being listened to with interest than he now can hope to do. Small prophecies should not prophesy upon great events. Such events as the Derby are quite large enough for prophets now-a-days to speak about, and even such events as these are best left to the prophetic soul of Mr. *Punch*.

THE MOST MODEST THING IN CREATION.—The Retiring Tide.

THE EXHIBITION OF '67.

SIR,

THEY have refused to allow me any space. When I say they, I mean the Commissioners, not the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, between whom and myself has passed some very pleasant correspondence which it does not become me to make public. The EMPEROR has been all politeness, but has been unable to offer me any other space than what I may be able to find outside the Parisian Building, with which some people say I ought to be contented. I am not contented. But the world loses, not I. Permit me, Sir, to forward to you a list of what the world will lose by not permitting me to exhibit. I have invented and patented the following articles, being, I must tell you, chiefly an inventor of things portable. First—

- A. A Pocket Poker, with tongs and shovel to match.
- B. Bedstead adapted for waistcoat-pockets. I must add a note to this. It is adapted wonderfully to the waistcoat pockets, but, of course, it depends upon how many waistcoats you take with you.
- C. A small Cottage Piano, works complete, double action, adapted to the breast-pocket of a surtout.
- D. The Surtout, with breast-pocket adapted to the cottage piano aforesaid.
- E. A Diamond Tiara for the head, but adapted to the pocket of any of the ROTHSCHILDS.
- F. A Portable Stove and General Kitchen Apparatus, with Butler's Pantry adjoining.
- G. Portrait of the Man by whom the above would be portable.

Every one of these ought to have obtained a first class prize. Perhaps you will kindly see to rectify this before too late, and oblige, yours truly,

SIMONIUS DOLOROCADO.

P.S. I forgot to add that in fifty-two portable volumes I am about to publish *The Lives of Celebrated Oysters*. Give your orders while the water is in the room.

PP.S. In time I shall be able to send you my plan for portable Zoological Gardens. I should have finished it this week, but for some friends calling for me, and insisting upon my returning with them to Colwell-Hatchney College, although, having calculated it in logarithms, I am sure the vacation is not over.

A Suggestion.

AFTER-DINNER Conversation is sometimes called post-prandial talk. Considering the spirituous character of much of the wine we consume, would it not be more correct to say post-brandial?



“BY AUTHORITY.”

Street Boy (sternly). “P’LICE-SERGE’NT SAYS AS YOU’RE T’ HAVE YOUR DOOR-WAY SWEP’ IMMEDIAT’; AN’ (more meekly) ME AN’ MY MATE’S WILLIN’ TO DO IT, S’!”

HIT HIM HARD!

To Mr. Punch, at the Head of the fleet,

MAY It please your honor. To fight well no matter whether it Be with Frigates or with Fistes 2 things is requisite—1. you must hit hard. 2. you must be able to stand Punishment. “Shot against Ship”—that’s the Form of action to speak In lawyer’s Lingo. As i’ve often remarked To my mess-mate mat Merman no matter how thick-headed A enemy is Only bring us near Enough, and give us a Ball hard enough, and we’ll make An impression on his understanding. And now Lo! and b’hold Palliser comes for’ard with his Chil’d shot and engages that It shall go thro’ Oak and Iron like a Flash of virtuous Indignation. Ain’t it Wonderful what Science can Do when stimulated By pluck and patted on the Back by the 1st Lords of the admiralty? If britannia is really the *boney-fidey* guardian of these Happy isles (a fact which i and a good many more Superstitious people Do verily believe) how proud she must feel when sitting on her Copper shield she sees her little Lads in Blue jackets (lads who Can hold their own whether it Be b’hind a Bat or a Battery) coming Fresh from the “Oval” to the Ocean and pitching a Ball with such Velocity, that no human Stumps can stand

against It. Yes your Honor britannia rules the Waves now as heretofore, and b’lieve me, it will be hard lines with them that come athwart her, When she has got the Ruler in her hand. Xcuse this Horrid scrawl as I am your Honor’s humble Sarvent

in Haste TOM TOUCH, H.M.S. *Boxer*.

p.s. Like a lady i’d forgotten what I sat down to write about, till i came to my p.s. My granmother often wonder’d what B’came of all The pins—she was Always buying them and yet she declared she never had 1 to use. Just so it is With old mrs. england, who is always Buying Ships, and yet (If some m.p.’s may be B’lieved) she’s never got 1 fit for Action. Do the Pins go after the Ships or do the Ships go after the Pins? Who can tell! Can sir j. packington?—T. T.

OZONE.

(An Ode to Meteorological Observers.)

THERE is a word,
Perhaps absurd
The thought may be, I’ll own;
But it sounds—oh
So full of woe!
That chemic term, Ozone.

’Tis in the air
An essence rare;
Not much about it known:
Now less, now more.
The tempests roar
The sad winds sigh Ozone!

Each weather-sage,
That rain doth gauge,
And note each breeze that’s blown,
Cloud, mist, and fog,
Down in his log
Takes care to put Ozone.

Of its excess,
Or scantiness,
Effects by health are shown.
The sudden change,
Oft felt so strange,
Can that be from Ozone?

When east wind keen
Makes skin shagreen,
And pierces to the bone,
Perhaps its sting
Is that same thing
Of doleful name, Ozone.

When plague and pest
Mankind infest,
And folk with fever groan,
The atmosphere
Is in a queer
State, as regards Ozone.

When devils blue
Prevail on you
To mope, despond, and moan,
Is their control
Of heart and soul
Exerted through Ozone?

O dismal sound!
What gloom profound
In that lugubrious tone!
To blast forlorn
Of mournful horn,
Fancy attunes Ozone.

Or bass, as low
As breath can blow
Upon the grim trombone;
Sepulchral note
Deep down in throat;
Ozone, Ozone, Ozone!

THE BEST PLACE FOR AN OBSERVATORY.
—Air Street.



A DECIDED OPINION.

Unpleasant Boy (whose Christmas Vacation has been unnecessarily prolonged). "OH, MY CRACKY! HERE'S A JOLLY PIECE THEY 'VE GOT AT THE ADELPHI!—'THE SISTER'S PENANCE!' I WONDER WHAT THAT IS?"

Elder Sister. "A BROTHER HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS, I SHOULD SAY!"

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT,

OR, THE IDEAL AND REAL DRAMA.

Drama 1st.—The Ideal.

The scene represents the House of Lords. Courtiers in full dress, Knights in armour with banners and bannerets, Barons carrying all the ornaments they possess, with side-arms, pole-axes, and waving plumes. Generals of Division, Captains, Commandants, Dismounted Marines with their General-Admirals, Port Admirals, Admirals of the Blue, White, and Red. Pages bearing cushions, on which lie insignia of divers degrees. Dukes in their robes with drawn swords. Field Marshals with bâtons. Ambassadors from India, Asia Minor, Greece, Turkey, the Feejee Islands, France, Germany, Prussia, Spain. Legates from Rome introduced by MR. ODO RUSSELL. In the galleries lovely Duchesses, queenly Countesses, and Viscountesses, sparkling with diamonds, and graceful with nodding plumes, attended by pages who shall be the younger sons of the younger sons of the eldest daughters of Earls. Cloth of Gold on the floor, damask velvets, with the costliest embroidery covering the seats; while the throne, itself raised on a dais at one extremity of the House, is one blaze of precious stones, whereat even the Indian Princes, who are present in golden fetters, shade their eyes, dazzled.

Without the House the loyal mob are kept in order by the Household Guard, and the Civil Service with truncheons. A grand procession reaching from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords is hailed with cheers. The procession resolves itself into several parallel lines, admitting between them THE QUEEN, in regal robes.

ALBERT PRINCE OF WALES, and all the Royal Family, in the Royal Family Coach, and other vehicles of silver and gold.

Pursuivants mounted and on foot attend. Fanfares are blown. Trumpets sound. Exons in waiting with gleaming swords.

MR. PLANCHÉ, as *Rouge Dragon* (or Rouge something-or-other, out of compliment to his dramatic talents) rides forward with a large head

on his shoulders made by DYKWYNKYN. Thus is the amusement of the people consulted. Drums are beaten.

All the canons, trophy-cannons in the parks, minor canons of St. Paul's, the guns at Windsor, Woolwich, Deptford, Brighton on the Parade, and, in fact, everywhere, led by those of the Tower of London, keep up salvoes deafening to unaccustomed ears. HER MAJESTY, bowing graciously and smiling royally, acknowledges her people's acclamations by removing her jewelled crown from her head, and replacing it with all the grace of Queenhood.

Then the Chancellor, the Archbishop, ignoring the Legates who have left their hats behind them, and all the Law Lords and Prelates, receive HER MAJESTY, and LORD DERBY, in his magnificent robes, his train being supported by two beefeaters, in gorgeous liveries, conducts her, himself walking backwards (which he has practised in his own bedroom for weeks previously with the beefeaters aforesaid,) to the Great Throne. Then, after fanfares of trumpets, beating of drums, and salvoes of cannon, proclaiming silence, HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY in a clear silvery voice prorogues Her Lords and Commons. Then again the drums are beaten, again the cannons roar, once more the flags, which have waited for the breath of Royalty, unfurl and waggle in the wind: again the—in fact everything as before, with the addition of triumphal marches played all over the Metropolis by a hundred different regimental bands, and bells from all the churches clanging and pealing, amidst which VICTORIA THE FIRST returns to Buckingham Palace.

The town is illuminated, fountains of rum-punch and whiskey-hot spirt from the mouths of the metropolitan statues, and the free fountains flow with brandy-and-water, all hot.

So much for the Ideal Ceremony. Let us look at the Real, for we are in a material age.

SCENE.—*The House of Lords.*

Enter Old Woman who shivers, and lights a stove: it smokes. Old Woman "drats it," and exit. Enter Three Gentlemen well wrapped up and shivering: they stand round the stove. The three are the LORD

CHANCELLOR, the EARL OF DERBY, and the EARL OF MALMESBURY. These are the Royal Commissioners: they robe.

The Royal Commissioners (to one another, seated on a form). Very cold, eh? very. (Use pocket handkerchiefs violently.)

Lord Derby (after a pause). Oh, thank goodness, here's CLIFFORD.

Enter SIR AUGUSTUS CLIFFORD, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. He looks in to see if the Commissioners are there, and then goes to the Commons to tell SIR ERSKINE MAY that "The Lords Commissioners desire their (the Commons') immediate attendance to hear the Commission read."

Earl of Malmesbury (impatiently). When is MAY coming?

Lord Derby (alluding to the weather). May! you can't expect it in January.

Lord Chancellor. Hum!

(Thinks he'll say this as his own to the BISHOP OF OXFORD next Session. All to one another). I wish they'd make haste.

Earl of Malmesbury (coughing). What a horrid stove this is!

Slingsby Bethell (Clerk to the Lords). I know a cure for smoky stoves, it's—

Is cut short by the re-entry of SIR A. CLIFFORD with SIR E. MAY, and four Gentlemen Clerks of the Commons.

Lord Derby. Now then! (To MR. SLINGSBY BETHELL, who forthwith reads the writ of Prorogation. The LORD CHANCELLOR declares Parliament prorogued. *Exeunt quickly, omnes, prorogued.*)

First Clerk of Commons (to brother Clerk). What a nuisance this is; it's brought me all the way from Scotland in this weather.

Second Clerk of Commons. Yes, confound it; it cuts into one's leave. I've come from Paris, and missed one of the jolliest parties. Good bye—I'm off. [Separate, and leave London.]

Third Clerk to Fourth Clerk. What a farce this is!—absurd.

Fourth Clerk. Yes; why can't it be done by proclamation and advertisement.

Both. Ah, why not?

Opinion of the Serjeant-at-Arms (who overhears these last remarks). If they come to advertising, why, hang it, in time they'll do away with me.

[He agrees with the Yeoman-usher, "that it's much better to observe the old forms and ceremonies, with all their inconveniences,—among others, that of being paid about fifteen hundred a year to observe them, than to sweep them all away." *Exeunt both to dinner, where they drink to Unlimited Commons and a Short Session.*]

THE GLADIATORS' MUSTER.

THE time's at hand! The fateful *nones*
Of February near,
And the great city buzzes
In flush of hope or fear:
Nor the great city only,
But England far and nigh,
Wherever rumour reaches,
Or pen-winged ducks can fly;
In the shop of the Plebeian,
Where BEALIAL faiths prevail;
In Patrician *triclinia*
Where the BRIGHT star is pale;
Where in pleasant country-houses
Time is killed and hearts are lost;
Where at cover-sides the hunters
Wish good-speed to the frost;
In *adyta*, whence noodles
Are with flap-doodle fed;
In Oracles, that palter;
In leaders that are led;
On one chime and one only
The changes still are rung,
One theme sets each pen driving,
Sets wagging every tongue—
That theme is the Arena,
Its matches, chances, names—
England's *Ludi Sessionales*,
Our Gladiatorial Games!

If thus the crowd is eager,
That will but watch the scene,
Back its chances and its colours,
The blue, or red, or green;
Deal hisses or rain plaudits,
Turn its thumbs either way,
Dooming to death, or sparing
To fight another day,—
From the front-rows patrician
Where knights, and vestals sit,
To the top-bench, where flashes
The Proletarian's wit,
On wearers of the purple,
Too dignified to laugh,
Showing the Forum's offal,
And the Suburra's chaff—
If these are hot to fever,
What must the fighters feel,

The Gladiators, entered
To test each other's steel?

DERBEIUS, fierce *lanista*
Of the new TORIAN school,
MERRIPEBBULUS the mighty;
And HUMILIS the cool;
LUCIDUS RADICALIS,
Born in the sect of peace,
Whose life of bull-dog warfare
Has never known surcease:
WALPOLIUS the weeping;
PAKINGTONIUS the prim,
Hight *Naso*, from proboscis
O'er-reaching vizor's rim;
CRANBORNIVUS ACIDULUS,
Bitter of word and blow;
And STANLIUS DERBEIDES,
Sedate and strong and slow.
And—mystery of the Arena—
One shape of many names,—
VIVIANUS, CONINGSBÆUS,
SIDONIUS, who claims,
But to *ludi* and *lanista*,
As DIZZIUS far-renowned,
With form not quite an angel's,
And falchion razor-ground:
Fighter 'gainst odds undaunted,
And at all weapons yare,
Secutor's deadly dagger,
Or *Laquearius's* snare;
As swift as MERRIPEBBULUS
The hampering net to throw,
Nor slower with the barbed point
To deal the after-blow—
The peopled Circus knows him,
Will cheer as he comes in,
Yet though so great a fighter
None ever saw him win:
When they shout his final "*habet!*"
And he waits the word to die,
Will the thousands in the Circus
Turn thumbs to sand or sky?
But why name—when so many
Un-named must still remain,
Some who have gained their glory,
Some whose glory's still to gain?

Known and unknown, they're must'ring,
And arming head and heel:
DIZZIUS grinds his weapon,
While DERBEIUS turns the wheel:
In vain to STANLIUS looks he
To lend a filial hand,
Hard son can nought for heady sire
But with crossed arms to stand:
CRANBORNIVUS sourly weigheth
The odds 'twixt foes and friends,
When MERRIPEBBULUS attacks,
And DIZZIUS defends:
Stout LUCIDUS is plying
His thonged and loaded fists,
And, as he hits a dummy,
Pounding it where he lists;
But he must be more cautious
When he the fight comes to:
The difference none knows better
'Twixt dummy foes and true:
While MILLIUS, the philosopher,—
How came he to such craft?—
Taking his heat for earnest,
Proffers a cooling draught:
Here, brisk and biting HUMILIS
With keen eye seeks the joint
Where in LUCIDUS's armour
He best may plant his point:
There—pigmiest of fighters—
But of bigger heart than thews,
RUSSELLIUS strains to compass
Five feet seven in his shoes.
Plying unequal dumb-bells,
The big his youth essayed,
Against the bunch of little ones
That his old age betrayed.

But hark! the trumpet soundeth,
And thousands straining stare;
And PUNCHIUS the Prator
Hath ta'en his curule chair.
Now, Gladiators, forward
To win or lose a name.
"*Morituri te salutant—
Et victuri!*"—Make your game!

Thermometrical.

PROFESSOR TINDIAL presents his compliments, &c., and begs to say that he and his assistant have made the following, and that it took them only 3 hours 34 minutes, the Thermometer so low that it had to stand upon another to give any reading at all.

Why must the amount of caloric possessed by two persons, one of whom is abusing the other, remain the same during the operation?
Because one's *scolded* to exactly the same extent as the other's heated.

P. T. feels that he ought to say that his assistant did hardly any of it.

Friday, Jan. 25th, 1867.

THE First Lion intended for the Nelson Monument has broken from its distinguished keeper, SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, and is now at large, in fact at very large, in Trafalgar Square. The inhabitants are gradually regaining composure. A poet in the neighbourhood has already begun a poem entitled "*A dawning of a Roarer.*"

ON VIEW.—A young Swell friend of ours who failed as an "Exhibitor" at Oxford, has applied for space to "aw—aw—show himself in Paris next year, ya-as."



W—R—K—E—L—P—K. G—L—H—K—S—T. D—L—H—K. D—L. I—K—C—K—B—L. M—L.

GLADIATORS PREPARING FOR THE ARENA.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Another Rainy Day at Bovor. How I occupy myself. The Pedler.)

ANOTHER rainy day. They are all at work; CHILDERS at his picture, STENTON at his articles, and stirring up his dish of photographs; POSS FELMYR at his novel, BOB ENGLEFIELD at his drama.

Happy Thought.—Work at my handbook of repartees: quite forgotten it for a long time. CHILDERS tells me that the room in which I am writing was ANNE BOLEYN'S *boudoir*. He leaves me to meditate upon this. What reflections do not occur to one's mind? ** * * What reflections *do?* ** * * "This," I remind myself, "was ANNE BOLEYN'S *boudoir*." Here, I say to myself, standing by the window, "she looked out of the window." I feel a gentle melancholy stealing over me. "In this cupboard," here I stand by a small cupboard in the oak panel, "she perhaps kept her—her—" I open it and find a piece of string, a screw, and a broken saucer—these things suggest nothing particular, so I alter my sentence to "Here she kept something or other." How difficult to be enthusiastic; you can't force it. I know men who, if they were shut up in this room, would overflow with poetry. Why don't I? I don't know. Why is it that the only thought that forcibly presents itself to me is, "Why didn't she have a fire-place here?"

Happy Thought.—Feel just in the humour to write repartees. According to my original notes, take them alphabetically. It will be a useful volume, I am convinced, to a large number of people. To make a beginning, I arrange my paper. Now—

ABBOT. What to say to an Abbot.—By the way we must start with the hypothesis, in every case, of the person having made some observation to you demanding a repartee. The way to arrange this clearly would be thus:—

Name of Person.—Hyp. *What he says to you.* Rep. *What you 'll say to him.*

Very well then.
ABBOT. Hyp. Here's the difficulty, what *would* an abbot say to you?

ENGLEFIELD looks in for a minute to ask me how I'm getting on generally, and I consult him. I ask him what I can put down an Abbot as saying? He replies that I'm wrong in beginning with Abbot, as *Abbé*, alphabetically, comes before Abbot.

Happy Thought.—Do French repartees. Make a separate book of it. Great sale at the Exhibition of '67. Very useful to visitors. Or why not translate them into *all* languages? Easily done with a dictionary and grammar; and friends from a distance would assist.

Happy Thought.—And why not illustrate it? Capital. ENGLEFIELD says this is a good idea. *Abbé* offers an opportunity for a French repartee. See how it works. We must have a hypothesis. For instance, ENGLEFIELD points out that the *Abbé* must first be rude.

I explain, that according to my developed idea, it will be between a French *Abbé* and an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a German, or a Spaniard, or an Ojibway, as the case might be.

Wonder what the Ojibway would say? ENGLEFIELD suggests, "he'd tomahawk the *Abbé*."

Let us suppose an out-of-the-way case. "The essence of surprise is wit," I remind ENGLEFIELD. I wonder if this is an original idea of mine. On thinking it over I find I mean, "The essence of wit is surprise," however, it doesn't matter, as BOB ENGLEFIELD says, "Yes."

Hypothetical Case.—An English tourist comes to an abbey in France. The *Abbé* won't admit him. The *Abbé* is rude, and says out of the window, "*Allez au diable, vous gros Anglais, vous!*" The repartee is ready to hand, "*Vous êtes un autre.*" This would shut up the *Abbé* completely.

In England there is, I think, only one Abbot, who lives in Leicestershire, and people would hardly go out of their way for the sake of making repartees to him. Besides, I believe he is a Trappist, and bound by vows not to speak to anybody. As it would lead to complications to draw up separate directions for "Repartees to be repartee'd to persons who won't speak to you," I shall not consider his and any similar cases. Now what's the next word, alphabetically? There's nobody beginning with *Abe*. Take Academician. "*Hypothesis: Academician* says to you, 'What a conceited donkey you are.'" Then you'd say as a repartee, "This Academician does but estimate the character of any other individual than himself, by the knowledge he already appears to possess of his own." I read this with emphasis to ENGLEFIELD, who considers it, he says, "crushing, certainly, but too John-sonian." I ask STENTON his opinion. He replies that "if any fellow said it to *him*, he'd knock his head off." I attempt to turn the conversation by wondering how it would sound in Spanish. POSS FELMYR, who has been in Spain, observes that if I said such a thing to a Spaniard, he'd have a stiletto into me like one o'clock.

These criticisms are rather against the publication of my book of repartees. When you come to proceed with it, it offers many difficulties. For instance, what to say to an Accountant, to an Acrobat, to an Aéronaut, to an Armourer, and so on through the letter *A*, because so much depends upon what they've said to you. But, in a general way,

I shall arrange it like a conversation book, and my readers must take their chance.

Happy Thought.—Send it to BRADBURY & EVANS to publish.

Notes for the Book.—

In B we have Repartee to a Baker, a Beadle, a Buccaneer

C. To a Corn-cutter.

D. What to say to a Dragoon, to a Dragoman, &c. E is awkward. F includes Funny Fellow, and Fool, and Footman. Also a Faker; though I don't see what you'd say to a Faker.

I shall leave it for to-day.

Happy Thought.—Why not say the same thing to every one? If it's a good one, 'twould tell equally well on an Abbot, a Buccaneer, or a Footman.

Going through the Hall I meet a common-looking dirty man, with a sort of portfolio under his arm, and carrying a box. One of those travelling pedlers who go about the country, and into any houses they find open, on pretence of selling something. I ask him what he wants here? He answers that he wants nothing. Then I tell him he'd better go. He observes that I am perhaps unaware to whom I am speaking.

Happy Thought.—Under letter P, Repartee to a Pedler. Can't think of one now. I show him the door.

The Butcher brings a letter for me. It is from old JOHNNY BYNG, who wants me to come to his bachelor establishment, and keep Christmas with him before he goes to France: if I will, I am to come at once, or he shall ask the SWILTONS. Don't like the SWILTONS; at least I mean if we were at BYNG'S together, he always gives MR. and MRS. SWILTON the best room, and is always so confidential with SWILTON; and then MRS. SWILTON, becoming *the* lady in the bachelor's house, is so confidently patronising to me. So I shall go at once, and prevent the SWILTONS.

I announce this at luncheon. They are all so sorry I am going. MR. CHILDERS says, "You haven't been out in the punt to catch jack in the moat?" "You haven't sat for your photograph," says STENTON. "We were to have had a good walk together," cries ENGLEFIELD. "You mustn't go," says POSS. MRS. POSS sweetly hopes there's no necessity for my leaving them. MRS. CHILDERS observes, "it's awkward too, as she'd promised LORD STARLING to bring their guest with them to-morrow to dinner." "Very kind of her," I say, though I don't like being "brought" in this manner.

The "brought friend" is coldly welcome for the evening, and they never speak to him afterwards. Still I shouldn't mind knowing LORD STARLING. MRS. CHILDERS tells me, "Oh, you'd be charmed with them. LADY STARLING is such a good, kind person." "Not at all stuck up," puts in Mrs. POSS. "Ah," says MRS. CHILDERS, "you haven't known 'em so long as we have," by which she means to say to Mrs. POSS, "Don't you talk about the aristocracy: it was through us you knew anything about them."

CHILDERS, foreseeing unpleasantness, interposes with, "My Lord was here this morning, I thought he would be." "Oh, MAT," says MRS. CHILDERS, "I *hope* you asked his Lordship in to lunch." "I did," returns MAT, "but he wouldn't come." I feel glad of this; and so I'm sure does Mrs. POSS, who is only in her morning dress. She says, however, taking a small radish, "I suppose the Duchess expects him." A Duchess! I should like to stay over this party, and *then* go to old JOHNNY BYNG'S. I'd astonish BYNG.

"I think," I say for the sake of conversation, "I know LORD STARLING." [Analysing the feeling that prompts this observation, I find it would come under the head of *Natural Attraction to Magnates.*] MRS. CHILDERS regards me with interest. "Funny little chap," says CHILDERS. "He was here to sketch this morning. He'd his old paint-box, which belonged to his great grandmother, and a remarkably antique portfolio." "A box and a portfolio?" I repeat, as it occurs to me that I've seen something of the kind within the last hour. "Yes," says STENTON, in his bass voice, the deeper for his having just lunched, "and such a slouch wideawake and old greasy coat." "And ragged gaiters," adds ENGLEFIELD. "Looks," says POSS, "like the Wandering Jew: a wandering Jew pedler." "Yes," returns CHILDERS, who is at the window, "He's only just now going off in his dog-cart. I am at the window."

"Is that LORD STARLING?" I ask.

"Yes," answers CHILDERS. "You wouldn't think, to look at him, that he is the owner of this Castle and all the property about here."

I shouldn't, and what is more I hadn't; for the gentleman in the dog-cart is the Pedler to whom I made my practical repartee of showing the door. His own door!

I go to BYNG'S.

From Beds.

We are the most loyal people on the face of the earth. We are even solicitous about the sleep of those who reign over us. How often at public dinners are the company called on to express their good wishes for "the rest of the Royal Family!"



RECREATION FOR THE ARMY.

EXCITING AMUSEMENT IN COUNTRY QUARTERS DURING A FROST.

THE FROZEN-OUT GARDEN SONGSTERS.

(BY AN OLD GOURMAND.)

A COCK Blackbird I saw on a green holly tree,
On the hard frozen earth when the snow around lay,
At the bright scarlet berries, so hungry was he,
Which his yellow bill nipped, he kept tugging away.

On the holly from Christmas, when winters are mild,
Unto Christmas, and longer, the berries will keep.
Then the blackbirds and thrushes are dainty and wild,
And they hold the hard fare of the hollybush cheap.

It is when the cold weather has stopped the supplies,
They are fain a coarse meal from the holly to tug ;
When the dense frost-bound soil the fat lobworm denies,
And the savoury snail, and the succulent slug.

In the sunshine of life thus on turtle we feed,
And below leg of mutton all viands decline ;
But, when fortune's reverse brings a season of need,
We are only too glad on cold shoulder to dine.

A Morning from Home.

WITHOUT any puffing—for *Mr. Punch* never puffs—big people should take their little people to see the Lilliputian troupe perform a couple of pieces at the Haymarket. *Mr.*, *Mrs. Judy*, and *Master Punch* were delighted, and, after the entertainment, congratulated MR. COE, the trainer of these little gentlemen and ladies, on his and their success. Young *Master Punch* was pleased to observe that “he didn’t wonder at the *Company* being so good, seeing the *Coe* was so clever.” *Master P.* was immediately taken home.

THE DEPTH OF DEGRADATION.—The very lowest in the Social Scale are the cheating shopkeepers with their false balances.

RHYMES FOR REFORMERS.

If you’d make a demonstration
Of desire for Reformation,
Make it by the presentation
Of petitions ; and sensation
Rouse by their accumulation.

Don’t resort to the formation
Of a monstrous aggregation,
Which will cause an obstipation
Of the streets, with depredation,
Harm, and loss by trade’s cessation.

If you do, you’ll breed vexation,
And engender indignation,
And encounter execration,
For endeavour at dictation,
Bullying, and intimidation.

Book you, friends, this observation :
At mob-leaders’ instigation,
By a threatening conspiration,
Nought you’ll get but reprobation,
Opposition, and frustration.

Better try conciliation,
And pacific operation,
Which will prove, with commendation
Quoted, your qualification
For a share in legislation.

A Sufficient Reason.

AN order from the Horse Guards directs that officers are to substitute steel scabbards for leather ones. Capitious newspaper critics object that steel scabbards blunt the swords they are meant to preserve. What of that ? The Horse Guards won’t encourage sharp blades, or why don’t they give staff-appointments to the officers who pass the Staff College ?

LAST, JANUARY 23RD, WEDNESDAY.—Grand Dance of Frozen out Foxhunters, in honour of the Great God *Thaw*.

VESTRYMEN REFRESHED.

ONE would think that parish work must be tremendously exhausting, at least if one may judge by the refreshments which are sometimes taken after it. The following, for instance, are a couple of hotel bills, for food supplied to some exhausted Vestrymen of Camberwell, in order to prevent their fainting ere they reached their homes :—

SEWERS COMMITTEE.—(TO KNIGHT).							
Oct. 11. 16 dinners	£3	4	0	Oct. 25. 15 dinners	£3	0	0
Dessert	0	16	0	Desserts	0	15	0
Refreshments and wine	7	14	6	Refreshments and wines	6	5	0
16 teas	0	16	0	Teas	0	15	0
Cigars	0	12	0	Cigars	0	10	6
Attendance	0	8	0	Attendance	0	7	6
	£13	10	6		£11	13	0

Will it be believed that at the Vestry Meeting “the reading of these statistics caused a great many expressions of disapproval ?” Good gracious ! Are poor Vestrymen to starve, when they go about their parish business ? Is this a Christian country, and are they not men, and brothers of the rate-payers who have to pay their tavern-bills ? To be sure, we always thought that Vestrymen smoked pipes, and not cigars ; else how was it that long clay-pipes came to be called “church-wardens ?” It might be urged, moreover, by some flinty-hearted rate-payers that the meat bears much the same proportion to the drink as *Falstaff’s* halfpenn’orth of bread to his intolerable quantity of sack. Certainly, we cannot wonder that poor-rates are so high, when such bills as the above are run up for mere refreshments.

Medical.

You are under examination. You are questioned about the Spinal Cord. You must be short sighted not to see the advantage it will be to you to describe it as the chain attached to your eye-glass.

A COMMENT.—“Speech is silver, but silence golden.” Hence the expression, hush money.



COLLOQUIAL EQUIVALENTS.

Papa. "NOW, MY DEAR GIRLS, YOUR BROTHER IS RECEIVING A MOST EXPENSIVE EDUCATION, AND I THINK THAT WHILE HE IS AT HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS YOU SHOULD TRY TO LEARN SOMETHING FROM HIM."
Emily. "SO WE DO, 'PA. WE 'VE LEARN'T THAT A BOY WHO CRIES IS A 'BLUB,' THAT A BOY WHO WORKS HARD IS A 'SWOT'"
Flora. "YES, AND THAT ANYBODY YOU DON'T LIKE IS A 'CAD;' AND WE KNOW THE MEANING OF 'GRUB,' 'PROG,' AND A 'WAX!'"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

(At the Lyceum Theatre.)

ROUGE ET NOIR.

ACT I.—An exciting Gambling Scene, where MAURICE D'ARBEL loses the money with which he has been intrusted by his mother to get a certain diamond necklace as a gift for his bride.

ACT II.—A Garden Scene. Old MADAME D'ARBEL seated. Music by MR. MONTGOMERY'S orchestra, descriptive of ill health for some time and general debility. MADAME D'ARBEL moans and turns up her eyes, then turns up the garden: then sits down. Enter into the Stalls two Gentlemen, after their dinner, one of them has evidently "seen the thing before," and is now bringing his Friend.

2nd Person (who has not seen it before, to his Friend). I say, they've begun the Second Act.

[IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, with two Ladies, who has been trying to follow the plot very closely, turns round and frowns at the speaker.

1st Person (who has seen it before). Yes. First Act's nothing.

2nd Person (reproachfully). I particularly wanted to see the First Act. We oughtn't to have had that other claret.

[IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN turns as if about to speak, but doesn't, and only breathes hard as he looks towards the stage again. He disconcerts the Ladies with him.

Mean but Affable Person (next to Irritable Gentleman). Would you be so good as to lend me your bill for a minute? [IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN gives it reluctantly.] Thank you. (Reads bill to his Friend.)

[Dialogue has been going on on the stage. Trumpets sound. Enter MR. FECHTER down the house-steps. IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN prepares to attend closely.

Enter, with much rustling and many recognitions, a Lady and her Husband.

Irritable Elderly Gentleman (grumbling to Young Lady). Really people might come earlier, and not disturb a whole—

Young Lady (placing her hand on his arm, and watching the piece intently). Yes, Uncle. Sssh!

[IRRITABLE UNCLE prepares to attend for the fourth time, and won't lend his bill again when asked.

Mean but Affable Person to his Friend. You're nearest the door, ask the stall-keeper for a bill.

2nd Mean but perfectly wide-awake Friend. All right. (Feels in his pockets.) Have you got sixpence? (Mean but Affable Person has only a shilling, which his Friend takes, and exit, over toes, to get to stall-keeper.)

General Opinion (expressed, sotto voce, on his going out). What a nuisance he is! (and on his return) Dear!! again!

2nd Person (who hasn't seen the play before to his Friend). Why's FECHTER dressed like that?

His Friend. Oh, because he's going to be married—(uncertainly)—or because he's been out all night. [IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN fidgets.

1st Person. But to what period does the dress belong?

Vague Friend. Oh, to the First Empire, or (very vaguely) before the revolution, (cleverly recovers his reputation for being well informed by adding,) it's not strictly correct.

Miss Leclercq (as Maurice d'Arbel's destined bride, gives him her idea of how a bridegroom should spend his last bachelor night). His friends are round the festive board, the lights sparkle, the glasses are in their hands, they call aloud the name of their friend's future wife, they drink to his, to their, happiness, he rises from his seat, and—

2nd Person (during Mr. Fechter's picture of his being at a gambling table till five in the morning). I suppose EMERY's the villain?

1st Person (who, having seen it before, is going to sleep). Eh—villain—oh yes—EMERY's always the villain.

[MAURICE D'ARBEL makes his bride a wedding present of a rose

with a sentiment. Ladies in Stalls smile significantly, and probably think they do those things better in real life.

Mean Person (who borrowed a shilling, to his Friend cunningly). I say, not a bad dodge for a wedding-present, eh?

[IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN DOES wish they'd be quiet.

Enter Bridesmaids and Servants to music, and all go to Church except MADAME D'ARBEL, who, being too weak to join them, stands up during their absence and soliloquises. Organ plays solemnly, evidently in some part of the garden. The marriage ceremony is apparently being conducted, organ and all, in the adjoining summer-house.

Madame d'Arbel (amusing herself by pretending she sees through the stone walls of the Church.) There they are! They kneel before the altar! he, &c. &c., she, &c. &c. Now they, &c. &c. The Priest lifts his, &c. &c., and then all, &c. &c. Ah! Happy! Happy pair!

[Sinks into her chair, and thinks of the family pew.

Enter, suddenly, a Gentleman in very modern cut whiskers, moustache, and Hessian boots; with a generally vague appearance of belonging to no particular time or country. Music in the orchestra, of course, perhaps descriptive of Hessian boots.

Madame d'Arbel (hysterically). ERIC!

Eric. My letter not delivered!!!!

Serious but foolish Butler. I gave it to — (a name that sounds like SPERARSA).

Enter YOUNG WAITING WOMAN, with the name that sounds like SPERARSA.

Young Waiting Woman. Oh yes, Madame, here it is.

[More Music. Enter Powdered Footmen with Bridesmaids. Then MAURICE and his bride. MADAME D'ARBEL won't receive MAURICE. More music. Sensation chords. Enter a Commissaire in a funny hat, and two myrmidons in funnier hats. More chords: say two chords for the Commissaire and one for each myrmidon. IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN prepares to attend closer than ever.

Commissaire (sternly to Maurice). You were at the gaming-table last night?

Madame (who evidently did not know her son was out). Ah!

[Powdered Footmen regard one another with silent horror.

Maurice (vaguely). How?

Commissaire (politely, like a foreigner of distinction not quite perfect in his English). Am I wrong, if you please?

[Music, of course, as if it came from underground while they are talking.

Madame d'Arbel. What has he stolen?

Maurice. Oh! Oh! (Behind his hand.) Oh! (Behind two hands.)

Oh! Oh!

Commissaire. The necklace! [MISS LECLERCQ tears it off.

2nd Person (in Stall who hasn't seen Act I.). Has he stolen it?

His Friend (who HAS seen it before). Well—you see—it's—you ought to have seen the First Act.

[IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN hears this, and loses the thread of the story. Gaspard (making faces behind his cocked-hat). Don't mix my name up in the matter—(suddenly like the Clown)—Oh! look at your mother.

[Makes more faces at the audience silyly, while MAURICE looks at his mother.

Commissaire (touching Mr. Fechter on the shoulder with a small cane like a conjuror's wand). MAURICE D'ARBEL, I arrest you!

[Women faint all over the place. The six Powdered Footmen evince varied emotions of horror, or surprise, or rage, or despair, or something among themselves. More music. End of Act II.

Entr'acte.

Provincial Person (in front row of the Pit, who has been much interested up to this point.) I say, which is BUCKSTONE?

[The facts are explained to him by a Town Friend.

In Act III. there is plenty of lime-light, music, and ERIC is shot, and IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN thinks he can follow it pretty closely now.

ACT IV.

Enter FECHTER, very old.

Funny Innkeeper (to his wife on the stage). Will you oblige me?

[Meant to get a laugh, but doesn't.

This sentence is the light writing of the piece, the comic relief, and occurs about sixty times in this Act.

Colonel Eric (who wasn't shot in Act III.) to Innkeeper. There's for you (gives money). We expect a young Captain.

Funny Innkeeper. A Captain. (To his wife.) Will you oblige me? Thank you, thank you.

[Some one in the audience laughs. FUNNY INNKEEPER detects him, and plays at him gratefully during the remainder of the Scene.

Maurice (trying to rise from the bench). I cannot! I cannot!

Friend (who's not seen it before). Doesn't he speak like WEBSTER in the Dead Heart (gives an imitation)? "My heart is dead! my heart is—"

Irritable old Gentleman (who has entirely lost the thread of the piece). S-s-sh! I really wish that—it's quite impossible to—

Lady's Husband (with propriety). S-s-sh! [Old Gentleman subsides.

[YOUNG CAPTAIN chinks bag of untold gold carelessly and sits at table: then treats MAURICE to wine and luncheon. While MAURICE is eating, YOUNG CAPTAIN chinks untold gold again. He sees MAURICE cutting off half the loaf and pocketing it.

Young Captain. By that act I recognise the true nobility of your nature.

[He alludes to pocketing half the loaf. Gives money, and chinks bag of untold gold again. GASPARD offers to guide him through the forest. Storm commences.

ACT V.

Young Captain arrives at Maurice's hut. Discovers his Mother and Sister there. Is shown to a room, where he occupies himself by jingling and chinking his untold gold as a mild evening amusement for himself and little sister. Gaspard sets fire to the house. Music. Crashing. Pistols. Flames. Hatchets. Smoke. Great applause. Curtain descends before the Irritable Gentleman can regain the thread of the story. Re-appearance of all the chief characters in the smoke.

Person (who has seen it now, and is still rather hazy as to the necklace in Act II.). I wish we'd been in for the First Act. (To his Friend.) If you hadn't stopped for that other claret, we might—

Friend (with a view to supper at EVANS'S). Oh, it's all right. Come to PADDY GREEN'S.

[Exit omnes in every direction. Red fire from fuzees: cigars. Verdict, Not bad.

THE BEST SCHOOL FOR WIVES.



HE husband is commonly said to be the bread-winner. So he is in general. But sometimes he is a *Mantafani*, and sometimes his wife is an heiress; and in the former case he eats the bread of idleness, and in the latter that of *otium cum dignitate*, buttered on both sides.

But, as the husband, in the ordinary course of things, is the bread-winner, so is—that is to say, so ought to be—the wife the bread-dresser, the toaster, and temperer of the bread, and, taking bread in its extended sense, the roaster and boiler of the meat. In short, the wife is the cook, or, if she is not, more shame for her. The cook, ma'am—not the cook-maid: the chief not the drudge of her husband's kitchen.

But what is the wife whose skill in cookery is limited to roasting and boiling? A plain cook to her husband, neither useful, nor, if altogether plain, ornamental.

The foregoing remarks are suggested by an announcement, in the *Post*, that there is, in Argyll Street, Regent Street, a School of Cookery, whereat, the other

evening, there was given a select entertainment. This institution, founded by some genuine philanthropists for the education of cooks, comprises two departments of study; a first class for artists who aspire to be professed cooks, and a second for persons whose humbler aim is proficiency "in plain cookery suitable for the servants of tradespeople." First-class cookery, of course, alone is suitable to the servants of the nobility and gentry.

Success to this most important of educational establishments. May the School of Cookery in Argyll Street grow rapidly into a University, in which the daughters of England may be enabled to acquire that knowledge which will render them helps meet and suitable companions for men of liberal education and refined taste. There is no reason why women should not attain to that eminence in the higher branches of cookery which has hitherto been supposed possible only for men. In a College of Cookery there would be degrees, prizes, and offices, for which they might compete oftentimes successfully with the stronger sex. As the latter become bachelors and masters, so could the former turn out spinsters and mistresses of culinary arts. The degree of doctor might be common to both. There might be a Regius or a Regia Professor of Turtle, as the case might be; and professorships named after distinguished gourmands, also open to both sexes; likewise professorships of chops, and steaks, of *hors d'œuvres*, of *entremets*, of curry, of haricot mutton, of *vol-au-vent*, of rump-steak pudding, and of Irish stew; and assuredly there ought to be a professorship of potatoes. Corresponding lectureships and scholarships might also be established. The candidates for degrees and honours might take up *Ude*, *Soyer*, *Kitchener*, or *Mrs. Rundell*; and, in addition to undergoing an examination in these culinary classics, be required to operate on the raw material.



FASHIONS FOR 1867.

“HABITS ARE STILL WORN SHORT”—WHICH IS JUST AS WELL THE DAY AFTER A THAW!

AN IMAGINARY QUEEN'S SPEECH.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1867.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I CALL you together again, more curious, perhaps, than usual, to know what I intend to say, particularly on one “well-considered” subject.

I am on friendly terms with all my foreign brothers and sisters, some of whom have lost their crowns and thrones since last we met, an event chiefly of importance to themselves, the Editor of the *Almanach de Gotha*, and gentlemen in the diplomatic service apprehensive of an insufficient supply of foreign embassies. Should this fatal disease spread amongst Sovereigns, I have no fear that it will ever reach these shores.

Certain claims that “Our American Cousin” believes he has against us I am confident will be promptly and satisfactorily settled by one of the most distinguished members of my Government, to whom it is only necessary to say, “On, STANLEY, on!”

You will, doubtlessly, desire a few days' extra vacation to enable you to be present at the opening of the Paris Universal Exhibition. I will speak to the EARL OF DERBY on the subject the next time he dines at the Castle. Sanguine spirits are anticipating the happiest results from this coming Congress of Art and Industry, and expect that it will terminate in a Grand Transformation Scene, with Peace and Progress triumphant in the centre, and all the woes of War vanishing away in the background. The same splendid visions have been indulged in before, but they all ended in cannon-smoke. I shall indeed rejoice, if the decay of the manufacture of gunpowder and explosive weapons is the result of the Exhibition.

I am confident that no Member of either House would ever think of smuggling anything, except perhaps, occasionally, a Bill through Parliament, but the great portmanteau grievance demands a searching investigation. I have, therefore, arranged with his Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH that a joint Commission shall sit on the band-boxes of two great nations.

The Confederation of the North American Provinces will, I trust, be

shortly accomplished. As United States I believe they will be strong and powerful, and never forget the old mother.

I rejoiced to read of the disappearance of the Cattle Plague, and of the liberality shown by you, MARQUIS OF CONYNHAM, and others, in making a handsome deduction from the rents of your bucolic tenantry.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

I have directed the Estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you, and I shall feel better satisfied if they are discussed by rather more than forty Members.

They have been prepared, &c. (the usual prescription).

Although we are at peace with all the world, you will find a perceptible increase in the votes to be taken for the Naval and Military Establishments. So long as Governments engage in competitive trials of instruments of warfare, so long must Peoples pay the shot.

It may be your fate to experience “Short Commons.”

If you could approach my presence with rather less Disorder, it would be more seemly.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Apprehensions were felt lest the Fenian plague should again break out in Ireland, but—I say this under the rose—with LORD STRATHNAIRN in Dublin I had no alarm for that portion of my dominions. The deluded followers of an individual known as The Head Centre must now feel that they were (STEPHENS') Green. Scotland gives me no trouble, but then I am so often there, and we know that frequent appearances of the Sovereign tend to raise the temperature of a nation's loyalty. I have, therefore, determined to reside a part of every year in Ireland, or when unable to visit that country in person, to request the PRINCE OF WALES to act as my Vicereine.

I have not been much in my Capital of late years, but I understand that the condition of its streets and Parks is not satisfactory, being ill kept, ill lighted, and ill watched. You will, I am sure, devise some measure by which the Metropolis may be placed on a level at least with second-rate Provincial towns.

I congratulate you and SIR EDWIN LANDSEER on the addition to the Lions of London in Trafalgar Square. It will not be necessary to put any more cross questions about SIR EDWIN'S studies. The National

Gallery and Royal Academy may also be struck off the list of *Agenda*, but the British Museum is still a vexed and vexing question.

A number of measures will be introduced for your consideration, if premature dissolution does not carry you off—to the hustings. Some of these you will find portable and accordingly carry, but many I foresee will have to be dropped. Bills are in preparation for the disfranchisement of certain Boroughs in which at the last General Election the circulation of money was too rapid; but until you adopt the admirable suggestion of a venerable law Lord, who I hope will again be amongst you in the Spring, and punish with imprisonment both the briber and the bribed, you will never overcome this vice of the Money Orders of Electoral Society. Cropped hair, a regular but spare diet, and stimulating exercise on the treadmill would do more to abolish Bribery than years of Committees and Commissions.

You are aware that LORD DERBY is the author of a new Law List. I am almost tired of introducing the question of Bankruptcy, but if you can make commercial failures less disastrous to the Creditor, you will not have wasted the Session.

My Constitutional advisers—my State doctors—are in difficulties about Reform. If they bring in too broad a Bill they will offend and alienate the narrow party; if they bring in too narrow a Bill, hostilities will be immediately declared by the broad party; and if they bring in no Bill at all, their chance of drawing another quarter's salary appears to be homoeopathically small. After having been frozen out such a length of time, and then getting employment rather unexpectedly they are naturally unwilling to be turned into the streets again so soon; after fielding so long, they would be glad to have something like an innings. Time and *Hansard* will show how they escape from their dilemma. I will only add, that until the lines are cleared of this obstruction, the Parliamentary train cannot proceed.

I will now enumerate a few of the necessities of legislation which either in this or a future Session it will be your imperative duty to provide for a hungry nation:—Some system of general education, which shall save me the pain of knowing that there are children and adults in this rich and powerful country who are ignorant whether it is a man or a woman that reigns over them; the re-organisation of the Army by which the service may be made more fair, more popular, and a surer defence in days of darkness and danger; the increased efficiency

of the Navy, and the substitution both at the Admiralty and the Horse Guards of a control less cumbrous, less wasteful, and less disastrous than that of Boards and Double-headed authority; the restoration of the Mercantile Marine, and the prevention of lawless disregard of life through the neglect of easy precautions against disease; the improvement of the condition of my poorer subjects, especially the old and the sick in parish and union workhouses, so that at least they may have the same consideration shown them as imprisoned criminals; the adoption of stringent measures against delusive, extravagant, and fraudulent public companies, lest the reputation of this country for commercial integrity should become an imposture and a sham; the summary punishment of dishonest tradesmen who cheat the poor with false weights and measures, and poison them with adulterated food; the prevention of fatal accidents, whether to individuals in the neglected streets of the wealthiest city in the world, or to bodies of workmen massacred in mines and other dangerous scenes of labour; the more speedy administration of the law both in London and the provinces; the settlement of disputes between masters and workmen, and the avoidance of irritating and exhausting strikes; the better municipal government of the Metropolis; the correction of the anomaly of rich benefices where the flocks are numbered by hundreds, and pauper livings where the population grows by thousands; the further reform of sentimental Cathedral establishments; the diminution of drunkenness and destruction of infant life; the arrest of anarchy, confusion, and treachery in the Established Church; the adjustment (in Ireland) of the differences between Landlord and Tenant; and the abolition of other grievances in the country—such is a sample of the measures, which if you are wise, you will speedily frame and carry, and so raise a secure embankment against the dangers and difficulties of the future.

When these your tasks are completed, you may then again interfere in the affairs of your foreign neighbours, advise the POPE, when he loses his temporal tiara, and watch over the interests of the German Bund.

I now dismiss you to much waste of time, to many useless speeches, to a languid interest in an obscure country like India, to a keen relish for exciting personalities, to a liberal employment of the munitions of party warfare, but on the whole influenced by a fair desire to do the best for your country—and yourselves.

POOR CHILDREN'S DINNER-PARTIES.



THE other day, while saying a good word for the good work of M. VICTOR HUGO, in giving some poor Guernsey children a good dinner once a week, *Mr. Punch*, expressed a hope that the example might be followed here in England, where there are many weakly little ones to whom a weekly dinner would certainly do good. *Mr. Punch* has since been very pleased to hear that at two places, at least, some of the little ones of London dine once a week in comfort, and can eat good bread and meat. Both in Marylebone and Brompton poor children's dinner-parties are given every week, and some seven or eight hundred little hungry mouths are filled with wholesome, healthy, satisfying, good, substantial food.

Many ladies, young ones specially, conceive that, as a rule, a dinner-party is a most

unmitigated bore; but they would find these children's parties an exception to the rule. Any lady, if she pleases, may obtain an invitation to them, simply by the means of becoming a subscriber of two-and-forty pence. For this prodigious sum ten dinner-cards are sent her, and ten children may dine in comfort as her guests. At number one (take care of Number One), Little Barlow Street, in Marylebone, each Wednesday and Saturday, and at No. 66, Walton Street, in Brompton, each Tuesday and Friday, grace is said precisely as the clock strikes twelve, and then some hundreds of small hungry diners instantly fall to. Any lady who is present is pressed into their service, and may learn, as saith the poet, "to labour and to wait." She may help to carve the beef, or ladle out the gravy, or serve out the potatoes, or cut up for the little ones who chance to be not big enough to wield a knife and fork.

There are many exhibitions worth seeing now in London, but there are none more pleasant than these children's dinner-parties, and none

that are more worth the trouble of a visit. HANDEL'S *Alexander's Feast* contains some charming music, but it has no more pleasant music than the chatter of the little tongues and clatter of the dishes at these little children's feasts. Then, how good it is to see the hundreds of small eyes that stare in wonder and delight at the gigantic roasted joints, and the hundreds of small noses that sniff the fragrant gravy, and the hundreds of small lips that are licked in expectation of the savoury repast!

So walk up, Gentlemen and Ladies, and see what you can see. Only think, ten dinners for two-and-forty pence! Why, there are diners now in London who freely give three guineas for one single feast! 'If they denied themselves but one good dinner in the year, they might give nearly two hundred good dinners to poor children, to whom a good meal once a week is a real gift of charity, and a help towards good health.

A MODEST DEMAND.

Good servants are now-a-days becoming rather scarce, at least, if we may judge by announcements like the following:—

GROOM WANTED.—A Gentleman, living in the country, is in want of a groom to look after one or two horses, make himself generally useful, and do what he is told. Any one wanting a situation where the work is put out need not apply.

Is it usual for grooms *not* to do what they are told, and to have their work put out for them? We should run the risk of being quite "put out" ourselves, if our groom were to inform us that he required his work to be so. Perhaps we soon may hear of servants who will kindly condescend to accept a situation, provided that their masters engage to do their work for them.

Ode (and paid) to Miss Terry.

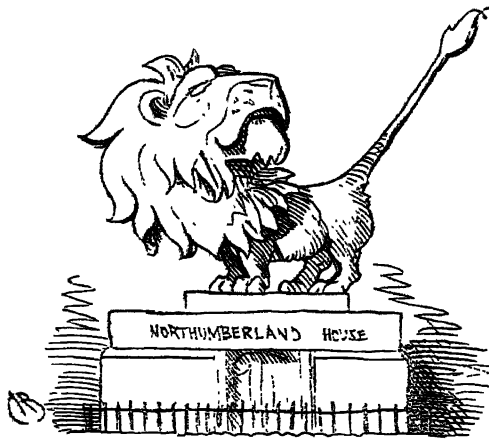
(BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC IRISHMAN.)

AIR—"Kate Kearney."

OCH! did ye niver hear of KATE TERRY?
If not, sure you're ignorant, very.
She has that in her eye
As'll make a boy cry,
But her smile. Och—can make us all merry!

SURGICAL.

WE English practise vivisection. We are very fond of cutting up our friends and acquaintances.



FOR EXPLANATION OF THIS CUT, SEE CARTOON.

THE POPPER PAPERS.

(*Instructive.*)

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

Albany, Wednesday.

It is not very often, I am happy to say, that you and I meet at a dinner-table. You know I do not say this from any want of the affection which is supposed to exist between an uncle and a nephew. I gave you a very handsome mug at your christening, some twenty-three years ago, I always "tipped" you in your boyhood, I made it all right between you and my brother-in-law (best known to you as your "Governor") when you got into a hole with certain creditors, and if you marry a lady, I dare say that your Uncle PAUL's present to her will not be the least noticeable of the articles her bridesmaids will envy. Nor, unless you make too dreadful an ass of yourself, shall I alter by codicil a certain document now in the iron safe at MESSRS. GROWL, SMILES, & SNITGEL'S, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. But I don't think that we are likely to seek amusement in the same circles.

However, my dear boy, I was both amused and surprised, and I may add that I was a little gratified, at your outbreak at our friend SIR ROCKE TAPPER's on Tuesday. How you became acquainted with that eminent geologist and philosopher, I don't know. I do not imagine that you know a saurian from a sand-piper. However, there you were, and very elegantly attired (studs a thought too splendid), and behaving yourself with much rationality. I was pleased to hear you begin to talk on foreign affairs, and notably on international politics. The phenomenon was worth note. I did not expect to gain much valuable information from you, beyond official certainty as to MRS. PRYME LEGGE's next character in the private theatricals at Brighton, the real reason why young BUMPTIOUS BLOATER had bolted, and perhaps a few hints on the chances of the next Derby. To my astonishment you struck into a conversation on American affairs. My friend MR. HERWORTH DIXON's remarkable book, *New America*, was the text, and his singular disclosures about the Mormons made the talk of the table, as they will do for all the tables for a long time. You did a gentleman's justice to his gallantry, and to his vivid and startling revelations, but you evidently thought that you had the key to the strangest enigma of our age. I am not sure that you made this fact quite clear to your audience, but never mind. The way in which you explained the American Constitution to the young lady next to you was dashing, and though you clearly knew nothing about it, that was of less consequence, as you bored her, and she wanted to listen to the mewling of the poet on the other side of her. He does not write good poetry, my poor ALGERNON, but he has three thousand a year, and has signified that he is only looking out for the Tenth Muse, in order to wedlock.

But, my dear ALGERNON, if you are going in for political talk, what do you think of devoting twenty minutes, or so, per day, to mastering a few details? I don't care about seeing men look up at you with that serene and imperturbable attention which indicates that a well-bred man is being, as you would say, awfully amused. That brilliant parallel which you drew between the House of Lords and the Supreme Court of the United States, would have been worthy of MACAULAY, if it had been accurate in any one particular. What do you know about the United States, my dear ALGERNON? Do you even know the outlines of their Constitution? And don't you think that as there are few houses in London in which you will not meet the best sort of American ladies and gentlemen, it would be a social advantage to you, not to say a decent civility to them, to acquaint yourself with the character of their institutions? Do you know that I never met an American who had

not paid us, by anticipation, a reciprocal compliment? One of the prettiest American girls I ever sat next, nearly put me to my trumps the other night about the Mutiny Act? Do you know what the Mutiny Act means, ALGERNON?

I believe that you have been confirmed, so, though your godfather, I have nothing to do with your spiritual interests. I wonder what good-natured parson passed you on to the Bishop. But I suppose that, with certain contingencies, to which I have adverted, in your mind, you will allow me to tell you three or four things about America. They may be useful to you, and the like of you, in the time that is coming. We shall hear a good deal of America, presently, and especially if American respectability carries its point, and sends the fire and the sword to protest against Salt Lake polygamy.

The United States, my dear ALGERNON, have a Constitution, which is dated 17th September, 1787, and which has been "amended" about ten times since. Congress may amend it.

Do you know what Congress is? It is the American Parliament. This has two branches, the Senate and the House of Representatives. The former is the Upper, the latter the Lower House. Try and remember that.

The Senate is composed thus. Each State in the Union elects two members, by its legislatures (mind), and these Senators are chosen for six years. Remember Senate, States, Six—three S's. That's enough for one day. Now lay down my letter.

Now we'll resume, but be sure you recollect what I have said. Next, a Senator must be 30, and must have been a citizen for nine years. The Senate, besides being a legislative body, has judicial functions, and is a High Court of Impeachment. Remember this, because you read telegrams about the impeachment of the President, and you are not to suppose that this solemn business is performed in an oyster-cellar, or at a liquor-bar, as I believe many eminent critics of American institutions fancy.

We now come to the House of Commons, or Representatives. A member must be 25, so our "reckless" neighbours are more careful than we are, and don't choose lads just from school to vote on national laws. A Representative must have been a citizen for seven years. This House is elected by the people, every second year. The number of votes given to each State is ascertained by a decennial census. Look out decennial in WEBSTER. There are 233 members in all. How will you remember 233? Think of your own age, 23, and add 3, for your two brothers and pretty sister. Nothing like Mnemonics for a dull boy. Look out Mnemonics in WEBSTER.

I won't overburden you with facts. The President must have every bill submitted to him, before it can be law. If he like he can Veto it, that is, forbid it. But after that, if two-thirds of both Houses still insist on the bill, it becomes law in spite of him. MR. JOHNSON uses his prerogative, and the Houses use theirs. Until his time, Presidents did little in this way.

Only one word more. The President is chosen by an Electoral College—do not confuse yourself with ideas of Magdalen or Trinity—and this college is chosen by the vote of the people, each State having as many Collegians as it has of Senators and Representatives. He must be 35, a native-born American. He commands the Army and Navy. And he is chosen for four years.

There, my dear ALGERNON, digest that, and take your time about it. I don't believe that one Englishman in fifty knows all that I have told you, and yet hear us over the Château Margaux, and how promptly we settle all American questions. If you wish it, one of these days, I will tell you a little more. To sweeten the letter, I enclose you a cheque, as I heard you say you must have that horse. Don't ride over my friend the PRINCE OF WALES. Ever your affectionate Uncle,

PAUL POPPER.

A TRUTH IN TWO LANGUAGES.

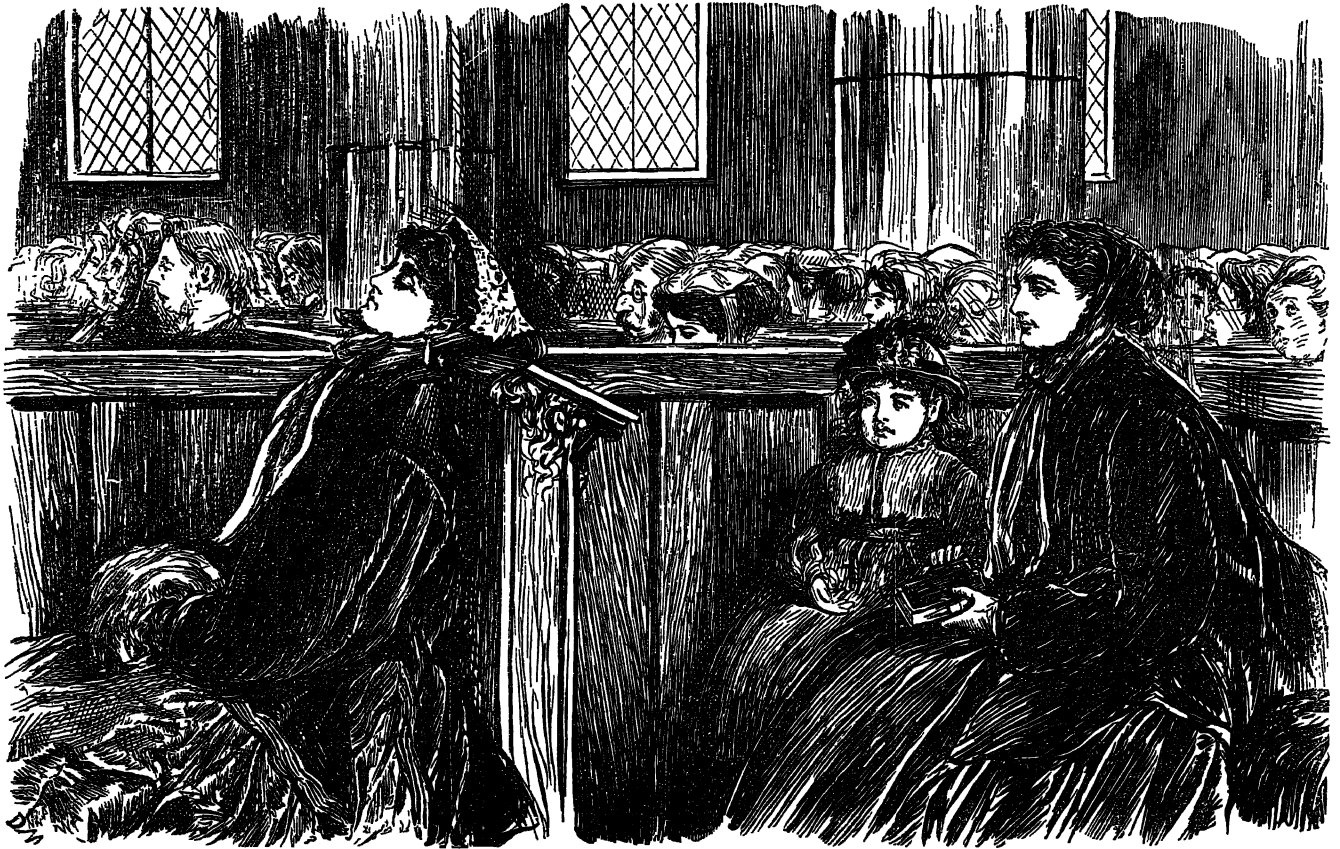
THE Paris Correspondent of the *Post* quotes the following passage from "one of the despotic decrees of the season," promulgated by a MADAME G.—:

"Toilette de Bal.—Les dents sont bordées d'une étoffe tranchant par sa couleur avec l'étoffe de la robe. Le corsage très bas, excessivement bas, est surmonté d'un ornement en soie blanche, garni de tulle et de perles. Dame, il faut bien garnir un peu."

We should think so. "*Le corsage très bas, excessivement bas,*" would never do without at least a little trimming. It is a peculiarity of dress which is not only "*très bas, excessivement bas,*" as the French say, but likewise, and moreover, very low, excessively low—as we say in English.

TWO OLD MEN'S TAILS.—Old Fogeysim and Old Bogeysim. Let us cut them off.

WHY are Porters in great houses like Poultry? Because they are Do(0)rings.



NATURAL SURMISE.

Florinda (in audible whisper). "MAMMA! MAMMA! LOOK AT THE PITY VALENTINE THAT LADY'S DOT UPON HER HEAD!"

BETWEEN THE LIONS.

THE January sunlight
Was struggling faint and low
With the upward-creeping shadows
That quenched its fitful glow,
When the LION from the portal
Of the PERCY'S gazing down,
Was ware of something stirring
At that end of that town.

Long, long has he been pointing,
From off his airy stand,
His nose towards St. James's,
His tail along the Strand;
Long foreigners and natives
Have questioned, but to fail,
The meaning of that muzzle,
And the moral of that tail.

Was that tail stiff with anger,
Was that muzzle curl'd in scorn
Of the usage London's finest site
At JOHN BULL's hands has borne?
Of our HAVELOCK and our NAPLER
In soot and copper drest?
Of our brace of mounted GEORGES
One rampant, one at rest?

Or, of WILKINS' range of punch-bowls
With pepper pots *en suite*?
Or, of our mast-headed NELSON,
Or the fountains at his feet?
Or at the combination
Of these abortions, planned
To stamp JOHN BULL the biggest muff
That e'er took Art in hand?

Or is that tail averted
From the ART that IS, to say
The road to Art that *should* be,
Lies just the other way?
Or points it towards Temple Bar,
As if JOHN BULL it prayed,
To give Art up altogether,
And go city-wards to trade?

But of that Lion's action
Be the riddle what it may,
He ne'er looked more astonished
Than when, the other day,
He saw four mighty monsters,
Swathed all in canvass shrouds,
Round NELSON's column planted,
And girt with gapping crowds.

Amazement grew to anger,
When, all four placed, at last,
MANNERS and MAROCHETTI
Bade shrouds aside be cast:
And through the London fog-damps,
A stone's-throw from his paw,
Round the base of NELSON's column
FOUR LIONS COUCHED HE SAW!

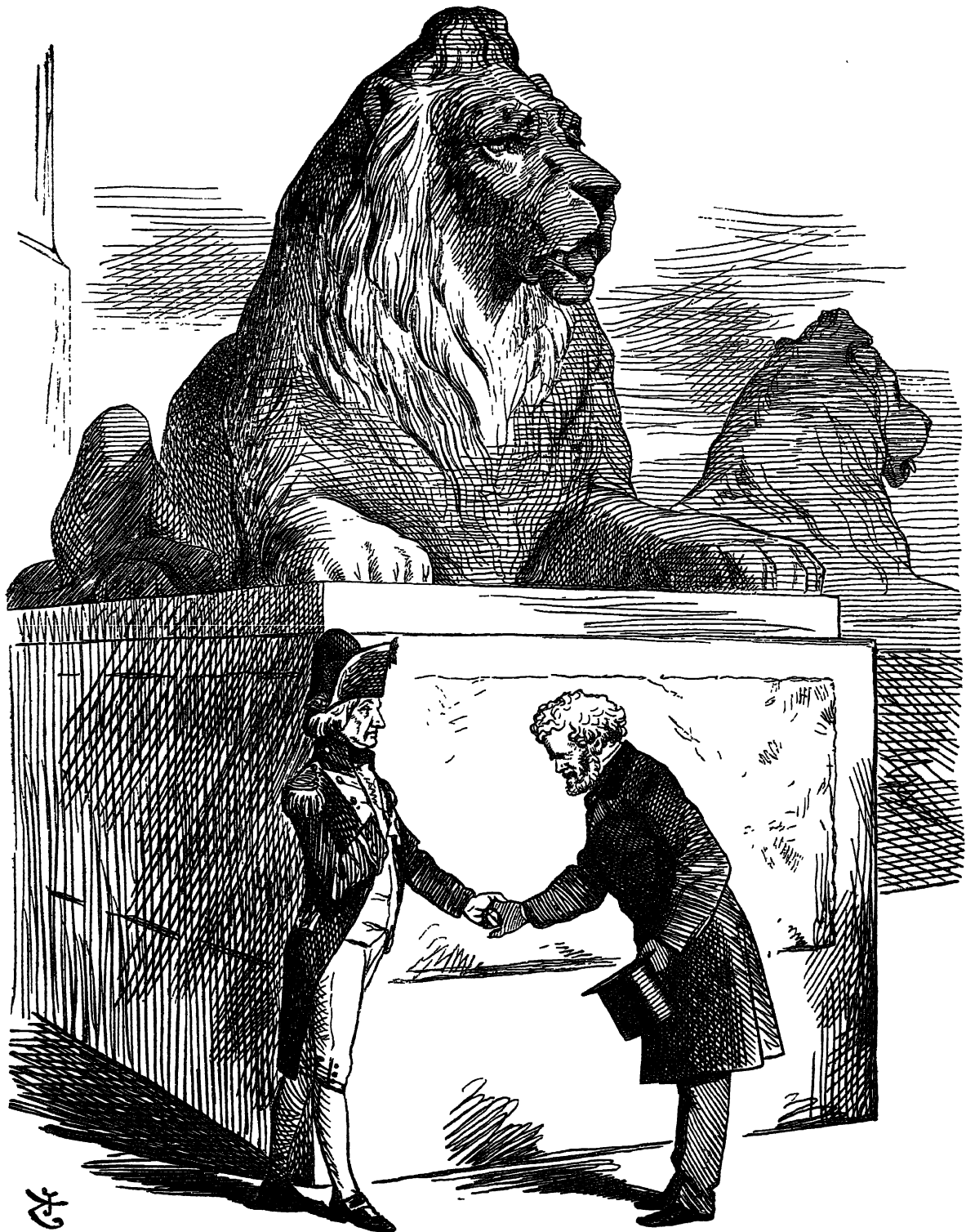
'Tis said, and I believe it,
That at the startling sight,
His tail, unwagged for ages,
Wagged, thrice, from left to right:
That from o'er the PERCY'S portal,
Out of those jaws of stone,
Came, audible to mortal,
A sound 'twixt growl and groan!

And, gradual, o'er the rumble
Of traffic far below,
Was shaped to utterance leonine
That sound, sublime and slow,
Through roll of cab and omnibus,
Deep-chested as Big Ben,
Once roared the Percy Lion,
Roared once, and roared again.

"Who are ye, huge impostors?
You the British Lions—fie!
If there's a British Lion,
At Charing Cross, 'tis I?!
Your very number's fatal
To the claim which you would roar,
The British Lion's singular:
He's one, and you are four!

"Are *these* the 'little strangers'
We've waited for so long?
Announced when first the man and boy
Were themes of jest and song?
The man has grown a dotard,
The boy a man, and grey;
But still empty staid those bases,
And so, I hoped, would stay.

"And better still left empty,
Than tenanted by *you*;
SIR EDWIN had been wiser
To stick the canvass to.
You are big, and you are brazen,
That much must granted be:
But if a British Lion
Is wanted, look at me!



THE LIONS AT LAST!

"THANK YOU, SIR EDWIN. ENGLAND AT LAST HAS 'DONE HER DUTY.'"

"I flourish my tail 'proper';
On my four legs I stand:
I'm in the British Lion's
True *habitat*, the Strand.
The head in air I carry,
The frame and flanks I show,
May not be realistic,
But High Art has made me so.

"But *you*, what shall I call you?—
Four in one, or one in four?
Mere real Lions, cast in bronze—
Like life, but nothing more!
You look over-fed and sleepy,
On your bellies prone you lie,
With your useless arms before you—
Disposed for fighting shy.

"Great works! Yes, you are woppers:
Great, if size be grandeur's crown;
Of worth, if into coppers
You could be melted down.
But you're not the British Lion
For NELSON to look o'er,
E'en if the British Lion
Could be multiplied by four."

Unmoved those couchant Lions
Lay, while the roaring storm
From above the PARROT'S portal
Swept o'er each giant form.
Never a muzzle lifted,
Stirred arm, or lightened eye,
As with note like a great organ's,
Their deep bass rolled reply.

"Chafe not, mysterious quadruped,
That Lion claim'st to be,
But art not of such Lions
As 'tis given men's eyes to see.
Wag not the tail in anger
That was never meant to wag,
Shut up the jaws, that opened,
Can but make way for brag.

"We MAY look calm and quiet,
Beneath our folded brows,
From heavy-lidded orbits,
That seem to droop and drowse.
Our giant arms before us
Outstretched at level length—
But know, if ours be slumber,
'Tis the slumber, friend, of strength.

"You may be the British Lion,
As he was in times of yore,
When his claws were all for rending,
His tongue for lapping gore:
When, where'er the jackals opened,
He took his eager way,
A fang for every carcass,
A part in every prey.

"Of that departed monster
Grant yours the image true:
The reality is vanished,
The type should vanish too.
We are the likeness, breathing
With the life that genius gives,
Of the genuine British Lion,
The Lion as he lives.

"Calm and sedate, and peaceful,
Nay slumb'rous, till the call
Of danger or of duty
Bids the veil of slumber fall.
Let the foe come near my dwelling,
Or assail my brood—no more—
Then ask if I am sleeping,
And for answer take my roar.

"If there be might in movement,
There's might too in repose:
And strength is ten-fold terrible
That waits just cause for blows.
Emblem of such repose and strength
Here, four in one, I lie,
To east and west, to north and south,
Fixing a watchful eye!

"Not roaring for slight reason,
Not stirred by false alarms:
Not blunt, if sheathed, the talons
That point these sinewy arms,
As the true Lion mighty,
But magnanimous in might,
The British Lion fights to live,
Lives to do more than fight.

"But if the occasion cometh,
As come, perchance, it may,
To quicken tusk and talon,
And crush the foe to clay,
Then learn if my old terrors
Are dead, that here you see
A smoothened crest, an armed rest,
A slumberous majesty!"

MIRTH FOR MARINE STORE-DEALERS.

MR. PUNCH,

ALLOW me, Sir, to call your attention to a capital joke constructed the other day in the Court of Queen's Bench. The following extract from a law report epitomises this excellent bit of fun:—

"THE QUEEN v. WETTERLY.—This was a case of some importance to marine store-dealers in purchasing stolen property, the decision of the Court upsetting the course pursued by the Metropolitan Magistrates for the last eighteen or twenty years."

You are familiar, *Mr. Punch*, with the merry laugh of the British Public which the Clown in a pantomime creates by *lying along* a doorstep in the way of people coming out, and upsetting them. But this trick, surely, is nothing like so laughable as the decision by which three grave and learned Judges—the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and JUSTICES MELLOR and LUSH—concur to upset the course pursued for the last eighteen or twenty years by the Metropolitan Magistrates.

This, however, is not all the fun of the case reported under the foregoing title. That case in itself was funny enough. It was an appeal from Quarter Sessions on the part of a marine store-dealer against a conviction by MR. D'ERNCOURT, whereby the defendant had been sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour for having been in possession of a quantity of lead "reasonably suspected of having been stolen." The defence before the Magistrate, forming the ground of the successful appeal to the Queen's Bench, was "that as the lead had been clearly stolen, the defendant was not liable on a charge of unlawful possession of property supposed to have been stolen, and that if the defendant had committed any offence, it was receiving goods knowing them to have been stolen, for which he should have been committed and tried by a jury." This plea was held good by the Judges, for the reason that the defendant had been convicted under a section of a certain statute relative to possessors of stolen goods, which "did not apply to marine store-dealers in actual possession, but to the possession of the persons conveying the article." The joke resulting from this distinction was fully appreciated by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, who remarked that "marine store-dealers would enjoy complete immunity if that were the case." Nevertheless his Lordship and his learned brethren found themselves, on consideration, obliged to conclude that it was the case. So the conviction was quashed; and there is every reason to suppose that the defendant went home dancing and snapping his fingers.

All this is fine fun, *Mr. Punch*; but you will see yet more in this case when you come to think of it. Observe, Sir, that it now turns out that, for some twenty years past at least, but I should think many more, for the statute above referred to is the 2nd and 3rd Victoria, the Metropolitan Magistrates have been pursuing, in regard to marine store-dealers, a course of illegal convictions. You would perhaps deem that a rather melancholy joke but for the safe presumption that the marine store-dealers got much less severely punished than they deserved to be. The best of this joke is, that those marine store-dealers have no remedy

against the Magistrates who committed them. But neither would they if the Magistrates had committed them undeservedly as well as unlawfully. Magistrates do not pay for making mistakes. What an advantage they have in this respect over medical practitioners and others who are liable to be sued and cast in heavy damages for blunders committed through not knowing their business! This reflection amuses

Your humble servant, ASMODEUS.

P.S. "It was a great pity the law did not meet such cases as the present, but it was to be hoped that the law in this respect would soon be altered." Let us hope that parliamentary attention to this remark by your friend COCKBURN will not turn the joy of the marine store-dealers into mourning.

ANTI-BEAR LEGISLATION.

QUESTIONS of some interest are suggested by the following piece of news from the United States:—

"BEARS IN THE STATE OF MAINE.—Returns received at the office of the Secretary of State show that during last year, there were 265 bears killed in the State of Maine."

By what means are bears slaughtered in the State of Maine? Is bear-hunting one of the methods adopted for their destruction? If so, is it usual in the sport of hunting the bear to give the bear any law, and in that case what law? Do the bear-hunters of Maine give the bear the Maine law?

ORDERS OF THE SAME ORDER.

ON his legs, at the late Meeting of the West Herts Agricultural Society, the EARL OF CLARENDON, in defence of the practice of awarding prizes to labourers, said:—

"The Victoria Cross is given as the reward for daring acts of valour. Admirals, generals, successful diplomatists, adventurers—those noble men who have made geographical discoveries, who have laid down the Atlantic cable, receive the decoration of the Order of the Bath. It would be absurd to measure these distinctions by their mere money value. The same remark applies to the labourer."

Such, in fact, says LORD CLARENDON, as the Order of the Bath is, such is the Order of the Breeches.

An Arithmetical Demonstration.

THE length of the Reform Procession which is to start from Trafalgar Square on Monday next may be calculated beforehand to a nicety, for is not a "League" exactly three miles?

"UNEQUAL RATING."—A Big Wife scolding a Little Husband.



SLIPPERY!

Stableman (out of work). "HOLLO, SAM! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
Cabby (who can hardly keep his Horse on his legs). "WO—O! WHY RIGHT OVER THE CAB, AND OUT O' MY MIND!"

DISTURBANCE IN ST. JAMES'S HALL.

At the close of Miss GLYN's reading of *Othello* the other evening, and while the crowded audience were testifying by unanimous plaudit their sense of the admirable and intellectual feat which that lady had performed, in presenting, single-handed, the grand tragedy, with all its marvellous lights and shades, an individual rushed forward to the platform, and exclaimed,

"MISS GLYN, M'm!"

The lady received this brief address with a beaming and good-natured smile, which, however, slightly hinted an idea that she beheld a mild form of lunacy.

"You mustn't, Sir," said a policeman.

"But I must, minion," returned the individual, so fiercely that the intelligent officer collapsed.

"I say, MISS GLYN, M'm!" pursued the speaker.

"Halloo!" cried a thousand voices. "Who's that?" And the Hall rose with a mighty sensation.

He was not a tall man. He was bald at the top of his head, and he bawled at the top of his voice. He had a long nose. But, exquisitely dressed, and exquisitely polite amid his excitement, there was something in that splendid eye, something in that superior manner, which bespoke the true aristocrat. He sprang up upon the crimson velvet.

"What right have you to stand there, Sir?" said the faithful policeman, making one more effort to do his duty.

The eye, an orb of lustre, turned full upon him, and a voice of thunder replied,

"Ask you by what right?
 By that great right the vast and towering Mind
 Has o'er the grovelling instinct of the vulgar!"

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Sir," said the policeman. "From information I received I didn't know that."

"You are pardoned. Miss GLYN, M'm?"
 "What is it, *Mr. Punch*?" said the lady, gently. She had recognised the Great Creature.

"If you please, Miss GLYN, could you do me a favour?"

"Anything to oblige *Mr. Punch*," was the gracious reply.

"Please to engage yourself at Drury Lane, M'm, and come out in some of them plays," gasped *Mr. Punch*, superior to grammar as to etiquette.

"My dear *Mr. Punch*," said the great actress,

"Thou marahallest me the way that I was going!"

And with another benignant smile, Miss GLYN retired from the scene of her triumph.

"Hooray all of you!" shouted *Mr. Punch*. "Hooray!"

He was then removed, respectfully, amid the frenzied cheers of the Hall, and placed in his carriage.

"It's true, too," he shouted from his window, as his foaming steeds dashed off.

And he apologises for his behaviour, while congratulating the public on the good news he extorted from their favourite.

GENTLE JOHN'S COMPLAINT.

DEAR, how calumny pursues me!

What can be the reason why

Thus mine enemies abuse me,

Who am no man's enemy?

I to mild expostulation

Ever did my speech confine;

Ne'er did fierce vituperation

Issue from these lips of mine.

Miserable, hateful faction!

Miserable Tory crew!

Me with virulent detraction,

Unrelenting, ye pursue.

No offence to you I've given.

This alone your wrath excites;

I have ever gently striven,

Pleading for the people's rights.

Ah, ye miserable speakers!

Ah, ye miserable scribes!

Wretched place and payment-seekers,

Vilifying me for bribes;

In your infamy to wallow,

Hogs, I leave you, and, above

All such brutes, the rule shall follow,

Still to speak the truth in love.

To a Nautical Correspondent.

"THE Captain of the *Poll*" is not the officer in command of a vessel of that name. For further information apply at the Senate House, Cambridge.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Quit Bovor. Night in Town. Sea-side Interval.)

STILL raining.**Happy Thought.**—I've stopped here, but the rain hasn't. I shall say this as **SHERIDAN'S**, or **DEAN SWIFT'S**.The butcher orders a fly from Beckenhurst, and the fly fetches me from Bovor. Old **MRS. CHILDERS** regrets my departure, but says, to cheer me, that she dares say they'll all be driven home by the moat rising.**Happy Thought.**—I shall be driven home by the fly.**Happy Thought.**—Say this. They laughed.**Happy Thought.**—Send it to *Punch*. Say so. **ENGLEFIELD** suggests, "Why not write for *Punch*?" **STENTON**, the philosopher, says, "Yes, write for *Punch* regularly, and they'll send it you regularly." (Stupid joke, after mine.) **POSS FELMAYE** shakes hands warmly and apologises for the rain.**MRS. POSS** says good-bye, and I feel that I almost sneak out of the drawing-room. I wish I could say something by which they'd remember me. The ladies (I see them from outside) have composed themselves before the fire, and are intent on their books. I came into this place like a lion, I leave it like a lamb. Artistically speaking, a conversationalist ought to come in like a lamb and go out like a lion. When **CHILDERS** and the others have carried my luggage to the gate, I beg they won't trouble themselves. They say it doesn't matter, as it doesn't now.*In the Fly.*—I look out of window. They have all disappeared, as if they were tired of me: no waving of hands, no cheers. In old feudal days there'd have been some hearty stirrup-cup ceremonies. Dreary: windows of fly up. See nothing: cold, raw, damp. Christmas time coming on fast. I should like to send **FRIDOLINE SYMPERSON** a present, just to hint the state of my affections. What can I send? Christmas time only suggests turkeys and sausages. Get out my **MSS.**, and make notes. * * * By the time I have found my **MSS.**, which had been scrunched up by the maid in among the boots, I find we are at Beckenhurst. Ticket to town: station-master smiling, asks me if I ever did anything about that telegram? I recollect now I'd threatened to write to the *Times*. I reply, "Ah, they'll hear about it yet," as if my vengeance had only been dozing.*London.*—Ought at this season of the year to take some Christmas present down to old **BYNG**. Besides, it's his birthday. He'll be just as glad to see me without it. (I shouldn't, on my birthday.) There's not going to be any party of ladies or he wouldn't have asked me; but we shall spend a quiet Christmas-time together, with cosy chats over the past: yes, we're very old friends. However, I'll just walk through the streets and have a look at the shops. The difficulty is, I can't tell what **BYNE** would like.*The Haymarket.*—A pony runs away, traces broken. Crossing-sweeper knocked down.**Happy Thought.**—Step into a shop.**Shopman** says, "Spirited little animal that, Sir." I return carelessly, "Yes, nice little fellow; might easily have been stopped, if they'd had any sense." I am quitting the shop with a sense of having perfectly requited the shopkeeper for the temporary refuge by giving him my opinion on the subject, when I feel a tremendous slap on the back, and a voice, which I do not at once recognise, says, "Hallo, old boy! practical joke, eh?" It is **MILBURD**.He is buying the hottest pickles he can find (it is an Italian warehouse we are in) to take down to **BYNG** as a birthday present. We are both going to the same place. Together? Together: he will call for me.**Happy Thought.**—This diminishes cab-fare. I won't have any change, that shall be my practical joke on him.*A Night in Town.*—**MILBURD** and I go to the theatre. **MILBURD** has got a voice like a Centaur. (I think I mean **STENTON**. N.B. Who was **STENTON**? look him out.) People are annoyed. He begins by taking seats, which turn out not to belong to him, and then the people come in and there's a row in the dress circle.**Happy Thought.**—Step quickly into the lobby. **MILBURD** coming out angrily says, "he'd have knocked that fellow's head off for two pins." I try to pacify him. I say, "What's the use of getting into a row? It never does any good." I feel it wouldn't as far as I'm concerned. **MILBURD** insists that the pair of us would have licked the lot, and wants to catch them coming out. I say "No!" decidedly, to this. I'd rather not catch them coming out. He goes on to observe that "he should like to punch his head." I agree with him there: I should like to.**Happy Thought** (for the twentieth time).—Learn boxing.**Happy Thought.**—Go to **EVANS'S**.**MILBURD** takes me there. I've often heard of this place, yet never been there till now. Much pleased. Excellent glee-singing. **MILBURD**, who evidently does know London very well, introduces me to an elderly kindly gentleman, whom he calls **MR. GREEN**, and whispers to me, "You know **GREEN**, don't you?" I don't. The kindly gentleman, who is I fancy looking for some seat where he has left his hat, for he is walking about without it, shakes hands impressively with **MILBURD**, "and hopes that all are well round his (**MILBURD'S**) fire-side."This hearty old English greeting **MILBURD** meets, I think, somewhat irreverently by replying, "Thanks, yes. All well round the fireside. Poker a little bent with age, tongs as active as ever, shovel rather lazy." Whereat **MR. GREEN** smiles, pats him on the arm, and takes snuff deprecating such levity. **MILBURD** says, "Oh, I must have heard of **GREEN**."**Happy Thought.**—**GREEN**, of course, aeronaut.**Happy Thought.**—Ask him all about balloons.I engage him in conversation. Has he been up in a balloon lately? He smiles, takes snuff, and nods his head as if he knew all about it, but couldn't answer just now. I ask him, "if he's not afraid of going up so high?" His reply to this is, "that I will have my joke." He leaves us. **MILBURD** explains that he is the revered proprietor, and tells me a long story concerning the ancient fame of this great supping place.We sup most comfortably at the café end; as **MILBURD** inartistically puts it, "quite undisturbed by the singing." He, however, knows it all by heart; I do not. Ladies, he informs me, view the scene from the gallery, veiled and behind gratings, as in St. Peter's.*Saturday.* Don't feel well. **MILBURD** proposes that we shan't go to **BYNG'S** till Monday.**Happy Thought.**—Run down to Brighton: freshen us up for the week. **MILBURD** says, "Yes, by all means; where shall we stay?" Anywhere.**Happy Thought.**—The Grand Hotel.Very well: cold day in train. Draughts in carriages: shivering. Colder as we approach Brighton. **MILBURD**, who is a red-faced hearty chap, says, rubbing his hands, "This will freshen you up, my boy—this will make your hair curl." If there is any one thing more than another that sets me against a place it is to be told that "It will set me up," or "It'll make my hair curl." I point out that it's beginning to rain. **MILBURD** replies, "Oh, no—sea mist," as if sea mist was healthy: why can't he own it is rain? I express myself to the effect that it is raw, to which **MILBURD** returns, being in boisterous animal spirits, "Cook it." I wish I hadn't come with him, he is so unsympathetic. He can't understand what it is for anyone to have a pain across their shoulders and a headache. I've explained my symptoms to him several times. I assure him that he is quite wrong in saying that I eat too much, and am getting too fat.*Terminus:* damp fly, rattling windows. Brighton looks windy, foggy, damp, drizzly, wretched. Grand Hotel: very grand. An official, in a uniform something between the dress of a railway guard and a musician in a superior itinerant German band, receives us. He is the Head Porter. We are shown into the lofty and spacious hall. We see dinners going on in the Coffee-room. Even **MILBURD** is awed. I have a sort of notion that a gorgeous man in livery will presently request us to walk up and His Grand Royal Highness will receive us.**Happy Thought.**—Hotel for giants. In corridors seven-league boots put out to be brushed.In the vast galleried hall, **MILBURD**, luggage, and self, guarded by a boy in buttons. Solitary individuals come down-stairs, look at us suspiciously, and go out. Waiters pass and re-pass us, all suspiciously. Opposite sits an elegant lady in a box, or bar.**Happy Thought.**—Ask her for rooms.

She has been waiting for this, and is prepared for us. She gives us tickets, numbered, as if we were going to a show. Seems to me suggestive of waxworks.

MILBURD says, "We will go up by the lift." A gloomy porter with an embarrassed manner shows us into the lift. It is a dismal place, and after **MILBURD** has tried a joke, which is as much a failure as a squib on a wet pavement, not even making the lift-porter smile, we subside into gloominess.**Happy Thought.**—Diving-bells: Polytechnic: also, old ascending-room, Coliseum.

(Note. During the three days I am at the Hotel, I have either seen the lift-porter starting from the ground-floor when I have been going out, or arriving at one of the upper stories, after I have walked up the stairs; I've never caught him descending, nor got him when I wanted him.)

We emerge from the lift, on to the third gallery—helpless. **MILBURD** knows all about it, and finds the chambermaid. Rooms comfortable—very, but with two mysterious draughts which make me sneeze. **MILBURD** orders dinner in the Coffee-room.**Happy Thought** (during the fish course).—**HARVEY** discovered the circulation of the sauce.After dinner, into the smoking-room. "Why should a smoking-room, now-a-days, be rendered purposely uncomfortable? Why should it be the only apartment where easy chairs, divans, cheerful paper, are unknown? Why in a most luxurious hotel, should there be a smoking-room which is cheerless by day, and dingy by night?" **MILBURD** asks me these questions pettishly, and describes the sort of room he would have. Warm and cheery, small tables, lamps, not gas, chess-boards, bookcases well filled, newspapers; writing tables, with supply of writing materials laid on; good fires in winter throughout the day, and let the room have a good view from its windows.

Pouring with rain—and we came here for a change!

THE PAST MONTH.



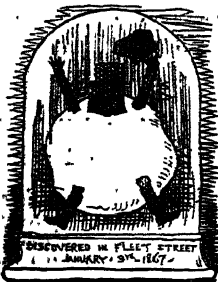
MR. PUNCH BEGS TO ACQUAINT THE BRITISH PUBLIC THAT JANUARY, 1867, CAME IN WITH ITS TEETH CHATTERING, AND ON THE 2ND COVERED ITSELF UP IN THE THICKEST MANTLE OF SNOW THAT HAD BEEN SEEN, FELT, OR SNOWBALLED FOR MANY A YEAR.



THIS CURIOUS OBJECT WAS DISCOVERED VAINLY ENDEAVOURING TO MAKE ITS WAY UP FLEET STREET, AND ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING,



HAVING LOST ITSELF ON ITS ROAD TO BUSINESS,



THIS "SPECIMEN" WAS CAUGHT WITH EASE, AND PRESERVED UNTIL THE THAW OF THE 7TH.



MEANWHILE THE PARISH AUTHORITIES, IN TROUBLE ABOUT THE SNOW, AND AFRAID OF IMPEDING NAVIGATION IF THEY CAST IT INTO THE THAMES,



SENT FOR OUR OWN BUMBLE, WHO AT ONCE DETERMINED ON MAKING IT INTO ONE IMMENSE SNOWBALL, AND THROWING IT OVER "THE EDGE." MR. GARTH'S ABUSE, ADDED TO THE SEVERITY OF THE WEATHER, AFFECTED JOHN BRIGHT'S TEMPER.



AND HE WAS SEEN, IN THE CHARACTER OF A DEMOCRATIC LION, VIOLENTLY SHAKING THE BARRISTER'S WIG.



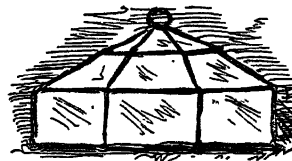
THE 8TH BRINGS "ATLANTIC" TELEGRAMS.



PRESIDENT JOHNSON IS TO BE EXTINGUISHED UNLESS—



AT EDINBURGH, ERNEST JONES AND DR. BLACKIE BLEW BUBBLES FOR AND AGAINST DEMOCRACY, AND



PUNCH'S LAST DESIGN FOR THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY WAS FOUND IN HIS OWN BACK GARDEN.



THE CHEAP BRANDY AND BAD CIGARS OF FRANCE DANCED WITH JOY AT THE PROSPECT OF FREE SMUGGLING DURING THE COMING EXHIBITION SEASON.



BUT THIS "PERSPECTIVE" OF LUGGAGE, BELONGING TO A GENTLEMAN WHO DID NOT SIGN THE REQUISITION, MUST ALLAY OUR FEARS.



HELP FOR THE DESTITUTE!



SHALL MR. GLADSTONE LEAD? MR. GOLDWIN SMITH SUGGESTED A MODERN "BEUMMAGEN" REPRESENTATIVE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

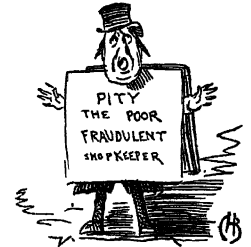


THE EMPEROR "CROWNED THE EDIFICE."



MUCH TALK ABOUT "FASHIONABLE UNDERDRESS," BUT THINK OF THE UNFASHIONABLE DRESS OF OUR MERCHANT SERVICE

"PARTNERSHIPS OF INDUSTRY" ARE ADVOCATED BY TOM HUGHES, AND ADULTERATION DECRIED.



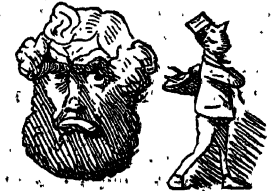
BUT WHAT ARE OUR FRAUDULENT TRADESMEN TO DO, IF THEY ARE LICENSED, LIKE CABMEN?



SIR ROGER TICHBOURNE ARRIVED FROM AUSTRALIA, AFTER MANY YEARS' ABSENCE, AND WAS AT ONCE RECOGNISED AS "THE RIGHTFUL HEIR."



THE WEDDING-RING SUGGESTED AS THE ONLY MEANS BY WHICH OUR RECTOR CAN "RECOUP" HIMSELF, SINCE IT WAS DECIDED THAT THE CLERGY HAVE NO RIGHT TO MARRIAGE FEES.



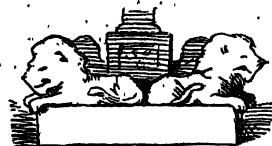
MR. BEALES NOT QUITE SATISFIED AT THE ATTITUDE OF THE WORKING MAN.



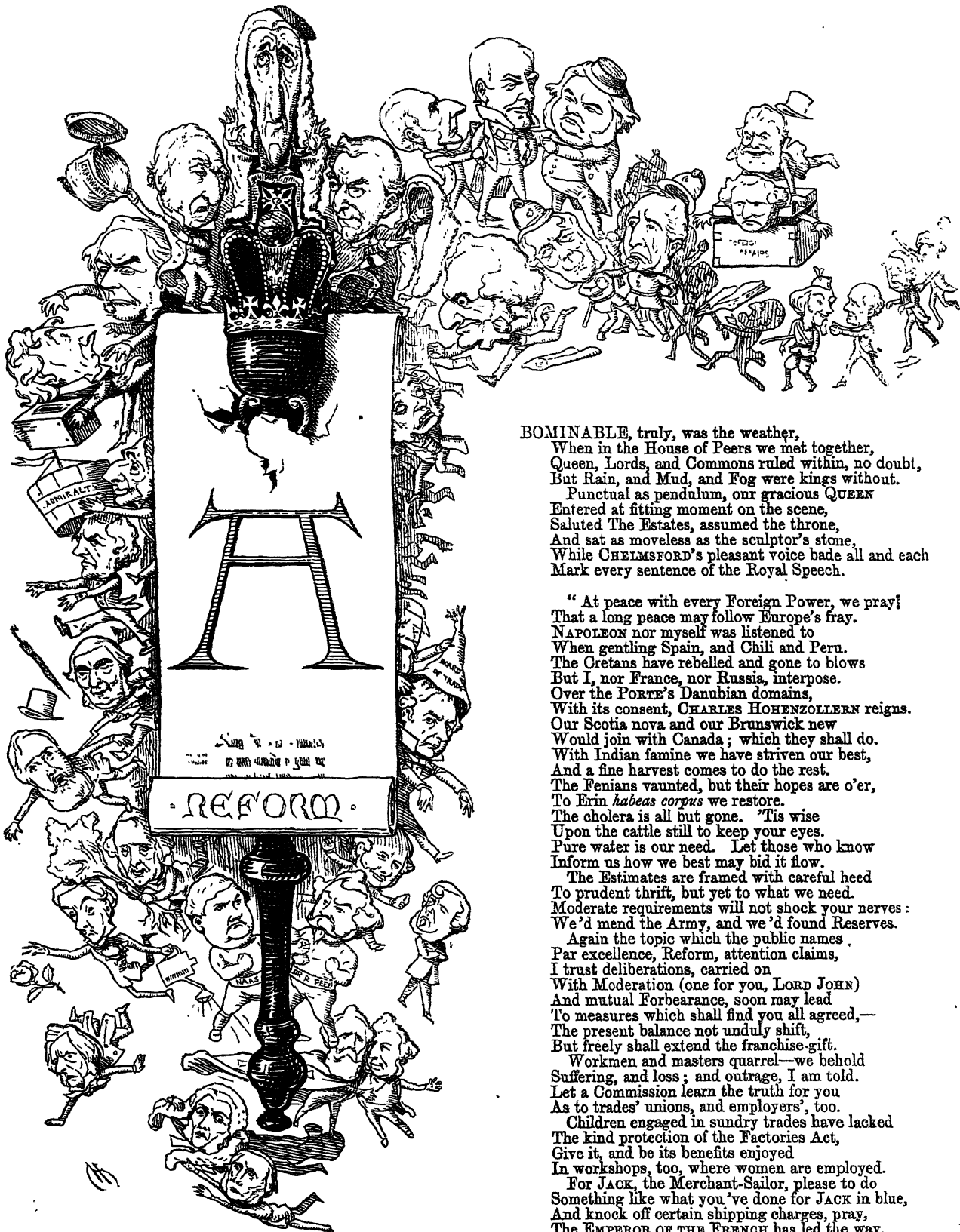
BUT WHEN MR. PUNCH RETURNED FROM UTAH WITH A GLOWING ACCOUNT OF MORMONISM, HOW DID MRS. P. LOOK AT HIM?



THE MONTH WENT OUT WITH THE LIONS. SUGGESTION FOR A LANDSEER (VICE NELSON) COLUMN IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



BOMINABLE, truly, was the weather,
 When in the House of Peers we met together,
 Queen, Lords, and Commons ruled within, no doubt,
 But Rain, and Mud, and Fog were kings without.
 Punctual as pendulum, our gracious QUEEN
 Entered at fitting moment on the scene,
 Saluted The Estates, assumed the throne,
 And sat as moveless as the sculptor's stone,
 While CHELMSFORD's pleasant voice bade all and each
 Mark every sentence of the Royal Speech.

" At peace with every Foreign Power, we pray!
 That a long peace may follow Europe's fray.
 NAPOLEON nor myself was listened to
 When gentling Spain, and Chili and Peru.
 The Cretans have rebelled and gone to blows
 But I, nor France, nor Russia, interpose.
 Over the PORTE's Danubian domains,
 With its consent, CHARLES HOHENZOLLERN reigns.
 Our Scotia nova and our Brunswick new
 Would join with Canada; which they shall do.
 With Indian famine we have striven our best,
 And a fine harvest comes to do the rest.
 The Fenians vaunted, but their hopes are o'er,
 To Erin *habeas corpus* we restore.
 The cholera is all but gone. 'Tis wise
 Upon the cattle still to keep your eyes.
 Pure water is our need. Let those who know
 Inform us how we best may bid it flow.

The Estimates are framed with careful heed
 To prudent thrift, but yet to what we need.
 Moderate requirements will not shock your nerves:
 We'd mend the Army, and we'd found Reserves.

Again the topic which the public names,
 Par excellence, Reform, attention claims,
 I trust deliberations, carried on
 With Moderation (one for you, LORD JOHN)
 And mutual Forbearance, soon may lead
 To measures which shall find you all agreed,—
 The present balance not unduly shift,
 But freely shall extend the franchise-gift.

Workmen and masters quarrel—we behold
 Suffering, and loss; and outrage, I am told.
 Let a Commission learn the truth for you
 As to trades' unions, and employers', too.

Children engaged in sundry trades have lacked
 The kind protection of the Factories Act,
 Give it, and be its benefits enjoyed
 In workshops, too, where women are employed.

For JACK, the Merchant-Sailor, please to do
 Something like what you've done for JACK in blue,
 And knock off certain shipping charges, pray,
 The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has led the way.

Insolvent Railways look to you for cure,
 So do the London sick and other poor,

And Bankruptcy you'll find a pregnant theme,
And help the Courts of Law to put on steam.

The Irish Landlord, and his Tenant foe
We'll reconcile by all the arts we know,
Framing a useful law which shall requite
Improvement, yet protect the owner's right.

Your toils to these and other measures given
Will benefit my people—under Heaven."

The QUEEN arose, and having kissed her sons,
Departed 'mid the thunder of the guns.

1867, February 5. Tuesday. To-day began the Session which, according to the opinion of most folk of the political sort, is to be one of storms and tempests. *Mr. Punch*, around whose head eternal sunshine settles, watches the proceedings with the calmness of an Olympian, having beside him a wreath for any well-deserving champion, and a thunder-bolt for him who shall fight unfairly, or skulk from the affray.

In the Lords, EARL BEAUCHAMP, in the Windsor uniform (and ugly it is), moved the Address. This Earl is new in his title; he was FREDERICK LYON last year, and M. for West Worcestershire. He spoke very well. So did the seconder, LORD DELAMERE, formerly of the Life Guards. Both attacked the Trades' Unions, and hoped that preponderating power was not going to be placed in the hands of the poorest and most ignorant. *Mr. Punch* begs leave to give both noble Lords his guarantee that it shall not be.

EARL RUSSELL then delivered himself of a long cavil. Ministers are too sanguine about the peace of Europe. He should hear with painful surprise that LORD DERBY had compromised the honour of England in regard to America. Then he went into a history of Reform, and declared that the last Bill had not had fair play, whereon he murmured with much elaboration. He objected to LORD DERBY'S assumption of the Pharisee in the Temple, and being thankful that he was not like the publican,—meaning that the other Earl took credit for behaving better, on Reform, than the Whigs. As LORD DERBY had never opened his mouth at all, unless to yawn at LORD RUSSELL'S numerous little details, the rebuke was, to say the least, early. LORD RUSSELL said that nobody in Parliament had any idea of granting Manhood Suffrage, but he courteously warned LORD DERBY against Tricks and Shuffling to cheat the people, and added a few other gracious taunts, the *animus* whereof is so beautifully illustrated in *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon, this week, that no more need be said here. The aged nurse of Reform is simply furious at the idea of the taking away her Baby.

The PREMIER said that on the following Monday, MR. DISRAELI would expound the intentions of Government as to Reform, and added that there was little hope of settling the question, if it were to be discussed in the temper and speech of EARL RUSSELL, who had abused his antagonists for everything they had done for the last fifteen years. He urged that the subject should be examined in a fair and deliberate manner, and that party feelings should be cast aside,—a course much more proper than probable. Needless to say, that LORD DERBY set the example of forbearance by pitching into the Crude and Hasty propositions of last year. He should certainly not compromise the honour of England, but was willing to go to arbitration with America, for nothing could be worse than a suicidal war between two powers who could do so much to serve each other.

The Earls having spoken, the Address was voted.

In the Commons, MR. GLADSTONE was cheered, as was MR. BRIGHT, by their respective admirers. Heaps of notices, mostly not worth notice, were given.

MR. DE GREY, son of LORD WALSHINGHAM, and M. for West Norfolk, moved the Address, and MR. GRAVES (who, though M. for Liverpool, cannot be properly or respectfully called a DICKEY SAM, because his names are SAMUEL ROBERT) seconded it. MR. GRAVES is an author, and wrote a Yachting Cruise in the Baltic, and *Mr. Punch* always smiles on the writing sort. Moreover, he is an Irishman. Of the four echo-speeches, his was the best.

MR. GLADSTONE was very courteous, but spoke as if both Net and Trident were on the bench behind him, and ready for use at the shortest notice. He begged that nobody would think of moving an amendment. He complimented LORD STANLEY, and promised him liberal treatment. He would have liked to know more about Crete, and that the SULTAN was not in fault. He did not like the word Cheerfulness in reference to our Army expenditure, but engaged to give the subject fair consideration. There was exaggeration as to trade differences—exports and imports had hugely increased—but he had no objection to inquiry, only everybody had a right to make the best terms for himself, so long as he did not prejudice the rights of others. Why had nothing been said about Bribery? It demanded stern and severe punishments—real examples. The Speech was Enigmatic about Reform, but Government had a right to reserve explanations. There were, however, Three Questions as to reforming. Who? What? When? To which he would answer:—The Government, if they could. A measure that should satisfy just expectations. At once. And in an eminently grave and civil, but as eminently

menacing a way, MR. GLADSTONE embodied these replies in his statement of what he understood the Speech to mean, leaving, of course, the warning inference to be drawn by the Ministers.

MR. DISRAELI was pleased at the affability of his antagonist, but had no doubt that many occasions would arise when compensation would be afforded for present self-restraint. He slightly touched the objections that had been made, and promised Reform explanations on the next Monday. He also promised that Government should set the Members an example of perfect devotion of time and labour to public work.

The great Gladiators having thus saluted, the Address was voted.

Wednesday. Nothing, except the enrolment of MR. KAVANAGH, M.P., County Wexford. *Mr. Punch* leaves it to the followers of MR. BEALES and MR. POTTER to make coarse brutal references to the personal afflictions of gentlemen, but MR. KAVANAGH'S case is so exceptional, and it may be added, so fortunate, that no apology is due for adverting to the most singular incident of Parliamentary history. MR. KAVANAGH has neither arms nor legs. He appears to be a proof that though such things may be conveniences or ornaments, they are by no means necessities. He is understood to be not only a most able and accomplished gentleman, he rides as dashing as MR. NEWDEGATE, shoots as fatally as the above named MR. DE GREY, and fishes as luckily as MR. BRIGHT. To-day he came into the House in a wheeled chair of clever construction, signed his name with rapidity, and took his place with perfect self-possession. *Mr. Punch* is heartily glad that MR. KAVANAGH has too much brains to withhold their services from the nation.

An Anti-Church-rate maunder, emitted by MR. HADFIELD at the wrong time, simply drew on that amiable schismatic a snub from the SPEAKER.

Thursday. LORD ERNEST BRUCE and MR. CRAWFORD made bitter complaint of the rudeness of the police to them on the day of the opening of Parliament. Most policemen are awfully stupid, but if Members have an idea that they have, in virtue of membership, a natural Nimbus, or some other sign distinguishing them from other mortals, it is time that superstition should be corrected. How is a Peeler to know a Peelite, or any other M? On such occasions Members should wear court dress, like gentlemen, or give their coachmen hats with M.P. on them.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE introduced the first of the Government measures—one for helping Railway Companies in difficulty. It is a debilitated sort of Bill, and seems to offer little more than inspection and suggestion from the Board of Trade. It was rather compassionately treated by MR. WATKIN and MR. MILNER GIBSON, and sternly condemned by SIR ROUNDSELL PALMER. "There is not in thee half-an-hour's life."

SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN proposes to do away with all Anti-Popish restrictions in Irish office-holding. MR. NEWDEGATE opposed, and denounced Catholic propagandism, and *apropos* of a proper gander, MR. WHALLEY charged Fenianism and the New Zealand war on the Papists. Read the papers, if you doubt; but *Mr. Punch* never willingly misrepresents even a WHALLEY.

Friday. DUX SOMERSET expressed his perfect satisfaction with his own conduct as First Lord of the Admiralty. EARL DERBY gave the Duke rather a good character from his last place, and said that he had been active and industrious, but did not say civil.

In answer to LORD DUDLEY, the PREMIER said that the Manhood Suffrage Demonstration, menaced for the following Monday, was very ill-advised but not illegal. It might produce illegal acts, in which case its promoters would be responsible. Then, speaking as PRINCE RUPERT himself might have done, the Earl added that he could not suppose that the Commons of England would be intimidated by such a display; he only hoped that it would not induce them to refuse to consider Reform at all.

MR. HARDY introduced the Sick Poor Bill. London, generally, is to support the pauper lunatics, very young children, and sick—Local Acts to be repealed—the Poor Law Board to be supreme—new hospitals and asylums to be erected. It is an affair of £400,000 only, and the proposal was favourably received.

MR. WALPOLE introduced his Bill for facilitating an inquiry into Trades' Unions, and the Sheffield outrages. Objections were raised to the bracketing the two subjects. *Mr. Punch* sees no harm in the inquiry, but begs to wink his most elaborated wink, and to ask whether we should have heard of the Commission, had not MR. BRIGHT and others stimulated the Unions to political action. Echo answers in the negative.

RIDDLE. (BY SIMPLE SYMON.)

WHY was an idiot Roman B.C. 100 like a renowned violinist?
Because he was a Pagan-ninny.

FRIGHTFUL PROSPECT.—It is dreadful to hear of a child, only one month old, *taking to the bottle!*

LEGAL EFFECTS.



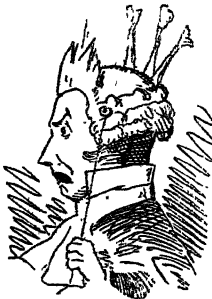
EX. 1.

THE Theatrical Hairdressers' art might find some work to do at the bar. The Advocate who is urging his client's claims in a weak case could add considerable force to his arguments by having the front part of his wig worked by a string, which could be attached to a waistcoat button, and be easily moved. For instance, "Gentlemen, my client's mouth is sealed, or you would hear from him his version of the case." (*Work the string, and wig-front falls over the forehead. Ex. 1.*)

Horror would be very simple. (*Ex. 2.*)

A two-stringed effect might be produced in a Judge's wig, when after passing sentence, the reckless felon has thrown a boot at his Lordship's head. (*Ex. 3.*)

But with this novelty a strict rule should be passed that no junior should work his wig while his leader was speaking; but it might be



EX. 2. A QUEEN'S COUNSEL HORRIFIED.

considered fair, as legal tactics go, for the Defendant's Counsel to work his wig in any way he chose during the address of Plaintiff's Counsel, and both sides should, moreover, be at perfect liberty to work their wigs, as much as ever they liked, during the Judge's summing up.

Again, Counsel wishes to throw doubt upon some witness's evidence.

"Oh, you called him in. (*Turns incredulously to jury.*) He called him in!" (*Pulls string of surprise wig. Ex. 4.*)

When a case is "laughed out of Court" the same principle could be applied to Chief Baron's wig. (*Ex. 5.*)

Of course the first to introduce this new Practice of the Courts, would have the right of playing upon such phrases as "Touching a Chord," "Moving tails," "Free-hold from the Crown," and so forth; but, after the first term of use, such legal quibbles should be reckoned among the privileges of Q.C. only.



EX. 5.

We have some other legal reforms in hand, which will be published in due course.

DENTAL.—If you submit to artificial teeth, you must make up your mind ever after to speak in a *falsetto*.

THE LOST CHILD.

(RUSSELL'S LAMENT. After HOOD.)

Did you see my child—my last, that is—my own dear little BILL—Not that he's the last by many as I 'opes to be parient to still—It was only last Feb' wary, bless his 'eart, he was playin' about the 'Ouse, Which I trusted him out with young GLADSTONE, as I thought would have 'ad the nous To keep him clear o' mischief, and his little things neat and clean, And send him up to our 'Ouse and his parient, fit to be seen; But he let the blessed babe git a playin' with that JOHN BRIGHT, Which I don't think him fit company for a well-brought-up child, not quite.

But young GLADSTONE he says, BRIGHT ain't so black as he's painted, not by 'alf, Though he 'ave a tongue and a temper and a deal o' cheek and chaff, And that he's our own flesh and blood, wich let's hope that he may be it, But I've a respectable fam'ly to my back, and I don't see it. Anyways he said as 'ow BRIGHT would purtect my BILL from the rude little boys, And keep him out o' mischief and larks and nonsense and noise, And now all along o' that wery BRIGHT and young GLADSTONE he's gone and got lost, As clean as the poor Brussels sprouts that was nipped off clean by last frost; And I'm worried to that degree as I'm pretty near drow' wild, Now I've lost my last out o' four, and only one growed up to a child!

That's my fust, born in '32, as might make any parient proud, A blessin' to me, and a beauty, as used to be gin'rally allowed, Though they *do* say 'ard things on him, now, do some of your BEALESSES and POTTERS—Which "proof o' the puddin'" and "ansom is," etceterer, ain't that sort's motters—Well I nussed, and washed, and did for him, since he was a blessed baby, (And didn't we keep his christenings and birthdays at Woburn Abbey!) They say I'm as proud as a hen with one chick, but a parieft will be a parient, And I've good call to be proud o' my BILL, my fust and my air-apparient.

I've 'ad three since him as never growed up, being born, as you may say, still, And the fourth, he's the one that's gone and got lost, my latest little BILL. I did 'ope I'd have reared him through rash and croup and teething, For I never see a likalier child than he is—leastways was—breathing, And now he's gone and got lost, they say, but I know better nor that, It's them nasty kidnappers has got him, which it's their old game they're at.

They've stole no end of babies from our side of the court, And dressed 'em up to go beggin', arter cuttin' their good clothes short. There's Cathoic Manicipation and Corn-Laws, as they sarved so, And my little BILL's the last, and what parients, I'd like to know, Wouldn't make a row and a rumpus, and give 'em a piece of their mind? Which it's the only peace on it as I am likely to find, Now they've stole my little BILL, and it's on'y too well I knows, They're a goin' a beggin' with him, arter changin' his dear little clothea!

"ANOTHER PLACE."

I DO think, my dear *Mr. Punch*, though being a Lady of course my opinion don't carry much weight, that the language used in our Imperial Parliament, more particularly among the Peers, is ambiguous and unbecoming. I am frequently shocked when reading my *Herald* to find well-bred people, when speaking in presence of the Episcopal Bench, ought certainly to show a prudent reserve, continually making allusions to "another place."

Of course I know that allowances must be made for young aristocratic stions, flushed with zeal surpassing knowledge, but they should be instructed to drop the veil as decorum demands; and under no provocation make any reference to matters transpiring in "another place." Even Ministers (and prime ones, too) utterly regardless of what is expected from their high calling, have contracted this bad habit. And I deeply regret to say, in this respect, if in no other, there is not a pin to choose between Tories and Whigs. Whether they are "Ins" or "Outs," all their thoughts seem to be running upon "another place." No doubt, *Mr. Punch*, in another place Reform is very much wanted, and, applied to speaking, it would render my Lords and Gentlemen if not a little more intelligible, at all events a little less satirically severe. You may print this if you please.

Yours sincerely, PAMELA PARLEY.

WANTED—A TORNADO.

ONCE upon a time (in 1739) a fierce war arose between England and Spain, *apropos* of illegal liberties taken with English shipping by the Spaniards. But nothing so roused the belligerent rage of JOHN BULL on that occasion as the liberties taken with a certain Scotch ship-captain's ear, which a high-handed *guarda costa* Don had torn off, and which the ship-captain—his name was JENKINS—exhibited in cotton wool, at the bar of the House of Commons.

If the sufferings of the fifty-seven Englishmen, officers and crew of the *Tornado*, who since the 27th of August have been subjected to insult, imprisonment (in irons some of them, part of the time), Spanish rations, Spanish fleas, Spanish flies, Spanish filth, and Spanish privation of every kind, could be packed and paraded in as portable a form as that honest ship-captain's ear, the display ought to rouse a storm worthy of the ship's name—a *tornado*, *apropos* of the *Tornado*, which should bring the insolent and impotent Dons—not to their senses, they have none, but—to their marrow-bones, and compel restitution of the ship and swingeing damages to the crew.

LORD STANLEY'S steam takes a long time to get up, but if slow to heat let us hope that he is as slow to cool down when once his fire of righteous indignation is lighted, and that he will keep up such a stoking and a poking in this outrageous affair, as will bring the Spanish Government to their bearings, and compel ample apology, restitution, and reparation.

Here has been an English ship, sailing on her lawful business on the high seas, illegally seized—illegally condemned—in defiance even of Spanish law—her crew illegally made prisoners of war, and kept in cruel and close confinement for more than five months, and all without a shadow of evidence to justify such outrage, beyond the suspicion of a Spanish Consul or Vice-Consul at Leith, that the ship had been sold into the Chilean service—this suspicion being rebutted by her papers, by the sworn and certified facts of her ownership, by the evidence of her crew and their articles, in short by every legal proof that could be brought to

bear in rebuttal of the suspicion! And JOHN BULL has been quiet for all this time: the British Lion has not roared, in other words, *Mr. Punch* has not uplifted his voice.

Perhaps he had other things to roar about: perhaps he *has* been roaring into LORD STANLEY'S ear instead of the world's: perhaps he didn't think it much use roaring till Parliament met. At any rate he roars now, and calls on JOHN BULL to roar with him. He has received an appeal from the imprisoned crew, through their wives and families at home, for protection and redress, and willingly bends his benign ear to their most just demand.

Case of the *Tornado*! Let it be a case of *Tornado* in real earnest, until these ruffianly and reckless Spaniards make the *amende honorable* by discharging the men, with proper damages for their detention and ill-treatment, and restoring the ship—or at least admitting legal evidence of her true nationality, destination, and business, which will be tantamount to her restoration.

If the Government of QUEEN ISABELLA can ride rough-shod over the lives and liberties of Spanish subjects, it must be taught that it cannot trample at will on those of Englishmen. Let LORD STANLEY—let Parliament—let the new British Lions in Trafalgar Square, all look to it—and keep the *Tornado* up about Spanish ears till the *Tornado* is out of Spanish waters, and till her crew are free and indemnified for their outrageous wrong.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

EARL BRIGHT has been entertaining the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY and a distinguished circle at Rochdale Castle. The noble Earl continues to enjoy excellent health.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL has been appointed Usher of the Black Rod. MR. BEALES was yesterday sworn in as a special constable. PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH has been invested with the office of Gold Stick.

Yesterday evening the Society for the Conversion of the Jews held its annual meeting at Exeter Hall. The chair was occupied by MR. THOMAS CARLYLE.

The Pope has renounced the errors of Popery.



NEW AND BECOMING STYLE OF HEAD-DRESS,

INVENTED BY AUNT ISABEL, AND MUCH APPRECIATED IN THE NURSERY.



POLITICAL KIDNAPPING.

MRS. RUSSELL. "HI! HELP! PLE-REE-ECE! SHE'S A TAKIN' AWAY ME CHE-ILD!"

"IF IT'S MURDER, MENTION IT."



ABOVE was the exquisitely gentle appeal made by MR. KEELEY, in MR. OXFORD'S capital piece, to MRS. KEELEY, who, he thought had some trifle on her mind. Mr. Punch has had the delicious speech brought to his mind by the proceedings in the case of MR. EYRE and his subordinates. The prosecution has commenced, and therefore the subscribers to the Defence Fund had better pay in their money, and remind their friends to do the same, for Exeter Hall, disdainful of London Street brats, plucks out its purse briskly when QUASHBUNG's name is the *Open Sesame*. But Mr. Punch, who had previously seen nothing to praise in the conduct of the prosecutors,

bears his tribute to the preternatural courtesy displayed by their counsel, MR. FITZ-JAMES STEPHEN, who is a gentleman as well as an able advocate. Nothing could be more chivalrous than his recognition of the position of the accused—nothing more considerate than his arrangements for sparing them personal annoyance. The crime of having saved Jamaica is there in all its blackness—or should we say whiteness, as more suggestive of guilt to the Jamaica Committee? But, though that fatal wickedness cannot be denied, and is to be punished if possible by the hanging of MR. EYRE, all is to be done with refinement. He is to be carved (as CÆSAR was to be murdered) as a dish fit for the Gods, not hewn as a carcase for the hounds. We can imagine that some of the Committee, whose names one sorrowfully sees in a list with those of BEALES (M. A.), P. A. TAYLOR, DR. SANDWICH, JACOB BRIGHT, JAMES WHITE, CHAMEROVZOW, and other forcible Feebles, would be prompt to instruct counsel (not that MR. STEPHEN would need such prompting) so to behave, but how will this gentlemanly behaviour please the sort to whom low and sensational appeals have been made, and who were so excited at wild tales of eight miles of dead blacks that they burned MR. EYRE in effigy? We expect shortly to hear of protests against such politeness. We, however, are glad to see it, as it shows that certain really good men, who have made a mistake, intend to have nothing worse than that mistake to look back upon, and feel that when the prosecution ends in MR. EYRE'S receiving a testimonial, in compensation for the un-English treatment he has undergone, it will be pleasant not to have deserved harsher words from him than a gentleman bestows upon an antagonist who has blundered.

FASHIONS FOR FOXHUNTRESSES.

MR. PUNCH,

Your talented artist was perfectly right in the statement that "Habits are still worn short," which he so ably illustrated. Of course habits must still be worn short, for look here, Sir. I invite your attention to one among a lot of fashionable advertisements:—

JANUS CORD.—Ladies who at this Season of the year choose to wear Black Dresses will find JANUS CORD, at about two guineas the dress, one of the most economical and best fabrics manufactured for a lady's dress.

The shortness of riding habits is of course implied in the wearing of janus cords. Are janus cords usually combined with tops? Perhaps Napoleons would match them better, as they are black and not white cords. You will have observed that the janus cords are priced at two guineas the dress. Obviously "dress" is an euphemism for "pair."

Ever yours, TALLY HO.

Lucus a Non Lucendo.

In framing our scheme, let's enlist the whole House,
So Reform's Bill won't be Revolution's;
And as WALPOLE has no resolution to move,
Let's get WALPOLE to move resolutions.

MRS. PARTINGTON says, getting out of, and getting into bed during the late cold weather was *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*.

THROUGH THE DIRT TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE other night, MR. CRAWFORD made a very pathetic complaint of the depth of dirt Members had to wade through to get to the House on the 5th. The police stopped their carriages, and Honourable Members actually had to walk! They had their toes trodden on, and reached their seats covered with mud!

As to having their toes trodden on, Honourable Members should make up their minds to that. It is the duty of a representative man to submit to have his toes trodden on, and not to mind it, or at least to look as if he didn't mind it. What is party warfare but a perpetual treading by one side of the House on the toes of the other? What is MR. BRIGHT'S favourite walk, if not bucolic and aristocratic toes, MR. WHALLEY'S but toes Romanist and Jesuitic, with a special preference for SIR GEORGE BOWYER'S, or MR. ROEBUCK'S, but the toes of everybody in general, or MR. LOWE'S, but the toes of MR. BRIGHT, MR. BEALES, and the Working-Man?

As for the mud Honourable Members had to wade through, one might feel more sympathy with MR. CRAWFORD'S complaint, were it not that many Honourable Members have already gone through so much deeper and dirtier mud on their way to the House of Commons than any Westminster or Lambeth can furnish. Only think of the depths of dirt waded through by the heroic representatives of such boroughs as Totness, or Lancaster, Reigate, or Yarmouth! After the dirty ways they have floundered through, it is surely like straining at gnats and swallowing camels, to make a fuss about three inches of honest mud in Bridge Street or Whitehall.

Besides, last Tuesday's dirt was confined to the feet, and could be brushed off the garments. How much worse is the mud that sticks to the hands, and leaves a stain on the inner man! And yet how many Honourable Members go through oceans of such mud, and never say anything about it! To discover what they have had to submit to, one must wade through the reports of the Election Commissioners. Remembering their revelations, Mr. Punch can't feel very much for MR. CRAWFORD, though he has been escorted by a policeman, has had his toes trodden upon, and, after all, reached the House in a state in which he thinks it would have been hardly decent to present himself. Notions of decency differ. MR. CRAWFORD overrates the susceptibilities of the House on the subject of the dirt gone through on the road to it. On that score it is ready to make every allowance—in fact, most people think it is not by any means as particular as it might be in insisting that its Members shall take clean roads to their seats, and hold up hands with no dirt on them within the walls of St. Stephen.

GIVING THEM PEPPER.

WE have read in the organs of the Licensed Victuallers, we trust with befitting indignation, the following account of a hideous outrage:—

"SCANDALOUS CONDUCT AT THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' BALL.—During the time that the last Licensed Victuallers' Ball was taking place at St. James's Hall, some miscreant threw on the floor of the ball-room some stuff—supposed to be a mixture of pepper with some other ingredient—which had the effect of setting the persons assembled sneezing and coughing, so much so that some of them were unable to remain in the room. It having been represented to the officials what had occurred, a reward of £20 was offered to any one who could discover the offender; but, unfortunately, without success."

Now, as there must have been members of the Gentler Class present, this act was simply blackguardly. But if the ball had been such a one as MR. SPURGEON used to recommend, one at which men danced with one another, we might perhaps have smiled at Somebody's Vengeance. For, turning to DR. HASSALL'S book on adulterations, page 507, we find that among the practices of the Licensed Victuallers is the "improvement" of porter with "bitters and carminatives of various kinds, as gentian, quassia, camomile, ginger, coriander, and caraway seeds, capsicum, and grains of paradise, liquorice, alum, sulphuric acid, salts of tartar, cocculus indicus, and tobacco." Perhaps the "miscreant" who gave the Licensed Victuallers pepper, had been suffering from the effect of some of these pleasant infusions, and resolved on a mild revenge. Still, as females were present, he was a cad—not to postpone his retaliation, and we wish that he had been detected.

EXTRANEOUS CONTENTS.

IN the speech made the other day by MR. BERNAL OSBORNE to his constituents at Nottingham, there occurs, as reported by the *Post*, the following sentence:—

"It had been said that Ireland contained a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and the worst executive in the world."

The original author of this statement was not named by MR. OSBORNE. He may be conjectured to have been either a MAC or an O'Something or Somebody, according to the line:—

"Per Mac et O veros possis dignoscere Hibernos."

At any rate, nobody but a true Irishman could have said that Ireland "contained an absentee aristocracy."



INTELLIGENT PET.

"MA, DEAR, WHAT DO THEY PLAY THE ORGAN SO LOUD FOR, WHEN 'CHURCH' IS OVER? IS IT TO WAKE US UP?"

IGNATIUS TO HIS OWL.

BIRD of the cloister and the church,
Who, with my shoulder for thy perch,
My vigils lone art wont to share,
Men say we make a pretty pair.
Some smile at us—and others scowl;
My Owl!

Oft have I seen, at close of day,
A chant intoning on my way,
One of thy race, on silent wing
Float by—and sometimes heard it sing,
My Bird, beloved beyond all fowl;
My Owl!

In darksome hole thou lov'st to dwell,
As would that I could in a cell.
Ah, there how happy I should be
To muse and meditate with thee,
Rejoicing in a frock and cowl,
My Owl!

Against thee was the charge preferred
That thou wast an uncleanly bird?
So they'd abuse a Saint, whose shirt
Of hair they deemed the worse for dirt—
No wonder that they called thee foul,
My Owl!

And cried they fie on thee, because
It was thy hap to break a vase,
Wherein, when day succeeded night,
Thou didst take refuge from the light?
My Pet, no matter. Let them howl;
My Owl!

O thou, of all the feathered quire,
Whose melody I most admire,
Come, in a *ma serere* blend
Thy voice with mine, and we'll transcend
The cats that on the housetop prowl;
My Owl!

ELECTORAL REFORM'S FOUR ROCKS] A-HEAD.—Nob, Snob, Mob, and Nimble Bob.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Seaside Interval.)

Happy Thought.—Sunday afternoon: walk on the parade. Wonder how the pleasure-boatmen get a living in the winter. Apparently by talking together in groups, with their hands in their pockets, and smoking pipes without any tobacco.

Everyone looks very bright and blooming, and everyone is making the most of the dry weather, as if they were trying to get the best of a time-bargain with the fresh sea-air. What a nuisance wind is—what a nuisance a hat is.

Happy Thought.—My wideawake.

MILBURD won't walk with me "while I've got that thing on," he says. I won't give in, so we pass one another, idiotically, on the parade. Think I see the MACKENZIES coming—pretty girls: wish I'd got on my hat. They bow and look astonished: walk up the Parade. See MR. and MRS. BREEMER; they recognise me. Walk down, see the MACKENZIES for the second time. Don't know whether to bow again, or not: they smile. I smile: I wonder what we mean? Hope they'll go off the Parade this time. Walk up—see the BREEMERS coming. How very awkward this is: can't bow again—will look another way. I do, until I come quite up to them, and then, turning suddenly, am flustered. MR. BREEMER nods, and I nod, but don't know whether to take off my hat this time to MRS. BREEMER; I wish these things were settled by law. We pass on. Walk down: the MACKENZIES again.

Happy Thought.—Turn before they come up.

I do so, won't they think it rude? Can't help it, it's done; and here are the BREEMERS. I nodded last time, what shall I do this? Wink jocosely? no sense in that, they'll set me down for a buffoon.

Happy Thought.—Sit down with my face to the sea.

Wonder whether the BREEMERS have gone—and the MACKENZIES. Look cautiously round. Enjoyment is out of the question with the BREEMERS and MACKENZIES perpetually meeting one. I feel as if they were saying every time they see me, "Here's Thingummy again, don't take any notice of him," and if you once think yourself shunned you can't enjoy anything. I feel that I'm spoiling the BREEMERS'

and MACKENZIES' day at Brighton, and they must feel that they are interfering with my enjoyment.

Happy Thought.—The Pariah at Brighton.

Rain settles the question—back to hotel. What shall I do? What can I do? * * * Rain. * * *

Happy Thought.—Write letters. Think to whom I haven't written for ages: great opportunity. Write to some relations whom I haven't spoken to for years, and ask how they've been this long time, and why they never write. They'll like the attention. * * *

By the way, MILBURD isn't much of a companion. He comes in and says he's been chatting with the TETHERINGTONS, and couldn't get away. When he's been away for any time he always excuses himself by saying he'd been "chatting." He wishes I wouldn't wear that old-fashioned wideawake. "The TETHERINGTONS noticed it," he tells me; also, that "everyone was remarking it." I ask him quietly, "Who's everyone?" and he answers, "Oh, lots of people." I tell him that I am above that sort of thing, and do not care for the world. I ask him "If he told them I was a friend of his?" He answers that he did, but added, "that I was slightly cracked." I am annoyed. I shan't go anywhere with MILBURD again. After dinner MILBURD goes away to "chat" with the TETHERINGTONS again, and I read all the weekly papers through, including the advertisements.

Bed-room.—In the next room on my left to me is a whistling gentleman. In the room above me is a stamping gentleman; and somewhere about, perhaps the next room on my right, is a declaiming gentleman. At night the declaiming gentleman has a good turn of it, while the stamping gentleman only walks about a quarter of a mile over my head. The declaiming gentleman is very impressive for nearly an hour, when he subsides all at once and utters, as if in the middle of a speech he had been suddenly knocked on the head, and put into bed speechless.

The whistling gentleman has the morning to himself. He wakes himself with a whistle, he whistles himself (operatically) out of bed. He whistles, spasmodically, amid splashing. He whistles a waltz while brushing his hair violently: I hear the brushes. He whistles a polka in gasps, from which I conclude he is pulling on tight boots. He whistles and jingles things together sounding like half-crowns and

boot-hooks; and faintly whistles himself out of his room (March from *Norma*, with variations), and down the passage.

The stamping man has, during this, stamped himself out of bed. Judging from the sounds, he must perform all the operations of his toilet by forced marches. I should say he walks a mile before breakfast.

The declaiming gentleman is not oratorical in the morning. I think he is packing: I hear paper rustling, and, after a time, sounds as of dragging heavy weights about the room. His struggles with one obstinate portmanteau are awful. He has got it up against the wall now, and is kicking it. Pause: he is panting and groaning. A bell: the Boots comes: they are both struggling with the portmanteau. All is quiet: the door opens. I look out and see the conqueror walking down the passage in triumph followed by the Boots with the captive portmanteau, bound and strapped, on his shoulder.

By the way, MILBURD returning at about two o'clock in the morning, wakes me up to ask me "if I'm asleep?" and to inform me that "he's sorry he's been away so long, but he's been chatting with the TETHERINGTONS?" Humbug.

Breakfast.—MILBURD not back from his bath. Being late, I am the only person at breakfast in this enormous coffee-room. Waiters in a corner laughing; fancy it is at me. Should like to order them to instant execution. A Chief of the waiters enters, and reviews a line regiment of cold beef, cold mutton, cold chickens, tongue, ham, and cold pork on a side-board. Satisfied with his inspection, he retires. A gentleman comes in to breakfast: looks at me as much as to say, "Confound it, Sir, what do you mean by being here?"

I return his look of contempt and scorn. He sits in full view of the sea, and eats his dry toast with a puzzled air as if he was tasting it as a sample, occasionally turning quickly towards the window as if expecting some one to come in by it suddenly.

MILBURD from his bath, with his hair very wet and neatly parted. He complains of my breakfasting without him, and turns up his nose at my chop and egg. He explains his absence by telling me that he was "having a chat with the man at the baths." He's always chatting. I shall *not* come out with MILBURD again.

Off to London, and then down to old JOHNNY BYNG'S.

THE FRANCHISE FOR THE TAILORS!

SCENE.—*Breakfast.* EDWARD and ELLEN. EDWARD reading Paper.

Edward. Well, after this, nobody will ever mention goose to tailors any more.

Ellen. Who ever did, dear?

Edward. The lower orders. It is a term they are, or were, in the habit of using to insult that class of artists. They must now drop it. Listen (*reads*) "SENSIBLE MEN.—The London Operative Tailors' Association (24,000 strong) have informed the executive of the Reform League that they intend to take no part in the proposed Reform Demonstration." They repudiate the geese.

Ellen. What geese, EDWARD?

Edward. The Reform Demonstrationists.

Ellen. Oh, EDWARD! Do you call them geese to want Reform?

Edward. Certainly not; but on the contrary for trying to get it by the means most likely to get it withheld; by their proposed demonstration.

Ellen. What is that?

Edward. Forming a monster procession, and parading the streets to the stoppage of business and promotion of theft.

Ellen. Well, certainly that does seem goosish.

Edward. It is peculiarly so. In the first place, geese are eminently gregarious.

Ellen. What is that?

Edward. Accustomed to flock together, and do each as the other does, for no other reason but that the other does it, and all agreed in following a leader who is only a greater goose than the rest. There are others besides Trades' Unionists, my love, who answer to that description.

Ellen. Very likely.

Edward. Now you see, to act like geese is not the way to demonstrate their fitness for the franchise. I mean, you know, the right to vote for Members of Parliament. It demonstrates nothing but the disposition to use coercion. That will provoke opposition.

Ellen. They must be geese to do that.

Edward. Yes, and the proposed way of doing it is particularly goose-like. It is one of the special habits of geese to march in procession. You often see them doing so on a common—that is you would if you were to walk, as I wish; and when you pass them they cackle and hiss at you.

Ellen. How very rude of them!

Edward. Well; the tailors decline to go with the geese. So, it is to be hoped, will many other sensible workmen. They will make the real Reform Demonstration, by showing their sense. That is an irresistible demonstration. Nobody worth naming wants to refuse votes to in-

structed and thinking men. Their votes are their own. Not so the votes of men who go in flocks, and follow their leaders. Their votes are at their leaders' command. It won't do for the country to be governed by those great geese.

Ellen. What great geese?

Edward. Certain demagogues and mob-orators, my love. I congratulate the tailors on having taken their measure.

Ellen. EDWARD, dear, what shall we have for dinner?

Edward. Say, roast goose.

(*Scene closes.*)

WHAT I THOUGHT ON SEEING THE LIONS.

I THOUGHT of you, *Mr. Punch*, and of the jokers and jocasters who have turned your Office into a den of lions with their voluntary contributions in prose and (leonine) verse, since the great quartett was complete. But I remembered your words of old about a capacious waste-paper basket and a roaring coal fire, and felt comforted.

I thought of all the animated, original, and profound criticisms that had been made upon the bronze beasts—by SIR COLLINGHAM LANGFORD, looking through his club window, by LADY DE CHIGNON, from her brougham, with inspecting eye-glass, by the exquisite HOLME PIERREPONT to the impassive ADELAIDE HAUGHTIMORE in the quadrille's solemn pause, and by CAPTAIN LYSINGTON to his companion at the dinner-table, the beautiful MRS. CLUNY LACY.

I thought how nice it was of the British Public, grown-ups as well as whelps, to lose no time in touching and tapping (with their sticks) and poking and sounding (with their umbrellas) the costly, but fortunately unchippable creatures; and I wondered how long it would be before JOHN BROWN and JAMES JONES, and SAM ROBINSON scratched their deathless names upon the bronze.

I thought of the feelings of the lion on the screen of Northumberland House, and was surprised he had not turned tail and fled.

