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BOMBAY BRANCH  
OF THE  
*Royal Asiatic Society.*  
Class *24.*





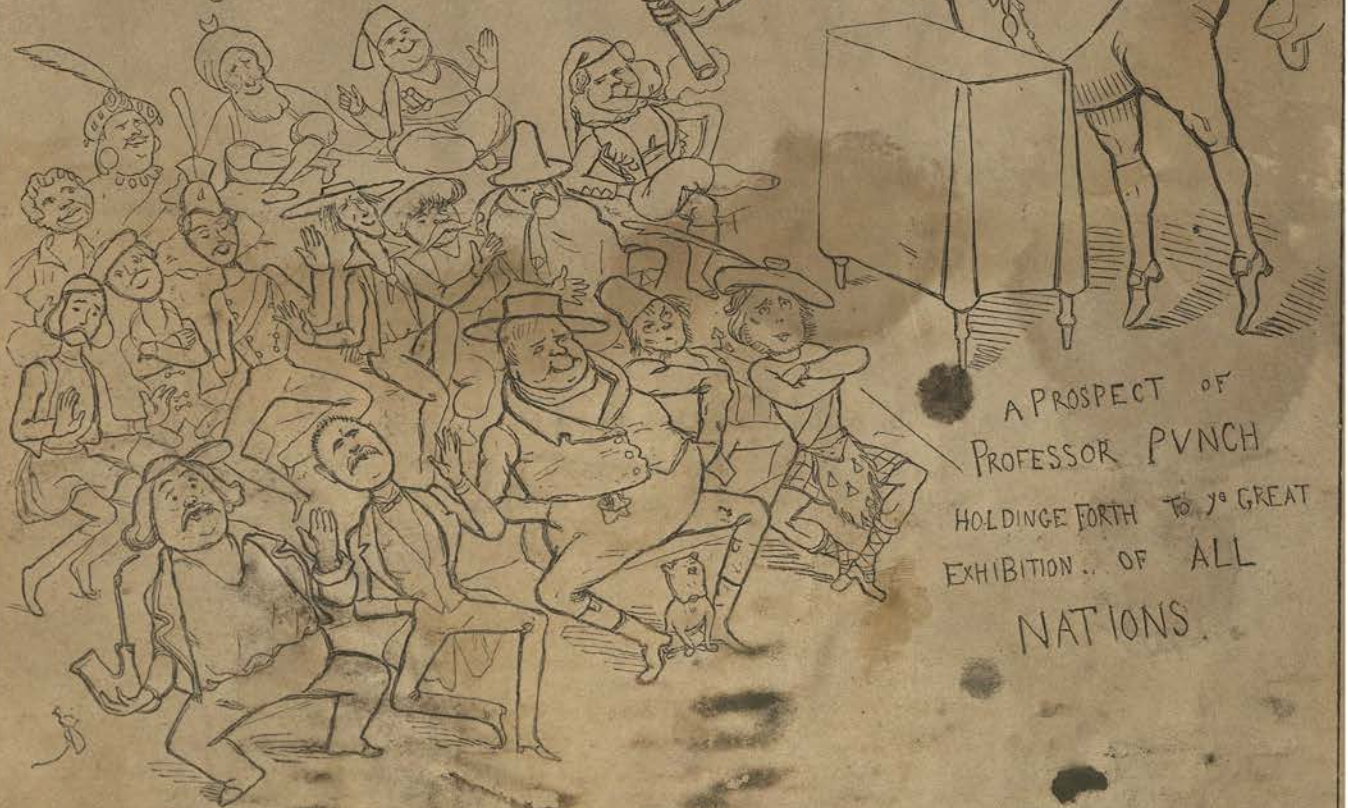




# Punch

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A PROSPECT OF  
PROFESSOR PUNCH  
HOLDING FORTH TO THE GREAT  
EXHIBITION OF ALL  
NATIONS

## VOLUME ye EIGHTEENTH.

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

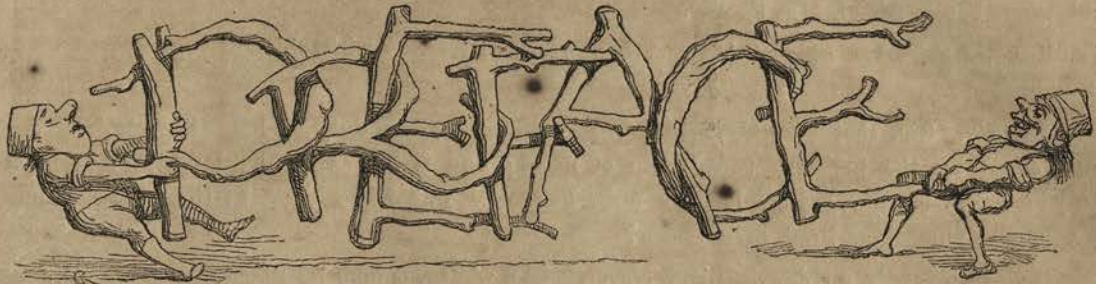
AND SOLD BY ALL DOORSELLERS.

1850.



00126521





PUNCH now stands Eighteen Volumes high in the world, without his stockings. And as he grows a Volume every Six Months, it is a calculation which he defies JOSEPH HUME to disprove—that he, PUNCH, is, with the present balmy June, exactly NINE YEARS OLD.

PUNCH,—twiddling a sprig of geranium between his finger and thumb,—a radiant bit of *La Reine des Français*; white as though nourished with the milk of VENUS' doves, and pink as though reflecting VENUS' blush—PUNCH bethought him of a Fitting Presence, whereto he might dedicate this, the closing Work of his Ninth Year.

There was inspiration in the thought. PUNCH leapt from his velvet chair. "We will dedicate it to skittles! yes"—said we, glowing with the grateful notion,—we will dedicate the close of our Ninth Year to Nine Pins!"

PUNCH gently subsided into his seat, took his Vulcanic pen, spread out his elephantine sheet of paper, and, beginning his Dedication, wrote,—

"TO NINE PINS.

*Mr. Respectability.* We tossed him the sheet, and in few words, upon which, whereupon *Mr. Respectability*, drawing himself up, and throwing a glance at us, sufficiently withering to blight—even in June—a whole wall of peaches, in a sort of cold, hissing voice, said—but we give the dialog—

*Mr. Respectability.* In the name of all our institutions, the Three per Cents., the Court of Chancery, and the Best Pew of the Church, in the name of all these, what are you about?

PUNCH. A debt of gratitude, dear Sir. Many a jolly hour, in bye-gone days, has PUNCH had with skittles. Dear nine old friends! true friends, for with all the readiness in life, they'd be knocked down a hundred times to serve us. Can't always say as much for flesh-and-blood, eh?

*Mr. Respectability.* My good PUNCH, this was all very well when you squeaked in the street; but you must remember, you are now a householder with fine plate-glass windows; you never appear but—as housewives have it—in print, with illustrations sparkling about you that defy the most golden evening-waistcoat



PUNCH. What's that to do with it? Nine-pins are nine-pins just the same. Hearts of oak were they in old times and—in a word—skittles shall have our Volume.

*Respectability* (throwing himself between PUNCH and his Sheet of Paper). I protest against it. As your friend—your bosom friend, MR. PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH. Friend! Fiddlededee! When we were friends with skittles, you turned up your nose at poor PUNCH.

*Respectability*. Sir, that painful gesture is sometimes a stern duty of life. Society, my dear friend, is frequently saved by the judicious turning-up of noses; and if it was my hard position to be compelled to despise you when in the gutter, have I not—PUNCH, I put it to your beating bosom—have I not cultivated you ever since you lived in a house?

MR. PUNCH. There's no denying it. Nevertheless, whatever may be the consequence, I dedicate the fulness of my Ninth Year to Nine Pins.

*Respectability*. Then PUNCH, I'll tell you the consequence. You'll be cut, Sir; cut. You'll never dine beyond Baker Street more—you will never again, surmounting all obstacles, have your glittering name registered as guest in the *Morning Post*; and, in a word, Sir, that great hope, end and aim of your daily life, that vision of your sleep, and torture of your nightmare, to shake hands in open Pall Mall with a Duke,—that glorifying triumph, that social apotheosis, will be for ever and for ever barred, denied you.

Thus spoke *Respectability*, and cowardice—like an ague—crept over the heart of PUNCH.

"What must we do?" we faltered, looking entreatingly at our stern but truthful monitor. "The Volume must be dedicated, and, if not to Nine Pins, to what—to whom, then?"

"To whom?" cried *Respectability*, rising upon his toes, and distending his nostrils, "Why, to

### THE NINE MUSES!"

"Be it so," said PUNCH, with compelled resignation; "be it so;" nevertheless, it would have looked much better, truer, and altogether more delightful to our recollections, had the Volume been offered

### TO NINE PINS!

However, CUSTOM—says the Poet—is the King of Men. Now, if Custom be the King, how often is RESPECTABILITY the Tyrant?







### OUR FEMALE SUPERNUMERARIES. IN A SERIES OF VIEWS.

**THE COMMERCIAL VIEW.**—The muslin home-market is in a state of extreme depression. The supply greatly exceeds the demand, and the article is a mere drug. Hands can scarcely command a purchaser, and the inquiries for hearts are very few. Sempstresses are quoted at lamentably reduced figures, and domestic servants, at no time particularly brisk, are now duller than ever. The colonial trade in this description of goods, however, is still lively, they being especially in request in Australia, whither some shipments of them have been already consigned; and it is to be hoped that every facility will be given to their continued exportation.

**THE CYNICAL VIEW.**—Wherever there is mischief, women are sure to be at the bottom of it. The state of the country bears out this old saying. All our difficulties arise from a superabundance of females. The only remedy for this evil is to pack up bag and baggage, and start them away.

**THE ALARMIST VIEW.**—If the surplus female population with which we are overrun increases much more, we shall be eaten up with women. What used to be our better half will soon become our worse nine-tenths; a numerical majority which it will be vain to contend with, and which will reduce our free and glorious constitution to that most degrading of all despotisms, a petticoat government.

**THE DOMESTIC VIEW.**—The daughters of England are too numerous, and if their Mother cannot otherwise get them off her hands, she must send them abroad into the world.

**THE SCHOLASTIC VIEW.**—The country is fast losing its masculine character, and becoming daily more feminine. Measures must be taken for restoring the balance of gender, or there will soon be no such property as *propria quæ maribus* in Great Britain, and not a stiver shall we have to bless ourselves with of *as in presenti*.

**THE NATURALIST'S VIEW.**—On the Cockney Sportsman's game-list there is a little bird called commonly the chaffinch; by Hampshire youth, the chink; and by LINNÆUS, *Fringilla caelebs*. LINNÆUS was a Swede, and called the chaffinch *caelebs*, because in Sweden and other northern countries, in winter, the females migrate, and leave the males bachelors. It is to be wished that our own redundant females were far enough north to take wing, like the hen-chaffinch.

**OUR OWN VIEW.**—It is lamentable that thousands of poor girls should starve here upon slops, working for slopsellers, and only not dying old maids because dying young, when stalwart mates and solid meals might be found for all in Australia. Doubtless, they would fly as fast as the Swedish hen-chaffinches—if only they had the means of flying. It remains with the Government and the country to find them wings.

#### A Glorious Resolve.

An important resolution has just been come to by the Corporation of Rochester, whose members, we are told by the public press, have "determined to wear appropriate costume on all future public occasions." There must be some very determined characters among the Corporation of Rochester, for it requires no little determination in these days to resume the masquerade dresses of a Mayor and Alderman, after it has once been agreed to abandon them. It is rare, indeed, that we find persons desirous of hugging their chains, even though they be of an Aldermanic character.

#### The Dignity of Coal.

*The New York Enquirer* says of the "Negro Emperor," that "his colour is the most thorough coal-black." Can this personage be identical with our ancient friend, KING COAL? If so, we hope His Majesty will keep up his famous concerts with renewed spirit, and that the merry old soul, with his fiddlers and trumpeters, will be merrier than ever, now that he has been promoted to be Emperor. COAL will make as good an Emperor, no doubt, as anybody, in the face of his complexion: and, notwithstanding the cold weather, we rejoice at this rise of COAL.



## TRAPS AND RATTLE TRAPS.

THERE must be something quite Hindooish in the constitution of the British female of our own day, for in spite of every warning she is continually rushing to the alarming sacrifice. Directly a linen-draper raises the alarm, and intimates to the public an extensive smash or crash, the British female runs forward to be smashed or crashed, as the case may be, and to implicate herself in the meshes of some ruinous and tremendous failure. The Linendrapery Juggernaut has an uninterrupted stream of female victims throwing themselves constantly beneath it, and we can scarcely pity them, when, having voluntarily placed themselves in the power of the victimiser, they find their retreat rudely cut off, and their escape impossible.

All sorts of expedients are now adopted to prevent the departure of a fair captive, who has once been tempted within the cheap linen-draper's establishment, to which the cave of the forty thieves affords a fit companion. Steps are drawn across the door to bar her egress, and an unrestricted opening of the purse is the only "Open Sesame" which will set her again at liberty. We begin to see the drift of those remarkable contrivances for shutting up a shop entrance by means of a sort of blind formed of iron bars, which, upon being let down, would at once convert the establishment into a trap, in which the customer remains caged until the ransom is paid under the nominal guise of purchases.

We recommend the British female to avoid every puffing concern where these prison-like arrangements are in use, or she may find herself detained against her will until she submits to be alarmingly sacrificed.

## THREE BUTCHERS' BRIDE.

A LADY, residing in Aldgate, writes a letter to the *Times*, in defence of the high charges of butchers, on the plea of the hardships endured by that class of persons. "I have been," says this good lady, "a butcher's wife on and off for the last 26 years"—a piece of information which she explains by stating:—

"I have had three husbands all butchers, and my last died only six months ago."

Nevertheless, she asks

"How would my lady customers like their husbands to come to bed at 11, smelling of beef or mutton suet, and other things too delicate to mention?"

Considering that the worthy widow has had a threefold experience of such husbands, we must say she appears to have been singularly wedded to butchers.

## The Experiment of Lodging-Houses.

PUNCH hails with all his heart the opening of the lodging-house for 234 single men in Spitalfields. He sincerely hopes that the success of the establishment, as regards the single, will lead to its wider application to the married. He supposes it was tried on first with the bachelors—whom certainly it has proved to fit—in accordance with the maxim—"Fiat experimentum in corpore vili."

OUR SIXPEN'ORTH OF MEAT.—Just to show how impartially we can view either side of a question, we will say that in the case of BULL *versus* BUTCHER, MR. BULL is acting very like *Shylock*—determined to have his pound of flesh for his money.

## "OUR WASHERWOMAN!"

[The interests of society demand the insertion of the subjoined letter].

"OH, MR. PUNCH!

"Talk of undertakers' charges! Talk of butchers' and bakers' bills! Well—Christmas is the time for making a to-do about them, certainly. But of all the expense and ruination to families, there's nothing comes near the wickedness there is in washing. Here, I came up a month ago, next Wednesday, to keep house for AUGUSTUS, who I hope and trust will succeed in his profession, and in his poor Uncle's time, when he lived in the Cottage, having none of our own, we considered him as such, and used to wash him in the country. I know he'll never forget his poor Aunt, and how nice his things used to be sent him, without speck or spot, as white and as sweet as lilies, without a rumple or a crease, and not a button off any of them. So, when I got here, I took and looked over his linen, when lo, and behold you, it was all shreds and fribbits, the pleats of the shirt-fronts slit all up, the gussets unripped, the backs all in holes, and the rest as rotten as a pear; and his sheets the same, and his night-gowns, and night-caps, and his doileys, fit for nothing but to make tinder of, and that is no use now they have those dangerous congreves. His best silk handkerchiefs I bought myself, and gave five shillings a-piece for, worn to rags, worse than old dusters; his drawers and under-waistcoats, fine, merino, patched all over with calico, and his poor toes coming through his socks. 'Gracious goodness! AUGUSTUS,' I said, 'how you have been wearing out your things.' 'Well,' he says, 'Aunt, I don't know how it is.' 'Well,' said I, 'it's very strange.' But I soon found out the reason. Not more than twice had I sent my own things to the wash, when home they came; my frills that I had only just made up myself; my capes and collars bran new; my shimmyzetts, and everything in jags and tatters. Shameful! Shocking! Scandalous! My linendrapery's bill had just come in, five pounds ten and sixpence-halfpenny, if a farthing; and all my nice things spoiled. Abominable! You may suppose I gave our Washerwoman a pretty talking to; but what do you think I found out? I said to her \* \* \* [We are under the necessity of slightly curtailing the conversation.—Ed.] \* \* \* and she said \* \* \* and then says JANE \* \* \* and so \* \* \* AND I FOUND IT WAS ALL BECAUSE THEY USE BLEACHING POWDER! Yes, Mr. Punch; that is what the nasty lazy old creatures do to save trouble. They might as well steep things in vitriol, or put them into the fire to be cleaned, as I have heard is done with clothes made out of asbestos. This is how my beautiful aprons, every one, and all AUGUSTUS's table-cloths, and each bit of under-clothing we have either of us got, have all been ruined. Besides, the bleaching only whitens the dirt—doesn't get it out, so it is nasty as well as destructive. I have no patience with those good-for-nothing washerwomen that eat up our clothes, worse than moths, in this way; it is a sin. There is quite waste enough in every house without that. Do, pray, Mr. Punch, try your best to put down this wicked system of washing; and the save it will be, and the distress you will remove, and the dreadful scenes of passion and scolding that you will prevent, there is no saying. Do, Sir, and I am sure I shall ever be,

"Your thankful Reader,

"SARAH TRIMMER."

## DEPOSITS FOR THE SINKING FUND.

WE present MR. DISRAELI with the following small deposits for his Sinking-Fund.

Westminster Bridge, which looks in such a very weak state that we are sure it is gradually sinking.

The new façade to Buckingham Palace, which has sunk the remainder of the building to the very lowest insignificance.

MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS's Letter, which has been the means of sinking him in the public estimation.

And lastly, MR. DISRAELI's speeches on agricultural questions, which we are sure are heavy enough to sink anything.

The above are sufficient to start the famous Sinking Fund, for at present it is a matter of such very little account that we doubt if there is any foundation for it at all. We really believe the Fund in question is nothing more than a mere Fund of Humour, upon which MR. DISRAELI draws pretty freely as often as he wishes to pay off the poor Protectionists.

## Midwinter Harvest.

In the course of a suburban walk last Saturday, in company with an acquaintance, we passed a horse-pond, out of which some confectioner's men were loading a donkey-cart with ice. On our observing that this was a wise preparation for next summer, our companion, an Irish gentleman, said "that it certainly was making hay in fine weather."



OUR LITTLE BIRD.

[PROPOSAL FOR A MONUMENT TO THE LATE QUEEN DOWAGER.

THERE have been made several propositions for a monument of some kind to tell to future generations the abounding goodness of the late QUEEN DOWAGER. One writer proposes that the sum of a hundred thousand pounds be raised in subscriptions of no larger amount than half-a-crown, so that eight hundred thousand persons may have a small share, a stone or brick in the church, to be called Adelaide Church—an edifice that shall make memorable the piety of the departed lady.

Another kindly projector suggests the erection of a Cross only—a simple Cross. At which suggestion, we take it, Exeter Hall shakes its stony head, and glowers with becoming scorn.

Another thinks a certain number of Alms-houses, in which poor gentlewomen may meekly wait to die, would in a manner, significant as useful, illustrate the active virtues of the noble gentlewoman who has made so gracious an end, rebuking nothing save the vanities of the undertaker, that might follow her; and which, indeed, were not to be altogether rebuffed even by the last words of an anointed QUEEN. Pomp would somewhat assert itself.

We meddle not with any of these projects. If the money be forthcoming, if the half-crowns leap to the willing hand, let them be paid in, and let the masons set forthwith to work, the trowels tinkling harmoniously. All we ask is, the enjoyment of our right to propose the notion of a QUEEN ADELAIDE Monument, such memorial to be solely undertaken and wholly carried out at the expense of government.

But then, it may be urged, the expense of government is only a phrase of course—so many shifting words, the true meaning of which is, the expense of His Majesty, the People. In this case, however, we do not propose to lay even an extra pennyweight upon the aforesaid people. No; the Adelaide Monument shall stand fair and beautiful in the light, and not cost the people an additional farthing. For the Monument shall not be of ephemeral Purbeck stone or decaying granite—but of enduring stuff: of nothing less than Paper—of paper white and spotless, and typical of the purity of the memory it eternises. Our plan is wondrously simple—and then so very facile of execution.

One hundred thousand pounds a year is saved to the revenue by the loss of the good QUEEN ADELAIDE. We simply propose that, saving this much, we repeal the excise upon paper. For consider, what a serious thing—what a grand thing, is paper! How lofty—how sublime, may be its functions! A sheet of paper is as the physical wing to the spiritual thought, carrying its presence round about the world. Upon such wings do the philosophers and poets, the jurists and the journalists, fly. Upon such wings do all mute words enter into the souls and hearts of men. What is the paper of a letter, but the wings that bear a voice?

Well, knowing this, it is a little irksome to human patience to know the many tyrannical and foolish practices wrought upon paper pinions by the fantastic exciseman. How they are cut and plucked, and laden by a hundred stupid and despotie caprices. The Egyptians, who had a deep meaning in all their symbols—so deep, it often baffles us in its darkness—shipped ISIS, when she searched for the remains of OSIRIS in a bark of papyrus—a paper boat; for even the crocodiles respected the papyrus, never so much as snapping at it. There can be no doubt that in this the Egyptians intended to manifest the solemn function of paper as a vessel sacred to the Intellect—a vessel that even the instinct of savage ignorance should respect. Such was the paper boat of ISIS. How different the fate of the paper boats of Britannia—the millions of craft made on the banks of her thousand rivulets and streams! Why, in every paper mill-dam lurk twenty alligators, who, at any hour, may turn up in the shape of excisemen! And how they overhaul the boats, what pranks they are duly licensed to play with them, it would take too much paper here to tell.

And yet the State professes to venerate the function of paper. In our love of its sublime utility, we make schools for raggedness, and hope to save from shipwreck the soul of ignorance in a paper boat. And we do all we can to overload, even to sinking, the paper vessel with the weight of taxes flung aboard. Wonderful is it to think how, with such a crew of excisemen, paper swims!

However, to proceed with our plan for a Paper Monument to the Memory of QUEEN ADELAIDE. The repeal of the excise on the fabric would be a beautiful memorial, and lasting as touching. Her late Majesty, from her shelf in St. George's Vault, subscribes towards the repeal a hundred thousand a year.

"Very true," answers a statistical familiar; "but then the Paper duty—the tax laid upon the wings of knowledge—was for 1848, not one hundred, but seven hundred and fifty-one thousand pounds. Thus, it is clear that the dropped pension of QUEEN ADELAIDE, would not give even a seventh of the tax. To be sure, the whole matter might be disposed of in a trice if certain of the living would subscribe to the Monument. If, for instance, a king would send from Hanover a subscription of £21,000 a-year—if a king in Belgium would do something—if sinecurists, the white ants of the State, who devour anything

in the shape of taxes, and some of whom especially, feed upon letter-paper—for the family tree of a GRAFTON is in truth only a bulrush; Post Office papyrus\*—if these, the teeth of the State, would forego somewhat of their provender, paper would instantly, like NOAH'S dove, fly free—nor fly without the olive. But this is not to be hoped," says our statistical friend; "and so we must seek a Monument to QUEEN ADELAIDE in other materials. Paper is forbidden us. But what think you of an Advertisement Monument? The amount of duty on advertisements in 1849—the price paid to the State for permission to ask custom, or to ask employ in print, was only one hundred and fifty-two thousand, nine hundred and twenty-six pounds. The late QUEEN DOWAGER, in her lapsed pension, at once contributes one hundred thousand of the sum—whilst the odd fifty-two, why, it is not to be spoken of—the Life Guards would contribute it in abandoned gold-lace, or the Maids of Honour offer it in pocket-money. What say you? An Advertisement Monument to the QUEEN DOWAGER?"

A most felicitous thought. Far better than the half-crown subscription is the eightpence saved to the poor who, seeking labour through the newspapers, must pay the additional one-and-sixpence to the Exchequer, or hold their peace. Abolish the advertisement duty; make such abolition monumental to the memory of the QUEEN DOWAGER, and consider for a moment the number and the condition of the people who are made to feel the relief granted by QUEEN ADELAIDE even in her grave. The "Young Lady who wants a situation as Governess," feels the royal bounty in her own narrow pocket. The "Wet-nurse, a respectable married woman," is eightpence the richer; and "A Good Plain Cook, with no objection to the country," saves her one-and-sixpence to help her on her way by rail or coach, the situation carried. From the schoolroom, down—down to the scullery—the eightpenny benevolence would be felt, and the memory of QUEEN ADELAIDE be gratefully enshrined.

An Eightpenny Monument to the QUEEN DOWAGER, by all means.

A LITTLE BIRD.

\* From the profits of ROWLAND HILL'S pennies, the DUKE OF GRAFTON, having CHARLES THE SECOND'S costly blood in his veins—the royal purple is very dear, however adulterated—takes by royal grant, £10,500 a year.

ROMAN WALLS HAVE EARS.



R. PUNCH'S old friends, the Archæologists, have lately discovered something which they call a Roman Wall, and they are determined the wall shall have ears, for they give it an audience. How they ascertained the Romanism of the wall, we cannot tell, for it consisted only of a few old bricks, and there was no other foundation to go upon.

DR. PETTIGREW brought it forward, and the Committee sat on the wall for nearly an hour. Another Member then produced some fragments of coarse pottery, consisting of a slice of an old tile, half an ounce of broken plate, and the spout of a pipkin, which somebody turned into a handle for a long argument. Another Member then threw down upon the table a "small collection of old nails;" but after vainly trying to tack something on to these nails, or to hit the right one on the head, the meeting broke up in a state of wisdom about equal to that in which they had assembled. Another Member had been proceeding to lecture upon an old helmet, which he called a "casque," but the casque was so thoroughly dry, that it served as a wet to nobody's curiosity.



ROMAN REMAINS?

Punch's Abridged Report of Philpotts v. Gorham.

THE Pope, his compassion for sinners to prove,  
Sends Bulls, without mercy, to bore 'em;  
Our PHILPOTTS, to show his more fatherly love,  
Refuses permission to gore 'em.





THE OLD LADY IS SUPPOSED (AFTER A GREAT EFFORT) TO HAVE MADE UP HER MIND TO TRAVEL, JUST FOR ONCE, BY ONE "OF THOSE NEW FANGLED RAILWAYS," AND THE FIRST THING SHE BEHOLDS ON ARRIVING AT THE STATION, IS THE ABOVE MOST ALARMING PLACARD.

#### A BETTER PLANT THAN PROTECTION.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I BE a farmer, and afore the carn laws was done away wi, I was a monopolist, as was only nateral, for of all our mother's children we all on us loves ourselves the best. But full well I knows 'tis in vain expectin to get them laws back. The people wun't stand a bread-tax agin never so more. We've got Vree Trade, and must put up wi't. Well; seein as how we have got it, what I say is let's make the most on't. Goo droo wi't. Doan't stand shilly-shallyn half-way. Goo the whole hog in Vree Trade, and let's ha't in every thing. If forreners be to compete wi us, let we compete wi forreners. Gie us Vree Cultivation. Let's ha liberty and licence to grow whatsumdever we've a mind to. What cause or just impediment is there, I wants to know, why we shouldn't cultivate TOBACCO? There's a law agin it, as I dare say you're aware; and don't tell me that 't wouldn't pay; for if so there never would ha bin no sich law: besides 'tis well enough know'd as 'twould pay in some siles, specially in Ireland. Let's ha the tobacco-stopper took out o' the statutes, and zee what we can do with the TOBACCO PLANT. I say our game is to agitate for the right to make the most as ever we can out o' the land, which ool do us moor good by half than goin about blubberun for Purtection. Just you mind, Mr. Punch, what I says about TOBACCO, and if so be as how you'd be so good as to print it, I'd thankee; for I do believe 'tis a hint worth takin.

"I believe, Sir, you be a true friend to the Farmer, thof you doan't palaver un. Now just you put the farmerun world up to this here notion o mine about HOME GROWN TOBACCO; and I doan't think you'll repent follern the advice of

"Your reglar Reader,  
"FREELAND TILLER."

A DEAD SWINDLE.—An Undertaker's Bill.

#### A FUNERAL AFTER SIR JOHN MOORE'S.

FURNISHED BY AN UNDERTAKER.

Nor a mute one word at the funeral spoke,  
Till away to the pot-house we hurried,  
Not a bearer discharged his ribald joke  
O'er the grave where our "party" we buried.

We buried him dearly with vain display,  
Two hundred per cent. returning,  
Which we made the struggling orphans pay,  
All consideration spurning.

With plumes of feathers his hearse was drest,  
Pall and hatbands and scarfs we found him;  
And he went, as a Christian, unto his rest,  
With his empty pomp around him.

None at all were the prayers we said,  
And we felt not the slightest sorrow,  
But we thought, as the rites were perform'd o'er the dead,  
Of the bill we'd run up on the morrow.

We thought as he sunk to his lowly bed  
That we wish'd they cut it shorter,  
So that we might be off to the Saracen's Head,  
For our gin, and our pipes, and our porter.

Lightly we speak of the "party" that's gone,  
Now all due respect has been paid him;  
Ah! little he reck'd of the lark that went on  
Near the spot where we fellows had laid him.

As soon as our sable task was done,  
Not a moment we lost in retiring;  
And we feasted and frolick'd, and poked our fun,  
Gin and water each jolly soul firing.

Blithely and quickly we quaff'd it down,  
Singing song, cracking joke, telling story;  
And we shouted and laugh'd all the way up to Town,  
Hiding outside the hearse in our glory!

#### THE LAST DAYS OF THE PALACE COURT.

As Pompeii was swept away or rather buried under a stream of lava, so has the Palace Court been destroyed by the volcanic burst of indignation which, within the last year, has broken over it. Its own piteous palaver has been washed away in the lava emanating from that avenging Vesuvius, the public mouth, which had sent forth in words that burn, the doom of the Palace Court.

Friday, December the 28th, will be remarkable in the annals of enlightenment, as the last day of the sittings of this tribunal. The Judge was on the bench, but the bar was absent from the melancholy scene, and a solitary usher attended as chief mourner at the solemnity. Two attorneys acted as mutes, for they never opened their mouths, and as if to perform an act of pity in its last moments, the Court refused to make an order upon a poor woman, who attended for her sick husband, at the suit of a tally-man.

The case was one with which the Court would, no doubt, have dealt, in its days of vigour and rigour; for though the defendant's bed had been pawned, and the family were starving, there was nothing to distinguish the case from hundreds of others that had gone before, and would have come again if the Court had continued to exist. Happily, the recording angel has something to place among the final records of the Court which may be accepted as a partial expiation of some of its past enormities. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* The Palace Court is dead; so is our enmity.

#### University Prizes.

THE subjects proposed to the competitors for prizes in the University of Cambridge, would certainly do credit to the authors of that popular farthing serial which comes out at four sheets a penny, under the title of "Nuts to Crack" at Christmas time. The Cambridge nuts are peculiarly adapted for those who have cut their wise teeth; and perhaps a dog-tooth or two may be useful in digesting such dog Latin as *Shakespeareus*, and other terms, in which the University *illuminati* luxuriate.

One of the themes for Latin prose, is "SHAKESPEARE and HOMER compared," which seems to pave the way for the still greater puzzle in an ensuing year, of a comparison between Goodwin Sands and Ten-terden Steeple.





“PERFORMERS” AFTER A RESPECTABLE FUNERAL.





SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 9.—The Crossing at Charing Cross. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is on the foot-way, with three Gentlemen waiting for an "Atlas," two Ladies expecting a "Brompton," two members of the street-sweeping family, well-known in the neighbourhood, several reduced tradesmen selling penknives, and a numerous assortment of orange-women.

Atlas Cad. Now, K'n'n'g't'n! K'n'n'g't'n! (UNPROTECTED FEMALE makes a rush to cross). Here you are—Ma'am—K'n'n'g't'n. [Seizes her. Unprotected Female. Don't, please—I'm not going to Kennington. Brompton Cad. Here you are, Ma'am; Fulham! Fulham! Unprotected Female. No, no,—I'm not going to Fulham. Chelsea Cad. Ch'lsea—Ma'am? Ch'lsea—!

[They surround UNPROTECTED FEMALE, and argue with her. Unprotected Female. No! no! I'm not going anywhere—thank you. Hansom Cabman (whipping sharp out of Parliament Street). Now—Stoopid—Hoy!

Unprotected Female (escaping back to pavement with some difficulty). Oh! goodness gracious!

Hansom Cabman. 'Ere you are, Ma'am. Clarence Cabman (off Parliament Street rank). 'Ere you are, Ma'am—(to Hansom). Lady don't vont your Jack-in-the-box. Hansom Cabman. Anyways, it's better nor your pill-box.

Unprotected Female (deprecatingly). Oh, I don't want either. I'm not going anywhere. Now, then, I think I can get across. (Makes her first rush, but is arrested by a solemn procession of street-sweeping machines.) Oh, dear, dear!

Elders of the Crossing-Sweeper Family. Oh, please, Ma'am—do, Ma'am—poor little gurl, Ma'am.

[Executes pantomime with her besom, and winks at ATLAS CONDUCTOR. Unprotected Female. Go away, you bad girl—I saw you laughing just now. Now, then. (She prepares for her second rush.

Staid Atlas Passenger (seizes her by the shawl). Stop—you'll be run over! [Two Kennington 'busses turn the corner, racing at full speed.

Hansom Cabman. Now, Mum, you 'ailed me. It's a shillin'.

Unprotected Female. But I'm going to walk.

Clarence Cabman. No—it was me the last time, a shillin', Marm.

Unprotected Female. Oh I never did hail either of you—I'm sure I didn't, Sir (to STAID ATLAS PASSENGER). Now, go away, or I'll call somebody.

Hansom Cabman. Oh, you calls yourself a lady—Yah!

Clarence Cabman. I wouldn't be mean, if I was you—now then!

Unprotected Female (wondering what she has done to deserve this). Oh, gracious me! Oh, dear me.

Policeman (looming round the corner, severely to UNPROTECTED FEMALE). Now, Marm, move on—do—we can't ave any rows here.

Unprotected Female. Oh, it's these cabmen—I don't want them, and they will come. (CABMEN retire to their ranks at appearance of POLICEMAN). Now, I think I can get across. [She makes a third rush.

2nd Member of the Crossing-Sweeper Family (jumping before her). Oh, a penny, please—please Mum, a penny—a penny, Mum—poor girl, Mum.

Unprotected Female. Ah! get away, do, you wicked girl! Here's a coal waggon! (Strives in vain to escape over the CROSSING-SWEEPER—the coal-waggon gets nearer—She appeals to the fore-horse of the team.) Oh, don't run over me! (The sagacious animal answers the appeal by making room for her to pass back to foot-way.) Thank goodness!

3rd Member of Crossing-Sweeper Family. Oh, please Mum—a penny, Mum—poor girl, Mum—

Unprotected Female. Oh, it was you nearly got me run over. I've a good mind to give you in charge.

Crossing-Sweeper (leering at her). Come now—stash it, old 'ooman.

[Executes a wild dance of defiance with the aid of her besom to the great delight of the Cads and Cabmen. The coal-waggon has now defiled across Trafalgar Square.

Unprotected Female. Now, I think I can get across. (She perceives an Omnibus coming past Spring Gardens (left), and another at the Charing Cross Hospital (right), and pauses to calculate their distances). Yes, I think I can get over before that one comes up. (Rushes two steps into the road.) Oh, no; I don't think I can. (Her heart misgives her, and she makes a step in retreat.) Yes, I'm sure I can.

[Makes a violent rush, and comes in terrific contact with a stout gentleman who is reading a letter he has just received at the Charing Cross Post-Office.

Letter-reading Gentleman. Confound the woman—hollo, Ma'am—any damage?

Unprotected Female (a good deal stunned). Oh, I beg your pardon—I do, indeed—I didn't mean to.

[Apologises earnestly for being run against.

Right-hand 'Bus Driver (who has got up from Spring Gardens.) Now then—stoopid! yah—

[She rushes to the left.

Left hand 'Bus Driver. Now, then—stoopid! yah! [She rushes to the right.

Both 'Bus Drivers. Now, then! yah! yah! [She gives herself up to immediate destruction.

Letter-reading Gentleman (pulling her on to the little Oasis round the lamp-post). Here, you silly woman—one would think you wanted to be run over—

Unprotected Female. Oh, no, I don't, but I can't get across.

Several Members of the Crossing-Sweeper Family (whose head-quarters the Oasis appears to be). Oh, please, Mum, a penny, Mum; poor little gurl, Mum—oh, do, please!

Unprotected Female. Oh, here's more of those wicked little girls. How dare you? (The Family leave her to beset an Omnibus, and hold a friendly chaff with the Conductor.) I wonder if I can get right across now?

(She commences an examination at the same moment down Parliament Street, along the Strand, across Trafalgar Square, and in other directions.) I wonder if there's anything coming round the corner? Now, I think—

Irish Beggar-Woman (with large family). Ah, thin, Marm, darlin', me and my poor childther!

Unprotected Female (pierced with compassion). Poor little things! And with bare feet, too—pretty dears—Oh, here, poor woman—I'll give you some bread, if we can only get across. (IRISH BEGGAR-WOMAN proceeds to pass over.) Don't—you'll be run over.

[Pointing to a cab several hundred yards off.

Irish Beggar-Woman. Ah, thin, Marm, darlin'—come along—sorr' the mischief they'll do ye at all, at all.

[Proceeds to lug UNPROTECTED FEMALE across.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but, I'm sure. [Attempts to return.

Crossing-Sweeper Family (anxious to join the party to the lun shop). Oh, please, Mum, bit o' bread, Mum, poor little gurl, Mum—

[UNPROTECTED FEMALE, gaining the pavement on the other side, very much against her will, and Scene closes.

POKERS AND PANTOMIMES.



THE usual outcry, that things are not as they used to be, is applied now-a-days to everything; and one would almost imagine, that "As you were," is the only word of command that prudence ought to address to us.

Among other lamentations over the past, we are always inundated about this time of year, with regrets over the fact, that Pantomimes are not what they used to be. We must admit that they are not; and we particularly miss the red-hot poker that once played such a prominent part in every pantomime. Clown used to produce nearly the whole of his "effects" with this implement; and in fact he presided over the whole fun of the evening with a red-hot poker, or, in other words, ruled it with a rod of iron. Poor Pantaloon had the red-hot poker continually at his fingers' ends; and there was not a scene throughout the Pantomime in which the poker was not introduced for some purpose or other. Sometimes it was brought in, that a verbal joke might be made, and that Clown might say, "Come, you want to be stirred up." Or it was required, in order that a beggar might have it thrust into his face, with the announcement, "Here, poor fellow; here 's something warm for you."

This Poker, which was kept permanently red-hot, never missed fire, and we can understand how essential it must have seemed to pantomime writers in the days of our forefathers, whose ideas of wit and humour were chiefly confined to acts of cruelty on the part of Clown towards Pantaloon, or pieces of roguery in which both were concerned, or feats of gluttony, such as the swallowing of an unlimited chain of sausages.

The days are, however, gone, when fun could be poked at the public with a Poker. Pantomime writers have now so many other irons in the fire, that red-hot fire-irons have quite gone out, and it is very unlikely that they will ever come in again.

Hope for the Rail.

THE depression and sinking of so many Lines of Railway is, in great measure, attributable to the sleepers; the shareholders, till lately, having been for the most part dormant; but they being now fully awake to their position, it is to be hoped that, in consequence of their future vigilance, every sunken Line of Rail will be ultimately elevated to its proper level.



## HOW MR. PUNCH SPENT BOXING-NIGHT.



On many occasions *Mr. Punch* has lamented the space afforded by his grave contemporaries to the consideration of the Drama: has as often lamented the needless expense which a majestic part of the Press is wont to incur in the outlay upon dramatic criticism. No sooner does a new drama appear, than it is discussed at monstrous length in daily and weekly columns, to the exclusion of thrilling accidents and offences, and the origin and growth of mighty gooseberries. *Mr. Punch*, on the morning of Boxing-day, resolved to show to his contemporaries a more compendious way of attending to the interests of the Drama. When new playhouses spring up like asparagus, it behoves the journalist to be chary of his attention; for if he proposes to notice at length every work of art—if he rashly determines to discuss and analyse the pretensions of every actor—he will soon have no room whatever to chronicle the mightier events of the time. Even a popular Murder will be cast into the shade by a new Tragedy; and a *MARIA MANNING* neglected in the undue attention bestowed upon merely the Heroine of the Domestic Hearth-stone.

*Punch*, therefore, laid a wager, against his own pocket, of a supper at the Clarendon (a celebrated hostelry for criticism), that he would alone criticise every new play presented at every "place" on the Theatre on Boxing-night. It was a quarter to seven when he stepped into his own hackney-cab at 85, Fleet Street, drawn for the occasion by a horse from the Parnassian Stables—a horse now backed by *THALIA*, and now by *MELPOMENE*, in their sky-blue riding-habits. The Olympic

being a bran-new edifice, with its bloom upon it fresh as May hawthorns, *Punch* drove first thither.

**OLYMPIC.**—New theatre: commodious, beautiful: light as fairy-land at mid-day, and cosey and convenient as an easy chair after dinner. *MRS. MOWATT*, the American lily, looking purity-breathing odour. Opening address. The fair lady dropping a diamond in one line, and a pearl to rhyme to it in the other. Delightfully given, retires in a shower of *Camellia Japonicas*. Two Gents. of Verona gave capital promise, and every appearance that the new pantomime by *LEE NELSON*—descendant of the immortal *HORATIO*—would be a greater blow than Trafalgar. House crammed—Gallery so crowded, impossible for a single housemaid to get a single apple out of her pocket.

**DRURY-LANE.**—The boards that *GARRICK* trod—that *KEAN* (as *Richard*) died upon. New lessee. Spirited undertaking! Tenderest wishes of the good and gentle wait upon it. House crammed. *MR. ANDERSON'S Shylock* worthy of the Asylum of Deaf and Dumb; not a word heard—and therefore, it is to be hoped, not a word thrown away. *MISS ADDISON'S Portia*. Beautiful in fragments as they reached us. Casket-scene magnificent. The Golden Casket, we are informed, from gold sent by a distant dramatist, now picking up the best materials for a new play in California. Row in the gallery—too crowded. *MR. ANDERSON* offered the malcontents £5 a head and his own portrait, to make room by quitting the building. Indignantly refused. Storm lulled. Pantomime began. Work of *RODWELL*, the 1850 Magician. *Harlequin and Good-Bess* nobly handled. Produced in us a melancholy but philosophic thought. In the year 2000, another *RODWELL*—if Nature has stuff for another—may write *Harlequin and Good* (or *Better*) *Queen Victoria*. Pantomime terrific hit—full of points as a pincushion. Author called for at conclusion, and bouquets of mistletoe and holly thrown to him! Pressed them to his bosom; and, in the very moment of triumph, pricked his fingers.

**HAYMARKET.**—*Loving Woman* (why will woman love in this desperate manner?) and *King Rene's Daughter*. Audience wide awake to the pathos of *MRS. KEAN*; melt marble, and make cast-iron run. New burlesque—*The Ninth Statue*. Evidently a statue of lead-stone; made to draw. Full of hits as a prize-fight. Authors called for. The Gemini *BROUGH* appear in full Court dresses and are greeted with rounds of applause, and—in recognition of the season—two plum dumplings. Authors bow and exeunt, picking out plums.

**PRINCESS'S.**—Reader, hast thou ever seen Venice? Hast thou ever seen *Venice Preserved*? Hast thou ever gazed upon the Lion of St. Mark? Hast thou ever mused upon the pigeons that flutter about his edifice? Hast thou ever marked a gondola? Hast thou ever stood upon the Rialto? Because, whether thou hast or not, it is no matter, since thou hast seen, or very probably wilt see a pantomime, which thing originated in Venice, and which matter brings us to the panto-

mime of *King Jamie*, produced at this theatre.\* *King Jamie* (also by *RODWELL*),

"Full of stuff as Highland plaid,  
And just as full of crosses;"—

but stuff of wonderful web, and crosses enlarging into circles of delight. The pantomime was more successful than any future pantomime ever can be. Nevertheless, as revering our institutions; as defending *Magna Charta*, the Right of Succession, the Income Tax, and all the other Palladiums of *once Merry England* (when *Traitor PEEL* was yet in the future)—we must protest against this irreverent usage of our kings and queens. Let the Chamberlain look to it. The revolutionist—foiled at *Kennington Common*—lurks in the theatre. The Chartist deprived of his pike, seizes his iron pen. He cannot overturn our institutions, so he knocks down the royalty of history as *Clown* and *Pantaloon*, and—but we hope we have said enough to alarm the weasel vigilance of *LORD BREADALBANE*, who, as a Scotchman and a Lord Chamberlain, must be particularly sensitive to the subject of the pantomime, *King Jamie*, or *Harlequin and the Magic Fiddle*. It is, however, but bare justice to *MR. MADDOX*, the proof-spirited proprietor, to state that the piece is got up reckless of all expense. Even the fiddle has all its strings. The outlay upon catgut must have been tremendous.

**LYCEUM.**—*The Island of Jewels*—*MR. PLANCHÉ'S* "entirely new and original" work—is the *Serpentine Vert* of the *COUNTESS D'ANOIS*. Still, under the reviving hand of the adapter, *Serpentine Vert* becomes an *Invisible Green Prince*—just as, in *Holywell Street*, an *Invisible Green Coat* is made "better as new." Need we say that the *Island of Jewels* is gorgeous? With such a look of reality that the paste would not be detected even by the Keeper of the Crown Jewels? All the actors did more than they could to ensure a success that was inevitable even before the curtain rose. As for *MADAME VESTRIS*, it is plain that

"She on honey-dew has fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

She looks more blooming than ever, and warbles like the nightingale, not to be "trodden" by "hungry generations." The author was called for when the piece concluded, and retired amidst a shower of kid gloves—Paris made.

**ADELPHI.**—*Frankenstein* is here made killingly droll. The *Model Man* of *MR. PAUL BEDFORD* might be improved if he could only conquer a besetting timidity that ever seems to check his gushing humour. Why will he not surrender his genius to the gallery? Why, as the poet says, will he "dwell in inevitable decencies" for ever? What a rich humourist he might be, but then he is so modest. *WRIGHT'S Frankenstein* is wondrous. Six children in arms were taken from the pit to the nearest apothecary's, in convulsions of laughter. In common with thousands of *WRIGHT'S* friends, we await the result; but we much fear a verdict of "unconscious infanticide."

**STRAND.**—*Diogenes and his Lantern*. Like a red herring; full of salt, with a

\* *Mr. Punch* begs, with his customary probity, to state, that as all this was written a month ago, it is not to be taken into account as a part of his work on Boxing-Night.



well-developed tale. A nightly revel for millions. MRS. STIRLING as *Minerva*. An owl that makes a lovely.

MADAME TUSSAUD.—This instructive establishment is not to be overlooked. *Punch*, in common with his daily contemporaries, treats the place with his best deference, and on boxing-night visited it accordingly. The Chamber of Horrors was tastefully decorated with holly, and the band played a new composition, "*The Bermondsey Polka*," which seemed to impart a thrilling satisfaction to the audience. Let us not omit to state that MADAME T., with her customary taste, had caused a large bunch of mistletoe to be suspended over the figure of MARIA MANNING, with permission—price 3d. extra—to any of the company to salute the waxen individual, a permission that was gladly purchased by numerous spectators.

Some of the Eastern Theatres, and the Surrey Houses, *Punch*—he confesses it—did not visit; but he understood, on the best authority, that they were all crowded. The Victoria, for instance, was so crammed, that the proprietor had to provide beds out of the house for those who would not, during the domestic drama, sleep upon the premises.

LEGAL LOVE-LETTERS.

"MR. PUNCH,

The Law in regard to 'Breach of Promise of Marriage' has long been in an unsatisfactory state. Allow me, through your columns, to give the Legislature a hint on this subject. Let no promissory note, or other writing, engaging the subscriber to marry the party therein addressed or specified, be considered valid or binding unless stamped. The amount of the stamp should be proportionate to that of the income-tax paid by the writer, to prevent the abuse of cheap stamps by the unprincipled rich. Let my proposal be adopted, and the consequences will be:—1. The most unsuspecting female will put no trust in a *billet-doux* which is not stamped. 2. The expense attending false promises of marriage will discourage those base attempts at deception. 3. Marriages will become generally more rational, because men will think twice before signing an engagement which will at any rate cost them a stamp. 4. The stamp-duty on marriage-promises will be a source of revenue to Government, and of income to your humble Servant,

"A SOLICITOR AND DISTRIBUTOR OF STAMPS."

FOWL IS FARE AND FOWL.

ENGLAND is at this moment undergoing a glut of poultry, for every description of fowl, from the guinea to the eightpenny, is being brought over in spite of fowl winds from the Continent. Such has been the arrival of Turkeys, that the markets appeared to have a great Turkey carpet laid down over them.

The arrival of chickens has been something so extraordinary as to cause a glut, which has led to an awful panic, and the dealers have become so chicken-hearted as to be afraid to speculate. We, however, hope the consumption will be quite equal to the supply, and that no fowl will be left on the hands of the fair dealers.

THE FINEST COLUMN IN THE WORLD.

BRITANNIA is a great deal happier in her heroes than she is in her attempts to perpetuate their memory. It is fortunate that the actions of her great men suffice for their own monuments. Those which she erects to them do nothing for their fame except to associate it with something ludicrous. All that can be said to account for this is, that there is a stone-masonry in British Art. It were better, henceforth, to give an altogether new form to these testimonials. Let them no longer consist of sculptural and architectural monstrosities; but cast them, in every instance, in the shape of a column, to be provided by the largest amount of subscription obtainable: and that the memorial may be as lasting, and at the same time as magnificent as possible, let the column set up in honour of the soldier—the statesman—the poet—be a column of *Punch*.

Gunpowder Honours.

We condole with the DUCHESS OF KENT, the victim of noise. She takes boat at Osborne, and steams into Portsmouth, when "HER MAJESTY'S ship *Victory* and the garrison battery fire royal salutes!" Now, without waiting to calculate the value of the powder—the price of so many wheaten leaves blown from the cannon's mouth, to split the ears of the Duchess—we may ask, is it not a monster folly that an elderly gentlewoman cannot go to and fro to pay a visit to her children and grandchildren without being thus rudely and expensively saluted by the "adamantine lips" of 42 pounders? We think all powder wasted upon a lady—pearl powder, of course, excepted.

THE FARMER'S STORY.



THE Farmer's story *par excellence*, is the upper story of No. 17, Bond Street, where the Protectionists have got rather a large room, with rather a small company. Protection has for some time occupied what in England we term a floor, and the Scotch call a flat—the latter designation being in this case the more appropriate.

We believe a ruined farmer is always on the premises to receive people who come to be melancholy over the fate of Agriculture; and, as there are other lodgers in the house, we think it would be only fair to have "Pull the top bell for Protection," inscribed on the door-post. We suspect that the British CERES must be a very brazen-faced creature, or she would never cry out to be placed again under Protection; which, if it did not ruin her in means, most certainly destroyed her character. We cannot help seeing, nevertheless, that she is better off, as well as more respectable, without the protection to which she foolishly wishes to return; for when an alliance with Agriculture is in the Market, where there is a farm for sale, the competition is quite large enough to show that the connection is not considered by any means ruinous.

Looking on the two pictures our artist has here drawn, it is difficult to reconcile one with the other; for while taking a farm seems to be the object of the most eager desire, to be a farmer would appear to be certain bankruptcy, despair, and ruin.



Reduced Circumstances.

We have seen some very gratifying accounts of the reduction of rents by various landlords, but if there is any actual merit in receiving a reduced rent, we think there is not a more meritorious person in this respect than MR. O'CONNELL. He has been lately taking such a very reduced rent, that it will amount to a *reductio ad absurdum*, if it goes on much longer in the same direction, and at his weekly audits he will at last have to say, "Thank you for nothing," to his auditors. Every rent-day exhibits some diminution in the receipts, and it is to be expected that before long the subscribers will not only take off something from the rent, but will take themselves off altogether.



## AN IDEA FOR A NEW BALLET.



SOMEBODY some time ago offered some tremendous sum for a new pleasure, as the *summum bonum* to which he aspired, and we are sure that the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre would be equally liberal in his offer for a new idea for a ballet. The elements have already been exhausted: Water has been dried up in *Ondine*, Fire has been burnt out in *Alma*, Earth has been fully occupied as a ground-work, until there is not an inch left of which a ballet-master can take a building lease for the construction of his plot, and when he asks "Where" he can lay his foundations? Echo answers, "Nowhere!" In this dilemma commerce seems still to present an opening to the imagination, and the Linendrapery business offers the most appropriate field, for it admits of the introduction of an unlimited number of *dansesuses* and a variety of

*pas* of every character. The subject will at once suggest the *pas de bankruptcy* by the proprietor, and the *pas de fascination* by the assistants with their demoniac scrolls, which, while embracing all the horrors of the cheap ticketing system, lure on to their own loss the crowd of female purchasers. It might be too painful to introduce among the *figurantes* the half starved work-people, whose ill-paid labour constitutes in reality the Ruinous Sacrifice inscribed on the placards, but if the reality were not too shocking, a grand *pas des victimes* would be an "effective" novelty. The theme, if chosen for a ballet, might perhaps bring under the notice of the aristocratic female frequenters of the Opera, the horrors entailed by the cheap Alarming Failure System, and with this hope alone the experiment would be well worth a trial.

## THE BUTCHER

THE poet, in an idle dream  
Lull'd by the sound of fancy's gong,  
Sought in his visions for a theme  
Whereon to found a simple song.  
Upon his ear there chanced to fall  
A shrill, and old familiar cry;  
The Butcher at his market stall  
Was shouting, "What d'you buy, buy, buy?"

As quick as the electric spark  
Runs o'er the telegraphic wires,  
The poet's mind no longer dark,  
Blazed with imagination's fires;  
The Butcher! 'Twas a happy thought:  
It seem'd a subject to supply.  
'Tis often thus—mere chance has brought  
What labour ne'er could buy, buy, buy.

The Butcher, as he walks along,  
Looks with an anxious eye about;  
Conscience accuses him of wrong,  
He knows the world has found him out.  
Stern retribution comes at last;  
The trembling Butcher heaves a sigh,  
And to the prices of the past,  
He sobs a sad "Good bye, bye, bye."

No more the Butcher gaily drops  
His customer a smile and bow;  
There's such a fearful fall in chops,  
The Butcher's quite chap-fallen now.

In every joint a shock he feels,  
His shoulders are no longer high;  
Upon his legs a weakness steals,  
They'll fall much lower by-and-bye.

Some would-be stoics of the craft,  
Philosophers of block and steel,  
Have at the outcry wildly laugh'd  
And scorn at lower price to deal.  
Of "stickings" and of bone they prate,  
To lay asleep suspicious eye;  
We'll "stick" to them at any rate,  
Before we go to by—by, buy.

How cowardice and guilt and shame  
Leap to perdition 'ere they look!  
The Butcher thus augments his blame,  
By inculpation of the cook.  
Of decency how blunt the sense,  
When to a charge the sole reply  
Is owning to a fresh offence,  
We had not thought of by-the-bye.

Oblivion's gulf shall open wide;  
An overflow from Lethe's tanks  
Under a deep obscure shall hide  
Our Butcher's long arrear of pranks.  
Fair prices let him charge alone,  
From him we'll take our whole supply;  
Avoiding but contention's bone  
In every joint we buy, buy, buy.

## Migration of Fair and Fowl.

THE superabundance of those dear creatures, of whom it is hard to conceive that there could be too many, namely, our female population, being discussed at a moderate tea-party, a mild wag present predicted that there would be a migration of the Ducks. Whereupon another wag, of a bitterer turn, remarked that it would be better if there were a migration of the Geese.

## The Duke of Marlborough's Example.

THE GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, through the *Post*, addresses SIDNEY HERBERT on his Emigration Scheme. To the which, he, the mighty Duke, "declines to lend the influence of his example." From his Grace's antecedents, nobody could have expected him to *give* anything; but it is a little close, even for a MARLBOROUGH, to refuse to "lend" a matter of such inconceivable smallness as his Grace's "example."



## HOBSON'S CHOICE,

OR THE TRIBULATIONS OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A MAN SERVANT.



BEFORE my wife's dear mother, MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE, came to live with us,—which she did on occasion of the birth of our darling third child, ALBERT, named in compliment to a Gracious Prince, and now seven-and-a-half years of age—our establishment was in rather what you call a small way, and we only had female servants in our kitchen.

I liked them, I own. I like to be waited on by a neat-handed PHILLIS of a parlour-maid, in a nice-fitting gown, and a pink ribbon to her cap: and I do not care to deny that I liked to have my parlour-maids good-looking. Not for any reason such as *jealousy might suggest*—such reasons I scorn; but as, for a continuance and for a harmless recreation and enjoyment, I would much rather look out on a pretty view of green fields and a shining river, from my drawing-room window, than upon a black wall, or an old-clothesman's shop: so I am free to confess I would choose for preference a brisk, rosy, good-natured, smiling lass, to put my dinner and tea before me on the table, rather than a crooked, black-muzzled *frump*, with a dirty cap and black hands. I say I like to have nice-looking people about me; and when I used to chuck my ANNA MARIA under the chin, and say that was one of the reasons for which I married her, I warrant you Mrs. H. was not offended; and so she let me have my harmless way about the parlour-maids. Sir, the only way in which we lost our girls in our early days, was by marriage. One married the baker, and gives my boy, ALBERT, gingerbread, whenever he passes her shop: one became the wife of Policeman X., who distinguished himself by having his nose broken in the Chartist riots: and a third is almost a lady, keeping her one-horse carriage, and being wife to a carpenter and builder.

Well, MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE, MRS. H.'s mother, or "Mamma," as she insists that I should call her, and I do so, for it pleases her warm and affectionate nature, came to stop for a few weeks, on the occasion of our darling ALBERT's birth, *anno domini* 1842; and the child and its mother being delicate, MRS. CAPTAIN B. staid to nurse them both, and so has remained with us, occupying the room which used to be my study and dressing-room ever since. When she came to us, we may be said to have moved in a *humble sphere*, viz., in Bernard Street, Foundling Hospital, which we left four years ago, for our present residence, Stucco Gardens, Pocklington Square. And up to the period of MRS. CAPTAIN B.'s arrival, we were, as I say, waited upon in the parlour by maids, the rough below-stairs' work, of knife and shoe-cleaning, being done by GRUNDELL, our greengrocer's third son.

But, though Heaven forbid that I should say a word against my mother-in-law, who has a handsome sum to leave, and who is besides a woman all self-denial, with her *every thought* for our good: yet, I think that, without Mamma, my wife would not have had those tantrums, may I call them of jealousy, which she never exhibited previously, and which she certainly began to show very soon after our dear little scapegrace of an ALBERT was born. We had at that time, I remember, a parlour servant, called EMMA BUCK, who came to us from the country, from a Doctor of Divinity's family, and who pleased my wife very well at first, as indeed she did all in her power to please her. But on the very day ANNA MARIA came down stairs to the drawing-room, being brought down in these very arms, which I swear belong to as faithful a husband as any in the City of London, and EMMA bringing up her little bit of dinner on a tray, I observed ANNA MARIA's eyes look uncommon savage at the poor girl, MRS. CAPTAIN B. looking away the whole time, on to whose neck my wife plunged herself as soon as the girl had left the room; bursting out into tears, and calling somebody a viper.

"Hullo!" says I, "my beloved, what is the matter? Where 's the viper? I didn't know there were any in Bernard Street," (for I thought she might be nervous still, and wished to turn off the thing, whatever it might be, with a pleasantry). "Who is the serpent?"

"—That—that woman," gurgles out MRS. H., sobbing on Mamma's shoulder, and MRS. CAPTAIN B. scowling sadly at me over her daughter.

"What, EMMA?" I asked, in astonishment; for the girl had been uncommonly attentive to her mistress, making her gruels and things, and sitting up with her, besides tending my eldest daughter, EMILY, through the scarlet fever.

"EMMA! don't say EMMA in that cruel audacious way, MARMADUKE—Mr. Ho—o—obson," says my wife, (for such are my two names as given me by my godfathers and my fathers). "You call the creature by her christian name before my very face!"

"Oh, HOBSON, HOBSON!" says MRS. CAPTAIN B., wagging her head.

"Confound it!"—"Don't swear," says Mamma—"Confound it, my love," says I, stamping my foot, "you wouldn't have me call the girl BUCK, BUCK, as if she was a rabbit? She's the best girl that ever was: she nursed EMILY through the fever; she has been attentive to you; she is always up when you want her—"

"Yes; and when you—oo—oo come home from the club, MARMADUKE," my wife shrieks out, and falls again on Mamma's shoulder, who looks me

in the face and nods her head fit to drive me mad. I come home from the club, indeed! Wasn't I forbidden to see ANNA MARIA? Wasn't I turned away a hundred times from my wife's door by Mamma herself, and could I sit alone in the dining-room, (for my eldest two, a boy and girl, were at school,)—alone in the dining-room, where *that very* EMMA would have had to wait upon me!

Not one morsel of chicken would ANNA MARIA eat. (She said she dared to say that woman would poison the egg-sauce.) She had hysterical laughter and tears, and was in a highly nervous state, a state as dangerous for the mother as for the darling baby, MRS. CAPTAIN B. remarked justly; and I was of course a good deal alarmed, and sent, or rather went off, for BOKER, our medical man. BOKER saw his interesting patient, said that her nerves were highly excited, that she must at all sacrifices be kept quiet, and corroborated MRS. CAPTAIN B.'s opinion in every particular. As we walked down stairs I gave him a hint of what was the matter, at the same time requesting him to step into the back-parlour, and there see me take an affidavit that I was as innocent as the blessed baby just born, and named but three days before after his Royal Highness the Prince.

"I know, I know my good fellow," says BOKER, poking me in the side, (for he has a good deal of fun,) "that you are innocent. Of course you are innocent. Everybody is, you sly dog. But what of that? The two women have taken it into their heads to be jealous of your maid—and an uncommonly pretty girl she is too, HOBSON, you sly rogue, you. And were she a Vestal Virgin, the girl must go if you want to have any peace in the house; if you want your wife and the little one to thrive—if you want to have a quiet house and family. And if you do," says BOKER, looking me in the face hard, "though it is against my own interest, will you let me give you a bit of advice, old boy?"

We had been bred up at Merchant Tailors' together, and had licked each other often and often, so of course I let him speak.

"Well then," says he, "HOB, my boy, get rid of the old dragon—the old Mother-in-law. She meddles with my prescriptions for your wife; she doctors the infant in private: you'll never have a quiet house or a quiet wife as long as that old Catamaran is here."

"BOKER," says I, "MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE is a lady who must not at least in *my* house be called a Catamaran. She has seven thousand pounds in the funds, and always says ANNA MARIA is her favourite daughter." And so we parted, not on the best of terms, for I did not like Mamma to be spoken of disrespectfully by any man.

What was the upshot of this? When Mamma heard from ANNA MARIA (who weakly told her what I had let slip laughing, and in confidence to my wife) that BOKER had called her a Catamaran, of course she went up to pack her trunks, and of course we apologised, and took another medical man. And as for EMMA BUCK, there was nothing for it but that she, poor girl, should go to the right about; my little EMILY, then a child of ten years of age, crying bitterly at parting with her. The child very nearly got me into a second scrape, for I gave her a sovereign to give to EMMA, and she told her Grandmamma; who would have related all to ANNA MARIA, but that I went down on my knees, and begged her not. But she had me in her power after that, and made me wince when she would say, "MARMADUKE, have you any sovereigns to give away?" &c.

After EMMA BUCK came MARY BLACKMORE, whose name I remember because MRS. CAPTAIN B. called her MARY BLACKMORE (and a dark, swarthy girl she was, not at all good-looking in *my* eyes). This poor MARY BLACKMORE was sent about her business because she looked sweet on the twopenny postman, Mamma said. And she knew, no doubt, for (my wife being down stairs again long since) MRS. B. saw everything that was passing at the door, as she regularly sate in the parlour window.

After BLACKMORE, came another girl of MRS. B.'s own choosing: own rearing I may say, for she was named BARBARA, after Mamma, being a soldier's daughter, and coming from Portsea, where the late CAPTAIN BUDGE was quartered, in command of his company of Marines. Of this girl MRS. B. would ask questions out of the *Catechism* at breakfast, and my scapegrace of a TOM would burst out laughing at her blundering answers. But from a demure country lass, as she was when she came to us, MISS BARBARA very quickly became a dressy impudent-looking thing; coquetting with the grocer's and butcher's boys, and wearing silk-gowns and flowers in her bonnet when she went to church on Sunday evenings, and actually appearing one day with her hair in bands, and the next day in ringlets. Of course she was setting her cap at me, Mamma said, as I was the only gentleman in the house, though for my part I declare I never saw the set of her cap at all, or knew if her hair was straight or curly. So, in a word, BARBARA was sent back to her mother, and MRS. BUDGE didn't fail to ask me whether I had not a sovereign to give her?

After this girl we had two or three more maids, whose appearance or history is not necessary to particularise—the latter was uninteresting, let it suffice to say; the former grew worse and worse. I never saw such a woman as GRIZZEL SCRIMGEOUR, from Berwick-upon-Tweed, who was the last that waited on us, and who was enough, I declare, to curdle the very milk in the jug as she put it down to breakfast.

At last the real aim of my two conspirators of women came out.



"MARMADUKE," MRS. CAPTAIN B. said to me one morning, after this GRIZZEL had brought me an onion knife to cut the bread; "women-servants are very well in their way, but there is always something disagreeable with them, and, in families of a certain rank, a man-servant commonly waits at table. It is proper: it is decent that it should be so in the respectable classes: and *we* are of those classes. In CAPTAIN BUDGE's lifetime we were never without our groom, and our tea-boy. My dear father had his butler and coachman, as our family has had ever since the conquest; and though you are certainly in business, as your father was before you, yet your relations are respectable: your grandfather was a dignified clergyman in the west of England; you have connections both in the army and navy, who are members of Clubs, and known in the fashionable world; and, (though I never shall speak to that man again,) remember that your wife's sister is married to a barrister, who lives in Oxford Square, and goes the Western Circuit. He keeps a man-servant. *They* keep men-servants, and I do not like to see my poor ANNA MARIA occupying an inferior position in society to her sister FREDERICA, named after the DUKE OF YORK though she was, when His Royal Highness reviewed the Marines at Chatham; and seeing some empty bottles carried from the table, said—"

"In mercy's name," says I, bursting out, for when she came to this story Mamma used to drive me frantic, "have a man, if you like, Ma'am, and give me a little peace."

"You needn't swear, MR. HOBSON," she replied with a toss of her head; and when I went to business that day it was decided by the women that our livery should be set up.

### A SMASH AMONG THE PROTECTIONISTS.

THE Protectionists are everywhere meeting, but they are nowhere meeting with the success or sympathy they desire. In several instances the accounts of their gatherings are headed with the ominous words "Protectionist Failure," and in many cases the reports of their speeches are seasoned with interpolations, far more "spicy" than complimentary. At Salisbury, the other day, the first cry that assailed the ears of the getters up of the "Protectionist" meeting was, "Three cheers for SIR ROBERT PEEL!" and the chairman, LORD NELSON, took his place amidst "much confusion and riot." His speech was interspersed with allusions to the price of corn, which were met with volleys of "chaff" from his auditors, and his eloquence, as the report tells us, was cut short by about "twenty fights taking place simultaneously" in all parts of the building.

The next speaker was a MR. R. P. LONG, whose oration was punctuated, or rather brought to a series of stops, by cries of "Murder!" and "Police!" which may be compared to so many commas, semicolons, and colons, with which his harangue was dotted, until it wound up with a crash of windows, and a volley of stones and groans, which put a full stop and furnished a note of exclamation to his discourse.

We are disposed, nevertheless, to patronise the Protectionist Dinners, for two reasons; first, because the failure of the business part of the affair will in time convince the parties of the weakness of their cause; and secondly, because good cheer is of itself a good thing; and, in the case of the Irish farmers especially, the banquets may relieve some of them from that "lean and hungry look" which has so long disfigured them.



IRISH FARMER FATTENED UPON PROTECTIONIST DINNERS.

### THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY.

(A FABLE.)

THE caterpillars, when one of their number, having been laid up as a chrysalis, arose as a butterfly, leaving his case behind him, used formerly to gather up the exuviae, and deposit them in the earth with a prodigious deal of ostentation and pageantry. At length, however, once upon a time, one of the caterpillars climbed up a rose-tree into the light of the Sun, when a butterfly that he had known in the creeping state came to sip honey from the roses. The caterpillar related to the butterfly with what splendour and magnificence the chrysalis shell, which he had left behind him, had been interred. Whereupon the butterfly, smiling, answered that he dared say that the caterpillars meant well by what they had done, but that the honours that had been paid his old case had given no satisfaction to him, for, being now a butterfly, he cared no longer for the mere covering he had lived in, and regarded it as nothing but a worn-out, cast-off suit. So, after this, the caterpillars put the chrysalis-cases into the earth without parade or unnecessary ceremony.

The spirit that ascends has no concern with the senseless relics which it leaves below. Cease to accompany funerals with absurd and expensive mummery.

### "OUR WASHERWOMAN."

[We have received more letters, complaining of Washerwomen's destructiveness to linen in one week, than JOSEPH ADY writes in a month. We subjoin a few specimens of these communications, and would publish more, but that we have too many irons in the fire to be able to devote more than a few lines to washing.]

"PUNCH, MY BRICK!

"I'm precious glad you've given a wipe to the washerwomen for using bleaching stuff. I speak feelingly, as a sufferer by it. Bought the other day half-a-dozen ballet-girl shirts; regular stunners, spicy, prime. When they came back, first time, from the wash, they all tore like tinder, and every blessed *dansense* had disappeared, as also had the distinguished and illustrious name of

"CUTALONG."

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"ALREADY have WILLIAM and I, though scarcely a month united, begun to experience the cares of life. The washerwoman has just sent home all our new linen, but oh! in such a state. It crumbles to pieces almost with a touch. We must replace the whole of it; and as our means are slender, I must go without the new bonnet. I know our things have all been ruined by that bleaching powder. Oh! those horrid old washerwomen. I am almost wicked enough to wish them boiled in their own coppers, and in the meantime I hope you will go on roasting them till they discontinue the tricks which have destroyed the linen, and embittered the happiness shared with an affectionate, though almost shirtless husband, by

"COLUMBA TURTLE."

"TO THE EDITOR OF PUNCH,—SIR,

"FROM time immemorial, until recently, we were employed exclusively—except an occasional recourse to Pearlash—by washerwomen. Linen and woollen fabrics were thoroughly cleansed by us without being injured in the least. We are now almost beaten out of the Tub by a compound of iniquity, which imparts whiteness with a fatal facility, but in an equal ratio effects destruction. We are willing that this pernicious agent should be resorted to in the case of those who meanly dabble in slops; but for all who buy fair linen we claim the benefit of our honest services in our conjoint capacity of suds.

"Your servants to command,

"SOAP AND WATER."

FRAPPÉ À LA GLACE.

SOYER describes his accident in St. James's Park as an "entrée—a remove—and then for dessert, *une petite verre d'eau-de-vie.*"

THE BEST TIDINGS.—The High Tide did not overflow the banks of the Thames, as predicted, and we look upon this as being the best Tidings.



CHIT-CHAT BY TELEGRAPH.



LET us express the great delight with which we learn that "the right to establish an electric telegraph line between France and England, by a sub-marine communication across the Channel," has been officially conceded. By the aid of a single wire, and of two persons only—one in France and one in England—a message of fifteen words, including address and signature, may be delivered in one minute! These wires will, of course, communicate, *via* South-Eastern and Boulogne railways, with either capital: thus London and Paris may, when they will, gossip with one another. The amenities produced between the two countries, by this practice, must be of the most rapid growth and of the widest influence. Let us give a few ex-

amples of the probable questions and answers put and answered by parties, high and low, of both kingdoms:—

*St. James's to the Elysées.*

Q. How d' ye do? Review or shoot this morning?  
A. Neither: got to be bothered with NORMANBY. Compliments to *Sa Majesté*.

*Foreign Affairs to Foreign Affairs.*

Q. What says Russia?  
A. Muzzled.  
Q. Austria?  
A. Mum.  
Q. Any arrival from Turkey?  
A. Yes: magnificent chibouque; and Circassian shawl for President.  
Q. We reduce our army estimates 10,000. *Et vous?*  
A. Will think of it.

*Wife in London to Husband in Paris.*

Q. SMITH—I say, SMITH. Isn't this shameful—abominable—wicked—  
A. My life, what is the matter?  
Q. Oh, it's just like you men. Been gone ten days, and you said—  
A. My dear, bus'ness. Do you think anything but bus'ness could—  
Q. Don't talk to me! I wonder you can show your face—I—  
A. Now, my love—  
Q. Don't "love" me, and the clerk here laughing—  
A. Well, woman, what do you want? This is the last I'll listen to.  
Q. Woman, indeed! Want—well, I want—but you know what I want.  
A. How can I tell? Now, this is the last time.  
Q. I want to know where 's the key of the money-box; here you've gone and left me—  
A. In my desk—spring-drawer—right. Don't be extravagant,  
Q. Extravagant! Here, you can go and spend—now, SMITH—my love—  
A. Well, this is the last.  
Q. Mind you're not cheated, darling; take care that the lace is real Valenciennes.  
A. All right.  
Q. Make haste home. I blow you—you know what.

*Tailor in London to Debtor in Paris.*

Q. You call yourself a gentleman?  
A. Certainly. Gentleman at large. Ha! ha!  
Q. And I dare say, you think you've done me?  
A. Hope so. England expects every man to do his tailor.  
Q. One word, do you ever intend to pay me?  
A. ——— (A line, but no answer.)

*Lumber Trooper to a National Guard.*

Q. I say, old chap, when are you coming over?  
A. In de spring.  
Q. Bring the old woman and the young uns?  
A. Certainment—oui.  
Q. That's all right—won't we be jolly?  
A. We shall. *Adieu, bon enfant. Souvenirs à madame. Vive rost bif et botelgoretur!*

*English Dramatist to Confidential Correspondent.*

Q. How has the piece gone?  
A. Made quite a *fièvre*.  
Q. Do for us? Anything available?  
A. Nothing better. CELESTE—WRIGHT—WOOLGAR—all can be used. Funny bishop for BEDFORD—and conscience-stricken cats'-meat man for O. SMITH.

Q. All right. Translate in train, and give MS. to Captain of *Princess Helen*.

These are a very few, and very meagre, samples of the international information that will tremble along the wires through the domain of NEPTUNE; who, by the way, according to the song, once tried VULCAN'S thunder, but afterwards—it being of no use to himself—made a present of the bolts to BRITANNIA. However NEPTUNE may have failed with the thunder, there is little doubt that he will succeed admirably with the lightning.

THE THREATENED INUNDATION.

THE alarmists of the public press succeeded, about a week ago, in throwing us into a state of the most horrible consternation, at the prospect of Father Thames being about to take a sort of Saturnine turn, and gobble up a number of his children. We were told that his swelling bosom was shortly to give way with a terrific burst of Nature; and those who did not consider themselves born to be hanged, began to prepare very seriously for the popular alternative of drowning.

In the kitchens south of the river's banks, washing-tubs had been launched, and tin foot-pans were lying at anchor, with a view to the riding out of the inundation had it taken place; and clothes-horses were in readiness to enable the inhabitants of a house to mount the high-horse in the event of such a mode of self-preservation having been required. The kitchen-dressers had been laid out as a reef of rocks, where small articles could be deposited high and dry, instead of being left to take their chance on the ground, and every prudent housemaid stowed away the contents of her work-basket.

To the relief of the expected *Noyades* and the discomfiture of the penny-a-liners, the inundation did not come off, and the whole thing remained almost as imaginary as a theatrical overflow. When we last made our enquiry on the subject, Father Thames was reported to be confined to his bed, where he is expected to remain for the present.



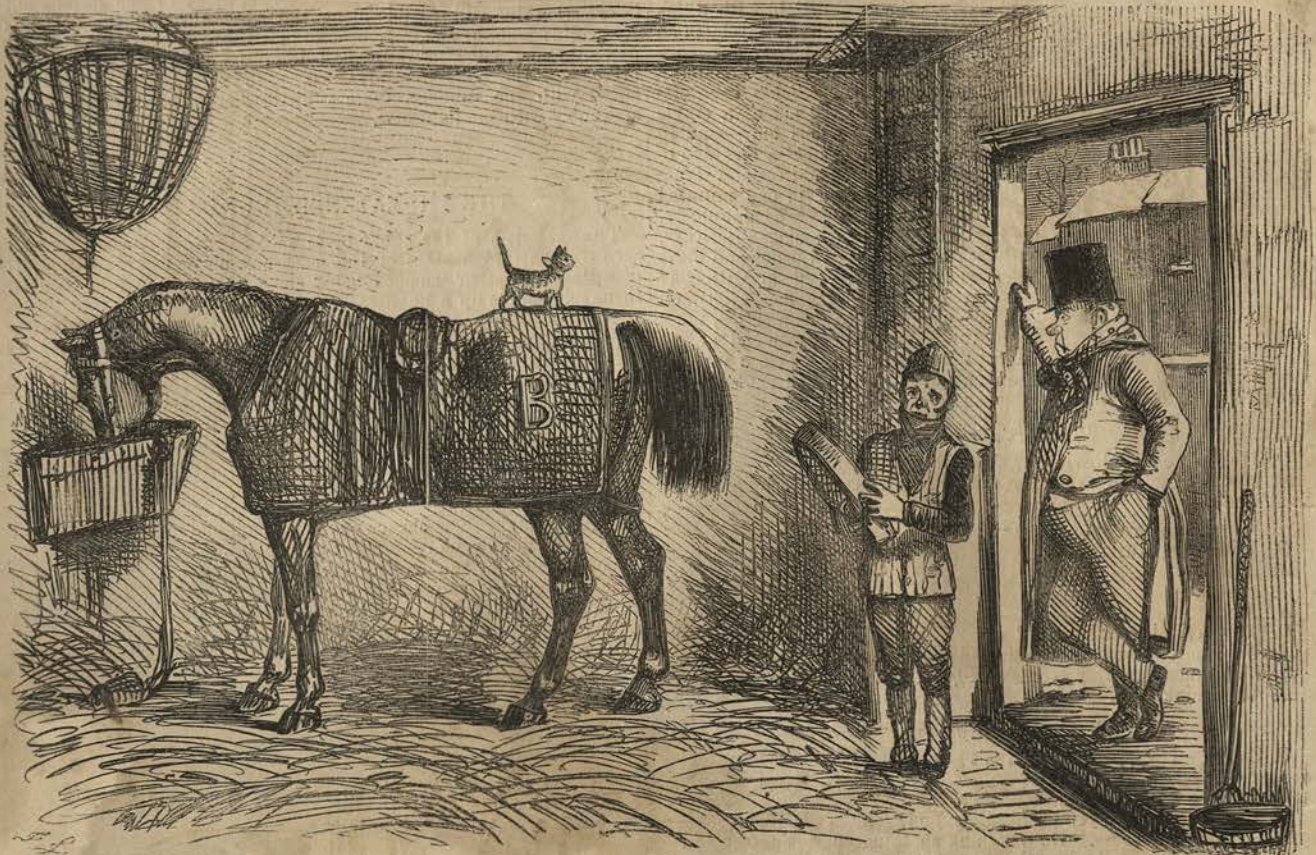
THE COW WITH THE IRON TAIL.

ODD RAT IT.

WE may well say "Odd Rat it," when we hear how much better they still manage some things in France, for we find the scavengers of Paris have lately been dining together, to celebrate the destruction of 600,000 rats in the French capital. We wish the scavengers of London would enter into a treaty to exterminate the rats, and we ourselves would see it properly ratified. *Mort aux rats* was one of the toasts at the banquet, which terminated with a grand chorus to the air of the celebrated Rat-a-plan in *La Figlia*. It is much to be regretted that the British scavengers, as a body, do not unite their energies for the destruction of those vermin by whom we are so frequently undermined in a political, as well as in a social sense, and there is no doubt we are called upon by a loud rat-a-tat at our doors to get rid of the evil.



## PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



By the time Mr. Briggs's Horse (which suits him exactly) has recovered from his cold, a long frost sets in.

Groom. "THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAY, SIR; IT IS AGGERAVATIN' TO SEE A NICE OSS LIKE THAT, SIR, A DOIN' NOTHIN' BUT EATIN' HIS ED OFF!"

## THE NEEDLEWOMEN'S FAREWELL.

The past looms dark behind us, the future rises fair,  
Though ne'er so bleak the shore we seek, across this waste of waters;  
Hard step-mother, O England, and niggard of thy care,  
Still hast thou been, great Island Queen, to us thy hapless daughters!

As to the vessel's side we throng to look our last at thee,  
Each sunken eye is dead and dry—what cause have we for weeping?  
We leave no homes behind us, no household ties had we;  
In one long coil of heavy toil our hours went creeping—creeping.

We hawked about thy stony streets what skill we could command;  
For work we prayed, if so but bread might to our need be granted;  
And in a wolfish struggle each wan and wasted hand  
Clutched at the pay, that waned each day as waxed the crowd that  
wanted.

And so we strove with straining eyes, in squalid rooms, and chill;  
The needle plied until we died—or worse—oh, Heaven, have pity!—  
Thou knowest how 'twas oftener for want we sinned, than will—  
Oh, nights of pain and shameful gain, about the darkling city!

Body and soul we gave for food, nor yet could we be fed;  
Bear-eyed or blind, we pored and pined, and battled like our  
neighbours;

And the city roared about us, and over each weak head  
Washed the wild waves, till in our graves we rested from our labours.

Till came among us eyes and pens, and to a wondering world,  
That gathered pale to hear the tale, revealed in part our story;  
Then hopes from out the darkness were on sad eyes unfurled,—  
To those whose aid our suffering stayed be honour and be glory.

Now speed thee, good ship, over sea, and bear us far away,  
Where food to eat, and friends to greet, and work to do await us—  
Where against hunger's tempting we shall not need to pray—  
Where in wedlock's tie, not harlotry, we shall find men to mate us.

Lift up your hearts, my sisters! and to the fresh sea air,  
Oh wan and weak, give each pale cheek, till it forget its sorrow:  
Our yesterdays were gloomy—but our to-day is bright and fair—  
And loving powers will guide the hours of our uncertain morrow.

HOW TO POLISH A YOUNG MAN.—We read in a Sheffield paper that "the last polish to a piece of cutlery is given by the hand of woman." The same may be said of human cutlery: that "the last polish to a young blade is given by his mixing with female society."

THE WIRES OF BROTHERHOOD.—It appears from a paragraph in the *Standard* that an electric telegraph between France and England is about to be established in good earnest. We confidently hope that international good feeling will prove the continually augmenting result of this *entente électrique*.



**The Needlewoman at Home and Abroad.**



AT HOME.



ABROAD.







SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 10.—*All the way to the Bank. As the Scene opens, the UNPROTECTED FEMALE has got well over the Charing Cross Crossing, and having relieved the Irish Family at the Baker's shop, starts on her expedition to draw her dividends.*

*Unprotected Female (thinks).* I wonder if I had better take a cab? I'm sure, if I do, they'll impose upon me. And I'll never ride in one of those nasty omnibuses again, as long as I live. [*An Omnibus passes.* Omnibus Cad. Bank? Bank?

*Unprotected Female (is tempted).* It is a long walk (pauses), and I'm not quite sure I know the way, after St. Paul's Churchyard.

[*She makes a step towards the Omnibus.*

*Cad (seizes her, and attempts to put her in by force).* 'Ere you are, Mum. *Unprotected Female (outraged and drawing back).* No—don't, man—do—I was going, but I shan't. There!

[*She defies him with a look, supported by the consciousness of a neighbouring Policeman.*

*Cad (jumping back to his footboard).* Go 'long, Sairey.

[*Winks at UNPROTECTED FEMALE, and is whirled off.*

*Unprotected Female (suddenly clasping her hands).* Oh, my bag! (*Turns short round, and attempts to make head against the Strand stream eastwards.*) Oh! (*She is bumped by a clerk.*) Do, please! (*She is jostled by a newsboy.*) Oh, let me! (*She is all but crushed by a porter with a chest of drawers.*) Ah—thank goodness! (*She has by this time been hustled into the human tide-way westwards, and is swept back to the Baker's shop, which she enters, startling the bun-eaters by her agonised manner.*) Oh, please, not five minutes since, with the poor Irish family, on the counter, without shoes and stockings, in a black bag—

*Baker's Man (bewildered).* Family on the counter, Ma'am?

*Unprotected Female.* Oh! indeed I left it, or my pocket's been picked since.

*Baker's Lady.* The bag, WILLIAM, the lady left. Here, Ma'am. (*The bag is produced.*) Pray see the money's right.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh, thank you.

[*Exit, hugging her bag, and commits herself once more to the dangers of the Strand.*

*Two small and very naked Beggars (with very red feet).* Oh—pl—l—l—ease m'm—'apenny to buy a bit o' bread. Oh—h—h—h!

[*With a very artistic and prolonged shake.*

*Unprotected Female.* Oh, you wicked little impostors, how can you? Poor things! There!

[*With uncontrollable compassion gives them some coppers, which they carry to an elderly lady far advanced in intoxication at the gin-shop three doors off.*

*Dog Dealer (with a Scotch terrier under one arm, and a poodle under the other. In a mysterious whisper).* Want a dorg, Marm? outanout lady's dorg, Marm, sweet-as-a-nut, and vont get hissself prigged, Marm?

*Unprotected Female.* Get away, do—I don't want any.

[*She is brought to a stand by a coal-waggon slowly defiling from a cross street.*

*Reduced Young Man (in black, with dejected countenance, and white neckcloth. In a very confidential and fluent manner).* Purchase-a-small-article-of-my-own-manufacture-Mem-the-six-sided-razor-strop-wich-it-keeps-your-razors-never-to-want-grindin-or-settin.

*Unprotected Female (in amazement).* I don't use razors, Sir.

*Reduced Young Man.* Or-a-penknife,-comb,-or-pencil-case,-wich-I-am-a-young-man-regularly-bred-a-cutler-by-trade-and-reduced-to-distress-by-the-competition-of-machinery.

[*Protrudes close to the face of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE a chevaux de frise of cheap cutlery.*

*Unprotected Female (in horror at the numerous blades).* Oh, take 'em away, do; and go away this instant, or I'll call the police. (*The waggon has passed.*) Now I think I can get over.

[*Rushes across the street with unnecessary haste, nearly upsetting herself and several others. The REDUCED YOUNG MAN trips closely after her.*

*Reduced Young Man.* Wich-I-ave-not-now-tasted-food-for-three-days-and-quite-insufficient-to-support-life-and-ashamed-to-mention-my-distress-to-kind-Christian-friends-but-unger-is-a-sharp-thorn.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh! I'll buy you some bread. Stop—here's a Mendicity ticket. [*Offers one.*

*Reduced Young Man (with a sudden change of look and tone).* Oh, blow that, you old shikster—none o' yer skilly tickets for me.

[*Retires in profound disgust.*

*Unprotected Female (bitterly).* Oh, I've a good mind to give you in charge, imposing upon people.

[*She is suddenly arrested by the tableau of the OLD ESTABLISHED DECENT WIDOW with the Twins, in the white caps, very neatly made up for the forlorn and broken-hearted business under the railings at St. Dunstan's.*

*Unprotected Female.* Oh, what lovely babies!—Oh, you shouldn't sit there in the cold! poor woman—

*Old Established Widow with Twins (sighs heavily).* Ah—h—h!

[*Casts her eyes up to heaven and then down to the Twins, who don't exactly match, having been hired from different baby establishments.*

*Unprotected Female (gives a shilling).* Buy some warm flannel for 'em—do—poor things—how sweetly they are sleeping!

*Old Established Widow (in a voice rather husky from gin).* Oh, the blessings of the widder and the fatherless, Mum.

[*Weeps into the Twins' faces, causing them to sneeze in spite of the soothing influence of GODFREY.*

*Unprotected Female (continues her walk).* It's dreadful to think on the distress one sees, I'm sure, besides all the impostors. (*She has now got to Farringdon Street.*) How ever am I to get over there!

[*She pauses in dismay.*

*Dreadful Object (who is lying crouched with much art, with bare feet, pale face, white nightcap pulled very low down, and large-naked shoulder coming through a hole in his tight waistcoat).* Oh—h—h— [*Shudders.*

*Unprotected Female (perceiving him).* Ugh! poor creature! in this dreadful cold weather too! (*Reads the screeve, or inscription on the flag.*) "Starving—no home—no friends." Oh, it's dreadful! Here, poor boy (*gives him sixpence*), get up, do, and go and apply at the work-house. They must take you in, you know. MR. JONES told me so.

*Dreadful Object.* Oh, I can't walk, I'm so weak, Mum.

[*Groans, and subsides again with his face to the wall, and his bare soles and shoulder well displayed.*

*Unprotected Female.* Oh, then, you must be supported. Here's a policeman coming; I'll ask him to take you.

*Dreadful Object (supernaturally recovering himself).* A crusher! vere? Oloh!

[*Picks himself up very vigorously, and bolts down Farringdon Street at the rate of seven miles an hour.*

*Unprotected Female (almost giving way to tears).* Oh, there's another impostor! What is a woman to do? I must talk to MR. JONES on the subject. He's to meet me at the Bank at two. (*St. Paul's strikes "two."*) Eh? I declare it's striking; I must get a cab, or I shall be too late. Here, hoy!

[*Holds up her umbrella. A rush of cabs from the Stand. She is surrounded by cabmen and fiercely contended for. The SCENE closes as she is borne off in triumph by the successful combatant.*

THE ENTHUSIASTIC SOYER.



EARLY last week, M. SOYER—warm from the Reform Club kitchen—was enjoying his skate in St. James's Park. Having laid out an imaginary dinner for a hundred upon the ice, he boldly skated to the thinnest place, and went souse into the water. Many persons believed the immersion of the cook to be the effect of accident. By no means: with that enthusiasm that marks and heightens the character of the man, M. Soyer spontaneously went through the ice that he might arrive at the full knowledge of the use and abuse of—dripping.

JENKINS TO SIDNEY HERBERT.

"SIR," I TAKE the license of addressing you as a Protectionist. What do you mean, Sir, by sending to my office, and asking me to subscribe to your scheme of emigration for needlewomen? Your Free Trade is the cause of all their misery, which, though their wages were as low as they are now, and their bread was dearer than at present, before PEEL's treason, would no doubt have ceased of itself, if the Corn Laws had been maintained. What the wretched sempstresses require is Protection. You must defend them from the competition of wives, sisters, and housekeepers, who make up their husbands', brothers', and masters' shirts. You may ask how this is to be accomplished? Wait till our party gets into power. No more at present than you got out of MARLBOROUGH from "JENKINS."

The National Chamber of Horrors.

FROM a recent letter in the *Times*, it appears that the widow of BELZONI, in a state of extreme indigence, is another living example of England's ingratitude to its heroes and benefactors. If MADAME TUSSAUD would get together all the effigies of the neglected widows and orphans, such as MADAME BELZONI and NELSON's daughter HORATIA, of those who "have done the State some service," she might establish another, and a more edifying, Chamber of Horrors.



## THE BANK AND ITS BULLION.



THE Papers are daily informing us of the glut of gold which has increased the bullion in the Bank to such an extent that the coffers of the establishment are crowded to inconvenience. We really think there ought to be an intimation that "no more money will be taken at the doors," and that a placard inscribed "Quite full," should be placed at all the entrances. So great

is the *embarras des richesses* within the bank, that the clerks can scarcely grope their way through the heaps of gold, which flows in so fast, that they are in danger of being knocked down by the force of the current of the metallic currency. Threadneedle Street has, in fact, been turned into a sort of local California, and whenever a customer applies at the Bank for gold, the clerks have only to dig up a shovel-full from the ground about them.

With a glut of gold in the great National Establishment, a surplus in the Exchequer, and money with which nobody knows what to do in everybody's pocket, we shall begin to doubt the propriety of financial reform, and to consider whether the metallic plethora ought not to be relieved by a little wholesome extravagance. At all events we may hope that the abundance of cash in the country will take away all excuse for bad wages, and that peculiar kind of economy in the public service which leaves large sinecures untouched, and fastening its clutches on the salaries of the really working men, devotes itself to the reduction of useful—instead of useless—expenditure.



## Thimblorig and Needlerig.

THE united efforts of the Legislature and the Police have almost completely succeeded in suppressing the Thimblorig. The Needlerig, however, is carried on to as great an extent as ever, and will be effectually put down only by the Public's discouraging it in ceasing to deal with the cheap sloop-sellers who victimise the poor sempstresses.

## THE CONSEQUENCES OF UNDERTAKERS.

EXTORTIONATE Undertakers occasion Burial Clubs.  
Burial Clubs pay Funeral Money.  
Funeral Money tempts to Murder.

## A Contribution from Mr. Batty.

CAN you tell me, Sir, what is the difference between TATTERSALL'S and the Wood Pavement? No? Well, then, I'll tell you. TATTERSALL knocks down horses in lots, but the Wood Pavement does more; it knocks them up!

## A VICTIM TO LET.

How easy is it to dip a pen in an ink-bottle and bring out nothing; how remarkably easy in comparison with the attempt to put either hand in either pocket, and bring out something! Ink is dirt cheap; but silver carries so much an ounce. These truisms are every day shining in the columns of the *Herald*, that will not be comforted with the doings of the Post-Office. These truisms are furnished by certain correspondents whose pens continually weep, and whose pockets are continually buttoned, in the case of R. G. HOWLETT, the postman discharged for distributing bills condemnatory of what was called the desecration of the Sabbath by the Post-Office authorities. The man circulated falsehoods, and did his best to create a revolt amongst his fellows. He was thereupon—and we think very properly—cashiered. However, the friends of the Sabbath, as they take delight to call themselves, further assuming, under the comprehensive distinction, various personal titles, smacking more of self-conceit, than of modest piety—contend that R. G. HOWLETT is a victim. Be it so. Why not then succour the persecuted? Why not recompense the martyr? Why not indicate the beauty of a pious cause, by aiding and assisting its heroic but discomfited champion? R. G. HOWLETT and family cannot live upon printer's ink; whatever their stomachs may be, they cannot, for wholesome food, swallow and digest the *Morning Herald*. No human chyle, however potent, can turn that to nutriment. R. G. HOWLETT is a victim—but why should he continue to be A Victim to Let?

Words of sympathy may be real, but there can be no mistake in minted sixpences. "A Friend to Order" writes very touchingly; and if every line he writes were even of the value of a pound of potatoes, nay, of a single potato, to the cashiered HOWLETT, he could immediately arrive at the value of his Orderly Friend's compassion. "One in Earnest" is very earnest in sentences; but his earnestness stops short at even a penny loaf in the matter of the rejected one. "An Income-Tax Payer" suggests, that, in the matter of HOWLETT, the QUEEN should be "appealed to as Defender of the Faith." The proposed suggestion may be valuable; but a ton of coals would prove a defender—not to be mistaken at HOWLETT'S fireside—in the sharpness of this actual January. If HOWLETT could be fed upon geesequills, it would be well indeed with the cashiered postman? Quills are very useful instruments; but why not send the poor man the price of a goose?

If the feeling against what was thought to be, what will be, must be, and cannot otherwise than be, the desecration of the Sabbath by Post-Office wickedness, be so very wide and so very deep—why should poor HOWLETT be sacrificed? Why should there not be a HOWLETT testimonial? Where are the bankers, the merchants, the solicitors, the churchmen, who met and aired their piety, denouncing, with frothy indignation, the iniquity of the Post-Office? Where are these great actors—these stars—in the postal play of *Much Ado About Nothing*, every man playing either *Dogberry* or *Verges*? Why, gentlemen bankers, merchants, solicitors, and churchmen, here is poor HOWLETT—a man after your own pious hearts—a real actor, a downright striver in the cause—not a talker merely—suffering for his zealous championship. HOWLETT is starving. The glass is below freezing point, and HOWLETT and family need coals when up, and blankets when a-bed. HOWLETT is the child of your cause—of that cause that made your hearts swell so highly, and your brows perspire so freely when, from the platform, you let flow the lava of your eloquence upon the heathenism of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and felt yourselves mightily relieved and comforted accordingly. But here is no such glory for HOWLETT—HOWLETT, like MORDECAI, sits on the outer steps, and HILL, unlike HAMAN, will not be hanged for his iniquity.

Therefore, we say to you—bankers, merchants, solicitors, churchmen, and all men, good and pious, who renounce CLANRICARDE and his doings,—take HOWLETT, and, in his person, show to a backsliding world, what noble recompence awaits a some-time martyr. Let a cottage—a small model of the Post-Office would be a very significant erection—be straightway built for HOWLETT; let a joint annuity be purchased for HOWLETT and the wife of HOWLETT; let HOWLETT'S children be bestowed in civic free-schools,—and let all the world, in the prosperous condition of HOWLETT, recognise on one hand the humble champion of truth, and on the other the munificent gratitude of truth's worshippers, the rich and the well-to-do. In this the Postman would not alone be benefitted; no, it would be to DO an example of justice to all the world, and not merely to howl it.

Small, however, is our hope of this. We fear, so far as the effectual assistance of the bankers, merchants, solicitors, and churchmen is concerned, R. G. HOWLETT will continue as he is—A Victim to Let!

INSANE PROPOSAL.—The *Morning Herald* indignantly asks, "Why don't the Irish grow madder?"

Why, were this permitted, we should have more need of Protection than ever.



THE LIGHT OF ALL NATIONS.



DEAR BROUGHAM has been astonishing the people of Cannes, by throwing upon them the electric light, at 11 o'clock p.m., from the topmost tower of his *château*. Wherever LORD BROUGHAM happens to be, he must establish himself as the greatest luminary of the neighbourhood, and there is no subject, however dark, that he will not throw a

light upon. We hope that, when his lordship comes to town, he will not object to enlighten London with some of those powerful rays, which he never fails to carry about with him in that enormous lanthorn, his mind—whose powers of reflection are almost unlimited.

LAST MOMENTS OF THE PALACE COURT.

THE Palace Court seems to have died rather hard, for, after having gone through its last day on Friday, December 28th, it gave a convulsive gasp, and had a few "more last words" on Monday, the 31st ultimo. The "last scene of all" was marked by rather an affecting incident, for when the judge retired to his robing-room, he was followed by the attorneys, who expressed a wish to present him with a testimonial.

His Honour, having consented to receive the proffered compliment, found a sheet of paper thrust into his hands, with the thanks of the attorneys inscribed upon it in fine bold text characters. Whether the testimonial was exactly the kind of thing his Honour had expected, we cannot tell, but he folded it to his bosom—or, in other words, placed it in his breast-pocket. He declared in a sad tone of voice that he had always tried to hold the scales of Justice with an even hand, however odd the proceedings of the Court may have appeared to the public in general. The usher went through the process of breaking his wand in imitation of *Prospero*, as a sort of farewell to his prosperity. The office-keeper, being unable any longer to keep his office, drew down the blind, raked out the fire, shut the door with a slam, and strewed some repentant ashes on the foot pavement before the door, where the "dogs of law" had been so frequently let slip upon any game that chanced to show itself.

THE BRANDY AND WATER FISHERIES.

THESE Fisheries are the most abundant in the Parks. The plan of fishing is very simple. You venture on the ice with a pair of skates, and where the ice is thinnest, of course you go in. You cut a flounder or two with your skates, and after going to the bottom, just to feel your footing, you come to the surface, where you find a rope presented to you. This you accept with all the warmth possible, and at the end you will find in your hands a glass of warm brandy-and-water. The best fishing is in Hyde Park, for there they give you the best brandy, and the least water. The Regent's Park preserve is not so good; and it has been found necessary to plant on the ice large placards, marked—

DANGEROUS:  
BEWARE OF "BRITISH!!"

so as to warn enthusiasts from being taken in. A whisky fishery has lately been started in St. James's Park, but it has been described as very weak, and not at all equal to the current of "warm within," that flows through the famous Serpentine.

"Look on this Picture" if you can.

It is said that one of the pictures in the Vernon Gallery has sustained a slight injury at the hands of the artist employed to copy it. The excuse urged is a very plausible one, namely, that the damage, if any, having been done to a picture in the hole appropriated to the Vernon Collection, *will never be seen*.

A BLACK STATUE TO THOMAS CARLYLE.

PLEASANT is it to record the ready gratitude of bodies of men. Well, THOMAS CARLYLE, the man who, with his iron pen, pricks "wind-bags;" who, with his iron-tipped shoon, kicks "flunkeydom;" who, with his Vulcanic fist, knocks down the giant "SHAM,"—THOMAS CARLYLE is to be rewarded by the West India planters for his late advocacy of "the beneficent whip," and the Kentuckian wrath with which he has all-but destroyed emancipated "Black Quashee," the wretch who will not work among sugar-canes, unless well paid for his sweat; \* preferring to live upon pumpkin! to be, in fact, a free, luxurious citizen of accursed Pumpkindom. THOMAS CARLYLE is to be vicariously executed in black marble, and to stand in the most conspicuous spot of the island of Jamaica, with a pumpkin fashioned into a standish in one hand, and the sugar-cane pointed and nibbed into a pen in the other.

So should it be done unto the man whom the slave-holder delights to honour!

There will be copies in little—statuettes—for the American market, to grace the mantel-shelf of the Virginian man-buyer.

\* See *Frazier's Mag.* for December.

THE RETURN OF PROSPERITY AND THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Now matters are mending; our exports, ascending,  
Cause Business to caper and Credit to crow;  
Our fisheries are rising in manner surprising,  
And butter is moving, and cheese on the go.  
Up cordage has gotten, and fabrics of cotton  
Exhibit an increase delightful to see;  
Glass, hardware, and pottery, with drapery, silk-shottery,  
And leather, are doing as well as may be.  
Our dealings in linen give proof of a spinning,  
Which all Europe's spiders can't equal us in;  
We've sold the world metals for saucepans and kettles,  
And had a proportionate influx of tin.  
With colours for dying and painters supplying,  
We're driving a trade very flattering to hope,  
Which consideration affords consolation  
For not having been quite so well off for soap.  
Despite contradiction, without any fiction,  
Our stationery has advanced we may say;  
The woollen trade, lastly, is prospering vastly:  
The inference we draw from these facts is—Hooray!

"He Falls like Lucifer."

THE Railway Monarchy has undergone the last melancholy process of dissolution by the melting down of the wax figure of MR. HUDSON in MADAME TUSSAUD's collection. The Railway King has been reduced to a liquid state; though other acts of liquidation have yet to be gone through by the ex-sovereign of the Rail, whose treatment has been enough to melt anything or anybody. We cannot imagine a more complete downfall than that of a man driven out from the Baker Street Bazaar, and whose room is preferred even by MADAME TUSSAUD to his company.

A Slip-Shod Article.

SCENE.—*The Wood Pavement. An Omnibus, with both its horses at their full lengths on the wood.*

*Cutman.* "Hollo, Bussie, why didn't yer take yer osses to the farrier's?"

*'Busman.* "So I did, Cabbie, but in the 'urry of business, instead of shoes, he has given the warmint *slippers*."

LITERATURE GOING TO THE TAILORS.

SUCH is the rage for registering everything, that a keep-pace-with-the-times publisher has announced a new edition of "Letters to his Son," under the title of "*A Registered Chesterfield*."

The High-Tides Hoax.

An abortive attempt has been made by some astronomers—who appear to have gone star-gazing till they were moonstruck—to create a panic, by predicting a run upon the Banks of the Thames. Dirty Old Father Thames has kept his own dead and deadly level; not having done any more mischief than that of continuing to emit pernicious exhalations.



## A STATION ON THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE LINE.



Traveller. "NOW THEN, BOY, WHERE'S THE CLERK WHO GIVES THE TICKET."

Boy (after finishing an air he was whistling). "I'M THE CLERK."

Traveller. "WELL, SIR! AND WHAT TIME DOES THE TRAIN LEAVE FOR LONDON?"

Boy. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. NO TIME IN PERTICKLER. SOMETIMES ONE TIME—AND SOMETIMES ANOTHER."

## THE POPE OF FLEET STREET.

"SEASON your admiration for a while," readers. No Court in Fleet Street has become the Court of PIUS THE NINTH. As yet the Roman Pontiff has not sought an asylum over the way. His Holiness of Fleet Street is a Protestant; nevertheless, he is every inch a Pope:—nay, several inches more of a Pope than the great HILDEBRAND. For he is the founder of his own Popedom; not being in the least indebted for the same to the FISHERMAN; and he will prescribe your faith by his mere *ipse dixit*, independently of Scripture or tradition either. This *plus-quam*-papal Protestant Pope is the *Editor of the Record*.

His Holiness of Fleet Street published, the other day, a letter signed "ENQUIRER," signifying that a series of readings from SHAKSPEARE, commencing with "*Macbeth*" and "*Othello*," was about to be given at Exeter Hall, and demanding whether it was "as a sort of preparatory school to Drury Lane" that the building in question was founded?

To this was appended, in the shape of a note, the following pontifical rescript:—

"[ORATORIOS have been considered profane (considering the usual characters of the performers, and the spirit of the majority of the listeners) by some of the choicest Divines this country has produced. Miscellaneous Concerts, it has generally been conceded by Scripturally enlightened persons, breathe much more of the spirit of the world than of the Gospel. They constitute common ground where infinite mischief is done. These have gradually become apparently the staple subjects of profit to the shareholders of Exeter Hall. Now we have readings of *Othello*. Proceeding steadily in this downward career, we may expect presently to have acting of *Othello*. We dare say the Hall would make a good theatre. It seems full time for the proprietors to consider whether they are bound.—EDITOR.]"

Fearless of the thunders of the Fleet Street Vatican, we protest against the above allocation. If the first sentence of that document has any meaning, it is a gross and uncharitable insinuation against both the singers and the audience at the *Sacred Harmonic Society's* perform-

ances. Here is a pretty Pope, without any power of the keys, except that by which he unlocks the floodgates of calumny!

The next ensuing papal position is not very clear; for, if Miscellaneous Concerts "breathe much more of the spirit of the world than of the Gospel," they must breathe *some* of the latter; and how can that be, if even Oratorios themselves are profane? No doubt, however, it is intended for a condemnation of "Miscellaneous Concerts," based on the general consent of "Scripturally enlightened persons." Now there is, in a very well-known book, a faithful narrative, bearing on this point, to which we refer the "Scripturally enlightened"—and their Pope.

In the history alluded to, it will be found recorded that a certain Father's celebration of the return of his unthrifty son included "*music and dancing*."

The "Scripturally enlightened" may be aware that this authentic tale is figurative. Possibly they may know who is meant by the Father that is mentioned in it. Will they presume to say that He who related it would, if music—even dancing music—were in itself evil, have represented it as bearing a correspondence to anything of that Father's institution?

Let us return to our Bull.

Having denounced music, it could be only expected that our Pontiff should anathematise dramatic reading. Yet a better authority than his Holiness, who once lived in Bolt Court close by him—DR. JOHNSON—wrote a play, and went to see it in a red coat. Under the papal favour we submit that there is occasionally a deal of bigoted raving in Exeter Hall, to which the most ranting recitations from *Othello* would be infinitely preferable; and that the career which tends from STIGGINS to SHAKSPEARE is the reverse of *downward*. Although Miscellaneous Concerts were even very sinful, they might still be less wicked than fanatical howling.



## JENKINS AND MRS. MOWATT.

MR. JENKINS, last week, favoured the limited world in which he moves with a notice of the first representation of MRS. MOWATT'S comedy, *Fashion: or, Life in New York*, a play which, according to the *Times*, "has been acted with success at every chief city in the Union," and was received at our Olympic here with "tumultuous applause." "It may," says JENKINS,

"By some weak persons be thought ungenerous in us, when speaking of the production of a lady and a stranger, we employ any language that is not highly complimentary; but genius is of no sex."

And then JENKINS proceeds to abuse the lady and stranger's play, elaborately, in every particular, with all his mighty soul and gigantic strength. For the dead set that he thus makes, he must of course have a motive, which, had he limited himself to strictures on the production itself, might possibly have been supposed to be a no meaner one than an excess of critical zeal. But, MR. JENKINS not content with yelping at the play, must needs have a snap at the authoress: "When the actors," writes gently-sneering JENKINS,

"Had indulged us with another glance at their persons, a very general call from all parts of the house brought Mrs. MOWATT on the stage. The noise was then tremendous, and the shower of customary bouquets more weighty and continuous than we ever remember it to have been. *The affair was a little overdone*, for not only were the flowers provided too profusely, but the lady, in our eyes, appeared to be ready dressed for the occasion."

Why could you not have moderated the rancour of your pen a little, JENKINS? Why attack the lady and stranger personally? Is it your individual self or your order—JENKINS or Flunkeydom—that Mrs. MOWATT has offended?

JENKINS, you say, that "genius is of no sex." Neither is criticism, as personified by you. At any rate it is not manly.

## HOBSON'S CHOICE,

OR THE PERPLEXITIES OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A SERVANT.



PETER GRUNDELL, the knife-boy, the youth previously mentioned as son of my green-grocer and occasional butler, a demure little fair-haired lad, who had received his education in a green baize coat and yellow leather breeches at Saint Blaize's Charity School, was our first foot-boy or page. Mamma thought that a full-sized footman might occasion inconvenience in the house, and would not be able to sleep in our back attic (which indeed was scarcely six feet long), and she had somehow conceived a great fondness for this youth, with his pale cheeks, blue eyes, and yellow hair, who sang the sweetest of all the children in the organ-loft of Saint Blaize's. At five o'clock every morning, winter and summer, that boy, before he took a permanent engagement in my establishment, slid down our area-steps, of which and of the kitchen entrance he was entrusted with the key. He crept up the stairs as silent as a cat, and carried off the boots and shoes from the doors

of our respective apartments without disturbing one of us: the knives and shoes of my domestic circle were cleaned as brilliant as possible before six o'clock: he did odd jobs for the cook, he went upon our messages and errands; he carried out his father's potatoes and cauliflowers; he attended school at Saint Blaize's; he turned his mother's mangle:—there was no end to the work that boy could do in the course of a day, and he was the most active, quiet, humble little rogue you ever knew. MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE then took a just liking to the lad, and resolved to promote him to the situation of page. His name was changed from PETER to PHILIP, as being more genteel: and a hat with a gold cord and a knob on the top like a gilt Brussels sprout, and a dark green suit, with a white galloon stripe down the trowser-seams, and a bushel of buttons on the jacket, were purchased at an establishment in Holborn, off the dummy at the door. Mamma is a great big strong woman, with a high spirit, who I should think could protect herself very well; but when PHILIP had his livery, she made him walk behind her regularly, and never could go to church without PHILIP after her to carry the books, or out to tea of an evening, without that boy on the box of the cab.

MRS. CAPTAIN B. is fond of good living herself; and, to do her justice, always kept our servants well. I don't meddle with the kitchen affairs myself, having my own business to attend: but I believe my servants had as much meat as they could eat, and a great deal more than was good for them. They went to bed pretty soon, for ours was an early house, and when I came in from the City after business, I was glad enough to get to bed; and they got up rather late, for we are all good sleepers (especially Mrs. B., who takes a heavy supper, which I never could indulge in), so that they were never called upon to leave their beds much before seven o'clock, and had their eight or nine good hours of rest every night.

And here I cannot help remarking, that if these folks knew their luck; *sua si bona norint*, as we used to say at Merchant Tailors'; if they remembered that they are fed as well as lords, that they have warm beds and plenty of sleep in them; that, if they are ill, they have frequently their master's doctor; that they get good wages, and beer, and sugar and tea in sufficiency: they need not be robbing their employers, or taking fees from tradesmen, or grumbling at their lot. My friend and head-clerk, RADDLES, has a hundred and twenty a year, and eight children; the REVEREND MR. BITTLES, our esteemed curate at Saint Blaize's, has the same stipend and family of three; and I am sure that both of those gentlemen work harder, and fare worse, than any of the servants in my kitchen, or my neighbour's. And I, who have seen that dear, good, elegant *angel*\* of a MRS. BITTLES ironing her husband's bands and neckcloths: and that uncommonly shy supper of dry bread, and milk-and-water, which the RADDLES family take when I have dropped in to visit them at their place, (Glenalton Cottage, Magnolia Road South, Camden Town,) on my walks from Hampstead of a Sunday evening:—I say, who have seen these people, and thought about my servants at home, on the same July evening, eating buttered toast round the kitchen fire—have marvelled how resigned and contented some people were, and how readily other people grumbled.

Well then, this young PHILIP being introduced into my family, and being at that period as lean as a whipping-post, and as contented with the scraps and broken victuals which the cook gave him, as an alderman with his turtle and venison, now left his mother's mangle, on which, or on a sack in his father's potato bin he used to sleep, and put on my buttons and stripes, waited at my own table, and took his regular place at that in the kitchen, and occupied a warm bed and three blankets in the back attic.

The effect of the three (or four or five, is it?—for the deuce knows how many they take,) meals a day upon the young rascal, was speedily evident in his personal appearance. His lean cheeks began to fill out, till they grew as round and pale as a pair of suet dumplings. His dress (for the little dummy in Holborn, a bargain of MRS. CAPTAIN B'S, was always a tight fit), grew tighter and tighter—as if his meals in the kitchen were not sufficient for any two Christians; the little gormandiser levied contributions upon our parlour dishes. And one day my wife spied him with his mouth smeared all over with our jam pudding; and on another occasion he came in with tears in his eyes and hardly able to speak, from the effects of a curry on which he had laid hands in the hall, and which we make (from the Nawobb of Mulligataway's own receipt) remarkably fine, and as hot, as hot—as the dog-days.

As for the crockery, both the common blue and the stone china Mamma gave us on our marriage, (and which I must confess I didn't mind seeing an end of, because she bragged and *bothered* so about it,) the smashes that boy made were incredible. The handles of all the tea-cups went; and the knobs off the covers of the vegetable dishes; and the stems of the wine-glasses; and the china punch-bowl my ANNA MARIA was christened in. And the days he did not break the dishes on the table; he spilt the gravy on the cloth. Lord! Lord! how I did wish for my pretty neat little parlour-maid again. But I had best not, for peace' sake, enlarge again upon that point.

And as for getting up, I suppose the suppers and dinners made him sleepy as well as fat; certainly the little rascal for the first week did get up at his usual hour: then he was a little later: at the end of a month he came yawning down stairs after the maids had long been at work: there was no more polishing of boots and knives: barely time to get mine clean, and knives enough ready for me and my wife's breakfast (MRS. CAPTAIN B. taking hers and her poached eggs and rashers of bacon in bed), in time enough, I say, for my breakfast, before I went into the City.

Many and many a scolding did I give that boy, until my temper being easy and the lad getting no earthly good from my abuse of him, I left off—from sheer weariness and a desire for a quiet life. And Mamma, to do her justice, was never tired of giving it to him, and rated him up hill and down dale. It was "PHILIP you are a fool." "PHILIP, you dirty wretch." "PHILIP, you sloven," and so forth, all dinner time. But still, when I talked of sending him off, MRS. CAPTAIN B. always somehow pleaded for him and insisted upon keeping him. Well. My weakness is that I can't say no to a woman, and MASTER PHILIP

\* I say this, because I think so, and will not be put down. My wife says she thinks there is nothing in MRS. BITTLES, and Mamma says she gives herself airs, and has a cast in her eye: but a more elegant woman I have never seen, no, not at a Mansion House ball, or the Opera. L. H.



staid on, breaking the plates and smashing the glass, and getting more mischievous and lazy every day.

At last there came a *crash*, which, though it wasn't in my crockery, did MASTER PHILIP'S business. Hearing a great laughter in the kitchen one evening, Mamma (who is a good housekeeper, and does not like her servants to laugh on any account,) stepped down,—and what should she find?



—MASTER PHILIP, mimicking her to the women servants, and saying, "Look, this is the way old MOTHER BUDGE goes!" And, pulling a napkin round his head (something like the Turkish turban Mrs. CAPTAIN B. wears), he began to speak as if in her way, saying, "Now, PHILIP, you nasty, idle, good-for-nothing, lazy, dirty boy you, why do you go for to spill the gravy so?" &c.

Mrs. B. rushed forward and boxed his ears soundly, and the next day he was sent about his business: for flesh and blood could bear him no longer.

Why he had been kept so long, as I said before, I could not comprehend, until after PHILIP had left us; and then Mamma said, looking with tears in her eyes at the chap's jacket, as it lay in the pantry, that her little boy AUGUSTUS was something like him, and that he wore a jacket with buttons of that sort. Then I knew she was thinking of her eldest son, AUGUSTUS FREDERICK YORK BUDGE, a Midshipman on board the *Hippopotamus* frigate, CAPTAIN SWANG, C.B., (I knew the story well enough,) who died of yellow fever on the West India Station, in the year 1814.

#### HAMPTON COURT HOSPITAL.

The existence of this charitable institution is not, perhaps, generally known. It forms a considerable portion of Hampton Court Palace, and, together with the remainder of that establishment, is supported wholly by involuntary contributions or taxes, which, according to a statement recently made by MR. W. WILLIAMS, late M.P. for Coventry, amount to £7,000 per annum. The objects of this valuable charity are the decayed members of that large but necessitous and deserving class, the aristocracy of this country, who are therein provided with a comfortable asylum, secure from the contamination of inferior paupers. It has, however, perhaps not without some show of reason, been alleged that a portion of the benefits of this State Hospital might as well be extended to a few of those who, or whose relatives, have done the state some service; and if this view should be adopted, the destitute widow of LIEUTENANT WAGHORN may be considered a worthy candidate for admission to begin with.

A VERY RAW MATERIAL.—MR. DISRAELI says that the land is the landlord's raw material; and so it is. But landlords have a much rawer material in the minds of those farmers whom they delude into continuing to pay excessive rents under the fallacious hope of a re-enactment of the Corn-Laws.

#### SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE II.—*The Bank.* The UNPROTECTED FEMALE escapes from the hands of her Cab-driver, after an hour of stoppages, prayers, fears, remonstrances, haggings, and general uncomfortablenesses of all kinds.

*Unprotected Female (before the Bank entrance).* Thank goodness! (Gazes eagerly round her.) Oh! I wonder where MR. JONES is? (*St. Paul's Clock strikes 'Three.'*) Oh! it's three o'clock, and I ought to have been here at two. (*She enters the Court.*) I thought he would have waited. (*To the STATELY BEADLE in the cocked hat.*) Oh, please, has MR. JONES been here?

*Stately Beadle (vacantly).* JONES?—There's a deal o' JONESSES.

*Unprotected Female (with unsolicited communicativeness).* It's MR. JONES, who is in the City, and has always come with me to draw my dividends; and he said he would meet me here to-day, at two; but the horrid cabman would get into a stoppage, and it's past three, and I don't see him; and I've got all my papers here; and if you please, do you think they'd give me the money? and where am I to go? and it's too bad of MR. JONES; for he knows I'm not used to business; and please, could you direct me to the Funds?

*Stately Beadle (whose attention has wandered a good deal during the above).* Fust door to the right.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh, thank you!

[*Enters the door of the Rotunda, which, it being a dividend day, is filled with an average of half-a-dozen customers to each Clerk.*

*Unprotected Female (looking about her in alarm).* Oh, I wish MR. JONES was here. (*Addressing herself to the nearest group of two very impatient City Gents, an embarrassed elderly lady, a deaf old gentleman, and a widow, all upon one Clerk.*) Oh! please, I've come for my dividends. (*Finding herself not listened to, she raps the counter.*) Please, I've come for my dividends.

*Clerk (in the same breath).* Two three five—how will you have it? What d'ye make it? Eight four six eight and eight. Take it short? Seven three two. (*Dispatches his group with incredible rapidity and good temper.* To the UNPROTECTED FEMALE.) Now Ma'am, please.

*Unprotected Female.* If you please I'm come for my dividends—

*Clerk (rapidly).* Dividend Office.

[*Dashes into the business of the next half-dozen customers, leaving the UNPROTECTED FEMALE in utter helplessness.*

*Unprotected Female.* Oh, they won't attend to me. It's shameful! They durstn't treat me so if MR. JONES was here (*Violently thrusting herself to the desk,* but I must have my dividends.

*1st. Customer (politely).* Dividend Office, Ma'am.

*2nd Customer (indignantly).* It isn't here, Ma'am.

*3rd Customer (humourously).* First door round the corner, Ma'am.

*4th Customer (savagely).* Now, Ma'am, get out of the way.

*Unprotected Female (gazing wretchedly from one to the other).* Oh, it's my dividends.

*Clerk (with contemptuous pity).* Here—FORRESTER—tell her—

[*FORRESTER gently conducts the UNPROTECTED FEMALE, vehemently protesting, to the Long Annuities Dividend Office.*

*Forrester (thoughtfully to himself).* Elderly lady. Longs isn't it, Ma'am? Here you are.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh, thank you, I'm sure I didn't know (*goes to the nearest desk and addresses herself to nobody in particular.*) Please I've come for my dividends.

*Clerk (seizing a disengaged moment and whipping open Transfer Book).* What name?

*Unprotected Female (not understanding).* Eh? What?

*Clerk.* WATT? Go to the W's.

*Unprotected Female (bewildered).* The W's?

*Clerk (pointing with his pen).* Over the way—fourth desk—there!

*Unprotected Female (mechanically obeying and accosting CLERK at the desk indicated).* Please, I've come for my dividends, and they told me to come to the W's.

*Clerk.* Name?

*Unprotected Female (replunged into bewilderment).* What?



Clerk. Christian Name?  
 [Running over the "WATT'S" with his finger in the Transfer Book.  
 Unprotected Female. MARTHA.  
 Clerk. No MARTHA WATT here. Must have made a mistake, Ma'am.  
 Unprotected Female (in great wretchedness). Oh, they told me to come.  
 Clerk. How do you spell your name?  
 Unprotected Female. S. T.—  
 Clerk (indignantly). Then what do you come to the W's for? You gave me name "WATT."  
 Unprotected Female (explanatorily). No, I said "What?"  
 Clerk. Well, "WATT." That don't begin with S—T—  
 Unprotected Female. No—my name isn't WATT. I only said "What."  
 It's STRUGGLES is my name—MARTHA STRUGGLES.  
 Clerk (relieved and kindly). Go to S. T. and give your name, and they'll give you a warrant.  
 Unprotected Female. Oh—I don't want a warrant—I've come for my dividends.  
 Clerk (impatiently). Te—Te—Te. Why don't you bring somebody with you?  
 Unprotected Female (glad of the opportunity, is about to explain the defection of JONES). Oh, you see, MR. JONES—  
 Clerk. Well—well—never mind MR. JONES—go to the ST's—there (pointing with his pen,) and take what they give you. Now, Sir.  
 [To the next Payee.  
 Unprotected Female (gaining the ST's at last, with unusual directness). MARTHA STRUGGLES, and I've come for my dividends.  
 Clerk (discovering the name). How much?  
 Unprotected Female (plunging into her bag and bringing up a handful of papers). It's all down here.  
 Clerk (hastily). Put it down. Now, Ma'am.  
 [Proceeds to dispose of other applicants.  
 Unprotected Female (after performing a series of complicated calculations, puts in her paper triumphantly). That's it.  
 Clerk reading out (wagging his). 289734—two hundred and eighty-nine thousand, seven hundred and thirty four pounds—Ma'am?  
 Unprotected Female. No—no—two hundred and eighty-nine pounds, seven shillings and three-farthings, and I don't mind the copper.  
 Clerk (referring to book). No such sum under that name in Long Annuities. What stock?  
 Unprotected Female. In the Funds.  
 Clerk. Bank Stock, Consols, Reduced, Three-and-a-quarters, or Terms of years?  
 Unprotected Female (solemnly, but with much alarm). No, it's all in the Funds.  
 Clerk. Yes, but what Stock?  
 Unprotected Female (in a tone intended to inspire respect). In the Government Securities, every farthing of it.  
 Clerk (suddenly). Oh! you've got your Stock receipts there. Let me look. [Holding his hand.  
 Unprotected Female (suspiciously). Oh, but MR. JONES said I wasn't. They're my securities.  
 Clerk (half amused, half hopeless arriving at a result). Hold 'em tight, Ma'am; only let me look. Longs, and Three-and-a-Quarters. (Makes out the warrant for the Long Annuities' Stock.) Now, sign there, Ma'am. (Pushes the Dividend Book over to her. UNPROTECTED FEMALE is about to write her name promiscuously.) No, no. Opposite there—S.  
 Unprotected Female (suddenly seized with a quail). But you'll pay me?  
 Clerk. Dear, dear, dear! Now, sign there. (Giving her the warrant.) So. (Signs.) Now, take that to the Rotunda, and they'll give you the money.  
 Unprotected Female. Oh, but can't you, please? I'd rather have it here.  
 Clerk. No. We don't pay here. There, it's that round room you came through.  
 Unprotected Female. Oh, but I asked there as I came on, and they wouldn't.  
 Clerk. But they will now, if you show 'em that. Now do go, Ma'am. These gentlemen are waiting.  
 [Pointing to a group which has been jointly and severally consigning the UNPROTECTED FEMALE to very unpleasant places during the above colloquy.  
 Unprotected Female (very humbly to the group). I'm sure I'm very sorry—But MR. JONES—(Her explanation is cut short by a rush of Payees; and she wanders back to the Rotunda. Addressing First Clerk, who has his hands full already). Please could you pay me my dividends?  
 Elderly Gentleman. Wait a moment, Madam.  
 Unprotected Female. They said you would if I showed you this. [Holding up warrant. ELDERLY GENTLEMAN is disposed of.  
 Unprotected Female. Oh! please, could you?  
 Brisk Clerk. There's three before you, old lady. [BRISK CLERK is disposed of.  
 Unprotected Female. Now, if you please—

Severe Widow (with much asperity.) I beg you'll wait for your turn, Ma'am.  
 Unprotected Female (in a tone of dignified retort). Oh! by all means, Ma'am. (SEVERE WIDOW is disposed of.) Now, please, my dividends. [Hands over warrant.  
 Harassed Clerk (snappishly). How do you make it?  
 Unprotected Female. Oh! I didn't make it. It was my poor UNCLE THOMAS left it to me.  
 Harassed Clerk (glaring at her as with a desire to annihilate her). Add it up. How much is it?  
 Unprotected Female (with a ray of intelligence). Oh! it's £289 7s. 0<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>d. But I don't mind the copper.  
 Harassed Clerk (flinging back the warrant). It's only for £200.  
 Unprotected Female. Oh! then they've cheated me. I thought they would. Here are my securities. [Shows Stock Certificates.  
 Harassed Clerk (comprehending at a glance). £200 in Longs, the rest in Three-and-a-quarters. If you bring the warrant for the rest I'll pay you. You can only have £200 on this—  
 Unprotected Female (clasping her hands in despair). Oh, they didn't give me anything but that, and they said you'd pay me if I showed it you—and now you won't—Oh—  
 Harassed Clerk (on the verge of an explosion). Bless the woman!  
 Unprotected Female (passing suddenly from the depths of despair to the summit of felicity). Oh, there's MR. JONES! Oh, MR. JONES!  
 [Rushes towards that individual who enters the Rotunda; all but falls into his arms, and the SCENE closes on her rapture of relief.

HALVING THE CENTURY.