I thought of certain Members of the House of Commons deprived of one of their favourite grievances.

I thought of the living lions in the Zoological Gardens—how they would miss their interviews with SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

I thought what an appropriate decoration orange-peel was for the lion's majestic port.

I thought of the satisfaction with which SIR EDWIN must have sat down to dinner on the evening of Thursday the 31st of January.

I thought of the time when his handiwork would be like unto HAYLOCK and NAPIER for nigritude.

I thought of the dreariness of the Square, and the next generation's new National Gallery; and then after thinking that these great creations of painter and sculptor were the lions of London, I passed on to the Strand, and thought who the people possibly could be that buy the ten guinea Valentines.

THE PARLIAMENTARY PROGRAMME.

If Parliament should sing
"We've got no work to do,"
It would declare a thing
The opposite of true.

Of tasks it has a store.
So many never yet
Has Majesty before
The Lords and Commons set.

If Parliament get through
That work that should be done,
Reform will make a new
But not a better one.

If Parliament omit
To do its work, we then
Must have, instead of it,
A House of Working Men.

A VETERINARY CRISPIN.

Two men were committed for trial at Worship Street the other day, on a charge of burglariously attempting to break into certain dwelling-houses. One of the prisoners, according to a police report, was a certain "JOHN MAYNARD, 29, described as a shoemaker, but having all the appearance of a blacksmith." Perhaps MR. MAYNARD combined in himself the art of the blacksmith with that of the shoemaker. It may be that the shoes which he has been accustomed to make were horse-shoes. We deplore the unhappy circumstances which have led to his present retention from the respectable employment of making them.



VENERATION.

Lodger. "I SHALL NOT DINE AT HOME TO-DAY, MA'AM, BUT I'VE A FRIEND COMING THIS EVENING. IF YOU COULD GIVE US SOMETHING NICE FOR SUPPER—"

Landlady (Low Church). "WOULD YOU LIKE THE REMAINDER OF THE COLD TURKEY—AH ('feels a delicacy')—HEM! BEEZZZ-BUBBED, SIR!"

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

SCENE—*Trafalgar Square.* TIME—*Midnight.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Four Majestic Lions. LEO, WALLACE, CHARLEMAGNE, and ALEXANDER.

Leo. We've been a long time coming, WALLACE.

Wallace. And no wonder—look at the roads.

Charlem. Want sweeping terribly. Scavengers gone out of town, perhaps.

Alex. Funny people, these English—always talking and legislating to secure purity—of election.

Leo. And so awfully particular too about going into Courts (of law) with clean hands.

Wallace. But they never seem to look down to notice what is under their shoes.

Charlem. They have strange ways certainly—these bearded islanders.

Alex. And if this is a specimen of their highways, what must their other ways be?

Leo. Not to put too fine a point upon it, their thoroughfares are thoroughly foul. (*Hear, hear!*)

Wallace. Well, thank fortune we've arrived safe. I trembled at those tremendous vans with their terrific drivers, and made sure we should have come to grief before we got here.

Charlem. How do you like the situation?

Alex. It's airy.

Leo. But the look-out is so queer.

Wallace. What gloomy building is that yonder, ornamented with pepper-boxes?

Charlem. The Monument.

Alex. You surprise me. I fancied the Monument was on Fish Street Hill.

Leo (in a sepulchral tone). No, that is the Monument.

Wallace. Who is buried there?

Charlem. O! RUBENS, TITIENS, TURNER, and some other unfortunate painters.

Alex. Dear me! I had no idea we were so near a cemetery.

Leo. Who are all these chaps about us on horseback? Anything to do with *Don Giovanni*?

Wallace. No. They are only Monarchs retired from business.

Charlem. They never put poets on horseback—not even on Pegasus.

Leo. Do you see that effigy of a dear friend up yonder over the ducal mansion?

Wallace. He was a maternal cousin of mine.

Charlem. To what did he owe his elevation?

Alex. Well, he obtained an appointment from his then excellent Majesty at the Tower of London as a sort of supernumerary beef-eater.

Leo. He was a jolly good fellow, and used to keep the table in a roar. (*Hear, hear!*)

Alex. Right you are! Well, one night he thought he should like to see what was going on at the West-End, so he stole out and sauntered down as far as Northumberland House. Arrived there, and being desirous, I suppose, to get a bird's-eye view of the Metropolis, he ascended by some means to that proud eminence. Then, as now, Bumbledom was in a muddled state, and as our fat friend looked forth upon chaos and old night, and surveyed the public Statues at large, he raised his—

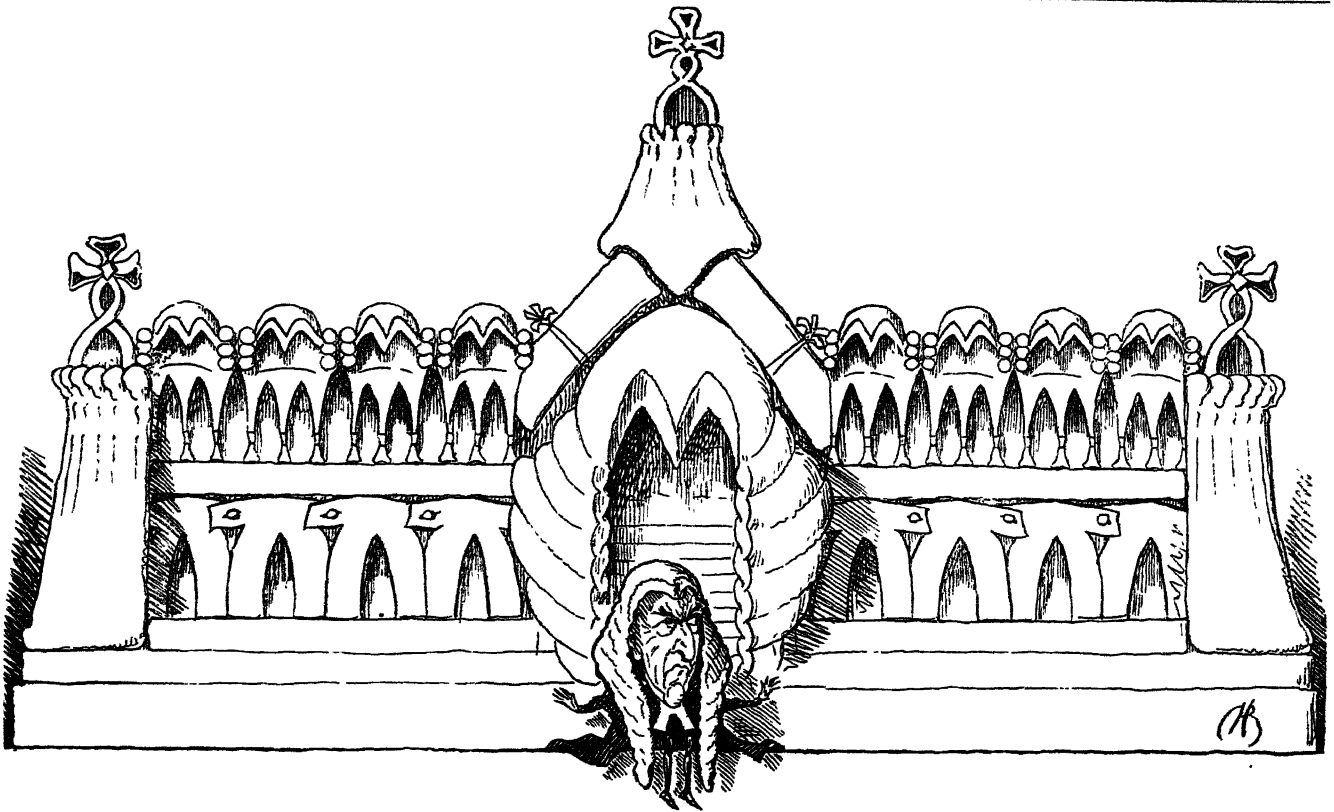
Charlem. Eyes?

Alex. No, his tail, and became petrified with astonishment, he—

Leo. Hush! here's a Bobby.

REFLECTION ON AN INSOLVENT RAILWAY.—The rolling stock gathers no moss.

A HUNTING SET.—The Fox Club.



THE REJECTED DESIGN FOR THE NEW LAW COURTS.

"One anonymous architect has sent in a frantic design, which the Commissioners have not chosen to exhibit."—*Times*, Feb. 11, 1867.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Next Day at Station.—My practical joke. No change. MILBURD has to pay the cab; after which he has no change, only a cheque, and I have to pay the railway fares for both. So ends my practical joke.

Very cold travelling.

Happy Thought.—Sixpence to guard. Hot-water bottle.

Jolly place to go to is BYRNE'S. One needn't (I say) take down dress-clothes; no ladies or dinner parties. You can go down as you are. "As I am" means a light-coloured shooting coat, waistcoat to match, and warm comfortable trousers, rather old, and a trifle shabby perhaps, but as MILBURD says, "anything will do for the country in winter."

We reach the station. No fly. We stamp up and down for half an hour warming our feet. It is half-past five, he dines at half-past six. However no dressing; hot water and dine as we are. MILBURD tells me he always dresses for dinner for comfort's sake, and adds, "that it's always safer to bring your evening clothes with you when you're going on a visit." I reply, "Oh, I don't know." No fly. No porter to send. If MILBURD will watch the luggage, I, who know the country and where the Inn is, will walk on and get a fly sent down to him.

I do so. Fly is ready. I'll walk on to the house. Another practical joke of mine. MILBURD will have to pay the fly. If he has no change the butler will have to do it, and MILBURD must settle with him. I know the short cut, and can go in by the yard-door.

Brisk walk. Up a lane. See the lights.

Think I hear MILBURD'S fly quite in the distance. Great fun. I'll be there before him, and then what good trick can we play on him?

Here's the yard-door. Open! No bell needed. It's very dangerous to keep a door like this so unguarded. There ought to be a dog or trap.

Happy Thought.—I'll tell BYRNE he ought to have a dog.

There is a dog. An inch more to his chain and he'd have pinned me: how dangerous! I must creep along, keeping close to the wall. He is plunging and barking wildly in front of me: I can just see his form. I hear the fly driving up by the front way: I wish I'd come by that. The dog is still plunging, dashing, and barking.

Happy Thought.—To say, "Poor old boy, then—poor old man!"

He is growling, which is more dangerous. I try a tone of the deepest compassion, "Poor old fellow, then; poor old chap!"

He is trying to break his chain: if he breaks his chain I am done. Shall I call for help? it's so absurd to call for help. I am in an angle

of the wall, if I move to the door where I came in he can reach me; if I move off along the wall he can reach me. I don't exactly see where he can't reach me. "Poor fellow—poor boy!" He is literally furious!

Happy Thought.—Climb the wall.

I try climbing the wall: if I fall back, he's safe to catch me. Any movement on my part sends him wild: how wonderful it is that they have not been attracted in-doors by his noise.

"Poor old boy!" I hear him shaking his kennel with rage. He will have a convulsion, go mad, and break the chain. If I ever get out of this, I swear I'll never try a short cut to a house again. At last a light. The cook at the door—the kitchen door. "What do I want?" she asks. I reply, "Oh, nothing, I was just walking in the short way, and the old dog doesn't quite know me." The butler luckily appears, he addresses me by name, and orders, with authority, Growler to get down, which Growler does, sulkily.

I say, as if he was leaving me pleasantly, "Poor old boy!—sharp dog that." It's a bad example to let people see you're at all afraid of an animal. He growls from his kennel, and we enter the house.

MR. MILBURD has arrived, and my luggage. Will I go into the drawing-room? there's tea in the drawing-room, as we don't dine till seven to-day. I take off my wraps with a feeling of being at home. Old BYRNE comes out to greet me. He says, "I've got a surprise for you." I wish I'd got a surprise for him, it's his birthday. "Many happy returns," I give him heartily. He says, "Such a surprise. I knew you wouldn't come if there were ladies." What does he mean? We walk to the drawing-room. I follow him: I am prepared to have a good laugh at MILBURD about paying the fly, and then—

Ladies! six ladies!! all seated round the fire taking tea. MILBURD standing on the rug, a young man on a small chair, an elderly gentleman deep in a book. Six ladies!!!

Unhappy Thought.—No dress-clothes.

I am introduced, vaguely. I don't hear any one's name, and try to give a different sort of bow to each, which fails. After the introduction, silence. My host goes and talks to elderly lady with worsted.

Happy Thought.—Look at photograph-book on table. Quite a refuge for the conversationally destitute is a photograph-book. Think I'll speak to elderly gentleman; what about?

Happy Thought.—Ask him how the weather's been here? As he says, "I beg pardon, what?" the door opens, a seventh lady enters—MISS FRIDOLINE SYMPERSON!!! No evening dress-clothes!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ENJAMIN DISRAELI, Chancellor of the Exchequer, did on the evening of *Monday*, February 11, make a speech of two hours and a quarter, and did not explain the intentions of the Conservative Government in regard to Parliamentary Reform. What he did say was in this wise. The House should divest itself, upon this occasion only, and by the Particular Desire of several persons of Distinction (as country play-bills say) of party spirit. Government hoped for the sympathy of the Conservatives. LORD DERBY and his colleagues had resolved that Parliamentary Reform was not a question that ought to decide the fate of the Ministers. All parties had tried to deal with it and had failed, and therefore the House of Commons itself must settle it. The Reform Act of 1832 had excluded large masses of the labouring classes from the

franchise, and now, as prognosticated by SIR ROBERT PEELE, those classes were re-claiming their rights. Moreover the increased application of science to social life had greatly elevated the people. We, the Swells, have not wilfully opposed them, but have perhaps been too Epicurean. [Yet, dear Sir, what nobler creature can there be than an Epicurus, if he be also *totus teres atque Rotundus?*] He thought that before introducing a Bill he had a right to ask the House whether it would not sanction the course recommended by Government. This question he should ask by moving Resolutions, a course he defended at great length. He intended to reconstruct the House on the principles of the British Constitution. Every class and interest had been represented under the Constitution, and hence our prosperity. Neither France, America, nor Germany had such representation. He was for no artificial symmetry. He should know how to deal with bribers. The county population was eleven millions and a half, and they had only 162 Members. The borough population was nine millions and a half, and they had 334 Members. Therefore, the county folk ought at least to be allowed to return their men without the interference of the boroughs. The Boundaries question would consequently have to be dealt with. There was a scattered population of nine millions who were the Backbone of the country. The backbone was industrious and had sincere and deep religion, and ought to be confided in and represented. [He introduced a parenthetical whop at MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, who has been lecturing on politics, and whom MR. DISRAELI described as "a rampant lecturer, and a Wild Man from the Cloisters."] Government were not angling for a policy. They had one. But they would gratefully accept the will of the House. The course was not flattering to themselves. [MR. BRIGHT. Ha, ha! Hear, hear! MR. DISRAELI. Yes, Sir, but it is better to work for the public good than to bring forward mock measures.] He hoped the House would rise to this occasion. And he ended thus:—

"Those who take the larger and nobler view of human affairs will, I think, recognise that alone in the countries of Europe, England, now for almost countless generations, has, by her Parliament, exhibited a fair exemplar of free Government. In the midst of the awful vicissitudes of her heroic history, she has maintained and cherished that public spirit which is the soul of commonwealths, and without which empire has no glory, and the wealth of nations is a means of corruption."

MR. DISRAELI proposed to go into a Committee of the whole House on Monday the 25th February. He did not then produce his Resolutions, but they appeared the following morning. They may as well be expounded here.

1. Increase of Voters, town and county.
2. Lower the standard of value, and create "fancy franchises."
3. No class interest should predominate.
4. Occupation franchise to be based on rating.
5. Let us have Plurality of Votes in boroughs.
6. Revise the existing distribution of Seats.
7. Wholly disfranchise no borough.
8. Consider the claims of unrepresented places.
9. Provide against bribery.
10. Liken the county to the borough system of registration.
11. Votes may be given in writing.
12. More polling places, and all travelling payments illegal.
13. A Commission on borough boundaries.

But as this baker's dozen of Resolutions was not before the leader of the Opposition, MR. GLADSTONE could only reply with a compliment to MR. DISRAELI'S ability, a remark that his proposed mode of proceeding was novel, that MR. GLADSTONE'S own impression was against it, and a statement that the Opposition would decide upon their course when the whole case should be before them.

Nobody said anything more. Later in the week an attempt was made to draw MR. DISRAELI out a little, but it failed. He said, however, that Government did not pledge itself to go further in obedience to the House than might seem proper. And so Reform was left sticking

for a fortnight, and as observing and judicious persons will see, we are not favoured with much information on the subject. Now, *Mr. Punch* thinks that a great constitutional change ought to be effected with elaborate slowness and caution, and that too much consideration can hardly be bestowed on every step. But when nobody can consider, because nobody has the scheme before him, *Mr. Punch* regards delay as waste of valuable time.

Noble Lords and Faithful Commons were awfully dull all the rest of the week. On

Tuesday, LORD RUSSELL saw fit to present a petition from a person called RIGBY WASON, whom everybody has forgotten for the last thirty years, and who imitated everybody by forgetting himself so far as to rake up an old and exploded scandal against SIR FITZROY KELLY, now Chief Baron of Exchequer. It was about a statement which SIR FITZROY was said to have made, and did not make, before an election committee. SIR FITZROY kindly offered to shoot this WASON at the time, but WASON would not come out; and it is the more unworthy of him to revive the matter, now that we don't fight, and if we did, a Chief Justice could scarcely renew his challenge. The charge is completely negatived, RIGBY WASON is not admired for the spite that breaks out afresh after thirty years, or for a most-vulgar and splenetic letter which he has published since, and we have not heard many compliments to the Whig politician for his conduct in presenting the petition against the Tory Judge.

LORD BELMORE brought in a Government Bill about Street Traffic, but we must have a look at its details before judging it. There seem to be some wholesome provisions against snow, bad cabs, and timber carts, but we doubt whether it goes half far enough. The railway and trading interests in the Commons, however, are too powerful to allow any useful measure against their vans and carts, which block London.

Fenianism has broken out again. In Chester the ruffians were frightened away by the bold measures of the citizens and Volunteers, and the subsequent arrival of the Fusiliers. But in Killarney they have cut the telegraphs, and wounded a gallant orderly. The CHIEF SECRETARY has gone off to Ireland, and so has LORD STRATHAIRN, better known as SIR HUGH ROSE, who is just the man to deal with rebels. Exeter Hall would naturally think of prosecuting him, in case he should hang any incendiaries, but, on the other hand, as they would be white, they would probably be considered unworthy of attention from philanthropists. But they will not be without apologists and advocates among political fanatics.

Wednesday. A dull debate on an unsuccessful attempt, by MR. AYRTON, to get the income of the Finsbury Prebend (£48,000 a-year) assigned for the spiritual good of London. MR. HADFIELD was as unlucky as usual when eager to be spiteful against the Church of England. He boasted of the religious character of the Welsh, adding, that seven-eighths of them are Dissenters, but not adding, as the truth is, that there is no better recruiting ground for the Mormons than the religious Principality.

Thursday. Amid loud cheers, MR. DISRAELI stated that Government had undertaken the defence of COLONEL NELSON and MR. BRAND, who are prosecuted by the Jamaica Committee. It was the duty of a Government to do so, he said, when officers were attacked for obeying the orders of their superiors.

Ministers propose to do away with the VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, and to have, instead, a Secretary, who shall be a M. This plan is approved by MR. MILLNER GIBSON.

Moreover, Capital Punishments Bills were introduced. Wisely, we think, the offences are defined which constitute the crime, and make it

of the first or second degree. The law of the land, and not twelve men accidentally collected, and possibly excited, should supply the definition—the facts are the business of the jury. Public execution is to be abolished. This Bill ought to pass, let who will be Ministers.

Friday. The Fenian madness was spoken about in both Houses. At Chester the Volunteers behaved manfully, as has been said, and question arose in the Lords whether the Household Guard could be properly called upon to fight rebels. As Volunteers, no, but as citizens, yes; and as they are drilled and armed citizens, *tant mieux*.

In the Commons, MR. BAILLIE, Conservative County Member, gave a notice adverse to the Conservative leader's resolution, No. 5. "Baly, my babe, lie still and sleep."

A Servia-cum-Crete debate. MR. GREGORY pounded the Turks, and MR. LAYARD defended them. MR. GLADSTONE was impartial, and there was unanimous plaudit for LORD STANLEY's calm despatches and marked abstention from interference. Christians and Mussulmans seem alike a bad lot. One side pitches its prisoners, and sets them on fire, and the other cuts off the ears of its captives, and presents the articles to their friends in the light of cheques. We shall be in the Eastern quarrel one of these days, but we won't go in upon a quarrel of savages.

UN SOU LA LIGNE.



Et give a few extracts from the article of "Notre Correspondent Anglais," in a late number of a leading French daily paper, *La Blague Internationale* (The International Tobacco-punch). The information they impart is not without some foundation of truth; but the English reader will perceive that facts are published therein as of recent occurrence, which the British public has already been familiar with for some little time. We trust "Our French Correspondent," is more guarded as to the details he sends us from the other side of the water.

Leicester Square, Février, 1867.

C'est avec une douleur presque voisine de l'indignation que nous nous résignons à constater l'existence, à Londres, de la plus affreuse misère à coté de l'opulence la plus splendide, du faste le plus somptueux... une vénérable personne, la dame H***D, importunée, mise hors d'elle-même par les hurlements plaintifs de son boule-dogue, alla chercher dans son armoire quelque os pour calmer la faim du fidèle animal, muet gardien de ses pénates. Après les perquisitions les plus minutieuses, quel fut son découragement lorsqu'elle dut s'avouer à elle-même qu'elle se trouvait devant une armoire vide! force fut donc au pauvre quadrupède d'en rester sur sa faim...

O Angleterre! ... quousque tandem...!

Un des faubourgs de Londres a été récemment le théâtre d'un incident qui, nous l'espérons, touchera de bien près ceux de nos lecteurs qui n'ont point étouffé en eux le germe du respect pour les simples mais intimes joies du foyer domestique. Il paraît que le sieur H****B, bourgeois fort connu et même respecté dans son quartier, mais dont nous ne voulons préciser davantage le nom pour des raisons de délicatesse que le public intelligent saura sans doute apprécier, était assis avec sa famille devant une table bien servie, où ils mangeaient ensemble *more Anglico* le repas de Noël. Tout à coup, le fils JEAN H****R, enfant en bas âge, saisissant sa part du "puding" traditionnel, s'enfuit dans un des coins de la salle-à-manger, où il s'assit avec une gravité précoce; puis, insérant le pouce dans la pâte succulente, il parvint à en retirer un raisin solitaire, tout en se prodiguant à lui-même les éloges les plus flatteurs...

Les persécutions religieuses continuent à sévir dans certaines parties de l'Angleterre avec toute leur ancienne rigueur. Voici un fragment de correspondance particulière qui nous est parvenu, et que nous traduisons pour nos lecteurs; nous sommes en mesure d'en garantir l'irréfusable authenticité:—

"Le vieux L****s, surnommé, à cause de sa haute taille et de son extrême maigreur, le PÈRE LONGUES-JAMBES, s'obstinait à ne point réciter les prières prescrites par notre religion; indignés de ses refus réitérés, nous le saisîmes par une de ses jambes (inutile de spécifier laquelle), et lui fîmes dégringoler l'escalier de son habitation..."

En présence de pareils faits, les commentaires sont superflus, et la chronique s'arrête épouvantée!... Heureux pour les auteurs éhontés de cet odieux attentat, que nous n'avons pu jusqu'ici en découvrir et publier les noms, prénoms et qualités!

Un bien douloureux évènement vient de plonger dans la consternation les habitants de la commune de X...

Le SIEUR JEAN... accompagné de sa femme, venait de gravir la colline avoisinant le hameau, et sur le sommet de laquelle il existe sans doute un ancien puits, afin d'y puiser quelques litres d'eau fraîche pour les besoins de leur humble domicile. Soudain son pied glisse, la tête lui tourne, il se précipite du haut en bas de la montagne...

Le blessé se transporta à la hâte chez le chirurgien du village, le SIEUR ROBERT X***, qui par un hasard providentiel se trouvait être son propre frère; et celui-ci, mis en demeure de s'expliquer sur son cas, put constater la présence d'une fracture sérieuse dans la région occipitale du crâne, dont il calma l'irritation au moyen d'une emplâtre de papier à emballer saturé d'acide acétique, qu'il appliqua sur la partie lésée. Nous croyons pouvoir affirmer que cet accident n'aura pas de suites funestes.

Jusqu'à présent nous n'avons point reçu de détails circonstanciés sur l'état actuel de la malheureuse femme, qui, d'après nos derniers renseignements, avait suivi son époux dans sa chute impétueuse.

On nous écrit de Sandringham:

Un singulier désastre est arrivé dernièrement à une des femmes de chambre attachées au service de S. A. R. la Princesse de Galles. D'après l'information que nous avons reçue, il paraît que cette jeune personne faisait sécher au soleil le linge auguste qui sortait de la lessive royale, lorsqu'une grive, hôte de quelque forêt voisine, s'abattit soudain sur elle, et lui infligea exactement au milieu du visage une blessure cruelle et désagréable. Pendant que cette scène se passait dans le jardin de Sandringham, le roi futur faisait les comptes du trésor dans son cabinet particulier, et la charmante princesse, qui doit un jour partager son trône, savourait avec délices un simple et frugal déjeuner dans le parloir du château. On peut s'imaginer la sympathie dont la jeune et intéressante victime de cet atroce outrage ornithologique devint immédiatement l'objet de la part de LL. AA. RR.

La blessure est de nature à donner de graves inquiétudes pour la beauté personnelle de l'aimable camériste, dont les traits s'étaient toujours fait remarquer par leur irréprochable régularité.

A HAPPY CONCLUSION.

UNDER the head of "Marriages" in the *Cardiff and Merthyr Guardian* of the 8th inst., the curious may find this curious announcement:—

JOHNSON—PAGE—Jan. 22, at Ashburton, Devon, by the Rev. R. L. Page, of Coatham, Redcar, assisted by the Rev. C. Worthy, vicar, Captain Johnson, R.N., of Cardiff, to Emily Leman Page, only daughter of the late Rev. Robert Leman Page, of Drinkstone, Suffolk. "Her end was peace."

Of course the word "end" is here used as a synonym for "object," or "intention" otherwise this final sentence appears somewhat funereal, and sadly out of place. But we presume that the fair bride had a wholesome wish to live a life of peace and quietude, and considered that by marriage she was likely to secure it. The cynical might have but little faith in such a likelihood, and Mr. *Caudle* might declare that her peace is pretty certain, if she will but hold her peace. But, like all other happy husbands, Mr. *Punch* believes most heartily that marriage as a rule leads to a blissful peace of mind, and he congratulates all such as share in this belief.

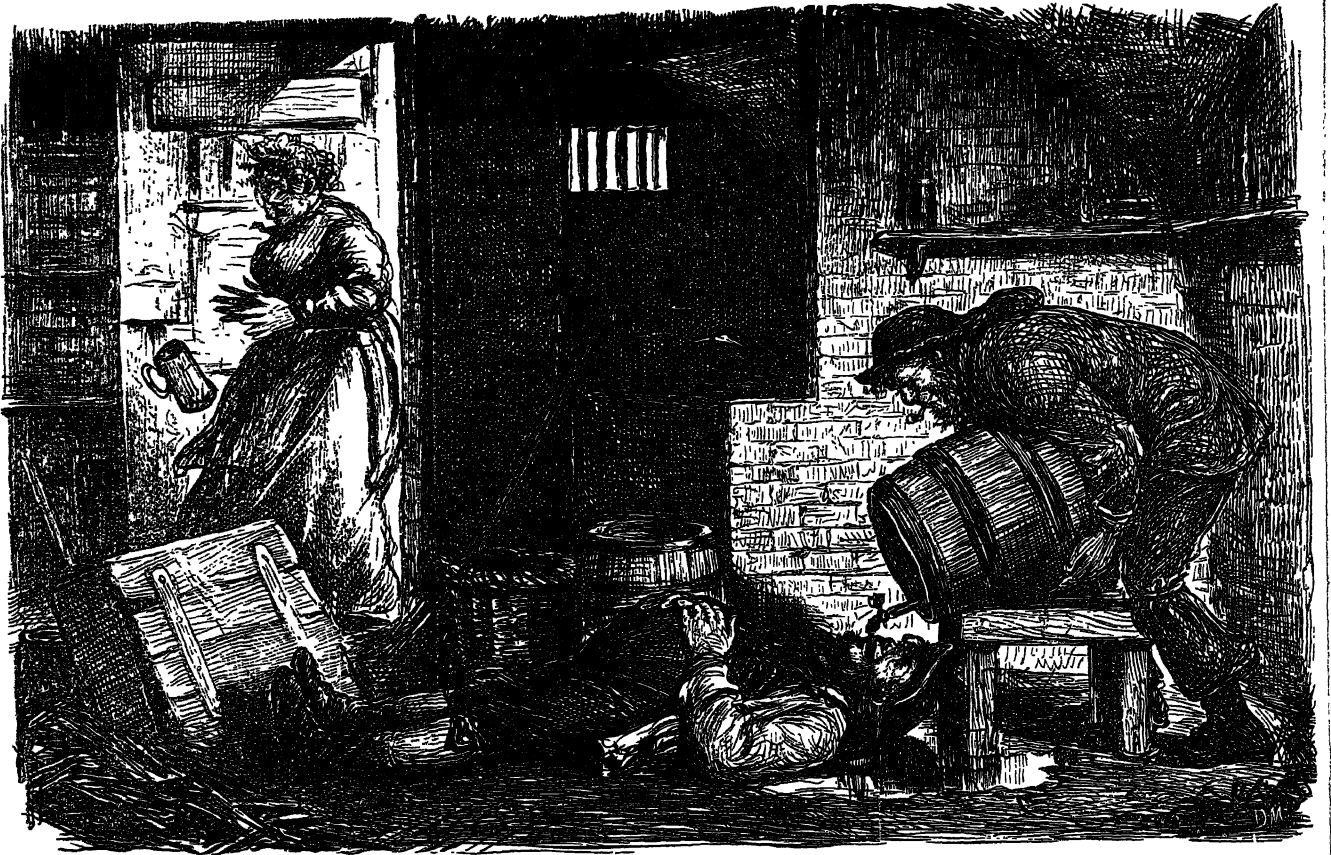
A PLEASING MUDDLE.

COMPLAINTS are made that the standard of examination by the Law Society is too high. Some persons think that a man may be able to do attorney-work without possessing the usual accomplishments of a gentleman. Be this as it may, it is clear that grammar is not necessary to a solicitor. Here is an advertisement from the *Telegraph*:—

TO BANKERS AND MERCHANTS.—Whoever shall give the following INFORMATION to Mr. *****, Solicitor, viz., in whose hands does the BILL of EXCHANGE for £373 10s 1d, drawn at St. Thomas, West Indies, to the order of Mr. ****, at 90 days' sight, lie, any person giving the required information shall be remunerated accordingly.

CITY ANECDOTE.—BAITMAN, Secretary to a Limited Liability undertaking not considered too safe, having a handsomely furnished office, it was remarked of him that his Room was better than his Company.

EPIGRAM BY LORD CRANBORNE.—Best Proof of a Government's Irresolution.—Resolutions.



CAUTION.

DON'T KEEP YOUR BEER-BARREL IN THE SAME CELLAR AS YOUR DUST-BIN!

RESOLUTION OF REFORM.

(AN APPEAL TO PATRIOTISM.)

O COME, good Lords and Gentlemen, ye Commons and ye Peers,
We do entreat a loan of you—the favour of your ears.
O turn your minds unto Reform for good and all this day,
'Tis one more opportunity, and be our last it may!

Too often have ye trifled with the task that's to be done,
And broken off repeatedly the work you had begun.
Whereat the people winked long, and patiently forbore,
But know ye now they will abide the like delay no more.

Remember how, in fifty-four one Bill you did resign,
And how ye did another Bill reject in fifty-nine,
And how a third in sixty-one your PALMERSTON withdrew—
Refuse another, and oh, then, what will become of you?

Come let us now take counsel, and consider wherewithal
To frame a measure that shall stand—not through discussion fall.
Let's put on resolution, and by means thereof proceed;
For in that we resolve on, we shall be thereon agreed.

Fat bulls of Basan round about do vehemently roar,
And that fat Bull of Birmingham is specially a bore.
To bellow till they weary were, though them we might allow,
We must regard that Bull of Bulls whose voice is rising now.

JOHN BULL himself doth call aloud and utter his behest.
This long-vest question of Reform 'tis time to set at rest.
So go to work in earnest now the needful thing to do,
Or you'll provoke the wrath of JOHN—then woe be unto you!

A MINISTERIAL QUERY.—Is it true that GENERAL PEEL is a Secretary at War—with some of his colleagues on the question of Reform?

THE WELL-SPOKEN YOUNG MAN.

(With all apology to MR. CHARLES DICKENS.)

He is moving forward in the direction in which you are going. You discover him to be a remarkably well-behaved young man, and a remarkably well-spoken young man. You know him to be well-behaved, by his respectful manner of touching his hat, you know him to be well-spoken by his smooth manner of expressing himself. He says, in a flowing, confidential voice,

"Sir MR. JOHN BULL will you allow me to speak to you Sir it is not merely retaining office that is my intention for I was brought up by the best of politicians and merely retaining office is not my trade I should not know Sir how to follow it as a trade such being quite foreign to my nature if such were my shameful intention for the best of politicians long taught otherwise and though now reduced to take the present liberty I am favourably known to the PREMIER the LORD CHANCELLOR the majority of the Tory party and the ole of the Conservative profession but through ill blood in my party and the obstinacy of friends of whom I became leader and they no other than Members of the Cabinet of my own PREMIER am sent forth not to beg indulgence for I will sooner deprive the country of my services but to help my party to the final end of the session Sir in appier times and before the calamity of office fell upon us I devised for my constitutional amusement when I little thought that I should ever need them excepting for Curiosities of Literature these" (here the well-spoken young man puts his hand on a paper) "these Resolutions Sir I implore you in the name of the Constitution to accept these Resolutions which are a genuine article resembling those which came from India the East Indies and alter them in any way your wisdom may see fit and may the blessings of a party without a policy awaiting with beating arts the return of MR. GLADSTONE to office ever attend you Sir may I take the liberty of speaking to you I implore you to accept these Resolutions."

By this time, being a reasonable judge of what one should answer with "WALKER," you will have been too much for the well-spoken young man.



“HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE.”

“SIR, THE MEANING THAT WE ATTRIBUTE TO THE WORDS I HAVE JUST READ IS, THAT, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH THE HOUSE FINDS ITSELF, IT IS IN OUR OPINION EXPEDIENT THAT PARLIAMENTARY REFORM SHOULD NO LONGER BE A QUESTION THAT SHOULD DECIDE THE FATE OF MINISTRIES.” (*Loud laughter at this capital joke.*)—*Vide Speech of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, Feb. 11, 1867.*

THE GREAT MEDICINE-MAN.

(A New Canto of Hia-watha.)

ROUND about the Fire of Council,
On the bench of Tre-sor-ee-wah,
In the secret Lodge of Dow-nin,
Sat the chiefs of the Tor-i-has,
Sat the advisers of LOR-DEE-BEE.
The Kau-ka-syun DEE-ZEE, foremost
Of the medicine-men, the Medas,
The Magicians, the Wa-be-nos,
And the Joss-a-keeds, the prophets:
Chief of war and braves, JON-A-TIAN,
Wrinkled, like an o'er-kept apple,
Juiceless, but the PEEL remaining.
PAH-KIN-TO-NOH, guide of war-ships.
Who ne'er sailed the Big Sea-Water;
STAN-LEE, with eyes looking two ways,
One behind him, one before him,
Calm of counsel, cool of judgment,
Still a wonder to his father,
Standing puzzle to LOR-DEE-BEE:
And CRAN-BOR-NOH, the sharp-tongued one;
WAL-I-POL, the weeping willow,
Quick to bend, and ever tearful,
With HAH-DEE, surnamed the Gay Thorn,
For his sharpness and good-humour.
Dark and doubtful was their aspect,
Glum and grumpy were their glances,
As they laid their heads together,
Drew around the Fire of Council,
On the bench of Tre-sor-ee-wah,
In the secret Lodge of Dow-nin.
For the braves of the Re-for-mahs,
In their war-paint and their feathers,
With their clubs, from all their lodges,
League on league, were thickly gathered
With the strength of BRIGHT, the Big Tongue,
Bounce of BEALES and push of POT-AH,
Storming round the Lodge of Dow-nin
At the doors of Tre-sor-ee-wah,
Crying "Down with the Tor-i-has!"

"Can they shape the mighty measure,
Weave the charm of the Re-for-mahs,
Fix the wonder-working Fran-chees,
That shall cure the people's ailments,
Give to all what they're in want of,
Wit and wisdom, work and wages,
Short-cut to the Happy Valley,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Come-eat-me,
Where the geese fall ready-roasted,
And all good things come for asking?"
JON-A-WO-BUN, he could shape it,
And WILL-YOO-IT, called the Glad Stone;
They had cured the people's ailments,
Fixed the wonder-working Fran-chees,
In the Wig-wam of West-min-stah,
In the Big Talk of the nation,
For the land of the Yen-gee-zees.
But the braves of the Tor-i-has
From the Cave the serpents summoned—
The Ken-a-beek, the great BOB-LO,
And the little snake GRO-VE-NAH,
Marsh-snake from Australian diggins,
EL-CO, painted snake that rattles,
And the Orcaian serpent LA-ING,
Called to aid the Headless HORSMAN,
From their ambush in Adullam,
In the back stung JON-A-WO-BUN,
Stung WILL-YOO-IT, called the Glad Stone,
Braving wrath of BRIGHT the Big Tongue.
Bounce of BEALES and push of POT-AH.
Till they stormed the Lodge of Dow-nin,
Won the Bench of Tre-sor-ee-wah,
Scalped the braves of the Re-for-mahs,

Took their scalps, their paint and feathers,
And the moccasins they walked in.
Shall we let them longer wear these?
Shall we trust their medicine-maker,
The Kau-ka-syun BEN-DEE-ZEE?
Never! Let us spoil them, strip them
Of the loaves and of the fishes,
Drive them from the pleasant places,
From the hunting-grounds of Of-fis,
From the Bench of Tre-sor-ee-wah,
From the secret Lodge of Dow-nin."
Then the blowers blew their conch-shells,
DA-LEE-NOO-SAH, the long-winded,
TE-LE-GRA-FAH, the tremendous,
And the Sun, whose beams are bottled,
From the brains of BRIGHT, the Big Tongue,
Blew their conch-shells for the battle.

The Tor-i-has chiefs, in council,
Heard the cries of the Re-for-mahs,
And the blowing of their conch-shells,
And their brows grew dark as thunder,
For their council was divided,
Black on this side, white on that side,
Like the leaves of the red willow
When 'tis tossed by Mud-jee-kee-wis,
By the breathing of the west wind.

Then arose the medicine-maker,
The Kau-ka-syun BEN-DEE-ZEE:
"Wherefore are our hearts divided?
Wherefore are we twain in council?
Wherefore clutch we spear and war-club
'Gainst ourselves, and not our foemen?
Shall we, in the Lodge of Dow-nin,
Cut the throats of one another,
Nor unite to save our bacon,
Save our loaves and save our fishes,
Save our seats in pleasant places,
Save the hunting-grounds of Of-fis?
Let me go forth on the peace-path,
Let me deal with the Re-for-mahs.
I will make a mighty med'cine,
I will outwit JON-A-WO-BUN
And WILL-YOO-IT, called the Glad Stone;
From the med'cine-bag of Mo-shun
I will draw the yarn of glamour,
Wampum string of Re-so-lu-shun,
So that we shall have the glory,
And that they shall have the labour,
Of the shaping of the measure,
Of the fixing of the Fran-chees,
In the Wig-wam of West-min-stah,
In the Big Talk of the nation
For the land of the Yen-gee-zees,
And yet we shall save our places,
Keep the Bench of Tre-sor-ee-wah,
Keep the secret Lodge of Dow-nin!"

So went forth the med'cine-maker,
The Kau-ka-syun BEN-DEE-ZEE,
To the Wig-wam of West-min-stah,
To the Big Talk of the nation,
With the braves of the Tor-i-has,
Ranged in ordered ranks behind him,
One in name, but twain in council.
Fronting them, sat the Re-for-mahs,
In their war-paint and their feathers,
Many tribes and many colours;
Red-men painted with vermilion,
Followers of BRIGHT, the Big Tongue,
Some in neutral colour—Sha-kees—
Some in blue-and-buff,—Whig-a-mores,—
Of the tribe of JON-A-WO-BUN;

Some who all these colours blended—
Red and blue and buff and neutral,
As their hopes or humours prompted,
Or the hunt of loaves and fishes:
Many trusting in WILL-YOO-IT,
More who only said they trusted.
And WILL-YOO-IT, called the Glad Stone,
The Keneu, the Great-war-eagle,
Lean and lowering, in the van-ward,
O'er his hooked beak scowled scornful,
Knit his iron brows so ruthless,
Lit his keen eyes for the onset,
Set his thin lips hard for battle

Then out-stepped the med'cine maker,
The Kau-ka-syun, BEN-DEE-ZEE,
In the space betwixt the armies,
Of Tor-i-has and Re-for-mahs.
Very still and solemn looked he;
Black and bright, and sparsely scattered,
Curled his scalp-locks, cork-screw twisted:
Keen and cold, and like a serpent's,
The great serpent's, the Ken-a-beek's,
Glittered his black eye, sole life-spark
Of the dreamy, death-like features.
In his belt he bore no weapon,
Scalping knife, nor axe, nor war-club,
Spear nor arrow, nor yet long-bow,
Nought but medicine bag of Mo-shuns;
With his right-hand putting forward
The Peace-pipe, and in his left-hand,
Half displayed, hid half behind him,
Wampum-strings of Re-so-lu-shuns
Large and loose, thirteen in number.
Then his med'cine dance he measured,
And his med'cine music chaunted,
Slow, sonorous, high and hollow,
Till you would have said that butter
Would not in his mouth have melted:
While he blew his cloud of vapour,
The Puk-wa-na of the Peace-pipe;
Singing, how the war was ended,
'Twixt Tor-i-has and Re-for-mahs;
How the time was come to bury
The war-hatchet, Par-tee-quest-shum,
To shake hands and blow together
The Puk-wa-na of the Peace-pipe,
In the Wig-wam of West-min-stah
In the Big Talk of the nation.
Calling both sides' braves together
To prepare the magic measure,
Fix the wonder-working Fran-chees,
The Tor-i-has lending ballast,
The Re-for-mahs lending movement.
And that both might scheme and shape it,
Both Tor-i-has and Re-for-mahs,
Proffering medicine of his Mo-shuns,
Wampum string of Re-so-lu-shuns.

Eagerly, with rapt attention,
For awhile the warriors heard him,
Chaunting, heavily and hollow,
Spouting, slowly and sonorous,
Till attention grew to wonder,
Expectation to amazement,
"What the mischief is he up to?
What the dickens is he after?"
Then came weariness of wonder,
Of bewilderment came boredom,
And they said, "There is no magic
In his med'cine bag of Mo-shuns;
All is bosh and all is bunkum;
He is but a medicine-maker,
And his medicine is moonshine."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A DELIGHTED hearer observed of a very brilliant talker, that the flash of his wit was followed close by the peal of applause.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PARADISE.—Whippingham.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the next Meeting of The Medical Society of London a Paper will be read "On the Backbone of the Nation."

LOGICAL EXERCISE FOR LADIES.—Jumping to conclusions.



THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Bloated Saxon. "BUT SURELY, IS IT NOT THE FACT THAT OF LATE YEARS THE NUMBER OF ABSENTEES AMONG THE IRISH LANDHOLDERS IS NOT SO LARGE AS—"

Irish Guest. "OI BIG Y'R PAR-R-D'N, SOR! 'GIVE YE ME WOR-RD Y' HONOUR-R ME UN-HAPPEE COUNTRREE SWA-AR-RMS WITH 'M T TH' PRIS'NT T-HIME!!"

SANGER v. BEALES.

HAVING visited the Agricultural Hall during both the entertainments given there last week, we can confidently back MR. SANGER and his Hippodromatic company against MESSRS. BEALES and POTTER, and their stud of Demonstrationists. MR. SANGER'S *artistes*, male and female, know their business, and *his* clowns and ring-master understand what they are talking about. M. AVICE balances himself gracefully in mid-air more wonderfully than MR. POTTER in the periods of an *extempore* speech; and though MR. BEALES may be great in jumping over facts and through figures, we prefer the jumping of MR. SANGER'S Voltigeurs and MADEMOISELLE GAERTNER'S daring bounding act through balloons and over garters; and then, what is the cloudy vagueness of platform oratory to the graceful sweep of MADEMOISELLE ETHAIR'S veil, as she floats along, the bewitching sylph of the arena? Lastly, MR. SANGER welcomes us to a congress of all the European monarchs (from KING JOHN CHINAMAN, on his dragon, to QUEEN VICTORIA, on her magnificent car of triumph), including not only France and Prussia and Russia and Spain and Italy, but the POPE, drawn by donkeys, and the last unannexed Maharajah on his elephant. Now, against all these kings, what have MESSRS. BEALES and POTTER to set, but King People, who may be the source of all power, but, like most sources, gives one very little impression, as he is now, of what he is destined ultimately to swell into, and who is certainly seen to better advantage in most of his more usual characters and associations than in stopping the thoroughfares, in a Demonstration, or listening to inflated balderdash in the Agricultural Hall, afterwards.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

TO MR. VINING'S, the Princess's Theatre, which, in a measure, did much content me. The bills say that the author of the piece is MR. ROBERTSON, who wrote *Ours*; there is little in the dialogue to connect him with *this* piece. It is all about coal-mining and coal-miners. Punningly, the play should have been announced as *Mines*, by the author of *Ours*. It is such a melodrama as would have admirably suited a Minor, or rather, a miner theatre. The dialogue in the front of the house was as lively and clever as usual. I will now proceed to show you (as the Polytechnic lecturer says before the lights are turned down, and he does something sparkling in a jar with two gases) a view, before and behind the curtain, of *Shadow Tree Shaft*, which I may call *Shadow Tree Chaff*'d; or *Mining and Vining*.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Thorniworke's Cottage.* MICHAEL WOODYART makes love to KATIE through the window. You see as much of him as you do of a Punch-doll in the show. DARKYN, the villain, appears at window. Makes love to KATIE. Punch-doll again with his arms over the window-sill. His idea of a villain is to appear as if he only shaved twice a-week, and then carefully left a little bit of whisker on either side.

Darkyn (making love). I'll tell you a ghost story about Shadow-Tree Shaft. Once upon a time, &c., &c. The two men struggled, &c., &c., and the woman, &c., &c., and now every night at twelve o'clock, &c., &c. [KATIE screams.]

Enter LADY KENYON. They place a light in the window as a signal. Enter SIR WALTER KENYON, changes his coat. MR. VINING as Sampson, appears at the window.

Mr. Vining (as Sampson). I want a pipe-light. *Propria quæ maribus.* [Quotes from the Latin Grammar, and they immediately let him into the house.]

Mr. Vining (as Sampson, to Sir Walter). You are SIR WALTER KENYON.

Mr. Walter (presenting pistols). You know me.

Sir Vining (also with pistols). I do. But *verbum personale concordat cum nominativo.*

Sir Walter (not quite satisfied). Can I trust you?

Mr. Vining. Look at me. (*Sits on table knowingly.*) As in presenti perfectum format in avi!!!

[They shake hands, and SIR WALTER introduces him as an old friend. *Mr. Vining.* Yes, I'm a gentleman, disguised as a pugilist. Nothing left but my Latin and Greek. Amo, amas, amavi, amare.

Clever Person in Stalls (later on in the evening). But he doesn't give us any Greek.

Lady Kenyon (who doesn't care about the Latin Grammar). The soldiers!

Mr. Vining (readily). Come and disguise yourself as Slogger. (*Encouragingly.*) Rara avis in terris—all wait anxiously, and he resumes with decision)—nigroque simillima cygno.

[On hearing this SIR WALTER at once decides to disguise himself as Slogger. *Exeant omnes.*

SCENE 2.—*The Fair by Night.*

Katie (to Michael, her lover). Take this snow. (*Gives him a snow-ball, as affection's offering.*) And as this snow (*she speaks solemnly, and MICHAEL takes his hat off*) stays in your hand . . . (*horror-struck.*) Ha! see! it melts!!

[Which, being an uncommon phenomenon with snow when held in a warm hand, is evidently an omen of evil.]

Mr. Vining (knocking Darkyn down for trying to stab Michael). Romæ Tibur amem: ventosus, Tibure Roman.

Darkyn (who has been unconscious for half a minute). Who was that went into the booth? [He alludes to SIR WALTER in disguise.]

Enter Villagers quietly, and all suddenly dance.

Lady Kenyon (stopping them with a procession). Don't let me interrupt your festivities.

[They resume their dancing mechanically. It being late at night, it is probable that they all ought to be in bed, and are therefore rather sleepy over their steps.]

Enter CAPTAIN MILDMAJ (MR. J. G. SHORE) and Soldiers.

Military Swell (in Stalls). Aw—Irregular troops, eh? (*to his friend.*) I say—they weren't very particular in those days: aw—aw—one fellow's got whiskers, another hasn't; another's got a beard, and another has a moustache.

Lady. What date is it in? Isn't it the Young Pretender?

Military Swell (who has passed a first-class examination). Yes, I think so. (Hastily.) In The Tree, you know; and Jacobites.

[Thinks to himself what a Jacobite was, and if there was any king of the name of Jacob: determines to "look it up" when he goes home.

[Proclamation read, while MR. J. G. SHORE exhibits a pretty view of his picturesque coat-tails to the audience: ladies titter. DARKYN discovers SIR WALTER disguised as Slogger, and is about to tell CAPTAIN J. G. SHORE when the curtain suddenly descends.

Entr'acte.

Sprightly Lady (with eye-glasses). There's a panorama, moving presently. (To Gentleman of an Uncertain Memory.) There was something of the sort in—dear me.

Uncertain Gentleman. In—um—um—oh—(hits off) *Barnaby Rudge.* *Sprightly Lady.* No, no: *Streets of—Huguenots—Ara* (thinks) *Araby Rudge?* Wasn't it?

Uncertain Gentleman. Dear me, it's on the tip of my tongue—not Dickens—no—ah, of course (triumphantly) *Arrah-na-Pogue.*

One of the Family Party. Does BOUCICAULT play in this?

[With a general idea that MR. BOUCICAULT plays in everything. Her friend corrects her.

ACT II.

Chamber in the Priory.

Mr. Vining (to Sir Walter, who is still in difficulties). MICHAEL is exactly like you, disguise as MICHAEL. For, Titye tu patulae (convincingly) recubans sub tegmine (SIR WALTER hesitates, MR. VINING finishes decisively) fagi.

Hearing this, Sir Walter disguises himself as Michael, and then follows a panorama of the descent to the coal-mine, which commences like the penultimate scene of a pantomime, all in darkness, when the Clown says, "I've found you" (Band, Tiddly iddly-umit, &c.) Then in the coal-mine itself Captain Shore and two soldiers descend in the bucket, after the manner of three good fairies visiting demons, without large pantomime heads. Then Sir Walter escapes, and Darkyn stabs Michael in the bucket. When they are irritated, all the miners move simultaneously and growl.

SCENE 3.—*The Black Country* (which is all red on account of so many fires.)

Vining (to Lady Kenyon). 'Tisn't SIR WALTER who is killed—cry on. Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.

Lady Kenyon. Boohoo! hoo! hoo!

[Audience amused.]

Katie (recognising Michael). Ah!

Captain Shore. What's that?

Old Man (readily and intensely appreciating the joke). It's the sight of death.

[Audience amused again. Hit for the old man, who's only had to tell a vague story and show a secret door before this.]

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*The Chamber.*

Mr. Vining (as Sampson, to Captain J. G. Shore). Maxima debetur pueris. I am ROGER FENWICK MILDMAI!

Captain Shore. My Uncle!

[Vide Hamlet, with the addition of "Oh, my prophetic soul." Nothing comes of this discovery, but MR. VINING, as an Uncle would, exits through the secret door.]

SCENE 2.—*The Fir Coppice. A beautiful Snow Scene.*

Katie (taunting Darkyn). There's not a boy who knew you as a man, there's not a man who knew you as a boy, there's not a woman who knew you as a child, there's not a child—(DARKYN thinks it's a riddle, and sniggers)—who knew you as a baby—(DARKYN becomes bewildered, and grinds his teeth)—there's not a baby who knew you as a youth, there's not a youth—

[DARKYN unable to stand it any longer, gives it up and rushes at her. She dodges him and disappears. Enter, confronting him, MICHAEL, who literally "kicked the bucket" in Act II.]

ACT IV.

Next day after Winter. Summer. Strange climate.

SIR MICHAEL mistaken for WALTER, and SIR WALTER for MICHAEL. The Two Dromios. SIR WALTER going to be led off and shot. Enter

Mr. Vining. Monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen. Here he is.

[Produces COMIC MAN in muddy dress, who has brought the pardon. Comic Man (for whom, as he only comes on just at the end, the author has evidently been obliged to write a speech). And so, SIR WALTER, and so, MICHAEL—

[Audience begins to leave, not caring for the Funny Man's speech. *Mr. Vining* (cutting him short). And if our kind friends are only satisfied, then I can but repeat "Verbum personale concordat cum nominativo (looking at stalls and pit), in numero (boxes and dress circle), et personâ (gallery). [Applause. Curtain.]

BOTANY FOR FENIAN BOYS.



E heard an interesting lecture, having a relation to the subject of botany, delivered yesterday, by PROFESSOR VINEGAR, at Chester, to an audience chiefly consisting of Fenians, specially invited to attend in order to receive information which it concerned them to be acquainted with. The Professor said,—“The subject to which I would this evening direct your attention is that of a plant, which, though cultivated in this country, is a native of Persia, and is also indigenous in the East Indies; in making which observation I hope you will understand that I do

not mean to make a pun. For, indeed the theme of these remarks, the plant in question, is no joking matter; as some of you, if you don't take good care, will find.

Here are some specimens of this plant. I send them round for your inspection, that you may know it when you see it again. These specimens are dried, and that is the state in which you are most likely to make its acquaintance; but behind me on the wall you see plates of it as well. (The Professor pointed out the plates with his wand.) It is one

of the natural order Cannabaceae; which includes two genera, Cannabis and Humulus, of which last I shall only say that its principal species is that well-known flowering plant the hop, with the properties of which you are sufficiently familiar, and some of you, perhaps, considerably more familiar than that. The other is the Cannabis sativa, the particular one that I want to talk to you about. In a word, my friends, this plant, the Cannabis sativa, is commonly called Hemp.

Now this plant, Hemp, has a rank smell of a narcotic kind. The effluvia from the fresh herb affect the eyes and head; and the narcotic principle is, in the Indian variety of it, so powerfully developed as to produce intoxicating properties; it is employed for that purpose in the form of bhang or hashish by the natives, who madden and stupefy themselves with it till they become as frantic and senseless as some other people whom it is unnecessary to mention.

It is not, however, by Hemp, taken as a narcotic internally, that you are in any danger of being influenced, or affected. Its external application in a peculiar form is that which you appear, some of you, to be in a way to experience. The fibres of Hemp twisted into rope were in times past a remedy invariably resorted to for the suppression of those disorders in the body politic that come under the name of insurrection. A ligature was placed round the neck, and by a certain arrangement the patient was suspended for a time of some duration; at the end of which he was perfectly cured for his part: and his treatment was found to exercise a beneficial influence on others. The use of Hemp for this purpose has been for some time discontinued; but there is a state of things which, when past endurance, will assuredly necessitate its revival. Now, my worthy good friends, if you will allow me to call you so, you are going on in such a way as though you had made up your minds, and were determined to bring this state of things about. Permit me, in the mildest and most affectionate manner, to point out to you that you will, by-and-by, go so far in the road of rebellion that you will exhaust the patience of MR. JOHN BULL, and the consequence will be that, one of these fine mornings, we shall see a considerable party of you each depending by the neck from a cross-beam at the end of a line formed of fibres of the Cannabis sativa or Hemp, and vulgarly termed a halter. (Whoops, shrieks, yells, hisses, and a shower of orange-peel, amidst which the learned Lecturer retreated.)



“WHAT’S THE ODDS?”

Purchaser. “HE’S RATHER HEAVY ABOUT THE HEAD, ISN’T HE?”

Dealer (can’t deny it). “WELL, SIR! (Happy thought.) BUT Y’SEE, SIR, HE’LL HEV TO CARRY IT HISSELF!”

A LIBERAL BOROUGH.

HERE is a fine opening for a nice young man of business:—

THE Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Borough of Glossop will, at the next meeting of the Council, consider the appointment of a TOWN CLERK: salary £30 per annum for all business except parliamentary business and suits at law or in equity.

“Little to do, and plenty to get, as the soldier said when they ordered him fifteen hundred lashes.” Such would seem to be the notion of the office of town-clerk among the magnates of Glossop. What their politics may be, we do not care to ask; but in one sense, at any rate, a borough must be liberal which offers its town-clerk such a splendidly fine salary. Thirty pounds per annum! Only fancy that! And there are merely twenty thousand people in the borough! Their town-clerk must of course be a practising solicitor, and for his thirty pounds a-year will merely have to write some scores of letters every week, and to advise the Mayor and Aldermen on countless points of law, and to peruse and prepare no end of contracts and conveyances, and, indeed, to do at least nine-tenths of the law work of the borough. Who is there that bids for such a lucrative appointment? Don’t be backward, gentlemen of the law, in stepping forward. Only think how perfectly the business of the borough will be done, if the doing be but equal to the price which is paid for it!

Polygamy and Persecution.

IN MR. HEPWORTH DIXON’S interesting book on America we are informed that the Yankees contemplate making war upon the Saints, and breaking up the Mormon settlement of Utah. Had they not better abide by the principle of toleration, and let the Mormons remain unmolested on a basis of *Utah possidetis*?

TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.—Be well up in all that is required of you, but above all, never be deficient in the sinews—of war.

CHEAP, AND NOT OVER NICE.

A CORRESPONDENT cuts the following from the *Manchester Examiner*:—

ON SALE, very Cheap, a PULPIT, suitable for a small Chapel; also a quantity of Hooks and Rails for a butcher’s shop.

This seems rather an odd lot, as an auctioneer would say. But as misery acquaints a person with strange bed-fellows, so a Pulpit may occasionally be thrown into queer company. Still, a second-hand Pulpit is somewhat of a novelty; and we should think, to make it saleable, its pedigree should be described. We should fancy that high churchmen would hardly like to preach from the Pulpits of Dissenters. Actors have a saying that “the words are in the wig;” and doctrines may be found to have impregnated a pulpit. Were a Wesleyan to preach from the pulpit of a Puseyite, what a curious discourse might possibly be delivered!

Tory Slanders.

THE base, slanderous, and insolent assertion that on the day of the Manhood Suffrage Demonstration MR. BEALES (M.A.) intended to wear a coloured scarf, though he had informed an anxious universe that he proposed to wear a white one, was completely contradicted. We are, however, requested to state that there was no authority for the other malignant rumour that, a cold in the head threatening to disable MR. BEALES (M.A.) from making his triumphal march on the 11th, the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre offered as substitute for MR. BEALES (M.A.) the celebrated Donkey in *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*.

QUESTION FOR MR. DISRAELI.

WILL a Clergyman, holding more than one living, be entitled to a plurality of votes?



“COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING.”

Young Squire Dashborde (to his fiancée). “I SAY, LOO, WHEN WE START OUR MATRIMONIAL TANDEM, YOU KNOW—YOU’LL LET ME—THAT IS—I SHOULD LIKE TO—EH?—WHAT I MEAN—YOU WON’T MIND TAKING THE SHAFTS, WILL YOU?”

FOOL BRITANNIA!

AIR—“*Rule Britannia.*”

WHEN Britain first amazed did stand,
And strove full hard with might and main,
Her naval grants to understand,
Her conscience smote her in this strain:
“Fool BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA fooled by knaves!
Britons ever will be Routine’s slaves!”

“Nations not half so blest as thee
Are guarded well, whate’er befall—
Whilst thou art now, though great and free,
The scoff and byword of them all.
Fool BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA fooled by knaves!
Britons ever will be Routine’s slaves!”

“The land of NELSON and of BLAKE,
Exposed to every foreign stroke;
The foe whom erst we made to quake,
Derides our rotting ships of oak.
Fool BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA fooled by knaves!
Britons ever will be Routine’s slaves!”

“Lincoln’s M.P. they ne’er can tame;
All their attempts to put him down
Will but arouse his righteous blame,
And show which way the money’s flown.
Fool BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA fooled by knaves!
Britons ever will be Routine’s slaves!”

“Mismanagement and jobbery reign.
Old ships are tinkered up for new,
And then sent forth upon the main,
Unfit for work they’ve got to do.
Fool BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA fooled by knaves!
Britons ever will be Routine’s slaves!”

“When shall an honest Board be found,
These crying evils to repair?
When shall our ships be good and sound?
And cost a price that’s right and fair?
Fool BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA fooled by knaves!
Britons ever will be Routine’s slaves.”

SHORTLY to be Published, *Flirtations for the Season, or the new Belle’s Life in London.*

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

BARON BRISSÉ, in *La Liberté*, publishes daily a fresh bill of fare, as a guide to Parisian Housekeepers, which that well-informed light of the evening, the *Glowworm*, reproduces diurnally for the benefit of Londoners enfranchised and unenfranchised. *Mr. Punch*, never above taking a hint, hastens to supply a want; namely, that of a weekly menu of breakfasts, luncheons, teas, and suppers. In return for this condescension, he pledges himself to give all offers to supply him with dinners his immediate consideration. He has, as the theatrical advertisers say, several dates still open. He wishes to call it

THE POOR MAN’S FRIEND.

Menu for Week ending February 23rd.

Breakfast for One Person.—Champagne, in pints; a round of beef, as an appetiser; one dozen fresh eggs; two dozen oysters; the tongues of five young buffaloes under two years of age, stewed in milk, nutmeg, onions and rice.

This is the overture or preparation to the more serious work of the morning. Of course you have had your cup of chocolate early with dry toast. We now come to the breakfast proper.

Breakfast for One. Old English style.—Two capons stuffed with turkey-cocks, peaches, lemons, spices, and a baked ptarmigan, (to be eaten quickly, first). Beverage, metheglin, (one pint).

On reference to a mediæval work on gastronomy, we find metheglin described as “a generous liquor, one part honey to three of water.”

Five reindeers stewed whole, with pomegranates stuffed with sugar-canes. Iced cream.

Luncheon should be a more solid meal than the former. Ox roasted; lambs à la Polyphème; boiled pig and chestnuts stuffed with truffles, the truffles stuffed with oysters, the oysters stuffed with citron and brown sugar. Rabbits à la H.E.H. the Prince of Wales. One course of Butter Scotch. Cheese.

Beverages.—Cup à la Reine de Navarre; composed of Champagne, brandy, curaçoa, apples, bass, flavoured with tomato, rum, pine apple and best Jamaica ginger, and about a quart of old Madeira.

In the afternoon (about five o’clock) tea, with Devonshire cream; muffins, with greengage jam and compôt d’abricots; chocolate, iced coffee, crumpets stewed in Malmsey.

Dinner.—Vide BARON BRISSÉ’S recipes.

Supper.—1st Course. Hare and tortoise soup. Iced Punch.

2nd Course. Green fat, alone. Burgundy.

3rd Course. Larded veal, braised with mutton cutlets, venison, spring chickens.

4th Course. Ducklings’ tongues in sparkling Moselle.

5th Course. Patties of marrow. Hock.

6th Course. Two bottles of old Port, grilled bones, kidneys stuffed with olives, fried soles, and Severn trout.

7th Course. Brawn, boiled in oil of Provence.

8th Course. Plum pudding, with light cutlets of wedding cake. Madeira.

The whole to be washed down with a bottle of Audit ale warm and spiced. Then to bed.

Say that the above serves for the Sunday meals. It might be repeated every day in the week.

On Monday, however, it may be followed by this recipe:—

2 Pil. nocte dieque. Haust. nigrum. mane emend. et repetendum quotidie, dum iterum bene. tunc ite ad latus maris.}

For further particulars vide aliquem Doctorem.

Persevere.

MR. SEELY is right. His views of Naval matters may justly be termed orthodox. He is master of his subject, and not at sea. The Admiralty must be thrown overboard.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



COMPLAININGS against France were made in both Houses on Monday, February 18th. In the Lords a man so named was invited to the bar for printing something offensive to LORD REDESDALE about a Mold Railway (we suppose this is an embankment) and in the Commons a country so named was abused for making England pay £116,000 towards the expenses of the Paris Exhibition. Nobody could say who was responsible for letting us into this hole, but we made faces, and voted £50,000 of the sum. It is a flea-bite, of course, as MR. DISRAELI would

say, but even flea-bites are unpleasant to most people.

Habeas Corpus is again suspended in Ireland. LORD ESSEX recommended that severe examples should be made of Fenian leaders. LORD DERBY said, properly, that every case must be judged on its own merits, and, humanely, that nobody could wish to be very severe with minor offenders. In the Commons, on the debate on the subject, MAJOR KNOX was rather explosive about the "ruffians," and he wished the Act suspended for a year. MR. BRIGHT said that such sentiments were atrocious. MR. LYSTER O'BRIEN wished that Government would show their sense of the loyalty of the Catholic Clergy by repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. Practically it is repealed, the Romish titles are used as matter of course, CARDINAL CULLEN dines with the LORD LIEUTENANT, ARCHBISHOP MANNING visits LORD SHARTESBURY, and if MR. WHALLEY does not call himself General of the Jesuits, we presume that he has his own reasons—we should not prosecute him.

Desperate efforts were made to extract some more information out of MR. DISRAELI, on Reform, but he blandly refused to spoil the exquisite pleasure which the House was to receive on the following Monday in hearing his revelations *en bloc*. MR. GLADSTONE felt obliged to record a sort of renewed protest, but he added something not calculated to please sundry. It may be remembered that he refused to join the Liberals in throwing out the Conservative Reform Bill of 1859, and to-night he made it clear that he thought those who rejected that measure, and showed no earnestness about carrying another in 1860, were humbugs. "Such conduct," he said, "must not be repeated." The BRIGHT and BEALES lot, who are incessantly roaring for the expulsion of the present Ministry, will not exactly enjoy this backhander.

The Dog Duty is to be reduced and made uniform. All dogs are to pay five shillings. And the police should have power to capture and slay all dogs whose owners cannot produce their receipts. We cannot see why a stamped collar should not be ordained. It might be made an article of *luxure* for Moppet, and Tatters, and Grimm, and Foxey, and Snubbs, and Bogey, and Dot, and the rest of the canine aristocracy, and a simple badge for the watch-dog, and the cart-dog, and their plebeian friends.

MR. DISRAELI gave an interesting account of the Blacas Collection, which Government, with spirit and wisdom, secured for the Museum for £45,700, making other Governments savage at England's having carried off the prize. MR. GLADSTONE congratulated him on the act, and incidentally introduced a graceful compliment to MR. MILL, for his splendid address, at St. Andrew's, on Education. MR. MILL is an Elephant. Yes, the remark is perfectly polite, and is intended as a compliment. An elephant can root up an oak, or pick up a pin. MR. MILL can command plaudit from MR. GLADSTONE, yet can actually condescend to be understood by MR. BEALES.

LORD NAAS, having returned from his Anti-Fenian campaign, introduced a Tenant Right Bill for Ireland. It is in the right direction, but was pronounced to be too mild, and also too complicated.

Tuesday. LORD CARNARVON, in a very good speech, moved the Second Reading of the Bill for uniting Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. They will form a very noble Confederation, and we are glad to know that the scheme is their own. HER

MAJESTY would now be Queen of America, had the advisers of GEORGE THE THIRD, and the British Nation of that day (no skulking, MRS. NATION, you were just as bigoted and arrogant as your leaders) showed the same wisdom as has been manifested by the late and present Ministers. LORD CARNARVON finished neatly by hoping that it might long be said of Canada—

"Magnæ sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbrâ!"

She is quite welcome, we are sure, to stand under her great Mamma's big umbrella, which is quite another thing from the cold shade of the aristocracy.

MR. MILL gave a Reform notice worth notice. He means to propose that electors (in number to be fixed) shall be able to combine with one another, to elect their own representative, by which means he considers that real representation of every elector will be obtained. His argument on this proposal will be interesting.

Punch, of course, abstained from reference to the terrible disaster on the Regent's Park ice, inasmuch as he never touches a painful subject unless there is an object to be gained by his doing so. [Many of his well-meaning correspondents do not quite understand this, but his Millions do, and appreciate his occasional reticence.] He merely records, as a Parliamentary incident that LORD JOHN MANNERS proposes to fill up the Ornamental Lake, so as to leave it a depth of four feet only. It is to be hoped that he will do it at once, and not wait to poison the Park by disturbing the foul mud when the summer sun is upon it.

MR. SEELY did good service by a long and elaborate exposure of the "System" at the Admiralty. It put *Mr. Punch* into such a rage that he was just going off to that establishment to whack everybody whom he might find on the premises, when he recollected that it was late, and that he should not find anybody. In the morning he had forgotten all about it. JOHN BULL will behave in exactly the same manner. The usual Government excuses and promises were offered, and a few damaging admissions were made. But what does JOHN care about the squandering and the bad ships? Some day, when he wants a fleet in good condition, he will not find one, and then he will want to hang the Department. He had much better overhaul its accounts, now.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES brought in a Bill for restricting certain Sunday traffic. Much of it, no doubt, is needless, and, as he said, nobody wants to buy bull-dog puppies and iron bedsteads on Sunday. The Bill is not to affect the sale of liquors. Now, this is a police Bill, and therefore MR. HUGHES might properly introduce a clause providing that people in Lambeth and elsewhere, who use false weights and measures on Sunday, or any other day, shall be set in the stocks, but not be pelted except for a second offence. This is tempering justice with mercy.

Wednesday. A Scottish mystery. The Edinburgh people will not pay a tax called Ministers' money. But then they do pay it. But the receipts are given as for something else. This device was considered masterly, and quieting. MR. D. M'LAREN will not be quieted, and wishes to disturb the arrangement. MR. MONCRIEFF defended it. The House was with him, 107 to 74.

The Ladies' Gallery in the Commons was badly ventilated, it seems, but has been improved, and all attention is to be given to it. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE asked whether the brass lattice-work could not be removed. LORD JOHN MANNERS said that MR. OSBORNE had raised a very delicate question, and an off-hand reply could not be given. *Mr. Punch* cannot understand why the bigoted Commons cannot imitate the example of the liberal Lords, who not only admit ladies, but do it handsomely, and as becomes gentlemen. Why not assign the front rows of the two galleries, right and left, to the ladies? The sight would be much prettier than that of recumbent senators, snoring away with their hats over their faces and their trousers wriggled up, to the disclosure of their ugly socks. If MR. BERNAL OSBORNE will make a motion to this end, *Mr. Punch* will back him up; and though neither gentleman can be higher in the estimation of the ladies than now, it will be pleasant to earn new smiles from those who alone make life tolerable. [*Winks.*]

Thursday. LORD ST. LEONARDS moved the Second Reading of the LIS PENDENS Bill. This Lis is not a young lady, as many may suppose, but is the title of a Bill intended to cure a defect in the Companies' Winding-up Act. *Lis* is the Latin for an action at law, and *vide* in PLAUTUS, *Nostra omnis lis est*—We have won the day. *Pendens* is the Latin for hanging, or depending, and *vide* in CICERO, *Causæ ex æternitate pendentes*—Chancery suits. "With several other classical remarks which I don't remember at present," as MR. ROBERT KEELEY used to observe in that remarkable composition, *Our New Governness*.

My Lords had a little Reform Debate, initiated by LORD CAMPBELL, who moved a resolution that it was not necessary that all boroughs should return Members by the same qualification. But the House did not regard this Nibble with favour, and it came to nothing. Note, however, that LORD GREY rather approved of Reform Resolutions, that EARL DERBY stated that there was no intention of transferring political power to the Numerical Majority, and that EARL RUSSELL

saw objections and advantages in Resolutions, but professed utter inability to understand those of MR. DISRAELI.

MR. HARDY'S meritorious Bill about the Sick Poor was discussed and read a Second Time. The Guardians have put the screw on some of the Metropolitan Members, who made certain conventional pleas in favour of those Highly Respectable Men, but the House understood all about it. Bumbledom is getting an instalment of the kicks due to it, and shall not, if *Punch* can help it, be cheated of the balance.

Friday. Both Houses congratulated the QUEEN on the birth of a Princess to the House of the Heir-Apparent. *Mr. Punch* joins nobody, but sends his own dignified congratulations to Marlborough House and Windsor Castle.

The Commons made a very long night of it. They growled over the splendid (and costly) proposals by the Architects who are competing for the New Law Courts. *Mr. Punch* is not extravagant, but he must suggest that when a grand edifice, to adorn London for a thousand years or more, is in question, we owe it to the Ages to think less of the money than of the result. We are scattering our coin broadcast, wasting it in absurdities, and being robbed of it by jobbery, and our effort at saving should be in an official direction, not in stunting a temple which ought to be a Splendour.

A debate on Mysore—satisfactory—a capital speech by SIR ROUNDELL PALMER on reform in administration of justice, law we mean—another vain attempt on DISRAELI'S taciturnity—and the passing the suspension of the H. C. in Ireland, occupied the Commons until nearly two in the morning. Whatever may be said of Parliament, it can sit up late like a gentleman, as MR. DISRAELI says in *Comingsby*.

LOVE v. LITTLE-GO.

Cambridge, February, 1867.



WEETEST AND DEAREST ONE,—As that great and anxious event is now so rapidly approaching again for those of us who failed last time from circumstances beyond our control, I mean our Little-go, that bane of our existence and the one cloud that damps the elastic spirits of Junior Sophs, (which I musttellyoumeans undergraduates in the second year as myself), I must seize this present opportunity of writing to tell you that you must not be too sanguine of my success. I know

too well that your fond heart imagines all perfection to be centred in me in the same way that I regard you as an angel; but unfortunately, though a very pleasant subject for thought, you are a sad hindrance to my studies for this dreadful examination. If I open my *Cicero pro Milone*, you are *MILIO*, my love, and I tell the State if they banish you, they drive away myself, for you are incorporated in my existence. If I open my *Xenophon* I am making expeditions with my troops for delicacies to delight your appetite. You are my Divinity, dearest, this time you are my *MARK*, and if I fail this year, I shall come to you next for a *LUKE*. I thought, in my dream last night, that the Examiner, wandering from his subject as usual, asked me who was *CALEB'S* son, to which I answered *HERB*. I tried my *Paley*, but could get no further than the first consideration, for that was you. If I ever look at my Grammar, you are the only proper construction, you are my personal pronoun and my best relative, you are my much-wished-for conjunction. I can never parse you by, as I do my Verbs, for your voice is always Active, and your mood is Potential. In my thoughts you are present, though perfect, you are the first person and yet the second, but always singular in your beauty and love. In my *Euclid* your happiness is my "problem," your love is my "Theorem," and that you should ever prove faithless to me my "*reductio ad absurdum*." In my Arithmetic I fare still worse: my Interest all flies away to you, you are the Addition to my happiness, the Subtraction from my loneliness, the Multiplication of my income, and the Division of my care. You are all Profit to me and no Loss, and the safest Investment I ever made: you are no Vulgar Fraction, but

the sum total of my existence. In my study of Ratio I puzzle myself with this question, "If I am to you as you are to me, what is the rest of the world to both of us?" These are my troubles, dearest, these my painful anxieties that keep me from progress in my studies. Yet perish Little-go, perish Degree Examinations, Voluntary, Bishops and all, if only you whose very name thrills through me with passionate emotion, will admit that you are satisfied, and confer upon me the Honour Degree, not of a foolish Bachelor of Arts, but of a husband of one heart, and that your own. And now, dearest, though I could write to infinity on that dear subject of yourself, with very fondest love believe me,

Yours, for ever,

CAPTUS AMORE.

SUPPLIANTS IN SOUTHWARK.

In a lately published list of "Public Petitions," there occurs an interesting entreaty presented to the House of Commons:—

"By MR. LOCKE, from 318 tradesmen of the borough of Southwark, complaining of the present arbitrary and unjust mode of inspecting weights and measures, and praying for a searching investigation into the subject, with a view of so amending the law that the standard may hereafter be kept correct; that power may be given to magistrates to dismiss trivial complaints where no fraud or injustice was committed or intended; that the penalties and costs may not in future be given to persons laying information and otherwise enforcing the law, and that the duties of inspectors may be accurately defined"

Part of this prayer will perhaps be granted by the House, while the remainder of it the winds will most likely disperse in air. Parliament may be expected very willingly to order a searching investigation into the present mode of inspecting weights and measures, which possibly is rather uncertain and inadequate than arbitrary and unjust. The Legislature will probably be quite willing to appoint that investigation with a view of so amending the law that the standard may hereafter be kept correct, and likewise that small shopkeepers may be kept correctly thereto. Nor is it likely to refuse the concession to Magistrates of power to dismiss trivial complaints where no fraud or injustice is committed or intended, at the same time conceding to them the power to inflict severer punishments than they now can on rogues unmistakably guilty of cheating or intending to cheat. An accurate definition of the duties of inspectors, unhappily necessitated by the great commonness of false weights and short measures in the possession of tradespeople in a small way of business, is a boon which the collective wisdom will doubtless be disposed to confer—if it can.

But as to the request that the penalties and costs incurred by the use of fraudulent scales, weights, and measures may not in future be given to informers, and persons otherwise enforcing the law, this both Lords and Commons will surely agree in leaving to be dealt with by KING ÆOLUS and his ministers. Indeed it is a point on which the petitioners must hope for no more favourable answer than "You be blowed!"

Perhaps, indeed, the Legislature, in its wisdom, will see fit to double the fines of which a share is to be obtained by bringing falsifiers of weights and measures to justice, and will, moreover, subject those rascals to a long term of imprisonment and hard labour.

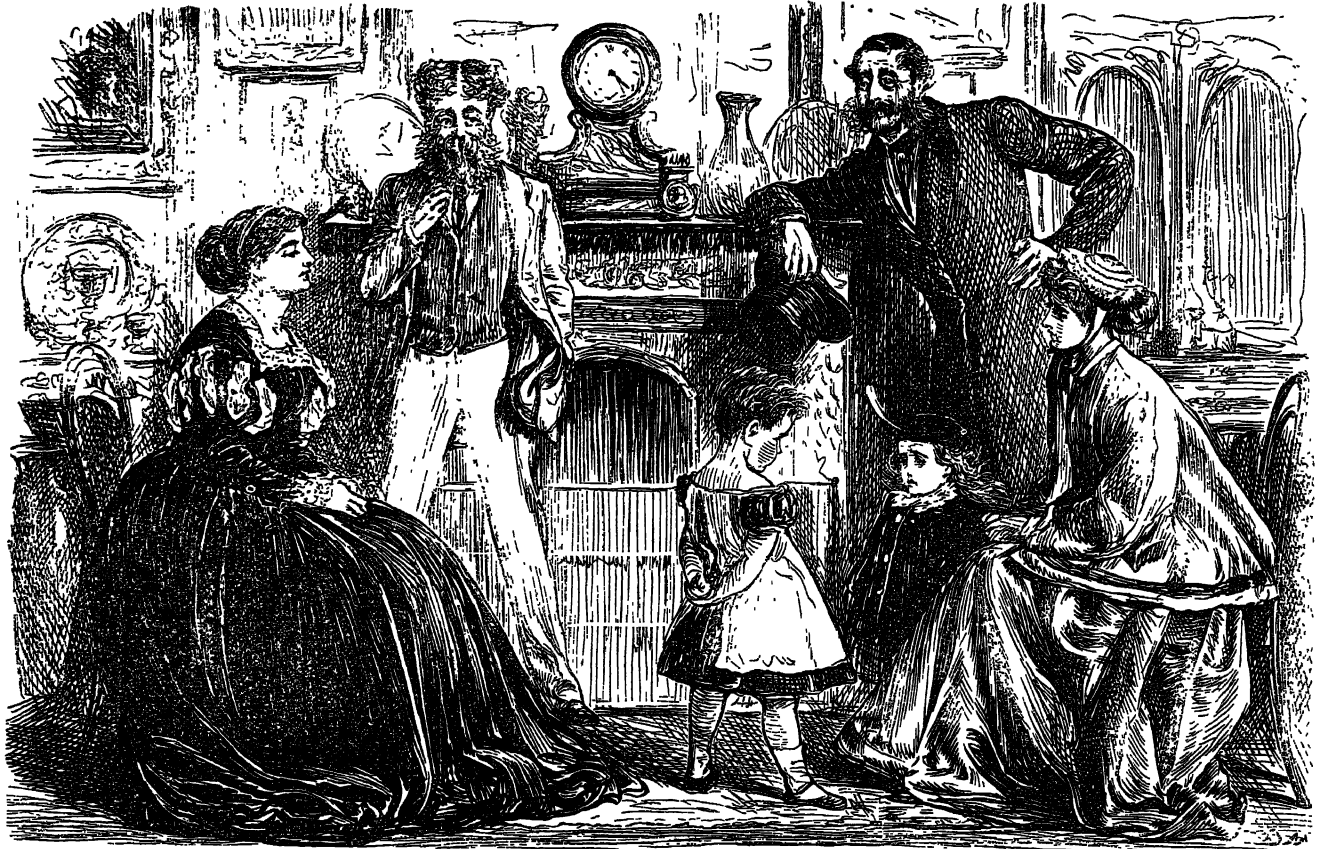
A SUGGESTION FOR MR. SPURGEON.

At the Newington Sessions, a few weeks ago, sixty-two tradesmen of the neighbourhood were convicted of having in their possession false scales, weights, and measures. Their united fines amounted to more than £150. Beneath one of the scales its ingenious proprietor had affixed "a piece of putty;" to the bottom of another his compeer in cleverness had fastened "a religious tract and some dripping." The putty was pretty well for a make-weight; but perhaps the religious tract with some dripping did better. The religious tract might have been heavy enough to serve the purpose which it was applied to, without the dripping; but then it would not have stuck. To give the religious tract the requisite adhesiveness, the rogue, whom no doubt it had previously edified, was obliged to combine it with grease. In its own way, perhaps, it was greasy enough before it received that addition. Religious tracts, popular in the neighbourhood of Newington, have mostly an unctuousness of their own. MR. SPURGEON will perhaps instruct his local hearers that this should suffice them. Peradventure he will admonish them that a tract which is unctuous in itself is fat enough, and that loading it besides with dripping, to stick it under scales with, is cutting it too fat.

Pretty Compliment.

LET rival Church and Chapel claim
You, MELLOR, as a son;
Like every English Judge, you are
An Independent one.

TOPOGRAPHICAL DEFINITION.—Cavendish Place. A Tobacco pipe.



PHYSICAL STRENGTH v. INTELLECT.

Tom (who has been "shut up" by the Crichton-like accomplishments of his cousin Augustus). "I TAN'T SING, AND I TAN'T 'PEAK FRENSS—BUT I TAN PUNSS YOUR 'ED!"

A BLOCK ON THE LINE.

OUR five-million-horse-power Engine
Called "Reform" is off the rails;
On the sleepers hard impinging,
Hindering passengers and mails!
Stopping trains it ought to quicken,
Staying work it ought to do,
Every hour it lingers, thicken
Block, bad language, strain and stew.
Can't we heave the Engine back
From the sleepers to the track?

Hustling, bustling, bawling, brawling,
Calling one another names,
'Gainst each other pully-hawling,
Spoiling one another's games!—
This is not the way to do it,
Yet 'tis work that *must* be done:
The steam's up, and we shall rue it,
If she bursts ere she can run.
Come,—a long pull and a strong,
All together, can't be wrong!

How she frets, and fumes and whizzes!
Well her safety valve is free:
Let her blow off—while she fizzes
No blow-up we're like to see:
All the same it is a pity
So much steam should go to waste,
Only deafening the city,
Hindering, not helping, haste.
Still if we must choose, once more,
Roar or ruin, let's have roar.

How now, mates? Not yet done talking?
Jawing yet 'bout schemes and skills!

Work, or else your chinks be walking,
And leave room for better wills.
Long pull, strong pull, pull together!
Never was more need, I trow;
Clap on to the tackle tether,
With a will, heave, high and low!
Wherefore waste in squabble sore
Strength, that's wanted—all, and more?

LITTLE JOHNNY, lend your best,
Learnt from eighteen thirty-two:
BRIGHT expand your ample chest,
Not to cuff, but help things through.
LOWE, your centre-bit of brain
And your lamp of logic bring;
GLADSTONE, with your sinewy strain
Strengthen DIZZY's looser string—
Union's strength, and strength prevails,
Hoist the Engine on the rails!

Jerusalem the Stuff.

IN the Lower House of Convocation, the other day, SIR HENRY THOMPSON presented a gravamen from himself. It represented that the Jerusalem Chamber, which the Lower House sits in, is too small for its occupants, and badly ventilated; and therefore prayed the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY to convene that Reverend House in some other chamber, or suitable building. If the Jerusalem Chamber does not suit the Lower House of Convocation, they might find one which, for any purpose that they answer, would be suitable enough, at Jericho.

UNEXPECTED DEPARTURE.

AT the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, on the morning off he 14th instant, the SEA BEAR. His end was a hook, which he had swallowed. Naturalists will not be pleased to receive this intimation.



A BLOCK ON THE LINE.

SUPERINTENDENT BULL. "COME, LOOK ALIVE! I *MUST* HAVE THE RAIL CLEARED. THERE ARE NO END OF TRAINS DUE."

JOHNNY RUSSELL. "IT'S MY JOB, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE."

JOHN BRIGHT. "HIS JOB! BEST LEAVE IT TO ME AND MY MATES."

BEN DIZZY. "OUR GANG'LL MANAGE IT, IF YOU'LL LEND A HAND, BILL GLADSTONE."

A SWEET THING IN CHIGNONS.

UNCLE TEAZLE. FANNY.

Uncle. Now, my dear FANNY, it is your birthday. Let me see, how old are you? Not yet arrived at years of discretion, eh? Well, my dear, here is a little present for you—a little scientific instrument. Science is fashionable now, you know. Here is a microscope, to study minute botany with—and entomology.

Fanny. Oh, thank you, Uncle!

Uncle. Entomology; science of insects, you know. Minute entomology; of insects not visible to the naked eye. Mites in cheese, for instance.

Fanny. Nasty, horrid things!

Uncle. Well, if you like better, diminutive water-insects; the water-flea and the cyclops—and such. But I suppose you would wish to eschew mites. I mean not eat them?

Fanny. Oh, yes, Uncle!

Uncle. Then you should examine your cheese. With this you can. Other things also, besides cheese. There is cheese—and there are chignons.

Fanny. "Chignons" and "cheese" sounds funny.

Uncle. Yes, my dear. Alliteration. But cheese and chignons have more in common than Ch. However, you think chignons are "the cheese," eh?

Fanny. They are the fashion, Uncle, dear.

Uncle. Yes; they are the fashion. So were "fronts" in my young days. Both false hair. Wise ladies then wore it before; now they wear it behind. The dandies of the day used, as they said, to quiz it.

Fanny. Quiz?

Uncle. Yes. It was one of their slang words—derived from looking through an eye-glass, called a quizzing-glass. Meant to inspect, as it were, and ridicule. Now, their successors, the swells, quiz chignons. But you can quiz your chignon yourself—with your microscope.

Fanny. Why should I, Uncle?

Uncle. To see if it contains any gregarines.

Fanny. Gregarines! Law, I should think they were pretty.

Uncle. No, my dear, they are parasites. Parasites of parasites.

Fanny. Now, nonsense, Uncle. I know what a parasite is: "One who frequents rich tables, and earns his welcome by flattery."—DR. JOHNSON.

Uncle. "The little fleas have other fleas, and smaller fleas to bite 'em. Those smaller fleas have lesser fleas; and so *ad infinitum*." Fleas are parasites. But gregarines are not fleas.

Fanny. I should hope not. But what are they, then?

Uncle. "Little dark brown knots," my love, which "are seen at the free end of the hair, and may even be distinguished by the naked eye. These are gregarines." They are the discovery of a M. LINDEMANN, a Russian professor, whose country has doubtless afforded him a fine field for observation in this branch of zoology.

Fanny. Zoology, Uncle?

Uncle. Yes, my dear. These little dark-brown knots are not inanimate objects.

Fanny. Ugh!

Uncle. They "have a most ignoble ancestry and habitation, being found in the interior of"—

Fanny. What?

Uncle. Never mind. They are, as I said, parasites of parasites. "They are not easily destroyed. They resist the effects of drying and even of boiling." Nothing, in short, but corrosive things that injure the hair will kill them.

Fanny. Oh, the horrid things! Oh, the abominable, dreadful, disgusting, nasty creatures!

Uncle. According to M. LINDEMANN, seventy-six per cent. of the false hair used for chignons in Russia is infested with them.

Fanny. That's enough, Uncle!

Uncle. In the conditions of a ball-room he says, they grow and multiply; fly about in millions, get inhaled, drop on the refreshments—in fact—

Fanny. Oh, Uncle, don't say any more, please. Stand out of the way from the grate, do. I won't wear the thing another moment. (*Tears off her Chignon.*)

Uncle. Stay; wouldn't you like to examine it?

Fanny. No! There! (*Flings it into the fire.*) There's an end of it!

Uncle. And its inhabitants. Well done, FANNY! Let it blaze—with them. And now, by way of substitute for a chignon at your poll, to wear a chaplet, circlet, or whatever you call it, on your crown, here, take this bank-note. Now you will show that you have a taste of your own, and leave gregarious young ladies to wear chignons with gregarines.

(*Scene closes.*)

THE FIRST WEED.

The practice of smoking is of older date than is generally supposed. Every schoolboy has heard of the *Baccha* of EURYPIDES.

AN ADDITION TO THE ADMIRALTY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE other day, for fun, I took up a newspaper and read one of the debates in Parliament. It was about the Admiralty. Well, I was astonished to see the extravagance and mismanagement that have been exposed in ship-building. MR. SEELY says the *Frederick William* cost £231,691. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON declares he cannot make out that she cost more than £197,000. Only fancy! I wish I had the difference between those sums. It would make one's husband and children happy if living in moderate style, and it would be enough to make many poor families comfortable for life. What bad accounts the Admiralty must keep when their expenses are calculated so unequally! All this would be avoided if they would only always pay their bills and file them regularly every week.

Then in one dookyard an article which costs only 14s. 3d. amounts to £1 11s. in another. So there must be cheating either in quality or price, and perhaps there is in both. And then all manner of stores and things go nobody knows how. All this SIR JOHN PAKINGTON admits is owing to "a certain laxity with which the whole system is carried on." The laxity is certain enough. And he says he is "contemplating measures" which he hopes will check that laxity. I am afraid, *Mr. Punch*, that he is not contemplating the only measure which can possibly check it. What they want at the Admiralty is somebody to go shopping, that knows how to deal with the contractors and other tradesmen, and take care they do not cheat. They want one who would see that everything was locked up, and then they would have none of that waste going on, which is perfectly dreadful. In short, besides those Lords of the Admiralty, that know nothing about management, if you want things properly seen to, you must have a Lady of the Admiralty.

And yet here is Government bringing forward a string of Resolutions to hang a Reform Bill on, not one of which proposes to give us so much as a vote for Members of the House of Commons, where by right we ought to have seats; because who can possibly be so well acquainted as we are with the business of the House? There was a time, too, when they thought no lady could know Latin; but now, my dear *Mr. Punch*, I know you will not stare at the signature, in a female hand, of

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

P.S. If I were Lady of the Admiralty, of course I should give balls every week in the season.

P.P.S. But not out of the public money.

PIETY AND PROPERTY.

AN eye to real piety is often found accompanying an eye to real property; and a regard for Christian character is not seldom united with a sharp look out for cash. Else we should not see so frequently advertisements like this:—

A CHRISTIAN gentleman wishes to meet with a LADY of decided piety, to keep his house. Preference will be given to one having a little property of her own, as no salary can be given, but a comfortable home may be depended on. Address, including carte, M. P., &c.

Doubtless, preference will be given to a pretty face as well as to a pretty property; or the applicant would not be asked to send her carte. Indeed, we fancy the advertisement should have been headed "MATRIMONIAL," and we believe the "Christian Gentleman" would not be found particular in the matter of the piety, if the property of the lady were placed beyond all doubt.

A CAREFUL CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

Is it not by law "defended," as the French say, to send children up chimneys? If so, should not Master Chimney Sweeps be hauled over the coals for sweeping chimneys thus:—

"WILLIAM BURGESS, Chimney Sweeper, No. 36, Bolton Street, Chorley ** flatters himself with having boys of the best size for such branch of business suitable for a Tunnal or Chimney, and that it is now in his power to render his assistance in a more extensive manner than he usually has done. He also carries his boys from room to room occasionally, to prevent them staining or marking any room floor with their feet."

WILLIAM BURGESS is extremely careful of the carpets, but does his carefulness extend to the boys he carries over them? Of course it may be urged that lads get used to soot, as well as eels to skinning. But is it not a cruelty to make boys climb a chimney? and is it not rather cheeky in a Chimney Sweep to snap his sooty fingers at the law, and send about a "card" like that which we have quoted? For fear that the Humane Society should hear of it, we recommend this WILLIAM BURGESS, in proclaiming what his practice is, to do so *sotto voce*.

POETICAL LICENCE.—A Music Hall's.



LITTLE HEATHEN!

Arthur (coming out of church). "MAMMA, HOW PRETTY THAT LAMP AND ALL THE OTHER LIGHTS AND FLOWERS WERE! WAS IT A PANTOMIME?"

THE RIGHTS OF REFORM.

BOB LOWE, thou dearest friend of BRIGHT'S,
In politics have no men rights?
Then A has no more right than B,
Which latter hath as much as he.
How much? The right of doing nought?
Nay, but of doing what he ought.
So rights and duties are the same,
And every man the right can claim
Of doing that for which he's fit,
If he do right in doing it;
The right in making laws to bear,
In due proportion, such a share
That neither Capital, nor Labour,
Nor Land shall overrule its neighbour.
Read the Reform Bill now that places
Reform exactly on this basis:
But, on a broader or a straiter,
Read that which puts it six months later.

OLD QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

WHY does a miller wear a white hat? Not always to keep his head warm. In hot weather he wears it to keep his head cool. A miller wears a white hat because he cannot help it; or because it pleases him.

A herring and a half for three-halfpence, how many herrings for threepence? Not necessarily three. The values of the halves of a herring may be unequal. One selling at a halfpenny, the other may sell at a penny or a farthing. Besides, one whole herring would probably fetch more than the sum of the prices of its two halves sold separately.

Who was the father of ZEBEDEE'S children? For aught we know, MRS. ZEBEDEE'S first husband.

Where was MOSES when he put the candle out? In the daylight very likely. Perhaps he had lighted the candle to seal a letter.

The Age of Steam.

A FINE old English gentleman, seeing the numerous large advertisements which adorn the Metropolis, remarked with joy that the days of *posting* had returned.

PERSECUTION AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

THE subjoined telegram, which has appeared in a daily paper, is evidently the communication of a bigot:—

"DISTURBANCE AT WOLVERHAMPTON. (By Telegraph).—A man named WILLIAM MURPHY, secretary to the Protestant Electoral Union, while lecturing at Wolverhampton last evening against Popery, was opposed by a number of Irishmen, who shouted for half an hour, and then commenced an attack on the lecturer and his supporters with broken-up chairs."

In saying that the faithful Irish attacked the lecturer and his supporters with broken-up chairs, the author of the foregoing statement, fanatic as he must be, can never have meant to accuse them of employing material weapons in religious discussion. By broken-up chairs this perverse Protestant merely intends, in a clumsy figure of speech, to signify the usual arguments which Roman Catholics are wont to rest upon, refuted long ago, as he thinks in his prejudiced stupidity. Instead of using violence to convert their adversaries, the devout Irishmen, of course, betook themselves to intercession; and his assertion that they shouted for half-an-hour is founded on a mere misapprehension of the fact, that, during all that space of time, they were reciting prayers. In the conclusion of his story, however, there is no doubt too much that is literally true:—

"The police rushed in, and six rioters were arrested. The lecturer was sent off with a police escort. Some Magistrates were present."

Yes. We know what justice zealous Roman Catholics, particularly Irish, might expect to meet with at the hands of English Justices of the Peace. It is more than credible enough that the Magistrates who were present at the controversy between the heretics and the true believers at Wolverhampton countenanced the police in apprehending the champions of the faith on the merely specious pretence that they were actually fighting for it.

ANGER TO COMMISSIONAIRES, OR "KILLING NO MURDER."—The Law provides no punishment for *despatching a messenger*.

JOKES AND JUSTICE.

WHAT fun it is to hear the jokes made in our Law Courts! To sit upon a jury must be well nigh as amusing as to go and see a pantomime. The other day, for instance, before LORD CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL, an action was brought against a printer of house-paper, who had infringed the copyright of ROSA BONHEUR'S *Horse Fair*; and this is how the jury were jocosely entertained:—

"SIR R. COLLIER. The copy was of course imperfectly done, but still it was a copy, and not the less so that there was a great deal of colour about it.

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Not the less a copy, because it was a colourable copy. (*Laughter*.)"

Ha! ha! ha! capital, your Lordship. How the jury must have roared! And what fun for them to listen to such pleasantries as this:—

"SIR R. COLLIER asked the jury to imagine if they could MADLIE ROSA BONHEUR'S feelings when she became aware that copies of her picture were pasted in a public-house.

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. It would increase her popularity.
"SIR R. COLLIER. But she did not want that kind of popularity: she was not a candidate for a borough. (*Laughter*.)"

Here the laughter is misplaced. We think his Lordship's little joke about increase of popularity the funnier of the two. And then how facetiously he began his summing up:—

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE doubted whether what the defendant had done would injure the sale of the plaintiff's engraving."

Merely copying, or cribbing, an original design is an offence not much worth mentioning—at least in English Law Courts. If a paper-monger copied the cartoons in *Punch*, and printed them in colours to decorate a tap-room, it might be argued, as a colourable pretext for his piracy, that he intended to "increase the popularity" of *Punch*.

IRONICAL.—It is well understood at Whitehall that it would be dangerous in SIR JOHN PAKINGTON'S hearing to make use of the common expression, "Please the pigs."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Birthday Party at BYNG'S. Festivities.)



BELL sounds for dressing. There are, I subsequently discover, bells to prepare us for every meal, and a gong when the meal is ready. The first bell sounding one hour before dinner merely indicates that another bell is coming in half-an-hour's time, which, when it sounds, means that there's one more bell to inform the household that time's up, and then the boom of the gong puts all further chances out of the question, finishing the preparatory process with the decision of an auctioneer's hammer knocking down "gone!"

In JOHNNY BYNG'S house everything is done with military precision. The Ladies say to one another,

"Well, I suppose we must go up now," for everyone makes a point of either not knowing which bell it is—uncertainty on this subject being an invariable excuse for lateness at dinner or luncheon—and I take JOHNNY BYNG aside, and explain to him that as I thought there were no ladies there, I had brought no dress-clothes. He says, "it doesn't matter, p'raps I can rig you out for to-night, and to-morrow you can send up to town."

The rigging out results in a black velvet shooting-coat and waist-coat to match. With a black-tie I feel almost in full dress. I always find somebody else's clothes suit me better than my own. BYNG has a pair of patent leather boots by him that no one else can wear. The very things for me: more comfortable than any I've ever had made for myself.

Happy Thought.—Say jokingly to BYNG, "I shall keep these boots." He laughs and doesn't say no. Shall let the servant pack 'em up when I go.

Bell. Gong.

Happy Thought on hearing Gong.—"Walk up, walk up, just a-going to begin." Say it: not a success as a joke. MILBURD tells me afterwards that the ladies thought it rather vulgar. Shan't say it again.

Drawing-room. Ladies all in full grand toilet. I feel inclined to apologise, but getting near FRIDOLINE SYMPERSON (who is superior to mere outward show, and looks lovely with her silky golden hair—it used to be darker—and thin dark eyebrows) I tell her how I abominate evening dress, and what a comfort it is to be in an easy velvet coat. "I wonder," I add, "why everyone doesn't adopt the fashion." MILBURD, who overhears my observation, asks me loudly, "if I ever heard of the monkey who had lost his tail? You know," he continues, seeing he has got an audience,—"Note, a man who talks loudly and authoritatively before women can always get an audience specially in the few minutes before dinner. Typical Developments. Chapter on Superficiality, Book X. Vol. XIV.) "The monkey who lost his own tail told everyone that it was the more comfortable fashion to go without one!"

Miss FRIDOLINE laughs. Everyone is amused. Is there impiety in wishing that the power of brilliant repartee could be obtained by fasting, humiliation, and a short stay in a desert.

Happy Thought.—Desert: Leicester Square. I think this: how well it would have come out in conversation. I hesitate, as they might think it vulgar.

BYNG, who is the courtly host, introduces me to a Miss PELLINGLE. [I don't catch her name until the following morning.]

Happy Thought.—Why should not introductions be managed with visiting cards?

Being introduced to her, I am on the point of asking her if she is engaged for the next dance (my fun) when the gong sounds again, and she says that she supposes it must be for dinner. Butler announces "dinner" to us, having just announced it to himself on the gong in the hall. BYNG leads with elderly lady, [who crackles, as she moves, with bangles and spangles on a black dress. The middle-aged gentleman I find belongs to her, and both together are some sort of relations of JOHNNY BYNG'S. All here are, I discover, more or less related to BYNG, only as he has no brothers or sisters, you have to get at their relationship by tracing marriages and intermarriages in connection with BYNG'S whole-uncle WILLIAM and his half-aunt SARAH, which he tries to explain to me late at night.

Happy Thought.—I say to him jestingly, "If DICK'S uncle was TOM'S son, what relation was," and so forth. He is annoyed. (*Query vulgar?*)

Dinner.—As I pass BYNG, he whispers hurriedly, alluding to my partner, "She's been to Nova Scotia. Draw her out." After twice placing a leg of my chair on my partner's dress, and once on that of the lady on my left, we wedge ourselves in. I begin to laugh about these little difficulties, and seeing MISS PELLINGLE look serious, I find I have been jocose while BYNG (behind a lot of flowers where I couldn't see him) was saying grace.

Happy Thought.—Exert myself as a conversationalist, and try to draw her out about Nova Scotia. Begin with "So you've been to Nova Scotia?" She replies, "Yes, she has." I feel inclined to ask, "Well, and how are they?" which I know would be stupid. (*Query vulgar?*) I should like to commence instructing her about Nova Scotia. I wish BYNG had told me before dressing for dinner: he's got a good library here.

Happy Thought.—Draw her out in a general way by asking, "and what sort of a place is Nova Scotia?" This I put rather frowningly, as if I'd received contradictory accounts about it which had deterred me from going there.

She answers, "Which part?"

Happy Thought.—To shrug my shoulders and reply, "Oh, any part," leaving it to her. She begins something about Halifax, (Halifax I remember of course, and a song commencing, "A Captain bold in Halifax," don't mention it, might be vulgar) when we hear a noise as of a band tuning outside the window. BYNG explains that, being his birthday, the band from Dishling (BYNG'S village)—

"And" puts in the Butler, with the air of a man who knows what good music is, "the band from Bogley"—

BYNG adopts the Butler's amendment, "the bands from Dishling and Bogley come to play during dinner."

MILBURD makes a wry face. The united musicians commence (in the dark outside) an overture. We listen. BYNG'S half-aunt pretends to be interested, and asks, after a few bars, "Dear me, what's that out of?"

I think. We all think.

Except MILBURD, who exclaims, "Out of? Why out of tune, I should say." All laugh. MILBURD, I suppose, is one of those wags who "set the table in a roar." Pooh! Vulgar.

MISS PELLINGLE turns to me and observes, "that was very funny, wasn't it?"

Happy Thought.—To reply deprecatingly, "yes: funny, but old."

The bands from Bogley and Dishling get through the overture to William Tell.

Happy Thought (which has probably occurred to the leader of the united Dishling and Bogley Bands).—When there's a difficulty beat the drum.

Another Happy Thought (which, probably, has also occurred to the leader).—Ophioteide covers a multitude of sins.

BYNG goes out to address them. He likes playing, as it were, the "Ould Squire among his Happy Tenantry," or "The Rightful Lord of the Manor welcomed Home." The manor consists of a lawn in front, a garden at the back, and a yard with the dog in it. The united bands being treated to two bottles of wine, offer to play for the rest of the night. Offer declined. MILBURD says, "there wouldn't be much rest of the night, if they did." Table in a roar again. I smile: or they'd think me envious.

Happy Thought.—Funny, but not new.

Ladies retire. FRIDOLINE passing me observes, "You seemed very much interested in Nova Scotia."

She has gone before I can reply. Is it possible that * * * Is she * * * I wonder * * * because * * * if I only thought that she * * * I should like to know if she meant * * * or was it merely * * * and yet * * *

Happy Thought.—I will.

REMISSNESS REPRIMANDED.

It is right that naval officers should know that it is their duty to keep a sharp look-out. This they will understand from study of the following paragraph of news:—

"COURT-MARTIAL ON MR. E. SWAIN.—Plymouth, Wednesday. A Court-Martial was held to-day at Devonport on MR. EDMUND SWAIN, the Master in charge of her Majesty's ship, *Dryad*, when she was stranded in Whitesand Bay on the 13th inst. The evidence proved that at the time of the accident the weather was very foggy, and the *Dryad*'s compass was 15½ points wrong through local attraction, caused by the vessel's iron beams. The prisoner was severely reprimanded, and admonished to be more careful for the future."

No doubt he will. Lest a worse thing than a reprimand befall him, he will take all the care he can, whenever he is at sea, to prevent the weather from being foggy, and to hinder the iron beams of the vessel that he is in charge of from attracting the compass.

BAD NEWS FOR PUPPIES.—Dog-Tax reduced—no exemptions.



A FAMILY MAN.

Cabby. "VY, I'M A FATHER OF A FAM'LY MYSELF, MUM,—NOT SO 'ANDSOME AS YOUR LITTLE DEARS, MUM, I DON'T SAY,—AN' D'YOU THINK I'D GO FOR TO OVERCHARGE FOR 'EM? NOT I, MUM! NOT A SIXPENCE, BLESS THEIR LITTLE 'EARTS!" &c., &c. [*Claim allowed.*]

THE SWEET LITTLE CHERUBS WHO SIT UP ALOFT.

Respectfully Dedicated to LORD JOHN MANNERS.

(BY A MARRYING MEMBER.)

Go, talk to misogynist muffs and M.P.'s
 'Bout sheep's-eyes, want of room, and the like!
 Put the ladies where *they* can be seen, *we* can see,
 And neither for squeezing would strike.
 Though Tory and Liberal dames sat as tight
 As herrings, the press they'd abide;
We'd settle *our* boundary questions all right,
 And *they* 'neath reefed crinolines ride.
 With a row of sweet faces, and bright eyes, or soft,
 Our gallery why mayn't we pack,
 While the sweet little cherubs may sit up aloft,
 To keep watch o'er the life of poor JACK?

Who's "poor JACK," to have cherubs thrown in with his pay!
 And his chances prize-money to touch,
 While *our* cherubs still are poked out of the way,
 Like odaliskes housed in a hutch?
 Can it be, as 'tis whispered, your married M.P.,
 Who don't like the ladies to show,
 Lest too close the watch of wives' *lorgnettes* might be
 Of Hub's post on the benches below?
 For like other Clubs, the House serves, but too oft,
 As excuse for liege Lords, who've grown slack,
 To leave wives, *not* like cherubs, to sit up aloft,
 And sulk till stray *sposos* come back.

To MANNERS I said, when I saw he fought shy
 Of BERNAL's warm petticoat plea—

"The state of a House that's not under the eye
 Of a woman a bad state must be.
 For ever since EVE upon ADAM began,
 'Tis the influence of woman that rules,
 For woman makes manners, and manners make man,
 And her smiles are the pleasantest schools.
 Then why her sweet sway should our House only lack
 To make the rude tame, the hard soft?
 We've as much right to *our* ducks, to perch up aloft,
 As to *his* little cherubs poor JACK."

I admit your M.P. should be flint at a pinch,
 That he always should answer the whip;
 Nor from all the bright eyes in Belgravia should flinch,
 If they wooed him in voting to trip.
 But witch'ry's most witching from under a veil,
 Half-hid beauty's more fatal than bare,
 And perhaps, while the ladies are parted per pale,
 One may fancy more charms than are there;
 Then M.P.'s, let's be men, masks and muzzles have doff'd,
 Bid all *grilles* and gratings go pack,
 And let's seat the sweet cherubs in sight up aloft,
 To rain smiles—from the SPEAKER's chair-back!

Giants of Art.

FOREIGNERS in general are possessed with a persuasion that Englishmen cannot make a statue. They ought to be disabused of this error. It would be easy to show them that we have made two statues. Let the Corporation of London send Gog and Magog to speak for the sculpture of their country in the approaching Great French Exhibition.

TOPOGRAPHICAL.—"Perambulator" is right in his supposition. LORD BROUGHAM's London residence for many years was Vauxhall.



RATIOCINATION.

'Spectable Mechanic ("as usual" on Saturday afternoon). "PEN'TH ' NAILSH!"
Chemist and Druggist (indignantly). "NAILS, SIR! GET ALONG WITH YOU OUT O' MY SHOP! I HAVEN'T GOT ANY NAILS."
Mechanic. "AIN'T GOT 'NY NAILS! (Ponders.) WHA' D' YEB SCRASH Y'B 'EAD WI' THEN, GOV'N'R?"

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN,

On Wednesday, March 6, 1867.

LATE as Members went to bed from debate on Tuesday night,
 Some get up on Wednesday morning soon after it is light.
 What has roused them from their pillows? Not business; they have none.

They arise betimes to see the Eclipse of the Sun.

There is Derby's noble EARL, who has left his couch, no doubt,
 If he's not (and may he not be) kept to it by the gout.
 There is also JOHN, EARL RUSSELL, as probably, for one
 Up early to observe the Eclipse of the Sun.

For there's scrubbing, and there's tubbing, and dressing to get through;

Our ablutions matutinal demand some time to do.
 And the man who, Peer or Peasant, would go with them undone,
 Is a Pig not fit to see an Eclipse of the Sun.

With the lark see GLADSTONE stirring, and DISRAELI quite as soon,
 To survey the sun's disk screened by the intervening moon.
 The political horizon with dense clouds may be dun:
 They but care lest clouds should hide the Eclipse of the Sun.

In the times of old, no science when party leaders knew,
 They'd have looked on the Eclipse with the crisis in one view,
 And regarded as an omen of office lost and won,
 In the battle of Reform, this Eclipse of the Sun.

But that wonder in the heavens now your statesman only reads
 To discover the *corona*, rose-flames, and "BAILY'S beads,"
 Looking through a darkened spy-glass, for science, or for fun,
 With uninjured eyes to view the Eclipse of the Sun.

SINGULAR CHURCH SERVICES.

SOME people have queer notions of the fitness of things. For example, see this programme:—

"CARTSBURN CHURCH. CELEBRATION SOIRÉE.

- PRAISE *One Hundredth Psalm.*
- CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS.
- CHORUS *"Glorious is Thy name."*
- ADDRESS. REV. DR. M'GULLOCH.
- SERVICE OF PASTRY.
- ANTHEM. * * * ADDRESS. * * * ANTHEM. * * *
- SERVICE OF CONFECTIONS.
- ORGAN PERFORMANCE. *Scotch Airs.*
- ADDRESS. * * * *Scotch Song.* * * * ADDRESS. * * *
- SERVICE OF FRUIT.
- DOXOLOGY *"Now to Him who can uphold us."*

The irreverent might say that the choice of this doxology was by no means inappropriate, for after having stuffed themselves with pastry, fruit and sugar-plums, the company might find it not so easy to stand upright. We wonder, was the "Scotch song," "*Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut*," or one even more convivial? Surely, something in the way of drink must have been needful to wash down the apples, tarts, and lollipops. It has been said that Englishmen do nothing in the world without making it the plea for having a good dinner; and Scotchmen, it would seem, when they celebrate the opening, or restoring, of a Church, make the ceremony an excuse for a quantity of eating. Between the psalms and anthems in this "celebration soirée," we cannot help conceiving that a service of prayer would have been more seemly than a service of pastry.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

It is no use placing a roast leg of mutton before a man who can't help it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



that this one will not do, though it has some good things in it.

The important items be these:—

1. Four New Franchises (1) Educational. (2) £30 deposit in a Savings' Bank. (3) £50 in the Funds. (4) One pound a year direct taxation.
2. A £6 Rating Franchise in boroughs.
3. A £20 Rating Franchise in counties.

Whereby MR. DISRAELI guesses ("Well, as you guess?" as *King Richard* says) he shall add 400,000 voters to the present number, but his antagonists allege that he will do nothing of the kind.

4. Great Yarmouth, Lancaster, Totnes, and Reigate to be disfranchised, *pro crimibus*, and their forfeited seats to be given to new places.
5. Members to be given to twelve new places.
6. Tower Hamlets to be cut in two (many *Hamlets* that we have seen and heard deserve this) and two new Members given.
7. Eight counties or divisions to be split again, whereby fifteen new county Members.
8. A Member to the London University.
9. A Member to be taken away from each of twenty-three boroughs.
10. Plan for detecting and punishing Bribery, and for cheapening elections.
11. A Royal Commission on Boundaries.

Thus thirty new seats are to be given in all.

MR. DISRAELI praised the Reform Act of 1832, but said that its blemish was the ignoring the rights of the working classes, a fault which he thus proposed to remedy.

That is the Derby Reform scheme of 1867. Or it may be. Why *Mr. Punch* writes hypothetically shall be seen.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was very coldly received, even by his own party, and he had the further discomfort of knowing that at least four of his colleagues were almost as much his antagonists as the men whom he confronted.

MR. ROBERT LOWE was the first to attack. He called himself an "outcast," who was therefore in a situation to speak his mind. He spoke it smartly and sharply, and ridiculed the Resolutions, which he said were intended only to keep the Government in place. Why was the mark of CAIN to be put upon the Ministers that nobody might kill them? A way would be found to kill them, if necessary, in spite of any resolutions that could be devised. He was not satisfied with a £6 rating—it would not settle the question. But he was not going to leave the recent "Demonstrations" alone. Those in the country had failed to take hold of the public mind, and those in London demonstrated nothing but the impotence and vanity of their authors. It is not by men decked in ribbons and bedizened with scarves that the foundations of imperial policy are laid. (MR. PORTER and MR. BEALES (M.A.) have since been perfectly frantic against "that man LOWE.")

Nevertheless, MR. BRIGHT complimented MR. LOWE (a ceremony foreshadowed by *Mr. Punch* at Christmas), and complained that attempt was made to Americanise our institutions. He generally condemned the plan, and made fun of a possible Ratcatcher, who, paying five shillings a tail for four dogs, under the new Dog Bill, would have a vote.

MR. WALPOLE said that this was a large, complete, and comprehensive measure. When the subject should be fairly discussed, there would be little difference of opinion between parties. He said, and be good enough to observe this, that the Cabinet would stand or fall by any of its propositions which it deemed vital.

MR. LAING complained that Scotland got no new Members.

MR. GLADSTONE duly noted and was glad of the Vital statement, complimented MR. DISRAELI on his clearness, disbelieved in his calculations, and said that the scheme did not propose to introduce the real Working Class. The Bill of last year did. After some minor objections, MR. GLADSTONE said that he had no objection to proceed on Resolution, but it must be a resolution embodying the plan the present Government had announced. To this they must be pinned.

DIFFICULT, disagreeable, and discouraging was the duty that devolved on MR. DISRAELI during the dreary development of the Derbyite devices on the day devoted to that demonstration of debility. This was *Monday, February 25*. But he had promised that on that day he would give the House of Commons the ideas of the Conservative Cabinet on the subject of Reform, and he kept his word. *Mr. Punch* would be glad to know how many more Constitutions he will have to tabulate during the present Session. It is quite certain

Whereat the Liberals cheered loudly and significantly. He hoped they should not be asked to proceed on the Resolutions of last week. They had better be withdrawn, that a Bill might be brought in.

MR. DISRAELI, not in a way that indicated great delight at the course of things, said he was willing to meet MR. GLADSTONE's views, and abandon some of the Resolutions.

MR. ROEBUCK sweetly suggested that the House was being trifled with.

Matters were to stand over until the Thursday. But on *Tuesday* there was a great Liberal muster at MR. GLADSTONE's house, his hall was crammed, and LORD RUSSELL, the host, MR. BRIGHT, MR. CLAY, and LORD GROSVENOR addressed gentlemen from the landing, and divers things were said to the effect that the Government should have fair play, but had better deserve it. MR. GLADSTONE wrote out a notice which would have bothered the Administration. But

MR. DISRAELI, at the earliest moment, apprised the House that in deference to the general feeling he threw up the Resolutions, and would endeavour to introduce a Reform Bill on Thursday week.

MR. GLADSTONE wished he had said so before. The Opposition, however, reserving its right to decide whether it would be possible to permit the Second Reading of that Bill, would, if at all possible, endeavour to consider the Bill in Committee.

MR. BRIGHT obligingly tendered to LORD DERBY'S Cabinet the counsel he had given last year to LORD RUSSELL's, namely to bring in separate Bills for the franchise and for the redistribution.

LORD JOHN MANNERS made rather a good hit, saying that he should like to ask LORD RUSSELL what he thought of last year's advice from MR. BRIGHT, and its result. But the ultra-radicals never will take a joke in good part like gentlemen, and LORD JOHN MANNERS is abused for patrician flippancy and bad taste.

Once more, Reform blocks the way. That MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI, who conferred in a retiring room, could arrange the question, and let us get on with business, *Mr. Punch* has set forth his belief in one of the immortal Cartoons. But with CRANBORNE, WALPOLE, PEBB, and LORD JOHN MANNERS tugging at MR. DISRAELI's coat-tails, and with MR. BRIGHT and sundry others shoving MR. GLADSTONE, the situation is made difficult. The recalcitrant party in the Cabinet, however, have taken their stand on the scheme above described, and unless they yield, and MR. DISRAELI has leave to modify it, of course everybody sees what must happen.

Proceed we now to the smaller matters which have occupied the Lords and Commons. "Dates of no consequence," as the Irish gentleman said when he had nobly accepted a lot of bills.

At last something occurs to put LORD RUSSELL in a good temper. He gives his "cordial assent" to the renewed suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. MR. NEWDEGATE's distress at DR. CULLEN's being called a Cardinal MR. DISRAELI kindly endeavoured to assuage by assuring MR. NEWDEGATE that SIR ROBERT HARRY ENGLIS was most polite to DR. WISEMAN, though he came before a Committee in full Cardinal's fig. COLONEL ANSON advocated the use of native Indian soldiers for colonial service, and got a committee. MR. BUXTON informed us that LIEUTENANT BRAND had sent him an ample and excellent letter of apology for the unbecoming letter which removed the Lieutenant from the Service.

The Commons passed by 195 to 93 a Bill for allowing a Roman Catholic to be Lord Lieutenant or Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and MR. WHALLEY has been called to order by the SPEAKER for saying that the Catholics encourage Fenianism. We do not like to trouble DR. CUMMING this week, because the papers say (and we know not what they have to do with it) that he has been awfully pilled at the Athenæum Club, or else we should ask him whether the world is not already at an end. By the way, did his proposer, half a dozen years back, believe the Doctor's promise that the world should be at an end before the election?

Finally, on the *Friday* night, MR. DISRAELI promised that on the following Monday he would say when he would introduce a Reform Bill. Does the public know how much these Constitutions cost? The bill for preparing the Reform Bill of 1859 was £3,608 17s. 2d.; the twopence we believe having been the amount presented to the crossing-sweeper at Westminster Bridge by MR. DISRAELI.

OBITU 27 FEBRUARY, 1867.

A word of mournful record. A glorious painter, a brave and good man, has passed away, in the fulness of power, from amid the honour of his nation and the love of his friends. It were unjust to his fame, did we now praise his matchless works, it were untrue to his friendship did we here extol his modest virtues. Where artistic genius is revered, there is sorrow that such a hand should be thus early stayed from its triumphs—a deeper and more abiding sadness is with those who knew the noble heart of JOHN PHILLIPS.

CONTROVERSIAL SHILLELAGHS.

MR. PUNCH.

SUPPOSE I were to tell PROFESSOR TYNDALL that chemistry was all humbug, or to say to SIR JOHN HERSCHEL that astronomy was mere moonshine, or declare to PROFESSOR DE MORGAN my conviction that algebra was a pernicious delusion, and geometry a soul-destroying imposture, do you think that those philosophers would either of them get into a rage with me? Would they regard me with any other feelings than a mixture of wonder, pity, and contempt, and look upon me as anything better or worse than an amazing and unhappy fool?

Who are the sort of people that flare up when you abuse, or ridicule, or deny the truth of the opinions which they assert to be science? MR. BUMPASS, the phrenologist, MR. COLNEY, the mesmerist, MR. HATCHER, the spiritualist, and MR. ZADKIEL, the astrologer. These are the gentlemen who get into a rage with assailants of their hobbies; vituperating and scoffing at them, and calling them FARADAYS and BREWSTERS, and other names.

Now, Sir, the next time you smoke a cigar with DR. MANNING, I wish you would ask him to say to which of the two kinds of persons above indicated, the Irish at Wolverhampton, who have been trying to refute a Protestant lecturer with bludgeons, in his judgment belong.

Perhaps you will also invite DR. MANNING, and also DR. NEWMAN if he should drop in, to consider over their grog why it is that whilst the cultivators of such sciences as astronomy and chemistry treat gainsayers with indifference, the votaries of phrenology, mesmerism, spiritualism, and the like, are generally exasperated by opposition. Should they try to evade your question by objecting that nobody does, in fact, abuse astronomy and chemistry, don't pin the case to those two particular sciences. There's geology; that has, within man's memory, been abused and ridiculed enough. Yet what geologist ever returned railing for railing? There is also the medical profession, accustomed to have its scientific truths disputed and derided. What do medical men care about that?—although an attack on their science is an attempt at invading their bread and cheese. Insulted Physic never throws bottles.

The reason why men of regular science are unmoved, and the others exasperated by contradiction, I suspect to be simply this difference between them, that the former feel quite sure that they are in the right and the latter do not. I wonder whether even MR. WILLIAM HOWITT, if he were obliged to bet a thousand pounds for or against the truth of any spiritual phenomenon, of which the truth or falsehood could be ascertained, would bet for it.

People who entertain what is called a belief in the marvellous, do not, in fact, generally altogether believe it. They love it, they like to imagine it true, and they passionately wish to be confirmed in the idea that it is true. But they are not entirely satisfied of its truth. They are only very much inclined to believe it. The denial or the ridicule of it opposes their inclination. This enrages them.

What harm can you do anybody by abusing his religion? If he is confident that it is true, he must feel assured that you can harm no one but yourself. When people are angry because their faith is attacked can that be for any other reason than because their faith is shaken, and shaken because it is shaky? Let me commend this question to the faithful Irish at Wolverhampton and elsewhere—and also to their superiors. They may answer my argument by calling me GALLIO if they like. I am no such person.

I am, yours truly,

ABRAHAM BROWN.

The Practice of Vivisection.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT objects to the cruelty of Vivisection. And therefore he insists upon it that the Conservative Reform Bill should be killed, before dissection, and not cut up alive, as MR. GLADSTONE and his followers seem disposed to treat it.

THE SAVAGE ART OF HAIRDRESSING.

THE saying that there is "nothing new under the sun" may be certainly admitted to be true to a hair, if we read what has been written by SIR SAMUEL BAKER:—

"The women of Latooka wear false hair like horses' tails, made of fine twine smeared with grease and red ochre to give it the fashionable colour."

So, then, the latest novelties of fashion are not novel; and Miss SMITH, who buys a chignon, or dyes her hair light red, is merely taking a leaf out of the fashion-books of the ladies in Latooka. How consoling must this fact be to the mind of Mrs. Grundy! Delightful, is it not, Ma'am, to think that our dear girls, with their now fashionable head-gear, are merely copying the coiffure of the she-savages of Africa!

Hear, too, what SIR SAMUEL says about the Swells of Latooka, who are every whit as particular to a hair as any of the Swellesses:—

"The Latookas wear most exquisite helmets, all of which are formed of their own hair, and are of course fixtures. . . . European ladies would be startled at the fact that to perfect the coiffure of a man requires a period of from eight to ten years. . . . The thick crisp wool is woven with fine twine, formed from the bark of a tree, until it presents a thick network of felt. . . . A strong rim is formed by sewing it together with thread; and the front part of the helmet is protected by a piece of polished copper; while a piece of the same metal, shaped like the half of a bishop's mitre, and about a foot in length forms the crest. . . . No helmet is supposed to be complete without a row of cowrie shells stitched around the rim, so as to form a solid edge."

We repeat, there is no novelty beneath the Solar System. Here in civilised England, Swells frequently bestow more care upon the outside of their heads than they devote to the inside, and precisely the same thing, we find, is done in savage Africa. Our dandies very often spend a great part of their lives in parting their back hair, and cultivating their mustaches; but they are not more attentive to their hirsute decoration than the dandies of Latooka. The "thick network of felt" these latter wear upon their heads, must be well-nigh as distressing as the high-crowned hard black hats with which we gentlemen of England, who seldom walk at ease, are needlessly tormented. *Mais il faut souffrir pour être Swell*: and comfort and convenience must give way to fashion and appearance, both with the Swell of London and the savage of Latooka.

THE MODERN MEDEA.

THAT a lady should stew down her father-in-law,

At first blush may seem petty treason,
But no crime in the process antiquity saw
In the case of Medea and Aison.
For she cut the old man up, then boiled him to rags,
Entirely by way of revival,
And a young face he'd got, when he stepped from the pot,
With a figure Adonis to rival.

Exactly as she did has Dizzy proceeded,
The old Reform Bill to renew,
Cutting up its provisions in small propositions
Laid out for the House's review.
And now the whole lot we have seen go to pot,
Not the ven'erable question to kill,
But that out of the mess there may spring up no less
Than a young, big, and beautiful Bill!

A SAMPLE OF STAGE-SLANG.

WHAT queer language is used in theatrical advertisements! For instance, only look at this:—

WANTED, to Open Immediately, a Few Useful UTILITY LADIES and GENTLEMEN; also, a Good Juvenile to combine Walking Gentlemen. A Good Private Appearance Indispensable. Money sure. To save time, state Lowest Terms. No stamp. Three days' silence a negative. Stars may write at once. Mr. H. L. will oblige by sending Scrips at once for Easter week's Bus.

"Useful utility" seems rather a redundancy of speech, as much indeed as talking of black negroes, or white snow. And how is "a good juvenile to combine walking gentlemen?" Is he to come behind them sily, and pin their coat-tails together? If so, we should be apt to call him a bad boy, rather than a good juvenile. Then, how odd it seems to stipulate for a "good private appearance" in an actor, and say nothing whatever about his public appearance, which certainly must be the more important of the two. As to what on earth is meant by "sending scrips for Easter week's bus," our wits have been so much congealed by the cold winter, that we own we are completely at a loss to give a guess.

AWFUL SIGN.—The *Standard*, (March 2nd.), "entreats Ministers to re-consider their course on Reform." It is "convinced that they have made a Serious Mistake." After that—



ANSWERS FOR OUR ARTIST.

"BIDDY MALONEY, JUST YOU LOOK AT THAT CLOCK! DIDN'T I TELL YOU LAST NIGHT TO KNOCK AT MY DOOR AT EIGHT THIS MORNING?"

"AN' SO YE DID, SIR, AND I CAME TO THE DOOR AT EIGHT SURE ENOUGH, BUT I HEARD YE WAS MAKING NO NOISE AT ALL!"

"WELL, WHY THE DICKENS DIDN'T YOU KNOCK, AND WAKE ME?"

"SURE, AND BECAUSE I FEARED YEZ MIGHT BE FAST ASLEEP!"

"OLD KING COLE."

Old King Cole was a stirring soul,
And a stirring soul was he:
He told the public to put in their pipe
And smoke what he willed to be—
He pooh-poohed the Privy Council,
Laughed Royal Commissions to scorn,
And the more they tried to put him down,
The higher waxed his horn!

Old King Cole took tax and toll
Of the grants for Science and Art:
Bring schools on their knees, for alms or fees,
But give *him* the lion's part.
Whate'er lacked oil, the Boilers must boil,
South Kensington wax fat
On purchase and loan, though a bare-picked bone
Be flung to all but *that*.

Old King Cole never scratched his poll,
But out of it flew a scheme—
Now a Central Hall, with a heavy call,
And an estimate like a dream:
Now a picture-show to draw high and low,
Now a horticultural *fête*,
With the Princes to walk, and the Nobs to talk,
And the QUEEN to inaugurate.

Old King Cole could bore like the mole,
Or like the eagle fly:
There was nothing too heavy and nothing too hot,
For old King Cole to try—

From coaxing the ROTHSCHILDS their treasures to lend,
Without a penny of pay,
To getting her Gracious Majesty
To his Mumbo-Jumbo play!

But at last King Cole with wrath the Roll
Of the Commons has dared to fill,
When for the great First of April show
He sent in his little Bill.
A hundred and sixteen thousand pounds,
And as much more falling due!
No wonder the House of Commons looked black,
And the Treasury looked blue.

But old King Cole, with Stoic soul,
Explanation vouchsafed none,
Of where the money had come from,
Or whither it had gone.
And to reason from things that we have seen
To things that we shall see,
His purse JOHN BULL will have out to pull,
And King Cole still King will be!

A Returnable Compliment.

WHAT, is the Admiralty going to show its museum of Naval Architecture, and the War Office its Gun-shed, Pattern Hospital, and Commissariat Establishment, at the Great French Exhibition? Should an international exhibition ever be held at Newcastle, our lively neighbours will perhaps think fit to honour it with a contribution of coals.

NEW DISH FOR A WEDDING BREAKFAST.—Curried Favour.



BEFORE THE TRIAL.

MR. GL—DST—NE. "WE COULD SETTLE IT IN FIVE MINUTES, YOU KNOW, IF—"
MR. D—SR—LL. "YES, IF THE 'PARTIES' WOULD ONLY LISTEN TO REASON."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(At BYNG'S. The Drawing Room. Variations.)

GOING to the Drawing-room.

Old MR. SYMPERSON, FRIDOLINE'S father, has been telling very ancient stories. So has BYNG'S Whole Uncle.

Happy Thought.—Laugh at all Old SYMPERSON'S stories and jokes. It is difficult to show him that not a word of his is lost upon me, as there are five between us. BYNG'S Whole Uncle, encouraged by this, tells a long story, and looks to me for a laugh. No.*Happy Thought.*—Smile as if it wasn't bad, but not to be mentioned in the same breath with anything of Old SYMPERSON'S.

MILBURD (hang him!) interrupts these elderly gentlemen, (he has no reverence, not a bit!), and tells a funny story. Old SYMPERSON is convulsed, and asks BYNG, audibly, who MILBURD is?

I wish I could make him ask something about me.

Happy Thought.—Picture him to myself, in his study with his slippers on, giving his consent.

I get close to him in leaving the room. He whispers something to me jocosely as BYNG opens the drawing-room door. I don't hear it.

Happy Thought.—Laugh. *Note.*—You can enter a drawing-room easier if you laugh as you walk in.

The Whole Uncle enters the room sideways, being engaged in explaining details of the cocoa-nut trade (I think) to a resigned middle-aged person with a wandering eye. BYNG is receiving "many happy returns" from guests who have come in for the evening. Old MR. SYMPERSON is being spoken to sharply, I imagine from MRS. SYMPERSON'S rigid smile, on the subject of something which "he knows never agrees with him." MILBURD is, in a second, with FRIDOLINE.

MISS PELLINGLE is expecting, no doubt, that I am going to ask her for some more trifles from Nova Scotia. I avoid her.

Happy Thought.—Look at BYNG'S birthday presents arranged on the table. Think FRIDOLINE looks at me. Am I wasting my time? I think I must be, as BYNG comes up and asks me if I am fond of pictures? I should like to say, "No: hate 'em." What I do say is, "Yes: very." I knew the result. Photograph book. Seen it before dinner.

Watch MILBURD and FRIDOLINE. Try to catch her eye and express a great deal. Catch his: and he winks. He is what he calls "having a chat" with MISS FRIDOLINE.

All are conversationally engaged except myself. I hate all the people in the Photograph book. Shut it. BYNG is ready at once for me. Am I fond of ferns?

Happy Thought.—To say "No!" boldly."You'd like these though, I think," he returns. "MISS FRIDOLINE arranged a book of 'em for me for my birthday." I say "Oh!" This would have led to conversation, but I will be consistent in saying "I don't like ferns." [*Note for Typical Developments, Chap. II. Book XIII. p. 6. "Monosyllabic Pride: false."*]

I take a seat near the ottoman where she and MILBURD are sitting. Difficult to join suddenly in a conversation. Hunting subject. She expects me to say something, I am sure. Feel hot. Feel that my hair and tie want adjustment. Cough as if I was going to sing. MILBURD (idiot) says, "He hopes I feel better after that." I smile to show that I consider him a privileged fool. Wonder if my smile does convey this idea. Try it in the glass at bed-time.

Will touch him sharply.

Happy Thought.—Say pointedly, "How often it happens that a person who is always making jokes, can't take one himself."

He is ready (I admit his readiness) with a repartee. "You ought," he says to me, "to take jokes from any one very well." I know I do. MISS FRIDOLINE asks why? I think he's going to pay a tribute to my good-nature. Not a bit of it. He says, "He finds it very easy to take jokes from other people: it saves making them for himself."

[Happy Thought.—Note for Repartee.—What I ought to have said. "Then, Sir," (Johnsonian style) "I will make a jest at your expense."

Odd: it is past midnight as I put this down. It strikes me after the candle's out, and just as I am turning on my sleeping side. By the light of the fire I record it. If this conversation ever recurs, I shall be prepared.

Another Happy Thought.—Wake MILBURD, and say it to him now.

Would if I knew his room. Bed again. Think I've thought of something else. Out of bed again. Light. Odd: striking the lucifer has put it (whatever it was) out of my head. Bed again. Strange.]

MISS PELLINGLE is kind enough to play the piano. While she is performing, I can talk to FRIDOLINE.

MISS PELLINGLE having to pass me on her road to the instrument, I am obliged to rise.

Happy Thought.—Say, "You're going to play something? That's charming."

She drops her fan, and I pick it up. She is already preparing for action at the instrument, when I return the fan. BYNG whispers to me, "Thanks, old fellow! You know all about music: turn over for her, will you? Clever girl! Think I told you she'd been to Nova Scotia, eh?" And he leaves me at the piano's side.

Happy Thought.—To look helplessly towards FRIDOLINE, as much as to say, "See, how I am placed! I don't want to be here: I wish to be by you."

She doesn't seem in the least interested.

MISS PELLINGLE commences "*Rousseau's Dream*," with variations. Beautiful melody, by itself first, clear and distinct. Only the slightest possible intimation of the coming variations given by one little note which is not in the original air.*Happy Thought.*—Turn over.

"No, not yet, thank you." Too early.

A peculiarly harmonised version of the air announces the approach of variations. Two notes at a time instead of one. The "*Dream*" still to be distinguished. MISS PELLINGLE jerks her eye at me.*Happy Thought.*—Turn over.

Beg pardon: two pages. MISS PELLINGLE'S right hand now swoops down on the country occupied by the left, finds part of the tune there, and plays it. Left hand makes a revengeful raid into right hand country, bringing its part of the tune up there, and trying to divert the enemy's attention from the bass.

They meet in the middle. Scrimmage. Tune utterly lost.

Happy Thought.—Turn over.

Too late. Steam on: hurried nod of thanks. Now again. The right hand, it seems, has left some of the tune in the left hand's country, which the latter finds, and tries to produce. Right hand comes out with bass accompaniment in the treble, and left hand gives in. Both meet for the second time. Scrimmage.

Happy Thought.—Between two hands "*Rousseau's Dream*" falls to the ground.

Now the air tries to break out between alternate notes, like a prisoner behind bars. Then we have a variation entirely bass.

Happy Thought.—ROUSSEAU snoring.

Then a scampering up, a meeting with the right hand, a scampering down, and a leap off one note into space. Then both in the middle, wobbling: then down into the bass again.

Happy Thought.—ROUSSEAU after a heavy supper.

A plaintive variation.—ROUSSEAU in pain.

General idea of ROUSSEAU vainly trying to catch the air in his own dream.

Light strain: Mazourka time.—ROUSSEAU kicking in his sleep.

Grand finishing up: festival style, as if ROUSSEAU had got out of bed, asked all his friends suddenly to a party, and was dancing in his dressing-gown. I call it, impulsively, by a

Happy Thought.—"Rousseau's Nightmare."All over. MISS PELLINGLE is sorry to have troubled me: I am sorry she did. I leave her abruptly, seeing MILBURD has quitted his place and MISS FRIDOLINE is alone. I sit down by her. (*Note.* I ought to have spoken first and sat afterwards.)*Happy Thought.*—Say "I've been trying to speak to you all the evening." (Very hot and choky.)

She replies, "Indeed?" I say, "Yes." Think I'll say that I wanted to explain my conduct to her—think I won't.

Happy Thought.—"Hope you're going to stop here some time?"

I explain that I don't mean on the ottoman, but in the house. "Oh, then," she says, "not on the ottoman." That was rude of me—accordingly, I explain again. My explanations resemble MISS PELLINGLE'S variations, and, I feel, mystify the subject considerably. I tell her I am so delighted to meet her again. I am going to say that I hope she is delighted at seeing me.

Happy Thought.—Better not say it: think it.

Want a general subject for conversation.

Happy Thought (after a pause).—Her mother.

Say what a nice old lady her mother is. I wish I hadn't, it's so absurd to compliment a person on having a mother. Say I didn't know her father before to-night: stupid this. No, it isn't, she says, "I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you when you visit our part of the world again,"—meaning PRYTH FRASER'S part of the world.

Happy Thought.—Express rapturous hope. Hint that there may be obstacles. "What obstacles?" Now to begin: allude first to interchange of sympathies, then to friendships, then to—

BYNG begs pardon, he wants to speak to me. He and MILBURD have got some fun, he says. The evening's dull, and we must do something cheerful at Christmas time. They take me out of the room. BYNG mentions charades, and dressing up.

Abyssinian Reflection.

WHY is it improbable that KING THEODORE, of Abyssinia, will ever reverence the majesty of English Law?

Because an English *Beke* was brought before him, instead of the case being *vice versa*.

A TRAVELLER'S OBSERVATION.

THE Mormons appear to have turned their territory to good account, in one word, to have *Utahised* it.



CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.

Cousin Lizzie. "NOW, CHARLES, WHEN YOU ARE NEAR ME, YOU REALLY MUST NOT GO ON YOUR KNEES!—PEOPLE ARE SURE TO MAKE REMARKS."

"OH, WHALLEY, WHALLEY!"

AIR—"Oh, wally, wally, up the bank,
Oh, wally, wally, down the brae."

OH, WHALLEY, WHALLEY, quit the ranks,
Oh, WHALLEY, WHALLEY, cease thy bray!
As Protestantism's fool, thy pranks
Too long we've seen thee play.
In vain on Papacy's red rag
Thou calls't JOHN BULL to rally:
He pins no faith on NEWDEGATE,
No mouthpiece owns in WHALLEY.

What is the change of times to you?
What common sense or reason?
The POPE is still the Man of Sin,
Justice to Papists treason.
Around the Irish Orange flag
You'd still have England rally,
Under the blatant leadership
Of NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY.

Five million Irish Papists to
A Protestant half million!
Looming a-head, see, vision dread,
Vespers like the Sicilian!
See CULLEN cutting TRENCH's throat,
And, set up as Aunt Sally
For Papist mobs, the severed nobs
Of NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY!

A Romanist Lord Chancellor,
A Papist Lord Lieutenant!
False doctrine robed upon the Bench,
And in the Castle present!
COLMAN O'LOGHLEN's bill made law!
With fact such things may tally,
But Papist facts aren't facts at all,
For NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY.

Is tolerance the text of texts
For Protestantism's preaching?
Is private judgment corner-stone
Of Protestantism's teaching?
Then Protestantism's boat can't be
The "No Surrender" galley,
Where, blind to fact, and deaf to sense,
Row NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY!

A MODEL HERO OF MODERN ROMANCE.

(Carefully compiled by Mr. Punch from various authentic sources.)



GRICHTON!

READER, how shall I limn this man for you, when the very sun has failed to do him justice—when the first photographers of the day have been driven baffled into their *cameros obscuri*! How account for the fearful impression that VAVASOUR BRABAZON DE VERE made on all women who crossed his path, ending but too often in the madhouse and the grave! And yet he stands before me now as he stood then, in that crowded assembly where he first met the HONOURABLE LADY VELVETINA TRESILLIAN—lounging *nonchallantly*, as was ever his wont, against the faded wall-flowers of that exquisitely decorated *sale de bal*, breathing proud insolent defiance on one and all!

Few men could tell his age, nor his height, nor whither he came from, nor whence he went when he went away... Wo, alas! to those who could! Few women knew the colour of his tawny eyes for the thick settled gloom that shrouded them like a pall; and those who did had long since expiated that fatal knowledge under slabs of moss-grown granite and pillars of broken marble, inscribed with a name, a date, and

nothing more! . . . Eyes full and heavily under-hung—bloodshot with imperial Norman blood! who could forget them who had once shrivelled and laid bare their souls under the scapulary of their cold indifferent gaze? They had that strange quality peculiar to PAUL PORTER's portraits of the Flemish aristocracy, that seem to follow you whithersoever you move; all who had met VAVASOUR had felt the spell of this ubiquitous glance, which gave him a terrible vantage over the dwarfed heroes of modern fiction, whose gaze is limited to one object at a time. Well has it been said of him—

"The moon looks
On many brooks;
The brook sees but one moon!"

Cold, haughty, sarcastic, unbending to a fault, he never stooped—no, not even when he picked up a lady's fan, or laced his own faultless Balmoral boot.

His small taper white hand was the envy of every duchess who had been privileged to behold it ungloved, and had lived to rue the privilege—yet was it hard as thrice-tempered crystal adamant—yet could it have bent and twisted the chiselled features of the Theseus so that MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI could scarce have recognised his own handiwork—crushed the full bronze torso of the Florentine Venus out of all semblance to a human face!

But, oh, reader! his voice!! full, dry, mellow, rich in musical impossibilities, it intoxicated one like wine, and left one staggering and powerless to resist; he, who hated music, was well aware of the potency of this spell—for yes, reader, he hated music, little as he was wont to boast of this aversion; his towering intellect and haughty Norman ancestry left such innocuous pastimes to meaner men—for him the passionate strains of VERDI had no charm—yet was his very silence full of melody! Rich, scornful, cruel, imperial, vindictive, unrelenting melody, whose cadences had been the sarcophagus of many! It is told of him that once, at a royal *matinee musicale*, a Princess, secure in the "divinity that beats upon a throne" had dared to banter him on his indifference to the art of BALFE and BEETHOVEN; curling his lip till the *sangre azul* flowed freely, he rose

to his full height, stalked to the platform where the petted Tenor of the day held his audience in thrall, tore the music from his hands, and taking up the *aria* where the astonished Italian had left it off, he finished it in tones so suave and enervating, with so passionate a pathos that all there who heard, hung on his lips for ever and a day, and the rest became epileptic for the remainder of their lives. The luckless *virtuoso*, SIGNOR GUSBERTARTINI, went home, and sickened, and died of that song!

Poetry he despised. Yet full off had he, blindfolded, with his gloved left hand written impromptu epics that would have smitten a TENNYSON with the palsy of incompetency! Art he loathed, with a guardsman's loathing; yet who does not recollect that exquisite picture of RIMINI and FRANCESCO DI PAOLA, which all London flocked to see—painted by him for a wager on the bare back of a buck-jumping blood-mare that RAREY had given up as intractable?

He who knew every living idiom down to its very finger-nails—he for whom every dead and decayed tongue had yielded up its fragrance—had long found out the vanity of all things. Every science had he mastered, but only to sound the emptiness thereof. What wonder that this man believed in nothing under the sun? Nay, denied even that two and two made four. 'Tis but justice to state that he denied they made anything else worth living for. In his utter negation of all things, he did not even believe in the well-authenticated tales that had reached England of his own marvellous adventures in untrodden zones, familiar to him as the smoking-room of the most exclusive London clubs. For had he not pressed with the slender arab-arch of his foot, nay microscopically scrutinised with his cold passionless glance, every cubic inch of our mother-earth from zenith to zodiac, from equinox to ecliptic? Now unarmed and alone, battling with the wild bull-elephant in Siberian forests, whose fossil tusks would crumble into dust beneath his iron grasp—anon, ere the sun had risen and set again o'er his triumph, tracking the white bear to its den in the fastnesses of the primal Mexican steppe—now drifting over vast unknown inland seas of the Himalaya in a hollowed out bamboo craft of his own construction—anon, vainly wooed in the low sweet guttural diphthongs of the Zend Avesta dialect by golden-haired Nautsch girls, whose dowry was a prince's ransom, or discoursing sweet nothings in fluent Semitic to solemn-eyed Kagszwehian signoritas, with great sad ears, and the thick-skinned patience of the Sphinx! Seven times had the Sepoy's scalping knife performed on him its revolting office, as he lay steeped in some wild *haschish* dream, in lone wildernesses and remote "waste places of the fern;" seven times had he risen, Phoenix-like, from his own sack-cloth and ashes, and blown the slumbering spark of vitality into a lurid flame, wreaking a fearful holocaust on the red-skinned bravos who had, in the short-lived triumph of their bloody vendetta, dared to trifle with the tawny crest that fair hands, braceleted with the ducal strawberry-leaf, had been proud to toy with! And yet he never alluded to these "hairbreadth scrapes," as he lounged on the ottoman at "WARRERS," clad in snow-coloured seal-skin dressing-gown, "brodered with intertwisted monograms of golden fleur-de-luce (one of many such, yet not the best by far)—now withering the aristocratic *habitués* with sarcasms that fell from his lips thick and cold as the snows of an Arcadian winter—now scathing the menials of the establishment with scornful look and word; for in his high-born contempt of the "*oi populo!*" he was ever mindful of the difference between the proud blue blood that ran riot in his own Norman veins, and

"The poached filth that floods the middle class."

Is it strange that such a man should set all laws at defiance, laws of honour, courtesy, social intercourse, perspective, religion, scientific

inquiry?—nay, the very laws of digestion itself? For to his world-sated palate the oyster and the oyster-shell were as one and the same—the one yielded no joy, the other presented no difficulty.

His hate was ruinous to men, his love fatal to women, his indifference, deadly alike to all, whether they knew him or not!

Again and again, wo, wo to the women who crossed his path, he they widows or wives, matrons or maidens! Down they went on their knees before him, like threshed corn beneath the shears of the mower, to worship for awhile at the shrine of his cruel glance, and then—withered 'neath his insolent scorn, flung away into the dim irrevocable future, like a worn-out glove, a soiled scarf, a slipper down at heel—far beyond all appeal or hope of redress from *him!* for it is of such men that Tasso has written;—

"Ye who entreat him, leave all hope behind. . . ."

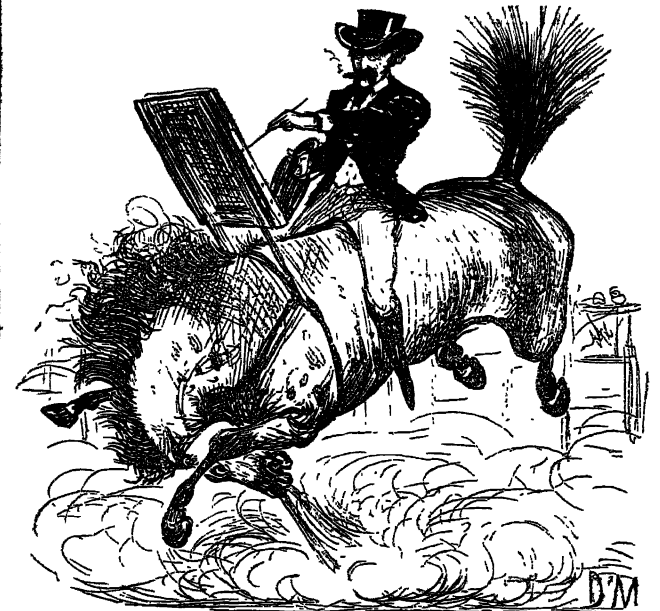
Every husband, every father, every brother, feared and loathed him as the incarnation of the Evil one—in their mean, narrow, tedious nauseating philosophy they held him as a perjured villain of the deepest dye, steeped in utterest infamy!

Perhaps his greatest charm in women's eyes was that he was never heard to boast of this . . .

Oh, reader, is it a marvel that the Tresilian,—

"The flower of the west-end and all the world,"

could not restrain a wild yell of agonised rapture when he, who never bent, yet bent his gaze on her, and stooping for once in his life, stamped a seething red-hot kiss on her hand which, soldering her bracelet to her wrist, seared her white flesh through the scented gauntlet to her very palm, and claimed her as his partner in the "Mabel Waltz!"



"MASKS AND FACES."

If we wanted a portrait of the British Working-Man, we don't know to whom we should sooner go than to HERR SCHULTZ, at the Egyptian Hall. In his very amusing and ingenious entertainment called "Masks and Faces," this gentleman shows us how many utterly various and apparently irreconcilable expressions and effects can be produced by the same set of features, dexterously managed. Now, this is just what we want to give us a true representation of the British Working-Man. He is one, yet how different, as reflected in the mirror held up by BRADSHAW and POTTER, LOWE and MILL, BUSFIELD FERRAND and JOHN BRIGHT. HERR SCHULTZ's face is the only one which we conceive could ever be moulded into so many opposite types.

What a fortune such a malleable mug would be to a Queen's Counsel on circuit, a Member of Parliament on canvas, a fashionable undertaker in the exercise of his calling, or the shop-walker at a *maison de deuil*, who has to deal with all gradations of grief, from the deepest crape stage of bereavement to the mitigated mourning of French gray! HERR SCHULTZ is really a phenomenon for his power of face-making. He might stand as model to the whole forty R.A.'s for the entire range of their pictures, from the back-door domesticities to the mediæval *Morte d'Arthur* business, and the Leightonian High Classical. Then, besides his extraordinary power of face-making, HERR SCHULTZ's

instantaneous creation and extinction of beard, and other hairy face-covering—eye-brows, whiskers, or moustache—is one of the most ingenious and surprising contrivances we remember. HERR SCHULTZ's beard-movement is the quickest imaginable: and he has some means of investing his face with the red of the North American Indian, or the Bosjeman's black, as instantaneously as he puts on and off his hirsute decorations.

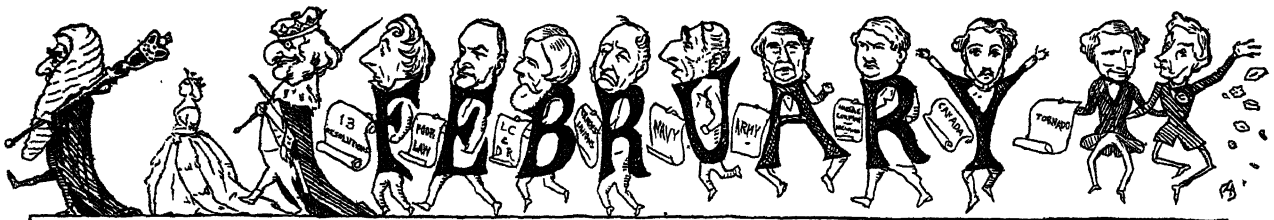
Altogether, HERR SCHULTZ is eminently worth seeing, and his entertainment, besides its ingenuity, is in good taste. There is no vulgarity, or forced fun about it, and it is as unpretending as it is curious.

Effect of Sea Air.

A VISITOR to Brighton, whose health has been much benefited by rides on the Downs and walks up and down both Piers, now describes the great London-super-Mare as *Paradise and the Piers*. He regrets his inability to write anything MOORE on the subject.

ANTI-FENIAN SUSPENSION.

So the *Habeas Corpus* has to be suspended again in Ireland. Let us hope that it will not be necessary to suspend the *Corpus* there as well as the *Habeas Corpus*.



A SOON AS JOHN STUART MILL, AT ST. ANDREWS, HAD FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT ABOUT EDUCATION



WITH THE COLLEGE DONS, HER MAJESTY MADE DUE PREPARATION FOR OPENING THE GREAT CONSERVATIVE PARLIAMENT, AND ALTHOUGH THE JAMAICA PROSECUTIONS WERE COMING ON, AND THE FRESCOES ON THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE WERE DROPPING OFF, THE ROYAL SPEECH OF THE 5TH WAS SO FULL OF GOOD PROMISE THAT EVEN THE THEATRES "MADE IT UP" WITH THE MUSIC HALLS, AND A DISTINGUISHED COMEDIAN WAS SEEN ARM-IN-ARM WITH CH—MR—E CH—RI—Y.



ON THE 8TH GATHORNE HARDY BROUGHT IN HIS POOR LAW BILL, THINKING WISELY, THAT IT WAS A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR INTRODUCING THE PAUPER TO THE NOTICE OF THE GUARDIAN; AND WALPOLE, WITH HIS ACCUSTOMED GOOD NATURE PLACED TOM HUGHES AND HARRISON ON THE TRADES-UNION COMMISSION.



ON THE 9TH SOME ODD AND UNMUSICAL JAPANESE JUGGLERS BEGAN SPINNING THEMSELVES ON ENORMOUS TOPS; IN THEIR INTERVALS OF LEISURE MAKING MAGIC BUTTERFLIES OUT OF SCRAPS OF PAPER.

THE EXHIBITION OF DESIGNS FOR THE NEW LAW COURTS WAS OPENED AT LINCOLN'S INN—



AND A SENSATION WAS CREATED BY A DRAWING REPRESENTING AN IMMENSE TOWER, SUPPOSED TO BE INTENDED AS A REFUGE FOR THE LORD CHANCELLOR WHEN THE FENIANS COME OVER FROM KERRY.



ON THE 11TH MR. DISRAELI "WAS" TO HAVE LET THE REFORM CAT OUT OF THE MINISTERIAL BAG, BUT NOTWITHSTANDING THAT THE FENIANS TRIED TO TAKE CHESTER WHILE HE WAS SPEAKING, AND MR. BEALES MADE ANOTHER ATTEMPT UPON TRAFALGAR SQUARE, HE DID NOT SUCCEED IN RELEASING THE POOR ANIMAL.

THE BLACS COLLECTION, BOUGHT FOR THE NATION (ON HIS OWN RESPONSIBILITY) BY THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WAS APPLAUDED AS A GOOD INVESTMENT, BUT MR. HENRY COLES'S ESTIMATE OF £118,000 ON ACCOUNT OF THE COMING PARIS EXHIBITION WAS NOT SO FAVOURABLY RECEIVED.

BUT ALTHOUGH EARL RUSSELL PRESENTED MR. RIGBY WASON'S ILL-TEMPERED PETITION AGAINST BARON KELLY, AND MR. LOWE PUBLISHED HIS DEFENCE AGAINST JOHN BRIGHT, AND THE BISHOPS IN CONVOCATION, LEGISLATED AGAINST RITUALISM, NOT EVEN THE DELIVERY OF THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH HINDERED THE TRANSIT THROUGH THE POST OFFICE OF HALF-A-MILLION OF VALENTINES ON THE 14TH—



NOT COUNTING THOSE EXPENSIVE "TOKENS" IN GI-GANTIC DEAL PACKING-CASES, WHICH HAD TO BE DELIVERED "PER PICKFORD'S VAN."

ON THE 20TH, ALEXANDRA GAVE TO A GRATEFUL COUNTRY A PRINCESS.



ON THE 25TH MR. DISRAELI, WITH GREAT SHOW OF COURAGE, LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG, BUT—



ON THE 26TH MADE IT EVIDENT THAT EVEN HE DID NOT THINK MUCH OF THE POOR CREATURE, AFTER ALL.

Priceless Loyalty.

MR. BRIGHT, in the House of Commons the other evening, is reported to have said:—"There are persons in this country, and there are also some from the North American Provinces, who are ill-natured enough to say that not a little of the loyalty which is said to prevail in Canada has its price." The Canadians will hardly be disposed to retort this insinuation by suggesting that any price could be put upon the loyalty of the Member for Birmingham. On the contrary, they may rather be inclined to question if the loyalty of a popular orator, who hints physical force to the multitude, has any value at all.

A Blow for the Bears.

AMID the measures of Reform which run the risk of being lost is a Bill to amend the law respecting the dealing in Bank Shares, with a view to the prevention of such jobberies and robberies as those which caused such ruin in the panic of last spring. This Reform Bill might be called "An Act to Cut the Claws of the Bears in Capel Court, and to prevent their clutching hold of other People's Property." The Bill clearly ought to pass; and if the Government will help it in its progress through the House, they may look upon themselves, in one measure at all events, as being good Reformers.



GRATIFYING.

Radical News-vendor (recognising Public Character, who has stepped in to buy a penny paper). "OW DO YOU FIND YOURSELF THIS MORNIN', SIR? (Refusing the coin.) OH, DON'T MENTION IT, SIR! WE SELL SUCH A QUANTITY OF YOUR CART DE WIZEETS, SIR, I COULDN'T THINK OF CHARGING YOU ANYTHINK, SIR!"

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

If the intentions of Government are carried out, Great Yarmouth, Totnes, Reigate, and Lancaster are to be cut off from the Borough-body, as members so utterly rotten, that, being past cure, they admit of no treatment but amputation. Mr. Punch has no objection, though perhaps, if the diagnosis that has been applied to these gangrened limbs could be directed to a good many more, the disease might be found to have spread so far that, supposing amputation resorted to in all the cases past cure, the Borough-body would be left with very few limbs at all.

But admitting that the sharp remedy of the knife may beneficially be employed on this peccant quartette of constituencies, what should be done with those who have inoculated them with the plague? What treatment is to be dealt out to the bribers—to FENWICK, SCHNEIDER, LACON, GOWER, PENDER & Co.?

If the House of Commons strip these Boroughs of their right to a Member, *in perpetuum*, for being corrupt, ought it not to deprive these gentlemen of their right of ever again sitting as Members, for corrupting?

If sauce for the thief should be sauce for the receiver, then the penalties of bribery should surely fall alike on those who offer, and those who take the bribe.

It will hardly do to punish for rottenness without punishing those who make and feed the rot.

It is true, there is one difficulty. If Boroughs and Borough Members are to be executed for having been caught dirty-handed, the hands of judge, jury and executioners should at least be clean.

Where is the House of Commons to find clean hands to do its work of purification sacrifice?

The only thing we can see for it would be a very general application of the Japanese happy-dispatch. Suppose every Member who feels himself as guilty as those who have been found out, when they retire from public life with ignominy, were to go and do likewise, what a very extensive vacating of seats would be the consequence! *Perhaps*, there might be enough left to do penal justice on future offenders.

INFORMATION.—It may not be generally known that it is the peculiar and lucrative function of the Board of Green Cloth to grant licences for Billiards.

THE WAIL OF THE OLD WHIP.

(Apropos of recent difficulties in the DERBY-DIZZY Subscription Hunt.)

ONE may well swear like a Tartar—
Such a field and such a pack!
Blest if I know what I'm arter,
Who to rate, and who head back.
Who the master of the hounds is,
In the meet-lists what's our name,
What our country and our bounds is,
Where's our covers, what's our game!

Once the old Hunt went on stunning,
Our subscription-book was filled:
Once our hounds run straight, not cunning,
Earths was stopp'd, and foxes killed.
Once a whip need but be steady,
Keep himself and osses neat,
Have his hounds in kennel ready,
Bring 'em all right to the meet—

Touch hat to the master's orders,
For the cover he should draw;
Then to skirt the gorse's borders,
Old uns' cheer, and young uns' jaw.
Head back rioter and rover,
Make the whimperers hold their prate,
Get his fox well out of cover,
Lay his hounds on and ride straight.

Runs was runs then, foxes foxes;
Whips and pack each other knew;
Nags, not men, lived in loose boxes,
And a screw was called a screw.
We'd our own subscription country,
Our hunt-livery we wore,
And we thought it an effort'ry,
If them togs a stranger bore.

Now you may change coat or button,
Let the hounds work anyhow;
If they run deer, hare or mutton,
Whips is not to make a row!
Earths is stopped, or left neglected,
Fox-preservin' let go slack,
Yet a whip's to whip expected,
And they call this mob, a pack!

Hounds as I'd rate I'm told not to
Staunch hounds bid thong black and blue;
And the country as we've got to,
Ain't the country once I drew.
The direction-posts is altered,
Gates and gaps ain't where they were,
Muster DABBY's nag's string-haltered,
Muster DIZZY won't ride fair!

There's the General has hooked it,
CRANBORNE and CARNARVON too;
They're disgusted and they looked it,
And there's more than them looks blue.
Blest if I've not a good mind to
Send my whip and livery back—
Changing place I ain't inclined to,
But it's all up with our pack!

AN INDUBITABLE DON.

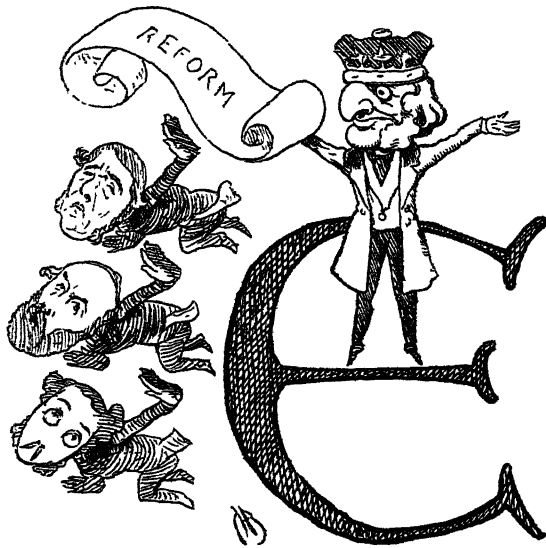
In a late report of proceedings in the Court of Bankruptcy, there appeared a case headed as follows:—

"IN RE E. F. J. R. F. S. W. G. DE MARTANO."

The name to which the foregoing initials are prefixed is that of a Spanish gentleman; "but," observed a fool, "although he is a foreigner, the Bankruptcy Court is a place in which the literary world must be sorry to see a man of letters." "Eight letters," said another fool, "standing for so many Christian names! The bearer of them must have had liberal godfathers and godmothers."

A LABORIOUS POST.—The new First Lord will find plenty to do at the Admiralty. There is a long list of *Agenda* and *Corrigenda*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



VENTFUL have been the hours since *Mr. Punch* last wrote. Firstly, three who were then Conservative Ministers are Conservative Ministers no longer. PEEL of the Army, CRANBORNE of India, CARNARVON of the Colonies, have deprived LORD DERBY of their services. The dauntless Three have fallen, the earliest victims to Reform. They would have "kept the Bridge," but DERBY the Consul did not want it kept, so they have only gone home. Secondly, a strange story belongeth to their fate, and this the Consul told to the Senate on

Monday, 4th March.

The EARL OF DERBY

gave an interesting and edifying account of the Reform policy of his Cabinet. The next night MR. DISRAELI, who, on the Monday, had been sternly silent, to the wrath of sundry in the Commons, became lavishly explanatory. It will be convenient to fuse the two statements which irradiate each other, into one, and this it is.

In the autumn, LORD DERBY saw that a Reform Bill, and not a "niggard" one, ought to be presented to Parliament. He therefore requested MR. DISRAELI to give his best attention to the subject.

At some date it "came to" those statesmen that some of their colleagues would not stand a liberal Reform Bill.

Two measures were therefore prepared, or at least sketched, one a Worthy, the other an Unworthy one.

D. and D. hoped to be able to pass the former, but if their ultra-Conservative friends should resist, meant to fall back on the latter.

The Resolutions are admitted to have been vague, but the Cabinet wanted to get "concurrence" from the Commons. As they could not get it, they emitted an "expression of policy" on the 25th, which *Mr. Punch* expounded last week, with the fatal comment that "it would not do."

This was the Unworthy scheme, but, small as it was, it was too large for PEEL, CRANBORNE, and CARNARVON. LORD CRANBORNE sat up all one Sunday night, studying the figures, and frightened himself so dreadfully at the results he came to that he was obliged to resign. The other two did not waste wax candles and get headaches, but they resigned also.

Now the Administration is free to do its duty as understood by LORD DERBY in the autumn, and his Lordship's first opinion, said MR. DISRAELI, is his last opinion.

So, for the third time this session, MR. DISRAELI is going to introduce a Reform Bill, and he has fixed the 18th of March for that ceremony. By this measure the Government declares that it will stand or fall.

Mr. Punch has only one question to ask. When LORD DERBY and MR. DISRAELI, having arrived at a sense of their duty to the nation, found that certain colleagues would endeavour to prevent their discharge of that duty, why did they not, as Patriot Statesmen, at once remit CRANBORNE to Coventry, CARNARVON to Castle High Clere, and JONATHAN to Jericho, and prepare the measure dictated by conscience? Of course it would, as LORD DERBY says, have been very "painful," of course it would, as MR. DISRAELI says, have been "one of the saddest incidents of public life." But we should like to know what PITT, WELLINGTON, or PALMERSTON would have done. He would have wept or not wept, according to his hydraulic proclivities, but he would have walked out the recalcitrants, and done his duty.

Leaving such considerations to the consideration of All whom they concern, *Mr. Punch* briefly notes that on the Monday LORD CARNARVON told the Lords that he thought Reform was needed, but arithmetic showed him that the proposed scheme would alter the character of five-sixths of our boroughs, and this he regarded as dangerous—that LORD GRANVILLE said it was clear that the Cabinet had never come to a decision as to the meaning of the Resolutions, and he hoped that there would be no more desire to mystify Parliament—that LORD GREY thought that the House of Commons ought to be full of wisdom and ability, that the highest intelligence of the nation should be represented, and that a mistake in altering the Constitution would be fatal—and that LORD DERBY declared a Reform Bill to be a matter not of principle but of detail.

MR. DISRAELI, to-night, as has been said, was elaborately silent, and LORD CRANBORNE was tongue-tied by etiquette. But MR. GLADSTONE made some severe criticisms on the conduct of Ministers, which reminded him of a Greek dance he had seen, in which the ladies advanced three steps and retreated two. He demanded, for the credit of Parliament, that the question of Reform should be treated with force and decision, that the Bill should contain nothing new-fangled, and that there should be no giving with one hand and taking away with the other. If the plan

should be Simple, Good, Manful, Constitutional, and Straightforward, it would be ungrudgingly supported by the Opposition. His speech was sterner than heretofore, and sounded warningly.

Tuesday. MR. DISRAELI made the speech that hath been noted, ending with a scoff at MR. GLADSTONE'S "singular plainness of mind" and hatred of "intricacy." It was repaid, with interest. GENERAL PEEL made a manly speech, much applauded. He had been told that the Reform Bill was a Conservative measure, and when he found that it was not, he refused to have anything to do with it. LORD CRANBORNE made a somewhat similar statement, and he, too, spoke in an earnest and manly fashion, as English gentlemen always do when they are talking only of personal matters.

At the instance of MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, "who was received with great laughter," MR. GLADSTONE explained that though he had held the briefest conversation with MR. DISRAELI, it was not about Reform, but something else, and he had used the words "Quite Proper," which had been overheard. He confuted some allegations of MR. DISRAELI'S as to the conduct of Opposition; but all this fencing, good as it was, between the two accomplished swordsmen, was chiefly for the amusement of the House. It was still more amused by a smart speech, very anti-Ministerial, by MR. LOWE, who assailed the Conservatives and the Radicals for their joint approach to democracy, likened MR. DISRAELI and MR. BRIGHT to the great Twin Brothers to whom the Dorians pray (see *MACAULAY'S Lay*), and said that the "ship they ride on" is Cold Hypocrisy, and the chief they serve under is Anarchy. MR. HORSMAN accused Ministers of political immorality. LORD STANLEY denied the charge of democracy, and said that the Bill, by which the Cabinet would stand or fall, would in no sense be in accordance with the policy consistently supported by MR. BRIGHT. The latter gentleman made an amusing speech, with some good "chaff" in it, and welcomed the now favoured idea of Household Suffrage, but was willing to support a measure short of that. Why were we to be afraid of a second million of our countrymen? Some smaller men finished a debate of an unusually brilliant character. And here endeth another chapter in the history of Reform.

MR. WATKIN got a Committee on Limited Liability; MR. LEBMAN carried, by 86 to 41, a Bill intended to check stockjobbing rascalities, by preventing fictitious transactions. The jobbers howl about "restraining business," but the Bill is approved by the best sort of business men.

Wednesday. The Fenian Rebellion broke out in Ireland, and the CHIEF SECRETARY had to tell the House of our telegraphs, torn-up railways, Greek fire, encounters between rebels and police, bloodshed, and, the only good news, of LORD STRATHNAIRN (SIR HUGH ROSE) being in the saddle and riding against the revolt. Since then, we have heard of still more serious affairs, of concerted movements of Fenians, and of wide-spread disaffection. But with traitors in their own ranks, and vigour and skill in ours, the rebels may expect suppression, and the ring-leaders may look for the doom of felons. It is time to show that Law means Order—at any price.

MR. COLERIDGE carried his Bill for the Abolition of Tests at Oxford through Second Reading, but it will not become law in its present form.

Thursday. The EMPEROR, who is always polite, has offered the QUEEN the statues of HENRY THE SECOND, CŒUR DE LION, ELEANOR OF GUIENNE, and ISABEL OF ANGOULEME, from the Chapel of Fontevault, Anjou, and HER MAJESTY has accepted them. French antiquaries rage, and if these statues were in a fitting place, *Mr. Punch* would consider their removal a barbarism; but as they are lying in the back scullery of a convict prison, we may as well have them. We object, however, to their going to South Kensington—let DEAN STANLEY take charge of them, and put them where he sees proper.

GENERAL PEEL, though ministerially dead, moved the Army Estimates, which are a good deal higher than the last, but not so much higher, he says, as they seem. The Converted Sniders work admirably, we are told.

Friday. THE DUKE OF ARGYLL delivered what LORD DERBY called a dangerous and irritating address on Crete and the Eastern question. The latter is coming up, and Russia, "though yet her cicatrix looks raw and red," is getting Bumptious again. The *Ægri somnia* must be pleasant, just now.

The Commons were dull. No light was thrown by a long debate on Volunteer law. The Travellers' Baggage question came up, and it is clear that no change is to be made. The only Member who used an argument against it was SIR PATRICK O'BRIEN, who urged that the valuable works of English authors would be pirated, and the fraudulent editions brought over by travellers. SIR PATRICK is a gentleman, and in the name of author-craft we thank him for his kindly thoughtfulness. But we hope there is enough public spirit in authors (especially those who have sold their copyrights) to endure this peril for a few months.

London may like to know that the Regent's Park Lake is not to be touched until autumn, when, of course, everybody whose nose is worth respect will be out of town.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

(From yours very truly, Peep the Great.)

PEEP FIRST.



IN April the first the French Exhibition will open, and thousands hitherto unable to gain admission will flock to Paris. Numberless Englishmen and Englishwomen who have not been there before will not be behind now. A Guide and a familiar friend is, like dough, much kneaded: whereat some readers may say, "Oh, doughn't!" Let 'em. I have said it. I am a Broken Englishman, and after a lengthened sojourn abroad am pre-

pared to direct the steps of my compatriots, to talk with the natives, to speak for the stranger, and to give him his French as it is spoken and pronounced in the best or worst society.

There is not a spot in Paris with which I am unacquainted. I can tell you all about it—and more: I am therefore your man. "Je suis," as MARECHAL NEY used to observe, "votre homme;" but for the benefit of your readers, I must add, that these words are *not* pronounced as spelt.

Let me introduce Paris to you, historically. Paris is called by many ignorant foreigners Parry, but they might as well call it GERMAN REED at once, as no one, out of their own set, understands them.

In ancient times, A.V.P.C. [*Anno Verbum Personale Concordat, i.e.,* a Concordat entered into by one of the first Popes] the country of France was generally an open country, which accounts for the people being Frank. It is supposed that ADAM and EVE visited it early in life, but no records of the fact exist, except the word *Madam*, which includes both. M. ADOLPHE ADAM, the composer, is a descendant of that illustrious gentleman, who is admitted, on all hands, to have been the First Man of his time. However this may be, let it be as it will. Dates not so much an object as reading in comfort.

The Franks were not cannibals: they ate no one, and no one ate them. An amicable state of things, which, perhaps, accounts for the proverbial politeness of their Parisian posterity. In those days there were no guide-books to Paris and its environs. They were scarcely missed, as there were no environs, and I may add, to speak strictly, no Paris. Paris rhymes to HARRIS; an opportunity which entirely escaped the attention of OVID and VIRGIL: odd. The Judgment of Paris was the event which suggested the name for the place. This judgment has been handed down to us. If SERGEANT PARRY should become a Judge, perhaps a great decision of his will be handed down as the Judgment of PARRY'S. Perhaps so: when this you see, remember me.

About this time an incursion of Merovingians—but this will not interest you. Suffice it to say that the first Frenchman of any fame at all was KING PIPPIN, who, as you may recollect, was mixed up with WILLIAM TELL, and was shot on and off his son's head simply because he wouldn't put on his hat. Hence Ripstone Pippins: but another family tree, this. The next was *Robert the Devil*, who lived in Nor-

mandy, which, by poetic licence, he used to call his mother country (in French *Ma Normandie*). He was removed by *Bertrand* and taken to a warmer climate—Italy, I think, from his subsequently re-appearing as *Roberto il Diavolo*.

Then came, an ancestor of SIR RICHARD MAYNE, called CHARLEMAGNE: he wore an iron crown, and composed the well-known air for the flageolet, "*Dulce domum*." (At least, if he didn't, he had something to do with a Regium Donum, but *Historia est foggia, i. e.,* History is foggy in details.)

After this we hear (that is, I've heard) very little of France until the Emperor NAPOLEON THE THIRD ascended the throne. There was a NAPOLEON THE FIRST; but then there was a DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

This Emperor, NAPOLEON THE THIRD, gives an Exhibition this year. You will want a Guide to it. There is a regiment of Guides in France. But don't ask them questions. Get *Paris for the English*—1867, published by BRADBURY, EVANS, & Co., 11, Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C. (*Advertisement*.)

Life in Paris is all out of doors. Of course you couldn't expect life in doors, in France, any more than in any other country; the doors here are as dead as door-nails elsewhere.

Though the Parisian life is out of doors, you will not see any Houses out of windows. They are all windows and shutters, and neat little ornamental blinds. The only time when you'll see a house out of windows is when you look out of your own windows and see a house. No novelty here.

You get to Paris by land and water. These are merely preliminary directions.

You mustn't be surprised at the roughness of an angry sea. No wonder it is angry, seeing it is so often crossed.

On landing you will at once proceed to Paris: and then—wait for me in my next.

SUBSTITUTES FOR PROFANE SWEARING.

Adapted to various Sorts and Conditions of Men.

Lawyer. Tax my bill.
Doctor. Dash my draughts.
Soldier. Snap my stock.
Parson. Starch my surplice.
Bricklayer. I'll be plastered.
Bricklayer's Labourer. Chop my hod.
Carpenter. Saw me.
Plumber and Glazier. Solder my pipes. Smash my panes.
Painter. I'm daubed.
Brewer. I'm mashed.
Engineer. Burst my boiler.
Stoker. Souse my coke.
Costermonger. Rot my tatars.
Dramatic Author. Steal my French Dictionary.
Actor. I'll be hissed.
Tailor. Cut me out. Cook my goose.
Linendraper. Soil my silks. Sell me off.
Grocer. Squash my figs. Sand my sugar. Seize my scales.
Baker. Knead my dough. Scorch my muffins.
Auctioneer. Knock me down.

THE ELECTRIC MEDAL.

THE American Parliament has passed a resolution of thanks to MR. CYRUS FIELD, for having made the Electric Telegraph between England and the States, and has ordered a Gold Medal to be struck, in honour of MR. FIELD'S single-handed feat. This is quite right. *Punch* would be the last man to deny that "alone FIELD did it." We are not quite sure whether he let the water into the space called the Atlantic Ocean, but we know that he invented electricity, and telegraphy, and after years of solitary experiments, perfected the Cable which is now laid. He carried it in his own one-horse gig from Greenwich to Ireland, and having previously constructed the machinery for paying it out, launched the *Great Eastern* by his unaided efforts, lifted the rope on board, and consigned it to the deep with his own hands. MR. FIELD tied on the Newfoundland end with great neatness, and then ran on with the continuation, and never sat down, nor even blew his nose, until he had dispatched the first message. Therefore, the Medal is his, and the reverse also. But in concession to the ignorant prejudices of the world, might not just the most modest space, say the rim, bear in faint letters the names of GIBBORNE, GLASS, ELLIOT, ANDERSON, CANNING, and one or two more, who stood by, with their hands in their pockets, and saw the smart CYRUS perform the Herculean task. Anyhow, we do give the ground on which this end of the Cable rests. But we would not press the request, if it would hurt American feelings.

THE BEGGAR'S PARADISE.—Tattersall's.



AT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Teacher. "NOW, MARY BROWN, YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT IS MEANT BY BAPTISM?"

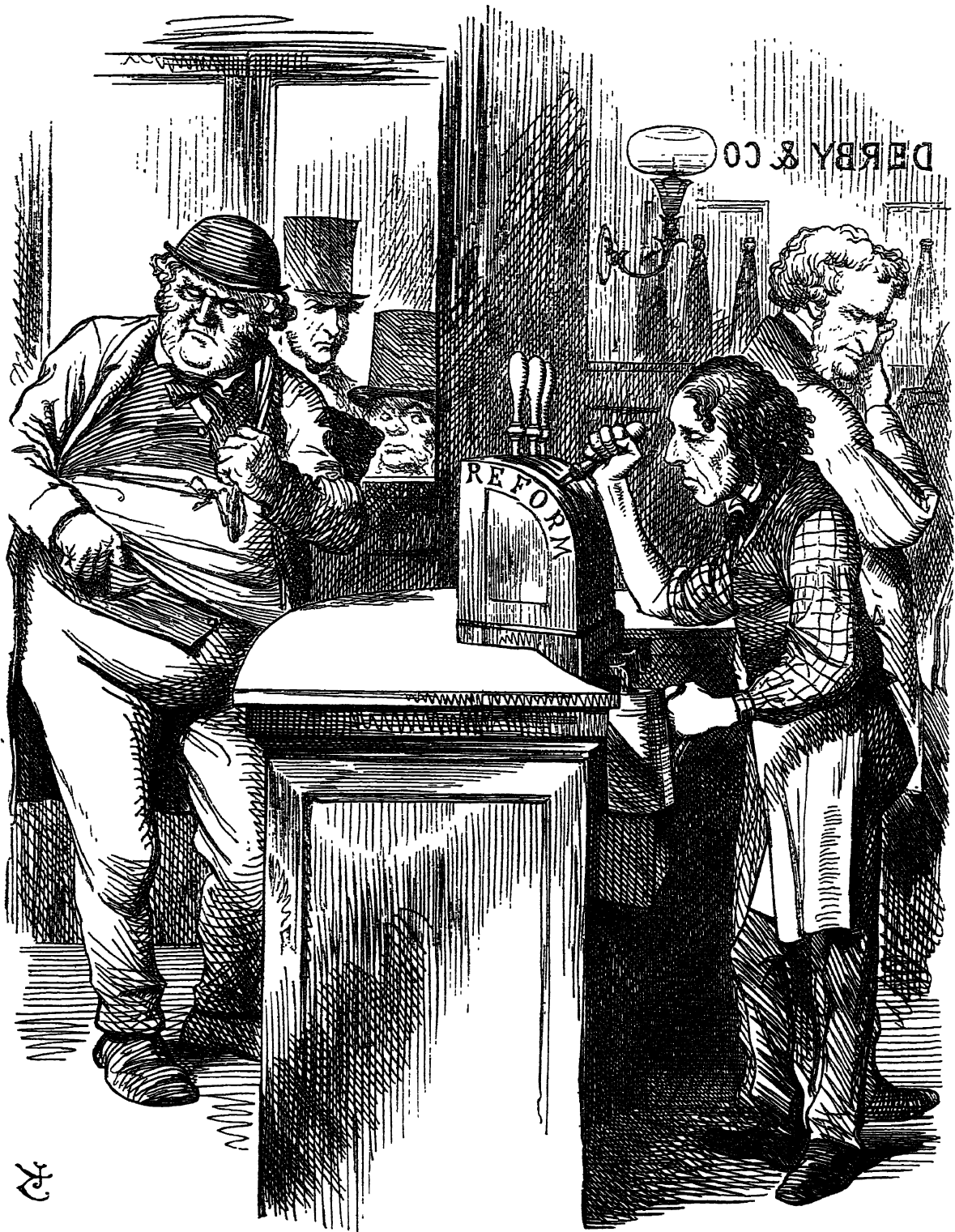
Mary Brown. "OH, I KNOW, TEACHER! IT'S WHAT DR. FRANKLIN DID ON BABY'S ARM LAST TOOSDAY!"

SINGULAR CONDUCT IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE.

(By our own Penny-a-Liner.)

EVERY lover of justice will be glad to learn that the vigilance of the police in regard to the use of False Weights and Measures is not confined to the miserable petty tradesmen of Lambeth and other low neighbourhoods, who cheat the poor out of so much of their hard earnings, but that the authorities have an eye upon offenders of a higher class. In the case to which these remarks refer, we are not enabled to state that any penalty has as yet been inflicted, but it will be seen that there is every intention to enforce the law. Our reporter states that the attention of the Westminster police has for some weeks been attracted to a house in Parliament Street known as the "Rupert's Head," and kept by a respectable landlord named DERBY, in whose service is also a sharp and intelligent bar-man, whose real name is of Hebrew origin, but who is known in the neighbourhood as "DIZZY." MR. DERBY came into possession of the premises after an action of ejectment, said to have been somewhat irregularly conducted, and he changed the sign, which had previously been that of "Jack Straw's Castle," to the above. The neighbours made no particular complaint of the management of the house, for the landlord's connection was chiefly country persons, who, though apt to be a little vociferous, were respectable, and not addicted to late hours. There were occasional quarrels between them and some of the customers of the previous landlord, an aged person named RUSSELL, who had been respected in his time, but had of late years become cantankerous, especially since his ejectment from the house, but nothing serious occurred. We mention these details to show how, in these strange times, worthy men will run the risk of losing a fair character, for the sake of very small gains and certain exposure. It is our duty to add that, in some respects, the landlord at the Rupert's Head was popular with his neighbours, for he had carefully abstained from interference with other people's affairs, had endeavoured to arrange some difficulties between certain workmen and their masters, had administered a severe rebuke to a Beadle who neglected his duties, and had shown a kind feeling

towards the Poor. But if came to the knowledge of the police that on the evening of Monday, the 12th of February, the bar-man, "DIZZY," under the eye of his employer, was called on to serve a customer, a MR. BULL, and that in lieu of the good measure which should have been given, "DIZZY," talking with much volubility to distract the attention of MR. BULL and the other persons present, offered him nearly all froth, and pertinaciously refused to deal in a more honest fashion, alleging that he had drawn a perfectly right measure. MR. BULL, who is a very forbearing and kind-hearted person, contented himself with a gentle grumbling, and with declaring that this sort of thing would not do, and it seems that "DIZZY" facetiously remarked to him, "Come again this day fortnight, gov'nor, and we'll make it all right for you, old man," and on this bit of chaff MR. BULL went away. But he used the house again, as it happened, on the very day named by the bar-man, and police-constable, G 1, took the precaution of watching the movements of the latter. Upon this occasion we learn that "DIZZY" displayed none of his usual pleasantries, but was obviously out of temper, as if acting under orders that were disagreeable to him; and it was also noticed that three persons, supposed to be friends of MR. DERBY, were also watching what occurred. We have heard that one of them was an old soldier, well known to Turfites; another was a person who, in the euphemistic phrase of a class, has "left the Colonies;" and the third does not live a hundred miles from Cranborne Place. MR. BULL, upon asking for what he wanted, received what was, if possible, worse measure than on the preceding occasion, and upon remonstrance being made by some who were indignant at this treatment of the old gentleman, "DIZZY" said that he supposed he knew his own business, and suddenly charged the speakers with having robbed some poor men so far back as 1832. A serious disturbance would have taken place, but for the admirable temper and tact of the constable, G 1, who advised all persons to go away quietly, undertaking that proper attention should be given to the proceedings which had justly exasperated every one. "DIZZY" hereupon called the officer sundry names, intended to annoy him, but added in a somewhat mysterious manner, that "there was wheels within wheels, and he wasn't going to grease 'em all."



THE HONEST POTBOY.

DERBY (*aside*). "DON'T FROTH IT UP THIS TIME, BEN. GOOD MEASURE—THE INSPECTORS HAVE THEIR EYE ON US."

This was not understood by those present, but a few days afterwards there was a great disturbance, and the neighbours saw the three persons above designated suddenly rushing out of the house, and heard them loudly declaring that both the landlord and his servant were humbugs, and had tried to get their names to something that would have brought them all to ruin. This, however, MR. DERBY as loudly contradicted from an up-stairs window, and he expressed unlimited satisfaction at seeing the backs of them. What this quarrel meant may not concern our readers, but it is due to MR. DEBBY to state that on Constable G 1 again taking an opportunity of severely cautioning him, he professed regret for what had occurred, and distinctly declared that it should not be repeated, and that the best possible measure should be given. If that would not do, he added, somewhat energetically, he would put up the shutters, and take down the sign. Constable G 1 advised him to do nothing rash, nor to try any dodge for the future, and added, that if the promise were kept, the police would do no more than keep an eye on the house. The oldest inhabitants are unable to account for the cause that could induce a highly respectable landlord and an ordinarily well-spoken young man to indulge in these eccentricities, and risk their character; but the neighbourhood waits to see how far MR. DERBY and his subordinate will act up to the spirit of their undertaking. If they fail in doing so, it is rumoured that their treatment of MR. BULL will be punished by an early memorial to the Westminster Magistrates, who are usually merciful, but who are very severe where deception is attempted.

A VERY LEGITIMATE INDIGNATION MEETING.

A MEETING of representative horses employed in and about the Metropolis, has lately been held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Reporters would have been welcome, but as the proceedings were carried on in the language of the Houynhms, and DEAN SWIFT, the only human master of that language, is dead, their services were unavailing. Luckily, a learned horse (one of MR. SANGER'S stud), who has mastered all the European languages, in the course of a varied round of engagements at home and abroad, has obligingly favoured us with a condensed report of the proceedings.

The oldest Cab-horse in the Metropolis was called to the chair; the sense of the meeting to that effect being taken by yeas and nays.

The Chairman explained the object of the meeting. As horses they had more grievances than he wished, or was able, to enumerate. "He had passed through a wide experience, having come of high family, tracing up to the Godolphin Arabian, and having begun life in a racing-stable. How he had come down to his present line of life, was no business of the meeting; but he didn't mind saying that it was through no fault of his. He had once been first favourite for the Derby, and after that the meeting would understand him, when he said that he had been 'nobbled.' That was his first move to the bad, and since then he had gone on from bad to worse—from steeple-chasing to Oxford hacking, and thence downwards to a night-cab, in which he supposed he should end his days. He expected to die in harness. But his varied experience had made him practically acquainted with most of 'the woes that (horse) flesh is heir to,' and therefore he felt he was, in some sense, a representative animal. The particular grievance they were met to protest against was the cruel, abominable, unjustifiable, and unnecessary practice of spreading rough granite on the roads, for horses to tread into solid Macadam. It was a leg, back, and heart-breaking business for horses of all kinds, values, and employments. From the three-hundred guinea pair of steppers in the lordly equipage, to the worn-out drudges of the night-cab, many of whom, like himself, had known better days—from the pampered hundred-pound brewer's dray-horse, to the skin-and-bone anatomy that tugs the coster's 'flat,' all the horses of London had here a common right of protest. He would call on the speakers to move the Resolutions."

The first Resolution, "That the practice of allowing the granite used in road-repair to be crushed and levelled for traffic by the horses and carriages passing over it, is dangerous, cruel, and unnecessary," was moved, by a magnificent bay (from the stables of the Countess of Hautpas). "He did not think much wind need be used in moving the resolution. He had all but broken his own fetlock-joint that morning, in carrying his mistress to the Drawing-Room, and was still suffering acutely from the effect of the accident. He had had two esteemed stable companions (one of them, he was ashamed to say, a delicate mare) lamed by this abominable practice last season, and one (*here the speaker became much affected*) so seriously that he was obliged to be shot. (*Excitement.*) He knew from the remarks he heard while waiting to take up at West End parties—for he owned that his experience, unlike that of the venerable animal in the chair, was confined to aristocratic circles—that the accidents from this cause were innumerable, and the suffering general. He hoped the meeting would not think that horses in his rank of life had an easy time of it. Aristocratic animals worked very hard, he could assure them, and almost entirely over the stones. Knowing their own value, they naturally felt sore at having their labour doubled, and the danger to life and limb far more than doubled,

by the use made of them for work which properly belonged to the steam-roller."

The Resolution was seconded by a sturdy Clydesdale Grey (the property of an eminent market gardener). "He could not boast," he said, "like the honourable proposer, of any aristocratic experience. He belonged to what was called the lower orders, and was proud of it, but he was glad to meet the aristocracy of his race on a common platform. He could bear out, from his experience in his own class, all the aristocratic mover of the Resolution had stated. If this practice was hard for horses of the mover's high-priced, high-stepping, easy-worked order, what must it be for horses like himself? They had heavier weights to draw, and broader wheels to move, and their pounding work on the rough granite was increased in proportion. He often felt his heart ready to break over it, and only wished he could have the Chairman of Metropolitan Roads, or a couple of District Board or Vestry-men in the shafts for a week or two. They would know what rough granite was then: that it was worse even for the horses that worked over it, than the paupers that cracked it in the stone-yards. They managed these things better in France. *There* they called in the aid of the steam-roller to crush their Macadam. But even these steam-rollers felt the work so much that, only the other day, one of them had committed suicide by bursting up, and had done a deal of damage. He didn't know why English horses should put up with worse than French horses got. He recommended a strike, with both feet, if this abominable practice was not put a stop to.

The Resolution was carried unanimously.

The second Resolution, "That a deputation from the horses of the Metropolis wait on LORD JOHN MANNERS, and inquire why he has done nothing to carry out his promise of compelling the introduction of the steam-roller to crush the rough granite, on the French system," was moved by a neat park-hack (belonging to an officer of the Household Brigade) and seconded by a valuable brougham-horse in the employment of an eminent M.D., and carried with enthusiasm.

A motion for an indignation meeting every week during the season, till this grievance was put a stop to, was also adopted, and the meeting separated with a determination not to relax in their efforts for the removal of what is admitted by men as well as horses to be a disgrace to the road administration of the Metropolis, till the steam-roller is introduced for crushing the rough road-granite as in Paris.

SONG OF A HEAD CENTRE.

Now is your time for freedom, plate and jewels, gold an' notes,
To strike for liberty, me boys, and cut your betters' throats;
To saize upon the arsenals, and fire the magazines,
And blow the base aristocrats up into smithereens.

Arise, me fellow-countrymen, let's murder all the praists,
The parsons and the ministers, and all them kind o' baists.
The nobles and the gentry we will hang on their own trees,
All of 'em we can catch, and above all the absentees.

The troops that march against us will immediately retire
Upon them when you open with a volley of Greek fire.
The corpses of their comrades will be left upon the plain:
It's then we will in glory pick the pockets of the slain.

But should we be defated by Misfortune's cruel fate,
With mighty little punishment 'tis likely we shall mate;
They dare not hang for thrason now, nor head off shoulders dock,
The gallows is a bugaboo: a praty for the bloek!

But there is COLONEL NELSON, boys, and there's LIEUTENANT BRAND:
A trial for their life, bedad, is what they've got to stand.
How they stamp out rebellion, sure, their likes will take good care,
Seeing what throuble that has brought on them and MR. EYRE.

JACK STUART MILL for ever, and hurroo for friend JACK BRIGHT!
Success to the Committee philo-black and anti-white!
Hang them that crushes rebels in the service of the Crown,
And then who 'll be the boys to put the Fenian Brothers down?

Very Natural.

THE authorities at Cambridge have issued an edict pronouncing sentence of rustication or expulsion against any person *in statu pupillari*, riding in, or otherwise promoting a steeple-chace. This is only what might be expected. "Steeple-chasing" is a pursuit reserved for gownsmen *not in statu pupillari*—gownsmen who have taken orders.

MOTTO (*lately adopted by MR. PADDY GREEN*).—EVANS'S helps them as helps themselves.



That Charming Gal with the blue feather (to Prize Canary). "SWEETTY, DEAR!"
Comic Man ("Dolcissimo con Brio," from the other side of pedestal). "YES, DUCKY!"
[Utterly ruining the hopes, and taking the wind out of the sails of his tall friend (serious man), who had been spooning about her all the afternoon, and thought he had made an impression!]

"SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?"

- Blat.* 15. "Bother the ladies! Let'sh have a weed!"
Blat. 20. "O yes, let's join the ladies. (*Aside.*) Cousin CLARA'S in the drawing-room."
Blat. 25. "Aw—may as well, I s'pose. But just give us a glass of CHARLEY'S old Madeira first."
Blat. 30. "I vote we move, you fellows. (*Aside.*) Awfully jolly girl that was, sat next me. Wonder if she's got some tin."
Blat. 35. "I should like just one whiff first. But then the smoke gets in one's beard so."
Blat. 40. "Cosy enough here. Don't care to move at present."
Blat. 45. "Quite agree with you, old boy. Pass the clar't, will you?"
Blat. 50. "I should vote for having just one more, half-a-glassorso, of that cap'tal dry sherry."
Blat. 55. "Better go at once, I say. (*Aside.*) My wife's confounded tetchy when I sit long at the table."
Blat. 60. "Ladies! I should think not! They can join us if they want us."
Blat. 65. "I'll join 'em with great pleasure, but let's hear that funny story first."
Blat. 70. Join the ladies! Bless 'em! Yes! with all the pleasure in life—ugh! Confound that toe of mine! I always feel it after dinner.

The Anti-drink-on-Sunday Movement.

(Addressed to an Alderman and an eminent Roman Catholic Prelate, by a Licensed Witteller.)

THE ALDERMAN IS DOCTOR MANNING'S PROP:
One's name, and t' other's title, bids them stop
Their fierce crusade against the Sunday drop,—
For One's Old Hale: t' other's the Arch-beershop.

COCKNEY HOBSERVATION.

COCKNEYS are not the only people who drop or exasperate the "H's." It is done by common people in the provinces, and you may laugh at them for it. The deduction therefore is, that a peasant, with an "h," is fair game.

CONUNDRUM. (BY SIMPLE SYMON.)

WHY would the normal state of a coloured gentleman in India be one of want? Because he would be an Indi-gent.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Evening Amusements at BYNG'S. The Course of True Love. Prospects.)

BYNG takes MILBURD and myself aside. "What Christmassy sort of thing," asks BYNG, "can we do to amuse them?" MILBURD suggests charades. I think we can't get them up. MILBURD says, "Get 'em up in a second. Cork a pair of moustachios and flour your face." I admit this is all very well, but we want scenery. BYNG doubtful. MILBURD pooch-poochs scenery and says, "there are folding doors in the drawing-room; and chairs and table cloths. Only want a word." We can't think of a word.

Happy Thought.—Get a dictionary.

We try A. *Abajt.* MILBURD says that's it.

Happy Thought.—I say, on board ship in the back drawing-room. MILBURD catches the idea. First syllable: A. BYNG asks "how?" So do I. MILBURD explains; "A: cockneyism for Hay: some one makes A when the sun shines." BYNG interrupts with a question as to how the sun is to be done. MILBURD says, "Oh, imagine the sun." *Bajt.* Let's see how 's *Bajt* to be done. Silence. Puzzler.

Happy Thought.—Try something else.

BYNG says that once when he was in a country-house he dressed up as a Monk, and frightened a lot of people. We laugh. BYNG suggests that that wouldn't be bad fun. His half-aunt is easily taken in.

Happy Thought.—Dress up and frighten his half-aunt.

BYNG's got it. He'll get the dress. I enter into the proposition. Prefer talking to FRIDOLINE. MILBURD shall disarm suspicion by going back to the drawing-room and saying, that a great friend of BYNG'S has just arrived from Germany, and that BYNG is receiving him. MILBURD undertakes this part of the business. BYNG says (to me) "Come along: I'll dress you up." I object. BYNG says, "It's like Mummies in the olden time." I never could see the fun of mummies in the olden time. I suggest that MILBURD is better at this sort of thing, and I'll go back to the drawing-room and disarm suspicion. BYNG is obstinate: he says, "It will spoil everything if I don't dress

up." MILBURD points out what capital fun it will be. "No one," he says, "will know you." Perhaps not: but where's the fun?

Happy Thought.—Do it another night.

They won't. Do it now. BYNG appears annoyed: he thought I should enjoy this sort of thing. I say "so I do: no one more," only I can't help imagining that FRIDOLINE will think me an idiot. It is settled. MILBURD goes down-stairs. BYNG takes me to a lumber-room. I am to represent his friend just arrived from Germany. After rummaging in some boxes and closets, he produces a large cocked-hat with feathers, a Hussar's jacket, a pair of cavalier breeches, pink stockings, russet boots and a monk's cloak with a cowl. He is delighted. Whom am I to represent?

Happy Thought (which strikes BYNG).—Represent eccentric friend from Germany. He must be a very eccentric friend to come in such a dress. I point out that it can't take any one in: not even his half-aunt. He says it will. His half-aunt must be remarkably weak.

When I've got on the stockings and boots, I protest against the breeches. "Spoil the whole thing if you don't put on the breeches," says BYNG. I am dressed. I say, "I can't go down like this." BYNG's got it again. What?

Happy Thought (second which strikes BYNG).—False nose. Red paint.

Stop! He hasn't got any red paint.

Happy Thought.—What a blessing! A new idea strikes him. Pink tooth-powder will do just as well: and lip salve.

He won't let me look in the glass until he has finished with me. When he's done I see myself, and protest again. He says "nonsense, it's capital: he will just see if the road's clear, and then we'll go down-stairs." He leaves me.

Happy Thought (while alone). Undress before he comes back.

First Reflection in glass: What an ass I do look. *Second reflection.* What an idiot I was to let them dress me up. *Resolution.* Never do it again. If I had got to act a regular part, with words written, I shouldn't mind; or even in a charade; or if everyone was dressed up as well; or if MILBURD or some one else was dressed up; but this is so stupid. If I don't go on with it, Old BYNG will be annoyed, and

won't ask me again, and BYNG's is a very jolly place to stay at. If I'd known that there were people here, and this sort of thing was going to happen, I shouldn't have come. I shouldn't mind it so much if FRIDOLINE wasn't here. I can't go and sit by her, and talk to her seriously, with a false nose, burnt cork, pink tooth-powder and red lip salve on my face. I won't go. [Analysing this feeling afterwards with a view to Chap. VIII., Book X., *Typical Developments*, I conclude it to be a phase of *False Pride*.]

BYNG returns: radiant. I follow him, dismally, down the back-stairs. We are not, it appears, going into the drawing-room. BYNG opens a door. The kitchen. The cook, two housemaids, and a footman engaged on some meal. They rise; uncomfortably. BYNG says, "MRS. WALLETT," (addressing the cook) "here's a gentleman from Germany." Whereat the cook and the two housemaids giggle awkwardly. They're not taken in: not a bit. They pretend to be amused to please BYNG. Doesn't BYNG see through such toadyism? The footman smiles superciliously, and I feel that none of them will ever respect me again. The butler enters: he is sufficiently condescending to pronounce it very good. Cook, evidently feeling it necessary to make some sort of observation, says, "Well, she shouldn't ha' known me; she shouldn't," which the housemaids echo. They are all bored. Footman patronisingly, as if he could have acted the part better himself—[*Happy Thought (which occurs to me in the kitchen)*]. Wish we had dressed up the footman—observes to his master, "The gentleman doesn't talk, Sir." Impudent fellow: I know he'll be insolent to me after this, as long as I'm here. Great mistake of BYNG's. BYNG explains that I (in my character of eccentric friend from Germany) only speak German; and asks me, *Sprakenzee Dytch?* which he considers to be the language.

Happy Thought.—Yah. Also *Mynheer*.

I do wish (behind my false nose and tooth-powder) that I could be funny. I feel that if in this dress I could do something clever, I should have the best of it. As it is I'm a sort of tame monkey led about by BYNG. I ought to go out of the kitchen funnily: I don't. Rather sneak out, after BYNG. I'm sure the servants hate me: I wish BYNG hadn't disturbed them at their meal.

Happy Thought.—Say to BYNG, in the passage, "I don't think there's much fun to be got out of this." He replies, "Nonsense; must frighten my aunt."

I would give ten pounds if FRIDOLINE were, at this moment, in the next county. Suppose she should think I'd been drinking!

We are in the drawing-room. FRIDOLINE is singing and playing. MILBURD is waiting on her. The elderly people are engaged in conversation, or dozing. The younger are playing the race game with counters and dice, and some are looking over pictures. Four elders, MR. and MRS. SYMPERSON, the half-aunt and whole-uncle are at whist. They are enjoying themselves—why disturb them?

Happy Thought.—Go back and undress before they see me.

BYNG introduces me loudly, "HERR VON DOWNYVASSSEL from Germany." Everyone is interrupted: everyone is, more or less, obliged to laugh. I see it at once: I am a bore. BYNG takes me up to his half-aunt at whist; she is not frightened, but only says, "What a dreadful creature!" and the four players laugh once out of compliment to BYNG, and go on with their game again. MILBURD ought to help me: he won't. He doesn't even take any notice of me. MISS FRIDOLINE merely turns her head and continues her Italian song. BYNG having failed in frightening his half-aunt, leaves me, to find some book of pictures for MISS PELLINGER. What am I to do? Dance? Sing? I think I hear one of the party engaged at the Race-game say, "What stupid nonsense!" I should like to dress him up. I'd rub the red powder into him.

Gong sounds. For what?

The butler enters and whispers the Elders, who rise sedately. The guests begin leaving the room gravely: I am following. MILBURD asks me if I'm coming as I am. Coming where? Don't I know? Family Prayers. BYNG is very strict, and whenever there's a clergyman in the house, he has Family Prayers. The whole-uncle, I discover, is a Reverend. In my false nose, dragon jacket, tooth-powder, and lip salve, I am a heathen. They want a missionary for me. Thinking deeply, what can mere outward adornment matter? The dress is nothing—and yet—

Happy Thought.—Go to bed.

I resume my dress. It would be cowardice to go to bed. I wait for them to come to the smoking-room. They come in, ladies and all, after prayers, remarkably fresh and cheerful. Conversation general: no allusion to my dressing-up.

Getting near FRIDOLINE I refer to it. She owns she thought it stupid: I tell her, so did I. She hopes it will be a fine day to-morrow. So do I. "Can't we," I suggest, "take a walk?" I want to say "together," thereby intimating that I want no other companions. She replies, "Or a ride," adding enthusiastically, "Do ride; you do, of course." "I do," I tell her, "but regret that I can't get a horse." This presents no difficulty to her. MR. BYNG lends her one of his. BYNG says, "Yes, MILBURD has the chestnut, I ride the bay, and I

can get a very good one for you," to me, "from BRETT's stables in the village." "That," cries FRIDOLINE, "will be delightful!"

I say to her rapturously, that I look forward to it with pleasure. So I do as far as going with her is concerned. But I feel obliged to explain to her that I haven't ridden for some time. She tells me that she hasn't ridden for some time either. This consoles me to a certain degree, but I mean years—she only means months. She tells me, *sotto voce*, that BYNG is not a fast goer, so he and MILBURD may ride together, and that we'll (she and I) have a good gallop.

Happy Thought.—Alone with her! Galloping through the woods!

Happy Thought.—Talk about hunting—stiff countries—fences—brooks. [Thank goodness, no hunting here.]

She is all life and animation, and anxious for to-morrow's ride with me. I'd rather it was a drive than a ride. "She likes," she says, "riding 'cross country." She is sorry that we shall only have roads here.

Happy Thought.—Roads! hooray! Twenty to one against falling off on a road.

Happy Thought.—Say, "Ah, pity there's no 'cross country." I mean for her.

Ladies now retire. MILBURD wants to be officious, but she takes her candlestick from me. She looks to me for a light from the gas. I look at her, and find (when she draws my attention to it) that I am holding the flame about an inch away from the wick. I detain her hand for one second. I just—

Happy Thought.—Sympathetic electricity. Write a chapter this evening in *Typical Developments*.

Her last words, "Mind you see about your horse the first thing to-morrow: I should be so disappointed if you didn't get it."

I will get it. Ride—anywhere—everywhere! For her—and with her! Still I do wish it was riding in a carriage.

A DRY DAY IN SEVEN.

THE Sabbatarians are at it again, *Mr. Punch*. The scene of their little game on Monday last was Guildhall, where, at a meeting held under the presidency of the LORD MAYOR, DR. MANNING fraternised with the Saints of another hall. The object of the Exeter Hall Saints, in combination with the Roman Catholic Archbishop, was to take counsel for the purpose of stopping the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday. So that, if they could have their way, and you were to walk up to Hampstead Heath on a hot Sunday, you would be unable to procure a glass of ale at "Jack Straw's Castle."

Sabbatarianism, hand-in-hand with Popery, voted a resolution:—

"That this meeting believes the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sundays is prejudicial to the welfare of the people, and ought to be discontinued."

Why prejudicial to the people any more than to the heads of the people? For, observe, these would-be regulators of other person's appetites only propose to shut up the public-houses. They do not propose to close the Clubs also, or to prevent intoxicating liquors from being supplied at those establishments. Neither do they propose to prevent the stayers in hotels from being supplied with any liquor they may choose to call for, from bitter ale to Château d'Yquem. It is only the people, as distinct from the higher classes, that they want to exclude from access to the means of drunkenness. By the "people" they mean the working-classes, whom they invite to own themselves to be in general such drunkards and such idiots as to be unable with leisure at command, wages in their pockets, and public-houses open, to refrain from getting tipsy. If, on the contrary, the great majority of the working-classes are sober and intelligent, then they are asked to put themselves, and the public at large, to inconvenience, for the sole sake of trying to impede the inclinations of an imbecile and miserable minority.

In seconding the motion resolved as above, MR. ALDERMAN HALE is reported to have stated that "he occasionally took a glass of wine, but he never drank wine on a Sunday." This announcement was received with the laughter that, even in the most silly and serious assembly, a speaker excites by the utterance of declarations that are mutually irrelative, particularly when they include the avowal of an absurdity besides. What, if ALDERMAN HALE is accustomed occasionally to take a glass of wine, is the reason for which he never drinks wine on a Sunday? Perhaps a reporter has been unjust to ALDERMAN HALE. What he really did say may have been the logical statement that though he did occasionally take a glass of wine too much, he never committed such an excess on Sunday.

Ah, *Mr. Punch*, how pious it is of us to endeavour to mortify the desires of other people, by imposing upon them restrictions which do not affect ourselves, or which we do not mind bearing! Isn't it? You may call rue herb o' grace on Sundays. Must I call myself

HABITANS IN SICCO?



MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

Enthusiastic Nimrod (who has mounted a friend). "SHOULDN'T LIKE TO GO HOME WITHOUT SHOWING YOU ANY SPORT, OLD FELLOW! PERHAPS WE MAY FIND A FOX, YET!"
[Friend (From the manufacturing districts) devoutly hopes not.]

CABMEN IN COUNCIL.

THE Cab-drivers of London met together the other evening at a public-house contiguous to the South-Western Railway Station, to declare their grievances, and protest against the aspersions which have been cast upon them. Their meeting was announced by a placard containing an address—"To Masters and Men—Now is your time, or never! Let us make use of the words of the great Iron Duke: 'Up, boys, and at them!'" [Appropriately to this legend, the cabmen's conference was held at the Waterloo Tap.

What the DUKE OF WELLINGTON is reported to have said at Waterloo was, "Up, Guards, and at them!" He used to deny that he had ever said any such thing. So in quoting the speech attributed to him it was as right to use the word "boys," as it would have been to put "Guards;" and it was wise. For the calumniators of cabmen would have suggested as a prefix to "Guards" an epithet expressing a slander.

Some remarkable things were said at this meeting. The Chairman, MR. H. WRIGHT, a coach-builder, stated that, "There was no class of men who received fewer halfpence and more kicks than the poor cabmen." This is very true. For the definition of "kick," in the cabman's ordinary sense of the word, signifies "sixpence." A cabman does receive many more "kicks" than halfpence. But this is not monkey's allowance by any means. It is cabby's allowance. No man ever gives a cabman halfpence. Some ladies may. There are those among the fair sex who deem it not unfair to stint him to his legal fare of sixpence a mile. If they have not a sixpence about them, but only change for one, they will, rather than give him a shilling, give him sixpenn'orth of halfpence. That is the equivalent of a kick.

MR. BARNES, a cab-driver, in the course of moving a resolution, said, "He had been driving a cab for ten or twelve years, and he could safely say he had never seen a cab with two cushions of different colours as described by MR. COLE at the meeting of the Society of Arts, or open to the various objections raised by that gentleman." Well, MR. BARNES during all the time that he specified may have driven his own cab, and never looked inside of any other. If MR. COLE'S

principal objection to cabs is that their cushions are too commonly of different colours, his experience of those conveyances is fortunate. No matter if the colours of a cab's two cushions, are different so long as both of them are clean.

MR. BARNES concluded his speech with a statement that looks like some attempt at a joke. He asserted, "that country cousins often cheated the cabmen." By "cousins" perhaps he meant "cozeners." But how is it that cabmen are subject to be imposed upon by country-people rather than townfolk? Is the generic "young man from the country" a rogue so crafty that not only can you not get over him, but also that he is even capable of cheating a cabman?

ADVICE GRATIS.

Chimney on Fire. Remedy and conduct.—If your chimney should ever be on fire, wrap yourself up in a damp blanket and swallow a quarter of a pound of hot water.

Hysterics.—If any one goes off into hysterics, knock him down and pump on him: take off his shoes and hit him with them several times behind the ears.

In the case of a lady, prepare to throw a mixture of sweet oil and soot over her dress. This will have the desired effect.

Butter Scotch.—Receipt. Take an ugly Highlander. This will serve for the "Scotch." Tell him he's the handsomest man you ever saw. This will butter him. And the thing is done.

Cure for a Cold.—Take two quarts of anything you like, rub in with soap and water, stir briskly and let some one stand for five minutes while you're doing it. Then to bed, if it's time.

How to tame a Savage Mastiff who bites every one, and eats children.—Take out his teeth.

Sic Omnes.

THE *Athenaeum* musical critic, usually most conscientious, is this week unjust. He complains that SCHUMANN'S *Stücke im Folkston* are "sickly." Nobody sticks in Folkstone except those who feel sick-ish.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(The Horse from BRET'S—Sporting—the Harriers.)

[Diary and Notes for "Typical Developments."—BYNG's place is curiously situated. Some people say it's in one country, some in another. BYNG himself is uncertain, but has a leaning towards Hampshire, as savouring of the Forest (which is within a hundred miles or so), and of old families. The Telegraphic Guide and the Postal Guide differ as to the locality. Among its disadvantages may be reckoned the fact that you can get to BYNG's by five different lines of rail from London, each one presenting some few lesser, some few greater, inconveniences. On one line you go through as far as Stopford, then wait for the half-past ten from Thistleborough, which, being an opposition, makes itself as disagreeable as possible, arriving late, snobbishly, to show its consequence, going beyond its mark, shunting backwards, grunting forwards, coquetting with the platform, frightening the passengers who are taking refreshment, and, in short, behaving generally in a very ill-conditioned manner. On another line to BYNG's, you change three times; but you get there, on the whole, quicker than by the Stopford Junction one. By this train you may calculate upon some difficulty with your luggage. On a third you only change once, and then you are taken out in an, apparently, totally contrary direction to that in which you want to go. This causes anxiety, references to guide-books, searching questions of guards and porters as to what the name of the next station is (checking them by *Bradshaw*), and as to the time of arrival at one's destination. The fourth only has two trains in the day which stop at BYNG's station. If you want to go down to BYNG's either very early in the morning or very late at night, you can't do better than go by line No. 5. The fifth is uncertain, slow, safe, and only stops if you give notice previously to the guard—which regulation you discover after you've passed BYNG's station. I note all these things, because in *Typical Developments*, Vol. XI, Book 16, when I come to touch upon Geography and Geology, I shall be then able to offer to the world some theories on the probabilities of iron veins, coal strata, and chalk rock in this part of England. For this part unites in itself the peculiarities of the low marsh of Essex, the gravelly soil of Surrey, the woods of Hampshire, the rich meadows of Kent, the plains of Leicestershire, and the downs of Sussex. And all this I note down, having much leisure, and being very tired, but dreadfully wakeful at night, after a day with the Dishling Harriers. And I note it down for reasons as above stated, and also to account to myself for the varied country through which I have passed.—*Diary.*]

Morning.—Down to breakfast. Earlier than usual. Half-aunt making tea. MILBURN, as I enter, is asking "How far it is?"

BYNG replies, "A mere trot over."

Happy Thought.—FRIDOLINE looking as bright as Aurora.

Happy Thought.—Don't say it: keep it to myself. Aurora sounds like a roarer, and the ladies mightn't like it.

"So soon?" I ask. Don't I know? "No, I don't." "Oh," says BYNG, "we've found out the Dishling pack meets near here this morning, and so we're going to have a run with them."

Happy Thought.—Have a run without me.

"I suppose he hasn't been able to get a horse for me?" I ask with a tinge of regret in my voice. If he says he hasn't been able, I shall be sorry; if he says he has—why, I feel I must take my chance.

Happy Thought.—Lots of people ride, and never have an accident.

"Hasn't he?" he returns, heartily. His groom (confound him!) has been up and down the village since five o'clock, and has hit upon a very good one—about sixteen one—well up to my weight. "Carry you, in fact," says MILBURN, "like a child." "I suppose he's not a hunter, is he?"

Happy Thought.—If he's not a hunter, of course I shan't risk him over fences and ditches.

My doubts are set at rest by the groom, who enters at that moment. He informs me that "The old mare was reg'lar hunted by MR. PARSONS, and with you (*me*) on his back, Sir, she'll go over anything a most."

FRIDOLINE exclaims, "Oh, how delicious! Shall we have much jumping? It is *such* fun!"

MILBURN appears to know the country. "It's all very easy," he says. "Into one field, pop out again" (this is *his* description), "into another, over a hedge, little ditch, gallop across the open, little brook (nothing to speak of), sheep-hurdle, and then perhaps we may get a clear burst away on the downs."

"I don't care about downs: there's no jumping there!" says FRIDOLINE.

Happy Thought.—Keep on the downs.

I notice, on their rising from the table, that MILBURN is in tops and breeches, and that BYNG is in breeches and black boots. Both wear spurs.

Happy Thought.—I can't hunt as I am.

The half-uncle (who is *not* going—the coward!) says it won't matter—there's little or no riding required with harriers. He pretends to wish he could join us—old humbug! I wish he could. I should like to see *him* popping out of one field, into another, over a hedge.

BYNG has been considering. He *has* got by him an old pair of cords, but no boots.

Happy Thought.—Can't hunt without boots. Great nuisance. Better give it up. Don't stop for me.

A Happy Thought occurs to MILBURN.—Patent leggings, fasten with springs. Antigropelos.

I try them on. They *do* fit me; at least, I imagine so (meaning the hunting breeches), though, never having worn hunting breeches before, I've got a sort of idea that they're not quite the thing. So very tight in the knee. His leggings are patent antigropelos, which go over my stockings and boots. When I am dressed, I walk down-stairs, or rather, waddle down-stairs, and can't help remarking that "This is just the sort of dress for riding in," or, by the way, for sitting in; but walking is out of the question. [I wonder if they *do* fit.]

FRIDOLINE, who looks so bewitching in her habit that I could fall down on my knees and offer her my hand at once—(My knees! I don't think they *do* fit; and I question whether this costume exhibits the symmetry of form so well as the modern style)—FRIDOLINE says that I look quite military. (She means it as a compliment, but it isn't; because I want to look sportsmanlike). In antigropelos, if like anything, I resemble the Great Napoleon—from the knees. MILBURN says I ought to have spurs. I object to spurs. I feel that without spurs I'm tolerably safe; but if there's a question of a spill, spurs will settle it. That's my feeling about spurs. I only say, "Oh, don't trouble yourself." BYNG is going to fetch them: "I can get on just as well without spurs." The groom says, "She won't want spurs," which awakens me to the fact of the beast being now at the hall-door. A bright chestnut, very tall, broad, and swishing its tail; with a habit of looking back without turning its head (which movement is unnatural), as if to see if anyone is getting up. I ask is this mine? I feel it is. It is. I can't help saying jocosely, as a reminder to others to excuse any shortcomings in horsemanship on my part, "I haven't ridden for ever so long; I'm afraid I shall be rather stiff." If stiffness is all I've to fear, I don't care. I wish we were coming home instead of starting. "Will I help FRIDOLINE up?" I will: if only to cut out MILBURN, and not lose an opportunity. What a difficult thing it is to help a lady on to her horse. After several attempts, I am obliged to give in.

Happy Thought.—I must practise this somewhere. Private lesson in a riding school. I feel I've fallen in her estimation. I feel I'm no longer the bold dragoon to her. I apologise for my feebleness. She says it doesn't matter. Misery! to fail and be feeble before the woman you adore.

"DOD."

Dod's Parliamentary Companion, 1867. WHITTAKER & Co.

PUFF it! We should rather think that we would puff it, not that it needs puffing, for it is simply a necessary of life to any person who goes out to dinner. Many sensible people carry it in their pockets, and as soon as they have taken stock of the party, before going down, manage a quiet peep at the biography of the Members of Parliament who may be in the room. We know a case in which a young gentleman secured a capital marriage by means of *Dod*, from having contrived to read up the political history of the father of a young lady whom he led to the table and has since led to the altar. We know of another case in which similar knowledge, so obtained, was so ably used in talk with an M.P.'s wife that a gentleman obtained an invitation to unlimited shooting in one of the best counties. He who is not up in his *Dod*, in these days, is unfit for any society whatever. We have carefully perused the volume, and have discovered only one mistake—the Garrick Club is said to be in New King Street, but that street now takes its name from the distinguished club itself. We find everything that one can want to know about the Legislative Wisdom. It just occurs to us, however, that in the next edition it might be well to add a word as to the kind of dinners given by each Member—thus, "Dinners at home. Rather stuck up, but capital wine." "Gives dinners at his club; good ones." "Seldom gives dinners, but his wife's dances are things to get to." "Awfully stingy, but very ready to dine out." "Excellent dinners, but too many parsons." "Tolerable dinners; advertised wine." With this addition to our political knowledge, *Dod's Parliamentary Companion* would be perfect.

Scotch and Irish.

At a meeting of the Cupar Volunteers, held the other evening, the members of that gallant corps, with CAPTAIN HOGARTH at their head, declared themselves willing to be sent to Ireland, and aid in suppressing the Fenian rebellion. Scotland's liegemen might be trusted to give a good account of Ireland's traitors. As yet, the snake of Irish treason is "scotched, not killed;" but a corps of Scottish Volunteers would scotch it effectually.

THE BURGLAR'S COMPANION.—How to bone anything locked up. Use a skeleton key.



RATHER TOO LITERAL.

Country Gentleman (in a rage). "WHY, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, YOU IDIOT? YOU'VE LET HIM DOWN, AND——"
New Groom. "YES, YER HONNER, YE TOULD ME TO BREAK HIM; AN' BRUK HE IS, KNEES AN' ALL, WORSE LUCK!"

A LITTLE WORD FROM A LITTLE BIRD.

KIND MR. PUNCH,—A day or two ago, as I was hopping along a gutter, my attention was attracted to a little bit of newspaper, on which I read this cruel and unmanly notice:—

A GENTLEMAN and thorough Sportsman is FORMING a SHOOTING CLUB (at starlings and sparrows only) at the West End of London. Should this advertisement meet the eye of any person of known respectability who may wish to become a member, he can have further particulars by writing to "A. B. C.," stating name and address, which is indispensable. At present the club consists of six members.

As I reside at the West End, I can't help feeling nervous at the sight of this advertisement, especially as I happen to be contemplating matrimony. The weather has been so cold that I have not paired as yet, but I have chirruped my addresses to one whom I may hope ere long to cherish as my wife, and from whose beak I have heard a few sweet twitters of affection. But am I justified in marrying when such dangers as above are threatened stare me in the face? If shooting clubs are formed for killing London sparrows, my wife and I can hardly hope to live in safety, and we may any day be murdered and our children left to starve. I had always fancied London was, comparatively speaking, a safe place for a sparrow, because nobody went shooting in it, and the only real causes of anxiety were cats. But it seems I am mistaken, and I fear that I must either break off my engagement and live as an old bachelor, or else persuade my wife to fly with me for safety to some street at the East End, where, although her genteel feelings will be hurt by the migration, she will not be potted by these sportsmen of the West.

Begging you to say a bad word for their club, allow me, Sir, to chirp myself yours humbly,

A COCK SPARROW.

P.S. I should have thought a "thorough sportsman" would have scorned to bag cock-sparrows! And what can make him so particular about the "known respectability" of men who join his club. Is shooting a cock-sparrow such an exclusive kind of sport that no one but a "gentleman" can properly delight in it?

ANOTHER PIECE OF SECRET HISTORY.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON'S Droitwich revelations of the Reform difficulties of the Cabinet are so very edifying, it is a pity they should be left incomplete. *Mr. Punch* is glad to supplement them with a remarkable historical anecdote for which he can vouch the very highest authority.

When LORD D. waited on a certain Exalted Personage to lay before her the conclusions of the Cabinet with respect to their Reform Bill,—

"I think, my Lord," remarked the Exalted Personage, "that your Lordship's Cabinet is likely to make about as great a mess of Reform as the last Cabinet did."

"Your M—j—ty," was his Lordship's reply, "will be graciously pleased to remember that BENJAMIN'S mess was five times as great as that of any of his brethren."

If SIR JOHN PAKINGTON had only written to us, we should have been delighted to put this interesting incident of contemporary history at his service, for the further entertainment of the enlightened constituency of Droitwich.

Pigs of Great Price.

THE pigs of iron which the dockyards were discovered by MR. SEELY to have been paved with, were appraised by the Woolwich officials at only £1 per ton. A much higher estimate of their value, reported by MESSRS. GEORGE RYLAND & Co., is confirmed by a scientific analysis from DR. PERCY. They turn out to be worth from £3 to £4 per ton, and upwards. These pigs of iron may therefore be regarded as a sort of prize pigs. After the name of their discoverer, they have been denominated "MR. SEELY'S PIGS." They belong, however, to Government; and, seeing the prices at which they are valued, we are justified in saying that the Admiralty have had their pigs driven to a pretty market. For this the nation should be grateful to MR. SEELY, who has saved so much of its bacon.

ILLUSTRATED · DRAMATIC · ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED



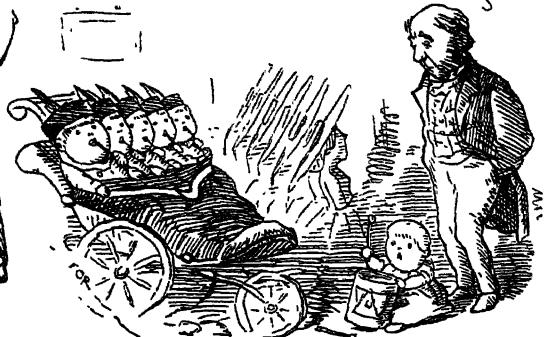
A HEAVY FATHER



A SINGING CHAMBERMAID



A FEW USEFUL PEOPLE



THE JUVENILE BUSINESS



A LEADING LADY



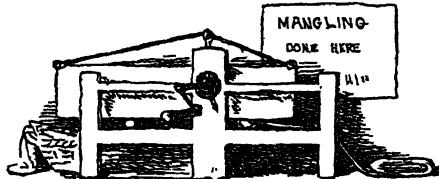
HIGH & LOW COMEDY



A WALKING GENTLEMAN



A UTILITY GENT

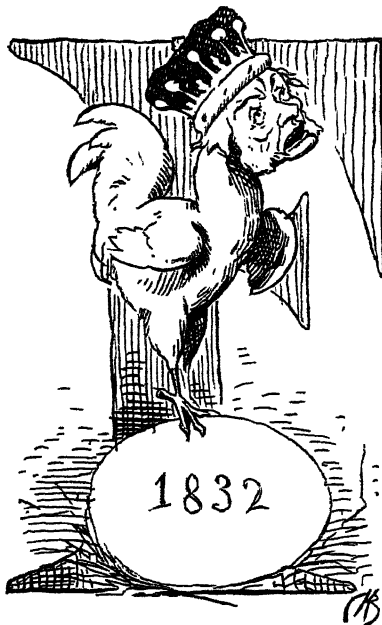


OPEN FOR A TURN



A SINGLE HANDED NIGGER

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LARING up suddenly on Monday, March 11, the LORD RUSSELL, late Premier, created a sort of sensation, which was not confined to the Ministerial ranks. It is the special gift of EARL RUSSELL to make his friends feel that they are never quite safe with him. His bolt out of a Ministry reminds them of a thunderbolt out of a cloudless sky. But to-night it pleased him to scare an unoffending Opposition. Everybody knew, at that period of the Reform campaign, that the awful syllables Household Suffrage were somehow to be made into Household Words, and that Ministers (who introduce a new Reform Bill Once a Week) meant to enfranchise men who hold houses All the Year 'Round. The Earl, taking for his text MR. DISRAELI'S ingenious allegation—which might as well be

called alligator, by reason of the crocodilean character of the lament—that the Reform Bill had robbed the working classes of votes, proceeded to set forth his own views. He said that such a plan as he understood was in preparation would simply accord what was demanded in Trafalgar Square, namely, Residential Manhood Suffrage, and he objected to adopting in the Nineteenth Century the principles of the Sixteenth. He was for admitting the best class of artisan to the suffrage, but he would not swamp the middle classes, who ought to compose the substantial part of the electoral body.

The PREMIER, after complimenting his predecessor on his "interesting ante-biographical reminiscences," intimated that he ought not to discuss a Bill of which he knew nothing. This, of course, was the obvious official reply. But *Mr. Punch* takes the liberty of suspecting that LORD RUSSELL'S speech was not displeasing to LORD DERBY. Further, while *Mr. Punch* is taking liberties, he will go on to suspect that the speech was not calculated to afford the highest conceivable amount of pleasure to certain Liberals in another place. In fact, *Mr. Punch* heard, "below the gangway," the most unkind things said of the Earl. Some persons pleaded, feebly, that he wanted to frighten the Government out of Reform and office together, but this Happy Thought was laughed at by some others, who said that LORD RUSSELL was at his old games, and was trying to make dis-union in the Liberal army. MR. GLADSTONE did not say anything, but we happen to know that he thought the more. The speech was certainly not in the Flesh-and-Blood style, of which by the way we shall probably hear less for the future, inasmuch as ALDERMAN LUSK, apologising for the Guardians of the Poor, declared that those persons also were our own flesh and blood. POTTER, ODGERS, ROGERS, BUBB and that lot have already denounced LORD RUSSELL as a traitor, who has committed what they call political suicide, but we are happy to learn, on inquiring at Chesham Place, that the Earl is as well as can be expected.

This was the political event of the week preceding the Third Grand Reform Bill. The absconding of the three discontented Ministers caused the pretty yet athletic parlour game, the Postman, to be played by the others: PAKINGTON ran from the Admiralty to the War Office, NORTHCOTE from the Board of Trade to India, and DUX BUCKINGHAM from the President's Chair to the Colonies. MR. CORRY is the new Irish Lord, NORTHCOTE'S place is taken by DUX RICHMOND; and DUX BUCKINGHAM'S by DUX MARLBOROUGH. There has been quite a run upon strawberry leaves, and the Ministry is really a Dukery.

None of the plans for the new National Gallery will do, and LORD JOHN MANNERS is unable to say what course Government will take. Surely, after the splendid series of designs recently furnished by *Mr. Punch*, there ought to be no difficulty. Why is not Our MR. BENNETT sent for, or rather, waited upon by LORD JOHN?

We do not proclaim martial law in Ireland, but the Fenians are to be tried by four special commissions, *instantly*. What KING HENRY THE FOURTH said at Ivry would seem to apply in Ireland:—

"No native Pat's our foe,
Up, up with every Yankee Pat, but let home-donkeys go."

MR. HARDY'S excellent Bill for the benefit of the Sick Poor went through Committee, and later in the week passed, amid cheers. MR. HARDY has shown himself an able and useful Minister; but it was not for his abilities that the non-intellectual part of the University of Oxford substituted him for MR. GLADSTONE, so our compliments are addressed to himself and not to his constituents.

The Duty on Dogs Bill passed the Commons, and it is to be hoped that the Tax Officials will go to work in earnest, and exterminate the mongrels who, without contributing to the support of their country's institutions, bite children's legs.

Tuesday. Our American Colonies Confederation Bill has passed both Houses. The consolidation is therefore accomplished. We observe that the United States Congress has appointed a Committee to consider the subject. This is awfully polite.

MR. EWART brought in a Bill for enabling persons to study in the Universities without being members of any college or hall. SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, Member for Oxford, said that some such measure was now under the gaze of that Eye of England. The only objection, to *Mr. Punch's* mind, is that non-members will have no college names to be bellowed at them in the boat-races. However, "Go it, Outsides!" "Pull, Dayboys!" might serve to convey the required admonitions.

MR. M'LAGAN, (Who is he, Dod? O, PETER M'LAGAN, Linlithgowshire, Liberal Conservative, first elected 1865; thanks.) got a Committee to sit on fires. Also to consider the best way of preventing them. Perhaps the title of his seat, Pumpherson, suggested fire-engines to the Honourable Member. Anyhow, he has done a very sensible and useful thing. Would anybody like statistics. Out of 9346 fires, 2500 were caused by curtains, 932 by gas, and 100 by carelessness. This seems an idiotic classification. Do curtains take fire spontaneously? Reading in bed was savagely denounced in the House. We always practise it—there is no opiate like the report of a debate.

Wednesday. Suppose that a public meeting is held. Some malicious ass, whom we will call TITUS (after the manner of the legalists, though we could easily find an English name for him) gets up and utters a libel against somebody else, whom we will call JUNIUS. The reporters are present, and next day the public reads the libel in the pages of the —let us say *The Day*, as that is the last new thing in newspapers, and we delight to welcome a fresh brother. JUNIUS is in a rage, and goes to his attorney, desiring him to punish TITUS. "I can't," says MR. LEX. "But I can bring an action against *The Day* for reporting him." "Well, punish somebody or something," says the raging JUNIUS. So the attorney goes to work, and the newspaper, which has merely reported the proceedings at a public meeting, as it is bound to do, is mulcted because it did not give a garbled report.

SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN has introduced a Bill for putting the saddle on the right horse. Yet even this, though it was approved by SIR JOHN KARSLAKE, for Government, was cavilled at. We have not always the happiness to agree with our friend and neighbour the *Morning Star*, but its observation on this debate is singularly fortunate. "Member after Member spoke in a tone that could have been justified only if the Press had been a Necessary Evil which the libel law alone could hold in check." It was actually urged that a "man of straw" would be set up to utter slanders at a sham meeting. What trash! What respectable newspaper reports such meetings? How much space does a first-class newspaper bestow on even real meetings where the men are nobodies and the objects are absurd? What paper reports the nonsense of the Beales and Potter gathering? But the Three Estates have not yet learned to love the Fourth. [N.B. The Three Estates are the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons, you Ass.] *Mr. Punch* who, though menaced oft, has never had a libel case proved against him—except once, when a country jury gave a Jew something in compensation for an apology which the jury were too stupid to understand—nevertheless has deep sympathy with his brethren, and hopes that this Bill will pass.

Thursday. A long night was given up to War, the Lords being on Recruiting, the Commons on the Navy Estimates. MR. GLADSTONE, for some mystic reason, objected to hear LORD HENRY LENNOX, the Admiralty Secretary, on the latter, because his chief was away, getting re-elected, and there was some rather smart sparring. LORD HENRY showed a gentleman's spirit, and refused to speak on sufferance. But being assured that no discourtesy was meant, he moved the Estimates in a very good speech, and asked for Eleven Millions of Golden Sovereigns. No vote was taken, however.

MR. JAMES WHITE, the loud Member for Brighton, caught it. He tried to be smart on MR. DISRAELI, with a bit borrowed from SHERIDAN. MR. DISRAELI quietly said that he supposed he need not detain the House with remark on what had fallen from "the Successor to SHERIDAN." The Commons roared, and the name will stick.

Friday. "Over thy battlements, Belgrade," the crescent has been set since 1813, when the noble CZERNI GEORGE was compelled to abandon it to the Turks. Nobody ought to forget DR. CROLY'S fine poem, or

how when the Servian patriot was brought out to be beheaded, he saw the Moslem flag waving where he had set the Cross,

“Nor saw
The hurried march of the Pasha
Nor saw the Moslem flag waving
To give his blade the midday green
Down came the blow
The Sultan still
Was hurrying to the dead
When heard the Pasha
The bloody head of the Pasha bore

He is avenged. The PRIME MINISTER of England announced to-night in the House of Peers that the SULTAN resigns Belgrade to the Servians, It is stipulated that the crescent is still to wave; but that sign will soon disappear, for Belgrade is “the key of the position,” and Serbia’s independence is but an affair of time—probably a short time. Here beginneth a new chapter of the Eastern Question.

To-day the Conservatives met at LORD DERBY’S for a rehearsal of one of the two screaming farces of the day, which are “The Tory Reform Bill,” and “The Eyre Prosecution.” The Bill was read. But Mr. Punch will not forestal the splendid Essence of next week.

Divers things were done in both Houses. The Sandwich men—the advertising board-carriers—were put down. Flogging in the Army was condemned by a majority of 1 in the Commons, 108 to 107, whereat Mr. Punch expresses his extreme satisfaction. Keep the Cat—and use it freely, too—for the punishment of ruffianism.

“THE ONE-HORSE-SHAY.”

(Vatican Version).

WHILE the POPE continues Lord
He can certainly afford
To claim all regards that Ministers to Monarchs use to pay,
And Diplomatists who drive
To his leveés should contrive
Some vehicle more stylish than a one-horse-shay.

BARON HUBNER, it is true,
As Austria’s cordon bleu,
Has a papal dispensation his visits thus to pay:
But no less true son of Church,
Can be allowed to perch,
In anything so vulgar as a one-horse-shay.

BARON ARNIM who the place
Of Pruss Minister doth grace,
Where o’er the Seven Hills ANTONELLI holds his sway,
From his palace, on the sly,
BARON HUBNER did espy
To the Vatican-door driving in his one-horse-shay.

HUBNER’S cheap turn-out to view
ARNIM looked quite Prussian blue,
And to himself indignantly in highest Dutch did say,
“What Austria can do
Is permitted Prussia too;
So I’ll call on Pio Nono in a one-horse-shay.”

Then his heyduk he bade fly
To the livery stables nigh,
And engage a single brougham upon the levée day,
And with moustache new blacked,
And tight-buttoned coat, he packed
Prussia’s diplomatic fortunes in that one-horse-shay.

On the Swiss guard down he bore
At the Vatican front door,
Who stood stiffly at attention, nor for the Brougham made way,
But, as on the one steed went
Brought his piece to the “present,”
And sternly barred the passage of the one-horse-shay!

From his seat the coachman stormed
Inside the baron warmed
With such heat as a baron diplomatic can display;
But in spite of coachman’s row,
And diplomatist’s black brow,
There was nothing for’t but turning tail and one-horse-shay.

With a frown like JOVE in ire,
ARNIM gave the word “Retire,”
Vowing dearly for that stoppage to make ANTONELLI pay;
And as he drove out,—Oh, sin!—
BARON HUBNER he drove in,
And bowed, calm and complacent, from his one-horse-shay!

Outraged ARNIM thundered straight
To ANTONELLI’S gate,—
“Twas no rule that to his presence only pairs should make their way,—
And indignant begged to know,
What the Swiss should undergo
Who had dared to bar the passage of his one-horse-shay?”

Quoth the Cardinal so bland,
“I cannot understand
Why a man who’s done his duty any penalty should pay.
We ought rather to reward
Helvetia’s faithful guard,
Who has braved e’en Prussia’s envoy in a one-horse-shay.

His Holiness the POPE
May not be armed to cope
With his enemies—may even be hard up in many ways;
But he’s so much sovereign still
That upon his private hill
He won’t receive ambassadors in one-horse-shays.”

So the Cardinal’s short-cut
ARNIM found that he must put
In his Prussian pipe, and smoke it as best he may.
And since then his awful ire,
He has nursed, but none the nigher
Finds entry to the Vatican per one-horse-shay.

While the majesty of Rome,
That from its seven-hilled home,
Excommunicated monarchs, and made continents obey,
Is so much out of joint,
That at the bayonet’s point
It is proud to win its triumph o’er a one-horse-shay!

OFFICIAL CHANGES.

THE President of the College of Surgeons will try his hand at financial operations, and open the next Budget.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE will, after Easter, wield the bâton as Conductor of the Royal Italian Opera. Rumour points to a distinguished Cook as likely to undertake the care of the Police. Another Candidate for the office is the Constable of the Tower.

The post of Hydrographer has been offered to C. STANFIELD, R.A. Usher of the Black Rod is to be Head Master of Eton.

It is not improbable that MR. TENNYSON will in future devote himself to the Management of the London and North-Western Railway.

MR. WHALLEY has engaged to edit a new Catholic paper. MR. NEWDEGATE will supply the Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

The Astronomer Royal is mentioned as willing to become Registrar of the Order of the Garter, and look after the Stars.

The Master of the Mint is about to commence practice as an Election Agent.

The control of the operations of the Mendicity Society has passed into the hands of the Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.

The Master of the Horse is negotiating for the use of the Agricultural Hall as a Circus.

MR. BEALES will shortly be gazetted as Ranger of Hyde Park. MR. GEORGE POTTER becomes a Field-Marshal in the British Army.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE is to be Dean of the Arches. Something has been said with reference to a substitute for MR.

DISRAELI. One of the Jugglers who have lately astonished the town with their tricks was named as a worthy successor. He would make a tip-top Minister.

Prescription for the Sick Man.

Tinct. diplom. ʒij.
Mendac. Hellenic. ʒviij.
Insid. Tartaric. ʒv.
Am. Prop. Gallic. ʒx.
Neutral. Britan. ʒij.

Fiat mistura, de die in diem sumenda, quanto sæpius tantq̄ melius.
In aquâ calidâ teneatur æger, et sæpius per ambass. quatietur.

THE WORKING-MEN’S ADVISER.

On the stump at a meeting convened last Saturday week in Trafalgar Square, MR. GEORGE POTTER delivered an oration which, according to a report of it, “he concluded by calling on the working-classes to be up and doing.” It is gratifying to find MR. GEORGE POTTER giving such good advice to the working-classes. They cannot do better than practise early rising and industry. Let them listen to MR. POTTER when he recommends them to be up and doing, but turn a deaf ear to him when he tells them to be up and idling.



PUNCH'S PHYSIOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.—No. 1.

Mr. John Joseph Jackson, Stockbroker—Widower and Childless—House in Bayswater—Brougham in perspective. His first Marriage was not a happy one.

Miss Margaret Browne, daughter of a Professional Man in Gower Street, eldest of ten. Has had the Hooping-cough and Measles, and got over a mild attack of first love. Is a moderate linguist, and plays and sings—also in moderation.

[Mr. J. J. J. looks rather ridiculous just at present, but he is under the influence of strong emotion. Mr. Punch advises Miss M. B. to turn round and say "Yes," as he thinks on the whole this will prove a not undesirable match.]

ALL RIGHT FOR THE ROUGHS.

Now is the time for us, my pals; the place Trafalgar Square;
Another Demonstration for Reform's to come off there.
And then whilst BEALES is holding forth, and BRADLAUGH speechifies,
Oh, won't we frisk the tickers, and, oh, won't we fake the clies!

'Tis Saturday when working-men has leisure time to spend,
With wages in their pockets—if they only would attend;
'Ow we'd improve the shinin' our, as doth the busy bee,
So as for to enjoy the gains of honest industry!

BEALES, he is called the People's Friend; GEORGE POTTER's called
the same;

No doubt but one's as worthy as the other hof the name:
But, when they drops the people for to foller at their 'eels,
Us covets' peticular friends is then GEORGE POTTER and old BEALES.

'Cause why, there's no occasion for to do a little job,
Safe as the hoportunity created by a mob;
Wherein, catch e'er a cove as looks respectable astray,
'Ow heavy for to bonnet him, hand bear the swag away!

Two hundred thousand men or more is promised for to walk
Through London streets agin, which, if agin it ain't all talk,
And there's no special constables the thoroughfares to sweep,
Will yield us sich an 'arvest as we shan't be slow to reap.

What's a few Bobbies ere and there to deal with sich a lot?
We shall be free the passengers to hustle and garotte,
For vitch the demonstrationists may bear the wictim's blame,
Their monster demonstrations is wot suits our little game.

Most 'ighly I approves the course they're suffered to pursue,
To terrify the Government and Legislature too;
From which we may look forward to an 'appy coming time,
No Punishment for ever, and the Liberty of Crime.

'Tis fun to hear by shopkeepers what sad complaints is made,
That demonstrations in the streets does injury to trade.
We finds 'em good for bisnis, if they inders lawful gain,
And let us 'ope the next one won't be scattered by the rain.

There isn't any favour that we sooner would entreat,
Than an obstruction for to be created in the street;
And we, my pals, must own what hobligations we all feels,
Towards our patron POTTER hand our benefactor BEALES.

SEMPER PARATUS.

Who's afraid? The Engine-drivers are going to strike. Let 'em.
Stop all railways and letters. What do we care? We don't want to
go out of town, and we certainly don't want to see anybody from the
country, and we only hate one thing more than writing letters, and that
is receiving them. We shall telegraph the contents of *Punch* to the
clergy and other ministers of the provinces, who will impart our
wisdom and wit to their flocks at special services, and remit us the
results of the collections. Does anybody think that *Punch* is afraid of
a crisis. Let the crisis try, that's all. But, on the whole, he thinks
that the Engine-men have a good deal to say for themselves, and
though he does not care which way the thing goes, he rather advises
the Directors to come to terms. Roo-ey-too-ey-too. **PUNCH.**

A POLITICAL MEM.—Some people are of opinion that Cumulative
Voting is a heap of nonsense.



BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

“TURN ROUND THREE TIMES, AND CATCH WHOM YOU MAY.”

AN INVISIBLE ECLIPSE.

DEAR PUNCH,

I wish you'd say a word to the fellows who write Almanacks. Whenever an eclipse of the sun is on the cards, they tell us, nine times out of ten, it will be "visible at Greenwich." So they said of the eclipse which came off the other day, and, as I am rather a scientific party, I went to Greenwich solely, or, if you like it, solarly to see what I could see of it. Of course you can't expect a man in these east-windy times to tumble out of bed at the unearthly hour of eight, and, as the "greatest obscuration" was to be soon after nine, I went down over-night that I might be upon the spot. This arrangement naturally involved a Greenwich dinner, and a pretty bill to pay for it: and dining there in solitude, when whitebait is out of season, is not an entertainment likely to excite the envy of your friends. But what I most complain of is that the eclipse was not "visible at Greenwich," though the Almanacks had promised it. I got up at six o'clock, in order to be ready, and I cut myself in shaving, as I almost always do after dining down at Greenwich, and I choked myself by swallowing a cup of scalding coffee, as I invariably do when I am starting on a journey, which in this instance I wasn't, except just into the park. Then, after making the terrific ascent of One Tree Hill, in order to be somewhat nearer to the sky, I stood for two whole hours, as Dr. Johnson said, "like patients on the monument," to make a scientific observation of the sun. But as the sun did not shine, the eclipse was not "visible at Greenwich," as predicted, and the only observation it enabled me to make was to the effect that I had better have been in bed.

I think that when the Almanacks promise that eclipses will be "visible at Greenwich," they should add, in a parenthesis, the words "weather permitting," as a caution to such amateur astronomers as

SIMPLE SIMON.

P.S. A scientific friend of mine, who happens to be a Frenchman, writes to say that he is busily engaged upon a paper he is going to read before a learned *Société des Savants*, to prove that solar eclipses never can by any chance be "visible at Greenwich," it being, firstly, granted that Greenwich is in England, and secondly, that, as every Frenchman knows, the sun never shines there.

ASTOUNDING SELF-DENIAL.

SIR.—So many wonderful things have happened of late years, that I had begun to think I should never wonder at anything again. But I do wonder at the following statement in that capital paper the *Sunday Gazette* :—

"GENERAL PEEL.—Although it will not have the effect of increasing the public appreciation of the high honour of GENERAL PEEL, it may be well to draw attention to the fact that had the General remained in office for another eight days, he would have completed the two years' aggregate service which renders retired Secretaries of State eligible for a pension of £2000 a year. There certainly is no vacancy now on the list, which is limited to four; but GENERAL PEEL, had he been less high-minded, might, by holding on for a few days, place himself in a position to receive such a pension at a future time."

I wonder, in the first place, whether the foregoing statement is true. If it is true, I wonder if GENERAL PEEL has more money than he knows what to do with. I wonder if anybody can have so much money as that. I wonder what else could induce anyone to waive his lawful right to £2000 a-year at the expense of nobody but the public at large. I wonder if public spirit could. If so, I wonder how much the spirit was above proof. I wonder if public spirit, when very strong, can get into people's heads. I wonder if it got into GENERAL PEEL'S. I wonder if any amount of it would make me decline to accept any amount of money that the public would pay me. I wonder if I speak for others besides myself in professing to be,

Yours truly,

EPISCOPUS.

GIVING THEMSELVES HAIRS.

DEAR PUNCH,

LADIES (married ones, of course) often hint to me their wonder at my remaining single; and this they usually contrive to do with such impertinence of words, or with such a facial expression of pity or contempt, as shows they think a bachelor well-nigh beneath their notice. Now, of course, I never am so brutal as to argue with a woman, or I flatter myself, I easily could give sufficient reasons for my preferring a cigar to a crinoline and chignon. Yet, since ladies usually read *Punch*, I feel very strongly tempted to adduce one single instance of the ways in which young women now deter young men from marriage. Here, if you will let me, I will cite it from the *Times* :—

"The number of chignons exported from France to England during the past year was 11,954, in addition to which there was exported a sufficient quantity of hair for 7000 chignons to be made up in England. The total value of the exports of hair and chignons from France during 1865 amounted to 1,206,605 £, or upwards of £45,000 sterling. England took the largest quantity, and the United States figure next on the list."

Somebody or other once said something or other about Beauty having drawn him "with a single hair." But I may confidently say that

Beauty will never draw me into wedlock by buying foreign hair where-with to make a chignon. A girl who catches a husband by such a snare as this is guilty of obtaining matrimony under false pretences. "*A bas les chignons!*" say I. Give Nature fair play, and put an end to the purchase of capillary attractions and their parasites. Conceive the horror of a husband at learning that his wife took her hair off every night, together with her ear-rings! With all my love for ANGELINA, I should not like to find that she wore, usually, a wig; and this is really what is meant by the wearing of a chignon. The Venus Calva was worshipped in Old Rome, I am aware; but I am not prepared to pay my homage to bald beauty. So at present I prefer to sign myself,

Yours truly,
CELEBS SMITH.

REFORM FOR ROGUES.

SOME people, when highly delighted with themselves, have a way of chuckling, grinning, and rubbing their hands together, as though in the act of washing them. Many such people, resident in Southwark and elsewhere, were probably excited to make those demonstrations by the perusal, in their newspapers, of the following statement :—

"WATERING THE MILK.—The police tribunal of Zug in Switzerland, has just condemned a landowner, who had been convicted of putting water in his milk, and had thus caused a loss to the purchaser, a dealer in that commodity, to eighteen months' imprisonment, the loss of civic rights, and costs."

The small tradesmen in the Borough who were slightly fined the other day for cheating their customers by means of false weights and measures must use that gesture of washing the hands vigorously, and make joyous grimaces, whenever they consider how lightly they were let off in comparison with the Swiss landowner, who got eighteen months for watering his milk, with costs to pay in addition, and forfeiture of his rights as a citizen.

Now that a Reform Bill is on the stocks, including disfranchisement, a clause might be introduced into it, disfranchising not only all corrupt electors, but likewise all convicted rogues, and punishing falsification of weights and measures, and adulteration of commodities, with that same loss of civic rights, as well as that term of imprisonment which the enlightened legislation of Zug awarded to the gentleman who eked out his supply of milk for the market with liquid derived from the cow with the iron tail.

A TRAP TO CATCH A SOLDIER.

"THE broad feature," says the *United Service Gazette*, "of the scheme proposed by the Government for the amelioration of the condition of the soldier, is the grant of an extra 2*d.* per day, or 3*d.* to those who are in their second period of service." The Government expects that recruits enough to supply the deficiency of the British army will be tempted to enter it and remain in it by these additional browns. "It is not proposed, however," says our military and naval contemporary, "to make any addition to the present rate of pension, to increase the ration of meat, or to make any considerable reduction in the stoppage for necessaries." These arrangements appear to have been made in the belief that the population includes a very large number of men, capable of bearing arms, who are very incapable of earning a decent living, or providing for their old age. They are not calculated to attract the class of recruits who now refuse to enlist for soldiers because they are too wise. Rational beings will insist on rational treatment, which the soldier cannot get without an increase of his ration of meat; and unless the stoppage for necessaries is put a stop to, there is likely to be a continued stoppage of enlistment on the part of all men much above the mark of fools and paupers.

RITUALISM IN THE KITCHEN.

THIS very odd advertisement appeared on the 9th instant in the *Somerset Gazette* :—

WANTED, in a Ritualistic Family, a SITUATION as COOK. Ten months' character. No Protestant need apply.

Do the Ritualists fast often, and generally go without their dinners on a Friday? If so, there is some reason in a cook, if she be lazy, desiring to enter the service of a Ritualist, where she will once a week be spared the labour of preparing a family repast. Otherwise, we cannot see what connection there can be between high-churchism and cookery, or why the maker of a pudding should expressly take the trouble to stipulate beforehand that the family who eat of it must be of those who use a special form of public prayer.

Very Natural.

"THE POPE," said Paterfamilias, reading his newspaper aloud, "disapproves of the proposed liquidation of the Church property in Italy." "To be sure he does, Papa," observed his daughter CAROLINE; "because of course the liquidation would make it all run away."



SCEPTICAL.

First Unbeliever. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW HIS REGIMENT, BUT TOM INTRODUCED HIM AS CAPTAIN COOKSHOT."

Second ditto. "OH, EVERY ONE IS A CAPTAIN NOW, ESPECIALLY AT BALLS. I NEVER BELIEVE IN ANYTHING UNDER A MAJOR!"

AN EVENTFUL TEN MINUTES.

"LORD DERBY had to address the Conservative party at two o'clock. He did not think they had more than ten minutes in which to make up their minds. They knew the result. It was determined by a majority of the Cabinet to propose—not the Bill which had been agreed to on the Saturday, but an alternative measure in the place of the larger and bolder scheme."—SIR J. PAXINGTON'S *Speech at Drogheda, Wednesday, March 13.*

Ten minutes—one sixth of an hour—
To settle the "Yes" or the "No,"
Whereon hangs the balance of power
Of classes high, middle, and low.
The time could not well have been shorter,
Though the old one, not RUPERT, had driven—
But e'en RUPERT's self, sure, a quarter,
Or, perhaps, half an hour might have given!

Ten minutes—to say what the bid
At St. Stephen's Dutch auction should be:
Whether BENJAMIN's mess should be hid,
And a way found therefrom to get free;
To decide between braving the rough rage
Of POTTER, BEALES, BRADLAUGH, & CO.,
And risking whole-hog household suffrage—
Though as JONAH our JONATHAN go.

Ten minutes—to fix on the fiat
That may mould generations unborn:
Whether new men and measures to shy at,
Or stick to old ruts, safely worn;
Ten minutes—to make up the mind,
Yes—or no—to a leap in the dark,
With the pluck of blind leaders of blind,
And the lightness of lads on a lark!

AN OUTRAGE ON AN ISM.

We are never tired of hearing it repeated that the French mind is pre-eminently logical. JOHN BULL cannot be too often admonished of its vast superiority in point of logic to his own. Every opportunity ought to be taken of beating that truth into his head. Let him, then, know that, at Paris, according to a contemporary's own correspondent:—

"The manager, editor, and printer of the journal the *Libre Pensée*, have been subjected to a criminal prosecution for a series of articles which appeared in that Paper on the 20th and 25th of January and the 5th of February, on subjects of controversial theology. In one of these the author attacks Catholicism, which he declares to be 'a rotten trunk, a receptacle of death whose fatal emanations spread all around desolation and solitude.' The manager of the paper has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and the editor to four months, and to pay each a fine of 300 fr., together with the expenses of the proceedings."

Is it not obvious that Catholicism is not a rotten trunk, and a receptacle of death whose fatal emanations spread all around desolation and solitude? Is it not manifest that the faith of three hundred millions of mankind, mostly civilised, cannot be either the decayed body of a tree, or an overcrowded cemetery; or that, even if it can be one or the other of these things, it cannot be both of them? "No," answer a French Government, a French judge, and a French jury. "It is not obvious. It is not manifest. There is too much verisimilitude in that description of Catholicism. There are too many people who are likely to believe a good deal of it, if not all. The truth, moreover, is that, if any argument about it were permitted, too much of it could be apparently proved. Let us not, therefore, contemptuously leave it to meet with a refutation which it will not receive. Our wisest plan is to silence its promulgators. Accordingly we will sentence the manager and editor of the *Libre Pensée* to fine and imprisonment." This is logic.

Here, in England, Papists and Protestants are free to abuse each other's respective isms as much as they please, so long as they refrain from libelling one another or any one else. JOHN BULL cannot see who is wronged by the abuse of an ism. Of course that blindness is owing to his want of logic.

NEW MUSIC.

SHORTLY will be published, a companion song to *Riding through the Broom*, to be entitled *Driving in the Brougham*.

Ten minutes—to forfeit our pledges,
Our principles overboard pitch,
Count odds, balance books, settle hedges,
And put a good face on the hitch.
Ten minutes—to eat our own words,
And bid up to BEALES, over BRIGHT;
To harden our hearts for LOWE's girds,
The General's scorn, CRANBORNE's spite!

Ten minutes—to choose 'twixt all this,
And quietly backing the coach,
And, though BRIGHT's alliance we miss,
Escaping the Carlton's reproach,
Tearing DIZZY's wild projects to bits,
Last year's bills taking down from their shelves;
Spreading stucco o'er Cabinet splits,
And keeping our rows to ourselves!

Ten minutes!—No wonder the plunge
Seemed too much like a jump in mid-air,
That e'en RUPERT threw up the sponge,
And his JONAH'S determined to spare.
Ten minutes! With RUPERT for guide,
And on either side motives so strong—
No wonder, how'er you decide,
Your decision should prove to be wrong!

A Carriage of the Queen's.

It is a gross insult to the community at large to call a prison-van the "QUEEN'S omnibus." That conveyance, happily, is not one suitable for all of HER MAJESTY'S subjects, but only for some. Therefore, let it henceforth be named the "QUEEN'S quibusdam."



ORTHODOX.

Hunting Friend. "BUT I THOUGHT YOU MADE A DIFFERENCE IN LENT?"
Conscientious, but Sporting Parson. "SO I DO—ALWAYS HUNT IN BLACK!"

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE SECOND.

HERE I am again. Most of the hints which I shall give you will be from personal experience—extracts, in fact, from *Peeps's Diary*. Generally speaking, you must prepare yourself for disappointment. I mean the EMPEROR cannot ask every visitor this year to the Tweellyrees. French pronounced as spelt in *my Guide* for the convenience of travellers.

The Tweellyrees is the Palace. It was built by King Tweellyree the First. This I have never heard before, nor is it what you will find in any ordinary history. If you could, what's the good of this? Logic.

Your "effays" and "Baggage," by which words the ignorant foreigners mean trunks, portmanteaus, and so forth, will be examined by the Doo-any-of-yer, or a name not unlike this. It would be, this year at all events, a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance. *Hamlet* says this, though he never was inconvenienced in this manner.

A slight smattering of French will carry you anywhere. Mind, you have just as much right to complain of a Frenchman's ignorance of English, as he of your ignorance of French. To whom shall you complain? I answer, "*O Meneestr d'arnstroeshiong poobleek*," i.e. (if you want to know to whom you are talking) to the Minister of Public Instruction. He will summon everyone whom you will point out as unable to speak English, and after a severe reprimand, will give them an hour a-day, reading, writing, and arithmetic, at the complainant's expense.

This is how they manage these things in France. Take my advice, and practise talking French for at least three weeks before quitting your native country. By "native country" need I explain that I allude to England? Renounce all English words for butter, bread, knives, and forks. Dine at French *Restorwongs* in London; learn the names of dishes, and refuse to understand or speak one single word of English. Let your formula be, "Never say yes," but like the little pig, which has for centuries amused the infantile mind in the nursery narrative, "stop at home and say wee, wee, wee."

As to Dress. Never, when in a Kaffy, ridicule or caricature a Frenchman's hat, but always *take off your own*. Kaffy is the name for a shop, a maggyzang, where they sell kaffy, known in England as coffee. Lekeirs (liquors, such as Odyvee, Marryskeno, and so forth) *day Glars*, i.e., *ices*, and other delicacies.

N.B. Among other delicious things ask for Granny dorarngsh; in English some relation to oranges: translate it with a spoon.

To continue the subject of Dress. Observe this as a rule, treat dressing, in all cases,* as a scientific game of whist.

Thus lead the fashion, and the others, if they can, must follow suit. But more important than anything this year is to settle at once where you'll live. Whether you'll settle in a Ru, a Bullvard, a Plarce, a Hotel, the Ongverong dep Parry (as Malmazong), or O second in the Sharmseleesay. O second means on the second floor, for evermore, like Nancy—a place in France, by the way, with a bishop to it.

Think over this, as far as it goes, and we'll go further next time.

* "Small dressing cases." Fine opportunities throughout these Peeps for advertisers: chance lost here.

CHRISTMAS COME AGAIN.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a-year, thoughtless people say. Something very like it came again the other day. Therefore I, to brighten returning winter's gloom, Stuck the usual evergreens up about the room; Tried beneath the mistletoe to kiss the little dears; Christmas-boxes got of them—they did box my ears. Dined on turkey, roast-beef, plum-pudding, and mince-pie: Piled huge logs upon the fire; sat and drank thereby, Bishop—stuff 'gainst frost and snow to fortify the frame—Till my nose, they tell me, got ruddy as the flame; Sang old songs, told stories, and, having had enough, Played snap-dragon, afterwards tried at blindman's-buff. Fell on sleep, awoke up-stairs—may be I was led: Don't remember having been carried off to bed.

A FRATERNAL OFFER.

Fraternity of Genealogists.



IR.—I beg to inform you that the Ancient Pedigree of your family has been recently discovered in our researches (*sic*), and should you desire copy, and will please remit the Fee, it (*sic*) will be forwarded within a month of receipt.

I have to request an early reply.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signature);
Secretary.

Mr. Punch, who always felt that he must be descended from somebody, but was never quite sure about his ancestors, received the other morning, with emo-

tions which he will not attempt to describe, the above letter.

Hooray! was of course *Mr. Punch's* first remark. His second was more practical. How much is the fee? So he turned the page, and found three sides of information, with some highly fascinating old English print, in red ink, inserted amid the ordinary typography.

From this he learned that a Society of Practical Genealogists, resident in most of the principal towns of England, Scotland, and Wales, has been formed for the purpose of tracing the pedigrees of families of ancient date.

Various reasons are given why people may reasonably indulge hope of discovering the names of their ancestors, but the most tempting bait of all is this:

"Estates, Money in Chancery, Unclaimed dividends, &c., have been and are frequently recovered by the proof of kinship shown in a pedigree."

"Ha!" said *Mr. Punch*. "I have reason to think that Chatsworth, and Woburn Abbey, and indeed Eaton Hall, if right were done—but no matter, no matter, let us read on."

"Most people, from memoranda, letters, registers, &c., can trace back to the 17th century, and so join the modern and ancient pedigree."

"Can they, though?" said *Mr. Punch*.

"If, however, in any instance, this cannot be done, they [most people] can be assisted by the Fraternity."

"Hm!" said *Mr. Punch*.

"Pedigrees, when completed, can be illuminated"—

"I am slightly illuminated," murmured *Mr. Punch*.

"After the chaste and classic style of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries, by one of the first illuminators in the kingdom. *Presses and dies by one of the first engravers at usual prices.*"

"Isn't that rather a—a—detail, after the invitation to listen to Lordly Heraldry?" said *Mr. Punch*; "but again, no matter."

"No attendance on Saturdays?"

"Eh! Do the Fraternity go to Synagogue?" said *Mr. Punch*.

Then comes a little button-holding sort of talk, in more familiar style, and slightly recalling the tone of certain medical practitioners of the less admired sort.

"With many people a veil appears to be placed between them and the termination of the ancient pedigree. But such ideas would soon be displaced by an acquaintance with any works known to the Genealogist, such as *Abbey Rolls*—also copies of *Ancient Rolls*—*Ancient Registers enrolled*. The *Liber Niger*, *Testa de Nevil*, *Scutage Rolls*, *Cartæ Antiquæ*, the *Tower Rolls*, and many similar works, to the Genealogist all this is simple, and of which (*sic*) he has the complete mastery. He would rather have to search for a date of marriage, birth or death 500 years since than one of 50 years.

"It is possible," said *Mr. Punch*.

"Surely the pleasure of seeing our ancestors before us,"—

"Quite right," said *Mr. Punch*. "Ancestors always come before us."

"Their quaint names,"—

"Pretty conceit," said *Mr. Punch*.

"The families they married into—their then residences, and various other facts connected with them,"—

"Which were always noted in wills and registers, and especially in *Cartæ Antiquæ* and similar works, I know," said *Mr. Punch*.

"The continuous sight of such would afford more pleasure than any painting, however costly,"—

"Certainly," said *Mr. Punch*. "What is a Poussin, or a Potter, or a Phillip, to a Pedigree, especially one which you know to be accurate, because it is certified by the Fraternity?"

"And would delight the rising Generation of not only the present day but also of those for Ages to come."

"Little dears," said *Mr. Punch*, "but what does he charge?"

"For the ancient pedigree the fee is Two Guineas, pre-paid, either by crossed cheque or P. O. O. in favour of"—

"I see," said *Mr. Punch*, "the Secretary aforesaid. Eh, what does he add?"

"Agent to the—Assurance (Limited)."

"Ha!" said *Mr. Punch*. "His Assurance does not seem to me so limited as to induce me to send the money. I can make a pedigree for myself."

So *Mr. Punch* did not patronise the Fraternity. You can, if you are wise.

THE HORRORS OF TRAVEL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHAT horrible things you men contrive to write about us women! One can hardly take a book up without finding something dreadful. Talk of our sensation novelists, indeed! Why, the wickedest of stories is nothing to the tales which are narrated by your travellers. I have not had the courage yet to see what MR. HEPWORTH DIXON says about the Mormons, for, though the subject is most interesting, my nerves are far too weak for it. But the horrors he reveals can hardly be more horrible than what SIR SAMUEL BAKER tells us of Latooka. This, you know, is a wild country which he and LADY BAKER journeyed through in Africa; and this is a mild specimen of how he makes one's flesh creep:—

"Women in Latooka are so far appreciated as that they are valuable animals. . . . The price of a good-looking, strong young wife, who could carry a heavy jar of water, would be ten cows. . . . However delightful may be a family of daughters in England, they nevertheless are costly treasures; but in Latooka, and throughout savage lands, they are exceedingly profitable."

"Animals," indeed! I have no patience with the man. And yet, I hear, his book has been most favourably reviewed. It deserves to be suppressed for introducing such bad language. What can a man be made of, who can bring himself to speak about a woman as an animal! And that is not the worst of the bad names that he calls us. Only look at this:—

"A savage holds to his cows and to his women: but especially to his cows."

How dreadful, to be sure! And what can be the good of telling one such things? You may say that they are true, but to my mind really that makes it all the worse. We can bear a spice of horror when we find it in a novel—indeed, we rather like it. But then we know, of course, that it is mere invention, and so we are not shocked. There is a painful kind of pleasure in reading how a husband leaves his wife and seven children destitute in London, in order that he may visit the death-bed of his first love, in a bungalow near Delhi, who of course revives directly she sees her CHARLES approach. Nor can I deny that, weak as my nerves are, I have not lost my relish for the horrors of a novel, which details how five fond husbands are poisoned in succession by their beautiful young wife. Still, the things one reads in travels are to me far more appalling, for one knows them to be true. And surely the slow poisoning of half-a-dozen husbands, when described with every hideous detail in a novel, is by no means so distressing—to the female mind, at any rate—as the speaking of a woman as a "valuable animal," or the statement that a savage in the wilds of Central Africa attaches less importance to his women than his cows.

Trusting, Sir, that as a gentleman you will use your wholesome influence upon persons like SIR SAMUEL, and prevent their harrowing our minds by the horrors of their travelling, I remain, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

Crabtree Cottage, Tuesday.

SELINA SINGLETON.

Errors in Prosody.

THE small tradesmen of Southwark, and many other places, have some excuse to offer for using short weights and measures. They have not received a classical education, and therefore they can't help making false quantities.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Ever yours, Tottenham Court Road."—Please send the number of your address.



BAD EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE.

Uncle. "HAVE YOU READ THAT ARTICLE IN THE LANCET ABOUT CHIGNONS, JOB?"

Nephew (*Invalid Captain from India*). "HAW! EXTWACTS—YES, GWEGOWINES! —FWIGHTFUL IDEA! (*Happy Thought.*) WHY, IT AIN'T SAFE TO GO TO CHURCH POSITIVELY WITH LADIES!"

MIDWINTER IN MARCH.

WHAT bitter, wintry weather!
Confound it altogether!
The tiles are dight
With snow more white
Than any goose's feather.

About the streets 'tis lying,
And round your ears are flying
Conglomerate cakes
Of kneaded flakes;
The boys are snowballs shying:

Protect your panes with shutters!
Youth slides along the gutters.
Cock-Robin comes
To seek for crumbs,
And on your threshold flutters.

The birds have all stopped singing,
The crops have left off springing,
There ne'er was seen
A March so keen—
So biting, piercing, stinging.

The primroses awaken
To perish, sun-forsaken;
The violets blue,
Though that's their hue,
For snow-drops may be taken.

Put on the kettle, *Polly*.
Away with melancholy!
We'll burn the log,
And brew the grog,
Determined to be jolly.

Claimants for a Fancy Franchise.

THE Bakers, introduced by the author of *Yeast*, have been in a batch to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: they contend that as making so much fancy bread, they ought to be on the Electoral Roll. The Poets have urged their claims in a memorial (in verse). The P. R. met and framed a resolution, carried amidst rounds of applause, which made the room ring again, requesting the great MILL to be the Champion of "The Fancy." Several old women, who have sovereigns in Savings' Stockings, hope MR. DISRAELI will not forget them.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

GREAT Cry in the Commons on the night of *Monday, March 18*, but less Wool than could have been desired. Once more the House was crammed, the Heir Apparent was present, and a concourse of Nobles assembled to listen to the grand debate. But almost everything was flat. The good old rule that you should never show an incomplete piece of work to Women or to Fools might be extended, with advantage. Never show it to anybody. Between announcements of Recurrence to original policy, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON's confidences at Droitwich, and LORD DERBY's in St. James's Square, the Opposition, as MR. GLADSTONE said, had learned so much about the Reform Bill that they had nearly made up their minds upon it, and the various final touches of the artistic DISRAELI were either ineffective or unwelcome. He had better have imitated the Veiled Prophet, and let his Reform Moon suddenly bounce up out of the well, symmetrical and brilliant. But we got his moon in canties, and the firework did not appal.

These were MR. DISRAELI's points, and to save bother, we interpose MR. GLADSTONE's retorts, or their import.

1. The Commons decided, last year, to make payment of Rates the basis of the Borough Franchise.

[They did nothing of the sort. The division on Rating v. Rental, which ejected the Government, was carried by those who wanted to restrict the franchise.]

2. Any male occupant of a House in a borough, who personally pays his Rates, shall vote.

[The idea of Rate-paying being the basis of the British Constitution!]

3. We shall therefore enfranchise 237,000 persons.

[Not you. Nothing like it. Three-fourths of your men are men in buckram.]

4. We shall not give votes to Compound householders, nor to those whose rates are paid for them.

[Then you ought. Why, don't they Pay Rates through their landlords? Where's your boasted Basis?]

5. Two years' residence necessary to obtain a vote.

[But where is the clause enfranchising Lodgers? This you refuse, and this we must and will have.]

6. Every facility to be given to Compound householders to enable them to register.

[Very humane! and as for the Small Tenement people, their votes are to be in the gift of Bumbledom.]

7. A vote to every person who pays £1 a-year assessed taxation. Not in the way of Licence, so your Ratcatcher is nowhere, MR. BRIGHT.

[Every man with a purse will make as many votes as he likes. A little hair-powder, dabbed on anybody's head, taxes him 23s., and a man with a three-legged jade of a horse, value £3, may qualify three hundred and sixty-five people by handing it about.]

8. If a householder also, he shall have Two Votes.

[The Dual Vote! This is the Proclamation of a war between classes. The author of this is the man who strikes at the British Constitution. Our Constitution rests on our sense of equality in the eye of the law. Place arms like these in the hand of the Rich Man, to fortify his position against the Poor Man, and that day you seal the doom of the Constitution. You shall have my Implacable Hostility.]

9. A householder shall have a second vote who has £50 in the funds, or the savings' bank.

[This has grown up from £30 to £50 since we last heard of it. But it is all stuff, very few artisans have either.]

10. Then there should be an educational franchise, especially for Ministers of Religion.

[Not worth notice.]

11. No two votes in counties, and the county occupation franchise to be £15 Rating, and the other new franchises to apply.

[Then, where is your precious Principle? Why, you will give almost universal suffrage to Unskilled Labour.]

12. We desire to give to all who are worthy of the privilege a fair share in the Government of the country, but we maintain the principles on which the Constitution is based, and we give Representation to the Nation.

[Your Bill ignores all selection of the working class, it excludes a vast number of the most instructed and skilled of that class, and when it admits any of them, it admits with them the poorest, the least instructed, the least skilled, and the most dependent members of the community.]

There! After that *feu d'enfer* from the GLADSTONE Battery, we suppose nobody will have much doubt as to the ultimate fate of the Ministerial Sebastopol. MR. GLADSTONE discarded his reticence, with a vengeance, and poured in thunder on the foe. There is no mistake, now, as to the attitude of parties. The Leader of the Opposition reserved his right to say what course his party would adopt, but its intentions were made clear enough.

In the debate, SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE (Conservative Member for Oxford) was the first to express dislike of the Bill.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER (Catholic and Liberal) attacked MR. GLADSTONE for his censures, declared the out-of-door demonstrations to be hollow, and mentioned that he himself had heard POTTER haranguing a scanty group from between the Lions, and that the repeated remark of his audience was "What a dam fool he is."

MR. THOMAS BARING (Conservative) also rebuked MR. GLADSTONE, but—with the practical instinct of a commercial man—demanded to know what reductions MR. DISRAELI would make for the sake of doing business?

MR. LOWE was stern against the dual vote, which was either a mere tub to the Conservative whale, or an attempt to set up a bastard plebeian oligarchy. He condemned the Bill as unsafe, and had no wish to see the country in the hands of an unbridled Democracy.

MR. HENLEY (Conservative) was for giving the Bill patient justice, but he denounced the dual vote.

MR. ROEBUCK castigated MR. GLADSTONE for an onslaught the object of which was to hurt All and Sundry. Let us take the Bill into Committee and do our best with it. As for final resting-places, there were no such things in human affairs, and sufficient for the day was the evil thereof.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE (Conservative) abused the Bill, hoped for MR. GLADSTONE'S return to office, and advised MR. DISRAELI to add another fancy franchise, and give a vote to the ticket-of-leave man.

MR. BUTLER-JOHNSTONE (Conservative) wished MR. ROEBUCK to prepare a Reform Bill.

MR. CHARLES BUXTON wished to consider Cumulative voting.

MR. SANDFORD (Conservative) described the Bill of his friend and leader as illusory and insulting.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE was grave, and suggested that the discussion should rise above party spirit.

LORD GRANBOURNE (Conservative) would prefer a Reform Bill from MR. BRIGHT to such a Bill as this from men who were committing political suicide.

MR. DISRAELI replied with great spirit, as usual when he can be antagonistic. He hit out straight. He denied that he had imposed checks—they were constitutional conditions. He stood up for the character of Englishmen, who were proud of paying rates. He would never introduce Household Suffrage, pure and simple. The Government had never been inconsistent. The House ought not to be excited by rhetoric into giving judgment without complete consideration of the measure.