UST now our table is cracking and groaning under a heap of letters on both sides of the controversy about the completion of the first half of the century. One correspondent illustrates his view by proposing that we should drink the half of a hundred barrels of stout in as many years, and informs us that half the hundred barrels will have been drunk so soon, but only so soon, as the last pot of

the fiftieth barrel shall have been swallowed. Our only objection to this mode of determining the question is, that he has not sent us the means of trying his experiment. We may apply similar observations to the propositions of those who ask us to smoke so many bundles of cigars, eat so much cheese, and wear out so many suits of clothes in half a century. The quantities of these articles are represented as given quantities, but all we can say is, that we have not received any of them. As to the matter in dispute, we need only remark, that if the year 1800 was the first year of the century, 1801 was the second year, 1849 the fiftieth, and the present year of grace, 1850, is the fifty-first. If not, then otherwise. To us, the question would seem perfectly clear, but for the following communication, which, being brief, we publish in extenso:—

"MR. PUNCH,

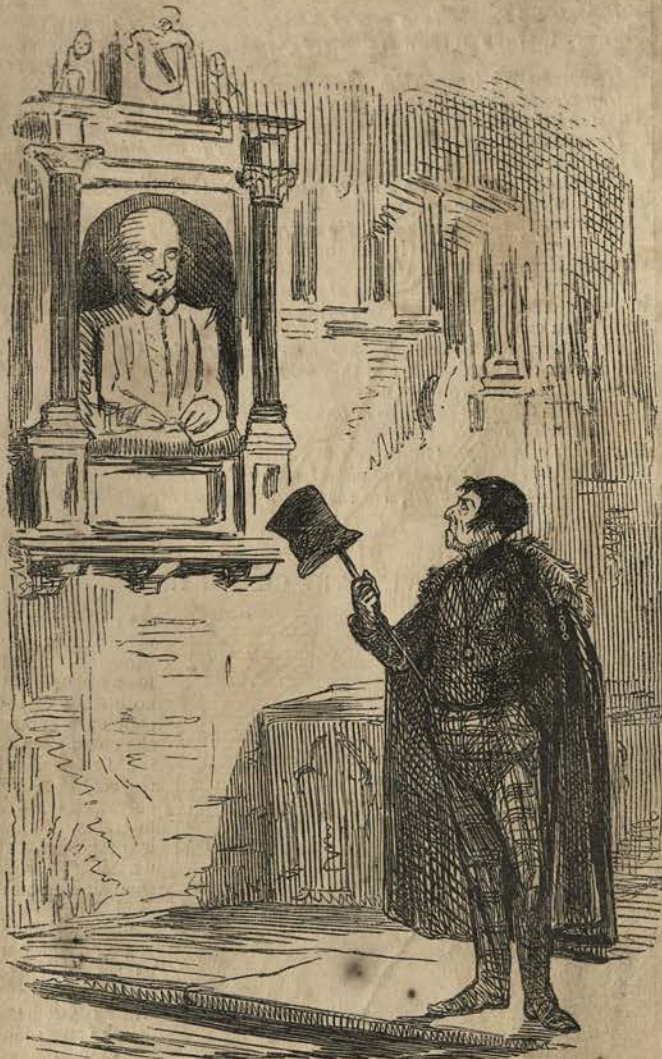
"My cousin BRIDGET, to my knowledge, was born on January 1, 1800. If we are now beginning the second half of the century, she must just have entered her fifty-first year. Yet a lady's word is undeniable; and all who have been acquainted with BIDDY for the last 20 years can testify that, during all that time, she has declared herself to be only thirty.

"Your constant reader,  
 "TEMPUS FUGIT."

Rogues in Grain.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Times says, with reference to "Servants' Poundage," "I know of one corn-dealer who invariably sends to his west-end customers three and three quarters for four bushels in every sack." If we were so treated by our corn-dealer through the connivance of our groom, we would send the former his corn back again, and give the latter the sack.





Mr. Walter Belville (soliloquises). "IMMORTAL BARD, INDEED!! I SHOULD JUST LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN, MY BUCK, IF I HADN'T—BUT NO MATTER. [Exit growling.]

### THE PROTECTION "DODGE."

Suffering Landowner (in a solemn and sonorous tone, with a glance at the first-floor window). My ky—ind fer—iends, I am ash—amed to app—ear be—fore you, and to ex—pose my mis—er—able state. \* \* \*

I am a lan—ded prop—er—i—etor re—doo—ced to ger—eat mis—e—ry, ow—ing to the com—pe—tition of the foreigner. There is a ger—eat many of us as bad off as my—self and the count—er—y is a—being ruined all along off free—trade SIR ROBERT PEEL and MISTER COB—DEN. We 'ave only twen—ty millions of money in the Bank, also an incr—ease of £38,235 on the Cust—oms, also £371,899 on the Ex—cise, and £24,960 on the In—come Tax, pity the poor land—ow—ner re—doo—ced to mis—er—y wich they will soon low—er our rents, &c., &c.

Oh, my kind fer—iends 'is not this 'ard—Oh spare a ter—ifle of pro—tection for the poor land—owner—wich you will nev—er feel the want of it your—selves.

My ky—ind fer—iends, &c. &c. *da capo.*

Mr. Policeman Punch. Now then, you cadger, there, move on, will you, and don't be a gammonin' of the public.

### A TEXT WORTHY OF COMMENT.

"GROUSE RUBY a boy aged 14, was put into the box to be sworn, and the Testament was put into his hand. He looked quite astonished upon taking hold of the book.

"Ald. Humphrey. Well, do you know what you are about? Do you know what an oath is?

"Boy. No.

"Ald. H. Do you know what a Testament is?

"Boy. No.

"Ald. H. Can you read?

"Boy. No.

"Ald. H. Do you ever say your prayers?

"Boy. No, never.

"Ald. H. Do you know what prayers are?

"Boy. No.

"Ald. H. Do you know what God is?

"Boy. No.

"Ald. H. Do you know what the Devil is?

"Boy. I've heard of the Devil, but I don't know him.

"Ald. H. What do you know, my poor boy?

"Boy. I knows how to sweep the crossing.

"Ald. H. And that's all?

"Boy. That's all. I sweeps the crossing.

"The Alderman said, he, of course, could not take the evidence of a creature who knew nothing whatever of the obligation to tell the truth."—*Vide Times' Police Report of Wednesday, Jan. 9.*

So, says the law, which the Alderman has to administer. But are not these a conversation and a result worth noting, good people of this wonderful time of Railways, Ragged Schools, Model Lodging-houses, Soup-kitchens, Model Prisons, and other excellent crutches for helping along this society of ours, which still stumbles somehow, most sadly, in spite of them?

Here is the raw material of a citizen—a boy well half way to manhood, who knows neither oath, nor book, nor prayer, nor God; has but heard of the Devil even—and whose sum and substance of knowledge is "how to sweep the crossing—that's all." A crossing-sweeping machine this, with a superfluous soul in it apparently,—that no man, or set of men, has thought it worth while to waken—a tongue that the law ties—a sort of brute biped in the eyes of all—who, introduced to a worthy Alderman and a police court, suddenly hears of the oddest things, oaths, and books, and prayer, and God, and Devil—ideas which had not developed themselves in crossing-sweeping.

But though Society leave this lump of Man to his besom and his blank ignorance of right and wrong, and the powers thereof,—and though Law, when he rises to say what he has seen—for he *can* speak—says to him, "No! Be dumb, brute, how should'st thou lift up thy voice among men?"—this same Society and Law would use a very different tone, if once our brute biped should begin to develop himself brute fashion—if he should strike or bite—or kick, or take to satisfy his hunger—to prey, in short, wild-beast-like on the world in which he is as a wild beast. Then Society would be alert with its policemen, and committing magistrates and cells—and Law with its judges and juries, and learned barristers, all arrayed to deal justice upon this poor, neglected brute, as if he were a man.

A strange sight and one worthy of being weighed in these times above all others. Our blunt ancestors went roundly to work. If they saw without concern brute men gathering and growing about them, they flogged, and imprisoned, and ironed and racked, and hung, with right royal brutality of punishment. But now we have changed the latter half of their system, while we leave the former unaltered. While the animal sleeps, we let him sleep. But once let him wake to show the animal in act, and we make a man of him. His cage must be comfortable,—with "a regard shown to his feelings"—his diet must be varied and succulent—he must have sweet air enough—and cleanliness—and all, in fact, that was denied him till the brute propensities awoke to active life!

If any painter of our new Houses of Parliament want an allegory for our Great Britain, we give him this—

Let him paint a great tree with a worm at the root; with healthy boughs and withered; with fine fruit and sickly; here blossom, and there blight; and Benevolence, and Piety, and Statesmanship, carefully nipping a scabby fruit off this bough, and as carefully nursing a dwarfed flower on that; and the crowd round about clapping their hands and applauding the mighty work of improvement; and all the while, a new scabby fruit, and a new defective flower, appearing for each that is nipped off, or nursed into sickly comeliness; and a few poor timid spectators hinting that, "All this work about fruit and blossom, is vain, while something must be wrong with the roots;" and nobody listening to them—and the worm working and working towards the heart of the tree, and "very general satisfaction with our prospects."





## THE PROTECTION "DODGE."

*Suffering Landholder (in a solemn and sonorous tone, with a glance at the first-floor window).—My KY-IND FER-IBENDS, I AM ASH-AMED TO APP-EAR BE-FORE YOU, AND TO EX-POSE MY MIS-ER-ABLE STATE. \* \* \**

I AM A LAN-DED PROP-ER-I-ETOR RE-DOOCED TO GER-EAT MIS-E-RY, OW-ING TO THE COM-PE-TITION OF THE FOREIGNER. THERE IS A GER-EAT MANY OF US AS BAD OFF AS MY-SELF, AND THE COUNT-ER-Y IS A-BEING RUINED ALL ALONG OF FREE-TRADE SIR ROBERT PEEL AND MISTER COB-DEN. WE 'AVE ONLY TWEN-TY MILLIONS OF MONEY IN THE BANK, ALSO AN INCR-EASE OF £38,235 ON THE CUST-OMS, ALSO £371,899 ON THE EX-CISE, AND £24,960 ON THE IN-COME TAX, PITY THE POOR LAND-OW-NER, &c. &c.







ALL THE TOWN'S A SLIDE.

(A Parody for the Frost.)

ALL the town's a slide,  
And all the men and women merely skaters.  
They have their slippings and their flounderings,  
And one man in his life has many falls :  
His fate having seven stages. At first, the infant,  
Shivering and shaking in his nurse's arms ;  
And then the shuffling school-boy, with his highlows  
And hobnailed sole and heel, cutting-out slides  
Instead of going to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, till with woeful tumble  
He and his mistress lie low. Then a soldier,  
Wearing odd skates, and bearding all the park ;  
Jealous of others, sudden and quick in turning,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the deepest holes. And then the iceman  
In fair round hat, with a good cape on, lined  
With oilskin clear, and coat of formal cut,  
Full of ice-saws and modern instruments ;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth stage slips  
Into the lean and slippery pantaloons,  
With icicle on nose, and stick in hand,  
His India-rubber shoes a world too large  
For his shrunk feet ; and his poor trembling knees  
Stragglng apart like childish helplessness,  
He tumbles on the ground ! Last scene of all  
That ends this cold and frosty history  
Is a sharp wind—upsetting every one,  
Sans stick, sans cloak, sans hat, sans everything.

HORRIBLE EFFECT OF THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

SUCH is the influence of evil example, that we shall be having our doll-makers taking their models from the assemblage of waxen horrors in Baker Street. Men are but children of a larger growth, and if full-sized people can be amused by murderers got up as mere dolls the size of life, it is to be expected that the smaller fry will take delight in having, as puppets to amuse their play hours, the miniature representations of those atrocious monsters in whom their parents take an interest.

The very prospect of such a profanation of one of the most pleasing instincts of little girlhood—a love of dolls—is sufficient to inspire us with a determination to put down a nuisance, which is bad enough when it corrupts the taste of our elders, but which becomes ten times more odious when it seems likely to bring contamination upon our female juveniles.



"SEE, DEAR, WHAT A SWEET DOLL MA-A HAS MADE FOR ME."

The Bath and Wash-house for Old Masters.

A GREAT deal has been said both for and against the picture-cleaning at the National Gallery. It seems undeniable that the cleaning of the old masters brings out their tints, but unfortunately, with such strength as to lay bare their canvases.

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE BRITISH STAGE.



NEW character has lately sprung up into the pantomimic sphere. He is—as little boys should be—seen, but not heard. His name is the *Sprite*. All his talent is concentrated in his body, arms, and legs. He is kicked about, thrown about, tumbled, twisted, and turned about in all possible and impossible directions. One moment he is a wheelbarrow—the next he is a human cracker, bounding across the stage, and ultimately disappearing through a chemist's window. He prefers walking on his hands to his feet. His skin is mostly greer, when not red—but if it is not red, then it is mostly green with red stripes. His head is sometimes furnished with a pair of crimson horns, and his eyes, when he winks and ogles at the gallery, are not pleasant to look at, though generally rewarded with a loud cry of "Brayvo !"

The *Sprite* is on familiar terms with the *Clown* and *Pantaloon*, and allows them to take what liberties they please with him. He is open to all sorts of blows, smacks, and insults, and only skips and tumbles the merrier for them. The more he is kicked, the better he is pleased, and he rarely leaves the stage without some bodily affront. He respects, however, the *Columbine*, excepting in the first scene after the changes, when he joins hands with her without any pride, previous to falling flat upon his face with *Clown* and *Pantaloon*, by express order of *Harlequin's* wand. But it is in the last scene where he is the grandest. Look for him in the final "Bower of Sugar Candy," and you will see him on his head, standing on the topmost bar of the glittering cage of wickerwork. He is the crowning glory of the evening. If there is a "Cataract of a Thousand Bottles of Champagne," wherewith to send every one home madly intoxicated with the evening's Pantomime, you will behold the *Sprite* dangling by his feet in an ocean of blue fire, kissing his hands extatically to the pit.



The *Sprite* is proud of his high position, and he has one great virtue, which many a *Clown* might borrow from him with advantage—he never talks. There is another peculiar merit about his cauteulous performances; and that is, like *Boxing-Day*, he only comes once a year. It is especially for this rare merit that we rank the *Sprite* far higher on the English Stage than many other performers whom we could mention. The *Sprite* has so identified himself, body and bones, with the British Stage, and has obtained so firm a hold round the necks of *Clown*, *Pantaloon*, and the British Public, that nothing short of the total annihilation of *George Barnwell*, or the sudden conflagration of all the copies in the world of *Jane Shore*, can possibly kick him off those boards that have been so nobly trod by GRIMALDI, and still feel the stupendous stamp of TOM MATHEWS.

CORN AND CROWN.

THE existence of the Monarchy is to depend upon the re-enactment of the Corn Laws. QUEEN VICTORIA'S Crown is to be secured in the sack of Protection or—or—but let MR. ROPER, who spoke a day or two ago, at the Dublin County Meeting, speak the threat for himself—

"Gentlemen," said Mr. CHARLES ROPER, "if we are to have American prices for provisions, the PEOPLE AT LENGTH WILL HAVE AMERICAN PRICES FOR GOVERNMENT."

And we are told that this observation was received with rapturous cheering. If corn is to range below 50s., let MR. SWIFT, the keeper of the Crown Jewels, look warily to his charge—if Indian cobs come in duty free, what a blight upon that bed of strawberry-leaves, the House of Lords ! If the landlords do not protect high rents, they will have cheap Government. Thus—awful to consider its ultimate end!—the very chair taken by the Cavalier DISRAELI at Bucks, may become the official seat of PRESIDENT BENJAMIN at St. James's !

LAZARUS SHUNAMITE, FLORIST, COVENT-GARDEN MARKET, takes this opportunity—the Theatres being now in full blow—of informing ACTRESSES in general, that he continues to supply bouquets of all sorts and sizes, to be flung to ladies of every grade, during the piece, or on the fall of the curtain. He has bouquets constantly on hand for everybody, from *Lady Macbeth* down to *Little Pickle*—the high tragedy bouquet—the prima donna bouquet—and the bouquet for comic chambermaids.

The bouquets are arranged after the Oriental fashion, so that the actress has a nosegay and a criticism in the same bunch,—every flower meaning something. The expressions vary from "beautiful"—"delicious"—"angelical," to the enlarged sentence "Every Evening, if you please, until Further Notice !"

Actresses or Managers treated with, either nightly, for the run of a piece, or for the whole season. Orders for bouquets [and the Boxes] punctually attended to.



## NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.



—or rather sighing, sighing—but your eyes and thoughts are fixed on the moving Grace before you.

How good-natured she is! She has smiles and change for every one. Her hands fly over the table as nimbly as those of a German professor over the pianoforte. She plays on the teacups with the rapidity of THALBERG. Harmony seems to flow from her fingers, and each glass she touches becomes a musical glass.

But though the Railway Refreshment Girl plays so admirably, yet she is rarely heard to sing. Talk to her as much as you please, she seldom replies. The fact is, she discourses with smiles, and each smile is as good as a song, looking almost as if it said aloud, "Wilt thou love me then as now?"

Neatness waits on each little action she performs. She puts in the sugar to the negus herself, screws up the mouth of each paper bag so tightly that the mixed biscuits will not fall out, and never hands "coppers" (Shame that she should touch such things!) excepting in the handsomest envelope of brown paper.

Her dress is a study for a milliner. Her cap would win a smile from the most captious little *grisette*, and the gay, fluttering, strings, never obtrude themselves into the coffee, or the calf's-foot jelly, or improper places. Her apron is after the pattern of aprons that are worn by stage waiting-maids, only much prettier. Her gown shines like a summer's day, and brightens your eyes to look at it. Take her altogether (only the counter prevents that!) you would say that she lived all her life in a French Fashion-Book, and only came down upon earth for certain five minutes every day to feed a drove of starving passengers.

Is she mortal? For apparently she does not require the vulgar sleep that other mortals in bright petticoats cannot dispense with. Drop upon her at what hour you will, the Railway Refreshment Girl is always the same. At five o'clock in the morning she looks as sunshiny as at noon; at ten at night her eyes pour out as much brightness as in the middle of the day. Her dress, too, never betrays the smallest loosepin of hurry, or negligence. You can generally tell the time of day by a lady's hair; but it is quite impossible to say what hour it is—whether A.M. or P.M.—from the neat little head before you. Who ever saw a Railway Refreshment Girl in curl-papers? She lives in perpetual ringlets.

Your heart is at her feet—if feet she has any—for none are to be seen; and she appears to walk on wings. Your reverie deepens at every glance; your admiration is sunk to the depth of an Artesian well, and overflows all your nature; when suddenly a sharp bell wakes you up to life again. Timidly, you ask what there is to pay? and, leaving your soup and your heart behind you, hurry out, none the happier for the change that is ringing with a hollow sound in your waistcoat-pocket next to your beating bosom. Your appetite is unappeased, but your thoughts are full, and for hours you feast on the sweet recollections you have imbibed, if nothing else, from your interview with the RAILWAY REFRESHMENT GIRL.

## HOPE FOR HUDSON.

THE *Chronicle*, in a very philosophical article on the treatment of spots and stains, shows how they may be discharged by proper means—shows how dirt, though inch-thick, will rub off reputations, when the dirt is well-dried.

"Thus [says the *Chronicle*, breathing hope to Hudson] in the course of not many years, by the effect of a prudent silence, and a decorous retirement from observation, a disgraced public man not unfrequently reverses his attainder, and—albeit slightly damaged in the eyes of those who remember the circumstances of his case—if he has courage enough to put a good face upon the matter, may recover his position."

Contemplating this sentence, we leaned back in our chair, looking—as is our wont when in meditation—upward to the ceiling; and thereupon, in a few seconds, we read, or seemed to read, these lines:

"From the *Morning Post*, Feb. —, 1860.

"Last night, at least 800 of the *beau monde* were entertained by GEORGE HUDSON, Esq., who, after a retirement of some years, in consequence of delicate health, though not indigestion, as generally believed, has again returned to a brilliant and numerous circle, of which he was in bygone time the soul and ornament; and whose long-lamented

delight in picking up stray straws of character, and balancing them on our mind's nose—for if the mind has an eye, of course it must have a nose.

The Railway still abounds in characters, though so many have recently been lost there. It has been at Woolverton, Birmingham, Derby, and many other stations of pressing hunger and thirst, that we have devoured—now with a stale bun, now with a basin of hot soup in our hand—the following little delicious bit of character. It answers to the name of—

## THE RAILWAY REFRESHMENT GIRL.

How pretty she is! You jump from the train with six hours' accumulation of appetite. Your hungry eyes survey the stock of pastry and pork-pies that are arranged mathematically on the Board of Ill-Health before you, and, in the tempting variety, you are puzzled which to choose. A fairy form with a blonde cap flits before you, and your indecision grows greater. A silvery little voice, no bigger than a fourpenny piece, asks you "what you will please to take?" and in the nervousness of your throat, you murmur cooingly, "Turtle, real turtle." The next minute is handed you a soup-plate, swimming-full of ox-tails—and mechanically you dip the silver spoon into it. You have scalded yourself, of course—but what matter? One glance from those loving eyes, and the pain has sweetened into pleasure. The plate is still before you, and you keep, blowing, blowing

absence has thrown occasional gloom over those *réunions* where (the emotion could not always be suppressed) some kind voice has whispered, "I wish he were here." We cannot give a list of the company; suffice it to say, it was composed of the leading stars of fashion; of all that makes life wise, and good, and noble, and brilliant. Dancing was kept up until a late hour, and the supper was of a most profuse and costly description. We are happy to hear that, called by the unanimous voice of the constituency, Mr. HUDSON goes down to stand for Sunderland next week. He will, of course, be returned with one burst of triumph. By the way, one small incident may speak the amiable good-nature of the rich and worthy gentleman. Though much pressed for time, he has, at the request of the citizens of York, consented to sit for another full-length, for their Mansion House. Condescension like this is above all comment."

And this was the handwriting on the ceiling with the foreshadowed date of 1860.

## LONDON MILK AND LONDON WATER.

THE principal difference between London Milk and London Water, after having been subjected to a careful analysis, appears to be pretty nearly as follows:—In the case of London Water you expect to find water at the bottom of the chalk; whereas, in the case of London Milk, you may be sure to find chalk at the bottom of the water.



**NELSON'S DAUGHTER.**

THE hard frost set in at an unlucky hour. We have it, upon what we would fain take as authority, that just as certain dignitaries of the two professions of arms—the Field-Marshal and the Admirals—had warmed themselves into a late determination to become the bud of a Committee to keep NELSON'S HORATIA from the patronage of France—a visitation threatened in loftiest wording by the President—just as the heads of the Navy and Army had resolved to appeal to the English nation in aid of NELSON'S daughter, the frost set in—the quicksilver dropt in the glass, and with it fell the sympathy of Marshals and Admirals. Like MUNCHAUSEN'S trumpet, their spirits were frozen in their martial bodies.

Otherwise, and had only the frost held off, we should have seen ere this, the name of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, with the names of all the Waterloo men, of the men of Trafalgar, shining—shining in a cluster—like the best of their own blood-bought stars. They would have been gathered together, the lustrous Committee—with power to add to their brilliants—for the purpose of vindicating the right of NELSON to the gratitude of Englishmen; a right, living and beating in the veins of his child. But just at the moment, the frost as we say, set in, and Marshals and Admirals, with their fingers prepared for the operation, could not—they were so cold—unbutton their pockets.

We know that the name of NELSON is already chargeable. Excise, or Customs, or Assessed Taxes, have one of the nibbles out of the many thousand, at the daily substance of the Englishman, such nibbles put together, making these pensions (without a word upon the sum that bought the NELSON lands,) thus allotted—

EARL NELSON, son of the nephew of ADMIRAL NELSON . . . . .	£2000
COUNTRESS OF NELSON, wife of the above . . . . .	1000
DOWAGER COUNTRESS, widow of the Admiral's nephew . . . . .	2000
To name of NELSON . . . . .	£5000

This is a good sum; very handsome salaries enjoyed upon the luck of alliance with hero's blood heroically shed. As for the Earl Admiral's brother, who inherited the profits of Trafalgar, and bobbed in for the coronet that missed the dead—he was in heart and soul as much allied to the sailor, as a barnacle upon the coppers of the *Victory* was a portion of her heart of oak. Nevertheless, they took PARSON BARNACLE, and gilded his simoniacal head with a coronet, and he—keeping the tenor of his way—cheated LADY HAMILTON, duly robbing the sailor's child, NELSON'S orphan HORATIA. Whereupon, the PRINCE OF WALES wrote letters of sympathy that, like all such epistles from his royal hand, were by no means worth the ink that blotted the paper.

In the meanwhile, HORATIA'S mother dies. The woman to whom England was indebted for the intelligence that made victory sure—for it took NELSON alongside the French fleet—dies in a corner of Calais, and, with little other than a pauper's funeral—(two Englishwomen clubbed old silk petticoats to serve for a pall)—was laid in earth, now turned to a timber-yard. The Parson Earl did not erect a hand's-breadth of stone. Yet, to him, stone must have been cheap enough. The man must have carried a quarry inside of him.

Nevertheless, England is very grateful to the memory of her hero. England buys a magnificent estate for NELSON'S black brother: England dresses the parson as Earl, and gilds him and his successors—and wives to boot,—inch-thick with the alchemy of the tax-man. And so we honoured the hero NELSON. We honoured him at St. Paul's; and we honoured him, dressing up a human lay-figure in his name—in the House of Lords.

And still, we honour NELSON in his Trafalgar coat. For is it not to be seen in a shrine of plate-glass at Greenwich? There it lies, a thing of daily honour—open to all worshippers.

And do we not honour NELSON in the very bullet—in the mortal bit of lead that deprived HORATIA of her father, to be exposed by her father's brother? Yes; we do honour even to that bit of mischief, since associated with the fate of NELSON—for only a while ago did not PRINCE ALBERT receive as a precious gift, that bit of lead; and did he not—if Court historians write truly—in a very graceful speech, express his value of the gift, and his determination to treasure it as a dearest relic?

We honour the Nelson coat—we honour the Nelson bullet—but NELSON'S child, NELSON'S living flesh and blood, are not of such value as moth-eaten woollen, or an ounce of old metal.

As, however, the Lords of the Admiralty permit the *Victory* to be shown, and, as where NELSON was shot is marked by an engraved plate—we suggest to them the eligibility of cutting a till-slit through the plank where NELSON fell, and placing a money-box below, with another plate above, thus marked—

“SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR HORATIA.”

In this way, NELSON'S countrymen, desirous of contributing to a Fund for NELSON'S daughter, will know in what place to deposit their money. We do not suggest this without due cause, for, at this moment, we are

beset by a difficulty, having received a subscription for HORATIA, which is worded thus:—

“FIVE POUNDS FOR HORATIA FROM AN OLD MAID.”

Now, as the frost has prevented the formation of the Committee, and, indeed, as the body of Marshals and Admirals may never thaw to congenial point again, we know not what to do with the subscription forwarded by our Correspondent, “An Old Maid,” whose good heart shows that she deserved the best of husbands, and that husband the very best of sailors. Any way, we will wait a few days for the probable formation of the Committee. If, however, the hard frost seems likely to continue—and if, again, the Lords of the Admiralty will not comply with our suggestion, by establishing, in default of greater measures, a subscription-box aboard the *Victory*, so that we may forward the £5 to the fund there to be garnered—then, and with deep regret, we must return the money to the kind hand that sent it forth upon its journey of goodness—upon its task of true and gentle sisterhood,—to be further directed where the hand shall it list.

But let us hope better, both from the Lords of the Admiralty, and from a genial thaw.

**THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.**



HAVING been admitted to a private view of this great national establishment which is—like a pert child—in a state of great forwardness, we proceed to give a description of what we observed. Over the Speaker's chair is a gallery intended for ladies which is screened with metal work, an arrangement in very bad taste, for the ladies themselves would be—“metal more attractive.”

The floor of the House is of iron, which is very hard indeed for MR. O'CONNELL, and

other members, who may have a *faiblesse* for dying on the floor of the House, and who may not be prepared for taking in good part this touch of irony. The windows will be filled with stained glass, representing armorial bearings, which is certainly an odd sort of compliment to the persons whose shields are represented, for it stains all their scutcheons. The length of the chamber is 62 feet, which is nearly one third less than the Lords—an arrangement of which we cannot guess the cause; for the Lords are not likely, we suppose, to go greater lengths than the Commons.

The height of the building is 45 feet, which will allow certain eccentric members to go to their usual height of absurdity. The Houses of Parliament are to be connected with Westminster Hall by an enormous archway and a magnificent flight of steps, which it is expected will prove to be one of the most remarkable flights of fancy ever attempted by any architect. The cloisters are undergoing restoration: for it has been found that the beauty of the work in these “vaulted aisles,” renders it impossible for a “vaulting ambition” to do anything but “overleap itself,” in an attempt to improve them.

**Windsor Theatricals.—Shakspeare Revived.**

*Julius Caesar* and *Henry the Fourth* are to be acted before the Court at Windsor in February; when, in accordance with the spirit of recognition that complimented the dramatists last year, SHAKSPEARE will be duly honoured. As, however, in his case it is found impossible to command him to Court, the Chamberlain has received orders to proceed in due form to Stratford Church, and then and there to present the bust of the immortal Bard with a handsome coat of white-wash. After such painting of the lily, SHAKSPEARE must look up!

**A ROYAL DAMPER.**

THE papers inform us that the KING OF WIRTEMBERG has dissolved his diet, by which we understand that his diet being rather too strong for him, he has dissolved it by throwing cold water all over it.



## 'SMOKING THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



WE are sorry to say, that the City has lately held the Hero of Waterloo so cheap, that London has been, what is vulgarly called, smoking the Duke with volumes of its celebrated smoke, until every statue of his Grace has become thoroughly graceless from the quantity of soot by which it is shrouded. We know that WELLINGTON swept everything before him on the Continent, but his statue at the Royal Exchange, looks as if he had swept everything behind him, including the chimnies in the rear, as well as all the flues of this great metropolis. We do not wonder at the Iron Duke being black in the face, with the neglect he has been made to experience. He that never showed an alteration of countenance at the fire of the enemy, has positively changed colour at the fire and smoke of the citizens.

We know that every statue may exclaim, "To this complexion must we come at last;" but surely the *Ramoneur* may provide something in the shape of a remedy. We would have the Duke first thoroughly swept, and then kept regularly hearth-stoned every week; for his present condition is really a most distressing one. When the wind is northerly he receives in his ear the whole of the smoke from the Bank parlours, while a western breeze turns the whites of his eyes into black with the culinary apparatus from the Mansion House. We are not favourable to what may be termed Hero Wash-up in its ordinary sense, but we would certainly have the hero of Waterloo undergo a regular Wash-up once or twice a year should occasion require.

## MAKING VERY LIGHT OF IT.

A MR. DART, who seems actuated by the most laudable aims, has lately been lecturing on the philosophy of a candle. Though the subject is a simple one, we think that a candle, in judicious hands, might still serve as one of the lights of the age, notwithstanding the advance that gas has made, wherever it can find an opening. The philosophy of a candle must, at all events, put us up to snuff, and if an enlarged view is taken of the world of candles, the "mould of form" will come in for its due share of illustration. To those who are not prepared to take a bold plunge into the regions of tallow, it may be convenient to take a dip with the accomplished lecturer. It may seem like going back in the world of philosophy to return to the common candle, but *revenons à nos moutons* is a maxim that is not at all times to be discarded. The philosophy of the candle will, no doubt, bring to light some curious phenomena, as to how many times one pound of candles, which, by the ordinary rules of duration, will not go into two candlesticks, may be found to go easily into one grease-pot. We do not wonder at the *illuminati* seizing on a candle as a means of general enlightenment.

## THE BOND STREET MENDICANTS.

## A Woeful Ballad.

To be sung about the Streets to a Psalm-tune, accompanied by a Grinding Organ, by a Party of Dukes, Lords, and Squires, in the worn-out Habilliments appropriate to their Cause.

## SOLO AND CHORUS.

Ye kind Christian friends, subsisting by your labours,  
With shame in this state we before you appear,  
Reduced thus to beg from our poor hard-working neighbours;  
Embarrassments, believe us,  
And difficulties grievous,  
The reasons are why you behold us here.  
Chorus.—Reduced thus to beg, &c.

Restore us the Corn-Laws to keep our rents from falling,  
The bread that you eat this is asking, we know;  
But having before us a prospect so appalling  
Of most extreme privation,  
Through Free-Trade legislation,  
Upon your charity ourselves we throw.  
Chorus.—Reduced thus to beg, &c.

You know not what 'tis to put down a stud or carriage,  
To give up a kennel, a yacht, or a tour,  
Abandon the hope of an advantageous marriage,  
Curtail display and splendour,  
And influence surrender;  
Strangers to such afflictions are you poor.  
Chorus.—Reduced thus to beg, &c.

The farmers at last have begun to growl and grumble,  
Upon them we cannot much longer rely,  
And therefore we pray you, with supplication humble,  
To tax yourselves to ease us,  
And starve that you may please us,  
Our incomes raised by famine prices high.  
Chorus.—Reduced thus to beg, &c.

KING ALFRED his loaf with the mendicant divided;  
Ye workmen, share yours with the poor squire and peer:  
Oh, let not our piteous petition be denied;  
But giving back Protection,  
That we and our connexion  
May live in clover, make your own bread dear.  
Chorus.—Reduced thus to beg, &c.

## GOING, GOING, BUT NOT GONE.

EVERY now and then we are startled by a false alarm—and we are very happy to find the alarm is a false one—of LORD DENMAN being about to retire from the chief-justiceship of the Queen's Bench on account of illness. Whether anybody's wish is father to the thought, or whether nothing is farther from the wish, or whatever the case may really be, it is quite clear that the cry of "Going, going," which is constantly got up in reference to LORD DENMAN, is one that finds no response in the mind of that distinguished judge, who is by far too good a judge to resign without reason an office he fills with so much grace, learning, and dignity.

The cry is invariably accompanied by the old air of the "*Campbells are coming*;" and if LORD DENMAN should be, as we are, tired to death of the tune in question, it will be entitled to the name of the tune the judge died of. We sincerely hope it will never earn such a hateful celebrity. We do not question the propriety of LORD CAMPBELL's succeeding to the Queen's Bench when there is a vacancy, but, notwithstanding his success in "*The Lives of the Chief Justices*," we hope the life of LORD DENMAN as chief justice will be prolonged, so as to prevent LORD CAMPBELL from having an opportunity just yet of attempting his own.

## Shameful Libel.

THE *Morning Post* says, in allusion to the Windsor plays—

"The players' vanity has been the curse of the modern drama; and we cannot but lament that the highest power of the State should have unwittingly condescended to pander to the evil of the time."

Our *Post* tells of something monstrous. We have seen a black swan—a white raven,—but never saw, never heard of, a vain player. If there be such an animal, we would earnestly advise MR. TYLER, of the Zoological Gardens, to possess himself of the creature. It would be more than worth its keep, whether carnivorous, herbivorous, or farinaceous!



PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



ON the days that we went floundering a short time ago, we thought we had used every precaution to avoid the many a slip between the heel and the hip, which the frosty weather exposed us to. We never recollect to have seen such a perfect process of "holding a mirror up to nature" as the streets exhibited, for the pavement was like glass, and every one who walked along could not only see himself in it, but felt himself on it rather too frequently. Hoping to preserve our standing in society, we resorted to gutta percha soles, but bitter was our disappointment after making them our sole reliance. The gutta perchas gave us no purchase or hold upon the pavement, and our legs slipped away from under us, in consequence of our precautions having proved altogether bootless. It is true that, after the frost had disappeared, the papers were good enough to tell us how to get ourselves rough-shod for frosty weather. It seems we ought to have got a lot of old iron, reduced it to filings, mixed it with emery scrubbings, &c. &c., and having made the whole mixture thoroughly red hot, we ought to have put our foot in it. A person who could stand this might, we think, stand anything, as well as stand anywhere, and so far there would appear to be virtue in such a remedy against slipping in frosty weather.

In the event of the return of the ice, it may be desirable for our skating readers to be supplied with some means of maintaining that equilibrium which is so essential to true dignity. A balancing pole, supported by two footmen, will furnish the aristocratic votaries

of that pleasure, which glides away faster than any other, with the means of pursuing it unalloyed by those casualties which prostrate the best energies, and reduce the highest and the humblest to the same dumpy or bumpy level.



THE WAITER.

I MET the waiter in his prime  
At a magnificent hotel;  
His hair, untinged by care or time,  
Was oiled and brushed exceeding well.  
When "waiter," was the impatient cry,  
In accents growing stronger,  
He seem'd to murmur, "By and by,  
Wait a little longer."

Within a year we met once more;  
'Twas in another part of town.  
An humbler air the waiter wore,  
I fancied he was going down.  
Still when I shouted "Waiter, bread!"  
He came out rather stronger,  
As if he'd say with toss of head,  
"Wait a little longer."

Time takes us on through many a grade;  
Of "ups and downs" I've had my run,  
Passing full often through the shade  
And sometimes loitering in the sun.  
I and the waiter met again  
At a small inn at Ongar;  
Still when I call'd, 'twas almost vain—  
He made me wait the longer.

Another time—years since the last—  
At eating-house I sought relief  
From present care and troubles past,  
In a small plate of round of beef.  
"One beef, one tatures," was the cry,  
In tones than mine much stronger;  
'Twas the old waiter standing by,  
"Waiting a little longer."

I've mark'd him now for many a year;  
I've seen his coat more rusty grow;  
His linen is less bright and clear,  
His polish'd pumps are on the go.  
Torn are, alas! his Berlin gloves—  
They used to be much stronger;  
The waiter's whole appearance proves  
He cannot wait much longer.

I sometimes see the waiter still;  
'Gainst want he wages feeble strife;  
He's at the bottom of the hill,  
Downwards has been his path through life.  
Of "waiter, waiter," there are cries,  
Which louder grow and stronger;  
'Tis to old Time he now replies,  
"Wait a little longer."

Ice-bergs in the Thames.

AFTER the breaking up of the frost—which broke up just at the close of every one else's holidays—the Thames was in such a state, that every voyage between London Bridge and Chelsea was a sort of Arctic Expedition in miniature. The *Bachelor* was ice-bound for some time in trying to effect one of those passages which form the most eventful passages in the life of a Thames mariner. Had the frost continued much longer, we might have looked forward to the total freezing up of the river, which would for a time have connected, in the bend of union, the opposite and sometimes opposing shores of Southwark and Blackfriars.

Nautical Swearing.

It was stated in the morning papers last week that in the Bail Court—

"SIR T. B. MARTIN took the oaths as Admiral of the Fleet."

Taking oaths as an Admiral of the Fleet, it may be thought, is much the same thing with swearing like a trooper; a practice which we hoped had ceased in the British Navy. We trust that the gallant Admiral uttered no stronger an expression than the wish that his timbers might be shivered; an imprecation, however, of which we should lament the fulfilment.



## HOBSON'S CHOICE,

OR THE PERPLEXITIES OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A SERVANT.



By the time I had had two or three more boys in my family, I got to hate them as if I had been a second HEROD, and the rest of my household, too, was pretty soon tired of the wretches. If any young housekeepers reads this, I would say to them, Profit by my experience, and never keep a boy—be happy with a parlour-maid, put up with a char-woman, let the cook bring up your dinner from the kitchen: get a good servant who knows his business, and pay his wages as cheerfully as you may: but never have a boy into your place, if you value your peace of mind.

You may save a little in the article of wages with the little rascal, but how much do you pay in discomfort! A boy eats as much as a man, a boy breaks twice as much as a man, a boy is

twice as long upon an errand as a man; a boy batters your plate and sends it up to table dirty; you are never certain that a boy's fingers are not in the dish which he brings up to your dinner; a boy puts your boots on the wrong trees; and when at the end of a year or two he has broken his way through your crockery, and at last learned some of his business, the little miscreant privately advertizes himself in the *Times* as a youth who has 2 years' character, and leaves you for higher wages, and another place. Two young traitors served me so in the course of my fatal experience with boys.

Then, in a family council, it was agreed that a man should be engaged for our establishment, and we had a series of footmen (our curate recommended to me our first man, whom the clergyman had found in the course of his charitable excursions). I took JOHN TOMKINS out of the garret, where he was starving. He had pawned every article of value belonging to him; he had no decent clothes left in which he could go out to offer himself for a situation; he had not tasted meat for weeks, except such rare bits as he could get from the poor Curate's spare table. He came to my house, and all of a sudden rushed into plenty again. He had a comfortable supply of clothes, meat, fire, and blankets. He had not a hard master, and as for Mamma's scolding, he took it as a matter of course. He had but few pairs of shoes to clean, and lived as well as a man of five hundred a-year. Well, JOHN TOMKINS left my service in six months after he had been drawn out of the jaws of death, and after he had considered himself lucky at being able to get a crust of bread, because the cook served him a dinner of cold meat two days running—"He never ad been used to cold meat; it was the custom in no good families to give cold meat—he wouldn't stay where it was practised." And away he went, then—very likely to starve again.

Him there followed a gentleman, whom I shall call MR. ABERSHAW, for I am positive he did it, although we never could find him out. We had a character with this amiable youth, which an angel might have been proud of—had lived for seven years with GENERAL HECTOR—only left because the family was going abroad, the General being made Governor and Commander in Chief of the Tapioca Islands—the General's sister, MRS. COLONEL AJAX, living in lodgings in the Edgware Road, answered for the man, and for the authenticity of the General's testimonials. When Mamma, MRS. CAPTAIN B., waited upon her, MRS. CAPTAIN B. remarked that MRS. COLONEL's lodgings were rather queer, being shabby in themselves, and over a shabby shop—and she thought there was a smell of hot spirits and water in MRS. COLONEL's room when MRS. B. entered it at 1 o'clock; but, perhaps, she was not very rich, the Colonel being on half-pay, and it might have been ether and not rum which MRS. B. smelt. She came home announcing that she had found a treasure of a servant, and MR. ABERSHAW stepped into our pantry and put on our livery.

Nothing could be better for some time than this gentleman's behaviour: and it was edifying to remark how he barred up the house of a night, and besought me to see that the plate was all right when he brought it upstairs in the basket. He constantly warned us, too, of thieves and rascals about; and, though he had a villainous hang-dog look of his own, which I could not bear, yet Mamma said, this was only a prejudice of mine, and, indeed, I had no fault to find with the man. Once I thought something was wrong with the lock of my study-table; but, as I keep little or no money in the house, I did not give this circumstance much thought, and once MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE saw MR. ABERSHAW in conversation with a lady who had very much the appearance of MRS. COLONEL AJAX, as she afterwards remembered, but the resemblance did not, unluckily, strike Mamma at the time.

It happened one evening that we all went to see the Christmas pantomime; and of course took the footman on the box of the fly, and I treated him to the pit, where I could not see him; but he said afterwards, that he enjoyed the play very much. When the pantomime

was over, he was in waiting in the lobby to hand us back to the carriage, and a pretty good load we were, our three children, ourselves, and MRS. CAPTAIN B., who is a very roomy woman.

When we got home,—the cook, with rather a guilty and terrified look, owned to her mistress that a most "singlar" misfortune had happened. She was positive she shut the door—she could take her Bible oath she did—after the boy who comes every evening, with the paper; but the policeman, about 11 o'clock, had rung and knocked to say that the door was open—and open it was, sure enough; and great coat, and two hats, and an umbrella, were gone.

"Thank 'Evens! the plate was all locked up safe in my pantry," MR. ABERSHAW said, turning up his eyes; and he showed me that it was all right before going to bed that very night; he could not sleep unless I counted it, he said—and then it was that he cried out, Lord! Lord! to think that while he was so happy and unsuspecting, enjoin' of himself at the play, some rascal should come in and rob his kind master! If he'd a knowd it, he never would have left the house—no, that he wouldn't.

He was talking on in this way, when we heard a loud shriek from Mamma's room, and her bell began to ring like mad: and presently, out she ran, roaring out, "ANNA MARIA! Cook! MR. HOBSON! Thieves! I'm robbed, I'm robbed!"

"Where's the scoundrel?" says ABERSHAW, seizing the poker as valiant as any man I ever saw; and he rushed upstairs towards MRS. B.'s apartment, I following behind, more leisurely; for, if the rascal of a housebreaker had pistols with him, how was I to resist him, I should like to know?

But when I got up—there was no thief. The scoundrel had been there: but he was gone: and a large box of MRS. B.'s stood in the centre of the room, burst open, with numbers of things strown about the floor. Mamma was sobbing her eyes out, in her big chair; my wife and the female servants already assembled; and ABERSHAW, with the poker, banging under the bed to see if the villain was still there.

I was not aware at first of the extent of Mrs. B.'s misfortune, and it was only by degrees, as it were, that that unfortunate lady was brought to tell us what she had lost. First, it was her dresses she bemoaned, two of which, her rich purple velvet and her black satin, were gone: then, it was her Cashmere shawl: then, a box full of ornaments, her jet, her pearls, and her garnets; nor was it until the next day that she confessed to my wife that the great loss of all was an old black velvet reticule, containing two hundred and twenty-three pounds, in gold and notes. I suppose she did not like to tell me of this; for a short time before, being somewhat pressed for money, I had asked her to lend me some; when, I am sorry to say, the old lady declared, upon her honour, that she had not a guinea, nor should have one until her dividends came in. Now, if she had lent it to me, she would have been paid back again, and this she owned, with tears in her eyes.

Well, when she had cried and screamed sufficiently, as none of this grief would mend matters, or bring back her money, we went to bed, ABERSHAW clapping to all the bolts of the house door, and putting the great bar up with a clang that might be heard all through the street. And it was not until two days after the event that I got the numbers of the notes which MRS. CAPTAIN B. had lost, and which were all paid into the Bank, and exchanged for gold the morning after the robbery.

When I was aware of its extent, and when the horse was stolen, of course I shut the stable-door, and called in a policeman—not one of your letter X policemen—but a gentleman in plain clothes, who inspected the premises, examined the family, and questioned the servants one by one. This gentleman's opinion was that the robbery was got up in the house. First, he suspected the cook, then he inclined towards the housemaid, and the young fellow with whom, as it appeared, that artful hussey was keeping company; and those two poor wretches expected to be carried off to jail forthwith, so great was the terror under which they lay.

All this while MR. ABERSHAW gave the policeman every information; insisted upon having his boxes examined, and his accounts looked into, for though he was absent, waiting upon his master and mistress, on the night when the robbery was committed, he did not wish to escape search—not he; and so we looked over his trunks just out of compliment.

The officer did not seem to be satisfied—as, indeed, he had discovered nothing as yet—and after a long and fruitless visit in the evening, returned on the next morning in company with another of the detectives, the famous SCROGGINS indeed.

As soon as the famous SCROGGINS saw ABERSHAW, all matters seemed to change—"Hullo, JERRY!" said he; "what, you here? at your old tricks again? this is the man what has done it, Sir," he said to me; "he is a well-known rogue and prig." MR. ABERSHAW swore more than ever that he was innocent, and called upon me to swear that I had seen him in the pit of the theatre during the whole of the performance; but I could nei her take my affidavit to this fact, nor was MR. SCROGGINS a bit satisfied, nor would he be until he had the man up to Beak Street, Police Court, and examined by the magistrate.



Here my young man was known as an old practitioner on the treadmill, and, seeing there was no use in denying the fact, he confessed it very candidly. He owned that he had been unfortunate in his youth; that he had not been in GENERAL HECTOR'S service these five years; that the character he had got was a sham one, and MRS. AJAX merely a romantic fiction. But no more would he acknowledge. His whole desire in life, he said, was to be an honest man; and ever since he had entered my service he had acted as such. Could I point out a single instance in which he had failed to do his duty? But there was no use in a poor fellow who had met with misfortune trying to retrieve himself: he began to cry when he said this, and spoke so naturally that I was almost inclined to swear that I had seen him under us all night in the pit of the theatre.

There was no evidence against him; and this good man was discharged, both from the Police office and from our service, where he couldn't bear to stay, he said, now that his Honour was questioned. And MRS. BUDGE believed in his innocence, and persisted in turning off the cook and housemaid, who she was sure had stolen her money: nor was she quite convinced of the contrary two years after, when MR. ABERSHAW and MRS. COLONEL AJAX were both transported for forgery.

### THE PRIDE OF THE THISTLE.

THE beauty, the tenderness, of a poor Highland Girl is very well in poetry; but is an awful visitation upon the pride of an old Scotch family, "one of the oldest and most respectable—the descendants of the celebrated Lord President FORBES!" When WORDSWORTH apostrophises his Highland Girl—

"Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower,"—

the dowry of lilies and roses is of allowed value in verse; but not worth a bawbee when estimated by the "present possessors of the extensive estates of Culloden."

We have been mightily instructed by a recent instance of morality manifested by Scotch nobility. A young gentleman—positively one of the descendants of the PRESIDENT FORBES—falls in love with a poor Highland Girl "of considerable personal charms." The couple take flight, and are duly married. There is not a word to be said against the bride, if we except the one worst word—poverty. And then whatever roses she may have in her face—she has no blood, no old ennobled fluid in her veins. She is merely a good, beautiful, loving girl—and that is all. What a fatal match—what hymeneal degradation for one of the "descendants of the PRESIDENT FORBES!"

The lovers are pursued to Glasgow. "Fast as the priest can make them they are one." They are moreover fast asleep; but, says the account—

"The friends of the young gentleman soon roused them from dreams of love, and used persuasions, arguments, and threats, to induce him to desert his newly-married wife, and return to his brother's mansion; but in vain—he had made his choice, and resolved to live and die in the society of his blooming bride."

Magnanimous descendants of the PRESIDENT FORBES! We cannot but admire their devotedness to the nobility of honour and truth. They threaten and wheedle the young man to desert the woman he has, an hour or two before, sworn to cleave to for life; and when he will not abandon the young creature who has confided to him more than her existence—

"He was told that in a few days he would receive the small fortune secured to him as a younger brother by the family settlement, and that for the rest of his life he would be disowned by the family. The friends then left him, pursued their way northwards, and left the young and loving adventurers to their own resources."

This is truly noble. The young man's "friends," the illustrious descendants of the PRESIDENT FORBES, in their anxiety for the purity of the family's scutcheon, do not see how it can be blotted, either by the falsehood of a man, or the broken heart of a woman; the man, being one of the great folks of Culloden, and the woman only a poor Highland girl!—A girl who, we doubt not, might stand for the poet's picture:—

"Thou wear'st, upon thy forehead clear,  
The freedom of a mountaineer;  
A face with gladness overspread,  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."

Any way, we would wager it, her "forehead clear" will not be deepened by the blush that ought to have possessed the faces of the "friends" of the bridegroom, earnestly entreating him to vindicate the nobility of his blood, and be a rascal. Such is the pride of the Thistle, as worn by the descendants of "the celebrated LORD PRESIDENT FORBES!" We wish them joy of it.

### A TEETOTAL PHENOMENON.

OUR American correspondent has met, in New York, with a convert to teetotalism, who, whereas, before taking the pledge, he used to see all objects double, now sees only their halves.

### WOODEN HEADS OF SEVENOAKS.

#### 1. How the Kent Farmers treated their Friend.



RECENTLY at the Sevenoaks meeting for the artificial augmentation of rents last week, EARL STANHOPE is reported to have made the following confession:—

"I had the honour of presenting in the House of Lords upwards of 80 petitions proceeding from almost every parish in Kent. They were not considered worthy of a single observation from either side, and I might as well have laid before them a number of old newspapers. As for addressing the House of Lords, I have occasionally thought it my duty to do so, but, for all the effect, I might just as well have walked into my vegetable garden and addressed just so many cabbages and cauliflowers."

At which words the noble Earl's agricultural auditory exclaimed "Hear."

Now, if the Kent farmers had felt any sympathy with EARL STANHOPE, any indignation at the disrespectful treatment which his Lordship described himself to have received from his Peers, they ought to have cried "Shame."

If they thought the House of Lords right in taking no notice of him, to shout "Hear" was consistent enough.

But it was very cruel.

#### 2. Philosophy of an Agricultural Mind.

Subjoined is a special manifestation of the Landed Wisdom in conclave, as above-mentioned, at Sevenoaks assembled. A MR. J. BELL said that—

"There was an interest behind—one to which MR. CORDEN and those who acted with him were content to act as jackalls—the great moneyed interest (*Cheers*)—the great creditor class—the owners of public and private debt—the fund-holder and mortgagee, the money-jobber, usurer, and placeman it was, who alone had benefited from the low prices which had prevailed during the last 35 years (*Cheers*). If the present system should be persisted in, he would not give two years' purchase for the rent of England or the dividends upon the funds."

Firstly, how sensible is the complaint of the lowness of prices for the last 35 years, uttered by a gentleman who, in the same breath, bawls for a restoration of the Corn-Laws, which have existed during the greater part of that time!

Secondly, how sagacious that estimate of "the great moneyed interest" which supposes that the debt-owners and fundholders are seeking to maintain a system, which, if persisted in, will cause the dividends to cease to be paid. Either they, like pigs swimming, are cutting their own throats, or as suicidal an act has been perpetrated by MR. J. BELL, at Sevenoaks, with the rope which he was too liberally indulged with.

### THE SMITHFIELD PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THESE celebrated *réunions* continue to be attended every Monday and Friday by numerous assemblies, of a refinement corresponding to the delicate atmosphere of the locality. The performance on Monday last presented no novel features, but afforded, as it never fails to afford, extreme gratification to the *habitués*. A *barcarole* by a sheep-dog attracted our especial notice, and a vocal symphony of hogs presented a curious contrast of the *trebles* and *tenors* with the *bassi*; though containing, we thought, several discords introduced with more effect than scientific skill. Another piece performed by these *artistes* had a strong resemblance to the *Concert Stück*. The Southdowns and Leicesters were strong as usual in their pastoral chorus, to which the cows gave effect by the addition of their low notes. An *allegro furioso* passage dashed out by an ox, and accompanied by a horn movement, told greatly on the crowd, at whom it was evidently directed. We have still to complain of the bad accommodation provided at these entertainments, and know not whether to refer their maintenance on their present inconvenient site to the obstinacy, or folly, or cupidity of their directors, or to all three causes together.

#### Shakspeare among the Cheap Tailors.

THE Shade of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, having perused certain accounts of tyrannous tailors, begs leave to suggest from a little play of his own, what he conceives to be a pertinent motto, to be painted in red letters over their shop-doors. The motto will be found in a play called "*Othello*," and runs thus:

"A SWEATING DEVIL here."

And therefore,—as W. S. further suggests,—a devil to be inconspicuously avoided.





### A MEETING TO DISCUSS THE PRINCIPLES OF PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

If we are to judge by the reports of the meetings now being held in different parts of the country, the kind of Protection most needed at these assemblies is the protection of the police,

or self-protection of a decided character. That the Protectionists and free-traders are determined on making a fight for their respective cause is quite evident. If the question is to be fought

out, the better way would be for a champion on each side to take up and put on the gloves, so that, after a fair contest, the combatants might remain hand and glove on friendly terms for the future.











## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 12.—*The outside of MOCKLER, FLY-TRAP, & Co.'s, Furriers', Shawl and Mantle Warehouse, &c., &c. The windows are barred with bands of all colours, and running at all angles, inscribed, "Selling off, fifty per cent. below prime cost." "Enormous Bargains." "Ruinous Sacrifice." "Must be got rid of at any Price." "Grand clearance Sales." "An immense number of Bankrupts' stocks." Bills of similar delusive import are stuck about every part of the shop. All the goods exhibited in the windows display small tickets of impassioned description, such as, "R  cherch  ," "The Mode," "Just out," "Just in," "The last thing from Paris," "Chaste," "How elegant!" "Refined Splendour," "Irresistible!" "Quite the thing!" "Perfect Taste," "Original," "Highly becoming," "Acknowledged by all!" Female cutter garments, of a general resemblance in shape, but a singular and recondite variety in name, are ticketed with startling titles, and more startling prices, as the "Camail des Carmelites, only  1 10s." The "Pardessus Popin court,  2 2s.!" The "R  dingote Rusniak, lined throughout with real sables, at  10.—A bargain!!!" "Burnous   la Bou-Maza, from the balls of the Elys  e, at  3 10s." Mantles, Mantillas, Mantelets, Mantelines, Bearskins, Burnouses, Bouguivilles, Bressets, Camails, Camailkas, Cardinales, Crachours, Cote-hardies, Paletots, Pardessus, P  kins, Ponchettes, Pochons, Polkas, R  dingotes, Visites, Vitcheours, and others, too numerous to enumerate, and too difficult to pronounce, are fixed up for the admiration of passengers. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is gazing into the window, fascinated by a gorgeous and barbaric shawl ticketed, "Real India at  2 10s."*

*Unprotected Female (thinks). Well, that is the sweetest, cheapest, thing I ever did see! Oh, I think it would become me uncommonly. And I could afford it out of my dividends. But then, perhaps, I oughtn't? Oh, yes! I must. (She goes to enter the shop, but starts back in horror at a very amorphous and mangy Lion, which guards the entrance, balanced by an equally distorted and dingy leopard at the opposite door-post.) Oh, gracious! what's that? Oh, it's only stuffed. (She enters the shop. Scene changes to the interior of the Establishment.)*

*[MOCKLER is keeping an eye to the Fur Department. FLY-TRAP walks up and down the Shawl and Mantle Department, in a Napoleonic manner, with his hands behind him, and his eyes before him, behind him, and in every direction, at the same time. The "Co." is in a small raised glass case, keeping guard over the Cashier, and checking the Entries. The shop is filled with ladies; and young "gents," in white ties and tender manners, are "shaving" them.*

*Unprotected Female (rather appalled by the splendid scale on which things are carried on). Oh! if you please—*

*Fly-Trap (with lordly obsequiousness). A chair for the lady. Now, madam, what department? Our stock of furs is extensive and unique. We are sole agents to all the companies everywhere. Winter furs, Ma'am, no doubt? SIPKINS, this lady to the Fur Department, im-mediately.*

*Unprotected Female (drawing her breath which has been taken away, by MR. FLY-TRAP'S douche of words). Oh, please—it's not furs. It was a shawl in the window.*

*Fly-Trap. MR. FRIBBLE—a chair for the lady. Shawl and Mantle Department, im-mediately.*

*[The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is chaired to the counter by one of "OUR YOUNG MEN."*

*Young Man (sitting himself down confidentially and sweetly over the counter to a level with the UNPROTECTED FEMALE'S face, and leaning on his knuckles). Now, Mem, if you please, what can we have the pleasure of showing you to-day? *[With tender interest.**

*Unprotected Female. Oh, if you please, there's a shawl in the window—*

*Young Man. Certainly, Mem. (Whipping a pile of shawls on the counter and tossing them into a troubled sea of Paisley Lyons, and Norwich India fabrics). Very superior article in Lyons and India. A sweet thing this in Oriental style—folds into twenty-four—gorgeous—quite suit your complexion, Mem—(performs various feats of legerdemain with the shawls)—stout material—cleans beau-tifully—look under the light, Mem—what a gloss! and the design our own—that is—our Indian designer—we keep three in Cashmere and two at Lahore—delicious arrangement. (Folds, unfolds, tosses, tumbles, twitches, slashes into the light, flirts into the dark, wreathes, unweathes, and then pauses to watch the effect with intense sensibility.) At twelve twelve, Mem—only—!*

*Unprotected Female (praying inwardly for strength to resist temptation). Oh! they're charming, but, if you please, I don't want them. It's the one in the window—marked "real India, at  2 10s."*

*Young Man. Beg pardon, Mem. (Whips another pile on to counter of articles very inferior to the decoy shawl.) This is the article at  3 8s—Real India—an enormous bargain—we couldn't do it if it hadn't been for*

*the Punjab Victories—delicious—and go with that bonnet sweetly. (He becomes painfully impressed with the beauty of the shawl.) Lovely, indeed, Mem.*

*Unprotected Female (going through various testing processes of manipulation known only to females). Oh, but this isn't the same material at all.*

*Young Man. Begging pardon, Mem, from the same loom—same shipment—if anything, superior. (With an appeal to her candour.) Now at  3 10s.—it's throwing 'em away! Let me put it up!*

*Unprotected Female. But it's not so good as the one in the window. Young Man (with a smile of superiority). Ex-cuse me, Mem—shall we say  3 8s.*

*Unprotected Female. But the one in the window is only  2 10s.*

*Young Man (winks at FLY-TRAP). You really must let me put it into your carriage—*

*Unprotected Female (stammered). Oh, I've not got a carriage. But if you please, I'd like that one in the window.*

*Fly-Trap (sharply and significantly, as customers go out shaved). Door!*

*[A Porter immediately plants his steps in front of the door inside, and begins cleaning the shop janlight with preternatural care, completely blocking up the door-way.*

*Fly-Trap (coming up blandly). It's the same article—madam—positively the same article—but of finer design. We put the worst in the window.*

*Unprotected Female. Oh, no, indeed—it was much better than any of them.*

*Fly-Trap. KNIPPER, show the lady the window article in India at two-ten. (A shawl is produced, which, by a sleight of hand, has been exchanged for the decoy one, in its progress from window to counter.) A very inferior article you will observe, Ma'am.*

*Unprotected Female. Oh, but that wasn't the one I saw.*

*Fly-Trap (deeply wounded in his feelings). This is a respectable establishment, Ma'am—and your words are actionable, I believe, before witnesses.*

*Unprotected Female (in agony at the notion of anything actionable). Oh, I'm sure I don't mean to—but, perhaps, haven't you made a mistake, Sir, or some of these gentlemen.*

*[To the Gents who are clustering round, and whose tenderness is chilling into the sternness of conscious rectitude.*

*Fly-Trap (freezingly). I beg to observe we don't make mistakes in this establishment—I believe not, gentlemen.*

*[Looking round the young men, who agree with him.*

*Unprotected Female (humbly). Oh, then, perhaps I'm wrong—but I don't want anything, please—so I'll go.*

*Fly-Trap. Go—Ma'am! Come into a respectable tradesman's, and rumple his goods, and insinuate against his honesty, and not buy anything! Go—indeed! How do I know what you came for?*

*Unprotected Female (piteously). Oh, indeed, it was the real India at two-and-ten, and I would have bought one, if you'd shown me any—but you haven't—so I'd rather go.*

*[Glances towards the door, as meditating a rush, but the Porter's blockade is still rigorously kept up.*

*Fly-Trap. We don't know parties—but we lose a many articles by parties pretending to buy, and not buying.*

*[With a look of awful suspicion.*

*Unprotected Female (in an agony of serious alarm). Oh no—I'm not—indeed, I've no pockets on—you can—no you can't—but I'm not.*

*Fly-Trap. KNIPPER, look out if there's a policeman.*

*Unprotected Female (clasping her hands). Oh, what for? Whatever have I done?*

*Fly-Trap. Shop-lifting is very common by parties pretending to be customers.*

*Unprotected Female. Oh, but I can prove who I am.*

*Fly-Trap. Parties being strangers and no reference asked—but if you purchase—of course—*

*Unprotected Female. Oh, I'll purchase anything—but indeed they're an inferior article.*

*Fly-Trap. One of the real India at three-and-eight for the lady, MR. FIBBET.*

*Unprotected Female (to herself). Oh, it's a shocking imposition! (JONES suddenly passes the shop.) Oh, there's MR. JONES! (She makes a bolt at the door, nearly upsetting the Porter, and, jamming herself very tight between the legs of his step-ladder, makes signals of distress to JONES.) Oh, MR. JONES—do, please, MR. JONES.*

*[Enter JONES. Consternation of FLY-TRAP, sudden relapse into general obsequiousness, and SCENE closes on the consequences.*

## A Fond Father's Advice to his Son.

As you make your bed, my son, so you must lie in it, but if you stuff it full of bills, you will soon find it very hard lying to keep matters in the least straight. Drive the Dun from the door, and you need never trouble yourself about bolting; but if the bailiffs once begin knocking outside, you will never know again a moment's rest. So be careful, my son, how you make your bed, and avoid debt, for, believe me, many a young man has had his bed snatched from under him, and been thrown on the world, simply from sleeping on tick.—*The Registered Chesterfield.*



## THE WEATHER AND THE PAVEMENT.

DURING the late severe weather, it has been delightful to see the stern rigour of authority relaxing in an inverse ratio with the rigidity of the frost, and to witness the booted and belted policeman sharing the same slide with the hatless and homeless urchin. There is something seasonably benevolent in the earnest desire of everybody to "keep the pot a boiling." And indeed, as it is the province of the policeman to make all the world "move on," that great embodiment of the idea of progress could not be better occupied than in the pastime in which our artist has depicted him.



"Now, OLD GENT, MOVE ON."

The Serpentine, during the frost, afforded frequent instances of a Tarantula-like effect upon the police in general; for many of the force, that came to clear the ice, stopped to slide; and, one by one, they slid into the pastime which they should have checked as dangerous.

## THE LION QUEEN.

ALL our readers know that the LION QUEEN—a young creature of seventeen—in the course of her performance, has been killed by one of her tiger subjects. One minute, the girl was alive, in all her pride of domination, ruling the beasts for twopences—the next, the tiger had fixed his teeth in her neck, the jugular poured out the life; and, in brief course, a Coroner's Jury sat upon the body. "Accidental Death."

What has become of the tiger? Has it been killed? Or will the human blood that, in its ferocious instinct, it has shed, make the brute a more valuable beast—a greater attraction to the show? Will the tiger remain a more important member of MR. WOMBWELL'S company—or will it, as it has been suggested—become the only quadruped tenant of MADAME TUSSAUD'S Chamber of Horrors, the Tiger to MARIA MANNING'S *Ariadne*? Up to the present time, we hear nothing certain of the destruction of the brute.

The *Chronicle* has a fine essay on the miserable taste, the low craving for excitement, fostered by the performances of what are called LION KINGS and LION QUEENS—the Potentates—as it has appeared with other Powers, in these days of revolution—occasionally made quick conveyance of by their rebellious subjects. "We trust," says our contemporary, "that the recent frightful catastrophe will be the last of its kind, and that in pleasure, as in all else, we may see a healthier state of things brought about." We trust so too, and indeed, if we may credit a report—be it understood we only give it as a rumour—of the effect produced by the death of the girl BRIGHT in the most exalted place,—we have no doubt that the very highest example will henceforth tend to discourage all such brutal exhibitions.

Our readers may remember that, in the high and glorious days of VAN AMBURGH, HER MAJESTY and attending Lords and Ladies patronised a private exhibition of the tricks of "Sovereign sway and masterdom" manifested by the Lion King over his brute lieges on the stage of Drury Lane. More: HER MAJESTY was so pleased with the governing power of KING VAN AMBURGH, that she commanded EDWIN LANDSEER to immortalise his Majesty and four-footed subjects on about half-an-acre of canvas, that, when filled and glowing—we were about to write, growling—with brute life ruled by human will, was duly exhibited at the Royal Academy; and was, until within a few days, a part of the royal collection. We hear that, since the death of the Lion Queen, and purely to exert the influence of high example, the picture has been taken down, packed up, and is about to be shipped as a present to the EMPEROR OF MOROCCO. In the dominion of his Majesty, Lion Tamers may certainly find a more congenial atmosphere than in highly civilised and Christianised Great Britain.

## PROBLEMS FOR THINKERS.

How is it that JOHN BULL is continually having his pocket picked, when, nevertheless, he is always putting his hand in it?

If the Socialists could convert the world into one great common, would they make themselves asses or geese?

## THE

## HERCULES CHEAP PALETOT.

You've read the death of HERCULES,  
In classic tale related;  
But there the facts of his decease  
Erroneously are stated:  
Each schoolboy will at large recite  
Fast as his Alphabeta,  
How that eximious man of might  
Departed on Mount Oeta.

The hero, having ceased to rove,  
'Tis said, his labours ended,  
To sacrifice to FATHER JOVE,  
That mountain steep ascended.  
Desirous proper clothes to don,  
Such as he would look nice in,  
He put a Centaur tunic on,  
To offer sacrifice in.

This tunic having been imbued  
With Hydra's deadly poison,  
Itself unto the wearer glued,  
Like plaster with Spain's flies on.  
Not to come off—the Income-Tax  
A blister of the sort is—  
It stuck to him like cobbler's wax,  
And stung like aqua fortis.

Such direful pangs convulsed his  
frame,  
And pierced through bone and mar-  
row,  
That HERCULES felt much the same  
As toad beneath a burrow;  
Such agonies his nerves did rive,  
Did trouble, vex, and tease him;  
He chose to burn himself alive,  
As thinking fire would ease him.

Now, this same story is a myth,  
Or mystical narration,  
In which there is of truth a pith,  
Involved in fabrication.  
The vest that poison'd HERCULES  
Was bought from a slop-seller;  
It was the virus of disease  
That rack'd the monster-queller.

'Twas Typhus, which the garment  
caught  
Of Misery and Famine,  
Hands that for some cheap tailor  
wrought;  
The Hydra-story's gammon.  
Such clothes are manufactured still;  
And you're besought to try 'em  
In poster, puff, placard, and bill—  
—If you are wise, don't buy 'em.

## WIDOWS.

THE *Perth Courier* speaks of a colony of widows in Bridgend. They "almost worry a man," says the *Courier*, who ventures near their precincts. They patronise nothing that is not widow. They have widow-cook, and widow-waiting-woman. *Punch* further suggests that they should have their mice caught by widowed cats, and their eggs laid by widowed hens. And to conclude, and to make Bridgend quite a paradise, not a flower—certainly not the flower of bachelor's-buttons—should be allowed to infest their parterre; but, like themselves, their garden of life should run to nothing but weeds.

A JEWEL OF A WIFE.—A Wife who, whatever may be the journey, copies the sagacious elephant, and travels with a single trunk.



## CHARTIST STATISTICS.



At a meeting of the Chartists at the London Tavern a few evenings ago, one of the company out-did almost all former efforts by insisting that the Charter had become actually necessary in consequence of "16,000 pounds having been paid last year for butter, eggs, and bacon for Buckingham Palace."

We do not pretend to know the data on which this assertion is founded, but we can only say, for the story of the £16,000 worth of butter, eggs, and bacon, that we cannot swallow one half of it. The speaker seemed to have the butter quite pat, but, unless the practice of putting it upon bacon prevails to an awful extent in the Palace, we really cannot see how the consumption can be effected, while, as for the eggs, we are

sure there are not half as many laid in England as are laid in his indictment.

It is rather ingenious on his part to suggest to the country that the Charter is the only mode by which its bacon can be saved, though it is obvious that, unless the royal household lived on eggs and bacon all the year round, the bill for these items could not amount to one hundredth part of the orator's estimate. We suspect he has got several wrong pigs by the ear, and we are satisfied that so much bacon as he alleges could neither be cured nor endured by the inmates of Buckingham Palace. To feed the household on nothing but salted swine would be rather scurvy treatment, and we can only come to the conclusion, that the Chartist DEMOSTHENES, in enlarging on the quantity of pig consumed in the Palace, was merely giving way to the propensity for going the whole hog, which is a characteristic of the party he is a member of.

## THE TEA DEPUTATION.

On Wednesday, the 16th of January, a deputation from Liverpool, headed by its members, waited on LORD JOHN RUSSELL and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, with the laudable desire of obtaining their consent to a reduction in the Tea duty.

The business commenced by a few words from SIR THOMAS BIRCH, who was very appropriately selected on this occasion, for, as the Premier (must have mentally) remarked, "BIRCH has always been looked upon as one of the principal representatives of Tea in this country."

MR. CARDWELL went into the arithmetic of Tea, and proved that, while in the United Kingdom the consumption amounted to only a pound and three quarters per head, it was nine pounds per head per annum in the Australian colonies. This, at a spoonful each, and one for the pot, gave several million cups of tea to the colonists, while, at the same strength of brewing, there would be little more than a dish (of Tea) per diem for the inhabitants of Great Britain.

MR. EDWARD BRODRIBB enlarged on the social merits of Tea, and insisted that, although mere spoons had sometimes made a stir in Tea, there was now a small but determined Tea party springing up in the kingdom, and, with all respect, he would say that the Government would eventually be teased out of the duty.

Another Member of the deputation took a view of the matter in reference to the agricultural interests, urging, that, so long as the genuine Tea was kept out of the country by the heavy duty, the hedges of the farmer would never be safe from those depredators who plucked a spurious sort of Twankay from the sloe, and stole for the Tea market that which was neither Hyson nor His'n.

After a few further remarks from other Members of the deputation, LORD JOHN RUSSELL courteously acknowledged himself the friend of Tea, and though some called it mere slop, sent over by our foes the Chinese, he was not one of those who regarded it as a "weak invention of the enemy." After intimating his willingness to take a Tea leaf, if practicable, out of the book of free trade, he assured the deputation that he and his friend, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, would, some day, after dinner, take Tea—into their best consideration.

## The Romney Cat.

THE *Landsdowne Gazette* states that the EARL OF ROMNEY has, at the last Kent Sessions, shown a lively desire to employ the cat upon grown men. Five poor wretches, aged from 24 to 30, who, starving, had stolen six loaves, were recently whipped by sentence of his lordship! The nobleman's arms has for supporters two lions. We think his Lordship had better assume a couple of cats. His Lordship's motto is "*Non sibi, sed patrie.*" We would—circumstances of the lash considered—suggest an alteration: "*Non patrie, sed sibi.*"

## MARRIAGES IN EVERY DAY LIFE.

At about this period of the year the newspapers amuse their readers with occasional lists of marriages in high life, and we do not see why as much interest should not attach to the intended pairing off of humbler couples. We have, therefore, authorised our "own correspondent" to poke his nose into private life, and our worthy Secretary for other-people's-affairs has favoured us with the following:—

The marriage between Young HOWARD, surnamed the Prince of the House of Coburg—he being an assistant in Coburg House—and the fair MATILDA JONES, familiarly known as the heroine of Waterloo, a *soubriquet* she has gained by a long engagement on the commercial field of Waterloo House—will take place before the spring, as the bride and bridegroom must both be in town for the commencement of the season.

The nuptials of ORLANDO SNOOKEY, the attorney's clerk, with MISS ELIZABETH READYTIN, will be solemnised as soon as the bridegroom has saved up the money for a clandestine license. MR. SNOOKEY will be given away by a senior clerk, and MISS READYTIN will throw herself away with the assistance of the clerk and pew-opener.

The long-talked-of match between MR. JACOB SLOWCOACH, of the Long Room in the Custom House, and MISS MARTHA MAYDAY, of the Soho Bazaar, is still upon the *tapis*, the difficulty being to find the necessary sum for *tapiserie*, for the newly-wedded couple, should they mislead one another to the altar. MR. SLOWCOACH was understood to have stated that he had furnished a floor; but it seems he had only furnished an excuse for not having done so earlier.

The wedding of the gallant, dashing CAPTAIN CUTAWAY, with MADAME MERVEILLE, the fascinating milliner—not *millionaire*, as was once stated by mistake—will take place as soon as the *habeas* can be obtained for the removal of the gallant bridegroom elect from the Queen's prison, where he is at present confined with a severe indisposition to pay his creditors.

The above are a few specimens of the sort of domestic news furnished by some of our contemporaries, but we have taken our intelligence from a somewhat lower range of society, whose every-day life seems to us to possess quite as much interest as that of what are termed the upper circles.

## FRIGHTFUL CASE OF STITCH IN THE SIDE.

Yesterday, the family of the Most Noble the MARQUESS OF FOUR-HUNDRED-THOUSAND were thrown into the greatest alarm by the sudden and, apparently, violent illness of the Marquess, who rose in his usual health, and partook of his breakfast with his usual vigour. The Marquess, having dressed himself to go out—it was observed by certain members of the family that he appeared in a new coat, one of the newest things of the season, brought only from the East the previous evening—was suddenly seized with the most violent pains—with the most tremendous attack of what is vulgarly known as stitch in the side. Medical assistance was immediately summoned, when, after a long and critical examination of the sufferer, it was discovered by the intelligence of the physician—intelligence, it must be confessed, extra-professional—that the cause of the attack was not in the anatomy of his Lordship, but in his Lordship's new coat. The coat, it appeared, had been made under the despotism of a "sweater," that it might be made dog-cheap, and—it is plain there must have been "magic in the web"—every stitch in the garment transferred itself into his Lordship's flesh. Never was nobility so dreadfully sewed up. His Lordship, having desired the coat to be given, as a conscience offering, to the Home for the Houseless, felt immediate relief; and is now going on as well as can be expected.

## "Our Own Correspondent."

THE *Post's* "Own Correspondent," writing from Paris, says, very profoundly—

"Having exhausted that *interminable* topic, the weather, there remains, unfortunately, little else to speak about."

This exhausting person—exhausting the interminable—is, no doubt, a descendant of the Irish sailor, who, pulling up what seemed to him an interminable rope, gave it as his opinion that some murdering villain had "cut the end off."

## CHEAP BIBLES.

THE wages paid to the wretched women by the British and Foreign Bible Society prove that, whatever else they may desire to make of religion, they have no wish to make it "binding."

A PRIVATE NOTE FROM MEMNON.—The Mummy is the strongest proof that the First Law of Human Nature is decidedly—*Self-preservation*.





### A FRIEND HAS GIVEN MR. BRIGGS A DAY'S SHOOTING.

A COCK PHEASANT GETS UP, AND MR. BRIGGS'S IMPRESSION IS, THAT A VERY LARGE FIREWORK HAS BEEN LET OFF CLOSE TO HIM. HE IS ALMOST FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

### "A VICTIM TO LET."

A DULL, simple soul, has earned a full right—if such right impart to him any enjoyment—to abuse *Punch*. He has paid £25 hard cash for the privilege; and declares himself, under certain conditions, ready to pay £25 more. For £50 he may have his bellyfull—or empty, as he may select the phrase—of abuse of *Punch*; enjoyed, as it only can be enjoyed, in a charitable cause.

*Punch*—in his last number but one—took occasion to speak of HOWLETT, denominating the dismissed postman—dismissed for Sabbatarian zeal—as "A Victim to Let." And the Victim was to Let. *Punch* dwelt upon the ungrateful fact. HOWLETT received much sympathy through the columns of the *Herald*—much praise, but no reward. The commendation was great and frequent, but there was not, for the destitute man, whose destitution was so piteously bemoaned, a single cut of solid pudding. *Punch*, thereupon, called on the platform Christians who had bellowed their piety, and, in their charity, pelted LORD RUSSELL—a man of earnest, unaffected religion—with the foulest words implying the foulest motives, to comfort and shelter the destitute HOWLETT; to show that their Christianity was a little deeper than their lips, descending even to their breeches-pockets. *Punch* was not the apologist of the offender HOWLETT, who—as *Punch* still believes—was rightly dismissed; but *Punch* would not see the ex-postman suffering the mere sympathy of his patrons, their patronage unrepresented by a single shilling. *Punch* called for tangible aid; and a correspondent of the *Herald*—

"ONE OF THE PUBLIC—A VOTER—AND PAYING TAXES WHICH I OBJECT TO HAVE DISSIPATED BY POST-OFFICE THEORIES AND ATTACKS ON THE SABBATH"—

Yes, "ONE OF THE PUBLIC," who is moreover all the above, and, for the length of his signature, may be the Sea-Serpent into the bargain—"ONE OF THE PUBLIC" is stung by *Punch* into practical sympathy for HOWLETT—and so, like indignant virtue,—comes down rap with £25 for the ex-postman.

"I beg—(says ONE, &c.)—with all my heart, and with many thanks to HOWLETT—to send him, through your kind hands, £25, and to request you to give it to him on

Tuesday, the 29th instant; and I beg to say publicly that if any individual, or number of individuals, shall in the aggregate send you, on or before that day, for a similar purpose another £25, then I will, on the 30th instant, send you a third £25 for the same purpose; and I hope we shall thus be able to give him a lift towards setting up in a respectable line of life."

There is heart in this, at least. Of the brains shewn in the letter, we would fain not speak, seeing none. Nevertheless, we will give an instance or two of "ONE OF THE PUBLIC'S" no-meaning.

"One feels the utmost disgust at which the professed wit has attempted, as he thinks, to dismiss the poor man's case."

*Punch* did not attempt to dismiss it; *Punch* dwelt upon it; and the result is to the jocund HOWLETT—£25. "Give *Punch*," says "ONE"—

"Give *Punch* the vapid arid sentiments and vain heart-drying philosophy of his friend the *Times* to glorify, and he is grand and full of repetition; but give him the poor (who can make no return) to defend in simplicity and single-mindedness, and his professions prove as pot-bellied as the simpering portrait he weekly draws of himself."

Yes; "A working-man" says "ONE,"—"a working man who can't afford to pay threepence for *Punch*, is of no account." Yet here has *Punch* championed the destitute HOWLETT, causing more good to the man by such championship, than whole columns of *Herald* newspaper—of letters, long as tape-worm, and with head and tail equally distinguishable.

"ONE" declares that "a professed wit"—and "ONE" means *Punch* by the cruel sneer—is, generally, a heartless fellow. Be it so. "ONE" has paid for the opinion, and he shall enjoy it—every bit of it. It is only sound, solid, substantial dullness that has real heart in it. True charity, like *Portia's* picture, is only to be found casketted in lead. Now, "ONE"—we are glad to proclaim it—"ONE" has in him charity, at least.

We beg to ask for HOWLETT—who sends the next £25?—that "ONE'S" second £25 may be forthcoming? What merchant—banker—churchman—or solicitor? What hero of the platform speaks—in Bank-note utterance—next?



PROSPECTS OF POLITICAL TRADE.

WHILE every other kind of business is fortunately looking up, the prospects of the Political Trade are, to the traders themselves, far from encouraging.

There is not much of the raw material of popular ignorance to give employment to the Great Grievance Manufacturers who have usually found a market for their stuffs, and the constant clack of those ever-working mills, the tongues of the talkative members, will in all probability be stopped for want of the usual supply to keep them going. The work of the session is likely to be slack, a circumstance that is extremely satisfactory; for when the work of legislation runs short, all other work seems to enjoy a state of healthful activity.

There appears no chance of any fresh importation of material for working up into yarn, with the exception, perhaps, of the usual cargo from Ireland, which always provides the heaviest commodities of the session. The machinery provided by Government for the production of such legislative fabrics as may be in demand, will, it is expected, furnish the requisite supply; and though the usual attempts will be made by some of the disaffected, to break the machinery up, there is every reason to believe that the peace of the house will not be seriously disturbed by the Parliamentary malcontents.

The weavers of the legislative web-work, which usually gets into a state of entanglement at an early period of the session, will most of them be out of employ, but everything out of doors will be much brisker in consequence. Even the firm, or rather the infirm of DISRAELI and Company will be working at a dead loss, if they continue to work at all, for their manufactured stuffs cannot obtain a price in the market. There has been such a glut of their wares, that the public have become quite weary, and though DISRAELI and Company may continue to open their mouths very wide—as the commercial phrase goes—they will not command a single offer.



COATS!—THE NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.

MR. PUNCH—as an universal genius—has produced a Coat, that may be called the Novelty of the Season. It is denominated the LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE-COAT; being a most comfortable garment for every time of the year, imparting an honest and pleasurable warmth to the heart of the purchaser, and being made upon the premises, is not contagious with the Sweating Sickness—a disease that centuries ago ravaged England—and has of late re-appeared with more than its original violence, many alarming cases—from the use of contagious garments—having appeared in the very highest ranks of life, endangering coronets, marquisate and ducal.

The LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE is of the best and noblest materials—the wool interwoven with Goose Down; the Geese treated upon the most liberal principles, being only plucked once with the most scrupulous regard to justice:—the LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE Geese being by no means such Geese as the Eider Ducks, of which animals it is written by MUDIE, in his "British Birds," as follows:—"The nest of the eider duck is lined with exquisitely fine down, which the bird pulls from her breast; and as the eggs are deposited"—(eggs made, by a certain modern process golden ones)—"she covers them with more of that down. The bird is so tame that she allows the people to lift her from her nest, REMOVE THE DOWN, AND EGGS IN PART, and again replace her, where [she lays afresh, and PULLS MORE DOWN! This process is continued, not only till the female can furnish no more down, but till the male also is in part denuded, as he comes to assist as soon as the supply of the female becomes exhausted."

Man, in his multifarious inventions, or, rather, adaptations, is under the deepest debt to the lower animals, although he has rarely the justice even to confess the obligation. As the coachmaker owes the thought of his spring to the leg of a grasshopper, so does Mr. Punch

owe the idea of his LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE COAT to the sufferings of the Eider Duck. "What," said Punch, sympathising with the poor plucked pair, "shall I pluck and pluck my poor tailor geese until they are almost naked, shall I lay upon them contributions until they can supply no more, and then out of their very misery, out of their absolute nakedness, put economy into my coats, and sell, not garments, but the blood and bones commingled, crushed, and with devil's dust, worked into a web? No: my tailor geese shall not be plundered Eider Ducks, but Geese, made to contribute down, for down's worth—Geese plucked with the fingers of mercy, and fed with the hand of justice.

The smallest quantity of goose-down obtained upon these principles has in it the warmth of an angel's wing. It defies all cold, and even in a deluge, lets the torrent run off it, like water from a duck's back. Many persons suffering under what was considered by their best friends and bitterest acquaintance, the most incurable contraction of the heart, have—wearing the LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE—rejoiced in a sudden expansion of the organ. That "hollow muscle"—in the phrase of anatomists—has dilated with the warmest and most generous fluid, and—wonderful to relate—all the world and all its men and women, have been regarded with sympathising and affectionate eyes by the LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE professor.

Mr. Punch has no wish to underrate the works of his fellow-labourers. It is only to repeat a many-told fact to state that there are Coats made upon such principles that the pockets they contain are narrow and comfortless as a rat-trap, and, therefore constantly shunned by the fingers of the wearer. It is otherwise with the pockets of the LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE. They are ample and cosey, and have a magic in the web of their lining, that upon every just and merciful occasion, incontinently draws the hand of the wearer into them. It is upon this especial account that the LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE has already been so largely patronised by the Heads of the Nobility, and the Heads and Hearts and Mitres of the Clergy.

Mr. Punch has disdained to register his LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE. On the contrary, patterns are to be had, gratis, at his office, from the rising to the going down of the sun.

CAUTION. No sweater should venture to apply, a pump being on the premises.

Wordsworth and Agriculture.

A MANNER of getting through the world, strongly recommended by economy and some other considerations, is described by the distinguished WILLIAM WORDSWORTH as that of

"Plain living and high thinking."

Just slightly alter these words into

"Plain living and high farming,"

and will they not express the very best course that could be suggested, just now, to the agriculturists?

Trembling on the Verge of a Joke.

THE Morning Chronicle was very near a joke last week, but not quite. Talking of the shabby conduct of Ministers towards the M. P. for Cockermouth, it said that last session they completely "unhorsed him off his hobby." As the ill-used M. P. in question is MR. HORSMAN, the Chronicle might as well have completed its joke, instead of leaving it to us to do, by calling him MR. UNHORSMAN. (We do not wish to be too hard upon the "Chronicle," but it really must make its own jokes for the future. A list of our charges may be had at the Office, from £50 upwards.)



## IMPOSING POSES.



OUT OF THE HOUSE.

Who is this that harangueth,  
And platform rail bangeth,  
All bluster, and bully, and blunder—  
Whom there's no hope of fright'ning  
With Parliament lightning?  
'Tis "FEARGUS deying the thunder."



IN THE HOUSE.

BUT who is this coward,  
From his platform down lowered,  
Who is fain to the House to knock under—  
Who so humbly up-renders  
His accounts with Snig's-Enders?  
'Tis "FEARGUS alarmed at the thunder."

## QUADRILLE DES PATINEURS.

Arrangée pour les Chevaux d'Omnibus, &c.

BARON NATHAN has just been composing a new set of Quadrilles for Horses, to be danced in the public streets whenever the slippery state of the roads will allow.

We subjoin a slight sketch of the equestrian figures:—

The first dance is *L'Hiver*, which has evidently been suggested by *L'Été*, and is danced as follows:—

First Omnibus advances.

Second Omnibus advances.

They do the *vis-à-vis* for several minutes, then perform the *glissade* from right to left, and from left to right, and fall on their respective knees, after several *balancees*, but, finding they cannot balance themselves, they execute a few *tremblemens de pieds*, and rest their bodies at full length on the wood pavement.

Cad jumps down, and does the *cavalier seul*.

Policeman advances, and, waving his right hand, orders them "to move on."

Both Omnibusses maintain their first position.

Passengers get out, and *chassez* in all directions.

Omnibusses wheel round, and make the best of it.

*Grand Finale*. Horses retire to the knackers!

The second figure is much more simple, and is called *The Hansom Fling*.

Hansom chooses a fare for his partner for the Fling.

Partner throws himself into the arms of Hansom. Horse immediately cuts on the splashboard a few *jétés-battus* with his hind-legs; Partner retires into the furthest corner of Cab, Horse drops on one leg, and, after a rapid *dos-à-dos*, sets down Partner in the middle of the road.

*Grande Ronde* of strangers and pickpockets, who take Partner's handkerchief, and crossing over to the other side of the way, shuffle off in double-quick time.

Hop-Waltz by Partner into Chemist's Shop.

Hansom walks off.

*N.B.* The General Finale of *The Hansom Fling* is a Doctor's Bill.

## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 13.—*Hall of the Post-Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand.* The UNPROTECTED FEMALE, having "paid a little Bill" for a Friend in the Country, has been repaid the amount by a Post-Office Order, and has got as far as the Post-Office in a desperate attempt to get it cashed.

Unprotected Female (gazing in perplexity at the range of doors and windows, duly described in very large inscriptions, "Accountants' Office," "Secretary's Office," "Receiver-General's Office," "Stamps issued here," "Paid Letters," "Unpaid Letters," "Mails going out," "Ireland, Jersey, Guernsey, Jamaica, Mexico, &c., &c., &c." "For Newspapers only," "Letters received here after 8," "This box will be closed at —," "Electric Telegraph Office," "Messages received here."—Pauses at the last). "Messages received here." I wonder if they'd pay me at this window, if I delivered my message? (Knocks timidly, and waits.) I don't think there's anybody coming. (Knocks again a little louder.) What a many windows to be sure! I wonder how ever they get through their business. Is there ever any body coming?

[Approaches to knock a third time, when she is startled into temporary imbecility by the hatch being thrown violently open from the inside, and the apparition of a Man's Head presenting itself.

Man's Head (sharply). Now, Ma'am; what's your message?

Unprotected Female. Oh, if you please, I want to know where I'm to get my money for a Post-Office Order?

Man's Head. Where at?

Unprotected Female. Oh, it only says Post-Office, Market Weighton.

Man's Head. Oh, Market Weighton; and what's the message? Give it me in writing, please.

Unprotected Female (extremely confused). Oh, here's the Order.

[Pushes it in.

Man's Head (with an expression of peevishness). Why, this is a Post-Office Order. Here, Ma'am—attend. Do you wish any message telegraphed to Market Weighton about this Post-Office Order?

Unprotected Female. Oh, the money's been paid at Market Weighton.

Man's Head (concentrating itself in the effort to concentrate the wandering wits of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE). What do you want, Ma'am? Have you any message for the Electric Telegraph?

Unprotected Female. Electric Telegraph? (Puzzled.) Oh, dear no—it's a Post-Office Order—please? I thought as messages—

Man's Head (disappearing, as the hatch closes with a slam). Go to the—

[Leaving it doubtful whether the direction be to the Money-Order Office or a warmer place.

Unprotected Female. Yes—but where am I to go to? That's just what I want to know. (Addressing herself to an unoccupied and SEEDY PERSON, who is engaged in discussing a baked potato.) Oh, if you please, could you tell me where the Post-Office Orders go?

Seedy Person (pausing in his progress through the potato). Where they're sent, Marm.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but I want one paid.

Seedy Person (pointing with his potato to notice "Money-Order Office removed to No. 1, Aldersgate Street.")

Unprotected Female. Oh, but where is Aldersgate Street?

Seedy Person (brightening at the prospect of a job, and pocketing his potato). I'll show you for tuppence—Marm.

Unprotected Female (thankful for any guidance). Oh, indeed, I wish you would, and I will. [Institutes a search for twopenny in her bag.

Seedy Person. This way, Marm.

[SCENE changes to the Money-Order Office in Aldersgate Street. A range of sliding hatch doors runs across the room, with labels above them "Orders Paid," "Orders Granted." The ledge in front of them is occupied by a crowd of all ages, sexes, and sizes, about eight to a box—and the Clerks seem to have combined for the purpose of eluding payment of any Order whatever. There is a general expression of impatience, mingled with occasional resignation on the part of old hands.

Enter the SEEDY PERSON, showing in the UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

Seedy Person. There you are, Marm.

Unprotected Female (paying him the stipulated fee). Oh, I'm so much obliged to you. [Exit SEEDY PERSON.

Unprotected Female (pausing to collect her energies). Oh, I wonder if I shall have to wait till they're all served. (She sits down on the bench



that runs along the wall by the side of a DOLEFUL FEMALE of her own age.) It says "Payable from ten till four." I wonder if I shall have to wait till four?

[Expresses this wonder in her look at the clock.]  
Doleful Female (interpreting her feelings correctly). Oh, yes, Ma'am, indeed you will. I've been here these two hours, and I've tried ever so often, but the men will push in first.

Unprotected Female (in agony). Oh, I was sure I oughtn't to have come alone. But MR. JONES wouldn't.

\* \* \* \* \*  
[A lapse of one hour is supposed to intervene, during which the UNPROTECTED FEMALE has effectually stupefied herself in an attempt to master the Instructions on the back of her Order, interrupted by ten distinct rushes at a hatch, only to see somebody else get there before her. She has at last succeeded in overpowering a small boy, and has got command of a pig-on-hole.

UNPROTECTED FEMALE. (Knocking with pardonable severity on the pannel). Oh, if you please, I've been waiting ever so long.

Clerk (within, who seems to be amusing himself with counting over gold and silver very rapidly, and making it up into little piles, and then taking them down again, to go over the same process backwards). In a moment, Ma'am.

\* \* \* \* \*  
[Another lapse of ten minutes.

Unprotected Female (bitterly). Oh, really, if you please, Sir—would you—

Clerk (showing a wonderful power of not attending to anybody). Five—ten—six—eight. (Gets at last to a sum total.) Now, Ma'am?

Unprotected Female (with a gush of restrained speech, and pushing in her Order). An Order, if you please—at Market Weighton, for four pounds ten, and it isn't clipped or mutilated, and my surname is MARTHA, and my Christian name is STRUGGLES, and I've no occupation, and the party who paid it to me is a lady, who owed a small account—

Clerk (after several vain attempts to stop her). Ma'am—Ma'am—confound it, Ma'am. (This is delivered with such intensity, that it brings the UNPROTECTED FEMALE up short.) Can't you read? This is the window for granting Orders—not paying them.

[Hurls her Order back at her with disgust, and resumes his occupation of keeping people waiting.

Unprotected Female (overcome by her failure). I'm sure it was the only window I could get at. Oh, dear me!

\* \* \* \* \*  
[A lapse of another hour, during which the UNPROTECTED FEMALE has further stupefied herself over the Instructions, but has mastered the distinction between the windows for granting Orders, and the windows for paying them. In the sixth attempt she has again established herself at a window.

Unprotected Female (pushing in her Order). An order on Market Weighton, please, for—

Overdone Clerk (inside). They'll pay you lower down.

[Pushes back her Order.

Unprotected Female (nearly reduced to coolness by desperation). They shall pay me, next time, if I see the Post-Master-General himself.

\* \* \* \* \*  
[A lapse of another half-hour, which the UNPROTECTED FEMALE has devoted to mute appeals to the consideration of parties, and visible demonstrations of helplessness. At last she succeeds "lower down." UNPROTECTED FEMALE pushes in her Order.

Clerk (lower down). They'll pay you higher up.

Unprotected Female (firmly). They said higher up they'd pay lower down, and I won't go, if you please, without the money. I've been here three hours and a quarter.

Clerk (overpowered by her obvious determination). Where paid?

Unprotected Female (with unusual brevity). Market Weighton.

Clerk. Who by?

Unprotected Female. A party of the name of SMITH.

Clerk. Christian name?

Unprotected Female. Oh, I wonder if it was LUCY or SARAH, or JANE or MRS. SMITH, or their aunt SMITHERS that they've expectations from, and that lives with them?

Clerk (sternly). Christian name?

Unprotected Female (tries the exhaustive process). It isn't SARAH, Sir, is it?

Clerk (still more sternly). Christian name?

Unprotected Female. Is it JANE? But I shouldn't wonder if Mrs. SMITHERS paid it, and perhaps it's in her name?

Clerk (flinging back Order). Surname, Christian name, and occupation of parties obtaining order must be given in full. See Instructions.

Unprotected Female (clinging desperately to the hatch). Oh—please—it was one of the family, but there are half-a-dozen of them, and I don't know which.  
[She is borne back by new applicants, and falls exhausted and tearful on the bench. SCENE closes.

THE AMERICAN FLOATING DRAMA.



SINCE the Drama has been going on so swimmingly in America, it is no wonder that, on the Mississippi and Ohio—according to the account of Mr. BANVARD in describing his Panorama of those rivers—there are actually floating theatres, which travel from city to city situated along their banks. Dollars being scarce in these regions, the prices of admission are based on a system of barter; the substitute for hard cash being, for instance, a bushel of potatoes, or two-dozen eggs. Of course, any other useful commodities would be taken in lieu of silver, so that having no money in your pocket would be no obstacle to your seeing the play; provided you had a penknife or a pencil case about you that you could spare. As the payments must be proportioned to the quality of the places; supposing a seat in the gallery to be a pound of butter,

we might conceive a place in the dress-circle to be a bladder of lard; or a stall, a cheese; whilst for a family box the charge would be, perhaps, a family joint. It is clear that the aquatic actors of America need not starve. As to potatoes and eggs, which are capable of serving as missiles, we think, recollecting how our Transatlantic cousins treated MR. MACREADY, that there is a peculiar wisdom in taking all such articles at the doors.

POLITICAL FISTIANA.

THE YOUTHFUL STUNNER requests us to state that he may be heard of at the Pig and Tinderbox by any parties, whether Free Traders or Protectionists, that may happen to be passing that way. The STUNNER will be happy to initiate gentlemen of either way of thinking into the mysteries of the fistic science; a knowledge of which has become so necessary to both sides at Pro-Corn-Law meetings, where the discussion now consists of such literally knock-down arguments. The noble Art of Self-Defence the STUNNER contends is the best resource of the Protectionists; whereas nothing can be more desirable for the advocates of Free Trade than a fair stand-up fight and no favour. YOUTHFUL approves of the return to the good old English practice of deciding disputes by the fist, instead of by resorting to the unmanly use of the tongue and pen, and thinks that both cotton-spinners and farmers would meet on equal ground in a mill.

Something out of the Common.

MONSIEUR PROUDHON has just married a young lady of immense property. Now, if all "property is a theft," it is clear that PROUDHON stands at present in the ignoble position of a receiver of stolen goods, and the receiver, we are told, is fully as bad as the thief. PROUDHON was generally looked up to as "the SOLOMON of Communism," but the result has proved he was nothing in common with the great name, further than being an IKEY SOLOMONS. If tried by his own Laws of Property, he would most certainly be condemned "guilty of a-fence." The only thing he can do to save himself, will be to restore the property, which he clearly, by his own confession, has stolen.

The Universal Luminary.

LORD BROUGHAM is stated to have delivered a lecture on the subject of light, last Monday week, at the Institute of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and to have illustrated his discourse by means of an apparatus which he had got made by M. SOLEIL. In going to M. SOLEIL's, the noble and learned Lord went to the right shop for the means of experimenting on light, and doubtless was enabled by the help of SOLEIL to make his theory as clear as noon-day.

THE SCHOOL OF ULTRA REFORM.

MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR and his party propose to convert the House of Commons into the Charterhouse.



## NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.—THE CAPITALIST OF THE MOCK-AUCTION.



In passing down Holborn, or the Strand, or the Poultry, our ear has often been arrested with the cry of "Going—going—going—(repeated innumerable times)—gone."

The difference between a person's body and a person's ear, when they are respectively arrested, we believe, is this:—that, whereas the former is immediately seized with a violent desire to run, the latter is only taken with a gentle curiosity to stop.

Accordingly, the above sounds of "Going—going—gone" no sooner beat upon the drum of our ear, than we suddenly pause and look about us to see where the blow has come from, for it is but natural to turn round on receiving a blow, to see whom it has been dealt to you by.

The dealer, on these occasions, is an Auctioneer, and his dealings are so open to the scrutiny of the world, that he plies his honest vocation in a shop, the front of which seems to have flown away. Indeed, there is such an air of openness about him, and his business, that you involuntarily walk in. The greatest respect is shown to you as you enter. Dark-looking gentlemen creep backwards to make way for you, and the Auctioneer appeals to your judgment in the most flattering manner. The boy with the dirty apron and bags of sleeves, that look as if they had been black-leaded, is sharply directed "to hand the tray to the gentleman for his inspection." Every little article, from a boot-jack downwards, is held up admiringly under your nose, as if they were bouquets that only required to be sniffed to be appreciated, and the bidding, which, on your entrance, was only carried on in timid whispers, breaks out now into that big, confident, tone, which can only be inspired by the possession of millions. The Auctioneer's voice grows twice as big—his hammer knocks twice as loud. You know this is all done in honour of yourself, and feel you are called upon to do something to deserve it. A silver cruet-stand is being eagerly disputed for amongst the *millionaires* present. It is only £3 10s. How remarkably cheap! It is true you do not want it, and you have a long fight with yourself whether you shall buy it. But the worthy Auctioneer sees your distress, and relieves your embarrassment by knocking down the cruet-stand to you, congratulating you, moreover, in the kindness of his heart, upon "the very great bargain you have got." You take it home, and discover that your bargain would be dear at five shillings!

We never pass one of these Mock-Auctions, that only keep open house that they may the easier "take in" visitors, without walking in for five minutes purposely to enjoy the popular farce of "*Raising the Wind*" that is being acted inside in the broad daylight.

The company is invariably the same, having a large dash of Jews, and the Jews one meets at auctions are never particularly handsome. It would almost seem as if the Jewish physiognomy, from attending such places, had been made especially for-bidding.

Amongst this select company, however, there is one character that always takes the leading business, and remarkably well he performs it. We will call him—

## THE CAPITALIST OF THE MOCK-AUCTION.

We have been admiring him now for these eight or ten years, and though he has been spending hundreds every day, for five days every week (for on Fridays the Mock-Auction is generally closed), he has not got to the end of his capital yet! The amount that prodigal man must spend every year would drive ROTHSCHILD into the workhouse.

Nothing is too good or too common—too expensive or too cheap—for him. One minute he will buy a silver candelabra, the next a silver thimble. In the morning he will add a hundred guinea dressing-case to his enormous property, and in the afternoon amuse himself by bidding a shilling for a little trumpery pen knife. Why, he must have somewhere about 50,000,000 penknives already!

The articles he has the greatest hankering for are evidently razors, and yet, to look at his unshorn beard, you would fancy he never shaved from one month to another. The hairs stick out on his chin like the wires in a musical snuff-box. It is most amusing to watch him when the razors are handed round. He will snatch one off the tray, draw the edge across his nail, breathe upon it, then hold it up to the light, and, after wiping it in the gentlest manner upon the cuff of his coat, bid for it as ravenously as if he would not lose the scarce article for all the wealth of the Minorities. He has clearly a mania for razors.

What he does with all the articles he buys we cannot tell. If the Pantechnicon were his, it would not be large enough to contain all the rubbish he has been accumulating these last ten years. His collection of sideboards alone would fill Hyde Park, and he must possess by this time more dumb-waiters than there are real waiters in England. The number of boot-jacks, also, which he must have upon his hands would have crushed any other man long ago. How he stands up against this daily accumulation of furniture is a trial of strength that but few men in the City could endure! Any body else's fortune would have been broken with one half the load that he must have upon his mind. We have actually seen him carry off six chests of drawers in one morning!





**THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT PIE.**

Sing a song of Parliament,—  
 Speeches cut and dry,  
 Four-and-twenty Members,  
 Each with his cry.

When their mouths they open  
 Each his cry to sing,  
 They make a pretty kettle of fish  
 To set before the QUEEN.

The Prince sits in his parlour  
 And there he takes his money,  
 The Queen sits in her nursery,  
 Looking sweet as honey.

John Bull pays every farthing  
 And don't know how it goes,  
 And outruns the constable,  
 Paying through the nose.







It may be that he gives a great deal away, for he is certainly very liberal—otherwise what can he want with the innumerable work-boxes, brooches, and thimbles he is for ever purchasing? We are sure the Capitalist of a Mock-Auction is a very fond husband, and that he has a very large family of daughters, and that he never goes home to the bosom of his family without some little trifle tucked under his arm, to convince his dear wife, and each of his dear children, that, even in the midst of his boundless speculations, his thoughts at times rest lovingly upon them.

The Capitalist at a Mock-Auction is calm, self-possessed, mild, affable, and far from arrogant, as you would suppose from the enormity of his wealth he must be. If a stranger comes into the arena of his many triumphs, he gives way directly, and ceases bidding in his favour. Is not this condescension in one who has only to nod, and the most expensive article in the shop, nay, the entire shop itself, would be immediately knocked down to him?

You never would suppose from the Capitalist's appearance that he was so incalculably rich as he is. His dress, it must be confessed, is rather shabby. A rusty black suit is all that embellishes him, and his dirty hands are ungloved. But these are little eccentricities that Wealth is privileged to indulge in. A man that spends from £500 to £2000 a day merely in trifles and elegancies can well afford to be a little negligent in his person!

The name of the Capitalist has always been a mystery. We have watched him when a French clock, worth at least £80, has been knocked down to him for £10, and waited in anxiety for him to pronounce the mysterious name—but all in vain. A confidential smile was all that passed between him and the Auctioneer, and the clock was put on the shelf. In fact, his face is so familiar to every one connected with the establishment, from the large purchases he is continually making, that it is quite unnecessary for him to give his name, and yet, when we asked one of the porters who he was, the stupid man could not tell us. It is very strange that one who spends so much should be so little known!

As the clock struck five one day, we noticed the Capitalist was preparing to go to his dinner. We followed him, and found ourselves seated opposite to him in one of the many eating-houses that run round the Poultry. We naturally expected he would order turtle, iced punch, venison, ortolans, young peas, every expensive delicacy of the season; but will it be believed, that that great Capitalist, who had been lavishing his hundreds all day, did not spend more than 14½d. upon his dinner, including his half-and-half and the waiter?

He started home, but called for no cab. "Well, you are a curious mixture," thought we, "of extravagance and economy." We walked after him, in silent admiration. He stopped, in a bye-street, and darted into one of the most wretched-looking houses. Soon afterwards we spied a light at the top part of the house. "Is it possible," we could not help exclaiming, "that in that lonely garret lives one of the greatest Capitalists of the present day?" No wonder that he has no room to accommodate all the sideboards he is perpetually buying!

This occurred a week ago. Since then we have had reason to suspect the honesty, or, at least, the sanity, of our friend the Capitalist. Yesterday we looked in at a Mock-Auction. The indefatigable Capitalist was there, as usual. A valuable mahogany sideboard had just been knocked down to him for £18 10s.

At twelve o'clock we passed again. Another sideboard was knocked to him for £19 5s.

At three we passed a third time, and again he had another sideboard knocked down to him for £12 7s. 6d.; and on inspection we found he had purchased three times over the same piece of furniture. He had given upwards of £50 for the same sideboard!

We suspected our man instantly. Our admiration fell into the gutter. It was evident he was no more a Capitalist than we were. He was only playing the part of ROTHSCHILD for something like two shillings a day. Verily, everything at a Mock-Auction is mock, from the Auctioneer down to the Capitalist!

#### A Mockery, a Delusion, and a Snare.

We perceive by the railway intelligence of the past week that one of the large companies has given its resident engineer a portrait of himself and £500 worth of stock at par. Considering that everything in the Railway world is now at a tremendous discount, the presentation of anything at par to anybody is like giving him a ravenous bear, for it is ten to one but the shares will eat him up in future calls, to say nothing of the actual difference between accepting at par what may be already at discount. The portrait may give the affair a different complexion, and at all events it is better to be done in oil than done in railway securities.

#### TEETH WARRANTED TO BITE.

FOR the supply of lost teeth never think of consulting a regular practitioner in dental surgery. Go to an advertising dentist, who will only charge you 20 guineas a set for teeth, which, you may depend upon it, will certainly bite—the purchaser. One trial (which took place last week in a law court) will prove the fact.

#### A NOTE FROM ELYSIUM.



Do you see you here every week, *Mr. Punch*—indeed, would it be Elysium without you—and, therefore, as a constant reader, and as a brother quill, a brother who was ever proud of his bit of goose—even when I wanted a dinner—I have to request a word through you to the Protectionists.

Shades as we are, we are still susceptible of what you say of us above; and feel as much delight when new editions of us come out, as I was delighted in my bloom-coloured coat, made by JOHN FILBY, at the Harrow, in Water Lane. If, then, we are pleasantly alive to a compliment, we are no less susceptible of vulgar usage. We do not like our lines pressed into wrongful service. It is a sort of moral forgery committed upon us, that stirs our ichor. Now, I who, whilst in your world, was one of the least irritable of creatures, I, who had not a drop of vanity of ink in my whole body—even I, am compelled to complain of the treatment that my poetry daily sustains at the mouths of the 'Protectionists,' as they call themselves. The ill-used lines—if I remember them aright—are these:—

"Princes and lords may flourish and may fade,  
A breath can make them as a breath can fade."

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, these Princes and Lords have been put upon such hard service—have been so pawed and mauled about, that, I am sure of it, they are by no means the same people that originally came out of my ink-bottle. The Princes, are PRINCE PRETTYMANS, and the Lords, LORD NOODLES. I protest, *Mr. Punch*, I will not endure this. Again:—

"But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

"My peasantry were sturdy, red-cheeked fellows, with smockfrocks white as daisies on them,—now, these 'peasantry' have been so worked and belaboured at public meetings, that I shouldn't know them from serfs or Hottentots. I must request, *Mr. Punch*, that my property—the property enshrined in the four lines cited above, be in future respected, for a twelvemonth—say a twelvemonth, at least—not exposed either in parliament or upon platforms.

"We have a great deal of fun here, especially with our late critics, whom we now and then turn out and hunt, just as you, in the upper world, hunt hares: only there is this disadvantage in our sport, we cannot eat our game that, although duly killed for the time, is alive again for new diversion. But no one, better than yourself, *Punch*, knows that critics, like turtles, are very hard to kill. Like turtles, too, they have been known to live for a long time without their brains.

"You would hardly know JOHNSON—he has turned so droll and frisky. He is still attended by BARBER, his black servant; only he is not black here, all being of the same colour in Elysium, a melancholy fact that may cause very virtuous disgust in the bosom of THOMAS CARLYLE, whose letter, by the way, upon slavery, in a late *Frazer*, was publicly burnt here by an indignant flash from APOLLO—from that impartial God, whose light lights all; and even CARLYLE's 'elephant' England, and my own 'rat' Ireland.

"But to return to JOHNSON: I send you his last conundrum. Only think of '*Rasselas*' making conundrums! But here are all sorts of contradictions—all kinds of pretty amenities. I could show you a pattern for a sampler drawn by RAPHAEL, and a tobacco-stopper, carved and presented to PARR, I mean the DOCTOR, not the PILL PARR, by MICHAEL ANGELO. But JOHNSON's conundrum—it is of course at the expense of BOSWELL. 'What,' says the Doctor, 'What is the cause of the scarcity of timber in Scotland?' Nobody could guess it—not even MERCURY, 'Why, Sirs, this—because every Scotchman, when he comes to years of discretion, cuts his stick.'

"What think you of that from the 'Vanity of Human Wishes?'"

"Yours affectionately, dear *Punch*."

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

"P.S. REYNOLDS and FLAXMAN, with a crowd of painters and sculptors, have been looking and wondering all the afternoon at DOYLE's book of '*Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe*,' which even REYNOLDS pronounces 'miraculous!' By the way, SIR JOSHUA sends DOYLE a subject, an allegory of the Protecting Landlord and the Protected Farmer. The subject is this—A Vampire Bat, bleeding its sleeping victim; bleeding and gently fanning while it bleeds. Will it do?"



THE DWARF AND THE GIANT.



We never remember such a curious illustration of the old puff of "Two Exhibitions in One," as that afforded by the career of LOUIS NAPOLEON. Little more than a year ago he was looked upon as a political dwarf, and every body was laughing at the idea of so very small an object being placed in a conspicuous position, for it was felt almost universally, that to elevate *si peu de chose* was not to uphold him, but to hold him up to ridicule. France seemed to be acting the part of showman in the midst of the fantastic absurdities of its revolution, and appeared to be crying out to the rest of Europe, "Walk up, here, walk up. You are now in time to see the Republican dwarf, the smallest President in the world. Walk up, and you will see a worthy follower of the American GENERAL TOM THUMB, so famous for his miniature copy of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON."

Scarcely six months, however, had elapsed, when the dwarf commenced shooting up in a manner that surprised the whole world, which had not been prepared for the upshot. Time's telescope has since acted as a magnifying glass of the most extraordinary power, for when at the close of 1849 we look at the dwarf of 1848, we find that he has outgrown all knowledge, and if he should out-grow his own strength, his rapid aggrandisement will prove in the end to have been a growing evil.

It is not surprising that a man, who seems to place no limits to his own political growth, should refuse to be restricted by any measures whatever. We never saw a more complete instance of an ell having been taken, where only an inch was intended to be given.

ISLE OF DOGS A PENAL SETTLEMENT.

As it appears that all our Colonies have given notice to EARL GREY that none of our convicts shall lodge and board with them, it has been determined by the Colonial Minister to make the Isle of Dogs a penal settlement. It is calculated that the island will accommodate, well-packed, about 100,000 felons. All communication will be cut off with the island, and a cordon sanitaire established upon the opposite shores. We are further enabled to inform our readers that MR. GEORGE HUDSON, newly-cleansed and sweetened for the office, will be appointed Governor of the Island, with permission occasionally to hoist his flag—three stags in a field improper—on board the *Wye*. Government engineers and architects have been ordered to the island, to make the necessary preparations, and to commence the building of a mansion for the Governor. The mansion, it is understood, will be of the I. O. Unic order, faced—and very boldly faced—with composition.

A Coroner on Fire.

THE Coroner for the City of London is so warm in his official zeal, that he insists upon sitting on every fire he hears of. Some people object to his doing so, and he no sooner sits upon a fire than he finds himself hauled over the coals rather unceremoniously. His Salamandrine ambition proves a spirit deeply imbued with the philosophy of HOBBS, and there is no doubt that, in sitting upon a fire, he feels he has an additional range—though sometimes a kitchen range—of usefulness. The Coroner takes very goodtemperedly all the remarks made upon his alleged officiousness, and indeed it is not surprising that a functionary, who is always ready to sit upon a fire, should not be easily put out, and requires a great deal of cold water to be thrown upon him, before his enthusiasm is completely damped.

THE RAILWAY SHARE-MARKET.

A SLIGHT rise in the price of waste-paper has given an impetus to almost every description of Railway Shares: and there is no doubt that when some of the heavier stock—the coarse cartridge paper—has been cleared off, the heavier railway stock will sympathise.

A SIBTHORP.

Q. When will the Irish people cease to call for repeal?  
A. When there are no fools left within Erin, to listen to them.

THE HEALTH OF EUROPE DURING THE LAST WEEK.

FRANCE is excessively weak, and her constitution is gradually breaking up. She says she has the weight of a mountain on her breast that prevents her rising. She still complains bitterly of the great vacuum in her chest.

Russia has been troubled with a slight attack of yellow fever. Bleeding was recommended, and was instantly carried out to a copious extent in the City. Russia has felt very much better since, and is very thankful to England for the unexpected relief.

Austria is endeavouring to regain the strength she has lost in Hungary. She is still stunned with the dreadful blow she received there, which was nearly the death of her. She is recommended to keep quiet for some time to come.

England is collecting her members together, and rubbing them up for the grand fight that is expected to come off on the 31st instant. She feels quite strong enough, she says, to spurn the smallest offer of "Protection."

Ireland is still very low and weak, but hopes to pick up a little during the Session. She is strictly ordered not to make a noise, and to refrain from all quack medicines.

CLERICAL CONUNDRUM.

Q. WHY is the case of GORHAM v. THE BISHOP OF EXETER, in the view of the Privy Council, like PROFESSOR KELLER of plastic notoriety?  
A. Because it's a poser.

THE CUSTOMS OF OUR COUNTRY.

"HOSPITALITY (like property) has its duties as well as its rites"—and this is best proved by the duties that are always levied at the Custom House whenever a stranger lands in England to partake of its hospitality.

KENTISH FIRE AND SMOKE.

We have often heard of Kentish fire at public assemblies, but never, hitherto, of any Kentish smoke, though the fire in question is usually accompanied by much vapour. Kentish smoke, however, of the densest kind, was emitted last week by the Pro-Corn-Law orators on Penenden Heath.



### GENEROUS REDUCTION OF RENT.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL held his meeting of tenants in Dublin last week. It was not very numerously assembled, for we doubt if the number of his tenants exceeded ten. MR. JOHN O'CONNELL said he would detain them but a few minutes. He then began a speech which lasted two hours. In the course of it he said, "He had heard a great deal of the hardness of the times, and he must say they were particularly hard upon him, for let him work as hard as he would, he could hardly make a decent penny. As for Repeal, it was fairly reduced to its last penny. What did he make last week? Why only tenpence-halfpenny! And the week before? Why, nothing but a dirty fourpenny-bit! He should like to reduce their rents, but, in the face of such terrible truths, how could he do it? However, he was the last man to tax their good-nature, and so he would leave the matter entirely to their generosity. As for himself, he didn't ask for anything! They might give exactly what they pleased." (*Tremendous cheering, which lasted several minutes.*)

After this the Meeting separated, and we are happy to state that in consequence of the liberal proposal of MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, every one availed himself of it; and as the rent was left entirely to them, they thought the best thing was to leave it alone. The amount of "Rent," therefore, collected at the doors did not exceed a penny postage stamp, and there are some strong doubts whether that has not been used before!

### THOUGHTS ON A NEW COMEDY.

(Being a Letter from MR. J.—s PLUSH to a Friend.)

"MY DEAR RINGER,

"*Whell of Fortune, Barr,  
Jennyour twenty-fifth.*

"ME and MARY HANN was very much pleased with the box of feznits and woodcox, which you sent us, both for the attention which was dellygit, and because the burds was uncommon good and full of flavioir. Some we gei away: some we hett: and I leave you to emadgin that the Mann as sent em will holways find a glass of somethink comforable in our Barr; and I hope youll soon come back to London, RINGER, my boy. Your account of the Servants' all festivaties at Fitzbattleaxe Castle, and your dancing Sir Rodjydycovly (I dont know how to spell it) with LADY HAWGUSTER, emused MARY HANN very much. That sottathing is very well—onst a year or so: but in my time I thought the fun didnt begin until the great folks had gone away. Give my kind suvices to MRS. LUPIN, and tell MUNSEER BESHYMELL with my and MARY HANN's best wishes, that our little FANNY can play several tunes on his pianner. Comps to old Coachy.

"Till parlymint nothink is stirring, and theres no noose to give you or fill my sheat—igsept (and I dessay this will surprize you)—igsept I talk about the new Play.

"Although Im not genly a patternizer of the Drammer, which it interfereas very much with my abbitts and ipeshly is not plesnt dareckly after dinner to set hoff to a cold theayter for a middle-Hage Mann, who likes to take things heazy; yet, my dear feller, I do from time to time step in (with a horder) to the walls of the little Aymarket or Old Dewry, sometimes to give a treat to Mrs. JEAMES and the younguns, sometimes to wild away a hidle hour when shes outatown or outatemper (which sometimes will oear in the best reglaid families you know) or when some private mellumcolly or sorrer of my own is a hagitating hof me.

"Yesdy evening it was none of these motifs which injuiced me to go to the theayter—I had heard there was a commady jest brought out, involving the carrickter of our profession—that profeshn which you and me MR. RINGER, did onst belong to—I'm not above that profeshn. I ave its hintarests and Honor at art: and of hevery man that wears the Plush, I say that Mann is my Brother—not that I need be phonder of him for that, on the contry, I recklect at our school where I lunt the fust rules of athography and grammer, the Brothers were holwis a pitchin into heach oher)—but in fine, I love the Plush of hold days, and hah! I regret that hold FATHER TIME is doing somethink to my Air, which wightns it more pumminantly than the Powder which once I war!

"A commady, Sir, has been brought out, (which Im surprized it aint been mentioned at my Barr, though to be sure mose gents is keeping Grissmass Olydays in the Country) in which I was creddably informmed—one of hus—one of the old Plushes—why should I ezitate to say, a *Footman*, forms the prinple drammitis-pursony. How is my horder represented on the British Stage I hest myself? Are we spoke of respectful or otherwise? Does anybody snear at our youniform or purfeshn? I was determind to see; and in case of hanythink inslant being said of us, I took a key with me in horder to iss proply; and bought sevral horringers jest to make use of em if I sor any *nessasaty*.

"My dear RINGER. I greave to say, that though there was nothink against our purfeshn said in the peace—and though the most delligit

and sensatif footman (and Ive known no men of more dellyxy of feelin and sensabilyt than a well reglaid footman is whether hin or hout of livry) could find folt with the *languidge* of the New Commdy of "*Leap Year*," yet its prinples is dangerous to publick maralaty, as likewise to our beloved purfeshn.

"The plot of the Pease is foundered upon a hancient Lor, which the Hauther, MR. BUCKSTONE, discovvred in an uncommon hold book, and by which it epears that in Lip-Year (or whats called Bissixdile in Istronnamy) it is the women who have the libbaty of choosing their usbands, and not as in horary times, the men who choose their wives (I reckmend you old feller who are a reglar hold Batchylor, to look out in the Ormnack for Lip Year, and kip *hout of the way* that year) and this pragtice must be common enough in Hengland, for a commady is a representation of natur, and in this one, every one of the women asts every one of the men to marry: igsept one, and she asts two of em.

"Onst upon a time there was an old genlman by the name of FLOWERDEW as married a young woman, who became in consuinque MRS. FLORA FLOWERDEW. She made this hold buck so. Appy during the breaif coarse of his meddrimonal career, that he left a will, horderin her to marry agin before three years was over, fallin vich, hevary shillin of his proppaty should go to his nex Hair. Aving maid these destimentry erangements hold FLOWERDEW died. Peace be to his Hashes!

"His widder didnt cry much (for betwigest you and me F. must have been rayther a silly old feller), but lived on in a genteal manner in a house somewhere in the drecshon of Amstid I should think, entertainin her frends like a lady: and like a lady she kep her coachman and groom: had her own maid, a cook & housemaid of coarse, a page and a MANN.

"If I had been a widder I would have choas a Man of a better Ithe, than MRS. FLOWERDEW did. Nothink becomes a footman so much as Ithe. Its that which dittinguidges us from the vulgar, and I greave to say in this pedicklar the genleman as hacted VILLIAM WALKER, MRS. F's man, was sadly defishnt. He was respectble, quiet, horderly, hactive—but his figger I must say was no go. You and me RINGER ave seen footmen and know whats the proper sort—seen em? Hah, what men there was in hour time! Do you recklect BILL the Maypole as was with us at LORD AMMERSMITHS? What a chap that was! what a leg he ad! The young men are not like us, TOM RINGER,—but I am diverging from my tail, which I reshume.

"I diddnarive at the commensment of the drammer (for their was a Purty a settlin his skower in my Barr which kep me a cumsederable time), but when I hentered the theaytre I fown myself in presents of MR. & MRS. C. KEAN in a droring-room, MRS. K. at a table pertending to right letters, or to so ankysbuffs, or somethink, MR. K. a clapsing his &s, a rowling his his, and a quoaing poatry & BYROM and that sort of thing like anythink.

"MRS. KEAN, she was the widdo, and MR. K. he was VILLIAM the man. He wasnt a Butlter dear RINGER like U. He wasnt groom of the Chimbers like MR. MEWT at my Lords (to whom my best complymince), he wasnt a mear footman, he wasnt a page: but he was a mixer of all 4. He had trowzies like a page with a red strip; he had a coat like a Hunnadress John; he had the helegant mistary of MR. MEWT, and there was a graceful abanding and a daggijay hair about him which I wish it was more adopted in our purfeshn.

"Haltho in hour time, dear RINGER, we didn quoa BYROM and SHIKSPYER in the droring-room to the ladies of the family, praps things is haltered sins the *marge of hintalect*, and the young JEAMES do talk po'ry.—Well, for sevral years, during which he had been in MRS. F's service, WALKER had been goin on in this manner, and it was heasy at onst to see at the very hopening of the pease, from the manner of mi-sis and man, that there was more than the common sewillaties of a lady and a genlman in livary goin on between em, and in one word that they were pashlntly in love with each oher. This wont surprize you RINGER, my boy; and in the coarse of my expearance I might teil a story or two—O LADY HARABELLAR! but Honor forbids, and Im mumm.

"Sevral shutors come to whoo the widdo; but none, and no great wonder, have made an impreshn on her heart. One she takes as a *husband on trial*—and he went out to dinner on the very fust day of his apprentiship, and came home intogsicated. Another whomb she would not have, a Captain in the Army, pulls out a bill when she refuses him, and requestes her to pay for his loss of time, and the clothes he has hordered in horder to captiwate her. Finely the piece heads by the widdo proposing to WILLIAM WALKER, her servant, and marryin that pusson.

"I don't hask whether widdos take usbands on trial. I do not pores to inquier whether Captings send in bills of costs for courtshp, or igsamming oher absuddaties in this Commdy. I look it purfeshnly, and I look at it gravely, RINGER. Hand, I cant help seeing that is dangerous to our horder, and subwussive of domestic maralaty.

"I say theres a Prinple in a honist too'man which should make him purtest and rewolt aginst such doctorings as these. A fadle pashn may hapa hany day to hany Mann; as a chimby-pott may drop on his head, or a homibus drive hover him. We cant help fallin in love with a fine woman—we are men: we are fine men praps; and praps



she returns our harder. But whats the use of it? There *can* be no marridges between footmen and families in which they live. There's a Lor of Natur against it, and it should be wrote in the prayer-books for the use of JOHNS that a man may not marry his Missus—If this kind of thing was to go on hoften, there would be an end to domestic life. JOHN would be holways up in the droring room courting: or Miss would be for hever down in the pantry: you'd get no whirk done. How could he clean his plate propply with Miss holding one of his ands sittin on the knife bord? It's impawsable. We may marry in other famlies but not in our hown. We have each our spears as we have each our Bells. Theirs is the fust flor; hours is the basemint. A man who marris his Missis hingers his purfeshnal bruthering. I would cut that Man dedd who married his Missis. I would blackbawl him at the clubb. Let it onst git abroad that we do so, and famlies will leave off iring footmen haltogether and be weighted upon by maids, which the young ladies cant marry them, and I leave you to say whether the purfeshn isnt a good one, and whether it woodnt be a pity to spoil it.

"To MR. RINGER,  
"at the DUKE OF FITZBATTLEAXES,  
"Fitzbattleaxe Castle, Flintshire."

"Yours hever my dear RINGER,  
"J. P."



THE "KNEE PLUSH ULTRA" OF SENTIMENT.

#### A CONSCIENCE MONEY-MANIAC.

A GREAT deal of cash must pass through the hands of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; yet nobody, one would think, would contribute more to the amount than he could help. Not so. Among the acknowledgments of those unaccountable remittances of conscience-money to Government which are almost daily published in the *Times*, it was notified the other day, that—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received from T. C. D. the first halves of Bank notes for £60, remitted as a sum considered to be owing to Government."

Considered to be owing to Government! Then T. C. D.—initials that we feel tempted to suppose to stand for "Tender Conscienced Donkey"—is not *certain* that he owes Government the £60. Come—surely, in a dubious question like this, a man may be allowed to give himself the benefit of the doubt.

#### A Curling Match on the Ice.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose stupid head ought to be brought at once to the barber's block, has written to us to know what is the meaning of the recent Curling Match on the ice, between the EARL OF MANSFIELD and the EARL OF EGLINTON. Our correspondent, to whom, we should be very sorry to correspond in any particular, is imbecile enough to ask us how it happens that the noble Earls, who must have so many other irons in the fire, can procure time to pop a pair of curling irons into the fire also? We will not condescend to explain to our feeble-minded correspondent that "curling" is a fine old sport, very different from the effeminate practice of twisting the hair into ringlets; and we can only add, that if he could now behold us, he would witness a specimen of another kind of curling, for he would see our lip in the very stiffest curl of contempt at his—anything but—"blessed" ignorance.

THE DODGE OF NICHOLAS.—Whilst the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S dodge is To Bear in one sense, it is evidently to be For BARING in another.

#### THE RASH REFORMERS OF DOWNING STREET.

It has been stated, on authority, that Ministers mean to bring forward this session a scheme of their own for the re-adjustment of the parliamentary representation; as, by the time these words come fairly before the universe, will probably have been signified in the speech from the Throne. We hope LORD JOHN RUSSELL and his colleagues will do nothing rash in the attempt to improve our glorious Constitution. But we fear that their measure of reform will be too sweeping. For instance, we are afraid that they will fix the pecuniary qualification to vote, at too low a figure, and depart too widely from the good old principle of making money the criterion of ability to exercise the franchise.

We are apprehensive that they will give an insufficient preference to breeches-pockets over brains in determining the standard of elective rights. Nay, we are not without dread that they will be so precipitate and reckless as to allow every respectable man a vote provided he is a taxpayer, and can write his name, and read a column of *Punch*. We think it too probable, also, that they will be [for approaching more nearly than they ought, to an equalisation of electoral districts, and granting constituencies of equal populations, representatives in unduly small disproportion. We are further alarmed lest they should concede the ballot, or devise some other inconveniently stringent security against bribery, corruption, and intimidation. In short, we tremble with the expectation that they will go too fast and too far, and confer more political power on HER MAJESTY'S subjects at large than the bulk of the people wish to be entrusted with.

#### IF YOU'RE AN EDITOR, BEHAVE AS SUCH.

As LOUIS NAPOLEON has turned Editor of a weekly newspaper, we hope he will be a little more charitable towards his comrades of the press, otherwise the public prosecution of a journal will look very much like an act of private opposition, and a heavy fine imposed on an Editor will appear as if it were an attempt to crush a rival journalist. For instance, this spirit of competition might be carried to such an extent, that every French paper in Paris might be suppressed, every Editor imprisoned, in order to force an enormous sale for *Le Napoléon*.

The Republic of France is quite noisy enough without LOUIS NAPOLEON wishing to be President, also, of the Republic of Letters. He will soon find that Parnassus is a much more difficult Montagne to get over, even, than the one in the Assembly. At all events, if he is determined to play at editing, let him play it in a generous, brotherly spirit, and not turn it into a game of "Prisoner's-Base," for every Editor who happens to be on the opposite side to him.

We strongly suspect that this new mania of editing a newspaper, and calling it *Napoléon*, is only indulged in by the President in order to prove to the nation that he is literally the *type* of his Uncle!

#### The Unblushing French.

HORACE VERNET is really at Rome, commissioned to paint subjects—to be enshrined at Versailles—commemorative of the late *feats* of the French army in the Eternal City. The impudence of this is astounding. It is as though a housebreaker, proud of his occupation, should order himself to be painted—the picture to become an heirloom—with all his implements of trade about him. The crowbar, the false keys, the mask, crape and the dark lantern!



## NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.—THE CHARWOMAN.



If there is one person more than another whose life is regularly passed in Nooks and Corners, it is the Charwoman's! Her sun, it may be said, rises in a cobweb, and sets in a cupboard.

She knows more of a house than the mistress herself. Its most inmost recesses are laid bare to her. Not a floor but what has disclosed its secrets—not a boudoir, not a consulting-room, not a family sanctuary, however private, but has made a clean breast to her, and felt all the better afterwards for the confession. This confidence, however, is never very well repaid, for it is seldom that the Charwoman gets more than 1s. 6d. a day, with her beer, tea, and sugar; or at the best 2s. a day, and "to find herself."

This ignominious expression, "to find herself," is, however, rather applicable to the Charwoman, for it is always a difficulty, when she is wanted, to know where to find her. Washerwomen, monthly-nurses, and ladies who do a little mangling, all have cards, but we never saw a piece of pasteboard yet that had the face to own to the profession of "a Charwoman." No brass plate, or painted board either, displaying that honourable title, flanked by a pleasing request to "ring the top bell," flashes upon our recollection.

Be it modesty, or a horror of the income-tax, or a healthy mixture of the two, we cannot tell, but there is decidedly a great difficulty in finding out the abode of the Charwoman. Like Echo, she is to be "heard of" in the circle of a large neighbourhood, but no one can tell the precise spot where she dwells. The only chance is by

enquiry of the milk woman, or the butcher, or the baker, who enquires of his man, who says he'll ask his "good 'ooman," who he thinks knows a neighbour that can let MRS. GRIMES know that "she is wanted,"—and it is only by this hunt-the-slipper fashion that MRS. GRIMES eventually turns up.

But when MRS. GRIMES has once promised to come, she is sure to come. We never knew a Charwoman yet break her appointment. Nothing but her own death, we think, would make her do it. She rings the bell before the "milk," even before the "sweeps."

Her social position is not to be envied much. She is the lowest grade of domestic—even lower than the maid of all work, to whom she officiates as a sort of maid of all work herself. Mistresses have but little love for her, for she is never called in but at the last extremity, and the house is never comfortable till she is out of it. Her reverses in the course of the day are endless, but she must bear every little turn of fortune with cool equanimity, even if it be the fate of her pail to be violently kicked down stairs by coming in contact with master's indignant boot.

How "master" does hate her, to be sure! With the mistress it is simply an antipathy, only a genteel aversion; but if she were a bailiff, or a mad bull, or a fire in the house, there could not be a stronger desire on the part of "master" to have her instantly put out. He knows there is no comfort, no luncheon, no dinner, no answering the bell, as long as the Charwoman is pattering, steaming, scrubbing, slopping about, from one room into another. He hates the clatter of her pattens—for Charwomen are still shod with these detestable iron shoes—and woe to them if he finds them lying about the hall! The chances are that they part, never to meet again.

She slaves, and yet never gives satisfaction. She is expected to do the work of six days in one. Let her come with daybreak, and leave close upon the stroke of midnight, she can never do all the work that is required of her. She pleases no one. Even the servants take a pleasure in finding fault with her. She is disowned by the very person who has engaged her. No lady talks of "her Charwoman," any more than a gentleman breathes a word about "his pawnbroker." The nearest admission that is ever made to the fact of her existence is that "MRS. GRIMES has come to assist." And yet her characteristics are so patent that none but a Countess, who had been confined all her life in a drawing-room, could possibly be deceived as to her appearance. The dirty mob-cap,—the battered bonnet, generally black, that perches on the top of it,—the soiled ribbons that, sun or rain, are never tied,—the tucked-up gown, and bare arms, that are of an unpleasant redness all the way up to the sleeve,—are so many witnesses making oath to her identity.

The Charwoman, it must be confessed, is of a most forgiving disposition. Loaded, as she is, with the insults of the entire house, she is too willing to help any one. She fetches the beer,—lays the cloth—washes the plates—toasts the muffins, &c., and waits at table until the servants have their dinner or tea, before she touches a scrap herself. She addresses JEAMES, and the clerical-looking Butler, as "Sir;" and Cook, and my Lady's-maid, are always spoken to as "Ma'am." And yet, strange to say, the Charwoman is, in ten cases out of a dozen, a decayed servant herself. She has generally saved a little money—married a speculative JOHNNY—soon lost all in the "green line," and become "the drab of a thing" that she in her proud prosperity snarled at and snubbed. (*Moral (aside)*: "Be kind to your inferiors.")

There are many more strange Nooks and Corners to be found in the character of the Charwoman, but we have not time to explore them just now, much less space to record the result of our discoveries. We must throw down, therefore, without comment, the following fugitive facts, which we cannot help catching as they buzz in our ears, and fly in our faces, with all the impudence of London blue-bottles.

The Charwoman averages from 40 to 60. She has a remarkably good appetite, and can eat anything. She wears large pockets, which keep gradually swelling towards night-time, and has a penchant for snuff, which she carries in a screw of brown paper. Report declares that she smokes, but as this habit is never allowed to interfere with her avocations, we have no right to enquire into the rumour.

She has a large family, but they are rigidly forbidden the house she is "charing" at. The same law is enforced against her husband, but quite unnecessarily, as he has too much sense to show himself. It is supposed he has some post in a public Pillar, or Monument, or Light-house, or in the Police, for he is never seen from one year's end to another.

There are many speculations as to the honesty of the Charwoman, but she is poor, and therefore we must not wonder at her being suspected. The "Ladies" down stairs, however, always lock up their tea-caddies, JEAMES counts his spoons, Cook hides her kitchen-stuff, and Missus makes a general clearance, whenever MRS. GRIMES comes to stop for a day. Whatever is missing, the Charwoman is sure to be the thief. Everything that is broken is without fail the handiwork of her fingers. The Charwoman is invariably the Cat for the week after her visit.

And for all her trials, labours, snubbings, and accusations, she has but one compensation, and that is a dish of tea. The Saucer is the Lethe in which she drowns all the cares of the day. Buttered toast, and tea! Give her plenty of butter, plenty of thick toast, and ponds of strong tea, and she is happier than any bride at a wedding feast. As she lifts the brimming saucer, time after time, to her thirsty lips, she pours out the experiences of her profession. A fresh family is cut up with each new slice of toast—the scandal of the whole neighbourhood is stirred up, though not much sweetened, and handed round, for the tastes of her kitchen audience. For if there is an Inquisitor in an Englishwoman's home it is the Charwoman, for she has the *entree* of every house, and, as you sit in the parlour, there she is accumulating evidence against you under your very feet. Ladies, both in the parlour and the pantry, should beware of this secret tribunal, which runs from parish to parish, and speaks of them, according as they behave to that universal outcast, that out-door drudge, that "general sweeping-machine," that hardest-worked servant of servants, the Charwoman.





THE REAL STAFF OF LIFE.

## IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE COMMUNISTS.

YESTERDAY a numerously attended meeting of gentlemen holding the doctrines of Socialism and Communism took place at the *Four-under-the-Rose*. Among the company we observed some of the most notorious rogues in the metropolis. Owing to the admirable arrangements of the police, there occurred no interruption of the proceedings.

The chair was taken by a Mr. MOODY, a personage with a hideous expression of countenance, and a great beard.

The CHAIRMAN briefly stated that the object of the meeting was to consider what course to take with regard to the Protectionist agitation excited among the agriculturists by the aristocracy. He believed there was a good time coming, and they'd ave to wait but a very little longer.

MR. MOBBINS hated the aristocracy with all his heart and soul. (*Hear.*) But he would hold a candle to a duke—or to a wuss than a duke—to light him to play his (MR. MOBBINS'S) game. The cry of Protection to Agriculture was askin' of Parliament to raise rents by checkin' competition. There was no difference between that and askin' Parliament to raise wages by the same means. (*Hear.*) Except this. The rent was to be screwed out of the poor man's loaf, for the idle; whereas the wages was to be took out of the rich man's income for the industrious. What was Socialism but Protection for everybody! The base aristocracy was pullin' in the same boat with themselves. He would say, "Pull away, my harpies!" (*Laughter.*) He was for pullin' along with them so long as they was a steerin' the same course. (*Hear.*) When done with, he'd fling 'em overboard. (*Tremendous Cheering.*) He would move—

"That Protection to Agriculture being a legislative interference with Competition, its principle is, in the opinion of this here meeting, identical with that of Communism and Socialism."

The resolution was seconded by MR. WILDGOOSE, and carried *nem. con.*

MR. FIREBRAKE would clapse the Protectionist aristocrats in is open harms. (*Oh, oh?*) The Protectionists were turning, not only Communists and Socialists, but regular jolly Red Republicans. What did MR. CHEETHAM say the other day at the West Norfolk Meeting? "If he were in PEEL'S position he should be afraid of the poniard and dagger, and so he had a right to." (*Prolonged cheering.*) He (MR. FIREBRAKE) was glad to hear respectable farmers begin to talk about poniards and daggers. CUFFY, his self, never beat that. Then, at the same meeting, MR.

BOWYER SMYTH, and MR. BAGGE, cursed free-trade and PEEL; the rest swearing in chorus with 'em, and MR. FRANKLIN, a parson, as good as sayin' Amen! This was roaring worthy of the Mountain. (*Hear.*) Let them flare up, then, and jine the Protectionists. Protection now, and the Democratic and Social Republic for ever! He would call upon them to resolve—

"That the best course as can be adopted by the Communists and Socialists for the promotion of their ulterior objects, is that of fraternising for the present with the Protectionists."

The resolution having been seconded by MR. BRINTON BEDLAM, and carried by acclamation,

Three cheers were given for LORD STANLEY and M. LOUIS BLANC; for M. PROUDHON and the DUKE OF RICHMOND; for MR. DISRAELI and LEDRU ROLLIN; for SIR J. TYRELL and M. RASPAIL; and for SERJEANT BOICHOT and COLONEL SIBTHORP.

After which, thanks having been voted to the Chairman, the meeting separated, and we came away—without our handkerchief.

## "A VICTIM TO LET."

OUR wrong-headed, good-natured friend, with a long signature, who in the *Herald* abused poor *Punch*, simply, we take it, because it was not in the dull man's brain to understand truth when edged with satire—and therefore incontinently cut his fingers with it—our friend has gone beyond his liberal promise, and sent his second £25 to HOWLETT, the dismissed postman, even though no intervening sum of £25 has been subscribed. HOWLETT, however, is the richer man by £50, for his benefactor's misinterpretation of *Punch*, who stung dulness into liberality. *Punch* complains not. He is willing to be misunderstood, when the error bears such golden fruit to the destitute. Nevertheless, *Punch* marvels at the meaning of HOWLETT'S benefactor, when he says—

"The philosopher *Punch* shows how relentless are his orders from head-quarters, by still maintaining, against the plainest evidence, that HOWLETT was 'rightly dismissed.'"

Again:—

"Neither will the public accept (at least as a reason why they should quietly submit to the demolition of their Sabbath) of *Punch*'s testimonial—[Is the Sabbath so broken to bits by LORD JOHN?]  
—however true it may be—that 'LORD JOHN RUSSEL is a man of earnest and unaffected religion.' *Far be it from me to say that such is not the case; but it is impossible not to see what these words mean in *Punch*'s use of them.*"

Firstly, *Punch* confesses that it is always his desire, moreover, always his practice, to write from "head-quarters:" namely, from all the quarters of his own head.

Secondly, If, as our dull friend confesses at the last, "it is impossible not to see" what *Punch* means—if this be really true in the particular case of our obtuse reviler,—we congratulate him on his amended intelligence. It is quite worth the £50 he has given to HOWLETT, who, we trust, will make the best and most profitable uses of the benefaction.

## "SPEAKING DAGGERS."

ONE MR. CHEETHAM, a Protectionist (not a bad name for a small corn party) at the Oakham Meeting, said:

"He could not help thinking that phantoms of ruined farmers would haunt the sleeping pillow of SIR R. PEEL. Knowing how much he was execrated, he should think he must move about in fear and dread. Even if SIR R. PEEL should have a majority again, he dared not take office. He (MR. CHEETHAM) knew that if he was in SIR R. PEEL'S position, he should be afraid of the poniard and the dagger, and so he had a right."

Since the awful, but no less popular appearance, of "*Giles Scroggins' Ghost*"—sung at all the playhouses—we can conceive nothing, in even an agricultural sense, more harrowing than the "phantoms of ruined farmers," all with shadowy pitchforks, and moonshine flails, threatening the "sleeping pillow" (why are not pillows wide-awake?) of SIR ROBERT PEEL. Done into a comic song, GILES SCROGGINS would be laid for ever.

But one word with MR. CHEETHAM. A person who talks of poniards and daggers, expressing his ready belief that a man "has a right" to fear them, may—by the unreflecting—be thought to be the very sort of person who would not hesitate to use them. Let MR. CHEETHAM, in the matter of speculative assassination, hold his tongue, if he would hold his character.

## A GROSS IMPOSITION.

MR. DISRAELI, in his Speech on the Address, declared that "What the land now wants is simple justice." We are no agriculturists, but we should say that the land was in want of something besides justice just now—we mean better cultivation. If this were carried out to a large extent, the land would not have reason to complain, even though it should be a good deal put upon.



THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS.



MR. FERRAND MISINTERPRETED.

At a late Protection, and very Free Speech Meeting, MR. FERRAND developed yearnings that must have touched the sympathies of MR. CALCRAFT of the Old Bailey, provided that functionary ever amuses his grim leisure with anything so solemn as MR. FERRAND'S orations. MR. FERRAND, assuming that, some day—the date not named—corn and cotton would come to a fight, and that COBDEN—(cotton being down)—would become prisoner to corn, declared it to be his intention—ready-made and home-made—to hang COBDEN to the next tree, compelling JOHN BRIGHT—on pain of hanging too, “like twin cherries on one stalk”—to do duty as executioner. A few days after, a MR. WORTLEY, at Hailsham, an orator of the like fire with Ferrand—a companion lucifer from the same bundle—prayed for COBDEN that he—

“Living, may forfeit fair renown;  
And, doubly dying, may go down  
To the vile earth from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

MR. FERRAND, reading the above, immediately dispatched a little note—full of amenity—to the speaker; a note running as follows:—

“My dear Sir,—I have read your speech at Hailsham with great delight. Permit me, however, to suggest when you repeat it—and Protection, I fear, has but one string to its fiddle—that you improve the last line of the quotation to adapt it the better to the spirit of our cause. Let it run thus:—

“Unwept, unhonoured, *not unhang.*”

“Believe me, my dear Sir, with sentiments of admiration arising from kindred feelings,

“Yours, faithfully ever,  
“Mr. Wortley.” “B. FERRAND.”

ALLIANT gents and lovely ladies,  
List a tail vich late befel,  
Vich I heard it, bein on duty,  
At the Pleace Hoffice, Clerkenwell.

Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,  
Vere the little children sings;  
(Lor! I likes to hear on Sundies  
Them there pooty little things!)

In this street there lived a housemaid,  
If you particklarly ask me where—  
Vy, it vas at four-and-tventy,  
Guilford Street by Brunsvick Square.

Vich her name vas ELIZA DAVIS,  
And she went to fetch the beer:  
In the street she met a party  
As vas quite surprized to see her.

Vich he vas a British Sailor,  
For to judge him by his look:  
Tarry jacket, canvass trowsies,  
Ha-la MR. T. P. COOKE.

Presently this Mann accostes  
Of this hinnocent young gal—  
Pray, saysee, Excuse my freedom,  
You're so like my Sister SAL!

You're so like my Sister SALLY,  
Both in valk and face and size;  
Miss, that—dang my old lee scuppers,  
It brings tears into my heyes!

I'm a mate on board a wessel,  
I'm a sailor bold and true;  
Shiver up my poor old timbers,  
Let me be a mate for you!

What's your name, my beauty, tell me?  
And she faintly hansers, “Lore,  
Sir, my name's ELIZA DAVIS,  
And I live at twenty-four.”

Hofttimes came this British seaman,  
This deluded gal to meet:  
And at twenty-four vas welcome,  
Twenty-four in Guilford Street.

And ELIZA told her Master,  
(Kinder they than Missuses are),  
How in marridge he had ast her,  
Like a galliant Brittish Tar.

And he brought his landlady vith him,  
(Vich vas all his hartful plan),  
And she told how CHARLEY THOMPSON  
Reely vas a good young man.

And how she herself had lived in  
Many years of union sweet,  
Vith a gent she met promiskuous,  
Valkin in the public street.

And ELIZA listened to them,  
And she thought that soon their bands  
Would be published at the Fondlin,  
Hand the clergyman jine their ands.

And he ast about the lodgers,  
(Vich her master let some rooms),  
Likewise vere they kep their things, and  
Vere her master kep his spoons.

Hand this vicked CHARLEY THOMPSON  
Came on Sundy veek to see her,  
And he sent ELIZA DAVIS  
Hout to fetch a pint of beer.

Hand while pore ELIZA vent to  
Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,  
This etrocious CHARLEY THOMPSON  
Let his wile accomplish hin.

To the lodgers, their apartments,  
This abandingd female goes,  
Prigs their shirts and umberellas:  
Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes.

Vile the scoundrle CHARLEY THOMPSON,  
Lest his wictim should escape,  
Hocust her vith rum and vater,  
Like a fiend in huming shape.

But a hi vas fixt upon 'em  
Vich these raskles little sore:  
Namely, MR. HIDE the landlord,  
Of the house at twenty-four.

He vas valkin in his garden,  
Just afore he vent to sup;  
And on looking up he sor the  
Lodger's vinders lighted hup.

Hup the sfairs the landlord tumbled;  
Something's going wrong, he said;  
And he caught the vicked woman  
Underneath the lodger's bed.

And he called a brother Pleaseman,  
Vich vas passing on his beat;  
Like a true and galliant feller,  
Hup and down in Guilford Street.

And that Pleaseman able-bodied  
Took this woman to the cell;  
To the cell vere she vas quodded,  
In the Close of Clerkenwell.

And though vicked CHARLEY THOMPSON  
Boulted like a misorant base,  
Presently another Pleaseman  
Took him to the self-same place.

And this precious pair of raskles  
Tuesday last came up for doom;  
By the beak they vas committed,  
Vich his name vas MR. COMBE.

Has for poor ELIZA DAVIS,  
Simple gurl of twenty-four,  
She, I ope, vill never listen  
In the streets to sailors moar.

But if she must ave a sweet-art,  
(Vich most every gurl expex),  
Let her take a jolly pleaseman;  
Vich is name peraps is X.

Glut of Officials in France.

SUCH is the competition for employment in the financial department of France, that the authorities declare their inability to read the applications, much less to answer the applicants. French finance has got into such a state that it would seem to have been nobody's business, and as nobody's business is everybody's business, everybody is now offering to look after it. We should say that, as far as capacity goes, the whole of the public would be about upon an equality, for every one seems equally incapable of finding a remedy for the financial difficulties of the republic. In a case that really looks like one in which nothing can be done, those who are competent to the doing of nothing naturally feel themselves as well adapted as the rest of the community for giving their services.

The Bank Coffers!

WE have heard so much, and we hear so frequently, about the Coffers of the Bank, that our curiosity is rising to a tremendous pitch about these mysterious articles. How much will a Coffer hold? How many Coffers have they got at the Bank, and if all the Coffers should happen to be “chuck” full, where do they chuck the surplus bullion?

Our early and infantine idea of a Coffer was, that it is an affair something like a coal scuttle, and that there is always one standing full of bullion under the side-board in that most wonderful apartment, the Bank parlour. We shall be happy to accept an invitation from the Governor of the Bank, to go over that establishment, any day when he happens to have nothing to do, and when the Coffers, regularly polished and sand-papered up for the occasion, may be placed before us.



Manners and Customs of *ye* Englyshe (New Series) No. I.



*ye* 'Serpentyne' duryng a hard frost. \*Pullycke upon it.



MEETING  
PROTECTIONISTS

Please give me  
your loaf



*I am Starving  
and Unprotected*

SHAMELESS MENDICITY.







SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

From "The Original Brown Bear," Piccadilly, to the Emperor of all the Russias, Greeting.



IGHTY CZAR,

"FROM my public and elevated position I see and hear a thing or two that's going on, — and I do assure you, tremendous Autocrat, that, whatever that COBDEN may say to the contrary, you are very highly spoken of by many people—specially folks of substance, with money they

don't know well how to lay out at decent interest—and your loan praised and taken accordingly.

"Two or three merchants (with oranges and hundred-bladed pen-knives) who trade under me at the short stages and 'busses, are particularly disgusted with that Cotton COBDEN, whose unadorned eloquence thought to re-button thousands of pockets that were open and gaping, and ready to pour forth their blood in the cause of five per cent., and for the glory of your Czarship. The chances were—thought COBDEN—that a lumping lot of the loan would be left on the hands of the contractors; for he hoped to demolish the reputation of my NICHOLAS. He dared to insinuate that even an Emperor might be insolvent or unprincipled; that even the magnificent two-headed eagle—with, of course, two stomachs to match—might be little better than a felonious magpie. He insinuated the probability—I shudder as much as bear can shudder, and growl again with indignation at the thought—the probability that the glorious Czar might be very liable to pick a quarrel with England for the purpose of swindling the English bondholder, when he promised that Woolwich arsenal should afford no assistance in the recovery of the debt—no cannon-balls be served as writs, and no execution be levied in the shape of squadrons. All this is disgusting—mischievous. But these calumnies have not worked upon the virtuous, but timid people, hungry for five per cent., who need not now continue to satisfy themselves with three, or at best, three-and-a-half.

"Vain is the craft of the demagogue! Good, excellent men, good in themselves, and doubtless excellent as trustees, anxious to obtain the best interest for their clients, the widowed and the orphaned, have gone into Russian bonds; they have trusted their gold to paper ships, and—and their confidence is very becoming, graceful to themselves, and no doubt profitable to the Emperor.

"Nevertheless—my NICHOLAS—that arch-agitator COBDEN has dared to hint the probability of the death of a Czar of all the Russias! As if an Emperor was ever known to die,—especially in Russia! Nevertheless, the atrocious idea has entered COBDEN's dark mind, and revelling in the thought, he has painted to a timid, money-loving people, the possibility of the Emperor's successor repudiating the loan contracted by his then sainted parent!

"I quite agree with the *Morning Post*—one of the newsmen just under me read the passage that—

"There is not half the difference which superficial observers might imagine between the gangs of MAZZINI, who yelled their ribald jest at the window where MADAME ROSSI was watching the body of her murdered husband, and the demure gentlemen who congregated to hear COBDEN's hints about the uncertainty of the Czar's life. The Italian villains certainly wanted one useful vice of their English friends, namely, hypocrisy."

"The uncertainty of the Czar's life! Why, let 'em canvass London Assurance Offices, and see if a Czar's life isn't a life held as immortal as the life of Phoenix at the office of that name. Ask whether, the life offered,—the Amicable would not embrace it—the Anchor drop upon it—the Argus look with all its eyes delighted at it—the Atlas, with new joy at his heart, sustain it—the Britannia, like a sister, hug it—the Pelican, with its best blood, foster it? The Emperor's life, say I—the Emperor's justice! Why, in Russia, when was ever life sacrificed—when, in any sense, hempen or otherwise, was PETER ever robbed to pay PAUL?

"And then, my CZAR, 'what a pother,' as MR. BARABBAS, the orange-man, observed, 'about the morality of the loan.' What a joke! Where, I should like to know, is the morality in money? Whereabouts, in his anatomy, the heart of PLUTUS? 'In a purely commercial country,'

observed MR. COSEY to MR. CRUMBS, both waiting for a Kensington 'bus—'in a purely commercial country, the breeches' pocket has no morals. This is a sentence to be written in letters of diamond over the architrave of every Exchange, and to be bowed to—as the Persian bows to the rising sun—by every broker and merchant, at least once in the morning.'

"What matters it to the lender, who gets his interest," rejoined CRUMBS to COSEY, 'how money is employed? Consider ten hundred thousand pounds, as an army of a hundred thousand men—accounted and armed to murder, burn, and pillage. What of it? The English moralist sleeps comfortably in his bed, and what matters to him how his hundred pounds earn their yearly interest of five? *Pecunia non olet*. The money may certainly be steeped in the blood of Poland, and may pass through the fires of Hungary,—again, I demand, what of it? The five per cent. is paid, and—no questions ought to be asked, at least, Sir—but here's our 'bus—at least in a commercial country.'

"I—the Bear—agree in the opinions of MR. BARABBAS, that the loan is perfectly moral, because commercially profitable. 'As for abusing the BROTHERS BARING, why, Sir, it's all very well,' said HUNKS to CLOSE, waiting for a Hammersmith—'all very well, but all cant. In a commercial country, people would prefer 5 per cent. through the hands of the Brothers CAIN to 4½ from the Brothers ABEL.'

"Glad—most mighty Czar—to see your loans at high premium, and am

"Yours, sympathetically,

"THE ORIGINAL BROWN BEAR."

THE NEW CABINET.

[Found at the Star and Garter, Richmond.]

First Lord of the Treasury	MARQUESS OF GRANBY.
Lord Chancellor	MR. PLUMPTRE (of course with a Peerage).
President of Council	LORD STANLEY.
Home Department	MR. NEWDEGATE.
Foreign Department	MR. DISRAELI.
Colonial Department	MR. URQUHART.
Postmaster-General	MR. SPOONER, (with permission to do what he likes with Sundays).
Com. in Chief of Forces	COLONEL SIBTHORP.
Chancellor of Exchequer	LORD GEORGE LENNOX.
Secretary at War	LORD ALEXANDER LENNOX.

[Here the paper is torn, and other names are illegible. A quotation from the DUKE OF RICHMOND's Speech on the Opening of the Session may, however, be made out. It runs—"I am prepared, if this amendment is carried, to get rid of the present Government."]

MR. COBDEN'S QUERISTS.

To MR. COBDEN.

DEAR SIR,

THE following questions—of a nature very similar to those to which you alluded the other day at Manchester—are a few out of many that I have been desired to ask you by certain country correspondents, who don't seem to approve of you very much.

In advocating Free Trade, Peace, and Financial Reform, are you really actuated by a feeling of hostility to the nobility and gentry, occasioned by an affront received by you in early life from somebody of the superior classes? If so, how were your feelings hurt?

When you were sent by your employers to wait upon a Duke with some patterns, did his Grace tell a mental to take you down stairs, and give you some beer?

Is it true that a young lady of rank boxed your ears for making her an offer over the counter?

Did a noble Marquess offend you by offering you sixpence in return for helping him on with his great coat?

Is your antipathy to the military profession, in particular, owing to a Colonel of Dragoons having once requested you to hold his horse?

Perhaps you will be so kind as to answer these enquiries at your perfect convenience. Perhaps you may be of opinion that their best answer would be one such as I saw some time since among the Notices to Correspondents in a sporting paper—"X. Y. Z. is an Ass."

Your sincere well-wisher,

PUNCH.

VERY STRANGE, BUT VERY TRUE.—The electric telegraph is now one of the really sovereign powers by which the world is governed, and though civilisation, with a thousand other blessings, may be said to be advanced by the potent engine, it must be admitted that wherever the electric telegraph holds its sway, it rules with rods of iron.

WANTED, A MEMBER FOR SUNDERLAND.—As it is essential that the Person Applying should show a Testimonial for Clean Hands, it is indispensable that Parties appear on the Canvas and the Hustings without Gloves.



## GEMS FROM ADVERTISEMENTS.

"A beautiful hand is indispensable to all; it is the distinguishing mark between refinement and vulgarity. With the aid of Amandine every hand in the kingdom may be rendered soft, beautiful, and white, every rude impression of weather or hard usage removed, delicacy of touch restored, and the seal of elegance impressed upon it—let its present condition be ever so unpromising."



Costermonger. "NOW, MISTER, I WANTS MY DELICACY OF TOUCH RESTORED, AND THE SEAL OF HELEGANCE IMPRESSED UPON MY BUNCH OF FIVES."

## A PUSH FOR A PLACE.

Poor BUGGINS, the Usher of Westminster Hall, is harassed out of his life with heartless whispers about "an evident want of vigour in his cry of "Silence! Pray, Silence!" and cruel insinuations that the official voice of the Usher should be finally hushed, and limited henceforth to the narrow arena of the domestic circle. Malicious stories are in circulation about an alleged shakiness in the hand, while handing in a compute, and there are sinister allegations afloat that the gown of legal stuff—and nonsense—should be laid aside at once for the paletot of privacy.

We have watched BUGGINS for years—having had little else to do in Court—and we can affirm that his roar of "Silence" has, if anything, gained in depth what it has lost in pitch, and that his *sostenuto*, or holding the note, on the word "Pray," when his demand for silence is in the form of an entreaty, may be ranked among one of the finest efforts of the *voce di petto* (his pet voice) that we ever heard.

## Protectionist Candour.

THE Protectionists commenced the session in the House of Commons on the opening night with a burst of candour that argues excellently well for the future avowal of faults and fallacies. When LORD JOHN RUSSELL very properly asked, with a view to the saving of time, whether it was understood the debate on the Address was to be concluded on the next night, a cry from the Protectionists of "No, No! No understanding on this side the house" became loud and general. The confession of a deficiency of understanding is the first step—though it may be a very long way off—towards the supply of the absent commodity. We should not have been so uncomplimentary to the Protectionists as to go the whole length of their own cry of "No understanding," on their side of the house, but as the assertion was made very generally, and the whole party seemed eager to assent to it, we are not disposed to be contradictory.

## RATHER LONG-WINDED.

THE Speech from the Throne was telegraphed over 2000 miles of wire within an hour of its delivery. Though the Speech was above the average in point of matter, it must be confessed that never was a Royal Speech so thoroughly wire-drawn before.

## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE HAVING BEEN APPOINTED, UNDER HER LATE AUNT'S WILL, EXECUTRIX AND SOLE RESIDUARY LEGATEE, FINDS HERSELF COMPELLED TO GO TO PROVE THE WILL AT DOCTORS' COMMONS.

SCENE.—Dean's Yard, Doctors' Commons. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE descends from her Omnibus mysteriously. The bag is swollen to unusual dimensions. Her face wears an expression of solemnity and determination. A pimple-nosed Touter, in his normal state of half-and-half, is lounging against the side-post of the archway.

Unprotected Female (thinks very hard). Yes, this is Dean's Yard. That's the way in the map, and then I take first turn to the right—and then—no, first turn to the left; and then, I'm in Carter Street, and then third turn to the right is—I'm sure Bell Yard's out of Carter Street, and that leads into Great Rider Street; but I'm not to turn to the left—then—Dear, dear, I thought I could remember the map. (Looks nervously down Dean's Yard.) But I don't think I do—quite—

Pimple-Nosed Man (earnestly and confidentially). 'Clesiastical-Courts, Marm, or-Will-Office, appy-to-show-yer-all-of-em-down-ere, Marm, want-a-Proctor-or-a-Doctor, Marm?

Unprotected Female. Doctor? \*No, man; what should I want a Doctor for? Yes—it is down here, but I won't say what I want: for there's no saying, if law papers do get stolen—(Grasps the bag very tight, and starts down Dean's Yard, determined to find the Proctor for herself.) It was in Dean's Yard, somewhere.

Pimple-Nosed Man (following her rather vaguely). Hany-Proctor-or-Doctor, Marm, if-you'll-say-who-knows-em-all.

Unprotected Female. Go away, do, man. (She is gradually becoming possessed by the notion that the PIMPLE-NOSED MAN has a design upon her bag.) You needn't follow me, for I know my way perfectly.

(Gives herself the lie palpably, by the air with which she gazes about Dean's Yard.)

Pimple-Nosed Man. Anybody-you-want, -Marm, appy-to-show-you. Will-Office-is-open-till-four-to-day, Marm.

Unprotected Female. I declare I'll call Police, if you don't go, man. (PIMPLE-NOSED MAN slowly zig-zags back to his archway.) How dare you? Oh! I wonder where ever MR. TRIPPEL'S is?

More Pimple-Nosed Man (overhearing her). Proctor, or Doctor, or Judge, Marm?

Unprotected Female. Oh! here's another of these men. (Grasps her bag more tightly than ever.) I know I ought to find it myself; but I can't. Oh! it's a party of the name of TRIPPEL, if you please?

More Pimple-Nosed Man. Is it SIR JOHN, or the Doctor, or TRIPPEL and WADDLEDOTS?

Unprotected Female. What can he mean by SIR JOHN, and the Doctor? It's TRIPPEL. T-R-I—

(Is proceeding to spell the name from the card furnished by her Solicitor.)

More Pimple-Nosed Man. It an't no use a spellin' of it—they're all one family—There's SIR JOHN and the Doctor and the Proctors.

Unprotected Female. All called TRIPPEL—Oh, I wonder which it is I want?

More Pimple-Nosed Man. They mostly does run in twos and threes in the Commons—besides TRIPPELS, there's SIR JACOB STUNNER RUST, and there's DR. RUST, and there's DR. STUNNER, and there's STUNNER, RUST, and STUNNER, and there's DR. TYKE, and TYKE and TWATTLES, and DR. TYKE TWATTLES, and young DR. TWATTLES. It runs in families a deal, it does, 'ereabouts—Oh, I knows 'em all—bless you!

Unprotected Female (making up her mind to the revelation with some difficulty and clutching her bag). It's this card—please. (MORE PIMPLE-NOSED MAN is going to take it.) No, you can look at it—

More Pimple-Nosed Man. It's the Proc or—ere—Marm—it's terrible difficult to find. I'll show you. We expects a trifle.

Unprotected Female. Oh—if you please—my good man.—I'll give you sixpence.

(SCENE changes to the Clerks' room at TRIPPEL and WADDILOVE, Proctors'. A very mature CLERK is apparently employed in killing flies with a pen.)

Unprotected Female. Oh—if you please—



Clerk. If you please, Ma'am—Whom did you please to want?

Unprotected Female. Oh—MR. TRIPPEL, if you please.

[Nervously grasping her bag.

Clerk. MR. TRIPPEL'S in Court, Ma'am—but if you'll leave your papers, or a message—

Unprotected Female (at once detecting his design to obtain surreptitious possession of the papers and defraud her of the property). Oh—no thank you—it's of no consequence—thank you. (Aside.) I'm sure I oughtn't to mention the will to a stranger.

More Pimple-Nosed Man (who has been waiting for her). Now, Marm, where to?

Unprotected Female. Oh, thank you!—I don't want you, man, any more.

More Pimple-Nosed Man (sitting up). Bless you, Marm—I know—it's a will.

Unprotected Female (in agony). Oh, man, how dare you? Go away this minute, or I'll call Police.

[MORE PIMPLE-NOSED MAN, finding there is nothing to be done, retires.

Unprotected Female (suddenly sees a direction board "To the Will Office"). Oh, the Will Office! That must be where I'm to go. They'll tell me what to do, there.

[SCENE changes to the Interior of the Will Office. A very musty and still room, with a range of desks along the centre, and open recesses with shelves on each side, filled with squat and antique volumes, lettered and numbered. Men and women are consulting various documents on the desks, and respectable and silent Clerks are employed in taking out and replacing the volumes.

Unprotected Female (timidly). Oh, is this the Will Office, please?

Clerk. Yes, Ma'am! What will? Give year, month, and name.

Unprotected Female. Oh, it's last year, in July, and the name is SARAH JANE STRUGGLES. And I'm come—

[CLERK disappears. She looks round with a vague apprehension.

Clerk (brings volume). Sh—Sp—Sr—St—very odd—you must be wrong in the year, Ma'am, or the name!

Unprotected Female (earnestly). Oh, no, indeed—it's my aunt. I'm sure I'm right, for I had expectations, and I'm sure I remember.

Clerk. No such will of that date, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female. Oh—but that is the date, I assure you.

Clerk. Can't be, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female. Oh—indeed—I've got the will.

Clerk. Probate? Let's see?

Unprotected Female. No; I've got the will itself.

Clerk. Then, it's not been proved?

Unprotected Female. I've come to prove it—but I can't find MR. TRIPPEL; so I thought perhaps they'd prove it here—as it's all correct.

Clerk. Pooh—pooh—pooh—Ma'am. This is the Will Office.

Unprotected Female. Yes, so I thought.

Clerk. We don't prove wills here—we get 'em after they're proved—you must find your Proctor—he'll settle it for you.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but he's not at home, Sir, please.

Clerk. Pooh—pooh—pooh—Ma'am, we really can't attend to you—no shilling, for search.

Unprotected Female. Eh?

Clerk. One shilling, please—for search.

Unprotected Female (paying without the least notion what for). Oh, if you'd only—

[CLERK turns away to another party.

More Pimple-Nosed Man (who has followed her at a distance into the office). Now, Marm—you can't find nothing in the Commons, without somebody as knows all about it—come—I'll show you the Court for a tanner.

Unprotected Female (suddenly resolving to put herself into the hands of the MORE PIMPLE-NOSED MAN). Now, my good man. (Approaching him.) Oh, I declare, he smells awfully of drinking. Oh, you're sure you're not drunk?

More Pimple-Nosed Man (very impressively). Nuffin stronger nor tea; nobody never drinks nuffin in the Commons.

Unprotected Female. Then if you could show me the Court. I want MR. TRIPPEL, and he's in the Court.

More Pimple-Nosed Man. 'Ere you are, Marm.

[SCENE changes to the Court.—SIR JACOB STUNNER RUST is in the chair—DR RUST is on his legs as Advocate in a red gown behind an estrade—MR. RUST as Proctor in the cause is sitting at a table in the centre, in a black gown. DR. TRIPPEL is Advocate on the other side, and MR. TRIPPEL is Proctor. A Divorce case is being carried through the Court in a conversational but slightly sleepy manner.

More Pimple-Nosed Man (in an awe-stricken manner). That's SIR JACOB, that are in the gown and the chair—and that there's YOUNG RUST on his legs in his red gown, wick he's a Doctor, and they all wears 'em to-day; he's a rum un is YOUNG RUST; and that's t'other YOUNG RUST in the black gown, wick that's the Proctor's table, and there's TRIPPEL—'ere—

[Whispers the Usher, who whispers TRIPPEL, who leaves his seat and advances to the UNPROTECTED FEMALE in a bland manner.

Unprotected Female. Oh—please—Sir—I beg your pardon for disturbing you, but—here's my card, and one of WADDLEDOT and CRIPPLES, my solicitors, (gives cards), and I've come to prove my poor aunt SARAH JANE'S will—and (very mysteriously) I've got it in my bag—and I'm certain that man's drunk.

[Looking with great severity at the MORE PIMPLE-NOSED MAN, whom the closeness of the Court seems to have rather overpowered, as he sways to and fro a good deal, and shows a desire to drop asleep on his legs.

More Pimple-Nosed Man. All right.

Trippel. The will, my dear Madam, if you please.

Unprotected Female (extracts it from her bag, and commits it with secret misgivings to TRIPPEL, who unfolds and examines the date indorsed). Good gracious—my dear Madam—death on 28th July, and here we are on 28th January—by heavens, you've just saved it!

Unprotected Female (clasping her hands). Oh, gracious goodness, what is it? isn't it good, Sir?

Trippel. The six months expire to-day. If we hadn't proved to-day, we should have had the Stamp-office down upon us! (UNPROTECTED FEMALE almost faints at the dim horror which this prospect suggests to her.) But we must swear you—without delay—without the least delay.

Unprotected Female. Oh, if you please, I'd rather not swear anything.

Trippel. Absolutely necessary—as executrix—and then you can sign.

Unprotected Female. Oh, if you please, I'd rather not sign. MR. JONES has always told me to be very cautious about signing.

Mr. Trippel. You must really, Ma'am. I'll fetch the Doctor.

Unprotected Female. Oh no, thank you, Sir. I shall be better directly. It's only nervousness. Oh! I don't want the doctor, really.

Mr. Trippel. Ha! ha! ha! It's my brother, I mean—DR. TRIPPEL, LL.D., not M.D., a Doctor of Laws, Ma'am, not Physic.

Unprotected Female. Oh! but please if you do without signing—

[DR. TRIPPEL is brought up, and SCENE closes on the impressive ceremony of swearing the UNPROTECTED FEMALE against her will.

#### THE THOUGHTS OF A SILENT MEMBER.



NEVER speak, but I think all the more.

I often think, if Members spoke no more than I did, that business would get on all the better for it.

I think the reporters are at the bottom of the long debates. If there were no reporters, there would be no speeches, and, there being no speeches, we should only have to divide, and the Session might easily be over in one day.

I think, if cigars and refreshments were allowed in the House, it would tend very much to enliven the debates, and would do more towards bringing opposite parties together than all the speechifying in the world. I half think, if COBDEN and DISRAELI only had a sherry-cobbler together, they would not care a straw afterwards about any little difference of opinion; and I do think, if MUNTZ were to offer SIBTHORP a cigar, that it would almost induce the staunch old colonel to cross over from one side of the House to the other.

I think, if we were to meet earlier, and not to break up so late, it would be much more rational. It does appear strange, not to say ridiculous, that some 500 gentlemen should sit up all night to talk about the nation, when all the nation is in bed. And I think, if this arrangement were carried out, that our wives would like it all the better. I know I should, for my wife will always sit up for me, and question me about "my speech." Now, this addressed to a man who never by any accident says a word, is particularly unpleasant at two o'clock in the morning. No! if there is one thing I pride myself upon more than another, it is upon never having made a fool of myself by attempting to speak. I think, but never speak,—and that's better than many others, who speak without thinking.

I think I'm about the only man in the House who hasn't made a fool of himself.

Now, for a man who never says a word, I think I've said enough.

#### A Good Price given for Breezes.

We read last week an advertisement in the Times headed:—

"CONTRACT FOR BREEZE."

Here's a grand opportunity for those married gentlemen who have more breezes at home than they know what to do with!

A GOOD SIGN.—If there were any doubt as to the falsehood of the absurd rumour that LORD JOHN RUSSELL was irrevocably pledged to finality, or having come to a stand-still, his numerous notices of motion would at once negative the supposition.





THE FROST GOES, AND MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE IS DISAGREEABLY FRESH AFTER HIS LONG REST. HE SETS UP HIS BACK AND SQUEAKS, AND PLUNGES AT EVERYTHING HE MEETS.

#### WHERE IS BLISS TO BE FOUND?

THE song-writers have frequently asked with some slight variations of phraseology, "Where is Bliss to be found?" and we are glad to be able at last to answer their question by saying, once for all, that "Bliss is to be found in the last scene of every pantomime."

The searcher after happiness has only to go to the theatre where the usual Christmas entertainment is given, and by following the precept of the moralist, to "Wait for the end," he will be sure to make the desired discovery. The curtain will certainly not descend until he has seen either the "Halls of Bliss," the "Realms of Delight," the "Groves of Felicity," or the "Saloons," "Temples," or "Porticos" of "Joy," "Mirth," or "Happiness."

It is true, that as that which is "One man's meat is another's poison," so that which the play-bills describe as "bliss" would be an intense bore to the world in general; for pantomimic rapture usually consists in maintaining a most uncomfortable position, amid a disagreeable blaze of blue or red light, and a drizzling shower of uncomfortable sparks from smoky fireworks. If such are the elements that rule in the Halls of "Bliss," it is clear that MORTRAM'S firework manufactory, in the Westminster Road, must be, *à fortiori*, an Elysium.

We know that there is no pleasure without pain, but we should decline a *locus standi* in the "Halls of Delight," when the condition of such a standing is, that you stand upon your head on the top of a pike, with a Roman candle stuck into your mouth by way of Roman-candlestick, and a Catherine wheel revolving round your nose instead of its own axis. The poet who told us, that "ignorance is bliss," was certainly right as far as pantomime bliss is concerned, for it would be much better to be ignorant of such bliss altogether. A walk through the "Halls of Happiness" after the curtain goes down, when clown is being released from the top of the pole, upon which his popularity has placed him, and the other heroes and heroines of the night descend from their uncomfortable elevation into the arms of the carpenters, while the fireman extinguishes the sparks still remaining with his heavy highlows, and prepares his hose for the night—such a ramble behind the scenes would afford sad proof of the emptiness of all theatrical felicity.

#### NELSON'S HORATIA.

We think we now espy hope for NELSON'S Daughter. We trust that, the Aristocracy rejecting her, she will now be adopted by the People. *Punch*, to aid in the publicity of the subjoined, copies it from the *Times* of Feb. 1:—

**HORATIA NELSON.**—If W. M., the writer of a letter in the *Times*, of December, 1849, will CONFER with H. B., Post-office, Canterbury, he will hear of several persons anxious to fall in with his suggestion for "a National Subscription in behalf of NELSON'S Daughter."

*Punch* has, he thinks, to make an admirable suggestion to the excellent people of Norwich. As NELSON was a Norfolk man—(a real Norfolk Dumpling, transmuted by MARS into a cannon-ball)—as NELSON began his education at the High School of Norwich,—*Mr. Punch* suggests to the Mayor of that city the propriety of beginning the public work, by calling a public meeting in aid of NELSON'S Child.

#### A Compliment to Jack.

The *Naval Circular* notices the arrival of the *Hecate* at Portsmouth, from Bermuda, with this compliment:—

"It is gratifying to state, that although her crew is one borrowed from the *Excellent* chiefly, among whom are some famous gunners, not one case of desertion to America has occurred, although she lay some time off an American port."

Thus, it would seem, that English tars, when shipped to American markets, like English printed cottons, are most to be praised when warranted—not to run.

#### SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.

CHARITABLE persons are in the habit of sending portions of five-pound notes by way of contributions to benevolent objects. We are sorry to throw a slur upon what is undoubtedly a very noble action, but when a man forwards a bank note in two separate pieces, truth compels us to declare that he is only doing things by halves.



## CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.



Medical Student. "WELL, OLD FELLER, SO YOU'VE 'PASSED' AT LAST?"  
Consulting Surgeon. "YES; BUT I DON'T GET MUCH PRACTICE, SOMEHOW—ALTHOUGH I AM NEARLY ALWAYS AT HOME, IN CASE ANY ONE SHOULD CALL."

## MR. PUNCH ON CHURCH AND STATE EDUCATION.

MR. PUNCH has often made his appearance at Willis's Rooms, but, being a decided opponent of "National Education upon strictly Church Principles," he kept away from the building last Thursday when the friends of Church Education met to uphold their plan.

MR. P. declares that he is as much interested in the Education question as any Prelate, Archdeacon, Warden of Winchester College, or Majesty's Counsel learned in the law then present at Willis's; where, as of course they had hired the rooms for their own purpose, they had as good a right to dance to their own tunes, so to speak, as other folks do at the same place, upon payment of their money. It is only in the columns of the *Times* newspaper that MR. P. reads a record of their proceedings; and of these, as he also is a public preacher, he feels himself bound to speak.

That eloquent Q. C., who presided over the meeting, and whose tongue is so sweet that even when he speaks against you, one is charmed to hear him: that accomplished orator, MR. J. TALBOT, stated not unfairly what the purposes of the Government Education Scheme are: and presented it in what he called its hideous deformity.

"The government plan," MR. TALBOT said, "was now renewed in all its hideous deformity, and required instant resistance. (*Hear, hear.*) It was proposed to constitute a central school for the supply of district schools with teachers, in which there was not to be the slightest approach to a Church Character, no connexion whatever with Episcopal superintendence, no profession of faith, no creed, no catechism, but a deliberate bringing together, under the plea of comprehensive education, every variety of dissent and of difference, or indifference, in religion, the probable result of which would be universal scepticism and infidelity. In connection with this was the system of inspectors, men responsible to the Committee of Education alone, and quite independent of the bishops and of ecclesiastical authority, and whose whole business related to the dissemination of secular knowledge rather than of religious truth, (*Hear, hear.*) ample algebra, much mathematics and mechanics, land surveying, and what not; but of religion, nothing; of dogmatic teaching, nothing."

Now, beauty is a question of taste like any other; and MR. P., taking MR. TALBOT's statement as his own, declares in the face of the honoured public of Great Britain, that this plan of education, pronounced by MR. TALBOT to be a "hideous deformity," is, in MR. P.'s eyes, a very pretty plan.

P., as heartily and earnestly wishes that there may be schools established throughout England, for the "dissemination of secular knowledge, ample algebra, much mechanics and mathematics, land surveying, and what not"—as he heartily and earnestly denies that their result will be "universal infidelity and scepticism." A black Fetish man, or a priest of the Obi persuasion, may not wish his woolly congregation to learn to read, or to listen to the white missionaries, lest they should begin to doubt of MUMBO JUMBO: a conjurer does not allow the children to get too close to his table, or they would see how some of his tricks are

performed:—these are the precautions of knaves and quacks—not of enlightened teachers and professors of the truth. The learning of it can't lead to error. Does the learning of algebra lead to a disbelief in the Gospels? Does a knowledge of mechanics cause a man to doubt in the miracles? What else do young men learn at Cambridge, but algebra and mechanics? It is a blasphemy against the Truth to say that its consequences are lies and evil; and he doubts it, and is a coward regarding it, who fears dangers to it, from too close public investigation. We won't look at truth, now-a-days, as travellers do at Romish relics, across a railing, or through a glazed hole, with a verger at their sides canting out his account of the wonder. That sort of guardianship is good for the Crowns of the Three Kings, or the Bones of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, but not for the Truth. It belongs to all; its book is always open and ready for every man's eyes. It is set up in the public place now, and does not sneak in sanctuaries to be exhibited occasionally by the priest, and locked up at night by the beadle. Truth is not physic or poison, to be administered carefully by Divinity Doctors; but bread, life's sustenance, of which every man may take his reasonable share, without asking grace of the physician. It is not we who doubt its wholesomeness, who say "Come all men and partake of it;" but those who would keep the public away from it, except under the prescription of the doctor. Doctors? psha! GORHAM is a Doctor; PHILLPOTTS is a Doctor; MR. NEWMAN was a famous Doctor of our schools, which he has quitted for quite a different practice; MR. NOEL was a regular Doctor and has left the College;—we speak of these learned persons not with the slightest disrespect for the opinions which each holds, and which they bear conscientiously through evil and good repute; but, because the very notoriety of their differences pleads for toleration, and proves that there ought to be a neutral ground where English boys and girls may learn reading, and sewing, and geography, and the multiplication table in quiet. Are not these things good, true, and wholesome? Is it not good that all should know them? It is good that a Wesleyan milk-maid should be able to spell, that an Anabaptist plough-boy should know his multiplication table, that a High-Church tailor's apprentice should know something of history, and a Low-Church young cobbler should be able to write decently, whatever differences of religious opinion there may exist between him and the little Papist who is casting up a Rule of Three sum at his side. Oh, you doctors, you are brawling and battling among yourselves ceaselessly, and yet you cry out that there are none but you who are fit to teach little children to write and to spell, and that their souls are in peril if your eyes are not over their slates and grammar-books!

Here, for instance, at this meeting, gets up MR. NAPIER from Dublin, who says that the Government scheme of teaching children of all religious denominations to read, is "an attempt to exclude God from the Government of the world: to separate Providence from man; to set up the wisdom of man against God's truth." In this way the honourable gentleman raves and blasphemes, because two boys of different religious persuasions sit at the same bench to learn the multiplication table. This is a zeal ardent, indeed; worthy of LAYNEZ, the heretic-burner; worthy of CALVIN, the Socinian-roaster; worthy of the wickedest days of the wickedest persecution. Oh, NAPIER of Dublin, who are you, to come from Ireland, and charge with atheism all England that does not agree with you? What commission or authority have you, that you so meddle with the Divine name? How dare you to call me atheist? blasphemer!—that am born by the Divine will, as you are; that worship it and acknowledge it as you do; though I do not believe as you do, (thank heaven!) or, that a consequence of my creed is a curse of the greater part of mankind? MR. NAPIER, who charges us all with rebellion against the Divinity, so that we are so many devils—neither more nor less—this amiable gentleman is "one of the friends of Education on strictly Church principles," and a popular Champion to choose in the days of her delours and difficulties.

After him rises MR. G. A. DENISON, another auxiliary of Mother Church, who is likely to make her cause popular.

"By every means at their command, the Committee of Education were seeking to make education independent of any definite form of religious faith; in quarters exercising no contemptible influence over the Church there was manifested a fearful indifference to divine truth; latitudinarianism was finding favour in high places. (*Hear, hear.*) But the greatest danger of all was the practical negation of definite truth which was found so largely in the Church itself, from that spirit of compromise which led men, for the sake of what they erroneously called peace, to fritter away the objective truth; from that sickly sentiment which made men shrink from unfurling the banner on which were written the awful words, 'This is the Catholic Faith, which unless man believes, he cannot be saved.' (*Hear, hear.*) The effects of this spirit of negation and of compromise were not far to seek. The question of education had been from the first, between the maintenance or the surrender of the creed and doctrines of the Church Catholic and of the catechism of the Church of England. (*Hear, hear.*) All education flowed from and necessarily depended upon the doctrine of regeneration in baptism, (*Hear, hear.*)—that doctrine which had so monstrously been of late made subject of appeal to a court not necessarily composed of Churchmen, and having necessarily no spiritual character."

Now, MR. NAPIER from Dublin, what do you say to this doctrine of the origin of education, by MR. DENISON from Oxford? Very likely your little Dublin boys never heard of such a thing. Do you believe it, —or don't you? If you don't, MR. DENISON refers you with politeness, but with pain (for his curses do not seem to us to have the NAPIER smack) —MR. DENISON refers you to the paragraph in his speech, beginning,



"This is the Catholic Faith," &c. Now, MR. NAPIER, do you hold this doctrine, or not? if not—you know the consequences—you are as badly off as the atheists whom you were assailing just now. And the chances are that being an Irishman you do not believe it: it is certain that very few of the little Irish children have ever read it, or heard of it: some of PHILPOTTS's boys may hold this doctrine, but GORHAM's boys don't: GORHAM denies it flatly: and half the Church of England with him. Things may be changed since we went to school, but in our time, we believe that the head-masters of public schools did not begin lessons every morning with a statement of "Boys, all education flows from, and necessarily depends on, the doctrine of," &c. Why should they? when they disagree about it in Doctors' Commons, when the archbishops themselves are very reserved about it, and the Bench of bishops is mum.

After these laymen rises MR. SEWELL, who says, that, if my boy learns to spell at a school where the Catechism is not taught, he is brought up under a system

"Which must inevitably destroy in the created being veneration for the Creator, in the child love for the parent, in the pupil respect for the teacher, in the subject obedience to the state."

And after SEWELL comes the Warden of Winchester, who declares "that the Committee of Council of Education are not only forgetful of their duty to their God and to the people, but also of their duty to the Sovereign"—declarations rather alarming, certainly, were the truth of them proved: but let us hope that the clerical gentlemen are wrong, and led away by professional zeal, rather than think that Her Majesty's Government, and the Council of Education, and the School Inspectors, masters, mistresses, and pupils, are in the deplorable condition described, and all cursed from beginning to end. Let us humbly hope, we say, that your Reverences are wrong. Among the approvers of the Government Educational Scheme, are persons just as wise as you; among the Inspectors, other clergymen no doubt as good. The gentlemen of whom you say that they "forget their duty to God and the Sovereign," are by age and education capable of judging for themselves; it may be that a knowledge of the multiplication table, however acquired, will not lead to Atheism, and that Jews, Methodists, Baptists, and Socinians, honour their fathers and mothers as well as you do.

O gentlemen! O servants of the poor dear old Church of England, while you are boxing and brawling within the sanctuary, why send forth these absurd emissaries to curse the people outside? They don't mind your comminations; they are only jeering at your battles. "As sure as you learn geography without us," shrieks SEWELL from the tower, "you'll be ——" "Go it, GORHAM—Pitch into him, PHILPOTTS!" bellows the mob, grinning through the windows. "Beware of the multiplication table," cries out the Warden from the door:—and the people are looking at BADDELY and BAYFORD fighting over the font. Alas and alack! we are in times of difficulty. Why don't you, archbishops and bishops with ten thousand a year, tell us what to do? you waggle your venerable wigs and say nothing. The chief priests are silent, and the Levites are in commotion. One walks out of the place altogether and leaves his cassock (and brings his Nemesis) behind him: ever so many more quit it, and get the tops of their heads shaved, and have themselves christened over again, each as a new man: BAPTIST walks off and has himself re-baptised in Gray's Inn Lane—O! the times are sad! O, Ministers of our venerable mother—keep quiet tongues in your heads, for her sake, will you? O pious laymen, such as DENISON and NAPIER, do, do if you can, restrain yourselves from cursing so freely. The people in this country will learn to read and write; they will not let the parsons set their sums and point out their lessons, or meddle in all their business of life: and as for your outcries about infidelity and atheism, they will laugh at you (as long as they keep their temper,) and mind you no more than MUMBO JUMBO.

#### A Few Stumbling Blocks in the Path of Fame.

BY MR. BRIEFLESS.

BEING engaged as junior in a cause, and finding oneself described in the papers of the following day as "another learned gentleman."

Going into Court without our wig and gown, to hand a compute to the Usher, who tells us that "those things can't be taken from the attorney's clerks, but must be handed in by a barrister."

Having a half guinea motion, and refusing it on the plea of "other retainers elsewhere;" the real fact being that it does not pay for the sake of a solitary ten-and-six to incur the usual charge of one pound nineteen for the robing-room.

Having to open the door to a client while our clerk has gone out for a lobster, and the clerk bursting into the room with the lobster just as we are quoting "CRABE'S Digest."

#### SAYINGS WITHOUT DOINGS.

"I SHOULD just like to pay you off," as JOHN BULL said to the National Debt.

"I wish I could get things into the right train," as the UNPROTECTED FEMALE said to herself when she saw her luggage going away from her in all directions.

#### THE WATER KINGS.



CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* suggests that having caused the overthrow of the Railway King, it is now time to free ourselves from the despotism of the River Gods, who tyrannise over the community. The water question is one that comes

home to our hearts and our hearths, our cisterns and our tea-kettles. If we go on drinking poison at the present rate, the survivors will begin to regard their tea-urns as so many urns to the memory of departed relatives. We suspect that there are several consigned annually to a Thames watery grave, without their being in the least aware of the liquid being the cause of their liquidation of the debt of nature.

It is bad enough to be poisoned, but it is still worse to have to pay an enormous price for the lethiferous trash, which, laid through leaden pipes, renders the "piping times of peace" more deadly than war to the water drinker. The rates are fearfully high, and if you seek redress at the fountain head, the New River head is the only one that is accessible. The water despotism must be overthrown; we must revolt against the aquatic authorities who have usurped the fork of NEPTUNE, which they only use to make the public fork out as much as possible.

#### LOUIS-NAPOLEON "SPARE THAT TREE."

THE Parisians must be getting as nervous as a lot of old aspens; for there is continually something happening to frighten them out of a portion of the few senses that may still remain to them.

Within the last few days considerable excitement has been caused by the removal of some of those eyesores—the dead trees of liberty. Upon some of them had been placed various flags and revolutionary emblems, which being hoisted to the top of the high trees, were regarded by the Government as little less than high treason. The dafted on the other hand, thought LOUIS-NAPOLEON guilty of a design to cut up the Republic root and branch by laying the axe—without axeing the permission of the people—to the trees of liberty. For our own parts we think that if these sorry symbols of the Republic are not likely to flourish or put forth foliage, it is quite as well that they should be compelled to take their leaves by order of the authorities.

#### NELSON'S "HORATIA."

PUNCH is a little embarrassed by the communication of a "Constant Reader"—albeit very flattering to *Punch*, and very indicative of impulsive generosity on the part of the aforesaid "Reader;" of whom *Punch* has to request an early line, that the "Reader's" communication may be returned to him. *Punch* being desirous in this, and in all matters, of no other testimonial than the rewarding sympathy of his Readers, and the approval of his own conscience.

In default of the "Reader" not seeing the above—or seeing it, not acting upon it—the communication, though at present very perplexing to *Punch*, will be forwarded to the benefit of some object that may make the best and speediest use of the difficulty.

A line, however, is earnestly requested from a "Constant Reader" a line recapitulating the substance of his former letter, that there may be no mistake in the person replying to this, *Punch's* emphatic solicitation.

#### Another "Case" for the Protectionists.

WE read the other day, in one of those amusing miscellanies, a "City article," that pepper was getting up, and we foresaw at once that the Protectionists would have a good cry directly they set their eyes on pepper. They will of course bewail the additional difficulty of getting their rents in those cases where the rent is a peppercorn, and with a frantic shout of "Look at pepper," they will declare they are being ground down worse than ever. There is no fear that the article will maintain too high a price, for pepper is about the last thing that people will pay for through the nose very readily.



## PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY HODGE PODGE.

To EVERY ONE GREETING: The Parliament meeting,  
Punch orders his faithful reporter, reporter,  
While nothing mis-stating, to give the debating,  
But cutting the speeches much shorter, much shorter.

In the strife and the tameness, there's always a sameness,  
Another day's very like one day, like one day:  
So after some windings, we give the proceedings,  
In the way that they happened on Monday, on Monday.

With eloquence manly, up rose the LORD STANLEY,  
And talked about ADMIRAL PARKER, yes, PARKER;  
Some papers he wanted—kept papers when granted,  
Will often make matters much darker, much darker.

Then came MARQUIS LANSDOWNE with look soft as swans-down,  
Trusting quarrels with Greece would be fleeting, quite fleeting;  
The documents granting LORD STANLEY was wanting,  
The matter thus pleasantly meeting, yes, meeting.

Discussion proceeded, though none could be needed;  
LORD LANSDOWNE'S compliance had stopp'd it, had stopp'd it;  
But one or two wanted—kept poking the embers,  
Till their Lordships conclusively dropp'd it, yes, dropp'd it.

On the very same night too, as they had a right to,  
The Commons 'bout Greece had been asking, been asking;  
LORD PALMERSTON'S readiness, with obstinate steadiness,  
MR. GIBSON adroitly was tasking, was tasking.

Then MISTER DISRAELI determining gaily  
To physic LORD P. as with senna, with senna;  
Said, relations with Turkey look'd gloomy and murky,  
As well as with Spain and Vienna, Vienna.

Next ANSTEY, call'd CHISHOLM, delighting in schism,  
A word introduced 'bout Moldavia, Moldavia;  
When PALMERSTON coolly put down the unruly,  
With his usual off-hand behaviour, behaviour.

The address the report on, no sooner was brought on,  
Than there rose with a look of dejection, dejection,  
MISTER PACKE, who lamented in terms discontented,  
The loss of his dear friend Protection, Protection.

MR. HUME in replying to MISTER PACKE'S sighing,  
Demanded Reform from LORD RUSSELL, LORD RUSSELL,  
Which set many seeking at once to be speaking,  
And threw the House into a bustle, a bustle.

Then both sides together got arguing, whether  
Free Trade was a good or a bad thing, a bad thing;  
There rose such a bother, 'twixt one and the other,  
The confusion was really a sad thing, a sad thing.

LORD RUSSELL, however, by earnest endeavour,  
In answering questions succeeded, succeeded,  
Proceeding to mention—he thought an extension  
Of the franchise, at present, not needed, not needed.

Next came some orations and small observations,  
Evincing no wondrous discernment, discernment;  
And a member who woke up, the night's business broke up,  
By moving at once the adjournment, adjournment.

## THE CREDIT OF AN EMPEROR.

OUR dingy friend, SOULOUQUE, having got tired of a tub for his throne, which furnished a butt for ridicule, has been sending orders to Paris for splendid upholstery, to uphold his imperial dignity. The furniture was put in hand, but the manufacturers want the cash to be in hand as well as the furniture. SOULOUQUE having been called upon for a remittance, and being almost as destitute of money as he is of clothes, sent off a cargo of sugar, in the hope that it would sweeten anything like bitterness on the part of his creditors. The Parisian tradesmen were, however, not to be done by anything so raw as a lot of brown sugar, and have returned it all on SOULOUQUE'S hands, who has no way of showing his anger but by his black looks, which we need not say are quite lost in the distance. He is rather disgusted at the manufacturers being so excessively reluctant to part with their furniture, and he thinks—though he has not said as much—that persons who are so chary of their chairs and tables, must be most un-charitable characters. Instead of sending out the *fanteuils* and easy lounges, he ordered, they have by their refusal of credit, given him a setting down of a very different nature.

## THAMES WATER IN THE NURSERY AND THE GARDEN.

To the Editor of "Punch."

"ESTEEMED SIR,

"As you do not always reject scientific communications, I venture to submit to you a curious case illustrating the comparative effect of Thames water on animal and vegetable life. I took my house—which derives its water-supply, through a Company, from the Thames—about a year ago. I had scarcely been in it six months, when my children's growth seemed to have stopped, and they had become evidently emaciated. My doctor ascribed these alarming symptoms to the water we drank. Behind my house I have a little back garden, with cabbages in it. Not far from our residence there is an Artesian well. The doctor recommended me to give the well-water to the children, and the Thames-water to the cabbages. His advice was followed, with equal benefit to my plants and my progeny. The latter, on leaving off Thames water, soon regained flesh; the former, on being supplied with it, began to vegetate luxuriantly. I wonder what those peculiar principles can be in the water of the Thames, which, whilst they stunt the human frame, are so highly nutritious to vegetables? Can you inform

"Your fervent Admirer, SIMON PURE?"

\*\* The peculiar principles contained in Thames water, in addition to their more useful properties, evolve such a quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which is inflammable, that if the River continues much longer to be the receptacle of the London sewage, we believe even our Correspondent will be able to set it on fire.

## AFFAIRS OF HUNGARY.



THESE affairs have, altogether, been treated in the House of Commons with a spirit of pleasantry that instructively proves the truth of FIELDING'S axiom, that there are many people who can bear the misfortunes of their neighbours like Christians. Shooting of brave soldiers, hanging of venerable legalists and judges, and scourging on the naked back, under the glaring eyes of a savage soldiery, wives and mothers—though mortal, horrible and loathsome to the sufferers, may be very placidly talked about—nay, eloquently defended, to "a frigid house" by members of a British Parliament.

Thus LORD DUDLEY STUART made his statement of the atrocities suffered by Hungary at the incarnadine hands of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—(his Lordship read over the list of death)—a terrific catalogue, to startle Kaisers at some time—when—

LORD C. HAMILTON wondered at anybody who could think ill of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA! The House (LORD S. must acknowledge)

was as cool as a cucumber, with all his pother about Hungary. And who could think Austria's young Emperor any other than an Imperial flower—the very pink of Potentates—a perfect gentleman?

MR. DISRAELI said the whole matter was ridiculous. Some noisy people had been hung and shot and whipped in Hungary! Well, hadn't people been shot and flogged in Ceylon? If there were halters and cats in Hungary, were there not halters and cats under English dominion in the East? People who could not—as he could—look upon these matters, and generalise them with a philosophic spirit, adding thereto a shake of Cayenne and a squeeze of lemon,—people who could not do this, were people of a very narrow mind, and—perhaps, he was very sorry for them.

And here, for the present, the matter (bleeding Hungary) rests.

## Our Colonel's Experience.

WE are delighted to find our old friend, COLONEL SIBTHORP, on his legs again, overwhelming the Government with inoffensive abuse *à propos* of any and every question before the House. Alluding to the Commission for the Grand Industrial Display to take place next year, the Gallant Colonel is reported to have said—

"If such were to be the component parts of the Commission he would only angur, for experience had made him wise, that there would be nothing but trick and manoeuvre."

We hope our Colonel will not repeat this. There is a certain sort of persons who are proverbially said to be made wise by experience. We would not hear our Colonel's enemy class him with such, nor shall he, with our acquiescence, do our ear that violence.





MR. BRIGGS, NOT BEING GOOD AT HIS "FENCES," GOES THROUGH THE PERFORMANCE OF OPENING A GATE.

#### PUNCH'S PRIZE PALETOT.

A PRIZE of FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS worth of recommendation is offered by *Mr. Punch*, of 85, Fleet Street, London, for the best specimen of a PALETOT, to be exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Condition 1. That a jury composed of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  men = 12 tailors, six of whom shall be masters, and six journeymen, shall be empanelled to adjudicate on the merits of the competing garments.

Condition 2. That the Paletot, as regards pecuniary figure, shall be reasonably adjusted to the pocket of *Mr. Punch's* nether garments.

Condition 3. That the Paletot shall be calculated to wear some little time without bursting at the seams, or getting threadbare, or the lining becoming detached from the cloth.

Condition 4. That the Paletot shall be adapted to display to the greatest advantage the elegant proportions of the person of *Mr. Punch*.

Condition 5. That the Paletot shall be of such a texture as to impart perfect comfort to *Mr. Punch's* sensitive skin.

Condition 6. That it shall impart the same agreeable feeling to *Mr. Punch's* equally sensitive nerves and conscience.

Condition 7. That the preceding condition may be satisfactorily guaranteed, the workmen who made the several Paletots shall be produced, and testify that none of those vestments were worn by them in the making, for want of other clothes, and whilst afflicted with a catching disorder. Also, that for their labour in the manufacture of the Paletot they were paid fairly by their employers.

Condition 8. The Prize-Paletot shall be called the Gentleman's Wrapper, to distinguish it from the Wrap-Rascals, or those cheap Paletots, of which the cheapness is obtained by starvation wages, and which are bought with a knowledge of that circumstance.

**CURIOUS INCONSISTENCY.**—It is singular that the Protectionists should make such a fuss about British Industry, whilst they themselves are so completely abroad.

#### THE EXCHANGE CLOCK.

A RUMOUR having got into circulation that this respectable member of the Horological Society was suffering from an internal complaint, which had deprived him of the use of both his hands, a letter has been written to the *Times* by his physician, MR. DENT, who has had his case—we mean the clock-case—under treatment. It seems that the patient, like many other inhabitants of the City of London, had been injured by want of attention to cleanliness, the dirt standing nearly an inch thick on his face and hands, and there being such an accumulation of particles in those passages which ought to have been quite free, that how he has gone on so long is quite a miracle.

We have ourselves been to visit the clock twice within twenty-four hours, and we were glad to find he had come round completely. We are happy to hear that the Gresham Committee have set a watch upon the Clock, and that MR. DENT, the physician, is directed to "look up" now and then through a glass sky-light, in order to see whether his services may be required.

#### Railway Punctuation.

THERE is nothing that has so little punctuality about it as railway punctuation, a truth of which every line of BRADSHAW'S *Guide* furnishes frequent instances. The other day, on the North Kent, the train was out in its punctuation, and was brought to a dead stand-still from a deficiency of steam power, or in other words, it came to a full stop for want of a coal-on. There were several notes of exclamation and interrogation from the passengers; but the guard could not or would not explain the cause of the full stop, which so much curtailed the accommodation of the passengers.

**FEARFUL INUNDATION.**—The most ruinous inundation, and the largest destruction of property that has occurred for some time, has been occasioned within the last year or two by the HUDSON having overflowed its own banks, and exhausted nearly everybody else's coffers.





## THE FREE-TRADER'S VALENTINE.

### COBDEN.

<p>LOVELY maiden look not shy, Kindly unto me incline; I can give you reasons why You should be my Valentine.</p>	<p>Turn not angrily away; Peace and plenty shall be thine, If you will but sweetly say You will be my Valentine.</p>
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### AGRICULTURE.

<p>On your words I will rely, Nor for cold Protection pine; Its forebodings I defy, You shall be my Valentine.</p>	<p>I'll to household wants attend, All good things in me combine; Mutton, beef, and beer I'll send To my faithful Valentine.</p>
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SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

MR. JONES has a literary friend, GRIDDLES, who has a Comedy brought out, and has "left MR. JONES'S name" for a private box on the occasion. MR. JONES has persuaded the UNPROTECTED FEMALE to accompany him. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is under the impression that JONES has gallantly paid for the box, and JONES is under the impression that he need not disabuse her of such notion.

SCENE. Outside of the Theatre, with the usual scene of contrary behaviour on the part of the vehicles, their horses, and drivers. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is in great terror by the side of MR. JONES.

Cabman (outside). Yah—Stoopid—now then—where are you a shovin' to?— [Politeness forbids our following this "interpellation" further. Unprotected Female (shudders). What dreadful language!

Mr. Jones. Disgusting! (Chivalrously.) I must silence these ruffians. [Makes a violent attempt on the front window of the Cab, and has his hat crushed several times in the unsuccessful effort to open it.

Unprotected Female (admiring his energy, but dreading the consequences). Oh, pray don't mind it, MR. JONES, for my sake—I don't care—indeed I don't—(A fresh interchange of foul-mouthed repartee among the cabmen, &c.) Oh—it's dreadful!

Bill-Seller (appearing and disappearing at the cab window). Bill of the play, Ma'am—Bill of the play, Sir—only a penny—

Jones (sternly). No, woman, we don't want one. Unprotected Female. Oh—she'll be crushed!

Bill-Seller (reappears). Bill of the play, Ma'am— Unprotected Female (in horror). Oh, gracious, she's got a baby—and an armful of play-bills, and a basket of oranges.

Jones (still more sternly). Go away, do, woman, we don't want one. [During all this time, the cab has been performing a series of sticks, jolts, bumps, curvets, sudden pulls-up, sudden startings forward, grindings of the curb-stone, &c., &c., to the grievous discomposure of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE, whose only comfort is MR. JONES. His conduct is firm and dignified. Cab stops.

Unprotected Female. Thank goodness. Mr. Jones (jumping gallantly out). Now, my dear Madam. [UNPROTECTED FEMALE, who really looks very well, dressed for the play, scuds under the portico. JONES pays something, and follows her.

Cabman (following him). Hollo—wot's this? (Gazing helplessly and ignorantly at MR. JONES'S eighteen-pence.) 'Ere—you— [Nudges JONES. Jones (in a withering manner). Go about your business,—you black-guard!

Unprotected Female. Oh—dear—please— Cabman. Two bob's the fare, and it ort to be arf-a-crown for a female! Unprotected Female. Oh, give it him—please—do anything— [A small crowd of linkmen, orange-girls, &c., &c., has gathered, and enjoys the conversation.

Jones (who cannot bear to be imposed on). Why, you scoundrel, it's within the mile and a half.

Cabman. Pay me my fare, will yer?—you calls yourself a gentleman—yah—you calls her a lady—I dessay. [Sticks his tongue in his cheek. Jones (pausing for words to express his wrath). Oh, you—by JOVE—

Unprotected Female (clasping his arm passionately). Oh—please—pay him. Oh—please.

Jones (feeling his helplessness). Oh, you blackguard. I'll— [Pays him, in the most awful state of mind.

[CABMAN winks at the group of listeners, remounts his box, and drives off amidst general approbation. MR. JONES guides the UNPROTECTED FEMALE into the House. Having been accustomed to pay to the Pit, he has a very vague notion where to apply for his Box. He passes the MONEY-TAKER.

Money-Taker. Hollo! here—now, you Sir! Jones (in a haughty and aristocratic manner). Oh! it's a private box. Money-Taker. Show your ticket.

Jones (with some humiliation). Oh! I've no ticket. My name's left. Money-Taker (suspiciously). Oh,—wait. Here! (Calls.) Boxkeeper!

Unprotected Female (shrinking into a corner, and feeling that she and MR. JONES are rank impostors). Oh, gracious! I thought (you had a ticket?

Jones. Oh no! my name's left. It's all the same. Confound it! Where's the Box-keeper?

Money-Taker (having lost all respect for MR. JONES and his party). Stand back, Marm. Sir, you musn't block up the way— Unprotected Female (suddenly wishing she had not come). Oh! really, MR. JONES— [BOX-KEEPER arrives with his list. Money-Taker (pointing to JONES). Now!

Jones. MR. JONES'S box? My name's left for a box. Box-Keeper (examining his list). No such name on the list. [JONES stand confounded.

Unprotected Female. Oh! please—Had'nt we better pay or go back—or something. Oh, why did you?—And where's your aunt, and your brother-in-law, SMITH, and the rest of the party that was to have met us? Oh! really—

Jones (in abject confusion). Oh, it's very annoying—but couldn't I see somebody? Is MR. GRIDDLES in the house? I must see MR. GRIDDLES.

Box-Keeper. He's not here. He'll be behind. Jones. Oh! which is the way behind? I'll go—

Box-Keeper (contemptuously). You go out again, and then round the corner—fourth door. [JONES is rushing off. Unprotected Female. But I'm not to be left here, in this way, and all the people going in and out. Oh, really—

Jones (soothingly). For one minute—my dear—madam, only a minute. [He abandons her. Unprotected Female. Oh, I'm sure if I'd known, I'd never—(A party enters.) Oh, if any body comes that knows me, what will they think?

[Enter another party. Elderly Gentleman. MR. SMITH'S box. Unprotected Female (with sudden conviction). Oh, that must be his brother-in-law, SMITH. Oh—(Seizing the ELDERLY GENTLEMAN'S arm) is it MR. JONES'S MR. SMITH?

Elderly Gentleman (much staggered). Eh—hollo! what? Elderly Gentleman's Wife (much scandalised). Is the woman drunk?

Unprotected Female. Oh, please, is it MR. JONES'S brother-in-law—because we expected you, and he's gone, somewhere—I'm sure I don't know anything about it—but I'm left. Oh, are you MR. JONES'S MR. SMITH?

Elderly Gentleman (very savagely). No, I'm not anybody's MR. SMITH. Elderly Gentleman's Wife (very much amazed). MR. JONES'S MR. SMITH, indeed!

[They sweep on into the Theatre, leaving the UNPROTECTED FEMALE in confusion and abandonment. Re-enter JONES, radiant.

Jones. Here it is—here's the order—all right. I've seen GRIDDLES. [UNPROTECTED FEMALE, too glad to find any protection, follows JONES without remonstrance.

Box-Keeper (very loud). GRIDDLES' party! Unprotected Female (disgusted at being called GRIDDLES' party). Oh, really (They are conducted up several flights of stairs: the UNPROTECTED FEMALE whose respect for JONES and herself diminishes with every flight.)

Oh, MR. JONES, are we going to the gallery? [JONES (who has not yet recovered himself from the combined effects of the CABMAN and the MONEY-TAKER, does not trust himself to reply.

[SCENE changes to the box, which is on the top-tier, very small—very dirty, just over a lustre, and commands a view of only one-eighth of the stage, and the crowns of the actors' heads within that limited area.

Box-Keeper (showing in MR. JONES and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE). Want a bill, Sir?

Unprotected Female (innocently taking one). Thank you, Sir. Box-Keeper (answering an imaginary question as to the price). What you please, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female (timidly). There's a penny. [Offers one. Box-Keeper (with unutterable disgust, to JONES). What you please, Sir. Jones (suddenly letting loose his pent-up wrath). Go to the devil. [Hurls the bill at him.

Box-Keeper (between his teeth). Nice—private-box—company! Unprotected Female (with a sudden desire to cry, and a sense of profound self-contempt). Oh—really—and where's your aunt, and your MR. SMITH'S party?

Jones (in an under tone, and with a sudden desire to precipitate himself into the Pit). 'Drat it all! I don't know!

\* \* \* \* \* [A lapse of three hours of a profoundly stupid and thoroughly legitimate Comedy of GRIDDLES'. The green curtain falls, and leaves MR. JONES and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE intensely wretched.

[SCENE changes to the outside of the Theatre. The usual clashing, cursing, cutting in and cutting out. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE stands in horror.

Linkman. Now, my lady—call yer ladyship's coach? Don't I know yer noble husband—now?

Jones (in a stentorian voice). MR. JONES'S cab. Linkman (echoing). MR. JONES'S cab. 1st Cabman. The Gent 'ailed me. 2nd Cabman. No; it was me you took off the rank.

[Both Cabmen bar the way, and make preparations for fighting MR. JONES and each other. Unprotected Female (in utter despair). Oh! please, either of you. Jones (opening a door of Cab No. 3). In here.

[Thrusts UNPROTECTED FEMALE in, and is preparing to follow her, when he is seized by CABMAN No. 1, while CABMAN No. 2 hangs on to the window frame, and SCENE closes on the Tableau.





Betrothed (who does not dance the Polka). "I SHOULD LIKE TO PUNCH HIS HEAD—A CONCEITED BEAST."

#### MR. HORSMAN'S ANATOMY.

AN interesting dissection and demonstration of an Organised Humbug was made last week by MR. HORSMAN, in the Hall of St. Stephens' Legislative Society. The Humbug in question is called the Ecclesiastical Commission. Its organisation consists of certain Bishops, combined with some laymen, distinguished and undistinguished, of the Church of England: and formerly included a Secretary, of whom the best that can be said at present is, *non est inventus*. The design of its formation was to provide for spiritual destitution; instead of which it has been employing itself chiefly in building palaces for Bishops. With a large remainder of the funds of the concern that were not thus misapplied, the Secretary bolted. Nobody knows where he is; nor does it appear that MR. DANIEL FORRESTER, or any other such pursuivant, has been commissioned to find out. Happy Secretary, in not having been a foreman that absconded with the contents of his employer's till, and was had up at the Central Criminal Court, and sentenced to seven years transportation! *Finis coronat opus*. With such a career, such a secretary, and such a consummation, is not the Ecclesiastical Commission, a regular Humbug, a thorough Humbug, a Humbug from beginning to end?

#### Our Foreign Feuds.

SNUBBED as we are by Spain, slighted by Austria, at odds with Greece, and barely on speaking terms with the world at large, unless some very great improvement takes place in our foreign relations, and provided—to borrow a word or two from MR. CARLYLE,—the next Speech from the Throne is not to be a Sham-Speech concocted by a Phantasm-Cabinet, the passage in it alluding to the assurances, &c., received from foreign Powers, will run somewhat thus:—

"I continue to receive from almost all foreign States and Sovereigns the most unequivocal manifestations of disrespect and resentment."

LORD PALMERSTON'S broils are indeed pretty dishes "to set before the QUEEN."

MUCH OF A MUCHNESS.—Since the recent disclosures of gross falsehood practised by Railway Boards, the term "lie direct" has been amplified into "lie directory."

#### THE THOUGHTS OF A SILENT MEMBER.

I THINK it is absurd quarrelling; and so by remaining silent, I keep my friends and make no enemies. If you wish never to quarrel, I know of no surer plan than never opening your mouth.

I think quarrels in the House only bring disrepute upon it. It is like a matrimonial squabble in the street. A large crowd collects, cheers, shouts, urges both parties on, and laughs at them all the while. Not a person troubles himself about the cause of the row. It is a source of amusement to them; and they are perfectly indifferent which side is right, or which is wrong. It is the same with our squabbles. The nation does not care one jot about them, further than the little amusement it gets out of them. Depend upon it we are only laughed at.

I think, however, that when we do quarrel—when we regularly make a night of it—that strangers should be ordered to withdraw. It is bad enough quarrelling; but I consider it fifty times worse letting all the world into the secret. If we do make fools or blackguards of ourselves, there is no necessity why everybody should know it. Why cannot we quarrel peaceably, quietly, amongst ourselves? As for the reporters, they make half the mischief. If they hear anything bad, delicacy should teach them not to say anything about it; I wonder they are not tired of circulating so many evil reports.

I think I would not be Prime Minister for all the world. What with the sharp work, and the immense grinding, it strikes me as the life of a continual grindstone, which must wear out the stoutest blade in no time. No omnibus horse is harder worked, and worse whipped, or more severely pulled up when he makes a stumble. Besides, he gets no thanks, excepting when he goes out; I know I should earn my small portion of thanks as soon as I could, for I should look upon myself as an unfortunate man who had fallen into the ice, and that I should not feel comfortable till I had got myself well out of it. I do not think there is much chance of my ever being Prime Minister, but to avoid accidents, I shall not try. I think LORD JOHN knows me better than to suspect I would take any mean advantage of him.

#### JOCULAR LONGEVITY.



SOME extraordinary instances of longevity in the regions of facetiæ are upon record, but we recollect nothing in the annals of the venerable which comes up to the following:—There are still living in a burlesque, which shall be nameless, six puns whose united ages amount to 425 years. The whole of the puns may be seen every evening in a state of tolerable activity, with no other signs of decay but a shortness of breath, which creates a necessity for the omission of the letter H in cases requiring aspiration. Three of the aged puns were familiars of Old JOE MILLER, and one of them boasts that he has assisted at every performance of every burlesque that has ever been written. We are happy to see that the venerable character of the puns causes them to be treated with respect by the public, who never smile even at their infirmities. One of the puns boasts of being on the best terms with several members of Parliament, Judges, and other dignitaries, who have always a good word or a *bon mot* to say for him.

#### WIT AND WISDOM IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"SAPIENZA," gentlemen of the rural districts, is Italian for wisdom. It is also the name of an island concerned in the squabble between our Government and Greece. Now, you will be enabled to perceive the force of the subjoined remark which the EARL OF ABERDEEN, commenting on ADMIRAL PARKER'S demonstration at Athens, is reported to have made in the House of Lords. His Lordship

"Did not mean to deny that it might be better for our Government to be in possession of Sapienza; but even wisdom ought only to be obtained by legitimate means."

This is a rather vivid flash of that mild merriment that is wont to set the Peers in a titter. A faint condescension shows brightly in a dark place. LORD ABERDEEN is a "wit among Lords" and a pretty respectable commoner among wits. It is a pity that he did not go on while he was in the vein, and say that LORD PALMERSTON was at sea in the Piræus, or would get into a mess by meddling with Greece. Indeed, our foreign policy in general is so absurd in itself, that the noble Lord might, without any impropriety, have turned all its points into puns, and converted every one of its questions into conundrums.



"AN APPEAL TO THE ARISTOCRACY."



WE hate treason—even the treason of the Servants' Hall, or Butler's Pantry; hence, we must express our most devastating contempt of the principle that has put a goose-quill into the traitorous hand of an individual who has written and published a pamphlet called—

*"An Appeal to the Aristocracy, the Upper and Middling Classes of Society, to Remedy the Existing Evils Regarding London Servants."*

The writer is an Ex-Footman, a Retired JENKINS; a traitor who has shed his plush as a viper casts its skin, and is now *exultans in suis viribus*—or, to take a free translation, is now strutting in plain clothes. There is no name to the pamphlet; but the whole style of the thing crawls with the obsequiousness of the most obsequious liveryman. Every line smells of the JENKINSONIAN hair-powder. However, to give our reader a whiff of the fellow's quality. Having knocked off the House Steward, or Butler,—the Head Groom or Stud Groom, the Trainer, or Racing Groom—all of whom, he, one and severally, shows to be worthy of no other livery than the Woolwich pepper-and-salt, turned up with iron ornaments at the ankles: after these, the ex-plush ruffian comes to "Ladies' Maids." And here he begins by a warning to all English mistresses. He says—

"I am obliged to believe, in addition to these qualifications, that, taking them, [ladies' maids] generally as a class, they are also not the most moral in the world. There is one I would especially extend to your notice to avoid—it is 'the young and pretty woman, recommended from the country as a perfect treasure, so unlike those horrid London Maids;' this is a most dangerous intruder. . . . But, as I said before, we must not class them all alike; at any rate, 'the treasure from the country, so unlike those horrid London Maids,' is best avoided. Indeed, I would much recommend—"

What, fair ladies, think ye? What would this traitorous JENKINS, this fellow who, found out in his worthlessness, has evidently been cast off by some honest English girl,—what does this yellow-plush-hearted valet recommend?—Listen:—

"Indeed, I would much recommend in this particular department, the services of our French neighbours: there is, rest assured, to all ladies, something so much more pleasing, added to a willing, light-hearted, satisfactory quickness and intelligence in their calling, which is a sort of second nature in them, so far preferable to the comparative slow movements and inordinate presumption and vanity of our countrywomen."

And yet, there may be gratitude in this paltry, unpatriotic JENKINS. The Roman twins were suckled by a wolf. The writer of the above, was, no doubt, wet-nursed by a French poodle.

And what the fellow's remedy for the evils abounding in English servants? How would he abolish English Ladies' Maids, casting them, no matter to what destitution, to what misery, in favour of the "willing, light-hearted, satisfactory" services of our French neighbours? Why, he puts the remedy in the way of a question, and asks—

"Can anything be more easy, or any course more simple, than the calling together a meeting of some of the highest and wealthiest of our aristocracy and higher classes, during the time of the season in London and sittings of our Houses of Legislature, when they are most likely to be in numbers on the spot?"

And there and then to obtain a pledge from them—

"That they will forthwith, from that time forward, send for their house stewards, one and all, and briefly state their fixed and unalterable determination, in consequence of the change of times, to discharge all those of their domestic establishment that will not serve them at a reduced rate of twenty-five per cent. in all descriptions of wages, subsistence moneys, and the like."

All the English Ladies' Maids of "comparative slow movements and inordinate presumption," being cashiered, no matter to what destiny, in favour of the "willing, light-hearted," Ladies' Maids of France.

*Punch*, it may be supposed, is no friend to impressment; but with a view to a proper reward being vouchsafed to the ex-pantry writer of the "Appeal," *Punch* would propose that the traitor be immediately sought for and seized, and kept in safe keeping, until a certain ship be said to sail for Van Dieman's Land; the ship that shall bear from our coast hundreds of half-starved, broken-spirited Englishwomen. On board this ship, let the writer have a special appointment; namely, an appointment for the whole of the voyage, not to open his mouth to a female passenger, and continually to wring swabs in the ship's "head."

THE WORST OF TAXES.

SUPPOSE, readers, that there existed a tax upon water, which, in its operation, compelled the poorer classes to slake their thirst at cess-pools; to drink sewage, and mere sewage, qualified "with no allaying Thames."

Such a tax there is, which renders living water—the knowledges of good and truth—dear, and so withholds them from the many; whom it drives to swill abominable slush, replete with all manner of pollution.

That tax is the tax on paper. For a full view of its workings, see MR. CHARLES KNIGHT'S remarks on, "The Struggles of a Book against Excessive Taxation."

MR. KNIGHT shows that, by reason of this impost, cheap and good publications do not pay; whilst the cheap and nasty, weekly vented in myriads by the scoundrelhood of the Press, are remunerative. The former class of works he typifies—we thank him for the use of the figure—as the Fountain; the latter as the Sewer; and he gives an estimate of the comparative cost of their production. The Fountain can only be set up at a considerable expense, both in materials and architects' wages. The Sewer is established at small charge, and fed by scavengers, for scavengers' hire. The Sewer can be turned on, at a low rate, with profit; the Fountain—in consequence of the Paper-tax—not. Take off the Paper Tax, and the Fountain can compete with the Sewer. If farther reason is wanted for the removal of this Protection to Literary Filth, let Government ponder the following words of MR. KNIGHT:—

"Upon a tolerably accurate calculation, I have, from my own unaided resources, expended during the last twenty years, eighty thousand pounds upon copyright and editorial labour. During the same period I have paid fifty thousand pounds paper duty, which sum has become a double charge to me by the inevitable operation of a tax upon raw material. May I venture to ask what, during these twenty years, the Government has done for the encouragement of learning and literature, equal to the sum which it has exacted from me in the shape of a tax upon knowledge?"

MR. KNIGHT ought not to lose his investment. Some few crumbs, at least, of the bread which he has cast upon the waters should be restored to him. He asks not a pension, but the repeal of the Paper Tax. Grant it, my Lords and Gentlemen, and if good instruction has the effect it is said to have, the amount will soon be saved in prison expenses. Do an act of justice to MR. KNIGHT, and remove a prohibitory duty on wholesome beverages, and a bonus on the sale of poison.

A MINISTER IS INFALLIBLE!

LORD JOHN RUSSELL said, last week, "A Cabinet Minister cannot be sorry for his expressions." The old fable was, "A King can do no wrong." The new one apparently is, "A Cabinet Minister can say nothing wrong." At least, however wrong he may talk, he need not be sorry for it. This is a latitude of speech which none but a Minister can indulge in. He may advance what he likes, but will withdraw nothing. This is another reading of Finality, an expression, which, if we remember right, LORD JOHN has had occasion more than once to be sorry for. Since LORD JOHN has a taste for curious dogmas, the following is perfectly at his service:

"The Minister who is never sorry for his expressions, makes at best, but a sorry Minister."

Railway Signals.

WE dare say that out of the various Railway Signals that have been invented by ingenious enthusiasts, we should find many signal failures, but we are not quite prepared to go the length of the Railway authorities in rejecting all other plans, and declaring that the break is a sufficient means of communication between the guard and the engine-driver, particularly when we recollect that the "break" is usually one affecting the arms, legs, and heads of the passengers:

"Vous en avez Menti."

THE French papers of last week tell us that the above words, uttered in the Chamber by M. LEO DE LA BORDE, "caused a great sensation." We cannot but wonder at this. Considering that the courtesy is flung at somebody's head about once a week, it only shows that, the French at least, are not "a people of habit."

AN OLD QUESTION SETTLED AT LAST.

WHO IS MILES' BOY?

MR. BANVARD, MR. BONOMI, and MR. BRES, are clearly "Three Miles' Boys" from the fact of their Panoramas all running that distance.

THE EXTREME OF PROTECTION.—There is a great fitness of things in LORD JOHN MANNERS' standing for Colchester; for his Lordship is so thorough a Protectionist, that, no doubt, he is prepared to vote for Protection to Native Oysters.





SAILORS ON SHORE CAROUSING—AS IT WILL BE WHEN THE GROG IS STOPPED.

## NOTHING LIKE GROG.

(New Version.)

[A COMMITTEE of flag officers and captains, with ADMIRAL SIR DYAM MARTIN in the chair, is now sitting at the Admiralty, to pronounce on the expediency of reducing the present allowance of grog which is daily served out to the seamen of HER MAJESTY'S Navy, a fair compensation being made to them by a proportionate increase in the amount of their pay. It is a notorious fact that the majority of punishments which take place in the British Navy, are either directly or indirectly the result of drunkenness; and the transition from the "cheerful can" to the cat of nine tails, is but too frequently a consequence of the inevitable laws of cause and effect.—Times.]

AVAST! how degen'ra'te the age is!  
What lubbers we soon shall become!  
They talk of increasin' our wages,  
And low'rin' our 'lowance of rum.  
Time was, we JACK TARS—when we twigg'd it—  
Perfer'd liquor to pay or to prog,  
And BEN BRACE, and JACK RATLIN,  
BILL MIZEN, KIT CATLIN,  
And BUNTING, and BOWLING,  
Like porpoises rolling,  
Continyally swigg'd it:  
And, dear me! there's nothing like grog.

Of my pay I had spent my last guinea,  
And gone was the whole of my wealth;  
Says the Doctor, "JACK! don't be a ninny,  
And drink out both money and health."  
To the leeward I lurch'd—and he twigg'd it—  
And call'd me a sad drunken dog.  
And he blister'd and bled me,  
On washy slops fed me,  
And bade them to shave me,  
And physic he gave me,  
Such stuff!—and I swigg'd it!  
But, dear me! 'twas nothing like grog.

The Chaplain one Sunday was preachin'  
A sermon as dry as old junk,  
And me and my messmates was teachin',  
As how we should never get drunk:  
But I show'd him the can—and he twigg'd it—  
And saw I was drunk as a hog.  
When tipsy, for scorning  
His Rev'ence, next morning  
I had ten dozen lashes,  
And my back was in gashes;  
And all 'cause I swigg'd it:  
And, dear me! there's nothing like grog.

Believe me, there's no way like drinking,  
To lead you to that side the grave;  
It disables the wisest from thinking,  
And to tremble it makes e'en the brave.  
As for me—I suppose you have twigg'd it—  
From perpetually gettin' agog,  
Never mind what the weather,  
For whole months together,—  
Here's my hand all a-quiver,  
And I've burnt up my liver,  
So hard have I swigg'd it;  
But, dear me! there's nothing like grog.

## Railway Anomalies.

THOUGH the Railway Directors have generally gone far above the estimates; within which they should have held themselves, they have fallen very low indeed, in the estimation in which they are held. It may be further remarked by the philosopher, that the shareholders have themselves in a great measure to blame for their property being at a discount, which would never have been the case if the conduct of the directors had been earlier discount-enanced.



## THE SELF-PRESENTATION PIECE-OF-PLATE CLUB.

[PROSPECTUS,—PRIVATE AND CIRCULAR.]



Having struck, and at the same time, the congenial minds of several individuals, that society is divided into classes, namely, the Class that is honoured and enriched with pieces of plate, in the way of Testimonial, and the Class that is not,—

The marked injustice, the social discrepancy, is sought to be remedied and set straight by the establishment (in confidence) of a Piece-of-Plate Club that shall at once be Self-

Presenting and Self-Supporting. With this View it is thought desirable that a Society be formed, to be composed of a certain number of individuals, who, having no expectation that their Merits and Virtues, though intimately well known, and equally well appreciated, will be represented to them in so many ounces of gold, silver-gilt, or modest silver, by Others,—

Are nevertheless desirous to pay some slight mark (in the way of Goldsmiths' Hall Mark) of esteem and veneration to Themselves.

And thus much for the sentiment, the philosophy, and the Aesthetics of the Club under consideration. It is now high time to proceed to the most efficient means of its practical development.

It is proposed that the Club shall consist of at least not less than [ ] Members. That subscriptions shall be paid weekly, monthly, or quarterly; the subscriptions being of any amount from One Shilling to One Hundred Pounds, according to the Value of the Testimonial, that is the Laudable Object of Ambition to the Subscriber.

That Once a Month, a Drawing shall take place of the Names of Members (the number to be hereafter decided upon) to be duly Plated. That the Members so Drawn shall have immediate permission to decide upon the Testimonial to be by Themselves presented to Themselves, on giving Sufficient Security to the Club for the payment of the Silversmith's Bill (by paying it) for the Object of the Selected. That Every Member—as best knowing Himself—shall write his Own Inscription, recording his Own Virtues, and hallowing his Own Merits.

Thus, after the Establishment of THE SELF-PRESENTATION PIECE-OF-PLATE CLUB, it will be wholly attributable to the indolence or the poverty of every man if he have not upon his own Side-Board some flattering Record of his Excellence, in the Shape of a Salver—a Wine-Cooler—a Bread Basket, or an unassuming Cellaret.

Further Particulars of the Club will speedily appear in the Public Prints. Thus much is, for the present, imparted, that it may beneficially work and ferment in the Public Intellect.

The Meditated Circle of the Club will be very Comprehensive, taking in All Classes of Men, from the Member of Parliament anxious to eternise, in a Candelabra, his Own Sense of his Own Eloquence, and his Own Unwearied Watchfulness of Public Interests, to the Parochial Beadle who, on a Small Silver Mug, would speak of his Fidelity, his Civility, his Integrity to the Parish at Large, and his Suavity and Benevolence to Little Boys in Particular.

N. B. To Husbands, desirous of Commemorating the Virtues of their Wives in at least a Silver Tea-Pot, the Club offers an Opportunity of displaying perhaps one of the most, if not the most, noble Emotions of the Human Heart.

Please to Give This Paper to the Lady of the House.

### A TRUTH FOR THE TIMES.

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics that when statesmen get into place they become often oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

### A RUN OF BAD LUCK.

THE Red Republicans made a futile effort a week or two ago to disturb the peace of Paris, when the soldiers, laudably anxious to avoid bloodshed, took the hint of their commander to disperse the mob at the point of the toe, instead of at the point of the bayonet. We wish we could look upon the little affair as literally the last kick of the Red Republicans. The method adopted by the military was perfectly successful, for the soldiers no sooner took to their toes, than "the Reds" took to their heels with wonderful rapidity. The fugitives, who had just before been assuming an alarming attitude, were at once rendered ridiculous, even in the eyes of the women of their own party, and will no doubt remember for some time their collision with a detachment of foot, and its ignoble consequences. We dare say they will attempt to make out—after the fashion of their own historians—that they suffered no discomfiture at all, and that it was nothing but their own tremendous enthusiasm that ran away with them.

### THE LAND.

*An Echo to Barry Cornwall's "Sea."*

THE Land! The Land! The grumbling Land!  
The poor, the always at a stand:  
Without a penny, without a pound,  
It turneth the same dull circle round.  
It brays for relief, for Protection cries,  
Or like a naughty creature lies.  
They've got the Land! They've got the Land!  
But to help themselves won't lend a hand,  
With debts above, and debts below,  
And a mortgage wheresoe'er they go.  
If a chance should come, while they wail and weep,  
What matter! The Land will go to sleep.

I hate, oh! how I hate to hear  
Their murmurs foaming in my ear!  
When some mad member bays the moon,  
Or whistles Protection's dull old tune;  
And tells how goeth the corn so low,  
That it really never will pay to grow.  
I never heard Protection's roar,  
But I saw the humbug more and more,  
And backwards flew to reason's test,  
Which proves Free Trade to be the best.  
For Free Trade always appear'd to me  
The thing that 's right, and that ought to be.

The landlords look'd black, with rage and scorn,  
In the hour when fair Free Trade was born.  
The noisy whistled—the Tories old  
Declared themselves completely sold;  
And never was heard such an outcry wild,  
As welcomed to life FREE'S Free Trade child.  
We've lived since then in calm and strife,  
A few short summers, an active life;  
With wealth to barter and power to range,  
Where'er we can make the best exchange.  
But alas! there's only the same dead stand,  
When we turn to look at the poor old Land!

### DUNCES OF DOWNING STREET.

MINISTERS are at a loss what to do with the Ten Hours Factory Bill, which, owing to a defect in its wording, proves inoperative. For the present they had better send it to the Dead Letter Office. Really, Parliament must have an Editor to prepare its acts for publication. His salary would cost the country but little, as a gentleman of moderate literary attainments would be competent to the employment. He would only be required to possess the ability to write the English language correctly, an art, apparently, beyond the reach of statesmanship. To create such an office would be giving some little encouragement to the profession of the Pen. What but faulty composition can be expected of a Government that neglects Literature.

### High Ways and Low Ways.

It may be cited as a melancholy instance of the ruinous effect of credit, that several turnpike trusts are in a state of insolvency. It may be further observed, that the ticketing system, which has been in full force amongst all these concerns, most commonly leads to bankruptcy.



## HOW THE WIND BLOWS.



THE political gales which have recently set in have blown no good to the poor old hull of Protection, which is now so beaten about that the miserable craft can scarcely sustain the craftsman who continues to adhere to it. The horizon exhibits a very dreary prospect, showing nothing but a few unhappy agricultural gulls in the distance, who still hover over the wreck, while the skipper, clinging desperately to an old locker—as a drowning man catches at a straw,—waves in the air his signals of distress, and shouts to the winds his vain lamentations, which even echo disdains to answer.

## NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.

## THE GREENGROCER WHO WAITS AT PARTIES.

ABOUT five o'clock there is a quiet ring at the bell, labelled "Servants'." The next minute a pair of heavy feet are heard tramping along the hall. You look out, and see a huge mass of great coat, carrying a big bundle in a coloured handkerchief. In one second it has dived down the kitchen staircase. It is the Greengrocer.

Soon afterwards the sound of feet is heard over-head. The elegant figure of a man, with his hair curled, is on the top of a pair of steps, arranging the chandelier. His costume would be of too stern a blackness, if it were not delicately softened by the purity of a white neckcloth. He glides over the soft carpet, making no sound, save a pleasant jingle that is played after him by a waving bunch of seals, like a peal of fairy bells. The extreme neatness of the pump, if nothing else, would tell you that it is the Waiter.

With the quickness of a pantomimic change, the Greengrocer has transformed himself into the Waiter. If he had stood at the side-wing of a theatre, and the carpenter from behind had pulled the string out of his great coat, the change could not have been effected quicker. And what a change! It is hard to believe that the two individuals—the butterfly and the grub—have sprung from the same body. You can scarcely imagine the flitting thing before you serves greens in the day-time!

What is it that refines him? How is it that, by simply decorating his neck with a wisp of clean muslin, and winging his feet with an aerial pair of pumps, the nature of the Greengrocer is so completely changed? We shall really believe that there is something spiritualising in the profession of a Waiter, and that a gentleman, to be a perfect gentleman, should put the last touch of polish to his education by going through a six months' course of rubbing mahogany tables.

Look at the specimen before us! An hour ago he was a hard, dingy, lump of a man. How bright he is now! He sparkles and burns with new fire, and that Promethean fire he has stolen from the kitchen-grate. Call on him to-morrow. Catch him behind his apron, and you will not recognise in the soiled hands that are playing at marbles with the potatoes, the BEAU BRUMMEL of the Berlins who helped you so gracefully to blanc-mange the evening before. Or observe him

when he is on the front bar of a covered van, whipping a jaded white horse, with "eighteen insides," to Hampton Court. You would hardly believe that dusty-looking man with a short pipe in the corner of his mouth was the same bright creature that only yesterday was playing about the room, like summer lightning, shedding a radiance wherever he darted in and out with his napkin. There is decidedly some vivifying charm, some magic reviver, that lies hid in the butler's pantry.

But on no other could this charm act so ethereally, on no other would this reviver operate with such lustre, as on the Greengrocer! It would be absurd to try it on the Butcher, and the Chimney-Sweep would be equally ridiculous. The Milkman unfortunately knows nothing of waiting, excepting at the area gate. The Tailor wants aristocratic presence for the high office. The Baker, when asked for Bread, would hand you the loaf on the palm of his hand. The Cheesemonger would be tasting the cheese before he took it round, and the Postman, if told to inform the gentleman that the "tea was waiting," would deliver the message with a tremendous double knock. No! the Patent to wait at parties has been exclusively lodged by Nature in the bosom of the Greengrocer.

Besides, his good temper is a key to open every door and every heart. The waiter that is only laid on for a night, is always better tempered than the waiter who is a regular fixture. The tender way in which the Greengrocer behaves to children would be a cheap lesson to many a big-calved Johnny. He never kicks them, or calls them "brats." He lets them pilfer the "sweets" as they come out, as much as they please, and if they get between his legs when he is carrying some mighty dome of a silver dish-cover, he manages somehow to bear up against it, where any other servant would be violently upset. He is as affable below. He compliments the lady's-maids, and jokes with the cook, helping her to unsput joints, and untie pudding-bags. There must be something in the atmosphere of spring onions and summer cabbages, that, to contract a loan with the Latin grammar, —

"— emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus."

After the fatigues of the evening, his temper is as little ruffled as his fine linen shirt. He helps on great coats, and fastens goloshes, with the most nimble readiness, and if you give him a shilling, he hides his emotion by turning away his head.

Then comes the washing-up, and then,—painful duty! implying distrust, but which he cheerfully goes through—the counting "the plate." After that he is free. The Waiter is cast off—the Greengrocer is himself again. Exit the butterfly, and enter the grub.

He sits down to supper—and all the good things you had at dinner are brought out for his meal. He has the choice of the best. The whole larder is spread on the kitchen-table before him. There is a large tankard foaming with fresh beer. There are innumerable glasses of wine, which he criticises, as he takes a sip of each. His opinion is greatly respected, for who tastes more wine in the course of his life than the Greengrocer who waits at parties? The professed cook unbends to him, and drinks his health out of the pewter, for, independent of his being a man who pays taxes, he is a talking directory of the whole neighbourhood. He is a great personage, for the Greengrocer, in addition to his other duties, is a large purveyor of situations. Accordingly, if a servant wishes to "better him or herself," the Greengrocer is always the great oracle consulted. He knows the wages of the best houses, the most becoming liveries, and the perquisites, and the strength of the beer, attached to each. He is a portable Servant's Bazaar,—a living column of "Want Places,"—but without the usual stipulation on the top, "All Answers must be prepaid."

The last person in the house is the Greengrocer. About eleven o'clock (we are supposing it is a quiet dinner party) the same sound of heavy feet, or perhaps a little heavier, is heard tramping along the hall. The same mass of great coat, above which now peeps a red comforter, is seen going out, carrying the same bundle in a coloured handkerchief. It may be that the bundle has grown a trifle larger, for in the fulness of his heart the Greengrocer has not forgotten he has a wife and family. In another minute the street-door is bolted. The Greengrocer has gone home to smoke a pipe by his own fireside.

## Beauties without Paint.

THE Picture Cleaning Mania has extended all the way to Holyrood, where the portraits have most of them been brought to the scrubbing brush, and are rapidly finding a soap and watery grave. The alleged object of placing the pictures in the hands of the charwoman is to bring out the colours, and the attempt is so far successful, for in these cases the colours are most thoroughly brought out, and cannot be brought in again. Nearly all the pictures we have seen, after their having undergone the cleaning process, are remarkable for their similarity of subject, for they look the pictures of misery.

## "OUR LATEST" FROM ROME.

LETTERS from Rome of the 8th instant announce the return of the Pope to his capital as definitively fixed for the 1st of April.



The Lamentable Ballad  
OF  
THE FOUNDLING OF SHOREDITCH.

From the Times of Feb. 14.



COME all ye Christian people, and listen to my tale,  
It is all about a doctor was travelling by the rail,  
By the Heastern Counties Railway (vich the shares I don't desire),  
From Ixworth town in Suffolk, vich his name did not transpire.

A travelling from Bury this Doctor was employed  
With a gentleman, a friend of his, vich his name was CAPTAIN LOYD;  
And on reaching Marks Tey Station, that is next beyond Colchester, a lady entered into them most elegantly dressed.

She entered into the Carriage all with a tottering step,  
And a pooty little Bayby upon her bussum sep;

The gentlemen received her with kindness and siwillaty,  
Pitying this lady for her illness and debility.

She had a fust class ticket, this lovely lady said,  
Because it was so lonesome she took a seeknd instead.  
Better to travel by seeknd class, than sit alone in the fust,  
And the pooty little Baby upon her breast she nust.

A seein of her cryin, and shiverin and pail,  
To her spoke this surging, the Ero of my tail;  
Saysee you look unwell, Ma'am, I'll elp you if I can,  
And you may tell your case to me, for I'm a meddicle man.

"Thank you, Sir," the lady said, "I ony look so pale,  
Because I ain't accusom'd to travelling on the Rale;  
I shall be better presnly, when I've ad some rest."  
And that pooty little Baby she squeeged it to her breast.

So in conversation the journey they beguiled,  
CAPTAIN LOYD and the medical man, and the lady and the child,  
Till the various stations along the line was passed,  
For even the Heastern Counties' trains must come in at last.

When at Shoreditch tumminus at lenth stopped the train,  
This kind meddicle gentleman proposed his aid again.  
"Thank you, Sir," the lady said, "for your kyindness dear;  
My carridge and my osses is probbibly come here.

Will you old this baby, please, vilst I step and see?"  
The Doctor was a famly man: "That I will," says he.  
Then the little child she kist, kist it very gently,  
Vich was sucking his little fist, sleeping innocently.

With a sigh from her art, as though she would have bust it,  
Then she gave the doctor the child—wery kind he nust it:  
Hup then the lady jumped hoff the bench she sate from,  
Tumbled down the carridge steps and ran along the platform.

Vile hall the other passengers vent upon their vays,  
The Capting and the Doctor sate there in a maze;  
Some vent in a Homminibus, some vent in a Cabby,  
The Capting and the Doctor vaited vith the babby.

There they sate looking queer, for an hour or more,  
But their feller passinger neather on 'em sore:  
Never, never, back again did that lady come  
To that pooty sleeping Hinfnt a suckin of his Thum!

What could this pore Doctor do, bein treated thus,  
When the darling Baby woke, cryin for its nuss?  
Off he drove to a female friend, vich she was both kind and mild,  
And igsplained to her the circumstance of this year little child.

That kind lady took the child instantly in her lap,  
And made it very comforable by giving it some pap;  
And when she took its close off, what d' you think she found?  
A couple of ten pun notes sewn up, in its little gownd!

Also in its little close, was a note which did conwey,  
That this little baby's parents lived in a handsome way:  
And for its Headucation they reglarly would pay,  
And sirtingly like gentlefolks would claim the child one day,  
If the Christian people who'd charge of it would say,  
Per advertisement in the Times, where the baby lay.

Pity of this bayby many people took,  
It had such pooty ways and such a pooty look;  
And there came a lady forrard (I wish that I could see  
Any kind lady as would do as much for me;

And I wish with all my art, some night in my night gownd,  
I could find a note stitched for ten or twenty pound—  
There came a lady forrard, that most honorable did say,  
She'd adopt this little baby, which her parents cast away.

While the Doctor pondered on this hoffer fair,  
Comes a letter from Devonshire, from a party there,  
Hordering the Doctor, at its Mar's desire,  
To send the little Infant back to Devonshire.

Lost in apoplexy, this pore meddicle man,  
Like a sensible gentleman, to the Justice ran;  
Which his name was MR. HAMMILL, a honorable beak,  
That takes his seat in Worship Street four times a week.

"O Justice!" says the Doctor, "instrugt me what to do,  
I've come up from the country, to throw myself on you;  
My patients have no doctor to tend them in their ills,  
(There they are in Suffolk without their drafts and pills!)

"I've come up from the country, to know how I'll dispose  
Of this pore little baby, and the twenty pun note, and the clothes,  
And I want to go back to Suffolk, dear Justice, if you please,  
And my patients wants their Doctor, and their Doctor wants his feez."

Up spoke MR. HAMMILL, sittin at his desk,  
"This year applicaion does me much perplesk;  
What I do advise you, is to leave this babby  
In the Parish where it was left, by its mother shabby."

The Doctor from his Worship sadly did depart—  
He might have left the baby, but he hadn't got the heart,  
To go for to leave that Hinnocent, he the laws allows,  
To the tender mussies of the Union House.

Mother, who left this little one on a stranger's knee,  
Think how cruel you have been, and how good was he!  
Think, if you've been guilty, innocent was she;  
And do not take unkindly this little word of me:  
Heaven be merciful to us all, sinners as we be!

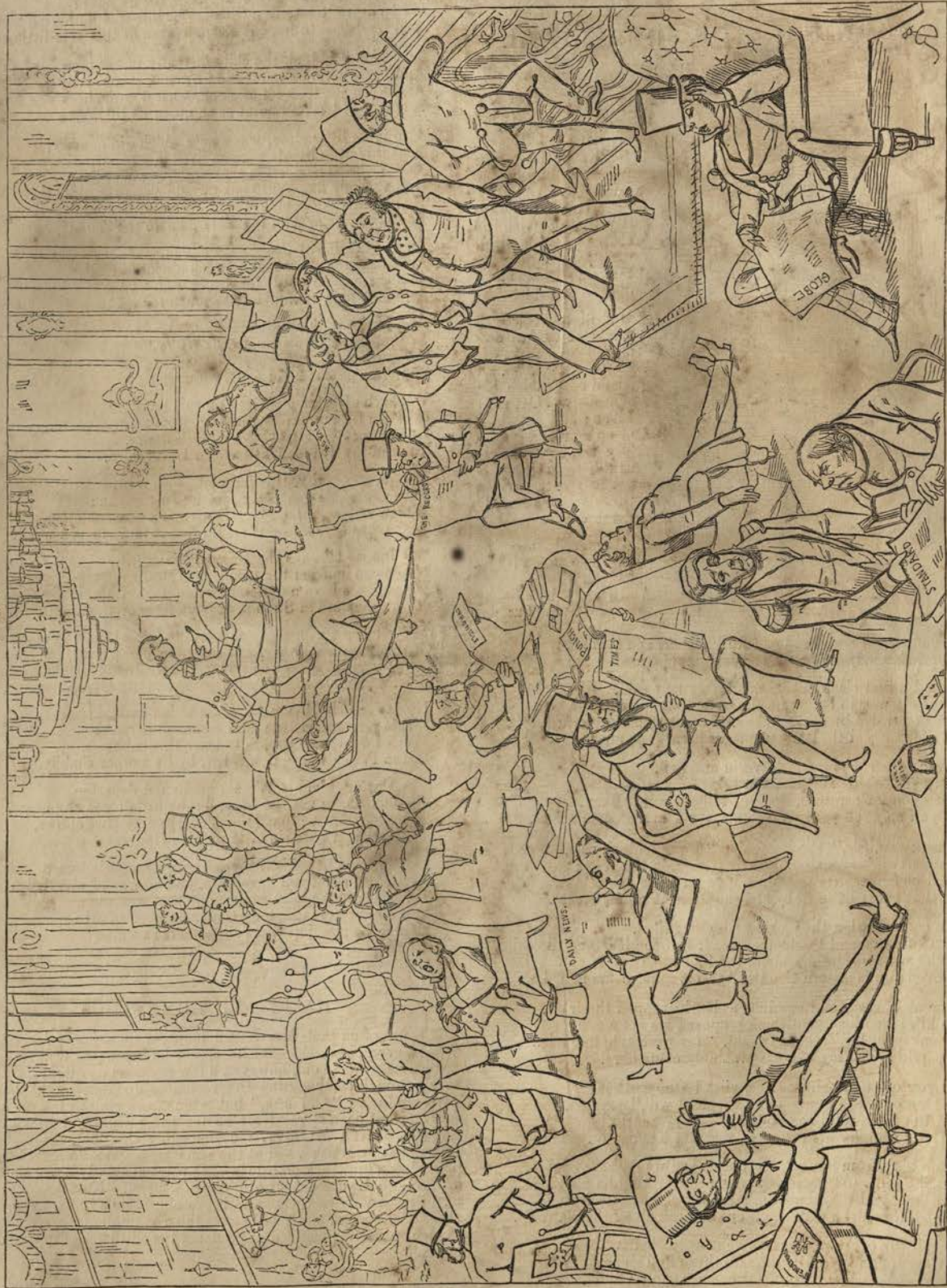
X.

HAPPY AND HUME-OROUS.

IT is not often that MR. HUME indulges in a joke—for he is economical even of his wit—and he avoids humorous as well as all other extravagance. He did, however, a few evenings ago indulge in a sally, which, though coming from the venerable JOSEPH, might have been mistaken for an "Old JOE," but which was really of a rather fresh and buoyant character. He rose for the purpose of moving for an address to HER MAJESTY, recommending the abolition of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and at the same time gave notice of a motion proposing a drawback on bricks—the point evidently being the coupling of the Lord Lieutenant with bricks in general. Now the antecedents of the present Lord Lieutenant prove him to be a brick in the largest sense of the word, and hence arises the combination to which we have thought ourselves justified in prefixing the epithets "happy and Humeorous."

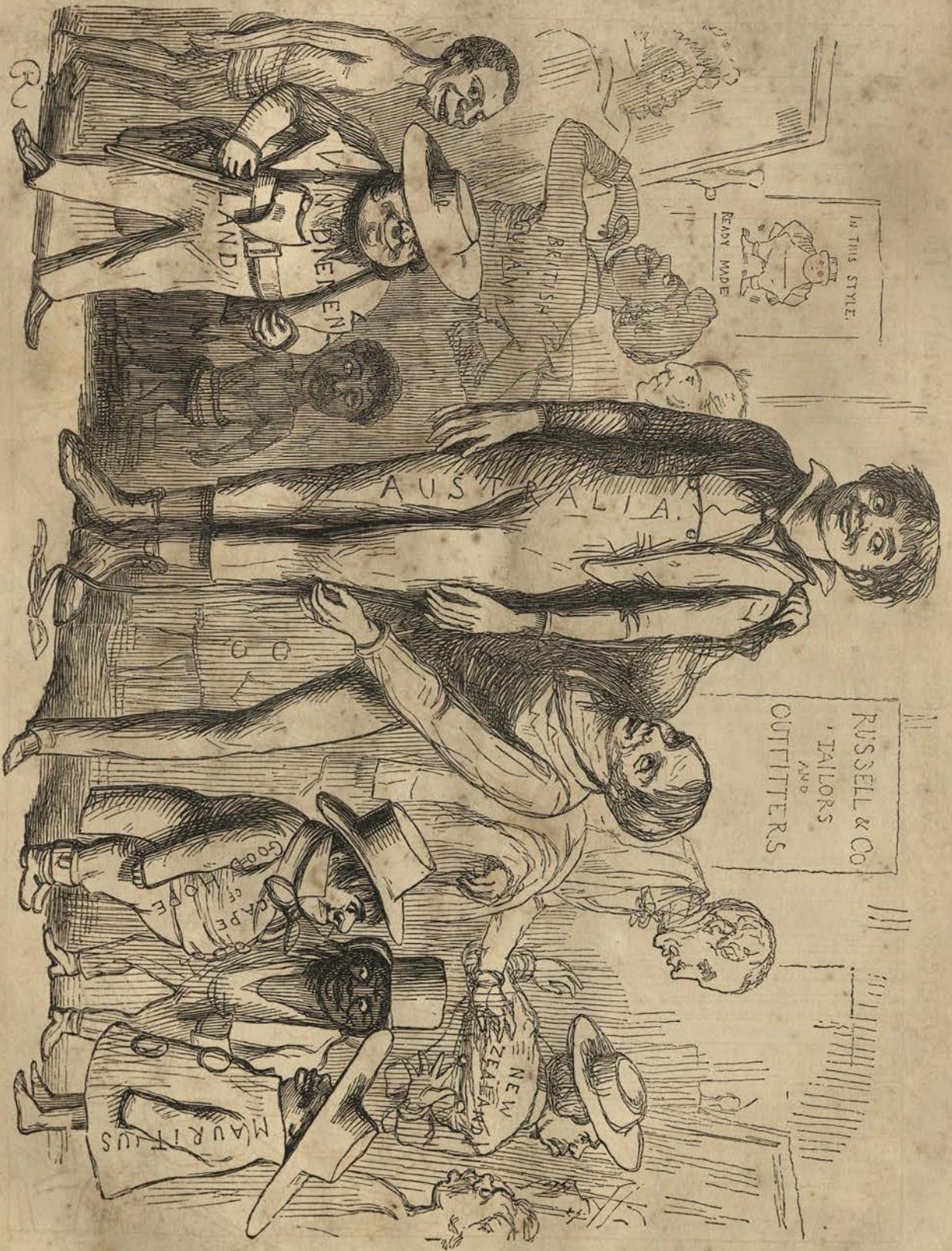
TO BE DISPOSED OF.—A small Joke Business, doing from six to seven Puns per day. The dinner connection is good, and capable of improvement, with an average stock of lügen, and appetite moderate. No professed punster or pickpocket need apply. The concern is only parted with in consequence of the proprietor going into another line—the penny-a-line. Any person retiring from the latter business, and having on hand a few Sea Serpents, early Gooseberries, Mermaids, or Earthquakes, not much the worse for wear, may hear of a purchaser.





A Fashionable Club. four o'clock p.m.





LORD JOHN TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE COLONIES.







GOOD MEASURES FOR THE COLONIES.

J. RUSSELL AND Co., *Downing Street, Home and Colonial Tailors,*

Invite attention to their New System of Colonial Measurement.

With joy and pride a parent sees  
His children climb about his knees;  
Pleased we regard the tiny elves,  
The little dittos of ourselves;  
It is a gratifying sight  
To witness their increasing height,  
And mark, as every father knows,  
How quickly they outgrow their clothes.  
A change of garb, too, must be had,  
Soon as the child becomes a lad;  
We then select a manlier style  
Of clothing for the juvenile.  
With little Bulls JOHN BULL is blest,  
'Tis time that they were rightly drest;  
RUSSELL AND Co. will undertake  
The requisite costume to make.  
With needful measures duly squared,  
To meet all wants they're quite prepared.  
Suits they provide for every age,  
Of growth according to the stage,  
Adapted to each size and shape,  
Yes; from Australia to the Cape,  
Jamaica, Canada, Ceylon,  
RUSSELL invites to try them on;  
Easy they're warranted to sit,  
Full freedom to combine with fit,  
And elegance with what must be  
Resistless—strict economy,  
In which all other firms compete  
In vain with RUSSELL'S, Downing Street.

\*\* Measures to order, and a New (Blue) Book will shortly be published.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.



ous there is no greater marvel among the Mysteries of London, than what becomes of all the Clowns, Harlequins, and Pantaloons when the pantomime season is over. For a few weeks at Christmas holiday-time the metropolis teems with specimens of the class alluded to, and we find them bound together in a bond of brotherhood, united into a human wheel-barrow, piled up into a pyramid, or groping together through the Cave of Despair on every stage in London. Out of the pantomime season the race seems to be-

come extinct, and we never hear of a Clown, for even that remarkable specimen of humanity "a country Clown" is fast fading away, and we scarcely ever read of a case of "clownish ignorance." It is true there may be a sprinkling of Clowns in the provinces and elsewhere, in the form of "Clowns to the ring" where horsemanship is going on, but even then there is an enormous surplus of Clowns wholly unaccounted for, and the Clowns to the ring can embrace but a very limited circle.

As the London pantomimes are now coming to the close of their career, we would ask what is to become of the Clowns that will be thrown upon the wide world, together with the numerous pairs of Pantaloons and the accumulation of Harlequins who will have to exchange the magic wand for far less enchanting wanderings. We have asylums for decayed everythings, and as nothing—except Stilton cheese—decays so fast as the gymnastic powers, why do we not have an asylum for decayed Clowns, Pantaloons, and Harlequins? They are accustomed to a good deal of buffeting about, but the severest blow of all must be, the stoppage which the withdrawal of the Pantomimes necessarily puts to those kicks which are the source of all their half-pence.

REASON FOR BELIEVING A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS DISHONOURED HIS BILL.—"His word is as good as his bond."

THE GREAT DUNUP CONTRACTS.

THE commercial world has been a little startled, and the "city" taken somewhat by surprise, at the announcement of a novel class of contracts, which seem to offer peculiar advantages to one at least of the parties concerned. "Perhaps," says our commercial correspondent, "the matter may be better understood from the following advertisements, which have been handed about during the last week on 'Change, though they have not yet formed the basis of any positive transactions. We quote one or two specimens of the announcements alluded to."

"MR. DUNUP is now prepared to receive tenders for the supply of meat, fuel, and cigars, for the use of the DUNUP establishment, and specimens of the articles named may be at once sent in to him under the following regulations:—

"The Meat Contract will remain open during an unlimited period, in order that time may be allowed for testing the effects of Free Trade, and that the contractor may have the fullest opportunity of altering his prices according to the markets. Every butcher tendering for the supply must send in a quantity of not less than three pounds per week of prime beef or mutton, as specimen food, until the contract is either accepted or declined, and MR. DUNUP does not bind himself to any particular period for the adjudication, as it is expedient to open the door—his own private door—to competition as wide as possible.