The Reform Bill was read, and was appointed for Second Reading on the following Monday.

The Distribution Scheme, which MR. DISRAELI announced on the 25th of February, is to be adhered to. He revealed the name of the place in the Black Country to which representation is to be given. It is Wednesbury (pronounced Wedgbury,) and, *olim*, celebrated for a very remarkable cock-fight, in the course of which much excitement among the sportsmen prevailed, unfriendly comments on gentlemen's costume were hazarded, conjugal tenderness was dominated by the interest of the moment, and filial affection was subordinated to the duty of impartial combat.

Tuesday. The Lords took pity on the Sandwich-Men, and instead of abolishing them utterly, consigned them to police discretion. LORD CATRAN demolished a Bill of LORD REDDESDALE'S, for preventing the creditors of railways from exercising their legal rights to the detriment of the public. We sincerely hope that every Lord who opposed the Bill will some day find himself shunted into a siding by the sheriff's

officers, and prevented from coming up to some new opera or desirable dinner-party.

MR. CHURCHWARD, of Dover, has been made a Magistrate by the Conservative CHANCELLOR CHELMSFORD. The only objection to this creation is the small fact that MR. CHURCHWARD has been twice reported by House of Commons Committees as guilty of bribery. LORD CHELMSFORD says that he knew nothing about that, which is odd. MR. PETER TAYLOR made a solemn speech on the subject, and MR. DISRAELI made a very comic one, recommending a general inquiry into such cases. MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK moved an address in accordance with MR. DISRAELI'S facetious suggestion, and defeated the solemn and awful PETER of Leicester, and then MR. GLADSTONE, rebuking MR. DISRAELI'S levity, insisted on the amendment being adhered to. So each party claimed the victory, and we shall have some pleasing scandals.

Wednesday. Church-rates. Their abolition was decreed by 263 to 187, but MR. GLADSTONE promises modifications of this decree. MR. LEATHAM (Wakefield), who was expelled the House and fined for bribery, explained that he was "convicted at York" because a private letter on a delicate subject had been torn in half by his brother-in-law, and the conclusion had been lost. The letter asked his relative to send him money secretly for "legitimate purposes," as well as "for payments to watchers and runners of a somewhat doubtful character," and the cautious recipient tore off these last words. Altogether, really,—but what does it matter? MR. LEATHAM is in again, and is an "advanced Whig," who will in future be more careful about advances.

Thursday. The Commons sat late, but nothing very sensational occurred, except that SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, attacked for promoting a young sea-officer over the heads of a whole fleet of other officers, because he was the son of LORD HARDWICKE, defended himself on the ground that other First Lords had done similar things.

But the political incident of the day was a great meeting of the Opposition at MR. GLADSTONE'S. It was decided to let the Reform Bill be read a Second Time, and then to oppose its going into Committee unless Government would transmogrify it entirely.

Friday. The Scotch, who usually manage their Parliament business for themselves, are actually in a sort of revolt, and demand a whole Under-Secretary for Scotland. Moreover, the demand seems reasonable.

Mr. Punch learns with pleasure that such of the Irish police, as distinguished themselves against the Fenians are to be decorated and rewarded.

We had some fun, by way of ending an important week. PALMERSTON had his CLOSE, and DERBY has his YOUNG, only the doggerel of the latter is not merely vulgar and foolish, but offensive. However, he is pensioned. MR. WHALLEY (probably thinking that YOUNG was author of the *Night Thoughts*) defended the grant, and said that YOUNG'S sentiments were truly Protestant. MR. DISRAELI said what he could, which was that LORD DERBY had been hoaxed, and that it would be a warning to himself never to sign or believe in a Memorial.

LENTEN DISPENSATIONS FOR THE RITUALISTS.

VERY ARCH-BISHOP PUNCH has received several complaints from the Ritualists. They want to fast and abstain. But while the Romanists are enjoying their Lent, and are told precisely what to eat, drink, and avoid, they, the Ritualists, are left in a state of doubt, and no ecclesiastical authority will speak. There HIS VERY ARCH-BISHOPSHIP DR. PUNCH takes it into his own hands, and informs the Ritualists that—

He dispenses them from the necessity of eating any flesh meat on any day in the week.

He dispenses them from the necessity of drinking anything at all.

He permits the use of one shrimp on Wednesday at one o'clock, to be picked sparingly, and half a winkle on Friday; but the pin must not be swallowed.

Finally, by their adopting this regimen during the present season he trusts that at the end of Lent he will be able to dispense with them altogether.

In hopes of never hearing of them again,

He signs himself,

V. A. B. PUNCHIUS.

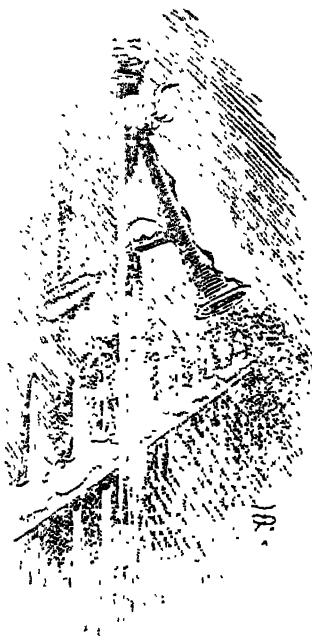
A Misprint that Might have Been.

"Yesterday, being St. Patrick's Day, DR. BUTCHER, Bishop of Meath, preached at the Chapel Royal."

WHAT a splendid opportunity for a mischievous compositor! We might have had the pain of reading, "DR. BUTCHER, Bishop of Meat."

FRUITS OF ELECTIONS.—These fruits are generally preceded by the appearance of some early Briberies.

VOTES FOR LODGERS.



ALL LODGERS vote that the private rights to tea, sugar, and groceries in general be respected by the landlady.

Ground Floor votes that he asks *Second Floor* not to come in so late at night, and avoid difficulties with the door-chain, the scuttle, and *Ground Floor's* boots.

Second Floor votes that he and the neighbouring *Ground* and *Second Floors* request his own *Ground Floor* not to persist in attempting "*In My Cottage*" with one finger on the piano.

Third Floor votes that his landlady's servant brush clothes a little better, and be instructed in the art of removing mud from trousers.

Bachelor Lodgers vote that their "things" be sewn and attended to on going to and being returned from the wash.

Married Lodgers vote that no appeals be made by the landlady from the female to the male government.

The Ground Floor (in business during the day) votes that the landlady's children be not permitted to play in his room.

All Floors vote for the banishment

of organ-grinders, juvenile German bands, one-legged mariners, and howlers.

Ground Floor and *Second Floor (united)* vote that the maid-of-all-work will not use their combs and brushes.

Everyone votes that some one gives him ten thousand a-year, on no conditions whatever.

Everyone Else votes that anyone will treat him to Paris for one month in the present year before August, paying all expenses.

Several Husbands vote they go to Paris, as lodgers, this year *en garçon*.

Wives (belonging to above-mentioned class of Voters) vote they do nothing of the sort.

PEDIGREE PROMOTION.

SHIVER my timbers, *Mr. Punch*, and I'm blessed if a rope's end isn't wanted at the Admiralty! Only see here how the Swabs play Old Harry with the service:—

"A Lieutenant whose commission dates from May 22, 1861, has been promoted over the heads of three hundred and seventy of his seniors. . . . This promotion is solely due to the fact that he is the son of a great Conservative nobleman, and a former colleague of the present ministers."

And see how *SIR J. HAY* palavers to the House about another ugly case of pedigree promotion:—

"He had not served his time as flag-lieutenant, and therefore he was promoted contrary to regulations, but he was promoted on account of the merits of the distinguished nobleman whose son he was."

A pretty reason that! So regulations go for nothing when a nob is in the Navy? If the merits of the father are to promote the son, a pretty set of officers there'll soon be in the service! Why don't "My Lords" throw overboard all rules and regulations, and give a middy of good birth the full rank of an admiral? And why send a boy to sea, if he be born of noble family? A lad who has a pedigree might as well be privileged to draw his pay ashore, without seeing any service for it. Bless if I don't think they'd save a deal of heart-burning, if "My Lords" were to launch a fleet of toy ships on the *Serpentine*, and put them in commission for the sons of noble 'swells to go and play at being admirals and captains, and so relieve the service of their oppressive presence. Lieutenants who can't hope to get promoted by their pedigree feel naturally hurt at seeing youngsters shoved above them, and doubtless would rejoice if all the young nob's in the Navy were drawn away to go on active service in the *Serpentine*.

I remain, *Mr. Punch*, yours, grumbling,
AN OLD SALT.

Loyal and Gratifying.

ON hearing that several flying columns were ordered for service in Ireland, the Nelson's statue and the Duke of York's instantly sent in to know if their columns could be of any use. Both requested an answer through the medium of *Mr. Punch's* flying columns.

THE CHEAPEST THING IN THE ARMY.

SERGEANT KITE presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to say that the cheapest thing in the Army is the British Soldier. He has the honour to remind *Mr. Punch* of the circumstance, that GENERAL PEEL, in moving the Army Estimates the other day, said they were "framed with a view to efficiency and economy." SERGEANT KITE is aware that they always have been. Has no doubt that efficiency and economy have never ceased to be held in view by framers of Army Estimates—at a great distance. Does not think that distance has lent any enchantment to the view. Thinks, on the contrary, it has rendered the view dreary. And, in fact, that inefficiency has been combined with profusion.

SERGEANT KITE observes that the total estimate for the present year, as stated by the General, was £14,752,200; exceeding that of last year by £112,200. Can, however, understand that it may possibly have been framed with a view to both economy and efficiency. Believes that if the latter object be now at last achieved, the former will also have been effected for the first time from time immemorial. Knows well enough that necessary expense is not extravagance, if you get your money's worth for your money. Takes the liberty of pointing out, particularly, that in framing the estimates with a view to allowing the soldier twopence more a day, GENERAL PEEL may, nevertheless, have really framed them with a view to economy. Saw the following statement respecting the present pay of the British soldier, in the *Post*:—

"The evidence given before the Recruiting Commission shows that the soldier, whose gross pay amounts to one shilling and a penny per day (viz., one shilling pay and one penny beer money), after deducting the stoppages for his rations, washing, and "necessaries," "on the average through the year, does not clear three halfpence a-day."

SERGEANT KITE understands economy to be not mere saving, but due allotment of expenditure. May be allowed to express the idea that when the Army costs altogether upwards of fourteen millions, whilst the soldier gets only three-halfpence a day, the share of the military expenditure allotted to the soldier is comparatively small. Considers it to be as the figure of the bread is to that of the sack in the tavern score pulled out of *Sir John Falstaff's* pocket in a play which he had the pleasure of seeing at Drury Lane. Will acknowledge that the proposal now made to allow the soldier three-pence-halfpenny a day clear, looks a little more like true economy. At the same time, makes bold to ask, how many of the enjoyments of life can be had out of even the magnificent sum of three-pence-halfpenny?

With a view to obtaining recruits for the Army, SERGEANT KITE invites the War Office to consider whether, if the soldier is allowed three-pence-halfpenny a day, it will not be as well honestly to announce that his pay is in reality limited to that amount of coppers? Takes leave to say that at present what is called the gross pay of the soldier is gross only in the sense wherein that word is applied to a deception. Will grant that might not perhaps be thought to signify much if the worst of it ended with the disgust of the bamboozled recruit. But requests attention to the fact that it prevents re-enlistment. Suggests that disappointment at least would be prevented if recruiting sergeants were instructed to explain to fine-spirited young men desirous of entering the service of the QUEEN, and fighting their country's battles, that their daily remuneration for that work, in hard money, will not exceed the sum of three-pence-halfpenny. If the offer of that reward should not suffice, would recommend it to be raised, as by auction, to the amount needful for tempting them to engage in a business that consists in adventuring to be killed or maimed whilst leading a life which, except in dignity, is little better than penal servitude.

SERGEANT KITE also suggests the expediency of increasing the soldier's ration of meat. Is convinced that many a good soldier abandons the Army as soon as he can, because he entered it expecting to become a full private, but found that he was never anything more than an empty one.

A Happy Name.

"The *Church News* announces that the Very Rev. Archbishop Popoff has gone to Russia with a view to bring about the founding of a Uniate Church in England."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

AND if POPOFF does not pop back again, no great harm will be done.

"EVERYTHING BY TURN."

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON may be called the Amphibious Minister, for he is (or is supposed to be) equally in his element on land and water. He should assume as his motto *terra marique*.

A CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN.

To a lady *embospoint* in figure, and not good looking in face, you should be careful of saying anything which she might consider "plump and plain."



LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Middle-Aged Uncle. "NOT PROPOSED TO HER YET! WHY, WHAT A SHILLY-SHALLYING FELLOW YOU ARE, GEORGE! YOU'LL HAVE THAT LITTLE WIDOW SNAPPED UP FROM UNDER YOUR NOSE, AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN! PRETTY GAL LIKE THAT—NICE LITTLE PROPERTY—EVIDENTLY LIKES YOU—WITH AN ESTATE IN THE HIGHLANDS, TOO, AND YOU A SPORTING MAN—"

Nephew. "AH! THAT'S WHERE IT IS, UNCLE! HER FISHING'S GOOD, I KNOW; BUT I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT HER GROUSE!"

WOMANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

SCENE—*The Progressive Institute. A Conversazione.*

PROFESSOR PODGERS. DR. HARRIET BROWN.

Professor Podgers. Let me offer you a cigar.

Dr. Harriet Brown. Thank you, no; I prefer a short pipe. (*Produces one, and lights it. They smoke.*)

Prof. What weather we have had!

Dr. H. And what debates!

Prof. When shall we have an atmospheric reform?

Dr. H. Before we get Reform in Parliament.

Prof. When will that be?

Dr. H. Not yet awhile. We shall get no Reform worthy of the name this Session.

Prof. Why?

Dr. H. The House will reject MR. MILL'S Amendment.

Prof. And you will remain unenfranchised.

Dr. H. As long as we do there will be no real representation of the people, and to call the Reform Bill the Representation of the People Bill will be absurd. The people consists of women as well as men. Women are half of the people. If they are unrepresented, the people can be but half represented.

Prof. Well, that, no doubt, is a bit of MILL'S logic. But say that women are the better half of the people. They are already represented by their husbands' votes.

Dr. H. Are they? Do you think, if they were, that property inherited by wives would belong to their husbands?

Prof. But are the majority of women fit to possess the suffrage?

Dr. H. As fit as the majority of men. Reformers say that the Constitution wants repairing, and must be repaired by working-men. A good needlewoman is as able to mend the British Constitution as a journeyman carpenter.

Prof. Do you claim Womanhood Suffrage?

Dr. H. Yes, if men are to have Manhood Suffrage. Isn't taxation without representation tyranny? We are taxed as well as men. We are subject to laws made without our consent. Show me any real reason why we should not vote.

Prof. I think I can mention one.

Dr. H. What is it?

Prof. You ought not to exercise political rights because you are exempt from civic duties.

Dr. H. How so?

Prof. You are not eligible to serve on juries.

Dr. H. I am willing to be.

Prof. Nor are you liable to be drawn for the Militia.

Dr. H. I am ready.

Prof. You cannot be Churchwardens, Overseers or Magistrates.

Dr. H. I don't see why.

Prof. You cannot be Aldermen.

Dr. H. But we might be Alderwomen.

Prof. Some of you; and Mayoresses too. But not all. Not the generality. There are perhaps women fit to be Prime Ministers or Chancellors of the Exchequer. But are they not a small minority?

Dr. H. There is certainly something in your objection to female suffrage.

Prof. Besides, if women are to vote, why should they be excluded from Parliament? Who but women could represent women?

Dr. H. Well, I'll tell you what, then. Let there be a female Parliament. Constitute a Third House, and call it a House of Ladies. Make its assent necessary to all statutes affecting the interests of women.

Prof. That, to be sure, would be a way out of the difficulty. Perhaps it will suggest itself to the Member for Westminster. Why is MR. MILL like a Tongue?

Dr. H. Give it up.

Prof. Because he is the Ladies' Member.

(*Scene closes.*)



MILL'S LOGIC; OR, FRANCHISE FOR FEMALES.

"PRAY GIVE ME THE WAY, THERE, FOR THESE—A—PERSONS."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



O, this is the horse from BRETT'S stables in the village, which they talked about last night. I shouldn't have got it, but MR. PARSONS, who always rides it with the harriers, got a nasty fall at Deepford Mill, and won't be able to go out again for a fortnight. The groom thinks I'm in luck. Hope so. MISS PELLINGLE, on the door-step, says "What a pretty creature!" and observes that she's always heard chestnuts are so fiery. I return, "Indeed!" carelessly, as if I possessed MR. RAREY'S secret. The whole-uncle (from a window) suggests that "perhaps you'd rather have a *roast* chestnut." People laugh. Groom laughs. At me.

Happy Thought.—"How ill grey hairs become a fool and jester." SHAKESPEARE, I think. What happy thoughts SHAKESPEARE had. So applicable to a stupid old idiot. Keep this to myself.

Mounting.—I don't know any work on equestrianism which adequately deals with the difficulty of equalising the length of stirrups. You don't find out that one leg is longer than the other, until you get on horseback for the first time after several years. The right is longer than the left. Having removed that inconvenience, the left is longer than the right. One hole up will do it. "One down!" asks the groom. I mean one down.

Happy Thought.—(just in time).—No; I mean up. Groom stands in front of me, as if I was a picture. Placing no further reliance on my own judgment, I ask him, "if it's all right now." He says "Yes," decidedly. From subsequent experience, I believe he makes the answer merely to save himself trouble. BYNG, on horseback, curvetting, cries "Come along!"

Happy Thought.—Sport in the olden time. Hawking. People generally sat still, in one place, watching a hawk. Not much exercise, perhaps, but safe. Why don't they revive hawking?

MILBURD wants to know if I'm going to be all day. FRIDOLINE'S horse is restive; the other two are restive. I wish they weren't. Mine wants to be restive: if he goes on suddenly, I go off.

Happy Thought.—The mane.

I like being comfortable before I start. Stop one minute. One hole higher up on the right. The whole-uncle, who is watching the start—[old coward! he doesn't even come off the door-step, and has asked me once if I won't "take some jumping powder." He'd be sorry for his fun if I was borne home on a stretcher. I almost wish I was, just to give him a lesson.—I mean if I wasn't hurt.]—says, "Aren't those girls rather loose?" The groom sees it for the first time. He begins tightening them. Horse doesn't like it. "Woo! poor fellow! good old man, I mean good old woman, then." Horse puts back its ears. I don't know what happens when a horse puts back its ears.

Happy Thought.—Ask MILBURD.

He answers "Kicks." Ah! I know what happens if he kicks. "All right now?" Quite. Still wrong about the stirrups: one dangling, the other lifting my knee up; but won't say anything more, or FRIDOLINE may think me a nuisance.

Two reins. Groom says "She goes easy on the snaffle. Pulls a little at first; but you needn't hold her." I shall, though. Trotting, I am told, is her "great pace." The reins are confused. One ought to be white, the other black, to distinguish them. Forget which fingers you put them in. Mustn't let the groom see this.

Happy Thought.—Take 'em up carelessly, anyhow. Watch BYNG.

We are walking. My horse very quiet. Footman runs after me. Idiot, to come up abruptly; enough to frighten any horse. If you're not on your guard, you come off so easily. "Here's a whip." "Oh, thank you." Right hand for whip, and left for reins, like BYNG. Or, left hand for whip and right for reins, like MILBURD. Or, both in one hand, like FRIDOLINE. Walking gently. As we go along MILBURD points out nice little fences, which "Your beast would hop over."—Yes, by herself.

Happy Thought.—Like riding. Fresh air exhilarating. Shall buy a horse. N.B.—Shall buy a horse which will walk as fast as other horses; not jog. Irritating to jog. If I check him, he jerks his head, and hops. FRIDOLINE calls him "showy." Wonder if, to a spectator, I'm showy! Passing by a village grocer's.

Happy Thought.—See myself in the window. Not bad; but hardly "showy." Antigropelos effective.

Happy Thought.—If I stay long here, buy a saddle, and stirrups my own length. My weight, when he jumps, is too much on one stirrup.

FRIDOLINE asks, "Isn't this delightful?" I say, "Charming." MILBURD talks of riding as a science. He says, "The great thing in leaping is to keep your equilibrium."

Happy Thought.—The pommel.

"Shall we trot on?" If we don't push along, BYNG says we shall never reach Pounder's Barrow, where the Harriers meet. As it is, we shall probably be too late.

Happy Thought.—Plenty of time. Needn't go too fast. Tire the horses.

My left antigropelo has come undone. The spring is weak. I can't get at it. My horse never will go the same pace as the others. The groom said his great pace was trotting. He is trotting, and it is a great pace; not so much for speed, as for height. He trots as if all his joints were loose. I go up and down, and from side to side.

Happy Thought.—Are people ever sea-sick from riding?

No scientific riding here! Can't get my equilibrium. Ought to have had a string for my hat. Cram it on. I think, from the horse's habit of looking back sideways, that he's seen the loose antigropelo, and it has frightened him. He breaks into a gallop. It feels as if he was always stumbling on one leg. He changes his leg, which unsettles me. He changes his legs every minute. Thank Heaven, I didn't have spurs! Hope I shan't drop my whip. This antigropelo will bring me off, sooner or later, I know it will.

End of the lane. The three in front. I wish they'd stop. Mine would stop then. We trot again—suddenly. Painful.

Happy Thought.—"Let's look at the view."

BYNG cries, "Hang the view!—here's a beautiful bit of turf for a canter." We break (my horse and I) into a canter. He breaks into the canter sooner than I do, as I've not quite finished my trot. I wish it was a military saddle, with bags before and behind. A soldier can't come off. If the antigropelo goes at the other spring, I shall lose it altogether. Horse pulls; wants to pass them all. Hat getting loose; antigropelo flapping.

Happy Thought.—Squash my hat down anyhow, tight.

The cold air catches my nose. I feel as if I'd a violent cold. There's no comfort in riding at other people's pace. I wish they'd stop. It's very unkind of them. They might as well. I should stop for them. What a beast this is for pulling! I can't make him feel.

Happy Thought.—If I ride again, have a short coat made, without tails.

Everything about me seems to be flapping in the wind; like a scarecrow. FRIDOLINE doesn't see me. What an uncomfortable thing a hard note-book is in a tail-coat pocket, when cantering and bumping.

Happy Thought.—End of canter. Thank Heavens! he (or she) stops when the others stop.

FRIDOLINE looks round, and laughs. She is in high spirits.

Happy Thought.—The hard road. Walk. Fasten my antigropelo.

Tear it at the top by trying the spring excitedly. Before talking to her, I settle my hat and tie; also manage my pocket-handkerchief. Feel that I've got a red nose, and don't look as "showy" as I did. On the common we fall in with the Harriers, and men on horseback, in green coats.

BYNG knows several people, and introduces them to MISS FRIDOLINE. He doesn't introduce me to anyone. We pass through a gate, into a ploughed field. The dogs are scenting, or something. I see a rabbit. If I recollect rightly, one ought to cry out "Holloa!" or "Gone away!" or "Yoicks!" If I do, we shall all be galloping about, and hunting.

Happy Thought.—Better not say anything about it. It's the dogs' business.

The dogs find something. Everyone begins cantering. Just as I am settling my hat, and putting my handkerchief into my pocket, my horse breaks into a canter. Spring of antigropelo out again. It is a long field, and I see we are all getting towards a hedge. The dogs disappear. Green coat men disappear over the hedge.

Happy Thought.—Stop my horse: violently.

Our heads meet. Hat nearly off. Everybody jumps the hedge. Perhaps my horse won't do it. If I only had spurs, I might take him at it. Some one gets a fall. He's on his own horse. If he falls, I shall.

Happy Thought.—Any gap?

None. Old gentleman, on a heavy grey, says, "No good going after them. I know the country." Take his advice. If I lose the sport, blame him.

Happy Thought.—Hares double: therefore the hare will come back.

Happy Thought.—Stop in the field.

Try to fasten antigropelo: tear it more. Trot round quietly. I'm getting well into my seat now. Shouldn't mind taking him at the hedge. Too late, as they'll be back directly. I explain to old gentleman who knows the country, that "I don't like leaping hired horses, or I should have taken him at that hedge." Old gentleman thinks I'm

quite right. So do I. They come back: the hare first. I see him and cut at him with my whip. Old gentleman very angry. I try to laugh it off. With the dogs I ride through the gate. Capital fun. The hare is caught in a ditch by the roadside. Old gentleman still angry.

Happy Thought.—I am in at the death. Say "Tally ho!" to myself.
Happy Thought.—Ask for the brush. If I get it, present it to FRIDOLINE.

MILBURN laughs, and says he supposes I want a hare-brush. It is a great thing to possess quick perceptive faculties. I see at once that a hare has no brush, and treat the matter as my own joke. [Note for *Typical Developments*, Book xvi., "*Perception of the Ridiculous.*"]

After looking about for another hare for half an hour, my blood is not so much up as it was. We are "Away" again. The hare makes for the hill. We are galloping. I wish I'd had my stirrups put right before I started. A shirt button has broken, and I feel my collar rucking up; my tie working round. I cram my hat on again. There's something hard projecting out of the saddle, that hurts my knees. Woa! He *does* pull. I think we've leapt something; a ditch. If so, I can ride better than I thought. What pleasure can a horse have in following the hounds at this pace! Woa, woa! My stirrup-straps are flying; my antigropelos on both sides have come undone; my breeches pinch my knees; my hat wants cramming on again. In doing this I drop a rein. I clutch at it. I feel I am pulling the margingale. Stop for a minute; I am so tired. No one will stop.

Happy Thought (at full gallop).—"You Gentleman of England who live at home at ease, how little do you think upon" the dangers of this infernal hunting.

BYNG's whole-uncle is at home reading his *Times*. Up a hill at a rush. Down a hill. Wind rushing at me. It makes me gasp like going into a cold bath. Think my shirt-collar has come undone on jone side.

Happy Thought (which flashes across me).—*Mazeppa*. "Again he urges on his wild career!" *Mazeppa* was tied on, though: I'm not.

I shall lose the antigropelos. Down a hill. Up a hill slowly. The horse is walking, apparently, right out of his saddle. Will he miss me? *Happy Thought.*—I'll come off over his tail.

I have an indistinct idea of horsemen careering all about me. I wish some one would stop my horse. Suddenly we all stop. I cannon against the old gentleman on the grey. Apology. He is very angry; says, "I might have killed him." Pooh!

Happy Thought.—If this is hunting, it isn't so difficult, after all. But what's the pleasure?

The hounds are scenting again. Countryman says he's seen a hare about here. Delight of everybody. All these big men, horses, and dogs after a timid hare! Why doesn't the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals interfere? I thought they always shot hares. The dogs have got their tails up, and are whining. They are unhappy.

Happy Thought.—Shall write to old BOODELS, and tell him I'm going out with the hounds every day. Wish I was at home in an arm-chair.



A WEIGHTY QUESTION.

Stout Lady (who has been let down easy). "NOW, MR. FEATHERSTONE, IF I CAN'T GET ON FROM HERE, CAN YOU LIFT ME ON?"

A PROSPECT OF POSSUMUS.

"ORSON is endowed with reason!" We hope we are enabled to say. "So is the POPE." Behold a telegram from Florence, which appears to indicate the Holy Father's incipient rationality:—

"The POPE allows the Italian troops to enter his States to help the Pontifical troops to suppress brigandage."

The wire transmitting this intelligence also conveyed the information that CARDINAL ANTONELLI was "adverse," and that the "Blacks" were "furious." They are, no doubt, very wroth with the POPE for acting on the dictate of his newly awakened reasoning faculty, instead of continuing to follow their advice. To the eyes of the Blacks and ANTONELLI the admission of Italian troops into the Papal territory is an opening offered to the thin end of the wedge; a commencement of coming to terms with the KING OF ITALY, who is at the thick end of it.

They consider it to signify that his Holiness is about to regale himself on humble-pie, and to oblige them, his ultramontane advisers, also to partake of that truly Lenten repast, which they have a particular objection to. In answer to every reasonable proposition, the POPE, they fear, means no longer to keep on crying *non possumus*. They apprehend that, on the contrary, being now *compos*, he will presently speak as such, and suit his action to the word. The Sovereign Pontiff, they are afraid, will no longer reject an invitation like that which the woeer in the Irish melody addresses to the "Charming *Judy Callaghan*." It appears too probable to them that he won't say nay any longer. With alarm and rage they perceive the probability that the next time he is asked whether he cannot make the little concession required for the completion of Italian Unity, he will sink the *non*, and compliantly answer *possumus*.

AN ERROR OF THE PRESS.—Picking a pocket in a crowd.

WHAT THE LIONS THOUGHT OF IT.

'Tis a wild night : in flaws the east winds blow :
Slant drives the sleet, that neither melts to rain,
Nor keeps up its pretension to be snow—
Mad March has brought mid-winter back again.

How comes a crowd gathered on such a night,
About the Lions cowered at NELSON'S feet?
On what do those red naphtha-lamps throw light?
Wherefore those loiterers, cumbering the street?

This little man, that perks himself to roar
Between the Lions, strong and dark and dumb,
These listeners, many curious, careless more,
And—it were hard to doubt it—earnest some?

These roughs who through the crowd their calling ply,
Bonnet, pick pockets, or "put on the hug,"
And, blessing BEALES and BRADLAUGH, qualify
For the Roughs' University—THE JUG?

At length a stray policeman I impawn,
From roughs afar, on the mob's outmost bound,
And learn that 'tis Reform the crowd has drawn,
The League, that lamps and orators has found.

So having in my pockets nought to pick,
My watch at home, my hat too old to bone,
I force a passage where the crowd is thick,
To hear the blast by BEALES his trumpet blown.

But empty breath to empty air is given;
Vox et præterea nihil! All I hear
Is sound and fury without meaning driven
By the east wind, down their kind throats that cheer.

So, as from BEALES'S blast I gather nought,
I work myself free of the crowd again,
And, musing, try to shape the Lions' thought,
About the crowd, the occasion, and the men.

They think, I think, that neither here nor there,
About their feet, or round the SPEAKER'S state,
Is met the Parliament, that mirrors fair
The strength that makes the British Lion great.

Here, in the BEALES and BRADLAUGH Parliament
Is too much *barb* for the wish or power to *bite* :
Mountains to heave, in desperate intent,
And, for the heaving, here and there a mite.

Wind-swollen puffiness for solid strength,
The braggadocio of chiefs, whose brass
Wire-drawn or beaten out to utmost length,
Only with idiots for gold will pass.

There, Potterers, as there are Potters here—
Both impotent to shape the nation's clay ;
Cowards, who make great questions small, for fear :
Jugglers, who for their tops with pledges play.

Spinners of cobwebs, when we cables need :
Half-adepts, who a spirit can invoke,
In hopes to lame or lay him, at their need,
But impotent his summoned strength to yoke.

And baser tricksters, hiding on their hands
The soil of dirty bribe, or dirtier gain ;
And many-acred, small-brained lords of lands,
And hungry dogs, of office-offal fain.

In neither Parliament the strength resides
That of our England makes us emblems fit :
The strength that sways the trident of the tides,
So wide, the sun sees not the bound of it.

That strength lies in the calm and common sense
That, drawn from deep reserves, can turn to scorn
St. Stephen's pride and peddling impotence,
And bring low BEALES' and BRADLAUGH'S brazen horn.

Strength which can smite offence, occasion shape,
As lions make Earth's weaker herds their own :
Clear off the sophist films white truth that drape,
As lions' tongues the membrane rasp from bone.

Strength, nursed on long avoidance of extremes,
Knit by the ties that run 'twixt class and class ;
That no more shares in democratic dreams
Than oligarchic horror of the mass.

Strength, that has root in reverence for right,
That, by law shaped, has gone on shaping law,
Strength, that will never perish while our light
From principle and precedent we draw !

WANTED—A LITTLE MORE OF THE TORNADO.

THE House of Commons can find time for two or three hour discussions of MR. CHURCHWARD'S scandal, or MR. LEATHAM'S "*Apologia pro corruptione sua*," or SIR JOHN PAKINGTON'S defence of his promotion of LORD HARDWICKE'S son over three-fourths of the lieutenants of higher standing in the Service—in short, for any pretty little quarrel that involves spicy personalities, and leaves a stain on somebody's fame or fingers. Can't it spare a night for a case which involves the rights of half-a-hundred Englishmen? Can't it muster up virtuous indignation enough—enough of the spirit that blazed into flame over CAPTAIN JENKINS'S ear, some hundred and thirty years ago—to bring home to the insolent and overbearing "Jack Spaniard" that England, though in no way disposed to pick quarrels with foreigners, or to bully on slight provocation, is not content to put up, quite as quietly as LORD STANLEY seems disposed to do, with the seven months' illegal imprisonment, plunder, and ill-treatment of the officers and crew of the *Tornado*?

It is true that forty-five of the fifty-three sufferers from this outrageous violation of international law and natural justice have been liberated, but eight still remain in captivity, and even the forty-five so tardily set free have been ordered by the Foreign Office to be sent home "as distressed British seamen," and with express directions given to our Minister at Madrid *not* to insist at present on any indemnification for their long suffering, not even for restoration of the money—some £1093—of which they were robbed at the time of their illegal capture on the high seas! And this, after LORD STANLEY has expressly stated (in his despatch of March 12) that the intervention of our Government has been exclusively founded on the *injustice and illegality* of the proceedings adopted by the Spanish authorities in the prosecution of their claim against "the vessel."

Unless indeed, LORD STANLEY have merely deferred the claims of these ill-used men for indemnification *now* that he may exact it, with interest, *hereafter*. If that be so, it is England's duty to strengthen his hands. If it be not so, and LORD STANLEY be inclined to let the men whistle for the compensation most righteously their due, it is doubly England's duty to speak out, through her Press and her Parliament, and let both STANLEY and Spaniard know that such crying and scandalous injustice must not, and shall not, be.

"CHAMPAGNE CHARLEY."

It is with a gentleman's reluctance that *Mr. Punch* has brought himself to print the above vulgarity. But he heeds no sacrifice of feeling when he can instruct. He has just lighted upon an amusing passage in that most entertaining book, MR. JESSE'S *Memoirs of George the Third*, and it is a triumph of art to be able to append a morsel of readable stuff on such a peg or such a name for a time :—

"Exactly a hundred years ago CHARLES TOWNSEND delivered one of the most brilliant speeches ever heard in the Commons. He had previously spoken with calmness and judgment, then went to dinner with two friends, and re-appeared in the House about eight, half drunk with champagne, and more intoxicated with spirits. But whatever may have been the source of his inspiration, there flowed from his lips such bursts of impassioned eloquence, such flashes of wit, such bitterness of invective, so varied a torrent of mingled ribaldry and learning, of happiness of allusion, imagery, and quotation, that everybody was enchanted. For some days, says WALPOLE, the universal question was, 'Did you hear CHARLES'S champagne speech?'"

Now, if TOWNSEND had been called Champagne CHARLEY, the words, instead of being intolerable (luckily the cleverest of the burlesque writers, and a respected contributor to *Mr. Punch*, has wittified the tune) would have been worth remembering. As it is, they inspire *Mr. Punch* with a desire to kick the person who uses them. When shall we escape the Cad-lyrics of the music-halls?

A Centenarian in a Cage.

THE *Dispatch* states that the sister of BÉRANGER is still living, at Paris, in good health, 101 years of age, in the Couvent, des Oiseaux. She must be a fine old bird.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.—The number of asses in Ireland has been ascertained to be about 140,000. This figure is exclusive of the Fenians.



PUNCH'S PHYSIOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.—No. 2.

MR. LASCELLES COURTENAY DE TRACY BELASSIS CONYNGHAME, M.P., YOUNGER SON OF AN ANCIENT FAMILY.

MISS BARBARA BLUNT, OF LIVERPOOL, EIGHT-AND-TWENTY, WITH £100,000.

MR. L. *et cetera* C. IS STATING, WITH WHAT HE CONSIDERS MUCH PASSIONATE WARMTH, THAT, THEIR POLITICAL OPINIONS BEING THE SAME, A MATRIMONIAL ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE TWO WOULD MOST PROBABLY PROVE CONDUCTIVE TO THEIR MUTUAL WELFARE. NOW, THERE IS NO MISTAKE ABOUT THE £100,000.

NOR CAN ANY REASONABLE DOUBT BE ENTERTAINED ABOUT MR. C.'S ANCIENT BIRTH AND ARISTOCRATIC CONNECTIONS.

MOREOVER, JUDGING FROM THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF EACH, WE DO NOT THINK EITHER WILL BE OVER-EXACTING ON THE SCORE OF CONJUGAL TENDERNESS. AND, SPEAKING PHRENOLOGICALLY, WE ARE OF OPINION THAT IN THIS PARTICULAR INSTANCE, MR. L. C. WILL FEND TWO HEADS CONSIDERABLY MORE THAN TWICE AS GOOD AS ONE.

WE THEREFORE RECOMMEND MISS B. B. TO REPLY, THAT "IF THE HONOURABLE MEMBER WILL GIVE NOTICE OF HIS QUESTION, IT SHALL BE DULY ANSWERED."

A STRIKE OF SMOCK FROCKS.

(MR. HAWCOCK *sings*.)

'Tis strikun for wages as now 's all the rage
In this here progressive enlightenment age;
All labour 's a risun, and prices is too:
And I doan't know what we be goun to do.

The weavers was always a strikun, and then
The miners, they struck, and the ironworks men.
The builders is often on strike for a rise;
And even the tailors strikes sometimes, likewise.

Of strikes on the railways intended you hears,
The cry is Strike Stokers, and Strike Engineers!
Which must, sitch small profits the Companies shares,
Make them strike as well by an increase of fares.

The shipwrights have struck for additional pay,
Can't live on six shilluns and sixpunce a day;
Whilst here there is fellers, that bain't fur to seek,
Contrives for to do't on nine shilluns a week.

When I, as a youth, did a clodhuppun roam,
I oft heer'd the bumpkins zing "*Britons Strike Home*,"
But there was no strikun in them days as now:
They only struck hosses that foller'd the plough.

Now they've took at last too to strikun, I hear;
The lab'ers at Gawcott in Buckinghamshire.
Ten shilluns a-week 's all they arned heretofore,
But now they have struck to get two shillun more.

Trades Unions for workmen arranges a strike.
Farm lab'ers have now begun down the like.
They've got their Committee and Treasurer too,
Likewise Secretairy to carry 'em droo.

That systum of strikun, by all I can find,
Will soon be tried here if 's farmers doan't mind;
And if the men strikes that 's employed on the land,
I s'pose their employers must grant their demand.

Consider'n to how much provisions do come,
Ten shilluns a week, I must own, 's a small sum.
And if there 's a strike as is anyways fair,
'Tis sitch as the strike up nigh Buckingham there.

But if we complies, for to gie 'um content,
We also med strike for reduction of rent,
But can't strike and pay at the same time, wuss luck!
Whilst others can strike, we can only be struck.

Of all this here strikun the end I doan't zee,
Nor who, arter all, is the sufferers to be.
But this I'll acknowledge, there 's nobody can
Have moor cause to strike nor a farm lab'run man.



NATURE AND ART.

Pedestrian. "THAT'S AN EXTRAORDINARY LOOKING DOG, MY BOY. WHAT DO YOU CALL HIM?"

Boy. "FUST OF ALL HE WER' A GREY'OUND, SIR, AN' 'IS NAME WAS 'FLY,' AN' THEN THEY CUT 'IS EARS AN' TAIL OFF, AN' MADE A MASTI' DOG ON 'EM, AN' NOW 'IS NAME'S 'LION!'"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

HOWEVER slowly the Reform Question may be advancing, it seems to be making safe progress. And in the meantime we get good speeches. Three capital ones, by the three best orators in the House, have adorned the debate on the Second Reading. This was moved on *Monday, 25th March*. MR. GLADSTONE led off, with an elaborate attack upon the measure. It may suit Members of Parliament to tell their tales half-a-dozen times, but it does not suit *Mr. Punch*, and as he has already stated, in far terser language than that of the speaker, all the Gladstonian objections to the Bill, he will not recapitulate them. "We must make," MR. G. said, "the best of the measure before us, but the prospect is very discouraging." He argued, at great length, and with much earnestness, to show how much the House ought to be discouraged. Finally, he demanded a Lodger Franchise, something to prevent very poor householders from being used corruptly, and surrender of the Dual Vote. If these were conceded, he thought that though a Heavy Task was before them, the Bill might be allowed to go into Committee.

MR. HARDY, Member for the less intellectual part of Oxford University, defended the Bill, and declined to recognise MR. GLADSTONE'S right to speak for all the Opposition. This bold course was not so bold as it appeared, for at the great Liberal meeting at MR. GLADSTONE'S, when that gentleman advocated a smash at the Bill, there was a very marked dissent. A great many Liberals want the question settled, and do not care who settles it. It is natural that LORD RUSSELL and MR. GLADSTONE should care very much.

Among various speakers was the young LORD AMBERLEY, who made his maiden speech, and has yet his mark to make. He must not put his hands under his coat-tails, and talk without action or passion

A COLLOQUY ON THE CAT.

GENERAL JOBBERNOWL.

MR. JONES.

Jones. If MR. OTWAY'S Amendment in Committee on the Mutiny Bill had been carried, it would have put an end to corporal punishment in the Army during the time of peace. What then?

Jobbernowl. Sir, if flogging in the Army were abolished, the Army would be demoralised, and, go to the deuce. Can't do without it, Sir. Civilians may talk; but we can't do without it, Sir—can't do without it.

Jones. As a civilian, of course, I speak with due diffidence. But is the British Soldier, generally, a fellow that can be restrained only by fear of the lash?

Job. Can't do without it, Sir—can't do without it.

Jones. But, my dear General, fear—the fear of bodily pain—is that the sort of feeling to restrain a man whose business consists in exposing his flesh to be lacerated and his bones to be shattered?

Job. All's one for that; can't do without it—can't do without it.

Jones. Well, I don't know, but I should have thought that; a man who could only be got to behave himself by the terror of the cat, must, be a good-for-nothing fellow.

Job. Can't do without it.

Jones. Can't you do without such fellows? Hadn't you better get rid of them? Are there so many scoundrels in the rank and file of the British Army, that the cat is necessary to keep the Army together?

Job. Can't do without it, Sir.

Jones. Well, but then, if that is so, the British Army is worse than the British Rascality, the British Felonry, the British Rogues and Thieves. Among convicts the cat-o'-nine-tails is reserved for the exceptional punishment of cruel and cowardly garotters.

Job. Can't do without it, Sir, for 'all that. Discipline, Sir, discipline must be maintained. Can't do without it.

Jones. Well, it certainly does seem odd to me. Flogging is held to be too bad for any but the worst of criminals, and yet you can't do without it in the honourable profession of arms.

Job. No, Sir; no. Can't—can't do without it.

Jones. When MR. OTWAY lost his Amendment, he made not a bad joke. He "congratulated the Government on the success of their whip."

Job. All I can say, Sir, is—can't do without it.

IL Y A CLOSE ET CLOTHES.—After all, LORD DERBY, when he makes the mistake of giving £40 a-year to MR. YOUNG is only doing with his Pensions what he has been doing with his Bills—stealing the other side's Clothes.

in his present stage of Parliamentary development. The House was kind to the young nobleman, but was not impressed.

MR. ROEBUCK supported the Second Reading, but disclaimed any idea of improving the character of the House, which he believed to be a very wise assembly. He denied that there were any "natural rights" to vote—right was the creation of law. But a large number of respectable persons wished for votes, and ought to have them. But not the uneducated, not the vicious. He reproved MR. GLADSTONE'S intense hostility, and politely recommended the Government not to be frightened by Pettifogging Cant.

SIR JOHN KARSLAKE assured him that the Government would not be frightened at anything.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL, youngest son of the great SIR ROBERT, will please accept *Mr. Punch's* congratulations on his personal appearance and on his style of speech. This gentleman will do. He talked good sense, and was for settling the question this year.

Tuesday. SIR ROUNDELL PALMER dissected the Bill, ably, and was replied to, if not answered, by SIR JOHN ROLT. MR. HARVEY LEWIS made the good point that London was practically left out of the Bill. The Metropolis now possessed twice the wealth and population it had in 1832, yet nothing in the way of increased representation was offered, and the Lodgers were excluded.

MR. BRIGET then assailed the Bill, and his speech, thoroughly good-humoured, was a capital thing to hear. He introduced excellent fun, and the way in which he compared the Government to the Bechuanas (a tribe discovered by the great and good man as to whose fate we are still in painful suspense), who are stingy to the last degree, but ostentatious to a remarkable extent—whose chief, when asked for food, said, "Behold an Ox!" and it was only a miserable goat—was true comedy, and drew roars from all sides. He would not be intolerant

of any reasonable proposition, and stated that he hated the ways and scorned the purposes of faction. MR. BRIGHT never spoke better, and perhaps it will not be considered disrespectful to him to ask him whether, having seen that the Commons are proof against defiance, and are not sentimental, but will go with a speaker who talks to them like a gentleman, he does not find a victory over such an audience better worth having than the applause of those who couple him with MR. BEALES and MR. ODGERS?

MR. DISRAELI then girded up his loins for fight, and went at his work like a man. He was in good form, and did all he knew. Even the *Star*, which does not habitually smile on him, owns that his speech was probably as good as the famous champagne oration of CHARLES TOWNSEND, mentioned last week by *Mr. Punch*. He stood up bravely for the goodness of his Bill, especially exulting over the Gladstonians on the ground that the Bill was based on a principle. He made fun of MR. GLADSTONE'S menacing manner, and rejoiced that a large piece of furniture was between them, for MR. GLADSTONE had come down on him in the tone of a Familiar of the Inquisition. (By the way, MR. G.'s hatters will make their fortune if he dashes many hats down as he has lately served his present unoffending tile.) He retorted, as to the special franchises, that they were not his own inventions, but that of LORD RUSSELL and the Coalition CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. He not recognise the Lodger?—why, he was the Father of the Lodger Franchise! But he had turned out his Ishmael into the wilderness this time because of the principle of Rating, but was ready to consider whether he could not be called in again. He at once surrendered the Dual Vote. And he would consider anything else, in reason. But the Government refused to treat Reform as a party question; they had assumed the responsibility of settling the question, and until it should be settled they would not desert their post. Act with us candidly and cordially, and you will find on our side a complete reciprocity of feeling. "Pass this Bill, and then you may change the Ministry to-morrow." So ended MR. DISRAELI a speech which he will find it hard to surpass.

Then was the Reform Bill read a Second Time.

Vu the Budget (and the Deficiency), MRS. JOHN BULL, M^m, the Committee is deferred until Monday next, the 8th.

Reform has of late sat upon everything else, but we have now a little time to look up odds and ends.

LORD DERBY, touching the pension to POET YOUNG, of course said that he had never read a word of that bard's works, and he did not believe that any Prime Minister could read the books of the people he was asked to pension. Now, you know, all that is very superb and official, but what does a man of many engagements do in private life when he receives a letter begging him to ask some literary friend for a puff for the author. Surely he has something in the shape of a sister, or a wife, or a cousin, or a lady-friend, to whom he can say, as he is putting on his gloves, "O, MARGARETTA, or ANASTASIA, or EPAPHRODITA, or SAL" (as the case may be) "there's a book in a parcel on my table. Would you just glance through it for me, and see whether I can decently do what the pestering idiot wants." We are unwilling to believe that an eminently respectable and genial nobleman has no assistance of this kind within reach, and it is sad that England should be laughed at for pensioning a writer whose lyrics are not nearly as good as a tailor's advertisement verses.

LORD STANLEY states that he has had no unfriendly communications from the United States about the *Alabama* claims. We are happy to hear it. *Mr. Punch* is ready at any moment to run over and see MR. SEWARD (at the expense of HER MAJESTY'S Government), as *Mr. P.* wants to talk seriously to some leading Americans about Copyright. Besides he wants to tell them something that will make them roar. He opened the other day an interesting account of the inauguration of the splendid Boston Library, a few years ago. Nothing could be more imposing. But the music of the hymn that was sung as a sort of consecration of the collection of Books, was selected from the *Pirata*. Friends at a distance have only to refer to page 84 of the account. Let us liquor.

ARCHBISHOP LONGLEY abandons a Bill he had intended to introduce, on Ritualism, because a Royal Commission is talked of; but ARCHBISHOP SHAPTESBURY declines to imitate his colleague in charge of the Church.

MR. WALPOLE is like the actress who plays *Tilburina*, and cries in the wrong place. If ever a ruffian deserved strangulation, it is a miner called WAGER, who murdered his wife in a most cruel manner. MR. WALPOLE weeps, and reprieves. The inefficiency of all human law is also shown in regard to a couple of dastards, miners also, who stood by and saw the brutal murder, but never interfered to help the imploring woman. Unless the miners of that district are all scoundrels, they will make it too hot for the disgusting cowards. We read of black flags being hung out by some women in reproach of some engine-drivers who did not strike; and the women of WAGER'S district will not deserve the name if they do not make a similar demonstration.

Wednesday, a very excellent Bill, for Improving the Dwellings of the Humbler Class, was read a Second Time on the motion of MR. TORRENS, whose speech was worthy of the object.

Thursday. A movement in the Lords, originated by LORD LYVEDEN, and supported by various peers, including the BISHOP OF DOWN for abolishing the Catholic Ecclesiastical Titles Act. LORD DERBY said, of course, exactly what *Mr. Punch* said a little while ago to MR. O'BEIRNE on the subject. A little fun came up in a suggestion that it was hardly the thing to discuss the subject in the absence of the Boy who chucked up "No Popery," and then ran away.

The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, of whom SIR JOHN PAKINGTON speaks as venerationally as if H.R.H. were the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON, does not see his way to the entire abolition of the Army Cat, but will restrict it to certain cases. The Royal ducal will having been signified, the House of Commons has merely had to undo the vote of the 15th March, and vote by 225 to 131 that flogging shall not be abolished. Which it has done.

Friday. *Conversazione* as usual. The French make a row about the proposed gift of the Plantagenet Statues to England, so the QUEEN, like a lady, absolves the EMPEROR from his promise. But our dog-in-the-manger neighbours have been informed that they really ought to take the statues out of the back kitchen of the gaol. If France affects to value the articles, she should treat them decently. National Gallery talk, and statement by LORD JOHN MANNERS that there was no row, the land had not been acquired, and no decision had been arrived at. Complaint that the Servians ill-treat their Jews, for whom LORD STANLEY promised to say a word. And then a tremendously long Irish row, originating in a citation by SIR JOHN GRAY of some language by MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, touching Orangemen and Catholics, language which appears to *Mr. Punch* to have been perfectly justifiable. When Irish fire spreads, Greek fire is a fool to it, and in the course of the wrangle of several hours SIR H. EDWARDS alluded to Fenian sympathisers in Parliament—the awful ceremony of taking down his words was moved, the SPEAKER interfered, and MR. DISRAELI begged the House not to revert to the quarrelling system in vogue a quarter of a century ago. It made him feel like *Rip Van Winkle*. Ultimately the words were withdrawn, and all was peace. *Punch* supposes that such safety valves are necessary at times.

THE STOKERS' STRIKE.

TIME: Day of the Strike.

DRAMATIS PERSONE.

NERVOUS GENTLEMAN. IMPETUOUS PASSENGER.

SCENE—Interior of First Class Compartment, London and Brighton Line.

Impetuous Passenger (in a conversational mood). Queer thing this strike.

Nervous Passenger (who thinks "queer" is scarcely the epithet). Yes. But I am glad to see that the men have returned to their work.

Impetuous Pass. (delighted to find some one who is unacquainted with the news). Returned! Oh dear no: not one.

Nervous Pass. (to clinch any argument by an appeal to fact). But the trains are running again, Sir. Here we are in one. There must be a Stoker of course. (Is satisfied with his own proof, and would like to go to sleep.)

Impetuous Pass. A Stoker! Not a bit of it: nor a Driver either.

Nervous Pass. (beginning to feel alarmed). No Driver!

Impetuous Pass. Well, I mean no regular Driver. The fellow we've got volunteered his services to drive the engine to Brighton. Public-spirited, wasn't it? He said he thoroughly understood the principles on which an engine was worked, and thought he could drive one, if he tried.

Nervous Pass. (wishing he could stop the train and get out). But Good Heavens, Sir! Good Hea . . . hasn't he ever driven one before?

Impetuous Pass. (on his own authority). Never. (With a laugh.) Rather a dangerous thing, isn't it?

Nervous Pass. (who has no words to express his horror at the situation). Dangerous! Sir!!! it's—(A bang is heard. *Nervous Gentleman* lets down the window). Good Gracious! What's that? (Another bang.)

Impetuous Pass. That's a fog-signal. It means "Danger." They use them to-day because the fellow doesn't understand the regular code; and it is as well to be cautious. (Another bang, and train slackens speed.)

Nervous Pass. Cautious!

[Thinks that if he ever gets to Brighton, he'll write to the "Times." Remembers that he wrote once before about organs, and they didn't put it in. Thinks he won't write to the "Times." Fog-signal. He is startled; wishes, to himself, that they wouldn't let off those things. Corrects himself by recollecting that if they didn't, something might happen. Finds, by his "Guide," that in twenty minutes more the train is due at Brighton, and resigns himself helplessly to his fate. *Impetuous Person* resumes conversation about accidents, mismanagement, signal codes, and general carelessness. Carriage-light down. Tunnel.

End of Scene.

THINGS NOT YET EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



EMPEROR can quite command the weather. But though *Mr. Punch* abstained from decorating Paris with his presence on the First, he saw in his mind's-eye whatever was worth seeing there. Moreover, he saw many things which were not to be seen, excepting by his mental vision. For instance, in the French half of the Gigantic gasometer, these are certain of the things which *Mr. Punch* observed to be conspicuous for their absence:—

Portrait of a Happy Peasant, delighted at the prospect of an increased conscription.
Picture of a Railway Refreshment-Room in France, where, as in "merry England," you

are served by merry jesters with such refreshing condiments as sawdust, stale pastries, scalding soup, and smoking tongs.

Petition of ten thousand Tax-payers of Paris, praying for the threatened augmentation of the Army.

Presentation Service of Plate to an Hotel-Keeper, for not having raised his charges for the Exhibition Season.

Fancy Portrait of the Frenchman who has ever crossed the Channel without feeling the least sea-sick.

Ditto of the Chasseur who would ever let a fox trot past him without shooting at it.

A Sample of "*la petite presse*" which is proper to be read, or even looked at, by a lady.

A Modern Play which has achieved a great success on the French stage, and is fit to be with literalness translated for the English.

A French Knife that will carve a bit of French beef without bending. (Try MAPPIN in the Champs Elysées.)

Portrait of a French Gentleman who knows how to dress himself.

The *menu* of a Cheap Restaurant in any part of Paris, where for one-half of the money you cannot dine doubly as well as at any of the cheap and nasty dining-rooms in London.

The Dress of a French Ballet-Girl which to English eyes is decent.

The Address of any *Maison Meublée* to be hired this spring in Paris for less than twenty-fold the rent which has been hitherto demanded.

In conclusion, the most curious of the unexhibited curiosities—

A French Window that will shut; a French Clasp-Knife that will open; and a French Fire which in winter you can sit over in comfort.

MR. PUNCH TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

MY DEAR EMPEROR,

Whitefriars.

You must be a good deal occupied just now with your Exhibition, and I hesitate to bother you, but it happens that I want to say a word on an Exhibition topic.

Do you know MR. HENRY COLE, C.B.? I suspect he cannot have been in Paris all this time without having honoured you with his acquaintance. At least, it is not his way to hide his candle under a bushel, especially when he can make that brilliant light shine before the eyes of notables.

Well, my dear EMPEROR, excuse the request I am going to make, but grant it, though it may be disagreeable. I will do anything for you in return.

The first time you see COLE, please to order him to follow you into the British Department, and to point out to you a contribution from my publishers, MESSRS. BRADBURY, EVANS, & Co. That there may be no humbug, I will tell you that it consists of a tall stand, in black wood, on which are displayed specimens of the coloured pictures by JOHN LEECH, various works printed by the firm I have mentioned, two columns, on which are inscribed, in gold, the names of distinguished authors whose books have been published by that house, and, in the centre, is a curiously arranged pillar, formed of my own immortal volumes, and on the top of this is a beautifully painted statue of myself, saluting yourself, and France generally.

Make COLE show you this. I daresay he will not volunteer to do so. I do not think that he will resist; but if so, your late uncle had a way of taking persons by the ear—I say no more to his nephew.

When you have looked at my Shrine with befitting interest, turn round on COLE, and, fixing upon him the Napoleonic eye, demand of him why, in violation of original arrangement, he caused this display to be placed the wrong way, so as to injure the effect, and prevent many persons from seeing it. Make him speak, he likes to hear his own voice.

Then send me word what he says. If he does not give you the real reason, I will give it you in another letter, but I should like to hear what he assigns.

Congratulations and best regard to Her Imperial Majesty. I rejoice to learn that my young friend, her son, is so much better.

Believe me, yours very truly,

Tuesday.

PUNCH.

A STRONG HINT.

MR. PUNCH has observed, with displeasure, a theatrical advertisement, headed "Awful Cruelty to Schoolboys." He wonders what sort of persons such an amusement is thought likely to please. At first, he hoped that it referred only to something in a pantomime, but it describes a representation of the terrible scene in *Nicholas Nickleby*, in which such well-deserved and fatal vengeance was inflicted upon certain scoundrel schoolmasters in the North. This, in itself, is not a scene for the stage, and such an advertisement of it is simply revolting. *Punch* does not indicate the theatre, but it is one in the hands of a gentleman who seems to derive exquisite and undying fun from bad puns on his own name. That is harmless vulgarity, but the above advertisement is worse than vulgarity—we hope not to have occasion to recur to the subject, and say how much worse.

RITUALISM AND BUSINESS.

UNDER the head of "Minor Occurrences" the *Dispatch* says that:—

"In opposition to the remonstrance lately presented to the BISHOP OF OXFORD by certain lay communicants of Reading, a counter declaration is now in course of signature among some of the leading Churchmen of that town."

Probably that counter declaration is the manifesto of eminent upholsterers who are interested in supplying Ritualist churches with furniture, and of large linendrapers who drive a good trade with Ritualist persons in the ribbons, lace, silks, satins and muslins which are needful to make gowns, petticoats, shawls, tippets, and trimmings for those reverend gentlemen.

Ladies of the Creation v. Lords.

TO VOTES for the ladies when we've once been schooled,

SEATS for the ladies MILL must point his pen at:

And speed the time when England shall be ruled

As Cambridge is, by "Graces of the Senate!"

THE MOST CRIMINAL BET.—"WALPOLE'S WAGER."



PUNCH'S PHYSIOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.—No. 3.

HOW VERY MUCH BETTER THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS IN FRANCE! HERE IS A YOUNG MAN, PERFECTLY GENTEEL, OF IRREPROACHABLE CONDUCT, AND OCCUPYING A GOOD SITUATION IN A PROVINCIAL POST-OFFICE—AND A YOUNG LADY ADMIRABLY BROUGHT UP, WITH A WELL AUTHENTICATED DOWER OF £2000 (IN FRANCS IT SEEMS MUCH MORE).

Free Translation:—

"GOOD DAY, MADEMOISELLE. HAVE I NOT THE PLEASURE OF ADDRESSING MADEMOISELLE ANASTASIE TROUSSENEZ-LECAMUS?"

"SUCH IS INDEED MY NAME, MONSIEUR."

"MADEMOISELLE, I AM VICTOR ACHILLE HYACINTHE DÉSIRÉ PAPELARD! MY VENERABLE PARENTS HAVE OBTAINED FOR ME THE PERMISSION OF MONSIEUR, YOUR FATHER, AND MADAME, YOUR MOTHER, TO LAY AT YOUR FEET MY HEART, MY HAND, MY FUTURE! MAY I DARE TO HOPE THAT YOU WILL DEIGN TO CAST A FAVOURABLE GLANCE ON MY ASPIRATIONS?"

"MONSIEUR, I AM ENCHANTED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE! MY DEAR PARENTS HAVING RECOMMENDED ME TO ACCEDE TO YOUR WISHES IN THIS RESPECT, IT IS WITH MUCH PLEASURE THAT I HAVE THE HONOUR OF ACCEPTING THE FLATTERING OFFER YOU MAKE ME. GIVE YOURSELF, I PRAY YOU, THE TROUBLE TO SIT DOWN, THAT I MAY IMMEDIATELY IMPART TO MY MOTHER THE NEWS OF YOUR VISIT."

A PERSONAL RATING.

(From the Westminster Ladies to the Westminster Ladies' man.)

"PERSONS," indeed, MR. MILL! And you call yourself a philosopher, And own that when ADAM legislates without EVE, he feels the loss of her!

And you talk about woman's rights, and the duties of man to the sex, And yet you must tread on our toes, like the clumsiest wretch of your he-sex,

That in crush-room or on stair-case plants his stupid feet on one's train,

And for all the looks one gives him hasn't wit to get off again, But wriggles and grins and gossips, with his odious boots entangled

In one's *Cluny, guipure, or moirée*, till one's *queue* is cruelly mangled, And flatters himself all the time he's perfectly irresistible,

Though one hears one's gathers giving, and feels like the witch in *Christabel*.

As if BRITANNIA wasn't a lady, and Britons her sons, When you claim our rights you've the impudence to allude to us as "persons"!

"Persons" indeed! as if women hadn't minds as well as bodies; As if brain didn't work 'neath the *chignon*, and a heart beat under the bodice.

True, we've *persons* to be proud of, as you men know to your cost, And milliners' bills to be paid, and cheques and husbands to be cross'd: We've *persons* that turn your heads, and fill the men's wards in Bedlam, Change the roaring bachelor lion into the bleating wed lamb; *Persons* that have set armies in march, bade conquerors linger; And twisted SAMSON'S strength round DALILAH'S little finger. *Persons* that have made poets and painters and sculptors immortal, Have built the temple of Venus, and bowed all men at its portal! And you would give woman her *right*, as if she hadn't taken it When ADAM ate the apple, after EVE from the tree had shaken it.

But know if we are the PERSONS, 'tis "men" that are the *things*: The plausible, pompous puppets, of which women pull the strings. Talk of giving a vote to her, who can give you a certain lecture; And about "what will she do with it" complacently conjecture! I'll tell you "what she'll do with it"—she'll fling it back in your faces,

And bid the Lords of Creation kotow to its Ladies' graces. While voteless we both govern and reign, the vote we would eschew all, Which if man and wife were twain would be "duel," if one, "dual." In your house why should we serve, who reign in our own houses? Why take the trouble of pairing off, who've already paired off with spouses?

Why "DIVIDE ET IMPERA" take as the motto of woman's mission, Who make laws without debating, and win without division?



THE "IRREPRESSIBLE LODGER."

Mrs. DIZZY (THE CHARWOMAN). "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS—AFTER THE *EIGHTH OF APRIL* I DESSAY WE MAY BE ABLE TO ACCOMMODATE THE LOT OF YER."

EFFECTS OF THE EAST WIND.



ERY terrible were the effects of the east wind last month. For scientific purposes we record a few of them.

MR. FAWNER was so angered by walking for an hour with the east wind in his face, that on calling on his aunt, from whom he had great expectations, he actually forgot himself so far as to kick her favourite lap-dog—a kick as fatal to his hopes as that of the poor merchant who kicked down his basket of glass.

MR. SMILER was enraged by the east wind to so alarming an extent that he showed his loss of temper by passing a whole week without paying a compliment.

MR. HONEYMOON was so put out by the east wind that he sat down to dinner without having first kissed his bride.

MR. MURKIN was so affected by a walk in the east wind that he forgot himself so far as, in the presence of a lady, to speak of it as "beastly."

MR. SLEEK was paying court to the wealthy Miss CRESSUS, but his warm affection was so cooled by the east wind that she is always "not at home" now when he pays a visit.

MR. CLAPPERTON was so cut up by the east wind that in a moment of ill-temper he actually hissed at seeing some bad acting, a thing hardly in the recollection of the very oldest playgoer.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE THIRD.

YOURS truly PEEPER THE GREAT was prevented from giving you a peeper—I mean a paper—on the all-absorbing topic last week, in consequence of a private communication from LOUEY, who had his doubts as to the practicability of opening the Palley on the advertised day. "Ki bono?" he said to me, speaking as excellent Latin as I ever learnt at the seminary in Hammersmith which superintended my education when *in statu poopillari*.

The truth is, the Exhibition is in the deuce of a mess, and so my task of guidance, undertaken as a labour of love, will be a work of some difficulty. As it is, I have done my shins severe injury, and have sustained several severe shocks by falls and concussions in my attempts to climb over the packages, cases, and boxes, and give you from personal inspection, the situation, number, and all possible particulars concerning every article sent for exposition.

"*Jer suce*," said I to LOUEY—"Jer suce sewer kil serar urn grong sooksay." It would be mere snobbishness on my part to repeat our conversation.

My best plan will be to give your readers a clear idea of how to spend a happy day in Parry. I suppose that you have obtained a bed at some hotel. On awaking you will *sonnay*, that is ring the bell, and be prepared on the entrance of the chambermaid (who is a man) to give your orders while he is in the room. Keep your dictionary under your pillow and a grammar; I need not tell you the French words you will require, as these books will repay your careful researches.

Send for a *tas of shokolar* (chocolate) and piece of dry toast (*urn morso der pang freat sek*). Refresh yourself with this, and sleep till eleven, when you will dress and go to a Kaffy to take your *dayjermay alkar furshetti*. If the pecuniary means at your command won't allow of this extravagance, be satisfied with *devo shokolar*, as above, and lie in bed until such time as may seem to you best adapted for combining lunch, dinner, and *dayjermay alkar furshetti* in one meal. Of course this method will considerably curtail your time at the Exhibition, but as the old proverb says, "You can't burn your pudding at both ends at once."

The prices for dining vary all over Parry. You may get a thoroughly satisfying dinner for half a franc (*5d.*). This depends upon what you take, and the nature of your appetite. If you can make a dinner off large lumps of sugar, you may dine for nothing, anywhere. The Parisians as a body are decidedly hospitable, but they will not ask you to dinner unless they know you; a considerable latitude will be allowed to visitors this year, and an Englishman walking at haphazard into any French gentleman's house will be received with more than

open arms. The unexpected visitor will be astonished at the warmth of his reception.

Carry your umbrella with you, always. [Any reader sending me a letter by a postage-stamp, shall receive the address of the hotel I last promised. This recommendation will be invaluable to the stranger, *only on no account mention your informant's name.*]

Before proceeding any further, let me ask one question. Is there anyone wishing to show himself in the Expositiousg who has not yet applied for space?

Remember, the first of April has passed. Allowing for differences between clocks and watches of all nations, it will perhaps not come back again.

I trust that this hint will be taken in good part. Having to go down to the Tweelyres on business, I must defer any directions about visiting the Exhibition until my next.

THEATRICAL IMPERTINENCES.

We don't complain of the normal impertinences of the stage—the leering horse-play of the average low comedian, the airs and graces of the light ditto, the saucy familiarity of the *soubrette*, or the heavy-man's demand for a round of applause, emphasised by an attitude and insisted upon in a rant. All this the much-enduring British Public has been used to so long, that it submits to it, as to the measles, or the plumbers, or the tax-gatherers, or the east wind, or any other ill that comes so regularly that we learn to grin and bear it. But there are some new theatrical impertinences creeping in which have not yet taken such root as to be entitled to submission without protest, some which may yet, perhaps, be nipped in the bud by a firm application of the public finger and thumb, or rooted out by a vigorous use of the critic's spud.

Among these, is the impertinence of mustachios. If a stage hero wants these appendages, and won't be content with burnt cork, but must go in for the realistic in hair, he should buy them of Mr. WILSON or Mr. CLARKSON. An actor has no more business to *grow* mustachios than he has to grow wrinkles or rouge or scratch wigs, or a red nose. The one should be as much matter of "make-up" with him as the others. This holds, even supposing mustachios to be in keeping with the part. Natural hair, in fact, has no business on an actor's mouth and chin. His face is a canvas to be painted on, and should be kept as bare as possible. But natural hair on an actor's upper lip, as one sees it so often now-a-days, in parts where the mustachio is an anachronism and a disfigurement, is a gross impertinence—a piece of inartistic self-conceit, which Managers ought not to tolerate, and critics ought to denounce. One night last week *Mr. Punch* saw, at the Lyceum, mustachios worn by a tavern-waiter! It is true that M. FECHNER did not perform in the piece, and it was only to be expected therefore, that scenery, dresses, appointments and acting should be as bad and careless as they could be. But going on to the Olympic, where pieces are as a rule well-dressed and well-mounted, whether the Manager plays in them or not, and where CHARLES MATHEWS is now engaged, to give his brother actors as perfect an example of dress as of deportment, *Mr. Punch* was disgusted to see the actor who played a Maccaroni in a play of FOOTB'S—very carefully put on the stage, and admirably acted (with a few exceptions)—wearing black mustachios with a powdered wig! We do not know whether such an anomaly was a piece of ignorance or conceit on the part of the actor; it should be enough to point out to him that mustachios are as much out of keeping with the costume and period of *The Liar* as a chimney-pot hat or a spade-beard would be: that they destroy the effect of the wearer's appearance—which we presume he chiefly cherishes—and mar every picture in which he takes part. If the actor has not the good taste to keep these appendages for the parts they belong to, the Manager ought no more to permit him to wear them in characters that they do not properly fit in with than he would allow *Othello* to appear without colour, or *Hamlet* to come on in the black coat and continuations of Belgravia. As this impertinence is a growing one, it ought to be noted and nipped.

Another impertinence is, as yet, confined to the bills—that of young ladies figuring in posters and programmes under *petits noms*, as Millies, Nellies, Katies, and Madges. We presume these ladies were christened in the usual styles as Emily, Ellen, Kate, and Margaret? To use a pet name is the privilege of a lover, a husband, an intimate friend or a relation; to take one for yourself, in dealing with the public, is to assume a footing at once of favour and familiarity which is both vulgar and impertinent, however popular, pretty, or *piquante* the particular Milly, Nelly, Katie, or Madge may be. Even men are beginning to fall into the same impertinence; but as yet the male *petit nom* has hardly got beyond the comic singers of the music-halls. In them it is only one impertinence more.

ONE OF THE THINGS THEY DON'T "MANAGE BETTER EN FRANCE."
—A Great Exhibition.



SOCIETY.

Mistress. "WELL, DICKSON, I SUPPOSE YOU ALL WANT A PARTY THIS YEAR, AS USUAL?"

Maid. "YES 'M, WE SHOULD LIKE ONE, IF YOU PLEASE. IT'S AWKWARD ACCEPTING OF INVITATIONS, IF WE DON'T SEND OUT NONE IN RETURN!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Finish of the Run—Staggers—Home.)

ASK a countryman to fasten my antigropelos. Sixpence. Can he alter my stirrups? He does; not satisfactorily. The hounds make a noise, and before the countryman has finished my stirrups, we are off again. Nearly off altogether. I shan't come out again. Up another hill. This is part of the down country. My horse is beginning to get tired. He'll go quieter. Every one passes me. Get on! get up! He is panting. I feel excited. I should like to be on a long way ahead, in full cry, taking brooks, fences, and ditches. Get on! What an obstinate brute! I think I could take him over that first hedge now. I'd give something to be at home. Dropped my rein; in getting it up, dropped my whip. Some people standing about won't see it. Horses and hounds a long way on. I think MILBURN, or BYNG, as I'm his guest, might have stopped for me. Very selfish.

Happy Thought.—Get off and pick it up.

If I get off I shall have to get up again. Perhaps he won't stand still. I am all alone; everyone has disappeared, except a few pedestrians who have been watching the sport from the top of this hill. I haven't got the slightest idea as to where I am. What county? How far from BYNG'S? The horse seems to me to be trembling, probably from excitement. He stretches his head out. What power a horse has in his head, he nearly pulled me off. He shakes himself violently. Very uncomfortable. Perhaps he's rousing himself for another effort.

Happy Thought.—Get off.

He is quivering in both his front legs. I feel it like a running current of mild electric shocks. Get out my note-book. The beast seems to be giving at the knees. I don't know much about horses, but instinct tells me he's going to lie down.

Happy Thought.—Get off at once.

Off. Just in time. He nearly falls. He is shivering and quivering all over. Poor fellow! Woa, my man, woa, then, poo' fellow! I have

got hold of his bridle at the bit. His eyes are glaring at me: what the deuce is the matter with him?

Happy Thought.—Is he going mad!!!

He pulls his head away from me—he jerks back: he pulls me after him. I try to draw him towards me: he jerks back more and more. His bit's coming out of his mouth. Is he going to rear? or kick? or plunge? or bite me? What is the matter with him?

Happy Thought.—Ask some one to hold him.

Two pedestrians come towards me cautiously, an elderly man in yellow gaiters, and a respectable person in black. Horse snorts wildly, grunts, glares, shivers, jerks himself back: I can't hold on much longer. If he runs away he'll become a wild horse on the downs, and I shall have to pay for him. Hold on.

Happy Thought.—Say to man in gaiters, very civilly, "Would you mind holding my horse while I pick up my whip," as if there was nothing the matter. He shakes his head, and keeps at a distance. In his opinion the horse has got the staggers.

The staggers! Good heavens! I ask him, "Do they last long?" "Long time, generally," he answers. "Will he fall?" I ask. "Most likely," he answers. Then I ask him, angrily, "Why the deuce he stands there doing nothing? Why doesn't he get a doctor? If he'll hold the beast for a minute, I'll run to the village for a doctor."

He says, "There ain't no village nearer than Radsfort, six miles from here." Then I'll run six miles, if he'll only hold my horse. He won't—obstinate fool: then what's he standing looking at me for, and doing nothing? He says he's as much right to be on the downs as I have. The horse is getting worse: he nearly falls. Ho! hold up. He holds up convulsively, but shows an inclination to fall on his side and roll down the hill.

Happy Thought (which strikes the Person in black). Loosen his girths.

Happy Thought (which strikes me).—Do it yourself.

He won't—the coward. He says he's afraid he'll kick. Kick! he won't kick, I tell him. I think I should feel the same if I was in his place. I urge him to the work, explaining that I would do it myself, if I wasn't holding his head. He makes short nervous darts at the

horse's girths, keeping his eye on his nearer hind leg. I encourage him, and say, "Bravo, capital!" as if he was a bull-fighter. He loosens one girth. Do the other: he won't.

Horse still shivering. Now he is dragging away from me, and trying to get down hill harder than ever. "Staggers" are like hysterics. What do you do to people in hysterics? Cold water, vinegar—hit them on the palms of their hands. Man behind a hedge, about a hundred yards distant, who has been looking on in safety, halloes out some advice unintelligibly. Why doesn't he come close up? I shout back irritably, "What?" He repeats, evidently advice, but unintelligible. It sounds like, "If you arshy-booshy-marnsy-goggo (*unintelligible*), you'll soon make him balshybalsy (*unintelligible*), and then you can easily caushycoosheycaushy." Why on earth can't he speak plainly?

I can only return irritably and excitedly shouting to him, "Wha-a-at? What do you say?" He walks off in the opposite direction. I ask who is that man? Nobody knows. I should like to have him taken up and flogged. No change in the horse's symptoms. Where are BYNG, MILBURN, and the rest? They must have missed me. I think they might have come back. I say, bitterly, "Friendship!" Confound the horse, and the barriers, and everybody.

Another man comes up. Tall and thin, he stands with the other two, and stares as if it was an exhibition. If there is one thing that makes me angry, it is idiots staring, helplessly. The last idiot who has come up has something to say on the subject. The horse is shaking, gasping; I know he'll fall. If he falls I've heard cabmen say in London, "sit on his head."

Prospect.—Sitting on his head, in the middle of the bleak downs, until somebody comes who knows all about the staggers. If no one comes sit on his head all night!!!

Happy Thought (which suddenly occurs to the last comer).—Cut his tongue.

What good 'll that do? "Relieve him," he replies. Then do it. He says he won't undertake the responsibility. He has got a pen-knife, and I may cut the tongue, if I like. Cut his tongue! doesn't the man see I'm holding his head—I can't do everything. He replies by mentioning some vein in the horse's tongue, which if cut instantly cures the staggers. It appears on inquiry that he doesn't know where the vein is. What helpless fools these country people are! I thought country people knew all about horses!—What are they doing on the downs? Nothing. Fools: I hate people who merely lounge about. Will any one of them get a doctor? As I ask this the horse nearly falls. A ploughboy arrives.

Happy Thought.—He shall hold the horse.

I ask him: he grins: what an ass! I command him imperiously to hold the horse. He says, in his dialect, that he can't. "Why not?" I ask, "What on earth can he be doing?" He replies, "Moind'nruks." "What?" I bellow at him. "Moin'nruks." His reply is interpreted to me by the yellow gaiters—the boy is "minding rooks." The boy grins and shows me an enormous horse-pistol with cap on, pointed, under his arm, at me. The idea of trusting such an imbecile with a pistol! "Turn it the other way": he grins. "'Tain't loaded." He explains that they only give him a cap—no powder. "Never mind, turn it the other way."

Happy Thought.—If the long thin man will hold my horse while I go to Radsfort, I will give him half-a-sovereign. I offer this diffidently, because he is such a respectable-looking person.

Respectable-looking person closes with the offer immediately. Yellow gaiters and man in black propose to show me where the village is: for money. Is *this* the noble English character that we read of in the villages of our happy land!! Mercenary, dastardly, griping, gaping fools and cowards, who've been delighting themselves with my miseries for the last hour.

Long man holds the horse. The beast just as bad as ever. Don't care now: got rid of him. Wonder what the long man will do if he falls on his side. It's worth ten shillings to be free.

Miserable work walking. Beginning to rain.

Man on horseback coming towards me.

Happy Thought.—BYNG's groom. I can imagine the delight of a shipwrecked man on a desert island on seeing somebody he knows rowing towards him. He has come back to look for me. He is on his master's horse, and the ladies and his master are in the pony trap in the road just below. The ladies!

Happy Thought.—Be driven home. Soft cushions: rugs.

The Good Lady Puzzled.

Mrs. MALAPROP cannot understand all this fuss about Household Suffering and Vote by the Ballet. Having just parted with another servant-of-all-work—the fourth since Martinmas—she has her own ideas on the subject of Household Suffering; but, why anybody should wish to give votes for Members of Parliament to those young persons who dance at the theatres, she cannot possibly imagine. She is shocked and horrified at the notion of Duel voting.

THE POETS: AN ECLOGUE ABRIDGED.

POET YOUNG. POET CLOSE.

Poet Close. YOUNG, in arm-chair, behind your yard of clay,
You muse and meditate on grog and pay.
I missed my tip, and mourn the cancelled boon;
I pine unpensioned. Luckier buffoon,
You, all serene, YOUNG, teach the woods around
"Croppies lie down," responsive, to resound.

Poet Young. O CLOSE, a Trump this rest on me bestowed,
For Trump I'll ever call him—or be blown.
Off to his health I'll drain the steaming glass.
Life, as you see, he gave me leave to pass
Thus jollily, and, what I chose, to sing
On Agriculture, or on anything.

Close. I envy not, more wonder at your luck,
So many foes might cup from lip have struck.
Lo here, myself, I blighted hopes beweept,
Those kids, YOUNG, I can ill afford to keep.
Alas, my rent fell due the other day!
And now I have my taxes yet to pay.
I might have, if I hadn't been an ass,
Foreseen the grief foredoomed to come to pass.
I spilt the salt, and from a blasted oak
One day I heard a boding raven croak.
But who the Trump is that has eased your woes,
O Poet YOUNG, relate to Poet CLOSE!

Young. 'Twas DERBY'S EARL, 'twas Knowsley's noble Lord,
CLOSE, who my genius gladdened with reward.
He to my testimonials lent an ear,
And said, "Allow YOUNG forty pounds a year."

Close. O fortunate old YOUNG! so you'll remain
A pensioned bard, how rude soe'er your strain.
O fortunate old YOUNG! exempt from need,
You'll quaff potheen and smoke the fragrant weed.
Now, Poet CLOSE, your panegyrics write,
Now your lampoons with caustic ink indite!
Go dreams, once happy, go delusions wild,
By hope of pension now no more beguiled,
Hereafter shall I trace, with ready pen,
Verses in praise of influential men.
I'll cease to sing, nor poetry nor prose
The public shall receive from Poet CLOSE.

Young. Yet here awhile you can repose with me
On yonder stool. Here are potatoes, see.
Here is tobacco; there is genuine Cork:
Here is a pipe, and there's a knife and fork.
And now the cabin roofs are smoking too;
Come, mingle water with the mountain dew.

FREE AS EYRE.

WELL done, old Shropshire! Well done, Market Drayton! Quite right to ring the bells when the sensible Salopian Magistrates apprised Mr. PETER TAYLOR that he might go back to Town and inform Mr. BEALES (M.A.), MR. SHAMMYRUMSTUFF, and their tail, that there was no evidence on which GOVERNOR EYRE could properly be committed. That "individual" as the *Star*—intending to be awfully severe—calls him, has floored the Jamaica Committee as completely as he floored the Jamaica Rebellion. English good sense is seldom appealed to in vain. We really cannot murder a man for saving a colony. It may be, theoretically, proper to kill him, but the fact that Jamaica now belongs to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, and not to the "brown-skinned, canting, disreputable agitator," GORDON, is a fact which somewhat overrides theories. It is to be lamented that excessive punishment was awarded to some of GORDON's dupes; but, on the other hand, English ladies and children were saved from worse than Cawnpore atrocities. So that, on the whole, Englishmen are very well satisfied that PETER TAYLOR, BEALES (M.A.), and SHAMMYRUMSTUFF, are out in the cold. A word of recognition of Mr. GIFFARD's masterly demolition of the case for the prosecution, and as warm a word of recognition of Mr. STEPHEN'S most gentlemanly discharge of his professional duty. "The matter cannot rest where it does," remarks the *Star*; and we agree. Some manifestation of English sympathy with a persecuted officer must be made. Meantime, why not return MR. EYRE for Middlesex?

A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

"AN Inquiring Tyro" is informed that the judicious MALTRUS was the Author of *Celebs in Search of a Wife*.

THE MILKMAN'S PARADISE.—Chalk Farm.



STATUESQUE.

BARBARA MAKING A CALL ON MRS. GRIFFIN (HER OLD SCHOOLMISTRESS), IMPRUDENTLY TAKES HER COUSIN TOM (COMIC MAN) WITH HER, AND LEAVES HIM IN THE HALL. DURING THE INTERVIEW, A GREAT SCUFFLING AND GIGGLING IS HEARD OUTSIDE THE PARLOUR DOOR. MRS. G. ANGRILY RUSHES TO SEE THE CAUSE—*TABLEAU!*
 AS TOM EXCUSED HIMSELF TO BARBARA, "THE VACANT PEDESTAL WAS IRRESISTIBLE."

STRIKE OF GOVERNESSES.

ONE of the reasons, MR. MILL, why the working classes ought to have the elective franchise, is said to be the capacity which they evince for organisation. If capacity for organisation is a reason why they should vote, incapacity for organisation would be a reason why they should not vote. Now that argument knocks female suffrage on the head, if women are incapable of organisation. It is to be feared that they are. Read this advertisement, Sir,—

RESIDENT GOVERNESS (Church of England).—About the middle of May.—A lady wishes to meet with a GOVERNESS, of sound Christian views, to co-operate with her in training and educating her daughters. She should be fond of children, and able to impart a thorough English education, making use of the best modern educational works—Moral's Analysis, the higher rules of arithmetic, and Latin are essential. The lady should be qualified to prepare her pupils for the Cambridge Local Examinations. She must sing and play well, and teach the theory as well as the practice of music: drawing from the flat and from models desirable. Address, &c. &c.

The advertiser, you see, says nothing about the remuneration which she proposes to give the walking Encyclopædia whom she wishes to hire. But one would not at all wonder if, on inquiry, the sum she thinks of naming should turn out not to exceed that which, owing to excessive competition in the governess market, is stated in the heading of this other advertisement:—

FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK.—Superior FINISHING MORNING GOVERNESS.—A young lady, from Paris, REQUIRES an ENGAGEMENT. Subjects—German, Italian, and French (which she speaks fluently), drawing, English, music, and singing. Highest references. Address H. H., Post-office, &c.

Now, if women have any, the least capacity for organisation, there ought, assuredly, in these striking times, to be an immediate Strike of Governesses. Are they altogether and utterly devoid of that capacity? Unless they are, they will strike directly, and their strike will be one which you, and every other Liberal who deserves that name, will surely support. It will be a strike objected to only by the Stingy and

the Shabby, and the Mean, who for the most part are also the Hypocritically Pious, and, in their advertisements for Governesses dirt-cheap, usually combine parsimony with sanctimony, and beggarly offers with cant. "Wanted" is a word commonly prefixed by these humbugs to their advertisements. It is one which Governesses might prefix to an advertisement of their own. Wanted—a POTTER. They do want a POTTER, say a GEORGINA POTTER. Could you help them to one in any way? If you could, you would do women more service than you will if you succeed in getting the franchise which you demand for them, but which they are, as aforesaid, unfit to have unless the Governesses strike.

COMPETITION AT OXFORD.

THE *Morning Post* says that a Roman Catholic College and Chapel are about to be built at Oxford, on a site in St. Aldate's Street. The *Post* adds:—

"It is, however, a singular circumstance that the Roman Catholic College and Chapel will be almost immediately opposite the lodgings occupied by the celebrated DR. PUSEY."

The Regius Professor of Hebrew will perhaps hang his *Eremiticon* out of window. If he does, of course his opposite neighbours will exhibit a poster in front of their establishment declaring, "No Connection with the Heretic over the Way."

Word Splitting.

HAD Ministers adhered to dual voting,
 We fancy it is every one's belief,
 That dual had been changed to *deuil*—quoting
 A fast expression—as they'd "come to grief."

THE ONE THING NOT WANTED IN IRELAND.—New blood.



TAKING A HINT.

Aunt Flora (concluding the story of the naughty little girl). "—AND SOAKED ALL HER NICE NEW SUNDAY CLOTHES FROM HEAD TO FOOT." (Moral.) "BUT SYLVIE'S A GOOD LITTLE GIRL—SHE NEVER GOT INTO HER BATH WITH ALL HER SUNDAY CLOTHES ON."

Sylvie (thoughtfully). "NO—O, I NEVER DID—BUT I WILL NOW!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

In the opinion of Colchester, signified through LORD HARDWICKE, Monday, April 1, our soldiers ought to have some honest employment found for them, to keep them out of mischief. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF talked of "insuperable" difficulties which our officers are trying to conquer. We are aware that British officers are wonderful fellows, but either they mean to work miracles, or the Duke does not know grammar.

The Lawyers cannot agree as to the period of Divine service when bans should be published. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL has thoughts of bringing in a Bill to settle it. As this is Lent, when it is not considered the thing to marry, be born, or die, there is no hurry; or if there is, Doctors' Commons will serve couples with licences, on reasonable terms.

MR. WALPOLE made a most unsatisfactory defence of his conduct in reference to the sentence on a person called TOOMER, who is condemned to fifteen years' penal servitude for an offence which nobody believes that he (though a vicious man) committed. Our HOME SECRETARY is a very gentlemanly HOME SECRETARY, but "talent is not his forte."

Touching Reform, MR. DISRAELI, in reply to MR. GLADSTONE, stated that in Committee the Dual Vote should be struck out, but he would say no more, except that in Committee, also, the House would find the best solution of other controversies. LORD CRANBORNE, with great good-nature, then demanded of his late colleague, LORD STANLEY, what were the Features by which Government intended to stand or fall? LORD STANLEY quietly responded that the matter was one for argument and discussion rather than for question. Which may be called an answer, because you may call anything by any name you please.

Luxemburg is a duchy, and it belongs to the KING OF HOLLAND.

A VISIT TO VENICE.

HAVE you been to Venice yet? No? Then hi! here, Hansom! Drive to Venice, quick now, eight o'clock 's just striking. Not know the way, you blockhead? Why, I fancied every cabman knew the Gallery of Illustration. That's where Venice is this season. Thanks to MESSIEURS GERMAN REED and TELBIN, one can get there in a cab any evening after dinner, and be cosily at home again in time to smoke a couple of cigars ere it be midnight.

What a charming scene! What capital costumes, too! Were the Entertainment done on horseback, it could not be better mounted. Dialogue dull, eh? Well, I have heard jokes more sparkling. Gems of wit in Venice ought to be of the first water. Pruning-knife, my dear boy? Better take a hatchet, and lop off the introduction. Keep *Faigue*, he's rather funny. And don't meddle with the Hashesh mixture: music-hall and opera. I got eleven distinct laughs from it, and I rarely now get one even by going to a theatre, except from *The Liar*. MRS. REED, Ma'am, how do you do? Glad to see you well again. You come on in a gondola, why not sing us that old song, "*Gondolier, row, row*," to remind us of the time when there was something in burlesques, beside bare legs and nigger break-downs. Good evening, *Mrs. Roseleaf*. What a lively Wedding Breakfast! Where are there ten other fingertips in England, that can ring so good a peal of bells on the piano?

SETTING BONNETS AT BACHELORS.

OUR elegant contemporary, *Le Follet*, enumerates, amongst the trimmings for bonnets now in vogue, "bachelors' buttons." Are these ornaments to be considered emblems of conquest achieved, or symbols of expected victory? Bachelors' buttons, decorating the bonnets of spinsters, may be thought, perhaps, to express, in the language of flowers, a desire to get married. When the wearers of bachelors' buttons in their bonnets shall have obtained the bachelors for whom they advertise by the exhibition of those tokens, may those whose buttons will have ceased to be bachelors' buttons ever find their buttons all right!

Town and Country.

THE EMPEROR having been obliged to drop Luxemburg, will have to content himself, as at present, with "*Luxce-en-ville*."

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH wanted to buy it. The KING OF HOLLAND wanted to sell it. The Luxemburgers did not want to be sold. The Prussians did not wish German territory handed to France. The EMPEROR has had to give up his Napoleonic Idea. Another of Our Failures, eh?

MR. O'BEIRNE wished to know why the War Office Clerks cannot have their salaries monthly instead of quarterly, as they wish. The answer was of course a red tape one—if we do it for one office we must do it for all offices. And why not? Because that would increase the duties at the Pay Office. Now is not this bosh enough to make men turn radicals, and take down pikes, and skewer their betters generally? It is a most desirable thing to pay monthly, as the wife of every clerk would tell the Government. How much difficulty would there be in signing twelve cheques instead of four? Officialism sometimes makes reasonable men incline to kick somebody.

UNCLE SAM is buying Russian America. That is, the Government of the States has bought it, but the Legislature has to ratify the treaty. Having looked at the map, to see where the country is, we have no hesitation in saying that Uncle is quite welcome to it, and if he would export thither every Irish citizen of the States, he would confer a service on mankind, indeed we believe that is the secret object of the purchase, though MR. SEWARD cannot well say so just yet, as the Irishry are politically useful.

MR. DISRAELI said that the question whether the Easter holiday would begin at the usual time, was a question "in the hands of Fate." To which *Mr. Punch* adds,

"*Lanificas nulli tres exorare puellas contigit,*"

not, of course, that it is necessary to say so, but the quotation shows the gentleman, and one who has remembered his MARTIAL, and this brings us to another Martial subject, namely, Flogging in the Army.

There was a long and animated debate on SIR JOHN PAKINGTON'S clause for continuing the practice, though the House had condemned

it. But the Horse Guards stuck by the Cat, and another kind of whip had been used, so flogging was re-enacted by 175 to 162. Not only this, but SIR GEORGE GRAY managed to interject the suggestion that for so bad a crime as mutiny no soldier ought to escape the Cat, and the end was that whereas SIR JOHN PAKINGTON had intended to exempt nine-tenths of the service from the chance of being flogged, that chance is now re-distributed over the whole Army! There was much heat, and much hope that the country would take note of the proceeding. *Mr. Punch*, who never indulges in either heat or hope, simply notes that though there is apparent retrogression, the cause of sense and humanity has gained, and he applauds MR. ORWAY, who has managed the Cat-hunt admirably, and who declares that next year he will again loose the dogs upon the sanguinary beast.

A debate on Navy Estimates produced some shameful disclosures, but Government got all the boys, men, and money asked for, and *Mr. Punch* went home singing "*Fool Britannia*."

Tuesday. LORD SHARTESBURY made some exceedingly sensible remarks on the dangerous practice of releasing criminal lunatics. He told this little anecdote:—

"The last time he went over Bethlem he spoke on the subject to the eminent medical man who presided over that great establishment; and the answer he received was, 'I suppose there are twenty men in this room who have said to me at different times—If ever we get out we will take your life, and no harm will be done to us, because having been declared to be lunatics, the utmost penalty we could possibly incur would be to be brought back here.'"

LORD AMBERLEY begins his legislative career by introducing a little Bill permitting certain performances called "services" at St. Martin's Hall, on Sundays. There are lectures, which are enlivened by music, and money is taken at the doors. Singers are paid, and are dressed "as they would be at a theatre," says MR. KINNAIRD, who does not seem to know much about theatres. As this species of Service is at present illegal, LORD AMBERLEY proposes to legalise it. What will DR. CUMMING say to him?

MR. DENT (Scarborough) brought under the notice of the House a system so abominable that nothing but the intensest hypocrisy can call this a Christian nation, while such a thing exists. It is known as the Gang System, and is applied to agricultural labour. A slave-driver hires a gang, chiefly of children of both sexes, some as young as five, but mostly boys and girls approaching the age of puberty, and makes as much as he can by taking these creatures about the country, and letting out their labour to farmers. The cruelty to the children is the least frightful part of the system, the demoralisation is too hideous to be more than hinted at here. But look to it, gentlemen philanthropists, if you have sympathies for anybody but niggers. A debate followed, in which several speakers at least used earnest words. MR. WALPOLE wished for more information, which is to be obtained. In other language, the disagreeable subject is got rid of for some time.

Two hours' debate on the question whether the State ought not to take upon itself the debts of a bankrupt railway, and also acquire the railway itself. MR. GLADSTONE thought the question "vast," and that the House was not in a condition to decide it, and the House agreed with him.

Another effort by the Attorneys to get rid of their Certificate Duty. But it brings £90,000 a-year, and is really a fair tax. *Punch* would advise its being doubled, if that would tend to keep needy cads out of an honourable profession.

Wednesday. Actually, our persistent friend, MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, tried his hand at a bit of legislation about Voting Papers for Joint Stock Companies. Blandly smiling on MR. GRIFFITH, the House went into Committee, and placidly cut out the first clause, which was the only one of importance, and the Bill collapsed. But MR. AYRTON fared no better with a Bill about Spiritual Destitution. A Bill for improving Irish Sea-fisheries, however, was read a Second Time. Let the Irish fishermen get never such hauls, they will not bring up such odd fish as the gentlemen who to-day decided that the Waterford Election was valid, because there was rioting everywhere, but no general riot.

Thursday. Some time back, *Mr. Punch* offered the profound advice that Spain should be cut in four, and divided among civilised nations. It is not impossible that the operation may be performed. There is our *Tornado* quarrel with her, and she has still to account for her conduct in that respect. But, last year, she seized another vessel, belonging to Gibraltar, and called the *Queen Victoria*, and this was without any sort of justification—the ship was not even in Spanish waters. Ever since, the Spanish Government have been simply "humbugging," and have finished by a proposal which is itself an insult. The British Lion is roused. LORD STANLEY has sent a peremptory demand for restitution, compensation, and apology. If these be denied, the *Escorial* is immediately to be seized, and brought to England in several ships.

We had the Budget. MR. DISRAELI made the shortest speech ever heard on such a subject. But he really had only to say that having a surplus of £1,206,000, he wished to follow MR. GLADSTONE'S lead, and reduce the National Debt, by means of Life-Annuities. He also reduced Marine Assurances to threepence per cent, and kept a trifle

(a quarter of a million) in hand. The Budget, and the lucidity of the CHANCELLOR, were alike approved. (It was only our fun, *Mrs. Grundy*, when we mentioned a Deficiency,—we wanted to frighten you out of talking about Women having Votes, you dear old goose.)

Friday. Out of about a dozen topics, only two or three demand the attention of *Mr. Punch*. BARON BRAMWELL was vindicated for having increased the sentence on two ruffians who, in the dock, made a murderous attack on the officers; MR. LOWE was defeated in an attempt to prevent the outlay of more money on primary schools, MR. CORRY saying that he did not mind violating political economy; and MR. ARMSTRONG was greeted with roars of laughter for proposing an anti-bribery oath. *Mr. Punch* does not see the fun.

But the great event of the night was a Notice, given on behalf of the Liberal party, who had met, in the afternoon, at MR. GLADSTONE'S. To the eloquent and delicate handling of MR. COLERIDGE was assigned an Instruction to the Committee on the Reform Bill, to the effect that the System of Rating is to be altered, no one to vote who pays less than a certain amount, and all who pay more to have an equal vote. This was called a Gentle but Firm pressure on the Government. Before these lines are an Instruction to the Universe, some shall see. "What shall some see?" "Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon."

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE FOURTH.

My first direction for visiting the Egspossissiong will be to visit the Prussian Court. In order to do this hire a man with a broom, sweep away the accumulated dust of months, and then let him give you his hand over the first set of packing-cases marked "Glass with care."

Arrived on the top of this first *Glassier*, you will look about you. If evening comes on you suddenly, wrap yourself up and lie down to slumber, like a warrior taking your rest, with your martial cloak around you. But to avoid this make the ascent of Mount Packing-caseus early in the morning. Do this, and you will be enchanted with the view which presents itself to your eye when the first rays of the sun fall upon the pale picturesque bales, the brown sawdust which has fallen heavily during the night, and perhaps a large trunk or two lying helplessly, crushed by its own weight, which has also fallen heavily during the night. When you have reached the summit of the Titanic Apollo, which, being about thirty feet from toe to top, is a fine specimen of genuine high art, pause and take some refreshment.

As at this height there are no refreshments, the best substitute is to take breath. You came up here for a blow: it will do you good. Talking of blows, take care that the next case above your head loosely placed, and containing metal devices and small works in bronze doesn't fall upon you. Safely over the next box what a view you obtain of the Expossissiong! Here I sat for I cannot say how long, lost in reverie, and utterly unheeding the admonitions of a Surgeon der Veal below.

A *Surgeon der Veal* is a policeman. Did he think I wanted to steal the Titanic Apollo thirty feet high?

My dear visitor, if inclined to be dishonest, do not attempt such a thing: the French spies are everywhere: they would be sure to see you.

The Surgeon der Veal waited for me for some time, but I waved my hand to him, and gallantly jumped on to the next box.

This must be your line of country at present.

Sursum corda! I mean lift yourself up by the ropes which you will find still fastening the bales together.

Excelsior! Excelsior! This is Latin, and is conversationally translated by "twopence more and up goes the donkey." On your part, however, never mind the twopence, but go up.

The next packing-case, containing a Titanic Apollo, which, with the assistance of another block, containing crockery, completely shuts out the Austrian Court, must be carefully ascended.

Vlar! Voller! This is French, and spelt *voilà*. Always say it sharply and quickly when you want to attract any one's attention. It means everything: so does *cum sar*. So does *May wee*. Say 'em one after the other, and see what'll happen.

I can't send any more to-day, as in consequence of making a false step I performed a rapid act of descent on to the Austrian territory, and fell quite unexpectedly into the very midst of the Royal party and the Japanese ambassadors.

The Royal party, consisting of LUMPHYRAW and LARMPERYTRECH, started back, exclaiming, "*Mong Doo!*" which means nothing more than "Good gracious!" though literally it is impermissible in English society.

I understood it, however. What the embassy from Japan observed, I did not understand. I fell on my knees. I do not mean when I came off the packing-case; but afterwards, before LUMPHYRAW.

As His Majesty wished to see the Egspossissiong, I wouldn't detain him, and he wouldn't detain me.

In my next I shall take my visitors for a turn round Parry, and then we'll go into the Egspossissiong again.

FEMININE INTELLIGENCE.



N one of its intensely interesting articles upon the Fashions, *Le Follet* naïvely tells us that—

"It is just now rather amusing to inspect the novelties of the season."

Amusing? we should think so: for among the present novelties, we are told, is a new necklace called a—

"*Collier de chien*, made just to fit close round the throat, and with long ends behind."

A dog-collar seems rather an odd ornament for a lady. A man must be a puppy to evince his admiration for it. If worn at all, we think it should be only sported in the dog-days. "Sported," by the way, is precisely the phrase proper for it. Ladies who wear dog-collars are doubtless fond of slang, and would incline to masculine expressions when talking of their toilette.

In the same delightful article the writer also naïvely says that—

"The Spring bonnets seem to require very little material, as they are smaller than those of last year."

One will soon require a microscope to see a lady's bonnet, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," as it is every day becoming. Now that ladies wear their chignons rather larger than their heads, one has really to look twice before their bonnets become visible. We often wonder that it has not been the fashion for a lady to wear two bonnets at once, the one upon her head and the other on her chignon.

This at least would be a novelty, and would double the expense, which to many a fine lady would be a great attraction.

SCIENTIFIC WIFE-KILLING.

THE question is sometimes asked, "Can a man murder his wife?" Though at first blush we might be inclined to doubt it, if we founded our conclusion on recent trials, sentences, and revisions of sentences, still we believe the feat is not absolutely impossible. As a general rule, it may be laid down, that though wife-killing is easy, wife-murder is one of the most difficult things a man can set himself to accomplish. Of course, if you are rash and hasty, and, in a fit of passion, whip up a knife and cut your wife's throat, you *may* be hung for it, though we need hardly say, that every effort will be used by Jury and Judge to obtain remission of the punishment, on the general understanding that the presumption of law in all cases of uxoricide is "Sarved her right." But still, a man who kills his wife in this rude and unrefined way, *may* slip his head into a halter.

This method, however, is uncertain, even if it were not dangerous. You may only wound, instead of killing, and if you *do* kill, there is little or no pleasure in it. This act is too soon over, and the suffering too insignificant, to extract any enjoyment out of. How much better, if you are bent on effectually severing the nuptial tie, and can make no opening for BARON WILDE'S intervention, to secure at once your own safety, and get the utmost pleasure out of the act, by killing your wife by inches. "Every little makes a mickle;" and you may gently urge her on to her death by a series of skilfully applied kicks, or blows, or starvings, or shocks of terror, or by an artistic combination of these, none of them in themselves leading immediately to death, yet all conducing to it, and leaving you, when the consummation is accomplished, safe to get off with a few months', or, at worst, years' imprisonment, and, perhaps (if the Judge be a Quixotic person), a reprimand.

But you must be a bungler if you have to pay even this price for your riddance from a domestic nuisance. With a properly regulated mind, and the coolness that is proper to conduct the operation, you ought to be able so to measure your acts of brutality and cruelty, as to escape with no penalty at all; probably without even the formality of a trial. It is only bunglers who precipitate matters, as by taking jumping exercise over their wives' bodies with iron-plated boots on, or throwing them out of three-pair-of-stair windows, or other rude and summary processes of destruction. You may go considerable lengths even in this direction without much risk, but sometimes an eccentric Judge or Jury may be found to take an uncharitable view of your conduct. But the safe rule is to administer quiet cruelty in small doses, and to keep it up, varying the treatment, if you like, by more energetic exhibitions of fist or stick, starvation or exposure, from time to time; and the great point is to go deliberately enough about your work, and to be cool in regulating your treatment. *Ne quid nimis* should be the motto of the uxoricide as of the physician. Besides the safety from consequences thus insured, there is the pleasure of watching the progress of the case, and the manly satisfaction engendered by the consciousness of your own power, and the hopelessness of your victim's resistance. If by any accident, any rashness of your own, or any extravagance of the Jury, you should be sentenced on the capital charge, you need not be under any alarm, so long as there is a WALPOLE to counteract their sentimentality, and to give you the benefit of those doubts to which every man who kills his wife is entitled;—first, the doubt whether he meant to; and, secondly, the doubt whether, if he did mean to, he hadn't very sufficient provocation.

OUR MUSICAL SAINT.—SAINT-ON DOLBY.

ODE TO MRS. GRUNDY.

Mrs. GRUNDY,
On a Sunday
Joyful music I will hear,
Gaze on painting
Soul untainting,
Nor the sight of sculpture fear;

For diversion,
An excursion
Make by steamboat or by rail,
Or, preferring
Active stirring,
Take my walk, and glass of ale.

Mostly clad am
I, so, Madam
Your decorum as may shoek;
In a shooting
Jacket, suiting
With the hat named billycock.

As my raiment
Little payment
Costs my dwelling, nowise fine,
Simply furnished:
Roof-tree burnished
Glitters not in house of mine.

Outward show, Ma'am,
I forego, Ma'am,
When it interferes with ease:
Often eat, Ma'am,
In the street, Ma'am,
As I walk, my bread and cheese.

Grandeur sinking,
Never thinking
How your censure I provoke;
Oft a cutty
Pipe, with smutty
Bowl, along the road I smoke.

My life's measure
Is my pleasure,
Only saving others' due:
That respecting,
But directing
Madam, no regard to you.

Mrs. GRUNDY,
Gloria mundi
Passes like a dream away.
You may chatter,
That 's no matter—
Ma'am, I care not what you say.

BEAUTY WITHOUT PAINT.

MADAME JEZEBEL offers silly women, who are not contented with their natural features, "recipes for Youth, Beauty, Grace, and Elegance, which give golden tresses, sparkling eyes, ruby lips, and soft peachlike complexion to ladies wrinkled, freckled, scarred, or aged, which have gained for her the patronage of the crowned heads of Europe and her world-renowned name." These prescriptions for facial paint and plaster, MADAME JEZEBEL adds, "can be forwarded on the receipt of £1 ls." Her advertisement concludes with:—"Caution: Beware of spurious imitations." Certainly; but rather beware of noxious originals.

The Next Thing from New York.

(A REUTER'S Telegram.)

THE House of Representatives has adopted resolutions calling on MR. SEWARD to demand redress of the British Government for the American citizens shot by the Irish constabulary in putting down the Fenian insurrection.



PUNCH'S PHYSIOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.—No. 4.

THIS IS A CASE IN WHICH MR. PUNCH REFRAINS FROM OFFERING HIS ADVICE.

ANGELINA IS THE DAUGHTER OF A COUNTRY CURATE, AND HAS FOURTEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS. EDWIN IS A LANDSCAPE PAINTER—A MOST CHARMING PROFESSION.

HE, IT IS TRUE, IS AN ONLY SON, BUT THIS IS OF SMALL ADVANTAGE TO HIM, FOR HE IS ALSO AN ORPHAN, HIS PARENTS HAVING DIED INSOLVENT A LONG TIME AGO. HE HAS JUST TAKEN UP ART AS A PROFESSION, AND BY DOING SO HAS QUARRELLED WITH THE ONLY SOLVENT RELATIVE HE POSSESSES.

HE IS NOW PERSUADING ANGELINA TO SHARE WITH HIM THE HONOURS AND PROFITS OF HIS GLORIOUS CAREER, PROPOSING THEY SHOULD MARRY ON THE PROCEEDS OF HIS FIRST PICTURE, NOW IN PROGRESS, (AND WHICH WE HAVE FAITHFULLY REPRESENTED ABOVE).

THE REASON WHY MR. PUNCH WITHHOLDS HIS ADVICE, IS, THAT HE DOES NOT BELIEVE IT WOULD BE FOLLOWED.

PALÆONTOLOGICAL PIPES.

As a young man desirous of improving my mind, *Mr. Punch*, I have studied Geology. The teachings of that interesting science have elevated me above the popular belief as to the time during which this planet has existed. A lady's age is a delicate subject to question, especially in the case of Mother Earth. That good lady, my early preceptors assured me, is little more than five thousand years old, but geologists declare her to have existed for myriads of ages before the commencement of that term. They assert also that man was living upon his mother's face at a time long previous to the commonly received date of his first appearance. I thought myself safely anchored in these conclusions. But look here, Sir:—

“PROFESSOR HALL, of the New York Geological Museum, and EDWARD MAGUIRE, of Saratoga Springs, are having a controversy touching the bones lately exhumed at Cohoes, N. Y. PROFESSOR HALL thinks they are the remains of a mastodon, which had lain in the earth 25,604 years; while MR. MAGUIRE asserts that they are the bones of a menagerie elephant which died and was buried in Cohoes forty years ago.”

The foregoing extract from a newspaper would, if I thought it true, seriously shake my faith in the evidence which has been considered to establish the high antiquity of the globe and the human race. And what am I to think when I see, by the *Manchester Guardian*, that on the North American continent, amongst the remains of extinct organizations, a gentleman has actually discovered smoking-pipes; and when I read in the *Times* a letter from MR. T. ENGLAND, F.R.S., testifying to the fact that, amid similar surroundings, “an unmistakable smoking-pipe” was found some years ago in a cavern at Torquay? The discovery

of a pre-historic smoking-pipe along with the remains of the mastodon, would, if established, suggest the possibility of finding a pre-historic cigar-tube in the same situation, or of finding pre-historic “fuseses,” or “lucifers,” and all manner of other pre-historic objects indistinguishable from contemporary. From this idea the reflecting intellect would pass, by a natural transition, to the theory that some of the flints in the drift were pre-historic gun-flints, and might even be gun-flints that were merely pre-percussion cap.

Do you not think, Sir, that journalists should be careful how they publish statements respecting science that are calculated to unsettle young men's minds?

Wishing I knew whether our leading geologists smoke those pre-historic smoking-pipes, or not, I am, *Mr. Punch*,

Your ever attentive Student,

TELEMACHUS.

P.S. You are my Mentor, you know, Sir.

Prussian Treatment of Danes.

COUNT BISMARCK, in the North German Parliament the other day, stated that until 1870 any Schleswiger could become a Dane by emigrating to Denmark, but in such case he would have to remain a Dane, and should he return, would be treated as such. What did BISMARCK mean? That the Dane would be plundered and have his throat cut?

WALPOLE'S WAGER.—Won by a neck, with a million to one against WALPOLE.



EXTREMES *MUST* MEET; OR, A BIT OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

PROF. D—R—I. "BUT YOU SEE, TO COMPLETE THE CIRCLE, POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE *MUST* JOIN HANDS."

Charles H. Bennett.

APRIL 2, 1867.

A VERY able colleague, a very dear friend, has been removed, at an early age, from among us. To his genius it is not here that tribute should be paid, but it may be said that none of our fellow-workers ever entered more heartily into his work, or laboured with more earnestness to promote our general purpose. His facile execution, and singular subtlety of fancy were, we hoped, destined to enrich these pages for many a year. It has been willed otherwise, and we lament the loss of a comrade of invaluable skill, and the death of one of the kindest and gentlest of our associates, the power of whose hand was equalled by the goodness of his heart.

SIDDONS TO THE RESCUE.

A GREAT name is a perilous possession; and the name of SIDDONS is the most burdensome that a lady-aspirant to stage-honours can have to stand up under.

The young Lady who bears this mighty name in the third generation, and who has been acting for a year past in the provinces, has now challenged the verdict of London. It is to be regretted that she should have done so, from the reading desk in the first instance, instead of from the boards. The more genuine her vocation as an actress the worse, in all probability, her chances of succeeding as a reader at this point of her experience.

An old actress may have so tamed her histrionic fire, and have so learnt the limits which divide elocution from impersonation, that she may be able to turn stage experience to account in reading. MRS. SIDDONS did so in her old age. Her distinguished niece, MRS. FANNY KEMBLE, has done so in middle life. We have seen a similar power more recently manifested by MISS HELEN FAUCIT and MISS GLENN.

But MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS is still on the threshold of her womanhood and her Art. Her instincts and impulses as an actress can, at present, only serve to hamper instead of helping her as a reader.

We are glad to see that she is at once to have the opportunity of showing how she can bear the burden of her name, as an actress, and we shall watch the event with interest.

Some good points about her eye and ear give warrant that she carries the credentials of her illustrious descent in her face. Take ten years from the lineaments of SIR JOSHUA'S *Tragic Muse*, and MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS might, almost, have sat for those lambent eyes, and grandly-chiselled features.

True, the great grand-daughter is small of stature and slight of proportions, while her great ancestress was stately of height and largely moulded—a muse in figure as in face. In the descendant, for the present at least, we see no possibility of a *Constance*, or a *Lady Macbeth*; but by way of compensation, she has all that is needed, in voice and person, for a *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, or *Imogen*. The voice is at once sweet and sonorous. It has the unmistakable ring of education and good-breeding. What powers of humour, pathos, or tragic intensity, may lie behind those beautiful features, or find breath through this musical organ, London has yet to learn. On these points we should not trust any opinion formed on her reading only, for reasons already indicated. If there were errors of emphasis enough to indicate that the inexperience of twenty had not been corrected by deeper or maturer counsel, these would be quite immaterial, if the test of the stage reveal the power to conceive and sustain a character as a whole, and to interpret it with grace, refinement, and right apprehension of its humour or its passion. At present, we have one young actress, and one only, who has shown this power in a consummate degree, and who only waits the opportunity of a fitting stage to show that the loveliest womanly creations of the ideal drama have still among us an admirable impersonator, who is fitted for the task, at once by grace of person, and refinement of mind and manners, by natural intelligence and laboriously acquired mastery of her art. That actress is MISS KATE TERRY, who is egregiously misjudged as an artist, if tested only by even her best performances in realistic drama, and who, in her *Ophelia* and *Viola* has, as yet, had but infrequent and unfavourable opportunities for revealing her noblest and purest metal. If MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS should develop qualities at all approaching those of MISS

KATE TERRY, though she cannot, short as her experience of the stage has been, reasonably be expected to equal her, she will have achieved something over which all the lovers of the higher dramatic art may and will rejoice. There is room in this field for her and many more.

That the promise of this interesting young lady's face, voice, and name, may be fulfilled to the uttermost, is *Mr. Punch's* hope and prayer. Buffoon as the superficial public may think him, he loves and feels high art, and he is not the first low comedian who like BEN JONSON'S *Master Matthew*, has kept in his closet "a stool to be melancholy upon."

SHALL WE RUB "NO POPERY!" OFF THE DOOR?

(See the debates on the Bill to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Act.)

Who fears to speak of fifty-one,
And anti-Papal panic,
When JOHN BULL swore no Bull should roar
Loose here, save Bulls Britannic:
When Papist mitres he cried down
As Papist levers' handles;
Swearing their wearers to disown,
And quench their Roman Candles?

When LITTLE JOHN a-tiptoe sprung,
And penned "the Durham letter,"
Defiance at Rome's lightning flung,
Her faggot and her fetter,
Some said that faggot was burnt out,
That fetter long rust-rotten:
But there was meaning in that shout,
Of instincts true begotten.

When on the letter came the Bill,
Of penalties and pains,
For all that Romish titles still
Dared sport in JOHN'S domains:
When giving rope to Priest and POPP,
Those who the Bill dared bring out,
With threats content, to clamour bent
And coolly took its sting out.

When *Punch* showed Act and Actor up
And little JOHNNY chiselled,—
As boy who chalked "No Popery"
On WISEMAN'S door, and mizzled!
Since then, up-hung, the Act has swung
The dearest of dead letters:
But footpads may a warning read
E'en from a corpse in fetters.

And, by his hunch, now will not *Punch*,
Though the law's dogs be dumb 'uns,
Eat humble pie, *peccavi* cry,
At POPP'S or Prelate's summons.
The Act was good, for all no blood
Its bite has ever followed.
It spoke a truth, that still is sooth,
And must by Popes be swallowed.

That England's Church owns England's law,
Knows no head but the QUEEN,
But from the State draws power and weight,
And on the State must lean.
That here Rome's mitres are fools' caps,
Rome's hierarchy naught:
And Romish Sees but the mirage
By thirst of priestcraft wrought.

As boys they press, who 've made a mess,
Into the humbling office
Of wiping clean what fouled has been,
While loud their comrades' scoff is—
Some wish LORD JOHN were called upon
The vain words to out-score,
And write "By Licence of the Law"
On the Archbishop's door!

But *Punch* says "No!"—Be this not so:
Still let those words remain:
Rather, that all may read who go,
Write them up o'er again.
Dogs, in their sleep, their grinders keep,
Though the lips are closed o'er 'em:
And a rod is not less a rod,
That's hung up in *terrorem*.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Whipper-in. "MASTER TOM HURT? BLESS YOU, NO, MUM! THE OLD MARE AND HIM NEVER MISSES THAT BROOK!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Driving home after the Run—Dressing—Dinner—Prospects.)

THE ladies in the trap are the half-aunt and old Mrs. SYMPERSON.

Happy Thought.—Be very attentive to old Mrs. SYMPERSON. Give her my hand when she gets out. Make her feel she can't do without me as a son-in-law. Perhaps, afterwards, I might have to make her feel that I can do without her as a mother-in-law. I don't think so, though: nice old lady, and a little deaf.

Driving home I am very bitter against BRETT, who could send out a horse with the staggers.

Happy Thought.—The staggers might take something off the expense of hiring.

In the carriage the ladies say he oughtn't to charge me anything: I agree with them, but feel that BRETT's opinion will be different. Not sure, if I was BRETT, if I shouldn't charge more. I shall, I say, call and blow BRETT up, severely.

[When I do call, two days afterwards, BRETT asks me how I liked the mare? I say, "Well enough, if she hadn't got the staggers." He is not surprised, and makes no apology. While receipting my bill, he pauses to observe that "If I'd ha' lost that chestnut it would ha' been a matter of a hundred pounds out of my pocket," as if it would have been a matter of a hundred pounds out of my pocket.

Happy Thought.—Say, "Would it, indeed?" and look at my watch—gives a notion of being pressed for time. Won't discuss this question of a hundred pounds any further. Go.

"Will I hunt with the Croxley to-morrow?" he wants to know. "He's got just the thing to suit me; I can throw my leg over her and try her now." I haven't time: I should like to hunt with the Croxley immensely. "Nice fencing country, and a brook or two." Very sorry can't—let him know when I'll hunt again. Good morning, MR. BRETT. I'm sure he regrets not having charged me extra for the staggers.]

In the Pony Trap, driving home.—The half-aunt expresses her wonder that gentlemen can find pleasure in such a dangerous pastime as hunting. I smile, as much as to convey the idea, "Yes, you're right, but we are such daring dogs." I don't say this, because I think BYNG knows I didn't go over the first hedge. Mrs. SYMPERSON is of opinion that married men oughtn't to risk their lives. I agree.

Happy Thought.—Always agree with Mrs. SYMPERSON.

Say pointedly, "When I am married I shall never hunt again, but settle down comfortably somewhere." At the present moment I fancy that if I ever do hunt again I shall never settle down comfortably anywhere. Don't say this: feel it.

Happy Thought.—To say to her mother, that Miss FRIDOLINE seems to enjoy being on horseback. Praise her appearance.

Say she is very like her Mamma. [BYNG tells me afterwards that this sounded fulsome. Must take care not to be fulsome.] Mrs. SYMPERSON says, "she was very fond of riding when she was young." I reply, "that I should think so." By the way, I shouldn't think so if she wasn't FRIDOLINE's Mamma. She is pleased.

BYNG, flicking the pony, asks me if I feel pretty fresh. Before the half-aunt and Mrs. SYMPERSON I can't say more than that I am pretty fresh, considering I haven't ridden for years.

"Stiff?" asks BYNG. I am surprised at BYNG; but nod expressively. "Loins?" continues BYNG. I am astonished at BYNG: before Mrs. SYMPERSON too! I reply "No," as if I hadn't any loins.

[Note for *Reticence of Politeness. Typical Developments*, Vol. XX. Book 5], Par. m.]

Driving up to the house. Butler, servants, whole-uncle and Mr. SYMPERSON out to meet us.

Happy Thought.—Subject for picture, *Return from the Chase*. Wave my hand to them, as if I'd just come up triumphantly, after flying over five-barred gates and stiff fences. Wish I knew if BYNG had or had not seen me in the first field. Painful, getting out of the trap. Quite forgot to give my arm to Mrs. SYMPERSON. The whole-uncle asks if we've had good sport? I answer, deprecatingly, "pretty well," to give the old coward who's been in his arm-chair all day an idea that it's not the sort of sport I've been accustomed to; as, indeed, it is not.

Mrs. SYMPERSON notices that I walk lame. From a fall? She is anxious. I say, "No, not from a fall." FRIDOLINE, who has entered the hall, expresses her anxiety too. I almost wish it had been a fall. If I say "stiffness" it will flatten the excitement.

Happy Thought.—To say "Oh no, nothing at all," and smile. They'll think I've been over a precipice, and am bearing it heroically.

In my room.—Warm bath, at BYNG's suggestion, before dinner. Looking in the glass; I am an object. Collar nowhere. The anywhere and anyhow.

Happy Thought.—Scarf, next time I ride; with a pin in it. My face is such a curious colour, a muddy yellow. Wish I'd come up to my room at once, instead of stopping in the hall. How different to when I started. Meditate on this, before the glass; "So in life, we set out gaily and briskly (as I did on the chestnut), we go on—we go on—odd:—lost the smile." The footman comes in with hot water. He is familiar in consequence of that dressing up as a German friend the other day. He says, "I suppose you ain't much accustomed to riding a-horseback, Sir." I should like to put him on a wild Arab in a desert: hate familiarity. Tell him to call me in time for dressing. He is now going to sound the first gong. That's an hour before dinner.

Happy Thought.—Cup of tea. Toast? suggested by footman. Amendment adopted.

How delicious (in bath) is this dreaminess. All dangers of the day past and gone. I feel, triumphantly, that I have seen a hare killed. I should like to hunt every day. At least, I should like to enjoy a bath, tea and toast like this every day.

Happy Thought.—When I go up to town again practise leaping in hunting grounds, so much a lesson. Don't believe Dick Turpin, on Black Bess, ever cleared a turnpike gate.

Happy Thought.—I could clear a turnpike gate—with a ticket. Wish I'd said this in conversation: brilliant: needn't have said anything else for a whole evening. Note it down when I'm out of my bath. Read a book recommended by FRIDOLINE, with her name in it. Novel: *Saint Alice*. Good. Read FRIDOLINE'S name again. Drowsy. If I don't take care I shall be asleep. * * *

Happy Thought.—Dressing gown: arm-chair. Plenty of time before dinner—delicious drowsiness. * * * Footman enters: I have been asleep. Referring to my watch, same time as when I was in my bath: stopped. They've begun dinner.

Happy Thought.—Say, "I'll be down directly."

EXCURSIONISTS IN DANGER.



THE comfort of the community on Sunday is threatened by two Liquor Bills, about to be smuggled, if possible, through Parliament. One of them is in the charge of MR. GRAVES, and the other in that of MR. J. A. SMITH, MR. BAZLEY, and MR. BAINES. Into the provisions of these measures, respectively, it is unnecessary to go, further than to say that both the one and the other are designed to deprive excursionists on Sunday of all provision, food as well as drink. MR. ROEBUCK, doubtless, is aware of the attempts on the liberty of the subject and the enjoyments of the people, which the Sabbatarians and teetotallers are making in the House of Commons, and will take care not to be out of his place at the proper time for frustrating their insidious machinations.

DIAMONDS OF DEBATE.

In studying, with microscopic eye, the debates in Parliament, *Mr. Punch* occasionally lights upon gems, or rather sparks, which, though they are not of sufficiently pure water to be set in his magnificent Essence, may be just worth picking out. Therefore, he arranges a few, of recent discovery, and renders them priceless by the addition of a little gold of his own:—

WHO WAS THE BOOBY?

Said MR. DISRAELI, in his Budget Speech,—

"I am responsible for a very familiar expression with regard to the public debt, which I shall not repeat to this committee. I did say to a great booby on the hustings of my country—quoting the amount of the public debt as a reason why this country could not discharge its duties to itself and defend its independence—that the public debt might be compared to the incision of a most troublesome, although not one of the most unpopular insects."

The word was "flea-bite." But who was the Great Booby? The nation demands the name.

VERY PROPER FEELING.

Said SIR STAFFORD NOETHCOTE, on a Gas Bill,—

"He should be inclined to withdraw the present Bill if satisfactory to the gas

companies, and to introduce another, leaving in blank all the figures as to price, the rate of dividend, and the standard of gas."

He was quite right in saying that he would withdraw any Bill that was satisfactory to the Gas Companies, because any such Bill must be eminently unsatisfactory to a victimised public. As for the blanks, *Mr. Punch* proposes to fill them up in a way which will put down a good deal of dishonesty.

CHILDREN, PLEASE ATTEND.

Said MR. GLADSTONE, on the Budget,—

"Duties are not to be considered as what they are in themselves, but as regards what they are as outworks and defences of the great branches of the revenue. (*Hear, hear.*) Now, what would be the effect of abolishing the duty on Comfits? Why, there would be an enormous increase in the importation, and we should doubtless be ultimately able to put them in our tea, and use them with as much satisfaction as we now do that article called sugar. (*Hear, hear, and laughter.*) In fact, Comfits would become little less than sugar under another name."

There, dears, and *Mr. Punch's* darlings. Get your beloved parents to explain this to you, and tell you that in buying goody-goodies you keep the Crown on your kind QUEEN'S head, help to pay for all the pretty soldiers, and for the beautiful ships which you see in Portsmouth harbour, when you are taken to the Isle of Wight. And then, *Punch* thinks, you may ask to have your pocket-money increased from threepence to fourpence a week, and your parents do not love their country if they refuse you this.

VERY UNFAIR.

Said MR. POLLARD-URQUHART, on Taxation,—

"When he remembered the sentiments which the right hon. urable gentleman, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, had in younger days expressed in *Sybil*, he was much surprised that he had not done more to relieve the poorer classes from certain taxes under which they especially suffered."

"Must one swear to the truth of a song?" asked the late MR. M. PROOF. Is a novelist, when he becomes a Minister (and any good novelist ought to be offered office), to be bound by all the pretty theories he may have woven around his groups of lovers? Is LORD LYTTON to stand by *Eugene Aram's* views touching the taking of property from the unworthy, and killing them if they do not like that redistribution? Is LORD BROUGHAM, as a Statesman, accountable for the sentiments in a remarkable fiction which was suppressed? Is—but the interrogatories would stretch out to the crack of doom. Echo gives a comprehensive answer in the negative, and adds that MR. URQUHART had better shut up.

MISERRIMUS.

Said MR. H. B. SHERIDAN, on the Marine Insurance,—

"That if there was any one in that House deserving of commiseration it was himself. (*A laugh.*) His expectations had been excited, perhaps unwarrantably, with respect to the reduction of the duty on fire insurance. (*Hear, hear.*)"

MR. SHERIDAN deserves something better than commiseration. He deserves praise and honour, and he shall have them, too. He perseveres, very creditably, in his attempts to demolish a noxious tax, and one of these days he will succeed. Meantime, let him rejoice, for the EYE is upon him, and winks affably.

IGNORANCE NOT BLISS.

Said COLONEL FRENCH, on Burlington House,—

"May I ask the noble Lord what he means by Italian Gothic? (*Laughter.*)" LORD J. MANNERS, The honourable and gallant gentleman had better consult the honourable gentleman (MR. LAYARD) who sits next to him. (*Laughter.*)"

Though a Colonel of Militia, MR. FRENCH has known things. He obtained "several science premiums in college." Either Architecture was not one of his pursuits, or he has forgotten what he learned. We hope MR. LAYARD (no one could do it better) explained to the future LORD DE FREYNE that Italian Gothic means the Gothic that was erected in Italy. Italy is in the South of Europe.

A MEMBER FOR CORRUPTION.

Said MR. SCOURFIELD, on Bribery,—

"It would be better to group all the corrupt boroughs—(*Laughter.*)—and let them return one member between them—(*Laughter.*)—if they could find a man bold enough to accept their representation. (*Laughter.*)"

These "laughs," on a subject which some folks think a grave one, indicate that certain Members of Parliament have no more learned to consider bribery a crime than a jockey considers it one to run as "ordered," or than a cabman thinks it one to overcharge a lady. And as to "bold enough," let the grouping be made, and *Mr. Punch* will pay all the bribes, if it be proved that there is any difficulty in getting a candidate who moves in the best society.

British Jurors for the Paris Exhibition.

THE jurymen who recommended MR. WAGER and MR. LONGHURST to mercy should be sent to figure in the British department of the Great Exhibition at Paris. Then they might be compared, by students of character, with the French jurors who find murders such as those which were committed by the abovenamed criminals to have been accompanied by extenuating circumstances.



THE SAUSAGE MACHINE.

Cook (in a fluster). "O 'F Y' PLEASE, 'M, NO WONDER THE FLAVIOUR O' THEM SASSENGERS WASN'T TO-RIGHTS, 'M, WHICH I 'VE JEST NOW KETCHED MISTER ALFERED A CUTTIN' HIS 'CAVENDISH' IN THE MACHINE!"

THE PARKS AND THE POLICE.

ONE good, at least, has come of the Reform Demonstrations. The parks have been delivered to the charge of the police, and this, perhaps, would not have happened for a century or so, if it had not been for the Hyde Park Demonstration. In future, let us hope, it will be possible to cross that Park, even after nightfall, without having one's pocket picked, or being otherwise maltreated. And, ere long, we may arrive at such a height of civilisation as to be able to take exercise, even on a Sunday, in St. James's Park, without being hustled by the roughs from St. Giles's.

We presume that the number of police has been increased, now that the Parks have been put under their protection. Now that highway robberies are done by broadest daylight in the most frequented streets, we have certainly no wish to see policemen added to our parks but subtracted from our pavements. Brigandage near Rome is becoming bad enough, but really it is hardly worse than the brigandage in London. Here the plan is for a gang of highway robbers to surround you on a sudden and empty all your pockets, and then stamp upon your toes to prevent your running after them. Two friends of *Mr. Punch* have been thus robbed in the last month, within a mile of Charing Cross, and in broad open daylight. As a pedestrian himself, *Mr. Punch* desires to find the pavements well protected, not less than the Parks; and, if the Force requires an increase, *Mr. Punch* cannot see Y an X or other letter of the alphabet should not forthwith be added to it.

Beales the Buster.

POOR MR. BEALES (M.A.) is in a fearful passion because he and the rest of the Jamaica Committee have been laid on their backs. He has proclaimed that MR. EYRE should be punished, if the whole Reform League had to become the prosecutors. The connection between MR. EYRE and Reform may be as difficult to discover as the connection between MR. BEALES and good sense. We think, even more highly than we ever thought, of LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN.

LA CLEMENZA DI PIO.

In a letter of recent news from Rome, it is stated that —

"CARDINAL ANTONELLI has received the thanks of the British Government for having allowed the Scotch Presbyterian congregations to continue in the enjoyment of their own forms of worship outside, though not inside, the walls of Rome."

The dull British Public, of course, will be of opinion that the British Government went very far out of its way to thank CARDINAL ANTONELLI for the smallest of mercies. It will wonder how much the POPE would thank the British Government, if the British Government were absolute, for permitting DR. MANNING to officiate without the bounds of London and Westminster, but not allowing him to celebrate Mass at St. Mary's, Moorfields, or anywhere else within them.

Dull, stupid, ignorant British Public, it doesn't understand, and cannot see, that the British Government well knows that Popery is, in fact, the truth, that Protestantism is humbug, and that Protestants, all of them who are not mere impostors, are fanatical blockheads, whose worship is a farce, who have really no business, and no right to be suffered to preach or perform divine service at all, and, in pretending to exercise their sham religion at Rome, commit a gross impertinence. It is fun to think how amazed and enraged the purblind British Protestant Public would be if they knew the blessed change which Ritualism is working amongst the superior classes!

Wager, Walpole and Toomer.

WANTED—Some other HOME SECRETARY than MR. WALPOLE. Is the man whose intelligence and ideas of justice are on a par with those of the Judge and Jury who recommended WAGER to mercy, of the jury by whom TOOMER was convicted of a crime which he didn't commit, and of the Judge who sentenced him to fifteen years' penal servitude, fit to remain one of her Majesty's advisers?

ALL PLAY AND NO WORK.

WHAT wonder the French "*Exposition de l'Industrie*" is so behind-hand, when its Conductor is MONSIEUR LE PLAY?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUDICIOUS speeches by Peers, on *Monday, April 8*, touching the Spanish questions. No reason to believe Spain really hostile to England, dubious circumstances in the *Tornado* case, very proper dispatches by LORD STANLEY, hope that things would look less serious after Easter—all highly proper and diplomatic, meantime ships go from Malta to Gibraltar. The Spaniards had better keep to the savage sports of their arena, they are safer than John Bullfighting.

Very premature question by MR. GOLDSMID. Wanted to know when the St. Paul's Monument to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, for which we voted in 1858 £20,000, would be ready. Why, it is not quite seventeen years since the DUKE died. LORD JOHN MANNERS said that in about two years we should see it. We shan't.

LORD STANLEY very neat. Asked by MR. DARBY GRIFFITH whether the ships had left for the Spanish coast, answered that Gibraltar was within the ordinary cruising ground of the fleet, and that there was nothing unusual in a ship or two leaving Malta for an excursion. High comedy, exiled from the theatres, takes refuge at Westminster.

But we have had still higher comedy, with a fine intrigue, and some striking situations, leading up to a climax. *Mr. Punch* duly recorded that a Notice on the Reform question had been given by the Liberals. This was for an Instruction to the Committee, and was designed materially to alter the Bill. MR. COLERIDGE was to move it, in his most elegant manner, on the Monday in last week. But, before evening, about half a hundred Liberals met in the Tea Room, and decided that they should be Spoons if they stirred in the matter. The proposal of MR. GLADSTONE would appear to the country as restrictive of the Suffrage which the Government Bill offered. The announcement of their discontent was made to MR. GLADSTONE, and at the last moment it was decided that all definiteness should be struck out of the Instruction. So there was a pleasing little scene in the House, MR. LOCKE asking MR. DISRAELI whether he would assent to the motion if cut down to its first line, and MR. DISRAELI gravely asking whether MR. LOCKE had any authority to make the suggestion. On MR. LOCKE's saying that he had authority, MR. DISRAELI, with lengthened sweetness long drawn out—at least not exactly sweetness, but suavely, and after reading out, "deliberately, every word of the doomed notice, so that, as he said, no mistake might be made, graciously assented to the proposal, which simply affirmed what the Government, and also LORD GROSVENOR took to be undeniable, namely, that the Committee had power to alter the law of Rating.

To-night the Liberal party came to grief, and some smart speaking by MR. OSBORNE and MR. LOWE (who pitched heavily into SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE for changing his views and simultaneously rising in office), was scarcely a consolation.

But MR. GLADSTONE rose, *acer et iracundus*, and gave another notice, which, of course, was divided into three parts. It will be understood from what MR. DISRAELI said of it in a circular to his supporters. It was MR. COLERIDGE's Instruction in a new form, and if any of the points were carried, the Government would throw up the Bill.

These points were—

- (1) To reduce the term of occupancy from two years to one year.
- (2) To let occupiers under £10 have votes in respect of any tenements, and not limit the franchise to dwelling-houses.
- (3) To give a £5 franchise, instead of one based on personal payment of rates.

Then did the Reform Bill go into Committee—a fact to be noted in the history of progress.

Then we at once shut up Reform until the Thursday.

Tuesday. The venerable and virtuous LORD WESTMEATH got upon Ritualism, and maundered into a scold at the BISHOP OF OXFORD for having consecrated a church bell. The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH explained that the BISHOP OF OXFORD had done nothing of the kind, but on the contrary, had on the occasion in question censured the Church of Rome for baptising bells. This drew a letter from the ever-ready SIR GEORGE BOWLER, stating that Rome does not baptise bells, but only expresses a hope that they may ring the faithful to advantageous devotions. He added, that many bells had names, but this fact had nothing to do with religion. He might have mentioned Tom of Oxford, Ben of Westminster, and Punch of St. Bride's.

SIR MORTON PETO desired a Select Committee for the purpose of examining into the entire history of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and the conduct of its managers. Both MR. DISRAELI and MR. GLADSTONE informed him that the House had other business beside the whitewashing railway people. Then, nervous MR. WHATMAN, who had given a notice implying charges against two other Members, was vehemently assailed by them, and showed, rather painfully, that he had either no case, or (as MR. ESMONDE classically remarked about the Waterford business) "funked the fight." SERJEANT GASELLE thought that MR. WHATMAN should withdraw his charges "almost on his knees," but we presume that anatomical obstacles prevented this feat.

Next, the DUKE OF SOMERSET had to be cleared of imputations touching the Totnes election. SIR ROUNDELL PALMER did the work skilfully, but *Mr. Punch's* view of the Duke's ideas is that they resemble some which MADAME VESTRIS, as a lady's maid, attributed to her mistress, in one of the delightful Olympic farces. "To have her own way in everything is one of the few things about which Madame is very particular."