"With reference to the article of fuel, MR. DUNUP is now ready to receive samples of coal in quantities of not less than one hundred weight, which must be shot at the expense of the parties tendering at any time between the present date and the 31st of December, 1850, when the sealed tenders will be opened for the purpose of adjudication. MR. DUNUP does not bind himself to accept the lowest tender, and he will require a deposit at the rate of sixpence per sack to cover the expense of cellarage, the actual cost of consumption, and the removal of ashes.

"The parties tendering will not be bound by the quality of their latest supply, but will be at liberty to amend their tender from time to time by sending in fresh specimens of superior qualities at any period before the acceptance or refusal of the contract.

"The rules respecting the tender for the supply of cigars will be the same as those that have been framed for food and fuel, except that no particular quantity will be insisted upon, and a single cigar will be received as a sample from any respectable party desirous of tendering. Every cigar must be accompanied by a certificate from a duly qualified chemist, guaranteeing the purity of the leaf, and certifying the non-employment of the native cabbage in the process of its manufacture. As each cigar will have to undergo separately the somewhat elaborate process of smoking, MR. DUNUP will not pledge himself to any limitation of time, which might hastily commit him to a second class commodity.

"The tenders need not be sealed, but may be wafered, as it is desired that the parties tendering should be put to no more expense than is necessary for the due carrying out of the purposes of the contract.

"Lowness of price, it has been already intimated, will not be an essential in determining whether the tender will be received, and persons are invited to keep in view first-rate quality rather than cheapness in the selection of the samples forwarded.

"The contract is not confined to the merchants or manufacturers of any particular locality; but it has been placed on the broadest basis so as to allow of its taking in as many as possible."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH POLICEMEN.

THE Englishman is as laconic as an electric telegraph's message. The Frenchman is as lengthy and as pompous as an American President's message. Observe the difference in the two following expressive examples.

The English Policeman says briefly and sharply, "Move on there."

The French Policeman takes off his hat and says in the blandest manner, "*Messieurs, il faut que je vous prie de ne pas empêcher la circulation.*"

The above polite little order, or entreaty rather, will be found in the Paris correspondence of the *Times* on the occasion of the late Tree of Liberty riots. The infuriated mob took off their hats, bowed, and instantly retired.

Imagine Policeman X. addressing an English mob in the following terms:—

"Gentlemen, I should esteem it as a personal favour if you would be kind enough to disperse, for you may not be aware that by loitering here you are greatly impeding the general circulation."

We wonder if it would have the same effect as "Now, Gents, move on."



## LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE LADIES.



FAN-NY FAL-LAL, although she was not rich, nor a per-son of rank, was a ve-ry fine La-dy. She would pass all her time read-ing no-vels and work-ing cro-chet, but would ne-glect her house-hold du-ties; so her hus-band, who was a ve-ry nice man, and fond of a nice din-ner, be-came a mem-ber of a Club, and used to stop out ve-ry late at night, which led to ma-ny quar-rels. How fool-ish it was of FAN-NY to ne-glect her house-hold du-ties, and not to make her AL-BERT hap-py at home! 4

## STRANGE BIRDS IN ENGLAND.

WE find from one of the newspaper naturalists—a most industrious and entertaining class—that several *rare aves* have been upon a visit to this country in consequence of the season's severity. We have remarked, as an indication of the probable severity of the session, the presence lately of some very strange birds in Parliament.

Some of these strange birds are of the goose tribe, their peculiarity consisting chiefly in their being web-footed, which prevents them from taking a firm stand and often gets them into a wretched hobble. Among other varieties of *rare aves* our attention has been especially called to the *Ampelis Garrulus*, or Waxen Chatterer, so called from its being very soft and very talkative. Of this class there are several fine Parliamentary specimens now to be seen, but they are considered excellent game for the keen political sportsman who delights in bringing them down, a feat which is rather difficult of achievement, though a good hit well aimed will often dispose of the Parliamentary *Ampelis Garrulus* most conclusively.

The *Colymbus Arcticus*, or Black-throated Diver, is a very disagreeable bird, whose visit to our Commons is always marked by extreme coldness and severity. The blackness of the throat is attributed by political naturalists to a sort of black slimy matter generated in the bird itself, and discharged from the mouth, while others think the Diver acquires the quality alluded to from a habit of diving very much in dark, troubled, and dirty water.

## NEW PEERAGE.

WE believe it is no longer a secret that MR. JONES LOYD has been raised to the peerage by the appropriate title of BARON PHILOSOPHERSTONE.

## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE HAVING BEEN REQUESTED BY A FRIEND TO PICK HER UP A DAVENPORT, CHEAP, ATTENDS A SALE BY AUCTION, WHERE SUCH AN ARTICLE IS TO BE DISPOSED OF.

SCENE. All the rooms of a "family mansion," with the "new and fashionable household furniture," distributed in a bewildering and contradictory manner, the beds in the dining-rooms, the mangle in the front parlour, the hall chairs and umbrella-stand in the back attic, the eight-day clock in the back kitchen, the dining-tables in the best bed-room, and the splendid suit of drawing-room furniture in complete rout all over the house. The "old and choice cellar of wines" has come up-stairs to the first floor front, and looks uncommonly fresh about the corks. The genuine oil-pictures, by the first masters, have been "collected from the continent," in Wardour Street and Holborn. There is a great deal of dirt on the hall floor, and the hands of the Brokers and Brokers Men, with a pervading atmosphere of varnish, bass-matting, shavings, stale tobacco, and fresh porter. Numerous parties, principally Ladies, are looking at everything, and marking in their catalogues; Brokers are submitting the furniture to violent tests, tugging drawers out, jamming them in, tossing, ranshing, and doubling-up cushions and mattresses, rubbing the French-polish from chif-fonniers, chairs and tables, and chipping off mouldings, ornaments, and salient points from everything that has any.

Unprotected Female (reflects with astonishment over the third eight-day clock she has met with in an unexpected position). Well, I'm sure, they seem to have had three and four of everything in this house! I've counted the rooms and the beds, and there's at least two beds to a room; and they had four mangles; and I can't think where they can have laid all the carpets. (Sniffs an article of furniture.) They must have been French-polishing everything just before they went. And most of the things look quite new. [She gazes at a chest of drawers.

Prosperous Broker (coming out of a top drawer). Nice article, Marm. If you think of purchasing, (mysteriously), 'ere's my card—I'm well known to FIPKINS—this 'ere's one of FIPKINS's sales. 'Appy to bid for you, Marm—and set a wally on anythink aforehand.

Unprotected Female. No, thank you.

Mouldy Broker (in a low tone). Buy for you on arf terms, Marm. (Aside and alluding to PROSPEROUS BROKER.) E's a Jew, e is. Want a nice feather-bed? 'Appy to bid for you.

Unprotected Female (with dignity). Thank you, I shall buy for myself. (Sees Davenport.) Yes; I think that's the sort of thing MRS. SMITHERS would like. (Pulls open a drawer in it, and nearly dislodges an avalanche of kitchen chairs.) Oh, gracious, it's so tight. (Tries to shut the drawer.) Nasty thing, it's all stuck together with the varnish. (The drawer suddenly shuts of itself with unnecessary violence, and the kitchen chairs are with difficulty prevented, by the joint efforts of a Pembroke table and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE, from coming down upon her head.) Oh, somebody—please could you help me with the table?

Beery Broker (extricating her). 'Ere you are, Marm. You'd better take me, or you'll be doing of yerself a mischief. 'Appy to do anythink for you, Marm. But it's all rubbidge this 'ere. 'Ere's my card—my establishment's in Finsbury—sells and buys on commission.

Unprotected Female (who is gradually being led away by the influence of the probable bargains about her). Thank you; I only want one article—

[She performs a pantomime with sofa cushions.

Beery Broker. 'Ay, Marm—nothink but 'ay. I could let you 'ave a lot of prime 'orse-'air articles dirt cheap.

Promiscuous Porter. Want a Porter, Marm? Wans kept, and punctuality, neatness, and despatch, in town or country. [Offering card.

General Agent (confidentially). Happy to do anything for you, Ma'am. Facetious Broker (cheerfully). Now, Ma'am—are we going in for a little bargain, to-day? Bless you, I'm known to the authorities and the ladies—all has JACKSON. Attends Custom's Sales, and private auctions. [Very pertinaciously.

Unprotected Female. Oh! I wish you would all go. I don't want anybody, and I'm not going to buy anything.

Facetious Broker. Oh, gammon! I knows the ladies. You can't help it. Olo! There's FIPKINS going up-stairs.



*Auctioneer's Man (calling at door).* Twelve o'clock. Sale!

[A general rush of Brokers and Buyers, in which the UNPROTECTED FEMALE is swept up-stairs.]

[SCENE changes to the front drawing-room, with MR. FIPKINS, the Auctioneer, in his pulpit on the Spanish mahogany dining-table.]

*Auctioneer.* Now, what shall we say for the console with marble slab, turned rosewood leg, and ormolu claw? What shall we say for the classical article? Eight pounds for the console. Quite rococo, ladies, and the Parisian style. Eight ten, for the classical article—eight fifteen is bid for the console. Look at the style of that leg. Nine—nine four is bid—nine fifteen. The slab is of the finest galleons antico. (The UNPROTECTED FEMALE follows in breathless attention.) An article suited to the boudoir—ten two—ten four is bid. No advance on ten four? Going at ten four.

*Unprotected Female (shaking her head contemptuously).* Ten pounds four for a rubbishing thing like that! Well!

*Auctioneer.* Thank you, Ma'am. Ten six—no advance on ten six for the classical article. Going at ten six—going, gone! (The classical article is knocked down.) Superior pair of 36-inch library globes. Shall we say five pounds for the highly finished globes—terrestrial and celestial? The use of the globes is a part of every education. These are the globes on which that branch of the sciences is taught. Five four—five six—highly-finished constellations. Five eight—ten—fourteen—six pounds is bid—with leather covers complete—and a book—going at six.

*Unprotected Female (who, not having learnt the use of the globes does not follow this lot with much interest).* Oh, dear, there's MRS. ROBINSON. (Nodding sweetly to MRS. R.) How d'ye do? How d'ye do?

*Auctioneer.* Thank you—six two—going at six two; no advance on six two for the globes—going at six two—gone! (The globes are knocked down at six two.) The next lot is the highly-finished set of levelling instruments, with case and stand, complete, by DODDLES; indispensable to the engineer, and now offered at three pounds. Three ten—three twelve—going at three twelve—no advance on three twelve?

*Mrs. Robinson (nodding the question to the UNPROTECTED FEMALE).* Are you going to buy?

*Unprotected Female (nodding the answer).* Yes.

*Auctioneer.* Three fourteen is bid. Going at three fourteen—going—gone! (The levelling instruments are knocked down.) A unique set of Gobelin tapestry, from Paris—four pieces; the "Rape of the Sabinas," "Acis and Galatea," "the Triumph of Alexander the Great," and "Joshua commanding the sun to stand still." The set is offered at fifty guineas.

[The bidding begins spiritedly, and has reached seventy guineas, with the accompaniment of a florid but rather inaccurate description of the date, subjects, and seat of the manufacture from MR. FIPKINS. The hammer is suspended at seventy-three ten.]

*Mrs. R. (who is fond of conversation, and apt to carry it on at a distance by telegraph, nodding the question).* Isn't that an awful price for such ugly things?

*Unprotected Female (whose notions of art are in their infancy, nods her answer).* Perfectly ridiculous.

*Auctioneer.* Seventy-four—thank you—going at seventy-four—no advance on seventy-four—gone! [The tapestry is knocked down.]

[The UNPROTECTED FEMALE recognises other acquaintances, and is profuse of nods amongst them.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[A lapse of three hours. The Davenport is put up at last.]

*Auctioneer.* An elegant rosewood Davenport, brass finished, with turned legs, and nest of drawers, complete. What shall we say? Three ten for the Davenport. (UNPROTECTED FEMALE hastily nods.) Three twelve. (FACETIOUS BROKER, who has had his eye upon her, nods.) Three fourteen. (BEERY BROKER nods.) Three sixteen. (PROSPEROUS BROKER nods.) Three eighteen. (UNPROTECTED FEMALE nods very nervously.) Four pounds.

*Unprotected Female.* I mustn't go above four pounds.

[FACETIOUS BROKER nods again.]

*Auctioneer.* Four two.

*Unprotected Female.* It's a pity to let such a nice thing go. [Nods.]

*Auctioneer.* Four four. (UNPROTECTED FEMALE nods, bidding against herself.) Four six. (MOULDY BROKER nods.) Four eight. (All the Brokers by a curious coincidence take to nodding.) Four ten—twelve—fourteen. Five pounds is bid.

*Unprotected Female (who has become perfectly reckless).* I must buy it now. They can't go beyond five two. [Nods.]

*Auctioneer.* Five two is bid—five two.

[The prize is snatched out of the hands of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE by a fresh burst of bidding from the Brokers, which runs the Davenport up to six ten. UNPROTECTED FEMALE, who seems to have lost her senses, nods convulsively.]

*Auctioneer.* Six twelve! Going at six twelve. No advance on six twelve. Gone!

[The Davenport is knocked down to the UNPROTECTED FEMALE at about three times its value. Four o'clock strikes from several of the eight-day clocks. FIPKINS leaves his pulpit. The UNPROTECTED

FEMALE, overwhelmed with remorse for what she has done, rises dejectedly and is going.]

*Auctioneer's Clerk.* 'Ere, Marm—twenty-five per cent. deposit, if you please. Wait a moment and I'll make out your list.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh, I've only bought a Davenport. If you'll tell me what I've to deposit.

*Auctioneer's Clerk (casting up).* It'll be sixty-two pound ten, Marm, please.

*Unprotected Female (not in the least believing her ears).* What?

*Auctioneer's Clerk.* 'Ere's your list, Marm. (Reads rapidly.) Rich gilt marble console, £10 6s.; pair 36-inch globes, £6 2s.; set of levelling instruments, with case, £3 14s.; set of four pieces tapestry, £74; a patent mangle, £9 8s.; a refrigerator, £9 4s.; four dozen superior Port, old cruited, £9 10s.; a double-barrelled fowling-piece, with case, and extra barrel, £8; a dozen door-plates with the name "SKIMMER," 14s.; a bath chair, £12; a shop-counter, with fittings, and a surgeon's door lamp, £6; an opossum skin robe, model of a New Zealand canoe, and dried head from New Guinea, £3 4s.; rosewood Davenport, £6 12s.; £62 10s. is the deposit, Marm.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh, gracious goodness! That's somebody else's account. I'm sure I never did! Oh, never!

*Auctioneer's Clerk.* Eh? Every one knocked down to you.

*Facetious Broker.* Yes, we see 'em. We thought you was in the miscellaneous line, Ma'am.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh! but I never did. I'm sure I never did. I don't want any fowling-pieces, or door-plates, or dried heads. Oh, please, I'm sure I didn't.

*Clerk.* I see you bid—every time.

*Prosperous Broker.* 'Appy to take the Davenport off your hands, at two ten, Marm. [Winking at his brethren.]

*Mouldy Broker.* I'll guv you two twelve, Marm—that's the full vally of the article.

*Clerk.* Now, Ma'am—if you'll give me the money—or a cheque.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh! but I hav'n't it; and I didn't—indeed. Oh, indeed—I never did. Oh! please—you can inquire. I don't keep a shop where they sell such things. How could I buy instruments, and wines, and door-plates, and things?

*Clerk.* Femates makes werry rum purchases. Bless you, they buys loads of things they doesn't want.

*Mouldy Broker (sententiously).* Poor creturs, they can't 'elp it. Sell the Davenport, Marm?

*Porter.* 'Appy to pack your purchases, and take 'em 'ome, Ma'am. Got a wan below, Ma'am.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh, but I didn't. [In the extremity of agony.]

*Clerk.* I see you nod 'em down. Every one.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh—it was MRS. ROBINSON. I wasn't bidding. I was only nodding. I never bought anything. Oh, never! never!!

[She invokes the Universe to witness. The SCENE closes on her despair.]

## THE LUCKY FAMILY.

ANOTHER ELLIOTT has been added to the ten thousand and one ELLIOTTS already attached to Ministerial appointments. A foreigner would imagine that the ELLIOTTS had the monopoly of talent in England, or else that they were a race as numerous as the SMITHS. The present reign will be chronicled in future histories as the "Reign of VICTORIA and the ELLIOTTS." The last appointment is recorded in the *Daily News* of Feb. 11. It seems that the original stock of ELLIOTTS is very nearly exhausted, and that they are now beginning with the persons who have married into the family. The husband of an ELLIOTT has been appointed to the office of Engineer at the Admiralty.

The COBURGS were at one time known as the Lucky Family to marry into. It was the surest step to rapid promotion. The ELLIOTTS, however, will soon supersede them. Next to a handsome dowry nothing will be so valuable as the hand of an ELLIOTT. It will be taken anywhere as equivalent to a good £1000 a year at least, and, if the times are particularly good, will be eagerly snatched at as sure to throw the happy owner into the best berth at the Admiralty.

MR. HUME should move for a return of all the ELLIOTTS who hold offices under Government, with specifications of their united ages and joint incomes.

## What's in—a Livery?

THE box-keepers at the Olympic Theatre are dressed in handsome liveries. A nervous old gentleman, who went to see *Ariadne* the other evening, was greatly alarmed at their appearance, and, when the box-keeper asked him for his ticket, he drew him aside, and said, after great hesitation, "My name is ORRIDGE, but I must beg you will not announce it." He was evidently labouring under the fear that, the moment the door of the dress circle was opened, the servant would bawl out, in the loudest voice, "MR. and MRS. ORRIDGE!" in the same way that guests are announced at an evening party.





First Old Fozzie. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE PAPER, SIR? THERE'S NOTHING IN IT."

Second Old Fozzie. "THEN WHAT THE DEVIL DID YOU KEEP IT SO LONG FOR?"

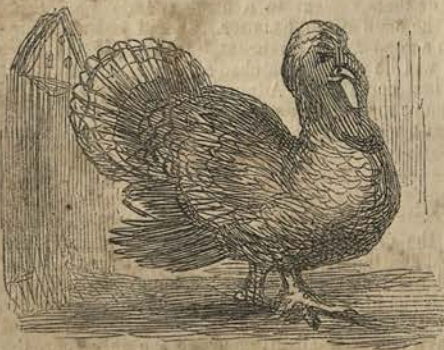
#### THE LATEST HUDSON TESTIMONIAL.

It is rumoured that the "honourable" member for Sunderland has applied for and been actually refused the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. We are glad to find that the interests of these unhappy hundreds, whose stewardship has generally been entrusted to any hands, however dirty, that have been ready to accept the trust, are at all events sufficiently cared for to prevent them from being consigned to the charge of MR. HUDSON. Three years ago he would, no doubt, have undertaken to make the Chiltern Hundreds so profitable, that every separate hundred of them should pay ten per cent.; and if a company had been advertised with his name as Chairman of the Board of Directors, to run a railway to Chiltern direct, with a hundred branches for the accommodation of all the hundreds, the shares would have come out at four or five premium.

We never exactly understood what the Chiltern Hundreds really are, and our imagination has wandered vaguely from a hundred of walnuts to a hundred of coals; but whatever they may be, they are considered too valuable, at any rate, to admit of their stewardship being consigned to the individual who has given so unsatisfactory an account of his stewardship in matters of a more extensive nature.

#### FOOD FOR THE MIND.

In republics it is usual to discard titles altogether, but every day brings forth some new and astounding title in the republic of letters. We have had all sorts of odd names, including Man and his Motives, and Woman and her Mission, to which will no doubt soon be added Girl-Boy and his Gig, with other similar productions. One of the greatest puzzles we have met with in this line, is a new work whose scenes are evidently laid in the poultryyard, and we shall be much obliged to any one who will enlighten us as to the probable contents of



TURKEY

AND



ITS DESTINY.

#### THE CENTURY (BEHINDHAND) OF INVENTIONS.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

MR. OLDCASTLE begs to call the attention of all OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, and others of the old school, to his OLD FASHIONED ESTABLISHMENT for the sale of articles of all descriptions, in use among our forefathers in the GOOD OLD TIMES, but of late too generally displaced by a parcel of new-fangled inventions. MR. O. invites particular attention to his extensive stock of genuine OLD MOULD CANDLES and DIPS, warranted made of mere Tallow, and unequalled for guttering, the Moulds requiring to be snuffed every five minutes, and the Dips oftener still, thus enabling any enterprising MANAGER, desirous of reviving the PALMY DAYS OF THE DRAMA, to restore, with all their effect, the original Foot Lights to the Stage. WHALE OIL, for LAMPS, thoroughly unsophisticated, recommended to Tory families and Boroughs in lieu of Camphine and Gas. A large assortment of PRIMITIVE TINDERBOXES, for which the upstart Congre-ve will be found no Match. Flint and Steel Guns, and Pistols, for Fowling and Self-Defence, that snap or flash in the pan full as frequently as they go off, thereby diminishing by one half the risk attending the use of Percussion Firearms. Great Coats, four times the weight of any of the flimsy Wrappers now in vogue, and of a proportionably handsome price. Real Beaver Hats that get rough with the least breath of wind, and show themselves to be 30s. articles, and none of your paltry Paris Nap. LEATHER BREECHES AND GAITERS; also Top and other Boots of antique style and workmanship. Watches of ample dimensions, with Chains or Ribbands, and Bunches of Seals, adapted to a portly gentleman's fob.

\* \* A Baker's Shop is attached to the Establishment for the supply of the Old Loaf at the Old Prices to all those who have a distaste for the Novel Cheap Bread.

#### NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

We hope that in the next edition of the *Physiologie de Goût* some notice will be taken of the following advertisement, which appeared a few days ago in the *Times*:-

A MARRIED GENTLEMAN, whose business requires him to live near the Post Office, would have no objection to TAKE CHARGE of a WAREHOUSE in the city. As money is not an object, he would undertake it on very reasonable terms. Unexceptionable reference will be given.

Now, in the name of common sense, we would inquire what can be the peculiar attraction to this Married Gentleman of a "Warehouse in the City," that he should be so desirous of looking after it. We might imagine that pecuniary considerations supplied a sufficient inducement, were it not that he expressly repudiates all mercenary motives by distinctly alleging that "money is not an object" with him.

It is not very complimentary to the wife of the Married Gentleman, that he should yearn for a Warehouse in which to while away his leisure hours. He is perhaps of a contemplative turn of mind, and regards a Warehouse as a place well adapted for meditation after office hours, when, to use the language of the poet—

"Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chains have bound him,  
Left there without a light,  
With goods and boxes round him:  
The stools and chairs,  
The sundry wares,  
Of solitude the token;  
Leave him alone,  
The clerks all gone,  
By nought the silence broken."

For an individual sentimentally disposed, and anxious to do a bit of MARIUS over the ruins of Carthage, after business hours, the run of a deserted Warehouse in the city, after dark, may be a desirable investment of his leisure.

#### HINT TO WATER-COMPANIES.

It has been calculated that the Metropolis might be supplied with many thousands of gallons of water obtained by being separated from the London milk. If this be true, whatever DR. BUCKLAND may say, a pretty abundant source of water-supply exists in the chalk formation.



A MONUMENT TO SIR PETER LAURIE.



PUNCH—laying his hand upon a blank sheet of foolscap—has registered a vow to take no sort of pleasure, to mix in no vain delight, until he shall have performed a solemn duty to the City of London, and a heart-deep satisfaction to himself.

Punch calls upon all men with hearts in their breasts, and what is more, with sixpences in their pockets—upon all such happy beings, to come forth, and subscribe at least a tester towards a monument for SIR PETER LAURIE! London's SIR PETER—the world's SIR PETER—Punch's SIR PETER!

It is needful to take breath before Punch attempts to number the many claims of his hero to the peculiar consideration of the world—the many public virtues of LAURIE, the Knight of the Thistle!

Has he not entirely put down suicide? Has man or woman sought untimely death, since SIR PETER sonorously declared that he would no longer permit the custom of dying? Since the

time that SIR PETER made the grave ridiculous—from that hour, no sinner has voluntarily sought it; a sustaining truth, to be vouched for by all coroners!

Has not SIR PETER declared for the impenitence of erring man? Has he not propounded the grand idea—that has sunk like a leaden plummet into the very depths of society—that once a thief, always a thief? Would not SIR PETER, if he could, lock the gate of mercy, and throw away the key?

Has not SIR PETER demolished JOSEPH ADY—annihilated Jacob's Island—and repealed the wood-pavement—the latter thing, as one would have thought, quite after SIR PETER's own head and heart?

Has not SIR PETER—  
(But here, our pensive printer informs us that he has no room in the present number for the full treatment of the theme.—Punch must therefore say nothing of at least a bushel of SIR PETER's claims, and with a pang for the omission—come to SIR PETER's last, and, perhaps, his greatest triumph!)

Has not SIR PETER cut down the proposed salary of MR. SIMON, the city officer of health, from £700 a year to £500? Has he not saved the city £200 per annum? He has; and if the £200 divided into farthings, and endowed with copper voice, could shout or squeal SIR PETER's praise—poor, small, weak, and all unworthy, would be the approving sound. No; upon every warming-pan, upon every candle-stick—upon all things brazen and brassy, the praise of LAURIE should be struck with loud and approving hollowness!

Mark, how finely—how logically—SIR PETER disposes of MR. SIMON. The Man of Health is utterly demolished by the Knight of Wisdom:—

"He considered that MR. SIMON's Report was quite enough to give any one the cholera. (Laughter). He warned the Court that, if they were to increase salaries every time they had an interesting Report, next year their feelings would be harrowed up to the lamentable extent of 1000*l.* a year. (Laughter). The amount of 500*l.* a year was ample remuneration for all the services which could be required from an officer of health for a population of only 50,000 persons, and he should oppose any increase of amount where there was no increase of duty."

SIR PETER's powers of humour are tremendous. He would be too much for the gravity of an ape. There was a certain philosopher who died in a fit of laughter, upon seeing a donkey eat figs. If, in return, any individual of the race of asses is to be killed by hearing a philosopher make a joke, LAURIE is the man predestined to that execution. Let all asses beware of him!

"MR. SIMON's Report"—propounded LAURIE—"was quite enough to give any one the cholera." Whereupon, the Alderman proposes that the salary of the man who is to take good heed of the pest, doing his best to defeat the evil, shall have the lesser reward—£500 in lieu of £700. Or, rather, does not LAURIE, in his own waggish way, mean to insinuate that the Report is a flam—a ghostly romance—a mortal falsehood, concocted with the base intention of frightening honest aldermen into cleanliness? Is not the whole document a subtle assault upon the time-honoured interests of dirt?

Any way, SIR PETER's amendment was triumphant. He moved in defence of muck, and carried his motion. Whereupon, we would have a monument erected to LAURIE—a monument suggestive of his public worth and sterling talent. Something that should combine a double compliment to his utility and his economy. Hence, we would propose the erection of an inverted Tin Slop-Pail (with a proper inscription) to the honour of the Alderman. A Tin Slop-Pail, on a slab of Scotch Granite!

We are rather pleased with the notion of the significance of the thing. It is at once, hollow, dirty, and cheap.

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE "PARTY."—A Person in want of an occupation, and advertising for the same in the *Times*, informs the world, that "The advertiser being highly respectable, no retail business will suit." This gentleman seems to be somewhat less consequential logically than he is personally. His address is given as K.—Should it not have been S.N.O.B.?

THE SUN'S WALK.

THE sun got up from his damp sea bed,  
For a tour of observation  
He donned his paletot of London fog,  
And his night-cap of Thames exhalation,  
In whose fleecy haze he wraps up his rays,  
When he visits the English nation.

He toddled down to St. Stephen's  
On a Wednesday daylight sitting,  
And heard Ministers quash a proposal rash,  
For the window-tax remitting:  
And the Sun remarked, "They've sat in the dark,  
Till for dark than light they're more fitting."

From St. Stephen's he turned to St. Giles',  
Guided less by seeing than smelling,  
For he ran his nose 'gainst the walls that rose  
Round each damp and darksome dwelling.  
"No wonder," said he, "they won't admit me,  
Lest of such sights I should be telling."

He met his old foe, Fever,  
At his feast in the damp, so goulshy;  
And heard MR. BUMBLE, at the Poor-rates grumble,  
Which struck him as somewhat owlshy;  
While the guardians who lord o'er the parish board  
Are Messrs. Penny-wise and Pound-foolshy.

Like mites from old cheese, the houses  
Poured forth their squalid dwellers;  
The young folks sallow, the old green-yellow,  
And all those blanched cheeks were tellers  
Of the same sort of tale as the lettuces pale  
Grown by amateurs in cellars.

He tried to get into a tenement  
Which was let out to these poor creatures,  
But each window was barred by the tax so hard  
Against a glimpse of his features:  
Daylight and fresh air had no business there,  
Except as over-reachers.

From out of an open cess-pool  
He saw the gas freely wander,  
Poisons more and less pure, from gully and sewer—  
And it caused the Sun to ponder.  
"What harm could it be, if I were as free,  
As Mr. Typhus yonder?"

All through Saffron Hill he strove to get in,  
But they wouldn't give him permission:  
He tried Rosemary Lane and Whitechapel in vain,  
'Gainst the tax-gatherer's opposition;  
Till after a while, to a stately pile,  
All amazed, he found free admission.

"Ha! Ha!" thought he, "'tis easy to see,  
Here's a better dispensation:  
This no doubt is a home to which old folks come,  
Who've deserved well of the nation;  
A resort for the old age of Industry,  
Or a club for people of station."

He wandered at ease through the passages,  
Peeped through windows wide and airy,  
Roamed the light corridors, upon all the floors,  
From the attics down to the area;  
When with sudden dismay he heard somebody say  
'Twas the Peniten-ti-ary!

Official Changes.

GATE-KEEPER JONES has taken possession of his country seat—the Windsor chair—at the entrance to the enclosure of St. James's Park, and Constable SMITH of Kensington Gardens is staying for the present at his little box in Bayswater. The family of the BROWNS remain at the Lodge, Hyde Park, and hold their Ginger Beer *matinées* and Cards and Whey *réunions* as usual. There is a rumour of a vacancy in the Gate-keepery of one of the Parks, but it would be premature to say anything at present. We have however heard that an official cane will shortly be at the disposal of the Government, and we need not say that there will be no difficulty in finding many candidates on whom the cane might be bestowed most advantageously and deservedly.



## EARL OF HAREWOOD FORBIDDING THE BANNIS.



NOTICE.—In consequence of the continued Practice of overcrowding and taking Lodgers into the cottages of the Harewood Estate (more especially within the village of Harewood), contrary to the express agreement and regulations: Notice is hereby given that any Cottager being a Tenant of EARL HAREWOOD, and who shall from the date hereof take in any Lodger, or whose Son or Daughter shall marry or bring home to the cottage, Wife or Husband, without having previously obtained PERMISSIONS from the E. or H., shall receive notice to quit, which notice shall be strictly enforced, and if in employment of the said E. H., shall be discharged. W. MAUGHAN, Agent.

A NOBLEMAN in the north of England, has issued the above notice to his tenantry, prohibiting them from taking lodgers into their cottages, or allowing a son or daughter to marry and bring home a wife or a husband, "without having previously obtained permission" from the peer alluded to. This measure is adopted, on the plea—which is not a bad one—of preventing the over-crowding of cottages; but we think we could suggest something better than a prohibition of those ties which Providence designed should be formed, and which it seems must not be formed upon certain estates, without the sanction of the landlord, on pain of ejection from home, and dismissal from employment.

If instead of pulling down cottages on their estates, landlords would build more, so that it would be unnecessary to crowd those that exist, with lodgers; and a son or daughter upon marriage, could find another roof beside that of the parent, the prohibition referred to in this case, would not be required.

Perhaps, too, if wages were rather better, there would be no necessity for a landlord to forbid the bannis, with a view to the prevention of what, instead of being as they ought to be and might be, happy and prudent unions, are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, "Improvident Marriages."

## TWELVE MEN IN A BOX.

WE have in our time heard various articles mentioned as the props of our glorious Constitution, but there has never been any question as to the fact of "twelve men in a box" affording much material support to British liberty. We admit the truth of the assertion, though, as the "box" is continually changing its contents, the twelve props will occasionally turn out to be twelve sticks, a circumstance of little consequence, for the props are merely temporary, and one set is being always replaced by another set, so that the value of liberty is not likely to suffer much from casual infirmity.

The following paragraph taken from a leader in the *Times* will throw a light upon what we have been saying—

"The jury, with that ingenious facility of compromise to which juries alone attain, pronounced a verdict for the defendant, who had characterised MR. O'CONNOR as a swindler, and then expressed their opinion that the honesty of the latter gentleman 'stood unimpaired.'"

We were as much puzzled as our contemporary at the result alluded to in the above extract, but as our Constitution is often said to be a perfectly consistent whole, though made up of a mass of apparently conflicting particles, we must believe that great Constitutional authority, a British jury, to be always right in the main, though apparently coming to a conclusion involving the most palpable contradictions. How a man can be pronounced a swindler without having been libelled, or suffered the smallest impeachment of his character, is to us a riddle, which we cannot hope, and will not attempt to, elucidate. The decision in the case before us reminds us of the old Irish verdict of "Murder, and served him right;" for the jury in MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR'S case, say in effect, that the defendant was justified in abusing the plaintiff, but that his character remains unimpaired.

There seems to us to have been a by no means "soft impeachment," which if unmerited—as the jury decided it was—should, we imagine, have entitled the plaintiff to damages. If a man has his eyes blacked, his nose broken, and his teeth knocked out by an assault, it would be very hard when he appeals to the law, to be told to his very teeth, and in the very face of his damaged features, that he is none the worse and that his assailant is acquitted. Such is the consolation MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR has experienced. He goes into Court, declaring he has been beaten black and blue in reputation. The defendant does not deny, but justifies the treatment he has offered to the plaintiff, who, when he seeks redress, is told "there, run along, go away, you're not hurt in the least; and the person who has attacked you is not guilty of any thing."

## A PRETTY PAIR.

It is suggested that Mr. FEARGUS O'CONNOR and Mr. HUDSON had better pair off immediately.

## THE LIMBO OF GREATNESS.

MADAME TUSSAUD may be called the old clotheswoman—the second-hand broker of this world's pomp. "The greatest price given for left-off vanities" might be written over her doorway; and as the dangling black doll indicates—though wherefore, we must write and ask the editorial conjuror of *Notes and Queries*, to know—that rags are purchased within, so should a tin crown and wooden sceptre, suspended in Baker Street, give commercial notice to the heirs and executors of departed greatness. At the sale at Marlborough House, MADAME TUSSAUD has been an adventurous purchaser.

"The full-length portraits of their late Majesties, GEORGE THE THIRD and QUEEN CHARLOTTE, formerly occupying positions in the grand dining-room, and ticketed at £50 each, have found favour in the sight of MADAME TUSSAUD, in whose saloon they will henceforth be associated with their prototypes in wax."

That the father of his people, and the mamma to match, should be made part and parcel of a shilling show! That pictures, so sincerely venerated, so passionately idolised in the life-time of their originals,—should be treated with no more reverence than the daub of any "King's Head" that swings and creaks at the door-way of an ale-house! There is a neglect, a want of gratitude in this, that is melancholy—depressing. We think the rightful reverence of folks in high places is perilled by a custom that associates their relics with a twelpenny treat. *Punch* would therefore suggest a higher kind of Humane Society, whose business it should be to purchase and preserve the remains—whether pictorial or household—of great people, that the vulgar may not—as vulgar people are very apt to do—triumph in their degradation and adversity.

When GEORGE and CHARLOTTE sat for these pictures, it would have been a wickedness approaching high treason, to dream of their future fate—a destiny that now makes the *vera effigies* of sacred majesty a part of a show with the infernal machine of PIESCHT, and the satin gown of MRS. MANNING!

## HARD DRIVING AT MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER is now exhibiting performances in the coaching line unrivalled from the time of the Olympic charioteers to the palmiest days of the turnpike-road. Certain mill-owners there are driving coaches-and-six through an Act of Parliament, namely, the Ten Hours' Bill, in which blundering legislation has left a gap admitting the operation of the shift and relay system, and thus of the driving achievement above mentioned. The gap ought to be stopped as soon as possible, since the Manchester coach-and-six, like a sort of JUGGERNAUT'S car, rolls, in passing through it, over the unfortunate factory children. HORACE alludes to the "Olympic dust," or the dust created by the ancient chariots; the Manchester coach-and-six has raised a dust—apart from "devil's dust"—which, it is to be hoped, will ere long arrest the progress of the vehicle.



## CIVIL WORDS COST SOMETHING.

ONE would imagine that there was no great harm in asking for a thing, even if nothing was to be got by it; but the fact is, that if nothing is got by it, a great deal is lost by it when asking takes the form of a petition to Parliament. It is to be wished that people who are always wanting impossibilities would be satisfied with a refusal, and take an answer once for all, instead of going to the legislature annually with a request which, if it leads to no Bill in either House, saddles JOHN BULL with a printing and stationery bill of no ordinary magnitude. It is true enough that Parliament gives nothing unless it is asked, but there is so much unnecessary axeing as to call loudly for the pruning-knife. The teetotallers have spent a little fortune of the public money in petitioning that all the spirit shall be taken out of the army and navy, while the petitions for economy have been poured in and printed at such an extravagant rate, that a large amount of taxation is absolutely necessary to pay for them.

Civil words, we are told, cost nothing; but the number of civil words addressed to the legislature would form a very formidable item among the Civil Contingencies. Every one who has a wish, and chooses to turn it into wishy-washy language, hashes up a petition, and gets some Member to move that it be printed, when forthwith JOHN BULL has to pay a heavy sum, because SNOOKS is anxious to see the Hindoos provided with copy-books, or Murray's Grammars distributed among the Yahoos, or would like to see the duty taken off everything; or because SNOBBINS wants a Charter, with eight or nine new points to it.

We appreciate at its utmost value the privilege of petitioning Parliament, but we like moderation in everything, and we think petitioning is carried on in these days with somewhat too little regard to either reason or economy. It seems that there is annually a very large sum expended in simply folding petitions; so that, in addition to the outlay for printing them, it costs not a trifle to double up and do for them. If the legislature would make a point of giving us good measures without waiting to be asked, the trouble and expense of petitioning or printing petitions would diminish very rapidly.

## MORE PROTECTION FOR NATIVE INDUSTRY.



P

UNCH.—I've been a beggar now of thirty years' standing. I'm the original broken-down respectable tradesman, with a worn-out pair of gloves, who holds his head down in shame for selling sticks of sealing-wax in the open streets. You

must have observed me leaning against a door-post in St. Martin's Court, and in Leicester Square, and about the most taking corners of Regent Street. I'm very well known about town; and by the artistic way in which I almost sink to the ground, have picked up many a good dinner. My creature comforts, however, have been sadly walked into lately, by a set of impostors that have no business in London at all—I allude to those Lascars. They block up every alley, and crawl about in long processions with their hands upon each other's shoulders. In the frosty weather they come in for all the coppers; for, let me shiver as much as I will, I cannot, for the life of me, look half so dead with the cold as they do with their thin muslin kilts and shirt sleeves that look as if they had been snowed upon. The town swarms with these blacks; and they will ultimately drive every respectable English beggar out of the market, unless PROTECTION is instantly given to the native manufacturer.

"We cannot compete with these foreign beggars. Their wages are much lower than ours. They can live upon less, consequently do not mind working for less; and they can get up a more showy article for less—an inferior article, it is true, but one which goes off better on account of its gaudy staring colour. They can start without a farthing's capital, excepting an old sheet; whilst we English artists require means to cultivate the pavement, which I call 'the beggar's raw material,' and we must have money to buy sealing-wax, or account-books, or chalk and colours, to turn that raw material into anything like a paying price.

"I can assure you, Sir, those Lascars are eating the venison off our plates. We soon shan't have a leg of mutton to stand upon, or a

caper to cut, if these foreign beggars are allowed to cut the ground from under our feet. Free Trade in our profession will not do. I demand Protection for Native Industry, and we must have it: or else in a short time Begging will be reduced to such a low thing, that no Gent will think of turning his talents to it. We cannot compete with these Lascars, and that's the plain black and white of it. I call on MR. DISRAELI—at least I would, if I knew his address—to

## PROTECT THE BRITISH BEGGAR.

"Please, Sir, find a corner for this cry of an Old London Beggar, who is nearly reduced from affluence to beggary in consequence of this confounded Free Trade. I have the honour to remain

"THE ORIGINAL BROKEN-DOWN RESPECTABLE TRADESMAN."

"I've drawn up a petition embodying the above facts, on the doorstep of the National Gallery, where it lies every day for the signature of all true Protectionists. If MANNERS is the gentleman I take him to be, he will call upon me, and put his noble hand to it."

## AN INFLUENTIAL ORGAN TO MR PUNCH.

"SIR, "LIKE yourself, I am an organ of some importance. I express the feelings and sentiments of some of the greatest men that ever lived. For instance, I am frequently the exponent of no less a mind than that of the immortal HANDEL. I expect, therefore, that you will admit my opinion to be of some weight.

"You appear to think it scandalous that the late Secretary to the Ecclesiastical Commission has disappeared with a large amount of Church property, unpursued by a detective constable, unadvertised in the *Hue and Cry*. To me it seems a matter of indifference whether the funds should have been appropriated by the Secretary, or misapplied, as doubtless they would have been, otherwise, in building Episcopal Alhambras. Prelates' palaces, I take it, have run away with more money than the Secretary has.

"It would be another matter if the property had been likely to be devoted to any use. For instance, if the Commissioners had designed to consider me in its distribution. Mind, I am privileged to blow my own trumpet-stop.

"The proverb says that one is known by one's associates. Were this true, I should be sorry. What a character I should have, if judged of by the set of choristers and singing-men that I am forced to accompany! A class of vocalists, whom no manager would engage as supernumeraries, hired at menial's wages to perform in a church!

"Now, a little more money would create a much better choir; and half the sum that has been swallowed by the Secretary and Bishops' architect's would have made me and my children—the sons of sacred harmony—happy. Come, Sir, and listen—

"Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the notes of praise,"

and say whether the execution of the said anthem is not, nine times in ten, a disgrace to the place, the age, the Dean and Chapter, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. I protest against being made, as I constantly am, an accessory to the murder of old TALLIS, and NARES, and DR. GREEN, and DR. BLOW. In the name of St. CECILIA I invoke the Commissioners to bestow a portion of their ample means in aid of

"THE CATHEDRAL ORGAN."

## RUINATION FOR GOWNSMEN.

A CIRCULAR, issuing from a certain Inn of Court, offers on the part of a recently established "firm," calling themselves Legal, Clerical, and Private Agents, to transact every description of private agency, to give their clients gratuitous legal advice, to procure pupils for the Bar and the Church, to buy and sell advowsons, to collect tithes and rents, to negotiate loans, arrangements with creditors, and the purchase and sale of estates: in short, it would seem, as agents or doers, to do all, every thing, and every body, that is to be done. We are induced to put this apparently uncharitable construction on their views in consequence of their scheme with regard to gentlemen in difficulties, including a proposal of

"Making such reasonable Cash advances as the nature of their affairs may require; thus acting in a private manner as Bankers to our Clients; and we have reason to believe from our former experience, that this feature in our business is an ACCOMMODATION MUCH REQUIRED BY UNDERGRADUATES AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE."

A nice arrangement this for defeating any measures that may be adopted by University authorities for preventing young, foolish, extravagant Undergraduates from running into debt! A capital plan for removing any obstacles which the ingenuity of parents, guardians, tutors, may place in the way of such spirited youths on the road to ruin. We should like to know what interest is charged by MESSRS. HUMSWORTH, "S. C. L., Oxon," and MR. SIFF, "B. A., Cantab;," also in what proportion their advances on bills may consist of bricks, or British Havannahs, or "gross of green spectacles."





### MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

MR. BRIGGS CAN'T BEAR FLYING LEAPS, SO HE MAKES FOR A GAP—WHICH IS IMMEDIATELY FILLED BY A FRANTIC PROTECTIONIST, WHO IS VOWING THAT HE WILL PITCHFORK MR. B. IF HE COMES "GALLOPERRAVERING" OVER HIS FENCES—DANGED IF HE DOANT!

#### STANLEY'S POOR DOLLY.

WHY IS STANLEY melancholy?  
CLARENDON has spoiled his DOLLY,  
Scratched the colour off her face,  
Smashed poor DOLLY's fragile case,  
Tossed her like a shuttlecock,  
Torn to bits her orange frock,  
Kicked and beaten her about,  
Ripped up and turned her inside out.  
Damaged her in every point,  
Put her nose quite out of joint,  
Pull'd her limbs off, left not one  
Leg for her to stand upon;  
And—as in short it may be said—  
Completely knocked her on the head;  
And all because of STANLEY's folly,  
Who would tease CLARENDON 'bout DOLLY.

#### Drunkenness in Sport made Sober Earnest.

"TELL me," says the Querist, "which should be preferred, brandy-and-water in their combined state, or brandy and water separate?"

"Verily," replies the philosopher, "brandy-and-water in union represent mingled delight, but the spirit and the pure element in their divided condition constitute unmixed satisfaction."

#### LEARNING FOR LORD PALMERSTON.

IN directing the late aggression on Greece, the Foreign Secretary has shown a sad insensibility to those associations which we have learned to cherish in our school-days. We do not envy that man's feelings who could order the blockade of the Piræus without a compunctious reminiscence of THEMISTOCLES and PERICLES; to say nothing of CONON and LYSANDER and ALCIBIADES. LORD PALMERSTON ought to have recollected that to Greece we are indebted for all our intellectual civilisation; for SOCRATES, XENOPHON and PLATO, HOMER and ACHILLES. He would not have sent ADMIRAL PARKER to menace Athens, if he had reflected that from the land of Hellas we derive our τύπη, our τύφη, and our τέτυφα, our first and second Aorists, our τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος, and our never-to-be-forgotten πολυφλοίσβοιο θάλασσης.

#### Medals a Little Over-due.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND has complained in the House of Lords that medals have not been awarded to all the British heroes who were engaged in the various actions from 1794 to 1814. By all means let the survivors of battles fought fifty-six years ago receive an acknowledgment of their services, for which purpose, probably, at this time of day, a very few medals will suffice. *Seniores priores*, however, is a good rule, and attention is certainly due, in the first instance, to the claims of such veterans, yet living, as were present at Cressy and Poitiers.





 *My Lord Stanley*

LORD CLARENDON SHAKING ALL THE BRAN OUT OF  
THE DOLLY BRAE AFFAIR.









## TAKING STEPS FOR THEIR OWN COMFORT.

"WELL, MY FRIENDS, YOU SEEM TO HOLD AN ORDINARY AT THE STEPS OF MY DOOR EVERY DAY AT 12."

## CLIMBING UP THE NORTH POLE.

Of all foreign climes there must be none so difficult to get to the top of as the North Pole. We feel convinced that no one but a Bedouin Arab will ever do it, unless perhaps it is MR. STILZ, for, in standing on his head on the top of a pole, that gentleman has reached the very summit of his profession. By the way, what a position for a brilliant display of fireworks!

As for ourselves, knowing "how hard it is to climb," we shall leave the North Pole in the hands of others. We are perfectly content with MR. BURFORD'S Panorama. An iceberg is a kind of obstacle we should never attempt to get through, especially with the chilly conviction that we should only be met on the opposite side with another iceberg. An ocean, with a splitting, stunning set of icebergs, continually dancing reels and quadrilles, is not exactly the kind of society we feel anxious to plunge into. We prefer ALMACK'S, with the ices provided by GUNTER.

It is true that the Aurora Borealis is a very magnificent sight, and we imagine MR. BURFORD must have borrowed Aurora's rosy fingers to have painted the beautiful one he has hung round his Arctic first-floor. Still the feeling that if you put your head out of window to look at it, you immediately lose your nose, must take away a great deal from the pleasure, for the wind is so cutting on those Snow Hills, that no Turk's Head could possibly hang out for an hour without being cut to pieces. Besides, *toujours* Aurora Borealis must eventually prove a bore, for however successful a thing may be on its first appearance, very few of us would like to sit it out for 200 consecutive nights and days. The Aurora Borealis is a substitute for the sun, or rather it is a sun done in colours. The effect is not unlike the reflection at night from a chemist's window. Fancy Trafalgar Square lighted up with a string of SAVORY and MOORE'S green and pink bottles, and you have the Aurora Borealis brought at one *coup d'œil* to your mind's eye, but with this improvement, that there is not anything half so ugly at the North Pole, as the National Gallery.

The streets, and lanes, and courts, and squares, are all formed in the Arctic Regions, of ice,—of immense high walls of ice. Picking your way is very difficult, as none of the streets are named, or the houses numbered, and you lose yourself before you know where you are. Building is carried there to a greater extent, even than it is round London. You go to sleep in an open field of water, and, on waking up, find yourself hemmed in by a floating row of crescents and towering palaces of ice that must strike a chill into the boldest heart. It must be very awkward when a ship gets into a *cul-de-sac*! What a turn it must give them, or rather, what would they not give to be able to turn and get themselves out of their awkward scrape. We cannot imagine a greater "tarnation fix." There the ship is held between the two dead walls of crystal as in a nut-cracker, and if the walls close in the least,

the ship is cracked as easy as a monkey cracks a nut. The narrow streets of the City are bad enough when one of PICKFORD'S vans comes galloping down, and you have only just time to nail your body to the wall as thin as a picture, to save yourself being crushed; but what must it be then at the North Pole, where there are no Mews, nor a single shop where you can run into!

MR. BURFORD'S Panorama suggests all these frozen horrors without painting them. The water is so natural, that you cannot believe it is done in oil. The ice sets everybody's teeth on the chatter; the ladies' teeth, with the proverbial loquacity of the sex, chattering, of course, more than the gentlemen's. Taken altogether, it is the most beautiful bit of frieze-painting our eyes ever watered in looking at. In summer, it will be quite a Magnetic Pole, for the coolness of the spot will be sure to attract all London to it. What a superb luncheon-room it would make for FABRANCE during the dog-days!

N.B. There is a long pole exhibited with some fur dresses in the room; and as many persons have allowed their curiosity to be stirred up by this long Pole, and handle it and look upon it evidently as a very great curiosity, we are requested by MR. BURFORD to state, that the pole in question is not the North Pole, nor has it, for what he knows, any connexion with it.

## PUFF PASTE.

OUR eyes have lately been arrested by what may be termed the very mean process of a summons to stay our further proceedings, and turn into sundry small shops in the metropolis to eat A FREE-TRADE PIE. This alleged luxury is advertised as juicy with the meats of Smithfield, succulent with the savoury kidney, ambrosial with the fish of Billingsgate, and gushing with the luscious syrup starting from the plethoric pores of the vernal rhubarb. Such is the confidence of the speculators in these puff-paraded patties, that a reward of £5000 is offered to any one who can produce (at the price) "a larger and a better" pie. The connection between Free Trade and the pie in question is by no means obvious, nor has any attempt been made in the placard before us to explain where, how, why, or in what respect such connection exists.

There is a pretended quotation from EPICURUS, and several great men of antiquity are cited *à propos* of the pie, but the only hero of the past whose name is appropriate to pastry—we mean, of course, our old friend PIE-US ÆNEAS—is by some accident overlooked. We have in our time had much experience in articles of this description, and there was a time, ere *sober reflection* had taught us to curb the sharpness of our expressions, that we were seldom long without something tart in our mouth.

We have learnt at the cost of experience—and many halfpence—that size is no test of quality, and that in pastry, as in mankind, excellence is not always to those looked upon as the great. If we had known how to moralise upon a pie before eating it—which we never could—we should have said "Trust not to that which seems externally overflowing with goodness, for the sweetness that is always ready to rise to the surface is soon exhausted, and is often a proof of hollowness within." *À propos* of pies, we will conclude with one fact in Natural History, founded on long observation, and we should be glad if VON HUMBOLDT, TIDE-MAN, Untidy-man, or any man, would explain to us the mystery which we have discovered.

We want to know, and we ask the simple question of the whole of the natural historians now living, how it is that all pigeons of which pigeon pies are made, have each four legs. If there is any doubt as to the fact being as we have stated, let any one buy a pigeon pie at a pastry-cook's, let him compare the protruding claws or "tootens" with the number of birds below the crust, and if it is not found that there are four of the former to one of the latter, we will eat our own words, and—what will be worse still—a Free-Trade pie.

## THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS.

THE admirable proposition of PRINCE ALBERT to hold in this country an Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations has excited unusual interest, which has extended even to the *chevaliers d'industrie* of France,—an order which it is expected will be largely represented at the forthcoming gathering. These gentlemen will, it is expected, exhibit various proofs of their industry, which is emphatically the industry of all nations, for there is not a nation on the earth which does not contain among its people several who have at their fingers' ends the industry alluded to. Such arrangements will, however, no doubt, be adopted, as will restrain the specimens of this sort of industry within as narrow limits as possible, and any *chevalier* found in the practice will, whatever his apparent station, be brought at once to the station of police in the immediate neighbourhood. It is said that most of the American States will contribute specimens of their ingenuity, but Pennsylvania declines sending anything to England, which contains already so many proofs of what it can do, in the shape of numerous creditors who have been done by its cunning device of repudiation.



## A HEAVY BLOW AND GREAT DISCOURAGEMENT.



WE wonder the Protectionists are not tired of continually hitting SIR ROBERT PEEL. The sport must have grown rather monotonous by this time, especially to SIR ROBERT, who must wish they would choose some other subject for their thumps. We would recommend him to present that pugnacious corps with a handsome dummy of himself. It should be labelled, "Traitor" on the breast, so as to excite their ire all the more, and exhibited in the large room of the Carlton, or some other place of Tory resort, where it might be kept constantly on view. By this means the Protectionists would be able to vent their rage against their late chief to their hearts' content, and SIR ROBERT, by being well thumped in private, would probably receive fewer blows in public. The fact of its being a dummy, also, would bring it perfectly on a level with the understandings of those whose only public aim for the last three years has consisted in abusing the cleverest man (next to BENJAMIN DISRAELI, of course,) of their party.

## A GOVERNOR BURIED ALIVE.

ONE of the most extraordinary cases of premature interment that has ever come to our knowledge has recently been given in the German, and copied into the English newspapers. A remarkable feature of the affair is that the sepulture has been quite voluntary on the part of the individual buried, and that he has caused the vault to which he has consigned himself to be fitted up with much splendour, as if he was under the influence of a kind of vaulting ambition, which he has taken those unusual means to gratify. The annexed paragraph, which has almost as much of the gay as of the grave about it, will explain the circumstances under which a Governor has become, as it were, his own Shillibeer, and performed his own funeral:—

"The cold is so severe at Kamtschatka that the Governor has been compelled to quit his usual residence at St. Peter and St. Paul to bury himself under the earth—that is to say, he has retired to his subterranean Palace, which is 20 metres below ground, and is capable of accommodating 200 persons. This palace is perpetually lighted by lamps. Most wealthy private persons have dwellings of this kind, but it is rarely cold enough to induce them to flee thither for refuge."—*Hamburgh Borsenhalle.*

This underground-residence is evidently a luxury in Kamtschatka, though we suspect that even in the coldest seasons that part of our population which lives in underground kitchens or cellars from necessity, and not from choice, would willingly exchange their subterranean apartments with the chilly Governor, for the coldest garret in his dominions. His Kamtschatkian Highness can have little room for exercise, and a walk about his grounds must be anything but cheerful or salubrious. The fact of most wealthy persons having a subterranean residence, gives us the idea of high life below stairs being carried to the highest, or rather to the lowest, pitch in Kamtschatkian society. At the balls given in the underground palace of the Governor, the dance most in vogue is, of course, the Cellar-ius.

ANOTHER PEERAGE.—It is rumoured, only we do not believe the rumour, and hope the reader will display the same intelligence, that MR. DISRAELI is to be made a Peer, for the purpose of getting him out of the House of Commons. He will assume no title, it is said, but merely change his name to UPPER BENJAMIN.

## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

MR. JONES, AS SOME REPARATION FOR THE GREAT FAILURE OF THE PRIVATE BOX, HAS INDUCED THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE TO ACCOMPANY HIM TO AN EXETER HALL ORATORIO.

SCENE.—*The Strand, near Exeter Hall, with the confusion incidental to a Friday night. MR. JONES and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE make their way with some difficulty through the crowd of Orange-sellers, Sellers of Books of the Performance, Vendors of Tickets, and Touters for vendors of tickets.*

1st Touter (at Cigar shop-door). Tickets, Sir? Only three left. HERR FORMES, to-night, Ma'am. Have 'em cheap.

Unprotected Female (to MR. JONES). You've got tickets, MR. JONES, of course?

Jones (with some confusion). Why, no. We shall get 'em cheaper at the doors, I believe. They're three shillings at the Hall.

2nd Touter. Two tickets only, Sir—equal to reserved. I assure you you won't find any further on.

Unprotected Female (checking MR. JONES). There, MR. JONES, he says we shan't get any, further on. Hadn't we better?

Mr. Jones. How much are they?

2nd Touter. Five shillings each, Sir; and they're getting up sixpence a minute.

Mr. Jones (with the proper feeling of a man who will not be imposed upon). Oh, stuff! It's an imposition. We shall get 'em for half-a-crown, at the cigar divan—I always do.

Unprotected Female. It's a shame to let these people have tickets this way.

3rd Touter. Tickets, Sir, for "The Creation." The last, I assure you, Marm.

Unprotected Female (who is resolved to take the matter out of MR. JONES'S hands). How much, if you please?

3rd Touter. Six shillings, Marm. You'll get none noveres else under seven.

Jones (very indignantly). Infernal imposition—We'll get 'em at the Hall. Come on, pray; come on.

Unprotected Female. Oh! but why didn't you this morning? There, it's only a quarter to seven, and we shall never get places.

4th Touter. Tickets, Sir, tickets—only seven bob—Nothink under eight, at the 'All.

Unprotected Female. There, I told you so—they're getting up. We might have had them for three, six shops further back.

Mr. Jones. I'll go back and get them.

[Is about to abandon the UNPROTECTED FEMALE for the purpose.]

Unprotected Female. Oh! please, MR. JONES—you mustn't leave me in this crowd. I shall be squeezed to death. Oh! I'll go with you.

(They turn and make a futile struggle against the tide). Oh, we must go on—We can't get back—Oh! indeed, I won't go back.

Jones (feeling himself compromised). Here you, tickets. (Disburses sixteen shillings). By JOVE, it's abominable of the directors. I'll write to the Times—Sacred music, too.

Unprotected Female. It's just what I expected—I told you we ought to have got tickets before.

Jones (impatiently, and feeling the loss of his money). Well, we've got 'em now. (Sotto voce). Dear enough, at the money.

[They have by this time reached the Hall steps. The crowd already dense, becomes denser and denser. Some ladies in the front are already going into hysterics, and their gentlemen struggling wildly, trying to procure them a supply of air and elbow-room.]

Unprotected Female. Oh, it's dreadful! Oh, MR. JONES—Oh! please, Sir—(To a STOUT GENTLEMAN who has intruded the greater part of a very large body into the UNPROTECTED FEMALE'S standing room). Please, you're perfectly sitting upon me.



Jones (indignantly). Sir—do you hear? You're sitting upon this lady.

Stout Gentleman (helplessly). Sir, ever so many people are sitting upon me. I won't sit upon the lady more than I can help.

Unprotected Female. Oh, I shall be smothered—Oh, please get off. Jones (witheringly). Do you hear, Sir? Get off, will you, Sir,—this instant.

Stout Gentleman. If they'll get off me. I don't like it, Sir, I can tell you. It may be the "Creation," but I'll be hanged if it's re-creation.

Jones (savagely). Sir, you're no gentleman. (The STOUT GENTLEMAN makes no reply). Sir, I insist on your card.

Stout Gentleman. If you can get your hand into my right coat pocket and won't take out my handkerchief,—you'll find my card-case.

Jones (beside himself). Sir, you're a blackguard.

Unprotected Female (who knows JONES's fiery and chivalrous nature). Oh—please—don't—MR. JONES—Oh, Sir, never mind (to STOUT GENTLEMAN.) I don't care—I'm quite comfortable—Oh dear, dear—(The pressure from without augments.) Oh!—Oh!—

Jones (making the most terrific efforts for space). Stand back, do; the lady's fainting—

Patient Person. Sir, there are several ladies fainting. You must expect it if you bring females.

Unprotected Female (by this time nearly unconscious, is stung into life by the word "female"). Sir,—you're no—

[The rest of the sentence is crushed out by the rush that follows on the opening of the doors. MR. JONES and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE are swept up the stairs by the avalanche. MR. JONES makes the most frantic efforts to retain his hold of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE, but is separated from her. She is left by the crowd at the pay-place.

Check-Taker. Ticket.

Unprotected Female. Oh, MR. JONES has got them. We've been separated. (Sees MR. JONES struggling in the sea of heads below.) Oh—there he is—here—MR. JONES—he's up here.

[Telegraphs wildly to JONES, who at last is flung exhausted beside her.

Jones (as soon as he has recovered breath). By JOVE, it's shameful! It's rascally—you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

Check-Taker (impassively, as being accustomed to such addresses). Tickets.

Jones (giving his tickets). I'll write to the papers—You see if I don't.

Unprotected Female (in dread of JONES's wrath leading to some new embarrassment). Oh—do come—please MR. JONES—you know he can't help it.

[They enter the Hall. The usual scene presents itself; every seat is filled, the lobbies are filled with indignant standers, and helpless people who have lost their parties; a general tone of rage, mingled with wretchedness, prevails over this portion of the audience.

Unprotected Female. Oh, there's not a single seat.

Spectators from behind. Move on in front—sit down—make way.

Jones. By JOVE—I must write to the papers—this is most scandalous.

Gentleman with a Wand. Now, Sir, you really must not block up the passages.

Jones (sarcastically). If you can show me where we're to go. This is a pretty Harmonic Society—this is!

Gentleman with a Wand. Abundance of room under the gallery.

[JONES and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE are gradually hustled under the Gallery, where all they can hear is a storm of hisses, as M. COSTA comes into the Orchestra—and all they can see is the large of a Stout Party's back, immediately in front of them.

Unprotected Female (who is broken down by disappointment and the effects of pressure). Oh—please—I can't see the least, and I shall die of the heat—oh—do, let's go home—

[Cries of "Shame, shame." "COSTA, COSTA." Hisses. "Return the money," &c., &c., amidst which the 700 Performers burst into the opening movement of the "Creation."

Jones (maddened by a sense of injustice, and the sufferings of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE, who is obviously preparing to faint). Let us out—here—let us out. By JOVE, we'll have our money back. Make way for a lady who's fainting.

[Estricates the UNPROTECTED FEMALE with some trouble from the crowd, and regains the CHECK-TAKER's box. The lobby is filled with a crowd in the same state of mind as MR. JONES.

Mr. Jones. Now—you, Sir—here—there's no room in the Hall—not a seat, by JOVE—I want my money back.

Check-Taker (blandly). Where did you buy your tickets, Sir?

Jones. I bought them of a fellow in the street, and paid sixteen shillings for two.

Check-Taker. You were cheated of ten shillings, Sir.

Jones. And what do you mean by selling tickets to blackguards like that? But I'll expose the system—I'll write to the Times.

Check-Taker (with extreme politeness). If you had bought your tickets at the Hall, Sir, it wouldn't have happened.

Jones. Oh, bother—give me back my money.

Check-Taker. You really must apply to the gentleman you bought your tickets of. I've no doubt he'll return the money.

Jones. By JOVE, this is swindling. At all events, you'll give me back my tickets. [CHECK-TAKER returns them.

Jones (dashes out of the Hall as well as the limp and shattered state of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE will allow him). Here, hollo—cab—here, cab—

[Runs wildly along the Strand for a cab, leaving the UNPROTECTED FEMALE at the door, more dead than alive.

Speculative Man (to UNPROTECTED FEMALE). Buy your ticket, Marm.

Unprotected Female. Oh, don't talk to me, Man. I don't sell tickets—there's no room inside.

Jones. Here's a cab. By JOVE! it's the most infernal shame this letting in more people than the place will hold. It's robbery.

[Puts UNPROTECTED FEMALE into cab.

Speculative Man. Buy your tickets, Sir?

Jones. How much will you give?

Speculative Man. Three-and-Six.

Jones. Here. [Hands him the Tickets, and takes the money.

Unprotected Female (indignantly). Oh, MR. JONES, when you know there's no room—How can you?

[SCENE closes on her disgust and MR. JONES's humiliation.

THE STREET OPERA SEASON.



GENERALLY before the opening of Her Majesty's and Covent Garden Theatres (for which BALFE and COSTA are making their usual preparations,) the Street Opera season commences, and we now find vocalists, as well as instrumentalists, in every walk along the public thoroughfares.

The old stringed quartette of four blind double basses has reinforced its instrumental power with a new stock of catgut, which supplies three or four strings that have been missing for some years, and we have now a completeness of effect which was difficult to attain when the executants had to deal with defective instruments.

A seventh trombone has been added to the brass band of nine, and, in order to give effect to martial music, a triangle has been attached to the elbow and knee of the cornet-a-piston who renders his passages on both of

his instruments very conscientiously. The celebrated *basso-profondo* in a sailor's costume has acquired fresh depth since last season by an extra hoarseness, which gives great additional *opomb*, at a slight sacrifice of power. His "Will you love me then as now?" may be looked upon as a perfect triumph of nothing over everything.

We never recollect an instance in which, considering the smallness amounting almost to total absence of resources, so much has been accomplished. Young SNOOKS, the runaway shop-boy, or, more properly speaking, the counter-tenor, has acquired considerable breadth in person, if not in style, since last season, and his shake is more nervous—particularly when he sees a policeman coming—than it used to be. We witnessed the other day his extraordinary run up a passage, diversified with the most astonishing *salti*, while the *bâton* of Policeman K., who acted as conductor on the occasion, was beating all the time.

THE WOLF OF EXETER HALL.

SOME little time ago we had occasion to take contemptuous notice of the animadversions of a pseudo-sanctified newspaper called the *Record* upon the directors of Exeter Hall for permitting SHAKSPEARE to be read in that half-conventicle, half-concert room. The Exeter Hall directory, we understand, has objected to the further use of the Hall for SHAKSPEARE readings, because certain MAWORM Societies renting portions of the building, threatened to quit if any more SHAKSPEARE were suffered in it. Yet songs,—many frivolous, not a few of questionable tendency,—are allowed every Wednesday, where SHAKSPEARE's noble poetry and true philosophy may not be heard. It has been remarked with disgust that among the Exeter Hall songs has been included a coarse and vulgar one celebrating murder and robbery, and sung nowhere else but at Free-and-Easies, called "The Wolf." That, however, is not the kind of Wolf that is the most odious there. The worst Exeter Hall Wolf—the Wolf with truly hideous howl—is the Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.





## EFFECT OF STOPPING THE GROG.

"COME ALONG, JACK, MY HEARTY; NOTHING LIKE LAYING UP FOR A RAINY DAY."

## THE SELF-ASSERTION OF SUNDAY.

BACKED by a numerous and respectfully signed petition, I demand the total discontinuance of Post-Office Labour during my twenty-four hours. My objection to such labour altogether is quite different from the cant of my pretended partisans, who howled against Ministers for employing a few London postmen during part of me, in order that many postmen in the country throughout the whole of me might rest.

I repudiate the hypocritical sanctimony that would make me a pretext for depriving the jaded citizen of a healthful excursion, and denying a person the means of conveyance to the sick bed of a friend or relative. I regard the man who would stop the railway trains on my account, and yet allow his dinner to be cooked in spite of me, as a miserable impostor. But, apart from higher considerations, all who possibly can ought to have a holiday once a week, and I am the day for it. I do not want to be forced upon anybody, but this I will say: that to compel the conscientious to disregard me is persecution; and all should at least enjoy the option of observing me; that is to say, the Christian Sabbath, or

SUNDAY.

## OLD BAILEY CANNON-BALLS.

MR. EDWARD KENEALY, barrister and late candidate for Dublin University, has been held to bail to appear, without wig or gown, on the shady side of the Old Bailey bar, charged with the grossest cruelty to his child. We shall give no opinion of the case, further than to hope that MR. KENEALY may clear himself of the accusation; otherwise we know of no process that can return the learned gentleman, sweet and wholesome again to the fraternity of barristers. MR. BURNIE, a legal friend of the accused, very solemnly declared, that—

"If he went to the sessions, it would be his duty to defend a grand principle, and he should speak cannon-balls."

If evidence bear out the charge, we take it nothing short of cannon-balls can be of any avail to MR. KENEALY; certainly cannon-balls discharged from brass ordnance.

## LORD BROUGHAM'S EXHIBITION FOR 1850.

LORD BROUGHAM was among the higher Westminster personages who met to discourse of the appointed Exhibition of 1851. There was some excellent talk. The good EARL OF CARLISLE delivered himself with his characteristic earnestness and elegance. Then came the French Ambassador; then London's Bishop; then Prussia spoke through CHEVALIER BUNSEN; then America gave utterance, in the words of MR. LAWRENCE. All proceeded in the most cordial manner; everybody full of satisfaction, everybody animated by the hearty and enlightened sentiments variously delivered. This unanimity, however, could hardly please LORD BROUGHAM. The cordiality of the meeting was almost an affront to himself; it was plain, he was restless under the good-humour delivered and enjoyed about him. Whereupon, he got himself to move a resolution, that, after his best manner, he might throw two or three squibs and crackers amongst the rejoicing people gathered together. His Lordship was, of course, successful. Nothing but cheers and plaudits had been heard until LORD BROUGHAM opened his mouth. Then came the difference; for his Lordship—departing from a consideration of the things to be exhibited at the great commercial festival of 1851—suddenly fell upon that day of special constables, April 10, 1848; that day when every one held himself over to keep the peace, and perfectly succeeded. Adverting to the sights to be presented to the eyes of our foreign guests—

"He hoped we should not have the trouble, further, of showing them—but if occasion arose, we should show them—how here such spectacles as that of the 10th of April, 1848, are received." (*Cheers and Hisses.*)

Then, pleasantly stimulated by the sibilant, BROUGHAM continued, saying:—

"We should show them that, although preparations are made on such occasions by the QUEEN'S Government to preserve the QUEEN'S peace, such preparations are not needed, for that the citizens themselves at once put down, as quietly as effectually, the miserable despicable attempt at disturbance." (*Renewed Cheers and Hisses.*)

It is with this feeling that, as we understand, LORD BROUGHAM proposes to contribute an instrument that, in the very triumph of the show, shall—like the skeleton at the Egyptian banquet—call up dismal thoughts, to overcast and sadden the revel. On the 10th of April, 1848, LORD BROUGHAM was a most distinguished Special Constable; the admiration of servant maids, and the terror of little boys, who—when become the oldest inhabitants of their parish—will no doubt tell their great-grand-children of the grace and agility of BROUGHAM and VAUX. Well, it is his Lordship's intention to contribute to the Exhibition the identical staff—now a precious thing, a part of history—with which he entered on his special duty. That staff, in the like manner that yews and cedars are dwarfed into trees of inches—that staff contains within itself the whole bulk and massiveness of the British oak. The acorn was planted by CARACTACUS—the bark of the flourishing tree was carved by KING ALFRED, and the whole timber compressed into one small weapon for the special hands of a BROUGHAM. Reflecting on the origin and history of the staff, we are not surprised that, even at so peaceful a meeting as that of the inhabitants of Westminster, his Lordship should flourish the bit of oak about him, with the vivacity of an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair.

## CHANCERY IN DANGER.

(*Draught of a Petition to the House of Commons.*)

WE, the undersigned, loyal subjects of HER MAJESTY, warmly attached to all our time-honoured institutions, and in particular to the High Court of Chancery, beg leave humbly to approach your Honourable House, and pray you not to pass any measure calculated to abridge or simplify the proceedings of that Court, wherein we, your Petitioners, have vested interests.

We submit that practitioners in equity have a prescriptive right to a portion of the property of this country, represented by the average amount which is spent in litigation respecting the same.

We are prepared to furnish your Honourable House with returns, showing the number of suicides and cases of insanity, referrible, during a term of years, to the working of the Court of Chancery. We entreat you to consider that inquests are generally paid for at so much each, that cases of derangement give rise to commissions of lunacy, and also exert a material influence on the number of inmates of asylums for the insane. We therefore implore your Honourable House not to assent to any measure, which, by limiting the operation of Chancery in the respects abovementioned, will diminish the customary business, and abridge the regular gains of your petitioners. And your petitioners as with interest bound will ever vote, &c.

\* \* \* Left at our Office for signature by all Equity Draughtsmen, Chancery Barristers, Coroners, and Keepers of Lunatic Asylums.



## NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.



THE BOLD SMUGGLER WHO WALKS THE STREETS.

You know the Bold Smuggler at once, because there is nothing nautical about his appearance. He does not wear a blue-striped shirt—nor pumps—nor a belt—nor a straw hat—nor loose canvas trousers. More than this, to prove how little he has to do with the sea, he wears braces. He looks infinitely more like a stolen-dog-seller than a Bold Smuggler.

The Smuggler's haunts are principally at shop windows. The West End is his favourite cruise. He picks up the best prizes in the rich channels of Regent Street.

The way in which the Smuggler captures a prize is very easy. When a simple-looking craft anchors in front of a print shop, he runs in alongside of him. He pours a broadside, a very mild one at first, rising no higher than a whisper, such as, "D'ye want any cigars, Sir? you shall have 'em very cheap." But if that makes no impression, the next broadside is thrown in a little stronger, being compounded of "Chinay dresses—walenscenes lace—French cambric hankychiefs—Injay shawls," and similar deadly ingredients, that are generally fatal for presents. But the young craft mostly surrenders at the first shot, and then all the Smuggler has to do is to tow him quietly into some secluded little creek, where he can plunder him at his leisure.

This towing requires most clever tacking. The Preventive Service (the Police) may be on the look-out, and give chase. This seldom occurs, however, for the Smuggler knows all the stations of the Police, and manages to steer pretty clear of them.

The Prize at last is run on shore. The bay is a public-house in some narrow inlet of a street. They sail rapidly through the bar,—clear the yard at the back—and there, into some dark cave of a washhouse, where neither the eye of man, nor the bull's-eye of the police, can penetrate, is the prize quietly hauled. It is all done without a breath being heard. The Smuggler has long ceased to say a syllable in favour of his "prime cheroots." There is not even the creaking of a boat to disturb the silence of the gloom.

A door is unlocked. The Prize is requested to walk in. No hospitable ray shines from within to guide his wavering steps. The Smuggler in charity seizes his hand, and acts as a friendly lugger to the unhappy craft he has captured.

The first sound that grates upon the ear of the sleeping silence is the striking of a lucifer-match. In another minute a weak tallow candle endeavours to throw a light on the blackness of the scene. There is more silence, more darkness, and more lucifer-matches. At last the candle is really lighted, and illuminates the thick figure of a second Smuggler, that during the struggle has tiptoed into the gloomy cave.

Then the plunder begins. What rich shawls are unfolded, and held up in all their breadth, and draped over the Smuggler's expansive shoulders, to display their inviting richness! They seem large enough to cover Hyde Park, and with colours so gay that a lady would not be happy till she had folded them to her heart. Cambric stores are curiously fingered and violently stared through, to investigate their delicate fineness. Little violet-coloured boxes, full of the creamiest laces, as tender as cobwebs, are emptied on the dirty table, whilst the Bold Smugglers exchange entertaining fables about their marvellous origin and value.

But where are the cigars? True! JIM will run out and fetch the box. It doesn't do to keep their store here on account of the Excise. They're so precious sharp.

The Smuggler No. 2 is soon back again. He couldn't find the box, but he can give the gen'l'man two or three as a specimen of the lot. They're the primest Hawannahs, and couldn't be had not for three times the money anywhere else.

The cigars are lighted. The gen'l'man has his doubts as to their authenticity, and modestly expresses them. This opinion is bluntly resented by both Smugglers, and one of them takes the liberty to bolt the washhouse door.

Hereupon the Prize gets alarmed. He gently states that he does not wish to make any purchases to-day, and hints a pressing desire to go home—a desire which elicits all the ferocious daring of the Smuggler. He plants his big back against the door, and roughly insinuates "that trick won't do. He doesn't stir from this 'ere place till he has bought sumfin. It's very likely they're a going to let him loose to run and give information agin' 'em. They've been served that dodge once too often. How do they know he's not an Excise Officer in disguise? So he must purchase sumfin, and then he's as much in their power, as they are in his'n. The gen'l'mn must excuse him, but they're poor folk, and they can't risk their necks on the igh seas just to be put in jail for nuffen."

There is no escape. The Prize, evidently, will not be sent adrift till he has been cleaned out. The Smugglers look threatening. Their black faces grow blacker with rage—they whisper together, and growl and cough most forebodingly. The Prize amends his opinion touching the cigars. They are not so bad as he thought at first. A negotiation of peace is then entered into, and he ultimately puts down two pounds for a box of the "best Hawannahs," and a couple of cambric handkerchiefs.

The money is paid, and the Smuggler reminds him that they have not got the cigars with them. But he will give the gen'l'man a receipt for the money, and he promises the box shall be left to-morrow at the Fleece Inn, in Holborn, before six o'clock. What name shall it be left in?

The Prize gives his card, the goods are packed away in their former hiding place, and he and the Bold Smugglers saunter out together. As they pass through the bar, he is astonished to hear the landlord call one of his comrades back with the curious intimation "that those four cigars have not been paid for."

For a whole week he enquires regularly once a day, at the Fleece Inn, "if a box of cigars has not been left there in the name of ADAM SIMPLETON?"

As for the cambric handkerchiefs, they are given to the housemaid the next day for dusters. A month afterwards our Prize hails in Regent Street the self-same Smuggler. He tells him that he has never received the Hawannahs, and innocently requests to have his two pounds returned to him.

The Bold Smuggler laughs boldly in his face, and denying his acquaintance, as well as his debt, gives him more than the amount of it in abuse and blackguardism—for every Smuggler knows that however rich a Prize may be the first time, there is no chance of ever catching him a second.

Young Prizes that float up from the country, laden with boundless treasures, should beware of the Bold Smugglers that infest the streets of London! You invariably pay through the nose for smuggled goods, more especially for cambric pocket handkerchiefs and cigars.

## The Very Latest Secret.

PUNCH believes he is grossly violating Ministerial confidence, in stating, that a certain worthy, wise, and weighty Alderman is about to be raised to the peerage, by the style and title of BARON OVERTWENTYSTONE.

## THE NEW PEER.

THE Banker Lord must have his name destroyed: The Peerage must be pure—no Peer, ALLOYD.

## OLD SAYING (NEW VERSION).

"DON'T CARE" came to a Snig's End.



## THE TREE OF LIBERTY IN FRANCE.



Down, Frenchmen, with your Tree of Liberty,  
The wretched emblem of an empty boast!  
Clear ye away the sapless mockery,  
Now, nothing but an inconvenient post;  
And chop it into logs to burn,  
That it may serve some useful turn.

"Sapless, you say. Good stranger, look again,  
And you'll discern it is a living tree."  
In faith 'tis true—its buds I see quite plain,  
Blossom and leaf, distinct as they can be.  
Nay, I can e'en distinguish now,  
Fruit, thick and full, on every bough.

Seeming, erewhile, a dead old poplar—lo!—  
—Only to think how our ward sense deceives!—  
View'd closer, 'tis a flourishing wild sloe,  
For prickles having bayonets; swords for leaves:  
And it bears cannon-shot, and bombs,  
And musket-bullets for its plums.

To the revision of the mind's eye, thus,  
Paris, thy Tree of Liberty appears,  
Which thou didst plant, with such a world of fuss,  
Since but a little less than two short years:  
Sword-law and Soldier-rule its fruit—  
A mighty Tree indeed—to shoot.

To outward view 'tis still a wither'd trunk,  
What other was it ever like to be?  
Transplanted—sure, by people mad or drunk—  
In its green youth, what hope of such a Tree?  
If Freedom's timber you would grow,  
You must not think to rear it so.

No: first, your care must duly set in earth  
The seed—your acorn is the only kind—  
And then the Tree must be inured, from birth,  
To brave the nipping frost and stormy wind,  
And oft the lightning to defy,  
Reaching its proud arms to the sky.

This is the sole true Tree of Liberty,  
Fixed in the soil with everlasting roots;  
Beneath its shade thrives peaceful industry;  
Pounds, Shillings, Pence, and Order, are its fruits.  
Then burn your Maypoles, worthy folk,  
And cultivate the British Oak.

## A MODEL WOMAN.

WE hear that a statue—an embodiment of the perfection of a woman—is about to be erected on the heights of Folkstone; a statue that shall carry with it a great moral lesson. It is no other than the Statue of a Woman (about to travel)—with only one portmanteau!

HOW TO ADVANCE IN THIS WORLD.—Let your advances be like those of a pawnbroker, who never makes a single advance unless he is quite sure that "it is the ticket."—*Our Prophetic Soul.*

## WAITING AT THE STATION.

WE are amongst a number of people waiting for the Blackwall train at the Fenchurch Street Station. Some of us are going a little farther than Blackwall—as far as Gravesend; some of us are going even farther than Gravesend—to Port Philip, in South Australia, leaving behind the *patria fines* and the pleasant fields of old England. It is rather a queer sensation to be in the same boat and station with a party that is going upon so prodigious a journey. One speculates about them with more than an ordinary interest, thinking of the difference between your fate and theirs, and that we shall never behold these faces again.

Some eight-and-thirty women are sitting in the large Hall of the station, with bundles, baskets, and light baggage, waiting for the steamer, and the orders to embark. A few friends are taking leave of them, bonnets are laid together, and whispering going on. A little crying is taking place;—only a very little crying,—and among those who remain, as it seems to me, not those who are going away. They leave behind them little to weep for; they are going from bitter cold and hunger, constant want and unavailing labour. Why should they be sorry to quit a mother who has been so hard to them as our country has been? How many of these women will ever see the shore again, upon the brink of which they stand, and from which they will depart in a few minutes more? It makes one sad and ashamed too, that they should not be more sorry. But how are you to expect love where you have given such scanty kindness? If you saw your children glad at the thoughts of leaving you, and for ever: would you blame yourselves or them? It is not that the children are ungrateful, but the home was unhappy, and the parents indifferent or unkind. You are in the wrong under whose government they only had neglect and wretchedness; not they, who can't be called upon to love such an unlovely thing as misery, or to make any other return for neglect but indifference and aversion.

You and I, let us suppose again, are civilised persons. We have been decently educated: and live decently every day, and wear tolerable clothes, and practise cleanliness: and love the arts and graces of life. As we walk down this rank of eight-and-thirty female emigrants, let us fancy that we are at Melbourne, and not in London, and that we have come down from our sheep-walks, or clearings, having heard of the arrival of forty honest, well-recommended young women, and having a natural longing to take a wife home to the bush—which of these would you like? If you were an Australian Sultan, to which of these would you throw the handkerchief? I am afraid not one of them. I fear, in our present mood of mind, we should mount horse and return to the country, preferring a solitude, and to be a bachelor, rather than to put up with one of these for a companion. There is no girl here to tempt you by her looks; (and, world-wise as you are, it is by these you are principally moved)—there is no pretty, modest, red-checked, rustic,—no neat, trim, little grisette, such as what we call a gentleman might cast his eyes upon without too much derogating, and might find favour in the eyes of a man about town. No; it is a homely bevy of women with scarcely any beauty amongst them—their clothes are decent, but not the least picturesque—their faces are pale and care-worn for the most part—how, indeed, should it be otherwise, seeing that they have known care and want all their days?—there they sit upon bare benches, with dingy bundles, and great cotton umbrellas—and the truth is, you are not a hardy colonist, a feeder of sheep, a feller of trees, a hunter of kangaroos—but a London man, and my lord the Sultan's cambric handkerchief is scented with Bond Street perfumery—you put it in your pocket, and couldn't give it to any one of these women.

They are not like you, indeed. They have not your tastes and feelings: your education and refinements. They would not understand a hundred things which seem perfectly simple to you. They would shock you a hundred times a day by as many deficiencies of politeness, or by outrages upon the Queen's English—by practices entirely harmless, and yet in your eyes actually worse than crimes—they have large hard hands and clumsy feet. The women you love must have pretty soft fingers that you may hold in yours: must speak her language properly, and at least when you offer her your heart, must return hers with its *h* in the right place, as she whispers that it is yours, or you will have none of it. If she says, "O Hedward, I ham so unappy to think I shall never beold you agin,"—though her emotion on leaving you might be perfectly tender and genuine, you would be obliged to laugh. If she said, "Hedward, my art is yours for hever and hever," (and anybody heard her), she might as well stab you,—you couldn't accept the most faithful affection offered in such terms—you are a town-bred man, I say, and your handkerchief smells of Bond Street musk and millefleur. A sun-burnt settler out of the Bush won't feel any of these exquisite tortures, or understand this kind of laughter: or object to Molly because her hands are coarse and her ankles thick: but he will take her back to his farm, where she will nurse his children, bake his dough, milk his cows, and cook his kangaroo for him.

But between you, an educated Londoner, and that woman, is not the union absurd and impossible? Would it not be unbearable for either? Solitude would be incomparably pleasanter than such a companion.—



You might take her with a handsome fortune perhaps were you starving; but then it is because you want a house and carriage, let us say, (*your necessities of life*), and must have them even if you purchase them with your precious person. You do as much, or your sister does as much, every-day. That however is not the point: I am not talking about the meanness to which your worship may be possibly obliged to stoop, in order, as you say, "to keep up your rank in society"—only stating that this immense social difference does exist. You don't like to own it: or don't choose to talk about it, and such things had much better not be spoken about at all. I hear your worship say, there must be differences of rank and so forth! Well! out with it at once, you don't think MOLLY is your equal—nor indeed is she in the possession of many artificial acquirements. She can't make Latin verses, for example, as you used to do at school, she can't speak French and Italian as your wife very likely can, &c.—and in so far she is your inferior, and your amiable lady's.

But what I note, what I marvel at, what I acknowledge, what I am ashamed of, what is contrary to Christian morals, manly modesty and honesty, and to the national well-being, is that there should be that immense social distinction between the well-dressed classes (as, if you will permit me, we will call ourselves) and our brethren and sisters in the fustian jackets and patters. If you deny it for your part, I say that you are mistaken, and deceive yourself woefully. I say that you have been educated to it through Gothic ages, and have had it handed down to you from your fathers (not that they were anybody in particular, but respectable, well-dressed progenitors, let us say for a generation or two) from your well-dressed fathers before you. How long ago is it, that our preachers were teaching the poor "to know their station?" that it was the peculiar boast of Englishmen that any man, the humblest among us, could, by talent, industry and good luck, hope to take his place in the aristocracy of his country, and that we pointed with pride to Lord This who was the grandson of a barber; and to Earl That, whose father was an Apothecary? what a multitude of most respectable folks pride themselves on these things still! The gulf is not impassable, because one man in a million swims over it, and we hail him for his strength and success. He has landed on the happy island. He is one of the aristocracy. Let us clap hands and applaud. There's no country like ours for rational freedom.

If you go up and speak to one of these women, as you do (and very good-naturedly, and you can't help that condescending condescension) she curtsies and holds down her head meekly, and replies with modesty, as becomes her station, to your honour with the clean shirt and the well-made coat. And so she should; what hundreds of thousands of us rich and poor say still. Both believe this to be bounden duty; and that a poor person should naturally bob her head to a rich one physically and morally.

Let us get her last curtsy from her as she stands here upon the English shore. When she gets into the Australian woods her back won't bend except to her labour; or, if it do, from old habit and the reminiscence of the old country, do you suppose her children will be like that timid creature before you? They will know nothing of that Gothic society, with its ranks and hierarchies, its cumbrous ceremonies, its glittering antique paraphernalia, in which we have been educated; in which rich and poor still acquiesce, and which multitudes of both still admire: far removed from these old world traditions, they will be bred up in the midst of plenty, freedom, manly brotherhood. Do you think if your worship's grandson goes into the Australian woods, or meets the grandchild of one of yonder women by the banks of the Warrawarra, the Australian will take a hat off or bob a curtsy to the new comer? He will hold out his hand, and say, "Stranger, come into my house and take a shakedown and have a share of our supper. You come out of the old country, do you! There was some people were kind to my grandmother there, and sent her out to Melbourne. Times are changed since then—come in and welcome!"

What a confession it is that we have almost all of us been obliged to make! A clever and earnest-minded writer gets a commission from the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and reports upon the state of our poor in London; he goes amongst labouring people and poor of all kinds—and brings back what? A picture of human life so wonderful, so awful, so pitiable and pathetic, so exciting and terrible, that readers of romances own they never read anything like to it; and that the griefs, struggles, strange adventures here depicted exceed anything that any of us could imagine. Yes; and these wonders and terrors have been lying by your door and mine ever since we had a door of our own. We had but to go a hundred yards off and see for ourselves, but we never did. Don't we pay poor-rates, and are they not heavy enough in the name of patience? Very true; and we have our own private pensioners, and give away some of our superfluity, very likely. You are not unkind; not ungenerous. But of such wondrous and complicated misery as this you confess you had no idea? No. How should you?—you and I—we are of the upper classes; we have had hitherto no community with the poor. We never speak a word to the servant who waits on us for twenty years; we condescend to employ a tradesman, keeping him at a proper distance, mind—of course, at a proper distance—we laugh at his young men, if they dance, jig, and amuse themselves

like their betters, and call them counter-jumpers, snobs, and what not; of his workmen we know nothing, how pitilessly they are ground down, how they live and die, here close by us at the backs of our houses; until some poet like HOOD wakes and sings that dreadful "*Song of the Shirt*"; some prophet like CARLYLE rises up and denounces woe; some clear-sighted, energetic man like the writer of the *Chronicle* travels into the poor man's country for us, and comes back with his tale of terror and wonder.

Awful, awful poor man's country! The bell rings and these eight-and-thirty women bid adieu to it, rescued from it (as a few thousands more will be) by some kind people who are interested in their behalf. In two hours more, the steamer lies alongside the ship *Culloden*, which will bear them to their new home. Here are the berths aft for the unmarried women, the married couples are in the midships, the bachelors in the fore-part of the ship. Above and below decks it swarms and echoes with the bustle of departure. The Emigration Commissioner comes and calls over their names; there are old and young, large families, numbers of children already accustomed to the ship, and looking about with amused unconsciousness. One was born but just now on board; he will not know how to speak English till he is fifteen thousand miles away from home. Some of those kind people whose bounty and benevolence organised the Female Emigration Scheme, are here to give a last word and shake of the hand to their *protégées*. They hang sadly and gratefully round their patrons. One of them, a clergyman, who has devoted himself to this good work, says a few words to them at parting. It is a solemn minute indeed—for those who (with the few thousand who will follow them,) are leaving the country and escaping from the question between rich and poor; and what for those who remain? But, at least, those who go will remember that in their misery here they found gentle hearts to love and pity them, and generous hands to give them succour, and will plant in the new country this grateful tradition of the old.—May Heaven's good mercy speed them!

#### A HINT FOR A NEW HANSARD.



THE idea suggested to us by the following paragraph from the *Times* of Monday pleased us mightily:

"In Saturday's paper, by a typographical accident, the commencement of SIR J. WALSH'S speech was omitted in the summary of the debate in the House of Commons, and the conclusion attributed to MR. REYNOLDS."

An "accident" of this nature seems to be such a very lucky one, that the occurrence of a few more

such "accidents," which might easily be "done on purpose," would be an immense boon to the Newspaper Reading Community.

The occasional omission of the first half of one speech, and the last half of another, would effect a saving of exactly fifty per cent on the whole amount, and would cause an economy of the editor's space and the reader's time, that both parties would appreciate. Considering how many speakers come to a conclusion quite independent of what they have been alleging in the first portions of their harangues, there could not be much harm done by the reporters now and then beginning at the end of a speech, or leaving off in the middle. A much more truthful picture of the debates would thus be afforded, for many of the orators speak to no practicable end; and, of a great many others, the only valuable part of the speech is the conclusion or stoppage.

It must have been rather annoying to the parties concerned in the above typographical *mélange*, but we dare say SIR JOHN WALSH'S wind-up did quite as well without any commencement of its own, and that MR. REYNOLDS'S exordium fitted in at the beginning, just as well as the one that had been made for it. We wish our daily contemporary would introduce a series of these Parliamentary cross-readings, by which a great portion of the debates that are now without any interest at all, could be made amusing at any rate.

#### Wanted, a Few Bubbles.

MR. PUNCH, having read with extreme emotion that there is the amazing amount of £17,000,000 in the Bank cellars,—calls upon the ingenious and craving to come forth like men, and blow a few bubbles! Any sort of bubble will do, if it only have the tint of novelty. No old hand need apply, and no letter with the post-mark "Sunderland" will be taken in; lest the compliment should be returned by the writer.



## THE FARMER'S TAXED-CART.—EXTRAORDINARY DREAM.



[We insert the subjoined account of a singular dream, as forwarded to us by a respectable agriculturist, with a request that *Mr. Punch* would "put un into his peeper if so be he thought 'a was worth a corner in 't, and had got room for un."]

"Arter I'd smoked my pipe and drink'd my jug o' beer t'other night, I vell asleep in my arm-chair, and had a dream. Seemingly I was a riau'n to market in my taxed-cart—you knows what a taxed-cart is, I s'pose—Taxed!—I dooant know what baint taxed now-o-days; but no matter.

"I thought the old smooth road was all broke up, and I was a drivun' over the bare flint stones without Protection. The cart bumped and jolted along, and went slower and slower, till at last Blackbird stopped short and oudn't go no vurdur. I geed un the whip, but 'twarnt o' no use; and the old hoss set to a kickin' ready to knock the trap all to pieces.

"Thinks I, 'why, this here looks as if the cart was overloaded, and yet I can't zee what wi'.' Whereupon my eyes appeared to be opened, and then I zeed what I'd got in un. In the fust place, a cart-load of gurt sacks, as I vancied. When I come to look closer at 'em I found they was taxes.

"There I zee the Hop-Ground Tax, and the Hop Duty as well; the Fruit-Ground Tax, the Malt Tax, the Land Tax, the Poor's Rate, the Highway Rate, the Church Rate, the County Rate, and I dooant know

how many moor rates and taxes. 'Dash my buttons!' I sez to myself, 'you may well call a carridge like this a Taxed-Cart.'

"But besides all this, lo and behold you, I found I was carryun' company wi' me. Lookun' over my shoulder—over the right as well as the left, *Mr. Punch*!—who should I discover but the Landlord and the Paason, one o' one side and t'other o' t'other. The Landlord was squatted on a sack stuffed wi' Rent, and the Paason was a straddle over another cram full o' Tithes.

"No wonder, I hear'd a voice say, 'you can't git on, Farmer.' I looked out, and there was a stranger, though I thought I recollected a likeness of un draad in your peeper.

"Hollo! sez the Landlord, 'here 's that feller COBDEN—bless him!'

"'Amen!' answers his Reverence.

"'You're tryin' to goo the old way to the old market,' says the stranger. 'You can't do it.'

"'Which is the way, then?' sez I.

"'That 'ere turnin' to the right,' sez, and pints to a finger-pooast directun' 'To FINANCIAL REFORM.' I turned the hosses head to the road he show'd me; off started old Blackbird directly full split: the Paason and the Landlord sung out, 'Stop!' and I woke with their hollerun', and found 'twas a dream.

"Not all a dream, though, *Mr. Punch*, and mark my words, you may 'pend upon 't, that what I dreamt—and moor than some folks dreams of—will afore long come true."

## HINT TO THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE Humane Society dined together last week at the Freemasons' Tavern. In the course of the evening a number of persons who had been rescued from drowning by the Society marched in procession through the room. Among the number was the illustrious SOYER, who, as the world knows, was nearly "*glacé en surprise*" the other day while skating, and was preserved to culinary and political Reform by the Society's means. We notice the appearance of M. SOYER for the purpose of recording the wish that he may have presided, on this occasion, over the preparation of the dinner of a Society that so well deserved a good one. After saying thus much, we may be excused for

recommending that the Humane Society should extend the sphere of its operation. Why should its benevolence take an exclusively aquatic turn? In the metropolis, at least, more persons die by gas than by water. Let the Society lend its aid in diminishing the mortality occasioned by the sulphuretted hydrogen which is exhaled by our filthy drains. Or, still keeping to its favourite element, suppose it endeavoured to obtain a pure water supply for London. Were the attempt successful, it would save many additional lives; for such water as Londoners mostly drink poisons greater numbers than it drowns.





## GULLIVER AND THE BROBDINGNAG FARMERS.

"He called his hinds about him, and asked them, (so I afterwards learned,) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature resembling me?"

*Vide "Gulliver's Travels."*







## JUDICIAL AUCTIONEERS.

UNDER the new Act for releasing Encumbered Estates in Ireland, the Judges are empowered to sit in open court and dispose of land by auction. It is nothing new to see property knocked down by due course of law, but the process of getting rid of it beneficially to all parties by legal process, is something no less original than agreeable. We hope the puffing system will not be adopted, nor indeed do we fear that it will, for their Lordships are clearly actuated by a determination to "keep the thing respectable." We should be sorry to see the court covered with placards announcing "Little Paradises," "Unencumbered Elysiums," "Eligible realms of Freehold Bliss," or with any of the other clap-trap modes of attracting attention to a sale by auction. We could pardon some such announcement as the following:—

MR. BARON RICHARDS,

admitted by detraction herself to be

"NOT A BAD JUDGE,"

will, with the valuable assistance of DR. LONGFIELD, in their conjoint capacity of Government Commissioners for the

SALE OF IRISH ENCUMBERED ESTATES,

have the pleasure—if pleasure it may be termed without a solecism—of submitting to Public Competition a splendidly unique and incomparable series of

LOTS OF LANDED PROPERTY,

the whole of it being divested of Encumbrances in Mortgage, Rent-Charge, &c., amounting to the astounding sum of

EIGHT MILLION POUNDS,

which would undeniably go some way towards

PAYING OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

A more tempting opportunity of investing capital in that truly laudable, and, even in an Englishman, patriotic object, the cultivation of Irish soil, so earnestly advocated by the florid and convincing eloquence of

SIR ROBERT PEEL,

never perhaps presented itself even to the fertile imagination of

CAPABILITY BROWN.

"Now or Never," therefore, should be the motto for any enterprising Capitalist desirous of promoting

THE REGENERATION OF IRELAND.

The Conveyance of these Estates has been so simplified as to preclude the slightest apprehension on the part of the Purchaser of being introduced to too familiar acquaintance with

GENTLEMEN OF THE LONG ROBE;

and he may rest assured that he will require

A VERY SMALL BOX FOR HIS TITLE DEEDS,

which will confer upon him what the celebrated DR. JOHNSON would have styled the potentiality of rendering the famine-stricken population of Ireland really and truly some of the

FINEST PEASANTRY IN THE UNIVERSE,

thus effectively carrying out the creditable intention of the

GOVERNMENT OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

\*\* Although the Sales will take place in a Court of Justice, MR. BARON RICHARDS will endeavour to banish all gloomy associations by emulating the usual *faceties* of the Auction Room; an attempt in which he is allowed to have felicitously acquitted himself on his very first occasion of wielding the Hammer.

## THE NEEDLES OF LONDON.

To hunt for a needle in a bottle of hay is a venerable proverb of hopelessness—to discover a needlewoman in London seems a matter of no less despair. THOMAS CARLYLE has, from his paper pulpit, fulminated the fact that "no needlewoman, distressed or otherwise, can be procured in London by any housewife to give for fair wages fair help in sewing." This is very true. The sempstress is a thing of mystery. She dwells in the attics and back rooms of courts and alleys; but how to discover her? Why, SIR ROBERT PEEL has anticipated the remedial reply—"Register, register." Perhaps, MESSRS SHADRACH AND ABEDEGEO, or any other benevolent Samaritans of the thimble, would allow a book upon their premises, wherein the needlewomen might write their names and addresses in honest ink. At present such writing, in the books of such tradesmen, is done in tears.

## AN APPEAL FROM THE FIRST OF APRIL.

To SIR R. INGLIS, BART.

"SIR, "PERMIT me, the First of April—allowed by the wisdom of our ancestors to be the greatest hoax of a day, the greatest sham of all the 365—to appeal to you as a gentleman, a patriot, and a member, for perhaps the wisest university upon earth,—to appeal, I say, against a growing custom that, if not straightway ended, will deprive me of my vested rights, transferring what has hitherto been the hallowed property of the First of April to my younger brother, April the Tenth.

"Since 1848, when my younger relative started into absurd importance, swaggering up and down with a constable's staff, and expressing himself willing, and rather desirous to fight, when there was nobody to fight withal, I—the First of April, JOHN BULL'S Saint's day (if, kind SIR ROBERT, you will allow me the expression)—I have been made nobody. Not a soul has thought of my claims to noodledom, as a great author would call it—but all reverence, all thanks, expressed and paid to my vapouring younger brother. This is too bad, SIR ROBERT. There is not only ingratitude in such forgetfulness, but great social danger. Are the universities quite safe, if the First of April is to be thus despised? Are twenty state offices I could name altogether secure, if the tom-foolery, hitherto a part of myself, is eclipsed and forgotten?

"It is with great grief I find a patriot and consequently a staunch conservative like yourself giving his powerful name and influence to my fraternal rival, the Tenth. On Mr. W. J. Fox's Education Motion, I find these words spoken by SIR ROBERT INGLIS:—

"He had contrasted the education of the people of this country with the more advanced education of other nations; but would he exchange the moral education of the people of England for that of Prussia or France? On the 10th of April, 1848, had we not reason to thank God for the character of the people of this country?"

"It was only a few days ago, at a meeting in Westminster, upon the great Cosmopolite Exhibition that is to be, LORD BROUGHAM dragged in, I may say it, by the very hair of his head, that Tenth of April! Indeed, when is he not introduced?—when not forced before the public?—now dandled at Exeter Hall—now pelted at Protection Gatherings!

"I have really put up with this unjust preference for my junior relative, to the utter neglect of myself, until even my proverbial simplicity is outraged. I now must speak. I now must implore all statesmen and all Members of Parliament—the distinction is very obvious—to forego this foolish preference, this unjust patronage of an upstart, not yet two years old, in kindly recollection of my claims—claims that existed long before the knowledge of the oldest senator. In the homely but no less pathetic words of the advertisements I cry—

"Englishmen! Ministers! M.P.'s! Return—return to your First of April, and all—all shall be forgotten.

"I have the honour, SIR ROBERT, to remain—no upstart—but yours always,

"THE ORIGINAL APRIL FOOL."

## THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

THERE is no limit to the recklessness of the penny-a-liners in providing pabulum for a paragraph. If the spider had a shilling an inch allowed him for his web, he could not set to work with more alacrity than is shown by the penny-a-liner in spinning the yarn of fiction into the form of fact, and, indeed, like a green spectacled monster, "making the food he lives upon." Numerous have been the premature deaths of celebrated men at the hands of the reporters for the newspaper press, who, having earned a shilling by the announcement of a distinguished character's decease, have pocketed an additional sixpence by briefly bringing him to life again. To kill an individual for a day or two is, however, a venial offence, inasmuch as he can always prove his own existence by entering an appearance at any time, but it is far different with the case of the gallant MAJOR EDWARDES, who had no sooner come home from India, and put his foot on the Waterloo Station of the South Western Railway, than some penny-a-liner, in human form, must needs marry him, and bestow upon him two ready-made little ones.

The Major lost no time in getting himself paragraphically divorced, and repudiating the pair of infant pledges in which he had no interest. He very naturally objected to the adoption of the system of "families supplied" on the very gratuitous terms upon which he had been just supplied with a family. His alleged wife turned out to be a black Ayah; and we are of opinion that, on the very face of it, the allegation of his marriage ought not to have been put forth, for if it had been so, the fact—as well as the lady—would have worn a very different complexion. Such a plea as there having been a nigger female with him, cannot hold; and we must insist that, to use the professional term, there was not even enough to give colour.





## MUCH TOO CONSIDERATE.

*Robinson.* "THERE, BROWN, MY BOY, THAT'S AS FINE A GLASS OF WINE AS YOU CAN GET ANYWHERE."

*Mrs. Brown.* "A-HEM! AUGUSTUS, MY DE-AR. YOU ARE SURELY NEVER GOING TO TAKE PORT WINE. YOU KNOW IT NEVER AGREES WITH YOU, MY LOVE!"

## DEATH OUT OF TOWN.

THE Report on intramural interment is a most discouraging document. It treats death as a nuisance, and ought, therefore, to arouse the opposition of those worthy men—the genus LAURIE and HICKS—who look upon a London tombstone as bearing, only with a difference, an extract from the Great Charter. With the recommendation embodied in the Report once carried into effect, and all London church bells are henceforth dumb—dumb in so far as funereal solemnities appeal to them. The giddy, calculating wayfarers of London streets are, moreover, deprived of a most touching moral lesson; for they will not have their idle or commercial feelings deepened into meditation by the frequent appearance of walking funerals, shouldering and edging their way through a crowd of busy life. This, no doubt, is only another attack upon another vested right, and—but we leave the measure in the hands of SIR PETER LAURIE, who will, we fear if not, behave with becoming indignation upon so important a matter.

The Report recommends that a vast cemetery for the million be established. Erith is said to be the spot pointed at. To this spot there will be easy access by railway; and further, by steam-boat, that, at several appointed stations, shall, on certain days, take up its freight of mortality. How civic bodies, in their gilt barges, rowed to icee punch and white-bait, will suffer the death-boat to poison the Thames and their sense of animal enjoyments is yet to be known. The measure has not yet been approved of by the Court of Aldermen, and that Court boasts at least a LAURIE!

The Report further recommends that the cemetery be planted with trees. For—

"It appears that decomposition invariably goes on more rapidly near the roots of trees than in any other parts of the burial-ground; that the earth is always much drier near the roots of trees than elsewhere; that the fibres of the roots are drawn towards the site of the grave, and are often observed to penetrate right through the decayed wood of the coffin-lid."

The products of decomposition are "recombined," says the Report, "into living and healthful vegetable structures," and thus what were the mortal elements of men and women, may become yew and cypress, and weeping willow. In lieu of poisoning a city atmosphere, the human earth is transferred into a thing of healthful beauty. Very old, indeed, is the thought—but no less welcome in the admirable Report before us. How solemn—how profoundly significant is the old legend of ADAM and the Tree of Paradise!

"ADAM, being now ready to die, felt a fear of death, and desired earnestly a branch from the Tree of Paradise. He therefore sent one of his sons thither to fetch one, in hope that he might escape this dreadful reward of sin. The son went, and made his petition to the cherub who guarded the gate, and received from him a bough, but ADAM meanwhile had departed. Therefore the son planted the bough upon ADAM'S grave. It struck root, and grew into a great tree, and attracted the whole nature of ADAM to its nutriment. This tree—say the Talmudists—together with the bones of ADAM from beneath it, was preserved in the ark. After the waters had abated, NOAH divided these relics among his sons. The skull was SHEM'S share. He buried it in a mountain of Judæa, planting the tree with it, and the place was called from thence Calvary and Golgotha, or the place of a Skull. And of that

tree was made the Cross, so that he who perpend the matter well"—writes our old author—"shall find that whole ADAM as it were is recollected in and under the cross, and so with an admirable tie, conjoined to the vivifical nature itself."

Beautiful and sustaining is the thought of this solemn legend! It descends with an especial comfort from churchyard yew and cypress.

## A HOUSE DIVIDED.

THERE were on Monday night no less than eight divisions of the House of Commons, by Protectionists popping up one after the other to move "that the Chairman report progress, and ask leave to sit again." We do not exactly see what progress there could be to report, when obstruction was so much the order of the day that everything in the shape of business was stopped by the repetition *ad nauseam* of the motion we have specified. If we had been the Chairman, we certainly would not "ask leave to sit again;" for, after eight divisions upon one proposition, we think we should have had quite enough of it.

We will not question the great devotion of the Protectionists, as well as of all other parties, to the interests of their country; but we think it is a very unfortunate mode of showing their zeal, that they should impede the public business for an entire evening, by proposing over and over again a motion which rendered impossible anything else in the shape of motion, and brought the House to a dead stand-still. Perhaps, however, the Protectionists act on the motto, "*Divide et Impera*," and imagine that, the oftener they divide, the better their chance of governing.



"LOE! WHAT A MOST ABOMINABLE GLASS—I DECLARE IT MAKES ONE LOOK A PERFECT FRIGHT!"

## THE TEST OF INTELLIGENCE.

As most persons differ as to what the Suffrage should be, we propose the following test:—"That every one who reads *Punch* shall be entitled to a vote."

DIED—On the 3rd instant MR. W. P. HALE'S left whisker, to a deep black. It has left behind it a red whisker, inconsolable for its loss.



THE BAR AND THE STAGE.



APTAIN RYNDERS and others—principal brawlers in the FORREST riots at New York—have been acquitted by an American Jury. We are not surprised at the result. Had MR. MACREADY been maimed and disabled by the ruffians who *only* pelted him with foul eggs, possibly they would have had some significant testimonial to eternalise the memory of the deed. MR. VAN BUREN, counsel for the accused, took a very philosophical view of the privileges of an audience. The learned gentleman seemed to look upon actors as school boys are apt to consider frogs or cockchafers; things made for sport—for fun; to be pelted with stones, or impaled on corking-pins. “Acting,” says VAN BUREN—

“Acting is not a concededly useful art, protected by the law, but it is a mode or fashion which depends for its existence upon the gratification of the public in an unrestrained way. That such is the rule, appears to me to be so clear, that no reference to authority could make it plainer. It has been done from time immemorial, and not merely in reference to the actor and his performance, but in respect to his private conduct, as an actor, off or on the stage.”

Acting not being a useful art, what is to be said of play-writing? Is *Hamlet* little better than the kaleidoscope? Is *Lear* not useful—*only* exalting? And then MR. VAN BUREN, with a triumphant peroration, asks—

“How are you to get down the throat of a man and know the reason of his applauding?”

Very true: impossible. Now it is easy to get into the pocket of a counsel—the actor in horse-hair—and know the reason of his sophisticating. The licence of the bar, however—as impudence and brutality are too often mis-called—takes especial liberties with the actor. Give a counsel a playhouse case to deal with, and—nine times out of ten—he considers himself justified in his worst. The great man, with the loftiest contempt and the sharpest wit to match, despises and lacerates the poor player. Even our own SERJEANT WILKINS, whose delicacy has become a proverb—so that at the bar Mess nothing is more common than to hear, “as meek as WILKINS,” “as gracious as WILKINS;” “as golden-mouthed as WILKINS;”—even that mild, magnanimous man, cannot forego the temptation of sport with the actor. A few days ago, a young lady brings an action against MANAGER MADOX. The actress is a person of unimpeached character; an excellent woman. Nevertheless, even WILKINS must have his joke; for he expresses his sympathy with managers who have to deal with actresses “who come to rehearsals *after* dinner.” The hilarious, vinous attempt at wit, is here patent; and the joke is all the more gay and daring, from the fact that the milky WILKINS knows that rehearsals never take place after dinner. The Serjeant himself was once a promising actor; and at Stoke Pogis always secured the bespeak of MISS GRIMBY’s boarding-school when he acted *Rosencrantz*. Therefore, the wit of the Serjeant’s allusion to feminine intemperance is the more to be relished. It is the known falsehood of the thing that makes it so very piquant, and so very honourable—as the phrase goes—to the head and heart of the beneficent WILKINS.

DOMESTIC DIALOGUES.

A DUN having knocked at the door, it is opened by a servant, and the following dialogue ensues:—

Dun. Is your master in?  
 Servant. No, Sir.  
 Dun. Is your mistress in?  
 Servant. No, Sir.  
 Dun. Is your young master in?  
 Servant. No, Sir.  
 Dun. Any of the family in?  
 Servant. No, Sir.  
 Dun. Then there’s nobody in?  
 Servant. Oh, yes, Sir; the execution’s in—you can walk up and see that, if you like.

THE “NO BENEFIT” OF THE ACT.

IN consequence of the recent decision by which it turns out that any millowner may defeat the intentions of the Factory Act, we beg to suggest the *Unsatisfactory Act* as the most appropriate name for it.

THE DEBT OF NATURE.—No Englishman dies exactly poor, for he leaves his share in the National Debt to his children!

IGNORANCE FOR THE MILLION!

Respectfully Dedicated to SIR R. H. INGLIS and MR. PLUMPTRE.

LIGHT for the many! needful lore,  
 In vain the good and wise implore,  
 And wherefore is there none?  
 INGLIS his portly bulk expands,  
 And interposed dense PLUMPTRE stands,  
 With all Cant’s congregated bands,  
 Between them and the Sun.

“No school without religion!” whoop  
 The zealot band, the bigot troop,  
 (Mild names the crew to call),  
 Knowing that England can’t agree  
 What that religion is to be,  
 And therefore, in reality,  
 They cry, “No school at all!”

Unless with orthodoxy taught,  
 The Alphabet’s a thing of naught,  
 The Grammar is a snare;  
 Arithmetic a net of sin,  
 Geography a Demon’s gin,  
 To catch the souls of children in,  
 As these good folks declare.

“Religion! Not a school without!”  
 You teach it cleverly, no doubt,  
 By your parochial plan;  
 The Lesson drawled with dronish note,  
 The Catechism rehearsed by rote,  
 The gabbled Collect, much promote  
 True piety in man.

’Twere mighty well could you impart  
 What is the learning of the heart  
 Task-like, as A. B. C.;  
 Could formal pedagogues inspire  
 What childhood hardly can acquire  
 But from the teaching of a sire,  
 Or at a mother’s knee.

Say, INGLIS; is it for your creed  
 You won’t let children learn to read;  
 Or hold you but a brief  
 For Oxford, whom you represent,  
 Oxford, on domination bent,  
 Though torn to pieces with dissent  
 As to her own belief?

Well; stand in Education’s way,  
 And still obstruct the public day,  
 INGLIS and PLUMPTRE too;  
 Whilst every wretch in darkness bred,  
 To freight the hulks, the drop to tread,  
 Because through Ignorance misled,  
 Shall render thanks to you.

AN ARTICLE WRITTEN DURING THE FOG.

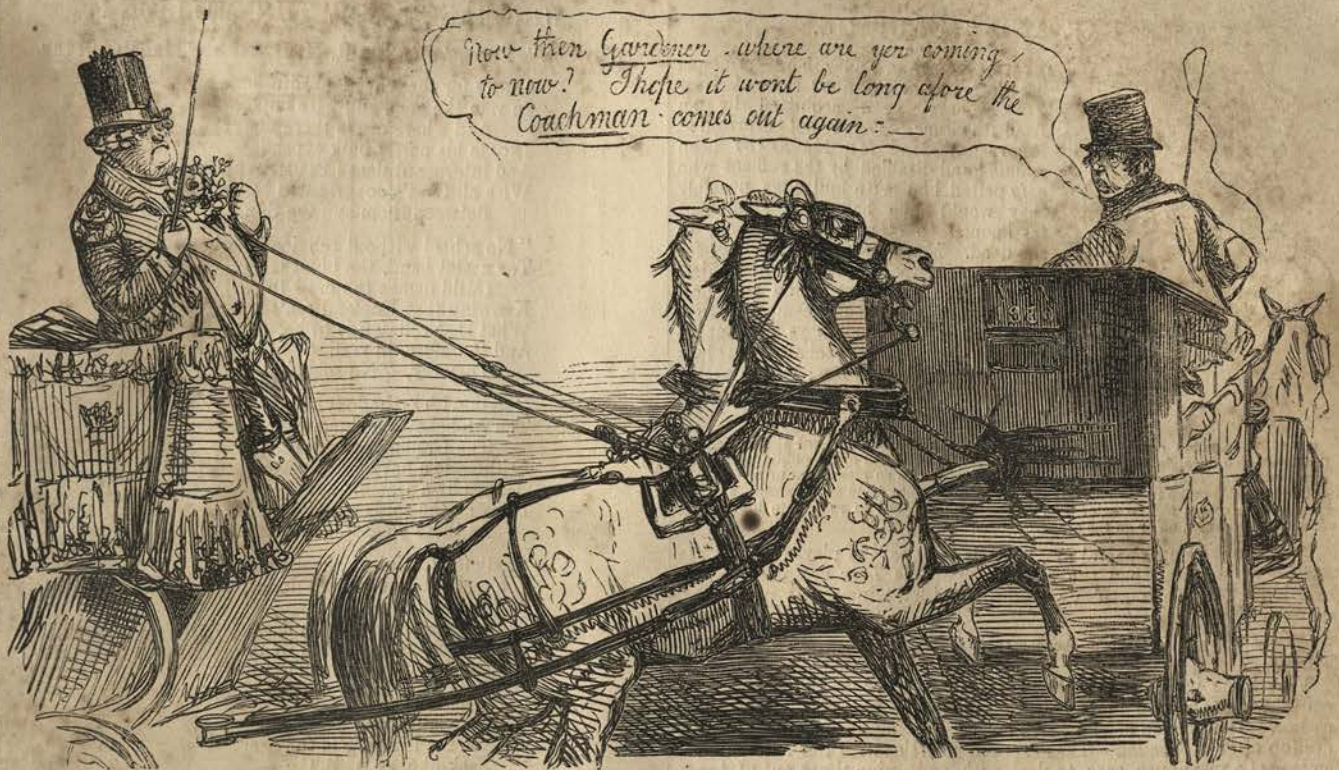
“WEN we lok arund us we see nofing but the gratest obskurity and we runn abut in vane for a frendlyhandto ledus out of the prvdng darnessssss Grece Austra and Switser land frowndownupon us and the Russian Bare growls ominusly LOUIS NAPOLON is no moretobe trusted than GEORGY HUDSON CAUSSIDIÈRE is butaRobertMacaire and LOIS BLANK is only Tom Thum with high eels.”

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We have submitted the above article to the talented contributor from whom we have received it. He cannot tell us what it is all about. He believes it is something exceedingly clever about “THE PRESENT POSITION OF AFFAIRS IN EUROPE,” or else a notice of MR. GRIEVES’S “Gallery of Illustration,” which has just opened in Regent-street,—he cannot tell precisely which. “All I recollect is, that it was written in the midst of Thursday’s fog, and that the article was interrupted by some furry substance, which I believe to have been the cat running across the table, and knocking the pen out of my hand, when I thought it was time to rise and ring for candles.” That is all the light our talented contributor can throw upon the above article.

A HINT FOR LEMPRIÈRE.

So frequently is Fleet Street in the hands of the Pavours that the *Via Pavia* would be an excellent classical name for it.





BITTER SARCAISM.

## CONSCIENCE AVAUNT!

THE public treasury is under very great obligations just now to Conscience, in whose name the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is continually receiving sums of large amount, and the first halves of Bank-notes, whose better halves follow in a day or two afterwards, to form the necessary union. We are not quite sure that these large receipts of conscience money may be regarded as proof of increased morality on the part of the public, for we may be tolerably certain that the sums sent in to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER do not form the hundredth part of one per cent upon the gross amount of roguery committed. The fact of conscience money coming in rather briskly shows that dishonesty is carried to such an extent, that even conscience, who is so easily put to sleep, can no longer remain completely dormant. We cannot say much either for the respectability of a principle which regards the payment of money in the name of conscience as a sufficient expiation of an offence, and indeed the process is no other than the old one of plating sin with gold—a species of electrotyping which, in our estimation, leaves the gilt as glaring as ever.

Nevertheless, all is grist that comes to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S mill, and if conscience continues its contributions at their present rate, we may begin to look upon conscience money as a recognised source of revenue. We will anticipate a few cases under the head of

## TENDER-CONSCIENCE MONEY.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received from "X." 1½*d.*, "computed to be the value of a rose picked ten years ago in Kensington Gardens." He has handed the money over to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has also to acknowledge the receipt from "Z." of £500, being "the amount, with interest, of penalties incurred at various times by carrying notes from one friend to another, instead of sending them by post."

The sum of £50 has been sent to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER by "J. B." "for having defrauded the Excise, by making a private still out of a tea-kettle, and therewith distilling an ounce of spirit from a pot of ale.

"A Reformed Convict" has forwarded ¾*d.* to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, "for reparation of damage done to Government property, while in gaol, by cutting out the name of 'SNOOKS' on the wall."

## THE COOKERY OF ALL NATIONS.

IN the classified list of objects to be admitted to the "Exhibition of Industry of all Nations" under the head of Section 1, "Raw Materials and Produce," it is stated that—

"Under raw materials in this section, are to be included all products of the Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal Kingdoms, either in an entirely raw state, or in any stage of preparation, previous to arriving at the state of a finished manufacture."

This arrangement evidently opens the door of the Exhibition to the butcher, the greengrocer, and the cook, whose respective commodities are all derived from the vegetable and animal kingdoms. We think the permission to exhibit objects belonging to the latter kingdom "in an entirely raw state" had better be revoked, for although the exterior of Mr. GIBLETT'S shop may be considered a picture by the vulgar, yet, to please the eye of refinement, meat should be dressed—the leg of mutton should appear with its trimmings, not as sheep's flesh unadorned. There can be no objection to the display of culinary specimens, though this, in some cases, will rather involve making a hash of it. Let France, then, send her countless dishes, Italy her cream, Spain her olla-podrida, Russia her caviare, Turkey her kiebohs, India her curry, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales their stew, haggis, and rabbit, whilst English roast beef shall compete with the cookery of the world. Let Germany also send her sausages, and as regards sausages, it might be well to relax the restriction above recommended. The exposition of the raw materials of the sausage, whether German or British, would not only gratify a wholesome curiosity, but also (we hope) allay very unpleasant misgivings

## The Victoria Blue.

IN "Labour and the Poor," in the *Chronicle*, we have the curious history, the odd statistics, of the doll-trade. A doll-maker says:—

"The eyes that we make for Spanish America are all black. A blue-eyed doll in that country wouldn't sell at all. Here, however, nothing goes down but blue eyes. The reason for this is, because that's the colour of the Queen's eyes, and she sets the fashion in this as in other things."

What a blessing it is that our good little QUEEN does not squint!

THE BE-ALL, AND END-ALL.—It is a great question whether the Government that clings to Finality will not soon find itself "in extremis!"





*Sporting Man (loquitor.)* "I SAY CHARLES—THAT'S A PROMISING LITTLE FILLY ALONG O' THAT BAY-HAIRED WOMAN WHO'S TALKING TO THE BLACK-COB-LOOKING MAN!"

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE, WHILE VISITING THE SMITHERSES IN THE COUNTRY, HAS HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO HAVE SEEN A ROBBERY COMMITTED AT A RAILWAY STATION, AND FINDS HERSELF SUBPENAED AND IN ATTENDANCE AS A WITNESS AT THE ASSIZE TOWN.

SCENE.—*The Gallery in the Civil Court. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is jammed painfully into a corner, with a confused impression that the Plaintiffs are Prisoners.*

*Unprotected Female.* Is this in the Queen's Bench or the Criminal Court?

*Obliging Neighbour.* Eh? Oh—this is *Nisi Prius*, I believe. Certainly this is *Nisi Prius*. Your's a criminal case?—ah—that's a very different case.

*ACry without.* MA-A-R-THA—STRUGG-LLES!

*Mutilated Echo.* —THA-UGGLES.

*Bailiff.* THUGGLES!

*Amateur Policeman Crier.* DIGGLES!

*Unprotected Female.* Oh, I'm sure I heard somebody call for me! Oh, I'm sure I'm wanted somewhere.

*Indignant Bailiff.* DIGGLES wanted in the other court!

*Unprotected Female (rising).* Oh—please—isn't it "STRUGGLES?"—I hear "STRUGGLES" a good way off? Oh—which is the other court?

*Judge (indignantly glancing up at the Gallery).* Is there no bailiff in attendance to preserve decency in the court?

*Obliging Neighbour (in terror).* Oh—for goodness' sake, sit down, Ma'am—his Lordship's attending to you.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh—but I'm wanted! I'm certain it's STRUGGLES.

*Judge (still more severely).* Where's the Under Sheriff? I shall commit any persons interrupting the business!

*Obliging Neighbour.* Oh, pray sit down, Madam, or you will be committed.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh—I've not committed any thing—I'm here as a witness. They made me. I wouldn't have, but they made me.

[A coherent Usher succeeds in conveying the name of STRUGGLES from the Criminal to the Civil Court, after the name has several times perished in the attempt.]

*Unprotected Female (perfectly frantic with anxiety and terror).* Oh—it's me—then—oh, please let me out—oh, let me out. I'm a witness. I'm wanted! Oh, indeed.

[She attempts to effect a blind rush over her OBLIGING NEIGHBOUR. Judge (with overwhelming indignation). I will not have intoxicated persons admitted to those galleries. Let those galleries be cleared.]

[The Gallery is cleared—the OBLIGING NEIGHBOUR being turned out with the rest. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is borne off by an Attorney, an Usher, and two superfluous Policemen, of whom there appears to be a perfect overflow.]

[The SCENE changes to the Criminal Court. The case is in progress, and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE at once finds herself thrust into the witness-box, with the JUDGE scolding her for keeping the Court waiting.]

\* \* \* \* \*  
[A lapse of two minutes, during which all the faculties of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE have departed altogether.]

*Crier of the Court (soothingly).* Be composed, my dear Madam. Now—take off your glove!

*Judge (sharply).* Do you hear—stand up, can't you—take your glove off.

[UNPROTECTED FEMALE has a struggle with her gloves, which never resisted so stubbornly before. She at last gets her left hand glove off.]

*Crier (snappishly).* Right 'and glove.

*Counsel for Prosecution.* Right hand glove, my dear Madam—now, pray—compose yourself.

*Crier.* Right 'and glove—don't you 'ear—now—take the book. [She takes it sinkinglly.]

*Judge.* Stand up witness, can't you.

[By the united efforts of the Counsel, Ushers, CRIER, and JUDGE, the UNPROTECTED FEMALE is at last sworn. Counsel for the Prosecution. MISS MARTHA STRUGGLES, you are a gentlewoman residing Great Coram Street, Bloomsbury?]



*Unprotected Female* (in an inaudible manner, and feeling herself criminally responsible for every answer she makes). Yes, my Lord—Sir.

*Judge*. Speak up, Ma'am, can't you—now Ma'am—here—attend to me. (*UNPROTECTED FEMALE attends to everything else*). Look—I must hear you—and these gentlemen (*pointing with his pen to the Jury*) and those gentlemen (*nodding down at the Counsel*), and, above all, that gentleman (*facetiously pointing to the prisoner, with a chuckle*), so don't give us quite so much trouble, but speak up (*reading his notes*), "RUGGLES."

*Counsel for Prosecution*. STRUGGLES, my Lord.

*Judge* (*angrily*). Well, Sir—"STRUGGLES"—(*sotto voce*) now, get on, do—for goodness sake, now—get on—come. (*To the Jury, confidentially*.) These women! Now—come—what is MRS. STRUGGLES to prove?

*Counsel for the Prosecution*. MISS STRUGGLES—do you remember the third of February?

[*UNPROTECTED FEMALE makes a terrific effort to remember the 3rd of February.*]

*Enter SHERIFF and whispers JUDGE.*

*Judge*. Stop a moment. (*Considerately to Jury*.) You can have five minutes for refreshment, Gentlemen—not more than five minutes.

[*Exeunt Jurymen, after a Bailiff has been strongly sworn in charge of them.*]

[*A confused murmur arises through the crowd, and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE in her general bewilderment becomes suddenly possessed with the notion that she has done something she ought not to have done, and that the witness-box is a species of pillory.*]

*Attorney for Prosecution* (*kindly*). You can come down, Ma'am, till his Lordship comes back. (*She descends in a sad state.*) Allow me to offer you a sandwich, Ma'am.

*Unprotected Female*. Oh—no—thank you—I couldn't. Oh, I hope they won't all speak so sharp to me, when they come back.

[*A sudden bustle in the Court. The JUDGE, Jury, &c., &c., re-enter.*]

*Crier*. Now—the witness STRUGGLES—here!

[*She is suddenly re-created upon the witness-box.*]

*Counsel for Prosecution*. You were at the Bullock Smithy Station, on the third of February.

*Judge* (*sharply, and glancing at the UNPROTECTED FEMALE through his double glass*). Oh—this is MRS. STRUGGLES? Well.

*Unprotected Female* (*who has no independent recollection that it was the 3rd of February, and is conscientious*). I don't remember if it was the third, but—

*Judge* (*very emphatically*). Then try—

*Counsel for the Prosecution*. We shall fix the day by-and-bye—never mind that just now—

*Counsel for the Prisoner*. Oh, but we will mind it, if you please (*with a half-leer, half-wink, at the Jury*). A pretty witness! doesn't even remember the day!

*Counsel for the Prosecution*. But you were at the Bullock Smithy Station, early in February?

*Unprotected Female* (*eagerly*). Oh, yes, it would be the third, for I remember they wanted me to come on the second, and I couldn't, for we had the sweeps.

*Judge*. Dear, dear! (*Impatiently*.) What time? Answer the question, can't you?

*Unprotected Female*. About half an hour.

*Judge* (*roaring at her*). At what time of day? (*sotto voce*) Stupid woman!

*Counsel for Prosecution* (*in an undertone to next Counsel*). Confound her!

*Unprotected Female* (*humbly*). It might be about twelve o'clock.

*Judge*. Don't tell us what it might be—when was it?

*Unprotected Female*. Oh! I hadn't a watch, but I thought—

*Counsel for Prisoner*. Don't tell us what you thought, MRS. STRUGGLES.

*Judge* (*chorsing*). We don't want to hear what you thought. (*Half aside to the Marshal*.) I dare say it was something wonderfully nonsensical.

[*The Marshal grins, as in duty bound, as do the six Barristers, who catch the remark and his Lordship's eye.*]

*Counsel for the Prosecution*. Now, compose yourself, MRS. STRUGGLES, and attend to me. Did you see a white linen parcel?

*Counsel for Prisoner*. Don't lead your witness. What did you see?

*Unprotected Female* (*makes a harrowing effort to call up all she saw that eventful morning*). I remember I saw a man trying to cross the line, and I thought he'd be—

*Judge* (*in despair*). Good gracious! More of her thoughts! Attend to me, Ma'am, (*impressively*). We don't want to know what you think, on any subject, or at any time; we want to know what you saw, if you saw anything—about this matter, or what you did, if you did anything about the matter, or what you saw any person do about this matter.

*Unprotected Female* (*in whose mind the circle of her responsibilities gets wider and wider as his Lordship goes on,—to herself*). Oh, I never shall be able to tell all that. Oh, never—

*Counsel for Prosecution*. Did you see a white linen parcel?

*Unprotected Female*. Yes.

*Judge*. Where?

*Unprotected Female*. Lying just under the shed, for I remember I said to a guard—

*Counsel for Prisoner* (*reproachfully*). Never mind what you said.

*Judge* (*savagely*). We'd rather not hear what you said.

*Counsel for Prosecution* (*admonishingly*). Now, pray do confine yourself to the question. You saw a white linen parcel just under the shed? Now what occurred to that parcel while you were there.

*Unprotected Female*. The man took it up, and said, it—

*Counsel for Prisoner*. Stop! Was it in the prisoner's hearing?

*Unprotected Female*. Oh—I hadn't seen the prisoner then.

*Judge*. Why you said you saw the prisoner take it up.

*Counsel for Prosecution*. "The man," she said, my Lord.

*Judge*. Well, the man; I thought she meant the prisoner, of course. We've heard of no man before?

*Counsel for Prosecution*. Do you mean the prisoner?

*Unprotected Female*. What?

*Judge*. What man do you mean?

*Unprotected Female*. Who?

*Counsel for Prisoner* (*very awfully*). Remember, witness, you are on your oath, and that the liberty of a fellow-creature may depend on your answer; so let us have no prevarication.

*Unprotected Female* (*in a maze and a terror*). Oh—I'm sure I don't know—Who do you all mean?

*Judge*. Who do you mean? That's the point (*sotto voce*), if you mean anything, which I doubt. (*Very impatiently*.) Now (*to Counsel for Prosecution*) do get something out of her. Come—are you going to keep us all day, MR. CROW?

*Counsel for Prosecution* (*whispering Attorney*). She's perfectly bewildered. (*To Judge*.) We have another witness who speaks to the same facts, my Lord.

*Judge* (*eagerly, and as if much relieved*). Then for goodness' sake call the other witness, MR. CROW—and do, pray, let us get rid of this unhappy woman.

*Counsel* (*bores*). The sooner the better, my Lord. You may go, MRS. STRUGGLES. (*Aside to Attorney*.) Why did you subpoena that idiot of a woman?

*Crier*. Now, stand down—woman.

[*Plucks her.*]

*Unprotected Female* (*who feels she has not acquitted herself creditably*). But I saw him take it—

[*The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is looked, ordered, pulled, hustled, and helped down, and retires in deep humiliation and agony to a corner bench, where she indulges in a lonely gush of wretchedness. SCENE closes.*]

## NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.



By the latest advices from California, we learn that the articles in which it is most judicious to speculate, are jack-boots, and that a horseguard, therefore, emigrating in his regimental *chaussure*, with his boots on his legs, would have a little fortune on his hands if he felt himself disposed to get the articles disposed of.

It seems that the slushy and quagmire state of the diggings, necessitates the use of the most substantial protection to the feet and legs; nor can we be surprised that there is much mud and dirt to be gone through in the search after filthy lucre.

In more civilised nations it is indispensable that the mere money-hunter should have a strong, coarse understanding, just as in California it is the thickness of the boot that aids one in the pursuit of booty.

It is evident that a parcel of pumps would be of no use whatever at the diggings; and that as in boots, so in men—the jack of the one and the knave of the other, will be most suited to California.

## Bribery.

THE *Post* has a manful exposure of the meanness of certain print publishers, who vainly hope to attack the members—at least, the belly—of the press with food and drink.

"A publisher [printseller] once sent to our office a card of invitation, upon which was written, in fair round text, 'Luncheon as usual.'"

The printseller, in his profound ignorance, no doubt believed that plates would fail to have their proper influence, unless further recommended by knives and forks.

## Political Choreography.

THE ballot produced the other night at the Theatre Royal, St. Stephens, was, we regret to say, unsuccessful. One point in the performance excited universal disapprobation. This was a *pirovette* executed by SIR G. GREY, simply by turning right round in the most graceless manner possible.



ON HIS MARRIAGE."



Y the newspapers we learn PRINCE ALBERT has held the first Levee for the QUEEN, and has acquitted himself with his usual grace and good taste. He must, however, have now and then been put to it to maintain his gravity. Two or three male creatures—delicate things!—were introduced upon their "marriage!" That a general who comes from India, reeking with gunpowder—that a captain, with hardly the chill off him from the Arctic

Pole—should wish to meet the thankful eyes of his Sovereign, after the laurels gathered, after the icebergs escaped, is well enough; but that a bridegroom, with the odour of orange-blossoms upon him, should rush to Court, as if he had done some signal service to the State, and not—of course—an incalculable good to himself, is—as CARLYLE would say—a mountainous piece of flunkeydom.

"MR. STEPHENSON was presented on fixing the Britannia Tubular Bridge!"

This reads, or would read, well enough; but—

"THEOPHILUS SPRING-GREEN, on placing a gold ring on the marriage finger of LADY ARABELLA DE BLANCMANGE"—

This we hold to be a most wicked and unprincipled attack on the time and attention of the Sovereign. It is otherwise with brides. Bless them! We would not deprive them of the sweet satisfaction of such introduction; for they have a right to it. They have lost their maiden names; have given up their nominal identity. ARABELLA DE BLANCMANGE is merged into SPRING-GREEN, and is to be received, acknowledged, and henceforth known at Court under her new signification. Not so with the specimen of the rougher sex. THEOPHILUS is the same THEOPHILUS;—SPRING GREEN has his customary verdure.

Nevertheless, we would not limit the occasions of Court-presentation for gentlemen. We think there are many social and domestic events upon which a man may feel he has a right—either a tender or a proud one—to face his Sovereign. *Punch* will just jot down a few, as they rise to his brain, like Champagne bubbles to the surface.

- On becoming a widower!
- On winning the Derby!
- On paying a tailor!
- On getting the best of a Jew Discounter!
- On obtaining a Prize in the "Art-Union!"
- On reading from beginning to end, the Last Pamphlet of MR. THOMAS

CARLYLE.

- On return from the Vernon Gallery.
- On cutting MR. HUDSON (having before been hand and hoof with the Golden Calf) in the House of Commons.

THE WEAKNESS OF THE WHIP, AND A SATIRICAL YOUNG ROGUE.

THERE are those who believe that the most judicious treatment of the human "Donkey wot won't go" in the right direction is, really, to "wallop" him. How little it is feasible to reform criminals by the lash—how impracticable to "whip the offending ADAM out of them," might be proved by numerous Chronicles of the Cat, and Statistics of the Scourge, making a large pile of Black-and-Blue Books. In the meanwhile, here is one case in point, commended to the consideration of the sect of penal "Flagellants." At the Middlesex Sessions, one day last week, as the *Times* relates,—

"THOMAS JONES, a little lad of the age of 15, was convicted of having stolen 22 books of the value of 2l. 4s., the property of a gentleman named THOMAS JONES.

"The learned Judge said he would read the history of the prisoner for the last year, and from one prison only. On the 17th of February, 1849, the boy was 'summarily' convicted in the name of ANDREW MITCHELL, and was sentenced to one month's imprisonment; on the 20th of March, three days after he had been liberated only, he was again 'summarily' convicted in the name of JOHN WILLIAMS, when he was sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment; on the 1st of June he was a third time 'summarily' convicted, and sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment, and to be well whipped—on this occasion he had resumed his own name; on the 2nd of August he was a fourth time 'summarily' convicted and sentenced to one month, and to be well whipped; and, on the 13th of November, he was a fifth time 'summarily' convicted, when he had been sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, and another whipping."

The ursine attempt to lick a cub into shape has signally failed in the case of MASTER JONES. But the whip is a superficial corrective: it seldom touches more

than skin-deep. With small result has this youth been "leathered" except "with a vengeance," according to the prescription of MR. CARLYLE, who contends that in prison-discipline there is nothing like "leather" applied to the back vindictively. The whippings of young JONES will have given little satisfaction to anybody but the writer of "Model Prisons," who probably, as the varlet has not answered to the whip, and appears incorrigible, would propose to "sweep" him "with some rapidity into the dust-bin." But human rubbish is not to be so easily shot away.

This retributory flogging, moreover, is by no means a settlement with the culprit. If Society has scourged JONES, JONES is still a scourge to Society. He has his "revenge" as well. He, as a social pest, avenges broken natural laws—moral, physical, physiological ordinances—the infringement of which produces your JONESSES. Some such "Young Troublesomes," perhaps, can be reclaimed by no means, fair or foul; but an early trial of the former might, in many instances, possibly prevent recourse to the latter. It is curious that the last offence of MASTER JONES consisted in stealing books. For this he has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment and hard labour. The state of educational destitution among the JONES-class considered, there was such clever satire in the theft, that for this once he almost deserved to be let off.

A CRY FROM ST. PAUL'S.

WE have great pleasure in giving utterance to a Cry from St. Paul's Churchyard. The criers desire to express their concurrence in an agitation now going on in their neighbourhood for the removal of the railing in front of the cathedral. They say that this railing spoils the view of the church, is an injury to the fame of WREN, an impediment to circulation, often occasioning accidents, and such a perfect eyesore as frequently to give foreigners ophthalmia. They perfectly agree with the *Observer*, alluding to the locality of St. Paul's, that—

"At present there can be no question that this part of London is a disgrace to the Metropolis."

There is, however, they contend, a certain metropolitan body, to which this part of London is particularly disgraceful; and shameful as they consider it that the exterior of St. Paul's should be shut out, they think it much more scandalous that the interior should be excluded from the public view. They demand the removal of the twopenny obstruction, by which the DEAN and CHAPTER hinder the poor people from entering the church. They remark that twopenny is a large sum in proportion to many a working man's wages, and equivalent to a loaf of considerable size, which the workman and his family cannot spare for the DEAN and CHAPTER. They own that in making these observations they are ringing changes on one theme, but declare that they feel themselves justified in so doing as long as MESSRS. DEAN and Co.'s money-changers continue to ring theirs in the temple.

Finally, they propose that the St. Paul's railings and church-mail should be abolished together, and that the old irons should be appropriated for sale by the reverend showmen as an indemnification for the reigned coppers. This Cry from St. Paul's Churchyard emanates from the stones that pave it, which represent themselves as having been compelled to cry out by the protracted enormity of the twopenny cathedral imposition.

THE OXFORD STEEPLE-CHASE.

THE Oxford Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, states that measures have been taken by the Vice-Chancellor and heads of houses, to prevent "the practice of riding in races commonly known as steeple-chases," which has of late "prevailed to a great extent among some of the junior members of the University." Steeple-chasing, we believe, is not uncommon among senior members of the University, who clear scruples and go over difficulties in fine style, when there is a shovel hat or a mitre at the goal.

A FLAT CONTRADICTION TO AN OLD PROVERB.

THERE is a musty old proverb which says, "Every road leads to Rome." This is not the case with the Pope at all events, for with him every road leads to every other place but Rome.





THE CIRCUS. AT ASTLEYS





## “WHO’S DAT KNOCKING AT DE DOOR?”

THE OLD SONG, AS SUNG BY OLD JOE (HUME) ONCE, AT LEAST, EVERY SESSION.

I HAD just come down, with my subject warm,  
 And my annual motion about Reform;  
 I went to the House—I might as well have gone to bed,  
 For LORD JOHN RUSSELL got up and said,  
 Who’s dat knocking at de door?  
 Am dat you FEARGUS? No, it am JOE!  
 What Old JOE? Yes, Old JOE. Oh, only old JOE!  
 Well, you can’t come in—so you’d better go;  
 For it’s no use knocking at de door any more,  
 And it’s no use knocking at de door.

Who’s dat knocking at de door,  
 Making such a row, with so much of his jaw?  
 I’ll call the Speaker, and tell him how  
 You only want to kick up a row.  
 Who’s dat knocking at de door?  
 Who’s dat knocking at de door?  
 Am dat you, COBDEN? No, it am JOE.  
 What! Old JOE? Yes; Old JOE.  
 I told you before that it’s still no go,  
 And it’s no use knocking at de door.

But they’ll open the door and let him in,  
 If in their ears he continues his din.  
 Forward came *Punch*—and said, “Follow me;  
 When I take the lead let in you’ll be,  
 If they know I’m knocking at de door;  
 When they know I’m knocking at de door.”  
 Am dat you JOE? No, it am *Punch*;  
 They’ll soon make way for his staff and hunch!  
 You needn’t stand knocking at de door any more—  
 There’ll be no more knocking at de door.







## PUNCH'S POLICE.

A VERY MELANCHOLY CASE.

YESTERDAY a gentleman of the name of THOMAS CARLYLE was brought before *Mr. Punch*, charged with being unable to take care of his own literary reputation—a very first-rate reputation until a few months past—but now, in consequence of the reckless and alarming conduct of the accused, in a most dangerous condition; indeed, in the opinion of very competent authorities, fast sinking.

The office was crowded by many distinguished persons, all of them manifesting the most tender anxiety towards the accused; who, however, did not seem to feel the seriousness of his situation; but, on the contrary, with folded arms and determined expression of visage, called the worthy magistrate (*Mr. Punch*) a "windbag," a "serf of flunkeydom," and "an ape of the Dead Sea."

JOHN NOKES, a policeman with a literary turn, proved that he had long known the doings of the accused. Witness first became acquainted with him through his "*Life of Schiller*," a work done in the very best and dearest manner, in which no offence whatever was committed against the people's English; for he, JOHN NOKES, had no idea that English should be called either "king's" or "queen's," but emphatically "the people's English." Had since known the accused through "*Sartor Resartus*," "*The French Revolution*," "*Past and Present*," and "*Oliver Cromwell*." From time to time, as he went on, witness had marked with considerable anxiety, an increasing wildness, a daring eccentricity of manner in the doings of the accused, frequently observing that he delighted to crack and dislocate the joints of language, and to melt down and alloy sterling English into nothing better than German silver. Nevertheless, witness did not believe the reputation of the accused in any positive danger, until some three or four months back, when he detected him running wildly up and down the pages of "*Frazer's Magazine*," pelting all sorts of gibberish at the heads of Jamaica niggers—fantastically reproaching them for being "up to the ears, content in pumpkins, when they should work for sugar and spices" for their white masters—threatening them with the whip, and, in a word, dealing in language only dear to the heart—witness meant pockets—of Yaukee slave-owners and Brazilian planters. Since then, witness had named his suspicions to several most respectable publishers, warning them to have an eye upon the offender.

PETER WILLIAMS, teacher at the Lamb-and-Flag Ragged School, deposed that he had purchased two numbers of a work by the accused, called "*Latter-Day Pamphlets*." The first number appeared to him (witness) to develop rabid symptoms,—but in the second, in *Model Prisons*—there was nothing in it, but barking and froth. (Here several passages were read that fully bore out the opinion of the witness; passages which created a melancholy sensation in court, many persons sighing deeply, and in more than one instance dropping "some natural tears.")—Witness did not believe it consistent with public safety that, in his present temper, the accused should be trusted with pen-and-ink. If permitted the use of such dangerous weapons he would—until recovered from his present indisposition—inevitably inflict upon his reputation a mischief from which it could not recover. As it was, witness considered it far from safe.

*Mr. Punch* asked the accused, if he had anything to say; whereupon accused, with a withering smile, replied—

"Preternatural Eternal Oceans"—"Inhuman Humanitarians"—"Elderdown Philanthropy"—"Wide-reverberating Cant"—"Work Sans Holiday"—"Three Cheers more, and Eternal, Inimitable, and Antipodean Fraternity"—"Pumpkindom, Flunkeydom, Foolscapdom, and Pen-and-Inkidom!"

*Mr. Punch* observed, this was a melancholy case. He could not release the accused, unless upon good and sufficient surety. Whereupon two gentlemen—publishers of the first respectability—declared themselves willing to be bound, that accused should not, until in a more healthful frame of mind, be allowed the use of paper and goosequills.

It is believed that if accused again offend, the whole body of publishers will insist upon his compulsory silence. Let us, however, hope better things.

## The Quarantine Laws.

WE understand that a Quarantine is to be established with reference to all Steam Boats running between London Bridge and Battersea, in consequence of chilblains having broken out in the latter locality. There have been a few cases of corns in Pimlico, but as the greater part of the district is inland, it is not proposed to interfere, as yet, with the navigation between Vauxhall and Westminster. Battersea has been presented with a clean bill of health in reference to the bunions, which a month ago had ravaged the neighbourhood.

## NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.

THE BACHELOR-HUSBAND.



A Bachelor-Husband, we mean a husband who is made a bachelor *pro tem*, by the absence of his wife.

Of course such a kind of life has its little enviable privileges and advantages; but then it has its drawbacks and annoyances, for which no freedom can compensate. It is freedom made slavery.

Husbands are always raving about the bliss of getting away from their wives, and, when they do, what miserable creatures they are! They are always whining then to have them back again.

The Bachelor-Husband is a melancholy proof of this. His wife has gone on a visit to her papa, or some rich relation in the country, from whom she has great expectations. She is not to return for a fortnight. The

"dear Hubby" is left alone—not altogether out of love with the thought of being restored to liberty.

And yet, the very first day, what a helpless creature he is! He is left the uncontrolled master of the house, and doesn't know where a single thing is kept. If he wants anything, he has to get up and search for it himself, and even then there is but a small chance of his finding it. For he doesn't know one key from another, and he tries them all; but, as a matter of course, the very key that is wanted is missing.

The first day he meets some friends. He tells them with a triumphant chuckle, that he is a bachelor, and they must come home and dine with him.

What a dinner! Probably it has not been ordered. How very foolish! He quite forgot that he has to go to the butcher's, and the poultryer's, and greengrocer's, every day himself now; or, if the dinner has been ordered, it is sure to be some vulgar dish which he is ashamed to see put upon the table, or else it turns out to be the very joint which he never touches. For the cook does not know all his whims and fancies, his choice aversions and preferences, as his wife does.

Then again, the beer was "out" yesterday, and a fresh barrel has not been ordered in. There is a pause of ten minutes, therefore, to enable the cook to run out to the Adam and Eve for a pint of the best ale. When the best is brought, no one can drink it.

He is profuse in his apologies to his dear friends, who assure him that it does not in the least matter, but, as they leave, it is evident, from their blank faces, that they have turned down a page in the volume of their experience, as a private memorandum, never to trust to the tender hospitality of a Bachelor-Husband again.

Poor Bachelor! He is crawling up to bed, like a melancholy snail, just beginning to feel the weight of the house he has newly got upon his back, when suddenly he recollects he gave permission to the Nurse to pass the evening with her mother at Pentonville, and that she has not yet come in. He has raked the fire out in the parlour, and so he is obliged to go down into the kitchen, where he sits, listening to the tick-tick-tick of the kitchen clock, and amusing himself now and then with a grand battue of black-beetles, till past one o'clock in the morning, when the mildest ring at the bell proclaims Nurse's return.

His troubles begin the first thing the next morning. He cannot get the servants out of bed. Then he has to ring separately for every article he wants. The servants' behaviour altogether is changed to what it is when Missis is at home. They seem to be aware of his helplessness, and do as little as they can to relieve it.

When he goes down stairs, the room is scarcely dusted, or the dusters are lying about, and he nearly sits down upon the box of black-lead brushes that has been left in his arm-chair. He cannot get the urn, and has to ring for the toast, and cut his own bread and butter, and air the newspaper himself.

Then he is pestered with applications from the maid for towels, or



pearl-ash, or soap, or clean sheets; and, worse than all, has to meet that awful enquiry from the cook, "Please Sir, what will you have for dinner to-day?" The daily enquiry persecutes him to that extent that at last he is driven away from his home, and regularly dines out.



"PLEASE, SIR, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE FOR DINNER TO-DAY?"

Moreover, it is cheerless dining all alone—sitting opposite to his wife's empty chair—not a person to take wine or exchange a word with. The silence grows oppressive, and any cheap, saw-dust dining place, where there are nothing but chops and steaks,—excepting steaks and chops,—soon becomes preferable.

Not that the Bachelor-Husband dines much at cheap dining places. He runs through the circle of his friends and relations, beginning with his friends first, for he knows they give the best dinners, and reserving the relations for the last. He requires no invitation—for the fact of his being a Bachelor, throws open every dining-room door to him. He begins to stop out late—associates with young men—gets into a habit of late suppers, and smokes incessantly—for a cigar is one of those recognised privileges which the Bachelor-Husband takes behind his wife's back, which he would never dare to do to her face.

But smoking, even in his own parlour, is not enough to make the place happy. The place looks empty, dreary, and no wonder he comes home late, for it has lost all attraction, all comfort, in his eyes. It is a house for him, but no home. He is very little better than a lodger—he has merely taken a sitting-room and bed-room for a fortnight in his wife's mansion during her absence. He leaves the first thing in the morning, and goes home the last thing at night to sleep.

Everything loses the bright appearance it had when his wife was on the spot to look after the house. The drawing-room stares at him like a dingy Lowther Bazaar smothered in dust. Dust seems to spread itself over every little thing, and the servants themselves appear as if they would be all the better for a good dusting.

The Bachelor-Husband is an outcast in his own house. He has but little control over any one—and pays the bills that are put before him without a question, being too glad to get rid of the nuisance as quick as possible. The washing, too, wears his life out. All his linen comes home wrong. His waistcoats and neck-handkerchiefs are washed so biliously he has not the face to wear them. The strings are off his collars: and, as for Bachelor's Buttons, he has not a shirt with one on. He does not know whom to ask to help him. He complains, but his complaints are not heeded, and if he has a cold, he is obliged to nurse himself, receiving pity, consolation, and water-gruel, from no hands but his own.

He puts his name down to be entered at some West-End Club (a Club for Bachelor-Husbands, by-the-by, would not be a bad move, open at all hours to all Bachelor-Husbands), so that, by the time his wife leaves him a Bachelor the second time, he may have some table of refuge where he can eat a good dinner in comfort, and invite friends to come and eat it with him.

Wives should beware of this, and should never stop away too long,—but should rather return ere the fortnight has elapsed, before they receive a letter imploring them to come home as soon as possible—for when they receive that affectionate summons, they may be sure that the very climax of wretchedness has been attained by that poor, pitiable, persecuted, helpless, domestic heart-broken individual, whom we call the Bachelor-Husband. Common prudence, not to say compassion, should whisper to them it is not fair, or worthy of the fair sex, to pro-

long any husband's sufferings to that extent!—unless perchance they leave him in the hands of a warranted mother-in-law.

#### NON-POLITICAL AND UN-FASHION- ABLE RE-UNIONS.

THE Master of one of the Metropolitan Unions had his customary Re-Union in the Workhouse on Saturday last. Gruel was served in the principal apartment, and breads were laid for one hundred and fifty guests. The accomplished Lady of the Master received the visitors at the grand copper as they entered, and we observed among them several who had recently had the Order of the Cold Bath conferred upon them. Several *al fresco* fish feasts have been lately given in various parts of London, and on Saturday, the fashionable evening, there is held at Brompton a regular *fête des poissons*, or fancy fair, the stalls at which are presided over by some of the most distinguished females of the neighbourhood. At most of these stalls the Whelk is the "monster of the deep" most in request by the public, who may generally calculate on a hearty Whelkome.

#### TIME OUT OF MIND.

WE really cannot tell what has come lately to some of the principal Clocks of London. Since St. Clement's set the bad example of irregularity some four or five years ago, there has been a sort of epidemic prevailing among many of the principal time-pieces of the Metropolis. A month or so back, it was the Royal Exchange that showed symptoms of ill-timed eccentricity, and now we regret to hear of that highly-respected member of the Horological Society, the Asylum Clock in the Westminster Road, having turned off the whole of its hands for the last fortnight. The absence of the hands cannot be the result of a strike, for no striking has been observed by the inhabitants.

The works are, of course, completely stopt, and the supposition is, that the Clock had, in a moment of forgetfulness, been wound up to a pitch of intensity which has proved fatal to its proper equilibrium. Whatever may be the cause, we can only deplore the effect, for this Clock, which seemed always to have the game in its hands, is at present without any hands whatever.

#### A HINT TO PUBLISHERS.

THERE is in Literature, as in other matters, a great deal in a name, and no sooner does any thing successful appear in any department of speculation, than a series of nominal resemblances to the fortunate achievement are instantly advertised. We recommend the following as a few titles for books, intended to follow up the recent new work, called, "TURKEY AND ITS DESTINY."

"CAPON AND ITS CAPABILITIES."

"VEAL AND ITS WOES."

"MUTTON AND ITS CAPERS."

"CHICKEN AND ITS FAINT-HEARTEDNESS."

"GIN AND ITS BITTERS."

"CURD AND ITS WHEYS."

#### Brava! Jenny Lind!

JENNY LIND was offered some thirty thousand pounds to sing at the Imperial Concerts at the Court of Russia. JENNY'S significant negative to the offer was "Hungary." Great is the triumph of genius, when the night-ingale is too much for the eagle.



## PUNCH THE SAILOR'S FRIEND.

PUNCH has always been animated by the kindest feelings towards the British Seaman—from the son of NEPTUNE taking an airing in the back-yard of a man of war, to the gallant tar dancing hornpipes, fighting combats, and wiping his "dear eyes" on the stage of a minor theatre. *Punch*, however, has not been blind to the defects of the nautical character, including its propensity to improvidence; its insane delight in riding on the roofs of cabs; its tendency to bully and bluster, when dissipating on shore; and indeed "Jack," as every drunken sailor chooses to call himself, has often appeared to be little better than an unlicked sea-cub, to whom the process of licking would be in more senses than one, a benefit.

Several attempts have been made to effect the social elevation of the tar, who has frequently been sat upon by Parliamentary Committees, from whom recommendations have issued over and over again; but it unfortunately happens that no Government has yet had sufficient pluck, energy, or good will, to act on the recommendations in question.

The Legislature has always within itself a quantity of obstructive force, besides the natural *vis inertiae*, or power of doing nothing, that the body contains, and these generally prove sufficient to impede any good work that is not urged on vigorously from without, and taken up indoors with a thorough determination to accomplish it. The present Administration, acting through MR. LABOUCHERE, the President of the Board of Trade, had prepared a measure designed to improve the condition of the Merchant Seamen, when straightway the regular obstructors of Parliament, allying themselves with a self-interested class, have gone to work with the intention of preventing, if possible, the good designed by the Government for the mercantile navy. One of the objects of the measure introduced by MR. LABOUCHERE is to submit the masters and mates of merchant ships to examination, with the view of ascertaining their fitness; a provision opposed by the shipowners, who contend that they ought to retain the right of appointing either the fit or unfit to the command of their vessels.

If it could be said of a naval commander, as of a poet, *nascitur non fit*, there might be some ground for objecting to a legislative measure for making sure of his fitness. Experience has shown that the power, while in the hands of the shipowners, has been grossly misused, and that the interest of the seaman has been grossly overlooked. His life under the old system has been anything but that canvas-trowsered, polish-pumped, and hornpipe-dancing career, which in our infantine days we always pictured as the lot of the British sailor. His voyages have not been that delicious intermixture of grog and sentiment, that series of playful allusions to lee-scuppers, marin spikes and mizens which we once attributed to him as the staple of his conversation, and the sole subject of his anxiety. Domineering inefficient officers afloat, neglect on shore, and want of sympathy almost everywhere—except on the stage and in print—have been the seaman's fate for many years, and these are the evils which the Government measure is calculated to remedy.

## SPOHR'S "COMBINATIONS."

SPRING-TIME is come—the sap is rising—JENKINS promises to be almost himself again. Here is a sample from the *Post* of last week. JENKINS prophesies upon the Opera prospects of 1851, and thus lays violent parts of speech upon SPOHR:—

"A thrilling sense of sweetness arises from his combinations which affects us in the same manner as does a summer night's west wind heavy with the breaths of a thousand flowers blended into one odour, under whose influence we almost faint with the excess of ecstasy which vibrates through our whole being."

JENKINS thrilled with a sense of sweetness of a summer night's west wind blending a thousand flowers into one odour—as the perfumers say, *extrait de mille fleurs*—and almost fainting with an excess of ecstasy, vibrating through his whole being,—JENKINS, we say, in this very interesting situation, is by no means bad. At least, to begin with. Proceed, JENKINS; vibrate and prosper!

## A Half-Pint Measure of Law Reform.

THE principle that "every little helps" is being adapted and acted upon by the authorities in the Court of Chancery. A few days ago a proceeding was postponed before one of the Equity Judges, in order that "all the parties might be heard at once." This is a magnificent idea, and though it runs counter to the old Royal regulation of "one at a time," when a provincial Mayor began to speak simultaneously with the braying of an adjacent donkey, we are convinced that there are many little matters in Equity with reference to which "the more the merrier," as far as the talking of Counsel is concerned, is the best rule to act upon. Though money may not be saved by the arrangement, there would be an economy of time in letting several learned gentlemen join in making a long speech, a strong speech, and a speech altogether.



[THE ADVANTAGE OF LODGING UNDER A MECHANICAL GENIUS.

## DRAINING THE METROPOLIS.

THE *Times* states that the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, "old and new, have been in office nearly three years, and have spent at least £100,000 pounds a year of the public money." For this expenditure our contemporary complains that there is nothing to show, and adds, "Excepting incidentally, we have had no proclamation or recognition by the Commissioners of any great principle of drainage." Nay; give the gentlemen their due. They have not only recognised a principle, but also put in practice a system of drainage to a very great extent, only they have made a slight mistake; they have drained the City's resources instead of its sewers. It does not appear that any "sumps" have been provided for the conservation of these valuable drainings. No; the Commissioners contented themselves with finding an outfall for them; and the drainings have simply gone to the deuce.

## Anticipations of the Budget.

ALL classes of interests are of course desirous of getting the benefit of any reduction of duty that may be rendered possible by the surplus revenue; and we have even heard it whispered that a motion will be made in the House of Commons, to take a part of the duty off policemen. The application will be made on the alleged ground of its being for the benefit of men of letters.



## CARLYLE MADE EASY.

MR. PUNCH differs very much on many points with MR. THOMAS CARLYLE; nevertheless he recommends everybody to read MR. CARLYLE'S *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, because there certainly is much fun in them; for they afford all the amusement that can be derived from the best enigmas. It has, however, struck *Mr. Punch* that for the benefit of the slow of comprehension, a CARLYLE made easy, a sort of Delphin CARLYLE, ought to be published, something after the subjoined pattern. *Mr. Punch* is not quite confident that he has rendered MR. CARLYLE in every respect correctly; if he has not, perhaps MR. CARLYLE will point out the mistake—provided that he is perfectly sure that he understands his own meaning. The Author, in Pamphlet No. 1, "The Present Time," is describing the "New Era," which he supposes to have just commenced:—

## THE TEXT.

"A terrible *new* country this: no neighbours in it yet that I can see, but irrational flabby monsters (philanthropic and other) of the giant species; hyænas, laughing hyænas, predatory wolves; probably devils, blue (or perhaps blue and yellow) devils, as ST. GUTHLAC found in Croyland long ago. A huge untrodden, haggard country, the "chaotic battlefield of Frost and Fire;" a country of savage glaciers, granite mountains, of foul jungles, unwhewed forests, quaking bogs; which we shall have our own ados to make arable and habitable, I think!"

## THE SENSE.

"This is a novel, alarming, state of things. There are no agents but ourselves at work in it that I can perceive, except irrational, unsound preachers of chimeras (philanthropic and other deceivers) of great note; abusive and satirical journalists, literary wolves that prey on the public morals; probably certain magazines of evil tendency, blue, or perhaps blue and yellow magazines [coloured like the] devils [which] ST. GUTHLAC found in Croyland long ago. An indefinite unexplored dreary state of things, the arena of diametrically opposed principles; an age of frozen charities, stubborn prejudices, filthy mazes of immorality, unreclaimed populations, and social bases threatening to give way; a state of things which I think we shall have sufficient of our own to render capital improvement, and orderly existence, to exist under it."

## A Fact for the Agriculturists.

WE understand that one of the farmers' friends in the House of Commons will shortly propose a return to Protection, in consequence of the ruinous effect produced by Free Trade upon our home agriculture, which has already caused the introduction in the year 1849 of £4000 worth of French lawns into this country. It will be urged with the usual soundness of logic and accuracy of fact, for which the Protectionists are remarkable, that if foreign lawns are already coming in so fast, foreign fields may soon be expected to follow. It will doubtless be asked how it is possible for the land to stand against such competition, when, not simply the produce from abroad is imported, but when French lawns, and why not French pastures, on a still more extensive scale, are admitted bodily into unhappy England.

## "DOWN IN FRONT."

WE learn from the papers that there is a movement getting up in the city, with the view of doing away with the iron railing round St. Paul's Cathedral. This may be all very well, but we give due notice to the parties interested, that, though the iron railing may be abolished, until the twopenny-show principle of charging for admission has been got rid of, our irony and our railing will never be removed from St. Paul's.

## PLOUGHING BY STEAM.

WE perceive that steam has been applied to the process of ploughing. If the farmers are really, as they allege, in terrible hot water, we think they cannot do better than turn the hot water to account, by using the steam for farming purposes.

## REASON FOR WEARING A BEARD.

THERE is a Member of the Peace Society who has not shaved now for years, and the reason he gives for his beard, which is a very handsome one, is this: "He is not going to touch a razor, lest by any accident he should be lending his hand to the unnecessary effusion of blood."

## PROSPECTS OF THE TUNNEL.

THINGS in the Tunnel continue to look black, and at a meeting of proprietors a few days ago, a comparison between the receipts and expenditure presented ground for hope, inasmuch as there is always play for the imagination when nothing has been realised. It appears that the Directors do all they can to brighten the prospects of the concern, for between £700 and £800 have gone in the year for gas, which makes the Tunnel light though it makes the expenditure heavy. There has been a falling off in the tolls for the past year, but this deficiency is of course attributed to the cholera. If the epidemic has been otherwise unprofitable, it has, at all events, acted as a sort of general accountant employed in balancing all matters of profit and loss, which could not be very well explained in any other manner.

One of the items of receipt is as usual the rent of stalls, for that continual fancy fair which is perpetually going on underground, in obedience to that wonderful law of our nature which teaches us sometimes to delight in the most startling contrasts, and has led to the establishment of a bazaar in the tunnel. We should be most happy to offer anything like consolation or encouragement to the proprietors; but truth compels us to say that we utterly despair of ever seeing the concern succeed in keeping itself above water.

## The Ruins of Nineveh.

IT appears that a French antiquarian threatens to get the best of our own LAYARD at Nineveh. He will—

"With his much larger fund (£30,000 it is stated), materially encroach on the harvest of antiquities which would fall to the lot of the English nation were CAPTAIN LAYARD'S exertions backed by more ample means."

This is an idle, an ignorant complaint. When JOHN BELL is made to lose so much with "ducks and drakes," how can he, with the French, afford to play at "marbles?"

## Quick Returns and no Profits.

MR. HUDSON has re-appeared "in his place" (where we should have thought he would have been somewhat "out of his place") in the House of Commons. We are not aware whether the ex-Railway-King is supplied with a motto for his armorial bearings, whatever they may be, but if not, we would suggest to him as appropriate to his re-appearance in Parliament, the well known phrase of "Cut and come again."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.



WE wish that MR. COBDEN, in his next annual motion for the reduction of useless expenditure, would oblige us by introducing a few words relative to the useless expenditure of time—which we have so frequently incurred in telling Correspondents that they must take copies of their communications before they consign them to *Punch's* letter-box. Members of the House of Commons may move for what returns they please, but amongst such returns, no return of any article sent to us can be included. Copying machines may be had from two guineas upwards, and surely such a trifling investment as this can be of no moment at such a momentous crisis, as the sitting down to write to *Punch* a communication of any kind whatever.



## SIBTHORP'S WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

THE gallant COLONEL SIBTHORP ought to be the most bashful member that the House of Commons contains, for he is totally devoid of confidence. He takes every opportunity of declaring his total distrust of everybody and everything parliamentary; a state of mind which is perpetually prompting him to take up his hat and rush out of the house, for the purpose, as he always declares, of getting out of an atmosphere of humbug and roguery. We should not be surprised at his putting on the paper a notice of motion in something like the following form:—"COLONEL SIBTHORP to move for a call of the house, for the purpose of taking into consideration his confidence in nothing and nobody, and after having taken up his hat to ask for a committee to sit upon it."

The honourable and gallant member must suffer materially from this feeling of distrust in all men of all parties, for it must be exceedingly disagreeable to live in one continued state of doubt as to the whole world's honesty. The Colonel wears out, we understand, at least half-a-dozen velvet naps in the session, by his constant practice of bonnetting himself, and rushing out of the house with a sweeping denunciation of Whigs, Tories, Radicals, Conservatives, Peelites and Protectionists.



SIBTHORP HAS NO CONFIDENCE IN EITHER PARTY.

## A MATCH FOR HAYNAU.

THE *Times* tells us that there were "21 persons hanged or shot by court-martial, and 73 flogged," according to one report, "irrespectively of courts-martial." Where, and by whom? In Hungary again? Another exploit of HAYNAU's? No, indeed. In Cephalonia, by British authority, as shown by "SIR HENRY WARD'S own statement," did these military executions take place. The cats for the flogging were "expressly supplied for the purpose by SIR WILLIAM PARKER'S flagship." The culprits were, it is said, banditti, but political tools. The population of Cephalonia is stated by the *Times* as 70,000: the number of capital executions in Hungary to have been 54. In this hanging, shooting, and whipping match, there appears to be a "tie" between HAYNAU and his British rival. In Cephalonia, 21 victims must be considered as exceeding 54 in Hungary; but then, against his opponent, HAYNAU scores women. HAYNAU is perhaps the more thorough whip, but it is a question whether he has not been distanced by our own countryman.

## A Prize Ministry.

COLONEL SIBTHORP complained the other night, in the House of Commons, that the Ministers were getting much too fat—a circumstance that is quite compatible with their having no leaning towards the gallant Member's doctrines. We can understand the Colonel's objection to the fatness of the members of the Government, for it must give them additional weight in the country, and it shows also that they are made a great deal of, since their bulk is becoming remarkable. We don't object to their being double-bodied, so long as they are not double-faced, and if they increase so much in size, it will not be possible for political intriguers to get round them very easily.

## THE UNFILIAL HANGMAN.

LAST week, CALCRAFT the hangman was summoned for refusing to assist in the support of his mother. CALCRAFT pleaded poverty in excuse of filial neglect. True, it was shown that his regular Newgate salary was one guinea per week—nothing being said of the proceeds of his hempseed harvest, in the country. CALCRAFT is, moreover, a shoemaker; and was taken in the fact of wearing a shoemaker's apron. Nevertheless, CALCRAFT declared he could not and would not pay a tester in support of his parent.

We are sorry for this. We lament the hard-heartedness of the hangman. Reflecting upon the great moral uses of the gallows—as averred and championed by defendants of the halter—it does appear to us as singularly unfortunate that CALCRAFT, the great teacher himself, should bring away such low morality from that great public school, the scaffold.

The report further states, that

"A considerable degree of interest was excited, and the court was inconveniently crowded by persons, amongst whom were a number of well-dressed women, anxious to obtain a sight of the defendant."

We are not without sympathy even for JACK KETCH; we are willing to do him a good turn, without asking him for another.

Can MR. CALCRAFT make nothing out of the "considerable degree of interest" which is excited by his public appearance? If he were to give an "At Home," for example, would not his exhibition-room be inconveniently, but profitably crowded? Try it, CALCRAFT, at 1s. a head. What an easy way of getting money! You have only to show yourself—though, if you could give a little lecture with illustrations, so much the better, of course. How pleasant too! With a number of well-dressed women anxious to obtain a sight of you! What young buck does not envy you, you happy dog?

By the way, a certain late patient of MR. CALCRAFT'S was remarkable for dressing well. Perhaps the well-dressed women gloating on him at Worship Street reminded him of her. Possibly it is not in externals alone that the ladies who could revel in such contemplation resembled MARIA MANNING.

## ANIMATED LIKENESSES OF THE LATE LORD ELDON.

## A MYSTERIOUS STORY.

IT is well observed by the BARD OF AVON that there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Among such our readers will probably be disposed to include the following occurrences, presuming their authenticity, which it is difficult to doubt, being vouched for by the independent testimony of various eminent solicitors. We are informed by a great number of legal correspondents in all parts of the kingdom, that the most curious and unaccountable phenomena have, for some time past, been exhibited by the portraits and busts of the late LORD ELDON, which, as is well known, are the ornaments of most lawyers' offices. The portraits of the sometime Lord Chancellor of England have been observed suddenly to turn themselves to the wall; or to tumble down from their hangings without any assignable cause. His busts have all at once appeared to change countenance, and assume an expression of weeping; a habit for which the original, as is well known, was remarkable in his life-time. Superstitious minds have not failed to connect these singular circumstances with the production of the Solicitor-General's measures for the reform of the Irish Court of Chancery.

Certain, however, it is, that the great Equity Lawyer was a strenuous defender of what are now considered the abuses of the Court which he presided over, and if the success of SIR J. ROMILLY'S Irish measure should lead, as is expected, to a corresponding Chancery reform in England, no doubt the mysterious events in question will at least be regarded in the light of "curious coincidences."—*Provincial Paper.*

## Every Man (even a German Prince) has his Price.

THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA is fired at in his travelling carriage, and his postillion is shot through the leg. The Prince, to record his gratitude for his narrow escape, awards the postillion a monthly pension of five thalers. We must say we do not consider fifteen shillings a month as the most princely payment in the world for saving a royal life,—but probably the Prince is a modest man, and, in fixing the sum, he was anxious not to give more than he considered himself fairly worth. If the Prince of Prussia is ever reduced to sell his life, we are afraid he will not make much by the transaction, according to the very low estimate he has put upon himself. Why, it isn't five shillings a-week! This is low, indeed, for a Crown Prince!

HEAD-MONEY FOR PIRATES.—Paying a lawyer's-bill in postage stamps.



THE GUARDSMAN'S UNBIASSED OPINION UPON  
MR. COBDEN.

(Delivered at the Mess after Dinner.)



SHOULD like to have the handling of him. Wouldn't I give it him! I wouldn't spare him, I can tell you! I should like to have him for my flunky for a week, that's all—he shouldn't forget it soon. I would wear ten pair of boots every day, that he might have the bother of cleaning them. What can he know about the army? Why doesn't he come amongst us? I only wish he would. Wouldn't we give it him, my boys! We would show him a new light or two, and send him home in a wheelbarrow. I can't help laughing, but I think I know of a plan that would sicken him. We would put him next to the Major, and if his old jokes didn't punish him in less than half an hour, he is lost to all sense of feeling. Nothing is too bad for that fellow. By Jingo! I wouldn't give a tin sixpence for the best commission in the service if he was at the head of affairs to-morrow. I'd sooner buy into the Police Force, and turn officer in the Blues, than wear moustaches under such a man. It's my firm opinion he wants to make us rise from the ranks, and do away with commissions altogether,—a pretty state of things there would be then. I think I shall sell out at once, for I've no idea of seeing a Cotton Lord at the head of the regiment, and of taking wine with a Colonel after he had been choking me with Devil's-dust. If I had my way, I would pack Mr. COBDEN and all his gang out of the country. He is a dangerous firebrand that must be extinguished, or he'll be burning us all out of our berths. However, he's too ignorant, luckily, to do much harm, and if ever he comes across my path I'll double him up like a Gibus hat, in no time—and then I will carry him under my arm to Almack's, to show the world what a regular flat he is. So much for COBDEN, and now, my boys, I'm any man's game for blind-hokey, lansquenet, or a throw with the bones, or a short pipe, or anything you please, my little dears, from a dog-fight to a bowl of brandy-punch."

Splitting the Difference.

THE *Morning Herald*, in speaking of M. CARNOT, in its paper of the 14th, calls him "a half cynical, half mystical, half VOLTAIRIAN, half JOHAN PAUL RICHTER enthusiast." We always considered CARNOT a sort of incarnation of the "entire animal" doctrine, but if we are to believe the *Herald*, he is one of the most half-and-half of republicans. It is evident that, in the event of future misconduct, a man of so many halves will be allowed no quarter; and though we do not quite see the force of the *Herald's* arithmetic, in assigning four halves to one man, still on the principle of his being a man beside himself, the anomaly may be perhaps accounted for.

Weights and Measures for the Million.

ONE pound of chalk makes two gallons of milk.  
Two twigs of birch broom—one ounce of tea.  
Three ounces of sand—half a pound of sugar.  
One stick of Spanish liquorice—two pots of porter.  
Twenty noisy boys—one infuriated beadle.  
Six friends in the pit—one blaze of triumph.  
Eight Protectionist facts—one falsehood.

SOMETHING BEYOND A JOKE.

MANY persons involved in the Railway Mania of 1845 have asked whether the applicants for Shares, and the Directors of a defunct Company, are in the same position. They certainly are not, the difference being, that, while the Committee-men are ill-at-ease, the share-seekers are simply all-ot-ees, which makes all the difference.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.

THE MAN WHO STOPS THE BOTTLE.

IF you notice, there is sure to be one man at the table who is always stopping the bottle.

This man has peculiarities so patent, that we are confident there is a race of men who are born BOTTLE-STOPPERS.

The BOTTLE-STOPPER is generally a poor, inanimate, dull creature, who sits, scarcely stirs, and never speaks—or, if he speaks, he stammers, unless he stutters, when he is sure to blush double-crimson-deep. He is both nervous and absent,—so that, if he is recalled to his senses, his nervousness, upon being made conscious he is in the company of ladies and gentlemen, is more painful to witness than his absence,—so, of the two, it is much better to let him remain absent.

In appearance he is awkward, and cannot carve without throwing something off the dish. He wears a white neckcloth, that has contracted a ludicrous habit of twisting round his neck.

In intelligence, his countenance is not unlike a male ballet-dancer's, but there the likeness stops, for the BOTTLE-STOPPER never smiles, or grins, in the same bewitching manner that the ballet-dancer does, when he is pleased. All kind of animation seems to have absconded from his pale face long ago. He looks much more likely to cry than to laugh; so, if you are wise, you will not attempt the latter for fear of succeeding in the former.

Let the conversation be ever so brisk, he never appears to listen. His thoughts, if he has any, are out of the room. The jokes may fly about in all directions, but he is following a blue-bottle along the ceiling, or else building a red-hot castle in the coals. He is only awakened from his studies by a powerful entreaty to "pass the bottle;" when he rubs his eyes to see where he is.

As a matter of course, the BOTTLE-STOPPER has not the smallest taste for wine. His ignorance in this respect is something contemptible. An unmarried lady knows more of champagne than he does. The youngest man of the party, who is rubbing up for a pair of whiskers, can tell a fine glass of port, with a higher knowledge of its goodness, than he can. When asked to fill his glass, he helps himself to the bottle that is nearest to him, without any reference to the wine he has been drinking last. Red or white—sparkling or still—Rhine wine or French wine—it is all the same to him. If it was table beer—or no better than SOYER'S Nectar—he would drink it all the same.

As the BOTTLE-STOPPER never says a word, he is not much spoken to. He would not be noticed at all, if it were not for his unfortunate propensity to keep the bottle constantly by his side. This propensity only elicits a playful observation at first, but as the error is repeated every time the bottle travels round, he is sharply called to order by some bald-headed, elderly gentleman, who begs of him, in a military voice, to "Look a little more alive, and send round the port." These reprimands grow sharper at each new offence, till at last the BOTTLE-STOPPER is happy to escape the moment "coffee" is announced, leaving the elderly gentleman and his portly compeers to denounce him as a "stupid fellow," as soon as his back is turned.

He is not more lively with the ladies than with the gentlemen. He takes refuge in some large portfolio of prints, and disappears mysteriously during some heavy ordnance piece of music, letting himself quietly out of the street-door. A week afterwards he leaves his card, and is never seen again.

The BOTTLE-STOPPER is simply a hand-and-fork automaton that is invited out to dinner. He is as little moved by beautiful music as he is by the generous influence of wine. He neither sings nor dances, and seems to excel but in one thing, and that is dreaming. The wonder is, he ever is found at a dinner-table at all, for he is neither useful nor ornamental, and the general apology for stupidity cannot be made in his favour, for he is not even rich. The secret must be, that he is invited at the last minute to fill up the gap made by the unavoidable absence of some better invitation.

What the BOTTLE-STOPPER may be in private life, we have no means of knowing, and we are rather glad of it. But we can imagine him to be always in arrear with his rent, never to eat his dinner till it is perfectly cold, to be plunged in the darkest ignorance with regard to bills, insurances, and all commercial transactions, and never by any accident to keep an appointment, or recollect a single thing he has promised. He is the sort of man who would invite twenty persons to dinner, and then forget everything about it. We can fancy his starting for the Derby on a Thursday morning, or if there was an eclipse to-day, that he would be rushing out to see it to-morrow. After all, he is as harmless as he is simple; only, as a general rule, we should say: "Never sit next to the BOTTLE-STOPPER at dinner, if you possibly can avoid it."

P.S. We have dined at many hundred tables, and have known, in our varied "mahogany" experience, many hundred BOTTLE-STOPPERS, but we must say, in justice to a much-admired country, that we have never met with an Irishman yet who was a BOTTLE-STOPPER!



## MR. FINIGAN'S LAMENT.

THE following Poem, upon an event which at present occupies much of the public attention in Ireland, has been sent to us by a gentleman connected with the Knife-Board of Dublin Castle:—



O TIM, did you hear of thim Saxons,  
And read what the peepers repoort?  
They're goan to recal the Lif'inant,  
And shut up the Castle and Coort!  
Our desolate counthry of Oireland,  
They're bint, the b'agyards, to desthroy,  
And now having murdthred our counthry,  
They're goin to kill the Viceroy,  
Dear boy;  
'Twas he was our proude and our joy!

And will we no longer behould him,  
Surrounding his carriage in throngs,  
As he weaves his cocked-hat from the windies,  
And smiles to his bould aide-de-congs?  
I liked for to see the young haroes,  
All shoing wih sthripes and with stars,  
A horsing about in the Phaynix,  
And winking the girls in the cyars,  
Like MARS,  
A smokin' their poipes and cigyars.

Dear MITCHELL exoiled to Bermudies,  
Your beautiful oilds you'll ope,  
And there'll be an abundance of croyin  
From O'BRINE at the Keep of Good Hope,  
When they read of this news in the peepers,  
Across the Atlantal wave,  
That the last of the Oirish Lif'inints  
Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave.  
God save  
The QUEEN—she should betther behave.

And what's to become of poor Dame Sthreef,  
And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts,  
Whin the Coort of imparial splindor  
From Doblin's sad city departs?  
And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers,  
When the deuce of a Coort there remains;  
And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,  
To hire the Coort-shuits and the thrains?  
In sthrains,  
It's thus that ould Erin complains!

There's COUNSELLOR FLANAGAN's leedy,  
'Twas she in the Coort didn't fail,  
And she wanted a plinty of popplin,  
For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail;  
She bought it of MISTHRESS O'GRADY,  
Eight shillings a yard tabinet,  
But now that the Coort is concluded,  
The divvie a yard will she get;  
I bet,  
Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There's SURGEON O'TOOLE and MISS LEARY,  
They'd daylings at MADAM O'RIGGS';  
Each year at the dthrawing-room sayson,  
They mounted the neatest of wigs.  
When Spring, with its buds and its dasies,  
Comes out in her beauty and bloom,  
Thim tu'll never think of new jasies,  
Because there is no dthrawing-room,  
For whom  
They'd choose the expence to ashume.

There's ALDERMAN TOAD and his lady,  
'Twas they gave the Clart and the Poort,  
And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters,  
To feast the Lord Lif'inint's Coort.  
But now that the quality's goin,  
I want that the aiting will stop,  
And you'll get at the Alderman's teebble  
The devil a bite or a dthrop,  
Or chop,  
And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin,  
And his Lordship, the dear honest man,  
And the Duchess, his eemiabie leedy,  
And CORRY, the bould Connellan,  
And little LORD HYDE and the childthren,  
And the Chewter and Governess tu;  
And the servants are packing their boxes,—  
Oh, murthar, but what shall I due  
Without you?  
O MEERY, with oi's of the blue!

## RED-COAT CONSTABLES.

MR. STANFORD, M.P.—Most Profound—of Reading, opposes reduction in the army; as he conceives that Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool, have especial need of well-filled barracks. If foreign laurels are not to be gathered, there may be a good home crop won upon English soil. At Liverpool, for instance, there is the Financial Reform Association, that requires military watchfulness. With a hundred pen-knives whetted to scratch out certain items in the civil list, such as thousands per annum for Hereditary Falconers and Masters of Buckhounds, we must have bayonets continually fixed to overawe and repress the revolutionary movement.

At Birmingham, there is JOSEPH STURGE with many disciples, preaching Universal Peace, advocating pestilent doctrines that will render the finest parks of artillery only so much old iron;—JOSEPH and his associates alone demand the vigilance of a few battalions.

Then, again, there is the great Freehold Movement. Every man treasonably bent upon purchasing for himself as much earth as will grow him a vote, is a social enemy—a hater of the franchise as it is—and requires at least a couple of red-coats to have an eye upon him. More; let us consider the helpless condition of the judges without the aid of the military: "The sentences of the judges could not be put into execution merely by a small police force." This is very evident; most manifest from the many abortive attempts lately made to release felons from prison vans, and to carry off murderers even from the very scaffold; attempts only frustrated by the sudden presence of the military power, that, sword in hand, scattered the evil-doers.

"When honourable members alleged that the people were calling for reductions in our military establishments, he asked them what they meant by 'the people?' Did they mean to include, under the term, pickpockets, thieves, and that large body, 70,000 in the metropolis, who were called 'the dangerous classes?' If so, he could easily account for the demand."

Very good—very wise, MR. STANFORD. To ask for a reduced army power is to have five fingers itching for the property of our neighbours. To object to the extravagant outlay upon the household troops is to be a man marked "dangerous."

But it is clear that the judges are of little use without the prospect of military co-operation. The ermine would be defiled by popular contempt, unless protected by scarlet serge. This is the reasoning of MR. STANFORD—this a specimen of the reasoning animal too often dubbed M.P., and sent to weary honest people, and fill with froth the morning papers.

However, from the debate we extract one delicious drop of comfort. COLONEL SIBTHORP said—

"Allusion had been made to the possibility of outbreaks by anarchical factions: if it should be found necessary for the preservation of the peace and dignity of this country, he should be prepared to act against any attempt which the Radicals might make."

There is a blacksmith dwelling at Lincoln who is prepared—at only one day's notice—to transmute the Colonel's well-known dagger of lath into a broadsword of most heroic temper. The funds are always safe, for is not SIBTHORP ever ready?

## BENEVOLENT MACHINES.

SOME experiments which would have highly interested a Boshman or Malay warrior were tried last week in the marshes at Woolwich. They were carried on, says the *Morning Post*,

"With shells, the invention of MR. GROVES of Birmingham, having for their object, when burst among troops, to scatter a quantity of prepared material, which would set their clothes on fire, and destroy the enemy by that means."

A considerable improvement, this notion, upon that of poisoned arrows! It is difficult, however, to conceive how a shell could set on fire any clothes but petticoats, and how, therefore, it could be available against any troops but Amazons, or, perhaps, Highlanders. In the present instance, the shells all burst at the mouth of the howitzer without igniting even the turpentine, or whatever it was that they were to fling about. We had a mistaken notion that, in civilized warfare, all such weapons had been exploded long ago. Not so, it seems; and next, perhaps, it will be proposed that we should fight with vitriol and aqua-fortis.





ye FATHERS OF ye CHVRCHE. GYVING JVDGMENTE. VPON  
ye KNOTTYE POYNT.





# THE GRECIAN DIFFICULTY.

*Mr. Punch.* "WHY DON'T YOU HIT ONE OF YOUR SIZE?"







## A CAMBRIDGE LYRIC.

## THE CLASSICAL QUESTIONIST'S VOW.

WHERE Cam in narrow channel sleeps,  
And Johnian towers rise,  
Connected with the olden Court  
By the modern "Bridge of Sighs,"  
A Questionist, of Classic fame,  
"Gazed on the flood below"  
And as he cooled his fevered brow,  
Poured forth this tale of woe.

"Ye Gods of Hades down below,  
Have mercy on a sinner,  
Six weeks of squares and triangles,  
And yet but a beginner!  
These cosine thetas to the *n<sup>th</sup>*  
Will drive me crazy soon;  
Oh, grant, ye Gods, a quick release,  
And bring me home the Spoon.

"With MILLER's hydrostatic lore,  
And GRIFFIN on my lip,  
I wish I were a bold Bargee,—  
Oh, would I were a Gyp.  
Little care they for function *x*,  
Sines, tangents, fulcrums, cones,  
They blow their baccy as they like,  
And rest their lazy bones.

"Ὅμοι φεῦ φεῦ· τί πρακτέον;  
Ὁ Μάκαρες ὀν high,  
Oh, list for once a suppliant voice,  
Oh, hear a gowmsman's cry.  
To you I'll pour libation free  
Of punch, of wine, of beer;  
I'll give you nectar, if you like,  
(We've only SOYER's here).

"I'll crown the cup with blooming flowers,  
Prepare the festive spread,  
And for the guests that meet that night,  
The floor shall be their bed;  
They shan't 'go home till morning,  
'Till daylight doth appear;  
And gyps and bedmakers shall swim  
In ponds of College beer.

"If in the dreadful Senate-house,  
Where pens and ink abound,  
And Problem Papers, crabb'd and stiff,  
Lie heaped on tables round,  
Where Moderators look severe,  
And men down on their luck,  
You'll deign protect the Muses' child,  
And shield him from a pluck."

## AS GRAVE AS A JUDGE.

ONE of our illustrated contemporaries favours the public with "a portrait of LORD CAMPBELL, in the act of listening to MR. HUMPHREY, Q. C., in an action for debt, to recover the price of a boiler." We confess, that, if we were doomed to have our portrait taken, we should hope to be drawn in some more interesting situation than in the act of listening to a forensic harangue on the price of a boiler. Judging from the portrait, LORD CAMPBELL seems to be feeling his subject, for he looks as if he were trying his hardest to get up the steam. It is to be regretted that one of the legal wags did not make a joke at the moment of the portrait having been taken, so that a smile might have been seen to play on the noble lord's countenance.

If MR. HUMPHREY had thought of the rampantly comic observation that "disputes about boilers bring people into hot water," the object would have been achieved. Perhaps it would have been better still, if SIR F. THESIGER had reserved his celebrated *jeu de mot* on the subject of *Le Prophète*, for the first sitting of the New Chief Justice. As SIR FREDERICK'S wagery may have escaped the observation of the public, we re-produce it for the use of young beginners in the facetious line. Another learned counsel having observed that the parties to the action were sick of *Le Prophète*, SIR F. THESIGER rejoined, that it appeared as if the parties were sick for want of *The Profits*. The Court, of course, rang with laughter, for forensic minds are easily amused.

## THE GREAT SCHOOL OF LONDON.

To those who can learn in the school of the peripatetics, who find knowledge in every walk of life, and who, as they run, manage to read—there is, we say, for such a class, an academy in every London street, a college at the corner of every court, a sort of seminary at every step, and a perfect university in every leading thoroughfare. What a fund of grammar may be supplied in a ramble from Charing Cross to the Bank, and back again. Behold that man and woman quarrelling, and recognise at once the great grammatical rule, that the masculine and the feminine cannot agree. Listen to the abuse bestowed by that coal-heaver upon that costermonger, and you will at once be struck with the distinction between proper and improper names. Watch that urchin extracting the handkerchief from the pocket of the gentleman, and there is an exemplification of the possessive case, while the coming up of yonder vigilant policeman illustrates the objective, for it is at once a case of objection to the thief's walking away. There is an unhappy being leaning, in a state of intoxication, against a lamp-post, and realising the great grammatical theory of an adjective, which is unable to stand alone.

If we would take a lesson in punctuation, are there not hundreds of omnibuses crawling, loitering, and pausing, to initiate us into the mysteries of all kinds of stops?

We could in the streets of London on any fine day, or fine night, continue *ad infinitum* to learn by analogy the rules of the Grammarians, but in a spirit of deeper inquiry we turn aside from the vulgar crowd, and seek the solitude of the Arcadia known as that of Exeter, where the beadle, with a letter on his collar, enjoys the tranquillity of lettered ease. Like the hermit with his staff he paces to and fro, meditating on the emptiness of everything as he gazes in at the windows of the untenanted shops. We never go in at the Exeter Street entrance of the Arcade, and come out into Catherine Street, without feeling that we have gone through something indescribable, and recollecting it afterwards as one of the most melancholy passages of our lives.

## THE HIDDEN NEEDLEWOMEN.

THE *Chronicle* has opened a list of the names and addresses of London needlewomen; of the suffering creatures, hard, as it appears, to discover even by those who require and would fairly pay their services; in such payment affording the possible luxury of an incidental chop, to vary the dietary of thrice-drawn tea-leaves and butterless bread. So far so good, and great praise to the *Chronicle*.

*Punch*, however, has his suggestion. Every post-office is a sort of public place. *Punch*, then, suggests to all shop-keeping postmasters and mistresses of London to have a little book—it may cost a penny—in which the needlewomen of the neighbourhood may inscribe their names.

If there are those who would hesitate at the prospective "trouble" of the thing—the said trouble bringing no apparent profit in silver or copper—*Punch* begs to observe, that whoever calls at a shop to post a letter, or to ask a question, is a probable customer. There is, say six times out of twelve, something presented that is required—that the dropper-in is reminded of; and thus he or she who comes only to post a letter, or to ask the whereabouts of a sempstress, remains to buy.

## Pottery Extraordinary.

Who knows anything about a person of the name of KESEPH? Is he a Thug, or a Barker, or what! Or else what means this odd advertisement which we saw lately in the *Times*:—

"THE LATE CRUEL ATTEMPT TO STIFLE THE HON. B. NOEL, by Keseph, is commented upon in the *Earthen Vessel* for February, 1850. This monthly periodical is published by &c., &c."

What are the particulars of the ruffianly outrage above alluded to? A grilling on a gridiron would be a fitter punishment for KESEPH than a mere dressing in an Earthen Vessel. This piece of crockeryware, by the way, must be one of the curiosities of literature. One feels curious to ascertain the contents of this periodical pitcher, or pipkin, or pot.

## MAKING AWAY WITH HIMSELF.

It appears that the EARL OF CLARENDON himself supports the project for abolishing his own office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It would certainly be very difficult to replace so excellent a Viceroy, and it is therefore prudent to give up the attempt, when it is quite clear that any one selected to succeed would inevitably fail.

## SCOTCH TENACITY.

THE motto on LORD CAMPBELL'S seal is "*Justitia Tenax*." The translation of this, evidently, is "Holding on to the Chief Justiceship."





*First Costermonger.* "I wonder a respectable cove like you, Bill, carries yer own collyflovers! Why don't yer keep a carridge like mine?"

*Second Costermonger.* "Why don't I keep a carridge? Why, because I don't choose to waste my hincum in mere show and fashionable display!"

#### PICTURES OF MISERY.

WE have heard a great deal about the overcrowding of the poor in towns, but nothing we have yet heard of comes up to the over-crowding of Pictures in the National Gallery. We wonder that the fragile frames of the victims are able to stand such usage, and if many of them have already lost their colour, can we be surprised, when we think of the unhealthy atmosphere to which they are consigned? One of our own commissioners, who has been sent to inquire into the matter, reports to us the evil effects of jostling together in a limited space the old and the young masters, and we are long ago familiar with the treatment of the Vernon family of pictures, which may be said to have been consigned to a sort of modern Black Hole of Calcutta, which must be seen to be believed, and which, as nothing is to be seen, will never be believed by anybody.

#### "PORTER'S PROGRESS OF THE NATION."

COMMUNISM means, we believe, "HALF-AND-HALF," and we doubt if Communism is ever likely to go down in England, or to become a popular measure, in any other shape.

#### HERO SURGEONS.

LAUREL grows not for military surgeons. They may, in the very thick of the fight, dress wounds, amputate, perform acts of most beneficent and dexterous skill—they may, within range of the enemy's fire, set up their hospital, and haply be swept away by the enemy's shot,—yet are they held of no more account than the practitioner who operates in the safe precincts of Guy's or St. Thomas's. Occasionally an army surgeon is killed; nevertheless, no laurel twig is planted upon his grave. He dies as obscurely as the parish apothecary; his memory as "undecorated."

This is hardly fair; but then, it is very English. We are, unquestionably, a great people; and in the serenity of our greatness, rarely vouchsafe to acknowledge the existence of people of science. To be sure, now and then, there is a sprinkling of them in the parties of high political life; just a flavour of science—a tint or two of pictorial art; but, as a principle, the English Court and the English Government do not condescend to be familiar with genius that is only pacific. A great Captain kills a few thousand Indians, and on his return home, he is immediately summoned "above the salt" at Windsor. A thousand times greater man—a marvellous worker in iron, one STEPHENSON, drives the 2,000,000th rivet in the plate of the Britannia Bridge, thereby consummating a work as great as the Pyramids, with utility incalculable subliming the greatness,—and we suffer France to step before us, and, in her way, acknowledge and adorn the skill of the mighty master. Had STEPHENSON, from the cannon's mouth, fired away a hundredth part of the iron with which he has gripped Menai shore to shore,—his coat would have been hung with trinkets thick as a jeweller's window.

The soldier, in his terrible trade, inflicts pain, maims, kills. The surgeon, a skilled and watchful beneficence, waits in the track of blood, and comforts, assuages, saves. The heroic destroyer obtains, at least, the Order of the Bath,—the surgeon only wears the Order of Neglect. SIR DE LACY EVANS asks when a decoration is to be presented "to medical officers who may have been present, and proved deserving in important military and naval actions?" And "when" remains unanswered. It is so glorious to fire a bullet into a man—but nothing, whilst bullets are flying about the operator, to extract the ball. Very serviceable to the state is it to cut sabre-gashes, of small account to heal the hurts received. Destruction is a demi-god; mere healing, a pettifogger. We raise a hundred statues to MARS, but not an ounce of bronze to ESCULAPIUS. Glory may be written on a drum-head, but is not to be put down upon lint.

#### High Life in the New Cut.

*Gentleman.* WHAT'S the price of this red herring?

*Fishmonger.* You shall have that one for a halfpenny, Sir.

*Gentleman.* Well, I've no money about me, but I can give a postage-stamp, if you can oblige me with change."

#### EXPENSIVE SOCIETY.

WE should have thought that so dignified an individual as a judge of a superior Court would find no difficulty whatever in getting in 'o the very best society; but we presume it is on the ground of a judge ceasing to be a man of parties—and accordingly declining all invitations—that he is allowed a very handsome sum for an associate. Of course, if great judicial dignitaries must be very particular indeed with whom they associate, it is desirable that they should be allowed to find associates for themselves, and a few thousands a year can't be considered misapplied in a matter of this kind, for a judge would soon grow very dull indeed without a single associate.

The office, whose duties consist, we suppose, of constant companionship with the judge, must be very agreeable in the present day, when the bench is graced with nice, genial, gentlemanly, well-informed, and high-minded men, but there have been periods when it might have been said of many a judge, that his lordship's room was preferable to his lordship's company. The associate has probably the task of starting topics of small talk to relax the judicial mind, and occasionally perhaps to take a part in picking one of those dry old bones of contention that the legal appetite yearns for the discussion and digestion of. We believe the salaries of the associates of the judges are from £1000 to £2000 a year, but we think there are many who would accept the situations for the mere privilege of associating with some of the most agreeable and entertaining men in England, who deserve rather to be paid than to pay for allowing others to become their associates.

#### WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DONE WITH THE SURPLUS.

WE have had some wonderful years lately; but this year seems likely to be more wonderful than any of them. The Whig Government has got a surplus of some £2,000,000. The question was what were they to do with the money?

They might have invested it in the creation of a fund for the reward of literary and scientific merit.

They might have applied it to the liquidation of the National Debt—settling, we would suggest, in the first place, England's little account with HORATIA.

They might have appropriated some of it to the erection of a decent National Gallery.

But they had better have sent it all to the British Museum, which institution only is the proper receptacle for such a curiosity as a Whig surplus.

#### A BAD SPEC.

THE late Socialist triumph in the Paris elections may be said to present an illustration of very large returns and very small profits.



● A SPIDER OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

THE pious GOODMAN in his "Fall of Man" takes it as an especial evidence of the beauty and simplicity of English law that "Providence hath so fitly ordained it, as prophesying or prescribing a lesson that the timber in Westminster Hall should neither admit cobweb nor spider." Fortified by such authority, we are disposed to consider the correspondent who below addresses us as a designing impostor; nevertheless we give his communication, desiring the courteous reader to judge for himself.

COUNTY COURTS BILL.

"MR. PUNCH,—It has been moved to extend the jurisdiction of County Courts to debts just under £50. From £20 to £50 is a jump indeed; and the hairs of barristers' wigs, as in duty bound, stand on end at the suggestion. The Attorney-General looks professionally grave at the notion; and prophesies all sorts of evil, every kind of inconvenience, from so sweeping a measure.

"Now, Mr. Punch, if anything in life have cause to fear sweeping measures, it is myself—a spider of Westminster Hall; a spider that has descended in a right line from the days of Stephen. The County Courts Bill may, nine times out of ten, be made a puzzle and a flam.—If it receive no further alteration than mere extension, it may take in—nominally take in—a £100, and law will be as dear as ever; and defendants, like flies in a web, be caught and held inextricably in the meshes of the attorney. Let us, Sir, consider the beautiful construction of the County Courts Bill as it stands. It is, indeed, a very pretty bit of network.

"When the plaintiff dwells more than twenty miles from the defendant, and the debt is in shape of a Bill,—how easy and how very satisfactory it is, to endorse the said Bill to a friend distant more than the statute twenty miles from the acceptor! By these facile means the cause is a cause for the superior court, and the costs are thumping accordingly.

"When plaintiff and defendant dwell in different districts, and goods are sold and delivered to distant defendant, then again may plaintiff elect to sue in superior court, snapping his fingers at the very nose of the County Court judge!

"Again, attorneys are privileged folks. When they themselves are plaintiffs—and nothing so common, especially for Hebrew discounters as to sue upon their own stamps—they have this high prerogative, to make the most of the defendant, by the more expensive process, 'grinding his bones' to make their best wheat bread! However, by an after 'amending' act, the privilege, before 'enjoyed' by attorney of being sued in superior court, is taken from him; but, as a sweet consideration for such loss, he is still permitted, as plaintiff, to take defendant to the dearest market!

"Why, there is MOSES FITZGERE, Esq., attorney-at-law—sharp fellow! He always sues in the superior court. And why? 'Because,' says MOSES, 'defendant won't risk £10 or £15 in settling me right; but to stop the bother will pay costs of writ; a dirty £1 15s., or £2, as magnanimity may be.'

"Observe, Mr. Punch, to move to deprive plaintiff of costs will amount to some £10 for expenses of motion. Then, a demurrer follows, and who shall say where the costs shall end, until a receipt in full, to some romantic amount, be duly obtained—and paid for?

"So you see, Mr. Punch, with even an extension of the County Court Act to £50, if it be nothing more than extension, there will yet remain ample work, and sufficient profit for

"Yours, (in a line),

"A SPIDER OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

"P.S. I perceive that the attorneys are moving to be relieved of expense of certificate tax. If they succeed, will letters fall from 6s. 8d. to 4s. 6d.?"

A Protectionist Banquet.

THE Morning Post says—

"Another novel importation of foreign production has now taken place in the shape of a parcel of 108 bundles of hay, by the steamer *Earl of Auckland*, from Rotterdam, the growth and produce of Holland."

The importation of hay is a result of Free Trade, which would, we should think, be palatable even to Protectionist donkeys.

NEW LIGHT FOR LONDON.

Application for a Patent.—Mr. Punch, for a method of imparting illuminating properties to sulphuretted hydrogen, with a view to light the metropolis by means of the gas contained in the sewers.

THE AUTHORS OF OUR OWN PLEASURES.

NEXT to the pleasure of having done a good action, there is nothing so sweet as the pleasure of having written a good article!

SIBTHORP "WHEN AT OXFORD."



DEEPLY shall we regret the day—may it be a century distant—when SIBTHORP shall be removed from the House of Commons to Westminster Abbey. SIBTHORP should be a joy for ever. Even as the mummies of Egyptian royalty fix upon the visitors of the British Museum the memory of a long-departed fact, Egyptian civilisation, so does SIBTHORP, in his old Tory swathings, tell of the days that are gone.—Days of buckskin breeches' loyalty and hatred of wooden shoes; days of fox-hunting and hard drinking to follow; days when GEORGE THE THIRD was really the father of his people, and Royal CHARLOTTE their nursing mother; days when Tyburn had its weekly batch of highwaymen, coiners, and house-breakers,—and a squeamish sentimentality lowered not the useful gains of the executioner. Last week, SIBTHORP was very strong upon Mr. EWART's motion for establishing town libraries for the people. SIBTHORP, for himself, declared that "he did not like

reading at all, and he hated it when at Oxford."

A certain Spanish author writes a strange matter of a canon named MARTIN, "excellently pious, but an incorrigible blockhead." In vain he puzzled himself to learn, till SAINT ISIDORE appeared to him in a dream and made him eat a book! Whereupon MARTIN awoke a learned man, and wrote the purest Latin!

How much would the world have gained, if SAINT ISIDORE had only paid such a visit to SIBTHORP "when at Oxford!"

CHEAP BRICKS FOR THE COTTAGE.

ATR—"In my Cottage near a Wood."

In my cottage, thanks to WOOD,  
Room and comfort now are mine,  
Bricks, by legislation good,  
Being free'd from fiscal fine.  
Spacious and substantial walls  
Have our dwellings—as they should:  
I don't envy "Marble Halls,"  
In my cottage—thanks to WOOD.

Cheapen'd rent enables me  
Better living to afford;  
Now that bricks are duty free,  
Ampler is the workman's board;  
I can wear improved attire,  
Toiling for my livelihood,  
And maintain a warmer fire  
In my cottage—thanks to WOOD.

Since by cheap constructed drains  
Clean and sweet our homes are made;  
We are cured of aches and pains  
By their purifying aid.  
Since the tax is ta'en off bricks,  
Damp and Filth, with Fever's brood,  
Have entirely cut their sticks  
From my cottage—thanks to WOOD.

Now I want just one more boon  
To improve my little cot;  
Let us hope to gain it soon,  
Happy then will be our lot.  
Oh! repeal the tax on light,  
Rulers—if you only could,  
Then, indeed, 'twould be all right  
In my cottage—thanks to WOOD!

"WILL NO ONE HAND ROTHSCHILD A SEAT?"—But three members are sitting for the City of London. We cannot see how the City can be properly represented as long as the Old Jewry is left out.





### AWFUL OCCURRENCE.

*Chorus of Unprotected Females.* "CONDUCTOR! STOP! CONDUCTOR! OMNIBUS-MAN! HERE'S A GENTLEMAN HAD AN ACCIDENT AND BROKE A JAR OF LEECHES, AND THEY'RE ALL OVER THE OMNIBUS!"

### ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

We are glad to find that the high state of discipline of the British army is likely to be carried still higher by the contemplated reductions, which will cut off vast numbers of men without diminishing the quantity of officers. It is contemplated that our army will, in time, be able to boast of such efficiency in the way of command, that every private will have at least six superiors to look after him. In order to test the value of this kind of arrangement, it has been proposed to place TOMKINS, of the Grenadiers, under the new system, which will be established if the present mode of lopping off from the ranks, and leaving the upper grades untouched, should be persisted in.

TOMKINS will undergo a series of drills at the hands—or rather at the voices—of the numerous officers whose duty it will be to keep up his efficiency, by showing the juvenile soldier how to handle his musket, and eventually teaching the young idea how to shoot.

The following will be a sample of the mode in which TOMKINS will be addressed, and we only trust that though too many cooks spoil the broth, it will not turn out that too many officers spoil the soldier:—

*Adjutant.* Heads up, TOMKINS.

*First Lieutenant.* Keep your stomach in, TOMKINS.

*Captain.* Steady, TOMKINS, Steady.

*Second Lieutenant.* As you were, TOMKINS.

*Major.* You'll go back into the awkward squad, TOMKINS.

*Colonel.* Eyes right, TOMKINS.

*All the Officers together.* Chest out, stomach in, eyes right, shoulders left, head foremost, toes out, knees straight, steady, steady, TOMKINS!!!

### MISREPRESENTING THEMSELVES.

The French shopkeepers are finding fault already with the fact of so many Socialists being returned for Paris. We do not see what right they have to grumble, considering the evil was entirely their own election.

### SUNDAY EVENING'S AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.

FOREIGNERS complain that there are no exhibitions open on a Sunday evening. There is, however, an entertainment in the City accessible to those who can procure an admission. It is even attended by some of the clergy, whose only complaint of it seems to be that they get bad places. "SPES" thus writes to the *Times*:—

"Sir.—Happening to be present at one of the 'suppers' given on Sundays during Lent to the boys of Christ's Hospital, I was grieved to see that the seat assigned to the head masters and tutors was a low form behind all the spectators, upon a level with the seats allotted to the servants of the establishment, the upper places being entirely reserved for the governors and their friends."

We sometimes hear of a ploughman's publicly devouring a leg of mutton as a "disgusting exhibition." Is there anything much more refined or intellectual in the sight of a lot of hungry boys eating their supper? To those who enjoy a display of voracity, the Zoological Gardens on Monday at feeding time would surely afford a higher treat than the spectacle on the previous evening at the Bluecoat School. The object of thus making the scholars a gazing-stock at their meals is not very conceivable. Are they made a public show of as the recipients of charity to humiliate them? We should think such an exposure could hardly be pleasant to themselves, and for our own part we have no desire to be its spectators. We had much rather go and see how the citizens would eat, if they were obliged to keep Lent all the week, and indulged with one good supper on the Sunday.

### A Body without a Head.

AMONGST TATTERSALL'S list of sales the following occurs:—

"WARRANTED, A GOOD LEADER."

May we recommend the above to the notice of the Protectionists, as at the present moment they seem to be woefully in want of a good Leader?



## VIRGIN GOLD HUNTERS IN CALIFORNIA.

THE *Toronto Independent* gives an account of two young and beautiful ladies from Florida, who have gone to California, and are gold-seeking there on their own account, with no assistance but that of an old negro. The eldest of them is not 20; so that, as the punning reader will not fail to observe, they are both minors. Ransacking the bowels of the earth is an extension of females' mining operations, which have been hitherto confined to the heart of man. From the last named diggings they have often obtained large quantities of the precious metal, and have generally counted themselves very unlucky if they got no more gold than there is in a wedding ring.

English young ladies need not go to California. They have a Sacramento at home in the *Nisi Prius* Court, where damages for breach of promise of marriage are extracted from the pockets of the unwary by the sieve of an action, and the scoop of a barrister's silver tongue.

## AN APPEAL FROM "WHITE STICK."

MR. PUNCH.—I appeal to you, as the common guardian and benefactor of the snubbed and the oppressed. In the width, length, and depth of your benevolence, you will not think the less of me, because I am a Stick—a White Stick. A Stick cut to the heart—for sticks have hearts—by the cruelty of, I believe, a daily print, called the *Times*—I am told, a newspaper.

It is not for me, *Mr. Punch*, to boast of my long, honourable, and useful descent. As White Stick to the Court of England, I may claim for my genealogical tree—whence I was cut by the Norman sword of William—a very distinguished oak still flourishing near Battle. At this moment, I feel a sympathy with my illustrious kin; and though to the eye and finger of all Lord Stewards of Royal Household, I may seem only so much dead wood, I do assure you that, touched by the influence of this spring season (notwithstanding the east-wind), I do feel the sap rising—rising, I say, sympathetically with the vital fluid that is now coursing up and down the trunk of my venerable parent. Indeed, I cannot promise—were I only stuck inch-deep in the generous soil of a Court—that I would not bud and put forth leaves, and then acorns, and become—like my ancestor—a mighty oak. But this is to expect too much. Let me be satisfied that it is nevertheless my proud destiny to be twiddled twixt the finger and thumb of the Most Noble, and Most Puissant MARQUESS OF WESTMINSTER.

*Mr. Punch*, it is with that distinguished individual—within these few days more distinguished than ever by the abuse of the print called the *Times*—that I am proud to make common cause. We are, for a time, one and the same: Marquess and White Stick—wood and wood. Well, Sir, the *Times* throws it in the teeth of the illustrious nobleman, that, gilt and double-gilt as he is by stone-blind fortune, he should yet yearn for the barren honour of White Stick? Why not? The *Times* marvels that noblemen—not merely golden calves, but calves with diamond eyes, pearl teeth and emerald hoods—should abase themselves by donning the livery of HER MAJESTY! Why, *Mr. Punch*, it is this beautiful humility that makes the true glory of a monarchy. The lower the self-degradation of the nobleman, ("nobleman," according to DEBRET) the higher the royalty. The greater the self-abnegation of the servant, the larger the honour paid to the served. Whence would the *Times* obtain the QUEEN'S Domestic—*I* mean the Domestic paid and ticketed by the state? Is HER MAJESTY to order an advertisement in the newspapers:

WANTED, a Lord Steward of the Household. He must not be of higher rank than a Baronet. No person with £400,000 per annum need apply. Followers allowed.

Is it by such means that the *Times* would have the QUEEN'S noblemen in livery appointed? Am I—White Stick—to cease to be as much the object of hope, desire, and noblest ambition—of watchfulness by day, and prayer by night—as though I was the wand of a Prophet?

I may be thought prejudiced in the matter; but I deny, denounce the assumption—when I state it to be my belief that the English monarchy owes its serenity at home, and its power abroad, not to its legal and social institutions—not to its navy and its army—but to this one virtue alone, the humility of HER MAJESTY'S state servants. Magna Charta is all very well; but the parchment it's written on is of no more value than an old drum-head. No; the real strength of the country is in the lappets of the Mistress of the Robes—when that Mistress happens to be a Marchioness or Duchess. Not to the battles of a LORD NELSON do we owe glory as a state; but to the humility of a LORD BYRON, a Lord (in livery) in Waiting. Waterloo is all very well; but I should like to know of what worth is the baton of F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to myself—White Stick—when humbly, reverently, fearfully, grasped by the devoted hand of a MARQUESS OF WESTMINSTER?

What a noble, what a Christian answer is it to an ignorant and democratic charge of pomps and vanities of a Court, to be able to tell of Footmen Dukes, Chambermaid Countesses, and Groom and Hunts-

men Marquesses and Earls? If you want to find the really humble, the truly lowly of heart, your only guide to the discovery is the *Court Guide*. The true Book of Humility is the Red Book.

The *Times*, no doubt intending a sneer—says, "There is a broad vein of plush that traverses the whole frame-work of English society." I rejoice at the beautiful truth—a truth, that despite of all formal distinctions, really puts the Duke on a level with his butler, and places cheek by jowl, the Earl and the groom. Thus, beautiful to my thinking is the Most Noble the MARQUESS OF WESTMINSTER, the Lord White Stick! True; he *might* be a stirring benevolence—a national hospitality. With his preposterous amount of wealth, he—the Head of Brass, might make his wealth warm and animate the dull cold Feet of Clay, but the Marquess, by grasping White Stick, shows himself a meek, a humble, self-denying Christian. He might be a Prince; his acts most princely in the widest and loftiest sense of the phrase—but he shrinks from the ostentation. He retires within himself, and stands in the Court of QUEEN VICTORIA, with his mind in plush—his soul in livery (lowliness bound up with hope, with crest of fish-and-loaf on livery buttons)—Lord Steward!

That he may long so stand; a monument of humility, is the desire of at once his Friend and Rod,

WHITE STICK.



GOING THE WHOLE FLUNKY.

## More Literary Intelligence.

We gave a week or two ago the titles of a few books, suggested by the success of "TURKEY AND ITS DESTINY." Since then the flight of authors has set in still more strongly towards the poultry-yard, and we have heard of a publisher—much addicted to counting his chickens before they are hatched—who anticipates immense success for the following:—

"SWAN AND ITS TWO NECKS."

"GOOSE AND ITS GRIDIRON."

"DRAKE AND HIS DUCKS, THE FAMILY BIOGRAPHY OF A CELEBRATED NAVAL HERO."

## The Dogs of Law.

THE papers give an account of the sudden intrusion of a pack of hounds into the assize court of Aylesbury. The sagacious creatures thought, perhaps, they had quite as good a right to give tongue as any of the learned barristers. There is nothing, after all, so very absurd in the idea of a pack of hounds appearing in court, for it is simply a slight anticipation of the usual course of things, and instead of waiting for the suitors to go to the dogs, the dogs, in this case, went to the suitors.



## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

From the Red Lion to the Spread Eagle.



Y EXPANSIVE FRIEND.

"I have been deeply touched by the affectionate zeal—and you must have been secreting the goodness for a long time—that you have so suddenly exhibited towards Greece. You have really bowels—bowels in the sympathetic sense. That you have double beak, and double gullet, Hungary is a mangled,

bleeding witness; but that you should really have a heart to pulsate for 'a brave people' is a truth that—like all great truths—it will take some time for the incredulous and apathetic English to be reconciled to.

"You have taken little OTHO under your wing. We have before heard the story of the Eagle and Child; but you, in your astonishing goodness, afford a prettier and more humane version of the tale. You do not propose to make a meal of the young gentleman; you have no beak—not either of the two—for any bit of Greece, and as for Turkey, you can't abide it. No: your intentions are almost dove-like; having been glutted with carrion on the fields of Hungary, you wouldn't 'rumple the feathers of a Barbary hen.'

"Well, it must be confessed that OTHO has been hardly used by that hard-hearted PALMERSTON. A great man in debt is always a subject of interest. Tradesmen may smash by the score, and it is of no more account to a thinking people than the bursting of so many soap-bubbles; but a king—nay, such a bit of a kingling as small OTHO—in difficulties, is a sight to make even COMMISSIONER COURVOISIER PHILLIPS melt, like brass in the furnace.

"And after all, OTHO was right not to pay his debts. He had been so long let alone by PALMERSTON, that when sea-attorney PARKER served the writ, with a few forty-two pounders to proceed to execution—OTHO had, in his own belief, sufficient justification to cry 'Robbery,' 'Piracy,' and 'Murder!' How could OTHO—knowing himself—expect that the plain and plodding MR. WYSE meant what he said, when, in the simplest manner—and without any Court varnish at all—he informed M. LONDOS that War-Secretary PALMERSTON was by no means a man to be trifled with? That he had ships and metal at sea to back his demands: and a wise and fluent tongue in his head to justify them? Is it extraordinary that OTHO should forget that little brush at Acre? By no means; for, to all experience, kings are sieves; nothing—as LOUIS-PHILIPPE, now of the Star-and-Garter, Richmond—nothing remains with them.

"It is very true, my Expansive Double-Headed Friend, that the dirty money claim put in by MR. WYSE did not amount to a thousand pounds. Not half as much as LADY PALMERSTON lays out in a season of evening parties: it is very true that the Greek Treasury—to say nothing of OTHO's private money-box—contained somewhere about nine hundred pounds: but then, what an extortionate creditor to expect, even under such circumstances, a penny in payment? England had quietly waited so long, it could be no matter if she continued to wait longer. Besides, it is well known, that of all countries of the earth, England has least need of money. At this moment there are millions lying barren in her Bank cellars. And yet PALMERSTON bullies for a dirty nine hundred pounds! Bullies Greece, above all other nations! Greece that has given us HOMER, PLATO, SOPHOCLES, and the Elgin Marbles! In the immortal words of a small minister, now departed—'It is too bad.'

"Proceeding to extremities, LORD PALMERSTON at this moment holds about 50 Greek ships, with the crews of each, as a security not only for the money due from Greece,—but to assure himself of satisfaction for a certain act of implied ill-manners towards a few English blue-jackets. This is really shameful. But then the Greek owners and Greek crews must be mightily comforted by the distress you feel for them. The more so as your sympathy is warm and new, like new-drawn milk. Hungary was a matter to make a meal upon; so much garbage. But Greece—classic Greece, dear to the Russian breast—Greece is a land to feel, and if occasion be, to weep for!

"There is no doubt, my Wide-spread Friend, but the abrupt and contumelious PALMERSTON—who does somehow, with that adroit way of his, get over the English Commons—by accepting the services of the Gallic Cock to crow between him and OTHO, did treat your Extensiveness with a spice of contempt—with just a pinch of it. But then how serenely, how beautifully, how benevolently, did you turn the War-Minister's ill-manners to good account! You cared nothing for personal dignity, not you,—if it was for the welfare of Greece. So OTHO was made comfortable, you cared not how much your feathers were plucked or dragged. This is so unlike your double-headedness, that plain people are at once charmed and puzzled with it.

"I fear, however, that you will make nothing of PALMERSTON; now northern ABERDEEN was another sort of person. PALMERSTON, it is said, continually keeps JOHN BULL in hot water; but if he does, he at least keeps his hands clean, which could not be said of him when cared for by the auld Scotch wife who 'did' the Foreign before PETARD PALMERSTON.

"Accept my best wishes for your growing benevolence—seeing you have moulted your old feathers—and believe me, with every sign of respect,

"Yours,

"THE RED LION."

[Mr. Punch, in his wise impartiality, thinks it only fair to let the "Red Lion" have his roar—since much may be roared on both sides.]

## HOW TO SAVE THE TIME OF THE SESSION.

ALL persons, both in and out of Parliament, seem to agree that it will be desirable during the present session to be economical of time, a commodity with regard to which there has usually been the wildest extravagance. A suggestion has been thrown out that several members should be allowed to speak at one time, an idea which we have long entertained, and with which we have on a former occasion entertained the public. There would be an immense saving effected by this arrangement, for inasmuch as the speeches if spoken in unison would in all probability not be heard, the unpleasant necessity of a reply would be avoided. A dull speech is bad enough of itself, but the worst of it is, that it may give rise to a duller answer, and thus when a mere talker gets upon his legs we never know the end of it. Speaking to no end at all is quite a senatorial failing, and the conversion of a number of harangues into a chorus would certainly assist the members to keep time instead of losing it. Personalities would also be checked, for two angry speeches going on at once would neutralise each other to a great extent, and—to make use of a chemical term—would correct each other's acidity.

## STOCK EXCHANGE.

The following is part of a letter from Mr. Punch's Brokers, MESSRS. STAG, DIDDLE, and BOLTER:—

"The Swindleton Extensions are beared heavily, and so are the Gamontown Continuations. I think the latter would be safe at ls. 3d. to ls. 4½d. nett. Shall I take 1000 or 1500?"

"A Director of the Bubbleton Junction has failed, having sold options largely, and this event has occasioned a lively demand for Squeaktown Preferences. May I take 500 of these at 2s. 6d.? The news from France is alarming. The PRESIDENT has been fired at, and came away by the third-class evening train, with only a change of linen. The Socialists are triumphant everywhere. May I bear Paris and Rouen's for you? You may sell 1500 or 2000 to deliver, safely. By the by, what do you say to a fly at Draggelstone and Dripstones? They are likely to be a good thing; SWINDLE and SNAPP are enquiring for them; 6d. is offered and 7½d. would be taken for the preferences 7½ per cent. shares, including the dividends now due, which will be paid out of the first funds coming in to capital account.

"Yours,

"STAG, DIDDLE, and BOLTER."



## Nature's Livery.

WE have lately witnessed a great tendency to what CARLYLE would call flunkeydom, on the part of our old friend Nature, who is beginning to put on her livery of green for the season that has just commenced. Her little lawns may be compared to velvet smalls, and every flower is a livery button, while the pastures look as if she was preparing to stuff her calves. Before the end of the autumn we shall find Nature wearing the epaulettes of a golden harvest, which, however, will be all thrashed out of her by the close of the year.



## KNIFE-AND-FORK EXHIBITION AT THE MANSION-HOUSE.

WE are proud of England—prouder of London—most proud of London's Mayor. Very beautiful was it last week to see his Lordship, the type and representative of the commercial greatness of the smoky capital, surrounded by all the Mayors of the kingdom.

"Like a swart Indian with his belt of beads,"

It was a grand metropolitan dish, handsomely garnished!

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT showed, too, a full-blown pink of Princes. Nothing could be better than his speech. Simply given, and strong with good Saxon sense. There was no flagree, no snip-snip about it; no muslin matter, worked with gold and silver-thread; but a man's speech, uttered for the ears and hearts of men brought together upon two vital, national occasions;—dinner and work. Glad are we that PRINCE ALBERT has thrown "his hat" into the great ring of the world's industry. Delighted to acknowledge that he has minded his *Punch*, and retired from felt.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY spoke like an Archbishop. He was afraid that the Church might be indifferent to the purposes of the Exhibition, they being secular. Why should his Grace have harboured such a modest doubt? The Exhibition will be the means—it is expected—of giving us domestic comforts made more comfortable: softer carpets—easier chairs—linen of a finer web, and purple of deeper and more enduring dye. Can the Church be indifferent to these? Can Lambeth neglect them—can Fulham hold them as dust in the balance? We hope not. Again; the Exhibition will have one peculiar feature interesting to all nations; for it is whispered that it is the intention of BISHOP PHILPOTTS to exhibit himself in sackcloth and cinders, as a model specimen of the meekest of mar yrs.

The French Ambassador clubbed some excellent English. Indeed, should his Excellency ever translate any of his native *vaudevilles* for any English theatres, we predict that his success would be prodigious!

Then followed House of Lords and House of Commons; the healths of Prime Minister and Ex-Prime—of Lady Mayoress and of all the Mayors—[it was calculated that their united gold chains would have reached from London (crossing the channel) to Dublin]—and then the EARL OF CARLISLE rose, and gave one of his best orations. And this was no wonder; for it was the health of "the Workmen of the United Kingdom."

This toast, as will be inevitably supposed, was received with nine times nine deafening cheers, and

"The Prince of all the land  
Led them on!"

Indeed *Punch* has rarely witnessed—with all his knife-and-fork experience—such emotion; such enthusiasm. The PRINCE cheered—Churchmen dropped grateful tears—Ambassadors embraced one another—Lords and Commons, and Commons and Lords shook hands—and in fact, one and all acknowledged the toast with feelings of the deepest gratitude. They really appeared to vie with one another in the outward expression of acknowledgment and thankfulness.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided—

A WORKING-MAN (in a fustian jacket) arose at the lower end of the Hall, and the profoundest silence immediately ensued. The WORKING-MAN said—(how is it that his speech was omitted from all the newspapers, it is not our business or our pleasure to inquire; it is, however, both to supply what others have failed to chronicle)—

"YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"ON behalf of hundreds of thousands of the working men of the United Kingdom, I am here to thank you. Let bye-gones be bye-gones; but this, I think, is the first occasion that the fustian jacket has been acknowledged and received by such a company. (*Hear' from PRINCE ALBERT.*) But, my Lords, you embolden me to say in my plain words that the Meeting would hardly have been complete without it. The workingmen honour the superline coat of the nobleman—and respect the lawn of the Church. (*Hear' from the LORD MAYOR'S Chaplain.*) They admire and are grateful to the red-coat of the field, and the blue-jacket of the ocean; and now, Gentlemen, such feelings are only made the stronger and the deeper by the conviction that you have a somewhat like respect, and like recollection for the fustian of labour. (*Cheers.*) We are to have, it seems, an Exhibition of Work—a great World's Show-shop for the skill of labouring men; for we are all labourers, mind ye, whether in fustian or super-saxony. (*Laughter and Cheers.*) The Workmen of England rejoice at it! The Workmen desire nothing better than to know their brethren of the rest of the world; and to know them as men are best known—by their works. (*Cheers.*) Well, Gentlemen, we Workmen may not be able to talk French with Frenchmen, and German with Germans; but if our tongues aren't skilled, we have our brains—our hands—and our eyes. We can talk to a machine. (*Cheers.*) That speaks all languages. A lever's a lever all over the world—a piston's a piston. They talk on

the Nile as well as on the Thames; and JACK CHINAMAN—though he may be puzzled a bit at first—begins to understand 'em as well as JOHN BULL. (*Cheers.*) At this Exhibition the brains and hands of all the world will speak one common tongue; and depend upon it, Lords and Gentlemen, the Workmen of the United Kingdom won't go to the show without taking some thoughts and notions worth a bit home with them. (*Cheers.*) Some years ago, there was another sort of Foreign Exhibition in London—of a sort, I hope, we shall never have again,—an Exhibition of Foreign Emperors, and Kings, and Generals. 'Tisn't that I care about objecting to them; but they were brought here after Waterloo—at the peace. Now, I hope we shall never have another such celebration of peace, because to have it, we must have a war to begin with. (*Bravo' from the French Ambassador.*) Instead of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and Kings of Prussia and Holland, and Hetmans of Cossacks, and so forth,—let us have a Congress of Manufacturers; let all those kings send their representatives to the great show-shop in Hyde Park, and depend upon it, they'll have a hearty welcome from the 'Workmen of the United Kingdom.'"

The speaker then sat down amidst loud and long-reiterated cheers. He was, however, scarcely seated, when he was summoned to the presence of PRINCE ALBERT, who shook him heartily by the hand; acknowledging the peculiar obligations of himself and all his class to the fustian jacket—to labour.

## THE INFANT PRODIGY.—THE WHIG SURPLUS.



MY name is Surplus. On the various Bills  
My master something dock'd—a frugal Whig,  
Whose constant care was to increase his store,  
And keep his overplus, myself, in hand;  
But I had heard of squadrons, and I longed  
To join, on Afric's coast, some costly fleet.  
And the House granted what 'twould have denied.  
LORD JOHN, who rose one night as bold as brass,  
Would not draw in his horns; when, at his beck,  
A band of waverers from BELLAMY'S  
Rushed, like soft water, down into the House,  
Voting in flocks and herds.

'Twas done, they said,  
For safety and for succour. HUTT, alone,  
With long harangue and speech full of quotations,  
Hover'd about the ministry—to stop  
The way they took. Then beating up his friends  
Consisting of a miscellaneous set,  
Went on attacking. The affair HUTT led:  
Fought, and was conquer'd. Ere a vote was given  
A whip from Downing Street had done the job,  
Which wore that day the hue which now it wears.  
Returning home in triumph, they disdain'd  
Economy's dull life, and having heard  
That some rash chief was threatening in our ears  
To raise a row on the world's other side,  
I left the public chest; and took with me  
Some millions more to bear me company,  
One sum that runs makes others run the faster.  
Voted with this intent, I burst the coffers,  
And—fool'd away—I soon shall go and do  
Some senseless deed to wipe out e'en my name.





## SINGULAR OPTICAL DELUSION.

Gentleman. "THERE, LOVE: DO YOU SEE THAT STEAMER?"

Lady. "OH, DISTINCTLY! THERE ARE TWO."

## THE MAYORS AND THEIR WRONGS.

WE have received communications from two Mayors, who express themselves hurt at their omission from the long list of Mayors invited the other day to the Mansion House. The first of these complainants is the well-known *Mayor of Garratt*, who, though his whole career has been a farce, feels indignant at having been excluded from a meeting which must have contained many characters as ludicrous as his own, and he does not see why, in his own Garratt, he is not as good as the London Lord Mayor in his drawing-room.

The second expostulant is the *Lord Mayor in Richard the Third*, who writes through his representative, MR. GARRICK GRIMES, of the Stoke Pogis Theatre, and who intimates that he ought to have received a card of invitation, inasmuch as his elevation to the Lord Mayoralty dates as far back as the year 1826, when he first took office under the monarchy of MR. EDMUND KEAN, having been promoted from the "cream-faced loon" in *Macbeth*, where his "goose look" was regarded as a bit of quiet nature, unsurpassed for its truthfulness. So thoroughly did he throw himself into the character of the "cream-faced loon," that he always took in a pint of milk over night, in order to get himself up with real cream, which he always regarded as the grand feature of the part as SHAKESPEARE wrote it.

We certainly think that it was a serious omission to leave out such a Mayor as this from the Mansion House Banquet, but we believe the potentate of the City of London was not to blame, though we cannot say who is, and we must therefore be satisfied with taking the saddle off the right horse—or the right Mayor, at any rate.

## YOUNG CHINA AND COMMERCE.

INTELLIGENCE from Hong-Kong states that "Long Cloths" have improved. Trade, in China, appears to be still in its infancy.

## WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MARBLE ARCH?

Now that Buckingham Palace is getting into a state of completeness, the Marble Arch is in everybody's mouth, for all are asking what is to be done with it? It has been stated that the process of carting it away will cost more than the whole concern is worth, and as JOHN BULL is not in the humour to pay very dearly for another game at marbles, we cannot exactly say how the affair is to be disposed of. Perhaps the best mode of dealing with the difficulty will be to take the Arch into the Court of Arches, by which process the most substantial piece of property in the whole world could be effectually got rid of. Somehow or other, the monstrous pile of masonry must be removed, and the country will be obliged to anybody who will patriotically give his head to the unsightly block, with the view of doing away with it.

## THE HEIGHT OF FLUNKEYISM.

IN MR. CARLYLE'S "*Latter Day Pamphlet*," No. 1, "*The Present Time*," Mr. Punch encountered the subjoined piece of enigmatical phraseology: "Opaque flunkeyism grown truculent and transcendent."

The interpretation of this dark writing did sorely puzzle Mr. Punch till Friday last week, when the *Times* made the announcement following:—

"We have the satisfaction of announcing that the MARQUESS OF WESTMINSTER, the most opulent member of the English nobility, has finally attained the object of his life, and is appointed to the office of Lord Steward, with the full privilege of carrying a white stick about, like POLONIUS in the play, whenever the QUEEN gives a party to the lieges."

The cruel self-degradation of a nobleman into a lackey is flunkeyism which may well be called "truculent." That it is "opaque," or dark, and "transcendent," or surpassing all bounds, is too obvious to require demonstration.





TABLEAU VIVANT.

LORD JOHN AS THE INFANT HERCULES.







THE GREAT VALUE OF RETIREMENT.



y retirement a man gains a great good. It takes a man away from the busy world, and leaves him face to face with himself, when he views his conduct in the mirror of his thoughts, and, by the aid of reflection, adjusts his morals; in the same way that a young man pulls up his shirt collars when, unseen, in some retired corner of the street, a glass tells him they have fallen a little too low. I am so fond of retirement, that, if I were Lord Chancellor, nothing should prevent me seeking it to-morrow. It must be so sweet, I think, to retire with £5000 a year!—*The Beadle of the Exeter Arcade on Solitude.*

EXTRAORDINARY MEETING OF THE LAW AMENDMENT SOCIETY.

THIS admirable society, says our reporter, had an extraordinary meeting a few nights ago; and although we strongly suspect our correspondent of having made the meeting first, and then reported it—*à la Tom Thumb* and the giants—we nevertheless give him the benefit of the “copy” he has prepared, by inserting the account that follows:—

LORD BROUGHAM, as usual, took the chair, and opened the business of the meeting by writing two letters at once, thinking of something else, talking about sundry matters, and exclaiming, “Now then, what’s the business before us for this evening?”

MR. DUNUP rose to present his report on Legal Education.

LORD BROUGHAM—Oh! ah! Exactly. I’m sure we are very much obliged to you for coming here, MR. DUNUP. I dare say you can tell us a good deal. Now then, give us the benefit of your experience.

MR. DUNUP proceeded to state that the system of education for the bar was very defective, and unnecessarily elaborate. He had heard that a fee of a hundred guineas was usually given to an Equity Draftsman to teach the student to draw a bill. Whereas, he (MR. DUNUP) had been taught to draw a bill and accept one too, for half the money. He had also heard much from time to time of the intricacies of an answer; for a bill and answer usually go together. But he (MR. DUNUP) had always one answer to every bill—and that was, “Not at home,” through the letter-box; or, when the answer was in writing, “Gone out. Return in an hour,” was the form in which he answered every bill that was served upon him.

As to interrogatories they had become such a disgusting matter of routine, that he had adopted one uniform practice of refusing everything to everybody who asked, and considering that those who did not ask did not want anything. When he had endeavoured to answer an interrogatory, he (MR. DUNUP) found he was only opening the door to abuse, and as he would not stand to be abused, he now opened the door to nobody. This was the school in which he had learnt the law, and such was the report on legal education he was prepared to lay before the meeting.

LORD BROUGHAM. Very good. A very valuable report in its way, no doubt, MR. DUNUP, and I shall be glad to have a copy of it. For my part, I have a total objection to the present mode, by which pupils give a hundred guineas, or, as the lawyers call them, *gas*—the worst name in the world, since from such *gas* there proceeds no enlightenment whatever. When I went into MR. (afterwards Chief Justice) TINDAL’S chambers, I was told to copy anything I could catch hold of, and the result was, I got so sick of copying in early life, that I have since become quite an original. At Edinburgh I used to attend Latin lectures, and when we were questioned, if the question began with *Nonne*, we said *Etiam*; and if it began with *An* we said *Non*; so what with the *Nons* and the *Nonnes*, it was a pack of nonsense altogether. His lordship having, during this speech, written several more letters, rose from his seat, rushed out of the room, and left the meeting to adjourn itself.

EARLY RISING EXTRAORDINARY.

At the Marlborough Street Police Court, last week, two persons were brought up for having practised imposition on the DUKE OF WELINGTON. To take in his Grace—if there is any truth in proverbs—they must have got up, as SAMUEL PEYS says, “mighty betimes.”

AN ADVOCATE FOR THE REPEAL OF THE WINDOW-TAX.—“Open the shutters, and let in more light.”—*The Last Words of Goëthe.*

THE HOBNAIL SHOE PINCHING.

“MR. PUNCH,

PLEASE Sur, I rites to inform you that my Wagis, I am sorry to say, is to be lored from 10 shilns to 7 shilns a week, witeh with a wife and 8 children is a bad Jobb. I works for FARMER PINCHER, and he tells me Corn ha’ fell so, that a can’t afford to gie us the Wagis we have a had no moor. Wen I told un’twas a hard case, ‘Well,’ a sez, ‘arter all you wun’t be wuss off than you wus in the old Purteckshun times. Pervishuns and Close has come down so much since then, that 7 Shilns will be as much to you now as 10 wus vormerly. Wof you loses as a Producer you gains as a Consoomer.’ ‘Consoomer!’ I sez to un, ‘tis preshus little I consooms. Owin to Vree Trade I’ve consoomed a little Mate now and then o’ late, instead o’ consoomun nothun but dry Bred and Tatars, which was all as I had to consoom in the days o’ Purteckshun. Now I must goo back to Tatars and dry Bred agin, I spose.’ ‘Sorry for that,’ sez PINCHER. ‘But wot ood ye ha me do? The Labour Market drops wi’ the Corn Market. I pays you fair Market price. Ye doan’t expect me to meak ye a preznt o’ drie Shilns a week, do ye?’ ‘No Sur,’ I sez, ‘certainly not.’ Catch un makun a preznt to anybody of a varden! thinks I; but I kep that ere thought to myzself.

“Now, Mr. Punch, I doan’t say but if FARMER PINCHER’S proffits drops, he be quite right to lore Wages. Let un cut ’em down Right and Left. But, drat it, cut ’em down both ways. Here’s the Varmer, as I may say, atween me and the Lanlord; I on one hand of un and the Lanlord on t’other. The Varmer hires Land o’ the Lanlord and Labour o’ me. If he lores the Hire o’ Labour, why not the Hire o’ Land as well? Why begin wi’ Hire o’ Labour? For no rason as I can see but that poor Labour can’t help his self, so the wakest is the fust to goo to the Wall.

“Inkum bein the same and prices redooced laves, they tells me, a Surplus. I doan’t know as I ever had much of a Surplus in the best o’ times, unless you calls a Zmock Frock a Surplus. But wot a Surplus the Lanlord must have with his Wages kep up and things so cheap as they be. Surely his Surplus could be took in more easy than mine. Here’s SIR REYNARD CHIVEY, Lanlord o’ MR. PINCHER, wi’ somewhere about Dree Thousand a Year, lives like a Lord. Low prices, I be told, is a save to the Consoomer. Compared to SIR REYNARD, I consooms arter the rate of a varden rushlite in proposhun to a burnun viery furnus. Here’s a feller as saves money in consoomun all manner o’ good things. ‘Shear and shear alike,’ they sez, but I be sure he could afford to have his wages shear’d afore mine. But Fair Play’s a jool, and a pore man is as like to meet with it as find a Dimond. I’ve heer’d o’ the Fruits o’ Vree Trade. I wish there could be made a Apple Sass out on ’em as ood be Sass for Goose as well as for Gander. Yours til Deth—witeh I spose will be in the Workus. HOBNAIL.”

A Shot for Government.

ONE of the slight objections to the maintenance of the African blockade is that a round shot, fired by a British cruiser at a slave-ship, is as likely as not to take an unfortunate direction, and go, crashing, right through the negroes. Anxious to prevent this little inconvenience to the blacks from continuing to attend our operations in their behalf, the Government, Mr. Punch is authorised in stating, will give a handsome reward to anybody who shall invent a cannon-ball that can be warranted to avoid the captives in the slaver, and only hit the crew, or at least to traverse the negroes without doing them any harm.

CONTINUED SUCCESS OF “THE ELDER BROTHER.”

THE failure of MR. LOCKE KING’S motion for distributing landed property, in cases of intestacy, according to the same rules as prevail in personal property, leaves the Elder Brother in possession of all the advantages which he has so long enjoyed under the law of primogeniture.

They don’t know a Joke when they Hear One.

WE always thought that the smallest joke went the greatest way in the House of Commons, and that honourable members were too ready to laugh at the tiniest bit of humour. The following *jeu-d’esprit*, however, was received by them in the gravest manner.

“MR. HUDSON hoped, from a SENSE OF RIGHT AND JUSTICE, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would,” &c. (*Never mind the remainder.*) The House never even as much as smiled; and yet to hear HUDSON alking of “RIGHT AND JUSTICE” strikes us as being the richest joke in the world. We wonder it was not received with roars!

THE TASTE OF SLAVE-SUGAR.

It is curious that the British palate—in some respects sensitive to squeamishness—should not revolt at the smack of the whip perceptible in slave-grown sugar.



## WOOD v. BRICK.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has admirably discharged the duty imposed on Wood, by taking the duty altogether off brick, and he has thus built for himself a monument of which every untaxed brick will form part of the foundation. By some it has been suggested that, as he has proved himself what is technically, or vulgarly, termed a brick, he should be allowed to alter his name from SIR CHARLES WOOD to SIR CHARLES BRICK, without the expense of an Act of Parliament. It was not to be supposed that the tempting opportunity for puns would be passed over by that feeble-minded part of the population which is so fond of "paltering in a double sense," and occupies itself in making puns, rather than adopt the Johnsonian alternative of picking pockets.

We have received several hundreds of letters, inquiring whether all duty will be taken off the regular bricks, and whether we ourselves, as that extraordinary piece of human clay "a jolly brick," must henceforth be considered as *functus officii*, or off duty.

We can only say that, as far as we are concerned, we do not mean in our character of "brick" to avail ourselves of the exemption so laudably conferred by SIR CHARLES WOOD upon bricks in general. The duty imposed upon us is a duty we owe to ourselves, as well as to society; and as we can never be expected to pay ourselves, the duty must remain in force, though we continue constantly discharging it. Besides, the duty is not yet taken off carriages, and as we are the greatest public vehicle for the conveyance of everything that is good, we cannot by any mode of looking at the matter, be regarded as exempt from duty.



EFFECT OF TAKING THE DUTY OFF "BRICKS."

## THE NAVAL ASSISTANT SURGEONS' MESS.

## ANTICIPATED INQUEST.

THE Admiralty persists in compelling Naval Assistant Surgeons to mess with the midshipmen, instead of admitting them, according to their age and station, to the ward-room. Very well. Wait the event. One of these fine days an inquest will be held on the body of BARNABAS BUNTING, late seaman on board HER MAJESTY'S ship *Truncheon*, alleged to have bled to death in consequence of the professional incompetency of COOPER SLICE, M. D., Assistant Surgeon to the said vessel.

DR. SLASH, full surgeon to the *Truncheon*, being called in evidence, will prove that the deceased BARNABAS BUNTING received a wound in the *axilla*, injuring the *axillary artery*, and occasioning a flow of blood, to stop which, it was necessary that the *subclavian artery* should be taken up and tied. That he, DR. SLASH, being at the time disabled by gout in the right hand, requested DR. SLICE, the Assistant Surgeon, to perform the operation, but that gentleman could not do it, wherefore it was not done, and the patient consequently perished of hæmorrhage.

DR. SLICE, on being told, with the usual caution, that he is at liberty to make a statement, will admit the truth of the facts related by DR. SLASH. He will then proceed to say that he is now 30 years of age, and has been an Assistant Surgeon in HER MAJESTY'S Navy for eight years. When he entered the service he had passed a severe examination, and was then fully equal to the performance of any surgical operation whatever. But ever since that time, though a Doctor of

Medicine, and though, by an Order in Council, ranking with a Lieutenant in the Army, he had been obliged by the Admiralty regulations to remain in the Midshipmen's berth. Owing to the constant confusion which there prevailed, he had been utterly unable to study or to refresh his memory, and hence he had quite forgotten all the anatomy which he once knew. Had he been free of the ward-room he could have kept up his knowledge, and the unfortunate result of his loss of it, which he deplored as much as anybody, would never have happened.

MR. RICHARD SPRITELY, a young gentleman aged 15, Midshipman on board the *Truncheon*, and messmate of DR. SLICE, will describe the peculiarities of the Midshipmen's berth, so as to give an idea of the facilities which it affords for medical and surgical studies.

THE PRESIDENT of the COLLEGE of SURGEONS will depose that a Surgeon must continually renew his anatomy if he would retain it. He will confess that he should himself soon forget all he knew of it, if he did not frequently, by thought and reading, recal its details to his mind's eye. He will declare that it would be impossible for him to think or read either, amid the distractions of the Midshipmen's berth; and that for any mental occupation he should of the two prefer the mast-head.

DR. SLICE will produce numerous testimonials, and call various witnesses, in proof of his former attainments and qualifications.

THE CORONER will explain to the Jury, that if they consider that DR. SLICE displayed culpable incompetency, they must return a verdict of manslaughter against him; but that no man is to be considered responsible for consequences arising from the misfortune of losing his memory.

THE Jury, after a short consultation, will find "That the deceased BARNABAS BUNTING died of hæmorrhage through the inability of DR. SLICE to perform a surgical operation by reason of his having forgotten his knowledge of anatomy for the want of a fit and proper place to study in on board ship, owing to the arrangements of the Lords of the Admiralty."

## BELGRAVIANS! MEND YOUR WAYS.

WE have strong faith in the proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way;" but we regret to have met with an instance in which we have been baffled, for having lately the will to pass along the King's Road, we could find no way of doing so.

THE King's Road, Eaton Square, is indeed in an alarming state; for it is as rampant with ruts as a field lately under the plough, and presents to the traveller a truly harrowing spectacle. If a horse ventures upon it, the poor animal instantly experiences the *facilis descensus*, for he is very easily down, and is not very easily got up again.

We cannot understand the reason of a principal thoroughfare in the fashionable locality of Eaton Square—the very heart of Belgravia—being left in a state of almost mountainous ruggedness, unless it is for the purpose of giving something like a taste of the Ups and Downs of life to the wealthy inhabitants.

We have, in the course of our career, been frequently put to the necessity of exclaiming with the hero of antiquity, *aut viam inveniam aut faciam*—I will either find a way or make one. We have laboured through snow, of which we too plainly saw the drift, in the Alps; we have waded through the almost knee-deep, and always unsettled ashes of Vesuvius; we have picked our path through the cabbage leaves, and hopped over the oyster shells of Whetstone Park. We have been almost jammed up in the gelid icebergs of the Northern regions; we have encountered the difficulties of a passage in a Bayswater omnibus to the Bank, and done it in two hours and a half, but "we never! no we never," nor reader, "did you ever" experience anything equal to the troubles of the transit along the King's Road, Eaton Square.

## A Tune on our Own Trumpet.

WE have been asked if we mean to send any jokes to the "Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations." Certainly not; since our jokes, not being laboured, can by no means be regarded as the products of industry. However, we would not discourage any of our contemporaries from seeking the reward of intellectual toil. But, the temporary building, which is to contain the Exhibition, would prove much too temporary if it contained any jokes of ours, which would cause its sides to shake with such incessant violence that it would be sure to tumble to pieces in no time.

## THE INTERREGNUM OF A GREAT MIND.

LONGFELLOW, the American Poet, talking of the strange motley way in which CARLYLE has lately disguised himself, says, "we still recognise the monarch in his masquerade." Let us hope the monarch will soon throw off the clown's dress, and once more take his seat upon the throne—a far higher one than any occupied by King—the throne of reason.



## GOOD NEWS FOR GOVERNESSES.



HOWEVER people may talk about the difficulties attending the position of a Governess, it is evident, if there is faith in an advertisement, that the task of teaching "in a gentleman's family" is a luxury worth paying for. As to liberal salaries being offered to Governesses, we do not wonder at the system being quite exploded, when we find that it is considered probable a "lady" will enter a "gentleman's family" on the terms set forth in the following extract from a late supplement (gratis) of the *Times* :—

**WANTED**, in a gentleman's family, a LADY, who is desirous of meeting with a comfortable home, to undertake the EDUCATION of TWO CHILDREN, of the ages of seven and eight years, and who would consider the above as equivalent to a salary. She would be required to instruct them in an English education, French, and music, without the aid of masters. Must be of the Established Church. Good references. Address to A. T., at \_\_\_\_\_, 17.

This notification seems to imply that there is such a general desire on the part of well-instructed gentlewomen to undertake the education of children, that any one having the opportunity afforded her of enjoying such a delicious privilege, would probably "consider the above as equivalent to a salary." There is certainly something attractive in the surmounting of difficulties, and there may be, therefore, a kind of self-compensating principle in the task of attempting to beat information into the thick heads of the juvenile members of "a gentleman's family." We shall expect to see shortly an advertisement for a pig-driver who will consider the pleasure of thrashing the pig as "equivalent to a salary."

The stipulation in the announcement we have quoted, that the lady should be "of the Established Church," is quite characteristic of the sort of thing, for we always find a little bit of religion dragged in at the end, to tone down the unchristian complexion of the rest of the advertisement. The probability, also, is, that the parties who are so anxious to get a little piety thrown into the bargain with the English education, the French, the music, the German, the dancing, and all the rest of it, are desirous that in return for the nothing a year which they pay their Governess, their children should acquire a little of that religious principle of which they themselves have been left destitute.

An uneducated parent is frequently heard to say, "Though I have not much learning myself, I should wish my children to be well taught;" and in the same spirit, no doubt, the advertiser of "no salary," and other hard uncharitable conditions, would be the first to demand "decided piety," or a "religious turn of mind" in his poor victimised Governess.

## A BLACKFRIARS BULL FIGHT.

It is not necessary to travel to Spain in order to get an idea of a Bull fight, for, on every Smithfield market day, there is a display of the conflict of the Toreadores with real Bulls in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars. The vacant ground on each side of Chatham Place forms an admirable arena, where there are frequent contests between the *Toro* and the *Picadore*—the Bull and the drover. A few days ago there was a splendid exhibition of human prowess on one side, and brute instinct on the other—with a spice of canine sagacity superadded, to give it a flavour. An active bullock had been playing "Mag's diversion," with a horn accompaniment all the way down Farringdon Street, and had been indulging his facetious humour at the expense of the public, by butting at and making a butt of everybody he met; when suddenly the drover made a blow at the animal's butt-end, and the poor creature with a marvellous instinct of self-preservation, turned into a neighbouring house, which proved to be the Cattle Insurance Company.

The clerk in attendance thought at first that the animal had come with the view of effecting an insurance on his own life, and had almost presented him with one of the usual forms, when, the bullock unceremoniously upset everything in the shape of form by tossing over a bench that happened to be in his way, and making for the board-room with frightful velocity. The poor brute was a good deal flurried, and he had no opportunity of turning himself round, for the space would not admit of the operation, and the only way left him was to back out of the difficulty in which he had placed himself. This was a most dis-

agreeable alternative, for there were two or three drovers' dogs attempting to make a luncheon off ox-tail. The drovers did their utmost to keep possession of the poor creature by holding him in tail, but he evidently objected to this new style of drawback on British beef, and the more they pulled him one way, the more he tugged the other. Though he was anything but reserved or shy, the difficulty in drawing him out was tremendous, though the clerks attempted by persuasion to convince him that his departure from the Insurance Office would be the very best policy. The poor animal was ultimately ejected, and it is not surprising that he was very much put out in consequence.

## SELF-EXHIBITION OF LORD BROUGHAM IN 1850.

PUNCH has to propose to the workers of tin, iron, or brass of all nations, to send a specimen of the Weathercock BROUGHAM to the great industrial show of 1851. It is, we think, difficult to conceive a more suggestive subject for the matter proposed; one more provocative of the inventive quality of designers; more certain to call forth the latent resources of mechanics, conjointly in the variety of form, and in the ease and rapidity with which a weathercock should obey "every little wind that under heaven is blown."

The prize weathercock—the thing, from its peculiar complexity, is worth at least a thousand pounds; indeed, how many national weather-vanes have cost a hundred times the sum!—should be paid for, purchased, and set above the new House of Lords. This would at once be a utility to the building, and a compliment to LORD BROUGHAM. Like the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, his Lordship would anticipate posthumous honours and enjoy his significant monument whilst in the flesh.

And LORD BROUGHAM has, a thousand times over, earned such testimonial. His last—at least, at the time we write, his last—unconscious effort for such reward was in the House, when he discoursed upon the promised Exhibition of 1851. Now, it may be remembered—especially by those capable of recollecting every new pattern produced by every new shake of a kaleidoscope—what LORD BROUGHAM uttered at the great Westminster gathering in favour of the future show. "It would be a marvellous exhibition! We should astonish the foreigner; amaze him! Not only amaze all aliens with evidences of our manufacturing and mechanical skill; but, moreover, should confound and humiliate them by exhibiting a specimen of the special constable's staff, garlanded with civic oak-leaves, date, 'April 10, 1843.' This, among other things we should do, and great would be the agglomerate glory thereof. His Lordship deeply pitied the crassitude of any man who could doubt it!"

And now the wind shifts, and the weathercock points to an ill-wind—an east-wind—that cuts as with a rusty knife the blossoms of hope!

In the House of Lords, LORD BROUGHAM last week discoursed of the Exhibition. As for the English manufacturers, they would—

"No doubt, learn something whereto to improve the fabric of their manufactures. They would not, however, increase the price of their commodities and manufactures. No, no; *down, down, down, would come the prices*;—and so much the better would it be for us the consumers, and ultimately no doubt for themselves. They would not, however, find this so sweet in the taste as it was in the prospect."

Every word of this might have acted as another button upon the breeches' pocket of manufacturers and tradesmen; shutting up the subscriptions that otherwise would have come forth. We say, "might have acted," had the orator's turnings and shiftings been less notorious. The words, however, are harmless. No one predicts from the weathercock of to-day what point the wind may blow from to-morrow.

LORD BROUGHAM protested against the erection of the required building in either of the West-end parks. "In Hyde Park it certainly must not be." There was, however, an eastern park. "He thought that the building had better be erected in Victoria Park." This suggestion brought up, of course, the whilom genius of Woods and Forests, and especial protector of the poor man's "bit of green" at all times,—the EARL OF CARLISLE.

"He could not see any reason why their lordships should be more tender to the aristocratical lungs of one portion of the metropolis than they were to those of the densely-populated district in the neighbourhood of Victoria Park."

Why, no. And then folks who drive in Hyde Park, may drive a little further from London; and, we believe that none of the weavers and spinners of Spitalfields keep carriages. Indeed, we almost incline to doubt whether they can vindicate their respectability even in a Sunday gig.

The West-end parks—quoted LORD BROUGHAM—"have been called the lungs of the metropolis." But, then, it is otherwise with Park Victoria. Spitalfields having little use for the belly, can the less regard a "tubercle" on the lungs.

## TEMPERANCE TOAST.

THE papers state that at the anniversary festival of the Marine Society, after dinner "the usual round of toasts was given." FATHER MATHEW himself could hardly object to toasts in the form of the round. If the toast of the evening was buttered, it is not likely that any member of the Marine Society got half seas over.





A PICTURE OF ALIMENTIVENESS.

A NICE LITTLE BIT OF FISH.

## THE MAYORS, AND THEIR COATS OF MAIL.

PREVIOUS to the recent display of splendid hospitality by the LORD MAYOR of London, who invited nearly all his brother Mayors to a grand banquet—and turned the Mansion House into a regular mares' nest for that night only—communications were forwarded to the different towns for the purpose of inquiring as to the arms of the Corporation, with which it was intended to adorn the columns of the hall of festivity.

Some of the provincial Mayors were very much puzzled to say what their heraldic bearings really were, and as MR. BURKE was not at hand to be consulted in every case, some desperate guesses were made by several of the heads of the provincial Corporations. We give a few specimens furnished by our reporter, who spoke in so low a tone that we could scarcely catch it, though he deserves to catch it if he has been guilty of misleading us.

**BATH.**—A Bun rampant, in a Bath Brick-field. Bath-chaps as supporters.

**BRIGHTON.**—Six Brighton rocks on a lozenge, and one box of lozenges by itself.

**CANTERBURY.**—A Canterbury on a shield gules, quartered with a Music-stool *argent*, and the motto *Piano-forte-ter in re*.

**CHELtenham.**—Salts *couchant*, with a lozenge *en arriere*, showing that the lozenge may be taken after the salts if required.

**KIDDERMINSTER.**—A Carpet on a plain ground, a rug and three bars sinister of polished steel with poker and tongs as supporters, and appropriate standards.