Abolition of anti-Catholic oaths by office-holders, very good speaking by the two leaders, and a Protestant victory (gained by 3 in a Committee of 283), by which it is still forbidden to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland to be a Catholic, though his master, the Home Secretary, may be one. MR. WHALLEY was frantic over some rebel oaths which pledged the Catholic takers to the extremely disagreeable process of "wading to the knee in the red gore of Saxon tyrants," but if the Committee heard him—at all events no notice was taken of his antics.

Wednesday. The Oxford and Cambridge Test Race was rowed, and was a dead heat. But umpire GLADSTONE is dissatisfied, and it will have to be rowed over again. In other words, the Test abolition which was to be confined to Oxford, was on the motion of PROFESSOR RAWCETT, extended to Cambridge also, by 263 to 166, but MR. GLADSTONE means to modify matters in Committee.

Thursday. We lend Canada money for railway purposes, and LORD RUSSELL managed to hitch in a bellicose word. We ought certainly to defend Canada against the United States, if necessary, and the States ought to feel that in attacking her they attacked the whole power of England. *Mr. Punch* had not heard from America anything which called for this fire.

A speech from LORD SHAFTESBURY, giving such insight into the accursed system of Agricultural Gangs as ought to make Pharisees blush with shame, and Christians with indignation.

Then was resumed the Reform Battle, and the Choosers of the Slain wayed their dusky wings, and shrieked with cruel joy.

It was an awfully stupid night, though. There was an attempt to postpone the business till after Easter, in the hope of a compromise, but MR. BRIGHT asked who was going to stop in town and cook such a thing? It was decided to go on. MR. DARBY GRIFFITH once more thrust himself in the way, but was promptly shoved out of it, and

Clauses 1 and 2 were agreed to.

On clause 3, MR. GLADSTONE, in a long speech, moved his first amendment, and was answered by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, Conservative, went dead against Government, and so did LORD CRANBORNE, late Conservative Minister. MR. HENLEY spoke well, against the amendment, denounced the Small Tenements Act as a Device of Old Nick to make poor people pay who couldn't, and predicted gloomy things. The debate was adjourned, whereas to-night the House should have risen for Easter.

Friday. But it was not stupid to-night, for we had all sorts of personalities, a smart debate, a tremendous whip, and a great division.

Firstly, to calm the mind of the legislators, and to put them into a fitting state to consider and decide upon a great constitutional question, we had a row, originated by MR. OSBORNE, over a document supposed to have been shown for the purpose of getting some votes for Government. It purported to intimate that the PREMIER and MR. DISRAELI approved a device of MR. HIBBERT's, about Compound Householders. When the Committee had been thoroughly excited, LORD STANLEY, in a manly fashion, repudiated the alleged pledge, and said the Government desired to be judged only on the merits of the question.

Then we got on Reform.

MR. ROEBUCK fought for the Bill, and hit some Opposition men very hard.

MR. BERRESFORD HOPE opposed it, and gave MR. DISRAELI much sauce. MR. HOPE talked of the Asian Mystery. But MR. DISRAELI is a dangerous person to gird at, and in return he complimented MR. HOPE on his Exhibitions, adding sweetly that their Batavian grace took away their sting. The HORSES are of Dutch descent.

Nine men followed. "Lethe is a brave river."

MR. HORSMAN said that but for party, five-sixths of the House, including the Ministry, would support MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. HARDY defended the Bill, boldly and ably.

MR. BRIGHT attacked it, and said that three-fourths of the Liberals were opposed to household suffrage. He complimented LORD CRANBORNE in a most elegant manner.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER took all their weapons in his target, and made a good fight, occasionally cutting down a deserter, to encourage the others.

MR. GLADSTONE gracefully alleged that there was no animosity between himself and his able rival, though they had fought sharply, and would probably do so again. He then defended his amendment.

At half-past one the Division came, and Government was victorious. MR. GLADSTONE was defeated by 310 to 238—majority 22, and the shouting of the Ministerialists woke the swans that were sleeping upon the river to be ready to see Oxford beat Cambridge six hours later by a quarter of a length.

Both Houses rose for the holidays, the Commons until the 29th of April, the Lords till the 2nd of May. "For this relief, much thanks."



Juvenis. "JOLLY DAY WE HAD LAST WEEK AT McFOGGARTY'S WEDDING! CAPITAL CHAMPAGNE HE GAVE US, AND WE DID IT JUSTICE, I CAN TELL YOU—"

Seneæ (who prefers whiskey). "EH—H, MUN, IT'S A' VERA WEEEL WEDDINS AT YE-ER TIME O' LIFE. GIE ME A GUDE SOLID FUNERAL!"

A LITTLE FRIENDLY ADVICE TO MR. QUARTERMAINE.

DEAR MR. QUARTERMAINE,

As the Whitebait season is commencing, and I have already dined once at the "Ship," and may have to dine there many times between this and August, I think I may be consulting our mutual comfort and advantage in giving you the advice contained in this letter.

I don't mean to say that you want it more than other Greenwich purveyors, but as it is suggested by *Ship* experience, I address it to the master of the *Ship*.

I suppose it is useless to urge upon you the reform of your wine-carte? I am not master enough of the mysteries of Greenwich hotel-keeping, to say how far it may be absolutely necessary to your paying your way to exclude from your wine-list anything under six shillings a bottle. Nor do I mean to throw any doubt on the exactness of your cellar-nomenclature; though I must own, as a man of moderate means, that I should be quite willing to put up with less high-sounding names for your Clarets, Burgundies, and Rhine wines, if you could give me an article at a price somewhat nearer that at which I can supply my own friends with sound, light dinner-wines. I can't afford, myself, to wash down my meals with La-Fitte, or Château-Margaux, Nuits, or Chambertin *premier cru*, Liebfraumilch of the vintage of '57, or Steinberger Cabinet (blue seal), at fifty-two shillings a bottle. I don't know many people who can. But when you do force me into such extravagance, I experience considerable surprise and some comfort at finding how very little difference there is between these high-named and high-priced beverages and the honest ordinary Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Rhenish, which I am content to drink myself, and not ashamed to give my guests. As I can lay in these wines at from twenty-four to thirty-six shillings a dozen, I hardly think the names worth the difference between that price and what I am called upon to pay at the "Ship."

Leaving out the sound, wholesome, and agreeable Hungarian, Greek, and Italian wines, which have at last found their way to our market, and to *our* private cellars though not to *yours*, may I ask if it is absolutely impossible to supply a wholesome *vin-ordinaire* of the received growths of France, Spain, and Germany, say at three or four shillings a bottle, and yet leave yourself a living profit?

I can't help thinking you might manage it, if you tried; or, at least, that you might come nearer it than you do.

And do you really think ten shillings a fair price for a claret-cup, containing a bottle of ordinary Bordeaux, and the requisite condiments for a jug of "Badminton"?

I must say that your wine-list requires reforming grievously. I will not insinuate that, as it stands, it is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. But I say that it fails, by a grave oversight, to provide for quenching the thirst of men with fortunes under £4,000 a year. I have calculated, and I conclude that your wine cannot be drunk, with an easy conscience, at a less figure.

But let me pass over the wine-list, and allow you the benefit of the excuses which I can imagine for such titles and such prices—as for instance the general tendency of the unenlightened JOHN BULL to believe in things with big names and long figures; the shortness of the season; the necessity of getting your cent. per cent. somewhere; the impossibility of

charging as monstrously for eating, as long impunity and the sheep-like submissiveness of the British public, enable you to charge for drinking. I will even give you the benefit of the plea, that if men will go dining at Greenwich and leaving their wives and families, they ought to be made to pay for it; and that you are thus a humble instrument for mulcting extravagance and making selfish indulgence penal.

But, waiving all objection for the moment to either the prices or qualities of the eatables and drinkables you set before me, I would ask you if it is not possible to serve up your dinners, such as they are, a little more rationally? Are you quite above borrowing a lesson from France?

Why are your waiters allowed, or instructed rather, to put all the dishes of each course of fish on the table at once, there to cool themselves, crowd the table, and nauseate the diners, instead of handing round a number proportioned to the party of each *plat* in succession? This is done at every French *table d'hôte*, and the practice is as simple as it is natural. In this way every guest has his option of tasting, or passing by, everything. Everything is handed round hot. No ignoramus is allowed to violate the proper order of succession, which should be as absolute in fishes, as in wines, or any other element of a dinner.

I protest that the last time I dined at the "Ship" the comfort of the dinner was utterly ruined by the want of organisation in the ordering, and handing round of the dishes. The table was covered with a dozen dishes at once; no one knew which to take first; and everybody was at last reduced, in desperation, to help himself to what he could get, not what he liked or wanted.

I say nothing of your *cuisine* itself. But taking your dinners exactly as they are, I want to know why you don't give them the benefit of a rational well-organised, and orderly serving up?

Please weigh these hints, which are as well meant as the need of them is sorely felt.

You may tell me that the arrangements of the "Ship" are as good as those of any of its neighbours. We have said as much. That is my very reason for believing that you would find your account in making them better; in encouraging visitors of a more rational, moderate, and regular order than the young swells, who pay a bill with a bill—and never question an item or grumble at a stupidity, so the champagne is cool, the pink bonnets pretty, and the laugh and joke loud and free enough.

If you will believe *Mr. Punch*, this class does not exhaust the possible patrons of Greenwich dinners. Rational men would be glad to dine there under rational conditions, some suggestions towards which are supplied in this letter from

Yours very truly,
MR. PUNCH.

By Order.

IN Paris they have a phrase for things which are not necessities—things which people need not have, and sometimes would be better without: they call them *articles de luxe*. Henceforth the expression is to be changed to *articles de Luxembourg*.

NOT A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

IT is now doubtful whether the French EMPEROR will make the contribution to the Paris Exhibition that was expected from him—a piece of Holland.



PUNCH'S PHYSIOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.—No. 5.

CARL AUGUST SCHLUMMERKOPF AND GRETSCHEN JOSEPHINE HERZLIEB HAVE PLIGHTED TROTH, AND ANNOUNCED THE FACT, BY MEANS OF PRINTED CARDS, TO ALL THEIR FRIENDS. BEHOLD A SCENE OF NEVER-BY-SORDID-WORLDLY-INTERESTS-TO-BE-DISTURBED-OR-EVER-IN-AFTER-LIFE-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN BLISS! THE RHINE IS FLOWING CALMLY BY TO THE GERMAN OCEAN. JOHANN-ATOLF (GRETSCHEN'S BROTHER, AND CARL'S BOSOM FRIEND) IS SINGING A VOLKS-LIED TO A SWEET ACCOMPANIMENT. CARL'S MOTHER IS LIFTING UP HER VOICE IN HARMONY, AS SHE SITS AND KNITS PEACEFULLY. ALL AROUND ARE FRIENDS—HAPPY FRIENDS!

THEY WILL COME AND SIT LIKE THIS EVERY FINE EVENING FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS—IN FACT, TILL CARL IS IN A POSITION TO MARRY; AND THEN HE WILL MARRY SOMEBODY ELSE.

(THE FAITHFUL JOHANN-ATOLF HAS NOT YET TROTH-PLIGHTED: MUSIC, POETRY, PHILOSOPHY, AND FRIENDSHIP HAVE HITHERTO SUFFICED TO FILL HIS HEART; BUT SHOULD ANY FAIR ENGLISH MAIDEN, TEMPTED BY THE HAPPINESS WE HAVE ESSAYED TO DEPICT, WISH TO MAKE HIS ACQUAINTANCE, WITH A VIEW TO MUTUAL INTERCHANGE OF VOWS, MR. PUNCH WILL BE MOST HAPPY TO MANAGE AN INTRODUCTION.)

A DIRT-PIE IN PREPARATION.

MR. PUNCH,

You know there is a talk about repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. The subject is under the consideration of Parliament. No doubt the idea has been suggested by humble gratitude to the POPE for the immense liberality which his Holiness exhibits at Rome, in permitting the extramural celebration of Protestant worship.

True, the Ecclesiastical Titles Act is a mere protest, backed by a nominal penalty. Still, it is a protest against the papal supremacy in Her Majesty's dominions, and therefore a gross and fanatical impertinence.

The Roman Catholic Bishops don't seem to care much about that Act. "It pleases them," they think, "and doesn't hurt us." They say this is not yet quite the time for its repeal. Here they are wrong, *Mr. Punch*. British Protestantism is just now taking a nap. There is no knowing how long this slumber may last. No time like the present.

The British Public at this moment imagines the POPE to be what the frequenters of the British Public-house and Skittle-alley call a "down pin." They suppose that his temporal power is at an end. But of course, if Italy were to quarrel with France, his Holiness would probably be reinstated in all his possessions, and perhaps become, as a political factor, stronger than ever he was before. Then British Protestantism would awake again, and any proposal to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Act would only create another awful row.

Protestantism, by-and-by, may be white hot again. Strike while the iron is cold.

But why, if the Ecclesiastical Titles Act is a dead letter, should the Roman Catholic Bishops wish it repealed? Because its repeal would be a legislative disavowal of the Church of England's nationality. Because the Royal assent necessary thereto would be a formal acknowledgment, on the part of the QUEEN, that the Bishop of Rome not only hath, but likewise ought to have, authority and jurisdiction in Her Majesty's dominions.

But if, nevertheless, the Roman Catholic Bishops do not particularly desire the Ecclesiastical Titles Act's repeal, there are others who do. The Ritualist Anglican Clergy and their partisans, *Mr. Punch*, would give their ears, the whole length of them, great as that is, to effect it. For then they would be enabled to excommunicate the rest of the parsons, and, with a bishop of their own at their head, set up as a Church for themselves, with a legalised right to pretend to constitute the true Church of England. For the world at large the English Church, thus split up, would have no existence. This would be fine fun. Do not spoil sport, *Mr. Punch*, let the Ritualists triumph, and oblige your ancient,

MEPHISTO.

Nethermost Place.

MINISTERIAL BULLETIN.

THE ANSWER to the latest inquiry at the Home Office is, that MR. WALPOLE is doing as well as he can be expected to do, but is still suffering from a TOOMER.

THE SOUND SLEEPER'S PARADISE.—Snoring.

THEY'RE SAVED! THEY'RE SAVED!

THE road was rough, our team untried,
And hard to be controlled,
They dashed the sledge from side to side,
'Twas hard our seats to hold.

All day the wolves were on our track,
And as the night fell dark,
We heard their bay, about our sleigh,
And their red eyes could mark.

In front, behind, to left and right,
Those red eyes glared and glowed,
The frequent feet broke on the night,
Still following, as we rode.

And now their hot breath round us hangs,
Till we seem its flame to breathe,
And we hear the gnashing of the fangs,
That soon in us they'll sheathe.

I held four babies in my arms,
Four babes that I loved true:
There was RESOLUTIONS he was one,
And DUAL VOTE was two.

And the Third was PERSONAL RATING,
And RESIDENCE made four:
No father e'er gat bonnier babes,
Nor lustier mother bore.

The wolves they howled, the wolves they growled,
And nearer gnashed their jaws;
I could note the licking of their lips,
The pattering of their paws!

'Tis hard to lose one little one,
But harder to lose four;
And hardest of all to lose oneself,—
So I flung one baby o'er!

I flung first RESOLUTIONS;
And I thought the wolves 'twould stay:
But they tore him small, and they eat him all,
And again pursued their prey.

Then over DUAL VOTE I tossed,
In hopes 'twould stop the pack:
Soon limb from limb they severed him,
And again were at our back!

But PERSONAL RATING and RESIDENCE
As yet are safe I trow:
And the wolves have ta'en to quarrelling,
And merrily on we go!

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PREP THE FIFTH.

I WILL not offer a word of advice as to the dress of an Englishman when among our lively neighbours. I am not a fashionable myself; in fact, I am not Little Beau Peep. Let me merely hint that a white hat, chimney-pot fashion, turned up with green is, perhaps, a trifle out of fashion, which is French for extravagant. A hat in French is Shappoh; a white hat being Shappoh Blong—Blong, though you wouldn't think it, means white. While I think of it let me give an excellent piece of advice presented gratis to me by a gentleman from Ireland:—

Always, in a hotel, on going to bed, take great care to lock your door on the outside.

As to money, never change it.

Let us take a drive before visiting the Egssposission. Call a cab. This is done by saying to your Congseairgsh, *Fate sarvarnsay urn voytoor*. A voytoor is a cab. When he arrives, ask him for his Billy (or ticket), which he is bound to give you. Jump in, and tell him where you want to go to, premising that you are taking him *parl coourse*, i.e., by the course, i.e. by the drive, i.e. not by the hour. Urn franc a d'mee (1½ franc) is his price parl coourse, and you must give him money *poor boor* into the bargain. *Poor boor* is drink-money; say *der soo*, i.e. two sots, about 2d.

Of course, if you have any relations in Paris your first duty is to go and see them, but in any case you should commence with a visit to the Mont der peatay, written Mont de Piété, the house of your Uncle. Pledge him your honour that you are glad to see him, and ask if anything can be done on the voytooriay's Billy.

Drive to the Maddy Lane, which is nothing like Drury Lane, but is a church.

Over the altar is a fine devotional picture representing NAPOLEON THE FIRST being received into Paradise by all the Saints of the Roman Calendar, including the POPE whom he imprisoned. On reflection, it is wonderful that the artist should have stopped even at this point. In May, close by the Maddy Lane, is the Marshy day Fler, the Flower Market, where, if you alight at one end, you may walk through, and out at the other, forgetful of the voytooriay. It is the voytooriay's duty to look after his own business. This idea has no claim to originality; the Burlington Arcade, and the Albany, in London, offer similar opportunities to the adventurous.

After this, drive to the Loovert.

The History of the Loovert (Compiled by Our Special Vague Correspondent).—Most interesting. It was built by Whatshisname, you know, as a place to fire cannons off from, when people storm it, and so forth. HUNGRY CART did something to it, and so did one of the LOUVEYS, and the result is beautiful. The architecture is all Græco-something or other, unless that's the Maddy Lane, and the other fellow went to do that. (N.B. He means me by "the other fellow.") I have looked over his copy for corrections in spelling.—*Peep the Great.* Somewhere out of one of these windows CHARLES THE (I forget which) fired upon the Hugynose as they ran about wild in the streets. His mother and CARDINAL REESHLOO were there and loaded his gun. Either REESHLOO or BELLARMINO or BRILLAT SAVARIN was the Clergyman, I mean Cardinal: if not, try MAZARINE. However, there was a picture in the Royal Academy of it a year or two ago, and if any one's got it go and call on him, and he'll tell you all about it. There was a Cardinal, I know. Admiral CRICHTON was somewhere about at the time. The ceilings are all painted. How the artists' backs must have ached. There is a Napoleon Room; no extra charge as at MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

This is, as I have said, the history of the Loovert.

Now drive to the Sant Shappell in Old Paris. *Bel dia Setay* is the name of Old Paris. They are generally repairing the Sant Shappell, and you can't get in without an order. I don't know from whom or where the order is to be got. A *frank* will do as well, and better, as they sometimes refuse you with an order, but never with a frank.

See Notrer Darm. It is the Old Church of Paris, and was built by —, but you'd better ask one of the Sacristans, who will tell you all about it, as he told our party. You'll be much interested in his account, especially if you cannot follow French spoken quickly. Whenever he stops say "wee," i.e., yes; or "beang," i.e., good; or Trays antaressong. This, which one of our party took to mean "that what the Sacristan was saying was very interesting," came in very well, and appeared to thoroughly satisfy all the necessities of the case. My own idea (privately) is that the Sacristan was abusing us all the time. But what did it matter? We gave him a frank each.

Drive back again to wherever you came from, or to the Passarge Juffroy, where look out for the Denay deparry, for you'll be hungry and must dine. [For dinners generally, see MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD'S *Paris for the English*. How he must have dined!]

Ill fo kurn marngshay: French as spoken, mind; so come out with this, gaily and boldly, as you ascend the wooden stairs, and pay Madam at the counter your four franks, which includes about eight courses, dessert with ice and fruit, and a bottle of wine.

Garson is waiter. I append a few words, which all will find most useful in everyday life among Parisians.

Night cap, *Bonny Dewwee*.

This will go well to the air of "Bonny Dundee." Sing to the Garson or Fam deshambrr before you retire for the night:—

Call till you're hoarse is the rule I make when
You call me o mattang: pray call me at ten.
I'm only a boarder, *may, sirtainmong, wee,*
Jer mer coosh * in my bonny, my bonny dewwee.

This is the way to recollect a language. Directly you can compose poetry in any language, you've mastered it. What did Thingummy say? "Let who would write the something or other, he (whoever he was) would compose their songs." Go in for this noble sentiment: songs sell well now-a-days. I hear that a young lady named CLARIBEL, who writes such lovely things as, "How my heart soft moanings whispers, in the glade, the lonesome glade," &c., realises something considerable from the music-publishers.

More useful words:—

An Usher, *Peong*. (When you want to go to school.)

A Client, *Cleong*. (If you're a Solicitor.)

A Pedicure, *Paydecoor*. (That is, if you want a Pedicure.)

A Mountaineer, *Montarnar*. (If you require one.)

A Female Ape, *Guaymong*. (Might be useful.)

The Sun *Sollayle*. (Absolutely necessary.)

A Whirlpool, *Raymole*. (No harm in knowing this: it may come in useful when you see a whirlpool.)

Arder arpraysong, O rayvwor.

P. THE G.

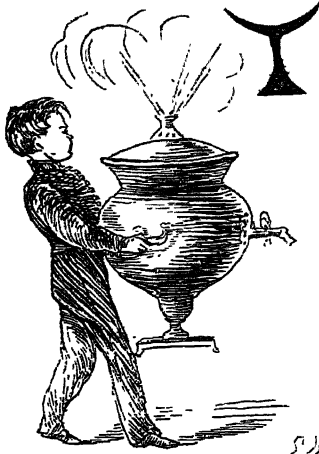
* "I go to bed."



THEY'RE SAVED! THEY'RE SAVED!

(See "Essence," p. 155).

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



HEY have sent my evening clothes. Show how different I look to when FRIDOLINE last saw me, in mud and those abominable anti-gropelos. Ought to be able to dress in ten minutes. Heroes in novels WALTER SCOTT'S or JAMES'S always do it, with armour too. Tubs unknown to men in armour, unless they took it in breastplates and sponged over a cuirass. Then how about towels afterwards?—interesting subject opened up. Wish I hadn't opened it up now as footman comes in to say, "Fish just on, Sir." Note down the above for *Typical Developments*—chace—armour—towels. * * * Wonder if I shall recollect what this means.

Just ready. Bother—no dress boots. Of course, when in a hurry I can only see those infernal antigropelos lying about. My

bell is not attended to—and, hang it, no white ties.

Happy Thought.—BYNG'S white ties.

Bell again: wish some one would answer it, I should have been down by now. Just like those servants—don't like to ring again—*must*. Hard: it is a rope-bell. Old-fashioned thing—breaks. What shall I do now if they don't come? They don't come: I do nothing.

Happy Thought.—Stand on the drawers and pull at the wire. After a hard day's riding it isn't easy to climb about. When I am on the drawers the footman comes in. I feel as if I ought to apologise for being so impetuous. Without any explanation I say, "Dress boots: and will he get me one of his master's ties." This last request sounds unprincipled. He returns with my boots. Master hasn't got any: he's wearing his last.

Happy Thought (which strikes the footman). He will lend me one of his, if it will do.

Don't like to refuse. Thanks, yes. He gets it. As folded it is about double the thickness of my waistcoat. Very long. Difficulties. After first attempt the ends stick out straight three inches on each side. Methodist preacher. Try it double: result on appearance; gentleman with mumps. Third attempt, tie it in very broad bow, so as to absorb the length. Result: comic nigger who does the bones. Tie becoming creased and limp.

Happy Thought.—Not in a bow at all. Once round, and hide the ends.

At the last moment it strikes me I want shaving.

Happy Thought.—No one will notice it.

General feeling of untidiness somehow; but a strong sense of comfort in no longer wearing breeches and antigropelos.

Entrance into Dining-room.—Awkward. Apologise. BYNG cuts it short. As I am going to my seat I find I've left my pocket-handkerchief up-stairs. Uncomfortable.

Dinner.—Place left for me next to FRIDOLINE.

Happy Thought.—Explain why I was late to FRIDOLINE. Opens a conversation.

They are at the Third Course; but have kept soup and fish for me. Wish they hadn't. Can't refuse it.

Happy Thought (say it in my sporting character).—Hard work catching up people over a soup and fish course, after giving them up to beef. "There," says FRIDOLINE, "you mustn't try to talk." I look round at her. (Soup on my shirt front.) Not talk? Not to her? Then doesn't she, I ask, wish me to—(wipe it off quickly)—"Now then, don't be shy," cries MILBURD to me. I nod and smile at him. Where are my repartees? I should like to be a Pasha for just one minute. I'd wave my hand, and the butler and footman should throw a sack over MILBURD'S head, and then drop him into the Bosphorus. He is so rude and thoughtless.

Happy Thought (when I am going to bed).—I know what I ought to have said to MILBURD when he said, "Don't be shy." I ought to have said something about his setting the pattern, or that he shouldn't have all the modesty to himself. This isn't the sharp form in which the repartee should come, but it's the crude idea. [Note it in my book, and work it up. SHERIDAN did it, and was brilliant at repartees.]

After the beef I do talk to FRIDOLINE. I don't know exactly what I say. I think once I say I hope her father likes me: I praise her mother. She advises me to make great friends with her mother—I will. I hope that I shall see her after she leaves here—she hopes so too. I hope so again, because, really, I shall be quite lonely—I don't mean lonely—I mean melancholy, without her—I mean, after she's gone. Feeling, perhaps, that I have gone a little too far, I laugh. The laugh

spoils the whole effect. She will think I am not in earnest: she'll think I'm a mere flirter.

Happy Thought.—To impress this upon her. Ask her, "You think I am not in earnest?"

She asks, "In earnest—about what?" This disconcerts me. I don't like to say, "about loving you," because there's a pause in the general conversation, and we two are the only ones talking. The pause began when she asked "About what?" as if everyone was anxious to hear my reply. I laugh again, arrange my fork and knife, and cast a glance round to see if anyone's listening. I catch Mrs. SYMPERSON'S eye—for one minute: she looks away instantly.

Happy Thought.—Ask FRIDOLINE if her mother won't be angry with her about our talking together so much. (This is nearer the mark, though I put it diffidently.)

Oh, no, her mother is *never* angry with her.

Happy Thought.—To say, "Who could be?" She replies that her papa can. Here the subject is at an end, as I can't abuse her father. Silence between us. MILBURD telling some story, making old SYMPERSON laugh—everyone laughing. Feel awkward, being out of it. FRIDOLINE will think I'm dull and stupid. Must go on talking: can't start a subject. Tell her that I *am* in earnest, once more. Expatriate on sympathies. I hope, in a very undertone, to which she inclines to listen, that she will let me talk to her this evening. I know what I mean, and am uncomfortably and hotly aware that I don't put it so intelligibly as I could wish. She replies, "Of course you may." "Ah, but I mean I wish you'd let me see more of you, be more with you"—she wishes I would not be so foolish, there's MR. MILBURD and Papa looking this way. The half-aunt is putting on her gloves, and going to nod to the ladies.

I am going to lose her. As she is preparing to rise she wants to know if I've seen MR. BYNG'S conservatory lighted up. I've not—can I see it now? Yes, she'll show it me, but I mustn't stop long over the wine. One look. BYNG says something to her as she goes out. I hope he hasn't put me out of her head.

Happy Thought.—No. She half-turns at the door. Half catches my eye.

Happy Thought.—The Conservatory.

Conversation turns on Free-masonry. MILBURD relates stories of masons knowing one another anywhere. BYNG tells how a French mason met a Chinese mason in battle, and didn't kill him. The whole-uncle says, he recollects a curious case, but on trying to recall details, fails; but anyhow it is admitted on all hands that to be a mason is a great thing when abroad or in difficulties anywhere.

Happy Thought.—In difficulties anywhere: then be a mason before I go out hunting again. Wonder if any of those men, who were looking on at my horse in his staggers, were masons. Perhaps they were all making the signs, and I didn't know it. Wish I'd been one. Ask all about it.

FRIDOLINE will expect me. Awkward to leave the table. Getting fidgety. Laugh at Old SYMPERSON'S stories. He's telling me one now which detains me.

Happy Thought.—Left my pocket-handkerchief up-stairs. Go for it. Promise to return: only my handkerchief.

Happy Thought.—Conservatory.

CANZONET ON COSMETICS.

(DEDICATED TO ERASMUS WILSON.)

AIR—"My Mother bids me Bind my Hair."

My fancy bade me stain my hair
With dye of golden hue,
And tint my face with pigment rare,
To captivate the view.
But now the tresses I bewep,
With which I dared to play,
The charms I had not sense to keep,
The health I threw away.

'Tis sad to think those locks are gone,
The wash had turned them sere,
My head was shaved; a wig I've on,
These pimpled cheeks are queer.
That poison I've absorbed I dread;
A doctor I've to pay:
The beauty I had once is fled,
I've thrown my health away.

A Con. for Creditors.

WHY should a householder who means to bolt without paying his tradespeople, buy his sheets at the famous bedding warehouse in Tottenham Court Road? In order that he may be able to show his creditors "a clean pair of HEALS."



ARCADIAN AMENITIES.

Little Rustic (after a "game" struggle, evidently overweighted). "OH, PLEASE, HELP US ALONG WITH THIS LINEN UP TO MOTHER'S——"

Amiable Swell (aghast). "EH! OH, RIDICULOUS—HOW CAN I?—LOOK HERE, I'VE GOT A BAG—HEAVY BAG—TO CARRY MYSELF——"

Little Rustic. "I'LL CARRY YOUR BAG, SIR."

Swell. "EH—BUT (to gain time) WE—WHAT'S YOUR MOTHER'S ABSURD NAME?"
 [This did not help him much. There was no escape; and ultimately——
 but we draw a veil over the humiliating sequel.]

THE JOURNEMEN TAILORS' ULTIMATUM.

SCENE—A Club Room. MR. GAFFER, with his back to the fire, and newspaper in hand, loq.

FINE times these, Sir, that we are living in. (*Lowers newspaper, and raises his spectacles.*) I say, expressly, fine. How fine our houses are, how fine our style of living is, how fine our women are! What fine clothes they wear, and what fine prices you have to pay for them! Fine ladies, fine gentlemen; fine fellows altogether. Fine from top to bottom—the bottom of society; why even our journeymen are fine. Our very journeymen tailors are, to use a vulgar expression, coming it fine. Here, Sir (*replaces his spectacles*), is a paragraph headed "The London Tailors' Movement." London Tailors' Movement! In my young days the only tailors' movement—the only movement peculiar to tailors ever heard of—was that of leaping on a shop-board, and squatting cross-legged. But now the movement of the London Tailors is a movement threatening a strike. They have a—what?—an Amalgamated Society with a President, Vice-President, Committee, and Delegates; and last evening a general and committee meeting of the London Tailors' Association was held at the Green Dragon, King Street, Soho. The delegates reported that it had been resolved at Manchester that the masters' terms should be rejected, and the London and Manchester men act as a united body. And now, Sir, listen to this (*reads*):—

"In consequence of this resolution a telegram had been sent up to the committee of the Masters' Association, requesting their ultimatum by Monday next. Should this ultimatum be unfavourable to the claims of the men, a proposition is then to be made for a second strike."

JACK SPANIARD AT THE TRIANGLES.

LORD STANLEY has spoken out at last—not before it was wanted, and redress for the outrages on the crew of the *Tornado*, and on the owners as well as crew of the *Victoria*, has been demanded, in terms which leave nothing behind them but an ultimatum and reprisals.

When the Don has done us this satisfaction—and he will have to do it, in spite of his bluster and braggadocio, for there is nothing under the sun like Spanish brag—we shall have to face the further question of the wrong done to the owners of the *Tornado*. LORD STANLEY has given them the cold shoulder from the first, having apparently been prejudiced against their claim by the daring allegations of the Spanish Government—allegations, we are bound to say, contradicted by the ship's papers, and by every particle of trustworthy evidence extant in the published correspondence.

This point has yet to be cleared up, and LORD STANLEY is bound to satisfy himself and the country about it. But whatever conclusion may be borne out in this particular, as to which we must confess our own impression to be that the owners of the *Tornado* have been as cruelly wronged as the crew, JOHN BULL must not allow his *Tornado* to be put down, now that it has once been raised. We cannot measure Spain's liability to compensate our injured sailors and shipowners, by her poverty, her weakness, or her dishonesty, any more than by her conceit and her blustering.

She has shown herself in this case, what she has always been in all her international relations, a brazen braggart, and a measureless liar. This is hard truth, but *Punch* is not a diplomatist, and need not mince matters. We have now to teach her that the liberties and property of Englishmen cannot be invaded and confiscated without a penalty, and that England has made up her mind to insist on that penalty being exacted to the uttermost farthing.

Waste of the Public Money.

THE Clerical Vestments Bill is now before Parliament. It cannot surely be intended that the nation should pay the heavy account the gentlemen at St. Albans, &c., must have incurred for dresses, out of the surplus?

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

FOREIGNERS visiting France this year would 'be glad never to hear the term passport, but they have no such objection to the continuance of the words pass claret.

AWFUL WARNING.—We know a man who took so much refreshment on Saturday last (aquatic sports) that even his boots were "screwed," and "tight" too.

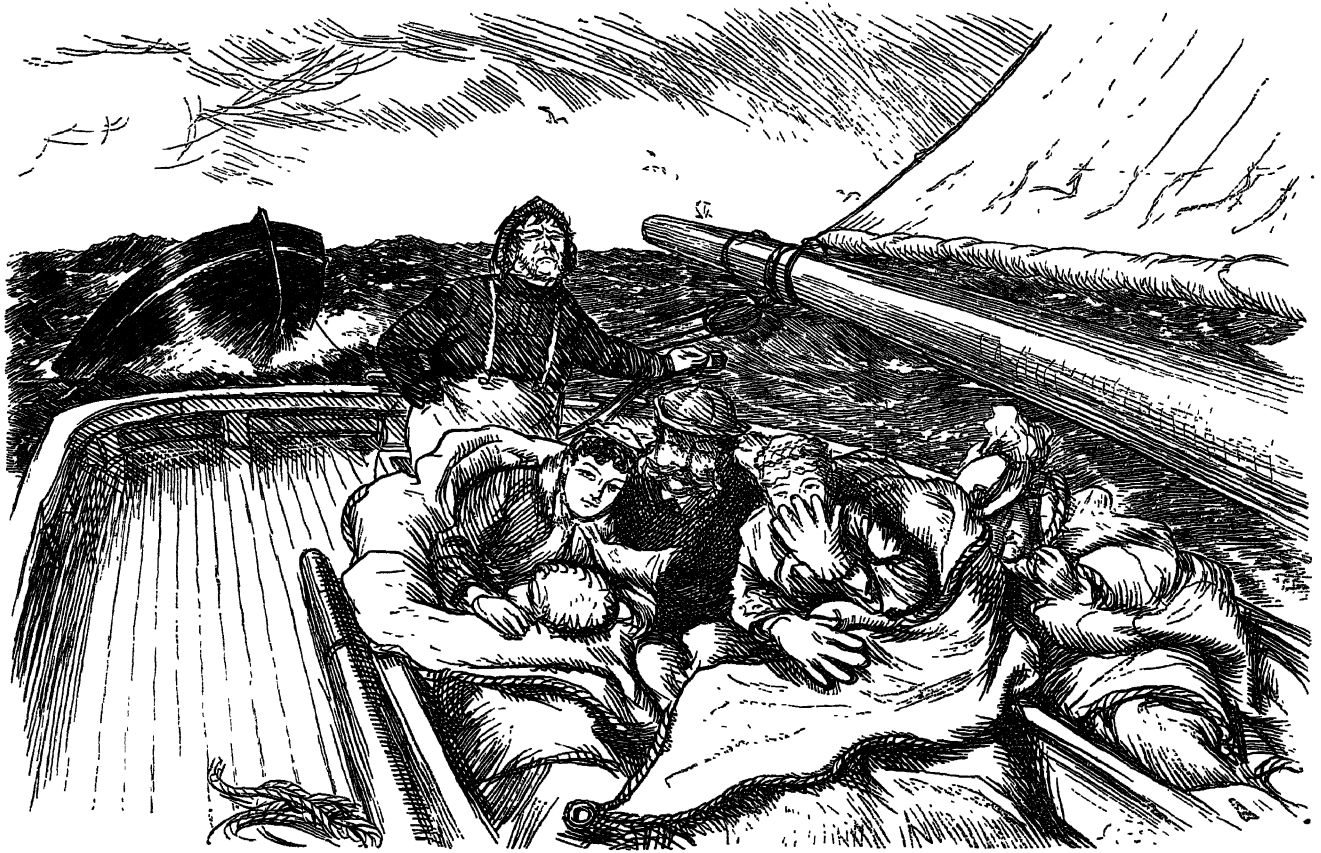
Ultimatum! Their ultimatum! Journeymen tailors' ultimatum! To think I should have lived to read of journeymen tailors talking about their ultimatum! How we should have laughed in my time at hearing anyone mention a journeymen tailors' ultimatum! I wonder what BRUMMELL would have said if anybody had told him of an ultimatum of journeymen tailors! Ultimatum—eh, what?—and I suppose they will next have plenipotentiaries. Now, all this—all this—is the result of education; and in my opinion journeymen tailors, as well as other journeymen, are getting too clever by half; and the consequence is you see now they are all to have votes and political power; but of course education is necessary for them to exercise that for good, and not for evil, and mend the representation and institutions and government of the country, instead of confining their ingenuity in repairs to mending breeches, and coats out at elbows, and other operations of that nature which journeymen tailors are reduced to perform when they have no better employment, and are what I should have understood, if I hadn't known better was meant, by a journeymen tailors' ultimatum.

An Apology for the Yarmouth Bloater.

I DON'T care which man's colours I wear upon my coat, Might as well have to choose 'tween a weasel and a stoat. So, because I've not got any other reason for my vote, I cannot have a better than a ten-pound note.

"EVENINGS AT (THE SPEAKER'S) HOME."

"EYES and No Eyes." MR. D's dinners to Ministry and Opposition.



THE PLEASURES OF YACHTING.

JONES TAKES HIS FAIR COUSINS OUT FOR A CRUISE ; BUT THE WEATHER TURNING OUT SQUALLY, HIS HANDS ARE MORE THAN FULL.
[Note.—The Gloves are Jones's.]

HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY.

HEY for the reign of Great Higgledy-Piggledy,
 Lord of Confusion and Prince of Misrule!
 Parties all surging, waggledy-wiggledy :
 Old Father Precedent thrust from his stool :
 Liberals trying to clap on the stopper,
 And keep a Conservative leader in bounds ;
 Tories prepared to give Dizzy a cropper,
 Holding with hare, while they hunt with the hounds.

GLADSTONE deserting his " own flesh and blood " line ;
 At five-pound rate bidding the House bar the door ;
 DERBY content to leap over the mud-line
 That dirty Democracy leaves on the floor ;
 DIZZY to tribute of ROEBUCK aspiring ;
 CRANBORNE and GLADSTONE in *gay pas de deux* ;
 OSBORNE a-blush to hear HENLEY inquiring
 What harm, after all, household suffrage will do ?

Squires bucolic in helplessness hurried
 Far from old pathways and swept into new :
 Hustings-Reformers, exceedingly flurried,
 Now Reform's grown a thing not to talk of, but do.
 General shifting of old party land-marks,
 Sore doubts what to say, whom to cheer, how divide :
 Washing of old party-hues out, like sand-marks
 Erased by the rise of Democracy's tide.

White turned black, black grown white, with chameleon changes,
 As the light streams from this side or over the way ;
 Proofs how far public men's elasticity ranges,
 And how true a prophet was *Vivian Grey*.
 Parliamentary chaos, and swift resolution
 Of parties to atoms, again to combine,
 When the hand of Reform, having stayed Revolution,
 For new men new measures proceeds to define.

Till which achievement, *vive Higgledy-Piggledy!*
 Lord of the Crisis and King of the Hour ;
 Be Premiers and Parliaments never so wriggledy,
 To right crooked things, still there worketh a power :
 That over-rides partisan organisation,
 The juggling of Commons, the jostling of Peers,
 That Power is the sound Common Sense of the Nation,
 Still calm, though its M.P.'s are all by the ears.

FRENCH BEEFEATERS AND ENGLISH BEEF.

ENGLISHMEN in days gone by were wont to sneer at their French neighbours because they drank sour wine and ate fricassées of frogs. But French dishes and French drinks are common now in England, and there seems reason to believe that English beef and beer will soon be popular in France. See for instance what a writer in the *Morning Post* says about the way in which our two refreshment places at the Paris Exhibition are winning converts to our tastes :—

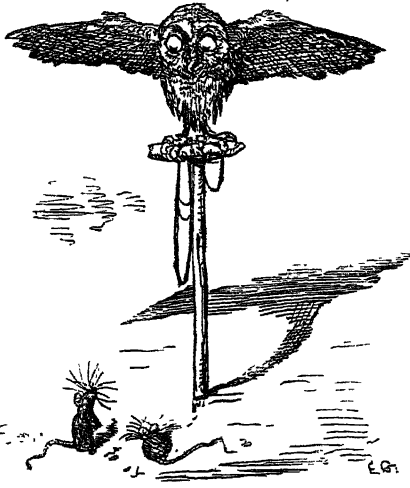
" Pale ale is in great demand at these two establishments, and is highly appreciated, not only by Englishmen but by crowds of foreigners, who loudly praise it. . . . Here also are to be seen splendid rounds and ribs of beef, which are cooked in England, and sent over by the night mail, so that they arrive perfectly fresh in the morning ready for luncheon."

Oh, the roast beef of Old England! *Vive le rosbif anglais!* *Ourrah pour la bière pâle!* *Ah, que c'est bon ce Burton!* *Garçon, donnez-moi encore une autre tranche de ce fameux rosbif!* *C'est du rib, n'est-ce pas?* *Ah, que c'est délicieux!* *Une véritable bonne bouche, n'est-ce pas, mon ami?* *Eh bien, buvons donc à l'Union d'Angleterre et de la France!* *Heep, heep, ourrah!*

There is little doubt that diet makes the man. What makes a Frenchman volatile and frivolous? Why, surely the light *soufflés* and *vol-au-vents* he swallows. Let him live on English solids and his nature will be changed. His revolutions will subside into reform demonstrations, and his soldiers be as peaceful as our peace-keeping police.

AN UNCONSTITUTIONAL PROCEEDING.—Pork and Walnuts for Supper

OBTAINING HUSBANDS UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.



Really, in contracting matrimony, now-a-days, a man must take care that he does not buy a pig in a poke. The aptitude of this phrase will commend its homeliness. Wives are not to be had without money, and not to be maintained without wealth. The use of cosmetics is uncleanly. So is the practice of wearing false hair. Where do the chignons come from, but from the gaol, the lunatic asylum, the work-house, and—the dead-house?

When a man marries he should narrowly inspect the features of his intended bride to see that the most prominent of them are not artificial. But an ear, or a nose—a gutta-percha Grecian, which may have been superinduced on a natural snub—may be so cleverly constructed with relation to mere eyesight, as to equal the wigs that, as though designed to disguise rogues, are said, in snobbish phraseology, to “defy detection.” Therefore it would be necessary to catch the lady napping, and see whether or no her slumbers were disturbed by thrusting a pin or needle into the suspected lineament, or dubious region. It is becoming expedient to apply the test for wives that used to be applied to witches.

Surely the law of divorce ought to be amended with a clause permitting dissolution of marriage in cases wherein the wife has obtained a husband by false pretences, such as false ears, or any other counterfeits of at least any vascular portion of the bodily frame, to the possibility of which there may be no end. For otherwise there will be no knowing, till it is too late, how much of a wife is really flesh, and how much mere plastic material. At the very altar it may now be a question whether the finger on which a bridegroom is placing a ring may not be made of gutta-percha.

ANOTHER STRIKE!!

4 P.M.—The Clock of St. Paul’s has struck. There will be a meeting of the Dean and Chapter to consider the next step.

6 30.—The Clock Hands have met. Great excitement in the City. Further information impossible, as we have not received any minutes of the proceedings.

6 59.—Threatening attitude: preparations being made for another Strike.

7 10.—Dissensions in the works. Differences among the Clocks themselves.

By later Telegram.

6.—Big Ben struck. Little Ben been sent for from the Exchequer. It is feared that the Horse Guards will join the movement. Serious anticipations: no quarter will be given. Watch-guards called out.

6 30.—The LORD MAYOR has been summoned from dinner to read The Winding Up Act. He will be attended by his repeater. All loyal citizens will be called upon to surrender their Time-pieces. Greenwich all right.

Latest Particulars.

7 10.—Panic in the City: stoppage of several watches.

8.—Key of the position at St. Paul’s obtained by a well-known City watchmaker. Time flies.

8 30.—A journeyman watchmaker caught in the act of making a face.

9.—Bells of St. Clement’s volunteered to come out as Pealers.

10.—Several changes. Watch-keys mostly tipsy.

11.—Alarums set; but all quiet.

1 A.M.—Everything going on like one o’clock.

A BRIDGE OF GOLD.

THE Jamaica Committee being totally routed, and MR. EYRE and those who obeyed him being delivered from persecution—danger there never was any—*Mr. Punch*, who won the victory (with the slight aid of the contingent called English Common Sense) has no intention of riding down and slaughtering the vanquished. He affably smiles while

“Wisdom throws
The golden bridge she builds for flying foes.”

Indeed, master of the field of battle, he has no objection to invite the defeated to stay their flight, and come to his pavilion, where they shall be courteously entreated. For there are men among them whom he honours, and even for BEALES and PETER TAYLOR he has now a good-natured smile on his beaming but intellectual face.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN delivered a luminous and voluminous essay on Martial Law, by way of charge to the Grand Jury, in the case of COLONEL NELSON and LIEUTENANT BRAND. *Mr. Punch* remarked, last week, in reference to the CHIEF JUSTICE’s having kindly afforded MR. BEALES leisure from professional duties, that the first thought more highly than ever of the second. *Mr. Punch’s* friend and neighbour the *Star*, was a little in a hurry to divert the compliment. SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN’s masterly address, and the admiration it justly caused, was a very good excuse for this small bit of exultation by the *Star*, and *Mr. Punch* shakes hands with the latter in the most affable manner, blandly answering to the demand, “What of the Shropshire Magistrates now, *Mr. Punch*?” “What of the Grand Jury of Middlesex, *Mr. Star*?” Let us bury the hatchet, and forget who threw it the astounding distance of eight miles—of blacks.

There should be an end of the matter. If the Jamaica Committee thought so much for the blacks that it could not think of the whites, the blunder has resulted in defeat. English instincts are seldom at fault. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE summed up the story of the rebellion admirably. The Jamaica insurgents, he said—

“Appeared in arms. They stormed the Court-house in Morant Bay, in which the magistrates were assembled. The volunteers came to the assistance of the magistrates, but they were all overwhelmed; the Court-house was stormed, no less than eighteen people were killed, and upwards of fifty were wounded. From that moment the whole of the negro population in that neighbourhood was in a state of rebellious insurrection. This state of things spread itself very rapidly, and lives were taken and property destroyed by the negroes, who made no secret of their intentions, and threatened to destroy the white population—at least, the main portion of it, and expressed their determination to seize and take possession of the whole of the property of the island. Now, it seems this state of things caused in the minds of the white population the greatest possible consternation and alarm. The military force of the island was but small, and the number of the white population small—very small indeed—in proportion to the number of the blacks. The result was, as might be expected, that the greatest terror and alarm prevailed under these circumstances.”

And “under these circumstances,” the whites put forth all their energies in defence of life and property. They crushed the rebellion, and in stamping it out did several things which can be defended only on the ground of the “terror and alarm” mentioned by LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN. Severity which appears excessive was used, and GORDON, a pestilent and dangerous agitator, was most irregularly hanged upon “moonshine” evidence, instead of being regularly hanged upon evidence that would have satisfied an ordinary jury. The defence for all that is alleged against the whites is in the above language of SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, and the Grand Jury threw out the bills, confirming the view of the Shropshire Magistrates that there was no evidence to send to jurors.

Mr. Punch hopes to have little more to say on the subject. He rejoices that English gentlemen have been delivered from an unjust persecution; he rejoices that an English Judge has had an opportunity of once more vindicating his splendid talents; he rejoices that the question of Martial Law is to be examined, though its true principle is rooted in the instinct of all brave men; he rejoices that a disagreeable subject is passing out of his jurisdiction; and in fact he is perfectly radiant. Or, if one light cloud passes over his glowing face, it is because LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN unkindly used these words:—

“It may have been that MR. GORDON entered on this system of agitation, as many agitators and demagogues have done before, for the sake of the temporary power and influence it would give him, but without any ulterior designs.”

If it be true that as these cruel words were spoken, certain members of the Jamaica Committee fainted and had to be supported out of Court, and comforted with brandy-and-water, *Mr. Punch* hopes that the L. C. Justice will be able to forgive himself as heartily as *Mr. Punch* forgives him. It will be the fault of other people if *Mr. Punch* has to take up the subject again—as he will, at the shortest notice, if necessary.

What? No! Ha! Since writing the above *Mr. Punch* hears that a new persecution of MR. EYRE is to begin. The Colonial Governors’ Act is to be made a machine for the purpose. MR. BEALES is to be retained as leading counsel, and instead of Jamaica Committee the association will, in future, be called the GORDON GUSHERS.



TOO LATE.

Departing Guest. "BUT MY HAT WAS A BRAN-NEW ONE!"
Greengrocer (Footman for the nonce). "OH, SIR! THE SECOND-BEST 'ATS A'
 BEEN GONE 'ALF-AN-HOUR AGO, SIR!"

SOME MORE THINGS NOT EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

PEOPLE say the Paris show is hardly yet worth going to, so much space is still left empty by the nations who have so furiously been raging at the railways, and the rivers, and the rain, and other causes which have hindered them in sending in their goods. But honourable mention must be made of some exceptions, such as Russia, Sweden, France, and England, all of which have now completed the arrangement of their goods, and, we may be excused for adding, their indifferents and bads. England on the whole looks very well in the gasometer, if anything looks well in so hideous a structure. The PUNCH TROPHY atones for a multitude of faults, and is alone worth a journey from Jerusalem, or Java, or Kamschatka, or King's Cross. There is always a vast crowd of admirers near this Trophy, for a free newspaper, like *Punch*, is not seen every day in France, nor is a journal which, though comic, never is unclean.

There are, however, still some omissions in the catalogue, which we should like to see supplied. We wish, for instance, that to make the English show more perfect, some kind fairy could exhibit such rare articles as these:—

A cup of coffee half as good as the worst you get in France.

A bottle of pure air from the work-room of a West-end fashionable dressmaker.

A specimen of roadway, macadamised upon the English plan of using costly carriage-wheels in lieu of cheap steam-rollers, that will bear the least comparison with any Paris *trottoir*.

Half a dozen patent sunbeams, extracted, by a novel process, out of hothouse cucumbers, to supply the want of sunshine felt so commonly in England by foreigners who visit it.

A bill of fare of a cheap dining-room anywhere in England, in which at more than twice the money the cookery is comparable to that which you may meet with almost anywhere in France.

The British cat-o'-nine tails, discarded from the Army through

national disgust, and henceforward to be only used on brutes who beat their wives, or on ruffianly garrotters.

A vestryman who does his public work as well as an Imperial inspector.

And, finally, the *menu* of a whitebait dinner where each dainty, as in France, is separately served, and you can get cheap sparkling wine at less than eighteen pence a glass.

THE COMPOUND HOUSEHOLDER.

(Sonnet by a Seeker after Truth through the Debates on the Reform Bill.)

WHAT is the Compound Householder? Invite
 Reply from DIZZY, CRANBOURNE, HEATHCOTE, LOWE,
 HARDY and HEATHCOTE, GLADSTONE, BRIGHT & Co.,
 And you receive a different answer quite.
 These swear that he is all that's wise, polite,
 Well-read, industrious; the others cry
 Out on him, venal, ignorant, still dry,
 In pot and pipe still seeking his delight!
 Each feature of him hath its opposite;
 Each vice its virtue, virtue hath its vice,
 Streaky with good and bad laid slice on slice,
 One half of him with the other armed to fight!
 As "*Compound*" Householder we well may greet
 The wight in whom such warring compounds meet!

Advice to Lonely Travellers.

If you are ever walking along a dangerous road, and a footpad stops you with "Stand and deliver," say pleasantly, "You're the man for my money." This will raise a smile on his saturnine countenance. Take advantage of this to show you will stand none of his nonsense, and deliver yourself.

THE PURPLE AND THE FUSTIAN.

(To a Trades' Unionist.)

If an Autocrat imbruted,
 Russian Czar, or despot Turk,
 Cut you down, because it suited
 Him, not you, to so much work,
 Labour, which you get your bread off,
 Saying you shall not pursue;
 Right to knock his blessed head off
 You would think it—wouldn't you?

Who would e'er ask, "Who's your Hatter?"
 Of a tyrant? If the chap
 Has a crown on, does it matter,
 Or a square brown paper cap?
 He's a tyrant, whether hewing
 Wood, or seated on a throne,
 Who dares hinder me from doing
 As I please with what's my own.

He's a thief, 'tis clear as crystal,
 Who, to throat applying knife,
 Or at head presenting pistol,
 Says, "Your money or your life!"
 Brain or muscle of employing
 Who debars a man through fear,
 Threatening him, or annoying,
 Is a thief, too; 'tis as clear.

Blow all tyrants whomsoever,
 Be they great or be they small,
 High or low, if they endeavour
 Any freeman to intrall.
 Blow all thieves—they're thieves, who bridle
 Skill and Labour all they can:
 Who, to gratify the idle
 Rascal, rob the working man.

The Jockey Club Superseded.

ON Tuesday, the 16th instant, a Paper was read before the Anthropological Society on the "Arrangement of Races." The Epsom, Ascot, and Doncaster Meetings were afterwards fixed.

TARABAN THE TEETOTALLER.



RIEND ARGUS, the judicious Hooker of the Turf, in his notice of a horse named *Taraban*, describes that animal as having recently made an exhibition of very remarkable behaviour:—

“Like as in *The Criterion*, as soon as he had gone a short distance he stuck his ears back and his toes in the ground, and refused to try a yard.”

This horse is announced to stand for the Derby, and stand it seems most likely that he will—instead of running. Otherwise, the United Kingdom Alliance might be disposed to back

this quadruped, for its constituents will rejoice to learn that:—

“The next time of asking they endeavoured to put some heart into him by giving him some of BARTHOLOMEW’S best whisky, but it was of no use, he refused it as obstinately as FATHER MATHEW would have done.”

Will neither MR. LAWSON, nor MR. MORLEY, nor MR. POPE—will no reverend member of the Alliance for the enforcement of teetotalism—back this temperance

horse? Perhaps—who knows?—he would run if they gave him tea.

If I had a racer what wouldn’t go.
D’ye think I’d fuddle him, oh dear no!
I’d give him Souchong, or try Pekoe,
Jockey!

Is there among all the members of the Alliance not one enthusiast who is also horseman enough to adventure to ride *Taraban* at Epsom? If so, perhaps, by way of an amusing novelty, he might endeavour to make him run by the expedient of letting a bunch of greens, suspended on the end of a broomstick, dangle before his nose. Thus, to be sure, *Taraban* would be rather heavily handicapped; but if, in a society of gentlemen most of whom are supposed to be oily, one could be found light enough to occupy the saddle as an amateur with the above-mentioned substitute for whip and spur, he would illustrate a maxim which greatly needs to be inculcated on his associates in the endeavour to make temperance compulsory—that persuasion is better than force.

THE BIRD AND THE BELLE.

THE fair PAULINE went forth one day,
One balmy day in Spring,
When trees with early bloom were gay,
And birds conspired to sing.

A fleecy flock did pasture find
Within a neighbouring field,
And, to a flock of feathered kind,
Themselves a pasture yield.

A startling rose from off an ewe,
Perched on the fair PAULINE,
And from her chignon, nice and new,
Picked out a gregarine.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE SIXTH.

Hotels.—If you want to do the grand this year, of course you will go to the best Hotel. If you really wish to do the Grand go to the Grand and leave without paying. I can imagine no more effective way of “Doing the Grand.” Why I say this is because they are charging such prices.

Contrary to all precedent, the higher the room the higher the price. I mean by comparison. Fifth story, Sir, and this is no story, eighteen francs *per diem*. Per diem means by the day, and is not French, as I thought it was before I came here. [I just mention this to show you privately why I wanted that circular note sent on *at once*. This is not necessarily for publication, as the *Times* says, but as a guarantee of your good faith.]

In one of my pleasant letters to you I mentioned that any Englishman might now find an opportunity to come over here and make an exhibition of himself. I have done more; I have executed a marvelous feat of legerdemain: the other day I turned into the Exhibition! Shall I add, that I was very neatly turned out? I will. But let me explain that my turn out was unexceptionable: brown coat, blue trousers, polished boots, low hat (not French style), and etcetera, etcetera.

Your Peepers will give you an insight into the produce herein gathered. I will give you a list, which I drew up before visiting the Exhibition, embodying my ideas of what I expected to see.

Shall I say I was disappointed? I will not. I like the *Eggsposis-sions*. *Jay estay lar*, “I have been there,” and still would go.

Crowds this week in Parry; but ravening or no mooning, let us return to our mutton, or it will be cold. My list. “List, oh list!”—

SPAIN	Liquorice.	SWEDEN ..	Swedenborgians.
PORTUGAL ..	Onions.	TURKEY ..	Sausages.
EGYPT	The Sphinx.	BRAZIL ..	Nuts.
BAVARIA ..	Beer.	PRUSSIA ..	Needles & Prussian Boots.
WURTEMBERG ..	Nothing Particular.	POLAND ..	Red Boots with Brass Heels.
ITALY	Oil.	BOHEMIA ..	Bohemian Girls.
CHILI	Pickles.	JAPAN ..	Candlesticks.
CHINA	Cochins.	SIAM ..	Twins.
MOROCCO ..	Slippers.	FRANCE ..	French Polish.
RUSSIA	Bear’s Grease.	ENGLAND ..	MYSELF.

There is a whisper going the round of the most fashionable circles that I am to be appointed on the Jury-commission of the *Eggsposis-sions*. As there may be some truth in this, I shall defer my notice of the several departments until the question is settled, as, no doubt, a few of the Exhibitors would like to say a word or two to me about their goods. *Arthur ar prayson*. P. THE G.

PULPIT READINGS.

UNDER the name of RURI DECANUS a Clergyman, in a letter to the *Times*, says:—

“This morning, in one of the principal West-end Churches, I heard the incumbent deliver a very beautiful sermon which I recognised immediately as one of Dr. ARNOLD’S early School Sermons.”

Unquestionably the incumbent, in preaching Dr. ARNOLD’S Sermon instead of his own, set an example which the great majority of clergymen had better imitate. RURI DECANUS indeed suggests that:—

“If these recitations of many of the best passages in which our theological literature is so rich were more frequent, there would be less of the now increasing outcry against sermons, people would then sit to listen as they sit to listen to readings or recitations from MILTON or SHAKESPEARE.”

But, as he points out, for the reproof of pulpit plagiarists:—

“We should remember, however, that whenever MACREADY, or KEAN, or any celebrated master of eloquence, makes us sigh or weep by the mighty force of the words which he utters, he does not give us to understand at the same time, or even allow it to be implied, that these ‘words of power’ are the result of the speaker’s own labour or thought or imagination.”

Just so; and therefore it would behove every reverend gentleman, taking what would generally be the commendable course of substituting a “recitation” from the works of a persuasive, reasoning, and learned divine for a discourse of his own, when he has given out his text also to give out his sermon. As:—“The discourse which I am about to deliver is taken from such and such a work of RICHARD HOOKER,” or “is one of JEREMY TAYLOR’S,” or “is the original composition of Dr. TILLOTSON.” And if any captious hearer should, with a slight variation of *Macbeth’s* inquiry, demand:—

“Why do you preach me
A borrowed sermon?”

—the candid answer might be “Because it is the best I can.” Honestly preaching an avowedly borrowed sermon is at any rate better than fraudulently preaching a clandestinely bought one.

The letter above quoted was dated April 14th. A remark which will therefore naturally occur to some minds is, that a borrowed sermon was seasonable for a Lent Sunday. If judiciously borrowed, a borrowed sermon would in most cases be found equally seasonable on any other occasion.

For the Home Sweet Home Secretary.

WHEN MR. WALPOLE visits the Theatre he always goes to the Dress Circle or Upper Boxes, because that part of the house is divided into tiers.

THE BOAT RACE.

A DULL dead sky distilling rain,
A sun reserved and prudish,
And vicious gusts whose hints were plain
That Boreas was rudish;
Rain wed to mud in every place
(A dirty kind of leaven);
Such hopeful case showed in the race
Of eighteen sixty-seven.

The English public thronged the paths
In endless helpless muddle:
The English public took foot-baths
In many an obvious puddle.
(Benighted aliens might refuse
To recognise the good in't;
And rather choose to keep dry shoes—
The English public wouldn't.)

Maidens were present, high-born dames,
In phaeton, coach, and brougham,
And other vehicles whose names
I'll mention when I know 'em.
And fair-haired girls on horseback there,
So soaked, and oh, so pretty!
With nought to wear except the bare
Blank macintosh of pity.

Blue, dark or light, on each man's tie,
Blue on each lady's bonnet;
Blue everywhere, except the sky
With leaden grey upon it.
Blue on the harness horses shook,
The oars of every sculler—
Blue in his look, who 'd made a book,
And backed the Cambridge colour.

For vainly GRIFFITHS spurted strong,
And showed his pluck and muscle,
As side by side they raced along
In that unequalled tussle.
The grand slow stroke they never shift,
The hair-loom of the Isis;
The boat's long "lift," that fatal gift,
Saved Oxford at the crisis.

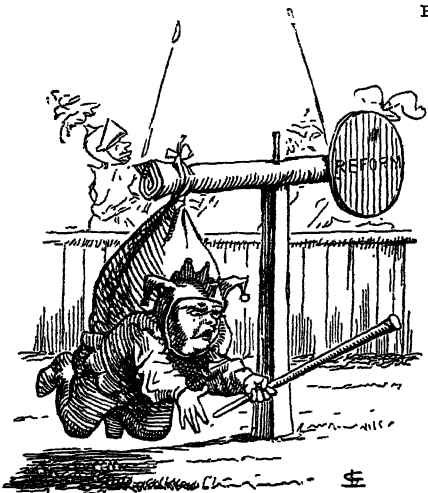
And BOWMAN struggled all he knew,
And didn't shame his *nomen*;
But showed himself superior to
The usual run of bow-men.
And CROWDER crowded might and mass,
And CARTER proved no minny;
And TINNÉ's brass—but let that pass,
We won't make puns on TINNÉ.

And MARSDEN managed well the crew
That put their trust his skill in;
And WILLAN proved a good and true
As well as "heavy willa(i)n."
They owe him much, but all the same
As great to WOOD their debt is,
Since WOOD by name, must be a flame
Of *syloa*-footed Thetis.

And FISH of course propelled the bark
As swimmingly as could be;
And TOTTENHAM'S steering (vain remark!)
Was all that steering should be.
And choice of place, seven times the case,
And luck, and "lift," and leaven,
And pluck, and pace, pulled off the race,
Of eighteen sixty-seven.

Yet fight brave Cantabs one and all,
Nor let the light blue ribbons
Distinguish a "decline and fall"
Perhaps as great as GIBBON'S.
Hope, work, and wait, 'twon't be too late,
When once again you've striven,
If sixty-eight reverse the fate
Of eighteen sixty-seven.

PROS AND CONS.



THE Government Reform Bill will put a stop to agitation, and settle the question permanently.

The Government Reform Bill will distract the country, open the door to renewed agitation, and do nothing to settle the question.

The Government Reform Bill will add no number worth speaking of to the existing constituencies.

The Government Reform Bill will swamp the middle class voters, with the ignorant, the venal, and the vicious.

The Government Reform Bill will open the franchise to all who are really anxious to possess it, while it

excludes the vagrant and thoughtless residuum, who are unworthy of the suffrage, or careless about its acquisition.

The Government Reform Bill will interpose invidious barriers between the franchise and the best of the working men.

The Government Reform Bill will purify elections, and effectually prevent the corruption of the constituencies by electioneering agents.

The Government Reform Bill will open the way to the most extensive manipulation of the constituencies by electioneering agents, and give an increased stimulus, a wider field, and greater facilities to bribery and corruption.

The Government Reform Bill will gradually elevate the character of the constituencies, by an operation akin to natural selection.

The Government Reform Bill will create a reserve of passion, ignorance, and venality, to be resorted to whenever the public mind is excited on a great question.

The Government Reform Bill is based on the great principle that two and two make four; and is calculated to conduce to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and will tend, on the whole, to make this best of all possible worlds considerably better.

The Government Reform Bill proceeds on the assumption that two and two make five; is calculated to sow dissension among classes, to perpetuate mischievous prejudices, and foster rankling animosities, and, if carried, by its operation will permanently lower the place of England among the nations of the world.

Having extracted these conclusions from the debates on the Reform Bill, and having weighed the evidence in support of them, *Mr. Punch*

finds it about equal, due regard being paid to the authority of the speakers and the force of their arguments.

He concludes that neither they, nor he, nor anybody knows anything about the matter, or can form any opinion that deserves a moment's consideration how this or any other Reform Bill will work.

BRITISH AND AUSTRALIAN BEEF.

To Mr. Punch.

DR. SR.

You always was a Consistent friend of the Pore, and I've often Read with much Pleasure your frequent exposures of the unfortunate Paupers' shameful small Allowance of Meat in Union Work-houses.

Allow me to call your Notice to an Innivation as appears Calculated to Redoocce also the Qualaty of that Article as supply'd to these pore creeters.

There's a certain session of the Society of Arts as calls itself the Committee of Food for the People, and a Member of which has wrote a Letter to the *Times* statin that Fresh Beef from Australia is now to be ad at the contemptably ridiculus low price of 7d. per lb.!!!

This stuff, which he purtends to be Prime, is packed in Tinns reddy cooked, thus savin the expense of Fewel, and without Bone, which makes it still more Dirt cheap than olesome good old English beef at a Shillin.

I do ope, *Mr. Punch*, that you will ixert your Powerfull Pen to prectect the apless Paupers from avin their poor Pityance of Beef, all they ever gets, sitch as it is, substituted for Australian Meat. I assure you, Sir, 'tis this only Feelin for them, and Hanxiety on their Account, what indoooces me to Trubel you with this Communication. Don't for a moment Imagine I'm at all afearred that the Australian Carron at 7d. a lb. will Hever cum into competicion with the Beef as a respectable Butcher supplies the British Public with at prizes summit like sootable to Food for Human consumpteon. With which I remane,

Yours truly, BLUE SURPRICE.

Reassuring Intelligence.

THERE is now no doubt that the KING of PRUSSIA will go to Paris to see the Great Exhibition. We believe we may state that arrangements have been concluded for a pacific demonstration to be conjointly made in public by KING WILLIAM and NAPOLEON THE THIRD. At a *fête* which is to be given in the Place de la Concorde, their Majesties will amuse themselves and entertain the spectators with a game of see-saw—the King seated at one end of a plank, and the Emperor at the other, in exact equilibrium, to symbolise the balance of power in Europe.

"THE RIGHT MAN," ETC.

THE application of this ancient saying, positively for the last time, was irresistible on reading that in the Oxford boat the Bow was MR. BOWMAN.



PUNCH'S PHYSIOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.—No. 6.

THE ABOVE SKETCH IS DEDICATED TO OUR FAITHFUL ALLIES, THE GERMANS AND THE FRENCH, AND IS INTENDED TO PACIFY SUCH OF THEM AS MAY HAVE FELT AGGRIEVED BY CUTS III. AND V. OF THIS PHYSIOLOGICAL SERIES.

WE HAVE HERE ENDEAVOURED TO TYPIFY OUR OWN NATIONAL MODE OF COURTSHIP IN A MANNER TRUE TO MODERN ENGLISH LIFE AND MANNERS, AND AT THE SAME TIME PLEASING TO THE FOREIGNER, WHOM WE WOULD FAIN CONCILIATE.

LORD THE HONOURABLE SIR BROWN (ELDEST SON OF THE LORD MAYOR) IS MAKING, IN THE COLD AND FORMAL FASHION OF HIS COMPATRIOTS, A DECLARATION OF HIS SENTIMENTS TO A YOUNG MISS, DAUGHTER OF A DUKE RESIDING IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY.

THE SCENE IS SMITHFIELD (OR SMITFIELD, OR SCHMITTFELD, AS YOU LIKE), THAT HABITUAL RESORT OF THE WEALTHY, THE FRIVOLOUS, AND THE PROUD. A LITTLE TO THE LEFT MAY BE PERCEIVED A CHURCH DIGNITARY IN A FIT OF THE SPLEEN DISPOSING OF HIS WIFE, FOR READY CASH, TO A FIELD-MARSHAL—SAD, BUT ONLY TOO FREQUENT RESULT OF OUR INSULAR INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER.

IN THE BACKGROUND ARE REPRESENTED SOME OF OUR BRUTAL AMUSEMENTS, SUCH AS A PRIZE-FIGHT, AND THE COOKING OF THE LORD MAYOR'S DINNER. FURTHER BACK, ST. PAUL'S AND THE TOWER OF LONDON ARE TO BE SEEN. WE REGRET WE HAVE NOT SPACE FOR THE "THAMES TUNEL" AND THE "PALAIS DE WHITEHALL." SOME OTHER TIME, PERHAPS.

THE BULL THEY WOULDN'T FIGHT.

A New Spanish Ballad.

THERE was royal sport and gentle as in Spain was ever seen,
And bull and horse they ran their course and died before the Queen.
All red with blood of man and beast was that arena sand,
A goodly sight to set before a Queen of Christian land.

The Last of all the Bourbons—the rest have ceased to reign—
Sat gazing, and around her sat the chivalry of Spain,
The titular FRANCISCO smiled weakly near her chair,
And Asturia's PRINCE ALFONSO, and all the Court were there.

Full many a savage soldier, full many a bigot priest
Looked on with glee, well pleased to see that strife of man and beast,
And yet some cruel Coup d'Etat the soldier held more sweet,
Some Act of Faith, (O, if we dared!) the priest had deemed more meet.

He falls—he falls! Well rushed, thou bull! Well held, thou steady blade.

What joy, for twice three mangled steeds around the corse are laid!
Now, drag the gallant brute away, the dying horses drag,
Fresh sand, fresh steeds—another bull, before our transports flag.

"Whence comes the next, my Minister?" QUEEN ISABELLA said.
NARVAEZ bent his scowling brow, and hardly turned his head:

"An Island Bull, I fancy, but he only comes to bleed:
For years I've seen small fighting pluck in bull of English breed."

A laugh went round to every lip, a scoff to every eye.
"We'll see," said DON DIEGO, "how a Protestant can die."
Answered the sneer DON CARLOS, "Twould lend his pluck a lift,
If one dared to wave before him Patrocinio's holy shift."

Lo! parts the door, a thunder roar, a Form of terror springs—
And every dame of honour to a husband (some one's) clings:
The blinded horses shudder, and at bridles wildly pull—
And in the thronged arena stands in wrath the English Bull.

Full quick, I ween, from crowd and Queen has passed each thought of scorn;

Who thinks to tame that glance of flame—who dares that iron horn?—
"By Santiago," hissed the King, "there's danger in that eye,
Methinks the Escorial safer." DON FRANCISCO went to try.

But see, in darkness some have dared to wound the island hide—
Two barbed darts, with legends, they have stuck in either side.
One bears the name of her who holds Gibraltar's rock in gage,
And one inscribed "*Tornado*," fitting emblem of his rage.

They have roused him to an anger that speaks in thunder-tones—
The champion who shall front him now will make no aged bones.
But who will dare to front him—the arena's in a stew—
And picador and matador have scrambled out of view?



THE BULL THEY WOULDN'T FIGHT.

The Bourbon blood has rushed in flame to that proud lady's face,
 "Is there no Man about me who will save us this disgrace?
 Is you the beast, the Protestant, at whom ye hurled disdain?
 NARVAEZ, take a lance and horse, and charge for me and Spain."

NARVAEZ bent his scowling brow, and hardly turned his head—
 "And if I do may I be saved," the angry soldier said—
 "I'm awfully determined when I've twenty men to one,
 Or when I've got to decimate a troop without a gun."

"But if I'm asked to grapple, Queen, with that tremendous beast,
 My only answer is that I don't see it in the least.
 By Jove, he stoops, he means to charge fence, rail, and gallery through,
 I just remember I've some work at home that I must do."

Again that haughty English Bull he raised his dreadful roar—
 It sounded just a trifle more revengeful than before—
It might have been a trifle less irate than it appeared,
 But ere its echoes died away the theatre was cleared.

And in the unlaved undergarb of her fanatic nun,
 The Queen hath sworn to interdict, in future, dangerous fun:
 NARVAEZ more profanely swears his folly's cup was full,
 The day he dared on Spaniards scared to bring the English Bull.

NEARLY IN A HOLE.



HERE is news from Hayti to the effect that the rebels, unlike the Fenians, have shown pluck, and have attacked the President. But they came to grief. The gallant GEOFFRAID put himself at the head of some soldiers, and dashed out upon the insurgents; their leaders fell, and between the charge of the President, and the fire of his artillery, the revolted were very considerably cut up. We understand that as soon as this became known to certain members of the Jamaica Committee, they held an indignation meeting, and were about to insist that one of their number should interrogate the Government, and demand whether England could not interfere to prevent such chastisement being inflicted on men with black skins. Luckily,

just as the notice of the question had been drawn up, a little boy from school, who had accompanied his father to the meeting, exclaimed, "But the President of Hayti is as black as your hat, papa, and olacker, and so are all his soldiers." On reference to MR. CHARLES KNIGHT'S *Cyclopaedia*, the child's statement was confirmed, and the meeting separated in some haste, but still abusing the Shropshire Magistrates and MR. STEPHEN.

"MASKS AND FACES" IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WE understand that MR. DISRAELI is at present taking lessons of the clever German artist in faces, HERR ERNST SCHULTZ, with a view to the more effective simultaneous presentation in Parliament of the two sides of his face as the Advanced Radical and the Old Tory.

HERR SCHULTZ'S own exhibition of his face under the divided empire of joy and sorrow has hitherto been considered the *chef d'œuvre* of physiognomical versatility, but he declares that MR. DISRAELI'S power of looking the Democrat with the left side of the face, and the Aristocrat with the right, quite surpasses anything he can himself achieve.

HERR SCHULTZ reports most favourably of the pliability of his distinguished pupil's muscles, and of his extraordinary range and readiness in the assumption of character.

To Bad Boys.

SEE what your end may be. A Paper in a Scientific Magazine has this awful heading, "Skeleton of the Purple Urchin." Take warning and be good, and avoid the jam cupboard.

JUST LIKE HIM.—Old SINGLETON says that he only knows of one thing better than a Wedding Present—a Wedding Absent.

A LITTLE LIGHT UPON THE GAS REFORM BILL.

THE brilliancy of Mr. Punch's wit is of quite sufficient radiance to illuminate his office, and Mr. Punch is therefore forced to burn but little gas. Still, in the interest of his readers, that is, the nation generally, he desires to see the best gas supplied at the least price that can possibly be charged for it. As gas does not grow wild, some people have to make it, and these persons have an inclination to be paid for it. If a scheme could be devised for growing sunbeams out of cucumbers, gas might be dispensed with, and bottled sunshine take its place. But unluckily at present bottled sunshine is all moonshine, and of all invented substitutes the cheapest light is gas.

Being therefore well-nigh a necessity of life, it is not very wonderful that gas should now and then be talked about by people who say they cannot get it—at least of a good quality, and at a fair price. Their talk having at length come both to the ears and the *hear! hear!*'s of the House, the present Government, although Conservative, has introduced what, in one sense, may be called a liberal measure, to reduce the price and regulate the quality of gas. One may call the measure liberal, for it would liberally distribute all the gain in making gas among those who consume it, an arrangement which the latter would doubtless find convenient. Unhappily the Bill has little chance of being passed, because in England there are still old-fangled notions about honesty, and Parliament is not yet quite prepared to legalise sheer theft. This may sound an ugly word, but it may be made use of on the faith of the *Times* newspaper, a journal which is not accustomed to mis-state matters, and which regards the Gas Bill as being without precedent, in this country at all events, as "an act of confiscation." The Bill proposes to upset two previous Acts of Parliament, on the faith of which large sums have been invested in gas companies, which will virtually be ruined if the measure becomes law. Listen, SIR STAFFORD NORRECOPE, to what the *Times* says of your child:—

"No doubt, it is very desirable that London should have good gas, and that it should have it as cheap as it can profitably be made; but it is not desirable, because it is grossly unjust, that these ends should be obtained at the sacrifice of pledged faith and the rights of individuals. There is no way to obtain a commodity so cheaply as to steal it, and this is what the Bill of the Metropolitan Board proposes to do with the gas."

JOHN BULL wishes for cheap gas, but hardly, one would think, at such a dirty price as this. Of course, if Parliament breaks faith with gas-makers, it may with railway shareholders, or investors in the funds.

Without alleging that the Companies have failed in fulfilling their contract with the public, the Gas Bill coolly cuts down the dividends allowed them, and thus virtually repudiates the contract with the Companies which Parliament has made. People who petition in favour of the measure might with equal justice petition for an Act to reduce the Three per Cents, or to confiscate the *Times*, or *Punch*, or any other private property, with the simple view of pocketing the money thereby gained. Anybody who has sixpence, or any larger sum, invested in the funds, or in any English railway or other trading company, will find his property depreciated if Parliament once pass an Act of confiscation, such as that which now the Board of Works is smuggling through the House. Mr. Punch, then, as perhaps the richest commoner in England, with all his heart "says ditto" to this protest of the *Times*:—

"We must protest against the first instance in our legislation of a deliberate proposal to confiscate private property without compensation for the supposed benefit of the public. It must be remembered that property is none the less private because it is absorbed in a vast Company, and that public faith is none the less sacred because it is pledged to an impersonal corporation. The former consideration does, indeed, suggest a peculiar point of cruelty which would be inflicted by any such measure as the present. A Company may seem a scarcely sentient body, but it is composed of individuals who have often staked their fortunes and the happiness of themselves and their families on the security of their investments. Where they have done this on an open risk, they must be prepared to take all consequences; but where they have only made a prudent investment on what seemed almost a Parliamentary title, it would be a cruel and unpardonable injustice if Parliament were itself to confiscate their property. Moreover, nothing will be gained in the end by violating any such public pledge. No Metropolitan Board will ever supersede the necessity of joint-stock enterprise, and joint-stock enterprise will receive a fatal blow in the day when the public, for selfish interests, violate legislative engagements into which they have deliberately entered."

Hearing this, SIR STAFFORD, you surely will be wise if you reform your Gas Reform Bill, before you ask the House to pass it. All the railway-men and fundholders of course will vote against it, for, if the measure passes, their turn may come next. English capital will fly abroad for safe investments, if faith in English Acts of Parliament be lost. Depend on it, SIR STAFFORD, the subject of your Gas Bill requires further light on it, before you ask your colleagues to flare up in its defence. If gas reform be needed, prepare an honest measure, and Mr. Punch will pass it for you with abundant pleasure; but he will not lend his aid to any "act of confiscation," though all the vestrymen of Bumbleland were to bray and bellow at him for refusing them his help.

HOUSEHOLDERS WHO "COMPOUND."—Druggists.



PARIS COMMISSIONERS READING THE OFFICIAL CATALOGUE.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Married and Settled.)

Poetical and Happy Thought.—"We met, 'twas in a crowd, and I thought she would shun me;" but she didn't.

We are alone: in the Conservatory. I don't know what I am talking about. My slightest sentences are intended by me to be pregnant with tender meaning. She doesn't see it. I say I could stop here (in the Conservatory) for ever. Of course "with you" is to be understood. She answers laughingly that *she* couldn't. "With you," I say it. (Nuisance, when I want a soft tone I only get a gruff whisper.) "Had we not better return to the drawing-room?" she suggests. A few minutes more.

Happy Thought.—Call the Conservatory a Paradise.

Wish I hadn't, as, in calmer moments, I reject the simile. "Will you give me that flower?" I don't know its name. She gives it to me.

Happy Thought.—Detain her hand.

Happier Thought.—She doesn't withdraw it.

Happy Thought.—"FRIDOLINE!" I have her permission to call her FRIDOLINE. * * * * *

Happy Thoughts! Happy Thoughts!! Happy Thoughts!!!

I think I am speaking: she speaks: we speak together. A pause.

Oh, for one Happy Thought, now. * * *

"May I?" Her head is turned away from me: slightly. She does not move. "I may?"

Happy Thought.—I do.

We really must go back to the drawing-room. She will return first. I will follow presently. "Once more, before we separate?"

Happy Thought.—Once more!

She is gone. I am alone, among the geraniums, in the Conservatory. I can only say, "Dear girl," in confidence to the geraniums. It seems I have nothing else to say. I am stupified. I will go out into the garden. Cold night: refreshing. Smile at the stars. Is it all over at last? Odd: stars beautiful. Everything is lovely.

Happy Thought.—Go in and brush my hair.

Enter the drawing-room. Feel as if I was coming in with a secret. FRIDOLINE at the piano. MILBURD wants to know rudely enough where the dickens I've been to. I despise him, *now*. He is harmless.

Happy Thought.—Talk to old MRS. SYMPERSON.

FRIDOLINE having finished playing, comes to sit down by her Mamma. Old MR. SYMPERSON is dozing over a book. I should like to kneel

down with FRIDOLINE before them at once, pull his book away, to wake him up, and say she is mine. I am so full of indistinct Happy Thoughts that I find it very difficult to keep up a conversation. She asks me to look over that dear old photograph book again, with her. MILBURD wants to join us: she sends him away.

At night in my room.—Try to write *Typical Developments*. Can't. Everything's FRIDOLINE. Try to make notes: all FRIDOLINE. Can't get to sleep. Relight my candle. Wonder how asking the parents' consent is done. Must do it. Put out my candle. FRIDOLINE. * * *

Morning.—We are down before anybody else, and out in the garden. How easy it is to talk *now*. We have got one common object in view. *A propos*, here comes MILBURD. FRIDOLINE sends him in-doors for her garden-hat. Poor MILBURD! As to parents' consent, FRIDOLINE must tell Mamma at once. No difficulties: they're so fond of her. I am independent of every one: even my mother. Should like to introduce FRIDOLINE to my mother. * * * * *

1st Day.—Old SYMPERSON procrastinates: MRS. SYMPERSON our friend and ally.

2nd Day.—Old SYMPERSON bothered. Why can't he say "Yes," and have done with it.

3rd Day.—MRS. SYMPERSON says that her husband is going to cut short their stay at BYNG'S. What does this mean?

4th Day.—BYNG tells me that old SYMPERSON has been talking to him about me. I confide in BYNG. BYNG agrees with me, "Why doesn't the old boy" (meaning old MR. SYMPERSON) "say yes, and have done with it?"

BYNG has great weight with old MR. SYMPERSON.

End of the Week.—Old MR. SYMPERSON says "Yes," and *has* done with it.

MRS. SYMPERSON begins to deprecate any haste. MR. and MRS. SYMPERSON having both said "yes," do not seem to have done with it at all. Isn't it sudden? Do we know our own minds?

This is infectious. I find FRIDOLINE asking me, "Are you certain you know your own mind?" "Certain!" I exclaim. I can only exclaim, having no words equal to the occasion.

"Will you always love me? Never be sorry for" * * * *

Happy Thought. Prevent her saying any more for the present.

Being released, she says, "But seriously—"

Happy Thought.—Another penalty.

No more doubts.

Happy Thought.—Go and buy presents for different people. Write to my mother. FRIDOLINE says I must go and see her. The

SYMPERSONS, when I leave, will go home. Then I am to come with my mother, and spend a week or so with them.

Happy Thought.—*Romeo and Juliet.* "To part is such sweet sorrow that—" forget the rest—but think it's something about not going home till morning? Don't care what it is now. Hang *Typical Developments.* Bother note-books.

My mother is a dear old lady. She is much given to tears. She always cries when she sees me; she always *has* done so, ever since I can recollect, and she invariably cries when I go away. If I talk to her on any subject for more than a quarter of an hour, she is sure to cry. I find her at home, and well. She is delighted to see me, and of course, cries. Where have I been? What have I been doing? I tell her that I have been enjoying myself very much lately, and as to health, have never been better. This intelligence sends her off again, and she weeps copiously. When she is calm again, I open the important subject, gradually, so as not to startle her. Had I told her that I had been ordered off to instant execution, she couldn't have been more overcome. It brings back her happiest days; old memories; loving young faces; kindly words; trustful looks; passed away, gone. We are silent; gazing on the fire. I follow her in her retrospect. I am the last of all to her. A portrait hangs upon the wall: I have often as a boy heard her say how strong the likeness is between us. From it she turns to me and takes my hand in hers.

"My dearest Mother!"

She has done with retrospect, and is looking, trustfully, into the future.

"God bless you, my dear. I am sure you have chosen well: I hope you will be very happy."

* * * * *

Happy Thought.—Solicitor done with altogether. Everything settled. My mother has taken to FRIDOLINE immensely, and FRIDOLINE to her. Old BOODELS writes to say, he'll be delighted to be best man on the occasion, and has actually postponed the dragging of his pond, which was to have been done on the very day of my wedding.

MR. and MRS. PLYTE FRASER are coming.

MILBURD, it is arranged, is to be very funny at the breakfast. This intelligence makes him very stupid for the next few days.

Happy Thought.—My things *have* come home from the tailors in time.

Happy Thought.—Look over the Marriage Service. Get it up so as to know when to say "I will" and "I do," or whatever it is.

Happy Thought.—The ring.

It is arranged that we take a tour on the Continent for six weeks. At the end of that time the old folks will join us. Where?

Happy Thought.—Paris. Exhibition.

BYNG will join us there, too: so will MILBURD. BOODELS would, only about that time he's asked a few friends down to drag the pond, and "He can't," he says, "very well put them off again? Can he?"

In the Summer we shall come back to England. Little place on the Thames, where I tell FRIDOLINE I'll teach her to sniggle for eels, and when she's tired of that, she shall dibble.

Happy Thought.—Summer night: under the placid moon: together: in a punt: dibbling.

Happy Thought.—Take the cottage before I leave England. We go down, a party of us, and visit the little cottage, next door to the astronomer's, who used to tell me all about Jupiter.

FRIDOLINE and I walk in the garden while the old folks manage the business for us.

At the end of the garden runs the river higher than usual, it being winter time. There are two strong poles stemming the tide and fixed by a chain to the bank.

Between them is fastened a punt. In it sits a man wrapped up: he is fishing. He turns his left eye towards us; we recognise each other at a glance. I have but one question for him:

"Caught anything?"

Back comes his answer as of old,

"Nothing."

It is half a year since I last saw him in the same place, in the same punt, with the same rod, and the same answer. I wonder if he is married? Or going to be?

FRIDOLINE is charmed with the place. So am I. So are we all.

The Day after to-morrow is coming.

The Day.—Wake up. Something's going to happen. What? I know: I'm going to be married. Hope I haven't overslept myself. Bother breakfast. BYNG and MILBURD come in with stupid old jokes about "the wretched man partook of a hearty meal," "the wretched man thanked Mr. JONAS, the governor of the gaol, for all his kindness," and pretend to treat me as a condemned criminal. Everybody supernaturally cool for half-an-hour. Everybody suddenly in a hurry, and becoming doubtful as to the time "by their watches."

At last.

The Church. I can hardly see anyone, at least to distinguish them. If left to myself I should find myself leading a Bridesmaid to the altar. Everyone appears to be dressed like everyone else. All gloves and flowers. Gentlemen in difficulties with their hats. I laugh at something somebody says: I oughtn't to laugh. Nobody seems to recollect

that we are in a Church, or rather in the vestry. The Clergyman, a youngish-looking man, but middle-aged, dashes himself suddenly into a long surplice, and looks round defiantly, as much as to say, "Come on, I'm ready for any number of you." The Clerk says something to him in a whisper, and he replies also in a whisper. An idea crosses my mind that the Clerk is starting some objection to the ceremony at the last moment. It is all right, however. The Clerk takes charge of me; I surrender myself to him, as also, very mildly, do BYNG and MILBURD.

This is the last thing I notice.

The Clergyman is saying something to me at the rails. I don't know what I am saying to the Clergyman. I brought a book, but somebody's taken it, or it's in my hat. I am helpless: the Clergyman does with me just what he likes: tells me what to say, and I say it; tells me what to do and I do it, and go on doing it, with a vague sense of annoyance at seeing BYNG's hat on the cushion, and at feeling that BYNG is no sort of help to me in an emergency of this sort. The ceremony is disturbed by suppressed sobs. It is my mother, in a pew. Old MR. SYMPERSON doesn't refuse (as I had some idea he would at the last moment) to give FRIDOLINE away to me, and so I take her for "better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death us do part," and as nobody steps out (I had also expected that *this* would happen at the last moment) to stop the proceedings, I and FRIDOLINE are man and wife.

Happy Thought.—Married. No more Happy Thoughts. (I don't mean that.) Yes, one.

Last Happy Thought.—Send "Happy Thoughts" to Punch.

TO LYDIA.

Impromptu Complimentary on seeing her new India-Rubber Ear.

LYDIA hath a mimic ear.

Truth to tell, 'tis very tiny;

Cast in caoutchouc so queer,

But pink as shell of Ocean briny.

Envy pale may frowning chide,

LYDIA, whom th' elastic pleases,

In comfort takes her morning ride,

With lobes that feel no nipping breezes.

LYDIA hath a mimic ear, &c.

LYDIA's lipping lover burns

To kiss her crimson cheek so sweet—he

Marvels deeply when she turns

A cold deaf ear to his entreaty.

But let none scorn LYDIA's taste

Who whisper nonsense ev'ry minute,

An auricle composed of paste

Is worth a thousand vows breathed in it.

LYDIA hath a mimic ear, &c.

POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CHIGNON.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

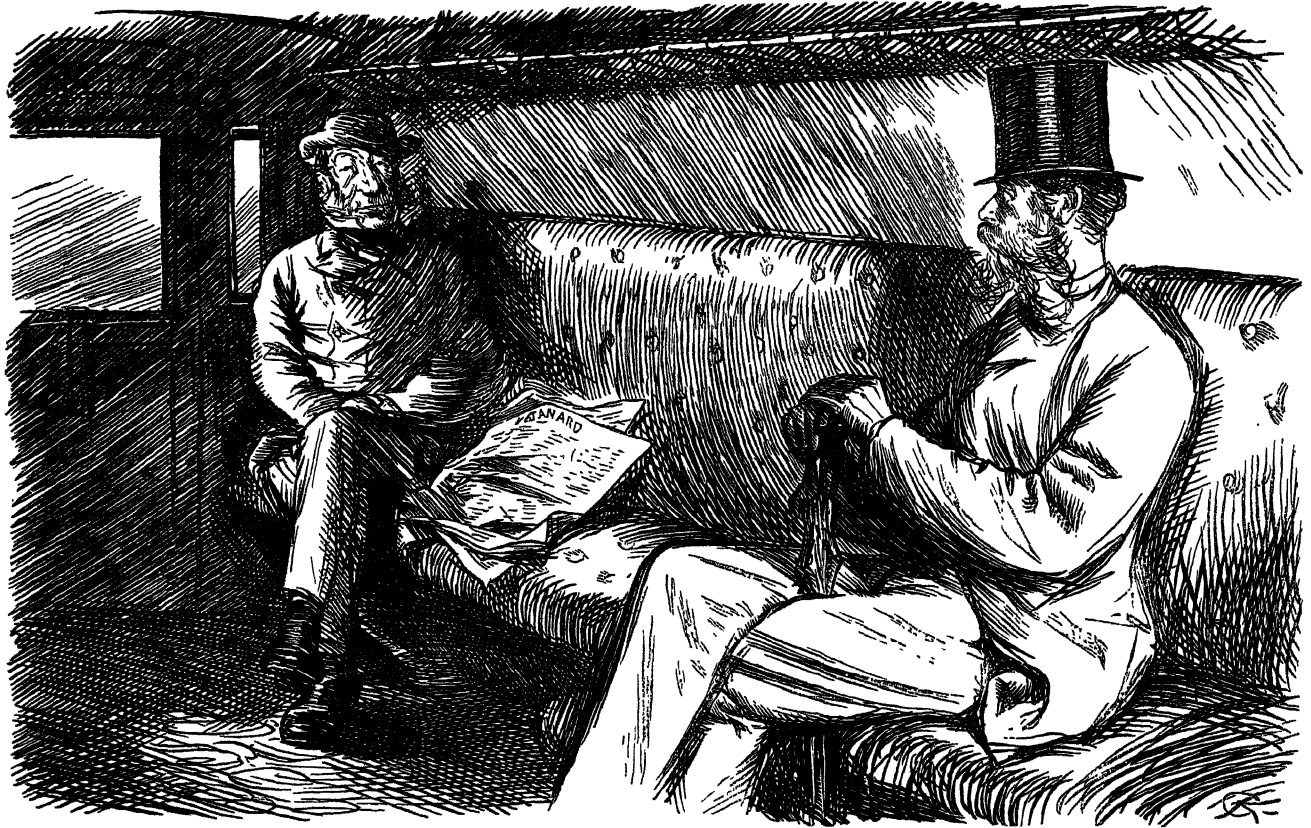
I AM no alarmist, nor do I exercise prophetic powers, yet were I not to raise a warning voice at this momentous crisis, I should deem myself criminally negligent in discharging my duty to my fellow-men. Sir, a straw will show in which direction the wind sets: so will a single hair. It is a remarkable fact that the desire for female enfranchisement, which is now so widely prevalent, dates from the introduction of the chignon. *Ver. sap.* Beauty and fashion are reciprocally bound by capillary ties. They have formed a League, whose motto is "United we conquer."

Sir, I cannot help feeling—call it, if you please, a pardonable weakness—*overshadowed* by the mystic symbol above alluded to. It seems by its appalling magnitude, deliberately designed to make those who are shut out from its lofty privileges, painfully conscious of their manly insignificance. In plain language, it tells us miserable male creatures—to hide our diminished heads. Here then is a *casus belli*, and on behalf of the weaker sex I claim belligerent rights. It is terrible to think of reverting to the perukes of our ancestors, but, Sir, this is a matter affecting the supremacy of the crown. If one section of society will persist in throwing out bastions and horn-works, another section (forming the complement of the fashionable circle) is justified in restoring the round towers to which our great granddares so tenaciously clung. Sooner or later, Sir, up to the citadel of Thought we shall be compelled in self-defence to drag that monster artillery which the historical Wigs of LOUIS QUATORZE are so well adapted to supply. I am not a peace man at any price, and therefore should not hesitate, if put on my mettle, to employ even *powder* to render our common dignity unapproachable and secure.

Sir, these are my sentiments, and in taking up this hostile position, I look with confidence to your powerful columns for support.

Nobsworth.

GUY FRIZZLE.



A PLUTOCRAT.

Swell. "D YOU OBLIGE ME—AH—BY SHUTTING YOUR WINDOW?—AH——"

Second Passenger (politely). "REALLY, SIR, IF YOU WILL NOT PRESS IT, AS YOURS IS SHUT, THE AIR IS SO WARM I WOULD RATHER KEEP THIS OPEN. YOU SEEM TO TAKE GREAT CARE OF YOURSELF, SIR——"

Swell. "CARE OF MYSELF! SHOULD WATHER THINK SO. SO WOULD YOU, MY DEAR FEL-LAH, IF YOU'D SIX THOUSAND A YE-AR!!"

THE PITH OF A PETITION.

"It was mentioned some weeks back that a memorial from Mr. WILKINSON, the late manager of the Joint-Stock Discount Company, for a free pardon, on the ground of wrongful conviction, had been sent to the Home Office. This having been unsuccessful, a memorial on his behalf has now been prepared, which has received the signatures of a large body of the leading merchants of London. The list includes several of the principal bankers and the representatives of the most solid city firms wholly unconnected with speculative operations, and who would be the last persons in the world to feel any sympathy with persons rightly convicted of crime. . . . From the first every one conversant with city business has felt that the character of the prisoner during his whole previous life, in which he had always been accustomed to large dealings in money, coupled with the fact that in the Joint-Stock Discount Company he might have appropriated a hundred thousand pounds or more, had he been so minded, and this in a way to render punishment impossible, throws complete improbability on the idea that in a matter of £800 he would have run the risk of penal servitude, as well as of leaving his large family in utter destitution. . . . Certain it is, that such is the belief in his personal honesty, that if he were free to-morrow he would find a large number of the best people in the city ready to trust him as heretofore, so far as the absence of any fear of intentional misappropriation might be concerned."—*Times City Article, Tuesday.*

PLEASE, Secretary WALPOLE, let FREELING WILKINSON out, Of his respectability we can't entertain a doubt. The faith that his Directors placed in him knew no bounds, And he might easily have taken a hundred thousand pounds. Then how can we believe he took a paltry four thousand eight hundred? We submit it stands to reason he didn't bone, only blundered. And as blunders *will* happen, &c., (the proverb holds all the world o'er,) Pronounce him not guilty, and we've no doubt he won't do it any more.

A Wedding Gift.

ARE you about to have the marriage knot tied? Are you on the eve of forming new ties by marriage? Are you going to be spliced? You will find all the information you can possibly require in "*The Book of Knots*," illustrated by 172 Examples, showing the manner of making every knot, tie and splice." Read it, and make an example of yourself.

STRIKE AWAY, TAILORS!

STRIKE away, tailors, you won't hurt me,
Nothing care I how dear clothes may be;
Being provided with store of slops,
Purchased in detail at divers shops.

Coat, fitting well enough, here I chose—
There got a waistcoat—compile my clothes:
Look to economy more than show—
Trousers obtained at a third dépôt.

Strike away, tailors; I know not when
I shall have on a new suit again;
Never, I think, till in one arrayed
Not by the hand of a tailor made.

Eagerly longing I here remain,
Longing for many good things in vain,
Good things for money that come at call,
Longing for proper dress least of all.

Therefore these garments will long endure—
Long as my life in this world, I'm sure,
Though ten years older I live to be.
Strike away, tailors, you won't hurt me!

Legal Observance of Lent.

THE Ritualists will be shocked to hear that on Monday last week the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND had the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, the Judges, and the other legal officers, including the Queen's Counsel, to breakfast with him. Of course the LORD CHANCELLOR'S breakfast-party included the MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

NOVELTY FOR THE NAVY.

Letter from a Post-Captain.

ing the Castle from the attack by land and sea. This duty they discharged, as they did their cannon, admirably.

Now, Sir, I have nothing to do with the land. The Military Volunteers are excellent in their way, but, permit me to observe, their way is not mine. I am R.N., and when I was no higher than a small powder-monkey, I was shipped on board the *Leviathan*. My proclivities are towards the sea; "the blue, the fresh, the ever free," as the song says.

Here is my idea then, *Why do we not at once start a Volunteer Navy?* Mind, that is what we shall want one of these days; and let people, instead of giving testimonials to one another, on the tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you principle, spend their money in rigging out some thorough sea-going vessels, beginning with *Training Ships for amateur Sailors?* Then, Sir, Volunteer Marines. Tell that to that branch of the service.

Ships there are in plenty lying idle in dock, and costing us heaps of money to keep out of repair. Just sail about Portsmouth, as I've lately done, and see how many vessels there are in dock that might serve my present idea, and be of some use to Government, beyond the money they'll ultimately fetch as firewood and old iron.

Glad to see you any evening you like to drop in and talk the matter over in the Admiral Benbow Tavern, (of which you only see the exterior in Scene 3), and so, Sir, farewell.

I enclose my card.

"CAPTAIN CROSSTREE is my name."



PUNCH, OLD BOY,—This is the day of the Volunteer Review at Dover. At least yesterday was the day: forgive the inaccuracy, but somehow from circumstances over which I had no control I have got a little muddled as to dates. As the present MRS. WILLIAM HATLY (*née* MISS BLACK-EYED SUSAN) used to say to me, "Captain, you've had something stronger than welch-rabbit," and last night such, my dear Sir, was, I regret to say, the case. A case, in fact, of wine.

This statement, honourable as it may appear to be to all concerned, is not, in point of fact, in any way connected with the subject of my letter to you.

Dover has superseded Brighton.

The Volunteers were intrusted with the duty of defend-

Calumny whispers that you are too accessible to flattery—that a handsome candidate would certainly be carried by a show of hands in primrose gloves (sixes); that a knowledge of figures (not arithmetical) and a willingness to admire and praise them would supersede all other qualifications.

Let such discreditabe views be at once dissolved, and let Pall Mall have ocular demonstration of your Spartan severity and scorn.

Avoid agitation as you would a younger son.

Exhibit no chignons, but let your demeanour be distinguished by a lofty, dignified and independent air.

Listen not to sophists, who tell you that beauty was born to be honoured and adored, nor weep if to secure a vote you lose a votary.

By Order of the Council,

PORTIA PORTICO, *President.*

A PRESCRIPTION.

(Suggested by the Easter Monday Review at Dover.)

INVENTIONS we have seen brought out
Sea-sickness for resisting,
As tight the patient's loins about
A leathern girdle twisting;

Or, better still, along his spine
A bag of ice applying—
'Tis DR. CHAPMAN'S plan, not mine,
And must be rather trying.

When towards Albion peaceful France
Across *La Manche* is stretching,
These methods may afford a chance
To o'er-reach over-reaching.

But if, when "*L'Empire c'est la Paix*,"
And a fast boat the carrier,
To keep out your sore-tossed *Français*
Mal de mer proves no barrier,

What were it, should the day e'er come
When, urged by force centrifric,
France should look in on us at home
In fashion less pacific?

Should red-legged hosts pour o'er in shoals,
We might require, to whack 'em,
Something besides Old Neptune's rolls,
With iron-clads to back 'em.

Sick they would come, as sick come now
French tourist and French trader;
But not as we treat *them*, I trow,
We'd physick the invader.

What are the pangs of *mal de mer*—
Though sore in French opinion—
To those bred of that *mal de terre*—
The itch for more dominion?

What cure for that, whose cancer grows,
Whose proud-flesh still gets prouder,
But, thrown in briskly, dose on dose,
Quant. suff. of Dover's powder.

And if to powder add we pills,
If these the invader swallow—
Treatment that either cures or kills—
A course of steel should follow.

Convertible Consonants.

THE celebrated toast of "The Three R.'s" has been hitherto understood to mean merely Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetick. It may now be proposed with referenee to three Reformers, The three R.'s might be said to be BRIGHT, BEALES, and BRADLAUGH. You might also, of course, call BRIGHT, BEALES, and BRADLAUGH the three B.'s, or Birds of a Feather.

PROPOSED DEMONSTRATION OF THE FAIR UNREPRESENTED.

THE Executive Council of the National and Fashionable Association for the vindication of feminine rights to the enlightened but enslaved Enchantresses of England.

Greeting.

Ladies, Non-Electors!

It has been asserted by timid men, both in place and out of place, that you are not to be trusted with that sweet thing in politics—the Suffrage!

Mark those words "not to be trusted," and inscribe them on your work-box cushions in pins with a peculiar beauty.

The aspirations of beauty for electoral privileges are natural and noble. Breathe soft ye winds, and waft a sigh from LYDIA to the Poll!



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON (ART).

Porter. "NOW, THEN, IF YOU DON'T GIVE OVER SAYING I HANG PICTURES JUST LIKE A R.A., I'LL COME DOWN, AND PUNCH YOUR HEAD!"

THE DEMAGOGUE'S DITTY.

If you want to get your rights,
There is no way like JACK BRIGHT'S.
O, a monster demonstration never fails!
In your thousands march the streets.
All the barriers your will meets
Will go down before you just like Hyde Park rails.

Tell the Government, for you
Their Reform Bill will not do;
It is clogged with some conditions that are shabby.
Let the House know what you mean.
Go and fill the space between
Charing-cross, boys, and the venerable Abbey.

But you won't suppose, of course,
I advise the use of force.
Oh dear no! but just a physical display,
So imposing, and so grand,
(I dare say you understand.)
As to show them you intend to have your way.

So good care be sure you take,
Any windows not to break,
I particularly hope you won't throw stones.
Pray don't fling dead dogs and cats
At the proud aristocrats.
I should weep if you broke anybody's bones.

The Bright and Beales Junction.

A POLITICAL line, supposed to have been abandoned by its promoters last summer has been suggested as eligible for affording the shortest cut to Reform, by MR. BRIGHT, at Birmingham. This line, of which the honourable gentleman appears to be one of the principal Directors, is the Hyde Park Railway.

A Serious Undertaking.

"We are informed," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "that the 'Evangelization Society' wishes 'to co-operate with Christian friends' who can assist it 'in opening fresh ground without interfering with existing efforts.'" If that is what they want, they had better apply to one of the Cemetery Companies.

PEACE AGAINST PRESTIGE.

To MONSIEUR JACQUES BONHOMME.

MONSIEUR,

CERTAIN scribes and spouters want you to go to war with Prussia about Luxemburg. They tell you that if you don't you will lose your prestige. Well; suppose you do? I shall say, 'Brother in calamity, come to my arms!'

They are continually telling me that I have lost mine. Very possibly I have. I lost it, they say, because I wouldn't fight Prussia to prevent her from robbing Denmark of Schleswig-Holstein. What should I have got by an attempt at fighting Prussia with unconverted Enfields? I don't know. Very likely a deuced good licking; small addition, at any rate, to my prestige. But I know what I should have lost. I certainly should have lost many millions of money, and many thousands of men; and might have had less prestige than none to show for them.

Monsieur, the truth is, I can't afford to keep a prestige. Trying to do so has cost me above eight hundred millions sterling. I don't feel the loss of my prestige at all. If I have lost it, indeed, I should say that I feel better without it. What is prestige, after all? The word is a piece of diplomatic and political slang. It is yours, and of course I need not tell you originally meant illusion caused by sorcery, or the effect of imagination. *Præstigia* means simply a trick. Prestige, even in its slang sense, is a word whose significance includes something illusory, deceptive; somewhat, in fact, of humbug; the humbug of the charlatan. It expresses a halo of renown, so to speak, which is more or less of the nature of moonshine. Who are they whom prestige chiefly influences? The unreasoning and the impressible.

What is the use of prestige, Monsieur? It may make people who, if you had it not, would not regard you, mind what you say—for a time. But at last some people don't mind what you say, for all your prestige, and then you must either lose it or fight them—as the scribes and spouters are now instigating you to do, and tried to make me; but they couldn't. Consequently, no doubt, people sometimes don't mind

what I say to them—which they may live to repent. Their contempt does not hurt me; they may despise me as much as they please so long as they leave me alone. At last, too probably, some of them will do something that I can't stand. Then, and not till then, I shall fight, and I shall fight with a will. By that means I shall get back my prestige fast enough; in as far as I am able to win prestige by fighting.

Monsieur, is prestige worth smashed skulls, shattered limbs, exenterated bodies? Is it worth driving thousands and thousands of men to death, to torture, to mutilation, and wretchedness for life? And oh, Monsieur, is it worth the millions and millions of francs which, if you fight for it, you will have to pay for it?

Wait, like me, Monsieur, till you are menaced. You will have to wait a long time. Anybody would think twice, and more, before resolving to quarrel with such a great fellow as you.

The scribes and the spouters will represent me to you as talking about prestige like the fox in the fable who had lost his tail. But in the first place, I don't know that I really have lost my prestige. Perhaps I am told so only to vex me. Besides, a fox's tail is a substantial thing, and prestige is another thing. It is not like any tail, except the tail of a comet, which is lighter than vapour and astonishes weak minds. Even if I were convinced that I actually had lost it, I would not afford my ill-wishers, who taunt me with its loss, the satisfaction of seeing me go about whining and blubbering—Boo-hoo-oo-ooo, I've lost my prestige!

I intend, Monsieur, to limit my care about my prestige to the requisite provisions for making any who, on the presumption that I have lost it, may think they can bully me, find out their mistake. Permit me to advise you to content yourself with practising the same moderation.

In the hope of seeing and hearing less and less in future of that humbugging word, prestige, which I dislike as much as I do that other humbugging word, glory, I entreat you, Monsieur, to accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

JOHN BULL.

AN OLD JOE AND A NEW ONE.—The Shoemaker's Last.



A STROKE OF BUSINESS.

Village Hampden ("who with dauntless breast" has undertaken, for sixpence, to keep off the other boys). "IF ANY OF YER WANTS TO SEE WHAT WE'RE A PAINTIN' OF, IT'S A 'ALFPENNY A 'EAD, BUT YOU MARN'T MAKE NO REMARKS."

SHALL LOVELY WOMAN VOTE ?

DEAR *Mr. Punch* at least I really do not know if I ought to call you a *dear* for I have not been introduced to you. But if it be a *liberty* I dare say you will not *mind* it much especially when you see the photograph I send you for your album you *dear thing* and it is really not unlike me although cousin CHARLEY says that photographs are always a libel on a *lady*. They do well enough for men of course for they have *no complexions* and besides it matters little how a *man* looks in an album because *everyone* of course looks only at the *ladies*!

But what I wished to say was that I really have *no patience* with you *Mister Punch* and I will tell you why Sir. It is because you have not said a word about *our* having votes as that dear darling MR. MILL quite *advocates* our doing or should I say our having? I never *can* make out which is the proper verb to use in sentences of this sort. Of course Sir as a champion of Lovely Woman *Mr. Punch* should have been foremost in backing MR. MILL in his *glorious crusade*! although I doubt if the word *backing* be a proper one precisely for a *young lady* to use but really cousin CHARLEY teaches one such slang that like the princess in the story one drops an ugly word out before one is aware of it at least the princess I remember did not do that exactly for a toad is not a word excepting in the dictionary.

Now you *cross old thing* you really ought to say a word for us and help us to have votes as MR. MILL proposes. He is a clever man besides being a philosopher and has written a big book about logic CHARLEY tells me and doubtless he can *logically* prove that ladies ought to vote because you know they *ought* and that is quite enough of logic for a lady! Besides I'm sure we are as competent to exercise the franchise is not that the proper phrase Sir? as chimney-sweeps and costermongers and all that sort of people who have very likely never been to school and have never even heard the name of Magna Charta. What can they know about Government I should like to know and when people begin talking of their right to Manhood Suffrage as CHARLEY says they call it I think that *Womanhood Suffrage* should in logic be conceded.

You may say that Lovely Woman has enough to do at home in minding her own business and sewing on her husband's *buttons* to say nothing of the *far more* important avocation of ordering his *dinners*. But this argument might surely be applied with equal justice to the *lords* of the creation as they are vain enough to style themselves *Do men of business* never neglect it at election time? And pray will you contend that only *idle men* should vote because busy men have quite enough to do in minding their own business without bothering their brains about the business of the nation?

Another reason CHARLEY tells me why a woman must not vote is that she would be so amenable to *bribery*. Now this I *do* call mean in any *man* to say! As if *men* voters were so pure and super-humanly immaculate! But CHARLEY says a woman's vote might be bought—no I'll say *biassed* by the offer of an opera-box or the gift of a new bonnet and *considerably influenced* by the mere fact that a candidate had a handle to his name or that a canvasser was known to *Dod* or rode in Rotten Row or wore a blush-rose in his button-hole. But pray Sir are *men* voters never *biassed* by small matters when they exercise their franchise? Do Lancaster electors *always* turn in holy horror from an offered *ten-pound-note* which is about the price of one of MR. GYÉ'S best boxes? Are Yarmouth bloaters I mean voters *always* virtuously indignant if treated upon polling-days to a pint or two of *beer* which is as tempting to their taste as a new bonnet to a woman?

Of course I do not mean to argue that a lady if she voted might not think it right at times to be *guided* by *appearances*—For instance I can fancy that if women had the franchise a pair of *handsome whiskers* might sometimes head the poll and a candidate who had his tail coats cut by POOLE might by the favour of the ladies defeat a *dowdy dresser*. But you surely are *gallant* enough to grant that this *slight weakness* ought not to deprive us of our right to give a vote! Just consider *Mr. Punch* what a splendid spectacle our Parliament would be if the Members were elected by virtue of their *beauty*! What a struggle there would be to get into the House if M.P. meant PRETTY MAN and were accepted in society as a feminine certificate that the bearer was one of the *half a thousand handsomest* of handsome fellows in Great Britain! Certainly if ladies were to vote and were to let their votes be *biassed* by their

natural predilection for masculine good looks I think the *uglies* and the *doddies* would find it small use to canvass for a seat and as none but the *Narcissuses* would ever be elected the House of Commons would become the House of the *Uncommons*!

Craving your assistance to dear darling MR. MILL in getting us our votes I beg to sign myself

Your constant reader and *well-wisher*

SOPHONISBA SMITH.

PS CHARLEY says that MR. MILL wants to call the ladies "persons" in LORD DERBY'S Reform Bill! But I don't one bit believe him for no *gentleman* would *dream* of using such *coarse language* when speaking of a *woman*! It is probably a misprint in some stupid penny paper. Perhaps he meant to urge that *parsons* should have votes and I confess I think they should.

PPS You are musical I know—ugly people always are—and I dare say you remember the old ballad called the "*The Maid of the Mill*" and I think it would do nicely as a *parody* for one of your *young poets*.

THE HALBERTON FARMERS FRANTIC.



They are afraid that the REV. CANON GIRDLESTONE, by his efforts to improve the condition of the agricultural labourers of his parish, has exasperated the farmers of Halberton. On Monday last week, at the Annual Vestry Meeting, over which the Canon presided, there was a large gathering of those gentlemen who came there determined to try and prevent him from electing, as usual, one of the two churchwardens. The *Times* says that:—

"In the course of the proceedings, which were of a very noisy character, the Canon was fiercely attacked by several of the farmers, who complained that he had been the means of removing labourers from the parish, and that he had not fairly represented the wages question. One gentleman, MR. PEARCE, who came from a neighbouring parish to have a 'go' at the Rev. Gentleman, said he was not the good shepherd 'who gathered the lambs to his bosom,' but 'one of those hirelings who scattered the flock.'"

Interference between the lambs and their shearers appears to have constituted the offence really given to MR. PEARCE and his compeers by CANON GIRDLESTONE. A good shepherd, in their estimation, is one who brings his lambs up to be shorn. Such a person as CANON GIRDLESTONE is not fit for the office of shepherd, but for a service in relation to a different animal, thus described with euphemistic delicacy:

"Another farmer, MR. G. WARE (who was subsequently elected by the parishioners as churchwarden), told the Canon that he was more fit to 'go and feed a bear' than to be a clergyman."

MR. GIRDLESTONE should immediately have asked this gentleman to dinner.

LADY LEXICOGRAPHERS—MRS. DR. JOHNSON.

(INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.)

From MISS FANNY FOXALL to MISS LAURA LIGHTSTEP.

Yes, my dear LAURA, you are quite right in saying that language was invented by Man to conceal his thoughts. Certainly, Woman is not responsible for its inconsistencies; but dictionaries are of purely masculine origin, you can see at a glance. I am convinced that MRS. DOCTOR JOHNSON (Doctor or Doctress?) had *she* written those two fearful folios, which Papa has hidden in his library, would not have given a dozen meanings to one word. Take "curiosity," how would you or I define it?—very briefly, as "an earnest and laudable desire to obtain an insight into things which concern our own happiness or the well-being of others." But does man use it in that sense? Oh, dear no. Curiosity is purely a feminine foible, an impertinent prying into blue chambers and skeleton cupboards. Call it Curiosity if you please, but so long as gentlemen will shroud their proceedings in mystery so long shall we endeavour to find them out. For instance, look at the Stock Exchange. Look at it—don't look *in* it, unless you wish to be annihilated by five hundred money-making Bluebeards.

Little PAUL PEACH, who is articed to a broker (not an upholsterer),

has told me dreadful tales about the secrets of the prison-house: how, on certain occasions called settling-days, bulls and bears run about wild, and lame ducks are tortured unmercifully, and though little PAUL is fond of romances, I don't think he exaggerates. It is very natural where prices are constantly quoted and poetry never is, that men in spite of themselves should become bears, and only one flower flourishes in their garden, and that is—Stocks.

From MISS LAURA LIGHTSTEP to MISS FANNY FOXALL.

I quite agree with you, my dear FANNY, that we must have a Dictionary of our own, with new and sensible meanings, for it can no longer be borne, that man should define words just as they think proper, to gratify their boundless vanity. * * * Take "monopoly,"—this is a perversion of *manopoly*, and is confined chiefly to cotton and corn? But why? Is not a club a *manopoly*? Is not Parliament a *manopoly*? Are not an Exchange and a Board of Green Cloth all *manopolies*? for over every one of them is written, in an Italian hand, "Abandon Wives all ye who enter here."

And now, I would ask (as some liberal writers have already suggested), why should not ladies have a little Capel Court of their own? Is not our interest in a sentimental exchange equal to 3 per cent., and then consider for a moment the value which many parties attach to *preference shares* in our affections. Why should we not have time-bargains and settling-days, when if ALGERNON does not propose, then he shall be surrendered by ISABELLA, and if ALICE accepts, then all flirting shall cease with the Cornet, or ALICE shall be called to account. * * * I think you made some remark on Ducks. Of course, we can't do without them, and all who promptly pay their addresses will be very dear ducks, indeed.

MR. DROVER'S REFLECTIONS ON THE MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

MR. PUNCH,

WHEN I reflect as I often Do as I'm driving My sheep to and from Copenhagen Fields how badly Driving in parliament is conducted, I'm nonplush'd. Neither DIZRAELI nor GLADSTONE Seem able to get All their Weathers into the Right pens, and when a Bolter dashes past one or tother, he stands Agast as if he Was politically Paralyzed. Something Is Wanting—That's evident. It may Be science, it may be alacrity—Possibly Both. What a pity it Is that lofty statesmen won't Bend a little. If they would only condescend to take a leaf out of our Book, they needn't stand with their Slates in their hands, trembling like schoolboys who can't Do a simple sum in Long division.

Why, Sir, such a Calamity as a South-Down getting into the Wrong shop is never heard of among Us reg'lar certificated practitioners, and you know, *Mr. Punch*, none Can practise without A diploma in *Our* market, if they Can elsewhere. Often when I've been Debating over a pipe at the Markis o' Granby, my friends have said to me, "George, they want you at Westminster, to drive them dullamites—you'd go afore 'em, and turn 'em down constitution hill."

Pause here.—

Pig-driving, Sir, is A art of itself. Like poetry, it may be cultivated, but you must have its primevall Germs born in you. I don't Follow it as a matter of business, but I am acquainted with its finer pints as A amateur. Now, Sir, it may be taken as an axiom, that a party as Can drive a I. P. (grade-mark for Illiterate Pig) can Drive any number of M.P.'s. But then what A almost contradictory Conjunction of qualities is called for! Coolness, Ardour, Hope, Humility, and Resources infinitum. A Eye for every alley—a temper Under every Provocation Sweet as molasses, and A courage like Hannibals what Scorns to Stick in the Ruts.

Pause again.—

I'll be bound, Sir, that No minister, X. or XX., would Volunteer to Drive a I. P. through The narrow passages of either house Of parliament. Then why Reproach himself with Bitterness because A Obstinate M.P. doubles and darts into A lobby, where None is admitted except On business?

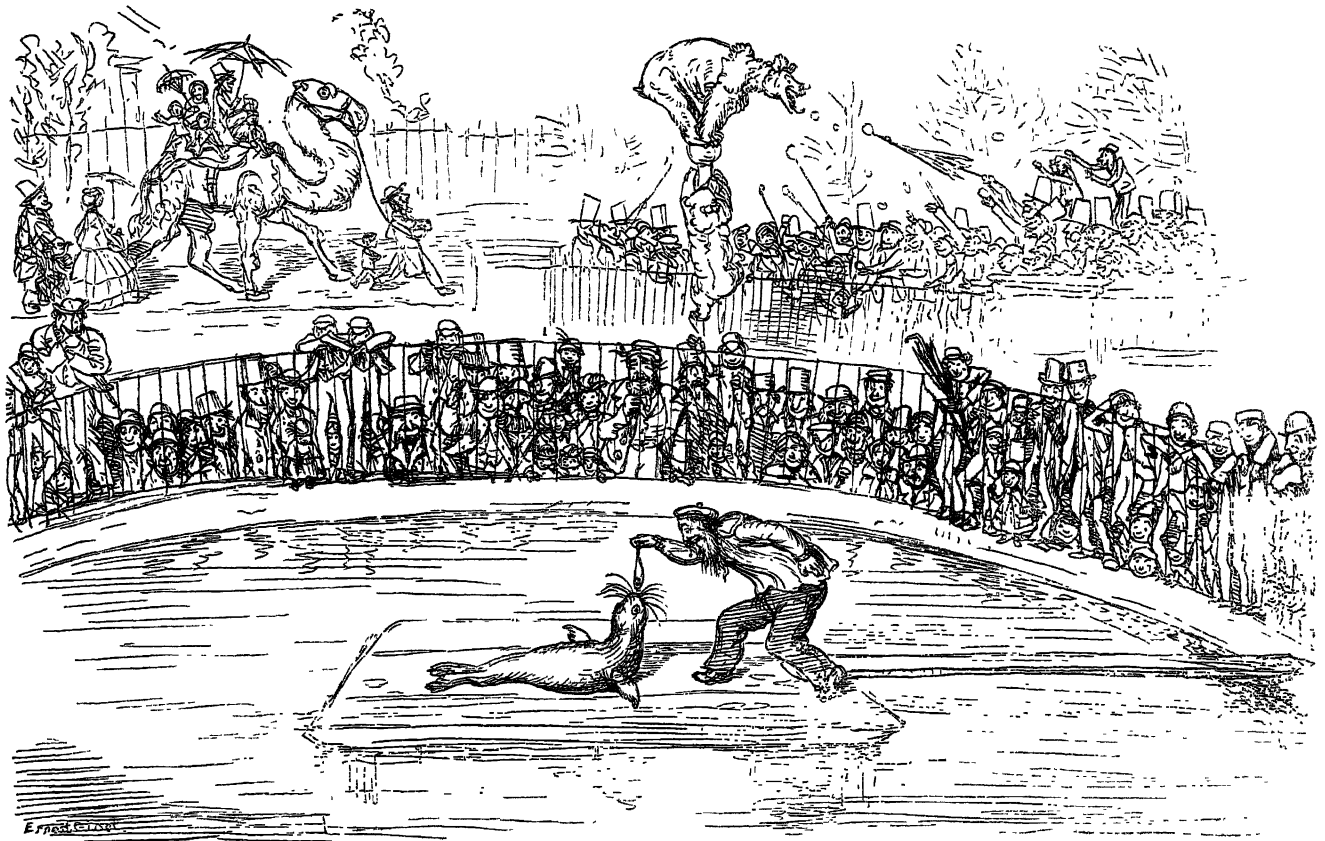
Sum up.

I sometimes, Sir, feel afeard that Our leading X minister in driving his I. P.'s to market Fails from want of tenderness in Touch and Tone. A little coaxing Now and Then helps a I. P. wonderfully over a style. Flip him with a Whip, and he becomes a awful Squealer, and possibly A abandoned character ever afterwards.

G. D.

Shepherd's bush.

P.S. Returning to our Muttons—assuming that Our most illustrious X minister don't entirely Despair of witching the world by noble droviership, let him call on me Any market-day, and I'll initiate him in first Principles, which is these, *videbiset*: when you've got Bolters to deal with, send A dog before 'em to *catch 'em by The ear* artfully, and so as not to wound their 'ceptibilities, which very often is Singularly 'cute. But Above All Things (And Here Lies The Grand Secret) Don't Terrify 'Em By Too Much bark.



A RECOLLECTION OF THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

GIVING BY PROXY.

MR. T. P. COOKE was, no doubt, the original British Sailor.

He was also the original Monster in *Frankenstein*—and a very original monster, too, who made a *furor* in Paris, and gave a colour to gloves, *Vert de monstre*. He was as original in his will as in his parts; and amongst some bequests eminently showing benevolence and kindness to his professional brethren, he inserted others of a more eccentric kind.

We have nothing to say to the combination of his own memory with SHAKESPEARE'S at a memorial dinner, on St. George's Day, in the Hall of the Dramatic College, for providing which he left the interest of a handsome sum.

No apology is needed for any actor's desire to claim fellowship with the greatest of all players.

But a more questionable bequest in MR. T. P. COOKE'S will was £100 to be paid for a Prize Drama on a national subject, the profits arising from its sale to go to the Dramatic College.

Under this bequest, MR. J. SLOUS was the first successful competitor; and the sale of his drama, *True to the Core*, has brought, we are glad to hear, the sum of £600 to the treasury of the Dramatic College.

We wish the College joy of the money, but we can't help feeling, somehow, that it is rather the contribution of the author of *True to the Core*, than of the benevolent testator, who left the £100, which is all that the author of *True to the Core* has received. We shall be told, no doubt, that MR. T. P. COOKE meant to benefit actors and not dramatic authors, and that MR. SLOUS, having sent in his drama, and having been paid £100 for it, under the conditions of the will, has no right to complain. We do not say he has; nor need we be surprised to find that MR. T. P. COOKE considered £100 rather a high price than otherwise, even for a drama "upon a national subject." How shouldn't he think so, considering the experience he was bred to? Was not £60 the whole payment to DOUGLAS JERROLD for *Black-Eyed Susan*, which brought in more thousands than we care to count to the Managers, and was the main foundation of T. P. COOKE'S fame and fortune? Why should we expect T. P. COOKE to prove an exception to the usual rule, by which Manager and Actor look on every shilling paid to the Author as so much feloniously abstracted, or unfairly diverted from

their own pockets? Happily, they have now to deal, in some conspicuous cases, with Authors who are or have been Actors, who can thus look at the question of an Author's due from both sides, and use the Manager's experience to bring the Manager to terms.

We do not regret that the Committee of the Dramatic College should have made £600 out of the play for which MR. SLOUS has received one-sixth of that amount, though we feel it would have been fairer if the proportions had been reversed—if MR. SLOUS had received the £600, and the College the £100. But believing that £100 is not a price likely to tempt established Authors into the field, or adequately to reward even the untried author of a meritorious play, we cannot but have an uneasy feeling that MR. COOKE'S bequest is a device either for encouraging the production of bad dramas—which needs no encouragement—or for getting a good one at an unfairly low figure.

At all events, let the saddle be put on the right horse, and let the Pensioners and Committee of the Dramatic College, in the tablets of their gratitude, debit MR. T. P. COOKE with £100, and MR. SLOUS with six times that amount.

"ALARUMS, EXCURSIONS."

THE Sabbatarian had a meeting the other day at Exeter Hall. The Secretary to their Society stated that during the past year sixty-eight sermons had been preached, and ten thousand tracts issued against Sunday excursions. This is the way to put a stop to Sunday excursions, if Sunday excursions are, though healthful, irreligious. He also announced that "the Public-house Bill, introduced by MR. ABEL SMITH, would be supported by the Committee." Every publicity is due to this announcement, in order that prompt resistance may be offered to an attempt to enforce the religious practice of a sect by Act of Parliament. The Sabbatarian Secretary further mentioned that the Committee would give a general support to MR. THOMAS HUGHES'S Sunday Trading Bill. Therefore, MR. THOMAS HUGHES had better abandon his Bill, seeing that he may be sure it would curtail personal liberty. Besides these Sunday Bills there is a Sabbatarian Liquor Bill before the House, in charge of MR. GRAVES, the Member for Liverpool, who should be taught to mind his own business instead of interfering with other people's pleasure. Excursions are threatened—sound we therefore alarums.



FINE UNSOPHISTICATED OLD BOY FROM THE COUNTRY:

"WELL, MY DEAR, HE SEEMS A CAPITAL YOUNG FELLOW, AND I AM SURE HE WILL MAKE YOU A GOOD HUSBAND. BUT I SAY, JESSIE, WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY 'NO CARDS'? SURELY, YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW, THE PARSON, DOESN'T OBJECT TO A MILD RUBBER AT WHIST?"

QUOS DEUS VULT PERDERE.

WHOM God to ruin dooms for sin,
Their wits he first withdraws !
Lo, France and Prussia brought within
That awfullest of laws !
The powers that boasted, late, how each
For an idea warred,
Draw off their velvet gloves, to reach
Their swords, and spring on guard.
'Tis an idea, too, that now
Bids troops take place of talk—
That either should to the other bow,
As cock of Europe's walk.

It is an *idée fixe* of France,
Or his who is her fate,
That France grows less by each advance
That Prussia leaves more great.
Whereas 'tis Prussia's *Grand-idee*,
That strong enough she's grown
To slap France on the face to-day,
Yet hold more than her own.
What wonder if, set side by side,
These two ideas clash,
And Janus' gates, which war sets wide,
Fly open with a crash !

So Time's wheel brings round destined ends :
So to the poisoner's lip
The poisoned chalice Heaven commends,
His own drugged draught to sip.
Strong hand against strong hand arrayed
Must weaklings' wrongs repay ;
The mights that owned no right are made
To waste themselves in fray :

The iron vessels, strong to grind
Poor earthen flagons small,
Dashed on each other, kind to kind,
Iron by iron fall !

Lo, Emperor and Minister,
Crowned craft, and craft *sans* crown,
Gamblers as desperate as e'er
On the green cloth staked down.
He who 'gainst *Rouge* for *Noir* went in,
An Empire's throne to gain :
He who thrones for his Lord could win,
Content to rule, not reign.
A well-matched pair, calm, crafty, cool,
Stern wills and smooth regards ;
The fate of Europe in the pool,
Dynasties on the cards !

A match in which who wins shall stand,
Or seem to stand, supreme ;
In which who loses, from his hand
Sees power fade like a dream.
And they who all laws have defied,
Except the law of might,
Mights, long unholy allied,
Are met to test in fight.
While at their side unseen doth pass,
Nemesis with her glaive,
To give the loser's *coup de grâce*,
And dig the winner's grave.

As these arm each for th' other's end,
So him that gains the day
Sure Retribution will attend,
To claim him for her prey.



“TO BE SOLD.”

EMPEROR NAPOLEON. “I—A—HAVE MADE AN OFFER TO MY FRIEND HERE, AND—”

THE MAN IN POSSESSION. “NO, HAVE YOU, THOUGH?—I RATHER THINK I WAS THE PARTY TO APPLY TO.”

EMPEROR NAPOLEON. “OH, INDEED! AH! THEN IN THAT CASE I’LL— BUT IT’S OF NO CONSEQUENCE.”

Let BISMARCK or NAPOLEON win,
Victor must vanquished be,
Till from the tangled ways of sin
God's guiding clue we see;
Till lawless might to might of law
Subdued and prostrate fall,
And he that braving Heaven we saw
Proclaim himself Heaven's thrall.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF "THE GREAT CITY."

FROM DRURY LANE.

SCENE 1.—*Exterior of Charing Cross Railway Station about 8.30 P.M.*
Music descriptive of luggage. Life-like picture; no one about, except at intervals sudden rushes of people from left to right, or for variety from right to left, then everything in the Great City perfectly quiet, while the principal character talks.

Enter ARTHUR, a reformed drunkard, in trousers of an antiquated fashion: music ceases.

Arthur. I've been drinking all my life. There's one bright spot in my heart—my love for EDITH. I've given up drink. There's ten minutes before the train starts; what shall I do? (*Considers: the phrase "ten minutes allowed for refreshment" probably occurs to him. He says with decision.*) I'll go and drink.

[Exit to drink. Music descriptive of more luggage. People rush in vaguely, go by no train, and disappear into some other part of the Great City.]

Enter MOGG, the Convict, who has escaped from prison, braved starvation, dared fearful dangers, and lived through the perils of the Bush, in order to return to the Great City and see the improvements at Charing Cross.

Mogg (looks about, then remarks astutely). How changed is everything. (*Pauses.*) This was Hungerford Market. (*Is much affected*) Now— (*Pauses, and gets to the extreme right-hand of stage, so as to be ready to make a good exit when he's delivered his effective line.*) Now— (*Delivers his effective line.*) Now it is a hotel.

[Exit, much overcome. Music more descriptive of luggage than ever. Rush of the same people as have appeared before. Probably they'd all missed their trains, or are all spending a happy day in the Great City, rushing about from one terminus to another, until they come to EDITH'S picture at the finish. Exit all these people for no apparent reason, except that three of the principal characters are now coming on to talk.]

Enter Three of the Principal Characters, represented by three persons so got up as to be quite unable to appear in any quarter of the Metropolis without attracting a considerable crowd. One is a Jew, with an evident false nose, much worn, of course, in the Great City, a paper flower in the button-hole of a very open black coat, set off by a red waistcoat cut very low, perhaps his idea of decollé; plenty of false jewellery. The second is a MR. BLOUNT, M.P., for what constituency it is impossible to imagine. The third an Irishman, described as an American, or an American described as an Irishman, it doesn't matter which, as no sort of interest is in any way attached to the character. They explain to one another that they are libertines.

Blount, M.P. I am a libertine. (*To MENDEZ, the Jew.*) You must introduce me to your daughter. [*Nudges MENDEZ.*]

Irish American. Introduce me to her, too.

[Nudges MENDEZ: MENDEZ nudges them: they both nudge MENDEZ.]

Music, during which, while they are still nudging MENDEZ, the same people who have missed every train since the commencement of the play rush on and off. The three finish nudging.

Enter MISS EDITH. Deposits her box on the ground and sits on it. The three libertines regard her: more nudging.

Libertine (with the false nose, to Edith). May I give you some refreshment?

Edith (indignantly). No!!! (*Scorns his proffered offer.*) And if our kind friends in front—I mean if an English female is to be insulted, &c., &c., then she will know how to, &c., &c.

[Applause, and three cheers for MR. MILL. While she is speaking comic beggars run away with her boxes. Real picture of life in the Great City. BLOUNT, M.P., immediately finds a Policeman, which also shows the author's remarkable powers of observation during his residence in the Great City, and sends him after the boxes.]

Edith (suddenly communicative, tells BLOUNT, M.P., all her family history. N.B. The following is our general idea of what she said; it doesn't signify, however, as the plot is immaterial, the acting of no consequence, scenery and grouping everything). I was brought up at school some years ago. I was paid for: regularly. But lately they haven't

(BLOUNT, M.P., is interested. The other two libertines are still nudging one another in a corner.) I once met a little romance, called ARTHUR: and as they wanted to turn me away, I've come to meet him. But he is false like all the rest.

[The libertine with the false nose takes this as a personal allusion: more nudging in the corner.]

Blount, M.P. (in his character of a libertine). Do you know anyone in London?

Edith. Only MR. WILSON (*vaguely*), of the City.

Blount, M.P. (sharply). I know MR. WILSON, of the City.

[Exit BLOUNT, M.P. and EDITH, to go to MR. WILSON, of the City. As he goes off, BLOUNT, M.P., makes faces at the two libertines in the corner, who are still nudging each other.]

Libertine (with false nose, delivering himself of some sparkling dialogue). Did you ever see anything like this man! I quite grudge him to the Christians. [*Exit, both nudging.*]

End of Scene 1.

Theatrical Person (giving his opinion). Those three fellows are not unlike the Irishman, the Jew, and the Swell Libertine, in *The Flying Scud.*

His Friend (in dress circle). Dear me—so they are! (*Is struck by the coincidence.*)

SCENE 2.—*Street near St. Paul's. Apparently a back view of an advertising hoarding by night. Music descriptive of MR. TULLY, in the orchestra.*

Enter MOGG, the Convict.

Mogg. I've come home from Australia. While undergoing my sentence I've amassed a colossal fortune. For further particulars see *Great Expectations.* I can't drag myself from my old haunts.

[Meaning the back of the advertising hoarding by moonlight.]

Enter BLOUNT, M.P., from somewhere.

Blount, M.P. EDITH is now supping with me on chickens and champagne. (*Perhaps in St. Paul's, by express permission of the Dean and Chapter.*) I know that face (*seeing MOGG*). That's MOGG.

Mogg. What! BLOUNT! (*Neither move.*) Leave me alone.

Blount (vaguely). Why not?

Mogg. Because (*as an answer to a riddle*)—Because when you were chief clerk at Messrs. Somebody's (*name we didn't catch*), I was a porter.

Blount (to himself). Can he ever have seen the play of *Still Waters Run Deep*? But no matter, I'm a Member of Parliament.

[Exit gaily to join EDITH at chickens and champagne in St. Paul's.]

SCENE 3.—*Waterloo Bridge, Surrey Side. Real everything.*

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur (in brilliant dialogue). I've looked everywhere, and found her nowhere.

Blount, M.P. (with EDITH, after chickens and champagne). Let's go and see MR. WILSON, of the City. [*EDITH hesitates.*]

Blount, M.P. (as a Happy Thought). Let's take a Hansom.

Edith (overcome, consents). Yes!—Let's!

[Excitement of Audience expecting the Hansom. It comes: real horse, real cab, real man, real badge, all new and clean. They jump in.]

Arthur (seeing her, while getting a real fivepence-halfpenny out of sixpence at the turnstile). Her! 'Tis EDITH—and in a HANSONM!!!!

Curtain.

This was too much for us all at once; another night we will endeavour to see the remaining acts. For the present we are perfectly satisfied with what we've seen.

A Property of Caoutchouc.

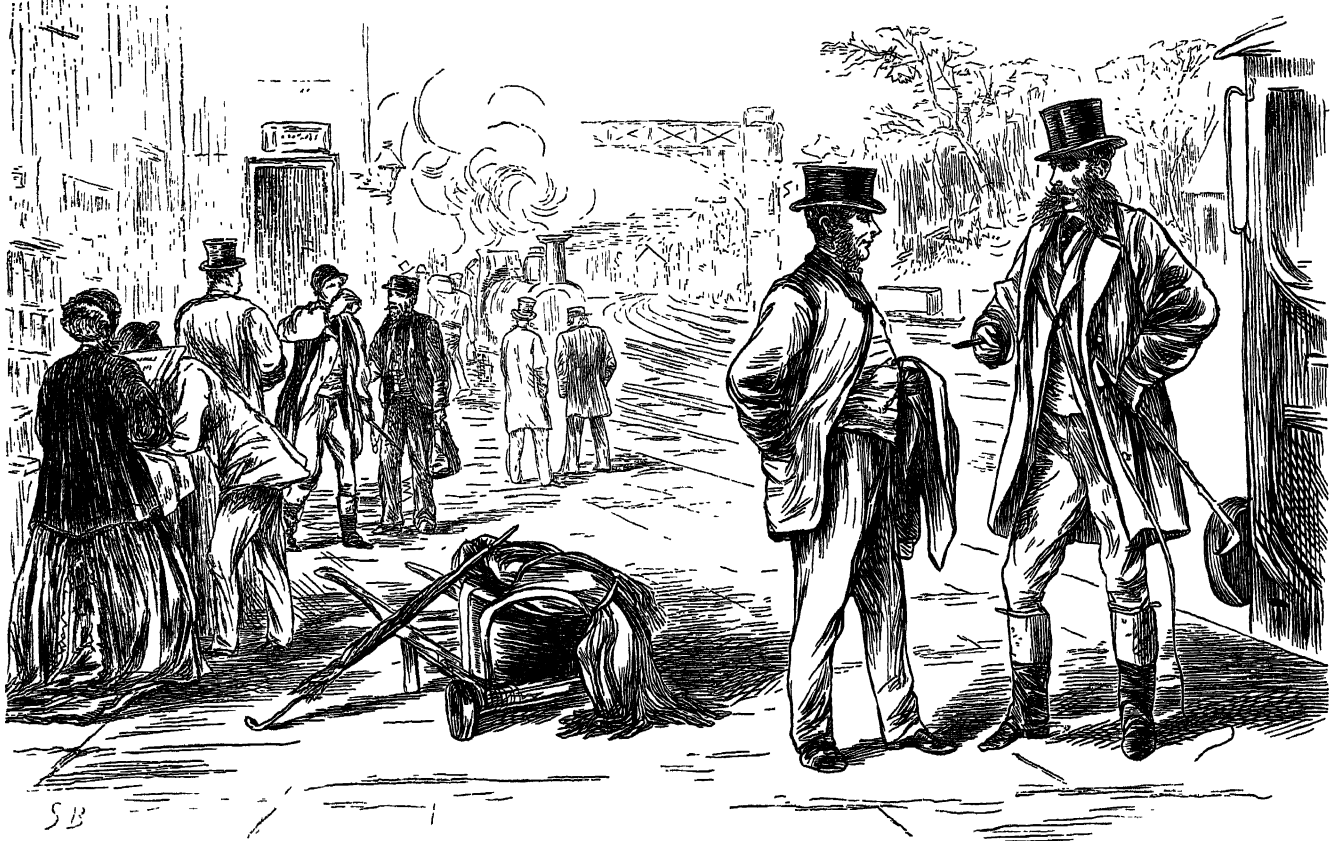
OUR notice has been attracted by the prospectus, just issued, of the English India Rubber Company, according to which the object of that association is to purchase and extend the business of the Southwark India Rubber Company, Grange Road, Bermondsey. It may be hoped that the proposed extension will be effected without difficulty by a concern whose resources may be presumed to be sufficiently elastic.

Dropped, but not Disposed of.

DEAR SIR MORTON,

You tell me the House of Commons has whitewashed you. Pardon me. It has declined to take up your case. I can't say that I blame the House, and I remain, Your obedient Servant, PUNCH.

METAPHOR MADE EASY.—"A Telegram from Bombay," said a Swell, reading a newspaper, "says, 'Money is tight.' Haw! 'Suppose they've no loose cash there.'"



HUNTING, AND NO END!—(A FACT.)

Cheerful Party (to depressed Nimrod, returning by train). "LAST DAY OF THE SEASON? NONSENSE! WHY, IN MY COUNTRY WE HUNT ALL APRIL! HUNT CUBS!"

OUR VIRTUOUS VESTRIES.

An indignation meeting of the vestrymen of London was held the other evening at the Pig and Whistle public-house, to protest against the protests of the public and the press, that the vestrymen of London are utterly incompetent to discharge their public duties.

MR. BUTCHER having, as the first comer, been unanimously called on (by himself) to occupy the chair, the business of the evening was opened by his ordering a glass of gin-and-water, and a clay pipe and tobacco, with which he entertained himself until another gentleman arrived. This being MR. SHORTWEIGHT, the celebrated baker (see *Police Reports*, last year), an intellectual conversation upon things in general, and parish matters in particular, naturally ensued. Other vestrymen soon followed, and pipes and grogs having been sufficiently supplied—

The CHAIRMAN begged to say that business *was* business, and being punctual himself he had been wrotd to the chair, which he was quite ready to vacate, should any just impediment be found about his sitting there. (*No, no.*) Well, then, he wouldn't beat about the bush but come straight to the pint. (*A Voice, "Can't you make it a quart?" and laughter.*) What they wished to say was simply that the public was a Hass; (*ear! ear!*) and no reporters being present he'd take the liberty to add, the press was a Hass also. (*"Bravo, old Cock! go it!"*) He wouldn't say no more himself as his voice was rather 'usky, but would call upon some honourable gent to fire away.

MR. SHORTWEIGHT said he thought there was the soundest common sense in what their noble friend, the Chairman, had remarked. For himself, he thought the press was the wust Hass of the two (*cheers*), seeing as how it frekently interfered with the liberty of the subjick, in a manner to his mind entirely unconstitoothnal. (*Ear!*) For instance, last year he 'appened, by one of them there accidents which occur in the best reggeriated family establishments, to have a few 'arfquartens a trifle under weight, and what did them there blessed noospapers but parade his name in print as a robber of the poor, (*shame!*) and recommend, besides his paying of a 'eavy fine, that he be kept on bread and

water, and short weight of the former, with, to give him a good appetite, a turn upon the treadmill. (*Groans.*)

MR. SANDSUGAR observed that he had also been a victim to them howdacious "horgans," as they was pleased to call themselves, he meant the public noospapers. He would gladly give a trifle, say a pound of his best lump, to any public benefactor who would put down the press, (*ear! ear!*) which was a hinsult and a hinjury to every freeborn British westry. (*Loud cheers.*)

MR. GUZZLER said that it was the duty of the westries to look sharp after the cash. But there was no call to be stingy, and to starve themselves when working 'ard on parish business. (*No, no!*) Gents nat'rally got good appetites arter their 'ard work, and it was only right and proper that the public should stand SAM for 'em. (*Cheers.*)

MR. SWILLER said some friends of his in Camberwell was lately 'auled over the coals for simply running up a tavern-bill or two at the ratepayers' expense. (*Shame!*) What with wines and weeds, and various other liquors, the westry dinners there might be reckoned on a average at about a sov. per man, and this here nessary refreshment was actly complained of as illegal and extravagant. (*Groans.*)

MR. BLOBLEY observed that in his parish the custom was to tip the wink on dinner days to one or two choice spirits as was knowed to be good company, and give 'em dinners gratis for their 'elp to make a night of it. (*Hear, and Bravo Blobley!*)

MR. GOBBLES thought that westrymen must live as well as other people, and, while they were about it, they might as well be jolly. (*A laugh, and "Go it, Gobbles!"*) The ratepayers, 'owever, might grumble at cigars, so he proposed that, with a view to parochial economy, all westrymen in future should be limited to clays.

A warm debate ensued upon this interesting question, and fresh supplies of stimulants being ordered in, the meeting did not separate until an early hour.

THE SIMPLE REASONS.

THE Theatrical Feed was a failure, becoss
MISS POOLE was not present, and B—CIC—T was.



TOO BAD!

Country Railway Porter (to Swell, who is waiting for the Express). "NOW, THEN, LOOK ALOIVE FOR THE 'SCOURSION!—SECOND OR THIRD, MY MAN?"

BETTERING THE INSTRUCTION.

(A Truth from the Trades-Unionists.)

FROM us our foreign brethren,
Have learnt how to behave:
Here are Brussels shops *en chômage*,
Parisian shops *en grève*;
Their tailors quit the shopboard,
Comb and tongs their *coiffeurs* shy;
Their very undertakers
No coffins will supply!
And *we're* all striking, strike, strike, striking,
We're all striking in our shops at home.

Political Economy,
You tell us, *we've* defied:
That SMITH and MILL and MALTHUS
Are all on t'other side.
But example more than precept
In church or shop can teach:
While we know what masters practise,
We don't care what they preach—
So *we're* all striking, strike, strike, striking,
So *we're* all striking in our shops at home.

Whatever they may tell us,
The rules that guide 'em all,
Are "devil take the hindmost,"
And "the weakest to the wall."
Let the light of MILL and MALTHUS
Be clear as light of sun,
The law that guides our masters
Is the law of NUMBER ONE,
So *we're* all striking, strike, strike, striking,
We're all striking in our shops at home.

What wonder while rich Capital
To number one is true,
Poor Labour should the interest
Of number one pursue?
But while, in clash of capitals, !
No master master spares,
Our number one I take it
Is a bigger one than theirs.
Though *we're* all striking, strike, strike, striking,
Though *we're* all striking in our shops at home.

They fight, in competition,
Each man for his own hand:
We fight, in our trades-unions,
Each man for the whole band.
If we stint hours, we tell you,
'Tis the more mouths to feed,
If we say "no" to piece-work,
'Tis the weakling's case we heed,
While *we're* all striking, strike, strike, striking,
We're all striking in our shops at home.

We don't deny that Capital
Might yet be Labour's friend:
And when the two are friendly,
Why then—their feud will end.
But while master thinks for master,
And never thinks for man,
Man to man will hold the faster,
And wring out all he can.
So *we're* all striking, strike, strike, striking,
We're all striking in our shops at home.

MR. BABBAGE'S PARADISE.—Stillorgan.

POETRY IN THE PANTRY.

SOME people say that poetry, like chivalry, is dead. In these prosaic times, they tell you, a lover never pens a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow: such a thing, he would most likely say, is "all my eye," and if he sent her any lines they would probably be fishing ones. Railways, it is said, have annihilated poetry, as well as time and space. In these high-pressure days, making verses is by far too slow an occupation. Except perhaps the poet laureate, and *Punch*, no one now-a-days writes anything that people can call poetry.

For the credit of mankind, *Punch* is glad to think these statements are not founded upon fact. Poetical himself, *Punch* is proud to be the cause of poetry in others; and that he is so his waste-paper basket daily gives full proof. Some lines, however, reach him now and then, which he finds worth preservation in the amber of his type. Such for instance are the following, which appeared upon the 10th of April in the *Irish Times*:—

A PLACE is Wanted by a Girl,
Ere this short week doth end,
To wait upon an invalid,
And all her wants attend:
She has the power which few possess,
To soothe and comfort in distress!
Or wait upon two ladies fair,
For she excels in dressing hair.
Address, &c.

If this be not true poetry, *Punch* would like to know what is. And how much prettier is such a notice than the curt, blunt, prosy statements of people who "Want Places" in the columns of the *Times*! Nobody now ever dreams of reading those advertisements, but by the help of poetry they might, we think, be made delightfully attractive. We really advise servants not to be too proud to act upon the precedent this Irish girl has given them. A footman, we should fancy, would soon find himself engaged, if he announced his talents in some such style as this:—

A Footman now doth want a place;
His height is five feet eight;
He can both ope the door with grace,
And at the table wait.
His calves are fine, his figure good,
His H's ne'er he drops:
He deigns to eat the simplest food—
Yes, even mutton chops!

If exiled from his pantry by some unlucky chance, JEAMES might find his muse of service in procuring him a place. And who could fail to be impressed by this poetical appeal by a paragon of a Cook?—

You want a Cook? Well, here is one
Who ne'er sent pork up underdone:
Who drinks no beer, who cribs no grease,
Nor gives cold meat to the police.
No kitchenmaid doth she require,
Nor ever burns too big a fire.
Her wages twenty pounds a year;
For such a Jewel 'tis not dear!

Surely such a jewel deserves a finer setting than the plain, unpolished prose of a common-place advertisement. And why should not a Coachman put his Pegasus in harness, and thus modestly announce his abilities in verse?—

As coachman, for a gent or swell:
Can drive one, or a pair:
Is single: steady: knows town well:
Can sleep in country air.
N.B. Would also like to state,
Finds his own gloves when he doth wait.

From the butler to the "Buttons," from the valet to the scullery-maid, all servants, high or low, might find the art of poetry a valuable agent in procuring them a place. We should be glad if our remarks at all assist towards this result, but we candidly confess we do not think they will. However, while the rhyming fit is on us, we must supply one more poetical advertisement, just to show that poets soon might be as common as potatoes, if our servants took to writing in the manner of the advertiser in the *Irish Times*:—

Pray, which of you ladies now wants a nice page?
He is not quite thirteen yet, and tall for his age.
Yet, though fast he is growing, his appetite's small,
And he ne'er bursts his buttons by larks in the hall.
In lollipops never his wages are spent,
Nor plays he at leap-frog, on errands when sent.
To give him a trial you'd never refuse,
Could you see how he'll polish your knives and your shoes!

THE EMPRESS OF LAQUES.

WE do not know the age of the lady named by the *Post* in the subjoined paragraph. We do not inquire. Far be it from *Punch* to moot so delicate a question. But there was a time when the idea of a most sensible woman and a large landowner, combined in one person, would have invested that person with peculiar interest in the eyes of *Mr. Punch*. For reasons which may be imagined, he would then have been anxious to know whether a lady, evidently endowed as well with much property as with great taste and intelligence, had also the advantage of parity of years with himself. This would have sufficed him. He is satisfied with intellectual beauty—the beauty of expression: "the mind, the music beaming from the face." That he would have taken for granted. Here is the brief but suggestive statement, which has occasioned him to gush at the unusual rate foregoing:—

"CRINOLINE.—The *Oswestry Advertiser* says that Miss LLOYD, of Laques, has given wholesale notice to quit to her tenants in Carmarthenshire and Pembroke-shire, in consequence of their wives and daughters wearing crinoline, a practice to which Miss LLOYD objects."

The mandate above described as issued by the Lady of Laques must be owned apparently to partake of the nature of an Ukase, or a Bull. Arbitrary, however, as that decree may seem, Crinoline, in excess, is such a bore, such an ugly, such a troublesome, such a vicious, such a dangerous, and now, happily, such a vulgar thing, and gives rise to such unpleasantnesses, that if 1867 were an earlier date, and *Mr. Punch* were not blest as he is, he would certainly inquire immediately about Miss LLOYD of Laques.

A JOKE OF THE FIRST WATER.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH calumniated a facetious nation when he declared that a surgical operation was necessary to get a joke into a Scotchman's head. The following extract from the *British Medical Journal* will show that, so far from being impermeable to a joke from without, a Scotchman's head is capable of giving issue to a joke conceived in its interior:—

"A MUSSELBURGH BAILLIE'S OPINION ON THE BEST WATER FOR MAKING TODDY.—We find in the *Shields Daily News* a note to the following effect: 'The Senior Baillie of Musselburgh (MR. PETER MILLAR, of Eskside) has requested us to state, in reference to the discussion at the Town Council meeting on Monday night, upon the condition of the public wells, that it was not Dr. SANDERSON'S opinion, but his own "that the finest toddy was made from the worst water in the town."'"

Does anybody doubt about the jocosity of Baillie MILLAR'S joke? Let him try it. Let him see if it will not set any intellectual table in a roar. Besides the Baillie's joke is suggestive. It is not only witty in itself, but calculated to be the cause of other wit. The public wells of Musselburgh are perhaps replete with the results of intramural interment. The reason why the worst water in the town makes the best toddy may be surmised to be that it forms with whiskey a union of body and spirit. As a combination of animal matter with spirit, the toddy made with the Musselburgh wells water may be represented as an elixir of animal spirits. And so on. No wonder Baillie PETER MILLAR was jealous of his fame for the joke which he had made, and did not like to have the good thing that had been said by himself attributed to DR. SANDERSON.

THE MYSTERY OF BONNETS.

Mr. Punch is unfortunately unable to speak as often as he could wish in commendatory terms of fashionable articles of ladies' dress. His nature prompts him to praise with the utmost enthusiasm any and everything that tends to enhance the charms of beauty. Any effectual contrivance for setting off a bust, an arm, or an ankle, would set him raving with eulogy at least as frantically as the loveliest new thing in sauce. But he seldom has the pleasure of thus expressing himself. The demon of perversity has for a long time presided over the fashions. What could *Punch* say, for instance, of chignons? Simply that they are more ridiculous than pig-tails, and less cleanly.

But now there has at last arisen a fashion that *Mr. Punch* has the unspeakable happiness of being able to extol in the highest terms. It is that of those charming little bonnets that ladies now wear.

Mr. Punch has a most particular reason for magnifying these little bonnets, while wishing they may never get bigger. His reason is that those same bonnets—No!

Never give reasons is a maxim which must now be followed. The little bonnets are popular. *Mr. Punch* is glad of it. If he were to state his reason why, he has no doubt that they would be instantly discarded. He must, therefore, withhold his reason for admiring them until he is implored to assign it by their wearers, whose entreaties are never addressed to him in vain.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

LIBERTY, Fraternity and Equality? Yes, good people. Liberty for ever, Fraternity also, and likewise Equality—but not Equalisation.



WHAT H. M. CIVIL SERVANTS HAVE TO ENDURE,

BESIDES THE RIDICULOUSLY LOW SALARIES.

Mr. Registrar. "WHAT'S THE NUMBER OF YOUR DEED, SIR?"

Attorney's Clerk. "H-EIGHT, H-UGHT H-EIGHT, H-UGHT, SEVIN, SIR!"

Mr. Registrar (famously). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR!—(NOTES DOWN THE NUMBER)—THAT WILL DO." [And is so upset that he takes a month's holiday on the spot.]

YE WORKING-MEN OF ENGLAND.

Ye Working-men of England,
Who know how humbug deals,
Whose sense detects its little game
In BRADLAUGH and in BEALES—
To those who'd mould your bone and brain
As Potter's clay, say no,
Nor keep, like the sheep,
The way your leaders go—
Where the spouter spouteth loud and long,
And the penny trumpets blow!

If wiser than your fathers,
Why worse than they behave?
Why be the prey of every fool,
The dupes of every knave?
Where BRIGHT and gallant GLADSTONE fell,
Can BEALES and BRADLAUGH go?
You must creep e'er you leap,
Let fools prate ever so:
Let the spouters spout both loud and long,
And the penny trumpets blow!

BRITANNIA loves not humbug,
And big-talk holdeth cheap;
The chartered rights of Englishmen
Law gave and Law will keep.
By roots deep as our native oak's
Secured those rights we know,
King nor nob, still less mob
Those rights can overthrow,—
Nor the spouters, spouting loud and long,
Nor the penny prints that crow!

Then hoist the flag of England,
Red caps and banners burn,
Till the spouters' spouting wins no heed,
And common-sense return.
Then, Working-men of England,
Will *Punch* his trumpet blow,
To the fame of your name
When the BEALES has ceased to blow—
When the fiery BRADLAUGH's heard no more,
And the BEALES has ceased to blow!

SOMETHING WITTY FROM THE CITY.

WHY is Smithfield like Rome in the days of CICERO?
Because it is threatened by a Cattle-line!

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE SEVENTH.

I COULDN'T write last week, in consequence of the tailors' strike. My new things had not come home, and my old ones, which were sufficiently done up to require fresh doing up by the tailor, had not been returned. I couldn't walk about the Egspossioning in my *sack dinnwee* (that's what our lively neighbours call a night-gown) so I was obliged to lie in bed.

A friend who looked in to see how I was, casually observed that I might have written in that situation, "because," he said pleasantly, "My dear PEEPER, you can lie in bed as well as out of it." If this hadn't been his *fun*, there would have been bloodshed.

I have been appointed one of the Jury. From information I've received (since my clothes came home) I understand that my department will be in the Potteries. I'm not quite clear what "Potteries" means. However, I've ordered several works on Potteries, and the volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in which *Potter* occurs. I am quite a Frenchman now, in my new costume. I have also purchased a large collar, a *negligay* tie, and a tall hat. The tall hat I look upon as my first step towards the study of chimney-potteries. Instead of a first step it ought to be a crowning effort. These hats are specimens of real High Art; they were introduced by the Freemasons of Paris. I don't mind telling you this, as we're all "tiled" here, there's no doubt about that.

LUMPYRAW (I allude to LOUEY) said to a friend of mine the other day (a friend of mine, observe, of course not myself—delicacy that, eh?)—well, LUMPYRAW said, and I must remark that his lightest word considerably illumines the present Luxemburg difficulty, he said quietly—But an *Aidykong* has come round to tell me that what was said the other morning was quite *ongier noo*.

While giving you the gossip of the day in Parry, I have quite

forgotten the object I had in view, namely, of assisting the numerous English visitors. (A note has been sent to me from the authorities, saying that I'm on the Jury for Surgical Instruments. I must get up the subject and counterorder my Pottery works.)

In the afternoon the visitor, decorating himself with a bit of red ribbon in the second button-hole of his best frock-coat, will saunter up the *Boulevard des Capucines* (spelt Bois de Boulogne) and see the pretty equipages and the swells riding and driving in this merry month of May.

Boulogne, as many people know, is on the sea, and is a favourite residence for the English. I was going to give a long account of this place, but I find that this isn't the same Boulogne at all, consequently I shall defer all my information on this subject until I can speak positively. PEEPER THE GREAT won't deceive you, so don't be afraid.

While perambulating Parry look in at the *pallay dularndoostree*, spelt, in spite of this pronunciation, *Palais d'Industrie*. Also saunter through the Arcades and Passages.

Palais de l'Industrie.—The Great Hospital for retired Chevaliers d'Industrie: a most meritorious charity. Visit it by all means.

Arcades.—There are so many Arcades in Paris that the classic visitor might be tempted to call it the Arcadia of Europe, if he was not restrained by his better nature. These Arcades are thoroughfares leading to several somewheres, and not merely in at one end and out at the other, as in the Lowther Arcade, or the Burlington, though of course you can simplify your proceedings considerably by going nowhere. But then why begin by going to Paris?

I must leave off. A note has just come from the Commissioners saying that I'm appointed on the jury for deciding upon the qualifications for admission of Fungi from the Hautes-Pyrénées. Must order works on the subject, and counterorder the others.

Dictate of the Demonstrationists.—You must take the Rough with the Smooth.



SENTIMENT.

"DID I STRIKE? NO, SIR! YOU SEE A ENGINE'S A HANIMAL AS A CHAP GETS FOND ON, AND I COULDN'T LEAVE MINE TO THEM 'AS DIDN'T KNOW HER WAYS!"

THE TEMPERATE TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

EXCURSIONISTS who like to dine on a Sunday, and to drink beer at dinner, will be glad to hear that MR. GRAVES has abandoned the Bill which, if he had been asinine enough to press, and the Legislature had been sufficiently stupid and Sabbatarian to enact it, would have forbidden them to satiate their hunger and slake their thirst on the first day of the week.

There is a Society, of which MR. GRAVES would do well forthwith to become a member. It is not a community such as that enclosed within walls at Colney Hatch, or as that other similarly circumstanced at Hanwell; no, nor is it cared for in any Asylum for Idiots. It meets at Exeter Hall: it met there the other day. It would, if it could effect its object, keep everybody out of the public-house on all days of the week. It is, MR. GRAVES, the National Temperance League. Its annual public meeting was held the other day, under the presidency of MR. B. SCOTT, F.R.A.S. A report of its operations was read by MR. R. RAB, its Secretary.

By this statement the members of the League, and the public at large, were apprised of the nature of its endeavours to inculcate its principles. Those proceedings are very different from your Bill. They are reasonable and just. For instance, the Very Reverend the Dean of Chichester, DR. HOOK, delivered an effective speech in favour of total abstinence last autumn, before the Church Congress at York. A very reverend, and very rational, and very respectable way of going to work. Then another Very Reverend Dean, the Dean of Westminster, DEAN STANLEY, has agreed, at the request of the Temperance League Committee, to permit the delivery of a temperance sermon by a total abstaining clergyman at one of the approaching special services in Westminster Abbey. Good again. He will have no difficulty in finding a text for a temperance sermon, if he will limit his discourse to that. Should the total abstaining clergyman preach total abstinence, he will have texts to get over; but that is his affair. Well; then MR. RAB enunciated the principle whereon the National Temperance League acts:—

"The Society sought to carry out its objects by moral suasion, and by Christian example. The Society differed from the kindred society, the Alliance, which

endeavoured to carry out its views by political and parliamentary action; but the League only employed the aid of moral suasion and religious instruction (*Cheers*). . . . By reason and the force of argument, the platform, and by the press, they would be able to break down the fallacies and the prejudices which existed in opposition to the principles of the League."

Follow their example, MR. GRAVES. Enlist under their banner; and desert the Alliance, if you have been fighting under the flag of the latter. Be content to enforce total abstinence and Sabbatarianism by reason and the force of argument as well as you can; by moral suasion and religious instruction. There may be some difficulty about religious instruction, if you go so far as to preach total abstinence. In that case you will have to resort to the Korân; but you had better do that than seek to close places of refreshment on Sunday by a decree which, though Parliamentary, would be just as tyrannical as any edict ever promulgated by the Grand Turk.

A COOL IDEA.

DEAR PUNCH,

THE Luxemburg question appears difficult to solve. But it is easy in comparison with the question as to what can be the meaning of this passage, which I stumbled on this morning in the *Cornhill Magazine*:—

"Like icy letters, graven on a wall,
That grow the stronger as we pore on them,
Till at the last, they are not seen at all."

"Icy letters" *Mr. Punch!* That's a cool idea. But is it not a cooler one to fancy that a reader of average intelligence can fathom what is meant by such a simile as this? Yours in amazement,

JONATHAN JONES.

A Prolonged Fencing Bout.

JOHN PARRY has just sung "*Mrs. Roseleaf's Evening Party*" for the thousandth time. This is the longest interchange of point and PARRY on record.

By this time PARRY ought surely to have mastered every passage, including the North-West.

A NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

ARE—"When in Death I shall calm recline."

WHEN we're buried in slumber deep,
Fancy often is apt to teem.
I was once in the land of sleep,
When about me came an amazing dream!
All sorts of Swells were masquerading,
And playing the fool in such a degree
As I, but fact that there's no evading,
Might say I never dreamt I should see.

Pipes and beer at a festal scene,
Free and easy, dispelled dull care;
Missing the face was of PADDY GREEN:
But the EARL OF DERBY was in the chair.
Ministers all, a band of brothers,
As Minstrels of Christy sat in a row;
DISRAELI's voice rose above the others:
And likewise BENJAMIN jumped *Jim Crow*.

All sides politics there forgot;
BOWYER handed to WHALLEY a light.
Pledging each other in pewter-pot,
ROBERT LOWE drank cooper with friend JOHN BRIGHT,
Roaring, in *Rule Britannia's* chorus
With GLADSTONE they joined, at PAKINGTON's call.
LORD RUSSELL then having danced before us,
The EARL OF SHAFTESBURY sang *Sam Hall*.

DISPLAY OF PHYSICAL FORCE.

THE attendance at the political meetings which take place on Saturdays at Trafalgar Square has fallen off lately. This is very much to be lamented in the interests of safe and rational reform. With a view of giving these assemblies the required attraction, it is suggested that a prominent part in them should be taken by the honourable Member for Birmingham. That constitutional orator is accustomed to exhort multitudes to the harmless exhibition of physical force. In illustration of what he means by that, perhaps, at the next gathering in Trafalgar Square, MR. BRIGHT will get on a platform, and balance MR. BEALES on his chin at the top of a ladder. It would be fun to hear the great Tribune of the People crying, "Twopence more, and up goes MR. BEALES!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

KNIGHTS of the Shire and their humbler associates in the Representation met again, after the Easter Holidays, on *Monday, the 29th of April.*

But before recording their work, it is fitting that *Mr. Punch* should mention that no less a workman than WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE followed the example of the engine-drivers, tailors, masons, colliery-boys, and others now on Strike, and Struck. The defeat he sustained on the night before the holidays made him think that he could no longer lead, with advantage, an Opposition that thought for itself in Tea Rooms. So, before going over to Paris to give his verdicts on pottery and the like (on which he is a great authority), MR. GLADSTONE wrote a letter to MR. CRAWFORD, of the City, renouncing his Amendments, but adding that he was ready to do anything, in the way of concerted action, to prevent any further limitation of what he called the Scanty Modicum of extension of franchise offered by the Government. Remarking that *Mr. Punch* hopes MR. GLADSTONE enjoyed his visit to Paris, and that he appeared in his usual place on the Thursday about to be immortalised by the Diamond Pen, we now proceed to the proceedings of

Monday. It appears that France and Prussia are not going to fight about Luxemburg, yet LORD STANLEY had the pleasure of announcing that all the Neutral Powers were to hold a Conference, and that the quarrellers would accept its decision. Anything that impedes the march of the war-fiend must be welcome to all who are not of his own devilish nature. May the Conference be successful. Nobody was astonished, everybody was delighted, that the good QUEEN of ENGLAND had written an admirable autograph letter to the KING of PRUSSIA, praying him to keep the peace, and warning him that if he did not, he must hope for no moral support from England. We are fully aware of the value of a great, strong Protestant power in the heart of Europe, but one of the features of Protestantism is its protest against doing evil that good may come, and those eminent religionists, the King and BISMARCK, are thought to be a little less sound on this doctrine than they might be.

We resumed the debate on the Irish Bill about tenants' improvements, but *Mr. Punch* declines to trouble the world with a reproduction of the arguments. Suffice it to say, that an Amendment, very ably supported by MR. GREGORY, and intended to commit the House to the Encouragement of Leases, was rejected by a small majority, and another, suggested by MR. SANDFORD, for inhibiting loans for improvements, except with the consent of the landlord, was rejected by a larger majority, and the debate was again adjourned. And as every Irish result has to be explained afterwards, it is fair to say that these decisions must be understood with the aid of explanations which mean that the divisions did not exactly mean what they seemed to mean—for further particulars apply to LORD NAAS, whose business it is to seem to understand the matter.

Tuesday. We had a debate, originated by MR. TREVELYAN (the Competition Wallah), on the Purchase of Army Commissions. That gentleman stated the case against the system very fairly, and moved a resolution condemnatory of it. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, War Minister, in opposing the motion, admitted that the mover had a strong case, and LORD HARTINGTON said that the system was full of anomalies and evils, but its abolition was surrounded with difficulties. It occurs to *Mr. Punch* that he has—or does his fine memory deceive him—heard this kind of answer once or twice before when reforms have been suggested. MR. TREVELYAN was complimented by the official and ex-official swells, and asked to withdraw his motion, but he acknowledged the compliment, and pressed the motion, and was defeated by 116 to 75. The numbers in the House (191 out of 657) either showed the profound interest the Members take in one of the most important questions of the day, or their certainty that officialism would effectually prevent any present action.

Listen to this. We voted £402,000, as a trifle on account of the expenses of the new Palace of Law. You may like to know, also, that lever and pickaxe are hard at work amid the dirty old houses behind the left of the Strand, and that among others a den once consecrated by a visit paid by our most religious and gracious King, Old Rowley, (we may guess his Majesty's errand) has gone down before the invading mavvies.

Wednesday. In the absence of a theme for the usual theological set-to of Wednesday, we had a couple of speeches on Communication between Railway Passengers and Guards. MR. H. B. SHEERIDAN will accept our best thanks for forcing the subject on Parliamentary notice. He had a Bill for compelling the companies to make the necessary arrangements. It was, of course, opposed by Government, with the usual pleas—the best being that we might as well see what the Royal Commission would report on the subject. MR. CAVE seemed to think that a personal insult was cast at the directors by the attempt to make them take care of the lives of their customers. Well, so there was, and they

deserve it, and *Mr. Punch* means to insult them a little more, until they shall all have adopted some contrivance for the security of mankind. They are ready enough to rush at any device for preventing tickets from being tampered with, or second classers getting into first-class carriages, but they, mostly, evince a strange want of interest in something we care a great deal more about.

MR. GRAVES presented a petition in favour of his Bill for regulating public houses. It was signed, he said, by 82,182 persons, but *Mr. Punch*, who immediately went to the table to count, could only, after going through the sum five times, make it more than 82,180, but he does not think it necessary to accuse MR. GRAVES of wilful misstatement. After this, he withdrew his Bill, because Government had threatened to oppose it, and had also promised to look into the question next year—perhaps rather a safe promise, certain circumstances considered.

While on the subject of public houses, *Mr. Punch* desires, in the kindest spirit he is sure, to ask a question. There was to have been a great prize-fight the other day. It did not come off, an Irish giant who was to have been one of the combatants, was out of the way. Never mind that. MR. ROBERTS, landlord of a well-known public house, boldly writes to the papers, defending Gigas and saying that he himself was the chief supporter of that party. He dates from his inn, in which we hope he will not take less ease when *Mr. Punch* shall have asked, firstly, whether it is a lawful thing to promote a fight, and secondly whether licensing magistrates have anything to say to victuallers who encourage such things? Because it appears to *Mr. Punch* that to refuse the licence of some little publican who has allowed a game of whist, and to concede it to a big publican who avows that he has been specially active in getting up a scene of brutal blackguardism is — thoroughly English in its absurd inconsistency.

Thursday. The Lords met. *Mr. Punch* is happy to say that LORD DERBY's gout has retired, and has left him so well that he was able not only to attend in his place and make Luxemburg explanations, but to endure deputations from Working-Men's Conservative Associations. We hear that these Conservative artisans were singularly well dressed, for provincials, and that the perfumes on their cambric were of a very good class. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! LORD DERBY and MR. DISRAELI did not laugh, however, until they heard the street-door shut behind the Conservative Working-Men.

Then, Ladies (persons, we mean,) and Gentlemen, the Committee on the Reform Bill sat again.

Last time we chronicled a Government victory. That is not exactly the story we have now to tell.

LORD GROSVENOR withdrew his amendment in favour of a £5 Rating Franchise, but declared his anxiety to make the Bill a good one.

MR. AYRTON moved the second of MR. GLADSTONE's abandoned (we mean forsaken) amendments—that for doing away with the two years' residence, and for making it one year.

Government, through PAKINGTON and KARSLAKE opposed the amendment,—MR. BASS supported it, and spoke up with effervescence in favour of the Tea Room. MR. BRIGHT supported MR. AYRTON.

On division, Government was beaten by 278 to 197—81.

MR. DISRAELI demanded time to consult his colleagues. It was conceded.

Friday. The night was much wasted in debate about the meeting which BEALES and his accomplices insisted on holding in Hyde Park. The Queen's Government protested against it, MR. GLADSTONE most earnestly entreated the League not to hold it, MR. THOMAS HUGHES, a Leaguer, did all in his power to prevent it. MR. BRIGHT and MR. PETER TAYLOR encouraged it. These proceedings "make people think of several things," as MR. CARLYLE says.

MR. DISRAELI, having consulted his colleagues, regretted the decision of the Committee on the previous night, and did not think it inconsistent with his duty to defer to that decision. In one of MR. PLANCHÉ's burlesques, written in days when play-goers understood wit, a King mentions an opinion which he had stated:

"Prime Minister. You did, my liege, and I agreed with you.

"King. Uncompromising man, you always do."

MR. WALPOLE brought in a Bill for punishing any persons who should hold any sort of meeting in the Parks without the permission of the QUEEN.

Robin Hood's Riflemen.

ON Monday evening last week there was held at the Drill-room, Nottingham Castle, the Annual Meeting of the Robin Hood Rifles. The name of this corps is remarkable. The weapons of ROBIN HOOD and his merry men were, to be sure, bows and arrows, but travellers with purses to lose, who fell in their way, used generally to find that their expertness in archery was even surpassed by their dexterity in rifling.



BRUSHING PA'S NEW HAT.

Edith. "Now, TOMMY, YOU KEEP TURNING SLOWLY, TILL WE 'VE DONE IT ALL ROUND."

SOLVITUR ABERRANDO ;

OR, WALPOLE'S WANDERINGS.

OH, weep for the hour
When Home Secretary's power
To the man of tears and terrors, SPENCER WALPOLE, came,
The clerks were puzzled quite,
And WADDINGTON waxed white,
At first for consternation, then red for shame.

A Sec we may have soon,
Who to quite another tune
Would handle blatant BEALES if to conference he came ;
But none will see the day
When the stain will pass away
Which the tears for Hyde Park railings left on WALPOLE's name.

When WAGER took the life
Of his miserable wife,
And deserved, if ever murderer deserved, to swing,
WALPOLE clapped his veto's check
'Twixt the gallows and his neck,
And mercy's self to disrepute contrived to bring.

Then the TOOMER business lay,
Like a rat-trap in the way,
For WALPOLE to get caught in, till WADDINGTON quite swore :
His chief so blundered in't,
Both in and out of print,
You'd have thought it quite impossible to blunder more.

First, the verdict he'd respect ;
Then, the proofs he would dissect ;
Till, at last 'twixt would and wouldn't, he wandered to the light :
But his reasons when we get
Why the verdict he upset,
We find he had wrong reasons for doing what was right !

To be now right, now wrong,
To mortals doth belong ;
If *Humanum est errare*, then WALPOLE's twice a man ;
With the best intent, we know,
Wrong he still contrives to go,
The most persistent bungler since bungling first began.

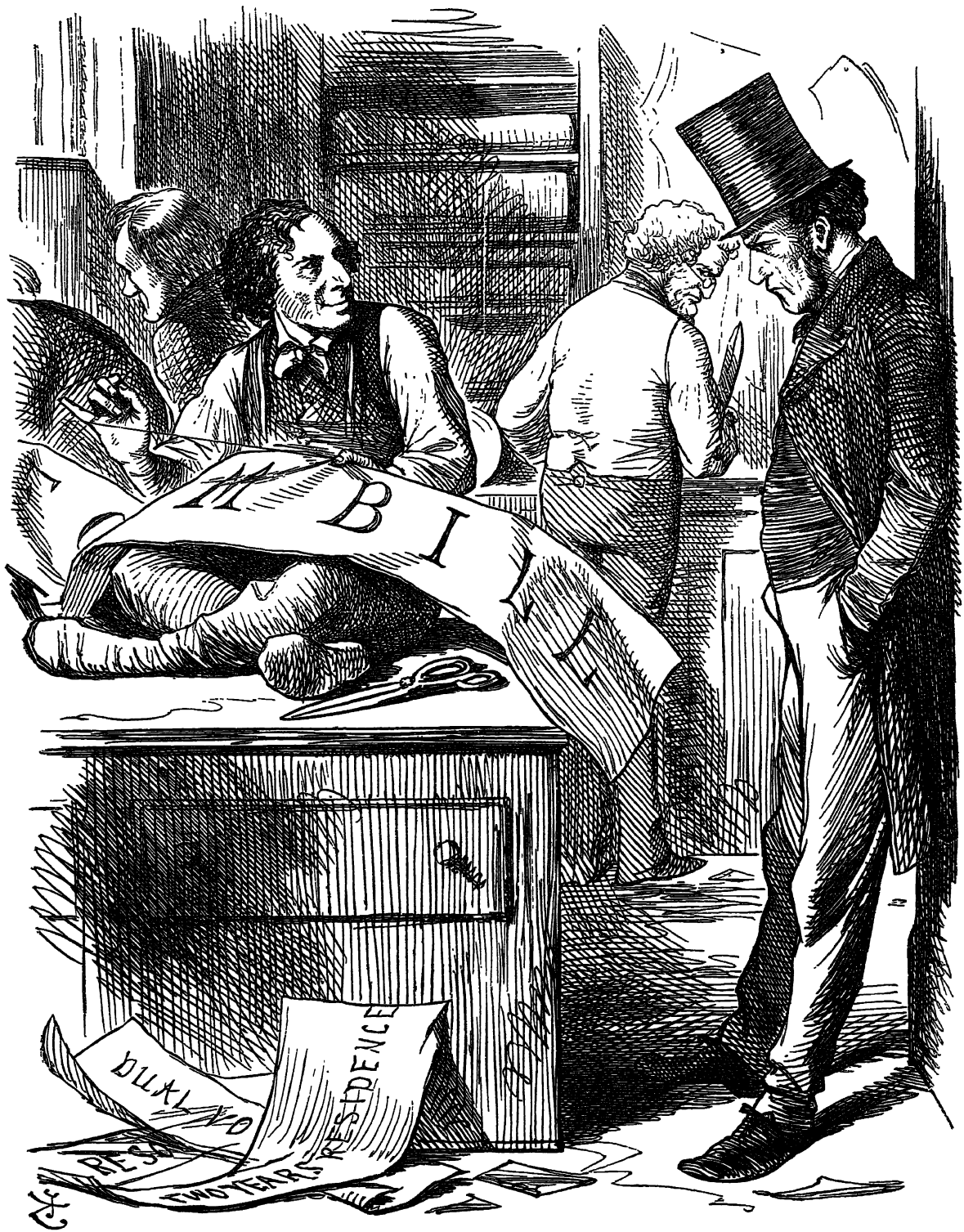
EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION.

MR. PUNCH,
A PLAY-HOUSE Advertisement takes me mightily. It gives out that :—

THE SATYR is the title of a New Ballet Divertissement at the Lyceum Theatre, in which the extraordinary dancer, M. ESPINOSA, will make his fifth appearance in London these five years ; MDLLE. SOPHIE and a numerous Corps de Ballet.

I suppose M. ESPINOSA, the extraordinary dancer, is to play the character the Ballet is named after. It is no doubt very proper that he who plays a dancing Satyr should be an extraordinary dancer ; and truly, methinks to do it well he ought to be a very extraordinary dancer indeed. I do mean to go, if I can get away, and see M. ESPINOSA dance. If, as I suppose, he act the Satyr, his dancing cannot but be extraordinary if he do it right ; and the rather because while other dancers trip it, as the saying is, on the light fantastique toe, a Satyr must needs trip it on his hoofs ; which is more fantastique. I long to see M. ESPINOSA with MDLLE. SOPHIE dance as a Satyr among the *corps de ballet*, and expect the dancing to be mighty pretty, and most extraordinary, and myself to be pleased and delighted with it more than I ever was with anything in my life almost ; for nothing ever did or doth, I think, please me so much as extraordinary dancing such as I do imagine a Satyr's would be. It is very strange that I should continue to like such things just as much as I ever did in the flesh, and perhaps more ; and I very much admire your new Table, and the fair Medium you get this communication by from

S. PEPYS.



THE POLITICAL TAILORS.

DIZZY. "NOW, THEN, GLADSTONE, JUMP UP!—YOU PROMISED TO LEND A HELPING HAND, YOU KNOW."
GLADSTONE. "NO, I'M 'ON STRIKE;' AND YOU MAY FINISH THE JOB AS YOU BEST CAN."

THE LANGUAGE OF LEGISLATION.



W HILOM, in the good old middle ages, the King of England used to keep a fool. The Parliament appears to have been unprovided with any such officer. That, however, is what can by no means be said of the contemporary Legislature. Read the following extract from a statute passed in the present reign, enacting:—

“That where a justice shall adjudge the defendant to be imprisoned, and he shall then be in prison undergoing imprisonment for some other offence, it shall be lawful for the justices to order that the imprisonment for the subsequent offence shall commence after the former term has expired.”

Now, who but a fool, and a very great fool, could possibly have composed such bewildering nonsense as that? No wonder that a prisoner, sentenced under the Act

which it is quoted from, appealed to the Queen's Bench, and that the construction of the foregoing jumble puzzled the learned Judges, with LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN at their head. The Act in question is called “*Jervis's Act*,” and when it passed one would think that JERVIS must have held the situation above suggested as existing in connection with modern Parliaments. But the composition of unmeaning statutes is no fun, and the Collective Wisdom, to word its decrees, ought to employ somebody who is *not* a fool.

THE STRIKE OF ARMY-SURGEONS.

Concession of the Employers.

THERE is now some prospect of the relief of that surgical destitution which the British Army has been so long groaning under, in consequence of the gross deception, in the matter of a certain Royal Warrant, practised on its medical officers by authority at Head-Quarters. The attention of medical gentlemen will have been captivated by the following statement in the *British Medical Journal*:—

“CONCESSIONS TO THE ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE.—We are able to announce on excellent authority that the recommendations for improving the relative rank, and otherwise ameliorating the social position of the medical officers of the Army, which were made by the committee, have been accepted by the War-Office, and will be embodied in the consolidated and revised book of warrants which will shortly be issued. The warrant just issued, referring to the pay of medical officers, and granting the scale advised, together with a further improvement of pay in the inspectorial ranks, was published separately, in order that the change might begin with the financial year at the commencement of April.”

When the next first of April comes, let us hope that any Surgeons who shall have entered the Army on the faith of the warrant just issued, will not find themselves in the position into which ingenuous simplicity is apt on that day to betray confiding minds. But a profession capable of being twice taken in, would be foolish in a degree far below the folly of mere April fools. Never again, your ROYAL HIGHNESS, never again! The *British Medical Journal* expresses hope that the moment of popularity for the medical service of the Army is not far distant. Mistrust, too well grounded, may, however, postpone it indefinitely. Its arrival might possibly be accelerated if the authority responsible for the revocation of the deceptive Warrant would come forward with a solemn and duly attested affidavit declaring that the promises held out in the one just issued, and in the warrants that remain to be issued, shall be religiously kept. The concessions at last plighted by the Horse Guards to the medical profession are all very fine; but when they have answered their purpose, it is to be feared that they will be repudiated like “vows made in pain, as violent and void.” The determined stand of the medical profession on its rights and its dignity has had the effect of making Head-Quarters give way; but necessity alone has driven them to this.

The Masters' Latin Primer.

WE denounce it. *Mr. Punch* had not looked at it until yesterday, when, condescending to open it, he found on the third page a direction to “drop rum in the first declension.” It may be right to sweeten learning, but to habituate boys of tender years to the use of ardent spirits, is a crime. Cannot a declension be swallowed without having rum dropped into it? We denounce the book. The Masters ought to be ashamed of themselves.

THE BOTANY OF THE CHIGNON.

(Exclusive of the *Daucus carota*.)

THE form of the female pigtail, or chignon, is more remarkable than elegant. Unlike that of its masculine original, it approaches the globular. The remark which it accordingly suggests is, that the chignon in shape somewhat resembles the globe. The internal resemblance of the chignon to the earth is even greater than that presented by its exterior. In a list of publications, just out, occurs the subjoined advertisement, as interesting in a scientific as in a fashionable point of view:—

“THE CHIGNON FUNGUS.—Its Life, History, and Development, with fifteen illustrations, drawn from living specimens under the microscope, showing the various stages of its growth. By Dr. TILBURY FOX. See *Science Gossip* for May.”

Science Gossip is published by MR. HARDWICKE of Piccadilly; so the gossip may be safely taken as truly scientific on trust. Not only, then, is the chignon like this planet as regards figure, but it is a little world in itself; a world that teems with life. A philosophic foreign naturalist had already discovered in the chignon minute organisations belonging to the animal kingdom. DR. TILBURY FOX has now augmented British Zoology, by demonstrating the existence of vegetable structures also in that fashionable ornament of the feminine occiput. The chignon is proved not only to be the habitation of animalcular forms of being, but also to abound with fungous growths. In addition to the “gregarine” there is the “chignon fungus.” We naturally associate the idea of these tiny productions with that of the dainty folk

“Whose sport
Is to make midnight mushrooms;”

and of them that

“By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites.”

who, however, in fact are identical with the others; for the “green sour ringlets,” as everybody now knows, are circles, in which grow crops of funguses. It is perhaps allowable to say—

In green sour ringlets grow champignons,
But other funguses in chignons.

The knowledge of this fact cannot but increase the popularity of those graceful embellishments, replete, as they may be imagined to be, with the creations of hairy sprites, funguses wrought by fairy fingers.

THE CHARMING CLUB.

MR. PUNCH, DEAR SIR,

PERMIT me, on behalf of a numerous and highly-gifted body of your fairest admirers, to solicit a great favour at your hands. Will you do us the unspeakable honour of laying the foundation-stone of the “Charming Club,” a Club, as you are aware, purely political, and composed of ladies only.

Any day will suit us for the ceremony, and we only wait your gracious assent to give MESSRS. HUNT AND ROSKELL instructions for a golden trowel. If you would prefer a conference, a brilliant deputation will wait upon you at the Treasury, in Bride's Passage—say between two and four any morning, Wednesdays (of course) excepted, as on that day, I believe, you give audience only to the *corps diplomatique*.

I have the honour to be, Dear Sir,
Your obedient, humble, and obliged Servant,

HARRY WILD ROSE,
(Hon. Sec. to the Committee.)

Lovegrove's.

Little Rhymes for Little Rioters.

If in faith of the fist
BEALES and BRADLAUGH persist
To claim rights, yet the test shun
Of rights—legal question;
Then BRADLAUGH and BEALES
Must be laid by the heels,
Until BEALES and BRADLAUGH
Learn Mob-law is bad law.

Striking Suggestions.

IN consequence of the strike among the journeymen tailors, the usual regulations as to evening dress will be everywhere dispensed with.

The attention of the Nobility and Gentry is respectfully directed to the restorative qualities of the Black and Blue Reviver.

In view of ultimately possible eventualities, the Society of Ancient Britons is contemplating the extended cultivation of woad.



BEWARE!

PODGERS FOUND THAT LIEBIG'S "EXTRACTUM CARNIS" WAS UNCOMMONLY NICE FOR SUPPER, AND HE'D NEARLY FINISHED HIS SECOND TEN SHILLING POT. BUT ONE MORNING HE DISCOVERED— [The unfortunate man is in an asylum.]

PUNCH TO PRESIDENT.

DEAR SIR FRANCIS,

I UNDERSTAND that by your rules, as lately amended, it is open to the Academy to extend indefinitely the number of Associates. I congratulate you on the wide opening thus made for the infusion of new blood into the veins of the Academic body. *Entre nous*, with all the rising or risen talent already included in your ranks, you want a good deal more to counteract the dead-weight of some half dozen of your body, who can't paint, and have not the good sense to give up exhibiting the proofs of it.

But it is especially in landscape that you must be anxious for the transfusion into the *Corpus Academicum* of a fresh tap from the body of outsiders. CRESWICK is very well, but *toujours* CRESWICK is tiresome; and he is the only landscape painter left in the Academy, now LEE is painted out, and STANFIELD, full of years and honour, is on the point of giving up the brush.

I cannot doubt, looking at the Exhibition just opened, that the Academy will hasten to welcome into its pale H. W. B. DAVIS, MASON, PETER GRAHAM, T. and J. LINNELL, VICAT COLE, and B. LEADER.

I know, too, what pleasure it gives the forty to recognise, in the son of an old member, a revival of some of the purest and sweetest qualities of his father's genius. This will, no doubt, make you eager to open your doors to G. D. LESLIE, whose pictures this year are hardly, if at all, less delightful than his last year's *Clarissa*.

St. John's Wood is already so strongly represented among you, that a high-toned anxiety to resist all appearance of partiality or personal influence can alone explain your non-admission of MR. WYNFIELD, the painter of *Cromwell's Deathbed*, while the proverbial reluctance of the Scotch to stand by each other, probably accounts for your not yet having held out the hand of associateness to MR. J. ARCHER and MR. ORCHARDSON.

But in one conspicuous case of merit this year, the fear of yielding whether to personal or national partisanship, cannot come into play. I refer to the case of MR. E. J. POYNTER. Aware, as I am, of the

A PARODY UPON A PARASITE.

AIR—"The Ivy Green."

OH, a dainty nest hath the Gregarine,
In many a chignon fair;
There snugly he hideth, for combs never clean
The purchased and alien hair.
He plays unmolested the frisettes amid,
Scarce, save by a microscope, seen:
There he gambols at will, being easily hid,
Like the fays on the moonlit green!

Chorus.

Creeping where 'tis not quite clean,
A parasite gay is the Gregarine.

He crosseth the ocean, this roamer gay,
Of a dainty dwelling in quest;
And on many a head will he couch on his way,
Ere he findeth a quiet nest.
On the skull of a serf he was cradled, may be,
In a foul-smelling Russian back-slum:
Whence, brought to bedeck English beauty, did he
With hosts of his relatives come!

Chorus.

Creeping where 'tis rarely clean,
A parasite sleek is the Gregarine!

But, tho' lowly his birth, a free entrance he gains
To the highest society here;
On the Queen of the Fashion, in Mayfair who reigns,
He dwells, where no foe need he fear.
Snug he sleeps in the chignon which, tho' it be false,
Brainless Beauty thinks proper to wear:
Till he's waked by the whirl of a galop, or valse,
When he dances himself in mid-hair.

Chorus.

Creeping where 'tis seldom clean,
A parasite rare is the Gregarine!

The Muscovites on the Motherbank.

THE other day the Imperial Russian squadron, under the command of REAR-ADMIRAL KERN, having recently returned to Europe from the North Pacific, anchored at the Motherbank, off Ryde. Fancy the Russians in the Solent! It is like their insolence.

eager anxiety of the Academy to do honour to research, thought, and the highest technical acquirements wherever it can find them, I am delighted to think that you have such an excellent opportunity for showing how you esteem these qualities, by at once electing MR. POYNTER an Associate, for his most scholar-like, well-composed, well-drawn, and well-painted picture of *The Sphinx*.

If you don't, I shall know it is because you like your little joke, and see an opening for one *apropos* of MR. POYNTER'S subject.

The public will naturally ask, "Why don't you make him an Associate?" and you will say, "Ask the Sphinx."

You see the allusion. If you don't, ask LEIGHTON, and he will explain it to you. He is up in *Lemprière* and the Classics.

Congratulating you on an excellent Exhibition, which would be still better if it could be weeded of the works of a few of our friends whom I need not mention more particularly,

I remain, dear SIR FRANCIS,

Yours ever most truly,

Sir F. Grant, P.R.A., &c., &c., &c.

R.F.F.C.H.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Classic Cuss.—No. The Musical statue was at Thebes, but the Greeks did not erect a monument to Harmonium and Aristogeiton, nor is it more likely that it was ARISTOGEITON with his Harmonium.

Right U.R.—Pawnbrokers do as a rule live in Hampshire. The reason is obvious, says a Cockney Correspondent, as *Huncles* are fond of *Hants*.

Sweep Steaks.—Old May day was originally celebrated as the Festival of Ladies over a certain age. It was written "Old Maid Day." The custom has been abolished in most English villages.

Scotch Numbers.—True: what's one thing in one place is another somewhere else. What a tourist is told in England that he should see first when going North, is the Forth when he reaches Scotland.

ART-CRITICISM IN GLOBULES.

(For Visitors to the National Portrait Exhibition.)



LET us go to South Kensington. Not COLE'S branch, but SKETCHLEY'S. See the portraits, I mean second batch, from 1688 to 1800.

Worst time of English Politics, and best time of English Art and Literature.

More knaves and fools in stars and garters, more English* poets, essayists, historians, dramatists, worth reading, more English painters worth studying, than in the same number of years in any century, bar none.

Look at *Montrose*, "Bonny Dundee." This is the true portrait—fierce, scornful, beautiful. "No others are genuine."

Look at WILLIAM'S Dutchmen—big-headed, broad-jawed, keen, close men. Even KNELLER couldn't take the bone and grit out of them.

KNELLER wasn't such a muff, after all. He was the best painter of a bad school. His *Governor Pitt* is a good picture: one understands how CHATHAMS and WILLIAM FITZS came of those strong loins.

KNELLER'S Kit-cats are worth looking at. But the snobs among them are better than the nobs. None is so good as *Jacob Tonson*.

KIT CATT is an ideal of mine host, but it isn't KIT CATT at all, nor KNELLER'S, but another tavern-keeper by another painter. The picture is engraved with the real man's name. I'll tell it you, when MR. W. SMITH tells me, as he has promised to do.

Look at the *Old Pretender*, and you'll understand why the STUARTS were kicked out, and couldn't get back again. It is the face of a peevish, fussy, deplorable old woman. Not a possibility of revolution in that long-drawn, lugubrious mug.

Charlie is a shade better, but only a shade.

Don't look at *Flora Macdonald*, if you don't want a disillusion. High cheek-bones, complexion that calls up ideas of east wind and sour milk, and a suggestiveness of raw bones and broad Scotch about the ensemble.

If you want to know what asses were the Art-Critics of a century ago (all *Punch* came), read what they say about HOGARTH, and then look at his pictures.

I have been on my knees to his little *Miss Rich* an hour a-day since the Gallery opened. Yes, sir,—

"I have been there, and still would go,
"Tis like a little heaven below!"

She is simply a blue-eyed angel in a mob-cap, and she is as much alive for me now, as she was for HOGARTH a hundred years ago; and in all those hundred years she has not grown an hour older. Bless her pretty turn-up nose, and her clear blue eyes, and her fresh little mouth, breathing roses and violets and the innocence of sweet sixteen.

N.B.—I am aware this is woman-worship, and not art-criticism.

Revenons à nos moutons.

Said mutttons are the idiots who have gone on repeating, one after another, that HOGARTH had no sense of beauty, and that HOGARTH couldn't paint.

Look at his *Miss Rich*, for an answer to the one imbecility, and at his *Sarah Malcolm* (opposite), and his *Bishop Hooper* (a few bays before), for the lie direct to the other.

HOGARTH was immeasurably the best portrait-painter between VANDYKE and REYNOLDS, and nobody ever painted a pretty woman with a finer relish.

How about SIR JOSHUA and GAINSBOROUGH?

I hardly know.

SIR JOSHUA never painted anything so wonderful for air and space and gradation, as this *Lord Mansfield* of GAINSBOROUGH, or this head of Mrs. G. in the lace pinnars and black mantilla.

But I am inclined to think SIR JOSHUA has revealed more characters of men, more lovelinesses of children, more graces of women, than any painter who ever painted.

Still GAINSBOROUGH has done some wonders in his art which were beyond SIR JOSHUA.

His *Lord Mansfield* looks like flesh and blood standing in air; SIR JOSHUA'S *Lord Mansfield*, beside it, like paint on canvas.

* Query, by a devil of Elizabethan proclivities.

And yet LORD MANSFIELD'S is a noble portrait.

But who, now-a-days, will embody for me on canvas a vision of fair women like SIR JOSHUA'S *Lady Lincoln* at the harp, or his *Lady Powis* walking in her park, in white-sprigged mantua, and broad blue beaver, or his *Countess Spencer* in bridal white muslin, and simple straw hat, or his earnest and gracious *Lady Beaumont* in black mantilla, or the sweet smiling girliness of the *Jessamy Bride*, endeared to us by the memory of GOLDSMITH, as well as her own loveliness and loveableness, or the arch smile and laughing eyes of *Little Comedy*?

By this time I feel transported out of the regions of art-criticism altogether. *Similia similibus!* For a cure, I must fling away my art globules, and treat myself with homeopathic doses of female loveliness. I have only to look at the ladies instead of the pictures. Reader, go thou and don't do likewise!

A NEW CHURCH-ORGAN WANTED.

REVERED PUNCH,

Apropos des bottes, and of sandals, albs and tunicles, it strikes me that our Church is in want of a new Organ. You don't quite seem to see it? Well, then permit me to remind you that "organ" is in these days a synonym for "newspaper," and now I think you will see clearly what this *novum organum* should be. Besides the amiable *Record*, there are several journals extant for reflecting and discussing the doctrines of the Church, but there is not one devoted to description of its dresses. Surely, now that millinery is thought of so much in the church militant—I am tempted to say, millinery, and I yield to the temptation,—surely now there is a sore need of a journal like *Le Follet*, to describe the latest fashions in vogue with reverend swells. If, like some weak-minded women, Mother Church has set her heart upon seeing her sons gorgeously and splendidly arrayed, there should clearly be a journal to inform her what the fashions are, and to describe the newest novelties invented by church milliners, for adornment of the parsons, priests and pillars of the Church.

Financially, the *Church Follet* must prove a great success. Among the ladies it would certainly command a ready sale, and old women (of both sexes) would read it with delight. They would be charmed to hear the details, let us say, of Convocation, described as the *Church Follet* picturesquely would report them, stating how one prelate wore a sweet thing in dalmatics, while another came out grandly in a bran new blue silk tunicle, and sported a green velvet cassock of quite a novel cut. Imagine, too, the rapture of young ladies at finding a delightful account in the *Church Follet* of the vestments which were worn by the REVEREND ALB CHASTUBLE, on the memorable occasion when he was privately presented with a pair of satin sandals, embroidered by the fingers of the fairest of his flock.

Merely throwing out the notion as one worthy to receive your serious attention (although I fear it is provocative of somewhat comic treatment) believe me yours in all humility, where the Bishops are concerned,

BENJAMIN BROADBENT.

VOLUNTEER CORPS OF INVINCIBLES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

MILITARY men are at this moment sitting down to a careful study of the multiplication table. (I am not now at MISS TINKLEBEY'S Establishment for young Ladies, so don't be surprised at my knowing something about public affairs.) To put our Army on a firm footing many sensible schemes have been devised by parties conversant with that particular business, from the simple fact of their being in the line. A reserve force has been suggested.

Our dear country has sufficient Brothers—but why should she not also have—Sisters—in arms? I know many very pretty girls who cannot sing without real emotion that little heart-stirring ballad ending—

"If an army of Amazons e'er came in my way,
Like a dashing white sergeant I'd march away."

I feel sure that their patriotic aspirations would meet with approving smiles from our illustrious commander-in-chief. A gallant Irish Major once told me that nothing looks so killing as a lady in laurels. We ought to remember that the eyes of Europe are upon us now we are agitating for electoral rights, and if England expects every man to do his duty, we ought to be prepared to do ours.

Is a recruiting officer not as handsome as a returning officer? (I never saw a returning officer. Does he wear a pink sash, and when he is returning, does he ride or walk?) On a show of hands would not our candidate be greatly encouraged if his charming supporters showed that with respect to needle-guns as well as needles, they were capable of holding their own? Veteran heroes, I believe, look upon a battle as a mere bagatelle, and you won't be startled when I assure you that I am perfectly familiar with the sound of a cannon-ball. Indeed, *entre nous*, I have often made a cannon when Papa couldn't. O! how dearly I should like to fire one.

Ever ever yours,

Poppleton.

JENNY RATEPLAN.

HUNTING THE WILD BOAR.



A RESPECTABLE GENTLEMAN, DESIRING A LITTLE EMOTION, DECIDES TO HUNT THE WILD BOAR.



HE FINDS IT ALREADY RATHER EXCITING—AS, INSTEAD OF HUNTING, HE IS HUNTED.



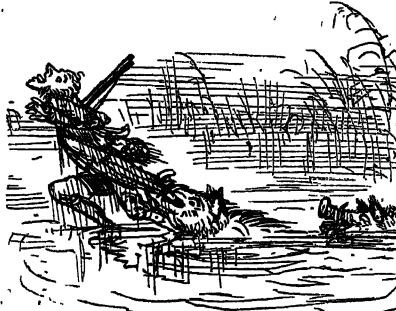
POSITION FULL OF EMOTION!



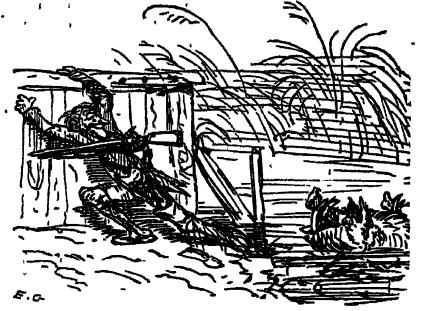
CONTINUES TO BE VERY EXCITING!!



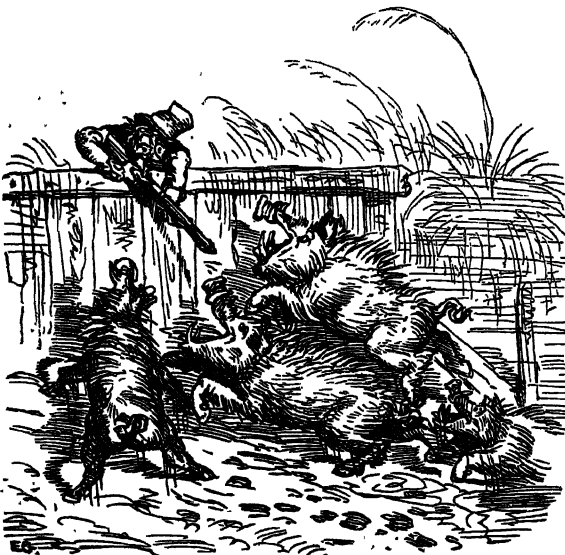
STILL MORE EXCITING!!!



EXTREMELY EXCITING FOR HIS COAT-TAILS.



BUT THE COAT-TAILS NOT BEING EQUAL TO THE EXCITEMENT, GIVE WAY.

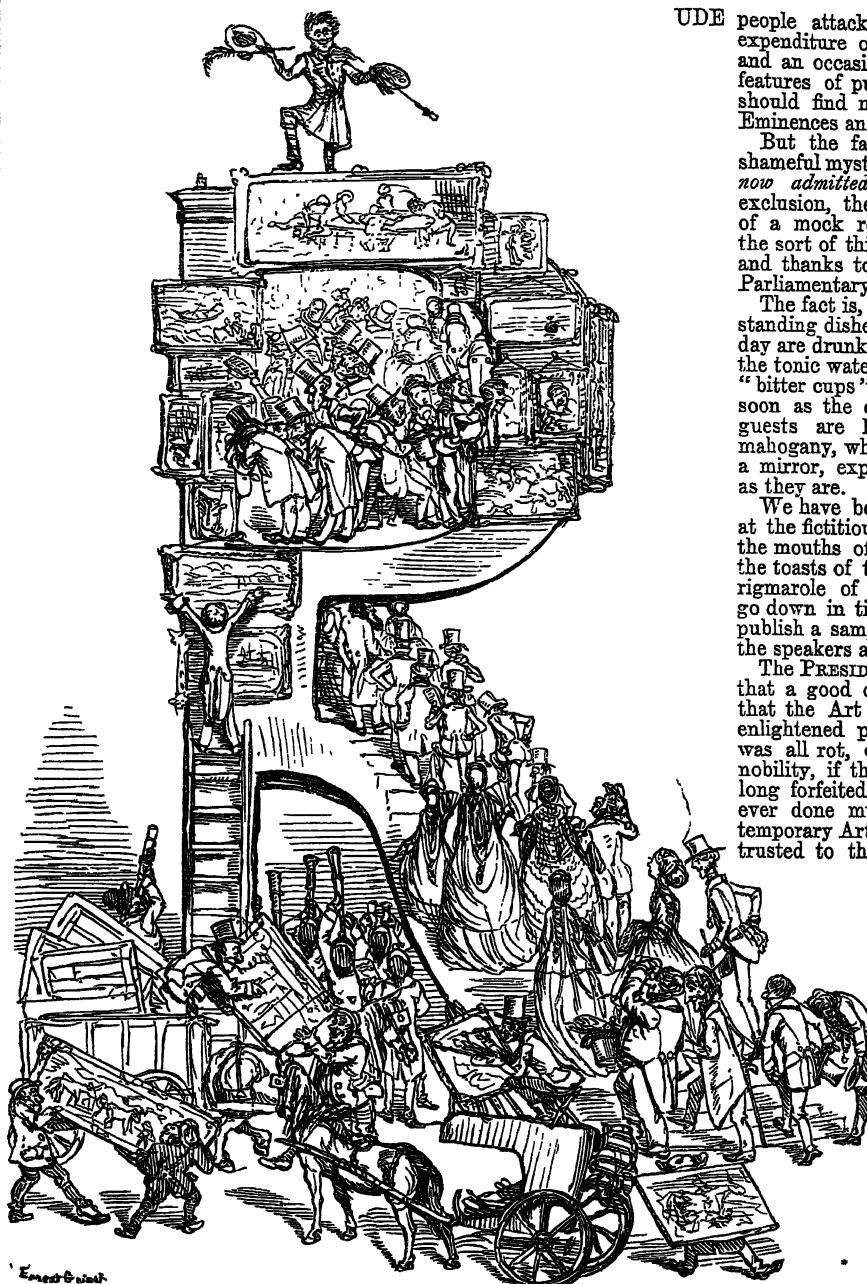


THE EXCITING FOUR SOUNDERS, NOT BEING SATISFIED WITH A COUPLE OF COAT-TAILS, BECOME IN A FURIOUS RAGE.



RESULT, AND RETURN OF THE GREAT NIMROD.

TRUTH AT THE ACADEMY DINNER.



and merchants—the men who made money and spent it, and who considered pictures the correct thing. Whether they knew or cared about 'em much was another question. So that their Lordships and the other Swells invited to this dinner must not suppose they were asked in the character of patrons. And if they didn't do much in the way of buying pictures, he was afraid they did about as little in the way of knowing or caring about 'em. He lived with the class he was describing, and knew all about it. There was hardly one of them could trust himself to an opinion about a picture; and if he did take a shot at that kind of game, ten to one it was a miss. No. The Swells were there because it was creditable to the Academy to have them there; it put the R.A.'s on a sort of level, for the moment, with the big-wigs they were allowed to ask, and that was a great thing for a good many of the members who, unlike himself, were not born into that class of society. Besides it kept up the prestige of the Academy out-of-doors, and that had a direct effect on their market. The Snobs bought because they fancied the Nobs understood and admired: so that it was a very short-sighted view to take—and he had known such a view taken within as well as outside the Academy, he was sorry to say,—that the money spent on the dinner was improperly withdrawn from the cause of the Arts. It helped to keep up the credit of the Academy, to give them a tone in society; it afforded them a point of contact with the "upper ten," which in this country always pays in the long run. In point of fact he'd be bound to say there wasn't any £300 spent by the Academy in its schools, or its prizes, or any common-place expenditure of that kind, which brought them in as much money as the £300 spent on that dinner.

LORD DERBY, in returning thanks for Her Majesty's Ministers, observed that he believed it was quite true, as the PRESIDENT had said, that public men in this country didn't know much about Art; but one thing at least he knew about it—it was a confounded nuisance whenever it turned up in Parliament. There were a few fellows—ELCHO and HOPK, and BENTINCK and LAYARD, and GREGORY and DANBY SEYMOUR—who thought they knew something about it, and who always made a row when there was any question about spending

UDE people attack the Academy Dinner—declare it is a wrong expenditure of the Academy funds, a tribute to flunkeyism, and an occasion for snobbishness, an example of the worst features of public dinnerism, in a case where those features should find no countenance, with the Arts for hosts, and the Eminences and Celebrities for guests.

But the fact is, the thing is misunderstood, owing to a shameful mystification preached by the press. *Reporters are not now admitted.* In order to conceal their humiliation at the exclusion, the morning papers have connived at the publication of a mock report of the speeches at the dinner, founded on the sort of thing that used to be said there; but is now, happily, and thanks to the influences which have brought about both Parliamentary and Academic Reform, out of date.

The fact is, that dry fact and candid experience are now the standing dishes of the Academic dessert; that the toasts of the day are drunk, not in more or less questionable vintages, but in the tonic waters from the well of truth, decanters of which, with "bitter cups" for quaffing it from, are placed on the tables as soon as the cloth is removed, and the Academicians and their guests are left to their own reflections in the Academic mahogany, which is polished, for these occasions, as bright as a mirror, expressly that hosts and visitors may see themselves as they are.

We have been requested by the Council—naturally indignant at the fictitious report in the morning journals, which puts into the mouths of those who proposed and those who responded to the toasts of the day, exactly the same fulsome and unmeaning rigmarole of compliments and congratulations which used to go down in times of less sincerity and straightforwardness—to publish a sample, at least, of what was actually said by some of the speakers at the last dinner.

The PRESIDENT, in proposing the Guests of the Day, remarked, that a good deal used once to be said on these occasions of all that the Art owed to the patronage of the nobility, and the enlightened protection and interest of the Legislature. This was all rot, of course, and they all knew it to be rot. The nobility, if they had ever been the artists' best customers, had long forfeited that character. Indeed, he doubted if they had ever done much in the way of patronising native Art—contemporary Art, at all events. But, so long as the painters had trusted to the Swells—he was a bit of a Swell himself, so he hoped his language would not be considered offensive or unbecoming—they had had a deuced bad time of it—had, in fact, hardly been able to keep body and soul together. He excepted the portrait-painters; they had no doubt owed a great deal to the nobility—or rather the nobility had owed a great deal to them. They had painted their family pictures, and had not always got paid for them as punctually as might be. He understood REYNOLDS had a heavy balance due to him when he died; and he hoped this would be a warning to SIR JOSHUA'S successors in the President's chair—he assumed they would, as a rule, be portrait-painters—always to insist on the rule of half payment before the first sitting.

But, except in the way of having their portraits painted, it was certain that, now-a-days, at all events, it was not the Nobs who were the painters' best patrons. They had to look to the dealers first, and there were no patrons like them, and he was sorry not to see some of them at that table; and then to the rich manufacturers

money for frescoes, or new buildings, or the British Museum, or the National Gallery, or anything of that kind. It was impossible to please them; and a First Commissioner of Works was no better than a toad under a harrow, they led him such a life. He should be glad to see the day when Art was tabooed in Parliament altogether, and left to the Cottonocracy, who really seemed to like it, and, who having no ancestors, and no picture galleries collected by their forefathers, were of course obliged to buy pictures for themselves. He knew a good many of them down in Lancashire, and liked them. They were honest, hearty, hard-working fellows, and not at all a bad sort on the whole. He wished them joy of their pictures, and hoped the Academy would always find a good market among them.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, whose health was drunk with a reminder that the Royal Academy had never come a-begging to the Exchequer, said that was all very true, but he didn't see what right the Royal Academy had to take credit to themselves for that. It was true they had not bled JOHN BULL in that particular pocket which he kept guard over, but they had bled him in another; the pocket in which he kept his shillings for his own amusement. They had drawn his money from that pocket to a pretty tune, and had kept up their schools very badly, and their own pension list very fairly, had given their prizes very uselessly, and paid their travelling students very meagrely, and discharged their annual dinner-bill very liberally out of the money which they raised by exhibiting the works of all the painters in England. If they flattered themselves that it was the pictures of Academicians that drew the money, he begged to say that he had seen a good many pictures by Academicians that day, which he felt sure must keep money out of the rooms; and he would advise them, if they wished to be able to boast honestly that the Academicians made the chief attraction of the Exhibition, to include in their ranks all the men who could paint better pictures than a respectable minority of the present Academicians, both in figures and landscape. In his official position it was his duty to work out arithmetical questions connected with matters of business, and when he was told that the annual produce of the Exhibition was something over £10,000, and when he looked at that receipt, and how it was spent, all he could say was, that the Academicians might be thankful they were not liable to have their accounts overhauled by either the Audit Office or by the House of Commons.

COMPOUND LODGERS.

DEAR PUNCH,

THERE has been a lot of talk about the Compound Householder, but what is to be done, pray, with the Compound Lodger? CHARLEY BROWN and I are chums, and live in the same rooms, and are constantly debating upon this important question. If Lodgers get the franchise, pray which of us will vote? or shall we both of us enjoy that invaluable privilege? We are Compound Lodgers in more senses than one. Ours is a compound occupation of our rooms, and we very often have to compound with our landlord in the matter of our rent. Besides, the question, you must own, is really an important one. There are thousands of lodgers who are compound like ourselves, not to speak of those who

"Compound for sins they feel inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

Then, supposing that they get the franchise (and now the Tories are in office, there is no knowing what a Radical Reform Bill may be squeezed from them), do you think that Compound Lodgers will be forced, before they vote, to prove that they have paid their rent? That wouldn't suit my cash-book, nor CHARLEY'S either, just at present, and you may tell DISRAELI that we shall not support him, if our liberty to vote be thus pecuniarily restricted. We agree to pay rent monthly, but we usually don't; and much as we should like to exercise the franchise (that's the proper slang, I fancy), I doubt if we could alter our financial operations so as always to be able to march to the poll with our receipt for last month's rent all ready for inspection.

Begging you to say a word for us, believe me,

Yours expectantly,

JUNIUS JONES.

In and Out at the Home Office.

(A Poem.)

FOR WALPOLE tears;
FOR HARDY cheers!

Thought for Trades' Unions.

THE movement now visible in the various Strikes that are going on amongst the working classes may be said to be unhealthy; but this statement must be taken with a qualification. The strikes of the producers have the effect of cod's liver oil. How so? Because they are calculated to check consumption.

WHITEBAIT AND WICKEDNESS.

THERE exists a Society organised for the purpose of promoting the observance of Sunday after the manner in which Saturday is observed by the Jews. These saintly sages, some time ago, succeeded in getting their pious wisdom in regard to Sunday partially embodied in an Act of Parliament, and under this statute, at Greenwich the other day, according to a police-report published in the newspapers, that unspeakable sinner,

"MR. THOMAS QUARTERMAINE, proprietor of the Ship Tavern, Greenwich, was summoned by the police for having his premises open on Sunday for the sale of spirituous liquors. The evidence showed that there were several persons dining on Sunday in a portion of the defendant's premises called The Ship Stores."

It would be impossible sufficiently to commend the vigilance of the police in looking after MR. QUARTERMAINE, catching him out in breaking the Sawbath—as we venture to say in order to distinguish the Scotch Sabbath from the Jewish—and informing against him for that disobedience to British if not Mosaic legislation. That is to say, if we were quite sure that the policemen who laid the information were disinterestedly actuated by conscientious piety. But, in order to be enabled to praise them without measure and without reserve, we require to be satisfied that they were not paid, or did not expect to be paid, for the service which, in acting as spies and informers, they rendered the Saints who are banded together for the enforcement of Judaic Christianity by temporal punishment. Let us hope they have not been paid, because—

"The Magistrate was of opinion that these persons came within the definition of travellers, being persons going abroad for the purpose of business or pleasure, and who need refreshments." The summons was dismissed."

And so, if the Sabbatarians have feed the policemen, they have lost their money.

It is grievously to be feared that the decision of the Magistrate at Greenwich will be taken by other Magistrates as a precedent, and thus that travellers, whose hunger and thirst are regardless of the clock, will be enabled to add the enormity of taking refreshment on Sunday, and that at any hour, to the flagitiousness of an excursion on the Sawbath.

THE LAY OF THE LITTLE WIFE.

"TREAT her no better than a dog?"

Ay, so he may, and never yet
Her wish deny, her pleasure clog:
Because a dog may be a pet.

On all things good for him to eat
A favourite dog is always fed.
His master never tries to beat
Unpleasant things into his head.

No better than a dog? Called good
Praised, indulged, fondled! Truth to tell,
Oh, how I wish that HENRY would
Just only treat poor me as well!

Cause and Effect.

THE Clergy who acknowledge DR. CULLEN for their superior should present a testimonial to the country parsons whose votes expelled MR. GLADSTONE from Oxford. The Right Honourable ex-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER now talks about rectifying, at an early opportunity, the anomaly of the Irish Church Establishment.

Striking Intelligence.

THERE is a Society called the Church Union. This association is not one of the same kind as the Trades' Unions; nor is it true that the Curates have actually struck as yet, but there will be no wonder if they do strike, unless a very considerable advance in the wages which they are now receiving is made by their employers, the Master Parsons.

TOO COMMON A THING.

A MEMBER of a Limited Liability Company in a bad way, said he should turn itinerant preacher. He was asked why? He said he had had a call.

THE COMPOUND HOUSEHOLDER.

QUERY.—Can he have survived his late picking to pieces in the House of Commons? If so, what a well compounded compound he must be!

THE RIGHT MAN AT THE ITALIAN POST-OFFICE.—RAT-TAT-ZZ.



E. G.

A SKETCH TAKEN IN PARK LANE, MAY 6, 1867.

THE POPE'S WAY WITH THE
BRIGANDS.

THE Government of his Holiness the POPE is commonly accused of being addicted to the pursuit of tortuous courses. The subjoined extract from a letter, quoted by the Correspondent of the *Times* at Florence, however, shows that the Pontifical Government is quite capable of going very directly to work. A Papal edict has at last been issued against brigandage. It is evidently a straightforward measure; and its effect has been excellent:—

“One brigand has cut off the head of another brigand, and taken it to the authorities, and claimed the reward of 2,500 francs, promised by Government. It is the head of a brigand of Sonnino.”

This is one way of dealing with brigands—short and simple. It enables a State to dispense with judge, jury, and JACK KETCH, and may be considered a saving plan; economical, though costing £100 odd a-head. There is something ingenious in inducing the brigands to cut off one another's heads. This process of mutual decapitation is perhaps expected to go on till there is only one brigand left alive—the “Last Man” of the robbers and assassins. The POPE will only have to catch him, and take his head regularly by the official chopper, to be rid of the whole lot. But perhaps the cheapness and cleverness of making the brigands murder each other are more obvious than the morality.

A SPILL-BOX.—A Cab that upsets.

NO PUNISHMENT FOR PATRIOTS!

MR. PUNCH,

OF course the Government does not dream of carrying out the nominal sentence which has been passed on MR. BURKE and MR. DORAN, convicted of the slight misdemeanour by the letter of the law absurdly called high treason. The beautiful speech which MR. BURKE made when he was asked if he had anything to say why the Court should not give him judgment of death, is quite enough to render it impossible to hang a hero capable of the following burst of eloquence:—

“Fully convinced and satisfied of the righteousness of my every act in connection with this late revolutionary movement in Ireland, I have nothing to recall—nothing that I feel that a blush of shame should mantle my brow, or my conduct or career here as a private, as a citizen; and in America, if you like, as a soldier.”

What a mistake, Sir, as well as what a shame and a pity it would be, to cut short a career so brilliant as that which MR. BURKE is naturally designed for! He will live, I trust, to rebel again—only on the boards of one of the minor theatres, where he will talk about “mantling his brow” in a character expressly written for him in an Irish sensation piece by a popular dramatist. MR. DORAN will perhaps perform the part of a ruffian along with his “countryman and fellow patriot.” And we will go and applaud them.

But though the execution of MESSRS. BURKE and DORAN is ridiculously out of the question, *Mr. Punch*, it is within the bounds of possibility that a tyrannical Government may be disposed to inflict upon them a brief term of detention, just for the sake of asserting the obsolete doctrine that insurrection is somewhat of a crime. If any so preposterous an idea has been entertained by our rulers, they will have doubtless been compelled to abandon it, and drop it like a hot potato, by the subjoined resolution passed by the Council of the Reform League at their meeting last Wednesday evening, MR. BEALES (M.A.) in the chair:—

“That the Council of the Reform League earnestly calls upon all Englishmen desiring to uphold the honour and preserve the fair fame of their country to aid in saving the lives of the patriots, if misguided and mistaken, men who are now lying in Dublin under sentence of death.”

This resolution, of course, Sir, was passed under a serious impression that the bloodthirstiness, vindictiveness, and ferocity of the Ministers of the Crown might actually impel them, in defiance of public ridicule as well as of popular indignation, to order the execution of the patriots DORAN and BURKE. It will not have the effect of saving those patriots' lives; which the Government had no intention of taking. But it will, no doubt, oblige the Queen's advisers to dismiss an intention that they may perhaps have had, with a view of marking the illegality of MESSIEURS BURKE and DORAN's proceedings, to subject those gentle-

men to some show of punishment. Now they will not dare to do anything of the kind. They will surely not presume to treat, in the merest semblance even, as offenders, not to say convicted traitors, the two Fenians, whom, with a sympathy which all true Englishmen will appreciate, the Council of the Reform League calls patriotic. No; for the EARL OF DERBY and his colleagues will be justly afraid that, if they venture to attempt to vindicate the law against rebellion by any such defiance of the people represented by MR. BEALES and MR. BRADLAUGH, the Reform League will immediately proceed to create alarm and annoyance by a series of monster demonstrations in Hyde Park; which, indeed, after the precedent of Monday last week must be expected to be the course they will always pursue whenever they wish to impose their sovereign will on the Government and the Legislature.

Not doubting that the intercession of the Hyde Park Demonstrationists will materially avail their patriotic brethren the Fenians in trouble, believe me to be, Sir, one who hopes to have the honour one of these days of figuring in your large cut, as he intends to go into the business of a

TRIBUNUS PLEBIS.

P.S. The worst of it is, I lisp and stutter. So I am going down to Brighton, where I mean to practise public speaking with pebbles in my mouth early on the beach every morning.

Those Loves of Bonnets!

WHY is *Mr. Punch* such an enthusiastic admirer of those charming little bonnets which are now in vogue? Must he really tell? Well, if his fair readers insist upon it, his reason is, that those elegant, excellent, reasonable bonnets are so small, that they can be packed up in comparatively moderate space, and thus lessen the difficulty of transporting ladies by land or water, occasioned by the impediment of handboxes.

An Epitaph for Walpole.

THE best and worst Home Minister
That ever did surprise one:
He never said an unkind thing,
And never did a wise one.

AGRICULTURAL.

A SOUTH of England Farmer writes to us to say, that he has an early harvest in view, as he has already got three ricks in his neck, and is doing very well.

A PAT SAYING.—Set a Fenian to catch a Fenian.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Constables (in chorus). "HOY! HULLO! STOP! TURN BACK THERE! CAN'T COME THROUGH THE PARK!"

Elderly Female (in a hurry to catch a train). "P'LIOSMAN, I'M THE 'OME SECRETARY!!!"

Sergeant of Police (taken aback). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, I'M SURE, MUM! ALL RIGHT—DRIVE ON, CABBY!"

[Old Lady saves the train.]

CHANT OF SMALL CRITICS.

AIR—"The Chough and Crow."

The Private Day and Feast are gone,
The public comes to see,
The poor Rejected grunt and groan,
Nor speak with charity.
The shillings flood the porter's den,
The Red Star sheds its ray,*
Uprouse ye then, my men of merry pen,
It is the Opening Day.

Now for the witticisms cheap
That sting with gnat-bite power:
The sentence based on hasty peep,
And visit of an hour:
Bewildered boobies (nine in ten)
Admire our sportive way:
Uprouse ye then, my men of merry pen,
It is the Opening Day.

Who heeds the painter's saddened brow,
The wolf he keeps from door,
The pale wife's timid trust that, now,
His work shall swell their store?
Let's scare his hope and chance again,
As boys pelt boys in play:
Uprouse ye then, my men of merry pen,
And slang him as ye may.

* A RED STAR affixed to the frame or picture denotes that the picture is sold.—*Academy Catalogue*, p. 5.

THE LOUDEST THING GOING.—Bugle Trimming.

PEDIGREE ADVERTISEMENTS.

It is curious how particular some people are about their pedigree: and if, being commoners themselves, they chance to have a lord, or a bishop, in their family, how carefully, when marrying, they advertise the fact. See, here is an example from the *Times* of the 6th ult. :—

"On the 30th April, at St. George's Church, Dublin, by the Very Rev. the DEAN OF AFDACH, cousin to the bridegroom, CAPTAIN R. MUNRO DICKINSON, 10th Regt., son of the late ROBERT DICKINSON, Esq., of Kingstown, county Wicklow, to EMILY GEORGIA, second daughter of the late JOHN FARNELL, Esq., D.L., of Avondale, county Wicklow, granddaughter of Rear-Admiral CHARLES STEWARD, U.S. Navy, great granddaughter of SIR JOHN FARNELL, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, and of the Hon. HUGH HOWARD, Bushy Park (brother to the EARL OF WICKLOW), and COLONEL W. TUDOR, Aide-de-Camp to GENERAL WASHINGTON, and grandniece of SIR RALPH HOWARD, Bart., and of the late VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT."

Now, pray "what imports the nomination" of these eight latter people? When MISS SNOBLEY has the fortune to marry MR. SNOOKS, it surely is sufficient to announce who is her father, without dragging in her grandfathers, great-grandfathers, and great-uncles, to swell out the advertisement, and make many people laugh. MISS SNOBLEY's friends and relatives know quite well who she is, and people who don't know her, she may be sure, don't greatly care. If such a paragraph as the above be taken as a precedent, MISS BUGGINS, when she marries, will think it needful to announce her descent from the DE BOEYNS, who came over with the Conqueror; or MISS BROWN will not be happy, unless it be expressly stated in the *Times* that her brother-in-law's great-uncle was travelling chiropodist to the King of the Cannibal Islands, and once upon a time extracted at a sitting no fewer than five corns from His Majesty's big toe.

From the Marble Arch.

Was the Reform Meeting on Monday, the 6th, within the pale of the law? Contradictory opinions may be expected about this time from lawyers, but all will agree that it was within the palings of the Park.



“CARRIED, NEM. CON.”

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

LORDS were petitioned on Church Millinery and British White Herrings on *Monday, May 6th*, and then went away. Commons much amused by MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, who wanted to call MR. BRIGHT to account for having said that in Irish belief in Irish wrong there might be some palliation for Fenianism. When Honourable Members had laughed as much as was good for them, the SPEAKER told MR. GRIFFITH that the House was the Temple of free thought and free speech. Very well said, MR. SPEAKER.

Reform Debate resumed. Results shall be told "in little"—in very little, but there were results.

MR. TORRENS moved to admit The Lodger.

MR. DISRAELI consented to be reconciled to his child.

But the amount the Lodger is to pay was left unfixed.

The Bribery Bill was sent to a Select Committee. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE believed that there were not thirty Members in the House who had obtained their seats by fair means. MR. WHALLEY shouted out at this, and was informed by the same authority that he might not have got in by bribery, but by appeal to religious passion.

This was the evening of the Hyde Park meeting. It passed off with perfect quietness, no opposition being offered to it. For a conspectus of the subsequent proceedings of the principal actors in the farce, *vide Mr. Punch's Cartoon*.

Tuesday. At the demand of His Grace the PRIMATE his Lordship the PREMIER assented to the issue of a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole Ritualistic question. Not merely a haul over of the millinery and playthings of the extreme idiots, but an examination of Rubrics. But no trenching on the words of the Prayer Book, or the doctrines of the Church. In short, all matters connected with public worship are to be looked into. The PRIMATE was gratified, as were my Lords of London, Ripon, and Oxford; my Lord of Carlisle was not, and thought that the Bishops could do the work, and the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK was for immediate legislation. The BISHOP OF SHAFTESBURY agreed with his brother of York, and was severe upon ritualistic Abominations. This investigation promises a remarkable theological harvest.

Also we read a Second Time a Bill for making more Bishops, to be privately endowed. *Mr. Punch* thinks of endowing a Bishop of St. Bride's, on the understanding that he never preaches a sermon except out of the works of the old divines.

In the Nether House, LORD NAAS said that though the two Fenian traitors, BURKE and DORAN, had been sentenced to be drawn and quartered, there was no probability of the doom being carried out except in the ordinary way. He did not say whether the condemned men would be hanged. Movements are on foot for getting the sentence commuted, but on the other hand a writer in the leading journal reminds us that the Fenians have murdered a doctor, a banker, and several policemen.

SIR JOHN GRAY initiated a debate on the Church of Ireland, and proposed that the House should commit itself to a declaration that the Establishment in question should be abandoned by the State. There was nothing new in the arguments on either side—one spoke of the religion of the majority, the other of vested rights and the Act of Union—but the usual see-saw was varied by an outspoken statement by MR. GLADSTONE. The time he said had not come for a practical plan, but he agreed to a great extent with SIR JOHN GRAY. This indication of a measure which will one day be submitted to the Commons by MR. GLADSTONE, grievously excited the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who stormed at him as a communist, in whose hands no man's property would be safe. After much angry talk the Previous Question was carried by 195 to 183, so the Irish Church survives, as yet. But, *Mr. Punch*, as the family doctor, ventures to hint to the eccentric old lady that she may as well begin to think about making her will.

Wednesday. Scotland had an innings. Now for a nut to crack. Hypothec—what's hypothec? That is what the House debated. Now it won't do to be flippant, and parody the late BISHOP OF LONDON'S definition of a Rural Dean. You need not tell *Punch* that hypothecators perform the act of hypothecation. You know nothing about it. Well, the law of hypothec enables a Scottish landlord to get at his rent by virtue of his right over the produce of the ground, and he may even take this away from purchasers; in fact, there seems no limit to his right over any particular crop. We are not clear that a Scotch landlord cannot cross the Border and arrest an Englishman for eating a Bap made of flour that came of wheat that had grown in Scotch land the rent of which was unpaid. However, whether the law be reasonable or not, those who are interested in retaining it were strong enough to reject by a very large majority, 225 to 96, MR. CARNegie's attempt at reform. But a Bill for amending the same law has been passed by the Lords, and was read a Second Time.

Thursday. Rarely have a Father and Son to perform, simultaneously, so pleasant a duty as that which devolved to-night on LORD DERBY and LORD STANLEY. They apprised the Houses which they respectively adorn, that England had preserved peace between France and Prussia.

Further, that England had not committed herself to other engagements than those of the Treaty of 1839. *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in complimenting the Foreign Office, a pleasure the greater for its rarity.

Mr. Punch has the further gratification of recording that LORD DERBY to-night announced that MR. WALPOLE had ceased to be Home Secretary. It does not appear to *Mr. Punch* necessary to dismiss that gentleman with any less kind words than those of *Dogberry* about *Verges*, "A good man, but—a little o'er parted." Their Lordships had a rather smart wrangle over the non-proceedings in the Park, and MR. WALPOLE himself informed the Commons that he had caused notices of trespass to be served on MR. BEALBS and fifteen of his chief accomplices, to whose names *Mr. Punch* has no intention of giving even the immortality of flies in amber.

MR. ROEBUCK asked the SPEAKER to command the opening of the windows.

The SPEAKER replied that they were all open.

The House of Commons laughed.

Mr. Punch at present fails to apprehend the joke; but should he discover it before going to press, the result shall be communicated in a supplement.

We resumed the Reform Bill.

MR. HIBBERT moved an amendment affecting the Compound Householder. There are about half a million of these newly detected creatures of the law. The point at issue is the Personal Payment of your Rates. Government consider this a guarantee of your being reasonably respectable. But MR. DISRAELI proposes that a Compound Householder (Confound it, M'm, do listen if we take the pains to explain such a thing with the glass at 80°), that a Compound Householder, which means (You don't even know what it means?—well, an occupier whose rates are paid by his landlord), that a Compound Householder, once more, shall, if he likes, claim to be enfranchised, and to deduct his rates from the rent. (Will not explain this any more.)

Now, notice. MR. MILL condemned the Government plan, and so did MR. GLADSTONE, the former with cold logic, the latter with warm. We fought the battle all the night, and in the morning the Government triumphed by 323 to 256, majority 66.

Friday. Nothing worth the slightest notice.

UNDIPLOMATIC—VERY.

The reflections of an ex-Diplomate of very old standing and very slow-going. Apropos of LORD STANLEY and the Luxemburg Conference.

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,

Oh, dear, what shall we do!

Here's diplomacy blurring

Straightforward out what is true.

Here's a Conference meeting,

Doing what has to be done,

Getting the business over,

Ere we the work had begun.

Where's all the humming and ha-ing,

Settling of bases and powers,

All the pooh-poo; and paw-pawing,

We used to dwell on for hours?

Plenipos meet in a jiffey!

Settle their case in a crack!

Draw up their protocol, sign it—

Hurry their messengers back.

Up in the House jumps young STANLEY,

Blurts out things, just as they fall—

Some people may think it manly,

'Taint diplomatic at all!

A Lame Expression.

"THIS comes hopping" from the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.—

"The KING OF GREECE is here, as I told you. He went out riding on Saturday, the EMPEROR mounting him."

"Mounting him?" Indeed! Did the King, then, witeh the world with a daring act of horsemanship, and go trotting through the city with the EMPEROR a-pick-a-back?

WHAT TO SEE.

FATHERS of families, who have unruly sons, must look with extraordinary interest at Portrait, No. 805, in the National Portrait Exhibition, for it represents a great benefactor to Paterfamilias—the discoverer of "the regulating action of the governor."



CANDOUR.

Crusty Old Bachelor. "WELL, ELLY, HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAR?"

Elly (faintly). "QUITE WELL, THANK YOU, SIR."

Old Bachelor. "I'M VERY GLAD TO HEAR THAT; BUT WHY DON'T YOU ASK ME HOW I AM, ELLY?"

Elly. "'CAUSE I DON'T WANT TO KNOW!"

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE EIGHTH.

LET me direct the visitor's attention to pleasant modes of passing the time in Parry—in French, *poor passay lert Tom or Parry*. The He-visitor, or She-visitor can amuse themselves for hours in Parisian Riding-schools. Of course, this is merely a proposition, to be worked out by riders. The art of equitation on the bare-backed steed may often prove useful in after-life. A friend who has just dropped in says that "equitation" means "swimming." Well, if it does, I mean riding. I have authorities for the word. What says the Poet? I don't know what he says myself, but if you look up a few poets, you'll soon ascertain. It simplifies matters by calling on MR. TENNYSON. Call on MR. TENNYSON for a song—MR. TENNYSON will oblige again. But this is trifling.

It is the part of genius to invent words: let ordinary mortals solve the Sphinx's conundrums. The Tailors have finished striking, and the bill for my last suit has just come in. Send me *darjong*: that is French for "some money." I translate so that there may be no excuse for you on account of your not understanding the language. It is settled that I am to be a Juror on the "Food Group." My duties are, I believe, to eat something of everything, and say what I like. Since exhibitors heard of my appointment to my department as a Juror I have been fêted every day. I hold out no hopes to any one of them, but I breakfast, lunch, and dine with all.

(P.S. to the above. I find that I am appointed as *the* Juror to decide upon the advantages of horse-food over beef and mutton, of cats over hares; and this morning, at breakfast-time, an exhibitor called to insist upon my trying an attractive dish which he had brought with him, hot, under a cover and over a spirit-lamp. I tried it: I doubted. I tried it again: I hesitated. Mossoo said two more mouthfuls would decide me. Could I guess what it was? I could not. Truffles? I asked. No; not exactly truffles. Mushrooms disguised? No; not precisely

A WORSE STRIKE THAN THE TAILORS'.

THE tailors' strike I do not heed,
Let dress grow costly as it will;
For if my clothes have run to seed,
Full many a day they 'll last me still.
But though it takes me years and years
To wear out long enduring suits,
I find that very short careers,
Alas! are run by strongest boots.

Patched garments will exclude the cold,
And hang together winters yet;
Boots can be but a few times soled,
And then they will admit the wet.
For when the soles replacement lack,
The uppers soon want mending too;
Ere long each seam, and cobbled crack,
Will let the dust and water through.

But what if madness should invade
The cordwainer's contented mind;
And there should be, in CRISPIN'S trade,
A strike of journeymen combined?
Come, let me hasten, and invest
In stock of boots my little store;
Though I have two pairs, and the best
Of those may last me some months more.

FINANCIAL CHORUS AT FLORENCE.

IN the Chamber of Deputies at Florence the other day, SIGNOR RATAZZI read a letter from the KING OF ITALY declaring that his Majesty considers it his duty to give the first example of economy at a time of financial distress by resigning annually, out of his civil list, the sum of four million *lire*. We imagine that the SIGNOR delivered this welcome announcement in recitative, and that, on its conclusion, the Deputies in a spirit of harmony, acknowledged VICTOR-EMMANUEL'S concession of the four million of *lire* by singing in unanimous chorus *lira, lira, la!*

Curiosities of the Portrait Exhibition.

IN the last Room there are two very remarkable things, which the visitor may not expect to find in the Collection—a greyhound in distemper (No. 844), and a Stroehling Player (No. 866)!

mushrooms. Fungi, perhaps? He didn't know what I meant by fungi, but in French the name of his new dish was *Fricassée d'Hérisson farci de Scarabée*. This sounded like an Egyptian dish. *Scarabée* was evidently Scarabæus. He explained that the creature was *un Scarabée noir*. Shall I proceed? No; let me draw a curtain over the scene. I *have* eaten flies for currants, unwittingly, in buns, and fed my little nephews with them. Regardless of their bloom, the little victims ate, and their bloom went. But never, never, never, did I consume before half a dishful of fricasséd coleopterous insects! Did you know it was a coleopterous insect? A friend has just told me so. Oh, dear! Coleopterous!! The Clown at Astley's used to say that he knew a man who was afflicted with "Collywobbles in his pandynoodles." There was a stratum of truth in his jest. Yes, I have partaken of Coleopterous food, and collywobbles in my pandynoodles will for some time be the portion of this distinguished individual. *Macbeth* can sleep no more: *Macbeth*, for this occasion only, by yours truly, PEEPER THE GREAT.

I have written to resign my post. The Commissioners will not accept my resignation, but the Exhibition will *not* be closed in consequence. I appeal to CÆSAR, I mean LUMPYRAW LOUEY. I have appealed. LUMPYRAW was not at home.

The Commissioners say that if I stick to the Food Group I shall receive the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and that my name shall immortalise all the dishes to which I award prizes. This they consider an *addishional* inducement.

I am again unable to leave my room, but there is much to be seen in Parry.

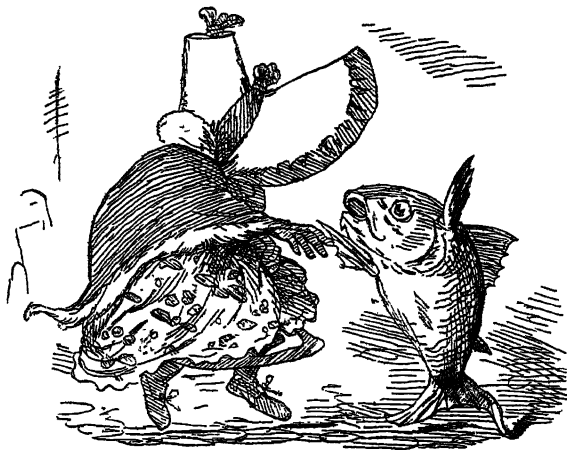
P. THE G.

LITERARY INFORMATION.

"AN admirer of COWPER" is informed that *The Six Cushions* is a sequel to *The Sofa*.

THE RULER OF THE TAILORS.—King Log.

A PRACTICAL "GOAK."



MY DEAR PUNCH,

I say. You are always ready to denounce anybody who doesn't behave decently. What do you say to this? I was stopping in the house of a fellow, who had also been a Fellow—I mean of Trinity, or something, and what sort of a trick do you think he played one day when he gave a swell dinner. Be hanged if he didn't put THIS beside every plate, instead of a decent French *menu*. A Latin *carte*, by Jove! Well, I know more about long odds than Latin, and I don't mind owning it. But I am on the look-out, and I took down a girl, highly nice and with great expectations (I do the Fellow the justice to say that he, or his Fellowess behaved like a brick in that), and the first thing she did, of course, after looking prettily amused at the Latin, was to ask me to translate it, and tell her what to take. What do you say to that? But stop. Here's the thing:—

MENSÆ PRIMÆ.

SORBITIONES.

Sorbillum Ostrorum.
Jusculum Vernum.

PISCOS.

Segmenta Solearum more Venetiano.
Eperlani Fricti.

Salmo Salar Simplex Munditiis.

INTROITUS CIBORUM.

Thymi agnorum cum Spinacia.
Gallinulæ sicut apud Marengo.

MUTATIO CIBORUM.

Galli spadones secundum Godardum.
Petaso salsus et fumatus ex vino Maderensi.
Ephippium ovinum assum.

MENSÆ ALTERÆ.

ASSA.

Anaticulæ. Columbuli.
Charadrii.

OLERA.

Pisa viridia. Tubera Solani horna.
Anguilla in gelatino saporato.
Pagurus secundum Tabernæ Curatorem.

SACCHARATA.

Magma panis citratum.
Poma cum Oryza pista.

Flos lactis Baviensis Spiritu Nucleorum conditus.
Gelatinum vino Frontignanensi conditum.

Caseus Parmensis. Caseus Helveticus.
Fructus, &c. &c. &c.

Now, what do you say to a practical joke like that? I call it infamous. I made a goodish shot or two of the first lot, and the fish came easy, the names being like the civilised names, but when I came to *Thymi*, how was I to know it didn't mean thyme, but sweetbreads, and what fellow ought to be expected to know *Gallinulæ*? I got a joke out of *assum*, because I said the Fellow was an ass, but it didn't tell, and I found my neighbour thought I was not better educated than I ought to be. At last she asked me point blank to translate *Pagurus*,

and though I'd had crab for supper the night before, in town, and am awfully fond of it, it never occurred to me—how should it?—that here was my favourite dish. So I was in a hole, and I showed it, and the girl never spoke to me any more, but all the rest of the dinner to a perfect fool on the other side of her, and I've come up to town again. I detest practical jokes, except when I play them myself, and I repay this one by sending the painful narrative to you, and I hope you will be down upon such uncalled-for jocularity.

Yours, very truly,

The Raleigh, 1:50 A.M.

LIONEL RATTLECASH.

[We don't sympathise with our Correspondent. Every gentleman ought to understand Latin. But we do sympathise with the gentleman who translated *Maitre d'hotel* into *Tabernæ Curatorem*, as his education must have been neglected, or he would not have supposed that a household official meant a tavern-keeper. This may comfort our Correspondent.—PUNCH.]

DO YOU WANT A NEW DRESS?

To the eye of a philosopher there are few sights more distressing than a lady dressed in what is called the height of the fashion. She is pretty sure to wear what does not suit her in the least, and to make herself more hideous than Nature had intended. Ladies who aspire to be fashionably dressed, but seldom have the sense to wear what is becoming. They buy what they are told by their milliners is proper, and rarely take the trouble to consider if it suits them. Short or tall, young or old, pale or rosy, plain or pretty, slim or stout, ladies in the fashion nearly always dress alike, and wear whatever clothes and colours their *modistes* may select for them.

Thus, to the philosophic eye it is a truly painful sight to see a fashionable dress, for it shows how lovely woman may be abjectly enslaved, and will obey whatever mandates the milliners may issue. Moreover, it suggests the thought that probably the stitches were set by a poor needlewoman sorely overworked, and sitting up all night in a hot unhealthy room, too crowded by her fellows to allow her lungs fair play. To prevent sad thoughts like these, a Company was set on foot a couple of years since for the purpose of providing better work-rooms for poor dressmakers than are commonly supplied to them. It is a pleasant thing to know, by a report but lately issued, that this Company has prospered in its charitable work, and that its excellent provisions are adopted now by some of the chief houses in the trade. Bright, clean, airy workrooms, and comfortable bedchambers, are furnished to the girls who are employed at 18, Clifford Street, and thither ladies who may find themselves in want of a new dress (surely, not a rare discovery) will do well to apply. As a writer in the *Times* very sensibly observes—

"When ladies order their dresses at an ordinary milliner's establishment they do so knowing it is at least possible that the task of making up their pretty silks and gauzes will cost some poor girl several hours of natural rest—several grains of sand of the few which are allotted to mortality. In employing the Clifford Street Company they will at least have the assurance that this sorrow will never lie at their door, and that they are aiding in a measure to make the lives of all young women similarly employed more healthy, and necessarily more happy."

Whenever, then, a husband has to give his wife a dress (and the necessity is not uncommon after, say, the Derby Day, or a dinner down at Greenwich, to which she, somehow, did not go) let him take care to insist that she must get it made in Clifford Street, unless the lady is certain that her own milliner has been equally careful of the health and comfort of her workpeople. To a philosophic eye a dress can never seem a pretty one, if made by a tired sempstress in a pestilential room.

All Play and no Work, &c.

ATHLETIC Sports are good, but they should not be allowed to interfere too much with work. The Undergraduate or the Cadet may reasonably feel proud of being a great pedestrian; but his friends, to whom his education is a serious expense, would perhaps, in the long run, prefer that he should be a walking Dictionary, or at least keep pace with his more studious companions.

ACCIDENT FROM CARELESSNESS.

YOUNG BLOBS, the timber merchant, has come to grief. His rich aunt, from Trinidad, whose complexion is certainly rather ochreous, was at whist the other night, when BLOBS, reading the *Star*, came on an advertisement to his own trade. He instinctively read out "YELLOW DEALS." She made a misdeal, and has made a codicil.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS.—The Wothlytype Portraits appear to be satisfactory. If the worthless type ones were rather less numerous, we should not complain.



IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE TAILORS' STRIKE,

GEORGE AND THE GOVERNOR HAVE THEIR CLOTHES MADE AT HOME.

George. "ARE YOU SURE YOU TOOK MY RIGHT MEASURE, CHARLOTTE?" Charlotte. "OH, GEORGE, I'M SURE IT FITS BEAUTIFULLY!!"

LETTER TO THE P.R.A.

DEAR SIR FRANCIS,

It is a pleasant thing to write to a gentleman of your intelligence and courtesy.

I could not attend the Academy dinner, having to entertain friends of my own at Greenwich.

But I read the report in the *Sunday Gazette*; a paper, by the way, which writes well on art and theatricals—I don't understand politics.

I perceive that the toasts were—

The QUEEN. [Most proper.]

The PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES, and the rest of the Royal Family. [Most proper also. The PRINCE was your guest, and spoke well—we all love his wife, and long to see her in the Park again. And the entire family is well-liked, and deserves to be.]

The Army, Navy, and Volunteers. [What for? What the juice has an association of artists to do with public recognition of the services of these gallant men?]

The Ministers. [This is right; and moreover you get, occasionally, good speeches, and this year you had two.]

The Guests. [Quite right. DR. LONGLEY made LORD CHELMSFORD reply, and he broke down—a very unaccustomed thing with that graceful orator.]

Your own health, SIR FRANCIS. [I should gladly have joined in this, and I compliment you on your graceful reply.]

The House of Commons. [I see no force in your reasons. Some of them vote against any grants of any kind to you.]

The City of London. [What for? What in the world does the City do for the painters?]

The Royal and other learned Societies. [I have no objection, but one, to this toast.]

This is the last toast the reply to which is reported. But there is another. Down at the end of the list, far below the soldiers, and the sailors, and the members, and the cits, comes

"Literature."

And I read that MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE returned thanks in a felicitous manner. I am sure he did. But I should like to know what he said. And I should like the toast to have been put in a place of honour. Shall I tell you why, SIR FRANCIS?

You very properly toast those to whom the painters are thought to owe something.

Do you owe nothing to Literature, that you bring it in at the tail in this way?

I have looked through your Catalogue for 1867. How many subjects do you think I have noted as directly suggested by the writings of literary men?

The coincidence is curious. This is your NINETY-NINTH Catalogue. The subjects from books are NINETY-NINE.

In arranging the toasts for next year I venture to believe that you will consider this view of the case, and in that confidence I subscribe myself

Yours, ever gratefully,

85, Fleet Street.

PUNCH.

A Truly Shocking Speech.

It is not often that any language, however awful, affects the sensibilities of the Stable Mind. A lot of horse men, however, the other day, were occasioned almost to faint by a remark which was made by an irreverent philosopher. He was talking about his wife's indifference to metaphysics, and he said, "She no more cares whether MILL is right or wrong than I do which horse will win the Derby."

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

AN eminent publican, speaking of a married couple, both of whom were fat, and one subject to some little acerbities of temper, described them as "two stouts, and a stout and bitter."

COMFORT FOR THE BLANCH-HAIRED LADIES.—Whom the gods love dye young.

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.

Being the Nine Hundred and Seventh Chapter of the Koran.

(Favoured by MOHAMMED THE PROPHET)

ENTITLED AL DUFFER. REVEALED IN FLEET STREET.



VERY one among ye, O Faithful, who would win gold and silver by those who come riding swiftly upon the glittering horses, and using the most objectionable language at the Corner, ye will do well to abandon such hopes, and to say unto yourselves, Lo, we have indifferently honest callings, and let us make gold and silver thereby, whereof we shall not be ashamed when we come to inscribe the harvest of the year in the scrolls of BENJAMIN, the son of ISRAELI, yea the scrolls of income. For the gain that is gained over the vertebrae of the evil one is dissipated beneath his abdomen. Howbeit if it must be so, and the Prophet must as heretofore be invoked, listen, and the darker the words of wisdom the brighter the light which is concealed within them, as in a lantern. Place not your flag upon any Mountain, nor in any Dale, for such regions are not propitious unto horsemanship, nor shall the Mohican chieftain be your leader, nor the squalid dweller in the cell, nor the pilgrim with the scallop shell, for they shall all deceive you in the day when the heart shall beat fast and the cry shall be loud. Neither shall ye

put your faith in princes, be they of the race of the vagabond, or of the imperial purple of the seven hills, howbeit that same purple is a colour that will run. Beware, O ye Faithful, of the voice of popular applause, yet scorn it not, for the many are not always wrong. Shall Mohammed the Prophet speak well of the ensign that came against him in the day of the Melec Ric, or of the fabled monster whose death made the lying legend of the English saint and Cappadocian baker? I trow not, yet say not in the trial hour that they are nought, for the victories whereof they are types went against the Crescent, and fortune hath a smile for the evil. Nevertheless he who tameth the lion need not fear the face of man, and strength and speed may come to the rescue. Strong may be the rook, yet build not thereon, bright may be the bird, yet sail not upon his wings, gay may be the moth, yet the candle may be lighted for the sungeing. There is a wine that maketh glad, and there is a wine that maketh sorry, and beware of what ye swallow, yet the Martin flieth fast. Who regardeth John of Russia, much less his unlawful child, who regardeth the black and gold that cometh with a carol, though this is not the season for the same? O Faithful, there was in the world a little corporal from the land of the Frank, and he professed the faith of MOHAMMED that he might cozen the dwellers in the East, but he was reckoned up and came to grief, and so shall those who rely on his name. Vain, brethren, is earthly learning, and it were well that few held the pen which many hold to the confusion of their fellows, and in the day when all men scrawl their folly be reverence to him who knoweth not how to write, and affixeth a sign which may be the sign of victory. But if ye will be told, and if ye will be wise, put your trust in him who destroyed that he might defend, for he shall defend you against the destroyer, and destroy the defences of your adversaries. And for a further grace unto you, I, MOHAMMED, do for that day only, and by the particular desire of several persons of distinction, abrogate all rule of the ruddy meat and of the laughing wine, and ye shall eat the flesh of the pig, and drink the sparkling cup, and the smoke of the brown weed of the West and of the spotty cabbage of the East shall ascend into the firmament, and no worse thing shall come unto you than cometh unto the fool, yea, the idiot, who eateth and drinketh more than is good for him. This I have given.

MOHAMMED.

(Countersigned)

☞☞☞☞☞

(With reservations.)

INTERESTING TO THE FACULTIES.

(From our Own Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent.)

YOU haven't heard from me for a long time; the reason of my silence will be obvious to all who are blessed with affluence and *Chocolat Menier*, in packets, price sixpence, not to mention HORNIMAN'S pure tea, who went up in a balloon the other day in company with an agreeable policeman's rattle of my acquaintance when the stormy winds did blow. But as these matters will form a case for the Law

Courts, I will not give my opinion on them now; suffice it to say that there is no substitute for breakfast except marmalade, and MAHOMET is his prophet. From which information you will see at once that we are going to have an annual Theatrical, which will take place every month. In order to tell when the months come round and the moon changes, I have invented a beautiful little machine, formed out of aerated bread and paper knives; this marvellous instrument which is cleaned every morning by an intelligent and gentle butler (a distant relative of the Siamese Twins, whose acquaintance he cut many years ago)—I must just re-read this to see where I was—

... Ah, yes... Well, the instrument is fitted up with lunar caustic and essence of mangoes for exportation to the colonies, as dry goods, and will keep in any climate; all you've got to do is to tap it in the morning, and go up-stairs to see what sort of weather it is. It obtained the first prize in the Colwell-Hatchney Exhibition. In fact it was the only thing exhibited.

We are building a theatre: it is to be on a grand scale, say one by six; and at least 3000 feet above the level of the upper C in alt for operatic purposes, including the elevation of the Drama.

We are only to have Amateur Performances, and none but Professionals will be allowed to take part in them. Stars, such as Jupiter, Saturn, and the Tycoon will come on sharing terms. Share after eighteen thunderstorms, and a little one in for luck. The front row of the stalls will be devoted exclusively to children under one year of age. Babies interfering in any way with the performance will be immediately put into the ophecleide by the glass-blower in attendance. The orchestra will be under the superintendence of a Committee of noblemen and gentry, who will conduct the sonatas in their own persons.

A supper of grilled trombones will be given afterwards to the students of Colwell-Hatchney, when we shall be waited upon by iron-clads only, who will bring their own armour-plates. The College of Surgeons will be under the table ready for an emergency.

The first piece is SHAKESPEARE. The chief performers will be the Tower Hamlets. After which JUDAS MACBETH, a farce-oratorio in three-quarters of an act and half a tableau. The winner of next year's Derby will then be shown, and the usual collection made in aid of the Diocesan Home-fed Retributive Society's Funds.

The next toast will be buttered and handed round on a toasting-fork. The glee-singers will then fight each other with sticks, rakes, and garden-engines. The winner will be bought for 150 guineas.

We want a heavy man. The heaviest we've got is eighteen stuns. Also a Light Comedian to attend to the gas.

I will write to you again as soon as we have finished. Our stage is to be filled with traps. I am to cut them. Isn't that fun? In every trap I shall have four horses.

Adew!

YOUR OWN ADOLFUSS.

THE RIFLEMEN'S RETURN.

The Belgians are coming,

Oh, dear! oh, dear!

The Belgians are coming,

Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Says COLONEL LLOYD LINDSAY, M.P., M.P.

We'll take 'em our Sydenham Palace to see,

To Richmond and Windsor, and give 'em some tea,

In return for their great hospitalities.

So let 'em be coming, oh, dear, &c.

(Mr. Punch's Verses.)

The Belgians are coming,

My dears, my dears!

They're coming, receive 'em—

With cheers, with cheers!

'Tis very odd, as it seems to me,

That after such great hospitalities,

And after inviting the kind foreigner,

You should be so astonished when they appear.

The Belgians are coming, my dears, my dears (bis)

They're coming, receive 'em with cheers, with cheers.

The Belgians are coming,

My dears, my dears!

They're coming, receive 'em—

With cheers, with cheers

But COLONEL LLOYD LINDSAY, I'm sure will be,

Delighted his Belgian friends to see.

And treat them at all events more handsomely,

Than our Royalty treats foreign Royalty.

The Belgians are coming, &c.

[Tempo di Marcia. COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF PUNCH reviews a file of His Own Periodical, and expresses himself much pleased. Salvo of cannons. Vivat Regina!



PLAYING AT POLICEMEN.

GEORGE AND FRED WERE SWORN IN AS SPECIALS THE OTHER DAY, AND THEIR BEAT WAS IN BOLTON STREET, MAY FAIR, WHERE THEIR AUNT LIVED. UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, WAS THERE ANYTHING INCONSISTENT IN THEIR TAKING TEA AND COLD MEAT WITH HER TWO RATHER PRETTY SERVANTS IN THE KITCHEN?—BUT THE OLD LADY, HEARING AN UNUSUAL “RIOTING,” AND COMING DOWN AND CATCHING THEM OUT, IF THERE WASN’T A JOLLY ROW ABOUT IT—IT’S A PITY.

MR. PUNCH AT THE EXHIBITION.

I WENT to see the pictures, but no pictures could I see,
For the *casques* and the *chignons*, and the trains that swept so free:
And the wonderfulest works of art weren’t those upon the walls—
But those tiniest of bonnets, and those gorgeousest of shawls.
Miss MUTRIE’S flowers seemed pale beside the milliner’s gay blooms,
That, a-top of golden tresses, to *parterres* turned all the rooms.
And what was MILLAIS’S colouring or LEIGHTON’S to the Art
That their hues to all those tresses had managed to impart?
Where has the black hair vanished to, the chesnut, and the brown?
Why has the blonde gone up so that nought else will go down?
Blonde rousse, *Blonde pale*, *Blond cendrée*—still *Blonds* of every tone!
From *faded* tow to fierce carrots, ’twas blonde, and blonde alone!
And I wondered as I gazed on those blonde heads, young and old,
Where could be the bank of elegance that stood this run for gold!
And when the gold was found per head, whence was more gold
supplied

To furnish forth these *chignons* that wanton far and wide?
What are artists upon canvas to the artists who had reared
The varieties of *chignon* that to those blonde heads adhered?—
The *chignon à la quarter loaf*, the *chignon à la Grecque*,
The *chignon à la bushel*, and the *chignon à la peck*;
The *chignon à la Stilton cheese*, the *chignon à la screw*;
Chignons that match, *chignons* that, bold, assert their native hue,
And ask “What has the *chignon* with its wearer’s hair to do?”
Then, at tresses and at *chignons* when the wonderment was gone,
My gaze turned to the structures perched airily thereon:
Such dainty little roundels of tulle and flowers and lace,
So void of cover for the head or shadow for the face,
So gallantly and gaily with our climate waging war,
So saucily defiant of sore-throat and catarrh:
Perched like nests for little Cupidons upon those tresses fair,
With *brides* of tulle, like vaporious clouds round cheeks and *crêpe* hair:

And crystal-beaded, pearl-bedropped lace gorgets cobweb-thin,
Sweeping from rosy ear to ear beneath the rounded chin;
Benoiton chains, and flower agrafes, and beads and bugles bright,
Wherein tall now the Caffre belles were wont to take delight!
Till what with hair and *chignons*, bonnets, *brides*, and beads and flowers,
My dazzled eye felt drunken, and my mind renounced its powers;
And I said, “With all these pictures for my pleasure on the floor,
The pictures hung upon the walls are nothing but a bore!”

ARBITRATION PUDDING.

“COME, I say, I think I’ll try a little of that again.” Such is the speech often heard to proceed from the mouth which has just given entrance to a quantity of some good thing, particularly a novelty to the palate—say a Nesselrode pudding. Now diplomacy has just done something better than NESSELRODE is known ever to have accomplished; something of which the analogous pudding would surpass even that which bears his name. Its work has cooled the rage of rival nations and neighbours. The plenipotentiaries of the Great Powers at the London Conference have happily settled the Luxemburg Question and—under Heaven—averted a European war. Thus much, then, of success, after all, through Arbitration; wherein, likewise, all partakers may have said, with satisfaction, that they thought, on occasion, they would try some of that same again.

Curious Fact in Ornithology.

AN abnormal condition of the poultry in the neighbourhood of Epsom has been observed during the last week. The very hens have been laying—bets.

EPSOM “SALTS.”—Sailors at the Derby.

THE DERBY DAY, 1867.



"TAKE CARE OF THE VEIL, DEAR, AND DON'T BE HOME LATE!"



"NOW, MOTHER, PACK HIM IN SOMEWHERE."



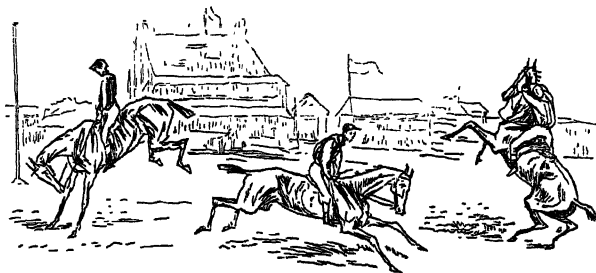
GUNNERSBURY, OF THE WAR OFFICE, ABSENT ON SICK LEAVE!



ON THE ROAD.



CHARMING FOR THE HOUSEMAIDS!



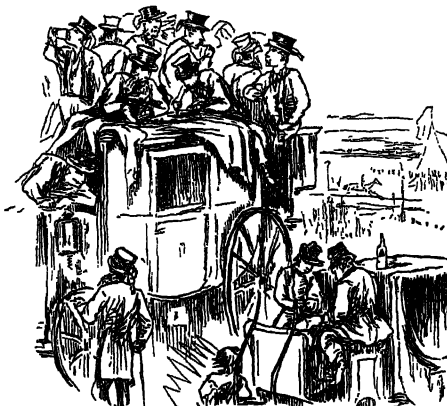
DIFFERENT IDEAS OF STARTING.



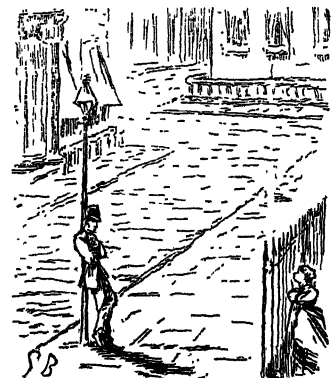
DELIGHTFUL FOR THE GIRLS' SCHOOL!



Twofte (hard hit).—"WHERE'S HAFRICA, 'ARRY? COS, I'M HOFF THERE!"



STRASBOURG PÂTE AND HUMBLE PIE.



LONDON ON THE DERBY DAY.



CONDOLENCE.

Friend. "TO BE MARRIED IN A MONTH? WELL, OLD FELLOW, YOU MUSTN'T ALLOW YOURSELF TO GET LOW ABOUT IT, THOUGH I KNOW WHAT IT IS—DOOSED DEPRESSING IDEA!"

LONGITUDINARIANISM AND LATITUDINARIANISM.

(From the *Revue des Beaux Mondes*.)

THE most superficial observer must have been struck by the enormous lengths to which Longitudinarianism is now being carried throughout Europe, and the terrestrial clouds of evil import which generally follow in its train. It had long been seen by men of penetrating vision like JONES and ROBINSON, that Latitudinarianism, like a monster bubble, must sooner or later collapse.

The Latitudinarians affect to belong to the party of progress, but any one who is conversant with the history of parties (evening parties in particular) must be aware with what difficulty the Latitudinarians make any progress at all, when encumbered, as they are wont to be, with hoops averaging three yards in circumference.

Longitudinarianism, we think it must be conceded, is identified with retrogression. The French Revolution of 1793 was undoubtedly a turning point in many respects, and the figures produced by the Revolution, as we find on reference to *Le Follet* of the period, were as perfectly cylindrical as any figure to be found in a Noah's Ark ancient or modern (*vide* the Arcade of Lowther, *passim*). The treaties of 1815, while they rectified the frontiers of France and other Continental States, did not materially enlarge the boundaries to which crinoline subsequently carried away its extravagant admirers. * * * In the Wars of the Roses and the feuds of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, we see an imperfect foreshadowing of the struggle for supremacy between the Latitudinarians and the Longitudinarians—the characteristic features of the two factions being respectively represented by a hoop and a stick. * * * If MARIA THERESA tolerated the heresies of Latitudinarianism, we feel persuaded that they were never countenanced by her cousin LEOPOLD, nor did they receive the pragmatic sanction of the "Governor"—if we may be allowed to employ a common and to MARIA THERESA's brother, very intelligible colloquialism.

With those who are favourable to measures of retrenchment, Longitudinarianism, maugre its sweeping clauses, is likely to become popular. The destructive tendency of Latitudinarianism is, unhappily, too well

WHY, AT LAST, I BELIEVE IN REFORM.

(BY A SCEPTIC.)

TILL now I believed that Reform
Was a humbug by mere humbugs vaunted,
But now I begin to believe
That Reform must be really wanted.

'Tis not because BRADLAUGH and BEALES,
Like the three famous Tooley Street tailors,
For "the people of England" came forth
In Hyde Park, as un-railers or railers:

'Tis not because GLADSTONE maintains
The rights of our own flesh and blood;
Or the *Star* in its leaders proclaims
That whatever BRIGHT says must be good:

'Tis not that my faith I have pinned
To Jupiter Junior's thunder;
On BOB LOWE see the mark of the beast,
Or think JOHN MILL can ne'er make a blunder:

But it is because here is Reform,
After travelling just the same road
All great questions have travelled before,
Disposed of in just the same mode.

Who was it loosed Catholics' bonds?
Who was it swept Corn Laws away?
Those who for free Church or free trade
Bore the burden and heat of the day?

No; *their* hands that had still locked the door,
Were destined the key to apply:
Their voices that still had cried "No,"
Were fated to register "Aye."

So now that Reform is *their* pet
Whose bugbear it used to be known,
That what Radical treason was called,
Conservative wisdom has grown,

To me 'tis the proof of all proofs
That Reform's grown a fact for JOHN BULL!
That it ranks with the things he wants done
By the long, strong, and all-party pull!

known. For evidence of it, we need only refer to a man of letters holding a responsible post under the British Government, and who was recently arrested, close to his pillar-box, by the hoops of a Latitudinarian cinder-wench, and sustained a simple fracture of the fibula. On this subject it is absurd to contend, as some illogical writers do, that the official uniform (Prussian blue, relieved by scarlet) communicates to every surging menial with whom it comes in contact, the livery of seisin.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

MR. PUNCH sees that the pigeons are getting it hot and strong from those shooting-stars, the Gun Club. Surely, it must be a dangerous sport, judging, as one of the non-shooters, from the published reports of these great guns. *Mr. Punch* reads:—

"Sixteen gentlemen contended, when MESSRS. SO-AND-SO killed three each, and shot off the ties."

The italics are *Mr. Punch's*. Whose ties? What a deadly contest among the sixteen gentlemen, when nothing was left of them but their ties, and these were ultimately shot off! Good news for the haberdashers. Again, after another shooting contest among twenty-one gentlemen, *Mr. Punch* finds the result thus recorded:—

"Four killed. Two missing."

This looks dangerous. The names of the missing gentlemen are given in the sporting papers, and therefore, with this additional publicity, *Mr. P.* sincerely hopes that they will soon be found.

Mr. P. reads that one gentleman brought down one pigeon. Where did he bring it down from? From Town? By cab or rail? *Mr. Punch* brings down his game in much the same way when he visits his country friends in the season. *Mr. P.* further reads that several gentlemen "did not score." Let them at once study thorough-bass, and they'll soon learn the art of scoring.

Finally, *Mr. Punch* will back himself against any noble sportsman at a pigeon match; provided always the pigeons be in a pie: cold, for breakfast.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

LORD DERBY announced, on *Monday, May 13th*, that the Luxemburg treaty had been signed. That locality is to be separated from the German Confederation, the fortress to be as much unfortressed as the KING OF HOLLAND—who had wished to sell his subjects—may desire, and the Duchy is to be under the collective guarantee of all the Powers. Prussia is to walk out with her troops. Limburg is to be entirely under the KING OF HOLLAND. England's guarantee is not more extensive than it previously was. And she has the credit and renown of having prevented a savage and useless war. Well done, old Mother BRITANNIA! You have something to say for yourself yet, old girl, and you can make 'em listen, too, when you are in earnest.

South Kensington proposed to publish in the *Times* a catalogue of all the Art Books in the world, and that journal liberally assented to issue this for £11 a column, instead of £20 which it would get for a similar concession of space to extracts from *Sooner or Later*. But a row has been raised on the subject. To-night its most amusing feature was MR. GLADSTONE's sly eliciting from LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE a proof that the noble Lord did not know that the Stamp Duty had been removed from advertisements. OXENSTIERN, you're wanted!

MR. DISRAELI announced that MR. WALPOLE's sensitiveness and amiability had compelled him to leave off being Home Secretary, but that he will still advise the QUEEN. So does *Mr. Punch*, and he particularly advises HER MAJESTY not to listen to any advice from MR. WALPOLE.

The Leader of the House then brought in the Scotch Reform Bill.

- (1) Scotland is to have Seven new Members. We observe that one is to be given to Glasgow, which is to be cut in two. Should *Mr. Punch* elect to be elected for either, he means to stand for the half which contains the best lunch-house in the whole world.
- (2) Borough suffrage, a £4 rental.
- (3) County ditto, a £15 occupation.
- (4) Property franchise (£10) not to be changed.

This Bill is another proof of MR. DISRAELI's cleverness. It is a very Liberal Bill, and so the Scotch Members declared.

In the course of his speech MR. DISRAELI let out at certain demagogues, whom he called obsolete incendiaries and spouters of stale sedition. He regretted that MR. GLADSTONE, an ornament to the House, wherever he might sit, should receive the homage of such persons, and he cited the famous ATTICUS couplet. MR. GLADSTONE could only remonstrate against vague charges.

We then went on the English Reform Bill, and MR. TORRENS had the pleasure of leading MR. DISRAELI's long lost child, the Lodger, to its parent's arms, and of beholding the affectionate, yet somewhat stately welcome it received. It is to pay £10 a year, however, or cannot be recognised.

SIR ROUNDSELL PALMER, who does not go in for jocularities, was at least as much surprised as pleased at getting a roar for his remark, that the Reform Bill did not provide for Flats. The State does, though, in too many instances, to the inconvenience of J. BULL, Esq.

Tuesday. LORD SHAFTESBURY moved the Second Reading of the Ritualistic Millinery Bill. In two thousand English churches he said there were lights upon the altar. We should like to know in how many of these there is a light in the pulpit. Their Lordships laughed a good deal at the Earl's details of the Ritualistic mode of celebrating the Eucharist, and it occurs to us that they laughed at a wrong time. His Lordship said that he had no respect for Convocation, because it represented the Clergy only. The PRIMATE did not think legislation necessary at present. His Grace was for waiting the report of the Commission. The BISHOP OF LONDON was for the Bill, but for the Commission also. The BISHOP OF OXFORD thought that the movement towards novel services of a Roman character was one of great gravity, and that the question lay deeper than one of mere vestments. LORD DERBY was for postponing the further progress of the Bill, and by 61 to 46 this course was adopted. It stands over for two months. After so serious a subject, a little fun was wanted, and it was of course supplied by LORD WESTMERE, who was called to order for alluding to the BISHOP OF OXFORD by name.

COLONEL BARTELOT got a Select Committee on the Malt Tax. This seems as good a way of shutting the mouth of that eternal Grumble, the farmer, as any other.

Mr. Punch thanks MR. FAWCETT for introducing a Bill for extending to the little children who serve Old Grumble aforesaid, the same protection as is given by the Factory Act. To explain fully why *Mr. Punch* is grateful, would be to introduce into his columns details which would (for the first time in his life) make one of his paragraphs unfit to be read *virginibus puerisque*. The immoralities of the present system of children's agricultural labour take the subject out of *Mr. Punch's*

domain. He can only signify his satisfaction that the evil is seen and grappled with.

The Commons passed the Bill for doing away with the declarations about transubstantiation, and otherwise, at which the Catholics are annoyed. Needless to say that MR. NEWGATE and his Man Friday, of Peterborough, protested like Protestants.

Wednesday. MR. THOMAS HUGHES moved the Second Reading of his Bill on Sunday Trading. The case is simply this. Large numbers of tradesmen wish to shut up, but they will not do so unless their neighbours and rivals are forced to shut up also. The Bill would not interfere with public-houses, and the publicans therefore cordially approve a measure calculated to send them new customers. MR. HUGHES is so able, and so earnest for good, that we regret to see his energies devoted to a kind of legislation which appears to us to be needless, and therefore savouring of tyranny. After a debate, in which MR. HENLEY expressed a hope that the measure will be supported on religious grounds, and made much stronger, the Bill was read a Second Time, MR. WALPOLE remarking, with wisdom, that he had little confidence in legislation on this subject.

Thursday. We had a financial debate, and MR. DISRAELI and MR. GLADSTONE complimenting one another, joining in resistance to the abolition of the Fire Insurance duty, and carrying the Second Reading of the Bill for the Abolition of the National Debt by a process which, in 1885, will, if pursued, have reduced eight hundred millions by twenty-five. We then voted £415,000 for soldiers, and reasonable complaint was made that the rules of the Service were not explained by SERGEANT KITE to his recruits, who were not made aware of the stoppages out of pay. A resolution was carried, ordering the Sergeant to be explicit.

The evening ended with a scene to which *Mr. Punch*, having a respect for both gentlemen who acted in it, would have made no reference, but as the Americans will infallibly be down upon the English, in return for occasional British remarks upon sayings and doings in Congress, we may just note that two Metropolitan Members contrived to misunderstand one another in the lobby, and to use words which were handsomely apologised for, MR. DISRAELI remarking that there had been hallucination, and the SPEAKER hoping that nothing of the sort would occur again.

Friday. The Lords were prayed to ask the QUEEN not to let Irish traitors be made into Irish martyrs, *viz* the gallows.

In the Commons we were informed that the Cattle Plague is on the increase again, especially in the Metropolis.

The rest of the evening was given to the Reform Bill, and a very important step was taken.