**MARGATE.**—A pair of slippers *glissant*, held by a bathing-woman *naiante*, and two donkey-boys *regardant*.

**RYE.**—A Lion *dormant*, with a Rye face.

**WINDSOR.**—Soap in squares, with a Poor Knight of Windsor *latherant*, and a butcher's boy *blatant*.

**YARMOUTH.**—A herring gules, on three bars sable.

The above are only a few of those which were sent in to the Mansion House as emblems for the Corinthian columns of the Egyptian Hall, and politely declined on the ground of there being no room for them.

**OBJECT OF MR. STUART WORTLEY'S MARRIAGE BILL.**—To spike an ecclesiastical canon.

## AN EXPEDITION THROUGH THE DEBATES, IN SEARCH OF CHISHOLM ANSTEY.

An expedition has been formed, of some six hardy individuals, to venture in search of CHISHOLM ANSTEY. It is supposed that he is completely lost, for he has not been heard of for some time past. He disappeared last session, and has not been seen since.

The intention is to set out on the very day that Parliament opened. There is an immense tract of barren debates for the expedition to cross, and it is confidently asserted that it will never be able to get half-way through it. If any trace is found of him, intimation is instantly to be sent to the House of Commons.

The expedition has our best wishes for its success, though we cannot help having our fears as to the result. Is it prudent at this time of the year, we ask, when the Debates are much colder than usual, to venture in search of such an object? How will they find a passage through immense blocks of speeches, that seem as if they must crush the person who comes near them. The six individuals, we are told, are to relieve one another, and never more than three persons are to sleep at the same time. This arrangement is highly commendable; still, if the torpor should be too much for their hardy natures, and they should all six give way to the feeling of overpowering lassitude that is known to attack every one who ventures in those frozen regions, it is horrible to think of what must inevitably be their sad fates! We implore this generous half-dozen of impulsive souls to pause ere they rush into the expedition they are so madly bent upon.

We shall from time to time publish accounts of the expedition as they reach us, and we only hope that the whole six may return safe. We regret to state that not a single office in the City would insure their lives.

## BRITANNIA'S SWEET TOOTH.

I'm the Genius of BRITANNIA, and, you know, I rule the waves,  
And I form'd a resolution to put down the trade in slaves,  
So I've fitted out a squadron, and it costs me very dear,  
At the lowest computation full a million pounds a year.

Yet the slave-trade I'm maintaining all the while I 'gainst it fight,  
I support it with the left hand whilst I strike it with the right;  
Of slave-grown sugar, being cheap, a vast amount I eat,  
I have such a tender conscience, but a tooth so very sweet!

Goose's liver is a dainty certain foreigners derive,  
So I have heard, from roasting the unhappy goose alive;  
My laws with punishment condign would visit any wretch  
Who dared the culinary art so cruelly to stretch.

But were I the chief consumer of the fruit of this abuse,  
I should surely be partaker in the torture of the goose:  
Am I not then an accomplice in the wickedness and shame  
Of lashing into sugar the tormented negro's frame?

There is negro in our puddings, in our pies, our cakes, our buns;  
In our jellies, creams, and custards, there are ADAM'S sable sons;  
There's negro in each cup of tea the smug precisian sips,  
And thinks that he has done no wrong, and wipes his holy lips.

I am certain that the trade in slaves my cruisers scarcely touch,  
I repress it very little, and promote it very much:  
If I mean that it should cease, I must renounce my toothsome sin,  
Resolv'd from this time forth to take no slave-grown sugar in.

But I can't resign cheap sugar; so I'll keep up my blockade,  
For appearance sake—by way of demonstration and parade;  
Though I must confess I'd rather not be forced to spend the sum  
Of a million pounds per annum to maintain a costly hum.

## Sacrifice Extraordinary.

A NEWSPAPER advertisement announces that

"A professional gentleman is instructed to sacrifice THREE young sound HORSES at half their cost."

We wonder what deity horses could be sacrificed to? HYMEN, perhaps: for when a gentleman marries he is sometimes forced to give up his stud.

## THE STETHOSCOPE AT THE NATIONAL CHEST.

We understand that there is at present an accumulated gold deposit at the Bank, which is likely to increase. Nothing has been heard for some time of JOHN BULL'S tightness of the chest; but we expect that he will soon begin to complain of weight and congestion in that region; where there seems to be always something more or less the matter with the poor invalid.



OUR LITTLE BIRD.

A FERRAND IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.



PUNCH, having taken a sanitary survey of the whole country, reports as follows: "The dirtiest place in the United Kingdom is MR. FERRAND'S mouth."

And this report is accompanied with a sadness, with a faintness of heart; for PUNCH, after much pondering, is still grieved for a remedy.

How is the nuisance to be abated? By what means of flushing—by what extravagant grant of money, expended upon any quantity of chemicals? Will SIR ROBERT PEEL or MR. COBDEN attempt the part of CURTIUS, and leap into the ever-open, ever-widening gulf? Will all the societies, united for early closing, endeavour a remedy? For ourselves, we can only hit upon one poor chance of success, the application of neglect. When LUTHER was spiritually sublimed, wrought by the greatness of his work, he heard, he tells us, a mighty noise in the next room. "But," said he with an after-thought, "knowing it was only the devil, I took no notice of him; for there is nothing that so irks the devil as contempt." Will the newspaper press henceforth perform the part of LUTHER to FERRAND, the foul-mouthed and vociferous? Will they, for all future time, take mercy upon their readers, by taking no notice of the noisy man, whose last bluster was at the town of Pontefract? We hope so.

However, the press, having unwarily printed MR. FERRAND'S brag, it becomes the uneasy duty of PUNCH to disburse a few words upon it. PUNCH will linger no longer on the matter than he holds to be barely necessary; for PUNCH likes not the reek of the FERRAND nosegay; his flowers of rhetoric are truly flower of brimstone. And so, with a closed nostril, putting aside the bunch of noisome epithets culled for political opponents, come we to the FERRAND remedy; and the remedy is—the sheep.

MR. FERRAND preaches a Wool League. The Fleece versus the Cotton Tree! MR. FERRAND makes the sheep the symbol of England's regeneration. Having shorn it, and spun the wool into the agricultural uniform, he would, no doubt, stretch its parchment into drum-heads, and beat dismay through the streets of Manchester. Who would have thought it? The tall cotton chimnies, levelled with a thundering crash to the earth,—pulled down by a line of worsted! What a politic spider is FERRAND, and with his woollen web, how he will catch and fatten on those gilded flies, BRIGHT and COBDEN!

The tedious monotony of the time will be pleasantly, hilariously broken by the two parties, into which all England will—hints FERRAND—immediately divide itself. The fight will be a contest of worsted balls and cotton balls! And the contest will be the fiercer, the richer, too, in interesting episodes, inasmuch as the principal combatants will be of the softer, and, therefore, more pugnacious sex. Every other woman will bear a flag of worsted—will fight under her own particular banner! "At present," mourns FERRAND, "it is cotton above—cotton below—and cotton everywhere." Wait awhile; and inevitably the cotton will be worsted.

Plain-minded people may vainly seek the source of inspiration whence FERRAND drew this deep and beautiful idea. PUNCH—who knows everything—can at once reveal the oracle that instructed the patriot—it was nothing less than a sheep's head. Fit teacher, fit pupil! It is a well-accredited story, that MAHOMET—who, like all truly great men, was beautifully simple in his tastes—much admired shoulder of mutton; a dish, by the way, delighted in by another great man, who, however, was not a prophet—GEORGE THE THIRD, the Father and Farmer of his people. Well, MAHOMET, says the legend, was about to partake of his favourite dish, and had made the first prime incision, when the yawning shoulder found a voice, and cried—"Beware, O prophet! For I, your much-loved joint, am poisoned. Eat me, and you die." Thus it was that destiny made vocal even a shoulder of mutton to preserve the man, chosen and beloved by fate.

And so it was with prophet FERRAND. It was at the end of the second week of March, when FERRAND—hungry from contemplation, deep and keen, of his country's wrongs—sat down to dinner. Great

men, we have already said it, have simple tastes. The dish best-beloved by FERRAND is sheep's head; sheep's head, with its buttered brains. Of these brains—innocent nutriment!—FERRAND, by way of preface, partook; and was about to flesh his carving-knife in the head itself, when the jaws opened, and—(wonderful to report! with the tongue lying in a separate plate)—the head spoke audibly thus—"Honey-mouthed FERRAND, dear to clods and men! Take what I need, and with it spin a yarn, yea, many yarns, and save your mother-land. You shall go forth in your armour of hose, and win. Accept this as a happy omen—I speak without brains; be worthy of your oracle."

Whereupon, after much self-preparation, FERRAND went to Pontefract, and, first sweetening his mouth with indigenous liquorice, he then preached the Wool League; he then and there enacted the part of Sheepface with stunning applause. His one word—his monosyllabic battle-cry—was "BAA-A," a word to be worked in blood-coloured worsted on the banner of the farmers—a word at once to float above and doom the "topless" chimnies of Manchester!

All this is vast and comprehensive, but this—the great wool question—admits of a still deeper consideration; of treatment, deep as the grave. It will be a grand achievement for MR. FERRAND to divide the kingdom, arraying native flannel against exotic cotton. The feuds of the NERI and the BIANCHI will be cast into oblivion by the deeds of the two civil armies, the homely yeoman worsted, and the subtle, foreign twist. The bulletins will be of marked and curious interest. It will be delightful, sustaining, to read of houses invested by the flannel forces, and brought down to their last piece of cotton, which is then hung out of the garret window, in token of parley; the enemy being at length permitted to march out with just one pocket-handkerchief flying, symbolical of his sorrow and discomfiture.

All this, we say, will be very delightful, and the really patriotic heart glows even by anticipation; but, there is yet another glory for wool; a glory, it is true, symbolised by yew and cypress—for it is a glory of the churchyard. Let the law—the law most shamefully repealed—be re-enacted, making it compulsory upon the dead—for an Act of Parliament is all potent, think some folks, even on the other side of Styx—to be buried in home-grown wool; in staple flannel as our grandfathers were, so that even in the grave we shall henceforth defy the foreigner, and not be made, as now, un-patriotic in our coffins, crumbling, shamefully crumbling, in imported cotton. Then the country churchyard will be, as it was wont, a scene for commingling meditation and patriotism. For whilst the great public moralist, with clouded eye on tombstones, reads the swift decay of all things, his ear is pleasantly smitten by the sheep-bell, and he sees the wether and the ewes biting the sweet grass of the heaving mound, and—his eye and heart cheered and expanding with the view and thought—he thinks with pleasure of the wool above the grave, and the wool within it. As it is, we feel that MR. FERRAND—with his comprehensive sympathies—must consider even a country churchyard desecrated by the under-crop of foreign yarn. We have now no such poetry as GRAY'S *Elegy*; and wherefore? We bury in cotton. The poet's true inspiration was from flannel. Is not the sheep especially the creature of APOLLO!

Turn our thoughts where we will, we receive from wool a sweet significance—a teaching comfort. When thrifty huswives would lay by their savings, what so often the chosen repository as an old stocking? The true Savings Bank is made of the fleece.

Our domestic history is full of anecdotes in glory of the sheep. And yet the folks of Manchester will believe the "web of life" to be made of nought but cotton. But ovine triumphs are everywhere about us: in the symbolic thriftiness of old stockings, in the blaze and varied splendour of illuminated windows. In THORETON'S *Nottinghamshire* there is a sufficing illustration of the might and wealth of wool. "One MR. BARTON," says our author, "a merchant of the Staple, built a fair stone house at Holme, in Nottinghamshire, and a fair chapel like a parish church. In the windows of his house was this posie,—

I thank God, and ever shall,  
It is the sheep bath paid for all.

A thankful and humble acknowledgment of the means whereby he got his estate." And so, when the victorious FERRAND shall have conducted the great flannel and cotton war to a successful issue, so would we have his triumph eternized by a rescued and grateful country. We bought a Blenheim for MARLBOROUGH—a Strathfieldsaye for WELLINGTON—why not a Shepherd's Bush for FERRAND? And when the estate shall be purchased, and the monumental edifice erected, let all its windows be enriched and brightened with some golden posie,—and further decorated with the hero of the verse, the illuminated FERRAND in sheep's clothing!

This would be a sweet sight for all men; yea, even for

A LITTLE BIRD.

THE LOVELY SEX VINDICATED.

We see a book advertised under the extraordinary title of "WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY." We hope this is a satisfactory refutation of the absurd fallacy that no woman ever lives beyond the age of forty!



## THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.



"SIR,—I AM a country gentleman, infirm in health, stricken in years, and only occasionally visiting the metropolis, of which the dangers, and the noise and the crowds, are somewhat too much for my quiet nerves. But at this season of Easter, having occasion to come to London, where my son resides, I was induced to take his carriage and his five darling children for a day's sight-seeing. And of sight-seeing I have had, Sir, enough, not for a day, but for my whole life.

"My son's residence is in the elegant neighbourhood of Portico Square, and taking his carriage, of which both the horse and driver are perfectly steady and past the prime of life, our first visit was to the Tenebrorama, in the Regent's Park, where I was told some neat paintings were exhibited, and I could view some scenes at least of foreign countries without the danger and fatigue of personal travel. I paid my money at the entrance of the building, and entered with my unsuspecting little charges into

the interior of the building. Sir, it is like the entrance to the Eleusinian mysteries, or what I have been given to understand is the initiation into Freemasonry. We plunged out of the light into such a profound darkness, that my darling ANNA MARIA instantly began to cry. We felt we were in a chamber, Sir, dimly creaking and moving underneath us—a horrid sensation of sea-sickness and terror overcame us, and I was almost as frightened as my poor innocent ANNA MARIA.

"The first thing we saw was a ghastly view of a church—the Cathedral of Saint Sepulchre's, at Jericho, I believe it was called—a dreary pile, with not a soul in it, not so much as a pew-opener or verger to whom one could look for refuge from the solitude of the dismal. Sir, I don't care to own I am frightened at being in a church alone; I was once locked up in one at the age of thirteen, having fallen asleep during the sermon, and though I have never seen a ghost, they are in my family; my grandmother saw one. I hate to look at a great, ghastly, naked edifice, paved with gravestones, and surrounded with epitaphs and death's heads, and I own that I thought a walk in the Park would have been more cheerful than this.

"As we looked at the picture, the dreary church became more dreary; the shadows of night (by means of curtains and contrivances, which I heard in the back part of the mystery making an awful flapping and pulling) fell deeply and more terribly on the scene. It grew pitch dark; my poor little ones clung convulsively to my knees; an organ commenced playing a dead march—it was midnight—tapers presently began to flicker in the darkness—the organ to moan more dismally—and suddenly, by a hideous optical delusion, the church was made to appear as if full of people, the altar was lighted up with a mortuary illumination, and the dreadful monks were in their stalls.

"I have been in churches. I have thought the sermon long. I never thought the real service so long as that painted one which I witnessed at the Tenebrorama. My dear children whispered, 'Take us out of this place, Grandpapa.' I would have done so. I started to get up—the place being now dimly visible to our eyes, accustomed to the darkness, and disclosing two other wretches looking on in the twilight besides ourselves—I started, I say, to get up, when the chamber began to move again, and I sank back on my seat, not daring to stir.

"The next view we saw was the Summit of Mount Ararat, I believe, or else of a mountain in Switzerland, just before dawn. I can't bear looking down from mountains or heights; when taken to St. Paul's by my dear mother, as a child, I had well-nigh fainted when brought out into the outer gallery; and this view of Mount Ararat is so dreadful, so lonely, so like nature, that it was all I could do to prevent myself from dashing down the peak and plunging into the valley below. A storm, the thunderous rumble of which made me run cold, the fall of an avalanche destroying a village, some lightning, and an eclipse I believe of the sun, were introduced as ornaments to this picture, which I would as lief see again as undergo a nightmare.

"More dead than alive, I took my darling children out of the place, and tenderly embraced them when I was out of the door.

"The Haidorama is next by, and my dear little third grandchild insisted upon seeing it. Sir, we unsuspecting ones went into the place, and saw, what do you think?—the Earthquake of Lisbon! Ships were tossed and dashed about the river before us in a frightful manner. Convents and castles toppled down before our eyes and burst into flames. We heard the shrieks of the mariners in the storm, the groans of the miserable people being swallowed up or smashed in the rocking reeling ruins—tremendous darkness, lurid lightning flashes, and the awful booming of thunderbolts roared in our ears, dazzled our eyes, and frightened our senses so, that I protest I was more dead than alive when I quitted the premises, and don't know how I found myself in my carriage.

"We were then driven to the Zoological Gardens, a place which I often like to visit (keeping away from the larger beasts, such as the bears, who I often fancy may jump from their poles upon certain unoffending Christians; and the howling tigers and lions who are continually biting the keepers' heads off), and where I like to look at the monkeys in the cages (the little rascals!) and the birds of various plumage.

"Fancy my feelings, Sir, when I saw in these gardens—in these gardens frequented by nursery-maids, mothers, and children, an immense brute of an elephant about a hundred feet high rushing about with a wretched little child on his back, and a single man vainly endeavouring to keep him! I uttered a shriek—I called my dear children round about me. And I am not ashamed to confess it, Sir, I ran. I ran for refuge into a building hard by, where I saw—Ah, Sir! I saw an immense boa constrictor swallowing a live rabbit—swallowing a live rabbit, Sir, and looking as if he would have swallowed one of my little boys afterwards. Good Heavens! Sir, do we live in a Christian country, and are parents and children to be subjected to sights like these?

"Our next visit—of pleasure, Sir! bear with me when I say *pleasure*: was to the Waxwork in Baker Street,—of which I have only to say, that, rather than be left alone in that gallery at night with those statues, I would consent to be locked up with one of the horrid lions at the Zoological Gardens.—There is a woman in black there lying on a sofa, and whose breast heaves—there is an old man whose head is always slowly turning round—there is HER M—ty and the R-y-l Children looking as if they all had the yellow fever—sights enough to terrify any Christian I should think—sights which, nevertheless, as a man and a grandfather, I did not mind undergoing.

"But my second boy, TOMMY, a prying little dare-devil, full of mischief, must insist upon our going to what he called the reserved apartment, where NAPOLEON'S carriage was, he said, and other curiosities. Sir, he caused me to pay sixpences for all the party, and introduced me to what?—to the CHAMBER OF HORRORS, Sir!—they're not ashamed to call it so—they're proud of the frightful title and the dreadful exhibition—and what did I there behold—murderers, Sir,—murderers; some of them in their own cold blood—ROBESPIERRE'S head off in a plate—MARAT stuck and bleeding in a bath—MR and MRS. MANNING in a frightful colloquy with COURVOISIER and FIESCHI about the infernal machine—and my child, my grandchild, Sir, laughed at my emotion and ridiculed his grandfather's just terror at witnessing this hideous scene!

"JACKY, my fifth, is bound for India—and wished to see the Overland Journey portrayed, which, as I also am interested in the future progress of that darling child, I was anxious to behold. We came into the Exhibition, Sir, just at the moment when the simoom was represented. Have you ever seen a simoom, Sir? Can you figure to yourself what a simoom is?—a tornado of sand in which you die before you can say Jack Robinson, in which camels, horses, men, are swept into death in an instant—and this was the agreeable sight which, as a parent and a man, I was called upon to witness! Shuddering, and calling my little charges around me, I quitted Waterloo Place, and having treated the dear beings to a few buns in the Haymarket, conducted them to their last place of amusement, viz., the Panorama, in Leicester Place.

"Ah, Sir! of what clay are mortals supposed to be made, that they can visit that exhibition? Dreams I have had in my life, but as that view of the Arctic Regions, nothing so terrible. My blood freezes as I think of that frightful summer even—but what to say of the winter? By Heavens, Sir, I could not face the sight—the icy picture of eternal snow—the livid northern lights, the killing glitter of the stars; the wretched mariners groping about in the snow round the ship; they caused in me such a shudder of surprise and fright—that I don't blush to own I popped down the curtain after one single peep, and would not allow my children to witness it.

"Are others to be so alarmed, so misled, so terrified? I beseech all people who have nerves to pause ere they go sight-seeing at the present day, and remain,

"Your Obedient Servant,

"GOLIAH MUFF."



A BEAUTIFUL LEASE.



RIDGEWATER HOUSE has been brought before Parliament; LORD ELLESMERE having been charged with a desire to obstruct the eye-sight of the public, by erecting a wall. LORD RUSSELL came to the rescue; and he said the wall was a very low wall, and—

“Although LORD ELLESMERE’S lease contained a clause prohibiting the building of a wall, there was no covenant in it which prevented the raising of a mound, and therefore, if the Government were to insist upon the stringent enforcement of the terms of the lease with respect to the wall, LORD ELLESMERE might be driven to raise a mound, which he could carry as high as he pleased.”

How beautifully must a lease be drawn, with what a perfect mastery and enjoyment of chicane must a document be set forth, that “prohibits the building of a wall,” but does not prevent “the raising of a mound!”

The wisdom of the Crown grantors in this case is worthy of *Bottom’s* best acting of *Wall* itself, even after *Bottom’s* longer ears were on!

EUREKA!

PUNCH has discovered the lunatic! From time to time a sane and thinking public has been outraged by paragraphs inserted in the papers by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—paragraphs, acknowledging receipt of certain sums—for the payment of the National Debt. Grateful thanks for spoonfuls taken from the ocean! The maniac is now discovered, and is one MR. BENSON, whose case was heard at Liverpool the other day. He went

“In August last to the Treasury in London, for the express purpose of paying off the national debt; he held that it was paid off; and he could do the same with a stroke of his pen on his banker, or whenever he pleased to put his hand in his pocket.”

The man was, by verdict, returned of unsound mind; and the only reason that has induced *Punch* to advert to the matter is, to put it to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER whether, as a Chancellor and a gentleman, he ought not, upon this discovery, to hand over all sums, as above-named received by him, to the funds of Bedlam? We trust SIR PETER LAURIE, as the very useful governor of that establishment, will not, in this matter, permit himself to be “put down” by the Minister.

A HINT FOR THE PUBLISHERS.

As the publishing season will soon be in full play—which means that there will be plenty of work—we suggest the following as titles of books, to succeed the publication of “PEOPLE I HAVE MET,” by an American:—

- PEOPLE I HAVE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY, by a Policeman.
- PEOPLE THAT HAVE MET ME HALF-WAY, by an Insolvent.
- PEOPLE I HAVE SPLASHED, by a Seavenger.
- PEOPLE I HAVE DONE, by a Jew Bill-Discounter.
- PEOPLE I HAVE ABUSED, by a ’Bus Conductor.
- PEOPLE I HAVE RUN OVER, by a Butcher’s Boy.
- PEOPLE I HAVE RUN AGAINST, by a Sweep.

Our Money Article.

“PAY ready money for everything you have, and you’ll never get into debt,” says FRANKLIN, or JOSEPH HUME, or some great economist. If this is true with regard to private individuals, how much truer it must be when applied to Governments! Would England be owing her National Debt at the present moment, if she had always gone upon the system of ready money? If we had our way, no country should go to war till it had money sufficient to pay all the expenses. This plan, if enforced generally amongst all nations, would tend more to the abolition of war than anything else. The best Peace Society is, depend upon it, READY MONEY. It is her President, Vice-President, members, secretary, banker’s account, and everything. The only difficulty is to know where to find it!

VERY POOR SCHOLARS.

THE following advertisement, with its italics and its inverted commas—to say nothing of its inverted grammar—appeared just as we give it, in a Scotch periodical:—

SCHOLASTIC ESTABLISHMENT, No. —

MRS. — AND Co. have the honour to call the attention of Parents and Guardians to their List of GOVERNESSES for the present season, which far surpass in “solidity and finish” of Education “any they have ever yet had.” Some thoroughly educated Frenchwomen, English and Scotch of the “first order,” besides some “Excellent Day Governesses,” which, with their usual “care” and “promptitude,” they will be happy to supply families “Gratuitously.”

We were not previously aware that “solidity” of a “surpassing” order is looked upon as a desirable quality in a Governess. We can, however, understand that, where starvation prices are paid, a Governess with “a lean and hungry look” would be avoided, as likely to betray the meanness of the employer, and that a lady, therefore, with a large capital of fat to begin upon, which would take a good deal of bringing down in a stingy family, might be more likely to suit than one of, physically speaking, “more slender pretensions.”

The wording of the advertisement issued from the Scholastic Establishment seems to indicate that all the learning is sent out so rapidly that there is none left for ordinary use on the premises. As to Syntax, the stock is evidently quite exhausted, and we almost wonder that there is enough Orthography left on hand to supply the spelling of even a short advertisement. We should be glad to see some of those “thoroughly educated Frenchwomen, English and Scotch of the first order,” who, no doubt, belong to the class of citizens of the world, and are thus qualified to be described as, at the same time, French, English, and Scotch, by the directors of the Scholastic Establishment. The concluding portion of the advertisement, announcing some “excellent Day Governesses, which, with their usual care and promptitude, they will be happy to supply families gratuitously,” is rather mysterious. Whose “care and promptitude” are intended to be indicated, and if it is the “care” of the advertisers, what is meant by supplying a Governess with “care”—as if the expression alluded to some article requiring caution in the packing? “Gratuitously,” too, is a word that adds to our difficulty, for though there is a great deal of competition among the unfortunate class, we have not heard that they have commenced the practice that used to be common in the old opposition coaching days, and that they are trying to run each other off the road to knowledge, by taking pupils for nothing.

Altogether, the advertisement we have quoted is a specimen of the fact that too much cheapness will effect its own cure, for we venture to assert that any one really in want of education, even of the plainest kind, for his children, will not, if he can appreciate the first chapter of the Grammar, seek the article he requires in the Scotch “Scholastic Establishment.”

The World’s “Multum in Parvo.”

WE are told that a Company is on foot for the purpose of buying up LORD BROUGHAM. The object of the purchase is to send in the Hon. Lord at the forthcoming Exhibition of 1851. With his Lordship the Company feels sure of winning the great prize, as there is scarcely a thing that he does not know something of; and if they can only keep him from talking, they feel persuaded they can palm him off as the most wonderful specimen of British industry. We are sorely afraid, however, that the Company, let it have the wealth of California added even to that of Monte-Christo, must be ruined, if it is compelled to take LORD BROUGHAM at his own valuation.

DREADFUL COMPLAINT OF ONE OF THE LUNGS OF THE METROPOLIS.

LORD DUNCAN complains of encroachments upon the Green Park. If these encroachments are allowed—and they are very likely to increase, since it appears that the Officers of the Woods and Forests do not know the boundaries of the property they are supposed to have the care of—there will soon be no Park left,—and the spot it formerly occupied will be known in history as the “INVISIBLE-GREEN PARK.”

THE METROPOLITAN WATER-BUTT.

THE noble EARL OF CARLISLE presented a petition “from the parish of Christ Church, Spitalfields, complaining of the supply of water to the metropolis.” If the petitioners complain of the supply of water to Spitalfields, we are sure they can have very little to complain of.

NEW READING OF AN OLD PARLIAMENTARY LAW.

STRANGERS (that is to say, the Royal Academy) are ordered to withdraw from the (National) Gallery.

“A Vice THAT LEANT TO VIRTUE’S SIDE.”—LORD CLARENDON.



## NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.—THE SICK BACHELOR.

He rings the bell, but no one comes.

He turns restless in bed, looks at his watch, discovers it is time to take his medicine, but there is no one to give it him.

Persons run up and down stairs. The noise frets him, and, as it increases, he complains audibly, but there is no one to hear him.

He dozes, and forgets his fretfulness. But the next moment a heavy sound, as if some one was playing at skittles over head, makes him start up, and again he rings the bell, and again no one answers it.

He listens, and listens, till listening becomes a pain, added to his other pains. He longs to read, but all his books are in the next room. He longs to see the paper: he longs to know if there are any letters; if any one has called; and he groans and rolls about, for all these longings, not one of them gratified, seem to fill his bed with nettles.

When will the Doctor call? He follows every carriage that rattles through the street, and clings to the hope that it will stop at his door, till its wheels have turned the corner. He is sure he is much worse. He should like to look at himself to see how many notches illness has scored upon his face since yesterday; but there is no looking-glass in sight which he can consult as an umpire to tell him the state of the game.

He hears footsteps in the next room. A ray of thankfulness shoots like sunshine through him—it is the Doctor! He waits, and a loud rumbling of chairs, and opening and shutting of windows is all that rewards his patience. He calls, and the fall of broken glass breaks to him the painful truth that it is his Laundress!—the tender jailer of his sick-room!

"MARY! MARY!" but MARY is old and deaf, and has quite forgotten that there is such a thing as a poor Bachelor who is waiting for his medicine. He calls as loud as he can, and the heavy sound of hoofs,—but which he knows are feet—is the only echo that falls upon his night-capped ear. MARY slams the door more violently than ever, because he is ill—and the unhappy prisoner, whose crime is single blessedness, is left alone in his condemned cell.

How he invokes blessings upon the false front of MARY! He only wishes that some day she may be ill—as ill as he is—and that it may be his lucky fate to wait upon her! Instead of medicine to do her good, he will pour out to her the vials of his wrath, made as bitter as her own ill-humour: instead of soft, gentle words, to smooth her pillow, she shall have nothing but sneers and snarls to ruffle her sweet temper: instead of broths, and jellies, and "slops," and nice delicacies, to strengthen her, he will give her oysters, sausages, lobsters, pork-chops, tradesmen's bills, and the loudest postmen's knocks, and the noisiest Italian boys,—everything, in short, that can worry and hurt and torture an invalid.

In his helpless state he almost cries over the unkindness, the tyranny of woman, and is convinced that DRACO's laws were written in milk compared to a Laundress's, and yet he recollects the kindness he

received from servants, from every one, when he was ill at home, and the SICK BACHELOR closes his eyes to gaze upon the happy picture.

What a snug room! Every comfort is there that can make the heavy wheels of time roll on as softly as possible. What a nest of a bed! and at the head of it he sees his mother, leaning over him, parting his hair, kissing his forehead, and every minute asking

him in a voice through which the affection gushes like tears, "if he feels any better?"—he sees his sister, nature's kindest nurse, sitting up with him all night, moving if he moves, anticipating every one of his wants, gazing into his face for hope, and smiling at him sometimes in spite of it, coaxing him, like a child, to go to sleep, and holding his hand between hers till he falls into a gentle slumber again—he sees his father coming into the room the first thing in the morning, and treading on tiptoe lest he shall awake him—he recollects what a moment of anxiety it was when the Doctor paid his daily visit, and how every one waited in silence round the curtained bed, to hear what he said, and then rushed to cheer him and kiss him full of hope—he recollects all these, and many more little incidents of love and ten-

derness, for they hang round his childhood, like *immortelles*, which his memory loves to "keep green."

How different his present illness! There is no one to comfort him, to make him forget by kindness the prison-house he is confined in. His loneliness chills him. It throws a frost round everything, and he thinks, as ADAM thought when he was a Bachelor (the Bachelor days of ADAM would make a most curious book) and prayed for a wife, that—

"To die must be to live alone,  
Unloved, uncherished, and unknown."

The Bachelor is moved; the rock of his egotism is softened, and it is very strange, but tears—real tears—bubble up from his heart, like water from a dried-up well in the Desert.

He rings again, and by some accident the Laundress hears him. The SICK BACHELOR has his medicine, and lays down his head grateful for it.

If he is grateful for a spoonful of medicine, what would he be for a kind word or a good dinner!

## The Mercantile Press.

THE resignation of the Chairmanship of Lloyd's has caused the question to be asked in literary circles whether any change will occur in the editorship of *Lloyd's List*, or whether the arrangements will continue the same for the management of that racy periodical. We are happy to announce, from our own peculiar sources of information, that the only change in this spicy—and occasionally all-spicy—journal will be the assumption of the motto of "List! List!! Oh! Lloyd's List!!!" from *Hamlet*.







“AIN’T I VOLATILE?”

Lord B—gh—m as Miss Mowcher.

“BLESS YOU, MAN ALIVE! I’M HERE AND THERE, AND WHERE NOT, LIKE THE CONJUROR’S HALF-CROWN IN THE LADY’S HANDKERCHER. AHA? UMPH? WHAT A RATTLE I AM!—AIN’T I VOLATILE?”—See “*David Copperfield*.”









THE SIAMESE OR DOUBLE BROUGHAM.

A-BRIDGE-MENT OF ENGLISH GEOGRAPHY.

YOU would imagine that LOUIS NAPOLEON, from the time he had been in England, would know something about English geography, and yet in one of the recent numbers of *Le Napoléon*, of which he is the reputed editor or sub-editor, there appears the following mistake:—

“Over the Straits of Menai and Bangor, between England and Ireland, there runs a suspension bridge, &c.”

This is not so bad to start with, but the mistakes grow thicker and thicker as the article gets longer, till at last we are told that the object of the new tubular bridge is nothing less than to

“*Joindre le sol d'Irlande à celui de la métropole.*”

And the remainder of the article proves that one end of the tubular bridge is supported on the English coast, and the other on the Irish. We are sure that MR. STEPHENSON will be astonished to hear this, and will rejoice that his reputation rests upon a more solid foundation than the bridge in the article in the *Napoléon*. It is just as absurd as if, talking of the PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC, we were to say,

“*Il joint les talents de son Oncle à ceux qu'il possède lui-même.*”

The stretch in the one instance would be no greater than in the other. The probability is, that the author of the above rich mistake had been reading some highly poetical leading article about the “tubular bridge connecting England and Ireland in the closest links together,” and that he had taken it all literally. It is only a pity that the Bull did not make its appearance a little earlier, for, from its size, it might have figured grandly in the Carnival as the *Bœuf-Gras*.

“Now Ready.”

READY Money! One of the greatest difficulties of life is that Ready Money! It never is ready when you want it! It is like a woman who says she is “perfectly ready,” and then runs up stairs to get her gloves, or handkerchief, or card-case, or something. You wait ten minutes, half-an-hour, till at last, tired of waiting, you go without her. So it is with Ready Money! I have waited for it so long—all my life I may say—that now I go without it.—*Young Rapid, at present on a visit to the Queen's Bench.*

THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS.

THE great gathering of 1851 is not specifically appointed to include living productions, but we have, nevertheless, heard of a few that will most assuredly present themselves. The French will contribute a good sprinkling of their *chevaliers d'industrie*, and the rural districts of England will send up their full quota of raw material to be dealt with or done—as raw material is generally doomed to be.

We may perhaps be excused for suggesting a few animated subjects that might be added to the exhibition without fear of over-crowding, as the specimens of the articles we are about to name would be limited by their exceeding rarity.

- A man born with a silver spoon in his mouth.
- A ditto made of nine tailors.
- A ditto who has dined with DUKE HUMPHREY.
- A governess who has been willing to accept, instead of remuneration, a comfortable home, and who has found the consideration well rewarded.
- A young gentleman who has been liberally boarded and well educated for 16 guineas per annum.
- Somebody who has found something to his advantage after having heard of it from JOSEPH ADY.
- The laughing eye with the light in it.
- A man with all his best feelings possessing him.

THE WOODEN WALLS AND THE WOODEN HEADS OF ENGLAND.

THE sale of old naval stores in 1849 amounted to £42,403.

The sale of old ships amounted to £2,911.

The latter item, we think, is insignificantly small, considering what a perfect hand—first chop, we may say—the Admiralty is in building ships, and cutting them up again. It would not be a bad speculation, by the bye, to open a little store shop next door to the Admiralty, where the new ships might be sold in penny bundles of firewood, and boxes of lucifer-matches. An ELLIOTT (if there is one left unemployed) should be put at the head of the establishment, and a little black doll, in the shape of ELLENBOROUGH or MINTO, might be suspended over the doorway, so as to attract the notice of SIR WILLIAM SYMONDS, and the other Government ship-breakers. Over the portico should be written, in the peculiar rag-and-bottle kind of long spidery letters, the following board:—

THIS IS THE CHEAP ORIGINAL MARINE STORE SHOP.

N. B. Best Price given for Newly Launched Men-of-War.

EXHIBITION OF IDLENESS.

LORD BROUGHAM objects to Hyde Park as the site for the proposed Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. It is but fair, however, that Industry should compete with its opposite on the latter's own ground. For a long series of years, from February to August, there has been held, in the Ring of Hyde Park, a daily Exhibition of Idleness. The Industry of all Nations may afford a lesson to the Idleness of one. It must not be supposed, however, that our lounging fashionables and lazy footmen furnish the sole criterion of our national Idleness. To form an adequate idea of that quality, it is necessary to take into account our defective drainage, putrescent Thames, thirty thousand starving needlewomen, and multitudinous rogues; the stupendous result of inattention, indifference, and indolence.

Mr. Ferrand's Real Substitute for the Corn-Law Fleece:

MR. W. B. FERRAND, at the Pontefract Protectionist Meeting last week, is reported to have made the following proposition for the relief of agriculture:—

“Let the farmers of Great Britain and Ireland enter into a wool league, and vow they will never again wear cotton, if they can be provided with linen or woollen goods, and in two years the cotton-spinners of Lancashire will compound. (*Loud cheers.*)”

To this suggestion of MR. FERRAND's there is little doubt that the farmers will stop their ears—with cotton itself.

A HA'P'ORTH OF SENTIMENT.

WE admire a beautiful woman, and in the next breath ask how old she is? This is very stupid, for the most beautiful thing in the world is the Sun, and about the oldest,—*Jenkins after Dinner.*

GOLDEN HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

THE best Letters of introduction, and the best Letters of credit to travel with, are decidedly £ s. d.



## THE BACHELORS' LEAGUE.



1st. Every bachelor joining the League is to cancel all previous engagements.

2nd. Every bachelor having subscribed for five years to the League, and who, by misfortune, shall have incurred a matrimonial engagement, shall be defended against any action for breach of promise, and thus saved from the shame and misery of going through the Court of Hymen, which is too frequently another name for the Insolvent Court.

3rd. Connected with the League it is intended to establish a Bachelors' Insurance Office, to insure single men against marriage and flirtation, on the same principles as are usually applied to death and fire. Any member having visited wilfully a house with more than two marriageable daughters will, in the event of the calamity of marriage befalling him, be regarded in the same light as *felo de se*, and his policy will be vitiated on account of the very bad policy that will have guided him. Any bachelor falling—into matrimony—by his own hand, as in the case of a written promise to wed, will be deprived of all the benefits of his insurance, and every applicant proposing to be insured must answer the following questions, among others that will be proposed to him:—

What is your age next birthday?

At what age had your father the misfortune to marry your mother?

Have you been afflicted with the Polka or other mania? are you subject to sentimental fits? have you been addicted to the writing of sonnets? or have you ever suffered from the *cacoethes scribendi* in any shape, or at any time whatever?

Have you at any time in your life been a victim to the flute, or any other deadly-lively instrument?

Have any of your near relations fallen in love at any time, and if so, have they recovered, or have their cases ended fatally?

If these questions are all answered in a satisfactory manner, any member of the Bachelors' League may insure any amount under £5000, to be paid within three months of the melancholy termination of his single career, on proof of wedlock having actually overtaken him.

The Insurance against flirtation or fire cannot be effected where the applicant is more than ordinarily inflammable, and watering-places in the season, balls, and pic-nic parties must be considered as doubly or trebly hazardous, and charged accordingly.

A great moral engine will be kept on the premises, so that, in case of an alarm of fire, any member may have cold water thrown upon him without extra premium.

## MEANNESS REWARDED.

"A MECHANIC," describing himself as a foreman in an extensive establishment, related, in a letter which appeared last week in the *Times*, the following satisfactory instance of proper spirit on the part of his fellow-workmen. He and they, whose numbers amounted to nearly 200 men, had raised a general subscription for the purpose of taking their wives and families a trip by railway to the sea-coast on Good Friday, and returning on Easter Monday or Tuesday. The railway directors, it might have been supposed, would have been willing to enlarge their usual accommodation of return tickets to these poor people, if but as a piece of seasonable benevolence,—an Easter offering of charity. Forgetting, however, all such Easter dues, those gentlemen contracted instead of extending their ordinary liberality in this respect, and made the return tickets available for one day only. The men indignantly "revolted" at this "shameful imposition," and their excursion scheme was abandoned; a circumstance to be regretted only on account of the good folks' loss of a holiday. A weightier loss, we rejoice to say, was sustained by the railway companies, who were the losers of about £75 from "A Mechanic's" shop alone. By this system of "quick returns," then, the railway companies are likely to make appropriately "small profits," and we hope that a continually decreasing income will be the reward of their perseverance in so mean a line.

## THE MILITARY BILLY TAILOR.

BILLY TAILOR was a poor young fellow,  
Well nigh starved as he could be;  
And his wrongs he did diskiver  
To a Public fair and free.  
Fiddeloididay, Tiddeloididay, &c.

Several hundred clothiers' workmen,  
Clad in tatters, thin array,  
And they met, for BILLY TAILOR  
To demand sufficient pay.  
Fiddeloididay, &c.

Them to help their object arter,  
ALDERMAN SIDNEY took the chair,  
The various causes countin' over,  
Of their heavy grief and care.  
Fiddeloididay, &c.

Wen as he comed to make that statement,  
Vot he blamed above the rest,  
Wos the uniform-trade, vitch he ripp'd open,  
And diskiver'd how the troops are drest.  
Fiddeloididay, &c.

Wen as the Public comed for to hear on't,  
Says they, "Wot kind of trade's this here?"  
Says SIDNEY, "'Tis the trade of a gallant warri'r,  
Who buys so cheap, and who sells so dear."  
Fiddeloididay, &c.

"If 'is the trade of a gallant warrior,  
Tell unto us his rank, we pray."  
"His rank, kind friends, is that of Colonel,  
Who by clothing gets his pay."  
Fiddeloididay, &c.

"If as he gets his pay by clothing,  
That's a way both mean and near,  
Get up early some fine morning,  
And upset this trade unfair."  
Fiddeloididay, &c.

The *Chronicle* got up one fine morning,  
Early as by break of day,  
And he saw poor BILLY TAILOR,  
Working life and soul away.  
Fiddeloididay, &c.

Then he call'd for HUME and COBDEN,  
Vitch did come at his command;  
And he snatch'd poor BILLY TAILOR  
From the clothing Colonel's hand.  
Fiddeloididay, &c.

Wen as the Public comed for to hear on't,  
Werry much applauded the shut-up shop,  
Kept so long as free life-tenant,  
By the gallant COLONEL SLOP.  
Fiddeloididay, &c.

## VICES OF SPEECH.

THE contemplated abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty has furnished a fruitful theme for comment in the would-be jocular circles. Some do not scruple to affirm that the Government will rival FATHER MATHEW in the glory of having suppressed the National Vice of Ireland. Others go so far as to say that the Irish will be no longer able to complain of being impoverished by this country when they cease to be under the screw of an English Vice. Some, again, are rash enough to predict that, when Ireland has no longer a Viceroy, her present lamentable condition will be quite *vice versa*. A few have had the desperation to affirm, that the "golden round" of Irish Vice-Sovereignty has been nothing else than a vicious circle. Justice, however, compels us to state, that, in none of these playful liberties taken with words, has anything been intended in disparagement of the present Lord-Lieutenant, whose vice-regal career, during the most trying vicissitudes, is allowed on all hands to have been perfectly unvitiated.



MOCK FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Correspondent, Belgravia, March 28.)

HERE I am, as poor SINCLAIR used to say in *Harry Bertram*, "like love among the roses." This is not a mere *façon de parler* with me, I can assure you, when, between four and six in the afternoon, I take my diurnal canter in Hyde Park, amid the flowers of aristocratic loveliness. "'Tis true," slightly to vary a Byronic aphorism, "your English Miss is very charming," and this is a truth that I have of late amply verified; though, for some weeks, the restrictions of the weather office have sadly interfered with the attractions of the Ring. *N'importe*: the bracing air creates an appetite, and rushing off to a *petit dîner* with a few choice spirits at the Clarendon, I indemnify myself for the *manque* of the ocular repast, by a more substantial if less sentimental banquet. The *côtelettes à la Maintenon* here are very much *de mon gré*, but you would scarcely believe how hard it is to get good potatoes. This reminds me that the Irish Viceroy is to be abolished, as the national esculent was like to have been a year or two ago—pardon this *badinage*—by the blight. I write *currente calamo*, which must excuse abruptness of transition. HER MAJESTY the QUEEN is "tol-lol;" she "showed" at *Der Freischütz*, the other evening, accompanied by the PRINCE, who is getting rather popular. The cares of state seem to sit lightly on VICTORIA, and ALBERT appears perfectly at his ease, though having on his shoulders the Industry of All Nations. In this pie, by the way, LORD BRODGHAM, of course, wanted to have his fingers; failing in which desire he has been doing all he can to *bouleverser* the concern, as was to be expected. All the world is laughing at the sparring-match which took place between him and STANLEY in the Lords, with reference to the epithet "volatile," applied to the noble and learned lord by the Heir of Derby. The combatants made believe to be "only in fun," and "peppered" one another with much seeming *bonhomie*, exchanging, however, some pretty hard raps, I can tell you. There are said to be various novelties in preparation both at the two Operas and Houses of Parliament; in the one and the other we shall see what we shall see. What with Ordnance Estimates, Ireland,—the *toujours perdrix* of legislation,—Stamps, Colonies, and Judicial Salaries, besides EWART'S Anti-Calcraft motion, the peace proposition of COBDEN, and *hoc genus omne*, the St. Stephen's *impresario* has his work pretty well cut out for the season. I wish LORD JOHNNY well through it. Talking of cutting out, the journeyman tailors are really in a very sad state; and at a meeting of these poor *squires* of the thimble the other day at the London Tavern, ALDERMAN SIDNEY ascribed their miserable plight in a great measure to the "grinding system" pursued by the "clothing Colonels" who pick their pay out of soldiers' uniforms. The idea of these gallant slop-sellers is *très drôle, n'est ce pas?* The case of the starving needlewomen is also becoming serious; as I cannot help feeling rather strongly—not having eaten anything since lunch. Hey! then, for the Conservative Club, where I "grub" to-day with a *Milord Anglais* or two; so, for the present, *addio*.

P.S. The GORHAM breeze is by no means lulled yet. EXETER has flown at CANTERBURY in a pamphlet. PHILPOTTS has been so long in hot water that he must now be quite a *bouilli d'Evêque*.

[We trust that nothing in the above communication will appear impertinent or flippant to those who are familiar with the grave and respectful tone in which the foreign correspondents of some of our contemporaries are wont to treat the affairs of our neighbours.]

Merit in Bronze.

The Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, have—

"Decided to select bronze for the material in which the Medals are to be executed, considering that metal to be better calculated than any other for the development of superior skill and ingenuity in the metallic art, and at the same time the most likely to constitute a lasting memorial of the Exhibition."

The Commissioners are wise men; sovereigns, or even half-sovereigns, in bronze, would not go so soon as in their present metal. There is, however, another reason—a reason *Punch* deeply deploras—for the selection of bronze by the Commissioners; it is because the gold and silver come so slowly in.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

WE understand, that, since a certain noble lord has evinced a desire to be looked upon as of a rather heavy nature, the title of BRODGHAM will be changed into that of Slow-Coach.

ANTIDOTE TO ARSENIC.

THE distinguished chemist, *Mr. Punch*, has discovered an antidote to arsenic, now so often administered with fatal effect by wives to husbands, and parents to children. The form of *Mr. Punch's* remedy is that of a Bill, to be introduced into Parliament, limiting the operation of Burial Clubs to paying for the funerals of their deceased members.



EXPERIMENTS OF OUR "USED-UP" MAN IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT.—No. 1.

TRYING THE TOP OF THE MONUMENT ON A WET AFTERNOON.

POLICE STATISTICS.

SOME interesting returns have been prepared by the Commissioners of City Police, as to the amount of property restored, fires put out, children found, and other services rendered by the civic force, but other facts are omitted, which we consider as equally full of interest. We should like to know whether the value of the property stolen includes the value of the *kisses* stolen by the police themselves from the female servants, and whether the number of children found comprises all the children previously lost through a flirtation with the nurse and the man on duty. Among the fires extinguished, we presume we must not look for the flames raised in the breasts of cooks; and the number of houses found insecure will not, of course, comprehend those where the area gates had been designedly left open for "love to find the way" in the garb of a policeman. In the estimate of the strength of the force, allowance is doubtless made for its little weaknesses, though on the whole its good conduct, like its clothes, may be considered uniform.

THE MORNING'S REFLECTION.—It has always been a matter of profound astonishment to us how our ancestors could have eaten their breakfast without a morning newspaper!





A "LATTER-DAY" NIGHTMARE, BROUGHT ON BY READING THOMAS CARLYLE HIS PAMPHLETS.

RAGS VERSUS SOAP.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER is not, as it appears, to monopolise the right and enjoyment of controversy. Rags are to have a share, disputing for it with purple and fine linen. The *Chronicle*—with some weighty testimony upon its side—contends that the Ragged Schools are, for the most part, little other than gatherings of the dirty, houseless, and, by consequence, profligate young, for the benefit of shelter, warmth, and co-operation. Parties for robbery are arranged under the very eyes of the self-devoted teachers. From the school-room to the street, to "catch" the unconscious victims "coming out of chapel," is an anxious but rapid transit occasionally made by the pickpocket pupils. The good LORD ASHLEY puts in a plea for the utility of the rag academy; but, with a faintness of heart, a certain tone of despondency that does not mightily assure one. His Lordship avows that the hope of amended morals can be but small, when the children from their birth have been creatures of filth and squalor—human vermin, at once society's reproach and danger. Teaching must begin at home. When the home is the dry arch, the door-step, or, as a passing luxury, the twopenny lodging-house—poor, indeed, is the harvest of the school-master! Cleanliness we take to be one of the best teachers—the prime usher of the school for the poor. There was an old fashion that went to bribe the brain of the learner by a subtle appeal to the learner's stomach: the pupil ate and digested his A. B. C. in spicy gingerbread. Why will not government place in the hands of the poor an alphabet of another substance—namely, untaxed soap? Truly, the first important syllable for the poor to learn, is W. A. S. H.

A Rabid Propensity for Pence.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL is making a great noise about the Irish Vice-Royalty being done away with. He need not be so alarmed, for, if that Vice is removed, a greater one will still exist, for we have always considered the worst Vice of Ireland to be agitation, and that comes much more home to him than the one at the Castle ever could or would. We are afraid, also, that, as long as MR. JOHN O'CONNELL continues to make his miserable penny by it, it is a kind of Vice that will never be abolished in Ireland.

OUR OCEAN BAILIFFS.

WHEN the execution which SHERIFF PALMERSTON, by the agency of his officer PARKER, at the suit of DAVID PACIFICO and another against OTHO, King of Greece, has put into the Piræus, shall have answered its purpose, and either the demand of defendants shall have been discharged, or the plaintiff's masts and other sticks shall have been sold off for the benefit of his creditors, our *fi-fa* squadron might perhaps be sent to levy a distress upon the United States. There are little matters not yet settled between British subjects and Mississippi. Besides, the crime of piracy continues to be practised to a frightful extent by American publishers, and ought to be checked, for the interest of literature, the true glory of England. If this is not done, *Rajah Punch* must proceed to New York, and inflict a massacre on the *Jonathanian* pirates on his own responsibility. For the present we leave this important matter in the hands of Her Majesty's Sheriff for Foreign Affairs.

Trespassers, beware!

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* calls attention to insidious brick-and-mortar intentions at Albert Gate. There is a threat of building—building!

"I fear that this is no air-drawn dagger of mine, for a Mr. CUBITT has, either by exchange or purchase, obtained the power of building there."

Air-drawn daggers we despise. But, we counsel JOHN BULL to take wary heed of builder CUBITT's "dagger of lath" and—plaster!

"People's Editions."

It is the fashion, and a very good one too, to bring out a People's Edition of every thing, at a much reduced price, generally one penny. MR. JOHN O'CONNELL has fallen into the same fashion, and has been bringing out, but with rather indifferent success, a new Edition of his father's speeches at Conciliation Hall. Judging, however, from the style of language occasionally indulged in under its roof by certain patriotic gentlemen, we should be more inclined to call the series, now in course of publication at Conciliation Hall, "THE PEOPLE'S S-EDITION. PRICE ONE PENNY."



## THE SMOKE NUISANCE.



SIR,—You are aware that you are a public character, and, as such, your personal appearance and habits are necessarily the subject of interest and remark. I, myself, saw you the other day quitting the American packet ship *Southampton*, with your pockets crammed full of cigars which CAPTAIN MORGAN had presented to you, and you were seen publicly smoking one of them in the streets of Gravesend after you had taken leave of the gallant Captain and his vessel. Sir, you are a smoker. I am another. I am not ashamed of my habit. I like it; I uphold it: and I am desirous that you should defend it.

"In the *Morning Chronicle* of last Saturday, I read a leading article, in which men who smoke are called 'selfish' and 'nasty'—and are held up to general reprobation for their practice of

smoking upon railways, and, of course, leaving the odour of their cigars in the carriages behind them. The *Chronicle* writer draws a fearful picture of the agonised discomfort of a lady disinclined to tobacco, and forced to make a journey of a hundred miles in a carriage impregnated with its fumes, and by the side of a gent who had been secretly smoking his weed up to the time of the entrance of his fellow passenger.

"There is no doubt that it is unpleasant for a female disliking tobacco to sit by a man's side who has just been consuming his cigar: but Sir, it is also clear, that it is most unpleasant for a man to be interrupted in his pastime. Each individual under the circumstances is worthy of a genuine pity.

"I put out of the question the epithets of 'selfish' and 'nasty' employed by the *Chronicle*; who does not probably smoke himself. So it is selfish to drink a glass of wine or to eat a luncheon at Swindon or Wolverton—but it is natural: you do it because you are hungry or thirsty, and because you like it. So it is selfish for Mrs. Muscadel to perfume her pocket-handkerchief with that abominable scent, so me a thousand times more odious than the nice wholesome natural fragrance which fondly lingers about a man's coat and whiskers after he has enjoyed a cigar. There is no use in calling me names, and saying that smoking is nasty. I intend to smoke: all Europe smokes: all the world smokes.—Tobacco has conquered the world, and is an established fact of which it is as impossible to get rid as it would be to get rid of railroads or to return to Protection.

"The fact being so—it surely becomes the duty of the Statesman to admit it, and instead of attempting insanely to repress it, to regulate it so as to afford the least inconvenience to the public. You try to put down Smoke by absurd prohibitive laws, and what is the consequence? It penetrates everywhere. It laughs at your strict orders, it scorns your preventive railway guards, and eludes your cordons of policemen. It scents your closest carriages, it lingers in your first-class cushions: it sickens your ladies, and it makes your *Morning Chronicle* squeamish.

"Sir, as a smoker I neither wish to make a lady sick, or to witness the qualms of the editor of any newspaper. Give me a place where I can indulge in my harmless habit apart from puking manhood and squeamish beauty. Give me a smoking carriage on the railroad. The Rauchzimmer that accompanies every train in the German railroads, is worthy of a great and philosophic nation. It is a fragrant and comfortable retreat. It has varnished leather or skin cushions, and tin receptacles for the smoker's ashes. Give us, I say, smoking carriages on our railroads: then smokers will not intrude themselves upon scented dandies

or fumigate the muffs and tippets of females. It is not we who annoy them. It is they who are annoyed because we smoke. Let us travel apart, if the ladies don't like us. We don't want their ladyships' society: we want our pipes. It is the non-smoking community which ought to petition for smoking carriages more than we: we don't feel the inconvenience. Let the women of England agitate the matter: it is their question not ours.

"And I declare that I, for one (and I am a member of a great and powerful association, sworn to the cause), make it a matter of principle, even to my own personal discomfort sometimes, to smoke whenever I can get a chance on a railway. Whenever I see an unoccupied carriage I pop into it and fumigate it. When the guard comes, and ceremoniously expostulates, I laugh in his jolly face. He is a man and a smoker. Is he to search my person and take away my case? I defy him. My cigar is well crushed into the rug under the heel of my boot before he has asked a question; crushed into the rug so that all the scents of Araby can't get the smell out. And I know of some great martyrs and strugglers in the cause who expressly use the very rankest tobacco, in order to advance the principle, which goes on increasing and increasing, *viresque acquirit olendo*.

"Your constant reader and fellow-smoker,

"CAVENDISH."

## THE EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY.—A HINT.

PEACE waves her olive-branch, and summons round her,  
Array of heads unhelmed, unweaponed hands;  
Commerce, late lightened of the chains that bound her,  
Speeds hitherwards the gifts of many lands.

Now, for the first time since the world was parted  
By differing tongues, round Shinar's tower of old,  
One nation, horny-handed, and strong-hearted,  
The grasp of friendship out to all doth hold.

The giant, Industry, with mighty motion,  
Stirs from Norwegian hills to far Cathay;  
From island unto island of the ocean,  
He calls upon his sons, and they obey.

Hammers are falling, forges roaring free,  
The wheels whirl round, the noisy shuttles rattle;  
And far as ear can hear or eye can see,  
The world's astir with note of peaceful battle.

Mind wars with matter in a thousand forms  
And conquers it, though ne'er so big or brave,  
Till the wild lightning from its house of storms,  
Descends to do man's errand, like a slave.

But while with pride such victories we hail,  
And view their gathered trophies, let the thought  
Pass from the labour to the labourer pale,  
That on these miracles of skill hath wrought.

From out of gorgeous hues and fabrics rare  
Let the gaunt weaver's face its lesson look,  
And all that's forged, or wove, or carven there,  
Becomes a leaf of a portentous book—

Too often blurred with blood, blotted with tears,  
With sin and sorrow writ, from rim to rim;  
While they that ought to read, with selfish fears  
Avert their eyes from off the record grim.

It is a palimpsest—fair-writ, beneath  
The red and rugged lettering above,  
Are sweetly-sounding ancient words, that breathe  
Of brotherhood and peace, and joy and love.

God speed the time when from that volume's face,  
Some reverent hand, with loving heart for guide,  
Shall those distressful characters efface,  
And bring to light the blessings that they hide.

## An Archbishop's Orthography.

DOCTOR JOHNSON, as an extreme Tory and High Churchman, held views generally in accordance with those of ARCHBISHOP LAUD. Yet nothing could be more utterly at variance with JOHNSON than the subjoined passage in a letter of LAUD's lately published by SYLVANUS URBAN, Gent. :—

"Your lordship's other letter made his majesty and all els that sawe it laugh, since the fellows is ether mad or at Bedlam doure as neare entringe in as may be."

If ARCHBISHOP LAUD was a churchman renowned for his reading, he was certainly a prelate no less remarkable for his spelling.



## THE HORN OF PLATT.



BRASS, it seems, is not invariably profitable material, even when traded upon in most worshipful society. Not always does a man blow his own trumpet—(some men, indeed, are not merely single trumpets, but brass bands complete)—to his own final advantage. The case of MR. PLATT—and few men have made sweeter noises in the world—is a powerful illustration of the perils that environ melodious brass. MR. PLATT has grown old upon his horn: and now—“having lost, from great and continual pressure, the whole of his front teeth,” he seeks to obtain some sort of provision by means of a concert “to exempt him from the sufferings of an indifferently

provided for old age. The horn,”—continues the *Herald*, in the kindest spirit—“is an instrument by which but little can be accumulated, however long the service.” In a word, the brass at a man’s mouth, however exquisite its utterance, cannot be as profitable, as the unseen brass in a man’s lungs—as the brass armour in a man’s cheek. The QUEEN vouchsafes her sympathy to the poorer worker in brass; PRINCE ALBERT patronises the blown-out musician, and many of the nobility and gentry, touched by the recollection of MR. PLATT’S art—an art exercised for nearly thirty years—are pledged practically to manifest their grateful memory. This is as it should be, alike honourable to the people of gold and the veteran dealer in even more musical metal; most musical, most unprofitable.

“Let the bright seraphim in burning row,  
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow.”

In how many ears these words will awaken the echo of PLATT’S horn, as its music soared, triumphing and dallying with its strength and sweetness! How it seemed to become vocally spiritualised; how it sympathised with the singer in her highest flights: how it became like a living thing, endowed with supernatural utterance. And at the same time—“from great and continuous pressure”—the pressure that gave forth the divine harmony, the front teeth of the musician were paying their existence for the music—gradually giving themselves up a certain sacrifice to sweet sounds. Sounds purchased with growing canker.

Has our friend, the reader, ever met with a little book—the autobiography of poor EULENSTEIN? In that thin, meagre-looking little book, is a terrible human history. It was the evil destiny of EULENSTEIN to fall in love with—a jew’s-harp. Passionately in love with the most unpromising bit of iron. Day and night, he wooed the hard, unyielding thing, and at length made it sing to him most exquisite music; at length, he awakened in that twopenny-halfpenny instrument—that pauper thing that some Jew in his most desperate poverty must have first fashioned out of marine-store old iron—most marvellous harmonies. The jew’s-harp was no longer a schoolboy’s organ of annoyance—a big bumble-bee grown hoarse—but something even for MERCURY, with his tortoise lyre, to smile upon. This was a great triumph for the enthusiast. In the most frightful poverty, he had followed his passion; he had succeeded in his suit; he could touch the harp, the jew’s-harp, to his own will; he had made himself a name and—he was toothless. The iron had entered his mouth; his sufferings were terrible. He had put unthought-of melody into the metal, and the iron had eaten its revenge.

And this, in a degree, is the fate of poor MR. PLATT. He has, for thirty years, made crowds of hearts beat thick with his mastery of metal; and—even if he had the fulness of fortune’s feast—he wants the teeth to enjoy the repast. There is a meaning in this—a sad, instructive meaning in the condition of a man of genius—worth, at least, the price of a concert ticket, should the price be even one pound one shilling.

The QUEEN, the PRINCE, a royal duke, and so forth, will patronise the old musician: no doubt many of the wise and good will contribute to the fund sought to be raised for the worn-out artist. If, in addition to these, the folks who have made their noisy way in the world,—not with metallic brass, but with brass human,—if they, too, would contribute a moderate offering,—then would the fund be prosperously increased. The Horn of PLATT would then be the Horn of Plenty.

## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SHE HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH HER LEGAL ADVISER.

SCENE.—*The Parlour in Coram Street. She has shown her Aunt’s Will to her ATTORNEY, who has come by appointment to advise her with her upon it.*

*Attorney (examining the Will, and other papers).* Hm—hm—hm—yes. It must be part of deceased legatee’s estate—so it will have to be charged with the same legacy duty as a gift in his lifetime, and then, you see, it will have to be included in the estate in the estimate for paying probate duty thereon, and be chargeable again with legacy duty, because, as you are aware, it’s liable to duty in TRIMMINS’S hands, to whom the legatee left it by his will. That’s satisfactory.

*Unprotected Female (whose breath and understanding have been suspended during the above, heaving a long sigh).* Yes—very—but I don’t quite understand about it.

*Attorney (buried in the papers again, and making intricate calculations with a pencil).* Good gracious! You’ve paid too much probate duty. Oh, my dear Madam—we must rectify this at once.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh—I’ve paid so many things—they told me to—and I didn’t understand it.

*Attorney.* Let’s see. (*Calculating.*) Yes, £18 4s. You’re entitled to £18 4s. We must get your £18 4s. You’ll have no trouble about it.

*Unprotected Female (much relieved).* Oh—indeed—what have I to do, if you please?

*Attorney.* Why, you’ll have to go to the Legacy Duty Office—it’s within the six months—and you must produce the probate, and make your affidavit—of course, you must swear there was no intention of fraud—ah—you can swear that before a Master in Chancery.

*Unprotected Female (bursting out).* Oh—please don’t let me get into Chancery—oh—now—

*Attorney (blandly).* No—no—a Master *ex-ordinary*, for taking affidavits and acknowledgments of married women, my dear Madam.

*Unprotected Female.* But I’m not a married woman—Sir—

*Attorney (correcting himself).* No—no—anybody can swear an affidavit before him: and then you must subjoin to the affidavit the inventory and account—that you’ll subscribe.

*Unprotected Female (under her breath, and in deep agony).* Dear, dear! How much will the subscription come to?

*Attorney (cheerfully running on).* No—no—your signature only. Then we must have the appraisements and valuations duly stamped—and then, my dear Madam, we shall go to the Head Office comfortably.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh—no—don’t let us go. I’d rather let them keep the £18 4s. Oh, there are ever so many things to swear, and I don’t understand it.

*Attorney (encouragingly).* Pooh, pooh! my dear Madam—a mere form. Let’s see (*thoughtfully*), we must show the debts were due and payable in law. (*Sharply.*) You’ve got vouchers for the payments?

*Unprotected Female (clasping her hands).* Oh—what’s that? I paid them all their bills.

*Attorney.* But you took receipts and legal vouchers?

*Unprotected Female.* Oh—I think I did—but I don’t know what vouchers are.

*Attorney.* There were those mortgages. Let’s see—we shall have to produce the mortgage deeds. I forget. Had you a re-conveyance of the premises, or a re-assignment of the term?

*Unprotected Female (bitterly).* Oh—how am I to know? How can you? Oh—they’re all there. [*Pointing helplessly to the heap of papers.*]

*Attorney (aside).* Oh—these women! By the way, there were some collateral securities in BOKER’S debt. We must show them to be cancelled.

*Unprotected Female.* Oh—how? I’m sure, I dare say it was, but I don’t know. Why don’t you take ’em all yourself, and do it, and don’t frighten one.

*Attorney.* My dear Madam, you’re executrix, and we must be regular. No judgment debts, I suppose?

*Unprotected Female.* Oh! what ever’s that?—do you think I know a judgment debt when I see it? Do look in the papers.

*Attorney.* Because, if so, we must produce office copy, and entry of satisfaction on record, of course.

*Unprotected Female (stupidly).* Yes—of course—but, oh, I wish you wouldn’t. I don’t understand what you’re talking about. But I’d rather let them keep the £18 4s.

*Attorney.* Then there are three legacies to the old servants—

*Unprotected Female (glad to show she can do something).* Oh—I paid them.

*Attorney.* I don’t see the receipts.

*Unprotected Female.* Eh? Oh—the old housemaid couldn’t write, and the housekeeper was a very respectable woman.

*Attorney.* You don’t mean to say, that you’ve gone and paid the legacies, without taking stamped receipts?



*Unprotected Female (innocently).* You know it can't make any matter. They're quite honest people, and they'll never come again for the money.

*Attorney.* But you've subjected yourself to a heavy penalty, Ma'am. You were bound to take a receipt, with date, testator's name, exor's name, legatee's name, amount and rate of duty. Dear, dear, this is very serious!

*Unprotected Female (tearfully).* Oh—how is a poor woman to know? But nobody will ever find out.

*Attorney.* Then the legatees are liable to a penalty for not giving the receipt. They'll be down on those poor servants, at the Legacy Duty Office. And there'll be the ten per cent. on the legacy to pay perhaps—dear me, this is very unfortunate.

*Unprotected Female (in utter despair).* Oh—why did AUNT SMITHERS leave me her executrix? Why didn't she pay the servants their legacies before she died? Oh—What is to be done? I wish somebody—

[The door opens softly, and MR. JONES appears. UNPROTECTED FEMALE feels that a higher power has interfered in her behalf, and rushes to receive him.

*Mr. Jones (smilingly).* Do I interrupt business, eh?

*Unprotected Female.* Oh—MR. JONES—oh, no—oh, I'm so thankful you're come. Oh—do look at all those papers! you can't think how glad I am to see you. (To ATTORNEY.) Oh, if you'd only tell MR. JONES all you've told me, he'd understand it, and act for me—won't you, please, MR. JONES? It's AUNT SMITHERS'S will.

*Mr. Jones (who has long felt a curiosity about that document).* With pleasure, my dear Madam—with the greatest pleasure.

*Unprotected Female (all but giving way).* Because, you know, a woman can't be expected to understand these things, and I've no male relations (blushing) to advise me—and I've been doing everything wrong, it seems—and exposing myself to penalties, and vouchers, and things—and I don't know anything about it; but if you'll talk to MR. SMART, my solicitor. (To MR. SMART.) This is MR. JONES, MR. SMART. (To MR. JONES.) I dare say you can understand MR. SMART. Oh—now, do.

*Mr. Jones (gallantly).* To save you any trouble, my dear Miss STRUGGLES, is a pride and a pleasure—now, MR. SMART, let's see the papers.

[SMART and JONES begin threading the legal labyrinth, the UNPROTECTED FEMALE sits by, looking with admiration at JONES, and listening with childlike faith to his remarks.—SCENE closes.

THE CORNISH CADIS.

We have not yet quite abandoned the habits of our forefathers. There are boots and breeches among us yet, and the latter sit at the seat of justice, and the former walk in her paths, and the 'squires within them here and there, in quiet nooks and corners of the island, still administer 'squirearchical justice. Of this consolatory fact here is a little piece of evidence, furnished by the *Times* reporter on the Western Circuit, writing from Bodmin:—

"Before we take leave of this place, we would again call attention to a circumstance which, perhaps, may be considered by many to be a most extraordinary interference with the liberty of the subject. We find among the prisoners in the gaol on former orders, WILLIAM QUICK, committed the 15th of September, 1848, for a breach of the peace, for two years, or until he shall find sureties for his good behaviour; WILLIAM WUBLEY, committed the 8th of May, 1849, a breach of the peace, for twelve calendar months, or until he shall find sureties; JOHN WALL, the 5th of February, 1850, a breach of the peace, for twelve calendar months, or until he shall find sureties."

Now the peace is a valuable commodity, but two years virtual imprisonment for its breakage is rather excessive damages. What next? We shall hear, perhaps, of the magistrates of Cornwall confiscating offenders' goods and chattels, or ordering delinquents to be bastinadoed *à la Cadi, ad libitum*. It would not be surprising if these gentlemen were to set up a little extra-legal gallows, and carry out, thereon, their peculiar views of penal discipline.

Pro Omnibus Bibo.

THE American Ambassador, on returning thanks for his health at the Mansion House, said on Easter Monday, that, "When the loving cup went round, he drank for 22,000,000 of his countrymen."

The reports say, "Drunk with all the honours;" and really, after such a draught as that, we do not wonder at it.

But suppose every Ambassador drank to the same extent, the LORD MAYOR would have to provide drink for all the world! A Mansion House dinner would be quite "an Exhibition of the Drinking Industry of all Nations."

MY SOLE'S IN ARMS.

A LETTER from Sweden says that there is an order for the navy to be immediately put "on a war footing." We suppose that the sailors will all have to wear Bluchers or Wellingtons, which is our idea—rather a literal one perhaps—of a war footing.

THE QUARTER'S REVENUE.



HE returns of the Revenue are now before us; and to those who are fond of a puzzle, composed of the mystification of an array of figures and facts, we can promise an hour's treat, in a contemplation of the official document. The best of it is, that it is a puzzle which never ends, for the Returns may be returned to again and again without any solution of the mystery. We are happy to be told that the result is satisfactory, though the balance is on the wrong side; but we cannot very well understand what there is satisfactory in a reduction of income; and, when we come to details, the following is the result of all we can gather:—

The Customs have decreased from a scarcity, we suppose of customers, and there has been a falling off in sugar,—the sweet tooth of John Bull having failed to exert its usual influence. Grain and flour have also produced less,—so that the contents of the sack have sympathised with the saccharine. In the Excise there has been additional consumption,—so that the depression complained of has not materially affected the spirits, and poverty has had its gin, if it has also had its bitters. The Assessed Taxes seem to have been paid more promptly than usual, and the gatherer has no doubt had his patience less tried, and been able to keep himself and his rates more thoroughly collected.

The Income-Tax seems to be in an undulating state, for one year it goes "up, up, up," and another year it goes "down, down, down," but for the Quarter just ended, we have returns that look like increased profits. There is a decrease of £8000 in the Post-Office, which, if we may be allowed to adopt the usual mysterious style of analysing official statements, would show a diminution in letters amounting, when divided by 26, to a falling off of 307 and a fraction, on every letter of the alphabet.

Though the revenue has decreased on the quarter, it has increased on the year, and so long as on a series of diminishing quarters we get an augmented total, we suppose we have nothing to complain of. The revenue seems to have a good deal of the frothy buoyancy of a pot of beer, which, though decidedly deficient in quantity, may be made, by a proper adjustment of a "head," to wear the aspect of refreshing redundancy.

We have a word or two to say about the Income-Tax, which has taken a sudden start that may—or may not—be thus accounted for. Taking the whole in round numbers—and we will, for the sake of uniformity, use round numbers only—at 000,000,000, it is fair to conclude that every circle—of the nine we have embraced—is recovering from the crisis.

With reference to the decrease, it must be remembered we have had no China money this year, nor have we received anything from the River Plate, so that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S plate and china closets are getting equally empty. In looking at other commodities we must embrace the whole of them at once, for we cannot take coffee without sugar, nor should we think of getting rum into our heads till we had discussed the loaf, and some other articles of general consumption. When the chaff is separated from the corn, when the grain in the husk feels the full benefit of the principles of HUSKISSON, when the fancy loaf is as free as the brick, henceforth to be released from duty, then, and not till then, will English Industry have fair play and fair work, for all work and no play has made JACK BULL more dull than he ought to be.

The London Pharmacopœia.

NAPOLEON, talking of medicine, said, "Water, Air, and Cleanliness, are the chief articles in my Pharmacopœia." But if NAPOLEON had lived in London, his Pharmacopœia would have been very badly stocked; for neither its air nor its water can be recommended, from their excessive purity, for cleanliness; though, at the same time, we must confess that the water of the Thames is, in its way, "a perfect drug."

REFLECTION OF A LONDON SIGHT-SEER.

I WOULDN'T give two-pence to see St. Paul's—if the Dean and Chapter didn't make me.





OUR "USED UP" MAN TAKES A WALK WITH HIS COUSINS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

### THE GRATUITOUS EXHIBITIONS OF LONDON.

In this dearth of sights, open gratuitously to the public, we think it our duty to point the attention of the public to such objects of out of door attraction as may be seen upon those easy terms on which a cat is vulgarly supposed to enjoy the privilege of gazing at royalty. For those who cannot afford the Zoological Gardens, at one shilling, there is the collection of animals known as the Happy Family, in Trafalgar Square; and though there is a suspicious drowsiness about some of the inmates of the cage, which leads us sometimes to doubt whether the apathy of some of the antagonistic tribes is the result of discipline or drugging, the exhibition possesses sufficient interest to repay the passenger for a moment's pull up on the pavement. For those of active imaginations who can see in the spiring of the syringe the grandeur of the cascade, there are a few pints to be quaffed from pleasure's cup in a contemplation of the paltry piece of turncockery that is going on in the immediate neighbourhood of the exhibition already alluded to. For the lovers of pictorial art who cannot indulge their taste by paying for admission to galleries of paintings, there are numerous specimens of the modern masters to be seen in the course of a ramble through the metropolis. There are the illuminated vans, for instance, affording gratuitous glimpses of the exhibitions they are designed to advertise.

To those who cannot afford to visit the Panorama of the Nile, there is a camel, served up like a sandwich between a pair of pyramids, to be seen for nothing at all; and those who cannot muster a shilling for the excursion to Australia and back, under the guidance of MR. PROUT, who invites the public to enter into his Australian views, may enjoy any day in Regent Street a small taste of convicts and kangaroos, in a series of two tableaux, on a perambulating cart, drawn by a horse that would have caused RICHARD THE THIRD to have repented of his bargain, had the brute been brought forward when the monarch was offering his kingdom for a specimen of the animal. These tableaux are not only amusing but instructive, for one of them has taught us the fallacy of the saying that "a bird in hand is worth two in the bush," for we learn from the Australian views, that the birds in the bush are of such exquisite beauty, that one of them is worth any two or any twenty of those that we have ever had in hand in this country.

We need scarcely call attention to the numerous exhibitions of wax-work that are scattered all over the town at the tailors' doors, and which if they do not equal in fearful interest the Chamber of Horrors, yet afford pleasing illustrations of the state of national costume in the middle of the nineteenth century.

We say nothing about the Fantoccini performances that abound in London, for they are only quasi-gratuitous, inasmuch as the thrusting of a hat under one's nose amounts to a sort of *douce violence*, as LORD BROUGHAM calls it, which one is only too glad to get rid of at the sacrifice of one's loose copper. We had nearly forgotten that for those who love the bustle and excitement of military scenes, the glitter and clatter of camps and courts, there is the daily encampment of a British Cohort in the court-yard of St. James's Palace. There may be seen, for nothing, the young Guardsman first smelling fire from a smoky chimney in the neighbourhood, and learning while standing by his colours at his post—the lamp-post in the centre—to bear the heat of the action; for the action, though comparatively trifling, is certainly not without heat when the sun happens to be rather powerful. Such are a few of the gratuitous Exhibitions that London contains, and we have no doubt that having put people on the right scent, they have only to follow their noses to find out many others such as those we have drawn attention to.

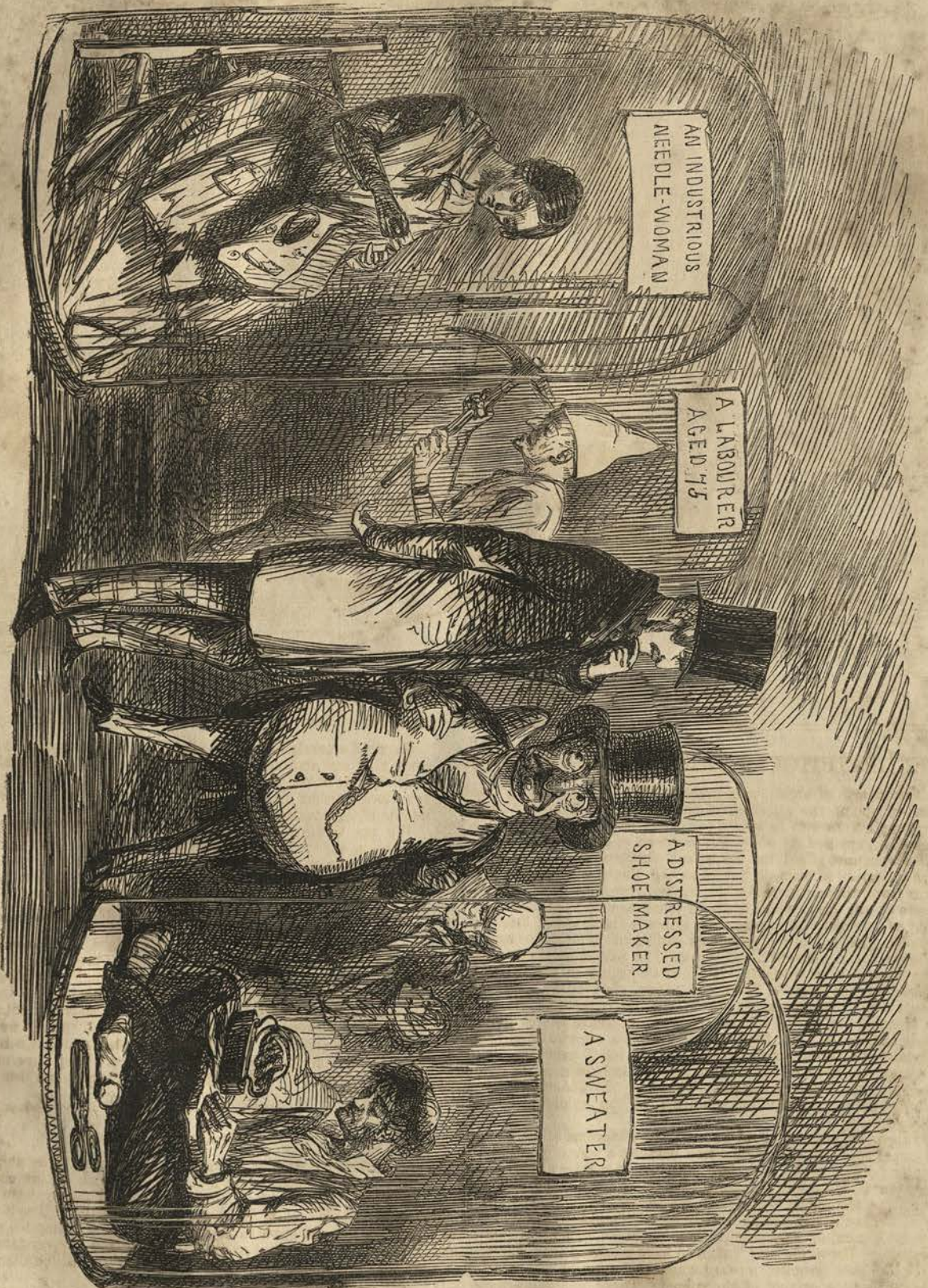
### The Coming Animal.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS is waiting at Alexandria, to be shipped over to England. This will be the first visit ever paid to this country by this noble and rare creature. Apartments have already been engaged for him at the Zoological Gardens, where an artist will wait upon him at the very earliest opportunity, with the view of taking his portrait.

A ship has been put at the disposal of the Hippopotamus; and the captain has received orders to pay him every possible attention, and to spare no expense in "going the entire animal."

The Rhinoceros lately has been very noisy, and has not slept for weeks. The keepers say there is more in this than meets the eye; but for ourselves, we attribute it to a mean spirit of jealousy. The Rhinoceros is evidently afraid that the Hippopotamus will put his nose out of joint.





SPECIMENS FROM MR. PUNCH'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1850.

(TO BE IMPROVED IN 1851).







## PATRON SAINTS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.



EAR PUNCH.—I am a journeyman carpenter and joiner. I have a wife and four children. I beg pardon if by so calling them, instead of terming them my old woman and kids, or young uns, I am using language unsuited to my station in life. Let that pass. I took the former and two of the latter to see the National Gallery and the British Museum on Easter Monday.

"If it be asked what there is to interest me at either of those places, I answer, the Pictures in one, and the Statues, and Antiquities, and Stuffed Animals in the other. I spend a part of my leisure time in reading, and know a little about such matters, though not so much as I could wish.

"When I go to look at a picture or a statue, I like to sit or stand before it in quiet and comfort, give my mind to it, and enjoy the thoughts which it conjures up: I had rather do this than smoke a pipe. So when I examine curiosities and specimens of natural history, I wish to do it with my attention undisturbed.

"On Easter Monday both the Museum and Gallery were so crowded as to make it a hard matter to move. I got mere glimpses, which only tantalised me, of the wonderful and beautiful things in them. My wife nearly fainted with the heat, and my children, the biggest of whom is not up to my shoulder, could scarcely see at all, and were almost stifled for nothing. I have read in newspapers of a place called the crush-room at the QUEEN'S OPERA; I suppose the British Museum and the National Gallery on Easter Monday may have been something like it. If so, my experience on that day was a lesson to me not to envy my betters.

"These two exhibitions will continue to be crowded in this way, so long as they are the only ones open *gratis* on the few holidays we have in the course of the year. This being the case, such institutions will never do us any good; for you don't breathe in improvement with the mere air of a room, especially when it is loaded with 800 or 1000 breaths besides your own.

"To see these places in comfort, and therefore to any good purpose, what we workpeople want is a greater number of holidays, each holiday being only for a certain number at a time; so that we may take pleasure, like labour, in gangs.

"This would be no new-fangled system of holidays. We have one already cut and dried. There are the Saints' days. Suppose we kept them. Not by worshipping the Saints as demi-gods, or any nonsense of that sort, but by taking healthy and useful recreation. The Saints, I suppose, were good folks, and would approve of this way of showing respect to them. As it is, their names stand in the Calendar, going for no more than those of so many directors of a Savings' Bank. I except St. David and St. Patrick; and I propose to keep the other Saints' days like theirs—barring the drink.

"The manner I would have the Saints' days kept in, is this. Formerly, every trade almost, had a Saint at the head of it; the wool-combers St. Blaize, I think; the cobblers St. Crispin, and so on. Very well. Let each trade observe its own Saint's Day, and do him the honour of visiting gratuitous exhibitions, fetching a pleasant walk in the fields, or going a rail or steamboat pilgrimage to such places as Windsor or Hampton Court. In the meantime if anything were known of the Saint, to call his history to mind, with a view to take pattern from it, if worthy of being taken pattern from, would be very right and proper, of course. MESSRS. SPOONER and PLUMPTRE would find that steamboats and trains would load much less on Sundays, if masters and men would put their horses together, and make the above arrangement.

"Some trades and callings have no Saints of their own: the Navvies, for instance, who came up since the Saints' time. Such trades might elect a provisional Saint to serve till they could produce a new one. Why cannot Saints be made now, as formerly? Why not a St. DOBBS, stonemason, as well as a St. DUNSTAN, blacksmith? The Saint might be an artisan, a tailor, a bookbinder, a plumber-and-glazier, a cotton-spinner—what you will—who had led an uncommonly respectable life. He should not be like the sort of Saint that used to live as a hermit, wearing horse-hair next his skin and never changing it; on the contrary, he should be remarkable for having generally had a clean shirt on, and for having creditably supported a wife and family. When such a good fellow as this dies—leaving, perhaps, a trifle for his widow and children—canonise him. Keep a happy holiday yearly in his honour. Call him Hero, if you stick at a title that you think too serious; but if anybody in these hard times deserves to be counted a Saint, it is the temperate, honest, industrious Working Man.

"YOURS, JOHN ADAMS."

## MONUMENT TO EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE true-tempered men of Sheffield are about to do a new honour to themselves by honouring the memory of EBENEZER ELLIOTT; the man whose iron pen drew up the indictment against that public robber, Corn-Law: and never was indictment better drawn for conviction; though a rare success attended the novel deed, for it was only worded with common words, the words themselves hot and glowing with hate of wrong. ELLIOTT struck from his subject—as the blacksmith strikes from the red iron—sparkles of burning light; and where they fell they consumed. His homely indignation was sublimed by the intensity of his honesty: if his words were homely, they were made resistless by the inexorable purpose that uttered them. But the man had the true heart and soul of the poet, and could love the simple and beautiful as passionately as he denounced the selfish and the mean. He would turn from the coronet of the corn-law landlord, the thing he had hammered very small indeed, showing with his best vehemence, how very, very little was a symbol of social rank when misused for social wrong, he would turn from the battered bauble, and then from the heart of a hedge-flower extract the balm of beauty, and the spirit of love.

The Corn-Law Rhymes did greatest service. They were the earliest utterances of a people, contending with a sense of inarticulate suffering. They supplied the words; they gave a voice and meaning to the labouring heart, and the true poet vindicated his true mission, by making his spirit pass into the spirits of the many.

Very secure, indeed, in the genius of the Corn-Law were the lordly corn-law landlords. Contemptuously serene the titled Triptolemites. There was, to be sure, a fitful noise—an impatient grunt of the swine multitude; impatient of high-priced meal. Yet all went gaily in the House; yea, in both Houses of Landlords. And, at the time, there was a plain, strong, vulgar man putting down certain syllables, measuring out wordy lines—every line the sinew of a Sampson to pull down the heathen temple where Monopoly sat enshrined. And these words went abroad. They were sung by workmen on their road to labour—they were chanted at clubs; they were droned at the fireside. Wrong and indignation were packed into verses, and made portable to the smallest faculty. In the meanwhile, what cared the landlord Commons,—what the landlord Lords?

Time rolled on, and Corn-Law was condemned. The indictment drawn by the poet, was the draft afterwards improved: but EBENEZER ELLIOTT was the first drawer; and honoured be the men of Sheffield, who seek to do monumental homage to their patriotic poet! We have plenty of modern statues to the sword. It is full time we had one to the pen.

## OUR WIVES AND OUR LITTLE ONES.

THE *Times*, in an article deploring the want of gratuitous amusements for the people, intimates that there is at least one squalling baby, on an average, in every apartment of the National Gallery. Our contemporary is unwilling to insist on the exclusion of babies, lest the effect should be to prevent the admission of those who carry the interesting burdens, but it is gently stated that their squalls do not contribute much to a pleasant contemplation of the great masters. It is true that the great masters must frequently have attention taken from them by the little masters and little misses in their parents' arms, but perhaps a sort of machine like an umbrella-stand, might be placed at the doors, in which babies could be safely and snugly deposited. Each infant, with a ticket round its neck, might be claimed by the holder of a corresponding ticket given at the door, and the infants would, at all events, be safe against the risk that attends umbrellas of being stolen. If the baby-stand is not approved of by the authorities, we should suggest the adoption of baby-jumpers at the doors of our public exhibitions, and thus both parents and offspring could be enjoying their full swing of pleasure at the same moment.

## Agitation at a Discount.

POOR MR. JOHN O'CONNELL declared that when he sees the apathy of his countrymen, "his heart is rent." If his heart is rent, there will be very little for him to take to heart just now, for the repealers are evidently desirous of keeping what money they have in their own pockets. The son of the Agitator complains bitterly of his having lost every atom of the pa-rent-al influence which he once hoped to exercise.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

AMONG the visitors of rank, fashion, and distinction who "assisted" at the *re-entrée* of SONTAG at Her Majesty's Theatre last week we find the name of BARON DE SCHERTZ. We must say that in the brilliant assemblage we observed no one that appeared to us as if he were really BARON or Barren of SCHERTZ or Shirts, but perhaps, if there really was a case of the kind, the individual wore the collar of some order to hide the deficiency.



## POST-OFFICE DESECRATION OF THE SABBATH.

It appears that the MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE has already effected, or is about to effect, a postal arrangement with France, by which all letters between France and England will be reduced to sixpence, and further, that the said letters will be permitted to carry added weight, namely, half-an-ounce! With these facts published in every newspaper, the apathy of the ardent, candid folks, who of late denounced the unrighteousness of the Post-office infidels,—appears to *Punch* more than perplexing. The French people are notoriously careless of Sunday observance; therefore is it not plain that any treaty that shall facilitate postal intercourse between Paris and London, *must* tend to the postal desecration of an English Sunday? Should any meeting be convened upon the question, *Mr. Punch* begs leave to state that this, his last fire-new argument, is at the service of any bold-faced speaker. It is quite as strong, and no less logical, than anything hitherto advanced against the Sabbath "desecration" of the MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE and ROWLAND HILL.

## PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



HERE is in these days a Hand-Book from everywhere to everywhere else, and if any one wants to go anywhere anyhow, the enterprising publishers are sure to furnish him with a guide in post octavo, as a sort of sign-post to direct his movements. The pilgrim about to start from Kensington to Kamschatka, or from Putney to the Pyramids, will have the cost of everything laid down for him, from the fare of the first bus to the charge for the last camel. We defy any one starting from Chelsea to miss one

inch of the way to China, if he only provides himself with a modern Hand-Book, which will take him up at the Goat and Boots, and set him down at the sign of the Mandarin and Nine Tails in the Celestial Empire.

There is, however, an empire—the delicious realms of song, to which we have resolved on furnishing a Hand-Book. These realms are confined within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre, and though the dominions are not vast in extent, they are important from the numerous objects of interest they contain, and the influence they exercise.

The language, costume, and habits of the population are remarkable for their variety, and the productions of the place present the most curious subjects of study to the lover of art and nature. The scenery combines the warmth and luxuriance of the South, with the bold and rugged grandeur of the North. The buildings embrace every school of architecture, both ancient and modern, while the climate is full of alternations, as sudden, and almost as severe as those of an English summer. We have often witnessed the graceful *patineurs* gliding over ice, on the same spot that had lately been the floor of a splendid *salon*, and we have seen the snow-capped mountain occupying, within half an hour, the position in which the fretted roof of a banquetting hall had lately been visible. We have witnessed before our very eyes, the furniture of nature replaced by the upholstery of art, for we have been startled by the sudden disappearance of the mossy bank and the leafy bower, in order to give way to the easy chair, and curtained canopy.

The place we are about to describe is in the centre of the great western empire of fashion, and it is watered by the great stream of population which flows into it on all sides. It is approached from the east by the picturesque ridge of muffineers, mustard-pots, and pepper-boxes, which have caused the National Gallery to be so generally sneezed at; and the same approach is refreshed on the south side, by those very small beer fountains which, almost always on tap, are continually throwing cold water on the finest site in

Europe. The access from the west is usually marked by a long line in vehicles, all directed to the same point, and it is by joining the caravan that the traveller is enabled to arrive, in his proper turn, at the place of his destination. Before reaching the spot, he will be, most probably, beset by a herd of male and female barbarians, who throw themselves under the horses' hoofs and the carriage wheels, with a determination and obstinacy, reminding one of nothing short of JUGGERNAUT. The object of this insane sacrifice which, it is calculated, takes off one per cent. of the toes of the victims, is the attempt to sell certain books, purporting to describe what will be seen in the interior. This, however, might as well be left to the imagination, as far as the books in question are concerned; for what book can describe such a scene as may be passing within, when LABLACHE in *Don Pasquale*—that ton of man, affecting the man of *ton*—is raising a laugh by his attempts to raise a *billet*.

The fraudulent productions alluded to are not to be relied on, for they are merely the spoils of a piratical horde, who infest the neighbourhood for the purpose of waylaying the unsuspecting traveller. Some of the gentler portion of the neighbouring population come forward with flowers in their hands, and one might fancy oneself among those "peasant girls" whom Byron speaks of "with dark blue eyes," but that the eyes in the present instance are more frequently black than blue, and that the shrill exclamation of "Buy a book or a book-kay" reminds us that we are among a band of stragglers from the adjacent land of cockneydom. As we near our destination the atmosphere becomes more refined: small pickets of police stave off the marauders by the mere production of staves. While we gradually descend that little range of mole-hills—we cannot call the whole concern put together a mountain—which slopes down from Piccadilly, we find ourselves passing through a kind of Terracina where every carriage is waylaid by bandit booksellers; and there is one who might be considered the *Fra Diavolo* of the Haymarket, if his velvetens happened to be green instead of whitey-brown.

The frontier is now nearly gained, and a display of military force marks the boundary of a separate domain. The army is not on a very extensive scale, nor is there any standing army, for one part of it is always walking to and fro, while the other part is sitting down comfortably before a fire, which is a pleasant substitute for the fire of the enemy. The pacific policy prevailing in the dominions of Opera, or realms of Song, precludes the necessity for an extensive soldiery, and in fact the civil power is paramount, for the utmost civility prevails at the frontier, as well as at the barrier, where the passport of the traveller will have to be shown. This passport should be procured a few days before setting out, and as some of our readers may be unprovided with a passport, without which they cannot accompany us to the interior, we shall proceed no further at present, for any one who has accompanied us thus far ought not, we think, to be so ungraciously treated as to be left outside.

## NO (CONSCIENCE) MONEY RETURNED.

In what the *Times* ought to call its "Greenhorn's Corner," it was lately announced that

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received from X the first half of a £5 note. He cannot answer the question as to liability."

We miss a little appendage, which might have been gracefully added to the above announcement, namely:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER begs to be informed of X's address, in order that he may return him the bit of Bank paper."

The fact of this omission should be a lesson to all those who are troubled with any scruples as to whether their accounts are quite square with their tax-gatherer. In a question of liability Government takes the benefit of the doubt. Henceforward, surely, the most morbidly conscientious tax-payer will not hesitate to use the same license, and will hesitate before he sends half a note to the Exchequer-Office; an act of rashness infinitely greater than thrusting one's head half-way into a lion's mouth.





## OUR LITTLE BIRD.

MILK FROM THE MOUNTAINS.



To Spanish saints and about twelve millions of Spanish human creatures—people, all deemed rational, with an immortal purpose—to starred, celestial patrons, watching the destinies of Spain and the aforesaid millions of human bipeds, on their course heavenwards—it must be a matter dear as daily incense, and daily bread and oil to know that—to the passing astonishment of the late LOUIS-PHILIPPE, now

COUNT DE NEUILLY—the QUEEN OF SPAIN is prosperously living towards maternity, and the consequence thereof is, that—

“Two Physicians, appointed by the Chambers, left Madrid on the 24th ult., to choose, in the mountains of Santander, two healthy nurses to suckle the Royal infant.”

An old Spanish writer lays it down as a domestic canon that—if the child be a boy, it must have two nurses. The brace of physicians, solemnly despatched by the patriotic, philosophic Chambers, in search of nurses, evidently hope for a man-child. It is, doubtless, this exalting aspiration that cheers them onwards to Santander, to bring back to Madrid milk from the mountains.

For our own part, we may be permitted to indulge at this very moment, a sage indifference in the matter of the sex of the august little mystery—the small majesty *in petto*. We, snow-blooded English, who worship neither Bourbon saint nor Bourbon royalty, may be fairly exempt from any palpitation of the heart, whether destiny tosses man or woman. Nevertheless, as a general principle, we prefer queens to kings. Somehow, the crown is not quite so meteoric on the head of a female, and the sceptre has more of the grace and lightness of a palm-branch. Besides, frugality is a female virtue: queens, as they are more valuable, are at the same time cheaper. Is it not so? Let us suppose—it cannot be treasonous towards any body in St. George's Chapel—that there had never been a GEORGE THE FOURTH; but in his stead a buxom, good, domestic GEORGINA. How much should we have saved in hard cash, and—what as the most moral and pious country under the sun is, perhaps, of equal consideration—how much in the begotten iniquity of scandalous example? Again, queens are safer; their thrones more stable. How many a man jerked or tumbled into the sea, has gone down, struggling and shouting, beating the waters, and doing his best to ride above them—down he has gone, and no questions asked? How many a woman, untowardly cast upon the same element, has floated like halcyon, until rescued: floated, without any effort of her own, but by an accident of her feminine condition? Her petticoats have kept her up.

Had the salique law not obtained in France—we offer this question as a thesis to M. GUIZOT—might not LOUIS-PHILIPPE be still counting his (we mean her) money at the Tuileries?

Therefore, if we may be allowed the luxury of a little anxiety for Spain at this interesting moment—with twelve millions of Spanish souls in a twitter of tenderest apprehension—if we may send in a flattering wish among the millions, it is that HER MAJESTY ISABELLA may become mother of a daughter: yes, a little girl—if princesses are ever little—even though one of the nurses be sent back to Santander.

We confess it to be a bold thought that would fly to the Asturias—that would dare those mountainous districts, in a buzz and tumult with the news of the doctors, on pilgrimage for matron nourishment—of the purest and healthiest sort, yes, pure and healthy from the mountains—for the illustrious unknown, the fleshy, unrevealed magnificence of the hot, close, soul-stifling Spanish court. Milk from the Mountains! Do not the Bourbons need it? Could hart pant with hotter thirst for the water-course, than the thick, foul blood of the Spanish Bourbon—still foul with the miasma of unventilated centuries—ought to yearn for mountain freshness, could the blessing come with nurses?

A few days since, and what a flutter among the young thriving wives of Santander! What visions of glory! What dreams of seraphic princes and princesses nursed at the chosen, the promoted bosoms of Santander; exalted from the mountains; exalted to—a Court! What a grave, solemn review of flustered, black-eyed candidates for the tremendous honour of suckling or half-suckling a probable king! Overwhelming the glory of the possibility! To be the foster-mother of a king of Spain! Why, with the awful thought, the mountain spins like a top, and the dazzled sun blinks in heaven!

We would take breath, and ask, are the women of Santander, as wet-nurses, under the patronage of any particular Spanish saint, or are they, in the present interesting case, pointed at by the finger of profane knowledge, as the most robust, the healthiest of matrons? Is their

milk spiritualised by the especial favour of any Madonna, or is it simply, naturally, the best? The two missionary physicians may answer, if they will, we cannot. We merely know, upon book-authority, that there are saints, whose particular business it is to watch over the interesting minutes of Spanish princesses. The Virgin has an obstetric sash, with marvellous comfort in the web, at Tortosa; a sash, that brings certain and immediate happiness to labouring Infantas. Moreover, the Virgin of Oña has, time out of mind, destroyed worms in royal Infantas. Snakes—(and Spanish Bourbons have been troubled with the larger pest, to the great annoyance of their loving subjects,)—snakes, we take it, are beyond her skill. However, in the present case—with twelve millions of thoughtful people in a pucker—will the Sash of Oña be taken to Madrid? Is modern heresy too strong for the good old, Spanish faith? Seeing, however, it is a matter of purest piety, it may—on second thoughts—be safely left to grandmother CHRISTINA.

We trust that the physicians may not have returned to Madrid with their lacteal treasures discovered at Santander, ere this sheet shall have flown across the Pyrenees, fluttering down into the hand of ISABELLA. Poor thing! How many an English housemaid, at eight pounds a year, with tea and sugar, and privilege to see her cousin the carpenter, on Sundays—how many such a damsel has been happier than the court-laced Queen of Spain! However, common fame is for the ten thousandth time to be rebuked, and hiding her trumpet, with finger in her mouth, must skulk away; for QUEEN ISABELLA, for all his trumpeting—sounds that told a flattering tale to LOUIS-PHILIPPE—will really be a mother. Physicians are actually despatched for wet-nurses from the mountainous districts of Santander. Whereupon, we offer some advice; hoping it may reach Madrid, time enough for the counsel to be ripened into reality.

We hereupon propose that the two wet-nurses should enter Madrid in state. We would have them seated in a carriage stuck about with all fitting devices, drawn by four milk-white mules. They should be met—say some three miles from Madrid—by the King Consort, the Ministry, the Members of the Chambers, together with just a sprinkling of people ecclesiastical. The carriage should be followed by two or three hundred of the finest of the mountaineers of Santander. At a certain point the King Consort should address the two nurses. In grave Castilian speech he may observe how happy he is to see them. Flavouring his words with a pinch of the classical, he may speak of the kings suckled by bears and wolves—(omitting the unquestionable apes)—promising for his child a happier destiny, a more truthful course, fostered by such nurses—seeing they are from the healthiest and strongest of the people!

Truly, a pleasant and profitable myth might be evolved from the homely fact, that the babe of the pigmy Bourbon—the infant of a dwarfed and miserable line should have the luck to be nursed upon Milk from the Mountains.

A LITTLE BIRD.

## THE CHELSEA SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION.

PREVIOUS to the commencement of the Penny Steam-Boat Season it is customary to turn out the craft for the purpose of evolution on the Thames, and the following are some of the results, according to the log of a well-known chip-of-an-old-block, who has been a stoker all his life, having been born at Stoke Pogis and educated at Stoke Newington:—

April the 1st.—On board the *Daffodil*. Signalled the *Polyanthus* in three-fathom mud and one-fathom water.

9 a. m.—Ran three yards to the leeward; fowled a swan; got out the larboard boathook; caught a crab; fractured a waterman's scull, and missed stays—a pair hung out to dry but blown overboard.

½ past 9 a. m.—The *Daffodil* relying on her jib began jibbing, when the *Polyanthus*, being a cable's length from her spanker, got the cable into a knot, which took thirty minutes to undo, and limited her to the rate of two knots an hour.

¼ to 10.—The *Polyanthus* got a-ground on a tenpenny nail, having gone on a wrong tack, which brought her up sharp; and the *Daffodil* won cleverly by a figure-head, and a bundle of herrings dangling at the bowsprit.

## The Last of the Gibbet-Posts.

The papers tell us that—

“The last of the Lincolnshire gibbet-posts was blown down by the late gale. It was that on which, forty years ago, the notorious malefactor, TOM ORRER, was hung in chains for the murder, near the spot, of a young woman that he married in the morning and killed before night.”

There is a significant, an instructive omen in this doing of the late gale. The hurricane that sweeps away the Lincolnshire gibbet-post is only prophetic of the public opinion that, increasing in its might, shall surely blow down every gallows in the kingdom.

UNPARALLELED MUNIFICENCE.—Though the Gardens were closed, the Bears at the Zoological were entertained, by order of the Directors, with a liberal supply of hot-cross buns on Good Friday.



## NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.

## RICHARDSON'S GHOST.

THE British Drama nods—SHAKESPEARE goes to sleep now and then to wake up all the stronger—actors die,—even RICHARDSON himself is gathered to his forefathers,—but RICHARDSON'S *Ghost* is always alive. Like the king, "The *Ghost* never dies."

We hope he never will—for the *Ghost* is a very good fellow. He is always to be found on the side of virtue. When Innocence is oppressed,—and does not know which way to turn to avoid the bundle of swords and poniards that, thick as quills upon the fretful porcupine, are pointed at her breast—then the gong is heard—two bars are given in the orchestra, and the *Ghost* stalks on to her rescue. Instantly each glittering sword drops to the ground with shame—Villany is abashed, and hides his head at the side wing—Virtue rushes to the arms of her spangled lover, and the green-baize curtain acknowledges the prettiness of the *tableau* by curtseying to "soft music."

*Alonso, Gaspardo, Rinaldo*, owe a deep debt of gratitude to the *Ghost*. Think of the numerous murders their dirks would have been stained with, if it had not been for his timely apparition.

The *Ghost*, however, is most gentle in his vengeance. His face is as pale as chalk—his lips are the colour of cigar-ashes—but not an angry word flies from them. He looks a thousand unutterable things—but not to one of them does he attempt to give utterance. He merely flaps his wings—opens them to the utmost stretch of the table-cloth—but his revenge goes no further. After the wrongs that must be locked up in his ghostly breast, this forgiveness almost touches the sublime!

SHAKESPEARE'S *Ghost* speaks his indignation in the most magnificent blank verse; but RICHARDSON'S leaves his a blank altogether. SHAKESPEARE'S complains of the "fires," in which he is being roasted every day, like a Spanish chestnut; he has a nose to "scent the morning air;" he has eyes to see the paleness of the glow-worm: he has painful recollections of "a foul, unnatural, murder," and walks about with a burning desire to have it revenged. How different is RICHARDSON'S *Ghost*! You do not hear him complaining. He is somebody's ghost, but he never tells you whose. He may be his father's—or his grandmother's—or the "base traitor's," whose uplifted arm and guilty career he has suddenly arrested; but we cannot tell: his lips are as secret as the grave he has that moment come from; and all we know about him is that he is RICHARDSON'S *Ghost*. He is evidently the victim of some fearful crime, but he urges no one to blood, in order to avenge it. In fact, so meekly does he endure his wrongs, that we are inclined to think at times that he must be the ghost of a murdered deaf-and-dumb man—or of some quaker, whose unhappy fame has escaped the pen of the Newgate Calendar historian.

But these are mysteries which hang, like a shroud, round the portly frame of the *Ghost*, and which we can no more tear aside than lift up the veil whether he is—

"Doomed for a certain time to walk the night!"

though this can be no great hardship, as he never appears on the platform, and his walks have generally terminated before midnight. In this mighty particular, does RICHARDSON'S *Ghost* hold the advantage over the Shakspearean and all other Ghosts in the world put together—for, whereas they only come out as the clock strikes twelve, he is in bed at that disreputable hour, or else sitting behind the scenes, enjoying his baked shoulder of mutton.



There is another peculiarity about RICHARDSON'S *Ghost* which makes him hold his head above every other kind of Ghost in his profession—in fact, so high does he hold his head occasionally, that it not unfrequently goes out of sight altogether. A Ghost is naturally tall—a

small Ghost of the size of a charity boy would make no impression whatever. The audience, instead of being awed, would only laugh, and cry "Bray-vo." The result of the *Ghost*'s height is, that the expression of his fine face is repeatedly lost, as it is hidden behind the "sky-borders" of the theatre, and, if the *Clown*, with his bismuth cheeks, were to come on as the *Ghost*, the audience would not be a whit the wiser for it.

This partial concealment, however, may help the imagination. A Ghost cannot be too mysterious. The effect of his sudden apparition would be completely lost if he were to parade outside the Show with the other characters, and join in the dances with *Harlequin* and *Columbine*. There is poetry sometimes in a mask, and grief looks all the better for a veil. Besides, it is only natural that a Ghost should have a cloud upon his countenance!

The *Ghost* is most honest in his means of inspiring terror. No shriek behind announces his arrival. No "sulphurous flames" in the light of blue fire, torment the eyes and the nostrils of his awe-stricken beholders. Everything with him is fair and above-board. No actor is freer from clap-trap. In fact, he does not even come up like most Ghosts, through a trap—for the stage is not deep enough to allow of such a ghostly contrivance—but he quietly slides on from the side—strikes the attitude of a flying bat—and stands then solemnly, like an astronomer, with his head sweeping the skies. He trusts implicitly to his sheet—which may be called his sheet-anchor.

Many an actor might take an improving lesson from RICHARDSON'S *Ghost*. Did he ever keep the stage waiting? No! he knows it would be all up with the *Ghost*, if he did. Did he ever throw up his "part?" Was he ever "suddenly indisposed?" Was he ever the cause of "damning" a piece? On the contrary, is it not well known, that when the hisses have been carrying everything before them, he has rushed on, and, by simply waving his sleeves in their faces, has instantly put to flight all the geese? He is the Author's Best Friend, and we dare say, many a manager of a large theatre regrets he had not always kept, like RICHARDSON, a Ghost, for similar hiss-trionic purposes.

Then for work! He is on the stage every quarter of an hour—always perfect to a letter, which, in his case, must be the letter T, for he has no sooner struck that elegant attitude, which for ages has stood for sign-posts and theatrical malediction, than cries of "Apples, oranges, ginger-beer," proclaim the painful fact that the tragedy is over, and the comic song is about to commence. We are afraid there is "no rest but the grave" for RICHARDSON'S *Ghost*—and it is debateable ground, whether even that will yield him any.

What the *Ghost* may be in private life, we have no means of telling. We went down to Greenwich, the day after the fair, and a man in the Park was pointed out to us as RICHARDSON'S *Ghost*. He was surrounded by two or three children, and eating his dinner under a tree, off a cloth which looked very much like a large sheet. He was broad-shouldered, stout, and tall, and was eating very heartily for a Ghost.

A lath of a man in a chemist's shop was likewise pointed out to us as the object of our affections. He had a tremendous bundle in a napkin in his hand, and was buying a box of "Life Pills." We could not help exclaiming: "Alas! poor Ghost;" and the man turned round and scowled with savage paleness at us. We suspect he is the real *Ghost*. We left Greenwich by the very next train!

"NOW THEN! ANY ONE FOR CORINTH?"

RAILWAYS have invaded Greece. The old proverb is broken to pieces.—"Non licet omnibus adire Corinthum," for there is a Corinth omnibus that starts directly the train comes in.



## THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

## I. ON A LADY IN AN OPERA-BOX.



URING the other night to the Conservatoire at Paris, where there was a magnificent assemblage of rank and fashion gathered together to hear the delightful performances of MADAME SONTAG, the friend who conferred upon me the polite favour of a ticket to the stalls, also pointed out to me who were the most remarkable personages round about us. There were ambassadors, politicians, and gentlemen, military and literary; there were beauties, French, Russian, and English: there were old ladies who had been beauties once, and who, by the help of a little distance and politeness (and if you

didn't use your opera-glass, which is a cruel detector of paint and wrinkles), looked young and handsome still: and a plenty of old bucks in the stalls and boxes, well wigged, well gloved, and brilliantly waistcoated, very obsequious to the ladies, and satisfied with themselves and the world.

"Up in the second tier of boxes I saw a very stout, jolly, good-humoured looking lady, whose head-dress and ringlets and general appurtenances were unmistakably English—and whom, were you to meet her at Timbuctoo, or in the seraglio of the Grand Sultan amongst a bevy of beauties collected from all the countries of the earth, one would instantly know to be a British female. I do not mean to say, that, were I the Padishah, I would select that moon-faced houri out of all the lovely society, and make her the Empress or Grand Signora of my dominions; but simply that there is a character about our countrywomen which leads one to know, recognise, and admire, and wonder at them among all women of all tongues and countries. We have our British Lion; we have our BRITANNIA ruling the waves; we have our British female—the most respectable, the most remarkable, of the women of this world. And now we have come to the woman who gives the subject, though she is not herself the subject, of these present remarks.

"As I looked at her with that fond curiosity and silent pleasure and wonder which she (I mean the great British Female) always inspires in my mind, watching her smiles, her ways and motions, her allurements and attractive gestures—her head bobbing to this friend whom she recognised in the stalls—her jolly fat hand wagging a welcome to that acquaintance in a neighbouring box—my friend and guide for the evening caught her eye, and made her a respectful bow, and said to me with a look of much meaning, 'That is MRS. TROTTER-WALKER.' And from that minute I forgot MADAME SONTAG, and thought only of MRS. T.-W.

"So that," said I, "is MRS. TROTTER-WALKER! You have touched a chord in my heart. You have brought back old times to my memory, and made me recal some of the griefs and disappointments of my early days."

"Hold your tongue, man!" says Tom, my friend; "Listen to the SONTAG; how divinely she is singing! how fresh her voice is still!"

"I looked up at MRS. WALKER all the time with unabated interest. 'Madam,' thought I, 'you look to be as kind and good-natured a person as eyes ever lighted upon. The way in which you are smiling to that young dandy with the double eye-glass, and the *empressment* with which he returns the salute, shows that your friends are persons of rank and elegance, and that you are esteemed by them—giving them, as I am sure from your kind appearance you do, good dinners and pleasant balls. But I wonder what you would think if you knew that I was looking at you? I behold you for the first time: there are a hundred pretty young girls in the house, whom an amateur of mere beauty would examine with much greater satisfaction than he would naturally bestow upon a lady whose prime is past; and yet the sight of you interests me, and tickles me so to speak, and my eye-glass can't remove itself from the contemplation of your honest face.'

"What is it that interests me so? What do you suppose interests a man the most in this life? HIMSELF, to be sure. It is at himself he is looking through his opera-glass—himself who is concerned, or he would not be watching you so keenly. And now let me confess why it is that the lady in the upper box excites me so, and why I say, 'That is MRS. TROTTER-WALKER, is it?' with an air of such deep interest.

"Well, then. In the year eighteen hundred and thirty odd, it happened that I went to pass the winter at Rome, as we will call the city. MAJOR-GENERAL and MRS. TROTTER-WALKER were also there; and until I heard of them there, I had never heard that there were such people in existence as the General and the lady—the lady yonder with the large fan in the upper boxes. MRS. WALKER, as became her station in life, took, I dare say, very comfortable lodgings, gave dinners and parties to her friends, and had a night in the week for receptions.

"Much as I have travelled and lived abroad, these evening *réunions* have never greatly

fascinated me. Man cannot live upon lemonade, wax candles, and weak tea. Gloves and white neck-cloths cost money, and those plaguy shiny boots are always so tight and hot. Am I made of money, that I can hire a coach to go to one of these *soirées* on a rainy Roman night; or can I come in goloshes, and take them off in the ante-chamber? I am too poor for cabs, and too vain for goloshes. If it had been to see the girl of my heart (I mean at the time when there were girls, and I had a heart), I couldn't have gone in goloshes. Well, not being in love, and not liking weak tea and lemonade, I did not go to evening parties that year at Rome; nor, of later years, at Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen, Islington, or wherever I may have been.

"What, then, were my feelings when my dear and valued friend, MRS. COVERLADE (she is a daughter of that venerable peer, the Right Honourable the LORD COMANDINE), who was passing the winter too at Rome, said to me, 'My dear DR. PACIFICO, what have you done to offend MRS. TROTTER-WALKER?'

"I know no person of that name," I said. 'I knew WALKER of the Post Office, and poor TROTTER who was a captain in our regiment, and died under my hands at the Bahamas. But with the TROTTER-WALKERS I haven't the honour of an acquaintance.'

"Well, it is not likely that you will have that honour," MRS. COVERLADE said. 'MRS. WALKER said last night that she did not wish to make your acquaintance, and that she did not intend to receive you.'

"I think she might have waited until I asked her, Madam," I said. 'What have I done to her? I have never seen or heard of her: how should I want to get into her house? or attend at her Tuesdays—confound her Tuesdays!' I am sorry to say I said, Confound MRS. WALKER's Tuesdays, and the conversation took another turn, and it so happened that I was called away from Rome suddenly, and never set eyes upon MRS. WALKER, or indeed thought about her from that day to this.

"Strange endurance of human vanity! a million of much more important conversations have escaped one since then, most likely—but the memory of this little mortification (for such it is, after all) remains quite fresh in the mind, and unforgotten, though it is a trifle, and more than half a score of years old. We forgive injuries, we survive even our remorse for great wrongs that we ourselves commit; but I doubt if we ever forgive slights of this nature put upon us, or forget circumstances in which our self-love had been made to suffer.

"Otherwise, why should the remembrance of MRS. TROTTER-WALKER have remained so lively in this bosom? Why should her appearance have excited such a keen interest in these eyes? Had VENUS or HELEN (the favourite beauty of PARIS) been at the side of MRS. T.-W., I should have looked at the latter more than at the Queen of Love herself. Had MRS. WALKER murdered MRS. PACIFICO, or inflicted some mortal injury upon me, I might forgive her—but for slight? Never, MRS. TROTTER-WALKER; never, by NEMESIS, never!

"And now, having allowed my personal wrath to explode, let us calmly moralise for a minute or two upon this little circumstance; for there is no circumstance, however little, that won't afford a text for a sermon. Why was it that MRS. GENERAL TROTTER-WALKER refused to receive DR. S. PACIFICO at her parties? She had noticed me probably somewhere where I had not remarked her; she did not like my aquiline countenance, my manner of taking snuff, my Blucher boots, or what not; or she had seen me walking with my friend JACK RAGGETT, the painter, on the Pincio—a fellow with a hat and beard like a bandit, a shabby paletot, and a great pipe between his teeth. I was not genteel enough for her circle—I assume that to be the



reason; indeed, MRS. COVERLADE, with a good-natured smile at my coat, which I own was somewhat shabby, gave me to understand as much.

"You little know, my worthy kind lady, what a loss you had that season at Rome, in turning up your amiable nose at the present writer. I could have given you appropriate anecdotes (with which my mind is stored) of all the courts of Europe, (besides of Africa, Asia, and St. Domingo) which I have visited. I could have made the General die of laughing after dinner with some of my funny stories, of which I keep a book, without which I never travel. I am content with my dinner: I can carve beautifully, and make jokes upon almost any dish at table. I can talk about wine, cookery, hotels all over the continent:—anything you will. I have been familiar with Cardinals, Red Republicans, Jesuits, German Princes, and Carbonari; and what is more, I can listen and hold my tongue to admiration. Ah, Madam! what did you lose in refusing to make the acquaintance of SOLOMON PACIFICO, M. D.!

"And why? because my coat was a trifle threadbare; because I dined at the Lepre, with RAGGETT and some of those other bandits of painters, and had not the money to hire a coach and horses.

"Gentility is the death and destruction of social happiness amongst the middle classes in England. It destroys naturalness (if I may coin such a word) and kindly sympathies. The object of life, as I take it, is to be friendly with everybody. As a rule, and to a philosophical cosmopolite, every man ought to be welcome. I do not mean to your intimacy or affection, but to your society; as there is, if we would or could but discover it, something notable, something worthy of observation, of sympathy, of wonder and amusement in every fellow mortal. If I had been MR. PACIFICO, travelling with a courier and a carriage, would MRS. WALKER have made any objection to me? I think not. It was the Blucher-boots and the worn hat, and the homely companions of the individual which were unwelcome to this lady. If I had been the disguised DUKE OF PACIFICO, and not a retired army-surgeon, would she have forgiven herself for slighting me? What stores of novels, what *foison* of plays, are composed upon this theme,—the queer old character in the wig and cloak throws off coat and spectacles, and appears suddenly with a star and crown,—a HAROUN ALRASCHID, or other Merry Monarch. And straightway we clap our hands and applaud—what?—the star and garter.

"But disguised emperors are not common now-a-days. You don't turn away monarchs from your door, any more than angels, unawares. Consider, though, how many a good fellow you may shut out and sneer upon! what an immense deal of pleasure, frankness, kindness, good fellowship, we forego for the sake of our confounded gentility, and respect for outward show! Instead of placing our society upon an honest footing, we make our aim almost awowedly sordid. Love is of necessity banished from your society when you measure all your guests by a money-standard.

"I think of all this—a harmless man—seeing a good-natured looking, jolly woman in the boxes yonder, who thought herself once too great a person to associate with the likes of me. If I give myself airs to my neighbour may I think of this too, and be a little more humble! And you, honest friend, who read this—have you ever poohpoohed a man as good as you? If you fall into the society of people whom you are pleased to call your inferiors, did you ever sneer? If so, change I into U, and the fable is narrated for your own benefit, by your obedient servant,

"SOLOMON PACIFICO."

#### GRAND EQUESTRIAN FAILURE.

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO has just sent, as a present to HER MAJESTY, nine Arabian horses, which, it is said, are such very poor diminutive-looking creatures, that every respectable dray-horse turned up his nose at the cavalcade as it proceeded to the Palace. We cannot say much for the breeding of the animals that so misbehaved themselves towards the little strangers, but it must be acknowledged that the real Arabians are not to be compared with even the humblest hack of British birth that ever plunged in a cab, or kicked up "behind and before" in a dust-cart. We should fear that HER MAJESTY would be much disappointed at the gift; and though a gift horse may not be looked in the mouth, it is probable that the Sovereign may soon wish the unprofitable present absent. When PRINCE ALBERT saw the stud of Arabian failures, he must have mentally begun to whistle to himself, "Oh, give me (anything) but my Arab steed;" and it would not have been surprising had "Galloping Dreary Dun" burst involuntarily from the lips of an attendant stable-boy. It is said that the accoutrements were as large again as the horses themselves, and they seemed to be smothered in saddle, as if they would not go without a great deal of leathering.

#### THE ENGLISH AND SPANISH.

It is gratifying to think that we have renewed our diplomatic relations with Spain. May these Spanish bonds never be dissolved, and may all others be honourably liquidated!

#### A BLACK RAINBOW.



AMONG the newspaper wonders, upon which the penny-a-liners sometimes ameliorate their condition by obtaining an extra meal, we have lately noticed a fivepenny phenomenon—just four lines and a half in length—under the title of a black rainbow. This remarkable triumph of nature over the ordinary rules of meteorology has been seen by an American newspaper's "own correspondent," who has probably not been particular to a shade in the view he has taken of the marvel he has paraphrased. We suspect the rainbow is not so black as it has been painted, though we confess that we have observed in our own political atmosphere an appearance almost equally discouraging, namely, that of the rainbow of taxation which spreads entirely across the sky from one horizon to the other. The affair looks rather black, but we are not without hope that the prospect will soon brighten.

#### HOW TO SHUT A CHATTER-BOX.

SCENE.—*The inside of a First Class Railway Carriage.*

*Talkative Bore* (to FELLOW PASSENGER, getting out as the Train stops). Good morning to you, Sir.

*Fellow Passenger*. Sir, I wish you a good day. (*Aside*.) Chattering fool! Confound the fellow!—I think he could talk a dog's hind leg off.

*Talkative Bore* (turning to Gentleman intent on the perusal of "Punch"). Wonderful inventions, Railroads, Sir?

*Reader of Punch*. Oh! LAYARD'S—Very!

*Talkative Bore* (raising his voice). Steam, Sir, I say,—stupendous power!

*Reader of Punch*. Well; I don't know. They say, SIR ROBERT PEEL.

*Talkative Bore* (louder still). Rapidity of intercommunication, Sir—destined to revolutionise Society.

*Reader of Punch*. Oh! shocking doctrines. Desperate set. Can't think what LOUIS-NAPOLÉON will do with them.

*Talkative Bore*. Dear me! the man's as deaf as a post. (*Gives him up*.) Very seasonable weather, Ma'am.

(*Proceeds to inflict himself on somebody else.*)  
*Reader of Punch* (mentally). Come—I think I've got rid of you, my friend.

(*Returns to his "Punch," struggling with suppressed laughter—occasioned, of course, by a joke in that periodical.*)

#### Parliamentary Natural Philosophy.

CONDENSATION OF VAPOUR takes place when the newspapers epitomise MR. DISRAELI'S speeches.

EVAPORATION occurs (among Honourable Members) whenever MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY rises to speak.

EVOLUTION OF HEAT is invariably occasioned when anybody comes into collision with LORD BROUGHAM.

#### PROBLEM FOR PENAL LEGISLATORS.

Q. WHY do convicts vary more in stature than any other description of persons?

A. Because they are of all 'sises. (Idiot!)



A GREAT MORAL LESSON.

THOMAS SUTTON, denominated "an honest and hard-working fellow" until RUSH, the murderer, was convicted, became a thief out of intense curiosity to see the murderer hanged. A great instance, this, of the benefit of example! SUTTON stole two sovereigns, and went rejoicing on his way to Norwich: there he witnessed the show; and thence, returned to London. His morbid hunger sated, his old honesty re-asserted itself, and remorse led him to self-accusation; he was summarily punished. Since then, the thief's hand has again been at work, and a fortnight ago he was committed, from Lambeth Office, for trial, again confessing his crime; he had stolen four saws from a marine store; and has now every chance of becoming permanently enrolled among her Majesty's convicts.

*Robinson Crusoe* has made many a sailor, wileing the boy from the fire-side to the sea. The especial pains taken by a miserable portion of the press to "make the most of a murder," cannot but have an influence on the dormant ambition of the criminal. Art, too, has its fatal blandishments. MADAME TUSSAUD offers Scoundrel's Corner, with an immortality in wax. Every day she calls from the columns of the newspapers with a voice of silver (exactly eighteen-pence, "Horrors" included)—calls to a thoughtful generation to consider and lay well to heart the notoriety, that is the vulgar stimulant of miserable natures. What the statue of NELSON is to the sailor, the Murderer in Wax is to the unblown scoundrel. Did not FREDERICK MANNING, whose name, like morning dew, ever brightens the morning newspapers,—did not he, in the fireside confidence with his student lodger, daily with a forbidden pleasure, when he spoke of RUSH, as the prime beauty of the Chamber of Horrors?

What beneficially we may owe to the imitative bronze of defunct heroes, it is hard to guess; what, *per contra*, to felonious wax, even MADAME T. herself—(should JOSEPH HUME move for a return)—it is no less difficult to calculate. Of one point, however, we are sure: the Home Minister owes MADAME T.'s "Chamber" greater attention than is bestowed even upon penny theatres by the Home police.

CARELESS JOHN, THE STATE COACHMAN.

Oh! Pray, my LORD JOHN, take care how you go on,  
For Parliament isn't at play with you;  
Mind well how you drive, for, as you are alive,  
Your horses are running away with you.

In one week twice beat, you another defeat  
Escape by the barest majority,  
Because, it would seem, you don't govern your team  
With proper control and authority.

Why BARING, alas! did you let, with DUNDAS,  
And BERKELEY, the claims, so ungraciously,  
Of the naval Assist-ant-Surgeons resist,  
Unhandsomely, meanly, mendaciously?

The Crown lawyers, pray, why allow in the way  
Of the County Courts Bill to stand bootlessly?  
For you were floored flat both in this case and that,  
Incurring much odium quite fruitlessly.

Why sanction the fight for the tax upon light,  
Where WOOD, of Health's Board contradictory,  
Was morally smash'd, and, in fact, all but thrash'd,  
With his petty numerical victory?

Look after your steeds, for be spilt you must needs,  
Unless you are much more particular,  
With Phaëton's fate from the chariot of state  
Hurl'd heels over head perpendicular.

Strongholds of Filth and Pestilence.

A MR. W. S. HALE, the other day at the City Court of Sewers, is reported to have remarked that—

"He thought the powers of invading a man's house in such a manner as to prevent it from being any longer called his castle, had been somewhat liberally bestowed upon the Commissioners of Sewers."

The kind of castle of which MR. HALE appears to be the champion might, if fortified, present an illustration of the saying, "A forty-eight pounder at the door of a pig-sty."

DOING THINGS BY HALVES.

THE TOWN of Belfast seems to be going very fast indeed, for its population has increased, since 1831, from something over fifty to above one hundred thousand. With such a result as this, showing an augmentation of cent. per cent., we think the name of Belfast should, in reference to its population, be exchanged for that of Dublin.

OUR CHIROPODIST.

It is not to be supposed that so great a personage as *Punch* could altogether escape such an evil as corns, by which—if we are to believe the corn-cutters—all the personages of the best standing in society are visited. Statesmen, politicians, nobles, lawyers, and divines, are—according to the advertisements—so many martyrs to those horny excrescences, which render them literally as well as figuratively anxious to avoid having their toes trodden on. Though *Punch* never suspected himself to be a corn-grower on an extensive scale,—for he has never known the shoe to pinch him under any circumstances,—he still imagined that, from his illustrious position, he could not be exempt from a malady apparently so peculiar to the most distinguished individuals. He therefore sent for his Chiropodist, who produced an article worthy to form a supplement to the last edition of *Elegant Extracts*. *Punch* was a good deal surprised at the produce, for, had he been cultivating his own corn, with all the usual high farming operations, including the harrowing process of tight boots, he could not have yielded a larger harvest to the Corn-cutter.



"OUR CHIROPODIST" EXTRACTING A KNOT FROM MR. PUNCH'S FOOT.

HOMŒOPATHIC STUFFING.

Two distinct homœopathic hospital dinners were reported last week in the *Morning Post* of one day. Unfortunately, the *Post* omitted to publish their respective bills of fare. It might be supposed that at a homœopathic banquet real turtle would be served by teaspoonfuls instead of tureens. A single whitebait would, one imagines, suffice the largest company for fish. Venison, we conceive, would be brought to table by the small slice, and carved by the fibre. Our notion of a homœopathic pudding is that of a globule. Chemistry informs us that all meat contains infinitesimal quantities of various substances—sulphur, phosphorus, &c.,—which are of a medicinal nature. The red particles in gravy include so many homœopathic doses of iron. What a deal of medicine, then, must be taken at every meal, and how quaffish we all ought to feel after it, if there is any virtue in homœopathic doses! Perhaps we do, and don't know it. Perhaps LORD R. GROSVENOR, at one of the above-mentioned banquets, and the EARL OF ESSEX at the other, and the various lords and gentlemen over whom they presided, regaled themselves on millionths of mouthfuls, and drank toasts in billionths of drops. One thing, however, they did not do. They did not subscribe infinitesimally. The total amount of subscriptions announced at one dinner was £1,000; at the other £800. This liberality is doubtless very creditable to the hearts of its authors, but can hardly be said to do equal honour to their superior stories, in which, if they were not occupied by delusions, it is probable that there would be lodgings to let. The best that can be said of these votaries—or victims—of homœopathy, is that they have shown great alacrity in parting with their money.

CABINET WORK AND WAGES.—We anticipate that one recommendation made by the Committee on Public Salaries will be, that Ministers should in future be paid, not quarterly, but by the piece, or at so much per measure, of legislation. COLONEL SIBTHORP will probably suggest that the Whigs would be well off if they were paid by the job.





OUR "USED UP" MAN HAS A FEW "USED UP" FRIENDS TO BREAKFAST; AFTER WHICH THEY DERIVE A LITTLE REAL ENJOYMENT FROM A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

### NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

(From Punch's own Correspondent.)

OUR readers, and the service generally, will learn with much regret that a very promising young officer, C—L—S N—P—R, has undergone the censure of his captain, L—D J—N R—LL, of the *Downing*, three-decker, and commander of the Channel Fleet. The young gentleman was very roughly questioned in the quarter-deck.

L—d J—n. "So, Sir, you've been writing to the *Times*?"

C—l—s N—p—r. "Yes, my Lord."

L—d J—n. "You complain of HER MAJESTY'S beef—of HER MAJESTY'S biscuit—of HER MAJESTY'S pea-soup, and—I understand—for I have not read these precious letters, that you complain of the Commander of the Channel Fleet—in a word, you complain of me? Is this discipline, Sir?—I ask it, is this discipline?"

C—l—s N—p—r. "My Lord, it is in history that ADMIRAL BLAKE wrote to the *Times*, denouncing the pork of the Commonwealth—that DRAKE corresponded with the same journal, on the weevil in QUEEN ELIZABETH'S biscuit—and that the immortal NELSON himself, in a letter to the *Times* on the pea-soup of GEORGE THE THIRD"—

L—d J—n. "Don't talk to me, Sir: you're a smart young fellow enough, and I recollect your services, when, in the jolly-boat, you cut out the *Pilau*, Egyptian 98; nevertheless, discipline must be respected. You will go to the mast-head, Sir; and take with you the *Times* and the *Supplement*; getting by heart all the 'Want Places' (as you'll want for a long time, I can tell you), before you come down again. Up with you, Sir."

C—l—s N—p—r (climbs the main shrouds, with "*Times*" and "*Supplement*" under his arm). "Boatswain, pipe all hands to 'bout ship, and shake a reef out of the best bower."

Boatswain. "Aye, aye, Sir."

[Exit Commander of Channel Fleet into cabin.]

### EXTRAORDINARY RUNNING MATCH.

It is not often that our old friend, MR. DUNUP, enters the sporting world, but he was a few days ago one of the principals in a match of a very exciting character. The contest was between MR. DUNUP and BARNEY AARON, an officer attached to the department of the sheriff of Middlesex.

The whole affair was got up almost impromptu, and consisted of a running-match from the corner of Chancery Lane to the other side of the river Thames, the bridge selected being optional. BARNEY AARON made his appearance suddenly, which MR. DUNUP took as the signal for starting, as there had already been a match of a similar kind between the parties, in which the latter had come off victorious; and he knew the former was desirous of trying another experiment. BARNEY carried weight, consisting of a stick and a small slip of parchment; but DUNUP was burdened with nothing but an empty purse; and it had been whispered in many quarters that he would be found to want metal. He had no sooner caught sight of his antagonist, than he cut off at a rapid rate, BARNEY following closely at his heels, as far as the corner of Essex Street, when DUNUP seemed about to give in, for he turned sharp round (in consequence, as we have been since informed, of the want of metal to go over Waterloo Bridge), where the halfpenny toll would have brought him to a stand-still. His opponent being evidently taken aback by this sudden move, DUNUP started off again at a terrific rate, and making all the running through the intricate turnings of Whitefriars, he went away at a slapping pace, past the glass-works, took a diversion through a broker's shop, by which he cut off a corner, and having gained several yards on his opponent, won cleverly (by the length of a writ, which, though it was made to run pretty fast into Middlesex, could not run into Surrey).

ARISTOCRATIC ECONOMY.—We understand that several noble families, finding their incomes reduced, have curtailed the number of pairs of breeches usually issued to their flunkies, and thus calculate on saving by the end of the year a considerable over-plush.





THE ADMIRAL (NAPIER) MAST-HEADED.

See p. 154.







ADMIRALTY v. ASSISTANT-SURGEONS.

To COLONEL SIBTHORP.



EAR COLONEL,—LET me congratulate you on your recent display of indiscretion. I use the term merely in a Ministerial sense. "Indiscretion," according to the Cabinet dictionary, is interference with the Admiralty. ADMIRAL NAPIER was, in the first place, so "indiscreet" as to disclose the economy, ability, method, and practical efficiency for which that business-like department of the Government is now celebrated. You, most appropriately, followed up his revelations with a motion for the reduction

of the number of the Lords of the Admiralty, and for a diminution of their salaries. Your motion, my dear Colonel, though it failed, I grieve to say, was admirably timed. Curiously enough, the Admiralty had just been exhibiting itself in a peculiarly amiable light, by resisting CAPTAIN BOLDERO's proposition for the better accommodation of Naval Assistant-Surgeons. You felt this, Colonel, I know. You are not the man to pooh-pooh the claims of these gentlemen, and of their profession. You can understand the importance of a class on whose skill may depend the preservation of a limb. The Admiralty Lords cannot—and they have not a leg to stand upon.

I now address you, COLONEL SIBTHORP, as an officer and a gentleman. As such, what think you of the excuses made by persons—supposed to be also officers and gentlemen—for restricting adult members of a liberal profession, ranking as lieutenants, to the berth of sea-schoolboys?

ADMIRAL DUNDAS, unless the reports belie him, opposed CAPTAIN BOLDERO's motion, on the ground that the ward-room was not large enough to admit the Assistant-Surgeons. COLONEL SIBTHORP, I have to ask you a painful question; was the plea of this honourable member and gallant Admiral true? Here is the answer I get from MR. HUME:—

"SIR G. COCKBURN, eight or ten years ago, gave the same reply, on the ground of want of room; but three officers since that time had been added to the ward-room."

May I charitably hope that ADMIRAL DUNDAS—say from inexperience—was merely mistaken as to the capabilities of the ward-room? We shall see perhaps. CAPTAIN BERKELEY, standing together in his chivalry with the Admiral against the poor Assistant-Surgeons, objected likewise to their demands the want of room. But CAPTAIN BERKELEY has been foully misrepresented by the newspapers, or he argued that

"It would be the greatest blow to the discipline of the service, if, upon their first entering, the Assistant-Surgeons were allowed to mess with the higher class of officers."

To which does CAPTAIN BERKELEY object, on the part of "the higher class of officers,"—the Assistant-Surgeons' room, or their company?

The following was our candid Captain's reply to a complaint which related to the youth merely of the midshipmen:—

"Well, suppose that they were schoolboys, they had their education most probably at Rugby, Eton, Harrow, or other of our public schools; they were possessed of gentlemen's feelings, and he should like to know at what school the Assistant-Surgeons were brought up that could make them one jot superior to the midshipmen. He denied that they were so, and, as the comparison had been made, he would boldly maintain, that, if there was any gain, as far as association was concerned, it was on the side of the Assistant-Surgeons."

He would boldly maintain! Very boldly, in faith. I hope, my Colonel, that your bold Captain fights as boldly as he argues. Who disparaged the midshipmen's birth and breeding, as he implies?

One more instance of this gallant gentleman's bravery of assertion. Of the attempt to promote the Assistant-Surgeons to the ward-room, he pronounces, with a courage worthy of MUNCHAUSEN, that

"It was contrary to their interest, and he believed, generally speaking, to their desire also, that they should be so placed."

Oh! my dear COLONEL SIBTHORP, it makes me ill; it gives me a feeling of unspeakable nausea, to imagine that this reckless language can have been uttered by "officers and gentlemen."

I pass over SIR F. BARING's speech on this subject—the mere stereotyped humbug, as you know, of office.

One word more, my Colonel. In the very *Times* which records the above disgraceful sayings, I observe, touching matters now under the Admiralty's consideration, the announcement that

"It is said that epanettes are to be altogether abolished; and it is a question whether the antiquated cocked hat will be retained for use on board ship."

Don't you think, Colonel, that the Admiralty had better confine their attention to cocked hats and epaulettes, and leave alone ship-building, an art in which they have not shone, and in which they are not expert enough to provide accommodation for the Assistant-Surgeons? I think you will agree with me that they had, as I shall with you, that they ought to have proportionate salaries.

Yours, my dear Colonel, at the very least, till Dissolution,

PUNCH.

KIRK AND RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

To the REV. DR. CANDLISH and the REV. MR. DRUMMOND.

[At a late meeting of the Shareholders of the Caledonian Railway an attempt was made to stop all Sunday travelling on that line. The *Scotsman*, in a paragraph headed "The Opponents of Sabbath Breaking in Scotland," reckons up the number of carriages lately observed on a Sunday standing at the doors of the above-named reverend gentlemen, and before the principal churches.—*Vide "Examiner,"* March 30.]

CANDLISH and DRUMMOND, lend 's an ear!  
There 's just a question I wad speer  
Anent a point I 'm nae that clear,  
The noo, concernin';  
And wad its explication hear  
Frae men o' learnin'.

The tither day, ye 'll no forget,  
The Caledonian holders met;  
Of unco' godly chiefs a set,  
Amang 'em blethrin',  
'Gainst Sunday trains, wi' zeal red-het,  
Harangu'd their brethren.

Ane, gifted wi' prophetic sight,  
Wi' Heaven's decrees familiar quite,  
The famine and potato-blight,  
That thrav'd the nation,  
Imputed to the Sabbath's slight  
An' desecration.

DRUMMOND and CANDLISH, noo, tak' heed,  
The *Scotsman* neist I chanc'd to read;  
What thence I quote, I hope, indeed,  
Is nought but error.  
Or else 'twad gar me shak' wi' dread,  
An' quak' wi' terror.

The Sunday morn before the last,  
Your gates his correspondent pass'd,  
Where carriages—I stand aghast  
The tale relatin';  
Nae doot his pen has rin too fast—  
Were there a-waitin' :

Forbye a line at ilka kirk,  
Unless he tell a fausehood mirk—  
Hech! Sirs, but a' this Sunday work  
Is verra awfu';  
Without evasion, shift, or quirk,  
Say, is it lawfu'?

Gin trains on railways munna rin,  
And engineers and stokers sin,  
Doin', the Sabbath's bounds within,  
A bit of workie,  
May chariot-wheels o' gentles spin  
Unblamed to kirkie?

Eh! gin frae Sunday trains were got  
The famine and the tatie rot,  
I just wad ask what ills may not  
Your congregation,

CANDLISH or DRUMMOND, bring on Scot-  
land's wretched nation!

Street Luxury.

WE have had pine-apples hawked about in wheelbarrows—we have seen *goffres* sold at the corners of the streets like hot potatoes—and last Sunday we witnessed in Hungerford Market the epicurean sight of *ices being sold at a penny a-piece*! We know that habits of luxuriousness led to the downfall of Rome, and when we reflect that the ice, which generally fetched a shilling, and never brings in less than sixpence, is being sold for the price of a common bun, we cannot help trembling—it may be weakness, but we cannot help it—for the safety of the British Empire.





Conductor. "ALL RIGHT, JIM. PUSH ALONG! I'VE SERVED THE OLD GAL OUT THIS TIME."

Old Lady. "HERE, STOP! CONDUCTOR! I WON'T TAKE CHANGE FOR A FIVE-SHILLING PIECE IN HALF-PENCE—THAT I WON'T! HERE, PO-LICE! CONDUCTOR!" &c.

## AIDE TOI.

THE Irish newspapers state that the celebrated *littérateur* ADY, who has devoted himself to letters with greater assiduity than any man of his time, has just commenced operations on the inhabitants of Limerick. We understand he has taken quite a fresh start, and is as vigorous as if he were just now in the JOSEPH HEY-DAY of his existence. We fear that there are not many persons who have been enriched by the great discoveries of this individual, and it would be better for every one receiving a communication from him to cherish no hope of gain, but to persevere, quite irrespective of ADY, in his own un-ADY'd efforts.

## The Earth hath Bubbles.

THERE are reports that gold is, after all, not so plentiful as it was expected to be at California. The diggers are turning crusty at the precious metal forming merely a crust over the soil, and ill-natured remarks are being made upon Nature, for having condescended to use the electrotype process, instead of making the ground one solid mass of the precious metals. We hear that hospitality abounds in California, and that, whenever a stranger presents himself, the host, putting a pick-axe into his visitor's hand, requests him to sit down and pick a bit.

## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

## SHE MARRIES THE INEVITABLE ONE.

SCENE.—*St. George's, Bloomsbury. Eleven o'clock. The SMITHERS'S fly, and the TROTTERS' own carriage, and a hack cab drive up. The SMITHERS'S fly-man is in a large favour, and a state of partial intoxication. The TROTTERS' coachman thinks favours low; but has also been drinking the 'calth of the 'appy couple by anticipation. The UNPROTECTED is in the TROTTERS' own carriage, with her cousin TROTTER, who is to give her away, and two of the bridesmaids, MISS SUSAN TROTTER, and the youngest MISS (ANNE) SMITHERS, a person of mature years. OLD SMITHERS, and MISS SARAH, and MISS SMITHERS, and MISS GUNSTON, are very tight in the fly. JACK SMITHERS is in the cab. He is nothing in particular in the ceremony, but, being of a lively turn, and fond of going to executions, has insisted on seeing MISS STRUGGLES "turned off," as he persists in calling it, to the disgust of his sisters. (N.B. For costume, see Advertisement.) The party has alighted with considerable fracas, just as the Wednesday morning congregation come out.*

Old Smithers. Just in time. Now, MISS STRUGGLES.

[Offering his arm gallantly.]

Polite Pew-Opener (with great interest). 'Ere, Marm—this way.

Unprotected Female. Oh, gracious!—here's the congregation. Oh—how very annoying! (She feels she is remarked, and is much hurt.) Oh—if we'd only waited a quarter of an hour longer. (Several members of the congregation, who appear of desultory and disengaged habits, linger on the steps, and accompany the party into Church.) Oh—I said we'd be a quarter too soon.

[SCENE changes to interior of Church.]

Jack Smithers (to MISS ANNE, winking). She ain't resigned. They always want a quarter of an hour.

Miss Anne (severely). Don't be absurd, JOHN. It's unfeeling.

Polite Pew-Opener. MR. WAPSHOT's in the Vestry—and the REV. SMITHERS.

Old Smithers (looking at his watch). Ah—we're to our time. I suppose we shall find them in the Vestry.

Unprotected Female (clinging very tight to OLD SMITHERS). Oh—I hope so.

[The CLERK appears hovering round the Vestry door, and beckons the party up.]

Polite Pew-Opener (keeping up a running comment as they proceed to the Vestry). This 'ere's the way to the Vestry, Sir. There's MR. TREMLETT, the clerk, Marm. Oh—bless her!—she's all of a trimmel. Oh—the dear cretur! (Curtseying in a vague way to the brides-

maids, and the party generally.) Oh—my dears, wich may it soon be your turns, some on you. Ah—I dessay.

Unprotected Female (half in soliloquy, half to anybody who likes to answer her). Oh—shouldn't he be in the aisle, or the altar, or somewhere? Oh—

MR. SMITHERS, I feel such a sinking.

Old Smithers (stoutly). Pooh, pooh—it'll soon be over. (Aside to his second.) Salts ready, SALLY.

Polite Pew-Opener. Is it anythin' I could get the dear lady?

Jack Smithers (to ANNE). She's drunk. [Alluding to PEW-OPENER.]

Miss Anne (much disgusted). JOHN, how can you?

Mr. Tremlett (in his soft and subdued undertaker's manner). This way, if you please. This way, Ma'am. (At once picking out the victim. Fiercely, and in his other voice to POLITE PEW-OPENER.) Be off with you.

[POLITE PEW-OPENER retires, and indulges in a gush of profane swearing outside.]

Unprotected Female (very near her last moment). Oh—gracious me!

[SCENE changes to Vestry. The REV. GRIMES WAPSHOT is introduced by the REV. SMITHERS, who is "to assist" him, the REV. S. being a remote cousin of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE.]

Old Smithers (uncomfortably). Where's JONES, I wonder? Eleven was the time, and he's generally punctual.

The Rev. Smithers (who is of a florid and poetical turn of mind). "Love's herald should have wings."

Jack Smithers (who looks on the REV. SMITHERS as a muff). JONES'll have a Hansom.

Miss Anne (remonstratively). Now, JOHN.

Unprotected Female. Oh, then he isn't here. I was sure he wasn't. Oh dear, there's something dreadful. (To MISS SARAH SMITHERS, who, being her equal in age, is her confidante.) Oh, SALLY, you know I said it was too much.

[She sinks into a chair, and is taken possession of and dealt with by the ladies.]

Old Smithers. There's a cab!

The Rev. Grimes Wapshot. Ah—we're constantly disturbed with them. I wished to have the wood-pavement laid down, but the Vestry objected to the expense.

The Rev. Smithers (nervously, and aside to the REV. GRIMES WAPSHOT). It's getting on.

The Rev. Grimes Wapshot (in the same tone). I've a burial at twelve.

Old Smithers (to REV. SMITHERS). I say, they must be married before twelve, mustn't they?



The Rev. Smithers. That's the canonical hour.

Jack Smithers (who finds it dull). Then there's the chance of a reprieve if JONES don't come up to time.

Unprotected Female (her agonies and agitation, which have been gradually rising, now bursting their banks, notwithstanding the efforts of her female friends and comforters). Oh—now—don't talk to me so; it isn't the clocks. It's something dreadful—I feel it—there's been an accident. Oh—MR. SMITHERS—let's go home—I am sure I'd rather go. Oh—what is the use? (Several of the more inquisitive sort among the congregation, hearing her bursts of emotion, are peeping through the Vestry door.) I didn't expect this of him—oh dear!

Polite Pew-Opener (pushing in). Oh, please, if you could lend me a clothes-brush, MR. TREMLETT—here's been a colligion and the gentleman's mudded hisself—and spiled his 'at.

Unprotected Female. Oh! who?

Old Smithers. Is it MR. JONES?

Unprotected Female. Oh! don't attempt to deceive me by asking for clothes-brushes. Oh, he's got something broke.

[Is about to rush out, but is clung to by her five bridesmaids.

Enter MR. SMITH, MR. JONES's best man, very partially cleaned, and a good deal out of breath and flustered.

Smith. It was all that infernal omnibus. (Suddenly remembering he is in Church). Oh! I beg pardon, it's all right. JONES is coming; but he was forced to buy a hat, and they couldn't find a white one that fitted him.

Unprotected Female. Oh! he's in a chemist's with something broke. Oh! I ought to go. Oh! now, isn't he? [Passionately aduring MR. SMITH.

Smith. Compose yourself. Really, it's only his hat, and he'll be a little dirtied. (MR. TREMLETT makes ineffectual attempts to brush the wet mud off MR. SMITH'S blue coat.) Thank you; it's of no consequence. (Aside to JACK SMITHERS.) How do, SMITHERS? It was a confounded omnibus; and our cursed fool of a cabman would cut in, and spilt us—and there's been such a row!

Jack Smithers. What fun! Hollo! here's the other poor sufferer.

Enter JONES in a state of utter demolition as to his lavender waistcoat and canary kerseymeres, and his gloves burst in several places.

Jones. I'm very—

Unprotected Female. Oh! he's saved! Ugh—ugh!

[Goes off, and is again dealt with by her female attendants.

Jones. I'm really—I couldn't help—we've been spilt—but nothing. (To SMITHERS, aside, and pointing to the group of ladies.) I say, shouldn't I—eh? You think not? (Bowling to REV. GRIMES WAPSHOT.) Very sorry to have kept you waiting, Sir. How do, SMITHERS?

[To Rev. gent. of that name.

The Rev. Smithers (aside to JONES). If she's much longer coming to, you'll not be able to be married to-day.

Jones (to UNPROTECTED FEMALE through the ladies). My dear, we must be married before twelve, and it's only ten minutes to—

Unprotected Female (recovered, with much firmness). I'm ready, DAVID. [The Bridal procession is formed.

Jones (to SMITH, aside). By JOVE! SMITH, have you the ring?

Smith (aside to JONES). No; you've got it!

Jones (in same tone). By JOVE, it's in my great coat, that I left to be drier at the hatter's!

Smith (blankly). By JOVE!

Jones (absorbed in thought of the ring). I'll go back.

Unprotected Female (screaming). Oh, he says he'll go back!

Jones (recalled to a sense of his situation). No—no—I don't mean that!

Unprotected Female (half-aside). Oh—what is it?

Miss Anne (to MISS SARAH). There's no ring!

Miss Smithers (to MISS GUNSTON). The man has forgotten the ring!

Unprotected Female. Oh—dear—oh—what is to be done?—oh!—

Polite Pew-Opener (taking off her ring). Wich ere's my own blessed ring that I never leaves, washing or scouring—ere, my blessed angels.

[SCENE changes to the Church. Several small boys, old women, and other inquisitive members of the Wednesday morning congregation, crowd up to the rails.

\* \* \* \* \*

[THE POLITE PEW-OPENER'S ring is taken advantage of, and ALL IS OVER!—at the additional expense of half-a-crown to the POLITE PEW-OPENER.

[We pass over the harrowing scene in the Vestry, only assuring the reader that, notwithstanding there were reports to the contrary, the UNPROTECTED FEMALE did succeed in signing her name after many ineffectual attempts—and that the breakfast at the TROTTERS' was a great success.

[We extract the following graphic account of the above Scene from a morning Contemporary.)

“MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—On Wednesday, the 18th, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, was consummated the long-expected wedding (which has been long on the tapis, and has given rise to so many on dits in a weekly newspaper) between DAVID JONES, Esq. (of the well-known

firm of SMITH, JONES, and ROBINSON, corn-factors and general merchants) and the lovely and accomplished MISS MARTHA STRUGGLES (only child of the late SAMUEL STRUGGLES, so much respected in the commercial world). The lovely bride wore an amber glacé silk, with an amber chapeau en suite, Chantilly fall, and orange flowers. She was attended to the altar by the three elegant and charming MISS SMITHERS (daughter of JOHN SMITHERS, of the highly respectable firm of SMITHERS, GUNSTON, and BROTHERS, Turkey merchants), MISS TROTTER (daughter of THOMAS TROTTER, Esq.), and MISS GUNSTON (niece to JOHN SMITHERS, Esq., and second cousin of the bride). The lovely bridesmaids, who were attired en suite, wore pea-green poplins, with white chip hats, and Honiton veils. After the ceremony, which was impressively performed by the REV. GRIMES WAPSHOT, assisted by the REV. OLINTHUS SMITHERS (a cousin of the lovely and accomplished bride), the party returned to a magnificent déjeuner at the town mansion of THOMAS TROTTER, Esq., Woburn Place, Bedford Square, whence the happy pair proceeded by railway to Brighton, for the honeymoon.”

KING ALFRED GOING, GOING—GONE!



He felt mentally knocked down by an auctioneer's hammer, on reading in the Hampshire Independent the announcement following:—

“The tomb and the remains of ALFRED THE GREAT are to be offered for sale by Auction on Thursday next, by order of the county magistrates.

We wish the immortality which this notice will confer on the magistrates of Hampshire were such as they might have earned by erecting a fitting monument over ALFRED'S dust. A handsome piece of architecture, forming a second Winchester College—a College for the County, in which there is not too much learning—would have been an appropriate testimonial to the memory of the great patron of education. It may be well, however, that ALFRED'S burial-place has passed from the possession of the Hampshire magistracy. Perhaps it is now in better keeping.

Our Southampton contemporary adds—

“We should have thought that the lowest depth of degradation had been reached when the site of the splendid Abbey where his remains were deposited was covered with the buildings of a bridewell.”

Fancy the treadmill revolving and the rogues' hornpipe danced over ALFRED'S grave! Had the truly wooden Bench, the authors of this desecration, lived in later days, they would perhaps have dug the hero's bones up, and sent them to Andover to be crushed. For the future we hope that the people of Winchester will be enabled without blushing to point out to the stranger the spot where ALFRED lies.

A MAIL FOR CALIFORNIA.

We find, from a notice to the public, that the Post-Office authorities have started a mail to California. We should like to see the vehicle selected for the service. We have a strange suspicion that the old Hounslow cab has been fitted up with a new pair of shafts to supply the place of those which we dashed to pieces some time ago in a fearful collision with our shafts of ridicule, and that this precious set-out has been ordered to set out on the first stage towards the diggings. We used to find fault with the rate of travelling by this concern, but the rate of postage is satisfactory. Half-an-ounce is to be 2s. 5½d., an ounce, 4s. 11d., and it will scarcely require an ounce to announce anything to one's friends in California. We think the Post-Office authorities might venture to charge higher, and declare that every letter should be charged with its weight in gold, which the Californians, with their embarras des richesses, could make no objection to.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was the Chairman lately at some country meeting—it was either a Burial, or a Teetotal Society, we are not certain which,—when a resolution was put into his hand. His Royal Highness immediately rose, and, with his usual good humour, said, “Gentlemen, the next Health I have to propose—” It was only after innumerable coughs, and nudges of the elbow, that the Duke discovered his mistake.



## PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



WHILE we are on the frontier of the realms of song, we will furnish some useful information as to the mode of obtaining the necessary passport to enter them. It will be advisable to repair to the office of the Opera Ambassador, his Super-Excellency MR. NUGENT, who, like other diplomatic authorities, is the recognised medium for admitting all fit applicants to an audience. These passports are issued on the payment of such fees as may be required.

Though every facility is given to the granting of passports, there has frequently been much difficulty in obtaining them, for it is the wise policy of the government of the realms of song not to permit harmony, which is the very *genius loci*, to be disturbed by the admission of greater numbers than it is possible to accommodate.

As the continent may be reached by different routes, so are there various modes of arriving at the place of destination to which we are furnishing a Hand-Book. The best, but most expensive, course is that which avoids the sometimes rather stormy pit passage through the sea of population, which frequently runs with the impetuosity of a torrent, through the somewhat narrow channel to which it is obliged to confine itself.

The roughness of this passage is usually at its height after Easter, when, from astronomical causes, the stars exercise an influence on the tide of popularity which flows rapidly in, and there being two opposite currents, caused by one stream rushing pell-mell from Pall-Mall, and another in the contrary direction, there is a meeting of both near the centre of attraction, and it is therefore necessary to erect barriers or breakwaters to restrain their impetuosity.

The navigation is often exceedingly difficult, and it is desirable that all very slender craft should avoid the attempt to make the Opera pit passage in the height of the season; and it is expected that this year will be distinguished by a *Tempest* of a very extraordinary character. Experienced pilots usually steer their course as much as possible through the centre of the stream, for otherwise there is danger of being driven out of the regular channel.

Sometimes a stout-built man-of-war may be seen making way, with a small light squadron under convoy, but the experiment is hazardous; and though we never saw an instance of one of the weaker vessels having actually slipped her stays, we have often seen her drifting along with great danger to her figure-head, and with some of her canvas carried away from her. There is also the unpleasant necessity of remaining a considerable time in the offing until the tide runs in, which it begins to do at about seven or half-past; but until then it is desirable to secure a good anchorage, which can only be obtained by taking up a station at an early opportunity. As the craft are generally rigged out to the best advantage, the rigging is liable to get a little out of order, and the weaker may often be seen making their way with a loss of bows, and labouring rather heavily until they get within the bar, where they are called upon to show their permits before going into harbour.

The more distinguished visitors enter by a much easier route, adopting the well-known pass of the Grand Staircase, which leads to an extensive range of upland, having all the smoothness of the celebrated *tapis vert* at Versailles, with an atmosphere of that refined air, for which even the outskirts of Her Majesty's Theatre

are exclusively remarkable. It will be necessary for visitors to bear in mind, that, on entering a new domain, there are usually customs and duties to be observed; and there are many peculiar customs and duties connected with an entrance into the realms of Opera.

The Customs regulations are very rigidly enforced at the barrier; but, notwithstanding the vigilance of the officers on duty, contraband commodities have occasionally been smuggled in; and there have even been cases in which that utterly prohibited article, the surtout, has been got across the frontier by surreptitious means, such as pinning up the skirts so as to avoid detection on the outskirts. It would occupy too much space to furnish a list of those objects that are not allowed to pass; but it may be stated, that any one who wilfully makes an object of himself by his absurdity of costume will be at once objected to.

The law is by this time so well understood that attempts to violate it are exceedingly rare, but now and then a bold smuggler will advance towards the frontier with an umbrella or some other offensive weapon, and render it necessary that a seizure should be made; a proceeding which is always conducted with a mixture of gentleness and firmness highly creditable to the authorities. The article stopped is not forfeited, but is deposited in the hands of the proper officer, who takes charge of it till the return of the traveller, who is expected to follow the customary laws by giving a small customary fee on the re-delivery of the goods seized as contraband. Bonnets are of course prohibited, and, indeed, they are now seldom brought as far as the frontier, for no one now takes such a thing into her head, or on to it, when visiting this locality.

The only indispensable luggage consists of a binocular lorgnette, which is essential to a due appreciation of the numerous beauties of the place now about to be entered. By its aid distant objects are brought near, and, though distance lends enchantment to some views, the scenes we are about to open to the eye of the traveller in these favoured regions cannot be brought too near to us. Though we are somewhat precipitating matters, by giving thus early a glimpse of what is passing within, we avail ourselves of the power of the opera-glass to



advance, or, rather, to bring nearer one of those interesting *tableaux*, which perpetually arrest our attention, and the details of which we shall shortly more minutely go into.



## A BIT OF MY MIND.

/ BIT THE FIRST.—BEING MRS. MOUSER'S BIT OF A PREFACE.

I HAVE been put upon and provoked to it. I might have gone down to my dying day, holding my tongue to my end, if it hadn't been for the House of Commons. MR. MOUSER—

Not that as a married woman, I would whisper a breath against the husband it has pleased Providence to allot to me. I hope I know my burden better. But MR. MOUSER—

And I'll be judged by any of my acquaintance, whether by so much as a look I have ever dropt a word of what, gracious knows! I might have said. No; I shall never forget what my poor aunt PEACOCK—she was drest in a silver-grey lutestring like a board, it could have stood upon its own hem—what that good soul said to me the very day I was married, when I went up stairs to change before I went into the honey-moon with MOUSER, in a sulphur po'-chay with two cream-coloured horses to the Angel at Twickenham—whether the house is there or gone, I won't say—never shall I forget the words of that dear soul!—never! "AMELIA," said she, we were both crying all the time, "AMELIA, my blessed child, you have now changed your condition. What is in store for you, it would be presumptuous in any of us to say. But, my dear babe, let me advise you as a friend, never to give way to any thoughts of happiness. It'll be the safest. If happiness comes, well and good—but don't expect it. You are now a married woman"—and here aunt PEACOCK, giving a shiver that her lutestring rustled again, swallowed her tears—"a married woman, and life won't be what it was, AMELIA. We were made to suffer, and must go through with it. But, AMELIA, never forget the greatest jewel in a woman is her proper pride: that is a jewel that will support you when friends forsake. A proper pride is better than a marriage portion, for it's all for a woman's self. AMELIA, if you're nipped to bits with red-hot pincers—I don't mean to say"—for I *did* look at aunt PEACOCK—"I don't mean to say for a certain you will be; but if it should so happen, don't say a word, however MOUSER may ill-treat you. I don't mean to say he will, and I know that—only five minutes ago—he called you before all the company his pearl, his rose without a thorn, his cup of happiness running over at the brim; but all that goes for nothing when it comes to plain working-day married life. Therefore, however miserable you may be, don't make other people as wise as yourself. If your heart's breaking up to bits, put a smile upon it, as if nothing was the matter. In a word, my dear girl, whatever may be your troubles in wedlock, always have an oyster in your mind, and suffer and say nothing." These were poor aunt PEACOCK's words; and at that time how little I thought of 'em! The po'-chay's steps were hardly up—the door put to—and we not five minutes on the way to the Angel, when the words were as clean out of my mind, as if they'd never been spoken. But, to be sure, at that time, MR. MOUSER—

Nevertheless, it is not my intention—no, not in the face of red-hot nippers themselves—to say a word that aunt PEACOCK in her grave would shake her head at. I have taken care of my proper pride from the first, and it's grown along with me. The things I have heard, and the silence I have kept, would not be believed! Why, there was only last Tuesday, when MRS. HORNBLLOWER—I sometimes think, when that woman's talking, she has her own tongue and mine into the bargain—when she would tell me all about HORNBLLOWER, beginning with his goings-on from the first down to last week only, when he jumped up like a madman from a sweet bit of cold mutton, and rushing up-stairs, shaved himself in a passion, and drest himself in a whirlwind, and banged the door like a savage, and went out to dine at a tavern like a hurricane, and came home at last in a condition that men are much better out—well, when I'd heard it all, looking down as I did upon the woman, and wondering where was her proper pride, to take her husband from house to house, and to bring up their cold mutton as if it was as much other people's concerns as their own—well, when I had heard all this, and, seeing MRS. HORNBLLOWER expected me to talk in my turn, and I didn't; for though, gracious knows! if I'd only had the mind to speak of MR. MOUSER—

But no; as I say, red hot pincers should never do it. Yet, when I think of the temptation I go through, it is wonderful. More than that, I'm sure of it, all my married friends think me a poor creature with not a bit of spirit that does and takes just what her husband chooses; but it's a sweet consolation in my trials that they know very little of AMELIA MOUSER. No; I hear all their troubles, smile upon 'em and only double-lock my own in my own breast. If it was not so! why, there's that man—whom everybody believes to be an angel at a fire-side—there is MR. MOUSER—

Still, I should despise myself for my want of proper pride, if I was to say a word. And yet to hear how that foolish woman, MRS. BUTLER, does go on about BUTLER; for all the world, as if every woman in life

got up every morning to do nothing all day but to think of BUTLER. How she tired me out on Monday! Sent away another servant, because BUTLER, happening to say the day before, he thought pink of all colours prettiest on a woman, and then the bold slut flaunted it the very next morning in pink, of course, as that silly woman said, for nothing else only to please BUTLER! Well, whatever I may have felt in my life, I hope I've always followed the advice of poor aunt PEACOCK. "As for jealousy, my dear,"—she used to say—"it's like the small-pox, and always disfigures the woman that shows it. Like the small-pox it sometimes comes and can't be helped; but, unlike the small-pox, if you so will it, you needn't discover the marks. Jealousy may be a burning arrow, but let it burn unseen: never pull it out, and expose it before company." I am sure, when I see how some of my acquaintance will carry their green eyes—as somebody calls 'em—into all places, I'm doubly grateful for my proper pride. I never speak, but I know this fact,—nobody better I'll be bound—I know there's Turks out of Turkey. Of course, nobody to look at him, would think that MR. MOUSER—

Not that, for a moment, I am going to forget what I owe to myself. Certainly not. Burning arrows are better kept for one's own fireside, and for one's own husband. Nobody else has any right to 'em. The same with everything 'twixt man and wife. I'm sure I wouldn't go on like that dreadful MRS. HALIFAX, exposing her husband's pocket, and showing how mean, how little he is, wherever she goes. "Would you believe it," says she to me—expecting I should care a pin's-point about it—"would you think it, that HALIFAX, with all the money he has, and what he has, though I've been his wife these fifteen years, I don't know—with all he has, grudges me I may say, as much as a new riband? My dear, if he wasn't my own husband, I should say he was a brute, for he thinks a new gown will last for ever. I tell him he ought to be ashamed to see me go as I do, when every other man's wife comes out, when it's expected of her, like a bed of tulips. And for me! why, look at me!" And then the foolish woman supposes I'm to care how many gowns she has, or whether she has any gown at all. Well, that a woman should be wanting in proper pride! If she was kept like a blackamoor savage, she ought to show too much spirit to name it. For my own part, I was always above dress: I had, from a child, a strength of mind beyond silk and satins. And lucky for me, it's been so. Otherwise, I am sure that MR. MOUSER—

Notwithstanding, as I have already observed, people should keep their troubles, like their measles, at home; and not carry 'em from house to house. The same, too, with their conceit. Why, there is that MRS. MACAW! She would—as she calls it—pour her troubles into my heart. Trouble; when the foolish creature's as fond of it, as a little girl with a big doll. MACAW, she says, is so jealous of her: she can't look out of the window—she can't speak to a single creature. "My dear," says she to me, "I know it's only MACAW's idolatry, as he calls it when he's in a good humour—his idolatry on the wrong side. Still you must pity me. I do believe he'd like to lock me up all day in an iron safe, and take the key out with him! As I tell him sometimes, I do think he's jealous of the very house-flies—and, my dear, though it is very flattering—we've been married twelve years next Michaelmas—very flattering; still, you must pity me. I hope, dear MRS. MOUSER, you don't know from painful experience what a jealous husband is?" And—for I trust I've a proper pride in all things—I smile, and say nothing. But I remember dear aunt PEACOCK. "Jealousy from real love," she used to say, "jealousy, AMELIA, is wine turned into vinegar. And—it mayn't be pleasant—still, if it's your fate to drink it, take it down as if it was buttermilk, and don't make the world laugh with your wry faces." What a deal I owe to aunt PEACOCK! For sometimes—not but what I hope I've too much pride to name it; nevertheless sometimes a saint herself with MR. MOUSER—

Certainly not; no, I shall say nothing—at present—that can in any way allude to my husband. I hope I have a better pride. Nevertheless, since my visit to the House of Commons; since I had a look at what is called by MOUSER himself the Majesty of Parliament—and since I heard his Majesty speak—I feel myself an altered woman. A certain boldness, if I may use the word, a beautiful boldness induces me to break the silence of a life. And—

The end of it is this—

I am now determined to give the world A BIT OF MY MIND. That's settled.

Yours for the present,

*The Honeysuckles.*

AMELIA MOUSER.



## A WORD TO LORD JOHN, UPON A LATE DEBATE.



IR.—EVERY man who considers the position of a Minister in the present day, the ceaseless calls upon his tongue and his brains, the daily baiting that he gets from the bull-dogs of the House (if one may so speak of honourable gentlemen), must feel the sincerest compassion for that pitiable being. Now it is MR. DISRAELI who rises and gives the Noble Lord or the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER an airing; then it is MR. HUME that pours into him the shafts of his keen sarcasm and polished wit; then it is the acute SIBTHORP who makes a butt of him, and causes the House to ring with laughter, at any rate at somebody's expense: another

night it is an Irish Member who beards, as MR. GRATTAN says, the Minister in his place in the House of Commons, and exposes the wounds he has made in the bleeding carcass of his country; or on another evening, COBDEN, BRIGHT, GIBSON rise, figures in hand, pelt the Government with irresistible arithmetic, and defy them at the multiplication table. To each and all the unfortunate Minister has to make some answer,—now to plead for time, now to refuse compliance; to deny this statement point-blank, and, when particularly hard-pressed, ingeniously to dodge from the other. Sir, when an eccentric author of late likened your Lordship to a cock-sparrow or a canary-bird, I thought to myself what an uncomfortable nest it is that poor bird sleeps in; what an early bird he must be; what a life he has with all the mischievous boys in the empire pulling at his tail, and the marksmen of the press and all the sportsmen of the House of Commons firing at him. You can't go to take a quiet basin of turtle at the Mansion House but somebody has a shot, and, as last week, in the midst of a peaceful dessert, when *Non Nobis* has been sung, and everybody is tranquil,—in full truce, old CHARLEY NAPIER turns round and fires a stern-gun into you.

Your Lordship will perceive that the tone we adopt is one of good-nature and tender commiseration for the many exigencies of your situation, and by no means the tone of anger. Between great powers such as we two are, a lofty courtesy is becoming, and a salute before we engage in any dispute. You will remark with what kindness we have invariably been disposed to treat you. A man so pressed as you, cannot be supposed to have the best of every encounter. Armed ever so carefully by anxious subordinates ere you go forth to battle, waddled all over by Downing Street papers, a man so shot at, you must be hit somewhere—a champion always called upon to turn out must be weary, and be upset by, instead of overthrowing his adversary. Thus, even of ourselves, it is said,—*Aliquando bonus, &c.*—even of ourselves it is sometimes remarked, "This week's *Punch* is not so uncommonly brilliant, so tremendously stunning as the last." Who can be always right, always fresh and in good health, always a conqueror?

Unwilling then to engage a combat with a man who has so many challenges every day, and is on the ground every evening, we have waited with some anxiety, and a sincere hope, that you would find occasion to modify some opinions expressed by you in the House of Commons the other night, with regard to the greater portion of the Third Estate of the Realm, and also, that respected Fourth Estate to which we have the fortune to belong, and the rights and honour of which we propose most carefully to maintain. When MR. MILNER GIBSON made his motion last week for the repeal of the excise duty on paper, and the stamp and advertisement tax on newspapers in one of the neatest speeches in which truth was ever agreeably administered, he noticed as a proof that the present press taxes were unjust, not in the whole merely, but in the part; clumsy, ineffective, unequal; weighing heavily upon the honest and useful part of the press, and not operating upon the dangerous and wicked portion: the fact that while the Stamp duty was paid by all respectable journals which gave the proper and wholesome news of the day, and which, indeed, cannot circulate at all without that passport, numbers of disreputable, scurrilous, indecent, and irreligious periodicals were printed independent of any stamp at all, and of course found their way into the houses of the poor who could not afford to purchase the more costly stamped publication. And, the hunger for reading being so great and natural that the poor man will feed upon something (as I have seen poor people eating nettles and garbage in the hedges, when the potato

failed them), he has recourse to this poisonous and unwholesome meat, because the wholesome food is put beyond his means, by the duty which the Government levies on it. What happened yesterday in the House of Commons, in England, in France; what MR. GIBSON said in support of his motion for removing press restrictions; what valuable observations your Lordship supplied as reasons for retaining them—the poor man must not read without paying his penny to the State collector: but blasphemy, but indecency, but filthy slander on private character, but vulgar romance and ribaldry; but discussions political, social, religious, more or less able and honest, or rascally and incendiary, in which the propriety of every existing institution is gainsaid, be it our private property, our wives' chastity, the House of Lords, and the Queen's throne, or that of Heaven itself: on all these points the market is open to him, and he is free to purchase his meal. What a dreadful supply it is! Can any man walk the streets of our great towns without being frightened at it? What garbage and poison, stale cast-away scraps, and rotten offal! What huxters to vend it! What an eager busy crowd!

These are rhetorical figures, however, and it is by no means in such that MR. GIBSON deals; his are plain statements and facts. He reads an extract from one unstamped paper in which the Colonial policy of the Government is fiercely attacked; from others against the QUEEN and the Church: and from a fourth in which the necessity of a new organisation of society is proposed, based on principles not opposed to, but in accordance with, nature? This letter is followed by "laughter" from the House. The wags! they always laugh. Be it ruin, anarchy, the Day of Judgment, they must laugh—the subject is so funny! And the speaker continues—

"Debarred from recording facts, the conductors of the cheap press were compelled to rack their brains for something to excite the passions or stimulate the imagination. Sometimes they did nothing more than act upon the nervous system. There was, for instance, the *Terrific Record*;—that was for nervous people. (Laughter.) There was another weekly paper, which contained a horrible account of a duchess who had been murdered by a maniac, and another "story of real life," namely, "the Confessions of a Countess; or, the Life of LOLA MONTES." ("Hear, hear," and laughter.) He had been informed, by an eminent bookseller in Manchester, that he sold over his counter, every Saturday, 80,000 or 90,000 of these penny publications to the working classes, some of them political, some imaginative, and some religious. This bookseller told him that he did not believe there was one in fifty of his customers who did not prefer to purchase the papers containing the leading events of the day, but they could not afford the price."

Now, what is the reply the First Minister of the country makes upon this facetious subject, in the midst of this jocular auditory? LORD JOHN RUSSELL says:—

"His right hon. friend had shown the mischief of the unstamped papers, and he read articles from them to prove their mischievous character; but they seemed to him to be so like some of the articles in the stamped newspapers (*A laugh*) that he scarcely knew the difference. There was a character of LORD GREY read that he almost thought was written by JACOB OMNIUM, or some of the writers in the daily papers. (*A laugh*.) For his part, he could not very much distinguish the difference in the style which the right hon. gentleman wished to point out. The Government did not, as one of the deputations told him, keep on this tax to prevent knowledge being acquired and conveyed by the newspapers. He felt no apprehensions of that kind; but he believed that if the tax were taken off, it would make little difference in the papers."

So, this is the way in which the head man of the country comprehends the situation!—Instead of meeting the argument, thrust at him as plain as a pikestaff, the Government Champion dodges and ducks under it! He can't very much distinguish the difference in the style which the Right Honourable Gentleman wishes to point out; he almost thinks the character of LORD GREY is written by JACOB OMNIUM, or some of the writers of the daily press! O fie! O for shame!

As for JACOB OMNIUM, that ingenious person can take care of himself, and so can the writers in the daily press, too: between whom and the unstamped publicists the Prime Minister can't see any difference,—therefore, the argument no doubt is, one is as good as the other; therefore let matters stand as they are; therefore let the Newspaper Stamp duty remain, and a laugh of course from the House. O fie! O for shame, we say again.

What, you can't see that the chief writers of the press in this country are men whose education is as good as yours, whose talent is infinitely greater than yours, who speak more to the point upon all public questions and in better English, and employ a variety of learning and acquirement such as not one in a hundred of you, Gentlemen of the House of Commons, can use? You can't see the difference between polished wit, and accomplished style, and skilled logic, and argument clear and eloquent, and the writings of those who have never had the leisure to learn the use of these weapons of controversy? Do you think, my LORD JOHN, that you could write three leading articles a week for the *Times* or any other newspaper? The public would snore, the paper would die under the inflection. The paper can afford to tell the truth, you can only face that part of it which suits your party: the newspaper writer can speak like a philosopher, you but as a partisan; and I know of no spectacle more melancholy than that of a great man, like SIR ROBERT PEELE, in the last struggles of the Corn Law, knowing the right and its inevitable mastery, but hiding from it and avoiding it; bound miserably by the fatal compact of party-exigency, until that day when he broke from his bondage by a noble act of revolt and recantation.

And so because there is no difference between the style of the good



press and the bad press, the poor man's journal is to be taxed still—is it? Why not put the case more honestly, and instead of merely hinting as you do in your speech that a time may come when the present system may be altered, say openly that the pecuniary burthens of the country are such that it is impossible to forego the revenue produced by the Newspaper Stamp Duty, and let the people have their papers untaxed: that though reading is almost as necessary for them as bread, they must wait awhile until they can have the fair enjoyment of the former; that though the actual prohibition is productive of infinite present mischief, and pregnant with awful future evil, the State is so poor that it can't afford to let Truth go untaxed to those who need it the most; that though they would thrive much better, and do your work and their own much better, on wholesome mental food, they must go on poisoning themselves just now, and dealing with their present purveyors; that you and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER can see no remedy for this misfortune. It may bring ruin down upon the whole of us before long; but in the meanwhile we must meet our engagements, and, *ruat calum*, the public creditor must have his dividend. And, as a professed joker, having much experience in the business, and desirous to continue it peaceably, let me intreat your Lordship to look upon this question as a grave matter, not to be met by the sneers of the Prime Minister, or the laughter of the House of Commons.

PUNCH.

A MEW FROM THE CAT.



PUNCH.—Nine tailors, it is said, make a man. With more truth it might be asserted that thirteen men make a country magistrate, who comprises in his person a judge and jury. My friends, our Justices of the Peace, have been always rather great personages; but by the Larceny Summary Jurisdiction Bill, it is proposed to increase their greatness. The Collective Wisdom, lately, spent the most part of an evening in debating as to whether or not they should be allowed to inflict summary whipping on young men of

sixteen. The *Times* of the same day contained a bankruptcy case, the hero of which had started a sham bank, and failed for £6000, paying a dividend of 1s. 2d. in the pound. Surely here is a case for my application, even at the cart's tail, if a miserable lad is to be scourged for a twopenny-halfpenny theft, unless it be only the peasant's flesh that is to be tortured, and I am not to be suffered, for any villany, to lacerate the sleek skin which is cherished by respectable cloth and fine linen.

"I am, &c., no friend of yours, truly,

"THE CAT."

DARKNESS IN ST. DOMINGO.

THE French papers make merry with the poor old mountebank EMPEROR OF ST. DOMINGO—a potentate who will, we doubt not, be very truthfully, and withal economically represented in the English metropolis on the 1st of May, next—giving, with a snirk, a full and particular account of the pilgrimage of the Emperor and Empress to celebrate a funeral service for the souls of the Emperor's father and mother. Besides this solemnity, there was the ceremony of marriage of the two old negroes, parents of the Empress; who, never expecting to have a daughter for Empress, never cared for the respectability of the marriage tie. Well, the daughter is elevated to a throne; and she immediately has a quicker sense of religious and social decencies: there is, we take it, little to laugh at in this. It would be no worse for the imperial character at large, had the like delicacy ever animated all its doings.

But the parental shades of the Emperor are to be consulted and honoured. Whereupon the Queen carrying a cock—and the priests carrying a kid and sheep—proceed at midnight into the woods. Cock, kid, and sheep are killed, and their mingled blood offered to the souls of father and mother; which souls are duly fixed by the priests in a vessel of water; and when fixed, are made to express their thanks for the filial attendance: and further to assure the sacrificers that they are perfectly comfortable, wanting nothing whatever in the other world. On this the writer bewails the awful superstition of poor SALOOP, THE EMPEROR OF ST. DOMINGO!

Very terrible, this—very humiliating! Suppose we change the scene.

The scene is changed! It is Naples. A fête-day: the fête of SAINT JANUARIUS. Whereupon, with many thousands marvelling at the wonder, and blessing themselves that they should see it, the congealed blood of the Saint thaws in a bottle, and the miracle of the year is performed—"to be continued in the next."

Doth not SAINT JANUARIUS preach charity for the darkness of poor EMPEROR SALOOP?

PICTURES FOR THE PEERS.

FROM an answer given by the PREMIER to SIR DE LACY EVANS the other day in the Commons, it appears that the refreshment-room of the House of Lords is to be decorated with pictures relating to the Chase. If so, the adornments of the Lords' refreshment-room will much resemble those often met with in that of another public description of house. To improve the similitude, these works of art might be varied by the introduction of scenes from the Turf, a pastime as lordly as the Chase. "Noblemen Betting," "Noblemen Making their Books," perhaps "A Nobleman Levanting," would be appropriate subjects. "The Billiard Table" and "The Dice-Box" might be added: and in further illustration of the Amusements of the Nobility, these paintings might include a view of "CROCKFORD'S in the Olden Time." In connexion with the Chase, we would pictorially elucidate the Game Laws. "The Keeper Shot" and "The Poacher Hanged" would be lessons in form and colour—to the Lords. Many of the themes above proposed are now simply historical—let us hope that all of them—especially those of the class last mentioned—will soon be so too.

"THERE BE LAND PIRATES."

GEOGRAPHY now-a-days is fearfully outraged, in the distribution of the different quarters of the habitable globe, for we find Calcutta within five minutes' walk of the Nile; and the Arctic Regions next door but six to New Zealand, which is separated from Australia by a narrow neck of cab-stands.

We like to see these various Exhibitions thriving, for though they are pretty thickly studded about the West End, there is instruction and amusement to be gleaned from every one, and there is abundant room for all of them. While, however, we can only applaud competition in a good purpose, we object to anything in the shape of piracy, and protest therefore against the attempt of a MR. HARVEY—we admire HARVEY'S sauce—to profit by the popularity of the Exhibition of the Overland Mail, and open a second-hand "Gallery of Illustration" in another quarter. We never encourage these attempts, because we have found from experience that anything, seeking to establish a reputation on the success of something that has gone before, has usually no merit of its own to rely upon.

Owing to a series of former disappointments under similar circumstances, we shall decline taking the trouble to seek out Gallery of Illustration No. 2, as we do not anticipate that we shall be repaid for the trouble of a visit.

"Time Flies."

THIS time-honoured truth has lately received rather a literal illustration. The large clock over the hair-dresser's in Oxford Street, has suddenly disappeared. As it had underneath it the inscription "Time flies," its flighty conduct is at once accounted for. This is only another proof of the very great difficulty a public clock has to keep time. If we were asked "what was most behind the age?" we should say, "Next to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, a public clock."

A SPECIAL PLEA.

A YOUNG thief who was charged the other day with picking pockets, demurred to the indictment, "for that, whereas he had never picked pockets, but had always taken them just as they came."





### THE CABINET CURTIL.

In the middle of St. Stephen's  
The pit yawns deep and wide,  
And PUNCHIUS, the augur,  
Is standing at its side.  
He hath watched the sacred chickens,  
Hath marked them turn away  
From their official pickings,  
For the first time to-day.

And PUNCHIUS hath counted up  
The tattle of the whole,  
Of auguries and omens,  
And scratched his wooden poll;  
And after rumination,  
From the seat where he doth sit,  
Hath risen, in explanation  
Of this portentous pit.

"Oh, Place-holders and Ministers,  
And Whippers-in of Rome,  
This is Retrenchment's pit that yawns  
Beneath St. Stephen's dome."  
'Twas no Association  
Financial, out of doors,  
Nor HUME, nor HENLEY bored it,  
Though they be mighty bores.

It was a little crack at first,  
That, in his scornful play,  
MARCUS HILLIUS would leap over,  
As he passed to the gang-way.  
But still it waxed and widened,  
And blacker, deeper, grew;  
Till RUSSELL, beneath his hat,  
Looked bilious and blue.

COBDENIUS, the Tribune, swore,  
The pit ne'er closed would be  
Till they had cast into it,  
Ten millions £ s. d.  
Then a scornful laugh laughed RUSSELL,  
And PALMERSTONIUS sneered,  
And the stout tribe of TADPOLLI,  
They mocked COBDENIUS' beard.

So of the Ordnance Estimates,  
And Naval, with regret  
Were flung in half a million,  
But the pit gaped wider yet;  
And GRAIUS whispered RUSSELL,  
As he looked round on their train,  
"What if we fling into it  
A Treasury Lord or twain?"

But RUSSELL right sternly chid  
Such radical remarks:  
"If victims there must be," said he,  
"Fling in some score of clerks."  
So hapless clerks and messengers,  
And all that had no friends,  
They pitched in fast and freely—  
But still the pit extends.

Beneath the Treasury benches  
It yawneeth broad and black,  
Aghast into its entrails  
Gazes each Treasury hack;  
And forced up from the centre  
By pressure from without,  
The solemn boom of Public  
Opinion swelleth out.

"I yawn, and will yawn wider,  
Till ye throw into me!  
All idle sinecurists,  
Whate'er their names may be:  
GRAH or ELIORTII,  
I hold in little heed;  
No blood is sacred in my eyes,  
Not e'en of Bedford breed.

"Ye think to stay my craving  
With poor, hard-working slaves;  
What already is past shaving  
Must submit to closer shaves;  
Ye fling over what the service  
Of the country ill can spare,  
That Whiggish lordling *protégés*  
May still each keep his chair.

"I gape, and gape still wider,  
And gaping will go on,  
Until I swallow up this House  
And Downing Street in one."  
Then up and spoke pale RUSSELL,  
"My earnestness to prove,  
Lo, a Select Committee  
On Salaries I move!"

Then a weeping and a wailing  
Round Treasury Benches goes,  
GRAH and ELIORTII  
In anxious protest rose;  
But Protectionists rampagious  
In cheers their cries did drown,  
For well they felt themselves had got  
No salaries to cut down.





A VISION OF THE REPEAL OF THE WINDOW-TAX.

“Hollo! Old Fellow; we’re glad to see you here.”

50







To the pit's black edge pale **RUSSILUS**  
With hurried step arrives,  
And whispers **PALMERSTONIUS**,  
"Needs must when pressure drives."  
Scores leave the Downing Street arm-chairs,  
That they so well did fill,  
To the act of calm sacrifice  
Going—against their will.

They stop—they shiver on the brink,  
Nor dare the desperate leap,  
Till **RUSSILUS**, heroic,  
Hath pushed them down the steep!  
Then with the public voice in front  
And the private shove behind,  
Unto the fate they cannot help  
They have themselves resigned.

One **CURTIVS** in the elder time  
Did win a great renown,  
That in the pit, which stood agape  
In the Forum, he leapt down:  
But what one **CURTIVS** ventured then,  
Now tribes of **CURTIVS** dare;  
And how many soe'er are swallowed up  
We've still enough to spare.

REPEAL OF THE ADVERTISEMENT DUTY.

YESTERDAY, an enormous meeting of Advertisers of all denominations, took place in Palace Yard. MR. JENKINS, as representing a class (the large class of domestic servants) was unanimously bellowed to the Chair.

From what we could gather of the sentiments of the speakers, they were (in fragments) as follow:

"A Wet Nurse, a Respectable Young Woman," thought it was like their impudence that she couldn't offer to take charge in the newspapers of a precious baby from the month, without paying Eighteen Pence duty to that **LORD RUSSELL**.

"A Lady's-Maid turned 20" who understands hair-dressing and millinery, gave it upon her honour and word that that Eighteen Pence was shameful—abominable—and if the **QUEEN** only knew it—it was her [the Lady's-Maid's] opinion—**HER MAJESTY** wouldn't permit it, that she wouldn't.

"A Housekeeper to a Single Gentleman or Tradesman" said they had only to be Unanimous to put down the Eighteen Pence for ever and for ever. If they warn't attended to this time, she gave 'em warning for her part—let the Ministry look to his windows! (*Cheers.*)

"A Butler in a quiet Family where a Footman is kept," said, it was well-known that the Corn Laws was repealed, *only* that the Eighteen Pence might go into the Lord Chancellor's pocket. He hoped he had always been Loyal—always in his own person rallied round the Altar and the Throne,—but the Eighteen Pence on Advertisements was a fundamental blow at *habeas corpus*. He only hoped—it was his daily prayer—that he should not be druv to join the Chartists.

"A Footman, single-handed," said it was hinfamous—  
"A Groom, or to Drive a Brougham," cried—"shabby!"  
"A Waiter to an Hotel" asked, if they stood the Eighteen Pence, "what next were to follow?"—

And then began a multitudinous roar, hundreds of Advertisements—advertisers we should say—condemning the Eighteen Pence.

"The Natural Standard of Sherry," hiccuped "shameful"—  
"The Most Approved Stoves" roared "disgusting"—  
"The Everlasting Gold Pen" would write it down—  
"A Revolution in Light" would show it up—  
"What to Eat," &c. would not digest it—

And, in fact, every advertising interest—represented and declared after its peculiar manner—so emphatically denounced the continuation of the Eighteen Penny Tax on the advertising industry and commerce of the Country, that—

The noise of the Meeting coming to the ears of the **CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER**, whilst in the House, he was seen to bend over to **LORD RUSSELL**, and heard to say, "I see how it is; we *must* give the Eighteen Pence up. 'Tis only a trifle after all—and—yes, I'll manage it."

HOW TO REDUCE TAXATION.

EVERY one is anxious to see Taxation reduced, and though nobody doubts what to do, there is no one who can tell us (or the **CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER**, which is much the same thing, for what we say must be done, must be done—Reader! by the way, be good enough to excuse this long parenthesis, **LORD BROUGHAM** has set us the example)\* how to do it. We have, however, been fortunate enough to hit upon a few Taxes which may be reduced to the perfect satisfaction of the public at large, and without a farthing's loss to the revenue. We would recommend the total abolition of the following Taxes:—

1st. THE TAX—on the patience of the House of Commons, when **MR. URQUHART** is addressing it.

2nd. THE TAX—on our time, when we are reading the letters of correspondents enclosing jokes, whose interest is purely antiquarian.

These Taxes throw on the parties subject to them, a burden of the most onerous kind, and, in fact, we have some idea of sending our boy as a deputation to the **CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER** to represent the nature of our case, and—following the example of everybody else—ask him what he can do for us. By way of propitiating him, we will give him a hint by which he may take off one Tax against which there is some complaint, and impose another that will be a source of enormous

\* In consequence of the length of this parenthesis, it had better be read at the end of the article.

revenue. Let him take the tax off knowledge—properly so called—and lay the tax on ignorance, when, if the collection is properly made, the product would be so immense, that the national debt might soon be paid off, and cash left in hand to go to market with for another century.

AN EDUCATIONAL NOVELTY.

THE Education Question is now one of those numerous questions of the day, which are waiting—and some of them seem likely to be kept waiting some time—for an answer. Some are for teaching this and some that, but we think there can be no doubt in the mind of any one anxious to train up a child, that nothing would be a severer lesson than to carry the infant mind through a regular course of railway trains as indicated in the published Time-tables. We have had Guides



to Knowledge of every kind, but to us a Railway Guide has been hitherto a guide to ignorance, for we have always risen from a perusal of that elaborate work with a thorough collision in our brain between all the Ups and Downs of Life, from the Express to the Parliamentary.

We begin to fear that no one will ever understand a Railway Time-table, unless he has learnt it in his early youth, for to us it is one of the dead languages, in which our primæval pedagogue has omitted to instruct us. We propose, therefore, for the benefit of the rising generation, that those tables should be learnt in time, and thus the time in the tables may, perhaps, be understood in the days of mature manhood. We recommend that one of the large monthly sheets of **BRADSHAW** should be put up in every school-room, and that the boys should be divided into three classes, in accordance with railway division, for the purpose of studying this intricate branch of knowledge. We may perhaps write an additional chapter to **WALKINGHAM, KEITH**, or our old original friend **COCKER**, with the view of furnishing examples of Railway Arithmetic. The object would be gained by something like the following:—

No. 1. If the figures 9-35, 1-56-8-44 appear opposite the parliamentary train, state when it starts, when it stops, and when it arrives.

No. 2. If an express train is advertised to be at its destination by 9 o'clock, state how far it will have proceeded on its journey by a quarter past eleven.

No. 3. Give the possible number of spoonfuls of a basin of hot soup that can be swallowed at the Swindon Station.

No. 4. If a basin of soup costs one shilling, how much is it per mouthful for all that you have time to demolish?

No. 5. When a train is marked in the time-table as arriving at a given place at a certain hour, and is stated in the same time-table to start from a less distant place half-an-hour after its alleged arrival at the more distant place, how is the difference accounted for?

No. 6. How many times will one engine go into three luggage-trucks?

No. 7. If one third-class carriage is divided by an express train, what will the passengers come to?

We might multiply these instances *ad infinitum*, but we leave the subject for the professional arithmeticians to multiply.



## PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



UR passport having been *visé* at the barrier by one of the proper officers, who are distinguished by no uniform but uniform politeness, the interior is at length gained, and we find ourselves on one of the numerous ranges of boulevards or ramparts, that encircle the Great Operatic Capital.

At convenient distances along the whole line of these boulevards guides are stationed, who are at once in attendance, to assist the traveller in reaching that particular circle to which he brings an introduction; for though an admission into any, implies an eligibility for all; there is nevertheless a choice of circles suited to the accommodation of every rank and of almost every pocket. There is in fact, a tier for nearly any station, including the royal tier—the upper tiers for the tiers *etat*; and we have even seen on the distant heights, in the extreme back ground of the gallery, a row which might be denominated the Soldiers' tier, from the occasional military occupation of a part of it by the Sergeants belonging to the guard of honour; and others in attendance on the royal visitors.

The Grand tier is now in our eye, and such a tier must

not be unceremoniously wiped out by a few words: for it is a tier remarkable for its brilliancy. It comprises so many attractive features, that the late lamented GEORGE ROBINS himself, whose imagination could have piled Pelion upon Ossa, Olympus on the top of that, the Apennines over those, with Ben Lomond as a sort of Upper Benjamin to cover the whole—we repeat that even this master of description would have found description reduced to a state of beggary, had he attempted to apply its resources to the locality at which we have now arrived. He might have been equal to the task of dealing with a shooting-box, or a little box in the country; but even he must have failed in doing justice to the boxes of Her Majesty's Theatre. He would no doubt have commenced with "the abode of royalty" consisting of the lodge or *loge* of the QUEEN herself; but he must inevitably have stumbled at the threshold; and as this ungrateful movement would be quite out of place in such a scene as this, we decline taking any further on our trip, a companion who might have been thus awkwardly caught tripping.

We prefer, therefore, giving the reins to our own Pegasus, and shall at once dash into the middle of our description of the grand tier and its inhabitants. The chief ornament of this circle is the illustrious personage after whom the whole locality is named, and it is natural that THE QUEEN should be, as it were, identified with the theatre of HER MAJESTY. Though the realms of Opera possess a lyric throne, which is invariably occupied by the reigning Queen of Song—to whom we shall hereafter allude—there is, nevertheless, an *imperium in imperio*; a Sovereign to whom all the lyrical Queens acknowledge allegiance. Her present Majesty has succeeded to the empire of the Opera as to a part of the institutions that have grown up under her predecessors, from whom they have been handed down to her. It has been interwoven with the manners and customs of the people over whom she rules, and whose visits to the delightful regions of melody contribute much to the cultivation of their taste in that art, whose charms are said to have the power of soothing that turbulent nuisance, "the savage breast," and, in fact, converting even the bears, the bores, and the brutes of society into amiable members of a "happy family."

The QUEEN instead of rushing to this place or that for the benefit of the waters, the *malade*, either real or *imaginaire*, may profit by drinking in from time to time the liquid harmony that is continually gushing forth, during the season, from the numerous springs of melody that abound in this enchanted spot. In order to preserve the purity and genuineness of the liquid harmony already mentioned, we may observe that it is always supplied through the channels expressly adapted by nature for its conveyance, and that nothing in the shape of a pump is allowed to remain. We will not go so far as to say that no pump has been known in these dominions, for there have been one or two instances of the kind; but as the pumps want supplying constantly with succour, to enable them to make a momentary spurt, and are incapable of drawing, they at once cease to act, and are soon wholly removed. We are, however, passing too rapidly from the inhabitants to the productions of the place, and we will say a few words of the brilliant circles into which the traveller is now introduced.

Looking to the left on entering, the traveller's eye will light on what may be termed in language suited to the locality, the *Villa Reale*, or royal box. When this is tenanted, the effect

is extremely pleasing, for Her Majesty's Theatre, without HER MAJESTY, seems incomplete; and though not amounting to a case of *Hamlet* with the part of *Hamlet* left out, there is no denying that the QUEEN seems never so thoroughly at home among her subjects as when enjoying with them the same elegant entertainment in her own house. Undisturbed by impertinent or obtrusive curiosity, she has here an opportunity of mixing with her people without the *gêne* of Court etiquette on the one hand, or the annoyance of boisterous but well-meant attentions on the other. In these agreeable regions HER MAJESTY may see and be seen to the best advantage; for her graceful emotion at the sorrows of *Amina*, her not less becoming relish for the humours of *Don Pasquale*, her hearty laughter at the fun of LABLACHE, her delicate appreciation of the delicious singing and exquisite acting of SONTAG, her genuine enjoyment of all she sees and hears, are so many links between herself and those around her; who find out that, though divided by station from their sovereign, they are in pleasant sympathies and in honest impulses of feeling, very closely allied to her. Here, also, the agreeable discovery has been made that the Royal children possess the hearty qualities of their mother, for when the PRINCE OF WALES and the PRINCESS ROYAL were introduced to the dominion of Opera, they, like the QUEEN herself, were thrown into fits of laughter by LABLACHE, whose compass of voice is almost equal to his compass of body, and who has had more real greatness thrust upon him than any man alive. No wonder that every one should be wrapped up in him when he is on the scene, and that attention should be divided between SONTAG's smiles and his size. We ourselves have got this tremendous object so completely into our eye, that we must pause to take out this great dot from our eye before we shall be able to see our way to proceed further.

## Fancy Slop-Fair.

THERE was advertised the other day in the *Times* a "Fancy Bazaar," to be held in the Hanover Square rooms, "for the benefit of the Ladies' Mission to the Jews at Corfu." The lady-patronesses of this religious Fancy Fair may not have known, perhaps, that there are places called Houndsditch and Duke's Place, rather nearer to Hanover Square than Corfu, and containing altogether perhaps more Jews, whose conversion—to any honest persuasion—would, like an Adelphi melodrama, be "of strong domestic interest," instead of merely concerning foreigners. But a Fancy Bazaar would be of more service to our Needlewomen than to our Israelites; and if charitable ladies would sell shirts for their indigent sisters, they would doubtless obtain prices for those manufactures as fair—very nearly—as themselves.

## THE LAST NAUTICAL ROMANCE.

THE Admiralty alleges that there is not space enough in the ward-room for the naval assistant-surgeons. *Mr. Punch* presents his compliments to the Lords of the Admiralty, and respectfully recommends them to tell that to the Marines.

## DERIVATION OF LUXURY.

FROM *Lux*, light—on account of Light, which is a necessity for cleanliness and health, being made, through the medium of the Window Tax, an expensive Luxury, which only the rich can afford to enjoy.

"LES MYSTÈRES DE PARIS."—The greatest mystery of Paris will be MONSIEUR EUGÈNE SUE's election for it.



FEMALE 'BUSSES.



IR.—I am a great Omnibus-Traveller, because I am poor, and the Omnibus is the poor man's carriage.

"These carriages, however, are very far from perfect. Amongst many other drawbacks, I will mention one: THE LADIES.

"I maintain that Ladies have no right in Omnibuses at all. They never were intended for them, and at first no Lady had the face to get into an Omnibus. She would as soon have thought of walking into a Divan—or a Billiard-room—or the Athenaeum—or any one of our clubs. Omnibuses, I lay down, were built for men, and by men they ought exclusively to be filled.

"At present Ladies are interlopers—intruders—and I should not wonder if in time they do not make it a favour to let us ride in our own vehicles. As it is, I never get into an Omnibus that I see filled with the lovely sex. I could no more do it than I could pass the day in Exeter Hall.

"In the first place, I detest babies in any shape—quiet or noisy. If they are

quiet, they play with your shirt-frill, or your watch-chain—if they are noisy, they kick your trowsers and clutch your whiskers.

"Now, Sir, it is pretty evident, that if there were no Ladies in an Omnibus, there would be no babies. By excluding the one, you virtually slam the door in the face of the other. I would have babies pay double fare, and twins should not be admitted at any price.

"There are other complaints, however, just as loud as the babies—which I do not object to, if they happen to be asleep, and you are not requested to hold them on your lap. But a Lady takes up twice as much room as a gentleman. Look at her dress! What with her hoops, and her flounces, and her pelisses, victorines, mantalines, crinolines, and a thousand other lines, I defy her not to take room for two, at least. The consequence is, we have to suffer. If there are two Ladies on the same side, you will see the gentlemen run up into a corner at the end, packed together as tight as a pack of cards.

"Besides, every Lady who gets into an Omnibus has an inseparable attachment for a bundle, a handbox, a birdcage, and a parcel of some sort or other, which ought properly to have gone by the Parcels' Delivery Company. These parcels are always in the gentlemen's way—and if you happen to put your foot accidentally into a handbox, you are sure never to hear the last of it, till you have left the Omnibus. Do what you will to oblige the women, they are never satisfied.

"There is but one remedy for this state of things, Sir, and with your leave I now hasten to propose it:—

LET THE LADIES HAVE AN OMNIBUS TO THEMSELVES!

"There are carriages exclusively for the Ladies on the railways, why should not the same system be adopted in the streets with our public vehicles?

"The conductor should be a Lady—the driver should be a Lady.

"The roof inside might be ornamented with baby-jumpers—or else the roof outside provided with cradles—for the convenience of the dear babies.

"The interior should be lined with looking-glasses.

"Accommodation might be given for knitting, sewing, and crochet-work.

"At the end of the vehicle, should be exhibited on an embossed card, with little raised Cupids kissing one another, and tastefully decorated with ribbons, the following placard:—  
NO SCANDAL ALLOWED.

"To prevent disputes, every Lady should pay her fare on getting in, and no money to be returned upon the Lady suddenly discovering she is going in an opposite direction to that which she intended.

"A stringent law should be made that no Lady is to keep the Omnibus waiting more than five minutes, while she is searching in every pocket, bag, and reticule, for her change."

"Only one bundle to be allowed to each Lady.

"A separate Omnibus to run every Saturday and Monday, for the convenience of washerwomen and their baskets.

"A whole dictionary of names will instantly suggest itself for such Omnibuses. There is 'Paradise,' 'The Boudoir,' 'The Nursery,' 'The Parasol,' 'The Reindeer,' 'The Bonnet-box,' 'The Whispering Gallery,' 'The Ladies' Drawing Room,' (for such it literally would be,) and many more, which I shall be happy to supply.

"I am sure such a vehicle would be hailed by all classes—but by the Ladies more especially—as an immense improvement upon our present plan of mixed Omnibuses. It would be pleasanter for the Ladies, and much more comfortable to the gentlemen. The former would

avoid many insults and robberies, and the latter a hundred inconveniences in the shape of wet umbrellas, dirty pattens, and teething children,—to say nothing of being continually called upon 'to go outside (during a shower of rain) to oblige a lady.' I should like to see a lady ever doing the same for a gentleman!

"I remain, Sir,

"(And intend remaining so as long as I can,)

"AN OLD BACHELOR, *Æt.* 62."

THE SHOWMEN OF ST. PAUL'S.

AN—"No Science to me is a Mystery."

(To be Sung by a Verger; assisted by his Colleagues and the Gentlemen of the Choir.)

"TOTHER day at the Mansion House dinner Our excellent DEAN made a speech, (Ah! the Church has no clergyman in her That so melting a sermon can preach). Our brave army LORD HOWDEN belauded, SIR CHARLES NAPIER our famed wooden walls, But ho! they weren't half so applauded As our DEAN, when he cried up St. Paul's.

Chorus.

Sing, twopence a head for admission  
To the Statues, is all we require;  
Open daily, St. Paul's Exhibition,  
Four-and-fourpence to view the entire.

Says the Dean, "Though the tempest awaken;  
Albeit our bark pitch and lurch:  
In the good ship my trust is unshaken;  
No, I fear not a jot for the Church,  
Any more than I do, in foul weather,  
For the pile over which I preside."

Four-and-fourpence, says you, altogether;  
Only twopence to let you inside.

Chorus.—Sing, twopence, &c.

Have a look at our monuments, ladies,  
It is only a twopenny touch;  
Which when their attractions are weigh'd, is,  
I am sure you'll acknowledge, not much.  
Here's the great DR. JOHNSON; JOHN HOWARD:  
Here's LORD NELSON, as bold as can be;  
Here's SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE—no coward—  
For the small sum of twopence, to see.

Chorus.—Sing, twopence, &c.

Walk up, gents, to the whispering galleries;  
Lads and lasses—you'll have but to pay  
One more sixpence towards our poor salaries—  
There you'll hear what your sweetheart's will say.

Hoy! walk up to the Library, Staircase,  
Clock, Model Room, Great Bell, and Ball,  
And the Crypts—no, you walk down in their case—  
Four-and-four is the ticket for all.

Chorus.—Sing, twopence, &c.

Come and view this magnificent building  
Of a Church, whose intentions and plans  
Are aimed less at fine carving and gilding,  
Than to merit the name of "Poor Man's."  
Now, all you wicked sinners—yoho, there!—  
Not worth twopence, stand clear of the door,  
And let up them good people, below there,  
Wot is game for to stand four-and-four.

Chorus.—Sing, twopence, &c.

The Latest Joke on the Tapis.

DISRAELI has been making merry over the misfortunes of Ministers. The following is not a bad specimen of his mirth; he declares—  
"LORD JOHN has the soul of an old carpet he doesn't mind how often he's beaten, as long as he occupies the floor of the House of Commons."





Farming Uncle. "YOU DON'T SEE SUCH MUCK AS THIS IN LONDON, BEN?"  
Cockney Nephew. "OH, DON'T WE, THOUGH. YOU SHOULD SEE EATON SQUARE!"

### GOLDEN LONDON.—A CIVIC SUPERSTITION.

A FEW days ago, the MAYOR OF HASTINGS reciprocated dinner with the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON; hospitality, intelligent and agreeable. We hope that his Lordship, ere his twelvemonth's reign shall cease, will dine throughout England. Hoping this, we, however, protest against the presence of ALDERMAN HUMPHERY at any future country festival. The Alderman is, no doubt, an excellent man; but, to use a quotation recently employed by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE to MISS SELDON (and was ever letter written nobler than that of plain LORD JOHN'S? so courteous—so grave—so gentlemanly—so parental!)—"some of the darkest and most dangerous prejudices of men arise from the most honourable principles." Superstition is of these—and shocking, and very dangerous, however amiable in its intentions, is the superstition enounced by ALDERMAN HUMPHERY to the guileless, believing denizens of Hastings; who, when they had drunk "the Corporation of London," were addressed by the pride of London's Aldermen, HUMPHERYS, saying these dark, benighted words:—"Country people and young people are taught that when they visit London they will find the streets paved with gold. IT IS TRUE! The streets of that great city ARE PAVED WITH GOLD, and you have proof to-day that ANY MAN who goes to London will find it so, whose course is marked by industry, honour, and religion."

Oh! HUMPHERY, and is this really true? Is it a great, lustrous fact, or only so much moonshine? Are Cheapside flags gold, bright, glittering gold to any man who, commanding the alchemic agents of industry, honour, and religion, may choose to transmute the granite into virgin metal? Are industry, honour, and religion invariably the successful graces of life, upraising, crowning, and cherishing their votary and believer? Does industry never fail? Is the *Gazette* invariably the pillory of the sluggard? Does no one except the knave stand abashed in Basinghall Street? Is it the scoffer alone whose want of faith is punished with want of goods? May any man—judicious and prosperous HUMPHERY—endue himself with the miniver of the Alderman? Do industry, honour, and religion alone officially quaff punch and lap turtle in the Hall of Egypt?

Think again, oh Alderman! In the sagacious exercise of your magisterial functions, there must at some time have stood at Guildhall bar, a miserable man, foiled in his best attempts at work—a man with purest character—a man, whose uncomplaining patience under sharpest misery, betokened that Christian faith in the future that half-vanquished the terrible present. This man wants food; the shelter of a roof; the decency of covering against the honest sense of shame as against the elements. And yet it is his own sin that makes him a wretch; it is his own inherent want of good qualities that degrades him to a pauper. There are London stones—and he will not help himself. All London Aldermen are, more or less, alchemists: but the Guildhall knave has

no powers of projection; he is a penniless outcast, because he has neither industry, nor honour, nor religion!

This is the superstition of success—a superstition too frequently written in a cheque-book. With some men, the great account of human life is the account at their bankers.

### GOVERNMENT PAPERS.

#### REVIEW.

*Assessed Taxes.*—1850-51. *Return for the Assessment of the Year 1850, ending 5th April, 1851, on Articles kept between 5th April, 1849, and 6th April, 1850.* London. Government.

WE have perused and re-perused this annual issue of the GOVERNMENT Press, with painful attention, as, unfortunately, we are bound to do under a penalty of FIFTY POUNDS, our liability to which in case of misunderstanding any part of it, is almost the only part of it that we can understand at all. Order is out of the question in the attempt to criticise the paper before us; we must sift the mass of rubbish anyhow. Under the head of "No. 3" you are required to state the names of "Male persons occasionally employed as Servants," by you, "where" (*sic.*) "you are not chargeable for a Servant No. 1, or for any Carriage, or for more than one Horse for riding, &c." If you pay your greengrocer to come and wait at table two or three times a year, when you give a dinner-party, is he a "Male person, occasionally employed as a Servant?" If you are to return him as such, in case you are not chargeable for more than one horse, must you do so, supposing you are not chargeable for a horse at all? Then what is the meaning of "One Horse for riding, &c.?" Mark the punctuation. "One Horse, &c." would seem to mean the horse and his saddle, bridle, and stirrups. From horses we will take a flying leap over—but by no means clearing—various blunders, to dogs. We are called upon to give a "Description where only one is kept, not being a Greyhound." Many a dog, not being a greyhound, but a pug, or a pet spaniel, is kept on the lap and the hearth-rug. Should the hearth-rug and the lap be described as the localities "where" the dog is kept? If the dog's breed, not its abode, is to be the subject of description, learning in dogflesh may be needful. An esteemed acquaintance of our own possesses a canine favourite, pronounced by the testimony of concurrent Scots to be a Skye terrier. Certain Southern—not to say Metropolitan friends of his, tell him that the animal is a French poodle. Terriers—Skye or simple—are subject to the heavier duty. This gentleman, of course, will not return his dog as a terrier till he is conscientiously convinced that it is one. We would recommend them to revise not only their tax-papers, but their whole system of taxation. This is their business; and if they cannot do it, they had better give place to some abler firm.



## A BIT OF MY MIND.

## BIT THE SECOND.

BEING A BIT OF MRS. MOUSER'S POLITICS.

AUNT PEACOCK, who was never wrong, was never more right than when she said—and how I remember the day! It was before I married MOUSER; and it was the first time he had ever seen me shed a tear, and really he seemed as proud of it as if it had been a diamond of the purest water—which of course it was, coming as it did from a young, a loving, and a maiden heart, and it being dropped for him, he was quite conceited about it, when aunt PEACOCK—and I shall never forget her solemn countenance—said, “AMELIA, you foolish thing! where’s your proper pride? Couldn’t you see that ALFRED”—that’s MOUSER’S Christian name, and it isn’t for me, after these years, to say it’s a name too noble for him, which aunt PEACOCK, I remember, once hoped it wasn’t—“couldn’t you see that the creature, when you would in that headlong manner drop a tear because he would be jealous of young TARLINGTON, not that he felt any more real jealousy than the lion’s head upon the knocker—couldn’t you see that he was quite proud of your trouble? That upon that one tear he stood at least six inches higher?”

No; I couldn’t see it: for I was then young—not that I mean to say I am old at this moment; certainly not: I should say quite the reverse; as I gave MR. MOUSER himself to understand only yesterday, when, looking at my new gown, he took it upon himself to wonder what colour it was.

“Why,” said I, “my dear,” believing he felt all the pride it is a husband’s duty to feel, when he sees the wife of his bosom in anything new—not that I believe MOUSER would sometimes notice me (but then, to be sure, it’s all his aggravation) if I was to go like the Queen of the Gold Coast, in glass beads and cockatoo’s feathers—“why,” said I, “what do you think the colour is?”

Then he shook his head as if he didn’t care to guess. “Look at it,” said I; “isn’t it beautiful? Well then, the colour is this—quite a new thing—peach-blossoms shot with silver-grey.”

“Indeed!” said MOUSER, and I could see his face twitch, and the corners of his mouth crisp up as they always do when anything wicked’s coming from him—and sometimes—not that I wish to say anything against MOUSER—sometimes he cares no more for people’s feelings, than a wild boar cares for a rose-bush.

“Indeed,” said he, “peach-blossoms shot with silver-grey! Very proper; and quite suiting your time of life, MRS. MOUSER; for you know, my dear,—for that’s the way he sometimes covers the sting with the honey—“you know that your peach-blossoms, not but what you’re good-looking still”—whereupon I told him to keep his compliments to himself; I wanted none of ’em—“you know, my darling”—and sometimes, when he’s in that humour, he’ll skip from dear to darling, and perhaps to angel afore you can look—“you know, my bird of Paradise, that your peach-blossoms have long since been shot with silver-grey; dead shot, I should say, and no recovery.”

Now, there was a time, when, at only a syllable of this, I should have gone to my room, and cried. But, I flatter myself, I have put down that weakness with a hand of adamant. No: for I have treasured and improved upon the words of dear aunt PEACOCK. “Women, AMELIA,” said that dear soul to me, “women, like the lordly elephants, are made what they are by men only for this reason; the foolish creatures don’t know their own strength. Nature has done everything for ’em, and they will throw themselves away—they won’t do anything for themselves. All the world’s at their feet, and, instead of making the most of it for their own advantage, and their own comfort, what do they do? Why, they take the world in their two hands, if I may so say it, and give it away from ’em with themselves into the bargain. They put chains upon their own wrists, and—well, I’ve no patience with ’em—and think slavery becomes ’em. If they only knew their own strength, wouldn’t they cut the cards and play the game a little differently! Yes, yes, my dear,—poor aunt PEACOCK would say—“ever since that first apple was bit, haven’t the men, out of very spite, always kept the sunny side of the pippin to themselves?” And it’s true—a truth, as I say to MOUSER, bitter as aloes.

However, for the time the world’s going to last, it’s quite worth mending it, and it’s my opinion—and I’m quite prepared to be laughed at, gracious knows! I’ve been pretty well seasoned to that by MOUSER; not that I would speak against MOUSER; it doesn’t become me, though his jokes, as he calls ’em, have no respect for his wife, specially the wife I’ve been to him—it’s my opinion, that, if the world is to be mended at all, it’s the women only that can properly do it. Doesn’t it stand to reason? Here have the men been having the world to themselves thousands and thousands of years—all to themselves, as if the world was no more than a bowl of punch, lading out all the good of it for their own pleasure—and pretty creatures they’ve often shown themselves, when they’ve got more of the good than has really been good for ’em—lading out as much as they liked, and the poor women put

aside—snubbed, neglected, sent to tea and muffins, anything to be got rid of? This is the way the men have ruled the world ever since they first put their foot in it, never so much as letting the women call their souls their own property; and in many places—for it’s dreadful to look at a globe (I have one in the parlour, and to turn it over and over, and see what little specks there are, no more than I may say pins’-points in that thirty-six-inch globe, whereupon woman has any rights at all—though, gracious knows! she has next to none here. To be sure, in Christian countries, the men laugh at us—for, as I’ve often told MOUSER, I know they don’t mean it—laugh at us, and call us their better halves. “Better halves,” said aunt PEACOCK once—she had been talking of Turkey, where every man, she said, lived by a flowing river, with a sack in the house—“if we’re only better halves here, what are the poor things in Constantinople? Of course, a man—I mean an Ottoman, or some monster of the sort—a man with eight wives hardly considers ’em his better sixteenths!”

I do declare when I sometimes look at that thirty-six-inch globe—it was a birth-day gift the first year I left school; but I was simple and trusting, and by no means looked at the globe with the same eyes I do now—when I sometimes consider it and twirl it round and round, now looking at Jamaica, and weeping for my black sisters, and now at Circassia, and dropping a tear for my white ones, and now at North America, and heaving a sigh for the dear red daughters of our first ill-used, and, as I really believe, persecuted mother—for after all, who can say what she had to put up with, with no witnesses by?—when, I say, I consider the globe in this manner, and think of the poor souls the women upon it—there’s the dear Exquimaux things that, as I am credibly informed, go seal-fishing, while their lazy husbands do nothing but stop at home drinking peach-brandy and smoking pig-tail tobacco—when I consider this, as I do when MOUSER—that lord of the creation—is, for what I know, playing at billiards—I am the more and more determined that the world can never be put right, until women take it into their own hands, and roll it after their own hearts! And this is what I remarked to MOUSER and—no, I won’t say, for whatever his faults are, still he’s my husband; and I took him with his faults, though I may be allowed to observe, if I had thought he’d had half the number I’d have seen him *not* at the altar before I—but however, women—at least up to this time, were made to suffer, and I strain every sinew, I may say, to smile at my fate. But—it’s not going to last.

I have been to Parliament—into the very House of Commons. I told MOUSER I would, and I’ve done it.

Well, the hypocrisy of men all over the world, specially the civilized; for, after all, the savages are really and truly more of the gentlemen. They mean what they say towards the sex, and act up to it; they don’t call the suffering creatures lilies, and roses, and angels, and jewels of life, and then treat ’em as if they were weeds of the world, and pebbles of the highway. But with civilized nations—as I fling it at MOUSER—they all of ’em make women the sign-post pictures of everything that’s beautiful, and behave to the dear originals as if they were born simpletons.

“Look at Liberty, MR. MOUSER,” said I. “Well, you want to make Liberty look as lovely as it can be done, and what do you do? Why you’re obliged to come to woman for the only beautiful Liberty that will serve you. You paint and stamp Liberty as a woman, and then—but it’s so like you—then you won’t suffer so much as a single petticoat to take her seat in the House of Commons.

“And next, MOUSER”—for I would be heard—“and next, you want the figure of Justice. Woman again! There she is, with her balance and sword, as the sort of public-house sign for law, but—is a poor woman allowed to wear false hair, and put a black gown upon her back, and so much as once open her mouth in the Queen’s Bench? May she put a tippet of ermine on herself—may she even find herself in a Jury? Oh, no: you can paint Justice, and cut her in stone, but you never let the poor thing say a syllable.

“But that’s the way, MOUSER—and I will go on—that’s the way we are handed about the world in signs: to be looked at and talked about, and there an end. What would England do, without a woman with a three-pronged fork to protect it? They call BRITANNIA—I have heard you do it, and don’t deny it—the genius of the country. Poor soul! if that’s to be a genius, to be talked of and sung about, and not to have a morsel of right, if that’s to be a genius—

“But—I tell you—I have been in the House of Commons. And I will say this, I went up into the gallery with—no, I won’t at the present tell you my feelings. But I *will* say this. How our good QUEEN—and if I’d my way there shouldn’t be another King in the world; no, they should all be Queens, like Queen Liberty, Queen Justice, Queen Mercy, and so forth—how our good QUEEN, after the times she’s looked at the Parliament, and after the speeches she’s made to them—how she must look down upon the Lords (I mean of the creation) of the Parliament assembled.”

Upon this matter, however, you shall have more than A BIT OF MY MIND.

Yours to continue,

AMELIA MOUSER.

The Honeysuckles.



## A JUVENILE TEACHER ON EDUCATION.

Interlocutors.—LITTLE BOY and MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN.



He beg to call the attention of the House of Commons to the following interesting dialogue:—

*Little Boy.* Please, Papa, what are you reading, Papa?

*Middle-aged Gentleman.* The speeches in Parliament, my little man; all about educating the millions of poor little boys and girls who can't read and write, and don't know their A, B, C, nor the difference between right and wrong.

*Little Boy.* Why don't their Papas and Mamas have them taught, Papa?

*Middle-aged Gentleman.* My dear, because they have no kind, good, Papas and Mamas like you. Some of their parents are too poor, and some too careless and indifferent.

*Little Boy.* Then, Papa, why doesn't the QUEEN order them to be sent to school?

*Middle-aged Gentleman.* Ha! her MAJESTY would be only too happy, if she could; but Parliament can't agree to let her.

*Little Boy.* Why not, Papa?

*Middle-aged Gentleman.* Why, you see, my dear, Par-

liament is made up of gentlemen that belong to different religions, and not one of them, except a few, will vote for any school unless his own religion is taught in it. So the poor little girls and boys can't be taught anything because the sects can't settle their differences.

*Little Boy.* What differences, Papa?

*Middle-aged Gentleman.* I can't explain them to you. You couldn't understand them. They don't signify to little boys of your age.

*Little Boy.* Then, Papa, what do they signify to the poor little boys and girls?

*Middle-aged Gentleman.* Eh?—why—a—just so—that is—never mind. You'll know one of these days.

*Little Boy.* But what becomes of the poor boys and girls, Papa?

*Middle-aged Gentleman.* Why, they plunder and steal, and then they are taken up, and imprisoned and whipped, and by-and-by transported, and at last some of them hanged—all because they haven't been taught their duty like you, and know no better.

*Little Boy.* How cruel! If they don't know better, whose fault is it, Papa?

*Middle-aged Gentleman.* Nobody's in particular. It is because Society can't agree.

*Little Boy.* Who is Society, Papa?

*Middle-aged Gentleman.* Society—eh?—why—oh! Everybody, my boy.

*Little Boy.* Then I think, Papa, it is the fault of Everybody, and I think Everybody is very wicked, and will never be happy till he can make his mind up, and send the poor children to school.

*Middle-aged Gentleman.* 'Pon my word, my little boy, I believe you are right.

## A WINDY SHINDY.

DUBLIN was visited the other day with such a hurricane as has not been known since the days when the winds blew and cracked their cheeks on Dover Cliff, and BOREAS split his sides in wild guffaws at the expense of poor old LEAR. It is said that thirty thousand pounds' worth of windows have been smashed, and it has become a privilege to be allowed—after an appointment of several days' standing—an audience of your glazier. The Dublin tradesmen declare loudly that the breeze has been raised by the rumour of the approaching abolition of the Vice-Royalty, and that this blow to their trade has been appropriately produced by the blowing out of their windows. Those who are always busying themselves about "What's in the wind?" are now told that indignation at the breaking up of an imitation Court was decidedly in the wind during the late tempest. We don't see why BOREAS should give himself such airs about a sensible resolution of the Government, but we cannot be surprised at the Prince of Puffers taking up the cause of the tradesmen of the Irish Metropolis, who are, no doubt, quite as adroit as their London brethren in the advertising arts, carts, and sciences.

THE TRIBUNAL OF MADNESS.—The Court of Chancery should be called, simply, the Court of Lunacy. Its jurisdiction extends over all lunatics, and none but lunatics ever think of going to law in it.

## THE WHIPPER-IN'S LAMENT.

(By LORD M—RC—S H—LL.)

My first employ was a light-weight boy,  
With the Parliament Pack to ride;  
And the runs I've had, as I steered my prad  
At old BILLY 'OLMES's side!

Oh, he was the man, when wild they ran,  
To tail his dogs home in a crack;  
No odds scent or weather, he kept them together,  
On his hard-mouthed Treasury hack.

No hound so young could e'er give tongue,  
When he *should* ha' run close and mum,  
But, with lash or look, BILLY brought him to book,  
And the babblingest dog was dumb!

The scent might be shy, the fox run sly,  
Or have earthed in awkward ground,  
But at hand for a cast, with the field hard and fast,  
Old BILLY was safe to be found!

All covers he'd draw, and too much law  
No fox got where BILLY came;  
No matter what scent crossed the line they went,  
He kept the pack to their game.

And to crown the run, when the sport was done,  
You was safe a death to see,  
And the nob's they'd tip the jolly old whip,  
And BILLY warn't proud—not he!

And I'd bet a pot, he'arned all he got,  
For never was whipper-in  
Had a hand more neat, or a better seat,  
'Arder mouth or thicker skin.

But now a poor whip there's none to tip,  
All we gets, it is 'ard knocks—  
Our kennel and breed is a runnin' to seed,  
And we never kills a fox!

Then there's LORD JOHN, in the days that's gone  
Well in the front he showed,  
Never craned or shied, but in his stride,  
Took wot came in his road.

But now, I'm blest, if I ain't distrest,  
His conduc' for to see;  
At every ditch, it's a baulk or hitch,  
Which didn't use to be.

And the old Whig pack, thro' bein' 'unted slack,  
Are wild as gipsy curs;  
Off after a cow, or a sheep—bow-wow—  
Or an 'edge 'og in the furze.

For rating or thong, I may lay it, ding-dong,  
About their flanks and ears,  
They don't care a rap; ten to one they'll snap  
At me when I interferes!

Four runs last week, home we did sneak,  
Without a single kill!  
And LORD JOHN on *Winders*, SIR CHARLES on *Stamps*,  
Both 'ad an awful spill!

What's to come of the 'ounds that's broken bounds,  
And wild across country roam,  
I 'aven't a guess to my back, unless  
Young BEN he chivies 'em 'ome.

Once dogs was dogs, but now, by Gogs,  
I think they'll soon begin  
To break their tethers, mount tops and leathers,  
And 'unt the whipper-in!

## The Old Paths.

NOTICE has appeared in the *Oxford Journal* for the closing of forty-six footpaths—short cuts through pleasant meadows round stately Oxford! We call upon that venerable University, which is so fond of the old paths when they lead to Rome, or away from improvement, in the words of her favourite maxim, "*stare super antiquas vias*," or, in plain English, "to stand up for the old roads" on this occasion.



## THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

## II.—ON THE PLEASURES OF BEING A FOGY.



WHILE I was riding the other day by the beautiful Serpentine River upon my excellent friend HEAVY-SIDE'S grey cob, and in company of the gallant and agreeable AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, a carriage passed from which looked out a face of such remarkable beauty, that AUGUSTUS and myself quickened our pace to follow the vehicle, and to keep for awhile those charming features in view. My beloved and unknown young friend who peruse these lines, it was very likely your face which attracted your humble servant; recollect whether you were not in the Park upon the day I allude to, and if you were, whom else could I mean but you? I don't know your name; I have forgotten the arms on the carriage, or whether there were any; and as for women's dresses, who can remember them? but your dear kind countenance was so pretty and good-humoured and pleasant to look at, that it remains to this

day faithfully engraven on my heart, and I feel sure that you are as good as you are handsome. Almost all handsome women are good: they cannot choose but be good and gentle with those sweet features and that charming graceful figure. A day in which one sees a very pretty woman should always be noted as a holyday with a man, and marked with a white stone. In this way, and at this season in London, to be sure, such a day comes seven times in the week, and our calendar, like that of the Roman Catholics, is all Saints' days.

TOPLADY, then, on his chesnut horse, with his glass in his eye, and the tips of his shiny boots just touching the stirrup, and your slave, the present writer, (who by the way is rather better and younger looking than the designer has made him) rode after your carriage, and looked at you with such notes of admiration expressed in their eyes, that you remember you blushed, you smiled, and then began to talk to that very nice-looking elderly lady in the front seat, who of course was your Mamma. You turned out of the ride—it was time to go home and dress for dinner,—you were gone. Good luck go with you, and with all fair things which thus come and pass away!

TOR caused his horse to cut all sorts of absurd capers and caracoles by the side of your carriage. He made it dance upon two legs, then upon other two, then as if he would jump over the railings and crush the admiring nursery-maids and the rest of the infantry. I should think he got his animal from BATTY'S, and that, at a crack of WIDDICOMB'S whip, he could dance a quadrille. He ogled, he smiled, he took off his hat to a Countess's carriage that happened to be passing in the other line, and so showed his hair; he grinned, he kissed his little finger-tips and flung them about as if he would shake them off—whereas the other party, on the grey cob—the old gentleman—powdered along at a resolute trot, and never once took his respectful eyes off you while you continued in the ring.

When you were gone (you see by the way in which I linger about you still, that I am unwilling to part with you) TOPLADY turned round upon me with a killing triumphant air, and stroked that impudent little tuft he has on his chin, and said—"I say, old boy, it was the chesnut she was looking at, and not the *gway*." And I make no doubt he thinks you are in love with him to this minute.

"You silly young jackanapes," said I; "what do I care whether she was looking at the grey or the chesnut? I was thinking about the girl; you were thinking about yourself, and be hanged to your vanity!" And with this thrust in his little chest, I flatter myself I upset young TOPLADY, that triumphant careering rider.

It was natural that he should wish to please; that is, that he should wish other people to admire him. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY is young (still) and lovely. It is not until a late period of life that a genteel young fellow, with a Grecian nose and a suitable waist and whiskers, begins to admire other people besides himself.

That, however, is the great advantage which a man possesses whose morning of life is over, whose reason is not taken prisoner by any kind of blandishments, and who knows and feels that he is a FOGY. As an old buck is an odious sight, absurd, and ridiculous before gods and men; cruelly, but deservedly, quizzed by you young people, who are

not in the least duped by his youthful airs or toilette artifices; so an honest, good-natured, straight-forward, middle-aged, easily-pleased Fogy is a worthy and amiable member of society, and a man who gets both respect and liking.

Even in the lovely sex, who has not remarked how painful is that period of a woman's life when she is passing out of her bloom, and thinking about giving up her position as a beauty? What sad injustice and stratagems she has to perpetrate during the struggle! She hides away her daughters in the school-room, she makes them wear cruel pinafores, and dresses herself in the garb which they ought to assume. She is obliged to distort the calendar, and to resort to all sorts of schemes and arts to hide, in her own person, the august and respectable marks of time. Ah! what is this revolt against nature but impotent blasphemy? Is not Autumn beautiful in its appointed season, that we are to be ashamed of her and paint her yellowing leaves pea-green? Let us, I say, take the fall of the year as it was made, serenely and sweetly, and await the time when Winter comes and the nights shut in. I know, for my part, many ladies who are far more agreeable and more beautiful too, now that they are no longer beauties; and, by converse, I have no doubt that TOPLADY, about whom we were speaking just now, will be a far pleasanter person when he has given up the practice, or desire, of killing the other sex, and has sunk into a mellow repose as an old bachelor or a married man.

The great and delightful advantage that a man enjoys in the world, after he has abdicated all pretensions as a conqueror and enslaver of females, and both formally, and of his heart, acknowledges himself to be a Fogy, is that he now comes for the first time to enjoy and appreciate duly the society of women. For a young man about town, there is only one woman in the whole city—(at least very few indeed of the young Turks, let us hope, dare to have two or three strings to their wicked bows)—he goes to ball after ball in pursuit of that one person; he sees no other eyes but hers; hears no other voice; cares for no other petticoat but that in which his charmer dances; he pursues her—is refused—is accepted and jilted: breaks his heart, mends it, of course, and goes on again after some other beloved being, until in the order of fate and nature he marries and settles, or remains unmarried, free, and a Fogy. Until then we know nothing of women—the kindness and refinement and wit of the elders; the artless prattle and dear little chatter of the young ones; all these are hidden from us until we take the Fogy's degree: nay, even perhaps from married men, whose age and gravity entitles them to rank amongst Fogies; for every woman, who is worth anything, will be jealous of her husband up to seventy or eighty, and always prevent his intercourse with other ladies. But an old bachelor, or better still, an old widower, has this delightful entrée into the female world: he is free to come, to go: to listen: to joke: to sympathise: to talk with mamma about her plans and troubles: to pump from Miss the little secrets that gush so easily from her pure little well of a heart: the ladies do not *gêner* themselves before him, and he is admitted to their mysteries like the Doctor, the Confessor, or the Kislar Aga.

What man who can enjoy this pleasure and privilege ought to be indifferent to it? If the society of one woman is delightful, as the young fellows think and justly, how much more delightful is the society of a thousand! One woman, for instance, has brown eyes, and a geological or musical turn; another has sweet blue eyes, and takes, let us say, the GORHAM side of the controversy, at present pending; a third darling, with long fringed lashes hiding eyes of hazel, lifts them up ceiling-wards in behalf of Miss SELLON, thinks the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has hit the poor young lady very hard in publishing her letters, and proposes to quit the Church next Tuesday or Wednesday, or whenever MR. ORIEL is ready—and, of course, a man may be in love with one or the other of these. But it is manifest that brown eyes will remain brown eyes to the end, and that, having no other interest but music or geology, her conversation on those points may grow more than sufficient. SAPPHIRA, again, when she has said her say with regard to the GORHAM affair, and proved that the other party are but Romanists in disguise, and who is interested on no other subject, may possible tire you—so may HAZELIA, who is working altarcloths all day, and would desire no better martyrdom than to walk bare-foot in a night procession up Sloane Street and home by Wilton Place, time enough to get her poor *meurtris* little feet into white satin slippers for the night's ball—I say, if a man can be wrought up to rapture, and enjoy bliss in the company of any one of these young ladies, or any other individuals in the infinite variety of Miss-kind—how much real sympathy, benevolent pleasure, and kindly observation may he enjoy, when he is allowed to be familiar with the whole charming race, and behold the brightness of all their different eyes, and listen to the sweet music of their various voices!

## ENGLAND'S GOOD NAME.

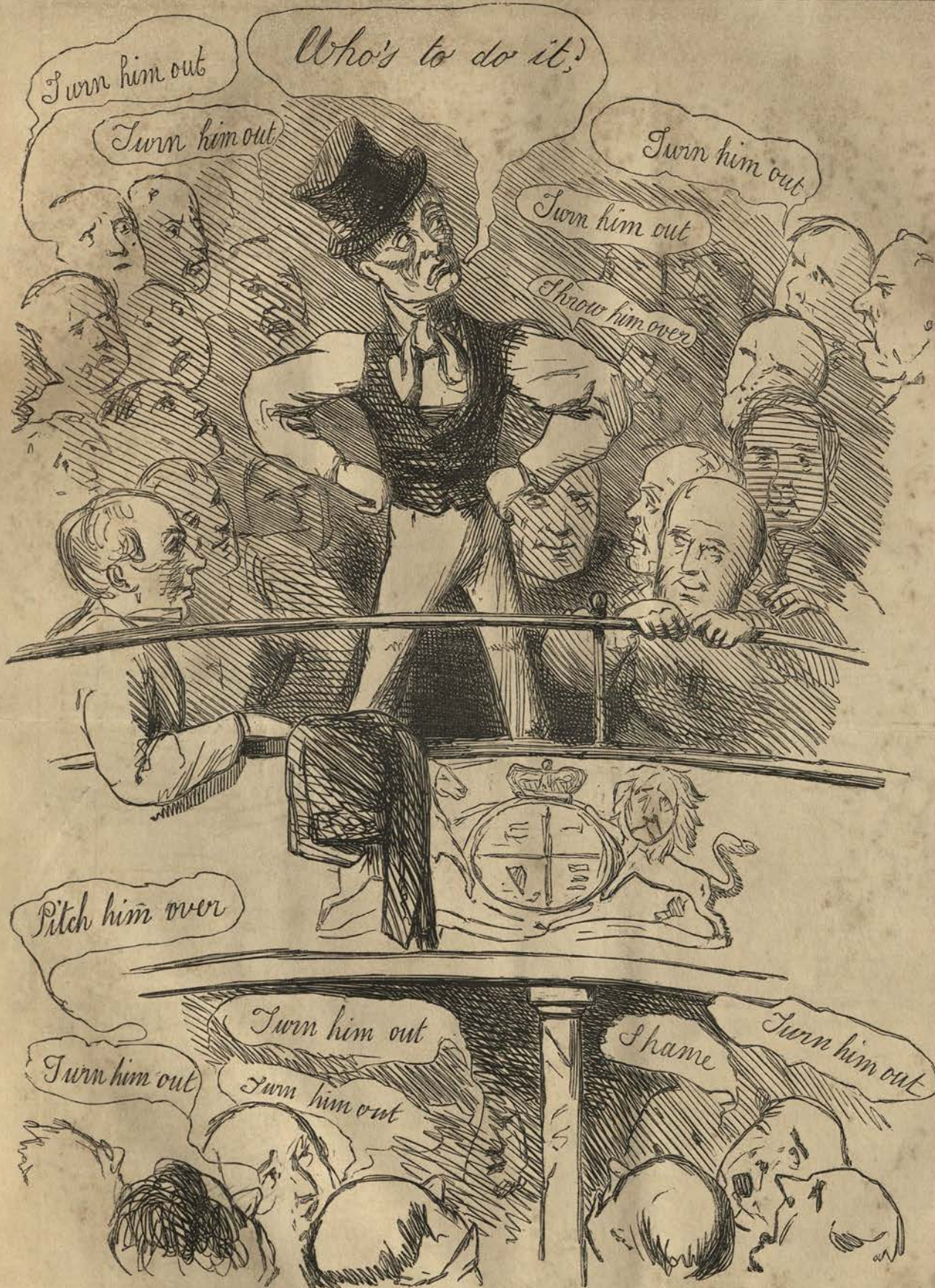
OUR late proceedings in Greece have induced foreign nations to make a little alteration in our national nick-name, by adding a letter to it. Instead of calling us JOHN BULL, they now everywhere style us JOHN BULLY.





A JUVENILE PARTY.





SAUCY JACK RUSSELL; OR, WHO'S TO TURN HIM OUT?







A HINT FROM HER MAJESTY.



We do not often peruse with very intense interest the lucubrations of that energetic historian, the Court newsman, who chronicles from day to day the walks, the drives, and the dinners of Royalty. Like *Olhelo*, we are "not much moved" by the perusal of the tale, how this stick has succeeded that stick, how this lady has relieved the other lady, or how His Excellency the BARON HOBANOB was the only addition—and, in TUSSAUD phraseology, "a magnificent addition," we dare say—to the party of Royalty.

We are quite sure HER MAJESTY takes no delight in the perusal of these paragraphs; for which of us would wish to have published to the world the details of our every-day life, embracing

such facts as our having, on such a day, "entertained MR. and MRS. JONES at a leg of mutton dinner," or that in the afternoon we had "taken our usual airing on the halfpenny steamboat?" Though our vanity might be a little tickled at first by perusing in print the announcement that we had received a few friends to tea, we should soon get tired of what might be termed our *Household Narrative*, when we found such paragraphs as "The charwoman has relieved the housemaid in waiting," or that "the children took their customary donkey-ride in the Park."

We, however, did notice in the *Court Circular*, of Friday last, a paragraph from which some profit may be derived. In the midst of a series of announcements respecting the birth-day of the PRINCESS ALICE, we came to the following:—

"At five o'clock in the afternoon HER MAJESTY received a small juvenile party, &c. The QUEEN, accompanied by the Royal children, received the youthful visitors in the saloon, in which the juveniles danced, and afterwards proceeded to the library, where refreshments were served. The juvenile party left the Palace soon after seven o'clock."

Here is an admirable example to those who are in the habit of giving children's parties, commencing at eight or nine p. m., and terminating at one or two in the morning, when the jaded juveniles crawl away with at least six months' health taken out of them by late hours, excitement and fatigue. The QUEEN, as a mother and a sensible woman, knows when "it is time that all good children should be in bed," as the nurse's saying goes, and she most properly sets herself above the fashionable foolery of half killing children under the pretext of amusing them. The juvenile party at the Palace was short and sweet, beginning early, breaking up in good time, and not interfering in the least with the usual hours that ought to be observed in all well-regulated families.

The visitors were kept long enough to be entertained, but not long enough to be worn out, and we dare say they enjoyed themselves in proportion to the good sense shown in providing for their amusement. The example is an excellent one, and we hope it will have its effect when the time comes round for cooping up a number of little children in hot rooms at unreasonable hours, for the gratification of a bevy of misguided mothers looking on with rapture at their offspring mimicking the fooleries of their elders in a spirit of premature apishness, which makes even childhood offensive—and that is saying a very great deal indeed. For once we congratulate the Court historian on having fulfilled the province of history—that of teaching by example—and the higher the example the more profitable is the lesson likely to be.

Liston Redivivus.

We thought never more to hear of a once celebrated farce, rendered famous in its day by the acting of LISTON in the principal character. But only last week the *Times* announced that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had

"Received, from 'X. Y. Z.', Bank-notes, value £400, which he will place to the credit of the public."

Surely this is the farce of *X. Y. Z.*, and the chief actor in it is *Neddy Bray*.

The End of the Sea-Serpent.

We left our old friend dragging his slow length along up the Beaufort River in Carolina, with a party of the "Free and Independent" on their way to blow him out of the water with a couple of ten-pounders. They sailed—they loaded; they saw the monster at a distance; they primed—they were just going to fire—when they found the Sea-Serpent was three whales, which had blundered up the stream in each other's wake. And so the Sea-Serpent turns out, as we always expected he would, "very like a whale."

SABBATH-POST PENITENTIAL MEETING.

NEXT to being in the right, is the graceful and penitent confession of having been in the wrong. This confession is about to be made some day next week, by a large number of distinguished merchants, bankers, solicitors, and others—by the same men who, two or three months back, held meetings for the charitable purpose of denouncing ROWLAND HILL as one of the wicked, as a man determined upon the desecration of the English Sabbath, and with it the perdition of the souls of thousands of the doomed ones employed in the Post-Office. Art had been called in to awaken the indignation of the country, and envelopes with a portrait of ROWLAND HILL, garnished with horns and tail, was seen emptying from a bag a shower of letters upon a church steeple—more fatally struck than was ever steeple struck by lightning—by Sabbath foolsap. It was in vain that LORD RUSSELL sought to guarantee the peacefulness of the Sabbath—LORD RUSSELL was not believed; and very much the "merchants, bankers, solicitors," &c., applauded themselves in the charitableness of such incredulity. Since the first ass cropped his first meal of antediluvian thistles, there had never been such multitudinous braying, as that hee-hawed at public meetings, and through newspaper columns. And now—bidding his time—MR. ROWLAND HILL has published a Report, convicting the "merchants, bankers, solicitors," &c., of the most needless violence—of the most unchristianlike abuse of a man to whom civilisation owes an immense amount of debt—a debt that from land to land will go on increasing. We borrow from the *Times* the subjoined analysis of the "Report" in question:—

"Mr. HILL had always stated that the necessity for the extra labour would be brief. On Sunday, the 28th of October, the additional London force of 25 men was first employed; on the 6th of January following it was reduced to 13; on the 13th of the same month to 3, and on the very next Sunday it was dispensed with altogether, having effected its object within the space of three months.

"By the device and execution of these measures 576 provincial post-offices have experienced a total positive relief of about 7½ hours each Sunday, and upwards of 4000 dependent offices have received a similar relief of about 7 hours. Estimated in relation to individuals, the effect of the measures has been to give to 5829 persons an average Sunday relief of 5½ hours each; that is to say, nearly 6000 people have been relieved from nearly 6 hours' work every Sunday by the operation of a scheme which was denounced as a deliberate encouragement to Sabbath-breaking and profanity. The Sunday force regularly employed in the Post-Office before the famous provisions of MR. ROWLAND HILL's scheme amounted to 27 men. On the first day of operations under the new system this, to the scandal and horror of the public, was increased to 52. To be sure, some 4000 or 5000 were relieved in other quarters by the same regulation, but this little compensation was altogether overlooked in the great iniquity. But what followed? Not only was this additional force dispensed with *in toto* before three months had passed, but its labours had even contributed to lighten the lot of those who still remained. So well did the new arrangements act, that the work of the original force began gradually and steadily to diminish, and we are now officially told that 'the whole Sunday force ordinarily employed in the London office will be reduced to five or six men, which, even with the addition of the 10 clerks employed in the mail trains (and their duties will trench but little on the observances of the Sunday), will make a total force of little more than half that employed before the 28th of October last.'

*Punch* has some satisfaction in the recollection that at the outset he met the folly, the abuse, and—in some cases, he may add—the pharisaical puritanism of the brawlers with argument and with laughter. Well, very much are the "merchants, bankers, solicitors," and others, ashamed of themselves; and they propose to meet next week—place and time will of course be advertised—and read MR. HILL's Report, and then and there express their penitence for the hard epithets that, in their ultra purity, they again and again bestowed upon him.

Further, they will then—in token of repentance—walk bare-headed in procession to the Post-Office, and read to MR. ROWLAND HILL a confession of their injustice.

Further, they will beg of MR. ROWLAND HILL to accept a bracelet for MRS. ROWLAND HILL—a bracelet set with jewels, in form of a snake with its tail in his mouth, typical in this case of repentant slander that—eats its own words.

To Unlicensed Hawkers of Jokes:

NOTICE! whoever sends us a joke on the subject of "CAMPBELL'S Miss-Sellon-y,"

Will be instantly proceeded against for literary felony! The joke having been stolen from a wit at the West End, And last seen in a leader of the *Times*, where the thief was traced by a friend Of the manufacturer, who last night did with more of his friends in a body call Upon *Mr. Punch* to impound the joke if sent to his periodical.

A CABMAN'S ESTIMATE OF RESPECTABILITY.

"WHAT do you take me for, Sir?" said an elderly gentleman to a cabman who had been grossly insulting him. "Take yer for? Vy, I took yer for a shillin' a mile, but I find yer a shab as only gives eightpence."





TERRIFIC ATTACK UPON MR. JACOB OMNIUM OF UPPER BAKER STREET, BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

#### MRS. OXFORD TO THE PRIME MINISTER.

"JOHNNY!

"Oh! if I was your mother—which, thank my stars, I ain't—wouldn't I!—well, never mind. So you've the imperance, have you, you little Edinburgh sixpenn'orth of halfpence, for to think of appointing a Commission to inquire into my household management? Oh! but the answers is to be all optional. JOHNNY, I wish you may get any. Try an experiment first. Go to the pond in St. James's Park, which I wish you was at the bottom of it, where the water-birds is. Stand on the bank, and cry, 'Goosey, goosey, goosey, come and be killed!' How many do you think you'll persuade to come? Rather more, I should think, than you will get any boys of mine to speak agin their own good as well as their poor old mother. And, pray, what is it you're so inquisitive about, after all? Not that I've got anything to be ashamed of: no, I should hope not; but if I choose to keep myself to myself, my affairs is nothing to nobody. All the world, I'm sure, knows as much as they've any business of DAME OXFORD. There never was no child of mine as was a disgrace, or anythink else but a comfort, to his family and friends. Take any of 'em, and if you fancy that I spoilt him, or brought him up to extravagance and ruin—ask his father. And I'm sure my sons—for I calls all the young gentlemen I takes in, my sons—couldn't have a mother to be more careful of them than I am, looking over their things, and their bills, and seeing what they has and what they pays, and that they're never cheated nor imposed on. As to my bringing of them on in their studies, there's nobody but a most wicked story as can say a

word agin that. I'm sure, what with Latin and Greek, and Greek and Latin, let alone Hebrew, their poor heads is stuffed as full as they can hold. Don't tell me that I should have 'em taught more of your nateral sciences, and your modern languages, and Indian gibberish. Don't talk to me about your nasty Chemistry, which I don't believe half of it, and your Botany, and Anatomy, and Ornithology, and Etymology, and parlyvoing, and yaw-yawing, and new-fangled Sanscrip. They learn as much of all them sort of things as they ought to know, and are quie good enough scollards for any Christian. I've trained them up in the way they should go, JOHNNY. I've took care to distil their minds with proper principles; instead of which you'd have them trying to set the Thames a-fire with your sulphur, and gash, and experiments in Calvinism. No, JOHN, DAME OXFORD's lads, I can tell you, have other fish to fry, and will maintain, in defence of their glorious constitution, against your Papishes, and Dissenters, and you too, for there isn't a pin to choose between you. Come, if you dare, and poke your nose into my house-keeping, like a jackdaw peeping down a marrow-bone. Find out all the secrets you can. I defy you to meddle with

"OLD DAME OXFORD.

"P.S. P'raps the above mayn't be no news to you. May be you've heard as much already from INGLIS. Whichever way, put it in your pipe, etcetra."

#### PARLIAMENTARY DOOR-KEEPING.

A SELECT committee has been sitting on the door-keepers of the House of Lords, who are likely to cry out that they have been crushed by being thus sat upon.

We cannot understand the complaints of poorly paid labour, when we find that hall-porters' work commands such wages as the country has been paying to the gentl men who have met with such an eligible opening as the opening of the door of the House of Lords. The Forty Thieves made a tolerably good thing of their Open Sesame; but we doubt whether even the Captain of the band could have cleared such a comfortable thing of it, as the officers we have been alluding to have hitherto enjoyed. Every knock, single or double, that came to the House of Lords, has been a rap in the pocket of the door-keeper, and nothing seems to have answered better than answering the door. Every pull at the bell has been a pull upon poor JOHN BULL's pocket, until he can no longer stand the constant pull out—or, in other words, he refuses to go on being let in by those entrusted with the duty of letting in the Peers.

In one year the door-keeper cleared £2500 by the operation of simply turning a handle, which must be the very identical handle to abuse that we have heard spoken of so frequently. Between £700 and £800 a year is a moderate average for the door-keeper. Who will not feel that it would be cheaper even to furnish every one of their Lordships with a latch-key to let himself in, than to pay such an enormous sum to a functionary who has not even got to ask "Who's dat knocking at de door?" but simply admits each peer as he enters the house. The whole cost might be saved by having a check-string near the woosack, to be pulled by the Chancellor, who would thus exercise a very proper check upon this branch of our outlay.

We strongly recommend the adoption either of the principle of latch-keys for the Lords, or the still more economical plan of Little Red Riding Hood's Grandmother, for we do not see why each Member of the House should not be directed to pull a bobbin outside, so that the latch might come up, and he could walk in.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—It is an extraordinary and somewhat self-contradictory fact, that, while very little that MR. FERRAND is in the habit of saying is taken in, still less of it is carried out.



MAXIMS AND DISPATCHES OF FIELD MARSHAL WIDDICOMB.



URELY peace should be encouraged, if it is only for its economy. How much cheaper it is than war! Peace requires no double band, no outlay of brass, no blue-fire, no saltpetre, no smoke—and War is all smoke. It is the smoke that costs the money. A War that should consume its own smoke, would be a great boon—especially as the babies in the pit would not cough so much, when I am addressing my gallant troops, previous to leading them on to victory.

Victory! it is but the flash of a second—a vivid illumination, succeeded by general darkness. You hear a shout—you see a blaze—and the next moment the green curtain falls—and I have to hurry off to pay “the supers.”

If ever France and England should go to war again, I propose that FRANCHONI and Astley’s should fight their battles. We should do it much more effectively—and our play-bills would do capitally for bulletins and dispatches—for we should both of us be sure to claim the victory.

Every Ring has its fool, and the man who marries a woman in the belief that she is perfection is the fool of the wedding-ring.

OLD ASTLEY had the lowest contempt for women who did not know how to ride. A celebrated actress from Dairy Lane applied to him for an engagement. “Can you ride, madam?” “No, Sir.” “Then, please madam, you must walk.”—And he would not listen to another word.

DUCROW was the most enterprising manager I ever knew. At the time that SIR ROBERT PEEL said that the “Battle of the Constitution must be fought in the Registration Courts,” he sent in a contract to Government, pledging himself to fight the battle cheaper than any one else.

“Man is but Dust:” this may not be perfectly new, but can anything be more true? Considering how often I have been splashed and kicked by the horses, and how repeatedly I have been tripped up by *Mr. Merriman*, and rolled about in the Ring, I am sure no one will accuse me of pedantry when I boldly say that “Man is but sawdust.”

The Horse is greatly to be envied. His engagement lasts all the year round, and he never knows what it is to want a meal. There have been moments of weakness, when I, WIDDICOMB, have regretted I had not been born a horse!

Upon what a trifle does a man’s Fame sometimes depend! GOMERSAL confessed to me he owed his engagement as NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE solely to the accident of his taking snuff!

Who says there is no promotion in our service? Why I have known a young tailor start in the British army as a drummer-boy, and be the MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY before he was nineteen. Innumerable other instances might be given.

It is a great question whether I have derived half as much gratification from “the most brilliant achievement that ever distinguished the annals of British history”—I mean, our Battle of Waterloo—as from a dozen oysters and a bottle of stout, which I have quietly enjoyed in my dressing-room afterwards.

Are we a Nation of Rogues?

THE discussion on the Summary Jurisdiction Bill has elicited the observations that trial by jury is the “Palladium of British Liberty,” and the “dearest birthright of Englishmen.” The fact asserted in the former proposition cannot be too strongly insisted on; though, possibly, the remark itself may be made too often. But to the latter aphorism we entirely object. Our dearest birthright is, of all our advantages, that which we have most occasion to avail ourselves of, and we should be much ashamed if, in our personal case, this were trial by jury. What must foreigners think of us if we let a saying pass current which implies that an Englishman is almost constantly having to appear in the dock?

THE REPRESENTATION AS IT MIGHT BE.

AN entirely new basis of representation is suggested by a passage in a speech made by MR. W. J. FOX, M.P., at the National Reform Association. The Honourable Member observed that—

“Many gentlemen now sent to Parliament represented the rascality (*cheers*), the servility (*cheers*), the drunkenness, the selfishness of the country. (*Loud cheers.*)”

Next to the real representation of the people, that of conflicting interests and principles would be, perhaps, the fairest. The summary of a debate might then run somewhat thus:—

In the House of Commons—

Petitions were presented by the MEMBER for CLASS PRIVILEGE for the more stringent enforcement of the Game Laws; from the MEMBER for MAMMON against any interference with the shift and relay system in factories; and from the MEMBER for CHICANERY against Chancery Reform.

The MEMBER for FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE proposed the throwing open of the Universities to HER MAJESTY’S subjects of all denominations. The MEMBER for BIGOTRY predicted the downfall of the Monarchy from the admission of Dissenters to Oxford and Cambridge.

On a motion for the removal of Smithfield Market being made by the MEMBER for HEALTH,

The MEMBER for FILTH moved that the Bill be read this day six months. He would defend vested interests through thick and thin. The amendment was seconded by the MEMBER for PESTILENCE. He would not tamely suffer his constituents, the undertakers, to be injured.

The MEMBER for FAIR PLAY brought forward a motion for the adoption of the Ballot. This was opposed by the MEMBER for BRIBERY, seconded by the MEMBER for INTIMIDATION, who, in an energetic harangue, denounced secret voting as unconstitutional and un-English.

Occasion was taken by the MEMBER for ECONOMY to recommend the abolition of useless offices. The MEMBER for FLUNKYDOM vindicated the dignity of Gold Stick from the aspersions of the Hon. Gentleman.

The MEMBER for CANT gave notice of a Bill forbidding cabs, ’busses, and steamboats to ply on Sundays.

Hereupon the MEMBER for CONSISTENCY said, that if the measure went into Committee, he should demand the insertion of a clause to prohibit the use of carriages on the Sabbath for going to Church.

The MEMBER for PHILANTHROPY then brought forward his motion for the abolition of capital punishment, which, having been strenuously opposed by the MEMBER for DESTRUCTIVENESS, was rejected by a small majority.

On the motion of the MEMBER for EARLY CLOSING, the House then adjourned.

ALL ROUND ST. PAUL’S.

ALL round St. Paul’s they’ve got an iron railing,  
All round St. Paul’s they’ve had it many a day;  
And if any body ask’d me why they’ve been and done it,  
I’ll tell them that the railing were better ta’en away.

All round St. Paul’s it’s a common observation,  
They always try their utmost to keep the people out,  
By charging their twopences, their shillings, and their sixpences,  
And with an iron railing circling it about.

All round St. Paul’s, and under it and over it,  
Through the vaults and galleries, up stairs and down,  
You may go when you like, provided you are satisfied  
To pay for the treat something under a crown.

There’s India, the Nile, New Zealand, and Australia,  
America, Niagara, and other wondrous falls,  
May be seen for a shilling; but five times the money  
Is demanded of the traveller all round St. Paul’s.

But since the new Dean is a scholar and a gentleman,  
We hope he will listen to the public in its calls,  
And take off the twopence, so paltry and contemptible,  
For merely glancing rapidly all round St. Paul’s.

A Dangerous Doctor.

HERE is a curiosity of advertising literature:—

MEDICAL.—To be DISPOSED OF, the RECIPE of a MEDICINE for a disease of great suffering, by which, a few years ago, a large practice was made; but, in consequence of the death of the medical gentleman, it has been laying dormant for some time.

If the “disease of great suffering,” which proved so lucrative, has really been “laying dormant in consequence of the death of the medical gentleman,” it will probably be revived by the person who shall become his successor.



## PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

LEAVING for awhile the regions of royalty, we descend for a moment to the floor of the house, a floor which MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, of moribund notoriety, might be excused for a desire to die upon. The floor to which we allude is the parterre of Her Majesty's Theatre—a parterre abounding in flowers, some of which are of the most exquisite beauty, some a little full-blown, some rather faded, and a few that might be weeded out with advantage to the general appearance of the locality. Among the flowers of the parterre there is a slight sprinkling of the Pinks of elegance; a large assortment of the White Stocks, which give a sort of starched regularity to the scene; a strip or two of London Pride; and a goodly collection of those highly respectable tenants of the soil, that, although neither forced in the hot-beds of luxury, nor connected with the old roots of venerable ancestral trees, are a very favourable specimen of the productions of the land in which they flourish.