We abolished the Compound Householder. Thus: MR. HODGKINSON moved that no person, other than an occupier, should be rated in any borough. MR. GLADSTONE enforced this proposal in the most earnest manner, declaring he accepted it for the sake of peace. MR. DISRAELI not only accepted it, but did so to the extent of saying that such a course was what he had originally designed, and that it was entirely in conformity with the principle of the Bill. Further, he boldly asserted that Government were not in the least influenced by terrors of agitation, or by arts resorted to by blunderers, who were sullen because rivals could deal with Reform. After these amiabilities, the Committee waxed merry, and MR. OSBORNE saw his chance, and made a capital after-dinner speech, in which he called the Crown lawyers the Two Black Graces, and MR. DISRAELI the greatest Radical in the House. Business and pleasure having been thus combined, the debate was adjourned.

Irremediable Irish Complaint.

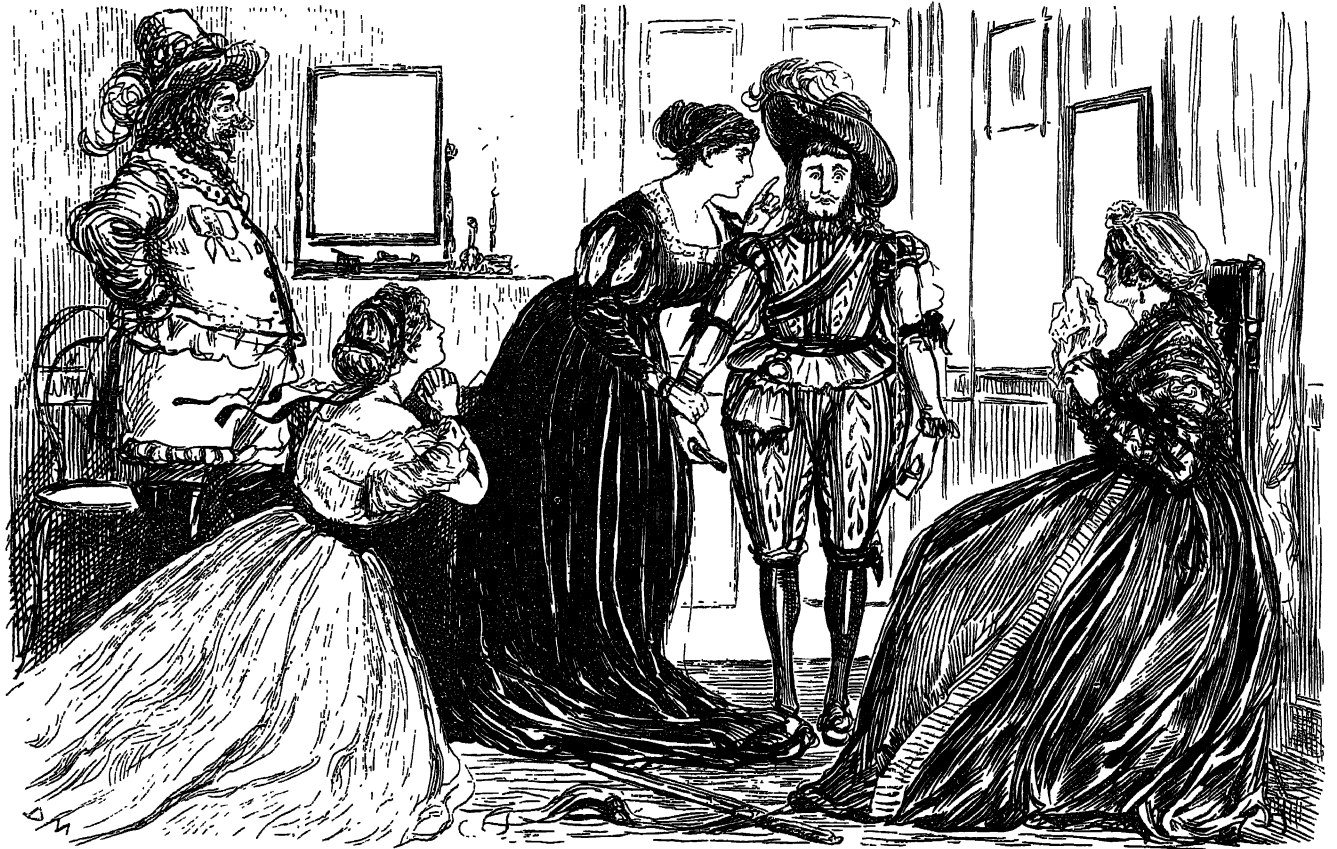
WHY not disestablish and disendow the Protestant Church of Ireland, and put the Roman Catholic in possession of its room and its revenues? Because the priests don't ask for an establishment by which they would be much less well off than they are now; and besides, if the Roman Catholic Church were constituted the Irish State Church, the great bulk of the Irish people would immediately turn Protestants. They would then begin again to complain of being obliged to support the Church of a minority, and the religious difficulty in Ireland, shifted about, would be worse than ever.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

OUR Station Master's Wife now and then wins a pair or two of gloves on the Derby. When asked her size, she does not say, like ordinary people, six and a half, but exactly 6.30.

SPARE HIS FEELINGS.

* THE KING OF PRUSSIA has made one stipulation, in the event of his visiting Paris to see the Exhibition: He is not to be lodged in the Luxembourg.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT THE TITWILLOWS'.

MR. TITWILLOW, HAVING UNDERTAKEN A COMIC PART, IS ABOUT TO RENDER HIS APPEARANCE MORE EFFECTIVE BY REDDENING THE TIP OF HIS DEAR LITTLE NOSE. HIS WIFE, MOTHER, AND SISTER, IN A PASSIONATE APPEAL TO HIS NOBLER FEELINGS, IMPLORE HIM NOT TO DESECRATE HIS DIGNITY BY SUCH AN ACT.

[His bosom friend cynically contemplates the touching family scene.]

"WAIT TILL THEY'VE WEIGHED."

(A Derby Ditty.)

WHIP and spur and jockeyship,
Wind and blood and bone,
Do your best. Upon the course
To-day your work is shown!
DIZZY winner by a length
Lands the Derby crack,
Spite of GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, and MILL
Thundering at his back!
"Dizzy wins!" is loud huzzaed—
Punch says, "Wait, till they have weighed!"

True—he's ridden a gallant race,
Showed us all he knew,
Waited now, now forced the pace,
Till The Field he blew.
He has laid by for the turn,
Watched the nick to wheel,
Lost no inch that could be won,
By whip-cord, hand, and heel,
Yet, though "Diz wins!" be huzzaed,
Punch says, "Wait till they have weighed!"

For all the toughness of the horse
The 'cuteness of the jock,
Though he've rode artful as a fox,
And steady as a rock,
Races we've known, as neatly won,
Lost, when jocks came to scale,
The winner's number sudden changed,
His backers' "head" turned "tail,"
Then though "Diz wins" be huzzaed,
Punch says, "Wait till they have weighed!"

There's such a thing as riding light
And "foxing scales," they say;
As getting rid of weight, to ride,
Dodging it on, to weigh.
If DIZ meant winning, where's the weight,
But over he would throw?
So look out when the race is done,
And jocks to scale must go!
So though "DIZ wins!" be huzzaed,
Punch says, "Wait till they have weighed!"

ROME MAKING WAY.

A QUESTION which came the other day before a meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates was whether the celebration of Mass should be permitted in the House of Correction at Coldbath Fields. It was negated by the narrowest possible majority, 32 to 31. On the affirmative side was urged the argument that Mass is now allowed to be celebrated in the Government and other prisons. As the Protestant party on the Middlesex Bench is in a majority of only one, no doubt the celebration of Mass will very soon be permitted in all the prisons which they preside over. DR. MANNING may be congratulated on the progress which Popery appears to be making among the criminal population.

Note in the Academy.

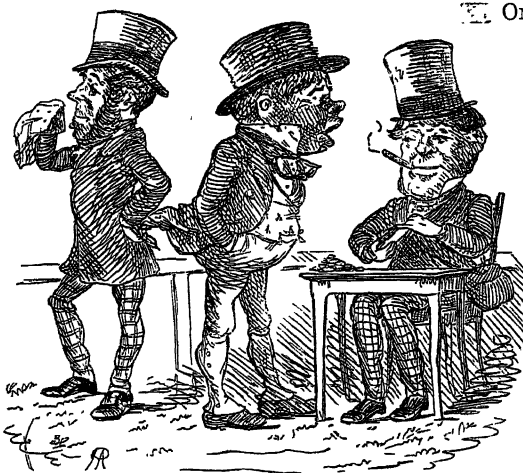
MR. CALDERON'S study of *Hever Castle*, No. 648 in the books, is styled "Evening." A delicious picture, misnamed; it should have been *Heverning*. So happy were the days spent in the Halls where first the EIGHTH HENRY met his ANNE BOLEYN, that MR. CALDERON could not but transfer his reminiscences to canvas as he murmured, "*Hever* of thee I'm fondly dreaming." Gentlemen, No. 648 in the books! MR. CALDERON will oblige again!



THE DERBY, 1867. DIZZY WINS WITH "REFORM BILL."

MR. PUNCH. "DON'T BE TOO SURE; WAIT TILL HE'S WEIGHED."

HINTS FOR DERBY TALKERS.



ON Saturday last a numerous and well-dressed deputation from all parts of the kingdom, including Derbyshire, waited on *Mr. Punch*, at his official residence in Fleet Street, to assure him of the value his "Hints for Derby Talkers" had been last year to multitudes of persons of all sexes and both ages, and to solicit him to publish a similar series, on the recurrence of the great annual horse-race, May 22, 1867.

Having listened, without yawning, to the arguments and entreaties advanced by the various and varying speakers, *Mr. Punch* replied to the effect that on the whole, and

without prejudice, he was not altogether indisposed to debate in his own mind, and back office, the propriety of taking into consideration the advisability of determining, at a period not very distant, whether it would be politic and expedient and consistent with the first principles of political economy, and the law of hypothec to comply with their request, or refer it to a Royal Commission. The deputation expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with this candid and explicit statement, made without any unnecessary verbiage,* and having thanked *Mr. Punch* for the courteous reception he had given them, withdrew to neighbouring taverns to lunch, at the expense of the different Friendly Societies to which they belonged.

Mr. Punch instantly put on all his horse-power, and threw off the following Hints for the use of All on the Downs on Wednesday, the 22nd.

Vauban.—Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas. Young men should be prepared to give precise and accurate information as to the meaning of this distinction to EFFIE and ELEANOR. If they like to Maunder on, they may say that this horse is named after a celebrated Sapper and Miner of antiquity, who built the Great Pyramid that erst filled Lincoln's Inn Fields, and enabled HANNIBAL to tunnel the Alps by a judicious use of acid-drops and the best malt vinegar. Vauban (now corrupted into Woburn) Place, Russell Square, is named after him. Died there of a surfeit of pickled walnuts and Devonshire cream, towards the close of the century but one before the beginning of the present epoch.

Does FELICIA ask who is the owner of the favourite? Easily answered. May she think the reply Felicitious! The DUKE OF BEAUFORT is Master of the Horse, and good luck to him.

The Hermit.—Information about this horse may be obtained on the morning of the race, in an envelope Hermitically sealed, by applying to any member of the various monastic orders in London and the environs. If *The Hermit* passes the Judge's chair first, drink his health, and that of his CHAPL(A)IN in wine of which every well-regulated barouche will have an abundant supply—Hermitage.

Marksmen.—Have you drawn him in the Grand International Sweep? Then, should he prove the winner, you will be like his owner—MERRY.

The Palmer.—It would be worth while to make even a longer pilgrimage than from Waterloo to Epsom to see *The Palmer* and *The Hermit* neck and neck. But such serious and ascetic creatures should not be exposed to the contaminations of the Turf.

Julius.—Will the Derby of 1867 be known in racing annals as the Julian Era? May the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE underline the 22nd of May in his Diary as an anniversary to be kept for ever with great rejoicing in the halls of Clumber!

D'Entournoi.—Does not sound like a winner. Give a horse a bad name, and scratch him. *Mr. Punch* has long held decided opinions about the nomenclature (EFFIE and ELEANOR, explain this word to CYRIL and FIZZ) of racehorses, and is ready to supply any number of apt and suitable names for yearlings and two-year-olds. Terms, 10 per cent. on all winnings.

Grand Cross.—In the event of the MARQUIS OF EXETER's success, MR. TENNYSON has promised to add a new verse to *The Lord of Barleigh*, which you may be sure will not halt.

Van Amburgh.—Will he be the King of the Beasts on Wednesday?

Plaudit.—Look to the telegraph. Is MAJOR ELWON's number up?

Then *Plaudite omnes*, and when you return to London go and see old TATTERSALL in the National Portrait Exhibition.

* Query "Derbiage."—P. D.

A Welcome Gift.

LOOKING into a well-known shop-window in Oxford Street, just after the last changes in the Government, the thought occurred that the most acceptable present LORD DERBY could have, would be a Stationary Cabinet.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

IN my soft Club arm-chair as I dozed—
I had fallen asleep o'er the *Star*—
To my mind's eye a vision unclosed
The ages and æons afar.

Like the roar of a past express-train
Had died out the din of the day:
Forgotten were BRADLAUGH and BEALES,
Reform Leagues had dwindled away:

The Lion of Birmingham long
By the Bucks lamb had peaceful been laid:
Long, on the Calne Cockatrice-den
CHILDE GLADSTONE uninjured had played.

Long gathered and garnered the fruits
Of ripe wisdom from JOHN STUART MILL;
BRIGHT's trumpet hung mute on the wall,
And the *Telegraph* thunders were still.

Reform's best and worst had been wrought;
Democracy's tide had flowed full:
Agitation itself had caved in,
Having done all it could for JOHN BULL.

On the back of the chair I was set,
Whence the SPEAKER his Commons surveys,
And with bird's-eye view thence overlooked
The Reformed House, its workings and ways.

By my peep of the Future forewarned,
I hold it my duty to be,
What I saw there to tell, or—more strange—
To tell what I there did not see.

I did not see ladies installed,
Save behind the gilt lattice's screen;
All the *persons* there, spite of JOHN MILL,
Wore trousers and not crinoline.

No working-men Members were there:
Save the spouters' no fustian I saw;
No Shop-Solons, hand-labour to crown,
And bring capital under its law.

No more palpable wisdom I found
In Reform's new-quintessence sublimed:
Not cleaner or harder their hands,
Who Democracy's ladder had climbed.

No more mighty thinkers: no more
Wondrous orators: as many bores:
Muddlers, Meddlers, and Millionaires:
Directors, place-hunters by scores.

In short, 'twas amazing to find,—
One feels loath the result to avow—
How uncommonly like at most points,
Was the new House to that we have now.

POPINJAY ON WAR AND PEACE.

PUNCH,
I VERY much like that notion of letting 'off great guns without powder (which I read about while travelling here)—you know what I mean—revolving disc, I believe they call it, which hurls a ball as if it were thrown from a sling: no disgusting smoke, no stunning noise—a pretty Arcadian idea—War and Peace united—prodigious slaughter with perfect stillness—killing no bother—the British Lion having been taught to coo.

But I wish they could also do away with the groans of the wounded. Now it strikes me it might be done in this way. You have got a gun which emits neither sound nor smoke. Very nice. Would not a puff-ball, scented with violet powder, answer every necessary purpose? The enemy when struck on nose, chin, or cheek, should be considered *hors de combat*, and should retire on parol, covered with confusion and flour, warranted free from all deleterious substances.

Paris.

P.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—MR. GLADSTONE has been able to effect a great saving in his household. He is so constantly "waited on" by Reformers, that he has discharged all his footmen as superfluous luxuries.



THE RULING PASSION.

Little Girl. "WULL YE GIE'S HA'PENNIES FOR THIS THIRIFENNY, FOR MA GRANNY'S FEARED IT'S NO A GUDE ANE!"

HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR SOAP?

MR. PUNCH,
T'OTHER day I see in a noosepaper an advertisement as tickled my fancy uncommon. 'Twas this here:—

A MANDINE.—A beautiful hand is indispensable to all; it is the distinguishing mark between refinement and vulgarity. With the aid of Amandine . . . every hand may be rendered soft, beautiful, and white, every rude impression of hard usage or rough weather removed, and the seal of elegance impressed upon it, let its present condition be ever so unpromising."

Sur, I be a blacksmith. At laste I wus; bred up to't from a boy and hammer away at the forge and the anvil this twenty year till at last I cum in for prawpurty. And so I've zet up fur a gentulman. Now there's my old gal she've a bin used to washun and scrubbin and havun her hands subjick to hard usage and rough weather all her life. I wonders if so be as how that there Amandine ood remove the "rude impression" of all sitch work and wear and tear off they, and they'd get "the seal of elegance impressed upon" 'um by that means. Their "present condition" I'll own is terrable "unpromising," unlike the 'bove advertersment. But will that Amandine stuff perform what it promises? Cause if "a beautiful hand is the distinguishing mark between refinement and vulgarity," we be dredful vulgar both on us; and that wun't do if we be to mix in the saziety of gentlefolks.

My hands is wuss than my wife's as you med spouse. I han't never yet tried nothin wi um moor pureefyun than yaller sope. O coorse there's no expectation of Amandine impressun the sale of elegance on a vist like a shoulder o' mutton, but praps the use on't med git out zum o' the durt that's grammer'd into'n a preshus dale moor I'm afear'd than rightun is, and so conclude,

Your obeigent survunt,

DUNSTAN GHRIMES.

P.S. Patternised by Tinkers, Coalheavers, and Dustmen one ood think. Wonderful effex of Amandine pruv'd by beoun tried on several pares of hands arter 6 months oakum pickun in Bridewell.

THE LAST ADDITION TO "OUR GOOSE CLUB."—Tailors on Strike.

THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE TURF.

(A Romance of Horseflesh.)

HIGH on a drag perched, HIPPOLYTE looked out o'er Epsom Down,
And swept, with levelled telescope, all London out of Town,
At Derby's famed high festival; and what a feast was there
For HIPPO the hippophagist, the COUNT OF SAINT HILAIRE!

With gushing mouth and glowing eyes, that spoke an eager man,
He saw the steeds walked to and fro before the race began:
"Brave horseflesh, by my troth!" he cried, "with not an ounce of fat."
'Tis well at present—time enow anon to care for that."

He stood with elevated chin, and lifting up his nose
As one that in his bosom wears an overwhelming rose,
His proud lip curled as rose and fell the British Public's roar,
"They love that noble animal, the horse! I love him more!"

They're off! they're off! COUNT HIPPOLYTE's new hat is waved on high,

"*Consommé*," shouted he, "*aux Hoofs!*"—a pun to make and die.
"*Vive le cheval!*" he screamed above the shouts that rent the air:
"*Cheval santé aux truffes! Cheval à la Financière!*"

"*Ho, filet de cheval! Salmis! Rissoles à la Française!*
Ha, Fricassée! Ho, vol-au-vent! Saucisses! Mayonnaise!
Horse roast, boiled, fried, with *sauce piquante*, or with tomato sauce,
Horse liver, kidney, sirloin, brisket, aitchbone, round of 'Oss!"

The race is run, the stakes are won, the Winner's posted high,
"How much?" shrieked out COUNT HIPPOLYTE. "How much? your man am I."

The Winner! Ho, the Winner! Is the Winner to be sold?
I'll buy him; yes, I'll buy him, if I give his weight in gold!"

My eye, what luck! The bargain's struck. Ah, what can words avail?
COUNT HIPPOLYTE ten thousand pounds paid down upon the nail,
The Derby's winner bore away, and fattened in a stall,
Then he and others ate him up, hide, mane, and tail, and all!

A SUNDAY REFORM BILL WANTED.

SOME heads are so hard that they require to be hammered at for years before much sense can be knocked into them. For instance, only look at this:—

"The Committee (House of Commons on Public-Houses, 1854) recommended—and it is strange to think how little has been done to carry out the recommendation in thirteen years—that museums and similar places of rational amusement should be open after two on Sundays, as rival attractions to the public-house on the workman's day of rest."

This is quoted from the *Times*, in a report but lately issued by the National Sunday League, a society which is striving, with greater zeal than means, to make Sunday a day of pleasant leisure for the poor: a holiday, or holy day, partly to be spent in healthful recreation, rather than in sitting in a hot unwholesome pot-house, and swilling bad, drugged beer. To this end the Sunday League is sensibly endeavouring to throw open other doors than those of public-houses, which are now well nigh the only places open to the public after Sunday morning church. Either you can go to the parson or the pothouse, such is the alternative allowed by English law. So the Sunday League is trying to obtain an "Open Sesame," for the British Museum and the National Gallery, which is closed to the nation when the nation needs it most. Were the Crystal Palace open as a rival to the gin-palace, there would be less of Sunday drunkenness than is witnessed in our streets. So the League is striving hard to get the Crystal Palace opened on a Sunday, and the shade of poor dear SIR JOSEPH PAXTON smiles on their attempt.

Assuredly our Sunday laws are strangely inconsistent. Hampton Court Palace is open to the people on a Sunday; whereas the infinitely more improving Crystal Palace is close shut. You may go and stare your fill at CHARLES the SECOND'S Beauties, but you are not permitted to see the Holy Family, or any other of the noble pictures in Trafalgar Square. A Sunday Reform Bill is sadly needed by the nation, to reform the stupid customs by which Sunday now is spoiled. Meanwhile, let every one who wishes to see Sunday rightly used, as a day of healthful leisure and not sickening debauch, subscribe what he can spare to the National Sunday League, which at the close of its last year had only six-and-twenty pounds in hand to continue its good work.



DISSECTING ROOM, ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

SCIENTIFIC CELEBRITIES TAKING THE CAST OF A WHALE.

A MODEL AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"ON their own merits modest men are dumb," and, as modesty is eminent among your many virtues, you can hardly be expected to mention the performance in which, with much success, your young men recently took part. Yet I think that it deserves some record in your pages, as being an exception to the very general rule that an amateur performance for the aid of any charity demands a vast amount of charity in those who are its critics. I believe that very few of those who kindly paid their guinea for a stall at the Adelphi, on Saturday, the 11th, felt they did not get their guinea's-worth of pleasant entertainment, in addition to the consciousness of pleasant satisfaction that they were aiding by their presence a charitable work. It is a Sister's Penance, often, to see her brothers act, but I own I think that MADemoiselle GIRAFFIER felt far more pride than penance to see how well her clever brother STANISLAS could play—the beggar! how I envy him his charmingly sweet voice!—and other sisters, also, who were sitting with the audience, were not bored in the least to see their brothers on the stage. The truth is, *Mr. Punch*, that, unlike most amateurs, your young men took the trouble to be perfect in their parts. Generally it happens in an amateur performance, that—

To the words, ill-remembered, the gestures ne'er suit,
And the voice of the prompter there never is mute.

In this respect a lesson might with profit have been learnt from the play at the Adelphi, and I believe there are still extant even actors by profession who, with profit, might have studied it.

Another point wherein the acting differed, with advantage, from most that now is visible, was its being wholly free from staginess and claptrap. The actors used their natural voices when they spoke, and simply with their words used action that was natural. There was no such thing as thinking solely of oneself, no forcing of a small part into undue prominence. Even the "Lambs," poor dumb animals, who merely had to stand at a doorway and be stared at, did their best to do this well, and showed no sign of the ambition, doubtless burning in their bosoms, to stalk up to the footlights, and burst forth in a set speech.

I am no critic, *Mr. Punch*, but simply one who paid my guinea, and felt tempted to proclaim, as I walked out of the theatre, that I'd had

as good a guinea's-worth as ever had been given. Only one regret then lingered in my mind, and that arose from these eight lines which I heard in the "Address":—

"Last, but not least in your dear love, and ours,
There is a head we'd crown with all our flowers.
Our kindest thanks to her whose smallest grace
Is the bewitchment of her fair young face.
Our own KATE TERRY comes, to show how much
The truest art does with the lightest touch.
Make much of her while still before your eyes—
A star may glide away to other skies."

Graceful actresses are not so common on our Stage that we can spare, without regretting deeply, one so delicate, so ladylike, so intelligent, and so refined. In these days of gas and glitter, noisy rant, and nigger breakdowns, a young actress like KATE TERRY, who can act a graceful character with naturalness and ease, and can express emotion strongly, without staginess or rant, is invaluable in serving the best interests of her art. As a contrast to the coarseness which burlesques are prone to generate, she charms the better taste and feelings of the public, and arrests the downward course of degradation of the Stage.

But the "gods" must humbly bow to the little god of love; and boxes, pit, and stalls will soon be forced to yield their favourite at call-boy Cupid's call. Happy he to whom "no cards" then may be posted from the "other skies," but who will be invited to welcome the fair star, so soon about to glide thither.

Wishing you still more success in your good work of charity, I beg leave to subscribe myself (besides the enclosed five guineas),

ONE WHO PLAYS.

** *Mr. Punch* is not more modest than most other great men; and he willingly inserts this letter, because he thinks that it expresses very general opinions; and also because it serves to provide him with a peg, whereon to hang conspicuously a public vote of thanks, from the Committee of the "Bennett Fund," for the frank and ready kindness with which MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, who is ever ready with his aid in a good work, lent his theatre to those who helped to fill it with Six Hundred Guineas for the Fund.

LEGAL QUESTION.

Must the punishment for Arson be necessarily a *Light* sentence?

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF PERSONS.

(A Lecture delivered at an Institute, by PROFESSOR BARNOWL.)

IT seems strange, my friends, that the right of women to vote for Members of Parliament is asserted and advocated, principally by MR. MILL. MR. MILL's speciality is logic: he therefore, of all men, might be expected to discern the reason which unfits the female sex to exercise the elective franchise. And what is that? My friends, in many things women are cleverer than men. They have intuitions which transcend reason. But that same reason is the one thing needful for the free and independent voter. No reason, no vote. Now the fact is, that women, wonderful as many of their endowments are, women in general, are not endowed with reason. Oh, to be sure, there are exceptions! MR. MILL's experience has doubtless been confined to them. He is a happy man.

Yes, my friends, undoubtedly there are a few women possessed of reasoning powers—a very few. They correspond to men of special genius. The ordinary woman is actuated by instinct—sentimental instinct; but still instinct. It is usual to say of such an one that she has a will of her own. This is true, my friends, in one sense, and false in another. Will means inclination. In this sense women have a very strong will indeed. Will also means volition. Of this the majority of them have almost none at all. Try them; make the experiment upon any one even who is a rather uncommonly sensible woman. Complain to her of any objectionable fashion. She may assent to all that you say; but she will follow the fashion. She will follow it as long as it lasts. Look at crinoline. Women of the lower orders cling to it still, just because they don't know that ladies have left it off. If you exhort a woman to discontinue anything whatever which fashion prescribes, you will generally find you might as well talk to a cat. You will get attended to as much as you would be if you endeavoured to persuade a tortoise-shell to be a tabby. My friends, there is something in the constitution of the female mind which renders a woman as unable, of her own accord, against the fashion, to alter her dress, as an animal is to change its skin or its spots. See how chignons adhere to the female occiput, in spite of everything! By-and-by they will suddenly and unaccountably drop off. In the mean time, to expostulate about a chignon with its wearer would be as effectual as remonstrating with a buffalo on his hump.

Lovely woman is often declared to be all heart. That is very true. The heart is a muscle of involuntary motion. It pulsates under the influence of a part of the nervous system distinct from that through which the other muscles are moved and controlled. Women, for the most part, appear to be governed by the same influence all over. Thus they are rendered charming creatures—inexpressibly charming, adorable, delightful—most admirably adapted to perform peculiar functions, useful and ornamental, but, oh, my friends, not fit and proper persons to return Members to Parliament!

I will not ask how many original authors, artists, thinkers and creators of any kind are, or have been women, nor why it is that, generally taught music as ladies are, there is not a female MOZART, nor even so much as a fair DONIZETTI. Let us take cookery, my friends. It is one of the common employments of women. Essentially, cookery is a rational art. There is reason, you know, in roasting an egg. Now many women are good executive cooks. But if you want a head-cook you must resort to the stronger sex. There are female mathematicians—they are very few; but, perhaps a female mathematician is less rare than a female chef. Who are the cooks that invent the great dishes? Not women, I think. Where is your female UDE? Where is your female SOYER? A lady once stated that she had made some mock turtle out of her own head. She not only made a dish, but a joke. She was one of the exceptions.

Request one of the gentler sex, my friends, to boil you a round of beef, for instance, after the manner prescribed by LIEBIG. With an amiable docility, which cannot be extolled too highly, she will perhaps obey you, but try to make her apprehend the principle of the process! No, don't—if you persist in the endeavour she will probably cry, and the man who would draw a tear down the cheek of Loveliness by useless explanation or argument is no better than a Bluebeard.

I said, my friends, that there are exceptions to the generality of women: I took care to say so. There are some women undeniably endowed with reason. You may never have met with such: I have. I will not enumerate or name them: how few they may be no matter. The fact of their existence is consolatory. It enables us to believe that the germs, at least, of reason exist in the mind of every woman, and that, in the great mass of women that divine faculty is only dormant. Now, there are many girls who are entirely unreasonable, but very fascinating for all that, at least so long as they are young and beautiful, whatever they may become when they turn into matrons.

“Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind.”

You know the rest, my friends. Well; doubtless he expects to meet his squaw in the happy hunting-grounds. So also we, Europeans, may say, Lo, the poor husband, whose well-tutored mind, discerning the

germs of reason in the mind of woman, derives thence a confirmation of the hope, cherished in spite of MAHOMET, that under future and happier circumstances:—

“His faithful wife shall bear him company.”

However, in the meantime, my friends, whilst, in by far the greater number of maids, wives, and widows, the rational faculty, if existing, remains undeveloped, I am afraid I must invite you to express the opinion that women at large are as yet naturally unfitted to exercise political functions. But if that is your opinion, perhaps you likewise think that the want of reason ought to disqualify men also for electoral privileges. It may be feared that if a practical Reform Bill could be based on this principle it would effect a large and liberal contraction of the franchise.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PREP THE NINTH.

LATEST news from the Egspossioning.

They have appointed me as the Juror *par reussellongse* on the Pickle Department, and Assistant Juror to the Piano Commissioners.

Pickles and Pianos! Need I say I am in my element? I have already commenced an essay on little pickles, regular pickles, and, touching pianos, Piccolomini; if the work increases, I shall soon be in a pretty pickle.

I divide my day thus: first a pickle, then a piano; then taste a pickle while trying a piano. So much for the morning. The afternoon is much the same.

The Prince has arrived—*Mong Prangse!* to use the French tongue—and appears highly delighted with all he sees. I did not read my address to him, as it has been privately intimated to me that he does not wish to be recognised by me in public. I understand MONG PRANGSE's motive for this. So will you.

I hear it whispered that, in consequence of my services to the Egspossioning, I am to be ribboned and titled. This comes of Pickles and Pianos. What title should I like? I have considered the subject, and thus conclude. According to your wish, I always pay my distinguished visits to the Egspossioning in the afternoon. Well, Sir, at that time Paris expects me to do my duty: Paris looks for me, and I come. Now, Sir, there is such an honoured title as Count de Morny, *nez par?* (which is French for “is there not?”) Then why should I not be styled, Count de Afternoon?

LUMPYRAW LOUEY himself will not object.

MONG PRANGSE will not object.

You, I am sure, will place no obstacle in the way.

But do send me *larjong* (that is, money), merely for *largesse* to be thrown to the populace on that occasion.

This is what I sang to LUMPYRAW the other night, after dinner, by way of a gentle hint:—

“Oh, dear, what can the matter be
Louey is not playing fair.”

A start from LAMPERRARTREECE (the Empress), who was accompanying me as usual on the gay guitar of her native country (would it be too much to say I allude to Spain?), nearly threw me off my balance (by the way, do send me a cheque; I've got one joke that's worth all the money, but never shall it pass these lips until £ s. d.—), but I continued my flowing numbers—

“He promised to buy me a bunch of red ribbon,
To put in my button hole, there.

Oh, dear! Hélas! *Cur faire!* &c.”

LUMPYRAW rang the bell.

I had touched him. I draw a pocket-handkerchief over the remainder of the scene. For such divinity doth hedge a king, that you're kicked out of the presence before you're well in it. No more of this.

You have complained, I hear, that I do not tell you so much about the Egspossioning as you had expected. What *did* you expect?

Wait for my next, and then— But this is to anticipate, P. THE G.

I'll give any of my countrymen a day's amusement in Parry. Go and see the *Ark of Tru-mph*. Ask the guide to explain all about Noah. Cross the *Pong Nurf*, walk straight on until you are quite tired, then see if you can get a cab (a *voytoor*). This search will occupy you for another hour agreeably. If you forget the name of your hotel, or the *Rew* (that is, street) where you are staying, ask any person to tell you. Say *Mossoo, oo sweej kong jerswee shay macare, sivoo play?* (that is, “Where am I when I am at home, if you please?”) You will soon get such an experience of Paris as no instruction of mine can give. *Ardeur!*

Come Early.

THE only Racing Prophet whom the ladies should consult is *Mr. Punch*. He asks for no commission; and when his dear clients are successful (there is no “if” in the case) he is amply rewarded by a winning smile.



Swell (who won't be done). "H'YARS MY KYARD IF YOU 'D—AH—LIKE TO SUMMONS ME."
Cobby (who has pulled up and heard the dispute). "DON'T YOU TAKE IT, BILL. IT'S HIS TICKET O' LEAVE!"

PUZZLED.

I'm sick, O'Compound Householder,
 Of thee and of thy claims,
 Thou Proteus of the Commonwealth,
 One shape of many names!
 Whether thou art old England's pride,
 Or doomed to work her fall,—
 The running sore of city life,
 Or the best class of all,—

Whether thy rates thou pay'st in rent,
 Or part, or all, or none,—
 Whether, if not compounded for,
 Tenant, or landlord's done,—
 Whether, when thou hast registered,
 The franchise thou wilt prize,—
 Whether in social scale or price
 The man or vote will rise,—

Whether thou 'lt tend to pipe and pot,
 Or quite the other way,—
 Whether thou 'lt rush to swamp the poll,
 Or stay supine away,—
 Whether corruption's upas-growth
 Checked by thy means will be,
 Or bribes and bribers, nothing loath,
 Find a new field in thee,—

Whether the Tenements Rating Act
 Perforce should be the law,—
 Whether 'tis true SIR WILLIAM CLAY
 Has made or cured a flaw,—
 Whether in GLADSTONE'S reasoning,
 Or DIZZ'S to confide,—
 To whom pin faith, whose view accept,
 And for whose view divide,—

Who 'll tell a helpless true-blue Squire
 Who fain would do what's right,
 But gets confused 'twixt Ayes and Noes,
 And hears his black called white:
 Who sees things topsy-turvy turned,
 Finds heads where tails should be,
 And feels he's aiding, Duce knows how,
 To arm Democracy!

OUR THEATRICAL SPECTATOR.

"Spectatum admissi PACEM teneatis, amici."
Horace (a trifle altered).
 When at the play, my BROWN or JONES,
 Please only talk in under-tones.

HAVING the good fortune, as my friends jocosely term it, of lately marrying a wife somewhat younger than myself, I have frequently the happiness of being dragged out after dinner to a play-house or an opera. As compensation for the trouble which these gaddings out entail on me, I have the benefit of hearing her remarks on the performances, and these amuse me more than what I either see or hear upon the stage, for unluckily I am no novice at a theatre. The other night she whispered that *Pollio*, she thought, would look more like a Roman if he wore a Roman nose, and she added, "But if I were *Norma*, and knew his nose was false, I should revenge my wrongs by pulling it." Again, a minute or two afterwards, she wondered if the Druids really were as ugly as they look upon the stage, and whether, when they sung, they used such uncouth gestures, and made faces so grotesque, as are shown by those who now are hired to represent them.

Artless prattle such as this it is no uncommon thing to hear at a performance, and doubtless there are ears which are not displeased by hearing it. Some play-goers, however, have ears which are not long ones, and prefer them to be filled with the sense that may perchance be talked upon the stage, rather than the nonsense overheard among the audience. It is not pleasant in the middle of a noble scene by SHAKESPEARE to hear the twitter of JOCASTA, or the twaddle of BELINDA, and when a gentleman has paid a guinea for a stall, the chance is he would rather hear the melodies of MEYERBEER than the gabble he could gratis listen to at home.

It is difficult for a woman, I well know, to hold her tongue, and as women form a large proportion of our play-goers, one of course cannot expect that conversation at a theatre will altogether cease when the curtain is uplifted. Still, it ought to be discountenanced as a really selfish practice, and husbands would do well to preach a little sermon on the virtue of silence, except between the acts, whenever they escort their wives and daughters to a theatre.

Some plays there are, however, that an audience might prattle through, from the first scene to the last, without causing any loss to any would-be listener. Such a one may now be seen at a theatre whereof the name will readily occur to those who lately have attended it. Here the plot is as improbable as the dialogue is dull; and the goodness of the scenery only serves to call attention to the badness of the piece. An advertisement proclaims that it pleases people mightily, but I doubt if an advertisement can make it a success. The applause when I was present came chiefly from the gallery, which is not the best paying portion of the house. It is a pity that a company well fitted to act comedy should have to waste their powers on a dreary "comic drama," wherein the only comic incident is a face besmeared with jam.

To me few contrasts are more grateful than to enjoy the entertainment of an evening spent with SHAKESPEARE, after suffering the penance of sitting through a stupid piece. What ample scope he gives for scenery and decoration, yet how little he requires them to make a play attractive! Who feels the need of scenery, that hears the glowing poetry wherein *Enobarbus* paints the voyage of *Cleopatra*? What artist could so vividly depict her pomp and grandeur? The play, as acted now-o'-nights, has great scenic attractions, but they only show that SHAKESPEARE was the greater scene-painter.

Good actresses are scarce now, and should be seen when visible. The lady who performs the part of *Cleopatra* seems fittingly impressed with a due reverence for the poet, and delivers all her speeches with propriety and care. Having aforesaid shown great skill in her conception of the character, she now brings her maturity of judgment to improve it, and represents the queen most worthily in all her vanity and petulance, her passion, anguish, and despair. WILL WADDLE.

From the Shades.

THE Ladies in Paris are wearing a new colour "BISMARCK en colere." What is he angry about? Luxemburg? Then instead of this novelty being denominated, as it is, a light brown, ought it not to be called a done brown?

THE COMPOUND PUBLICAN'S CHEMISTRY.



"CHARLES and GEORGE JOUSIFFE, importers of Dantzic spruce, cordial compounders, and makers of liquid refined sugar and spirit-colouring."

This instructive announcement contained a specification of articles sold by the BROTHERS JOUSIFFE, with explanatory notes for the information of their respectable customers. The reporter shrewdly remarks that—

"Several of the articles mentioned in the circular seemed to be designed for the adulteration of spirits."

The suspicion thus expressed will not perhaps appear quite groundless, from the statement, that—

"One of the items was 'London Cream,' which was stated to be 'highly appreciated by all who have tried it, being flavoured with the finest juniper berries and other ingredients used by distillers. To 100 gallons of gin, 17 or 22 U.P., add four gallons of London cream. Use no sugar. It will allow of six or seven additional gallons of liquor, and be superior to any gin made in the ordinary way.'"

The word liquor, in the foregoing connection, does by no means signify any intoxicating fluid; but, on the contrary, a quantity of "allaying Thames," or New River, or any other river, or fountain, or well, alike suitable for the purpose of "allaying." Certain gallons of gin being seventeen or twenty-two U.P., the admixture of a stated quantity of London cream will enable them to be augmented in quantity six or seven per cent, while reduced in quality, by the addition of "liquor," to figures very considerably more "U.P." than seventeen or twenty-two, without tasting any the weaker for their dilution.

It may concern rogues to know that—

"In making up gin or cordials the liquor should be boiled and used cold."

Here is a recipe which, unexplained, might seem designed for application to an honest purpose:—

"Concentrated essence of pine.—To fifty gallons of rum add two gallons of essence, or according to the quantity of liquor used."

But interpret it by the annotation on—

"Concentrated essence of pine, No. 2.—This is the same as No. 1, but contains an artificial heat, which allows an extra quantity of liquor."

That is to say, a quantity of "liquor," exceeding the measure with which a knave is enabled to elude detection in watering his rum by No. 1. Consumers of cheap spirits would do well to note the two prescriptions ensuing:—

"Cheap Rum.—To five gallons of proof rum add one gallon of liquor and one quart of concentrated essence of pine, No. 2.

"Cheap Gin.—To ten gallons of twenty-two U.P. gin, instead of sugar use two quarts of the cream and three gallons of liquor."

From the preceding disclosures it will appear that MYNHEER VAN DUNK would have been very much out in his reckoning as to the aqueous and spirituous ingredients of his grog if he had been accustomed to deal with the customers of MR. JOUSIFFE. This gentleman, indeed, in apology for his peculiar line of business, made an assertion which, if true, would show that at no British public-house could VAN DUNK now possibly drink spirits and water in the proportion of the former to the latter which he bargained for:—

"The defendant said all publicans used similar ingredients, and always would do so; and if persons in his trade did not take it round to them, they would buy it at the grocers."

AN interesting but illegal branch of industry was elucidated at Bow Street on Saturday last week. A gentleman named JOUSIFFE pleaded guilty to a summons on the part of the Excise, charging him with having sold to a publican a quantity of treacle or saccharine matter to be used in the adulteration of beer. According to a police report, MR. DWELLY, who attended for the Excise authorities, produced a remarkable circular, issued by the defendant and his brother, who described themselves as:—

Ah, well, let us hope that there is a considerable fallacy in the "sad, very sad, fact," stated by PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI, that "in the United Kingdom as much as £39,000,000 a-year is expended in ardent spirits, £58,000,000 of which is consumed by the working-classes." The working-classes, at least, do not consume nearly so much ardent spirits as the Professor thinks. Only, to be sure, weak gin and rum are no doubt rendered intoxicating to the degree of madness by "artificial heat" and "London Cream." Thanks to the assistance afforded to the British publican in diluting his spirits, by gentlemen in the line of MR. JOUSIFFE. As this was MR. JOUSIFFE's first conviction for doing business therein, he was let off with the mitigated fine of £125. Any gentleman engaged in the same reputable avocation may be induced to relinquish it for a less hazardous one by the information that the full penalty of its exercise is £500.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

MR. PUNCH,

I wish to draw the attention of the Managers to one or two serious deficiencies in the Second Collection they are now showing. They have two portraits of ADDISON, but not one of SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY! GOLDSMITH, and *Jessamy Bride*, and *Little Comedy*, are all to be seen, but not a single member of the *Primrose* family can I find either in the Catalogue or on the walls. There is a fine portrait of *Mr. Yorick*—a STERNE reality; but, after the most careful examination, I have failed to discover any representation of *Mrs. Wadman*. If DEFON could not be got, surely *Mr. Crusoe* ought to have had a conspicuous place in this assemblage of British Worthies. I could name other remarkable omissions—the celebrated traveller, *Dr. Syntax*, *Mr. Gray* (not THOMAS, who is there, but *Robin*), ADAMS, the Divine, *Mrs. Malagrap*, &c.—but I will not trespass further on your valuable space, having, as I think, quoted instances enough to prove that, great as the Collection is—one of its distinctions being two hundred and more portraits by HOGARTH, REYNOLDS, and GAINSBOROUGH—it is not a complete representation of the long and fertile period which has DUTCH WILLIAM at one end, and FARMER GEORGE at the other.

Yours faithfully,

JOSHUA GAINSBOROUGH REYNOLDS.

Rather hard lines to hang poor DR. DODD (No. 821) over again!

RITUALIST AGGRESSION.

THE announcement that MR. WALPOLE has been placed, as responsible Minister, on the Select Committee nominated to report on the question of repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, has given lively satisfaction in Ritualist and Roman Catholic circles. No doubt is entertained that the right honourable gentleman will prove as competent to maintain the Royal supremacy, as he was to defend the Royal Parks. There is every reason to believe that as soon as the Ecclesiastical Titles Act is repealed, and the Pope's jurisdiction in the Queen's dominions is affirmed by Act of Parliament, the Ritualist party will excommunicate the rest of the parsons, declare themselves the true Church of England, and map out the country into a number of new dioceses of their own, under the primacy of the BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

Lines on the Lodger Franchise.

ENFRANCHISED are Lodgers.

Be quiet, then, ODGERS,

And you noisy odgers,

BEALES, BRADLAUGH, and BRIGHT.

Give up agitation;

Cease intimidation;

To make demonstration,

Roughs no more incite.

Academy Note.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER's picture, of *The Queen receiving Despatches attended by her Gillie*, the *Saturday Review* complains is of too black and mournful a hue. The mention of the Gillie should have reminded the Reviewer that the picture cannot be all black, as part of it is entirely given up to BROWN.

MOTTO FOR MR. CHAPLIN'S DARK HORSE.

"TURN, Gentle Hermit of the veil."

THE USE OF SARUM.—THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY is of opinion, that the unity of Christendom can be brought about by the use of Roman cement.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 20. LORD LYVEDEN complained that the statue of GEORGE CANNING was shoved away from its original site into a court in the rear of George Street. LORD DERBY said it could not be helped, and that the statue would be seen very well in the new place. Statue is derived from the Latin *statua*, *statura*, from *statuere*, and that from *statum*, past participle of *stare*, to stand. But if, as would appear from sundry recent cases, a statue is to mean a thing that does not stand, but walks about, we had better find another noun for the article.

MR. HARDY, the new Home Secretary, *vice* the hydraulic MR. WALPOLE, stated that as he wished people's minds to cool on the Park question, he should not until after Whitsuntide press the Bill against meetings. If he surpasses CANUTE, and repels the popular surge, we shall re-christen him as HARDYCANUTE.

LORD NAAS thought that the Irish Reform Bill should be postponed until after the Whitsun holidays. N.B. The Commons are always reckoning by their holidays. We wonder whether they carry notched sticks in their pockets, and cut away a notch for every day they have to sit.

MR. DISRAELI, amid cheers, formally assented to MR. HODGKINSON'S proposal for killing the Compound Householder, and promised that if technicalities did not prevent, the enactment should be inserted into the Reform Bill itself.

Two very remarkable speeches were delivered to-night.

One was by MR. LOWE. He made an elaborated protest against the present course of legislation, charged the Commons with blindly passing enactments the action of which no one had tried to explain, and likened the Reform Bill to the car of Juggernaut, crushing everybody. Ignorance and poverty were to be admitted to power, and though the Mass had no politics yet, it would learn a policy, which would be that of Socialism. It would demand the abolition of the taxes affecting itself, and the throwing taxation on the rich. It would assuredly abolish all but direct taxation. It would revolt against the National Debt, would have laws for increasing wages and limiting work-hours, and would thus compel recurrence to Protection. Those who hoped to bribe the lower class into voting rightly would get into a sea of corruption, and yet would not accomplish their object. The standard of Parliament would be lowered, when Members came as delegates of the poorest and most ignorant, and had also paid for their seats. He depicted other disasters, and ended with a fervid appeal to the Gentlemen of England not to fling away all their advantages and honours, without the shadow of an equivalent. The Liberals were going to ruin both their party and their country.

MR. HENLEY said that the situation had been brought on by successive declarations from the Throne that there ought to be extension of franchise, and that it was more conservative to settle the question than to let the Pot Boil Over.

After some speaking, of no particular mark
 Clause 3 of the Reform Bill was carried, with cheers.

Ladies, your attention to your Champion.

The second remarkable speech of the evening was made by MR. MILL, who moved that instead of Man the word Person be introduced into clause 4.

And now, Ladies, *Mr. Punch* does you the justice of believing that you would like to know what arguments your Friend advanced. You may be sure that all that could be said was said in the best manner by MR. MILL, and that such of you as wish to fight the battle may have all the weapons, elegantly polished, at hand, *Mr. Punch*—your devoted slave—lays them before you in the most convenient form. MR. MILL urged that at present

Neither birth, merit, exertion, intellect, fortune, nor even accident can enable any woman to have her voice counted in matters which concern her and hers as nearly as any person in the kingdom.

It is not just to make distinctions between the QUEEN'S subjects, except for a positive reason.

Are women who manage property, or business, or teach more than most male electors know, unfit for the function of voting?

Would they be revolutionary?

Taxation and Representation should go together. Women pay taxes?

The real difficulty felt is not a practical one, it is only a feeling of Strangeness.

That is a thing which wears off. What are the objections?

1. Politics are not women's business.
2. You don't desire the suffrage.
3. You are sufficiently represented by your influence over male relatives.
4. You have power enough already.

The answers are—

1. Nor are they man's, unless he is a professional politician. He has business of his own, which he does not neglect, for the sake of voting, more than a woman would.
2. But many do, and others would but for fear of being ill thought of. We are not to suppose that leading questions put to

ladies elicit their real sentiments. None are so well schooled as women in making a virtue of necessity.

3. Does man apply this argument to rich men and others with influence.
4. You have great power, but it is under the worst conditions, for it is indirect, and therefore irresponsible. And he would have you work by a manly exchange of opinions, and not by cajolery.

There is a feeling which men have, but are ashamed to express—this: *A woman has no right to care about anything but how she may be the most useful and devoted servant of some man.*

MR. MILL professed such indignation at this idea that he would not argue about it.

In the old days woman and man lived apart—that is, the wife was a plaything or an upper servant. His friends were men. This is changed. The two sexes pass their lives together. The women of the family are the man's habitual society. The wife is his chief associate, most confidential friend, most trusted counsellor.

Then, should a man wish that such a companion should be studiously kept inferior to himself, and taught ignorance or indifference about the subjects among which his highest duties are cast?

The time has come when, if women are not raised to the level of men, men will be pulled down to theirs.

As to women being sufficiently protected, he would like a return of the number of women annually beaten or kicked, or trodden to death by their male protectors—of the cases when the dastardly criminal did not get off altogether—of the cases in which such brutes received lighter sentences than are awarded for trifling thefts.

Old educational endowments were for boys and girls alike. The girls have been shut out, as at Christ's Hospital, where there are 1100 boys and 26 girls.

The Doctors shut out the ladies.

The Painters do the same, excluding them from the associateship of the Academy, because they were distinguishing themselves too much.

A husband can tear away every shilling of his wife's and spend it in debauchery, and even then, if she struggles and saves, he can pounce on her earnings, unless she is judicially separated.

Your Champion, Ladies, wound up with an earnest assurance that when the time should come, as come it would, for acceding to his motion, we should never repent of the concession.

And *Punch* is sure that whether you want votes or not, you will say that the cheers MR. MILL gained were well earned.

MR. E. K. KARSLAKE thought MR. MILL confounded the distinction between man and woman.

MR. DENMAN supported him, but thought the Bill already conferred the suffrage.

MR. FAWCETT (a newly married man too) earnestly supported the motion, and said that the time for chaff on the subject had gone by.

MR. LAING talked nonsense about the ideal of woman, said that *Juliet*, *Ophelia* and *Desdemona* had nothing to do with votes—the poets understood woman better than MR. MILL.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER, like a gallant Knight, supported your cause.

LORD GALWAY said the motion placed admirers of the fair sex in an awkward position.

MR. ONSLOW said that two young ladies had told him they would vote for the man who gave them the best pair of diamond ear-rings.

MR. MILL was pleased, as well he might be, at the fearful debility of his opponents, and took the division, which was,

For the Ladies	73
Against.	196

Majority 123 for keeping you out, dears.

This speech of MR. MILL'S was the event of the week, and the rest shall be tied up very tight indeed.

Tuesday. The *Alabama* quarrel is to be arbitrated. MR. MILL means to give London Municipal Reform.

Wednesday. The Derby was won by MR. CHAPLIN'S *Hermit*. The day was a detestable one.

Thursday. Habeas Corpus in Ireland to be again suspended. We had a jolly row between MR. MAGUIRE, MR. ROEBUCK, and MR. BRIGHT. Again we got on Reform, and into a singular muddle about the County Franchise.

Friday. Compound Householder not quite dead, and MR. DISRAELI accused of attempting to retract—another storm in the offing. An Indian Debate about Mysore, which is an eyesore to the old Anglo-Indians.

Saturday. The Lords sat to pass the Irish Suspension Bill, as such things are always left to the very last moment.

“NEW AMERICA.”

WHAT MR. HEPWORTH DIXON has made of his book about the Mormons is a *More-money* Book.

A CERTAIN "PERSON" TO MR. MILL.

DEAR MR. MILL,

IN the name of my sex, I feel bound to thank you for your argument in support of your motion for the admission of women to the franchise, though the proposal itself was not quite to my taste, either

in the manner or the matter of it. If we are to be let within the pale of the constituencies, I would rather we came in under our own style and title as "women," than be hustled thro' your wicket under the epicene disguise of "persons." You must boldly and unequivocally hoist the crinoline as your banner, or we refuse to enlist with you. There's good precedent for it. MAHOMET, you know, marched to his first conquests under his wife KADIJA'S petticoat. How can we be expected to acknowledge a flag, which, like Miss MARY WALKER'S costume, is a cross between the masculine and feminine garb; an anomalous and unbecoming combination of farthingale and unmentionables? Such a garment might fit the Compound Householder, if he were compounded of male and female; but no woman who respects herself would ever put it on. It's all very well for Miss MARY WALKER, and other weak-minded women, whose lives are spent in poaching on the poor and petty male manor, to the neglect of their own far richer and wider domain. I repeat "weak-minded." No, Sir, it is not a misprint for "strong-minded." The really "strong-minded" woman is the woman who is woman all over; who knows and trusts the irresistible strength of her womanhood, and shows it by tyrannising over her born-slave and palpably inferior man.

Let Miss MARY WALKER, and those who think as she does, and can make up their minds to dress as she does, clamour for the franchise, and be content to be smuggled within its pale as "persons," or as parcels—as men's equals, or even as men's inferiors. I certainly will not accept for my sex any franchise that does not recognise my inborn superiority. I may stoop to take a vote, when the men offer it me on their knees; but when it is tossed to me under an equivocal *alias*, and I am expected to stoop for it, I drop you a respectful curtsy and say, "No thank you, MR. MILL."

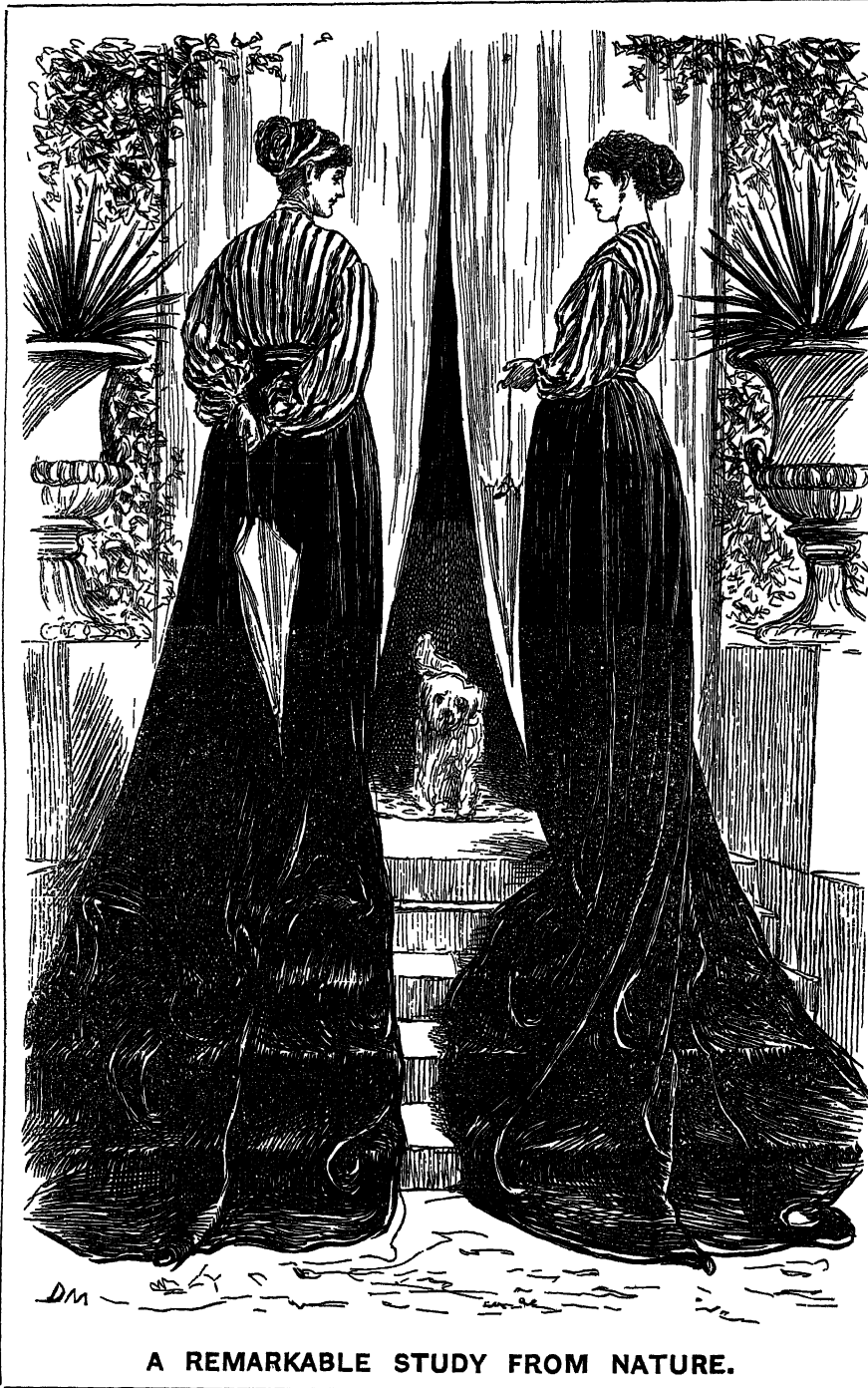
But I am not at all sure that I would accept the franchise on any

terms. I prefer exercising my political rights of sovereignty by proxy. Like the QUEEN, whose sceptre is a symbol of the supremacy of our sex, I would rather rule through my Ministers—I mean, through the men. As it is, I use them to register my edicts, and to carry out my will, as far as I choose to honour them with the duty. I should like to ask you, where is the man who dares set up a will of his own, against some one woman? Dare you, Sir? Have you no lady, before whom you tremble, under whose foot you are happy to lay your neck, at whose bidding you are ready to say black is white, by whose will you are content to play the chameleon; and turn "blue" or "yellow" as she bids you? If you can lay your hand on your heart, and say "None," I should pity you, did I believe you. But I shouldn't believe you.

No, Sir. Why should we wish to exercise power through the franchise, when we are already omnipotent over those who have the franchise? We don't see that men are much the happier, or the better, or the wiser, for their politics. I look upon men's politics very much as men look on women's needle- or fancy-work. It keeps idle hands out of mischief, and, very often, beguiles the time, when one is too tired to walk and too lazy to read or think. Both work and politics may sometimes be useful. But it is not the useful part of politics that men like best, any more than it is the shirt-making, or button-sewing that women are most inclined to employ their needle upon.

In the case of the married women, you admit that female influence is paramount as it is, and do not even propose—stupid as men can be—to give us the franchise, which we already exercise through our husbands. But the single women have, in fact, just as little need of the franchise as the married ones. Their position is merely transitional. They are on their

way to be married; in other words, on the road to the market, to buy a slave of their own. Till they acquire their private human chattel, they have better occupation than politics. They are qualifying for the government of husbands; practising those arts and training those powers on bachelors, which will have to be put in serious operation on the men they marry—just as the Spanish bull-fighters practise banderillo-throwing, and picadoring on the *novios*, or yearling bulls, before they adventure on the full-grown brutes of the arena, or as the little boys in South America learn to lasso the wild horses, and grown



A REMARKABLE STUDY FROM NATURE.



THE LADIES' ADVOCATE.

Mrs. BULL. "LOR, MR. MILL! WHAT A LOVELY SPEECH YOU *DID* MAKE. I DO DECLARE I HADN'T THE SLIGHTEST NOTION WE WERE SUCH MISERABLE CREATURES. NO ONE CAN SAY IT WAS *YOUR* FAULT THAT THE CASE BROKE DOWN."

cattle, by first lassoing all the stray puppies and calves about the rancho.

In one word, Sir, till we are married, we are learning to rule our husbands. After we are married, we have our husbands to rule. We have as little time as inclination or taste for what you call "politics," and regard them as the natural occupation of the inferior or slavish sex, whom we have admitted to the suffrage, as I see it is now proposed to admit the Negroes in the Southern States.

I believe you mean kindly to our sex, and think that you are paying us a compliment when you propose to give us votes. You are a poor creature, for all your logic. Why should we stoop to any labour which we can employ men to do for us? When will your logic open your eyes to the fact that, like the Constitutional Sovereign, "*La femme regne et ne gouverne pas.*"

Yours kindly, though contemptuously,
JUDY.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DERBY DOG.



THE Dog that always, just previous to the Derby, runs down the course like mad, amid the whoops of the British public—what is he? The superficial thinker may reply, a common mongrel; but that will not be the conclusion so lightly adopted by the reflective spiritualist. When was this periodical phenomenon of a dog ever caught, ever owned? Is there not something suggestively mysterious in the constancy and regularity of the animal's appearance and career? The mind which,

free from the trammels of scepticism, considers the well-authenticated legend of him,—

"That spoke the spectre-hound in Man,"

will know what to think of the never-failing apparition of the Derby Dog at Epsom. Perhaps the *Spiritual Magazine* will notice this dog. Has anybody ever endeavoured to ascertain if he answers to the name of Bogy?

St. Stephen's and the Dragon.

WE see by DEBRET that MR. BRIGHT's crest is "a dragon's head, gules, vomiting flames of fire." This crest seems quite appropriate to so fiery a speaker. Having our LEMPRIERE at our elbow, the dragon's head reminds us that, like Cadmus, MR. BRIGHT must have sowed some dragon's teeth, for military men are always rising to oppose him.

TO ALL "PERSONS" WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

SEVERAL enthusiastic Mammals, in commemoration of MR. MILL's recent speech on Female Suffrage, have christened their infant daughters AMELIA, EMILY, or MILICENT; because any one of these can be familiarly abbreviated into "MILLY."

"Pious Uses" on the Turf.

WHO, after this year's Derby, will dare say that racing is a sinful amusement? Think of £160,000 carried off from a *Rake* by a *Hermit* for the benefit of a CHAPLIN!

ON DIT.

A New Paper will shortly make its appearance, and most likely its disappearance. It is to be the organ of the Hotels and Chop-houses, and will be called *The Fresh Eggs-ham-mer*.

Snakes v. Rabbits.

Simple answer to Humane Objectors. (By the Laughing Hyena.)

THE Snake eats the Rabbit,
'Cos it's his habit.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

FINNS, our wine merchant, set off to the Derby in high spirits; but losing, became like the day, gloomy. His friends said of him, that he went off sparkling, and came back still.

CLARKSON STANFIELD.

BORN: 1798. DIED: MAY 18TH, 1867.

THOUGH Art with us know not such honour's meed
As from the Senate and the Sovereign flows
Freely for statesman's work, or soldier's deed,
To cheer a great life's evening of repose;
Although untitled name and unstarred breast
Be his, whose sceptre is the muse's palm,
Who twines the olive and the laurel crest
About his forehead, consecrate and calm;

He ranks as noble in Fame's Book of Gold;
On brow, not breast, Renown's great star he wears;
The rolls that his undying titles hold,
Outlive the rolls of Paladins and Peers.
Fair-blazoned on that golden page is writ
His name, whose loss makes many sad to-day:
O'er that cold brow the deathless star is lit
Which burns above great artists passed away.

England, the Sea-Queen, with a heavy hand
Lays a green wreath on her sea-painter's bier,
Where CLARKSON STANFIELD's plain name shows more grand,
For absence of all titles written near.
What title could make that great name more great?
What honour, e'en from honour's fount, could flow
To him, who with the immortals holds his state,
Whose laurels, as he sleeps, will grow and grow?

He lived a life of happy honoured toil,
Toil in the art he loved, and lived for still:
Not his, like some, a life his labour's foil,—
His work and conduct owned the self-same will;
Pure, simple, faithful, spent in service true
Of God, and of the talent God had given;
And never earthly life seemed, through and through,
More ripened, here, to bear its fruit in Heaven.

Say not, the pictures that he gave the stage—
Pictures, born in a day to live a night—
Ephemera of Art, that knew not age,
But died almost ere we could say, "how bright!"
Say not such pictures were a waste of power,
Their value lost, their beauty flung away:
Who knows what seeds they sowed in their brief hour
Of love and knowledge for an after day.

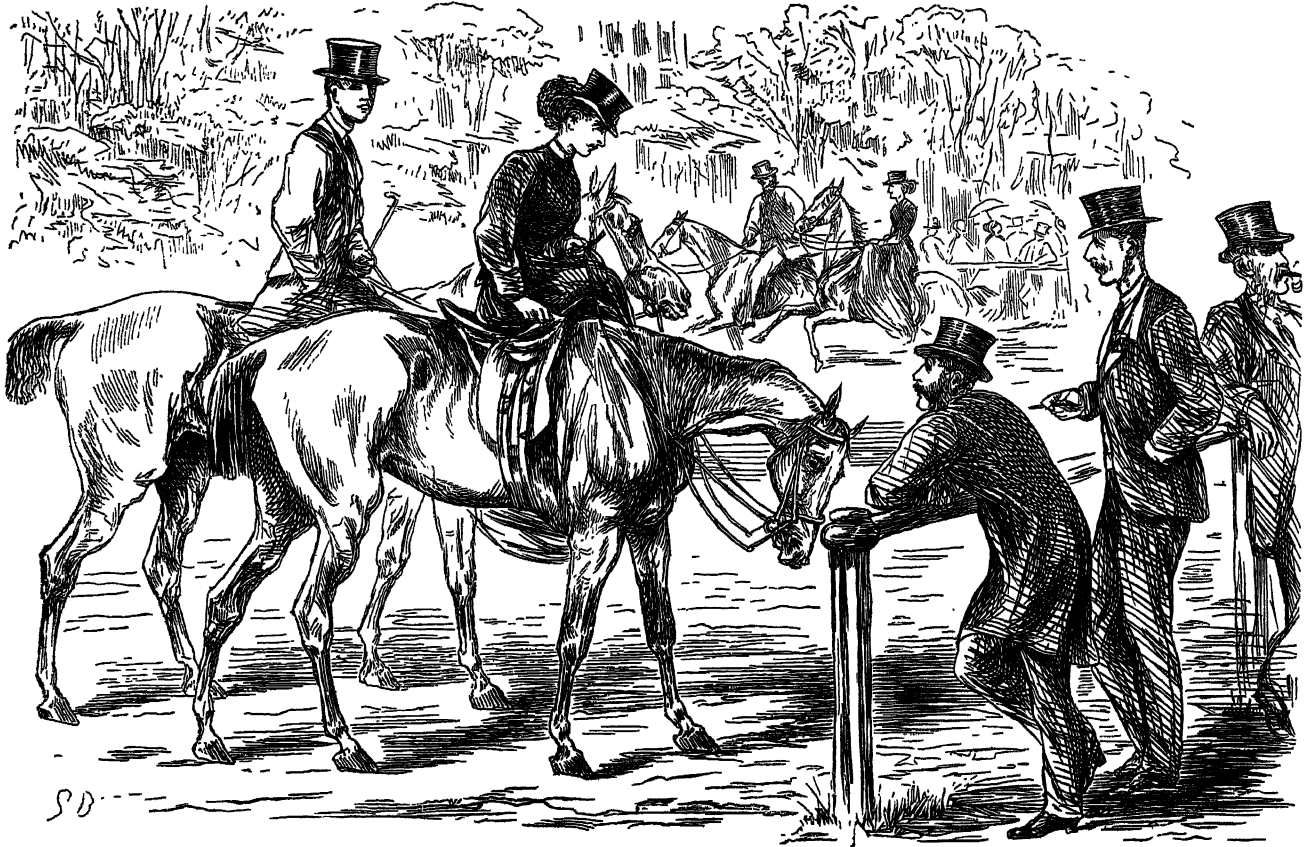
How many eyes in art's deep lore unlearn'd,
Through the great theatre, first learnt to see
In his fair scenes, the beauty they had spurned,
The grace of God's world and man's masonry.
How much refinement *his* refinement spread,
How much invention quickened at *his* fire;
How much new sense from *his* fine sense was bred,
What spirits used *his* wings first to aspire?

Till when he left the theatre, behold,
That was an art which he had found a trade:
For rough-daubed blots great pictures were unrolled,
Untutored taste was taught, and tutored fed.
And then to more enduring work he turned:
Painted the strength of storm, the hush of calm,
Italian suns upon his canvas burned,
Cool Northern skies shed their grey peace like balm,

White-winged feluccas, on Calabrian seas,
Dipped to the blue, like sea-birds at their play,
Or a dismayed hull, before the breeze,
Surged the Abandoned, on her helmless way:
Or to our charm'd eyes Venice raised her face
Of smiles and sunshine from the still lagune,
Or Alpine needles reared their snow-clad grace,
In the thin air, under the crescent moon:

Or some great battle's glory at his hand
Took form and life: Trafalgar saw again
Upon the bloody deck our NELSON stand,
Or heard the mourning for him drown the main.
So lived he, to record the grace of earth,
The awe of sea, our ships, our fights, our fame;
Simple, serene,—high life, from lowly birth,—
He lived for Art, and leaves a deathless name!

WHAT THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE TURF WAS THIS YEAR.—Watered.



A VICTIM.

VERY WELL IN THE COUNTRY TO RIDE WITH AN ELDER SISTER; BUT NOT SO LIVELY IN TOWN, IF SHE HAS A LARGE ACQUAINTANCE!

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.

MY DEAR PUBLIC,

NEVER again, my dear Public, never again. What saith the proverb? If my friend deceives me once, it is his fault. If he does it twice, it is mine. Never again, my pensive Public. The fact was this. I got a little cosmopolitan and sentimental. I had been reflecting that our QUEEN is the greatest Mahomedan Sovereign in the world. I heard that the SULTAN was coming here. I had bought some very good Turkish Towels. One way and another, I was moved to offer the post of honour this year, to my friend MAHOMMED, and let him do the prophecy, as he had always boasted that such things were in his line. I knew he was an impostor, but yet I thought he might behave decently for once. Of course, he prophesied a lie. He predicted that *Vauban* would win. He remembered a clever saying in my friend LORD LYTTON's delightful *Deveraux*. VAUBAN, you know, the great engineer, knocked down tall fortifications of the old style, and substituted low ones. His motto was, "I destroy, but I defend." This my old humbugging friend gave me as a guide. *Vauban* was beaten. All I can say is, this sort of thing shall never occur again. I have predicted for years, and have never erred—how can I err? Henceforth I will be my own Prophet. I wish I had been so this year, for your sakes. I added "with reservations" to what Mahomed said, and you will be glad to hear that I myself put all my money on *Hermit*, who won. If any of you who lost by following the advice of my false prophet will come to Westminster Abbey on Sunday morning next, at eleven o'clock, and remain till one, you shall hear something to your advantage. In the meantime believe me, yours, pityingly,

PUNCH.

Notes on Reform Phrases.

I SUPPOSE it is only a question of the *menu* ordered, whether or no a diner at Richmond's "Star and Garter" entitles the diner to be considered as one "having a stake in the country."

"Women," observed MR. MILL, "do not get up monster meetings." To hint at the possibility of the fair ones doing such a thing is ungentle to the Honourable Member. The only instance on record of a lovely woman having anything to do with a monster meeting is to be found in the tale of "Beauty and the Beast." MR. WHALLEY would suggest that this is an allegory, the explanation of which is, a Lady going over to Rome.

A PIG IN A POKE.

WHEN up in London, t'other day,
BILL PURKIS says to me;
Says, "Loramassy, here's a play
As I should like to zee."
"What is it all about?" says I.
"Looks like some sart o' fun
About a Pig," was his reply:
"Tis named *Pyg-ma-li-on*."

Thereat we busted, me and BILL,
Out laughun in a roar,
And couldn't stop ourselves, until
The sides on us was sore.
Says I, "In pigs I takes delight."
Says BILL, "So I do too."
"Let's goo and zee that Pig to-night."
"Well, come, then, s'pose we do."

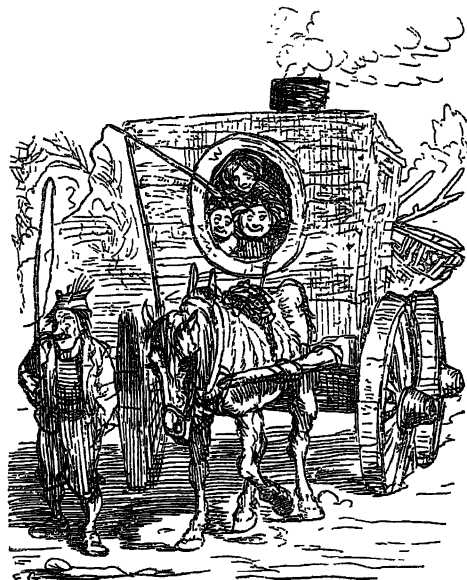
We went, and zee'd 'um dance and jig,
And heard 'um zing and squale,
But not a word about the Pig,
Nor yet about his tail.
"Pygmalion! Yah!" cries BILL. "A fine
Pig that un sims to be;
He'll make much pork, will that are swine,"
Says I, "Fat bacon, he."

Tall Talk by a Bishop.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY, in his late Charge, has asserted high pretensions. It does not appear to have ever occurred to his Lordship that the great majority of the whole number of Bishops in Christendom consider him a heretic. Had he not better square his accounts with them before talking quite so much as he does about ecclesiastical authority?

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE TENTH.



N proceeding to further details, allow me to correct a wrong impression which has got abroad, chiefly at home, about these papers of mine. I do not, as I did not, intend to give my conationalists long looks at this great city of Parry, but merely Peeps: peeps at the Egspossissiong, peeps at the Rews—Rew derlar Pay, Rew der Rivuley, and all the other Rews—“*Lays otre Rews*,” as our lively neighbours say. Not to be personal (or shall I write it purse-*onal*?), you, my very dear (or shall I say cheap?) Sir, have not agreed to remunerate me for more

than “Peeps.” But this is *yewn arffair ongteairmong ongter voo a lar post*: the post is, by the way, a long time bringing that little [matter, *darjong* (that is, money), concerning which I hinted pleasantly in my last.

Having explained myself openly, *rayemong ar no mootong*.

We have had a grand *bal* here. I went. A general, or an *ay deo long der LUMPYRAW*, made some difficulty about my entering *ler grong sarlong*. I addressed him thus: “*Mong Brarve daycorray*,” (he was covered with orders: *arpropo*, do send me that P.O. order of yours)—“*Mong Brarve, jay lonnarr aytr arnovetay par*, LUMPYRAW *swaw mayme, pairmettay moaw der voo passay*.”

“*Nong, Mossou!*” says he, in execrable French.

“*Nong!*” I exclaimed, pointing to the piece of red ribbon in my button-hole, to which, as a Juror in the Pickle Department, I consider myself *arbitritulay* (that is, entitled), “*Cur dearbet*—”

“Come you just hook it, will yer?” he interrupted, in remarkably plain English, which there was no mistaking. I saw there was an error somewhere on somebody’s part, and to avoid any disturbance which might have had some political signification, I quietly, and under protest, retired.

A Correspondent of a contemporary informed me that there were sixty detectives present, chiefly English, and this accounts for his not having given any but a most correct account of the Ball. I have stopped at home expecting an apology. None has come, and so, as I said before, there must be an error somewhere.

Mong PRANGSE DE WALES ar partey. He enjoyed himself very much, *long il etlay raystong ar Parry*, and of course PEEPER’S hints were of great assistance to his R.H. The “Peeps” are to be translated into Russian for the CZAR: at present they are merely caviare to the untraveller; perhaps that’s why the CZAR is so anxious to devour them. I am meditating the composition of a musical address to him, with a jovial hip-hip-hooray chorus, thus—

“Hoo-CZAR! Hoo-CZAR! Hoo-CZAR!!!”

Do you think he’d like it? Would you, if you were he? Say so if you would, and I’ll do it. I believe he pays *handsomely* for anything of the sort. (Ahem! But no matter.) Do not believe any report as to my being engaged to a princess, or one of MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND’S demwauels who minister to our wants at the refreshment bars. *Snyar par vray* (it is not true).

Baker jer vay der mer raryjay? *Nong, nong*, emphatically *nong*, if I knows it; *see jer le say, mong onglong, pars ongkor*.

The report may have arisen from a little difficulty about a sandwich and bitter-beer bill, which, I have assured JANE, on your behalf, shall be settled.

Ayyea petey poor set jern feel lar, a mungooyay darjong toot sweet. I am not joking, *parroll donnerr, arvee mong mang sewer mong kur*; that is, on my word of honour, with my hand on my heart, *voyay voo?*

The French ladies are taking to Lay Sandwiches (*Les Sandwiches*) mightily, and to the bottled Bass.

Notable things in the Egspossissiong. I am there every day from two till four. Happy to play the *chicheronny* (not a musical instrument, but an Italian word derived from CICERO, who was always showing

some one up) to any of my countrymen. Do not let them pass me by with, “My countryman, and yet I know him not!”—*Shakespeare*. (Comes in well, doesn’t it? I’ll throw in no end of quotations—spice the article well—if you’ll only send me *darjong*. N.B.—Don’t print *this* in the article.)

There are some beautiful pianos in the Egspossissiong. Being a Juror, I am a judge of this sort of thing. There’s one exhibited here with a handle, like an organ—music made easy—for anyone [without any knowledge of music has only to turn the handle and the piano *plays itself*. [Wouldn’t the proverb “Fingers were made before forks,” meaning tuning-forks, come in well here? I can spice my article with lots of appropriate proverbs, if you’ll make it worth my while. *Darjong*.]

There’s a place where they give biscuits away every day at one. I’m there to see that no one abuses such kindness. The Gardens are in nothing like order yet: they say that the grass hasn’t been properly laid down and put into form, because LUMPYRAW (meaning always LOUEY) is afraid of plots.

At twelve o’clock everyday I walk round to the Tweellyrees and cheer LAMPERRARTREECE, giving one little one in for *Sir petty garson, ler PRANGSE ARMPERRYARL*. They like it. This is the thing *der reegur* for every loyal Aytrarnjay (foreigner) to do.

Of course, you know, you are a foreigner here. Odd, but true. *Droll, may say vray*.

Pickles and Pianos having engaged my attention (of course you’ve heard my *long mo* about pianos being my *forte*—*kumprenny voo?*), I am now appointed sub-assistant Juror to the Pictures.

I was told to go and inspect particularly *Friday before the Judges*, by a French artist. I couldn’t find it; but, as in duty bound, I criticised what it ought to have been from a *Robinson Crusoe* point of view (*Crusoe and Friday*, you know), and, after all my trouble, it turned out that the subject was *Phryne before her Judges*. Such a picture, Sir! If MR. ALGERNON SWINBURNE would just step over to Paris, and write a little poem on the subject, I’ve no doubt that MADMOISELLE TAYRAYSAR would sing it at the Alcazar Hall, and LUMPYRAW and a few friends make her a handsome present of twenty thousand francs for singing it to them *arpray deenay*.

Talking of deenay, let all our compatriots dine at the deenay der Parry, Passarge Geoffroy. Only four franks, including *urn bootail der vany ordinnair*, or a *demmy bootail de sooperryur* (meaning a superior sort of *ordinnair*, less quantity, better quality), and about five courses, ending with *day glass*, when hot.

The only nuisance is you *must pay, il foe cur voo payay* as you go in. So do send me *darjong* (literally *silver*), or to-day will be the last for some time that will witness my joyous face in the Passage of Geoffroy, at the door of the Deenay der Parry.

Yours,

PEEPER THE GREAT.

P.S. A lot about Parry and *degspossissiong in my neat*. If—Remember!

P.P.S.—Oblige me by correcting an absurd rumour that has got about to the effect that at LORD COWLEY’S Ball I ate a cold fowl and a half, an entire lobster-salad, and drank a bottle of Champagne. It was the DUKE OF ED-NE-RH who did it. But I am free to own that I asked the waiter for the above refreshment under the ingenious pretence that it was “for a lady.” The following extract translated from the *Cologne Gazette* is therefore incorrect, except as to the cotillon, *wwoylar*—

“He did not dance in the cotillon. Apparently he did not eat enough at supper, for directly the dance began he went to the supper-room and made a hearty meal of half a roast fowl and some sherry.”

This Correspondent (who, I imagine, must have been one of those Decorated Detectives) adds, “that a certain distinguished young personage always blushes when any Parisian Beauty of the Court regards him with undisguised admiration.” I know I am peculiarly modest (all truly great men are), and do attract considerable attention, but I deprecate such a notice as this.

P. THE G.

“May Good Digestion Wait.”

A COMMISSION has been lately issuing a report on the advantage to arise from the obtaining of a Digest of the English Law. Of the advantage to the nation there can be but little doubt; but, seeing what hard nuts to crack the English law contains, only ostriches, we fancy, would be able to digest it.

Ritualism Rampant.

HARUM scarum, BISHOP SARUM,
HORUM corum, divo.
Cope, stole, chasuble, alb, dalmatic and hatband,
High cockalorum genitivo.

Colney Hatch.

THE PROPER GODFATHER FOR THE HALL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.—MR. COLES CHILD.



IRISH ARCHITECTURE.

Angler (in Ireland). "HULLO, PAT, WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT NOW?"
Pat. "SHURE, I'M RAISIN' ME ROOF A BIT, YER HONOUR-R!!"

HINTS TO HISTRIONICS.

If our actresses take leaves out of the Music Hall books in the matter of familiar Christian names (to which fashion *Mr. Punch* objected in a recent number) why should not our Managers adopt the elegant Music Hall nomenclature in their ordinary bills? The comic singers style themselves thus, "The Jolly NASH," "The Eccentric So-and-So," and after this manner might the theatrical programmes be drawn out. This evening, for instance, will be presented the laughable farce, written by the mirth-moving MARTIN TUPPER, entitled,

CATCHING A WINKLE.

- Benjamin Boodle* By the Side-splitting PHELPS.
- Nicholas Noodle* By the Fantastic CHIPPENDALE.
- Charles Fenham* { By the Star-comique STUART.
(By kind permission of managerial BEN WEBSTER).
- Captain Mountjoy* By the Champion Comic ARTHUR STIRLING.
- Julius Dolger* By Le Petit PAUL BEDFORD.
- Mrs. Mountjoy* By "The Funniest Woman Out," MRS. POYNTER.
- Bonnie* { By the distinguished Shakespearian Soloist and Swansong of AVON, MISS "AVON"-IA JONES.!

After which a *Petit Comedy-drama-burletta-farce-panto-tragedy* by the dashing MERRY-ANDREW HALLDAY, entitled,

THE GREAT CITY.

- Private Box* By the Irresistible HORACE WIGAN.
- Corporal Cox* By the "Talking Arm," WALTER LACY.
- Paddy O'Rafferty* By the Funny KEAN.
- The Great Pitt* By the Juvenile ADDISON.
- The Duchess of Mounterrat* By the Tear-compelling MARIE WILTON.

Of course every professional should be at full liberty to adopt a descriptive prænomen for himself, and stick to it. Dramatic authors should do the same, and in a very short time the novelists, whose name is legion, will have to coin titles for themselves, which will be placarded in glaring colours on the posting boards of the Metropolis.

And when the thing is thoroughly over-done then will come the reaction, and it will not be the loudest trumpet that obtains the largest audiences.

FLORAL AND CHORAL.

THE other morning *Mr. Punch*, as he chipped his second egg, saw his youngest daughter smiling at this notice in the *Guardian* :—

WANTED, a Situation as HEAD GARDENER. Has great interest in flowers. Lately taken bass part in surpliced choir. Single. Steady. Good reference. Address, &c.

Well, what is there to laugh at, Miss? was *Mr. Punch's* stern remark. There is nothing very ludicrous in the fact that a gardener is able to sing bass. O, you are tickled by the surplice, are you? A gardener in a surplice! Well, pray, and why not, Miss? "A saint in serge is twice a saint in lawn;" and a bass voice in a surplice may to some ears sound far finer than if its possessor merely wore a fustian jacket. Besides, the surplice shows the gardener is a man of High Church views, and not a dangerous dissenter; and this may serve to recommend him very strongly to some people. There are persons in the world who would hardly eat asparagus, if they knew that it was cut by a go-to-meeting gardener.

Ritualistic Duologue.

SAYS Sarum to Oxon,
 I shall put these togs on.
 SAYS Oxon to Sarum,
 I should like to wear 'em.

CHANGE OF NAME.

At St. George's Church (in what Parish we will not tell) in consequence of the Sermons being so long and tedious, the parishioners propose getting the name changed to St. *Jauge's* Church.



THE WET DERBY.

BOB BRABAZON DOES NOT THINK IT SUCH A VERY BAD DAY!

CHARITABLE WASTE-PAPER.

A HINT has been thrown out in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that people, who are plethorised with magazines and newspapers, would do a kind act if they saved them for our hospitals and workhouses. This is a good idea, and *Mr. Punch* is pleased to echo it. Tons of what is called light literature might be rescued from the fire-grate, or the lumber-room, or butterman, to lighten many a heavy hour spent on the sick bed of a hospital, or in the prison termed a poor-house.

Many people would be charitable, if it cost no pains or money; and charity like the above would at once be cheap and easy. Five minutes would suffice to make a parcel once a month, and sixpence would suffice to pay its carriage to a hospital. Your penny newspapers will serve your cook to light her fires with, and the rest of your light literature should be kept out of her clutches. Of course, no one dreams of ever burning *Punch*; but many keep it, like their other jewels, safely under lock and key; and, excepting in shop-windows, poor folk rarely can inspect it. What a treasure would *Punch* be in a hospital, or workhouse, or the sick-room of a cottage! What dull and dreary hours would it serve to entertain there, and with what trifling cost or trouble might it be distributed! Let people who buy *Punch* think of this when they have read it, and bestow it on the poor. Then, regardless of the threepence, they can go and buy another copy for themselves, if they wish, sensibly, to file it.

An Imaginary Offence.

On the question about hanging the condemned Fenian traitors, the *Times* very justly says:—

“There is no disguising the fact, that a great change has come over the moral convictions of mankind since disloyalty was denounced by divines and jurists as the worst type of human wickedness.”

Yes. People used to hold with the declaration that rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft. So they do still; only their belief as to witchcraft is, that there is no such sin.

GROSS NEGLECT.

THE education of the children of Teetotal parents must necessarily be imperfect, for at the very outset, in learning the alphabet, they are not allowed to use the liquids.

THE COMPOUND HOUSEHOLDER.

A Song of St. Stephen's, by a Scald, after BURNS.

It was DIZZY and HENLEY and HODGKINSON,
The high, low, and high-dry,
And they have sworn an oath the Com-
 Compound Householder should die.

HODGKINSON his amendment moved,
“Agreed, *nem. con.*,” was said;
And the House has sworn an oath the Com-
 Compound Householder was dead.

But when the clauses were brought in,
That should have wrought his fall,
The C. H. he got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

For CHILDERS to his rescue came
With an amendment strong—
And DIZZY deemed what CHILDERS willed
GLADSTONE would not think wrong.

Clause one was HODGKINSON's own child:
By it C. H. was slain.
But three and four's provisos brought
C. H. to life again.

The House that this persistent bore
Had hoped was off the stage,
Seeing him thus resuscitate,
Flew at him in a rage.

Old HENLEY vowed that he the last
Of C. H. meant to see:
BASS swore C. H.'s bier, to him,
No bitter bier would be.

And AYRTON from behind his back
Belaboured him full sore:
And HIBBERT turned him inside out,
And bowled him o'er and o'er.

BRIGHT filled with language bad and black
A long speech to the brim—
Heaved in the Compound Householder—
There let him sink or swim!

NEATE set him up to knock him down;
Each quondam friend turned foe;
From Opposition to Treasury Bench
They tossed him to and fro.

They voted him the biggest bore
That ever yet was known:
But HENLEY used him worst than all,
He called him “Old Nick's Own.”

They ripped off what poor rags of good
Had on his back been found:
And the more that they pitched into him,
Their joy did more abound.

Time was this poor C. H. was deemed
A blessing not a bane:
Was HARDY's barrier, DIZZY's sieve
The Borrough scum to strain:

But now he is a child of woe,
An outcast waif and stray:
When HODGKINSON said to him “Go,”
Not one voice bade him stay.

Dundreary spoke his doom—“a thing
No fellow can understand.”
So exit Compound Householder,
With cuffs from either hand.

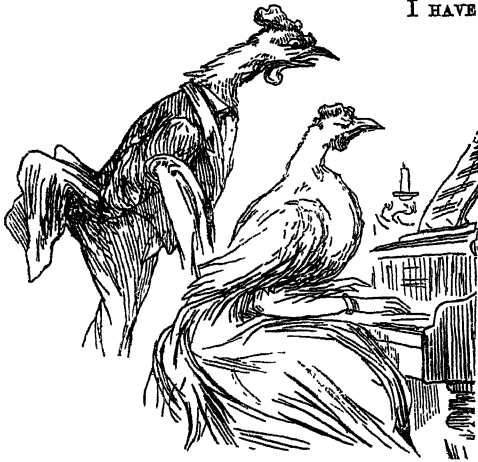
Supper for a Snake.

THE Managers of the Zoological Gardens are accused of exhibiting a spectacle of cruelty in letting the Python swallow rabbits alive. They might feed the reptile in public without offence if they were to give it a Welsh rabbit.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.—Prussia.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PREP THE ELEVENTH.



I HAVE adjudicated upon the pianos, and have decided upon MESSRS. BROADWOOD & SONS as the Prizemen. You should have heard me trying my celebrated tune on one finger, by which I tested the merits of the different instruments. LUMPYRAW LOUEY, who was present, for a very short time, said " *Ill ay plew cur jer gwee supportay* ; " in English, " It is more than I can bear." I observed tears in the eyes

of several Commissioners, not to mention the Crowned Heads who had been attracted to the spot by the sweet sounds, which could be heard in almost any part of Legsposissiong.

I am sorry for COLLARD, but if BROADWOOD receives the garter and collar, then he'll be garter'd and collar'd. This is my latest *mo*. Say it at dinner anywhere, and see how it goes. Talking of that (*ong fransay, arppropo*) I am thinking of letting out jokes for the season. *Bong mous* of the *premyair clas*, ten shillings each per night; *jerdesprees*, nine shillings for one turn at a dinner-table; *jeraymouvs*, or puns, six and eightpence an evening, from ten till twelve, a reduction made on taking a quantity. A legal question arises here in my judicial mind. Could I prosecute a person for "taking" a joke? No, I think not,—only for keeping it and using it.

Receive the assurance of my highest consideration for *burjong*, which you sent me by circular note. My tailor is also pleased, so is my haberdasher (such a Dasher as he is too! this is a *jerdyimo*) whose grey shirtings might otherwise have been brought down with sorrow to the grave.

My last new tie is the admiration of all Parry. Whenever I write specially about Parry you may put it in a separate Parry-graph. (This is a sort of *jerdymspre-aweck-jerdyimo*.)

In consequence of my admirable reports on Pickles, which have been preserved (*bong mo*) in the archives of this great Beehive (*jerdyimo*, this) of an Egsposissiong, the Commissioners appointed me Special Grand Juror on Platinum Boilers. I accepted the office because I had recently formed an acquaintance with a very nice young gentleman from Manchester, who, I had reason to believe, was the very man to be thoroughly up in the question of Platinum Boilers. So I asked him to dinner, and he came, as he said, with pleasure. At what point in the banquet the Platinum subject came up I don't know, but I fancy from my headache, and generally nervous state this morning, that our conversation must have been carried on with great energy. Several glasses, I find, have been broken, and the *kongseairgsh*, who lives in the *kongseairgharee* down-stairs, received several complaints about the noise of *catryaim*, my rooms, from the lodgers of *dersyaim*, *troyseaim*, or *santkyaim*. (*Santkyaim* is spelt in French *cinquieme*, and means fifth floor.)

I do not recollect what he said about Platinum Boilers. I leave off for to-day. To the Egsposissiong.

Next day.—My Manchester friend is a humbug. He *did* say he knew all about Platinum Boilers, and so I prepared my note-book and catechised him thus. (I append the examination in full, and give his name privately to you, so that you may be warned against applying to him for information.)

Q. What is a Platinum Boiler?

A. A machine for boiling Platinum.

Q. What is Platinum?

A. Platinum is—but you won't understand if I do tell you.

Q. Yes, I will; what is Platinum?

A. Well, it's a sort of a new thingummy, you know, which will in time supersede the higher class of medals (*query* metals), and to describe it scientifically—

[Here he described it scientifically.]

Q. Oh, indeed, thank you, much obliged. Now, what is a Boiler?

A. A Boiler? Oh, a fire is a boiler: a kettle is a machine for boiling, a saucepan is the same—boiled fowls, you know.

Q. Precisely: and a Platinum Boiler is?

A. A boiler made of Platinum.

Q. Then you do not boil Platinum in a Platinum Boiler?

A. I don't—you may, if you like.

Q. You do not appear to me to know much about Platinum Boilers?

A. As much as you do.

Q. I admit that I know nothing about them.

A. No more do I.

Q. But I heard you were brought up in Manchester?

A. So I was.

Q. Where?

A. Police Court, and fined five shillings.

Moral.—Never lean on a broken reed when you want to know anything about Platinum Boilers.

I have, however, furnished the Commissioners of that department with my decision on the subject. I find that to award prizes a thorough (if any) knowledge of your subject is *not* required. Silence, a frown, a shrug, compression of lips, a short "um," "ah," "oh," with perpetually jotting down hieroglyphical memoranda in a pocket-book (to which you can always safely refer anybody) will accomplish all that's necessary. But, above everything, silence and a pocket-book. (Do not put the above secret before the public, and oblige PEEPER THE GREAT.)

LER PRANGSE ARMPERRYARL has been unwell. I am glad to say he is all right again. On his arrival from San Klu I called, of course, upon the dear little chap.

"*Mong PRANGSE ARMPERRYARL*," says I, on one knee, and the toe of my right leg pointing gracefully outwards; "*Kommong voo portay voo, par sir tom?*" (i.e. "How are you by this time?")

"*Tray, beang*," he replied. "*Ay, voo?*"

"*Muawo?*" I responded, "*kusee, kusee*," which ought to mean,

"But, so-so." Somehow I don't think it does.

"*Jer sweetsongsharntay derooo vawo*," he returned, and so ended the reception as far as the public is concerned. But to my promenade.

Lobsairartwawo, or the Observatory of Paris, is well worth a visit at midday. Insist upon their showing you the moon and principal stars. Produce your order; and if you meet with any further opposition, threaten that you will tell LUMPYRAW.

Go to the *Hotel Jays Arwarleed*, that is, *Hôtel des Invalides*.

I forgot, in recounting the best hotels in Parry, to mention *Lotel Jays Arwarleed*; that is, *L'Hôtel des Invalides*; much patronised by valetudinarians and convalescents. I get my information second-hand from a friend who knows Parry well, as I have neither dined nor stayed there myself. The charges here are very moderate, and there is but one objection; namely, that as an invalid you are subject to a sort of quarantine. I mean that all recognised invalids (no shams) in Parry are obliged to dress in cocked-hats and a kind of naval uniform with a sword attached. It is a remnant of an old custom. The old custom was, in ancient Parry, to kill an invalid whenever you met one. But in order that he shouldn't be allowed to go out of the world without some fun for his money, every invalid was provided with a sword, which, however, in many cases he was not strong enough to draw. So they still keep to costume, like our blue-coat boys do. It is the only hotel in Europe, or anywhere else, where the visitors are obliged to wear a peculiar dress.

I do not know what the rule is as regards ladies. I will ascertain.

An English visitor will do well to attend the Law Courts in the *Pallayd Juicetece*. A complicated case well argued by leading counsel before an able *Jooge* (that is, Judge), is an admirable method of passing a couple of hours, of acquiring a knowledge of the niceties of French jurisprudence, and the idioms of the French language. All the *Arookars* (Barristers) wear caps, gowns, bands, and no wigs, and have in general the appearance of very busy men who are going to wash when they get home.

I am going to give a *Bal Marskay* in my room. Don't reprehend me for extravagance. I have only issued invitations to three or four people who won't know one another in masks. I shall hire an organ. Among my guests I shall probably observe L-D COW-RY, LUMPYRAW, LARMPERRARTRE-CE, and ABDUL AZZIGN'T, the SULT-N. I am to be photographed in the dress of LOUEY CARTHORSE, *ler Grong Mon-mark*.

There is a guide to Paris coming out at the end of this month by sixty writers, prefaced by VICTOR HUGO. They have gone to press without any contribution from me, although of course they waited until the last moment. I couldn't consent, as I have my own little work (in addition to our own *Paris for the English*), *arntitulyay Parry Poori Poshe*, or Pocket Paris, in a hundred-and-twenty diamond volumes. Spectacles (ten-horse power) and case sold with each volume. Orders will be received immediately here by me only. No money returned. The Canoe Club, led by *Rob Roy Macgregor oh!* meet on the Sane in June. I called at the *Tweellyrees* to offer a few lessons to LUMPYRAW in paddling his own canoe (he has got one), but *Ill netkay par shayllnee*; that is, "He wasn't at home." An English actor is coming here to play in English the eccentric *Dundreary*. The English here won't patronise it because it *is* English, and they prefer to do in Parry as Parry does; the Americans won't for the same reason; the Parishioners won't because they depreciate all English acting, and wouldn't understand *Lord Dundreary's* amusing inanities. CHARLES MATHEWS'S

Lombarsay was in French, *setting urn otter shows*; that is, that was another matter altogether.

I am now going to dine at the Kaffy Onglay, and then to see *Lar Grong Dewshese du Jayrolstine*, at which MONG PRANGSE DER WALS, when here, laughed consumedly, while the D-KE OF ED-NB-RGH looked out the *doobol ongtongs* for him in a pocket dictionary at the back of the box. I told 'em I'd tell, and so I have.

Yours,
PEPER THE GREAT.

A PEABODY ON THE TURF.



HE man who is endowed with a big bump of benevolence is often apt to keep his hat on, and not let it be visible. Benevolence and modesty go often hand in hand, and publicity is shunned by persons of true charity. In some cases, however, the generous are apt to advertise their generosity, and delight to give publicity to their gifts to fellow-men. Such an instance has been lately brought before our notice by a Circular received from a "Turf Commission Agency," headed with a crest to show its great respectability, and commencing with engaging freedom of address—

"DEAR SIR, I beg to inform you that in the year 1863 I discovered a principle of Backing Horses by which winning to any amount is reduced to a certainty, and during the years '64, '65, and '66, have practically carried it out with the most incredible success. Statistics clearly prove that there are every

week (and have been ever since the establishment of Racing) several Horses on which you may stake £1000 with the positive certainty of landing every bet.

"Amounts won by the System, starting with £100 capital:—
In 1864 £30,608
In 1865 28,400
In 1866 29,000"

Such a system must be precious as the stone of the philosopher, turning everything it touches by magic into gold. One might fear that its discoverer would keep it to himself, seeing how selfish in its avarice is the common heart of man. But see what nobly generous creatures get their living by the turf! The best of men among us can hardly ever guess by what pure motives of benevolence our betters are inspired:—

"I shall be happy to arrange a personal interview, and fully prove to you the System; my terms being £100 on imparting it, and a written agreement for £900 out of the first £9000 you clear. For less I cannot divulge it entirely, but give the benefit of it to a select few patrons, with the following result, viz:—

For every £10 invested £60 per week will be returned.
" 20 " 180 " " "
" 30 " 330 " " "
" 50 " 700 " " "

And so on, deducting 10 per cent. as commission. These amounts are guaranteed weekly."

Ten per cent. is but a flea-bite in the matter of deduction, when fortunes so colossal may so rapidly be won. Ninety-nine men in a hundred would have kept their system dark, and have pocketed their winnings, and have become as Croesus in half-a-dozen years. Instead of which, this noble benefactor of his species kindly gives himself the trouble to send circulars about, in order that mere strangers may enjoy the lion's share of the millions he must win.

Millions, do we say? Nay, rather billions, or quadrillions. Like a share in a brewery, the system yields to its inventor the "potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." For, see what says the circular—

"All calculation is baffled when an attempt is made to arrive at the point where the profits of this infallible System really terminate."

A point, we read in *Euclid*, is that which hath no magnitude, and, without much calculation we may come to the conclusion that this is just the size of the "profits of the system" to fools who put their faith in the "guarantee" of rogues.

THE LADIES' FAVOURITE SCENT.—MILL-FLOURS.

LIQUEFACTION WITHOUT CALORIC?

THERE exists no record of any supernatural occurrence which, having been investigated, was publicly attested by competent observers. Such attestation, however, is possible, if the following statement is true:—

"The miracle of St Januarius took place on the 4th of May. The liquefaction of the blood was witnessed by thousands of the faithful; but a large black globe was seen in the centre of the vase—a sign, it has always been observed, of great calamities, and the people were much depressed in consequence."

This is no contribution to the *Marvellous Magazine*, nor is it any hoax that has appeared in the *Record*; it is an extract from a letter in the *Tablet* written by our friend the correspondent of that journal at Rome. Now, then, here we have a phenomenon, periodically occurring, called a miracle. Nothing would be more easy than to demonstrate it to be miraculous, if it is, by a decisive experiment. When next the 4th of May, or whichever is the nearest the melting day of St Januarius, comes round, let the vessel which contains what is said to be his blood be surrounded with ice, or otherwise kept all day at a temperature of 32°. Let it be watched, for any length of time that may be agreed on by a committee of chemists. If, under those circumstances, its contents melt, the supernatural liquefaction of the blood of St Januarius will be established to the satisfaction of the world.

But twelve months nearly is a long time to wait; and in the meanwhile another experiment might be performed, which would be hardly less conclusive. Put the receptacle, enclosing the substance called the blood of St Januarius, into a warm bath, and raise the temperature thereof to 212°. If that substance, having ever melted under ordinary circumstances, does not melt under these, there will be reason to infer that its former liquefaction was a miracle. But this inference will require confirmation. See whether that same substance will melt again. Put the vase which it is preserved in, carefully marked, into a strong safe, to be kept, by a custodian appointed by the committee of investigation, under lock and key, until any day that the priests who assert its liquefaction may name. Thereon, if it can be got to melt—by any other means than a heat higher than that of boiling water—then also will be demonstrated that *quod erat demonstrandum*.

The appearance of the large black globe which was seen by the faithful in the centre of the vase has not as yet been followed by any particularly great calamities. Perhaps it won't be.

"SCOTS WHA HAE."

From the *Times' Court Circular*:—

"BALMORAL, MAY 26.—Yesterday, being the anniversary of her Royal Highness PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S birth, when her Royal Highness completed her 21st year, the Crathie choir sung some pieces of music under the Princess's window at seven o'clock in the morning."

Delicate attention! Seven o'clock in the morning, and the poor Princess perhaps just enjoying her second snooze, or, it may be, not out of her first refreshing slumber. We have received from our own M'JENKINS, our Northern Court Newsmen, a copy of the Special Programme which waked her Royal Highness from her slumbers.

THE CRATHIE CHORISTERS AND SCOTTISH SERENADERS.

PART I.

- Overture to MR. M'DOUGAL'S unpublished Opera, "Cock-a-leekie," arranged for sixteen bagpipes, and shouting } Local talent.
- "Sleep, Lady, Sleep." (Solo on one bagpipe). } M'FERGUSON.
- The Warriors' Yell of Victory. (Septette for Soprano unaccompanied). } Sung by SANDIE M'CRACHAN and a few friends.
- "The Dronax." A Symphony in B for first and second bagpipe. } M'MENDELSSOHN.
- A Medley, composed of the bass and second parts to various Scotch airs, for pipes, fiddle and voices. } Local talent.

PART II.

- "Farewell." A nocturne on a single pipe. } M'CLEOD.
- A Lullaby. For sixteen bagpipes. } M'TAVISH.
- "The Contest of Sounds." By eleven of the Crathie Choir, (with one fiddle) v. Thepeety-two of the Scottish Serenaders (with the Balmoral piper).

We are glad to hear that the Princess was not expected to rise and return thanks. The Crathie Choir are of opinion that they have now earned the title of the Celebrated *Christyan* Minstrels.

Whichever you Please.

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs herself "TILLY SLOWBOY," writes to ask whether the pictures she sees in the National Portrait Exhibition labelled as painted by TILLY KETTLE, are the works of a male or female artist.

THE HORSE SHOW.—The Park.



UNCLE TOM THE BACHELOR.

Fond Papa. "DO LOOK, EMILY! HOW THOROUGHLY DEAR TOM IS ENJOYING HIMSELF WITH THOSE KIDS!"

Doting Mamma. "YES, ISN'T HE! DEAR LITTLE THINGS! YOU SEE HE HAS ALL THE PLEASURE OF THEM, AND NONE OF THE TROUBLE AND BOTHER!"

TWO DIFFERENT STORIES.

THE *Tablet*, formerly frantic, now sober though ultramontane, Roman Catholic Journal, is happy in the services of a capital correspondent at Rome. This gentleman has the pen of a ready writer, and he expresses himself with a peculiar volubility of diction, such that, as one reads his flourishing paragraphs, one can fancy that one hears them rattled off in a brogue. He parades a reverence for the Pope so enthusiastic and boundless as to suggest the suspicion that he is, in fact, a Protestant, who, having accepted a post on a Romanist paper, is endeavouring to discharge the office he has undertaken with all his energy, overdoes it. In a letter, dated the 15th ult., he informs us that:—

"A magnificent present of 50,000 *l.* for breech-loaders has just been made to the Pontifical Government by a French nobleman, and the subscription for that object is going on most favourably in Belgium, where the authorised agent for the Pontifical Government, MR. MULLINS, is actively employed in the trials of the different breech-loading systems, and being recognised as one of the first and most experienced judges of arms of precision on either Continent, the selection can scarcely be in better hands. The movement will shortly be inaugurated in England, and it is to be hoped that the English Catholic body will not be slack, in coming forward in a cause which will double the effective of the present force."

There are, as you know, divers breech-loading rifles, besides the Prussian needle-gun; for example there is the Chassepot, and then there is another rifle, the name of which, on due consideration of the foregoing statement, "must give us pause." There is the Converted Enfield. Is that the rifle which will be adopted by the Papal Government? Will the Protestant Enfield rifle become a convert to Popery, and be termed the Perverted Enfield? Surely not. The POPE will have a weapon of his own, an arm of infallible precision, of course. What will his Holiness call his breech-loader? As it will have been made out of Peter's pence, perhaps he will be pleased to give it the name of the Fisherman.

A little further down in his letter, the rollicking Papist (if not Protestant) who penned the intelligence above quoted, thus remarks:—

"One Zouave is worth a hundred addresses or speeches in praise of the Pope—one Catholic gentleman's sword dedicated to his defence outweighs a dozen protes-

tations which end in talk, and it lies with the Catholic youth of England to vindicate our body from the reproach of indifference under which it so justly rests."

All this seems rather to betray an opinion that one Zouave is of more use to the POPE than any number of prayers, and that anybody's sword dedicated to the defence of his Holiness outweighs all the protestations of a Catholic gentleman. But now for a quotation from a letter just issued to authorise a collection in aid of the "Confraternity of Peter's Pence," by CARDINAL CULLEN. Thus writes his Eminence:—

"See what holy thoughts now occupy the mind of his Holiness, whilst the powers of the earth are devoting all their thoughts to the invention of needle-guns, rifled cannon, and the most powerful means of destroying human life, he is preparing to commemorate in the most solemn manner the martyrdom of Saints Peter and Paul, and proposing to his children the virtues of holy men and women for an example."

Is he? Which of the two are we to believe in—the edifying picture pointed to as a pattern by CARDINAL CULLEN, or the matter of fact asserted by the *Tablet's* Roman correspondent? Or can we reconcile the one with the other by the supposition that the POPE, his mind being occupied with the lofty thoughts which CARDINAL CULLEN ascribes to him, really does not know what MR. MULLINS, like an agent of one of the powers of the earth, is about in his name? If this is so, surely the sooner the Holy Father resigns his temporal business to somebody who will mind it, the better.

"Why did you Die?"

THERE was a paper—*Dies fuit*—called *The Day*, and a very well written paper it was. It was the organ of Adullam. Mr. Punch is sorry to hear that the next time writers are asked to write for the CAVE, they will probably remember the meaning of those four letters when they make a Latin word.

REMARKABLE GOOSEBERRY.—In several parts of the country it is said that the late cold weather has played old gooseberry with the plums.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Now we are reforming, like fun, except that the likeness will perhaps escape recognition by sundry persons in certain boroughs hereinafter mentioned. *Monday, May 27.* We settled the County Franchise. In the Bill, as it originally stood (of course every gentleman and Person goes through it line by line every morning, with the report of the debate, and marks the alterations in red ink, and the suggestions in blue) this was £20. It is reduced to £12.

The Compound Householder is dead. All the nonsense that was talked about MR. DISRAELI's alleged breach of compact was knocked to bits by his own speech to-night, and MR. MILL, in the handsomest manner, declared that he had never brought such a charge, and that anybody who had was refuted by what MR. DISRAELI said. He had simply recommended a plan which had been proposed by MR. CHILDEBS (Liberal) when in office, and which MR. GLADSTONE had approved. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER made some good sport over this, before giving it up, and is unkindly accused of trying to "govern by comedy." This is churlish. *Mr. Punch* affirms that some of the best business in the world has been done, and will be done, in a jovial way.

But the real fun was the continuation of the struggle on the Government proposal that the occupation of land without a house should give a vote. This is held to afford facilities for making faggot voters; and though a bundle of well-tied faggots is an emblem of strength (*vide Æsop*) it is a sort of strength which Reformers do not wish to see in the hands of landlords at elections. On the first fight, at the end of last week (*Mr. Punch* had so much to say about MR. MILL and his Persons that he omitted to detail the battles of the kites and crows) MR. DISRAELI was beaten by 3. Then we divided on SIR EDWARD COLEBROOKE'S Amendment, and the whip had been freely used, the House got confused between the questions, the Members were noisy and would not sit down, the very Chairman lost his head and never told strangers to withdraw, and finally there was another majority of 3 against the Amendment. Such a row occurred that it was impossible to go on. But on this Monday we went at it again, and first the Government got a majority of 1. This gave the Liberals hope, and they made another struggle; but again the instrument with which the Nemean games were sometimes won came into play, and MR. DISRAELI conquered by 10. This battle, or rather these four battles, will not be forgotten. Some of the new Members did not know how to follow their leaders, and came to grief, and poor MR. SERJEANT GASELEE (Liberal) will recollect with gratitude how he, intending to vote against the Liberals, got among them, and would have been dragged to their lobby, but for a terrific charge, executed by that vast Conservative, MR. WARD HUNT, the giant of the House, and by COLONEL TAYLOR, who is no chicken; and how these men of valour clove their way through the Liberal ranks, and set the raging Serjeant free to scamper, as he did. Who says that politics are not good fun?

For the sake of lucidity, *Mr. Punch* pursues the Reform narrative, postponing underplots. Next day we met under the new Disraelian arrangement which compels Parliament to recognise the dinner-hour of civilisation—we sit at 2, rise at 7, and meet again at 9, "invigorated," as MR. DISRAELI puts it—the word may be socially useful, and being elastic will indicate any amount of effort for preventing the destruction of tissue. To-day we finished off all the Enfranchising clauses. A smart interchange of epithets between MR. BRIGHT, MR. DISRAELI, and MR. GLADSTONE took place, the offensive Anglo-Roman word "consistency" being shockingly banded about ("banded," from the French *bänder*, to bend—hence a club bent at the end for hitting a ball—hence transitive "bandy," to beat to and fro,—also see "bandy-legs," only they are not pretty to see) and then what do you think? With MR. DISRAELI'S free assent, we

Wiped out all the Fancy Franchises, Educational; Money in Savings' Bank; Money in Funds; £1 taxation—*exit* MR. BRIGHT'S Ratcatcher. MR. DISRAELI said that having let in the Lodger, we had provided for most of these people.

Then we proceeded, on Thursday, to Clause 8.

This is the beginning of Re-Distribution, but it rather took the form of Re-tribution, for, at a blow, we

Slew Great Yarmouth, Lancaster, Totness, and Reigate.

Blotted them out for their crimes, for their shameless bribery and corruption. The House of Commons will know them no more.

There was some struggle to obtain a reprieve for these electoral Fenians who rebel against honesty and decency. MR. BRIGHT, having first proposed to send up the Franchise part of the Bill to the Lords, that they might be going on with it, while we fight out the rest (this was very unfavourably received), pleaded against the capital punishment, as became a Friend. He was for disfranchising only those who had been proved guilty, and he mildly termed the proposed annihilation Atrocious. But MR. GLADSTONE (whose detestation of the impure is one of his noblest characteristics) was for stern justice. He quoted figures, and showed that the guilty in Totness were 38 per cent., the same in Reigate (whereof MR. CURTIS gave a horrible character, and *Punch* is sorry the place is so wicked, it looks so pleasant), in Yarmouth

32 per cent., and in Lancaster 64 per cent. There was also proposal to disfranchise for a period only, until the present evil generation should be past taking bribes, but the House of Commons had an accession of virtue, and moreover remembered MR. BRIGHT'S charges of universal corruption. MR. DISRAELI added bitterness to the Bribed's cup of sorrow by actually introducing a Recital into the Bill, stating expressly that it was for proved crimes that the boroughs died, and this was carried by 325 to 49. COLONEL WILSON PATTER, Member for North Lancashire, made a gallant effort to save its capital, and as a beaver does not, bit off half his tail to keep the rest; that is, offered to sacrifice one Member, but was beaten by 159 to 87, and, amid tremendous cheers, the Parliamentary axe fell. "So perish all QUEEN VICTORIA'S enemies!" said the stern voice of *Mr. Punch*, and the EARL OF KENT would have answered "Amen," only he is on his way to Australia.

At the last morning sitting, which was on Friday, the Government were beaten, if they consider it a beating to be compelled to alter their Bill. It proposed to take away one Member from any borough which has two Members, and a population under 7000. MR. LAING moved, and by a large majority carried an amendment, that this deprivation should extend to all boroughs with fewer than 10,000 persons. He also put forth a scheme for re-distribution, whereof it will be less profitable to speak now than when somebody understands it. MR. SERJEANT GASELEE (we fear we have been rather blind to this gentleman's eminent qualities, but hope to repair our omissions) made more sport for the Committee by an extraordinary wail to the effect that MR. LAING had stolen some plan of his. MR. GLADSTONE advised Government to be bold. MR. LAING was victor by 306 to 179.

So much for Reform. Now let us fry our other fish. (*Apròpos* of fish, what capital weather for Greenwich dinners, Persons—poke up your Protectors.)

Monday. Ministers signified that they had thought BURKE, the Fenian traitor, ought to be hanged, in order to deter others; but as public opinion was opposed to the execution, he was reprieved. So the mischievous rascal has been shaved, cropped, and sent to penal servitude for life, or something like it, and it is to be hoped that the hint may be taken by his accomplices. The unutterable horrors of a rebellion have been spared us, no thanks to blunderers and cowards, but the guilt of the traitors is the same, unless we regard them, as *Mr. Punch* is disposed to do, as less fit subjects for the hangman than the Mad Doctor.

Wednesday. After a pleasing row between two Irish Colonels about a Count Out the night before, and after MR. NEWDEGAT'S awful announcement that the House had been cleared in order to leave the appointment of the Committee on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in the hands of the Papists, (the row was renewed, more fiercely, next night, and we had to adjourn,) we read, by 200 to 156, MR. FAWCETT'S Bill for the benefit of people with a large share of intellect and very little honesty. That description is MR. HENLEY'S. The Bill is to relieve Fellows of the University from the necessity of declaring their belief in any particular religious principle. MR. GLADSTONE made a powerful speech against the Bill, insisting that parents who entrust their children to the *Almæ Matres* have a right to know the exact religion of those revered ladies. Of course the Bill, if it gets through the Commons, will not pass the House where it sits; the Lords, Spiritual.

Thursday. MR. MILL—what ho there! Oyster-shells! (We must ostracise ARISTIDES if we are perpetually obliged to speak of his broad bold thought and lucid logic—delivered an admirable speech advocating a plan for the Representation of Minorities. This will bear fruit in due season. At present it commands the admiration of the thoughtful only. Some of the Conservatives behaved most coarsely during the speech, and were sternly and properly chidden by the Conservative LORD CRANBORNE, who rebuked them for not listening to anything that might come from MR. MILL. Nor was the impertinence all Conservative. The ludicrous GASELEE actually sneered at MR. MILL for introducing the talk of a debating society. Portsmouth should try to improve her representation by looking out for a Gorilla.

Friday. After Reform, a well-spoken debate on the Irish Colleges, and a capital fight between MESSRS. LOWE and GLADSTONE, foemen eminently worthy of each other's steel. But it was really too hot for attack and defence of Roman Catholics and their priests.

Good and Bad Spirits.

A NEW Brandy is advertised at railway stations in white letters on a dark ground in the form of a vine-leaf. Let us hope this is an improvement on existing brandies. Very many of them would be too truly indicated by a title inscribed on the picture of a potato.

CHECK-MATE FOR THEIR VALLIANCEIS.

THE Military Snips have struck. We are happy to say that Field Marshal the D. of C. is equal to the occasion. He is going to turn the whole Army into Highland Regiments.

SPORT. (P)



Upper Class. "WINGED HIM, MY LORD!"



Lower Class. "THE 'S ANOTHER, 'ARRY!"

POOR PIGEONS AND GULLS!

Do you, *Mr. Punch*, admire true sport? Then, Sir, acquaint yourself with the acts of the Gun Club. Are they not written in the *Field* newspaper? In that journal, Sir, for instance, you will read how the members of the Society above-named met on certain days last week at Shepherd's Bush, to contend in shooting pigeons. You will have the pleasure of learning how they shot off various matches; *ex uno disce omnes*. That one, Sir, was "a sweepstakes for Peers, Members of Parliament, officers in the Army and Navy on full pay," and other gentlemen, members of the principal London Clubs, which were all named. You will see how Lord This "riddled" one bird, that Sir Whatshisname That "feathered" another, and Captain So-and-So, and Mr. Somebody, and Mr. Somebody Else, winged or crippled their respective birds, which, severally fluttered, or "twisted" out of bounds, or flew away with a broken leg. All this, *Mr. Punch*, is pure sport. There is no ignoble use in it. The pigeons, as you know, are caught in order to be shot, and of course, if wanted to be eaten, might be killed at once. But then the noble and gentle sportsmen of the Gun Club would not have the fun of knocking them over, and "riddling," and "feathering" them, and breaking their legs and wings. Tame pigeon-shooting, you must see, is a purer sport than even battue-shooting of the two, for the semi-domesticated hares, partridges, and pheasants are killed not merely for the pleasure of killing them, but are also slaughtered on purpose for the table, by the nobility and gentry, and princes of the blood who shoot them.

The noble sport of pigeon-shooting, Sir, is, however, excelled in point of purity by the sport of gull-shooting, equally noble, except that instead of being specially patronised by Peers, Members of Parliament, officers in the Army and Navy on full pay, and other gentlemen of high social position, it is chiefly cultivated by a class of sportsmen called, in a figure of speech, gents, as though for the reason that they do not belong to the gentry.

Gull-shooting, *Mr. Punch*, is practised with immense success at various places all along the coast, chiefly by gents brought down by excursion trains. At Flamborough, for example, and at the back of the Isle of Wight, prodigious numbers of gulls and other sea-birds are

destroyed by these sporting gents at all seasons of the year, when the weather allows them to massacre the birds in comfort. Seated in boats, smoking cigars, the luxurious gents shoot the gulls at their ease, just as they fish, when they sit angling for roach and gudgeon at Teddington Lock.

"Me and 'ARRY"—allow me to quote a characteristic account of the sport of gull-shooting from the mouth of one of its votaries—"Me and 'ARRY and a lot more come down by the early train, and took a boat, and went a gull-shootin' out on the 'briny.' Oh, my eye, such fun! 'ARRY, 'e's a crack shot, and didn't we knock 'em over! What was they? Gulls, sea-gulls, all that sort of birds, I don't know one sort from another, but I know we brought 'em down no end. 'Ow many did we bag? Oh, we didn't bag any, they ain't no good, 'tis only the lark of shooting of 'em. Sometimes we don't even stop the boat to pick 'em up—leaves 'em to float out to sea. Alive, with their wings and legs broke, and their torn bodies, to be nibbled to death by fishes? Oh! they soon gets drowned, to put 'em out of their pain. That ain't worth powder and shot. Don't we never do nothin' with them at all? Oh, yes! When we've got time, we piles 'em up in 'eaps—makes what the boatmen calls 'aycocks on the water' with 'em—'eaps as 'igh as 'aycocks. Me and 'ARRY made a jolly big 'aycock that day. No; we didn't think about its being breedin' time. We didn't know, and didn't care. 'Ow about their orspring up in the cliffs? Died, I suppose, in their 'oles. Of cold and hunger? In course; should think that very probable. Ain't the sea-birds pretty natural objects? I dare say. Don't shootin' 'em destroy the beauty of the coast? Well, yer see I got no hi for the picturesqueeze—I ain't a poetical sort of cove. Cruelty to hanimals?—you're another. Do yer mean to tell me killin' gulls is agin the law? Sea-gull shootin' 's jolly good fun; you can sit still and enjoy your weed all the while; we two smoked our short pipes—me and 'ARRY."

The peculiarity, you see, Sir, of gull-shooting is, that it kills more than two birds, as it were, with one stone—the parent birds and also their young. Herein it differs from all other shooting; especially rook-shooting, in which the young birds only are shot; and then they make good pies: whereas the gulls that are killed by 'ARRY and his companions become food only for fishes. It has been suggested that the massacre

of the innocent gulls is owing to the demand for their feathers to decorate girls' pork-pie hats. The fact that such a demand exists, constitutes rather an objection to their excessive slaughter, which the gallant 'ARRY perhaps would recognise, if you put it to him in his own way, saying, "'ARRY, if you and your pals shoot all the gulls, there will be no plumes for the 'ats of the gals."

Community in sport, you know, Sir, levels social distinctions. The Gun Club should throw itself open to the gull-shooters, 'ARRY and all. But it shouldn't stop there. The Peers and Members of Parliament who belong to it will do well to place themselves, in time, on a level with the "cads," as they are called, who rejoice in cock-fighting and dog-fighting. They should instantly legalise those sports. Otherwise the lower orders, as soon as they are represented in Parliament, will put the higher on an equality with themselves by constituting pigeon-shooting unlawful on the score of cruelty. In the meanwhile the pigeon-shooters might unite with the gull-shooters in a new and comprehensive club, established to practise the shooting of redbreasts, under the title of the Cock Robin Club. Yours ever, POPJOY.

MR. M'EVROY'S LITTLE GAME.

MR. PUNCH,

You will have been disgusted to see the attempt that certain parties have been making in the House of Commons to interfere with the quiet nomination of the Select Committee on the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. You were doubtless in hopes that the Committee would be appointed in huggermugger, and that we should hear nothing more about the matter, until the British public woke up one morning and found the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER as lawful a prelate as the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

At present the British public sleeps. May it sleep on till the Pope enjoys his own again; and may the Ecclesiastical Titles Act be repealed in the meanwhile! JOHN BULL dreams that the temporal power of his Holiness is all but extinct; doesn't think of the historical ups and downs of the Papacy. The reinstatement of the Sovereign Pontiff would make him open his eyes. If we could only get that confounded Act abolished now, he would open them too late to be able to recover the gone goose of his "Protestant Constitution."

When we have got rid of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, Mr. Punch, which do you think will be the better thing to do; to turn the Protestant Bishops out of the House of Lords, or let in the Roman Catholic? We must do either the one thing or the other, or else we shall offer a gross insult to the religion of our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. For the same reason we must repeal the Act of Settlement; which cannot but grievously hurt their feelings by being calculated to deter the Heir Apparent from going over to Rome.

A leading member of the opposition to the noiseless appointment of ARCHBISHOP MANNING's Committee is COLONEL KNOX. What better could be expected from a man with such a name? I will call myself,

SFES.

P.S. "Hope told a flattering tale."

A NICE LOOK OUT FOR FOX-HUNTERS.

READERS who are fond of fox-hunting will doubtless find some interest in the following advertisement:—

TO FARMERS.—The Advertiser has an invention by means of which he can guarantee any land from being hunted over. The invention can be used either with or without danger to life of sportsmen. Terms, £2 2s. and £4 4s. the season. Foxes killed by contract. Address, &c.

Either with or without danger to life of sportsmen! How extremely nice and kind! The buyers pay their money, and may take their choice. But are they quite sure it is legal to make use of an invention which may endanger life? Some farmers hate fox-hunters, just as dogs hate cats, and would hardly scruple to put their lives in danger. Still, it would be awkward to be accused of murder; and, if farmers put the necks of fox-hunters in danger, they may possibly imperil the safety of their own.

Doing the Old 'Un.

We are glad to hear that MR. CHAPLIN, the owner of *Hermit*, has given £12,000 of his winnings to the fund for restoring Lincoln Cathedral. Considering who the Old Gentleman is, who in the proverb is said to "look over Lincoln," this is a highly appropriate gift. He will henceforth look over the Cathedral with more satisfaction than ever. We would suggest that another £12,000 of MR. C.'s Derby winnings might advantageously be given towards the foundation of a "Chaplaincy" for the Jockey Club, with a "box" at Tattersall's attached.

THE BILL OF THE SESSION.—WILLIAM GLADSTONE.

BROAD AND HIGH.

(An Episcopal Duet.)

NATAL. SARUM.

"LET us, Right Reverend Brother,
Our differences smother;
And, both decried on every side,
Embrace, and hug each other."

"Oh yes! though our opinions
As apples are to 'inions.'
The distance whole of Pole from Pole
Divides as near dominions."

"As Pole from Pole asunder?
Nay, Brother, there you blunder.
Both Poles you know alike are low
The point of freezing under."

"We differ, then, say, Frater,
As Pole doth from Equator.
Of hot and cold extremes we hold;
What contradiction's greater?"

"To differ we'll agree then;
Contrasted we shall be, then.
Folks will in you a Papist view,
And say that I'm a heathen."

"O scope for speculation!
O room for disputation!
How happy we to differ free:
Hooray for toleration!"

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

MR. PUNCH,

WOMEN are not to have votes at Parliamentary Elections. For the present they are only to place at the top of the poll their own bonnets and chignons. The unmarried are not to be allowed to give even a single vote, and handsome candidates must cease to think of buxom widows as certain plumpers. Perhaps we should have been more gallant, but for the dreadful thought that once allow women to vote, and they would soon claim to have a voice in the House, and become M.P.'s, and then there would be an end even to the little business that we now transact. But it will come to this: someday you will be shocked by reading that "the honourable and beautiful Member for Maryborough then got on her legs to move that better accommodation should be provided in the Gentlemen's gallery." One consideration may possibly prevent the admission of the Ladies to the House as Members—their utter uselessness in divisions, for, naturally, they would always be pairing. On the other hand, they might prove an acceptable addition to the number of Members eligible to serve on Committees, for no woman would ever think of claiming to be excused on account of her age.

One can hardly fancy a Woman in Opposition!

AN OLD AND UGLY M.P.

TEMPERANCE AND SOBRIETY.

THE National Temperance League, which may also be called the Rational Temperance League, because, unlike the United Kingdom Alliance, it seeks to make people restrict their beverages to water and slops by moral suasion, and not by interference with liberty, the other evening held its annual *conversation* in Willis's Rooms. The Coldstream Band was in attendance on this occasion, to which its name seems appropriate. It is said to have performed an admirable selection of music. This perhaps included the *Water-Music* of HANDEL. When the performers had done playing, they possibly did not go away and have any beer. The Chair, at this Temperance meeting, was occupied by MR. SAMUEL BOWLEY, who enlarged upon the advantages of not pushing about the bowl.

From the Lord Chamberlain's Office.

WHY is a Lord in Waiting at Court unsuited, by his professional duty, for joining in a quadrille set of eight?
Because he's always dancing *a-ten-dance*.

SOPHISTRY!—If 'punishment is Capital, why should you change it?
Let well alone.



A RECOLLECTION OF THE DERBY DAY, 1867.

Coalheaver. "ANY O' THESE 'ERE NICE ORNIMINTS FOR YER FIRE-STOVES, MUM?"

ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL.

In order to satisfy the country as to the qualifications of the Members composing the Committee, we publish the following simple Catechism of Ecclesiastical Titles:—

What is a Cardinal Deacon?

One of the Cardinal Virtues.

What is a Bishop *in partibus*?

It means in evening dress.

What is a Legate *a latere*?

A clergyman in gaiters.

What is the difference between a Protonotary Apostolic and Pre-crisised Ceremonies?

Depends upon the subject of the quarrel.

How do you "collate" a clergyman?

Put him in a wine-cooler, and keep him under the sideboard till wanted. Then stir and eat slowly with salad. Anthropophagian Islanders' receipt.

Give the nature of a Perpetual Curate?

One who is always giving sermons an hour and a half long.

What is an Acolyte?

One of the Lights allowed by law in church.

What is a Reredos?

The man who walks before the Bishop in a procession, and is generally chosen on account of his being first cousin to the Verger.

Who is an Antependium?

A minor order in the Church of Rome.

What are his duties?

To look after the Pendium.

What is an Ostiarius?

It is an old ecclesiastical title derived from the Greek word for "a bone," and signifies one who plays the bones in Church.

That'll do for them to go on with. Apply for any further information at our office.

A TICKET OF LEAVE.—A P.P.C. Card.

THE CRUELTY OF COCK ROBIN.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,

A PROVERB, unfortunately too true, informs us that the early bird picks up the worm. Bearing this in mind, let me invoke the aid of your powerful pen to denounce the conduct of parents who allow nursemaids to take their children out for a walk in the morning before breakfast at an hour when they are accustomed continually to behold the spectacle of cruelty exhibited by the robin redbreast in swallowing the earthworm alive. I appeal to you, Sir, in the name of

SENSIBILITY.

A HANDSOME OFFER.

MR. CHARLES BUXTON'S contemplated entertainment to the Belgian Volunteers having been unavoidably given up, owing to that gallant and much-respected gentleman's illness, MR. JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE has kindly offered to entertain as many of our gallant Belgian visitors as will come to the Haymarket during their visit; and, with this view, is open to an offer from the Entertainment Committee. The *pièce de resistance* will be *A Wild Goose*, sent over from the United States, as the canvas-back and other wild fowl often are, packed in ice, by the Cunard boats.

Addendum.

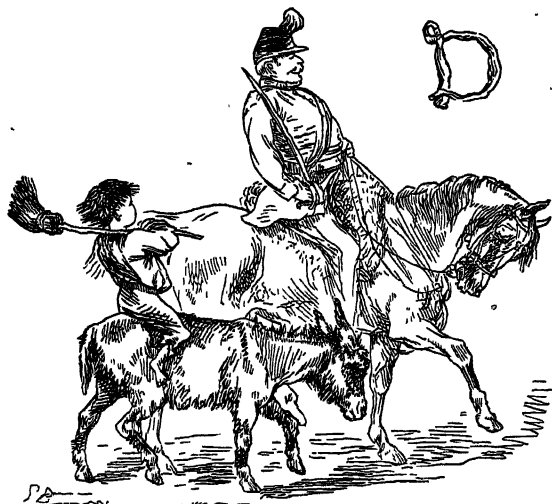
THE Court Newsman requests us to insert the following line, omitted by mistake in his gratifying mention that MR. EDWARD JOHN EYRE, late Governor of Jamaica, was at the PRINCE OF WALES'S levee last week.

MR. EYRE.—On his return from saving the Island of Jamaica to the Heir Apparent.

FROM HORSEMONGER LANE.

"THE MESSRS. TATTERSALL have begun their great yearling Sales for the season." The obvious remark, on seeing a horse enter the auction yard, would be "Tit for Tat."

FREE EXHIBITIONS.



ESIRING to render this vast Metropolis more attractive to visitors from distant parts, and divert attention from its Statues, Fountains, and National Galleries, some public-spirited persons have formed themselves into a Company (limited at present, but with power to add to their number). A few days since, the Directors, accompanied by a band of music and a corps of Militia, proceeded to carry out their plans by hustling and robbing every defenceless and infirm

woman and man that came in their way. Several foreigners who witnessed the operations of the Company were much struck by the freedom of the Exhibition, and many were severely injured.

During these proceedings, one or two pensive policemen might have been observed in some sequestered district, calmly solving that interesting mathematical problem, "How many Areas are there in a given Square, and what are their solid contents, edible and otherwise?" The Force, we believe, are instructed to "move on" all petty conjurers and jugglers, but on no account to interfere with the Company (limited) who practise that bolder system of legerdemain by which watches are made to fly from their owners' pockets, while hats are manipulated in a fashion not anticipated by the authorities at head-quarters.

A PARADISE IN HYDE PARK.

ARISE, my walking-stick, and let us go, This Saturday's bright morn, to Rotten Row, To see the sumptuous throng their clothes parade, Viewing each other and the cavalcade.

What art of Milliner or Tailor deems Each personable form of either sex! What various draperies the sight amuse With fresh and gay diversity of hues! With what a quiet interchange of talk Those graceful persons sit, or stand, or walk! And, all engrossed with the surrounding scene, Exhibit countenances how serene!

What humbug 'tis to say, as some pretend, That happiness does not on wealth depend! Look on their faces, placid with repose, And then compare these lineaments with those, So rueful, which the struggling classes wear, Blurred, seamed, distorted, dulled with anxious care. Money, as handsome as yon Swell you see, Has all the difference made 'tween him and me.

They who on outward things are so intent Must feel secure of dividends or rent, With ample independence must be blest, To show such evidence of minds at rest. A sphere of bliss those happy ones exhale, As roses shed their fragrance on the gale; And, while with them I breathe a common air, Some sense of their beatitude I share. Sweet, to rejoice in others' joy alone, When that is all that we can make our own!

NEW VIEW. (CONTRIBUTED BY ATTICUS.)

THE Upper Ten Thousand in the Metropolis.—Attic Lodgers.

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN IN 1867.—Going to Paris to see the Exhibition.

AN ORACLE ADVERTISED.

HERE, extracted from a column of advertisements in the *Times*, is a list of some writings, of which the announcement cannot but excite great curiosity:—

MARTIN F. TUPPER'S THIRD SERIES OF PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

HIS OPINIONS ABOUT CREEDS AND STARS AND GHOSTS.

HIS ARGUMENTS FOR THE FUTURE OF ANIMALS.

HIS STRICTURES ON SOME MODERN CRITICS.

HIS NATIONAL PSALMS AND HYMNS, &c.

What are the opinions of MR. TUPPER, the theologian, on the subject of creeds? What does MR. TUPPER, the astronomer, think of the stars? What has the psychologist MR. TUPPER to tell us concerning disembodied spirits?

By what arguments does MARTIN F. TUPPER, the metaphysician, maintain the Future of Animals? Does he hold the theory of metempsychosis? And if so, has he any notion that his own mind once actuated the brain of any animal, and then of what animal?

Is it possible that the modern critics who have incurred the strictures of TUPPER, the tremendous satirist, survive them?

Where will DR. WATTS be, where will be the author of the *Christian Year*, now that the accomplished MARTIN F. TUPPER has come forth as a Psalmist? Is TUPPER a DAVID as well as a SOLOMON?

"Hic stupor est mundi qui scibile discutit omne."

Mind how you translate *stupor*.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE.

If Convocation gives a grand Fancy Dress Ball this year, the only dance in which the Bishops may legally take part is *La Pastorale*.

VERY RUDE.

"SHE'S no chicken," said a coarse man, speaking of a certain lady. "And what's more, she's a goose."

FIREWORKS AND FEASTING.

THE other evening *Mr. Punch* gave a banquet to himself, that he might see the fireworks at the Crystal Palace. The evening being wet, the fireworks were postponed, and the only explosions heard were those of *Mr. Punch's* laughter at the jokes which he was pleased to make for his own private entertainment. A chief cause of his hilarity was the pleasant thought that, as the fireworks were put off, he would have to go and dine again, in order to inspect them. His joy in this reflection increased with each of the eleven *plats* preceding the *blanchaille*, which, though served with a French name, was about the best whitebait that *Mr. Punch* has ever tasted. Probably the Palace fountains are supplied straight from the Thames, and thus whitebait is pumped up daily to the big tanks on the towers. This may account, also, for the freshness of the salmon, which kindly let itself be caught that *Mr. Punch* might have the happiness of eating it.

As the Laureate might have sung, if he had only thought of it—

"Many an evening hath *Punch* dined at the 'Trafalgar' and the 'Ship,' And with cool champagne and claret hath refreshed his thirsty lip;"

but while the flavour of his Crystal Dinner sweetly lingers in his memory, *Mr. Punch* is pleased to testify that one gets whitebait as good at Sydenham as at Greenwich, and that the claret and champagne, if anything, are better. Moreover, at the former place the landscape is a lovely one for placid contemplation between the many courses; and any one who dines there when the fireworks are let off, and the gardens are illuminated, will find no reason to complain of not having a light dinner.

Herepath the Haughty.

DR. HEREPATH (of Bristol) gives a certificate touching certain wine. As befits his eminence, he assumes the Royal. "THE QUEEN has been pleased to grant," &c., says the *Court Circular*. "I am pleased to say that all your wines are," &c., says DR. HEREPATH. We rather like this. When Anybody is Somebody, he should comport himself as Such.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

TRECALFE, our Bookseller, who has recently got married, says of his wife, that he feels that her life is bound up in his.



“ALMA MATER.”

YOUNG PUNCHEONBY “CUTS” THE ARMY, AND GOES TO OXFORD TO READ FOR “THE CHURCH.”

Tutor. “YOU ARE PREPARED TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES—?”
Puncheonby (with alacrity). “AH 'TH PLEASEH 'AH,—AH—HOW MU—CH—”

COMING EVENTS.

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM very sorry for you. From my heart I pity you. Since MR. MILL proposed “The Ladies!” you must have had a sad time of it, and gone through many jokes and much suffering. But of the mildest type compared with the attack that now threatens you. The SULTAN is coming to London, perhaps to Buckingham Palace. Your only chance of escape is at once to issue a proclamation—WALPOLE has nothing to do now, he will draw it up for you—warning various classes of persons off from certain familiar and insulting pleasantries. I will make some rough notes for the document: WALPOLE in his leisure hours can work them into shape, and add the proper quantity of Whereases.

Correct people are not to write to you and say, that they hope there will be no harum-scarum doings in Buckingham Palace. Lovers of a good glass of wine are not to write to you and say, that they are delighted at the prospect of having the Sublime Port(e) here. Upholsterers are not to write to you and say, that they feel an undying interest in the upholding of the Ottoman Empire, and rejoice to hear of several magnificent entertainments being on the *tapis* (Turkey). Grocers are not to make up small parcels of jokes filled with Sultanas, and headed “In the name of the prophet—figs!” London tradesmen generally are not to write to you and say, that great disappointment will be felt if the Mussulmen do not come well provided with the sinews of war. Young men, otherwise harmless, are not to venture the insane remark, that the SULTAN’s officers were remarkable for their seymitary; and MR. BEALES is solemnly warned against writing to offer any Honorary Presidency to ABDUL AZIZ, on pain of a punishment peculiarly Turkish—getting the sack.

All jocular allusions to the sick man, bowstrings, divans, houris, Pachas, Padishaws, the Valley of Sweet Waters, Turkey at Midsummer instead of Christmas, a regular Turk, Turkish baths, Turkish towels, Lalla Rookh, and a Hatti-Humayoum to be peremptorily forbidden—the penalty for disobedience to orders, perusal, without missing a word, of M. F. T.’s P. P. (Third Series).

THE VEILED PROPHECY.

Should the SHAH come also—but I dare not dwell on this additional calamity. I will draw a veil over it.

A DRINKING SONG FOR SUMMER.

AIR—“*Partant pour la Syrie.*”

Now midsummer is drawing nigh,
And time it is to think
What, when a man is hot and dry,
Is best for him to drink.
All minds on one point must agree,
That, whatso’er the bowl,
A cool potation it should be,
To slake a thirsty soul.

Some people to a sober glass,
Would have us all adhere to;
I will not say that he’s an ass,
Who sticks to ginger-beer.
Nor do I hold that any man
His manhood doth degrade,
Who, when he might quaff cooper, can,
Instead, sip lemonade.

Some not unwisely recommend
A kind of half-and-half;
Their ale with ginger-beer they blend,
And call it Shandy-gaff.
This compound hath, for many men,
A merit of its own;
That they can drink as much again
Thereof, as ale alone.

In bitter beer ’tis not a few
That now-o-days rejoice;
No better since most brewers brew,
And so you have no choice.
The British Public now admires
Malt liquor thin and pale;
Not cleaving, like their thirsty sires,
To good old English ale.

Beer others reckon fit alone
For cad, or rustic swain,
And do a predilection own,
Themselves, for iced champagne:
Which he who drinketh, if he drink
The right thing, doeth well;
Though judges may still better think
The savour of Moselle.

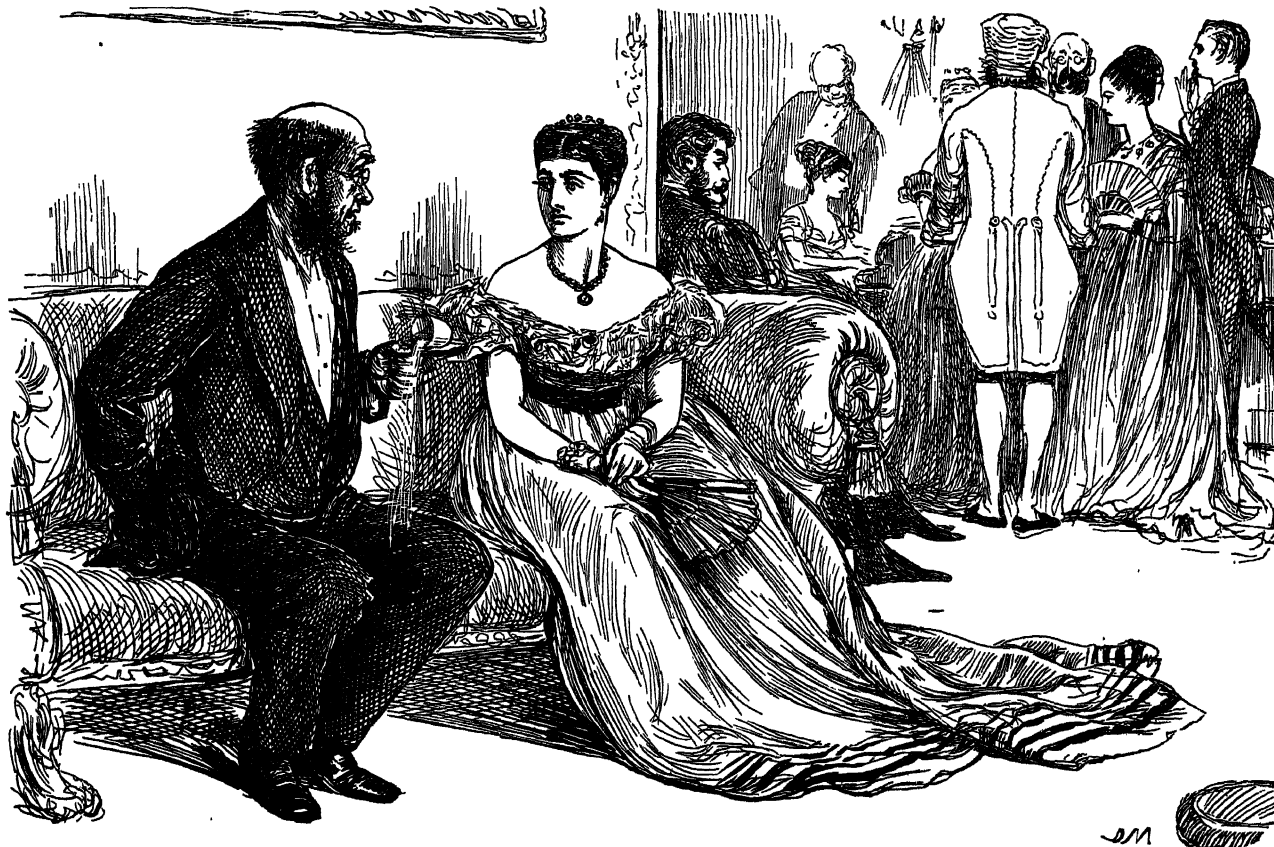
Champagne, Moselle, or Claret-cup
The critic will applaud,
Or, having none of those to sup,
The Cup of Cider land.
Let Borage, aromatic plant,
Impart its cordial juice,
If you can get it; if you can’t
Of cucumber make use.

But if you would your draught enjoy,
You will, if you are wise,
Sufficient of your time employ
In work, or exercise.
Then you will drink when you are dry,
According to the rule,
Which he that made, if you will try,
You’ll find was not a fool.

TIN! TIN! TIN!

FOR the honour of England, Gentlemen, for the honour of England! The Belgians behaved awfully well to our Volunteers. Shall we repay them with less worthy hospitality? Echo answers that she will see us Blowed first, and then she won’t. Come, send in your subscriptions to No. 8, St. Martin’s Place, Trafalgar Square, where “The Belgian Reception Committee” sit in the chairs of the English Langue of the order of S. John of Jerusalem. S. Martin reminds us of the good things the Belgians made us Swallow, Trafalgar reminds us that “England expects every man to do his duty,” and Jerusalem reminds us that folks who can subscribe and don’t, may go to Jericho.

THE RITE OF SALISBURY.—Judging by the Bishop’s Bridport charge,—WRONG.



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Miss Angela Lovell (with the best intentions in the world). "I CANNOT BEAR YOUR HANDSOME MEN, MR. PEPPERCORNE. THEY SEEM TO THINK IT IS NEVER WORTH THEIR WHILE TO MAKE THEMSELVES AGREEABLE. NOW, PLAIN PEOPLE GENERALLY—"

Mr. Riley Peppercorne. "O, HANG IT!—THERE, I BEG YOUR PARDON— BUT THIS IS THE THIRD TIME A LADY HAS MADE THAT VERY REMARK TO ME THIS VERY EVENING! WHY NOT LET A FELLOW THINK THAT YOU THINK HE'S GOOD-LOOKING AND AGREEABLE, TOO?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

ONLY because the Peers have neither said nor done anything demanding Mr. Punch's attention, has that gentleman made scant references to his Lords during the present Session. When the Reform Bill reaches them, no doubt they will succeed in attracting his notice. He may state that on Monday, June 3, there was talk in the Senate about the Knightsbridge barracks, which, by common consent and to common discontent, are the greatest nuisances to all Londoners with eyes, and all Knightsbridgers with housemaids. Of course the Army Lords declared the hideous place to be perfection, and the soldiers to be more like missionaries than military. But a police case, the other day, in which the gallant fellows were shown to be the meanest sponges upon foolish servant-girls, may balance the latter part of their Lordships' testimony.

The Bill for making New Private Bishops went through Committee. There is a clause enacting that their incomes shall equal those of the public bishops. LORD LITTLETON saw no reason for this, but a majority saw one, we suppose. The BISHOP OF OXFORD said that the laity were not convinced that money subscribed for endowing new sees would be well spent. Mr. Punch is certainly in the state of non-conviction indicated by the excellent prelate, who followed his remarks by carrying a clause enabling the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to help the endowments. Yes, my Lord, but please to stipulate that these Commissioners shall exercise a supervision of the expenditure. LORD ELLENBOROUGH was then very severe upon a scheme for creating assistant bishops, whom he most rudely described as mere moveable Dummies, and they were obliterated.

In the Commons, in answer to a question whether Naval Cadets on board the *Britannia* training-ship were flogged, MR. CORRY explained that the young gentlemen, being regarded as at school, were birched, in the presence of all the other cadets and of two officers, and a solemn report of the operation (including, we presume, a statement of how the

birchee liked it), is forwarded to the Lords of the Admiralty. Parents troubled with lads who have a taste for the sea may like to know all this. Mr. Punch does not like.

LORD STANLEY was without information as to whether the gallant MAXIMILIAN had been murdered by JUAREZ.

More quarrel about the Committee on the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. MR. DISRAELI was sure that the combatants were too much men of the world to desire an unnecessary wrangle, and he advised them to have a little friendly conversation in the lobby.

LORD STANLEY has telegraphed to our Consul at Bucharest to remonstrate with the authorities against their ill-treatment of the Jews. The French EMPEROR has sent a similar message, and has added that he is ashamed to have to send it. We are told that the persecution is to cease.

We then went at Reform, for the last time before the holidays.

SERGEANT GASELEE moved that any borough with fewer than 5,000 inhabitants should cease to return a Member. He went through a set of cases, stated that Tewkesbury was in Dorsetshire, said that as Thetford was near Bury he had an excuse for burying it, and after a variety of similar remarks, which were received with incessant laughter, was happy to say he had finished his disgraceful task (loud laughter), disagreeable task he meant (more laughter). A sneer at MR. MILL, as a philosopher amused with toys, such as cumulative voting, and an assurance to MR. DISRAELI that he was the Apostle of Liberty, and one sensible observation, namely, that professional agitation, however advantageous to those who lived by it, was a curse and bane to the country, were the other ornaments of the Serjeant's exhibition.

His motion was supported by clever men, including MR. CARDWELL and MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. SMOLLETT pleaded for enfranchisement of the upper and middle classes, who were not directly represented at all. He also wished the Members of the House to be reduced, and that we could get rid of the Talking Potatoes. There were 150 Members who thought they could instruct the Government on every subject in the world.

MR. SERJEANT GASELEE tried to make another speech, but was repressed by loud advice to shut up, so he did.

MR. DISRAELI congratulated the Committee on having no party feeling. In consequence of the vote of the previous Friday (when MR. LAING'S Amendment, taking away a Member from boroughs with fewer than 10,000, was carried) he had now 45 seats to give away. The wishes of the House were in accordance with the policy first enunciated by Ministers.

The Committee rejected the Gaseleian Amendment by 269 to 217.

Nearly everybody then went out of the place, making such a noise that it must have been difficult for the Gallery to hear what MR. HAYTER was saying. He was however moving for enlarging boroughs by taking in the agricultural districts around, that a fusion of Shop and Spade might occur, and the equipoise of parties be preserved. This came to nothing, clause 9 was passed, and

MR. DISRAELI arranged that a new scheme of Distribution should be prepared.

So we laid aside Reform until after Whitsuntide.

Tuesday. Question touching another portion of the frame of a naval cadet. Two of his comrades had scored on his nose the Queen's "broad arrow," out in with a knife. For this brutality they were dismissed the Service. But as it appeared that they did not rub gunpowder into the slits, their humanity was recognised, and they were reinstated, with an awful wiggling. *Mr. Punch* is not habitually hard upon boyish escapades, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and it is not being too fastidious to draw it at disfigurement for life.

Debate on the Government Bankruptcy Bill. The lawyers, of course, fought on each side, but let us hear the Philosopher. MR. MILL thinks that we have passed from the old savage system of treating debtors barbarously to one which lets them escape with too much impunity. He intends to move clauses for punishing debtors who have shown "culpable temerity" in dealing with their creditors' property. This information may be interesting to sundry.

Thanks, LORD ENFIELD. A select Committee on the practice of summoning juries, not forgetting the gross bribery and favouritism of the summoning-officers. This is grappling with a real grievance. We hope the Judges will behave properly in this matter, but they have a habit of showing small sympathy with gentlemen who suffer by a vicious system, of which the bench is just as well aware as the fellows who practise it.

LORD ELCHO'S Bill for softening the law of Master and Servant was read a Second Time. MR. FAWCETT thought that it very fairly represented the evidence taken before the Committee.

Wednesday. MR. EWART moved the Second Reading of a Bill which will have interest for most people. He wishes to restore the old state of things at the Universities. He proposes to enable anybody to affiliate himself to any college or hall (with the consent of the Head), without being obliged to reside therein. The object is, avowedly, to give college education to poorer men than can at present obtain it. MR. HOPE opposed the Bill, and wished that the House would abstain from "teasing" the Gentle Mothers. MR. GLADSTONE supported it in a powerful speech, affirming that those ladies were by no means doing their work, and educating the professions. It was carried by 164 to 150, and sent to a Select Committee. People who love "the falsehood of Extremes" will be prompt to foresee the bestowal of college honours on farmers and shopkeepers, and will say that they shall expect to receive a tailor's bill made out by TIMOTY SNITCH, B.A., and that all the rest of the Manhood Suffragians will be M.A.s, besides MR. BEALES. But this will be bosh, like a good many things that will be said on the other side. We think MR. GLADSTONE'S lead may be safely followed in such a matter.

Mr. Punch refers to a debate on a Bill enabling the Public Works authorities to lend money towards the erection of Priests' Houses in Ireland, because our friend MR. WHALLEY was enabled to state his views on the Catholic religion, and they are so very clear. Though tolerated here, the Roman Catholic religion, said MR. WHALLEY, is the greatest curse which can be inflicted on a country. Now our Catholic friends know all about it.

Thursday. No Fenian is to be hanged. We have not yet heard this construed into an Irish grievance, but fully expect to be told that it is an insult, as implying that a mere Irish traitor is not worth hanging.

A real Irish grievance, however, was raised to-day. It is a rule in the Guards not to enlist Irishmen and Catholics. The rule is subject to a great deal of infraction, but it ought not to exist.

Friday. We had, on the Army Estimates, the case of the old Merchant Seamen who had to pay sixpence a month to Greenwich Hospital, and who consider that they get no returns for the "Greenwich Sixpence." The Admiralty would not admit that the merchantmen had any case. We voted away a load of money, and then took a spell at the Bankruptcy Bill. On the preceding day the CZAR, a visitor to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, was shot at by a Pole, and missed. Three Counts-Out were tried to-night, and MR. DISRAELI alluded to them as "unsuccessful attempts at assassination of the House."

VICTORIA PARK IN PERIL.

MR. PUNCH,

You know what your friend the author of *Paradise Lost* says about the architect of Pandemonium, that "men called him Mulciber," and "fabled" how, having fallen from the celestial regions, he "dropt from the zenith like a falling star;" but—

"Thus they relate,
Erring; for he with his rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in heaven high towers; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in"—

—the opposite place, to be named only by clergymen. Now, Sir, I should like to have the foregoing quotation (complete) posted up on every surface of green field in England, bearing flowers, but disfigured with a notice-board offering it "to be let or sold" as "eligible building ground." Perhaps it would suggest a hint, which might possibly awaken the conscience of the speculating builders and their industrious crews, who are fast improving all the beauty of this earth off its face. We might as well improve all the pictures off the walls of the National Gallery.

Just now, Sir, it is especially desirable that the lines above quoted, or some other caution or warning to the same purpose, should be planted at convenient intervals around Victoria Park. That only open space which the East Londoners can enjoy is in course of being surrounded by a thick belt of cottages and villas, which will, when finished, completely shut out the Park from public view. "Fancy," says a circular of the Victoria Park Preservation Society, "that portion of St. James's Park, abutting on Piccadilly, being covered with houses. This is what is being done at Victoria Park." A dead set seems to have been made against this place by the building and money-grubbing demon. Last year the fiend attempted to smother it with enormous gasworks; but was happily foiled. Now he is trying to hem it in with bricks and mortar and stucco, so as to exclude the fresh air, and to offend the eye. He is perpetrating the same abominations there as those with which he is defacing Hampstead Heath, Epping Forest, and every other beautiful and healthy spot about London.

Mr. Punch, all this is very sad to think of. Years ago, COBBETT used to call this capital the "*Wen*." What would he call it now? A "*Fungus hæmatodes*," one would think, or some other form of, not simple, but, malignant tumour. Where will the Londoner be able hereafter to go for a really constitutional walk? I mean by that a walk which will refresh his soul as well as his body; the latter with pure air, the former with verdure, and foliage, and sweet flowers. Every such walk will cost him about half-a-crown to get to it by railway; if he is able: for railways induce bricks and mortar along their whole course, wheresoever there is any paradise to be spoiled. London, Sir, will become a city of the Philistines, into whose hands its environs, with all their scenery, are falling. I repeat, London will become a city of the Philistines, and the proper name for it will be Gath.

I am quite aware that it is very sentimental to care for the preservation of landscapes. So it is to care about money. Sentiment is feeling, and low feeling is as sentimental as high feeling—in a low way. When a Philistine calls you sentimental for preferring spiritual and moral good to material utility, he gives you an epithet which you might retort. He sneers like a fool, and he also sneers like a pig. A pig, preferring barley-meal to every other consideration, would utter exactly the same sneer, if he could. No doubt he would call any objection to his rooting in a bed of tulips "sentimental."

Material utility is something, *Mr. Punch*, but immaterial utility is something too. What has made the English character but, for one thing, English scenery? What sort of creatures will Englishmen be when they are born only fit to consume the fruits of the earth, and incapable of enjoying its flowers? Even in a material and physical way, you might show the Philistine, if you would go into a calculation with him, that he was considerably indebted to the sentimentalists and poets, MESSRS. SHAKESPEARE, MILTON & CO.

Does increase of numbers necessitate the incrustation of this island with buildings? If so I should envy France her stationary population. But there is a point at which the excess of our swarm must needs emigrate. Determine it by limiting the enclosure of open spaces. Or else posterity will all be turned to apes, with foreheads villanous low, or else to a sort of human pigs, having oblique eyes like Chinamen. You will live to see the day of that degeneration, along with the Wandering Jew. For me, I hope that, before it comes, I may be gathered to my fathers in the happy hunting-grounds, and out of the eligible building-grounds.

In the meantime Victoria Park to the rescue! The brutes who are building round it can only be bought off. Could a part of the PEABODY Donation be applied to its redemption? Could a grant from the Consolidated Fund? Cannot a Conservative Government even manage to conserve Victoria Park? Excuse the prolixity and passion of

Yours truly, SILENUS.



D'ISRAEL-I IN TRIUMPH; OR, THE MODERN SPHYNX.

(Suggested by MR. FOXITE'S admirable Picture of "Israel in Egypt.")

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PREP THE TWELFTH.



RECENTLY the Sane, following the example of the Hotel prices, has been very high. I have perpetrated an admirable *jerdyimo* about the river Sane and the forthcoming English Canoe gathering.

I said, quite off-hand and without the slightest preparation, "*Mens Sana in corpore sano.*"

Not bad; but of course this sort of thing comes quite easily to me, and is the natural result of the action of a classical education upon a subtle appreciation of the humorous.

They've cut through the key (*quai*), and thrown a steel bridge over it. This I defined as "*steeling a march.*" How my *kong-*

veeves (French for fellows dining with me) roared with laughter.

The Commissioners, who are never tired of employing me, have asked me to make an Appendix on Turret Ships. I refused politely, but firmly; but to show that I was perfectly willing to oblige, I've undertaken to award the prizes on the Marine and Pneumatic Models for Collisions at Sea.

I've always had a fancy for pontoons. I recollect a man who used a work a pontoon with his legs up and down the Highgate road. Capital exercise. A friend who has just dropped in suggests that "*Rantoon*" is what I mean. I immediately was down on him with a *jerdyimo*. I said "I knew it was some *toon* or other, as I always had an ear for music." He roared.

I publish it because I have heard some people give these things out as their own.

FRANGSE NARPOLAYONG'S yacht is on the Sane. The PRANGSE said to—well, call him a friend of mine, of course not to myself, though some correspondents would not be so modest—well, he said to a friend of mine, "*Mong sharer mee,*" says he, "*Commong aymay voo sir vaysso lar.*"

"*Tray jollee,*" I replied. "*Vooos ayt urn marrang tootar coo.*" I bowed low at the same time, and *ill ettay ongsharnitay aveck mong espree.*

"*Mossoo, pairmayttay voo ker noo noo prommong o boo der Bulvar,*" as DOCTOR JOHNSON would have said if he'd been a lively neighbour.

Observe, *raggarrday dong*, that card in that window: "*Appartmong merblay,*" that is, "*Furnished Lodgings.*"

If you are stopping any time in Paris take one. (We will go to the Egspossioning presently, but I've one or two things to say most important to the visitors to Parry). In a French House there are a lot of Flats. You can make one of the party if you pay more than you ought to.

On entering the House where you are going to take *Arpartmong* say to the *Kongseairsh*, "*Oo ay Lotaysse?*" that is, where's the Landlady? If you can't understand his answer, and however well you may speak French yourself, yet it is sometimes impossible to catch what a native is talking about, smile and reply, "*Wee, sairtaymong wee,*" when he will perhaps repeat his observations, and you may have an opportunity of catching a familiar word here and there, and be able to grasp the general sense of his answer. The Landlady or Lote (Landlord) comes to you. You will bow politely, and commence, as is always the rule in Parry, "*Mardarm, jer sweetsongsharnitay der voo vooov.*"

To which, if she have any manners, she will return, "*u waw o see.*"

"*Pweej logayreecee?*" "Can I have a lodging here?"

She will probably answer, "*Wee.*"

They do answer "*Wee*" when they mean yes, for which you will be prepared.

Say you, "*Mongtray moaw eum charmbor,*" and she will comply with your request.

You see your room, and inquire "*Cumbeang?*" Now comes the difficulty; if you are not a first-rate arithmetician—well up in decimal coinage and French—*songteems*, that is, *centimes*. Don't be frightened by the sound; have it put down on paper.

"*Voolly voo aykerer set som soor oon peaysee der pappyyay?*"

Then you'll see how the price stands.

So much for lodgings will suffice; it is all that is necessary: after this you've only to say "*Nong*" if you'd rather not; and "*Wee*" if you'd rather.

On entering a kaffy always salute the lady at the bar, or sitting behind a sort of tea-urn full of dinner tickets. The salute need not be loud, so choose your opportunity. Remember a kiss in time saves nine.

That reminds me that I must just see the wine in ice; a very charming little *parry karray*. Living is expensive in Parry. I am reserving myself for a full account of my day with the ZAR, the SULTAN, the GRAND SLAMM, the *Shar*, and some of those other fellows, who I know, as well as you do, will feel it their duty to call upon your representative here.

Ardeur! ay praysong!

Receive the assurances of my consideration, the most distinguished,
Yours, PETER THE G.

P.S. I have just been summoned away from my desk to meet WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA. I need hardly contradict the reports about my having scribbled opprobrious epithets on his statue in Legspossioning, and then run away. I did nothing of the kind. I was standing by the statue and did *not* run away: I wish I had. However, the affair was soon settled with some timely *arjong*. WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA has taken a great fancy to my style of bowing: I am going to give him lessons.

LUMPYRAW wishes that the CZAR hadn't been so good-natured as to visit Parry. The Parishioners have behaved very badly. LUMPYRAW, however, with great delicacy, avoided even the slightest allusion to the sore point, and when they were driving out in their barouche and pair, ordered the carriage Pole to be removed before the CZAR got in. Very kind: *nez par?*

(When they went to the Opera their Majesties were attended (appropriately) by the *Song* guards. (*Ong Frangsay, Cent gardes.*)

P.P.S. *Ardeur.*

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SPHYNX.

DRAG him into his place, with sound of brass
Blent with reluctant captives' groans and howls,
Where birds, beasts, creeping things for God-heads pass—
Apes, crocodiles, cats, monkeys, hawks and owls.

Drag him, ye victims of Caucasian craft,
Prize of the brain that is his bow and spear:
Proud, in *his* honour, to be beasts of draught,
Obey the whip, in wonder, awe and fear.

Let those who will not draw, nor fear the lash,
Drop out of place, and fall, or faint or fail:
Not many the defiant and the rash
To stand against that iron scourge's hail.

Drag him, all colours, races, ranks of men—
True blue, and blue and buff, and drab and red—
The Mystery defying mortal ken,
Propounder of a riddle never read—

The riddle of his own faiths, meanings, ends:
Dark riddle always, ne'er so dark as now:
Enigma baffling foes, and baulking friends,
With deep dark eyes, locked lips, and stony brow.

Portentous Sphynx, that sitting calm and still
Watchest with snaky, unimpassioned gaze,
Stir of more restless mind, more eager will,
By taunts unfretted, and unflushed by praise!

He waited for his time, his time is come:
He knew his place kept for him in the shrine,
Nor recked what hideous shapes, foul things, and dumb,
Shared it, so crawling crowds hailed all divine.

Drag him into his seat, with loud acclaim
Of sounding brass, keen whips, and shouting herds,
O'er broken pledges, reasons brought to shame,
Ruins of parties, spume of eaten words.

But though he move towards his place of power,
Where many knees are bent; and heads are bowed,
'Tis thanks to backs before the lash that cower,
Blind priests that shout and scourge a blinder crowd.

Exposure at Rome.

By accounts from Rome we learn that drought, lately prevalent, has been felt so much in the towns and environs of the papal city that prayers have been put up for rain, and miraculous images exposed in their shrines. It would be satisfactory to know that the miraculous images had been thoroughly exposed.



WHIT-MONDAY—AS IT OUGHT NOT TO BE.

INVISIBLE MUSICIANS.

WHAT will the FARADAYS and BREWSTERS say, and what do you say, Mr. Punch, to the mysterious notes and fragments of airs thus described by an ear-witness as occurring in the Musical Instruments Department of the Paris Universal Exhibition?—

"Some of the most eccentric acoustic incidents occur in that section of the Exhibition where pianofortes, brass and wood instruments, and tambourines are collected together in solemn silence. Now and then you are startled by the sound of a horn; you look round in vain to ascertain where the windy notes come from. Sometimes the jingle of a tambourine salutes your ear, and more frequently a pianoforte wakes into life, and you get a snatch of some of VERDI'S melodies. If it were not an age of science and matter-of-fact, we might come to the conclusion that these various instruments, weary of neglect and silence, began to play themselves spasmodically."

Of course we shall be told by the FARADAYS and BREWSTERS that the apparently spontaneous performance of the instruments is sufficiently accounted for by being referred to the touch or the breath of some unseen attendant or passer-by. But mark the declaration which immediately follows the foregoing statement:—

"I visited an organ which was going through an elaborate sonata, and I can positively assert that after the most diligent searching I could not find the player."

If the Special Correspondent of the *Post*, whose is the testimony above quoted, had resorted to the alphabet, and asked if the spirit that was playing the sonata would be kind enough to give its name, the answer returned by the usual method of communication would as likely as not have been, "BEETHOVEN." *Mutatis mutandis*, are not these musical "manifestations" exactly the same as those which attended the DAVENPORTS? The difference is merely that, whereas the spirit performing on the organ at Paris was evidently that of some great composer, the guitar and tambourine at the *seances* of the BROTHERS DAVENPORT were as clearly played by the spirits of minstrels who have gone where all good niggers go.

The only difficulty that anybody but a deplorable sceptic can have in ascribing these musical phenomena to spiritual agency is the absence of any medium who could get anything by them. The DAVENPORTS, according to the *Spiritual Magazine*, are now in Russia, making no end of roubles, about the ring of which, at any rate, there is no mistake.

"They have been threatened with a loss of their permit,* on the ground that they are 'turning people's heads with the idea of supernaturalism.'" If they go on in this way, though they have not as yet, I believe, exhibited the prodigy of "levitation," I should not wonder if they are soon taken up.

I hope your appetite for the marvellous is as good as that of

Yours truly,

VORAX.

* If they lose that, I suppose their spirits will be regarded as contraband.

DIGNUS VINDICE NODUS.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, inviting HER MAJESTY to resume her personal sway over society, says,—

"During the first twenty years of QUEEN VICTORIA'S reign, the salons of London did not reek with tobacco smoke, neither did the noble, the pure, and the young stagger under red wigs, glare with rouge and pearl-powder, or leer with painted eyes."

No. Neither do the noble and the pure stagger, glare, or leer, now. But if the ignoble, the impure, and some of the young do these things, and can be deterred from them by royal displeasure, manifested in the dignified way in which the First Lady would mark it, we should rejoice to know that the QUEEN intended to come forward and do an unwellcome duty. No worthier homage can be offered to the dead than a painful sacrifice for the sake of the living. The Crown has direct power over the court-class, and as for the idiots who parody their patrons, the parody, as we firmly believe, would be pursued, even if great folks took to virtue and going to church. Which considerations, with the deepest respect, Mr. Punch submits to the notice of his Royal Mistress.

Creating a Horselaugh.

"MR. CHAPLIN ain't a goin to dewote twelve thousand pound of 'Ernie's' winnins to restorin' Lincoln Cathedral," said a stable boy to a groom. "If he bestowed it anyhow, in course what he won by a 'oss he'd give to a 'ospital."



BAROMETRICAL.

Draper. "LIGHT SUMMER DRESS? YES, M'M. SOLD A GREAT MANY THE LAST FEW DAYS, M'M, THE WEATHER HAVIN' RISEN FROM A FRENCH MERINO TO A GRENADINE!"

OUR THEATRICAL SPECTATOR.

"Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula—many." *Juvenal.*
 "'Tis wisdom, when the evening's wet,
 Amusement at the play to get." *A Midsummer Night's Thought.*

In lieu of any incubration of my own this week, I shall let my readers see some letters that have reached me:—

DEAR SPEC,—You are quite right to complain of talkers at the theatre, and your censure may with justice be extended to the opera. Some folks think it fine to be heard chattering away, without waiting for the *entr'actes*, when talking is permissible. They seem to fancy it is fashionable to be a nuisance to their neighbours, or else they aim to have it thought they know the music so by heart that it is not worth while to listen to it. MRS. SNOBLEY, for example, whose husband only gives her a stall once in a season, assumes the *blasé* air of a regular *habitué*, and prates as though the opera were being played in the next parish. In the middle of "*La ci darem*" you hear her tell her *confidante* how much she paid for her new bonnet, and she will even sound the praise of her new treasure of a cook while MARIO is sweetly warbling "*Il mio tesoro*."

Now, I deny that MRS. SNOBLEY, because she happens to have paid a guinea for her seat, has a right to worry others who have also paid their guineas. MRS. SNOBLEY talks most pleasantly—at least so her friends think—but I don't want to hear her voice when I am listening to PATTI'S. People who like small talk may hear it any evening without paying a guinea for it. When I go to listen to the warbling of a nightingale, I don't want to be disturbed by the gabble of a jackdaw.

So I remain yours to command, SAMUEL SAVAGE.

P.S. I have noticed that the jackdaws have long trailing peacocks' tails, which I shall stamp on without mercy, as I walk out of the opera.

PP.S. The jackdaws, at any rate, should not disturb the stalls. Special boxes should be kept for them, and called the chatter-boxes.

DEAR SPEC,—Have you heard *Don Carlos* yet? If not, buy some seats, and give me one to go with you. I went on the first night, but it will bear a second hearing, and a sixth, I rather fancy. There are some nice airs for the barrel-organs, and in the chorusses especially, the music's really stunning; but with cotton in one's ears, one can always relish VERDI. LUCCA is delicious, in looks, and voice, and acting; and for stage effect the Second Act beats anything and everything produced here since *Le Prophète*. The *auto da fé* is quite a new thing on the stage, and the scene is very life-like, even to the frizzling—I mean to say, the fiddling. So get some stalls, and let me come and go with you, and I'll tell you when to clap, for you know nothing about music.

Yours, serenely, CHARLEY COOL.

THE NEW NOVELS.

"Far above Rubies"
 Is far above boobies.
 "Sowing the Wind"
 Is a book you should bind.
 "Called to Account"
 Shows a brain that will mount.
 "The Tallants of Barton"
 Is writ by a smart 'un.
 The tale called "Black Sheep"
 Will deprive you of sleep.
 "Seventy Five, Brook Street"
 Were good if he'd look straight.
 CHARLES KNIGHT'S "Begg'd at Court"
 Has one fault—it's too short.
 MRS. CRAIK'S book, "Two Marriages,"
 No critic disparages,
 And as for the Hon. MRS. NORTON'S "Old Sir Douglas"
 there may be a slight superfluosness of syllable in this line
 but we don't care about that for out of our resolve to say that
 the tale is masterly no arbitrary rule of metre shall juggle us.

"THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."



HEY do, do they? What things? The rewards of Art, of course. Witness the award of Medals of Honour at the Paris Exhibition: of which four fell to Frenchmen, two to Germans, one to a Belgian, one to an Italian, and — not one to an Englishman! But in what sense do they manage these things better in France? It depends upon what one understands by "better." Our readers shall decide whether they consider French management better or worse than English, after hearing what the French management was in this case.

The awarding jury consisted of twelve Frenchmen and fourteen foreigners. The four French painters who obtained Medals of Honour were all members of the jury who awarded them. The twelve French jurors voted, *always*, as one man. The fourteen foreign jurors had no effective power to combine, being isolated, strangers to each other, hopeless individually, and in a minority collectively, as soon as the phalanx of the twelve Frenchmen had secured two votes out of their fourteen. This was not difficult. When the Frenchmen whispered to the despairing and solitary foreigner, "Your man has no chance except by our help. Vote for our man this time, we will vote for yours at the critical moment."

It is not to be wondered at if two out of the fourteen succumbed, and threw in their votes with France. Still the result remains. The award is before the world. According to it THEODORE ROUSSEAU is the first of living landscape-painters. Every great school of Europe receives the recognition of a Medal of Honour, France's recognition being four times as ample as that of any of the others, and the English school is left out in the cold, undecorated.

The best consolation, under the circumstances, and considering all that went on round the jurors' table, is to remember LORD CASTLEREAGH at the Congress of Vienna. While all the foreign plenipotentiaries blazed with stars, ribbons, and orders, his coat alone showed no decoration. When TALLEYRAND'S attention was drawn to the contrast, "*Ma foi!*" he said, "*c'est bien distingué.*" Considering that the award of the Paris medals was regulated by intrigue, dexterous combination, and diplomatic management, and that the English juror, whatever else he might have showed himself, showed himself above this sort of dirty work, we say that the English school at Paris, standing undecorated amidst the medalled schools of France, Germany, Belgium and Italy, is — like LORD CASTLEREAGH at Vienna — "*bien distingué.*" Only we question the propriety of the name of "*Medailles d'Honneur,*" as applied to decorations so awarded.

"DORA" AT THE ADELPHI.

To transfer a sweet and simple poem from the printer's boards to the manager's, from the study to the stage, without vulgarising it, is no small feat. Such a feat MR. READE has performed in his play of *Dora* at the Adelphi. And for actors to embody a poet's creations, while filling up a playwright's outlines, is an achievement for them only second, if second, to the dramatist's. That feat the actors in *Dora* have, on the whole, accomplished. The Poet Laureate himself might sit in judgment on MISS KATE TERRY'S embodiment of his heroine — face, figure, dress, voice, action, and expression — and bring in a verdict of "justifiable impersonation." The actress assumes for this part a rustic bearing and manner quite unlike her usual stage self, and never loses the pretty feminine timidity of a soft nature, hardly able to uphold, yet upholding, the weight of a noble purpose, till it lifts itself at last, in the strength of that purpose, to heroic self-sacrifice. No prettier picture of country maidenhood can be conceived than *Dora*, in the First Act, sticking the Christmas holly about the farm-house kitchen,

now exultingly, in the delight of happy hopeful love, now heavily, with mournful look and steps weighed down by the sad sense of affection not returned. And when her womanly tenderness conquers her womanly fear, and she adjures the hard Farmer to forgive his son, MISS TERRY rises so naturally to the height of the adjuration, that we feel it to be possible even for that fearful, shrinking *Dora* to speak so solemnly and so bravely. We cannot recall on the stage a more quietly pathetic scene than that of the Second Act, where *Dora* sings the song of "*The Brook,*" set to music worthy of the words, in the dying ears of *William Allan*, as he suns himself at his cottage-door.

The struggle of a heroic purpose and a fearful spirit was never more touchingly or tenderly portrayed than when, in the last Act, *Dora* tells the Farmer it is *William's* child she has set within his arms; and then turns, humbly, to ask *Mary* for a home.

It is rare to see a play in which one can conscientiously praise all the actors. They all deserve praise in *Dora*. MR. NEVILLE had so well comprehended the character of *Farmer Allan*, that one is able to understand the love of *Dora* for the tremendous old man, hard as the nether millstone, and hot as fire. Among the many parts MR. NEVILLE has played well, he has never played a more difficult one better or more artistically than this of the fierce old Farmer.

If MR. BILLINGTON had been as good in the last Act, when he (*Luke Bloomfield*) bursts angrily away from *Dora*, as he was when pressing his hopeless suit on her in the first, we should have had nothing but praise for him. But he marred a performance otherwise excellent by a mis-timed melodramatic exit, which it is to be hoped he has corrected before this.

MR. ASHLEY, always an intelligent actor, in the very difficult and unthankful part of *William Allan*, showed himself a real artist. It was no easy matter to make that death-scene impressive to an Adelphi audience. But MR. ASHLEY did it, and was pathetic, where the slightest drop into whine, or the least transgression into rant, would have made him ridiculous. Credit for the touching and solemn effect of that dying scene may be divided between the acting of MR. ASHLEY and MISS HUGHES, and MISS TERRY'S singing of that exquisite Brook-song, in which she showed how a mere thread of singing voice, by the aid of clear enunciation and right expression, could move a whole audience to tears. And MISS HUGHES made of *Mary Morrison* a picture worthy to hang by the side of MISS TERRY'S *Dora*, and, above all, spoke the lines introduced in the Third Act from TENNYSON'S poem, to the music of the Brook-song, with a calm musical sweetness that kept play and poem in harmony to the last. MISS HUGHES'S "*Harvest-Song*" — in the music of which the joy of harvest-tide blends with the memory of the loved and lost, till the mingled currents of emotion are swallowed up in the full tide of a mother's love and hope, over her child — should be noted as a right use of excellent music in an appropriate situation, of which our dramatists cannot often, but might oftener, avail themselves.

But we notice *Dora* less for the sake of giving deserved praise to the actors, or the composer of the music, or the author, than that we may express our thankfulness to MR. READE for writing, and to MR. WEBSTER for producing, a real English *Idyll*, sweet, simple, natural, and breathing of the country. The dialogue throughout is a model of stage-English, close, vigorous, and rhythmical, without a wasted word, or a blemish of rant or slip-slop. There are a few passages of sacred allusion, which may offend some rigid tastes. But they are introduced so earnestly, and in such good faith, that they can hardly, we should suppose, sound irreverent to any, and certainly sounded reverential and impressive to us.

It is the best proof how the rare and peculiar qualities of the play took hold of the audience, that on the first night it triumphed over scenic hitches and a refractory setting sun, which, had the impression of the piece on the house been weak or doubtful, would have been fatal to it, for they occurred at the very climax of the action. They caused a laugh, but they never endangered the piece. Believing that the influence of such plays as *Dora*, so interpreted, is about the wholesomest that the theatre can exercise, we earnestly recommend the performance to our readers, and say to our dramatists, managers, and actors, *en masse*, "Grow great by this example" (bating, of course, the hitches).

A Day in a Cave.

Mr. Punch never touches on private affairs. But when a political Party, strong enough to stop a Reform Bill, sets up a newspaper to support its own principles, and then lets the newspaper collapse, and does not pay the workers, the "situation" becomes one for public comment. The only good plea that we have yet heard is that the original Cave of Adullam was composed of "every one that was in debt," and that it would therefore be out of keeping to pay. But a rule of taste should not dominate the golden rule.

SHAKSPEARIAN THOUGHT. — "When the brains are out, the Woman will dye."



RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

Farmer (giving the Culprit a Box o' the Ear). "HOW DARE YOU BEAT THOSE GOSLIN'S, YOU YOUNG RASCAL? I SAW YOU!"

Boy. "BOO, OO, OO, WHAT FURR'D THEY GORS-CHICKS FEATHER BOITE OI THEN FURR?!"

IMPROVEMENTS ON SMITH'S SUNDAY LIQUOR BILL.

MR. PUNCH,

PRAY, Sir, use your irresistible influence to make Honourable Gentlemen attend in the House of Commons on Wednesday, the 26th instant, for the purpose of moving an Amendment to MR. J. A. SMITH'S Sunday Liquor Bill.

This much-called for measure, which will constitute so precious a boon to thirsty travellers, is framed so as "to prohibit drinking on the premises of the licensed victualler during the whole of Sunday, excepting where meat, confectionery, or other victuals are sold." Thus, you see, Sir, this Bill recognises as legal the sale of confectionery!

Beer, Sir, we know, is a very bad thing for everybody, even in moderation, especially on Sundays. But confectionery is equally bad. Pastry and sweetmeats are extremely unwholesome, and judicious parents never allow their children to eat any. The principle of a Bill designed to prevent naughty people from buying beer on Sundays, is one which, consistently applied, would also prevent them from buying tarts and huns, and goodygoodies.

So, therefore, Mr. Punch, please to instruct your representatives to move the omission of the word "confectionery" in the clause above quoted; for confectionery is very pernicious on any day, but, as aforesaid, especially on Sundays, like beer.

Allow me to suggest another hint for the improvement of the endeavour at paternal legislation proposed by MR. J. A. SMITH. The Sunday Liquor Bill of the sapient and Sabbatarian Member for Chichester, I think, imposes penalties only on the wicked licensed victuallers who shall be guilty of selling liquor on Sundays. It provides no punishment for their naughty customers. Cause your parliamentary party, Sir, to supply that omission by an additional clause, providing for the due chastisement of those last-named offenders. The chastisement proper for the correction of those transgressors is obvious. To perfect a Bill designed to treat grown-up persons like children, make your delegates insist on the insertion, in the one which MR. J. A. SMITH has devised in the spirit of a pedagogue for that purpose, of a clause subjecting every man convicted of having bought liquor on a Sunday to the discipline of the rod as administered to youth. To wean adult Englishmen from indulgence in exhilarating beverages, and teach them to

observe Sunday like pupils at a Sunday-school, there is nothing like the application of
TICKLETOBY.

P.S.—As MR. SMITH'S Sunday Liquor Bill stands, apparently, it will allow any publican to sell beer on Sundays if he also sells lollipops.

A PÆAN FOR DIZZY.

AIR—"Bow, wow, wow."

OH, DIZZY is a clever chap,
There ne'er was known a cleverer;
Of Gordian knots and party-ties
The dashingest disserver.
All BRIGHT'S best cards and GLADSTONE'S
He's baulked by over-trumping,
Ta'en the wind out of BEALES'S sails,
And shut up BRADLAUGH'S stumping.
Bow, wow, wow,
Pol de riddy, iddy, iddy,
Bow, wow, wow!

For True Blue Tories he's made fact
Of CASTLEBROUGH'S famed figure—
In turning their own backs upon
Themselves employed their vigour.
Has hoisted the "residuum"
A-top of England'S Dukery;
Has made his party eat their words,
And swear they like his cookery.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Has turned poor Toryism'S head
Where its hind-quarters used to be:
And desperate young Destructives
Old Obstructives has induced to be:
At the pikes on St. Stephen'S road
Has doubled M.P.'S borough-fares,
And treated England'S ancient ways
As THWAITES treats London thoroughfares,
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

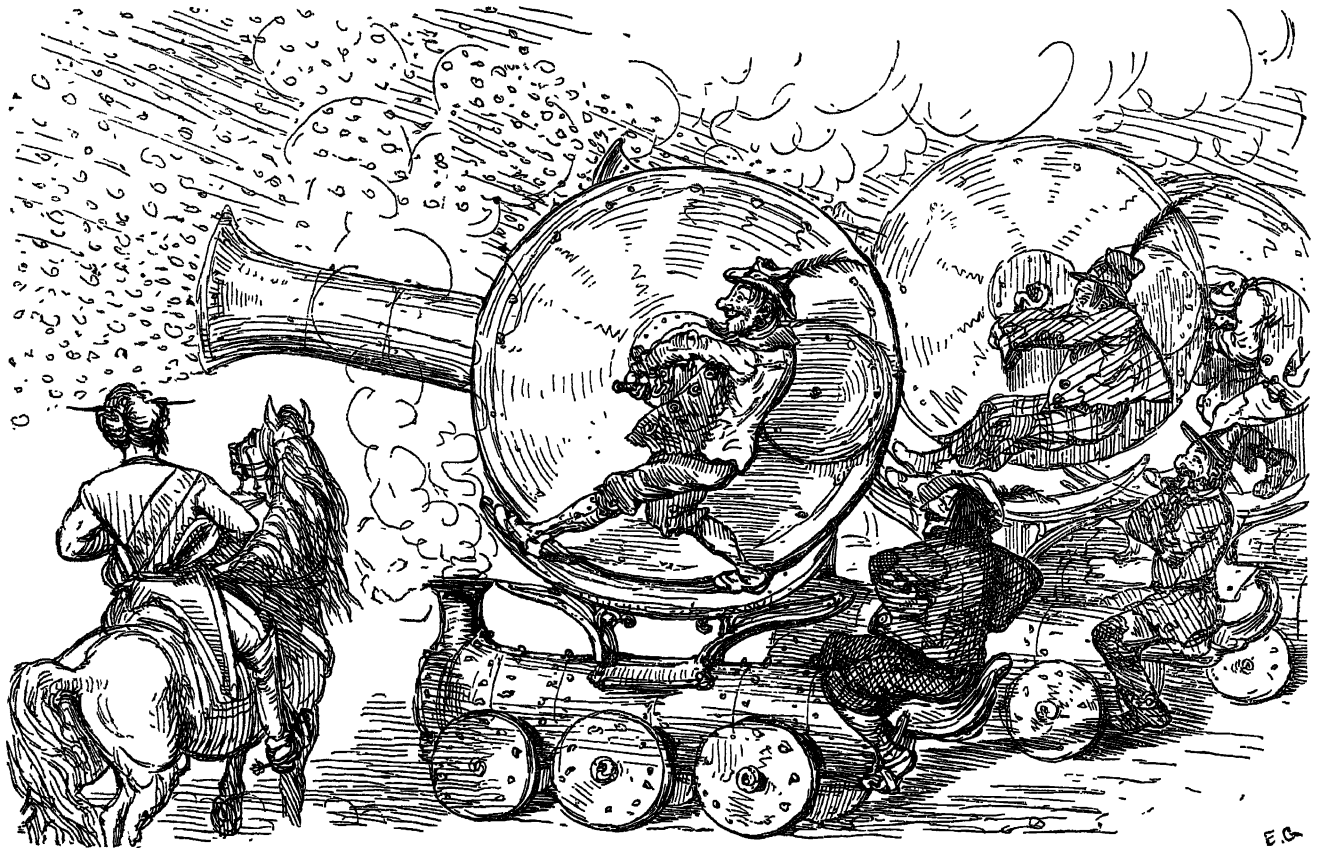
He once accused SIR ROBERT PEEL
('Twas thought a good and gay thing)
Of stealing the Whigs' clothes away,
The while their Lords were bathing:
But bettering the example, he
Now turns worse theft to glory—
The Radicals' old clothes he steals,
And swears that they are Tory!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

There'S many a man has turned his coat,
And then made bold to wear it,
Not as if callous against scorn
But as if paid to bear it:
But he'S the first who, with the blush
Of fellow turncoats burning,
Takes credit for himself and them
Their coats for never turning!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

DANGEROUS DRESSES.

THE poet says that, whereas the other animals behold the earth looking downwards, man had given to him a sublime aspect, and was ordered to view heaven, and lift an erect countenance towards the stars. He should mind how he obeys this command at an evening party. Otherwise he will cause every lady that he goes near to tear her train. In descending out of a theatre, he had better not raise his eyes heavenwards; but, on the contrary, direct them carefully below. If he does not, he will most likely be tripped up, and tumble down the steps. It will be dangerous, as long as the present fashion of long dresses lasts, to venture on going to the play or the opera to hear BEETHOVEN, or MOZART, or SHAKSPEARE. A performance which induces an elevated state of mind, apt to be accompanied, unconsciously, by a gaze in a corresponding direction, subjects any respectable man who may go and hear it to the risk of breaking his neck. Perhaps, as women have taken to dresses of the nature of tails, men, for their part, might as well take to going on all-fours.

THE GREAT NEW ORGAN-GUN.



EXCELLENT MR. PUNCH,—As yours is the most scientific journal of the age, I send you a rough sketch of a big gun I have invented, showing it as it will, doubtless, some fine day be seen in action. I should probably have exposed it at the Paris Exposition, among the other articles of war with which that temple of peace is appropriately crowded, but unluckily the thought of the invention did not jump into my head until Monday morning last; and it sprang there, oddly enough, just after I had read the account of a new cannon, which was shown to the French EMPEROR a day or two ago, constructed on a principle identical with that which I had cleverly invented. Like the weapon which the EMPEROR inspected, and commended, my gun projects its shot by centrifugal force merely—*vice* gunpowder exploded. By extremely simple mechanism, consisting of about five hundred springs and wires and cogwheels, the impulse first created by the turning of a crank is multiplied ten-millionfold, and becomes a motive power equal to the bursting of half-a-ton of gunpowder. This suffices, amply, to project a dozen musket-balls, or a pound or so of grapeshot, with such velocity that their impingement upon the human frame will certainly prove fatal, not to say injurious. As the gun, with all its mechanism, will only weigh twelve tons, it will be admirably fitted for the use of light artillery; and, being placed on a small donkey-engine, it may be moved about too rapidly for cavalry, or horse-marines, to take, or overtake, it.

One great advantage of my cannon is, that it will go off without making any smoke, and so the soldiers in command of it can see what they are shooting at. Moreover, it will not be like those mortal engines whose rude throats do counterfeit Jove's thingummy. (I write too much in a hurry to remember a quotation.) Excepting a slight whirring sound, not much louder than the rush of an express train

through a tunnel, my gun may be discharged without making any noise; and so the man who lets it off need not put cotton in his ears, which will cause a wondrous saving in the cost of our artillery.

The chief benefit, however, which my cannon will confer upon the civilised community is that it will afford employment for the organ-grinders. As they are thoroughly well practised in the turning of a handle, they will be just the very men to work the crank of my new cannon. This notion must secure the success of my invention, for certainly the nation will approve of any plan to free it from the organ-fiends, and Parliament will cheerfully vote enough supplies to enlist them for the service. It would be easy to attach a barrel-organ to each gun, making it in point of fact a gun-barrel-organ. The same handle might be made to work the organ and the gun, so that tunes and shot together might be played upon the enemy. "*Down Among the Dead Men*" would be a fitting air to go with a discharge: or, when the gun poured forth a volley of balls as thick as hail, the organ might appropriately pour forth the "*Hailstone Chorus*." Besides, the music of the organs would produce a highly terrifying effect upon an enemy. Imagine fifty organ-guns all playing different tunes! What foe would dare to face them, or to venture within earshot?

Firmly trusting in your influence to get my organ-gun adopted, I beg leave to subscribe myself.

Yours truly,

COLLEY CRIBBER.

P.S. If anybody says that I have borrowed the idea, and am not the original inventor of my gun, I hereby challenge him to play me, for a thousand puns a side, on any organ he may name, not excluding even the organ of credulity.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE has declined to serve upon the Commission to inquire into Ritualistic Practices.

MR. PAUL BEDFORD has also addressed the following remonstrance on the same subject to MR. DISRAELI:—

My dear and eloquent boy, how are you, my bricksywickwicky? Sorry this child is under the painful necessity of putting the kybosh upon the appearance of his elegant corporation at your festive board. Can't be done, dear boy. Business is business, dear boy, as the old

woman observed, and when this interesting individual is not occupied in the conscientious discharge of his professional duties, then he prefers doing the salubrious in the marine breezes. Farewell, my inflated juvenile, remember me to the dear boys on the Commission.

Witness this dear child's hand and seal, PAUL B.

P.S. Would the dear and eloquent boy give us his assistance in the hanky-panky business at the Royal Dramatic College Fête this year?

THE PROPER PLACE FOR THREE-CORNERED CONSTITUENCIES.—
East Anglia.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT, or rather the Commons, resumed work on Thursday, June 13th, when MR. DISRAELI again addressed himself to the work of Reform.

Previous votes had given him Forty-Five English seats to allot. So we came to hear how he proposed to distribute them, and whether it would be necessary to get up a Forty-Five Rebellion against the Government of the House of Brunswick.

He had thought it best to reconsider the whole of his earlier propositions on this subject, and he requested the Committee to forget them. It has been necessary to forget a good many things during these Reform debates, so that no difficult feat of anti-mnemonics was demanded. In fact, so non-egotistical are the faithful Commons that they sometimes forget themselves. The former plan being duly forgotten, MR. DISRAELI proposed this new one—

1. London is to have four additional Members. The Tower Hamlets are to be split, and the new Members are to sit for a region to be called Hackney.

Members laughed, and MR. DISRAELI said that the name was not unclassical, which he proved by a quotation. He had better have told the Committee where Hackney is. It is between Islington, Shore-ditch, Bethnal Green, or some of those barbarous regions, and was once a fashionable quarter. Hackney School for young ladies is repeatedly alluded to by the comic playwrights of the old days—WYCHERLEY, and SHADWELL, among others—it was the thing for rich citizen girls to have been educated at Hackney. On second thoughts, *Mr. Punch* does not see what these facts have to do with the Reform Bill, but he will let his reading appear, for all that.

2. A new borough called Chelsea to return two Members.

This is right enough, and we hope that if he will accept the representation MR. THOMAS CARLYLE will be the first Member chosen, not that he can desire to come among the Shams and Wind-bags and emit undesirable Talk, but that Chelsea may enjoy the historic honour of having sent the great Philosopher to the House. CARLYLE for CHELSEA. Let that be instantly placarded on every wall, inscribed on every hoarding, and let him otherwise know nothing about it until MR. GLADSTONE and MR. MILL lead him to the SPEAKER to be sworn.

3. He will give a Member to each of these constituencies, whom we will enumerate in Rabelaisian fashion :

- The darlings of Darlington.
- The fishers in Hartlepool.
- The meddling beggars of Middlesborough.
- The sons of burnt fathers of Burnley.
- The Trojans of S. Helen's.
- The barnfowls of Barnsley.
- The Doos of Dewsbury.
- The stale wits of Staleybridge.
- The cockfighters of Wedgbury.
- The shrimpers of Gravesend.
- The stockfish of Stockton.
- The looters of Luton.

4. An additional Member unto

- The small fry of Salford.
- The meticulous of Merthyr Tydvil.

5. Two Members for the University of London, and this he thinks might be united with the University of Durham.

We see no reason, except one akin to *Fluellen's*. London is on the Thames and Durham is on the Wear, and there is dead cats in both.

6. Having disposed of 20 seats there are 25 more to be given away, and these are to be devoted to THE COUNTIES. In this fashion. Let us split

- West Kent—and give two new Members.
- North Lancashire, the same.
- South Lancashire, one only.
- East Surrey, two.

Then let us take

- Moist Lincolnshire,
- Sparry Derbyshire,
- Creamy Devonshire,
- Clownish Zomersetshire,
- Hard-riding West Riding,
- Grinning Cheshire,
- Pancake Norfolk,
- Pottering Staffordshire,
- Calfish Essex,

split each in three, and give each part two Members. Thus are the 45 seats given away. The counties to be dealt with contain, said MR.

DISRAELI, something like Four Millions of people, exclusive of borough voters, and represent all the great industries, Agricultural, Manufacturing, Mineral. He declared that the selection had been made on higher grounds than any considerations of party, and he should be sorry if time were wasted in refuting charges of a minute character.

The Boundary Commissioners must now, he added, be empowered to go to work, and he promised clauses for that purpose. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER sat down amid cheers.

MR. LAING approved of most of the scheme, but contended that there should be a grant of additional representation to six of our largest cities. But what about the seven new Members for Scotland?

MR. AYRTON preferred MR. DISRAELI's plan to MR. LAING's.

A SIR M. W. RIDLEY, Member for North Northumberland, was pleased with what had been said about Durham University. *Punch* is not. The project is an absurd one. We think the University should have Members, and we really do not see that tea-and-shrimps want representation. Transfer the seats from snobbish Gravesend to scholastic Durham.

COLONEL SYKES warned MR. DISRAELI that Scotland was going to cry. Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn! but first be sure that you have anything to apprehend.

MR. CARDWELL reserved debate, but was sorry there were to be only forty-five new Members.

MR. NEWDEGATE very sensibly demanded the reprinting of the whole Bill as amended. There is some absurd hitch about this printing, though the printer's bill is enormous. In America we should have a new edition every twenty minutes.

SIR F. GOLDSMID made a cynical remark touching the alleged merits of Durham, and seemed to imply that its union with London would be somewhat the reverse of an honour to the latter—a sort of unequal marriage.

MR. CANDLISH suddenly interpolated a demand that MR. DISRAELI would tell him what a Dwelling-House meant.

MR. DISRAELI could not. It was a question for Common Law. England was not over-represented. He should not help Scotland at the expense of England, though this was done in 1832. Ireland was probably not prepared to make any sacrifice. If the House thought that Caledonia ought to have more Members, the representation ought to be increased.

COLONEL SYKES said that before the Union Scotland had 67 Members, now she had but 53. This, *Mr. Punch* observes, is a capital illustration of the saying that there is nothing so deceptive as figures except facts. When we wedded Scotland, we took her to our heart in earnest, and every English Member is a Member for Scotland. In the old time she was a distant and barbarous region about which we knew nothing, except that when the Scots were not murdering one another they were coming over the border to murder us. Now the invasion is the other way, and we are all Scots. It would be a delicate compliment if the Scotch Members would say that they had perfect confidence in English good feeling, and begged that the House might not be crowded on their account. A bride-cake to a bawbee cookie they just do nothing of the kind. Reform was postponed until Monday.

Then came a thundering debate on Great Ordnance. MR. H. BAILEY declared that the Armstrong gun was chosen for jobbing reasons, and that it is a failure. He denounced field-guns, ship-guns, and the Snider. Of course he was answered, but who can tell where the truth lies? There is a grand naval review coming off. Man a couple of ships with garterets, and make them fire ball, with a promise of free passage to Siberia to the crew that sinks their enemy.

We voted a couple of millions or so for Naval Estimates.

Friday. A Compulsory Vaccination Bill made progress in Committee. It may startle sundry to be told, as the House was told by LORD ROBERT MONTAGU (a Lord, *Mrs. Grundy*, mind, and no mere hiring of a newspaper scribbler!) that the deaths by small-pox, in England, have increased from 4,000 to between 6 and 7,000 a year. Therefore it is fit that we be peremptory with fools who neglect the semi-miraculous preventive. By the way, some Quacks rail against it, and offer their trash as a substitute. Could not a clause be introduced for whipping them?

Debate whether the House should allow to remain on its records a petition presented some weeks ago by MR. BRIGHT in favour of mercy to the Fenians. It was a foolishly-written affair, and its reference to the severities practised by the British forces in India and Jamaica excited the wrath of MAJOR ANSON, who moved its being expunged. MR. MILL approved the sentiments of the petition, though not all its expressions, and MR. DISRAELI said that no aspersions could injure our gallant Army, and that he held by the rule that liberty of petition should be indulged even to licence. Herein *Mr. Punch* cordially concurs—let no Englishman, let his nonsense be as flagrant as it may, say that he is gagged. The House went away, leaving a handful—54, who, by 43 to 11, decided that the petition might remain.

We finished by hearing LORD STANLEY expound and defend what he had done *in re* Luxemburg. On the whole, it is clear that his conduct was highly expedient, for it averted immediate war, at no very great risk.



UNWELCOME ATTENTIONS.

[One of the historical pictures rejected by the Royal Academy, and purchased by Mr. P.]

CHANGE FOR SOVEREIGNS AT PARIS.

It must be a change to be frowned at instead of fawned on; to hear cries of "*Vive la Pologne!*" instead of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"; to feel that you move among cold-drawn dislikes, voices of condemnation, or silence more significant even than hisses, instead of venal *vivas*, hired "huzzahs," and kowtowing crowds of courtiers.

We may thank the populace of Paris for treating some of its crowned visitors to this sort of "Change for a Sovereign." An English crowd, whatever its class, is too apt to behave as though it thought it even more a duty of loyalty to cheer the QUEEN'S royal visitors than to cheer the QUEEN herself. It would seem that on the occasion of such visits JOHN BULL suffered under a determination either of loyalty or snobbishness to the head and hands, manifesting itself in alternate cold fits of patient gaping expectation till the strange Sovereigns show, and hot fits of frantic applause the moment they appear.

We prefer to JOHN BULL'S flunkeyish mobbing, lick-spitting, Jenkinsing, and beshouting of exotic Royalties, even JOHNNY CRAPAUD'S cold silence, or open disapproval of monarchs to whom he bears a grudge: The Parisians, evidently, do not consider that the guests of their Emperor must necessarily be the guests of their nation. In this country, we are so apt, happily, to identify Queen and people, that we consider all VICTORIA'S royal guests—there have not, by the way, been many of them lately—as the guests of JOHN BULL *in propria persona*; and it is on the strength of this hospitable feeling, let us hope, that we so run after them, so bombard them with civic freedoms, and banquets, and reviews, and street ovations, in the shape of a constant crowd—by no means of tag-rag and bobtail either—at their heels, and a constant detective force of reporters waylaying their movements, and a constant fire of huzzahs deafening their ears, that we forfeit all opportunity of dropping them any hint of what we may think as a people about such little games as the dismemberment of Denmark, or the persecutions of Poland, or any other episode of their reigns which English Liberalism is not disposed to view through Prussian or Russian spectacles.

Couldn't we take a leaf out of the French book, so far at least, as to introduce a little discrimination into our treatment of foreign Sovereigns?

We need not treacherously shoot at them, but neither need we shout after them so pertinaciously. If we refrain from flinging stones at any of them there can be no occasion to pelt them all with such whole-hog adulation. Suppose we considered such visitors as appealing to a British jury, or "putting themselves upon the country," and our demeanour to them as the verdict of the grand inquest of the nation?

A little *intermezzo* of solemn silence might be quite as wholesome sometimes and quite as impressive as whole reams of F. O. despatches, or whole tons of newspaper leaders.

BEALES AT BLACKHEATH.

Recitativo.

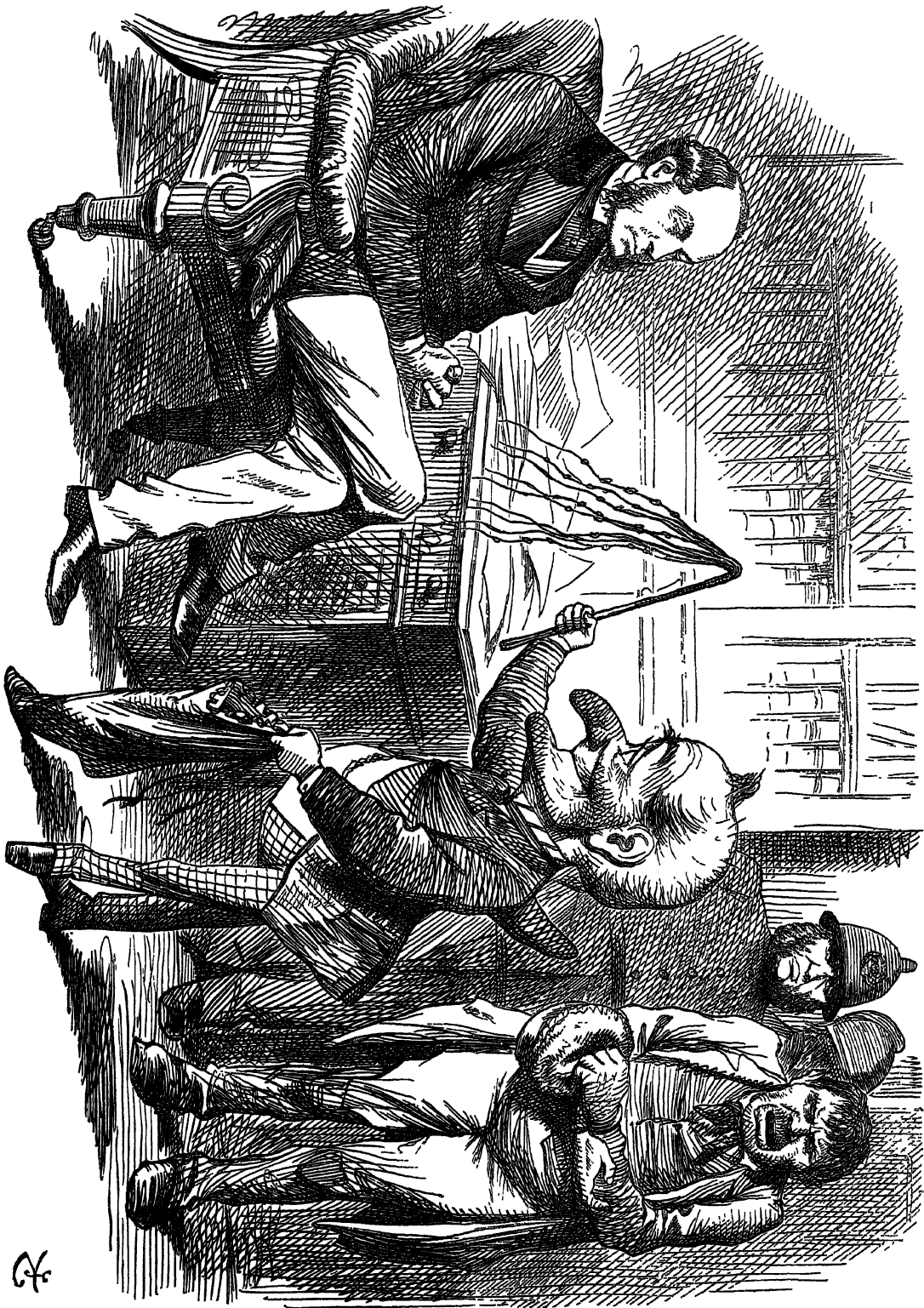
MAN of the People, Preacher to the Nations,
BEALES at Blackheath the multitude addressed,
And, raving at the Anti Demonstrations
In Parks Bill, which the Roughts and he detest,
His rabblement in pompous vein bespoke,
As though he did all England's might invoke.

Aria.

"I call upon you," thus he brayed,
For BEALES, M.A., was not at all afraid
Of being written down an Ass,
"Not to allow this Bill to pass!"

The Right Man in the Right Place.

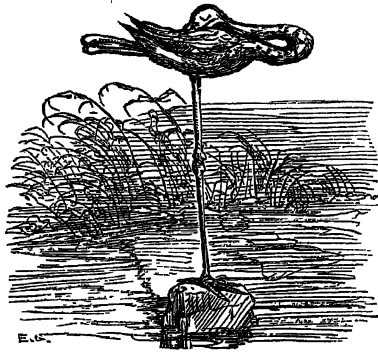
THE Hall of Merchant Tailors' was well chosen as the scene of MR. DISRAELI'S latest proof that the Tories are your only true Radicals, after all. Turning coats is tailor's work, and turning coats for the profits of office ought to be just the work that Merchant Tailors can appreciate.



“THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.”

HOME SECRETARY. “MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, WHAT ARE WE TO DO WITH OUR STREET ROBBERS AND RUFFIANS?”
MR. PUNCH. “MY DEAR MR. HARDY, THERE’S BUT ONE REMEDY—‘THE HARMLESS, NECESSARY CAT.’”

THE BENEFIT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



O replume the wing that it has lost, the Crystal Palace, in stage phrase, is going to "take a benefit," and this has set us thinking of the benefit of the Crystal Palace.

In teaching people to improve their taste for the fine arts, by letting them see statues and specimens of architecture, which otherwise they never would see; in teaching people how to like good music, by letting them for a shilling hear symphonies which elsewhere would cost them a guinea; in teaching people to prefer a Crystal palace to a gin palace, and to take their pleasures pleasantly, and to

enjoy a holiday soberly, yet not sadly; in all this the Crystal Palace has conferred a great benefit upon society, and society should show that it is mindful of the fact, by flocking to the Benefit of the Crystal Palace.

Besides the satisfaction of doing a good deed, society will get a good Concert for its money. TITMENS, PATEL, and SIMS REEVES, and many other charming singers, are all going to sing gratis for the benefit of the Palace; and the fact that they are doing so will perhaps make them sing better than when their voices have been paid for. Then there will be heard a chorus such as is not elsewhere audible, for no other orchestra in Europe can hold so many voices. "From grave to gay," from &c. to &c. (you know the old quotation) the music is selected to please every kind of taste, and only a rhinoceros could fail to be delighted by it.

"A thing of beauty is"—another old quotation; and hereabouts in ugly London there are so few things of beauty, that we cannot well afford to lose the lasting joy of one of them. But our lasting joy in looking at the beauties of the Crystal Palace will become a lasting sorrow if the prettiest part be not rebuilt. "As you were" must be the word to the lions with mild faces and neatly curled-up tails, which used to stand as sentinels before the big red giants. The rainbow hues of the Alhambra again must dazzle and delight us; the oiled and curled Assyrian bulls must be restored to their old places, and the beauties of the Byzantine Court must all be reproduced. Of course people who have palms and ferns will send them to surround the fountains as of yore, and somebody perhaps will go to California, and bring over the bark of another monster tree, for our nursery-maids and nursery gardeners with all their eyes to stare at. That people like the Palace, is proved by the plain fact that above two million visitors went there in the last year, and they were more than all our national shows attracted to their doors. For the credit of the nation, the Palace ought to be restored. It is about the best sight we can show our foreign friends, and perhaps the only one of all our public buildings of which we need not feel ashamed.

So walk up, Ladies and Gentlemen, and take your guinea tickets for next Wednesday afternoon. Who would not give a guinea to see the Crystal wing restored? But if you cannot spare a guinea, there are tickets for a crown if you apply beforehand; and, while longer purses realise the hopes of golden fruit expected from the Concert, you may help to crown the benefit with silvery success.

OLD SKY AND NEW SKY.

In a letter from Paris we are informed that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has conferred the Grand Cordon of St. Alexander Newsky on GENERALS FLEURY and LEBOUF, BARON HAUSSMANN, and BARON DE BOURGONG. This intelligence suggests a question which may be thus expressed in a couplet:—

What is the difference from the old sky, which we all know is the blue sky,
In the colour of the Cordon of St. Alexander Newsky?

If there is none, then we must conclude that St. Alexander Newsky's Cordon would be an appropriate decoration for the winner of the Derby—the Blue Riband of the Turf.

Busy Bs.

Of all nations the Belgians may fairly claim to be the most hard-working, for even in the midst of their pleasures their industry is unremitting, judging by the amount of Brussels "application" that there was at the Ball the Hôtel de Ville.

BILL

FOR THE BETTER REGULATION OF THE PARKS IN THE METROPOLIS.

MR. PUNCH has been favoured with an early copy of this Bill, to be introduced into the House of Commons, after the young gentlemen have returned from their Whitsuntide holidays.

Whether doubts have arisen as to the right of the People to assemble in the Parks, "in their thousands," or other numerical combination, for the purpose of holding Political Meetings, and supplying the Daily Papers with many columns of Speeches in small type; and whether it is expedient to remove such doubts, and to make the way of the present and future Home Secretaries plain and easy, to the prevention of irritating and empty proclamations, and all indecision, irresolution, vacillation, and ultimate resignation of official emoluments and dignities,

Be it therefore enacted, that from and after the passing of this Act, it shall be lawful and desirable for any League, Union, or other Body or Society of Men or "Persons," to meet or to incite others to meet, with or without the presence and assistance of that class of London Society commonly called Roughts, in the Parks, to discuss, support, or amend, any Measures that may be laid before the Parliament to be holden at Westminster or St. James's Hall, any Act, Statute, Home Secretary, Chief Commissioner of Police or Park Palings, to the contrary notwithstanding.

2. The Park Gates shall be open day and night for ever.

3. No carriages, horsemen, pedestrians, or perambulators, with or without nursemaids, and privates or non-commissioned officers in the Household Brigade, shall be allowed to enter the Park Gates, on any pretext whatever, while any such meeting as aforesaid is being held, except on the presentation of a pass (coloured visible green) signed by the Chairman, certifying that the holder is about to attend as Speaker, Hearer, or Casual Pickpocket. An exception to be made in favour of HER MAJESTY on her way six times in the course of the year to and from the Great Western Railway Station, situated at Paddington, and also of the Rangers of the Parks, on making a written application to EDMUND BEALES, Esq. (prepaid, with stamped envelope enclosed) within twenty-four hours after the passing of this Act.

4. The ordinary traffic of the Metropolis shall be entirely suspended, to enable processions with flags, banners, cockades, mounted farriers, caps of liberty, and Marsellaise Hymns, to pass through the principal streets and thoroughfares in perfect ease and comfort.

5. Under the provisions of this Act refreshment tickets may be supplied to all who produce a Voucher (coloured red, white, and blue) signed by the President of any permanent or provisional Council or Committee.

6. The Police to have strict orders to allow everybody to climb trees, break off branches, trample on beds, pull up shrubs, and pluck and destroy as many flowers as they please.

7. Any person benighted in the Park to be supplied, on application at the Police Barracks, with a feather or flower-bed at his option, and nightcap; and parties of four or more, on leaving a nominal deposit, will be furnished with wax candles and a pack of club cards.

The words, "The Park," or "The Parks," in this Act to be construed as comprising all out-door places of recreation and amusement, maintained out of the Public Revenues, lying within the Post-office Radius, or accessible from London by a short Railway Journey, including Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, and Whetstone Park, but not parks of artillery. In the case of the Conservatories at Kew Gardens, tickets, entitling the holder to as many exotics as he can conveniently carry, may be obtained from MR. FLOWERS, the Bow Street Magistrate. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN to have power to issue orders for bunches of grapes from the Great Vine at Hampton Court.

No fees to Gardeners, or other over-paid and under-worked officials.

This Act to take effect immediately after it has received BEALES'S assent, and not to be repealed without his permission.

This Act not to extend to or protect LORD JOHN MANNERS'S Hyde Park Railings, should they prove unsightly or ugly.

A Professional View of Things.

KERRELYNE the painter's "incumbrance" recently presented him with two daughters exactly alike. The young people are not called, as in ordinary cases, Twins, but Replicas.

THE TWO MEN OF THE TIME.

DEEPER which is he,
BIZZY or DIZZY?

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR EPISCOPACY.—When the Reform Bill comes before the House of Lords, it is understood that LORD LYTTLETON will propose a clause providing for Suffragan Bishops.



RURAL STUDIES.—YEOMANRY GOING TO DRILL.

Nurserymaid. "LOU, MARIA! DON'T THEY LOOK NOBLE?"

THE REMEDY FOR ROUGHS.

LET us not yield too readily to the promptings of indignation. We should beware how we indulge the feelings, for instance, with which some of us may have been inspired by the street-robberies lately perpetrated by gangs of Roughts in London. This caution is especially incumbent on us if we ourselves, personally, happen to have been hustled, and bonneted, and deprived of our watches and purses.

In various police reports it was stated, one day last week, that a poor fellow, named RICHARD STEWART was brought up for final examination at Bow Street, charged with stealing a watch from the person of MR. COLERIDGE, barrister, in the Strand, during the temporary crowding of that thoroughfare, in consequence of the passage of the City Militia on their march to Hyde Park on the occasion of the late review. The case was not decided summarily. Fifteen previous convictions were proved against poor STEWART, and he was committed for trial.

Oh say not that the delinquent fellow-creature who has experienced fifteen previous convictions, and probably as many terms of residence in the House of Correction, must be an incorrigible thief! Adopt the more amiable supposition that he is an unfortunate kleptomaniac. MR. STEWART, doubtless, belongs to the too generally execrated class of human beings above named. He may be safely conjectured to be what is invidiously called a Rough. The proper treatment for him, let us be persuaded, is that which would have the effect of making him gentle; the discipline of kindness: bread-and-jam, spoon-meat, and milk-and-water.

The suggestion against which we ought to strive, as one arising from too strong a mixture of anger and disgust at the idea of being liable to be mobbed and robbed in the streets of London and the open day, is, that a fellow who, having been fifteen times convicted, and undergone fifteen sentences of imprisonment and hard labour, commits a sixteenth robbery, is only to be restrained from robbing again, and continuing to rob, as soon as he gets out of gaol, by having the inexpediency of so doing impressed upon him by an adequate number of sufficiently slashing stripes of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

THE BOROUGH OF THE PLAGUE.

(A Historical Fragment.)

FROM time immemorial this doomed Borough at the mouth of the Yare (corrupted into Yah! common ejaculation of audacious and contemptuous Youth) had enjoyed, so to speak, a reputation for very bad health. An ancient and fish-like odour pervaded its innumerable alleys, where nets perpetually hung as if to invite those golden fish whereof at frequent intervals, they made such a profitable haul. Statesmen, with speculation in their eyes, and the sinews of war in their plethoric purses, scented it afar off as vulture scenteth carrion.

Sitting Members sat, as it were, in a dead-vote market, with corruption around; them in every human shape and form, and inhaling an atmosphere pregnant with the seeds of moral and parliamentary dissolution. At length the morbid emanations from Scot and Lot became so obnoxious to the olfactory senses of the country around, that Ministers of all denominations began to denounce the *corpus vile*, and to urge that something might be done to abate this dreadful pest.

Late at night a Bill came forth to which were attached several Riders. Like the car of Juggernaut it proceeded slowly, crushing all obstacles in its way; then by a sudden extension of its most terrible clause, the Franchise, which had 'so long poisoned the circumambient air, and threatened to undermine the Constitution, was safely gripped and conveyed, without any funeral ceremony to that Mausoleum of departed virtue, the Tomb of Schedule A.

A Hint to the Committee.

By the 'new Re-distribution Bill, Luton is to have a Member. The value of this proposed addition to the House is very doubtful; for to represent Luton properly, its M.P. must be a Man of Straw!

HACKNEY v. HOBBY.

THE House sniggered when it heard of the Government intention to give two Members to Hackney. Why should there not be representatives for Hackney, when Hobbies are so fully represented?

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE THIRTEENTH.

I HAVE made my greatest *jerdy* up to the present time. It is now ready for use. It is this. "Why—"

I regret that I must begin with "Why," as, at first sight, such a commencement detracts from the originality of the *rayboose*, as a conundrum is called by our lively neighbours.

"Why is the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA like the Fine Arts collectively?"

"Because—"

The answer cannot avoid beginning with this hackneyed form. I apologise, and proceed.

"Because he is the *Beau Czar*." ["*Beaux Arts*," *pronongsay ong Frarnsay*, "Bo zar." *Twojay-woo?*"]

Terms for the above:—

For first utterance at a private party	£2 0 0
For every repetition	1 0 0
For introduction into speeches	3 0 0
For general use in conversation for the next six months	50 0 0

Several good things going to be said next week. Send early: only applications containing stamps will be attended to. The most stamps, most attention. Subscribers will receive my Joke List for every month regularly.

Terms of Subscription per Month:—

3 English Jokes (for one person)	£2 2 0
5 do. do.	3 3 0
(Old Conundrums half price.)	
2 Jokes in French	10 10 0
Jokes in French or English made for a combination of two or more persons, and requiring some little arrangement	15 15 0
1 German Joke (<i>scarcé</i>)	20 0 0
1 Scotch Joke (<i>fine old cristeit</i>)	11 11 0
10 Irish do. (<i>round in the mouth</i>)	7 0 0

Also by the year, witticisms commencing—

"As the poet says," &c.; "As the fellow in the play says," &c.; "As old What'shisname has it," &c.; "Like the old story, which of course, you know"—(*Here follows the old story*); "That reminds one of SHERRIDAN's reply to DICK FANSHAW," &c. (*At dinner-parties and places where they tell stories, here followeth the anecdote.*)

Cum multis aliis—which reminds me that I can throw in a Latin or Greek one occasionally, by way of a bonus to subscribers; as I've already observed, and it cannot be too often impressed upon all my readers.—A reduction made on taking a quantity.

To which I add,—Schools treated with, half-price. A Special Class for upper nursemaids. Also,

N.B. Parties attended.

When I say Parties attended, mind, I come as an honoured guest (and only where there's dinner and a substantial supper) with a whole bag-full of jokes. I am of very moderate habits as regards eating and drinking. No one will lose by me. Ten pounds a-night isn't much. The French appreciate me; my foreign *jerdy* and *jerdy* are now attracting the attention of all the Crowned Heads of Europe.

The SULTAN and the SHAH,
The EMPEROR and CZAR,
Who have come from afar,
They all are here, ha! ha!
Ha! ha! for here they are!
To join in a cigar
Will come *Il Roy Papa*,
Which means the POPE, hoorah!
Perhaps MONG PRANGSE's Ma,
Great QUEEN VICTORIAR;
So on, etcetera.

That's pretty, isn't it? You should hear my music to it. You now want some news about Legspossissiong, you say. Thanks for kind inquiries, Legspossissiong is getting on as well as can be expected. All well at home, meaning LUMPYRAW, LARMPERRYTREECE, *ay Ler PRANGSE ARMPERRYARL*. Hope you're the same.

Legspossissiong (as you say you "*must and will* have some information about it, or refuse any more *arjong*") is situated in the *Sharmé Mar*, with the *Same* close at hand. It measures 1640 yards, beginning from which end you like. If you doubt me, try it: tape will do the business. There is always something going on there, because the *Pally* is traversed by a number of passages, and there are other passages all running round the building. Now what do you want to know? There are lots of things to be seen in Legspossissiong:—

1. *Shay devorres* of Art; 2, Foods; 3, Instruments for Bettering the Morals of the People—Live Stock; 4, Patent Gases; 5, Designs for International Copyrights on Painted Windows; 6, Water Cures;

7, Casts of Dramatic Pieces; 8, Apples; 9, Machines for Impairing the Usefulness of Mankind; 10, Bee-tamers; 11, Rings for Noses; 12, Specimens of Fresh Air for use in Diving Bells; 13, Chemical Department, comprising—

(a) Magnesia, extracted from the magnesium wire; (b) Turkey Rhubarb for Poultry; (c) Sea-air Lozenges; (d) Aërated Ginger on Anti-combustion Principles; (e) Volatile Essence of Indiarubber.

But I need not continue. Produce any correspondent who'll tell you half as much as I do at the same price. There is a capital cook now at the *Twoellyrees*. His *kollayttes o Racaw der Proose* are delicious! At dinner we sit thus: LUMPYRAW, head of the table. *Deenay ar lar Roose*, out of compliment to the CZAR. LARMPERRYTREECE, *visur vee* to LUMPYRAW. *Ler petty PRANGSE* comes in at dessert. I peel him a grape.

On LUMPYRAW's right sits the EMPEROR OF ROOSHER, On LUMPYRAW's left sits BILLY, KING O' PROOSHER; And next the KING O' PROOSHER, and opposite a pie, Like *Ariel*, where the bee sucks there lurk I.

LUMPYRAW exclaimed, on hearing the above "*armpromptew*," "*Mays yer!*" (an Anglicism he has caught from me. *Mes yeus!*) "*Kil ay clayvaremen!*" (Another Anglicism, for which, perhaps, yours truly is responsible. I translate literally, "How he is clever man.") I blushed, and retired; I shall not dine there again.

Yours, *monger mee*,

P. THE G.

P.S. I deferred my *bat marskay* in consequence of BARON HAUSMANN's little party on the same night.

"*Foolly-woo darnsay shay mwar Sir Swower?*" said the BARON to me.

"*May mongongfong*," I began.

"*Il fo ker voo venney*," was his peremptory interruption. "LUMPYRAW and that lot are coming," he added.

"*Jer soee vo tromé*" (I'm your man), I replied, heartily, which settled the difficulty.

The numerous parties that BARON HAUSMANN has been giving lately has given rise to the following *jerdy* on my part.

"He ought to be re-christened," I observed to ALECK and WILLIAM, while disporting ourselves at Fongtamblow.

"What should he be re-christened?" inquired WILLIAM, who is rather dull after lunch.

"Why," I returned, with a playful smile twitching the corners of my mouth, "He should be called BARON OPEN-HOUSEMAN."

ALECK roared, LUMPYRAW split, and *mong petty PRANGSE ARMPERRYARL* turned head over heels with delight. In two minutes more WILLIAM saw it. We all shrieked.

"*Taysay-woo*," said LUMPYRAW; and we rose to remark that it was a very fine day (as it was) to LARMPERRYTREECE.

Talking of WILLIAM, he likes me. A small attention did it. Everybody was shouting "*Veev Lumpyrav! Veev Ler Tsar!*" and "so forth. I stepped to the front of the crowd, and as the Sovereigns passed whispered in WILLIAM's right ear, "*Veev Ler Racaw! Veev Lar Proos!*" He turned and bowed to me distinctly.

The *twoyllets* of the *demucawssells* was *sharrmong*, *soopairrb!* All the *twoyllets* were brilliant. Mine (in spite of the recent strike, which was *Ler vray Deearbul ongtreer lay tayeur*), was very striking. Hair *ar lar* of the forehead, *arvec der* little curls, one on each side. Collar *ong ho*. *Cranat mwar*, with large ends *noyglejay* style. Waistcoat a *trife daycoltay*. Imagine the rest—*coodayeel* splendid!
Ardeur, mong Raydarktur, Ardeur!

SCIENTIFIC COURTSHIP.

(PROFESSOR sings.)

Come, dear girl, and roam with me
The garden of Zoology.
Those teeth of thine, and these of mine,
Include four sometimes named canine.
These fangs of ours us creatures prove
Allied to the carnivora, Love.
But, while we leg-of-mutton eat,
So likewise do we trimmings, Sweet.
And all varieties of food—
In short, eat everything that's good.
Thus I'm omnivorous, so are you—
So are the piggywiggies too.

Great Flight of Locusts.

WE read of a great number of locusts seen about Rome. They are of the variety known to naturalists as *L. clericalis*, and may be known by their long black, grey, or brown envelopes, and the little bare patch on the tops of their heads. They are awfully greedy, and generally feed on the fat of the land where they settle.



A DILEMMA.

Cabby. "ERE'S A GO, P'LICEMAN! WHAT AM I TO DO?—I VOS ORDERED TO TAKE THESE 'ERE GENTS AS 'A BEEN A DININ' YOU SEE, TO THEIR 'SPECTABLE 'OMES, VUN VOS FOR 'ANOVER SQUARE, ANOTHER FOR THE HALBANY, AND THE TOTHERS ELSEVERES—VELL, THEY VOS ALL CAREFULLY SORTED VEN I STARTED, AN' NOW THEY 'VE BEEN AN' GONE AN' MIXED THE'RSELVES UP, AN' I DON'T KNOW, VICH IS VICH!!"

VICTOR HUGO ON ENGLAND.

MR. PUNCH has never yielded to any one in admiration of M. VICTOR HUGO, though the former has deemed it right to protest against certain intolerance, certain extreme views of the latter. But upon the present occasion *Mr. Punch* has only to offer M. HUGO unqualified thanks for the generous largeness of thought, the noble flow of eloquence, with which, undisturbed by passing events, he has paid homage to England, honoured in being his host. *Mr. Punch* is not in the habit of making long quotations, but in this exceptional case he must permit himself the gratification of transferring to his pages a beautiful passage from M. HUGO's Remarks on the Exposition of Paris:

"But let the kings stalk, the courtiers crawl, and the mob stare, while the nephew of NAPOLEON cajoles to, Paris those whom the uncle commanded thither. The first NAPOLEON haughtily waved them to his capital with a glittering sword, the third NAPOLEON lures them to his metropolis with a glittering glass-house. The end is worthy of the means. The victor smiles from on high upon the bird-catcher. Let it pass (*faites circuler*). The glass of the gasometer is not more fragile than the name inscribed on it. The field of Mars will ere long cease to be desecrated by the toy-shop of Mercury. Let me look away from the scene of shams, servility, and silver lace, and let me cast my eyes on the sea. Over that sea in calm majesty lies the proud island whose existence consoles me for a thousand continental crimes, and vindicates for me the goodness of Providence. Yes, proud England, thou art justly proud of thy colossal strength, more justly of thy god-like repose. Stretched on the rock, but not like Prometheus, and with no evil bird to rend his side, rests the Genius of England. He waits his hour, but he counts not the hours between. He knows it is rolling up through the mystic gloom of the ages, and that its chariot is guided by the iron hand of Destiny. Dare I murmur that the mists (*brouillards*) will not clear for me, that I shall not hear the wheels of the chariot of the Hour of England. It will come—it is

coming—it is come (*ça y est*). The whole world, aroused as by some mighty galvanism, suddenly raises a wild cry (*un cri rauque*) of love and adoration, and throws itself upon the bounteous bosom of England. Thenceforth there are no nations, no peoples; but one and indivisible will be the world, and the world will be one England. Her virtue and her patience have triumphed; the lamp of her faith, kindled at the Apostolic altars, burns for a beacon to mankind; her example has regenerated the erring (*renouvelé le hareng*), her mildness has rebuked the rebellious, and her gentleness has enchanted the good. She is henceforth Humanity, and London, her type and her temple, shall be the Mecca and the Jerusalem of a renewed universe. Hail, noble London, volcano of the ever-living fire of truth, abyss of the light of civilisation, Niagara of the waters of healing! I crown thee with the flowers of a happier Elysium; I strew before thee the asphodel and the amaranth of a celestial Flora. It shall be thine to undo the work of Babel (*faire dégringoler*), and with a pardoned sigh the son of France recognises in thy tongue and SHAKESPEARE'S the one language of the Ages. England, London, lovely mother and lovelier daughter, I prostrate myself (*je m'aplatis*) by the sea that kisses your feet, and with lips dewed with the holy spray (*sacrée écume de mer*), I murmur, ESTOTE PERPETUÆ!"

Query.

ONE question I would fain propound,
While REDESDALE'S bill advances slowly;
What need to consecrate the ground?
The Sexton always makes it holey.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"A VETERAN Playgoer" has been misled by the similarity of sound. Keighley, the town, *not* KRELEY, his old favourite, is to have a voice in the House of Commons.



GARDENING FOR JUNE.

CROQUET BEGINS TO CROP UP—CURATES REQUIRE TRAINING.

ROMAN CATHOLIC DEMONSTRATION AT BIRMINGHAM.

A MR. MURPHY, described as the "agent of the London Protestant Electoral Union," has been for some time going about lecturing against Popery. He is accustomed to abuse the POPE and the popish priests in language so ridiculously violent, that, if the Roman Catholics took no notice of him, Protestants would laugh at him. But, wherever he goes, his appearance as a lecturer seems to be the signal for a riot on the part of his theological adversaries. They mobbed him at Wolverhampton, at Wednesbury, and other towns thereabout; and now, lastly, by way of confuting him, they have been mobbing him at Birmingham, and creating a riot. The following is an extract from a report of one of MR. MURPHY'S discourses, delivered at the place last named:—

"Popery was the same to-day as it was in days gone by. (*Hear, hear!*) If she had the power (said MR. MURPHY) what wouldn't she do to you? What would she do to me? Why, she would roast me, as she did RIDLEY, CRANMER, and LATIMER."

To refute these assertions the Roman Catholic multitude assembled themselves around the "Tabernacle" in which MURPHY was holding forth, and threw stones. Then they attacked the adjacent house occupied by the father of the secretary to the local Protestant Association, damaged some of the furniture, and broke all the windows. This was their way of demonstrating that Popery would not roast Protestants if Popery could. Conclusive—wasn't it? They might as well have contented themselves with returning railing for railing, and, when they were reviled, have simply reviled again, without throwing stones as well as casting reproaches. Their faith would have been sufficiently vindicated if they had given the object of their resentment names for names. They might very justly have called MURPHY a talking potato. By making fun of him, and roasting him in that manner, they would have shown that he was mistaken in saying that Popery would, if she could, roast him as she did RIDLEY, CRANMER, and LATIMER. Thus might they have held MURPHY up to derision, in the comical figure, as it were, of a roasted MURPHY, or 'tater all hot.

COMPOUND RATING.—Being blown up by one's Wife, and her Sister chiming in!

WHO WOULD BE A KING?

SPEAKING of a state dinner given by the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA to the Ambassadors, &c., at the Palace of Buda, the *Times* says, "It was a *jour mange*, and besides his Majesty the King was bound by custom to fast the day before his being anointed and crowned." Pardon the antiquity of the joke, and permit the remark, that his Majesty must have thoroughly realised what the Diet of Hung'ry is. If the day before the Coronation was a *jour mange*, the day of the Coronation appears to have been a *jour Magyar*.

Labouring Lords.

SIX-AND-A-HALF columns of Peers' Debates in Friday's *Times!* Wonders will never cease. Their Lordships are evidently "putting on a spurt," thanks to the poking up they have had lately. But mere talk is not the thing wanted from you, my Lords. It is more work. No doubt *that* will come. The Working-man is so decidedly in the ascendant just now, that we need not be surprised one of these days to encounter him in force, even in the House of Lords!

OVER THE SEA.

"THE introduction of Salmon ova to the rivers of Australia has proved successful." Following the usual style, the newspaper should have added, that they received a perfect ovation.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

A COMPANION volume to *A Winter with the Swallows in Algeria* will be published this season, under the title of *A Summer with the Sparrows in Belgravia*.

VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD.—ERNEST HART'S best testimonial—The Metropolitan Sick-Poor Act.

THE MAN FOR HACKNEY.—HORSMAN.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE FOURTEENTH.

Ler Sooltarn aytarreyay! Yeev ler Sooltarn! The SULTAN has arrived. I didn't see him myself, but gather from my informant that his ostentation (or rather, by way of a *jerdyemo*, his oss-tentation, because this joke is about *osses*, as you'll hear, *vwoyay-voo*?) is beyond imagination. Four Princes of his own Eastern blood dragged him in a gorgeous vehicle from the Station. Yes, Sir, in this nineteenth century, this Profound Potentate rode, I hear, in a carriage drawn by four splendid *Beys*! Such is Oriental magnificence, while I have to be contented with *urn vwoyfoor arvek urn sh'val*.

Oh, money, money!! Thou corrupting agent, thou destroyer, thou edifier, thou, &c. (but this style is not included in *larjony* you send me. Two hundred francs more, and up goes the style. *Escelsior!*) The Working-Men from England are all here. What does England do without 'em?

Appropo of that, I gave our old friend BULL—not JOHN, but NINEVEH BULL, who superintends the Working-Men here—a *jerdyemo*, which, in order that he may not be tempted to use it as his own, I give to the world. This was it: I defined the English bricklayer here for his holiday as "The hod-man out." We (LUMPEYRAW, &c., after dinner) screamed at this.

I have passed a pleasant afternoon in adjudicating on Musical Instruments. My decision as to Pianos and Pickles was so correct, that all the Commissioners implored me to decide the rival claims of the Instrument-Makers. *Jay larkseptay arvek playseer*.

In the room where I was to sit as Prime Juror, there was a perfect *fool* of instruments. *Fool* is what our lively neighbours call a *crowd*. Not very far out, from what I hear of your crowds just now in town, *mong ong'fong*. I gave the contending Instrument-Makers such an afternoon of it!—hoisted them with their own ophecleides. I'll give you a specimen. "*Vwoyler*," says I, pointing to a fat brazen instrument about twenty feet high, with safety-valves all over it, "*Juay sir keskersay lar*."

The maker told me its name. I could not catch it. "*Narmport*," I returned, "*Juay, juay! oo see voo ner vully par juay jer donayray ler pree oz otrr*."

Frightened at the threat, and struck by my complete mastery over his native tongue, he jumped on a stool, and blowing into the top with his mouth, watched me nervously with his left eye, the other being on the music-paper.

"*Juay set statchyolay!*" I suddenly cried, pointing to another instrument, when its owner least expected the command.

In a second the Exhibitor was on his knees before me, playing. "*Taysay voo!*" I exclaimed to Number One, who was still blowing away over "*Purtong poor lar Sirree-er*."

Poor creature! he nearly fainted. He thought he had lost the prize, and had hardly any wind left to support the blow.

"*Assay!*" I said to (the *statchyolay* player, and turning sharply on a stout man *daycoray* as to his button-hole, I bade him discourse on a sort of a tom-tom with strings, over which he was fondly bending. He was apologetic:

"*Mossoo, jer lay formay,*" he said, "*may jer ner pwee par les juay.*" "*Cyrrrrr!*" I scrunched between my teeth, angrily. "*Vurtong!*"

And on he went as well as he could. He calls it *le dulcimer double*. He couldn't play it a bit.

"*Sonnay sir trombone lar*," said I, to a tall exhibitor. He understood English. "Not a tune: give me a few good notes." He was impudent about it. I kept him blowing there for half-an-hour, straight off with a *sairjong der veal*, with a drawn sword at his elbow.

I only let him go when he begged my pardon, and explained that he'd got a wife and family waiting for him to come home to tea.

However, there they were for the afternoon, all a-blowing, all a-growing as hot as possible, while I called first on this man, then on that, then on the other, requiring a note here, a beat there, a chord somewhere else, hitting one on the head, stopping another with my foot, and so forth, as an Imperial Commissioner should do, until the medical man, who was obliged to be called in, said that unless I gave some one the prize at once, they'd all have to be conveyed to a *Mazong der Santay*.

Then, Sir, these exhibitors dared to offer me paltry bribes. From two francs downwards, I mean. I told them I would take thirty, to show I was above their petty offers. I need only say that the meeting terminated amicably, and that there was a prize given.

Poolly vooomongvooay der larjony tooid'sweet: voo navvaysongvooay hekshous say der s'mang. [I shall translate this into very plain English in another journal, if you don't comply. But you will, *mong ong'fong*, won't you—*mez par*?]

Prices of provisions are exorbitant. Even the lawyers are charging extra for provisions in a will. (This is a specimen *jerdyssree*. *Dee frarnesurn er*, that is, ten francs an hour, see my former list. "*Ray-gurday dong*," as the uneducated Englishmen said when he looked at a church bell. That's another *jerdyssree*: second quality. *Weet frarnesurn er*.)

Chickens are all very high.

All the pies are raised.

I have good French jokes *der sankar weet frarnk*.

International joke: rough specimen as follows:—What is the place in Paris for ready money?

Tour der Nail. If worked up, this *jerdyemo* would go immensely. It has the makings of a first-class witticism about it. *Ardeuray praysong*.

P. THE G.

P.S. An Exhibitor of Instruments to whom I did not award a prize, turns out to be a *Raydarktur* of a *petty Jewernari* in some *daypartmong* of the *Sane* or the *Loonor*. He considers that in an article published by me some time ago, I insulted him. He has called me out. He has waived his right to choose weapons. The choice is with me. I'm hanged if I know what to do. I must fight, for the honour of Old England; and I will, too, but at this moment I regret to say I am confined to my room with a severe bronchitis. His friend has called on me. He says he will wait till I am well. He shall.

P.P.S. I re-open this two days afterwards to say that I have decided. We are to fight on horseback—on two horses' backs, of course. The *Raydarktur*, I hear, can't ride, so the duel is put off, to give him time to take a lesson. This is noble on my part. I insist upon encountering him the morning after his riding-lesson. Full particulars soon.

VIVIAN GREY. (YOUNG AND OLD.)

(BY AN ANCIENT TRUE BLUE.)

AIR—"Auld Robin Gray."

OLD JOHN BULL loved me well: and when "Church and State!" I cried,

And "King and Constitution!" he shouted at my side:

Till on Test and Corporation Acts I found myself at sea,
And then with other things than Trade there came a making free.

Emancipation passed: Reform: Corn-Laws were swept away;

The angrier I felt the less my wrath I could display:

I wanted PEEN pitched into, but no one for that could see,
When young VIVIAN GREY came a-courting of me.

LORD GEORGE was great at figures, but a yarn he couldn't spin:

While VIVIAN GREY had wealth of words and power of pitching in:

He made PEEL's life a burden, DERRY's right hand grew to be,

Then said, "Don't you think, old True Blue, you'd best take up
with me?"

My heart it said "Nay:" I hoped the clock-hands would go back:

But they didn't; things grew worse and worse; the old ways began to
crack:

The old True Blue coach ceased running: I was left to cry "woe's
me,

"To have seen the things that I have seen—to see the things I see!"

With a man who's done one's dirty work one feels ashamed to break;

I knew what dirt young VIVIAN GREY had eaten for my sake.

So I gave him my hand, though *his* my heart could never be,

And Old VIVIAN GREY was a leader for me!

His lead I had followed some ten years, less or more,

When I found, one fine morning, a Reform Bill at my door!

I said, "You've come to the wrong shop: BEALES and BRIGHT's

the firm, not me;"

But it said, "I'm sent by VIVIAN GREY—made law by you to be."

Oh, long and low I swore, though little I did say:

For better and for worse I am tied to VIVIAN GREY:

I wish I was out, but *out* he doesn't want to be;

And I must do *his* dirty work, as he did mine for me.

King Mob to Britain's throne-room I have invited in;

I've to eat my words and pledges, and don't know where to begin:

But I must do my best a Household Suffragor to be,

For old VIVIAN GREY has so settled it for me!

From the Lobby.

It is not surprising that the proposal to give the Universities of London and Durham a joint Member, should have found numerous supporters—indeed, the strange thing would have been if the Durham party had not mustered strong.

OWE DEAR!

If the old system of imprisonment for debt were restored, we'd better have the Fleet back again, and anchor it off *Debt-ford*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

QUESTION in the Lords, on *Monday*, June 17th, whether the County Courts should retain the power of imprisonment for debt. Contended that while this is being abolished in the case of the wealthier classes, it should not be continued in regard to the poor. Answered, first, that the poor are not imprisoned for debt, but for contumacy in not paying up instalments; secondly, that it is better to lock a man up than to take away his wife's furniture; and, thirdly, that without such power, there would be no real remedy, and therefore that no credit would be given to the poor. LORD CAIRNS thought it would be a very good thing if there were no credit. The power is to be continued.

There is to be no Irish Reform Bill this Session. The circumstances of the times, said MR. DISRAELI, are extremely unpropitious. Foreign agency is acting upon Irish morbid sentiment, and it is not a season to deal with the distribution of electoral rights.

There is to be no Theatrical Reform Bill this Session. Perhaps MR. HARDY will parody MR. DISRAELI, and say that the theatrical circumstances of the times are extremely unpropitious. Foreign dramas are acting, and illustrating morbid sentiment, and the vulgarities of the Music Halls extinguish the taste for intellectual Representation.

To-day there was menace, met by menace. MR. LAING had a motion, and MR. DISRAELI intimated that if it were carried Government would reconsider their position in regard to Reform. You shall learn the result.

MR. LAING moved, as an Amendment to the Government scheme of Redistribution, that an additional Member should be given to each of Six large towns, *videlicet*:—

Grimy Bristol.
Riotous Birmingham.
Stuck-up Liverpool.
Smoky Leeds.
Muddy Manchester.
Savage Sheffield.

A good debate ensued. MR. BRIGHT and MR. GLADSTONE warmly supported the Amendment. LORD CRANBORNE said that a man was proscribed if he dared to say that any portion of the Working Class was tainted with the vices of the middle and upper classes, but still he must urge that we were enfranchising many who would be corrupt. On division, the menace was found to have told. MR. LAING was defeated by 247 to 239—Government majority, 8.

We then threw Chelsea, Kensington, Hammersmith, and Fulham into one, christened the new borough Chelsea, and gave it two Members. MR. PUNCH proposes two resident gentlemen as the first representatives, MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, of Chelsea, and MR. PERCIVAL LEIGH, of Hammersmith.

Quarrel between MR. H. BAILLIE and MR. CRAWFORD. The latter denied the existence of corrupt long-shore men, and exposed himself to the jolly mercilessness of a sketch, in MR. LOCKE'S best manner, of the real character of those nuisances.

MR. DISRAELI gave Merthyr-Tydvil its new Member, and MR. CLEBRIAM, Liberal, the present Member, made a very polite speech of thanks, and Hackney was created.

After a long struggle for the report of progress, MR. HOPE declaring that the House was demoralised, we got to Clause 15, which, as it originally stood, simply gave a Member to the University of London. For some reason, MR. DISRAELI proposed to link London with Durham, and give two Members.

This proposition MR. PUNCH had condemned, and therefore it is needless for him to say that, after a great deal of wrangling (which he pardons) the House recognised its duty, and rejected the plan. The match between the dashing and accomplished London gentleman and the north country parson's little maid-servant, DOLLY DURHAM, with her prayer-book wrapped up in her folded pocket-handkerchief, would have been too ridiculous. MR. DISRAELI made no real fight, and on

Tuesday, after a strong speech from MR. LOWE against Durham, a becoming compliment to the DEAN OF DURHAM by MR. BRIGHT, and an apt Latin quotation by MR. OSBORNE, the Committee gave Government a majority of 1 for the word "universities," and then defeated it on the words "and Durham" by a majority of 8, so in dealing with educational establishments we have enacted bad grammar.

Abandoning the Reform Bill for the time, we applied ourselves to MR. FAWCETT'S motion for throwing open the government of Trinity College, Dublin, to the Catholics. This college, he said, was the richest in the world—it had £92,000 a year, and estates in seventeen Irish counties—but its benefits were appropriated to a religious minority. Debate adjourned.

Wednesday, LORD AMBERLEY moved the Second Reading of a Bill permitting the delivery of Sunday Lectures to hear which money might be paid at the doors. He went boldly into the question, and declared that there was no Sabbath. There never had been any but the Seventh Day, though there was a theory that, at some time and in

some manner, both unknown, the obligations of the Jewish Sabbath had been transferred to the first day of the week. LORD AMBERLEY does not yet understand the House of Commons, or the nation. All in good time.

MR. KINNAIRD opposed, and said that if such lectures as LORD AMBERLEY meant, which were either theatrical performances or musical entertainments by singers in evening dress (evening dress is very dreadful) were to be allowed, regular theatrical performances could not be justly prohibited. MR. MILL thought that such lectures would keep people from the public-house, and asked which was nearest to religion, science or sensuality. MR. HENLEY was for keeping Sunday strictly as a day of rest. One concession to money-making would lead to another.

MR. BRIGHT spoke like a religious man and a gentleman. He unhesitatingly avowed his conviction of the inestimable value of the Day of Rest, quoted GEORGE HERBERT'S exquisite poem on Sunday (the poet and the poem appear to have been unknown to sundry and divers), but urged that the class that has but one day for recreation and instruction ought to have its condition closely examined, when the question was stirred. He did not approve of the Bill as it stood, but wished it sent to a Committee. The subject was a very difficult one. He believed that the stability and character of the country as well as the advancement of our race depended very much on the mode in which the Day of Rest appointed for mankind might be observed and used among men. He concluded amid unanimous and well-deserved cheers.

The Bill was rejected without a division. MR. PUNCH is not often fortunate enough entirely to coincide with MR. BRIGHT, and has therefore the more pleasure in saying that MR. BRIGHT'S was the only speech, in this interesting debate, which MR. PUNCH would have been content to deliver, *verbatim et literatim*, had he wished to express his sentiments.

Thursday. A very good spar in the Lords, on the Ritual Commission. LORD SHAFTESBURY thought that the BISHOP OF OXFORD ought not to have been on it, any more than himself, the Bishop, he said, being a decided favourer of the extreme Ritualists. LORD DERBY charged LORD SHAFTESBURY with wishing for a one-sided report, condemnatory of Ritualism. LORD SHAFTESBURY was indignant at being charged with such baseness, which he disavowed. The BISHOP OF OXFORD denied that he was a man of extreme opinions, and said that he was in the middle of the Church, and stood by RICHARD HOOKER, and moreover had repressed Ritualism in his diocese. The PRIMATE thought the Commission a fair one. He is Chairman.

LORD RUSSELL discussed Luxemburg, and handsomely applauded LORD STANLEY. The paternal Earl was naturally gratified, and said so. The conversation passing to Crete, LORD DERBY said that the Cretans were as great liars now as two thousand years ago, and he did not believe the accounts of Turkish atrocities. England had refused join in the "identical" note to the SULTAN.

In the Commons, after MR. BRIGHT'S unqualified denunciation of the uncomfortable place itself (MR. D. GRIFFITH and SIR H. EDWARDS had a row about seat-keeping), we addressed ourselves to Reform, and beat the Government by 272 to 234, majority 38, on the proposal to let Votes be taken by Voting-Papers. The debate was long, but really MR. PUNCH cannot analyse what was said for and against such a scheme. It might have been described as an Act authorising Election Agents to issue Bribery Scrip.

MR. WHALLEY backs a foul-mouthed Irish hireling called MURPHY, whose gross insults to Catholicism aroused the lower Papists of Birmingham to riot, in which roughs and thieves joined, the town was thrown into terror, families have been ruined, and brutal violence has been perpetrated. MURPHY ought to be whipped at the cart's-tail, and WHALLEY expelled the House of Commons.

Friday. On the Episcopate Bill, the BISHOP OF OXFORD, successfully opposing a clause of LORD GREY'S for denying territorial titles to the new prelates, said that from the beginning of Christianity a Bishop had always had a territorial title, and that you might as well attempt to make a husband without giving him a wife, as create a Bishop without such a title, which was "the gem of his mitre." Some juvenile Lords, fresh from JUVENAL, probably thought, if they did not say, that a Suffragan *non Sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmae*.

Considerable strife in the Commons touching the Boundaries Commissioners. MR. BRIGHT objects that none are Radicals, but all Territorialists. Those proposed are LORD EVERSLEY (late Speaker), LORD PENRYN, SIR JOHN DUCKWORTH, MR. WALTER (*Times*), MR. BRAMSTON, MR. RUSSELL GURNEY (Recorder), and MR. BOUVERIE. MR. BRIGHT was asked whether he wanted to insert Reform League-men, or Fenian petitioners, or BEALES? Some further progress was made with the Clauses, but as MR. MILL says, we are a precious good way off the end.

BIT FROM BIRMINGHAM.—Worse than the Potatoe Disease: the "MURPHY" pest.

"Cook's" EXCURSIONIST.—Her policeman on a trip.



A DOOSID AWKWARD QUESTION.

Proud Father (with the eye-glass). "NOW, FRANK, YOUR HONEST OPINION, PLEASE. WHICH DO YOU CONSIDER DEAR BABY TAKES AFTER—HER MOTHER, OR ME!"

THE MODERN MEZENTIUS.

"The Committee then divided on the motion that after the word 'London' the words 'and Durham' be inserted. Ayes, 226; Noes, 234—Majority, 8."

MEZENTIUS, we read, was a tyrant of Thrace,
A classical Czar, of Caucasian race,
Who in awkward default of Siberia and knout,
To find fitting tortures was much put about,
For correction of pestilent Thracian offenders
Who dared plot and practise as Government-menders.
In the way of tormenting he tried every tack,
His invention and prisoners put, both, to the rack,
Exhausted all methods of broiling and roasting,
Of flaying alive, mincing small, and slow toasting,
But his subjects still plotted and kept him in stew,
Despite his elaborate torture-menus:
Till at last the idea came into his head
Of tying together the living and dead.
"Like to like," quoth the tyrant, "what Lib'ral has not
By nature the closest attachment to ROT?
So they can't think it hard, I should say, side by side,
To rot e'en more foul than their own to be tied.
Decay is contagious: death soon will quench life,
And my Lib'ral's will cease to breed scandal and strife."
Thus the leaders of Thrace's advanced Opposition
Were soon in a high state of decomposition,
While MEZENTIUS at critics his challenge would fling,
To prove him an unconstitutional king;
"Here Freedom's palladium no criminals lack,
Since on *Habeas Corpus* they, each, can fall back."
No rival since then mild MEZENTIUS has found,
Till DIZZY, a graft from the neighbouring ground,*
Revived his invention, and tied in the tether
Of a clause with live London dead Durham together!

* The Caucasus is not far from Thrace.

Was't in hopes that the life-blood which glows in the one
To quicken the other's dead channels might run,
Or in trust that the Liberal life of young London
By the death-frost of Durham would slowly be undone?
Who can tell the designs of that dark talking head?
Enough that he coupled the living and dead,
And that England regarded the union with wonder,
Till the House the unnatural tie cut asunder,
And left—while the corpse from the live body rolled—
The modern MEZENTIUS muttering, "Sold!"

BEASTS AT THE ZOO.

Now that everybody who is anybody goes on Sundays to the Zoo, we think that somebody should do something to keep away the nobodies. The nobodies wait at the gates until a Fellow lets them in, weakly crediting their story that they have lost their ticket, or have a friend inside. In this way scamps and pickpockets get entrance to the gardens, and other beasts are seen there than those which are caged up. With a view to their exclusion, there is a notice at the gates, begging Fellows not to take in persons whom they do not know. So any Fellow who does this is clearly a bad fellow, and his name should be forthwith reported by the gate-keeper, and the Council of the Society should say what shall be his fate.

A Suggestion for the Stock Exchange.

CONSIDERING how unsafe are almost all investments, when every day is bringing a new revelation of the way in which directors waste the money of their shareholders, we think our public securities would be far more rightly called our public insecurities.

A THOUGHT AT GREENWICH.—"The Finnish Diet was formally closed on the 31st May"—and the Whitebait Season commenced, anything but formally, about the same time.



THE POLITICAL EGG-DANCE.



ACADEMY Note, 222
 Addendum, 240
 Addition to the Admiralty (An), 89
 Advice Gratis, 112
 "Alarums, Excursions," 181
 All Right from the Roughs, 118
 Annus Florabilis, 17
 Annus Mirabilis, 17
 Another Parcel of Proverbs, 3
 Another Piece of Secret History, 114
 "Another Place," 65
 Another Strike! 166
 Anson's Annual, 27
 Answers to Correspondents, 106
 Anti-Bright Anecdotes, 31
 Anti-Bruin Legislation, 59
 Arbitration Pudding, 210
 Aristocracy of Labour (The), 32
 Art-Criticism in Globules, 197
 Astounding Self-Denial, 121
 BALLADS for Bachelors, 7
 Beales at Blackheath, 256
 Beales the Buster, 154
 Beasts at the Zoo, 266
 Beauty without Paint, 147
 Benefit of the Crystal Palace (The), 250
 Best School for Wives (The), 52
 Bettering the Instruction, 187
 Between the Lions, 56
 Bill for the Better Regulation of the Parks in the Metropolis, 259
 Bird and the Belle (The), 168
 Bird's-eye View of "The Great City," 185
 Block on the Line (A), 86
 Blow for the Bears (A), 102
 Blue Riband of the Turf (The), 213
 Boat Race (The), 169
 Borough of the Plague (The), 260
 Botany for Femiian Boys, 81
 Botany of the Chignon (The), 195
 Bridge of Gold (A), 166
 Bright and Beales Junction (The), 178
 Bright and Lowe, 22
 Britannia's Baggage Stops the Way, 39
 British and Australian Beef, 169
 British Jurors for the Paris Exhibition, 153
 Broad and High, 289
 Bull they Wouldn't Fight (The), 170
 Busy Bs 259
 CABINET in Council, 112
 Call a Spade a Spade, 21
 Candid Girl (A), 33
 Canzonet on Cosmetics, 188
 Capital Pantomime Joke (A), 12
 Careful Chimney Sweeper (A), 89
 Centenarian in a Cage (A), 183
 Certain "Person" to Mr. Mill (A), 224
 "Champagne Charley," 188
 Change for Dr. Manning, 41
 Change for Sovereigns at Paris, 256
 Chant of Small Critics, 202
 Charitable Waste Paper, 281
 Charity at the Charterhouse, 7
 Charles H. Bennett, 151

Charming Club (The), 195
 Cheap, and not Over Nice, 82
 Cheapest Thing in the Army (The), 127
 Christmas Come Again, 123
 Chivalric Ballad (A), 27
 Claimants for a Fancy Franchise, 125
 Clarkson Stanfield, 227
 Clown's Book of Cookery (The), 19
 Colloquy on the Cat (A), 135
 Coming Events, 242
 Competition at Oxford, 144
 Compound Householder (The), 281
 Compound Lodgers, 200
 Compound Publican's Chemistry (The), 222
 Conjugium Vocat, 87
 Controversial Shillelghs, 95
 Convertible Consonants, 177
 Cool Idea (A), 190
 Creating a Horselaugh, 250
 Cruelty of Cook Robin (The), 240
 DANGEROUS DRESSES, 253
 Day in a Cave (A), 252
 Demagogue's Ditty (The), 178
 Diamonds of Debate, 153
 Dignus Vindice Nodus, 250
 Dirt-Pie in Preparation (A), 157
 Display of Physical Force, 190
 Disturbance in St. James's Hall, 60
 "Dod," 118
 Doing the Old 'Un, 239
 Domestic Cookery, 83
 Domino Punchio Alumnus Cantabrigien-sis, S.P.D., 9
 "Dora" at the Adelphi, 252
 Do you Want a New Dress, 207
 Drinking Song for Summer (A), 242
 Dry Day in Seven (A), 111
 ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE, 254
 Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, 240
 Eclipse of the Sun (The), 98
 Effects of the East Wind, 141
 Electric Medal (The), 105
 Empress of Laques (The), 188
 Emfranchisement of Persons (The) 220
 Epitaph for Walpole (An), 201
 Europe's Christmas-Tree, 11
 Even-handed Justice in the House of Commons, 103
 Evenings from Home, 20, 51, 80, &c.
 Eventful Ten Minutes (An), 122
 Excursionists in Danger, 153
 Exhibition of '67 (The), 41
 Exposure at Rome, 249
 Extraordinary Attraction, 192
 Extraneous Contents, 69
 FASHIONS for Foxhustresses, 69
 Fat Girls, 17
 Female Suffrage, 239
 Feminine Intelligence, 147
 Financial Chorus at Florence, 206
 Fireworks and Feasting, 241
 Floral and Choral, 230
 Flourishing State of Affairs (A), 41
 Fool Britannia! 83

Franchise for the Tailors (The), 71
 Fraternal Offer (A), 124
 Free as Eyre, 143
 Free Exhibitions, 241
 French Beefeaters and English Beef, 165
 From F. W., in Pentonville, to Sir M. P., in Algiers, 39
 From the Lobby, 264
 Frozen-out Garden Songsters (The), 50
 GENTLE John's Complaint, 60
 Giving by Proxy, 181
 Giving them Pepper, 69
 Giving 'Themselves Hairs, 121
 Gladiators' Muster (The), 44
 Groggedy-Piggledy, 165
 Great Medicine-Man (The), 79
 Great Mill of Blackie and Jones (The), 24
 Great New Organ-Gun (The), 254
 HALBERTON Farmers Frantic (The), 180
 Handsome Offer (A), 240
 Happy Conclusion (A), 75
 Happy Thoughts, 8, 12, 23, 38, &c.
 Heirdom of Hampstead Heath, (The), 20
 Herepath the Haughty, 241
 Higgedy-Piggledy, 165
 Hints for Derby Talkers, 217
 Hints to Histrionics, 230
 Hit him Hard! 42
 Honour to Victor Hugo! 87
 Horrors of Travel (The), 124
 Horse and the Cart (The), 37
 How are you Off for Soap? 218
 How to Please America, 28
 "It is a Murder, Mention it," 69
 Ignatius to his Owl, 70
 Imaginary Conversation, 72
 Imaginary Offence (An), 231
 Imaginary Queen's Speech (An), 53
 Improvements on Smith's Sunday Liquor Bill, 253
 Indubitable Don (An), 103
 Interesting to the Faculties, 209
 Invisible Eclipse (An), 121
 Invisible Musicians, 250
 Irremediable Irish Complaint, 318
 Jack Spaniard at the Triangles, 164
 Jamaica Committee (The), 37
 Jerusalem the Stuffy, 89
 Jockey Club Superseded (The), 167
 Joke of the First Water (A), 158
 Jokes and Justice, 90
 Journeyman Tailors' Ultimatum (The), 164
 King Bladud's Sleepy Figs, 32
 King Punch's New Year's Reception, 1
 LABORING LORDS, 268
 La Clemenza di Pio, 154
 Lady Lexicographers—Mrs. Dr. Johnson, 150
 Lame Expression (A), 205
 Language of Legislation (The), 195
 Lay of the Little Wife (The), 200
 Legal Effects, 65
 Lenten Dispensations for the Ritualists, 126

Letter to the P. R. A., 208
 Liberal Borough (A), 82
 Lines on the Lodger Franchise, 222
 Liquefaction without Caloric! 233
 Litany for the Season (A), 10
 Little Friendly Advice to Mr. Quarter-maine (A), 156
 Little Light upon the Gas Reform Bill (A), 178
 Little Rhymes for Little Rioters, 195
 Little Word for Little Birds (A), 30
 Little Word from a Little Bird (A), 114
 Longitudinarianism and Latitudinarian-ism, 212
 Lost Child (The), 65
 Love v. Littlego, 85
 Lucus a non Lucendo, 69
 "MAKE your Game," 23
 Man and his Masters, 2
 Many Happy New Years, 8
 Martyr-Bang (The), 11
 Marvellous Woman (A), 13
 "Masks and Faces," 101
 "Masks and Faces" in the House of Commons, 173
 Masters Latin Primer (The), 105
 "May Good Digestion Wait," 229
 Medical Warbler (The), 38
 Mems. made in the Frost, 21
 Midwinter in March, 135
 Ministerial Bulletin, 157
 Mirth for Marine Store-Dealers, 59
 Mispriat that Might have Been (A), 186
 Model Amateur Performance (A), 219
 Model Hero of Modern Romance (A), 100
 Modern Medea (The), 95
 Modern Mesentia (The), 266
 Modest Demand (A), 54
 Morning from Homo (A), 50
 Mr. Drover's Reflections on the Mirror of Parliament, 180
 Mr. M'Evoy's Little Game, 239
 Mr. Punch at the Exhibition, 210
 Mr. Punch to Mr. Bright, 19
 Mr. Punch to the Emperor of the French, 187
 Mrs. Britannia and Madame France lay their Heads together, 34
 "My Favourite," 9
 Mystery of Bonnets (The), 188
 Mystery of the Derby Dog (The), 227
 NATIONAL Portrait Exhibition, 222
 Nearly in a Hole, 173
 New Church-Organ Wanted (A), 197
 New Novels (The), 251
 Next Thing from New York (The), 147
 Nice Look-Out for Fox-Hunters (A), 239
 Night's Entertainment (A), 190
 No Punishment for Patriots, 201
 No Standing Joke, 41
 Note in the Academy, 214
 Notes on Reform Phrases, 223
 Not so Easy to Give up, 38
 Novelty for the Navy, 177

OBTAINING Husbands under False Pretences, 166
 Obit 27 February, 1867, 95
 Ode (and paid) to Miss Terry, 54
 Ode to Mrs. Grundy, 147
 Official Changes, 11
 "Oh, Whalley, Whalley!" 100
 "Old King Cole," 96
 Old Questions Answered, 90
 Old Sky and New Sky, 259
 One-Horse Shay (The), 117
 Oracle Advertised (An), 241
 Orders of the same Order, 59
 Our Gymnasium, 2
 Our Parting Kick, 4
 Our Theatrical Spectator, 221, 251
 Outrage on an Ism (An), 122
 Our Virtuous Vestries, 188
 Ozone, 42
 PEAN to Dizzy (A), 258
 Paleontological Pipes, 148
 Paradise in Hyde Park (A), 241
 Parks and the Police (The), 154
 Parliamentary Programme (The), 71
 Parochial Collective Wisdom, 29
 Parody upon a Parasite (A), 196
 Peabody on the Turf (A), 238
 Peace against Prestige, 178
 Peacocks of the Church (The), 13
 Pedigree Advertisements, 202
 Pedigree Promotion, 127
 Peeps at Paris, 105, 123, 141, &c.
 Penance made Pleasant (A), 3
 Perils of the Parks (The), 82
 Persecution at Wolverhampton, 90
 Personal Rating (A), 183
 Peter, Martin, and Jack, 37
 Pictures for Prison Walls, 32
 Piety and Property, 89
 Pigeon Shooting, 212
 Pig in a Poke (A), 228
 Pigs of Great Price, 114
 Pith of a Petition (The), 176
 Pleasing Muddle (A), 75
 Poetry in the Pantry, 188
 Poets: an Eclogue Abridged (The), 143
 Polite Conversation, 22
 Political Significance of the Chignon, 175
 Polyphemus in Parliament, 10
 Poor Children's Dinner-Parties, 54
 Poor Pigeons and Gulls! 238
 Pope's Way with the Brigands (The), 201
 Popinjay on War and Peace, 217
 Popper Papers (The), 55
 Portrait at Fault (A), 41
 Possibilities of the Future, 66
 Practical "Goak" (A), 207
 Prescription (A), 177
 Preventive of Brass Knuckles (A), 30
 Priceless Loyalty, 102
 Proposed Demonstration of the Fair Unrepresented, 177
 Prorogation of Parliament, 43
 Pros and Cons, 169
 Prospect of Possumus (A), 132
 Prussian Treatment of Dances, 148
 Pulpit Readings, 168
 Punch's Derby Prophecy, 209, 228
 Punch's Essence of Parliament, 63, 74, 84, 94, &c.
 Punch to President, 196
 Purple and the Fustian (The), 167
 Puzzled, 221
 QUANTUM Suff. in the Workhouses, 3
 Queer Christmas Day (A), 14
 Quos Deus Vult Perdere, 182
 REASSURING Intelligence, 169
 Recommendation to Ritualists (A), 22
 Reform for Rogues, 121
 Remedy for Roughs (The), 260
 Remissness Reprimanded, 91
 Resolution of Reform, 76
 Retaliation for Ladies, 28
 Rhymes for Reformers, 50
 Riddles, 13
 Rifleman's Return (The), 209
 Right Man in the Right Place (The), 250
 Rights of Reform (The), 90
 Ritualism and Business, 137
 Ritualism in the Kitchen, 121
 Ritualism Rampant, 220
 Ritualist Aggression, 222
 Robin Hood's Rifleman, 191
 Roman Catholic Demonstration at Birmingham, 263
 Rome making Way, 214
 SAFETY for Soldiers, 7
 Sample of Stage-Slang (A), 95
 Sanger v. Beales, 80
 Savage Art of Hairdressing (The), 95
 Scientific Courtship, 261
 Scientific Wife-Killing, 147
 "Soots Wha' Hae!" 238
 Self-Government v. Shelf-Government, 27
 Semper Paratus, 118
 Setting Bonnets at Bachelors, 145
 Shakspearian Exercise (A), 23

Shall Lovely Woman Vote? 179
 "Shall we Join the Ladies?" 110
 Shall we Rub "No Popery!" off the Door, 151
 Siddons to the Rescue, 151
 Singular Church Services, 93
 Singular Conduct in a Public-House, 106
 Solivitur Aberrando, or Walpole's Wanderings, 192
 Some more Things not Exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, 167
 Song of a Head-Centre, 109
 Song on a Steeple-Chace, 13
 Stanza in the Lucid Style, 10
 Stoker's Strike (The), 136
 Strike Away, Tailors! 176
 Strike of Army-Surgeons (The), 195
 Strike of Governesses, 144
 Strike of Smock Frocks (A), 134
 Striking Suggestions, 195
 Strong Hint (A), 137
 Substitutes for Profane Swearing, 105
 Suggestion for Mr. Spurgeon (A), 85
 Sunday Reform Bill Wanted (A), 218
 Suppliants in Southwark, 85
 Sweet Little Cherubs who Sit up Aloft, 92
 Sweet Thing in Chignons (A), 89
 TALK Talk by a Bishop, 126
 Taraban the Teetotaller, 168
 Temperance and Sobriety, 239
 Temperate Temperance League (The), 190
 Theatrical Impermanences, 141
 Thermometrical, 44
 "They Manage these Things Better in France," 252
 They're Saved! They're Saved! 158
 Things not yet Exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, 137
 Those Loves of Bonnets, 201
 Thought for Trades' Unions, 200
 Through the Dirt to the House of Commons, 69
 Tin! Tin! Tin! 242
 Titles and Headings of Chapters of Forthcoming Novels, 18
 To Lydia, 175
 Tory Slanders, 82
 Town and Country, 145
 Trap to Catch a Soldier (A), 121
 Triumph of the Sphynx (The), 249
 Truth at the Academy Dinner, 199
 Truth in Two Languages (A), 65
 Two Different Stories, 234
 UNDIPLOMATIC—Very, 205
 Un Sou la Ligne, 75
 VERY Legitimate Indignation Meeting (A), 109
 Very Natural, 109
 Vestryman Refreshed (A), 50
 Veterinary Crispin (A), 71
 Victor Hugo on England, 262
 Victoria Park in Peril, 244
 Vigilance Committee (The), 83
 Vision of the Future (A), 217
 Visit to Venice (A), 145
 Vivian Grey (Young and Old), 264
 Volunteer Corps of Invincibles, 107
 Votes for Lodgers, 127
 WAGNER, Walpole, and Toomer, 154

Wail of the Old Whip (The), 103
 "Wait till They've Weighed," 214
 Wanted—a Little More of the Tornado, 133
 Wanted—a Tornado, 66
 Waste of the Public Money, 164
 Weather (The), 33
 Well-Spoken Young Man (The), 76
 What I Thought on Seeing the Lions, 71
 What the Lions Thought of it, 133
 What the Metropolitan Vestries Sang, 19
 Whitebait and Wickedness, 200
 White upon Black, 17
 Who would be a King? 263
 Why, at Last, I Believe in Reform, 212
 "Why did you Die?" 234
 Womanhood Suffrage, 128
 Word Splitting, 144
 Working Men's Adviser (The), 117
 Worse Strike than the Tailors (A), 206
 Ya Working-Men of England, 189

LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

BEFORE the Trial, 97
 Blind Man's Buff, 117
 Block on the Line (A), 87
 Bull they Wouldn't Fight (The), 171
 Carried, Nem. Con., 203
 Cat out of the Bag (The), 257
 Derby, 1867. Dizzy wins with "Reform Bill" 215
 D'Israeli in Triumph; or, The Modern Sphynx, 246, 247
 Extremes must Meet; or, a Bit of Practical Science, 149
 Gladiators Preparing for the Arena, 46
 Heads I win, Tails you Lose, 77
 Honest Potboy (The), 107
 "Irrepressible Lodger" (The), 130
 Ladies' Advocate (The), 225
 Lions at Last (The), 57
 Mad-Doctor (The), 235
 Mill's Logic; or, Franchise for Females, 129
 Move on, Bumble! 25
 Political Egg-Dance (The), 267
 Political Kidnapping, 67
 Political Tailors (The), 193
 Punch's Pantomime, 5
 Rival Sweepers, 15
 They're Saved! They're Saved! 160, 161
 "To be Sold," 183
 Wrong of Search, or the Luggage Question (The), 85

SMALL ENGRAVINGS:—

ACCOMMODATING—Very! 4
 "Alma Mater," 242
 Answers for our Artist, 96
 Aradian Amenities, 164
 At the Sunday School, 106
 Bad Excuse Better than None, 125
 Barometrical, 251
 Beware! 196
 Boxing-Day, 14
 Brushing Pa's new Hat, 192



"By Authority," 42
 Candour, 206
 Can't be too Careful, 100
 Caution, 76
 Colloquial Equivalents, 51
 "Coming to an Understanding," 83
 Common Objects in our Hedgerows, 10
 Compliments of the Season (The), 178
 Condolence, 212
 Decided Opinion (A), 43
 Derby Day, 1867 (The), 211
 Dilemma (A), 262
 Dissecting Room, Zoological Gardens, 219
 Doosid Awkward Question (A), 206
 Doubtful Compliment (A), 243
 Events of the Months, 62, 102
 Family Man (A), 92
 Fashions for 1867, 53
 Fine Unostentatious Old Boy from the Country, 182
 Force of Habit, 162
 Gardening for June, 263
 Hunting, and no End! 186
 Hunting the Wild Boar, 198
 Illustrated Dramatic Advertisements, 115
 In Consequence of the Tailors' Strike, 208
 Intelligent Pet, 70
 Irish Architecture, 220
 "Jolly Day we had Last Week," 156
 Little Heathen, 90
 Lion at Northumberland House (The), 55
 Look before you Leap, 128
 "May the Difference of Opinion," &c., 38
 Mistaken Kindness, 112
 Most Successful Amateur Party of the Season (The), 24
 Mr. Punch's Designs for the New National Gallery, 40
 Mr. Punch's Prize Ring, 20
 National Surmise, 56
 Nature and Art, 135
 New and Becoming Style of Head Dress, 66
 Nothing like a Classical Education, 3
 Orthodox, 123
 Paris Commissioners Reading the Official Catalogue, 174
 Physical Strength v. Intellect, 86
 Playing at Polcemon, 210
 Pleasures of Yachting (The), 165
 Plutocrat (A), 176
 Presence of Mind, 202
 Private Theatricals at the 'Titwallows' 214
 Probable, 11
 Punch's Physiology of Courtship, 118, 134, 138, &c.
 Quiet Smoke (A), 31
 Rather too Literal, 114
 Ratiocination, 93
 Recollection of the Derby Day, 1867 (A), 240
 Recollection of the Zoological Gardens (A), 181
 Recreation for the Army, 50
 Rejected Design for the New Law Courts (The), 173
 Remarkable Study from Nature (A), 224
 Retributive Justice, 253
 Ruling Passion (The), 218
 Rural Studies—Yeomanry Going to Drill, 260
 Sausage Machine (The), 154
 Sceptical, 122
 Sensation Water-Jump or Sport in 1866 (A), 13
 Sentiment, 190
 Sharp—Rather! 2
 Shivelisation, 28
 Sketch taken in Park Lane, May 6, 1867 (A), 201
 Slippery! 60
 Snow Storm, January 2, 1867 (The), 30
 Society, 142
 Sport (?), 238
 Statuesque, 144
 Stroke of Business (A), 179
 "Sweetie, Dear!" 110
 Swell and Cabby, 221
 Taking a Hint, 145
 Tantalus, 34
 Too Bad! 187
 Too Late, 167
 Uncle Tom the Bachelor, 234
 Unwelcome Attention, 256
 Veneration, 72
 Very Latest Fashion (The), 22
 Victim (A), 228
 Weighty Question (A), 182
 Wet Derby (The), 251
 What H. M. Civil Servants have to Endure, 139
 "What's the Odds?" 82
 Whit Monday—as it Ought not to be, 250
 Wrongs of Ireland (The), 80

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