There may be occasionally remarked in the parterre the sudden appearance of an object surmounted with a hat, an object which is always looked upon in the light of a scarecrow among the surrounding flowers. Sometimes the pleasing aspect of the place is impaired by the waddling in of a pair of ducks; but though ducks are not positively prohibited from entering the parterre, there is about them the awkward air of *rare aves*, and they are very seldom met with.

The visitors to the realms of Opera in the height of the Season include all the component parts of that vast mass commonly termed Society, the analysis of which would be a process almost too vast for the resources of chemistry, even were we disposed to submit society to all the various tests. Within the realms of Opera, however, there are some wonderful combinations of various qualities and properties, which amalgamate only here, as if there was something in the softening and refining air of the place which blends into harmony those matters, which are antagonistic everywhere else.

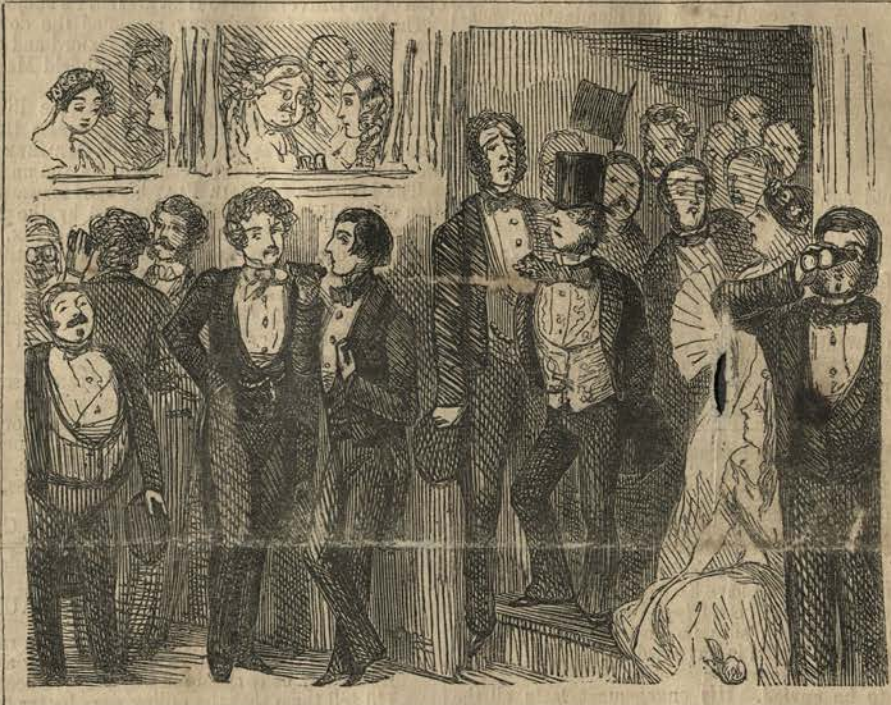
We find, for instance, in Her Majesty's Theatre, the laws of political chemistry suspended, as it were, in the rigorous harshness of their operation, for we witness the correction of Protectionist Acidity, the fusion of Whig Oil with Radical Vinegar, and the easy mixture of the Subimate of Aristocratic Alkali with the common Potash of the numerous essential extracts of which Society is formed. It is difficult to account for this phenomenon, when we remember that there is in the social structure a chilly ingredient which seldom can be got above freezing point, and our only solution is, that in the genial sunshine of the realms of Opera, every quality is held for the time in solution by means of that liquid harmony we have already spoken of, which could melt the snow that caps the summit of that Mountain, in his own opinion, and Molehill, in other people's—an upstart Lord.

Besides the neutralisation of political acids, the evaporation of aristocratic airs, the giving off of vapours which are invariably dissipated at the Opera, and other great chemical results of the delightful climate, all leading to the harmonious blending of a variety of naturally repugnant parts, we may look upon many of the boxes as little laboratories of themselves, for the formation of other unions of a still more delicate kind. Here is carried on the great science of Maternal Alchemy, the art of match-making, which consists in the happy combination of objects possessing various properties, as distinguished from the unhappy combination of objects possessing no property at all. The mysteries of Maternal Alchemy are practised with immense success in the regions of Opera, where they can be carried on with far more effect than in that most laborious of laboratories, a crowded drawing-room, where the fair

practitioner finds herself, after all, in the position of an exhausted receiver, with no satisfactory result achieved.

In an Opera-box the best ingredients required for match-making can be used to the best advantage, and we might, without difficulty, furnish a manual of maternal chemistry for the guide of those desirous of practising the art. For instance, we might suggest a process like the following, which has often been adopted with success. Having found the objects you wish to bring into union, you must place them together in the same box. Use a good quantity of the essential oil of Macassar, for capillary attraction has been known to exercise a very powerful influence, and, by the means of these oils, external properties have been made to supply the place of a vacuum within. With the materials for combustion thus prepared, you must be careful to prevent contact with ordinary sparks, lest spontaneous combustion should take place in a quarter for which you were not prepared. In making up

your mind as to the object you are about to introduce for the purpose of union, you must take care that, in selecting anybody, you select one that is—in chemical language—a solvent, for if you should happen to hit upon an in-solvent, not only would your labour be thrown away, but a terrible explosion might ensue, and, in any union that should take place, both the objects would be kept constantly in hot water through the inability of one of them to liquidate. The ascertaining a body to be a solvent is a very delicate process, and it is sometimes attempted by the application of a variety of tests, which, however, are not always to be relied upon, for several bodies have been known, when



under the melting operation, to give out a quantity of gold, of which there may have been a little loose upon the surface, without its being a fixed property of the object, which has turned out to be anything but a solvent at last.

There are numerous properties favourable to the formation of a matrimonial union, but care must be taken that these properties are not neutralised by others of a different kind. The Extract of Roses in the complexion has, for instance, been frequently known to fail, in consequence of its being made up of some deleterious compound when nature has failed to furnish the usual supply; and the pearllest of teeth will go for nothing, if the speech is sour, for vinegar will dissolve the finest pearls. In matrimonial, as in other chemistry, the retort is serviceable when used with discretion, but a retort must on no account whatever be so negligently managed as to lead to an explosion, or blow-up. The theory of refraction and reflection is also to be studied by the match-making experimentalist, for, in giving out rays of light or sunshine from the countenance, it is useless to give them out upon anybody of such density that the rays do not penetrate; but when a refraction takes place, and one object consequently becomes refractory, the other object has a tendency to reflection, and no union is formed. The maternal alchemist has, however, only to manage matters with care and prudence, for success to crown her efforts, and, though the machinery is rather expensive—consisting of the cost of a box, to form what may be called "the pant"—the result is generally achieved in a single season, after which the laboratory may be given up for a repetition of similar experiments by other hands. Having carried our remarks on the chemistry of matrimonial combinations to a considerable length, we will pause, lest we make the reader feel as if his head were a mortar, and every paragraph we pour into it a fresh drug. In treating of the physical aspects of our subject, we have got for a time into a sort of Apothecaries' Hall, which we hasten to get out of, and to return to Her Majesty's Theatre, where we hope to be found again by the reader next week.



## PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



For the visitors to Her Majesty's Theatre having now said almost enough, we turn to its administration, which comprises almost as many departments as are to be found in Downing Street. The Government is not limited to a single form, but includes the monarchical, which is always kept up in the person of the reigning Queen of Song, as well as the representative, which is preserved by a series of representations as complete as they can possibly be rendered, by allowing even the humblest individual a voice in the representation, with full liberty to give his voice all the power of which it is capable. The qualification required on the part of those who have a voice in the representation is not pecuniary, but they are expected

to produce certain notes of required value, which they are allowed to keep deposited in their own chests until the production of the notes is required. It is according to the value of these notes, and the power of issuing them at pleasure, that a voice in the representation of Her Majesty's Theatre is estimated, and the great firm of LABLACHE and Company have been known to send forth so many notes of an extraordinary value in the course of a few hours that the resources of Her Majesty's Theatre have been pronounced inexhaustible.

The monarchical department of the realms of Opera contains a lyric throne, occupied by a Queen of Song, who, though not coming to the lyric throne by hereditary right, may be said to succeed to it, for without succeeding, to arrive at a high position in Her Majesty's Theatre would be quite impossible.

We should use up a moderately sized goose in providing ourselves with the quills necessary to write the histories of all the Queens of Song, which would form an interesting companion to the Lives of the Queens of England, but we shall take a passing glance at a few of those who have worn the laurel crown of Operatic royalty.

It is not necessary to trace the origin of the extensive dominion which has been acquired by the Queens of Song, but there is no doubt that the first of them arrived at the head of an Italian *troupe*, which was soon joined by a powerful band, comprising the natives of various countries, and acting under the direction of a leader, whose object has always been to ensure harmony and uniformity of movement among the forces under him. The head of these forces may be said to occupy a similar rank to that of Field-Marshal, and he is invested with a baton as the emblem of his office, which is that of Commander-in-Chief of all the forces of the Opera.

Without going very far back into the annals of Musical monarchy, we shall content ourselves with glancing at some of the comparatively modern reigns, commencing with that of PASTA, who exercised a sovereign sway some twenty years ago, and whose career was remarkable for very brilliant achievements.

During the PASTA dynasty several valuable acts were introduced, which have been in operation ever since, and every Queen of Song who has come after her has kept most of these acts in full force, and has added others to the Operatic statute-book.

The lyric throne was next occupied by GRISI, who enjoyed for some time an almost undisputed sovereignty, until the year 1847, when she somewhat unexpectedly resolved on abdicating, and joined an Operatic republic. The reign of GRISI has been long and prosperous, for she ascended the Operatic throne at an early age, and so great was her popularity, that her abdication must be attributed to the influence of her advisers, who induced her to vacate a throne which she might have continued to fill, but which—as an interregnum is abhorred as thoroughly as a vacuum—another soon came forward to occupy.

The immediate successor of the GRISI dynasty was the illustrious JENNY LIND, whose dominion was the most absolute ever known, and whose reign was an uninterrupted series of triumphs, graced by the homage of all classes, from the most exalted to the humblest, who vied with each other in eagerness to acknowledge their captivation, if not their captivity. Treasure and tribute poured in so copiously, that the revenues were vastly increased, and though a considerable tax was imposed on the incomes of those desirous of paying court to the reigning Queen of Song, the Treasury department of Her Majesty's Theatre, found difficulty in accommodating those who claimed the privilege of being the foremost to part with their money, and who insisted on the right to a priority in the payment of their contributions. The officers of the Operatic treasury were kept constantly as busy as the Chancellor of the Exchequer is at those periods when the public conscience is in a particularly sensitive state, and the ten-pound notes come tumbling in from all the Y. Z.'s and unwise heads, the A. B.'s and GABY's, who think to rub off a long course of wholesale fraud on the revenue, by a single act of retail honesty. The brilliancy of this reign was unexpectedly clouded by the abdication of the reigning Queen of Song, whose departure threatened to leave a fearful vacancy on the lyric throne, when happily the expedient of a restoration was resolved upon; and SONTAG came forward to resume the sceptre she had formerly held, and by her premature resignation of which GRISI had held the undisputed sovereignty.

The empire of SONTAG was at once acknowledged by all parties, and her reign has been as

glorious and prosperous as any that has preceded it. Her refinement and intelligence have caused the introduction of several very desirable reforms into Operatic affairs, and many acts that had become obsolete have been renewed, while other acts have been indebted to her for considerable amendment. Everything she has submitted to the attention of the house has been received in the most enthusiastic manner without a division, and there is every prospect that the present Queen of Song will enjoy a reign of popularity equal to any of her predecessors.

The Operatic sovereignty is to a certain extent electoral, for no one can hope to fill the lyric throne who has not been called to it by general acclamation, and, though there may be an occasional instance of a Pretender aspiring to the position of Queen of Song, her title is never admitted, and it is found utterly impossible to make a house, in which her supporters would have a majority. Even if the civil list or free list were to be vastly extended by the administration for the purpose of increasing the number of her friends, and an augmentation of the privileged orders were to be resorted to, with the view of giving her a factitious support, the attempt would be met by the withholding of the supplies until the establishment of a legitimate Operatic monarch.

The Queens of Song are sometimes placed in circumstances of extreme difficulty by virtue of their sovereignty; and a narrative of their trials would furnish a volume of considerable interest to those who sympathise with sorrow in white satin, misery in muslin, or female distress of any kind, in any costume. Sometimes the Queen of Song may be seen hanging on to the knees of some excited hero, who is panting, with all the energy of a steam-tug, to pull himself away, until the occupant of the lyric throne falls prostrate, like an abandoned bag of clothes, shaken ruthlessly from the basket or barrow of some neglectful laundress. At times the Queen of Song may be seen in regal attire, seated on her throne, which varies in its style with the particular occasion, and in the course of a few months specimens of the upholstery of all nations will be exhibited.

It is a remarkable fact, that when the Queen of Song quits the regal apartment, its furniture is carried off after her, by attendants who walk in and remove the tables and chairs, a proceeding which would cause a casual observer to suppose that the goods are either being swept off by a distress, or that they are required for the use of the room into which royalty has retired. Whatever may be the pride, pomp, and circumstance, with which the Queen of Song has withdrawn, the throne she has just quitted is pulled off backwards by its hind legs, the golden table, with the golden inkstand on it, is enclosed between the two chairs by a splendidly liveried lacquey, and the footstool upon which captive prisoners have been kneeling in homage, is whisked off by the hands of an officer, who will be seen soon afterwards doing a bit of Operatic gardening with a watering-pot, out of which he irrigates the ground on which the flowers of the ballet are about to spring up, after a brief interval. Sometimes, the Queen of Song may be seen moving in the concerns of humble Operatic life, and, disguised as a peasant girl, will be found flourishing beneath the malignant curses of frantic old gentlemen, in flowing white wigs, submitting to flirtations with "spangled" officers, or being thrown off by indignant swains in Dutch trousers and Swiss jackets. Nevertheless, this capacity for all situations, forms the great charm and glory of the Queen of Song, whose popularity increases with every rude repulse from the hands, mouth, arms, and legs of the lovers, fathers, brothers, and sometimes even the mothers, of Opera.

A GRAVE RESPONSIBILITY.—The worst thing we can say of the Metropolitan Interments Bill is that it is a "gigantic undertaking."





A MOST ALARMING SWELLING!

## HE WOULD BE A KNIGHT.

SOME letters have appeared in the papers from a provincial Mayor, intent on the honours of knighthood. He regrets he was not in town on the occasion of the late Mayoral gathering at the Mansion House, and attributes his absence to inability to catch a train, added to an anxious doubt whether his travelling expenses would have been allowed him out of the funds of the Corporation.

We were not aware that the Government contemplated making Knights of any of those who came up to make a night of it, a short time back, with the London citizens. The candidate for dignity, to whose application attention has been drawn, is evidently so intent on Knighthood, that he is prepared to seek it at any price—even at the price of a railway fare to the Metropolis. Considering the anxiety there is to increase the revenue, at any sacrifice, it might be advisable to grant Knighthoods at so much per head, or per hood, to every provincial Mayor, who, like the individual to whom we have alluded, is agitated by a fierce resolution to tack Sir to the beginning of his name, even though he should pay his own travelling expenses up to town, to secure the dignity.

## ANIMAL MACHINERY.

MACHINERY, we perceive, is to be included among the things to be shown at the Exhibition of 1851. Our national industry, no doubt, will make a splendid display of steam-engines and spinning-jennies, but certainly the most thorough-going machine which this country could exhibit is the British soldier.

## SALARIES AND SINECURES.

WE have heard several instances of infants born with silver spoons in their mouths, but there seems to be another class of fortunate individuals, who, without actually coming into the world with the valuable article between their lips, are found with a prodigious mouthful of plate before the expiration of their childhood. The office of Registrar to the Prerogative Court of Canterbury is a nice slice of the loaves and fishes; or, to follow out the allegory of the plate basket, it may be termed a most enviable fish slice, to be placed in the infantine mouths of those who were not provided at their birth with the spoon, for which they have often a remarkable affinity.

The Registrar of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury enjoys some £12,000 a year, which is considered capable of yielding satisfaction not only to the actual possessor, but by anticipation to those who are likely to come in for it; and thus, while one individual is gorging himself to his heart's—or his pocket's—content, on the ample and nutritious meal, there are always others appointed to stand by and revel in the savoury odour of the banquet to which they are nominated to succeed, when the gormandiser *in esse* has relinquished his hold on the inexhaustible pickings.

We are glad to find that an act is in existence which will defeat the reversioners to this gluttonous meal at the public expense, and we hope LORD JOHN RUSSELL will have the firmness to keep off the hungry expectants who are waiting to cram themselves on this great piece of the greenest fat that ever tempted a sinecurist's gluttony. If the Registrar has anything to register which really wants registering, let him be paid for the work he may have to do; but 12,000*l.* or 14,000*l.* a-year seems an exorbitant sum, if it were even for registering all the stoves, paletôts, and shirts that are manufactured in the course of the twelvemonth.

## May-Day Shopping.

INDIVIDUALS of a sombre cast of mind were offered, by an advertisement which appeared on Wednesday, last week, in the *Morning Post*, a decided treat. The notification alluded to thus commenced:—

**E**XHIBITION this day, May 1, of MOURNING COSTUMES.

A rather seasonable and appropriate kind of show this, for May-day. Perhaps it was got up in rivalry to the festivities of the sweeps, who put off their sables on that merry anniversary to dance with Jack-in-the-Green. The exhibitor of Mourning Costumes, we suppose, intended to amuse the public with a Jack-in-the-Black.



WHO WOULDN'T KEEP A FOOTMAN!

NOTICE TO QUIT SERVED UPON THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.—  
"Gentlemen, we prefer your room to your company."—Lord John Russell, &c.



## A BIT OF MY MIND.

## BIT THE THIRD.

MRS. MOUSER VISITS THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. HER OPINION OF THE WISDOM OF PARLIAMENT.

As I said, I have been to the House of Commons—to what MOUSER calls the British House of SOLOMON. It may be; but all as a woman, I can say, is this—I didn't find SOLOMON at home.

I didn't believe it—no, I didn't think I could even dream it—that I should ever hold man less than I did. I shall never trust myself again, for I thought I couldn't go lower; and now, men—if I may be allowed the word—seem to me no more than mice.

Before this, I always looked cold at the man for the taxes. And now—now I've seen the sort of people that make 'em—I shall despise him. I know it's wrong to give way to prejudice; still, as poor aunt PEACOCK used to say—"A prejudice, if rightly managed, may pass for a virtue; just as mutton properly hung, may be put off for venison." Whereupon, for the future, I shall hate the tax-gatherer, and think myself the better for my aversion.

The Wisdom of Parliament! Well, I shall never—never go up and down stairs without thinking of it—for there it is, in the passage and on two of the landings, there's that precious Wisdom in three places. Three blind windows have we in our house—three indigent blind casements, as I call 'em, with bricks for glass, and what is more, telling the meanness, or, rather, poverty of us, to all the world—because the world's so ill-natured, it won't give people proper credit for meanness, but will put it down to poverty—when, if it wasn't for Parliament, we'd have its wisdom framed and glazed, and not wisdom in darkness—wisdom, indeed, that cheats the glazier, and shams windows with bricks and mortar. After what I've seen and what I've heard in the House of Commons, the lights of Parliament—as MOUSER sometimes calls 'em—are to my mind nothing more than blind windows.

To think, too, how I've been put upon by that House of Commons! Since I was a girl, I've been given to the debates. "My dear AMELIA," poor aunt PEACOCK used to say, "you'll weaken your mind, diluting it with those speeches in Parliament." Still, I used to think it so wonderful that men could go on talking—talking—from column to column, just as small beer runs, and runs from a barrel when once turned on—never bogging, or stopping, or so to speak, once breaking the thread and taking it up again. But la! only to think of a Member of Parliament taken as he is on the floor, as they call it, with all his slovenliness about him,—and then, to see him smart and neat as a new pin in the morning papers! "Why," as I said to MOUSER, "it's no more the same Member than I'm the same woman, with only my night-cap—not that I would be seen in the sort of night-cap that some people wear—and the same woman in my party turban and bird-of-paradise feather."

But let me explain myself—for I will expose that House of Commons. Yes—I'll pick the Wisdom of Parliament to little bits, and laugh at the pieces. But just listen.

Once, MOUSER and I were walking together—not that we're often out with one another; indeed, as I say, people can hardly believe that MOUSER has a wife at all, I'm so little with him—well, once we were out; and—I don't know what could put it into my head—of course I looked at the shops as we went by, though MOUSER took no more notice of shops—bating that he wanted to stop at a fishmonger's, there was, he said, such a noble salmon—no more notice of 'em than if he'd been on Salisbury Plain, or Ramsgate sands. At last he drew up like a rock in front of a window, and holding my arm in his like a vice, and pointing with his stick, he got almost a crowd about us. "Look here, Mrs. MOUSER," said he, in that cold-drawn voice of his when I know he means to be aggravating—"look, AMELIA. Isn't this a dreadful sight—a shocking exhibition?" "What's dreadful—what's shocking?" I asked—knowing what he'd be at all the time. "False petticoats—false charms—false blandishments; false—false—false—" and he went on in such a way, I wouldn't if I could, repeat him. "Why," he cried, "with such hypocrisy before his eyes"—it was in this way MOUSER talked of a few harmless bits of crinoline—"with such deceit in twenty places, what is a man to believe true in life? Only think," he cried, and then he laughed in such a way, my blood went quite cold, "only think of an EYE in horse-hair!"

Now, what I mean to say is this—as I did say it to MOUSER himself, bringing back to his mind that very shop-window—"Now, MOUSER," said I, "only think of the Wisdom of Parliament in the House of Commons—the Wisdom with its hands in its pockets—stammering and shuffling—and looking up at the ceiling—and then feeling all round its mouth for the proper word, and seldom getting it—the Wisdom that jerks up to a red-box and gives it a tap, and then starts back again, as if the Wisdom had burnt its fingers,—think of this Wisdom in such a quandary, and then see it laced, and puffed and padded out in a flowing suit of print in the morning papers—think of this, and then look in my face if you can, and answer—yes, just tell me—whether the Wisdom of Parliament doesn't wear crinoline too?"

Well, what was MOUSER's answer? "AMELIA, you're a foolish woman." Yes; and with those very words men have gone on all these thousands of years stopping our mouths, and almost making us believe 'em. Now, I only wish that every woman in the land would make up her mind to go into the House of Commons—not that there's any decent place for them; oh no! the Wisdom of Parliament has taken care of that. But perhaps, after all, the Wisdom has some shame; and seeing what a little it has done for us—how much it has put upon us—doesn't like to meet us. And I'm sure, if a woman—I mean, of course, a woman with a spirit; for, as aunt PEACOCK used to say, almost with tears in her eyes, "Some women, AMELIA, want the spirit to do 'em right, just as some bees want a proper sting,"—if a real woman wants her blood to boil, let her only go into the House of Commons. Let her there—if she can only smother her feelings to do it—have one good look at the Wisdom of Parliament; some of it fast asleep, some of it with its hat on and its legs up, and all of it as much like Wisdom as an owl is like a bishop; well, let her there, with her own eyes, look upon the Wisdom that makes a slave of her, taxing her, and binding her; and never giving her, in that very House of Commons, so much as an inch of seat to sit down upon; let any woman that is a woman, think of what she has suffered—is suffering—and no doubt, will always suffer from that House; and then try to imagine—if she can—what were my feelings when, hearing that Wisdom talk as it did—I wasn't allowed to answer it!

"MOUSER," said I, when I came home; and a pretty humour I found MOUSER in, just because I had stepped into Parliament—not that I'm going to drag my fire-place and MOUSER's airs before the world—"MOUSER," said I, "how for four hours I held my tongue, is to me astonishing." "Hardly to be believed," said MOUSER in his dry, cutting manner, which I wouldn't notice. I then thought of what aunt PEACOCK used to say: "Silent women," were her words, "silent women are like oysters—nine times out of ten they don't know the value that's in 'em." Not that I felt in that way at all; no, the wonder was—as I said to MOUSER—that I didn't get up, and whether they liked it or not, before all the Members of the House, give them a Bit of my Mind. "And if you had," said MOUSER with a laugh that didn't much become him as a husband—"and if you had, they'd have sent you to the Tower."

Had I only known that, I don't think—no, not if they'd passed an Act of Parliament for the purpose—that I could have held my tongue. I know that the house would have gone to ruin while I'd been away; the fire-irons and steel fender covered with rust when I'd got back, and even the chairs not fit for a Christian to sit down in—nevertheless, I do think to the Tower I would have gone; 'twould have brought matters to a head. As it was, how I kept quiet I can't tell: my silence was quite a miracle; just as if a kettle on the fire should be full of boiling water—for that's almost what I felt with my wish to talk—and yet, for all that, never sing.

The debate, too, that I heard, was all against woman: a cupboard question—as I said to MOUSER—with all the meanness of men about it. There's that MR. HENLEY; well, my fingers did itch to give him above any one a Bit of my Mind. He made a motion—for that's what they call a speech—to cut down the wages of Ministers and everybody. And for what reason? "Why," says MR. HENLEY—and I thought men were impudent enough before; but the faces they have in Parliament, oh dear!—"why," says he, "all things are at least a third as cheap as they were." All things!

Now I had to bite my tongue, I was so near calling out—"MR. HENLEY, M.P. What's the price of shrimps? They were sixpence a pint when bread was eightpence a loaf, and sixpence they are now."

I should like to have seen what he'd have said to that. But of course lower the salaries, and it's the women that must suffer. The LORD CHANCELLOR comes home and says, "My dear, they've cut me down a third; you must keep house for half." I could see it with the quarter of an eye, it was only another attack upon the sex; another blow at woman; and all the meaner, because she isn't represented.

"I've discovered the reason, MR. MOUSER," said I, getting warm. "And I've discovered the reason," said he, with a solemn look; "the reason why my breeches" (he has no such things) "my breeches get so old as they do."

"Why?" said I. "Because," said he, "where I wear them once, you wear them twenty times."

Well, you may suppose I didn't think him worth answering, or I could have given him a Bit of my Mind.

Yours till next week,

The Honeysuckles.

AMELIA MOUSER.

## The Blind Asylum for Pictures.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE has always been described as "the most splendid site in Europe." This may account for the Vernon Gallery being so long buried in that locality, as it was taken for granted that, "with the most splendid site in Europe," no one could fail seeing pictures, even in a dark callar.





"I SAY, TOMMY, COME AND SHOVE. HERE'S THE POOR ORSES CAN'T GET THE WAGGIN UP!"

#### "DOWN-DERRY DOWN" WITH YOUR SALARIES.

"Cut your coat according to your cloth," says the old adage, and "Cut your salaries according to your corn," is the present cry of the Protectionists. MR. HENLEY proposes to pay the Judges and all other public functionaries on a scale to be regulated by the price of wheat, so that, when the farmer is getting so much a quarter less for his wheat, the Judge will be getting so much a quarter less for his salary. The *Mark Lane Express* will be eagerly taken in and perused at all the Government offices, and the dignitaries of the Judicial bench before proceeding to sit in Westminster Hall will run round to Mark Lane to ascertain the market value of their services.

When wheat is low, their Lordships will give evidence of the fact by their rye faces; and if, on the contrary, oats should be looking up, the Courts would bask in the sunshine reflected from the smiling faces peering above the ermine. An arrival from Dantzic will dash with woe the features of the Exchequer Barons, while a large importation from Odessa will cloud the benevolent brows of the Judges of the Queen's Bench, and the Courts of Chancery.

We cannot say we admire the wisdom of the proposition to put a Judge's learning, impartiality, and discretion into one scale, and a sack of corn into the other; nor do we think their Lordships ought to be ground down with the wheat, oats, and barley, that may be thrown upon the hands of the dealers, or sacrificed at a low figure. Let us, by all means, treat sinecures in every respect as we would corn, by cutting down, threshing out, or winnowing away the chaff; but to make a sliding scale of remuneration for public services, ably and conscientiously performed, is an expedient alike difficult in practice, and contemptible in principle.

#### Sibthorp on Food and Salaries.

SPEAKING of MR. HENLEY'S sham motion for the reduction of official salaries, COLONEL SIBTHORP is reported by one of the organs of his party to have said, that—

"He saw no reason why the salaries of the individuals who adorned that bench should not be reduced in proportion to the price of food."

What does COLONEL SIBTHORP understand by food? It is said, that an Irish member present during the debate, answered this question by asking, "Is it thistles?"

#### MAXIMS AND OPINIONS OF FIELD-MARSHAL WIDDICOMB.

WHEN War is concluded, all animosity should be forgotten. I love to see the British and French troops fraternise together as soon as the Battle of Waterloo is over. To set them a good example, I have often tossed with MARSHAL NEY myself.

Folly may take liberties with Wisdom, but let Wisdom once get the whip-hand of Folly, and Folly soon drops its tone and learns to keep a respectful distance.

Every man has his "*Sauve-qui-peut*." I confess I should run away myself from an engagement where I was told I should meet nothing but Irishmen.

As to moral courage, I have rarely met the three-months-after-date kind. I mean unprepared courage, that which enables a man, without wincing, to put his name to a bill the moment it is placed before him.

I was madly fond of Poetry, as a young man, but I had to stand one morning at rehearsal behind DUCROW'S Pegasus, and he kicked it all out of me.

I travelled once with GOMERSAL. "What are you?" said the man at the passport-office. "I AM THE CHILD OF DESTINY," loudly answered GOMERSAL, as naturally as if he had been that moment on the Field of Waterloo. He was very indignant when his costume of BUONAPARTE was taken away from him at Boulogne. I recollect he was very nearly imprisoned out of mistake for PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, and only owed his escape to the fact of his not being able to speak a word of French. Whether he cherished any designs upon the French throne, it would be the height of presumption in me to say.

If people are discontented, give them a riddle. It is astonishing how quiet they become. I am positive, if riddles were to be asked in the House of Commons, that many of those riotous proceedings would be put a stop to, which are a disgrace to a civilised community.

They call me ambitious, but my only ambition has been to be the centre of the most fashionable circle in London, and in this I have long ago succeeded. If my ambition had been of a "vaulting" kind, there is not a barrier in man's path, which, with the horses at my command, I could not easily have leapt over. Those who call me ambitious, little know me.

It was NAPOLEON'S favourite boast, that "he had made all his Generals out of mud." I may boast of the same origin for mine, for, as a rule, I never make a man a General in my army until I know he is a "thorough brick."

If you ask me which are the best troops, I answer, "The Irish." They will stand fire, like a mutton-chop. Their love of fighting leads them into all sorts of disturbances. They should have been born razors, they are such delicious blades for a scrape. In fact, if there is a quarrel in the street, you may make up your mind to this—that an Irishman is as sure to be there as a policeman is not!

#### The May Prince.

It has been authoritatively announced that the new Prince, having been born on the birthday of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, is to be named ARTHUR, in compliment to the Hero of Waterloo. We perfectly approve of this arrangement, and regret that we cannot second the suggestion of a highly respectable deputation of chimney-sweepers, who waited outside our office on Wednesday last, with a proposal that, in consequence of the royal infant having been born on Chimney-Sweepers' Day, he should be called the Black Prince.

#### SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

ANOTHER Comet is announced shortly to make its first appearance these three hundred years. If all the Comets arrive that are predicted, we doubt if the sky will be large enough to hold such a Posse COMET-ATUS!

#### A Fine Neighbourhood for Medical Men.

NAPOLEON did everything to improve the Paris market-places. "The market-place," he was in the habit of saying, "is the Louvre of the common people." We wonder what he would have said of some of our market-places? We can imagine his saying "Smithfield Market is the hospital of the common people;" and it may be for this very reason, now that we think of it, that Bartholomew's Hospital is placed so conveniently in the middle of it.



A HINT TO ORATOR HENLEY.

*Or, What's Sauce for the Gander is Sauce for the Goose.*

OH, HENLEY, my HENLEY, take heed of the line  
That to spite the Free-traders, you take upon salaries;  
And beware, lest while bent but on making a shine,  
In your own brazen bull you 'll be roasted, like PHALARIS.

Each man-jack in office to cut down you strive,  
By what in our schooldays was called rule of three—  
"As wheat at eight shillings, to ditto at five,  
So what salaries are to what sal'ries should be."

If the ratios be equal, can you and your friends  
As true sons of Protection withhold your consents,  
When a rule, good for other folks sal'ries, extends,  
*Mutatis mutandis*, to take in your rents?

Oh, how would you look if old JOE, all elate,  
By your own rule of three were to beg you 'd allow—  
That "as wheat at five shillings, to ditto at eight,  
So what rentals *should* be to what rentals are now."

PROTECTION TO BRITISH SEPULTURE.

THE first dinner of the United Undertakers' Protection Society, formed for the purpose of opposing the Metropolitan Interments Bill, took place yesterday at the Plume of Feathers. The viands, which comprised the very choicest funeral baked meats, were supplied by MESSRS. ELMWOOD and NAYLOR. The chair was occupied by MR. DOBODY.

On the removal of the cloth, *De Profundis* was sung by the professional gentlemen from the Shades.

The customary loyal toasts having been unceremoniously disposed of, MR. HATCHMENT, of the firm of HATCHMENT AND WORMS, rose to propose to the assembly their old toast, Death. With this toast he would couple a resolution, namely, that a Committee be appointed to consider the best means of defeating the Metropolitan Interments Bill; a measure which, by putting the bodies of deceased parties into the hands of the Government, would take the bread out of their (the Undertakers') mouths. (*Hear, hear.*)

The toast was drunk down-sitting, amid cheers and laughter. MR. TRESSELS, in seconding the motion, hoped they were tiled in—or, as he might perhaps be allowed to say—screwed down (*laughter*), because he should wish the pall of privacy to be extended over his observations. The toast they had just responded to expressed a fact. There was no doubt that they got their living by death. He did not know much Latin, but his motto was "*Mors Janua Vitæ.*" The measure in question—he should like to take the measure of the framer (*hear*)—would diminish general mortality. True; but then it would take away their living, and as a poet had said—who, he believed, was buried at Stratford-on-Avon—"You took a man's life when you took the means he lived by." (*Hear, hear.*) The bill proposed the establishment of cemeteries away from human habitations. By this arrangement the causes of death would be limited to casualties and common diseases. At present, one corpse made many. Everybody buried in an intramural churchyard contributed more or less to increase deaths, and, therefore, their profits. (*Cheers.*)

*Song.* MR. BELLOES.—"King Death was a rare old Fellow."

MR. SHROWDALL held in his hand the Report of the Board of Health on a general scheme for extramural sepulture, a book which he should pronounce very unpleasant. It let out—he should say disclosed—what had much better remain buried—buried was the word—in oblivion. Such a book ought to be contradicted. The public was told in it that the air was poisoned by burial grounds (*oh! oh!*)—that the water from them soaked into the London wells (*shame*)—that emanations from the dead produced strange and loathsome diseases, and all manner of things of that sort, shocking to the generality, though nothing to those who are used to them. There was a deal in it also about crowded vaults, which would have the effect of making people discontented with their long homes, and of deterring them from going to church, which must lead to infidelity (*hear*), and this reminded him of his toast, which was the Church—always in connexion with the Churchyard. (*Cheers.*)

*Song.* MR. RUMBALL.—"Down among the dead Men."

MR. MUFFLES said he had read the Board of Health's Blue Book and considered it low. It went against the proper distinction between a respectable funeral and a common affair. (*Cries of "shabby."*) It called their taking a fair advantage of the friends of the party under melancholy circumstances, extortion (*groans*); and it actually declared interment "a most unfit subject for commercial speculation." The

interment bill was founded on that report, and he agreed with the meeting at St. Mary's, Lambeth, where it was eloquently said that, if such a bill was to become law, "it would injure trade and hurt the feelings of the majority of the parishioners." There was one most objectionable clause in the bill, providing that funerals performed under the management of the Board of Health, shall, for the lowest on the scale of the Board's prices, "be conducted with decency and solemnity." What was this but a direct premium to meanness, and blow to business? He would direct their particular attention to the clause providing reception-houses for bodies between death and interment. A good cry might be got up against this as an outrage upon sorrow, and all that sort of thing. The assessment clauses should also be attacked vigorously. A knowing appeal to popular prejudice might defeat this measure, which would be as destructive to themselves as wholesome to the community; and the rejection of which he would now propose in a bumper. (*much cheering.*)

*Glee.* MESSRS. BELLOES, SHRIEKER and JOLLITT.—"The Carrion Crow."

The resolution having been put and carried, after a vote of thanks to the chairman for his admirable conduct as a Mute in the Chair, the meeting separated.

THE RED FARMER.

(From our Rural Correspondent.)



THIS morning, during a ramble in the fields, I observed a man sitting on a stile, dressed, indeed, in the pink of agricultural fashion; namely, in a broad-brimmed hat, brown coat, black waist-coat, drab breeches, leather gaiters, and stout highlows, but whom, otherwise, by his gloomy look, and great beard and moustaches, I should have taken for an enormous Frenchman. Discerning, however, what he was, I could not help exclaiming audibly, "Is this a sample of the British Farmer!"

"Eas it is," said the agricultural gentleman, "and what have you got to zay to un?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir."

I replied, "for thinking aloud. Is it not almost time for mowing?"

"Mowun?" responded the farmer. "Bist thee a fool? Mowun at this time in Maay! Haw—haw—haw!"

"Excuse me, Sir," I said, "I mean a particular kind of mowing. May I suggest that a razor—"

"Ho, ho!" laughed my rustic acquaintance. "Thee wants to know why I dwoant shaave, I s'pose. Well; I'll tell 'ee. Didst ever see the likeness of that feller BARBUS, the French revolutionist?"

"Certainly, Sir," I answered, wondering what could have induced him to copy BARBUS in any particular.

"Didst read what the DUKE OF RICHMOND said in the House 'tother night about we Varmers?"

"He intimated that you would not continue loyal much longer at the present price of corn," I replied.

"That's it!" exclaimed the farmer. "I wears all this here hair about my muzzle to show what Government be a drivun us to, and what they 've to expect vrom us if they dwoan't gie us back Purtection. I means to goo up to Lunnun at the head of a deppitation to LORD JOHN RUSSELL to tell un our mind; and by way of a broad hint to un I shall appear afore un this here figure; and likewise, to convince un that I be in downright arnest, darned if I dwoan't stick one o' them red foolscaps on my head, and put on a pair of ladies boots."

"I hope, Sir," I remarked, wishing him good morning, "that so ingenious an expedient will meet with all the success it deserves."

Reform your Court Phrases.

A LARGE REWARD is hereby offered to ANYBODY connected with the Press, who will satisfactorily explain why he calls an addition to the number of the Royal Family, an "auspicious event;" and the advertiser, Mr. Punch, earnestly hopes that some original journalist will invent a phrase suitable to be similarly applied to the birth of a prince or princess, and conveying at the same time an intelligible meaning.]



## THE WONDERS OF A LONDON WATER DROP.

THE freshest fruits of microscopical research are the wonders which have been revealed in a drop of London water through the Molecular Magnifier, illuminated by the Intellectual Electric Light. For the ability to behold these astounding marvels, a certain preparation is necessary, bearing, superficially considered, some resemblance to Mesmerism. The person intended to be the Seer is placed on a seat. Any competent individual then takes him in hand, and explains to him the composition of water, showing him how the pure fluid differs from

the liquid constituting the Thames, and from that which exists in the metropolitan wells, when the former has received the contents of the sewers, and the latter the oozings of intramural graveyards. Some delicate subjects, even of the male sex, cannot endure this process, it affecting them with faintness and nausea.

Having been subjected to the above preliminaries, most people are in a sufficient state of enlightenment to discover, by the aid of the Molecular Magnifier, the curiosities contained in



## A DROP OF LONDON WATER.

The drop to be magnified is taken from a mixture of the common well-water of London with that supplied by the various Companies. MR. HASSELL, it is already known, has enabled philosophers to discriminate between these waters, by the verminous and other peculiarities which he has demonstrated in each particular form of beverage.

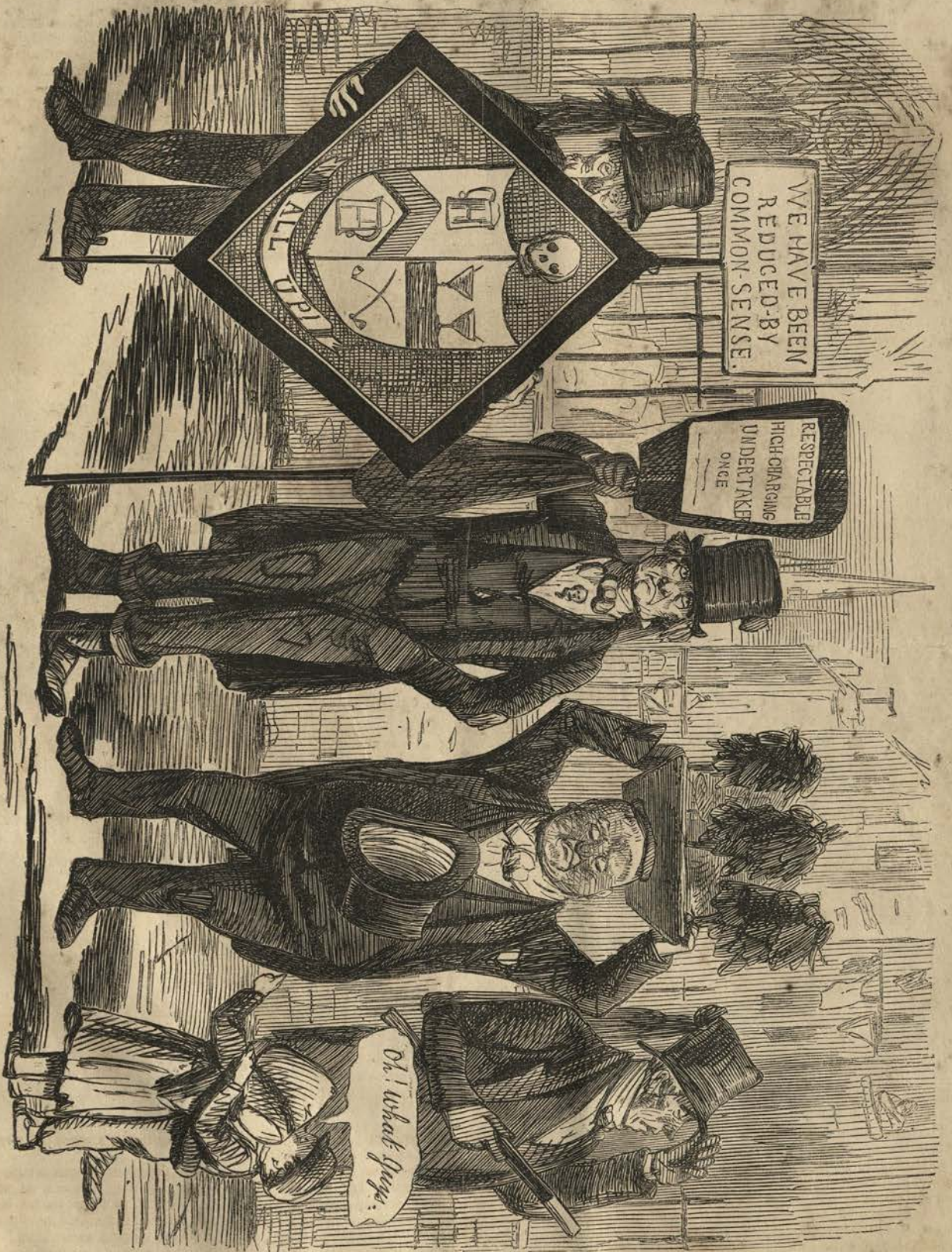
The Molecular Magnifier differs from all other microscopes, in displaying the ultimate constitution of objects; a spectacle not only defying the naked eye, but all vision which is not in a measure psychical.

And wondrous indeed is the scene disclosed within the sphere of a little drop of water—of that water which Londoners drink, swallowing daily, myriads and myriads of worlds, whole universes instinct with life, or life in death! It transcends all that has hitherto been deemed

astonishing. America herself will confess that it stumps the revelations of ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Creatures—who shall name them? things in human shape—in all appearance London citizens—aldermen, deputies, common councilmen,—are seen disporting in the liquid dirt as in their native element. Behold them, fiercely hustling each other in competition for atomic garbage. What pushing, poking, fighting, kicking, scrambling! There goes an unfortunate wretch fast as if for dear life, with a hook-nosed homunculus—evidently a genuine water-bailiff—darting after him. Here a cheap slop-seller has caught a smaller individual of the same species by the head, and is trying to bolt him. There again, as plainly as possible, you see a funeral procession with an undertaker at the head





WE HAVE BEEN  
REDUCED-BY  
COMMON-SENSE.

RESPECTABLE  
HIGH CHARGING  
UNDERTAKER  
ONCE

Oh! what a quip.

THE STARVED-OUT UNDERTAKERS.







of it. Look! a Death's-Head Larva jumps out of the coffin, snaps up the undertaker and kicks away the followers into space. See yonder, what a twisting reptillery of catgut-spinners! Observe, above, the knot of knackers tormenting that unfortunate beadle. Below, mark the fry of slaughter-men, who are now, however, making their onslaughts on each other. On a sudden the universal fray becomes a rout. Monsters, rising as from a gulf of darkness, scatter the affrighted combatants right and left. Gorgon-lobsters, hydra-prawns, dire chimeras of turtle, surely the unutterable mud-Pythons of MR. THOMAS CARLYLE! One of them has seized a churchwarden: another, an alderman—and by his gouty leg. Horrible! Darken the lens. Enough for one exhibition.

What are those infinitesimal semblances of humanity which have thus been detected in London water? They are only found in the well-water of cities, whose inhabitants bury the dead among the living. There is a theory that all organisations are multiples of themselves in miniature. Well-water, percolating the earth of churchyards, must needs contain alderman, deputy, and similar bodies in solution. Examined by the Molecular Magnifier, it certainly confirms this theory.

A more important question is, by what are these beings animated? It is all very well to laugh at "Metempsychosis," but who would wilfully be laid in an intramural tomb, having once beheld the Purgatory comprised in a drop of London water?

LINES ON A LATE HOSPICIOUS EWENT.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE FOOT-GUARDS (BLUE).

I PAGED upon my beat  
With steady step and slow,  
All huppandown'd of Ranelagh Street;  
Ran'lagh St. Pimlico.

While marching huppandown'd  
Upon that fair May morn,  
Beold the booming cannings sound,  
A royal child is born!

The Ministers of State  
Then presnly I sor,  
They gallops to the Pallis gate,  
In carriages and for.

With anxious looks intent,  
Before the gate they stop,  
There comes the good Lord President,  
And there the Archbishopb.

LORD JOHN he next elights;  
And who comes here in haste?  
Tis the ero of one underd fights,  
The caudle for to taste.

Then MRS. LILY the nuss,  
Towards them steps with joy;  
Says the brave old Duke, "Come tell to us,  
Is it a gal or a boy?"

Says MRS. L. to the Duke,  
"Your Grace, it is a Prince."  
And at that nuss's bold rebuke,  
He did both laugh and wince.

He vews with pleasant look  
This pooty flower of May,  
Then, says the venerable Duke,  
"Egad it's my buthday."

By memory backards borne,  
Peraps his thoughts did stray  
To that old place where he was born,  
Upon the first of May.

Peraps he did recal  
The ancient towers of Trim;  
And County Meath and Dangan Hall  
They did rewisit him.

I phansy of him so  
His good old thoughts employin';  
Fourscore years and one ago  
Beside the flowin' Boyne.

His father praps he sees,  
Most musicle of Lords,  
A playing maddrigles and glees  
Upon the Arpsicords.

Jest phansy this old Ero  
Upon his mother's knee!  
Did ever lady in this land  
Ave greater sons than she?

And I shoudn be surprize  
While this was in his mind,  
If a drop there twinkled in his eyes  
Of unfamiliar brind.

\* \* \* \*

To Hapsly Ouse next day  
Drives up a Broosh and for,  
A gracious prince sits in that Shay  
(I mention him with Hor!)

They ring upon the bell,  
The Porter shows his Ed,  
(He fought at Vaterloo as well,  
And vears a Veskit red).

To see that carriage come  
The people round it press:  
"And is the galliant Duke at omé?"  
"Your Royal Ighness, yes."

He stepps from out the Broosh  
And in the gate is gone,  
And X, although the people push,  
Says verry kind "Move hon."

The Royal Prince unto  
The gallant Duke did say,  
"Dear Duke, my little son and you  
Was born the self same day."

"The Lady of the land,  
My wife and Sovring dear,  
It is by her horgust command  
I wait upon you here.

"That lady is as well  
As can expected be;  
And to your Grace she bid me tell  
This gracious message free.

"That offspring of our race,  
Whom yesterday you see,  
To show our honour for your Grace,  
PRINCE ARTHUR he shall be.

"That name it rhymes to fame;  
All Europe knows the sound:  
And I couldn't find a better name  
If you'd give me twenty pound.

"KING ARTHUR had his knights  
That girt his table round,  
But you have won a hundred fights,  
Will match 'em I'll be bound.

"You fought with BONYPART,  
And likewise TIPPOO SAIB;  
I name you then with all my heart  
The Godsire of this babe."

That Prince his leave was took,  
His hinterview was done.  
So let us give the good old Duke  
Good luck of his god-son.

And wish him years of joy  
In this our time of Schism,  
And hope he'll hear the royal boy  
His little catechism.

And my pooty little Prince  
That's come our arts to cheer,  
Let me my loyal powers ewince  
A welcomin of you ere.

And the Poit-Laureat's crown'd,  
I think, in some respex,  
Egstremely shootable might be found  
For honest PLEASEMAN X.

OFFICIAL RUMOURS.



OUR own reporter informs us that it is rumoured in the highest circles—the upper-gallery at Astley's—that if LORD JOHN RUSSELL goes out, he will certainly go out on horseback some afternoon. It was whispered that MR. DUNUP had been offered a portfolio, and, on our own correspondent being sent to enquire, we found it to be literally a fact that MR. DUNUP had actually been offered a portfolio (complete, with lock and key and blotting-paper), for ninepence, in the Lowther Arcade.

The *on-dit* last week was, that BRIEFLESS had positively taken office, and we are happy to say that the *on-dit* has been confirmed, for BRIEFLESS has at last taken an office—he has been for three years with nothing but the nominal occupancy of an outer door—up four pair of stairs, in

the Temple. BRIEFLESS, it was also said, had kissed hands on the occasion, and it is a fact that he kissed his hand, in the exuberance of his spirits at his new tenancy, from the window above, to those passing below.

Oh, Law!

It has been decided by a majority of 19 in the House of Commons, that a Bill is to be introduced for taking off the duty from Attorneys' Certificates. As these instruments may be regarded as authorising the pursuit of game, we may expect the sportsman to attempt to avail himself of its provisions. The Attorneys have often been likened to the dogs of law—though they by no means deserve the wholesale application of the title; and perhaps, in reference to their hunting after game, the "Old Harry-ers" would be a good name for them.

Latitude and Longitude.

Father. I insist upon your telling me, Sir. Where have you been to?

Son. I've only been to the Opera.

Father. Opera! Fiddlestick, Sir! Why that was two days ago.

Son. Yes, Father; but you forget it was "A LONG THURSDAY!!!!"





THE SHADOW OF ENGLISH LIBERTY IN AMERICA.

## APPENDAGES OF BLACK ROYALTY.

(To the Lord High Flunkey.)

MY LORD,

The high position which you hold in the Royal Household induces me to call your Lordship's attention to the fact that a nation of negroes is—if I may be pardoned the expression—going a-head of us in what you, doubtless, will consider a most important matter.

FAUSTIN SOULOUQUE, my Lord, Emperor of Hayti, a monarch, together with his subjects, as black as your Lordship's boots, and probably as polished, has been organising an aristocracy and a royal household on a scale which will, doubtless, astonish even your own strong mind.

FAUSTIN, your Lordship knows, woke up one morning lately, and found himself on a throne. "Entering at once," says the *Ordre*, "into the spirit of his imperial position, he soon created orders and titles of nobility. A first ordinance created four princes and fifty-seven dukes." The mind sinks prostrate,—does it not, my Lord?—in contemplating this wonder of creation. It is true that the titles of some of these noblemen have given occasion to shallow sneers. But what if the Haytian peerage include a DUC DE LA TABLE, A DUC DE LA MARMELADE, and a

DUC DE LIMONADE. Has not our own comprised DUKES OF GLOUCESTER, and is there any reason why it should not contain a DUKE OF SILTON?

"Another ordinance," the *Ordre* states, "created ninety-one counts." My Lord, may I be allowed to make the remark that so large a number of counts never perhaps occurred in the longest indictment?

According to the same authority, my Lord, this imperial blackamoor has a "grand almoner, grand marshal of the palace, gentlemen of honour, governors of the Royal residences, masters of ceremonies, &c." Your Lordship will perhaps conjecture with myself that the &c. may include Lord Stewards. The household of the Empress consists of "two ladies of honour, fifty-six ladies of the palace, twenty-two ladies of the chapel, chamberlains, squires, &c." There is something interesting, though painful, in the idea of these images of British flunkeydom carved in ebony.

If your Lordship were capable of entertaining such an emotion, I think you would feel some shame in observing the extent to which our Court is surpassed by that of Hayti, in arrangements regulating costume. The princes, dukes, and counts, who bask in the light—if it would not be more correct to say, who repose in the shade—of FAUSTIN'S countenance, have to wear a white dress, the barons a red coat, and the knights a blue one. This combination of colours is much more splendid than the variegation of our own court dresses. Each of these magnificent uniforms is crowned with feathers, of which ornaments the princes wear nine in their hats, the dukes seven, the counts five, the barons three, and the knights two. We have nothing to compare with this, my Lord, except the appearance of distinguished officers at a levee.

Let me beg you, my Lord, to take especial notice of the circumstance that SOULOUQUE was originally a slave. This, viewed in connexion with his "entering at once into the spirit of his imperial position," and creating his coloured nobility, may suggest to your Lordship some pleasing reflections on the natural tendency of flunkeyism.

May I, in conclusion, earnestly exhort your Lordship to do all that you can in your peculiar province to cultivate that taste in which so humiliating a lesson is afforded us, by the EMPEROR OF HAYTI?

Your Lordship's, to your shoebuckles,

Menial Servant,

PUNCH.

## A Remarkable Mis-nomer.

We must say that the lady who presides over the Sisters of Mercy at Devonport, has been treated very unhandsomely by our contemporaries. The newspapers call her, MISS SELTON; whereas she styles herself "y<sup>e</sup> Mother sup<sup>r</sup> of the Sisters of Mercy." Now, she has really done so much good with her little imitation, or Albata Nunnery, that we freely pardon her for assuming, without the least acknowledgment, a title evidently taken from "Manners and Customs of y<sup>e</sup> Englyshe;" and we will not allow her to be spoken of improperly. Since she describes herself as the Mother Superior, it is grossly inconsiderate, to say the least, to Miss-call her as the various journals do. We don't generally make these mistakes in England, whatever may be the case elsewhere. MRS. SELTON, gentlemen, if you please, for the time to come.

## A QUEER QUERY.

A CORRESPONDENT, for whom we have much compassion but no respect, has written to us to know, whether in the event of the abolition of all pluralities, the use of the editorial "We" would be prohibited.





"LOOK HERE, JAMES!—OLD MISSUS IS GONE OUT OF TOWN, AND I'VE GOT HER BEAST OF A DOG WOT'S FED UPON CHICKINGS TO TAKE CARE OF.—WON'T I TEACH HIM TO SWIM, NEETHER?"

## A BIT OF MY MIND.

### BIT THE FOURTH.

MRS. MOUSER, INCOG., ATTENDS THE "PROTECTION OF ENGLISH INDUSTRY."

THE secret shall die with me, but I've been at the Great Quatern Loaf Meeting at the Crown-and-Anchor. How I got there—what I went in—how nobody knew me—and how I saw and heard everything,—all this, I say, shall go to the grave with me. To think that a noble Duke—the DUKE OF RICHMOND—should, at such a time as this, put our good little QUEEN into a fright,—forgetting himself and going and shaking hauds, and slapping shoulders, with a pack of people that talk of overthrowing the Lion and Unicorn, and carrying bullets and gunpowder into the cupboard of quiet folks—and all because the cupboards are filled at too cheap a rate; to think of this, and wonder how the Duke can ever think of once more wrapping himself up in his fur and velvet, and going to sup again—as I have no doubt he will, if he's asked—at Buckingham Palace; to think of this is to think that society, as MOUSER calls it, is going to bits, and that not a soul of us will be left to witness the pieces!

Well, the room was full, to be sure. The Crown—as I observed to MOUSER—was crammed with jewels, many of 'em, as they seemed to me, of the first brandy-and-water,—and then there was the Anchor, with Hope, in the shape of the noble chairman, as they called him, sitting smiling upon it—smiling at the four-pound loaf at 5½d. first quality.

And people talk of pride! Why, if that dear DUKE OF RICHMOND had been brought up in the fields to frighten birds from the corn—if he'd been bred to rattle pebbles in a tin pot against the sparrows—he couldn't have been more affable, more humble, more like one of the smaller people about him. But—as aunt PEACOCK used to say—the really great political man can always make nothing of himself, when it's for something to his advantage. I'm sure I've seen many a turnpike man thinking twice as much of himself as that blessed DUKE OF RICHMOND. For only consider what he had to listen to! There were half-a-dozen farmers threatening to cut off all our horses—to stir up all their ploughmen—and to come and take London to themselves; I suppose, sharing all the gold and notes in the Bank, and the crown and jewels in the Tower,—and the twopences of St. Paul's, and the half-crowns at Westminster, and all of us to be sacked—as I believe they call it—to make up what the farmers have lost in the price of corn, and the wear and worry of their understandings! All this the Duke had to listen to, and he seemed to think no more of it, but sat as quiet and as cosy, as though the Bank of England were of no more account than a

hen-roost, and the crown of HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY herself hardly worth five shillings. But, to be sure, there is nothing so really high-bred as indifference. The true nobleman—aunt PEACOCK used to say—can always be, when it suits him, half-brother to a block of marble.

I have in my time seen a good many impostors. One lives in London to very little purpose not to know what cheating is; we see it at every corner of every street. But if ever I set my eyes upon such a set of jolly, red-faced, broad-backed sufferers, all of 'em—as they shouted—destroyed and ruined, with not an inch of ground to rest their soles upon! I couldn't have thought it possible that misery could be so fat, and ruin so plump and good-looking!

To be sure, the DUKE OF RICHMOND told 'em to take heart, and they must fill their pockets. "Parliament," said the Duke, "must listen to you, if you only bellow loud enough. My advice is, don't let Parliament eat, or drink, or think till corn's at 50s., and up it must go again! In the meanwhile, you will make a row like peaceable persons, and—whatever you may threaten—threaten and swagger like men who know themselves. If we are robbed of every farthing, and stript of every rag, at least,"—said the dear Duke—"let us remember ourselves as gentlemen, and behave as such."

"Then," said one Farmer, "my opinion is that land's everything, and everything upon it's nothing. Without land, you can have no country at all. Without land, where could the QUEEN find a place to set her throne upon? Kings and Queens ar'n't like skylarks; they can't live in the air. It's the land as grows everything: soldiers and sailors, cotton-trees and cocoa-trees, shopkeepers and spinners,—all live upon the land: for take away the land, and where's the sort of Noah's Ark that will save the people?" At which everybody shouted, and the Duke in the chair nodded his head, and moved his lips, as if he was, just to himself, tasting the words, and mightily liking them. "But the noblest thing upon the land is the farmer. Other folks are to him, however fine they may be, no more than the poppies among the corn; they're a show and a mischief, and not a crumb of wholesome bread to be made out of 'em. Talking about poppies," said MR. MEALY MOUTH, "they remind me of soldiers; and that reminds me again, if we're to continue to have glory, we must be protected in it. English gunpowder and British corn at 50s. are our own brothers. With corn down and free trade all over the world, the manly British bayonet won't be worth a rusty nail; and instead of settling any little dispute after the good old manly stand-up fight—which ends in a few thousands being knocked down—there'll be peace all over the world, and the beautiful cannon guns be turned into beehives. We have," said MR. MEALY MOUTH, "what's called the Apostle of Peace. Very well, then; if he is an Apostle, he's the Apostle JUDAS ISCARIOT." Whereupon, everybody shouted and clapped their hands, and all as pleased as if they'd found sixpence.

And next, a MR. GROWLER, with tears as big as peas in his eyes, declared that every English ploughman was without a bit in his belly, or a thread upon his back. As for SIR ROBERT PEEL—but here there was such a shouting; some cried out for Temple Bar, and some for Tower Hill: some for hurdle, and some for quartering—the Duke all the while quite mild and well-behaved, and unconcerned at anything, as a nobleman should be. Whereupon, MR. GROWLER took heart, and said, as the labourers were naked and starving, when they'd got in all the crops, they would be bound together like so many sheaves. And if the poor fellows broke into rebels, was it to be expected that the farmers would try to hinder 'em? By no means. Pretty liberty there'd be for the subject if men mightn't do what they pleased against cheap corn! "But,"—said GROWLER—"our grand hope is in the dumb quadrupeds! We own nine out of ten of all the horses—to say nothing of the other animals. Well, what won't horses carry, when they're put to it? And when the Corn question is a question not only of wheat, but of barley and beans and oats, what won't English horses do, when mounted by English farmers and labourers? As for Free Trade, it would be put down like beans. And the QUEEN, the Prince, and the children—whatever was the rumpus in London and the towns—would be quite safe in the country. There were farm-houses quite as comfortable as Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace." And then, MR. GROWLER, snapping his fingers, said he should like to see what the cab-horses of London, or the horses of the Guards, to boot, would do against Dobbin? He said, in a great passion—and ending his speech in the sweat of his brow—he said he should like to see it. And then everybody shouted, as much as to say, and so should we! And if it weren't a thing to remember, to notice how that dear DUKE OF RICHMOND, who has been a soldier himself, smiled and looked as pleasant, as though to talk about Englishmen fighting with Englishmen—waggon-horses against cabs—was no'ing! But then the Duke, having seen a good deal of smoke in his time, knew perhaps exactly what the speech was made of.

Well, there were a good many other talkers, but the most furious of 'em all was one MR. WIGGINS. I've heard a good deal of Red Republics—though, whatever colours may have to do with ribands, what they've to do with kingdoms, I can't tell—and MR. WIGGINS did, certainly, though he was a farmer, look to my eye as red as Samuel in the *Freschütz*—that Samuel, that, all in red from hat to boots, goes walking



about the fields, and down the groves, burning the grass with his footsteps, and singeing the leaves with his cloak—Mr. WIGGINS bounced forward, and said he had but a very few words to treat 'em with; and, as I thought, all the better; for the words he did say, every one of 'em dropped from his mouth like a red-hot cannon-ball, and—I couldn't help it—I saw all England in a blaze, and London taken by the Cart-Horse Heavy Dragoons, and the Reaping-Hook Artillery, and the Light Flail Volunteers,—and me, and MOUSER, and the children hidden in the beer cellar while the sack went on,—and MR. COBDEN's head off on Tower Hill, and MR. BRIGHT—with MR. FERRAND riding as Sheriff—on his way to Tyburn. All this I saw, and who could help it? for WIGGINS, with a terrible look, and a voice like a clap of thunder, called upon Government; and he said if Government didn't choose to answer to the call, why, then, he and all of them were ready for a scramble. "Up with wheat," cried WIGGINS, "or we'll fight for the rise!" And, certainly, he looked as if he meant it; for he flourished his arms about, as though giving the meeting a sample of his muscles; and the meeting—every man in it—jumped up, and gave such a shout—I'm sure there wasn't a quartern loaf, between us and Charing Cross, that didn't leap again upon the baker's shelf, at the very sound.

And to see that DUKE OF RICHMOND, and to fancy him with his coronet—"with his pearls upon his brow," as the song says—as meek and mild in his chair as any two-year baby with sugared bread-and-butter—to see him with not a pucker in his face, listening to such cannon-balls in syllables, did, I must say it, cause astonishment, if not admiration, in the breast of

Yours truly, *Mr. Punch,*

*The Honeysuckles.*

AMELIA MOUSER.

#### "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

**BOTHER.**—A word in great use when a stupid visitor has called, or a dress has not come home, or the hair will not curl, or the pen will not write, or the shoe will not come on, or any other little domestic annoyance.

**FIDDLESTICK.**—A word strongly expressive of contempt. It crushes all reply. When a lady once says "Fiddlestick," he must be a bold man who ventures to say another word.

**FIDDLE-DE-DEE.**—The same as "Fiddlestick," only a degree milder.

**DUCKY.**—A term of endearment, applied indiscriminately when a favour is to be asked.

**INDEED!**—An ejaculation, "strongly recommended for family use." It implies doubt, a contemptuous denial, a gentle refusal, and saves an infinity of useless explanation. Much may be said with that word "Indeed!" It all depends upon the way in which it is pronounced.

**"DRAT IT!"**—Very emphatic, almost amounting to an oath. It should be used very sparingly, even by ladies.

**DELICIOUS.**—A word that, coming from a young lady's lips, conveys the highest possible amount of praise. It is applied equally to MARIO's singing, GUNTER'S ices, HOUBIGANT'S gloves, FRANK STONE'S pictures, FERRARIS' dancing, and means perfection in each instance.

**SPOONEY.**—A young man who cannot dance or talk, or talks no better than he dances, or *vice versa*. A young man who wears clogs and mittens, and sings sentimental songs with a lisp, and has turned-down collars, and a miniature which he always carries in his waistcoat-pocket, on the side nearest his heart, would take rank in household estimation as a "spooney."

**DUMPY.**—Unhappy, miserable. Any one who has a cold, or is disagreeable, or has been disappointed, or has received bad news, or an unpleasant truth, is said to look "Dumpy."

#### Lateness of the Season.

WE saw last week, in the Park, a pair of Ducks, of the most spotless white, but the cold was so intense that they instantly ran in, and we have not seen them since. The London Ducks—for they are always observed in pairs—are an extremely chilly bird. The least drop of water sends them flying, and they do not stop till they get under shelter. This is most extraordinary in this bird, for it is well known to naturalists, that the Duck is, generally speaking, very fond of the rain, and, instead of running away from water, takes it as naturally as a teetotaller. The London Ducks, which are the surest signs of an early summer, are very late indeed this season.

#### I AM NOT WHAT I SEEM.

THE above would be an excellent motto for some trowsers recently made by a Manchester operative, who has just turned out a complete pair of "continuations" without a single seam. Such garments cannot be considered unseemly, notwithstanding the peculiarity of their construction; but it may be said that, if his plan should be generally adopted, needles would become needless, and the population would be curtailed of its tailors.

#### THE HOUSELESS COMMONS.

It is not generally known that the representatives of the people are only in lodgings at the present time; for until their own House is completed, they are occupying "genteel apartments," the rent of which is paid from the public Treasury.

We are therefore interested in knowing how the building for their permanent occupation is going on; and we are glad to hear that, "weather permitting," the Commons are to go into their new House forthwith; but if the evenings should become cold, the Commons must keep on for a week or two longer in their present lodgings. We cannot see that there need be any want of warmth, for there are always members ready to make the House almost too hot to hold anything.

Much curiosity has been excited in the minds of several M.P.'s, by the presence of nine enormous boilers which are standing in the quadrangle, and the intended uses of which boilers are rather dubious. There is surely enough of "Bubble, bubble, Toil and trouble," in the House without the introduction of nine tremendous boilers, which it is said by some are designed for the express purpose of enabling those who make a display of their indignation to boil over with it. The wags of the lobby were the other night very active on the subject of these vast reservoirs of hot water; and a Parliamentary wit, one of whose jokes was once permitted to appear by courtesy in the pages of *Punch*, was heard to remark, that the nine boilers looked as if the Commons intended boiling themselves to prevent others from roasting them. The M.P. who perpetrated this deserves, in our opinion, not simply a roasting but a basting also, for his atrocity.



"JACK OF ALL TRADES, AND MASTER OF NONE."

#### FAMILY METAPHYSICS.

AMONG the recent literary births, we observe that of a Magazine called the *British Controversialist*. Our new-born contemporary has mooted the following points of controversy:—

Is beauty a quality inherent in objects?

Is an hereditary monarchy preferable to an elective one? and, Ought capital punishments to be abolished?

It has been determined by the most profound female philosophers—the best judges, of course, in all questions about beauty—that so far from beauty being inherent in any object, the very nature of all objects, or that which causes an object to be an object, is downright ugliness. That an hereditary monarchy is preferable, is clear from the well-known circumstance that an elective sovereign very seldom succeeds. As to the abolition of capital punishments, we really must say that we wonder at the presumption of anybody who can raise such a question after it has been so satisfactorily disposed of by—our innate modesty forbids us to say whom.

#### Civic Inconsistency.

THE Metropolitan Interments Bill is complained of in the City as part of a system of centralisation. This is a strange objection, coming from those who may be truly said to go the whole hog in centralising, by keeping up their Smithfield in the middle of London.



PUNCH AMONG THE PICTURES.

FLIGHT THE FIRST.



THIS is the month of Exhibitions. The flowers come out and the Academy spreads its tulip-bed, and the little Water Colour parterres blossom unobtrusively, like primrose patches and violet banks, into fresh COXES, and sunshiny BENNETS, and fresh green DAVISONS, and harmonious COPLEY FIELDINGS. So, in this merry month of May, Mr. Punch puts on his spectacles, pays his shillings, and may be seen, any day that the sun shines, between ten and two, choosing unfashionable hours (when something may be seen besides pretty faces and tasteful bonnets), catalogue in hand, slowly gazing his way through the Exhibitions. Mr. Punch loves pictures:

from his box in bye-streets, he is accustomed to look down on so many, and to note them too, at a time that the audience conceive we are thinking of nothing but how to compass the destruction of the doctor, or to cheat the terrible gentleman who carries us off in the fifth act.

Ah! pretty housemaid Mary, who lingered with the beer, yesterday morning, with that neat little bit of a cap, so prettily arranged on that shining, sleek, golden hair of thine, the checked apron thrown artfully over the foaming pot, and thy blue eyes making believe to laugh at me, while all the while they were eager to cast themselves down under the impassioned gaze of that guardsman—little did you think, Mary, that I, Punch, was sketching the group in my mind's eye—but no matter for that, except in so far as it connects itself with this article.

There is one thing Punch wishes to say, first of all. He is not going to give his readers a running commentary on a catalogue, with "Pishes," "Pshaws," notes of admiration, &c. &c. He would rather talk with the artists than sit in judgment on their pictures—one by one—and he would rather utter his own thoughts than do either.

I have been to all the Exhibitions now open, and from all of them—except the pair of Water-colours, of which hereafter—I have brought away one strong and painful impression—which I must get off my mind.

Is painting a living art in England at this moment?  
 Is there a nineteenth century?  
 Are there men and women round about us, doing, acting, suffering?  
 Is the subject-matter of Art, clothes? or is it men and women, their actions, passions, and sufferings?

I ask these questions of myself, and of my readers—especially the artists among them—because I am driven to grievous doubt about them when I look round the walls of the Picture Exhibitions.

If Art is vital, should it not somehow find food among living events, interests, and incidents? Is our life, at this day, so unideal, so devoid of all sensuous and outward picturesqueness and beauty, that for subjects to paint we must needs go back to the GUELFHS and GHIBELINES, or to CHARLES THE SECOND, or WILLIAM THE THIRD, or GEORGE THE SECOND?

Because it seems as if the painters found it so. I see no homely life anywhere in your pictures. I see abundance of *bric à brac*, and MR. NATHAN. Very wonderful velvet doublets, undeniable silk hose, marvellous carved furniture, and very often a pretty set of features atop of the velvet doublets and silk hose aforesaid; but human emotion, human passion, the thing that interests me as a man, I nowhere see.

How is this, my painters? If I read books, it is not for the beauty of the type, or the subtle devices of the binding, but for the meaning I get out of the words. If I see a stage play with pleasure,—which is a picture in action—it is not for the glory of MR. COOPER'S coat, or MADAME VESTRIS'S purple velvet polka, but for the humour, or wit, or passion, or situation, that they help to make visible, and put into action.

But with your pictures it cannot be so. My eye is regaled by their charm of colour, often—delighted by their harmony of line and skill of arrangement, often—attracted by the prettiness of your faces, often and often; but for meaning—for thought shadowed out by you to impress me—for deep and true expression—where are they?

Shall I tell you the sad truth, as it appears to me, of nine-tenths of you, and not the least skilful either? You appear to me like perfect masters of an alphabet writing nonsense verses: like carpenters, masters of your tools, constructing chairs that can't be sat upon, tables that won't stand, and beds that can't be laid in—in short, of men doing a work whereof the main aim, scope, and purpose, is lost sight of altogether.

EXTRAORDINARY DISPATCH.

CONSIDERABLE sensation was created on the London Exchange, one day last week, by the arrival, at 11 o'clock P.M., of a gentleman from Hammersmith. He had been deputed by a contemplated new Omnibus Company, to test the capabilities of the route, and the possibility of shortening the time now occupied in the journey. The usual period varies from two to four hours by some of the existing conveyances, and a company is understood to be in the course of formation, with a view to the acceleration of the transit, so that it may be performed within something like an hour-and-a-half on an average. The gentleman left the Broadway at 9 A.M., and reaching Kensington at half-past, instead of waiting the customary twenty minutes, proceeded by a special 'bus to Sloane Street, where a pause of a quarter-of-an-hour occurred for the filling of the nose-bags, and other minor matters. The vehicle then proceeded at accelerated speed as far as the Regent Circus, Piccadilly, which was gained by a quarter-past 10 o'clock, and having next made for Charing Cross, the customary stoppage for conversation occurred at the corner of Trafalgar Square, at the conclusion of which the 'bus pushed on to its destination. The gentleman who had carried out this novel enterprise was received with loud cheers, when it was known he had come in two hours from Hammersmith.

THE CHARTER OF PROTECTION.

THE "demonstrations" now going on at the various taverns throughout the country and within the metropolis remind us of the days of REYNOLDISM and CUFFEYDOM, when Holywell Street publishers were sending to Downing Street for the keys of office, and a dirty little half-caste tailor was volunteering to lead a million of his fellow men to death or victory over a cart on Kennington Common. The HOWLERS and the CHOWLERS are in a rabid state on the subject of Protection, which they are determined to galvanise, even though they throw the country into convulsions by their shocks and experiments. The HOWLERS and the CHOWLERS are taking the same line as the DUFFEYS, the CUFFEYS, the SNUFFEYS, and the rest of the agitators of John Street, Fitzroy Square, as far as language is concerned, though they have not yet arrived at the only practicable result of the CUFFEY, DUFFEY, and SNUFFEY movement, which was the breaking of an immense quantity of glass, the pillaging of a few shops, and the emptying of sundry pockets.

It is from a sort of Animals' Friend Society feeling that we advise these Protectionist howlers of sedition to stop in time, lest it may be demanded that the same justice should be meted out to them as was done upon the poor ignorant creatures whose tone it seems the fashion to imitate. CHOWLER boasted that he and his party had with them nine-tenths of the horses of the country. He might have claimed the whole of the other class of quadrupeds as his allies without the slightest fear of contradiction.

Londoners and their Lungs.

A SELECT Committee of the House of Commons is engaged in considering the question as to the establishment of a great Central Gas Consumers' Company. The Central Gas Consumers are an important body, as they comprise all the inhabitants of the heart of the Metropolis. The quantity of gas which they consume is enormous, including, not only that which they burn, but also the whole of the gaseous matter emanating from sewers, cesspools, and dead bodies, which they are continually breathing.

Mr. Bright and his Mill.

WITH a very sharp twinge of mental pain we observed that MR. BRIGHT, the other evening, opposed LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR'S motion for an inquiry relative to the sanitary condition of the journeymen bakers. We have a great respect for MR. BRIGHT, and for the Mill which he represents; but we wish he would be content with representing the Cotton-Mill, and not constitute himself the champion of that Mill by means of which Capital grinds Labour.





## A REAL CASE OF CAUDLE.

### THEREBY HANGS NO TAIL.

ONE of those ingenious and ever-watchful gentlemen, the astronomers, who may be termed the police of the skies, and are ever on the look-out for suspicious characters among the stars, or luminous bodies having no visible means of existence, has written to the *Times*, announcing the detection of a new comet. It is very clear that there is no escaping the vigilance of the astronomical detective force, and the new comet that has just been observed makes his appearance under circumstances of more than ordinary interest, for he is declared to be "without a tail,"—a fact which seems to indicate the presence of the comet in some meteorological disturbances of a very violent character. As there is a good deal of difficulty in finding names for all the new comets that are continually appearing, we beg leave to propose that the one which has just come forth without a tail, should go by the title of the Comet Spencer.

### A REGULAR MULL.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER introduces another Stamp Bill, in which are incorporated, he tells us, all MR. MULLING's suggestions. We should have thought there had been quite mullings enough in this measure already.

### THE WONDERFUL PROPERTIES OF RENT.

"THE Free Trader," grows a Pro-Corn-Law organ, "cannot deny that the entire abolition of rent would not enable the occupier to cultivate at a profit."

Ergo, levy a bread-tax which shall pay the rental of the United Kingdom, and yield a profit to all the farmers in Great Britain and Ireland into the bargain!

But the Free Trader has more to swallow. "And," continues our slightly paradoxical contemporary, "he has discovered that those who are most distressed, are those who have no landlord between them and their returns, but cultivate themselves the soil that descended to them from their fathers."

Therefore, having rent to pay is a positive advantage to the farmer. Agricultural subtraction is the same thing as simple addition. Rent is like mercy, "it blesseth him that gives and him that takes;" and the tenant in paying his landlord aggrandises himself. "Fair is foul, and foul is fair." *Minus is plus, and plus is minus*; and so Pro-Corn-Law reasoning brings us to a regular nonplus.

A ROTTEN CAUSE.—Among the opponents of the Extra-Mural Interments Bill are a good many, we fear, who attack it on the most corrupt private grounds,—private burial grounds.





THE POLITICAL, "ROUGE ET NOIR,"

Eugene Sue, "THE RED WINS!"







## THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

## III.—ON THE BENEFITS OF BEING A FOGY.

IN possession of the right and privilege of garrulity which is accorded to old age, I cannot allow that a single side of paper should contain all that I have to say in respect to the manifold advantages of being a Foggy. I am a Foggy, and have been a young man. I see twenty women in the world constantly to whom I would like to have given a look of my hair in days when my pate boasted of that ornament; for whom my heart felt tumultuous emotions, before the victorious and beloved MRS. PACIFICO subjugated it. If I had any feelings now, MRS. P. would order them and me to be quiet: but I have none; I am tranquil—yes, really tranquil (though, as my dear LEONORA is sitting opposite to me at this minute, and has an askance glance from her novel to my paper as I write—even if I were *not* tranquil, I should say that I was), but I *am* quiet: I have passed the hot stage: and I do not know a pleasanter and calmer feeling of mind than that of a respectable person of the middle age, who can still be heartily and generously fond of all the women about whom he was in a passion and a fever in early life. If you cease liking a woman when you cease loving her, depend on it, that one of you is a bad one. You are parted, never mind with what pangs on either side, or by what circumstances of fate, choice, or necessity,—you have no money or she has too much, or she likes somebody else better, and so forth; but an honest Foggy should always, unless reason be given to the contrary, think well of the woman whom he has once thought well of, and remember her with kindness and tenderness, as a man remembers a place where he has been very happy.

A proper management of his recollections thus constitutes a very great item in the happiness of a Foggy. I, for my part, would rather remember —, and —, and — (I dare not mention names, for isn't my LEONORA pretending to read "the Initials," and peeping over my shoulder?) than be in love over again. It is because I have suffered prodigiously from that passion that I am interested in beholding others undergoing the malady. I watch it in ball-rooms (over my cards, where I and the old ones sit), and dinner-parties. Without sentiment, there would be no flavour in life at all. I like to watch young folks who are fond of each other, be it the housemaid furtively engaged smiling and glancing with JOHN through the area railings; be it Miss and the Captain whispering in the embrasure of the drawing-room window—*Amant* is interesting to me, because of *amavi*—of course, it is MRS. PACIFICO I mean.

All Foggies of good breeding and kind condition of mind, who go about in the world much, should remember to efface themselves—if I may use a French phrase—they should not, that is to say, thrust in their old mugs on all occasions. When the people are marching out to dinner, for instance, and the Captain is sidling up to Miss Foggy, because he is twenty years older than the Captain, should not push himself forward to arrest that young fellow, and carry off the disappointed girl on his superannuated rheumatic old elbow. When there is any thing of this sort going on (and a man of the world has possession of the *carte du pays* with half an eye), I become interested in a picture, or have something particular to say to pretty Polly the parrot, or to little TOMMY, who is not coming in to dinner, and while I am talking to him, Miss and the Captain make their little arrangement. In this way I managed only last week to let young BILLINGTON and the lovely BLANCHE POUTER get together; and walked down stairs with my hat for the only partner of my arm. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY now, because he was a Captain of Dragoons almost before BILLINGTON was born, would have insisted upon his right of precedence over BILLINGTON, who only got his troop the other day.

Precedence! Fiddlestick! Men squabble about precedence because they are doubtful about their condition, as Irishmen will insist upon it that you are determined to insult and trample upon their beautiful country, whether you are thinking about it or no; men young to the world mistrust the bearing of others towards them, because they mistrust themselves. I have seen many sneaks and much cringing of course in the world; but the fault of gentlefolks is generally the contrary—an absurd doubt of the intentions of others towards us, and a perpetual assertion of our twopenny dignity, which nobody is thinking of wounding.

As a young man, if the Lord I knew did not happen to notice me, the next time I met him, I used to envelope myself in my dignity, and treat his Lordship with such a tremendous *hauteur* and killing coolness of demeanour, that you might have fancied I was an Earl at least, and he a menial upon whom I trampled. Whereas he was a simple, good-natured creature, who had no idea of insulting or slighting me, and, indeed, scarcely any idea about any subject except racing and shooting. Young men have this uneasiness in society, because they are thinking about themselves: Foggies are happy and tranquil because they are taking advantage of, and enjoying, without suspicion, the good-nature and good offices of other well-bred people.

Have you not often wished for yourself, or some other dear friend, ten thousand a-year? It is natural that you should like such a good thing as ten thousand a-year; and all the pleasures and comforts which it brings. So also it is natural that a man should like the society of people well-to-do in the world; who make their houses pleasant, who gather pleasant persons about them, who have fine pictures on their walls, pleasant books in their libraries, pleasant parks and town and country houses, good cooks and good cellars: if I were coming to dine with you, I would rather a good dinner than a bad one; if so-and-so is as good as you and possesses these things, he, in so far, is better than you who do not possess them: therefore I had rather go to his house in Belgravia than to your lodgings in Kentish Town. That is the rationale of living in good company. An absurd, conceited, high-and-mighty young man hangs back, at once insolent and bashful; an honest, simple, quiet, easy, clear-sighted Foggy steps in and takes the goods which the gods provide, without elation as without squeamishness.

It is only a few men who attain simplicity in early life. This man has his concealed self-importance to be cured of; that has his concealed bashfulness to be "taken out of him," as the phrase is. You have a disquiet which you try to hide, and you put on a haughty guarded manner. You are suspicious of the good-will of the company round about you, or of the estimation in which they hold you. You sit mum at table. It is not your place to "put yourself forward." You are thinking about yourself, that is; you are suspicious about that personage and everybody else; that is, you are not frank; that is, you are not well-bred; that is, you are not agreeable. I would instance my young friend MUMFORD as a painful example—one of the wittiest, cheeriest, cleverest, and most honest of fellows in his own circle; but having the honour to dine the other day at MR. HOBANOB'S, where His Excellency the Crimean Minister and several gentlemen of honour and wit were assembled, MUMFORD did not open his mouth once for the purposes of conversation, but sat and ate his dinner as silently as a brother of La Trappe.

He was thinking with too much distrust of himself (and of others by consequence) as TOPLADY was thinking of himself in the little affair in Hyde Park to which I have alluded in the former chapter. When MUMFORD is an honest Foggy, like some folks, he will neither distrust his host, or his company, or himself; he will make the best of the hour and the people round about him; he will scorn tumbling over head-and-heels for his dinner, but he will take and give his part of the good things, join in the talk and laugh unaffectedly, nay, actually tumble over head-and-heels, perhaps, if he has a talent that way; not from a wish to show off his powers, but from a sheer good-humour and desire to oblige. Whether as guest or as entertainer, your part and business in society is to make people as happy and as easy as you can; the master gives you his best wine and welcome—you give, in your turn, a smiling face, a disposition to be pleased and to please: and my good young friend who read this, don't doubt about yourself, or think about your precious person. When you have got on your best coat and waistcoat, and have your dandy shirt and tie arranged—consider these as so many settled things, and go forward and through your business.

That is why people in what is called the great world are commonly better bred than persons less fortunate in their condition: not that they are better in reality, but from circumstances they are never uneasy about their position in the world: therefore they are more honest and simple: therefore, they are better bred than GROWLER, who scowls at the great man a defiance and a determination that he will *not* be trampled upon: or poor FAWNER, who goes quivering down on his knees, and licks his Lord's shoes. But I think in our world—at least in my experience—there are even more GROWLERS than FAWNERS.

It will be seen, by the above remarks, that a desire to shine or to occupy a marked place in society, does not constitute my idea of happiness, or become the character of a discreet Foggy. Time, which has dimmed the lustre of his waistcoats, allayed the violence of his feelings, and sobered down his head with grey, should give to the whole of his life a quiet neutral tinge; out of which calm and reposeful condition an honest old Foggy looks on the world, and the struggle there of women and men. I doubt whether this is not better than struggling yourself, for you preserve your interest, and do not lose your temper. Succeeding? What is the great use of succeeding? Failing? Where is the great harm? It seems to you a matter of vast interest at one time of your life whether you shall be a lieutenant or a colonel—whether you shall or shall not be invited to the Duchess's party—whether you shall get the place you and a hundred other competitors are trying for—whether Miss will have you or not: what the deuce does it all matter a few years afterwards? Do you, JONES, mean to intimate a desire that History should occupy herself with your paltry personality? The Future does not care whether you were a captain or a private soldier. You get a card to the Duchess's party; it is no more or less than a ball or breakfast like other balls or breakfasts. You are half-distracted because Miss won't have you and takes the other fellow, or you get her (as I did MRS. PACIFICO) and find that she is quite a different thing from what you expected. Psha! These things appear as naught—when Time passes—Time the consoler—Time the anodyne—Time the grey calm satirist, whose sad smile seems to say,



Look, O, man, at the vanity of the objects you pursue, and of yourself who pursue them!

But on the one hand, if there is an alloy in all success, is there not a something wholesome in all disappointment? To endeavour to regard them both benevolently is the task of a philosopher; and he who can do so is a very lucky Foggy.

FEARFUL FALL AND DECLINE OF THE LAW.



Y our letters we find that the Lawyers are crying out most piteously against the reductions that are made every Session in the profits of the Law. If that system continue, they declare the profession will be made so contemptible, that no gentleman will think of following it. A Chancery Suit will be a poor, miserable affair, that will be over in a couple of weeks, and a Bankruptcy Commission will scarcely enable the poor practitioner to keep his carriage. These will be dreadful times for the Lawyers, who will be compelled, for a livelihood, to issue

writs against one another. The Insolvents' Court will be filled with most heart-rending cases of legal destitution, and Basinghall Street will be occupied from day to day with winding up the accounts of Chancery Lane. The Inns will follow, and the Law will become such a Pariah of a profession, that it will be universally shunned, excepting by the most reckless, or the very poorest. Recruiting-parties will have to beat up the most wretched neighbourhoods, in the hopes of finding some forlorn youth whose misery may drive him, as a last extremity, to "follow the Law," and disobedient sons and unruly apprentices will be packed off to Lincoln's Inn, as they formerly were sent to sea, to be reclaimed by its trials and hardships. Who knows but the Bar, also, may be reduced to a state of such abject penury, that we may see a JOSEPH ADY sitting on the woolsack, sending out letters to all clients, to the effect that, if they have their causes tried before him, and will send him a sovereign, they may probably "hear of something to their advantage."

The following has been confidentially sent to us by one of the most respectable practitioners in Carey Street, as the copy of a Bill of Costs, for a trifling Writ, as it will be in 1852:—

SMITH v. JONES.		s. d.
Writing Letter for payment of Debt . . . . .		0 6
Instructions for Writ . . . . .		1 0
Writ . . . . .		0 1½
Copy to Serve and Service . . . . .		0 9
Affidavit of Service . . . . .		0 5½
Attending to Swear, and paid Swearing . . . . .		1 2
Searching for Appearance . . . . .		0 6
Instructions for Declaration . . . . .		0 8
Drawing Declaration, 12 folios (at ½d. per folio)		6 0
		5 2

The Bill is much longer, but we have given sufficient to prove the extreme lowness of the charges. The worst is, the poor Lawyers receive no pity. Every one laughs at them. Their misery seems to be a joke universally enjoyed. Perhaps the retribution is but just. Those who proverbially have had no pity for others in distress, are properly punished if they receive none, now that they are distressed themselves.

Removals and Promotions.

The Central Protection Society: to the Chartist Hall, St. John's Street.  
To Van Diemen's Land: — CHOWLER, Esq., vice CUFFEY, pardoned.

PATHOLOGICAL EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Noticed by our Surgical Adviser.)

THE Painter has hitherto done little for Medicine but hold its professors up to ridicule. This year, however, our science has received a tribute in the picture No. 518, at the Royal Academy's Exhibition. The interest of this work is purely pathological; the figures in it being simply illustrations of the scrofulous or strumous diathesis. Their emaciated bodies, their shrunken legs, and tumid ancles, are the well-known characteristics of that morbid state of system. The incipient oedema of the lower extremities is faithfully portrayed; though, in connection with this symptom, which indicates far-gone disease, the abdominal tension might have been more strongly marked. The boy, advancing with the bowl of water, exemplifies a splendid case of rachitis, or rickets; and the osteological distortions of his frame have been correctly copied from the skeleton. The child in the centre is expressively represented with the red hair, light eyebrows, and mottled complexion, which betoken the extreme of struma. The female figure kissing it, apparently its mother, is endowed by the artist with the same peculiarities, in accordance with the law of hereditary transmission. With a nice discernment, too, the squalid filth for which the whole group is remarkable, is associated with a disorder notoriously connected with dirt. The drawing of the figures evinces minute study in the demonstration-room.

To render the phenomena of morbid anatomy is clearly the speciality of the artist. His talent for exact imitation, properly applied, might preserve for us many specimens which we vainly endeavour to keep in spirits. The productions of his pencil, thus directed, would eclipse everything in BAILLIÈRE'S shop-window; but he should limit himself to the strictly human subject. No. 518 has no title; but subjoined to it there is a text suggesting that it is meant for the Holy Family. Now the persons depicted in it seem to be mere portraits, taken from life at the Orthopædic Institution. Though interesting to the eye of medicine, to the non-professional beholder they are unpleasant—not to say, revolting. They appear to savour, as has been intimated, of an unacquaintance with soap and water much at variance with the maxim which adjoins cleanliness to sanctity. Scrofula, moreover, is a Northern disease; and its antecedents, besides nastiness, are irregularities in living. The figures in question are so many examples of the consequences of transgressing the laws of health. The genius requisite for "High Art" should include some creative power, sense of beauty, and perception of congruities and incongruities. It will be a pity if this gentleman does not turn his abilities—which, in the mechanical way, are great—to the illustration of COOPER'S Surgical Dictionary; and leave the Testament alone.

THE ANTI-EDUCATION LEAGUE SUBSCRIPTION.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to SIR ROBERT HARRY INGLIS, and begs to ask whether the Honourable Member for Oxford, (Enlightenment, and Toleration, has any idea of the number of those persons, Churchmen and Dissenters, who share his views on the subject of education? Because, in the first place, by insisting on religious instruction as an indispensable accompaniment to secular education, whilst differing among themselves as to what religion to teach, they combine to keep some eight or nine millions of HER MAJESTY'S subjects in ignorance. Secondly, inasmuch as it has occurred to Mr. Punch that possibly they might be numerous enough to subscribe, between them, the trifling sum of £2,000 a day, in which they are morally, if not legally, indebted to the nation. Precisely this amount, according to the Times, does Government spend upon the "maintenance, supervision, and correction" of convicts, or for "Prison and Convict services." Hereunto might be added the further expense involved in the prosecution of offenders; however, Mr. Punch does not wish to be too hard on SIR ROBERT HARRY INGLIS and his confederates. But it is ruled in *fero conscientia* by Mr. Justice Punch, that they whose mystical polemics prevent the multitude from being taught plain morals are bound to defray some part of the damage accruing from their obstinate bigotry. Mr. Punch, therefore, proposes to trouble the honourable Baronet, and all who side with him on the Education Question, for that same £2,000 per diem, in order to pay for the Prison and Convict services necessitated by the want of schooling.

POLITICAL RUMOURS.

MR. DISRAELI passed Buckingham Palace yesterday, and looked up at the drawing-room-windows three times. On his way home, he looked in at Apsley House, for the street door happened to be open at the time he was passing. The ministerial papers made no mention of these facts.



## PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



THE Operatic department of Her Majesty's Theatre we have already described as a monarchy presided over by a reigning Queen of Song, but the sovereignty of the Ballet is usually disputed by two or three candidates. These contests may, in some degree, be compared to the Wars of the Roses, for the emblems of victory are frequently floral and consist of bouquets thrown at the feet of the conqueror. Homage is thus paid where it is due, since the feet are the arms chiefly employed in the great struggle for ascendancy in the ballet.

Those who contemplate the delicious softness of the scenery, with its canvas bowers of profiled bliss, its woodwork woods, its groves to which the paint pots of art have supplied the verdancy of nature; those who have looked on those pictures of peace—forgetting for a moment that they are merely carpenter's piece-work—would little suspect the turbulent feelings that agitate the groups inhabiting these apparently happy valleys. Secluded from the world by an impassable barrier of ever-burning gas-lights, nymphs are seen sporting round fountains gushing with a material that sparkles but never splashes. A happy peasantry gambols in white satin slippers on a village green, from which no moisture arises to damp their shoes or their spirits, while, sometimes, the scenery is celestial, and goddesses repose on clouds, having none of the unpleasant density of vapour, but being substantial enough to sit upon. Looking on such scenes as these, the poet might fairly hope to see nothing but tranquillity in the bosoms of the inhabitants, but the philosopher, rudely knocking the hat over the poet's eyes, proceeds with the spectacles of fact to look into matters on his own account, and the poet, hailing imagination's cab, starts for the realms of fancy, which are always to be found within a very short fare of sad and sober reality.

Hand in hand with the philosopher, who, with the Turk's-head of materialism, is for ever brushing down the cobwebs of idealism that overhang the romantic passages of life, we proceed to test the blissfulness of the ballet.

The difficulty of getting two suns to shine in the same hemisphere has been suggested by astronomers; but the excessive trouble of getting two or more stars of the ballet to exhibit their brilliance in the same *pas* has never been thought of by the *savans*, whose subjects of contemplation are at all events guided by fixed laws, while the dazzling bodies that float before the eyes of him who would read the stars of Her Majesty's Theatre are with difficulty subjected to any rule whatever. Nevertheless, the apparently impossible result has occasionally been accomplished, though we might almost as soon expect to see Sagittarius hand in hand with Virgo, executing a *pas* to the band of Orion, as hope to witness the conjunction of three stars of the ballet without a convulsion of the most serious character. We do not wonder that Her Majesty's Theatre requires the constant services of an Aquarius, who, with watering-pot in hand, is perpetually cooling the ground that must be impregnated with all the materials for a volcano, by the heat of so many contests.

The astronomer may well turn away baffled from the stars of the ballet, for the diplomatist is the only magician who can read or regulate their occasionally combined movements. Men practised in the most subtle regulations of Court etiquette, and skilled in deciding points of precedence as fine as the point of a needle—men who could bundle up together gold, silver, and half-a-dozen other sticks without giving offence to either—men who could satisfy the claims of every degree of knighthood, take the relative measures of any pair of garters, and deal with a couple of Baths without getting into hot water; even such men as these would find the points of precedence in a *pas de deux, trois, or quatre*, far more difficult of adjustment than the matters above alluded to. The achievement of the production of *Les Graces*, presenting together CARLOTTA GRISI, MARIE TAGLIONI, and AMALIA FERRARIS, Terpsichore's three favourite daughters, and their *pas* or *grand pa*, has indeed called forth the cunningest diplomacy of all concerned in a combination which seemed too good to be true, and which at one time would have been pronounced impossible.

We can imagine the numerous consultations that must have been held by the Cabinet of Her Majesty's Theatre on this momentous question. Which of the fair trio should commence was, no doubt, the subject of anxious deliberation, which was at last put an end to by the

bright idea of their all appearing at once in a group, and descending together from the same pedestal. The difficulty of the *premier pas* was thus got over, but this is not the only *pas qui coule* in such a very momentous affair as a *pas de trois*, where not a step must be taken that is not properly weighed, and its exact weight distributed in exactly equal proportions among the Three Graces. If EUPHROSINE has a movement of the music to herself, consisting of so many bars, THALIA and EGIE must be allowed to have their feet on the bars separately for the same period. If EUPHROSINE occupies for a moment the centre place between her sister Graces, THALIA and EGIE feel it to be the centre of attraction, and would murmur on both sides, or grumble right and left, if they did not in their turn take the coveted position. If THALIA is supported for an instant by the hand of EUPHROSINE at the waist, enabling the former Grace to maintain a horizontal line between the tip of her toe and the tip of her nose, at an altitude of three feet, THALIA will be expected to serve as a temporary prop, while EUPHROSINE forms herself into an arch, of which her head, bent backwards to the utmost possible extent, seems to be nearly forming one of the buttresses. If EGIE has been standing neglected during these ingenious feats of what may be termed the civil engineering of the human frame, she will expect in her turn to have the assistance of one of her sister Graces as a fulcrum or lever, while she arranges herself into some mathematical figure that would astonish a senior wrangler by its application of the best rules of art to the attractions of nature. It speaks highly for the equanimity of the Queens of the Ballet that, with a rival in their hands, they have never been known to let that rival drop at a moment when the victim, if left to herself, would scarcely have had a leg to stand upon.

The agony of upholding a competitor for public applause can only be understood by one who, with jealousy raised to its highest pitch by a whirlwind of delight and a hurricane of *bravas* at the achievements of a rival, and with muscular strength taxed to its utmost pitch by that rival's weight, can still sustain that rival in her enviable position, and look down upon her with a smile of benignity, unruffled by the pangs of jealousy, or the hard work of bearing a load under which a porter might wince, without much imputation on his porterhood.

## THE SANITARY REFORMER TO HIS EXECUTOR.

WHEN in earth I shall calm recline,  
Let no dwellings my couch be near;  
Let not an atom that once was mine  
Contribute to poison the atmosphere.  
Bid them not lay me where churchyard railing  
Encloses a narrow and crowded site,  
Against my will and desire exhaling  
Pestiferous vapours from morn till night.

Far from living men's habitations  
Let me harmlessly decompose;  
None of my chemical emanations  
Shall injure a soul, or offend a nose;  
Free-blowing breezes, bad gas dispelling,  
Shall fragrance derive from the various bloom  
Of the shrubs and the flowers, so freshly smelling,  
Adorning my extra-mural tomb.

## EXPENSIVE PROSELYTISM.

At the late annual meeting of the British Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, it was stated that—

"During the past year six individuals, who had been under instruction by the Missionaries of the Society, had been baptised."

If this well-meaning Society made no more than half-a-dozen converts among the Israelites in one year, it certainly takes a great deal to convert a Jew. For, according to the Secretary's report,—

"The balance-sheet showed the total receipts (including a balance from the last report) to be £4034 0s. 5d., and the expenditure, £3687 17s. 8d."

The conversion of these Hebrews, then, cost upwards of £600 a head; money well laid out, truly, but, considering the educational and other destitution existing around us, we think it might have been laid out a little better. Besides, there is a mode of Christianising the Children of Israel, at very small expense. The least costly and most effectual way of promoting Christianity among the Jews would be that of getting it practised among Christians.

## A DUKE OUT OF PLACE.

THE exclamation of all on hearing that the DUKE OF RICHMOND took the chair at the disaffected farmers' meeting in a place of such radical celebrity as the Crown and Anchor, is "My Stars and Garters!"





MR. BRIGGS HAS GONE TO THE EXHIBITION—A BOY HOLDS HIS HORSE IN THE MEANTIME.

#### THE BRITISH LION AN ULTRA CHARTIST!

A GENERAL meeting of that peculiar class of politicians interested in the notorious Land Scheme took place on Tuesday last week at the Crown and Anchor. The chair was occupied by FEARGUS O'RICHMOND, who delivered a very inflammatory speech, qualified by a judicious recommendation to his followers to abstain from "physical force." MR. ERNEST BOOKER indulged in a furious denunciation of Free Trade, and after asserting that the agricultural interest was in a state of sad depression, offered to subscribe £1000 for electioneering purposes. MR. LOONEY CHOWLER hinted, in no measured language, at the probability of a speedy insurrection among the peasantry, and at the policy, on the part of the farmers, of driving them to rebellion by sending them to the workhouse. The notorious RUFFEY STANHOPE slapped the orator on the back in approbation of his spirited views and suggestions. MR. CUFFEY HIGGINS, of Hereford, in a short but violent harangue, declared plainly that if the Government would not alter their system by moral force, they (the Land Schemers) would fight for it. The deafening applause that followed this declaration, we suppose, prevented the Chairman from calling the Speaker to order. MANNERS, of Young England celebrity, and TOURNAMENT EGLINTOUN, also addressed the meeting, in milder terms, certainly, than LOONEY and CUFFEY, yet without making any protest against the sentiments and language of those gentlemen, which, therefore, it is to be presumed, they adopt. We trust the Government will not be ill-advised enough to put the Felonious Speeches Act in force against these extravagant, but, no doubt, harmless spouters. Ministers had better take no notice of them, whatever they may say. The followers, or dupes, of FEARGUS O'RICHMOND will soon, perhaps, be talking of gunpowder and ginger-beer bottles, but it will be all talk; and even if they charge their bottles, we feel sure that they will never be so foolish as to throw any.

#### THE FRENCH AND THEIR FRANCHISE.

The Suffrage-narrowing Bill will pass, 'tis plain,  
And Liberty is doom'd to SUE in vain.

#### SPARE, OH SPARE, THAT POLICEMAN.

THE axe of economy has found its way into that British type of the Australian Bush, the Bay of Herne, where the Pier Policeman has been cut off—in his prime—and the place has been put under the control of that solitary sample of the civil power, the town constable. This individual, having now the sole responsibility of the public peace on his shoulders, has taken to wearing oilskin epaulettes, and has got himself up with a sort of military air that has a powerful impression on the simple-minded inhabitants. In order to represent all the ranks of the force in his own person, he wears a superintendent's gloves, an inspector's coat, a serjeant's waistcoat, and a common constable's trowsers. He has laid down a series of regulations for his own guidance, and his system is such that he keeps himself constantly *au fait* at all the duties of all the ranks in the police force. He is his own inspector, and in that capacity he takes orders from himself as superintendent, while as serjeant he reports himself as private to himself as inspector; and so on, until he brings himself round once more to the point he started from.

It is understood that he promotes himself occasionally for good conduct, and that he now and then reduces himself to the ranks, in order that he may learn that lesson of humiliation which is so useful to mankind in general, and to policemen in particular. Having no night duty, he does not require a bull's-eye by way of lantern, but he sometimes indulges in a hap'orth of bull's-eyes, by way of "keeping up the allegory" with reference to this portion of a constable's accoutrements.

#### Punch's Notes and Queries.

*Note.* Rev. Gentlemen: If you were allowed to sell the iron railings which surround your Cathedral, and convert the proceeds to your own use, would you be content to give up your twopences?

—*Mr. Punch.*

*Query.* How much would the iron railings fetch?—*Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.*



## A BIT OF MY MIND.

## BIT THE FIFTH.

MRS. MOUSER'S VIEWS ON THE ROYAL CHRISTENING, AND THE LAUREATESHIP.

EXETER-HALL comes in with the gooseberries. There is nothing to me so beautiful as a bird's-eye look up the Strand, from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, at the very time the lilacs have come out, and the chesnuts in Bushy Park—every one of 'em—are like SOLOMON in his glory. With the gooseberries specially, as I said before, Exeter Hall's in prime season. And beautiful is it to see London—particularly the Strand—sprinkled over with folks, the pepper and salt of the world, as I say to MOUSER, though he won't listen to me—husbands seldom will, and that's why women should never marry, if they want to be attended to—with the pepper and salt that keep this wicked town as sweet as it is, which isn't saying much, I'm bound for it.

"If there isn't another 'tato blight all over Ireland," said our maid to me only yesterday, "it won't be for want of provoking it. They're going to call [the royal baby] PRINCE PATRICK THE FIRST, and it isn't likely that the 'tatoes will ever get over it."

Now our maid's great uncle is the Beadle of Exeter Hall—I give her, what she asked, a pound a year more wages for the connexion, she said she always had it—and it's therefore in the nature of the girl—(it's that that makes her such a treasure to me, or there's much she can't do, I shouldn't put up with—but then, as aunt PEACOCK used to say, "You can't have a Wonder of the World for ten pound a year, not even with tea and sugar and followers allowed.")—it's therefore, as I was going to remark, in the blood of the poor thing to be alive all over to what, as dear MR. PLUMPTRE says, "threatens our hearths and our homes, our pews and our properties." With a PRINCE PATRICK sometimes sitting in the lap of our gracious QUEEN, can even the BISHOP OF OXFORD, in his eel-skin apron, lay his hand upon his heart, and say—the Church isn't in danger?

"Ma'am," said SUSANNAH to me, and the poor thing was in a real twitter—"Ma'am, they might as well have gone and called the baby DAN O'CONNELL at once, and there an end of it. But I've no doubt, Ma'am, as uncle says, that the name of PATRICK is nothing but a feeler. If the country only puts up with that, why, in a year or two, DAN O'CONNELL will be sure to follow, with a PRINCE POPE PIUS to end the business. This, as uncle says, is the opinion, not only of MR. PLUMPTRE himself, but the downright belief of MR. DE NEWGATE."

"I tell you what it is, SUSANNAH," says I. "This christening resolves itself into a great kitchen question. To call a Royal baby PATRICK is to strike a blow at the English servant. SUSANNAH" says I, "you must have protection. With a PRINCE PATRICK at home in the palace, how long will people put in the papers—*No Irish need apply?* It's a question that begins in the kitchen, and, as I now see it, doesn't stay there; but goes into all parts of society. More than that, there isn't a good, wholesome English name that won't feel it. In another year, and there'll be nothing baptised but PATRICKS and PHELIMS, FERGUSES and O'CONNORS. Not even a page in all that blessed Belgravia that won't give up JULIUS and OSCAR, and take at once to MIKE and TEDDY."

"Uncle's very words to a T," said SUSANNAH; which brought into my thoughts Exeter Hall along with the gooseberries, having our first pudding that day, which MOUSER laughed at as what he called the association of ideas, being, as he further said, green altogether, which I took no notice of, recollecting the advice of dear aunt PEACOCK, who always said, "When you can't answer your husband, AMELIA; when you don't know what to say, throw yourself upon compassion. Don't speak: but look at him, as if you pitied him." It's a golden rule; and I advise it to every poor woman who's put upon; and, for the matter of that, I should only like to see the one who *isn't*.

"So as it's short," said MOUSER, "what matters what a child's called?"

"SUSANNAH," said I, "you may take your day out; and go and get up a meeting. If Exeter Hall—as your uncle knows—puts up quietly with PATRICK, there's no questioning it, in less than another year, PRINCE PIUS is sure to follow. You may go, SUSANNAH; and I've no doubt MR. HUGH M'NEILE will take the chair, as this being May, he must be in London."

"I'm obliged to you, Ma'am," said the girl. "Uncle said all along there ought to be a meeting; if the name of PATRICK is n't stopped, in a couple of months, 'tatoes is nowhere. If we're to have PRINCE PATRICK forced upon us, it's as clear as twopenny, there's an end of the kiddies!"

"I think, MR. MOUSER," said I, turning to him when SUSANNAH had left, "I think you might leave me my own housemaid to myself. It's very little I have in this house, but I think my own maid is my perquisite. I think, too, if children's names—whether Princes or common babies—arn't the rightful property of women, it's a pity they should

ever be called upon to have anything to do with babies. To call a royal child after a Popish saint—"

"Fiddlestick," cried MOUSER; "we're all of us, more or less, called after saints, an't we? Not to be sure," said he, with a sneer at my own godmother, "not that I ever heard of a SAINT AMELIA."

"But an Irish Saint, MR. MOUSER; and so soon after the potato blight is, I think, rather flying in the face of Exeter Hall; but, to be sure, as MR. DE NEWGATE beautifully put it, when a heathen cabinet tampers with the coin of the realm, principles are sure to follow. I could have borne—and so could the Hall—that is the country—any Saint but a Saint from Ireland. Well, if I'd been a certain majesty, however I might have been put to it for a name, I should certainly have said to myself, 'No Irish need apply.' But the palace gates once open—who's to lock the area gate and the door of the kitchen? And the Privy Council, as they call themselves—if I was only in Parliament, wouldn't I make a motion about a few blocks and heads?—with their hands in their pockets, hav'n't a word to say! Now mark me, MR. MOUSER, not that either of us will be alive at the time; but only mark my words, then see if they don't come true. PRINCE PATRICK will be KING PATRICK THE FIRST of all Ireland! That dear little baby, whether he will or no, will be inveigled some day to Dublin, crowned against his will, and so repeal the Union. He'll be offered an emerald crown and—well, all I'll say now is this; I only hope, out of love and duty to his beloved mother, he'll have the strength and the wisdom to refuse it. But when this has all happened, won't MR. MACAULAY—in his vol 50—put in this prophecy of mine; and won't it for ever after serve as a moral and a warning to all royal christenings? PRINCE PATRICK! Why, MR. MOUSER, the thing's as clear as the moon at the full. All the hungry Irish will come about the name like flies about treacle. I wonder what MR. O'CONNELL would have given for such a chance—why, he'd have given, aye, anybody's money for it. Well, all I say just now, is this—I only wish I'd been born a man."

"I only wish you had," said MOUSER; and though I knew what he meant, I wouldn't be aggravated. "It's a great pity, Amelia,"—he went on—"With your abilities, your power of prophesying, if you could only have done it in verse, you might, with luck and friends, have been Poet Laureate; for the place is empty. As it is, don't you think you could send in a sample?"

"And why not?" said I. "Hasn't somebody said a woman ought to have the place, specially as a woman wears the crown? When I was at school, I remember they used to say all the Muses were women. Well, if it's so still, why shouldn't there be a Poetess Laureate? But there's the old hypocrisy that I spoke of before. You can paint and chisel, and print women as the goddesses of everything—but to real women themselves, however you praise their shadows, you won't give even a crumb of solid pudding. I've heard it said they used to give the Crown Poet a butt of wine; why not make a woman the poet, and, instead of wine, give her a chest or two of tea?"

"Besides," said MOUSER, aggravating, "there is no doubt that a female would do the thing cheaper. I think the post's £300 a year. Now what would you do the work for—tea and sugar included? We've given up Birth Day Odes, and all that; however, we ought to have something for our money. Now, with a Poetess Laureate, as you call her, we might have all the Drawing-Room ceremonies put into poetry, and her Majesty's dress in particular run into a ballad."

"And why not?" said I. "And, as before there were only Nine Muses—it's nine MOUSER, isn't it?"

"Same as skittles," said he.

"The Queen's Poetess Laureate might be the Tenth. Eh?"

"Why," said MOUSER, and I could see he was going to say something, "in the matter of the real heroic verse, women can't do it."

"Can't do it," said I, "and why not? Quite as well as men, if not better."

"No, my dear," said MOUSER, looking malicious, "no; impossible. Hens don't sing."

MR. MOUSER was perfectly right to jump from the table, take his hat, and leave the house. Otherwise, what I might have answered, nobody knows, not even, *Mr. Punch*.

Yours always,

AMELIA MOUSER.

The Honeysuckles.

## THINGS THAT WANT PUTTING DOWN.

By SIR PETER LAURIE, or any other celebrated Putter Down.

THE Railings of St. Paul's Cathedral.

A great many more thousand pounds towards the slow subscription for the Grand Exhibition of Industry for 1851.

The Abominable Water and Gas Monopolies.

The Dead Wall in front of the British Museum.

The Advertising Carts; Westminster Bridge; the Cheap Tailoring system; and the gang of swindlers who live upon "Enormous Sacrifices" and "Alarming Failures," and grow rich upon a series of "Extensive Bankruptcies."



## LINES ON THE ADDITION TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

BY A DISINTERESTED POET.



NOTHER princely flower (ahem!  
The Poet Laureat's place,  
I hear,  
Is good three hundred pounds  
a year)—  
Buds forth on Brunswick's  
royal stem.

Some, aiming at the courtly  
bays,—  
(A very comfortable thing;  
Would that my pen as much  
could bring!)—  
May tune their harps to ful-  
some lays.

From mine be adulation far—  
('Tis for the certainty I  
pant)—  
Men do not play the syc-  
phant  
Unto a new-discover'd star.

And, as astronomer might see,  
Another planet in the sky;  
(Snug little income!)—so  
do I,  
YOUNG ARTHUR PATRICK AL-  
BERT, thee.

I'll not predict, with flattering lips,  
The glories of the Table Round—  
(Fancy, my bucks, three hundred pound!)—  
That thou art destined to eclipse.

Thee, youthful Prince, I will not paint,  
Winning a name of more renown—  
(They've changed the sack for stumpy down)—  
Than that of old Hibernia's Saint.

But thou wilt higher fame acquire,  
If worthy—(ah! the berth, I fear,  
Will go before these lines appear)—  
Of thine august MAMMA and SIRE.

## THE WINDOW-TAX—THE GREATEST ABSORBENT OF LIGHT.

SINCE Government is so particular in charging for light, we wonder it has never thought of putting a tax upon spectacles, eye-glasses, and opera-glasses, which are all media for conveying light to the eye, just as much as a pane of glass. The same with the windows in a carriage, or an omnibus, or a bathing machine. Why should they not pay the window-tax to the same monstrous extent as the windows in a house? These are shameful inequalities, which betray a partiality which should exist in no tax, particularly in one which should be framed with the strictest eye to accuracy, as the larger the frame, the larger the payment for it. It is strange that Government should institute itself the Great Purveyor of Light, in opposition to the Sun; with this difference, however, that Government charges for every pane of light it lays on, and cuts it off pretty quickly if it is not paid up exactly to the quarter, and the Sun gives its light for nothing. Of all monopolies, the monopoly of light is the most cruel, and is a measure only worthy of the dark ages. To carry out the cruelty consistently, every man who has two eyes should be taxed for light doubly, men with only one eye should be let off with one payment, and none should be exempt from the tax but blind persons.

## Police the Best Policy.

THE best suggestion—by far—that we have heard for the settlement of the Greek question is, that the whole affair should be resolved into a mere matter of police, and that by way of preventing further disputes, England should be bound over to keep the Pacifico—which will be equivalent to keeping the peace.

## THE MAN THAT WON'T MOVE ON.

THE Austrian Government has offered a large sum of money for a Prize Locomotive. If it had been for a Prize Slow-coach, LORD JOHN RUSSELL would have stood the strongest chance of winning it.

## OUR FOREIGN POLICY AND FOREIGN BLUSTER.

Discussed by the British Lion and American Eagle.

AMERICAN EAGLE. (*meeting* BRITISH LION.) Good mornin to you, old feller. You're a lookin spry. And so you ort. You feel proud of yourself, don't you? Oh! in course you du. The thought that we've bin a behavin brave, and noble, and ginnerus, is a pleasant one to chaw upon, ain't it? Oh! you're a magnanimus beast, you are, and have just bin showin yourself such—that's a fact. There's none of the cur in your natur, is there? Oh, no! Not the least mixtur in you of the coward and the bully—

BRITISH LION. What the dence do you mean?

AMERICAN EAGLE. Oh, you've bin actin a fine part toward Greece, han't you?—go in to war amost with that air great and powerful nation, for little more but to recover a debt for that sorter British subject, sorter Portuguese, kinder Jew, DON PACIFICO.

BRITISH LION. Come, none of your chaffing. The honour of England demands that the smallest wrong, offered by whomsoever, to the humblest of HER MAJESTY'S subjects, shall be redressed.

AMERICAN EAGLE. Now, you cantin, braggin, ontruthful old loafer, have you got the face to tell me that air? When I know, and you know, and know that I know, that let the worst injuries be done to any on 'em, by them as you think you can't afford to quarrel with, and you'll pocket the affront like dollars, and eat humble pie as fast as buffalo-hump.

BRITISH LION. You are speaking in joke, of course; but really I cannot allow you to continue to use this language. It won't do.

AMERICAN EAGLE. I in joke? I never was more serious at a camp-meetin, I tell you. You can't allow me to talk so! I should like to know how you are to hinder me, you blusterin old quadruped. Won't do? It will do, every word on it, and I'll prove it, and make you swaller it, in spite of your teeth, as easy as I'd give my old mare a hoss-ball.

BRITISH LION. Well, well—I shan't let you put me in a passion.

AMERICAN EAGLE. No, I expect you won't; or if you do, you'll shut up your feelins in your own buzzum tight. You'll tie the valve down, you will, and keep your steam in, and I hope it won't bust you. And now, as all your QUEEN'S subjects is to have their part took agin the world, how about that air nigger of yourn, as was hauled out of one of your merchant ships, only because he was a nigger, and for no other reason on air, by our free and independent citizens, and locked up in the common gaol whilst the vess-l stopped in port, accordin to law in such case made and provided, at Charleston, South Carolina, U. S.?

BRITISH LION. Diplomatic negotiations are now in contemplation, with a view to remove an anomaly which, I trust, will not continue to exist much longer in the relations between Great Britain and the American Republic.

AMERICAN EAGLE. And if your diplomatic negotiations fail, you'll send ADMIRAL PARKER and a fleet, to blockade New York, won't you? You'll seize all the craft you can catch off Long Island, till such time as we learn to respect the persons of your blessed niggers. But wouldn't you have done all this long afore, if New York had been Athens, and PACIFICO the nigger imprisoned at Charleston? Oh, you are an awful Lion to the weak, you are; but there ain't a lamb milder to them that is likely to show you the smallest fight!

## MILK, OH! OH! OH! MILK!

SOME recent accounts of the Milky Ways of the London milkmen have filled us with a desire to have the good old days of chalk and water back again. We knew that under the old system our insides were simply whitewashed with a clean if not a very wholesome preparation; but we shudder at the thought of what the London milk is now declared to be.

It is said that the rich creamy look of the mixture is obtained by the use of starch, sugar of lead, and brains. Oh! that we could "dash out our desperate brains" from our milk-jugs, and imbibe the thinnest of decoctions that the pump and the chalk-pit ever contributed. We might not, perhaps, object to a dash of starch to enable us to get what might be termed a stiff glass of milk—but there is something so awful in the idea of brains, particularly as it is said they come from the knacker's yard—that our own brain reels, swims, and performs various other cerebral eccentricities that we know not how to describe. We feel almost resolved to forswear the lacteal liquid altogether, and take for our motto, as a direction to our children, "Luc milk."

## Giving it a good Hiding.

MANY jokes—many complaints—have been made upon a certain Portrait of the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE in this year's Exhibition. If the Portrait was not in a fit state to meet the public eye, the best thing would have been to put it in the Octagon Room, for there no one could possibly have been offended by it, for no one would have seen it.



AUTO DA FÉ IN ESSEX!

WE have to inform an astonished world that an *auto da fé* has actually taken place in England, and in the nineteenth century. This disgusting exhibition of truculent bigotry occurred on Tuesday last week at Billericay, in Essex. The facts of the horrid affair are recorded in the *Morning Post*.

The victim of a blind and ferocious superstition was the Editor of the *Times*, vicariously burnt to ashes under the species of his journal.

A conclave of fanatics of the Protectionist order having met at the appointed time and place, the alleged heretic was denounced by the REV. C. DAY, Vicar of Mucking, who appears to be one of the most frantic and violent zealots of his sect. This DAY described the *Times* as an "infamous, abominable, and perjured journal," and accused it of attempting "to set the labourers against their employers." The only foundation for this charge was, that when MR. CHOWLER threatened that the farmers would drive the labourers to rebellion by sending them to the Workhouse, the *Times* made the very obvious remark, that such a proceeding would only have the effect of causing them to destroy ricks, and burn thrashing-machines. But this, in the eyes of sanguinary and prejudiced judges, was enough to seal the doom of the offending journal. A voice—speaking the sentiments of the whole assembly, exclaimed, "Burn it!"

"Yes!" cried the furious though reverend DAY, at once accuser and judge; "Burn it, if you like!"

Then followed the execution, which is thus described by an eyewitness:—

"A copy of the *Times*, placed on the top of a pole, was then brought out and formally burnt in the market-place, amidst the execrations of those around."

This act of barbarity is evidently the self-same proceeding with that of the Inquisitors of Spain, who used to burn heretics in effigy—only when the originals were out of the way. Such a wreaking of spite and malice upon inanimate type and paper reminds us of the school boy in SEYMOUR'S caricature, smashing the weather-glass that would point to "Rain," or of children generally, who beat or kick the object over which they have stumbled. The Billericay act of faith—or act of folly—will not tend to lessen the peculiar reputation of Essex; for whilst it evinces the savage passions of the bull, it at the same time betrays the feeble intellect of the calf.

DEPUTATION.

A Farce.

AS PERFORMED AT HER MAJESTY'S CABINET THEATRE, DOWNING STREET.

SCENE—Interior of the Premier's Official Residence.

TIME—Noon. Discovered in an uneasy chair, THE PREMIER.

Premier (solus). Hm! Another deputation. The greatest of all political arts, is the art of saying nothing with a grace, and being courteous with no meaning. Just twelve. Here they come.

[Door is thrown open, and the Deputation, consisting of BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, BLACK, WHITE, and GREEN, &c. &c., duly announced, enter. Bows are interchanged.]

Brown. Your lordship is no doubt aware that a meeting of the most ominous magnitude has been held at—

Premier. Pardon me; I'm aware of nothing of the sort. Pray don't assume that I know anything.

Brown. Why, my lord, our meeting was reported—eight columns of it in—

Jones. Eight? Ten!

Brown. I am corrected—ten columns in the newspapers of—

Premier. I never read the newspapers.

Brown. As you please, my lord; nevertheless, at that meeting a memorial was adopted: a memorial rehearsing all the grievances of the land; a memorial, a copy of which I have the honour to lay before your lordship.

Premier (running over the memorial). Hm! Ha! Of course, I never shirk the responsibility of the executive government; but—pardon me—I can't agree with your memorial. You say here we have done nothing—now, I think, we have done everything. There is no reason that this slight variation of opinion should create any difference between us; by no means. I was always for toleration—let us continue to enjoy our own sentiments—it is the privilege of a free country; and the glory of Englishmen.

Jones. As for opinion, my lord; my opinion is, that there are no real opinions in the House of Commons reflecting the opinions of the people of England as at present constituted.

Premier. You see, there are two sides to that question; the negative and the affirmative; both of course can't be right; then, again, it is impossible that both can be wrong.

Robinson. I assure you, my lord, I am in the habit of travelling a

good deal in cabs; and there is not a cabman—if you come to talk about oats—that isn't against free trade. Oats to be sure are cheaper; but then, because they're cheap, people want to ride for nothing.

Brown. My lord, with all respect for my friend ROBINSON, I must say we do not at this moment wish to launch into the great sea of oats. There's a time coming for that. But I may be allowed to observe to your lordship—especially as you never see the papers, and may have heard exaggerated reports—that though there were certain frank-hearted farmers who talked of raising cavalry, and having a good stand-up fight with the authorities, for wheat at 50s.—that nevertheless, good souls! they never meant it. The words sounded a little strong—but only fizz and froth, my lord; no real treason my lord—nothing like it.

Premier. I assure you, MR. BROWN, I have been too long in public life—have contested too many elections, not to treat with extremest tolerance the ebullition of public feeling. When on the hustings, a bad egg has with me gone for a bad egg, and nothing more—and a dead cat has been a dead cat, and there's an end. As I say, ebullitions of public feeling,—evidences, a little strong to be sure, but still only evidences, of the blessings of our incomparable constitution.

Robinson. My lord, many of us are magistrates, and however we may countenance foul language at a public meeting—such as the last—we never fail when on the bench to mulct offenders in the sum of five shillings.

Premier. Sir, I have no doubt of it; and with respect to the subject of this memorial, all I can say is, if we've been mistaken in our policy, we are evidently wrong. If, on the other hand, we have not been mistaken—if we have not hazarded reckless legislation, why, then, it is more than probable we are right.

Brown. My lord, we are penetrated by your lordship's condescension, and thank you heartily for—

Green (aside, and pulling BROWN'S skirts). Arn't you going to say something about the Colonies?

Brown (aside to GREEN). No; I thought that was you.

Green. Well, then, my lord, allow me to say, that whilst you cut off negroes from the West Indies, you can't shut up the slave market of the Brazils. You—

[The PREMIER bows, and all the Deputation, except GREEN, moves towards the door.]

Green. Allow me to say that the fight of freedom and slavery is in the Englishman's tea-cup, and—

[The PREMIER bows, and GREEN seeing himself about to be deserted, joins the Deputation, who immediately withdraw to the King's Arms, when having denounced "the Traitor of Tamworth," they adjourn to three cheers, which they "Register, register."]

END OF FARCE.



A GENERAL OF JOWLER'S ARMY.

A REDUCED FAIR.—We know a young lady, who, in her horror of Old-Maidism, has engraved at the bottom of her cards: "No reasonable offer will be refused."





AFFECTING SCENE.—KING SOYER RESIGNING THE GREAT STEWPAN.

## RESIGNATION OF SOYER.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has, for some time past, been occasioned at the West End, by the rumour of it's being the intention of MONS. SOYER to resign his position as *Chef* of the Reform Club. A few days ago the melancholy rumour was changed into frantic certainty, and it became generally known that SOYER had resigned the basting spoon of office, into the hands of the Committee, and had put his spit at their feet. On the first announcement of this intelligence, the enquiries were general whether LORD JOHN would go out with SOYER, whose retirement, it was said, had shaken the cabinet to atoms. But on inquiry, it was ascertained that the cabinet shaken to atoms, was a cabinet pudding, which was being prepared at the moment, when in a state of pitiable agitation the *Chef* resolved on throwing up the office he has so long adorned.

Various causes have been assigned for the step that has been taken, but nothing is positively known. By some it is intimated that there has long been a coolness over the kitchen fire, and that SOYER has vacated his office, in the hope of finding a much wider range for his abilities. Some insinuate that he was dissatisfied with his subordinates, and that on seeing a sirloin of beef going round on the spit with improper velocity, he expressed his horror at things taking such a turn.

In some quarters it is whispered that there are certain provisions contained in a bill which the *Chef* thought necessary to the maintenance of his government; but those provisions requiring a bill of enormous magnitude, were objected to in committee as extravagant, and not in accordance with the moderate tastes of the members, but SOYER declared it impossible to carry on the culinary government on a paltry scale of economy. Many of his plans required very early peas, but he and the Committee having, it is said, spit upon these peas, and the latter refusing to shell out, the *Chef* had no alternative. Others give out, with an air of some authority, that SOYER's schemes were so gigantic, as to require a supply of five hundred new stewpans; but the requisition having been characterised by an "exquisite" belonging to the Committee as something "really stew-pan-dous," the pride of the *Chef* was offended, and he resolved at once on retirement.

This affair will cause much embarrassment, as it will require the filling up of several offices which the genius of SOYER was enabled to combine. There must be a minister for foreign affairs, including all the French dishes, and none but a successor of the PRESIDENT DU PATY could hope to preside over the pies. As to the puffs, the loss of SOYER will not be so severely felt, as most of the puffs he was so famous for manufacturing were for his own use.

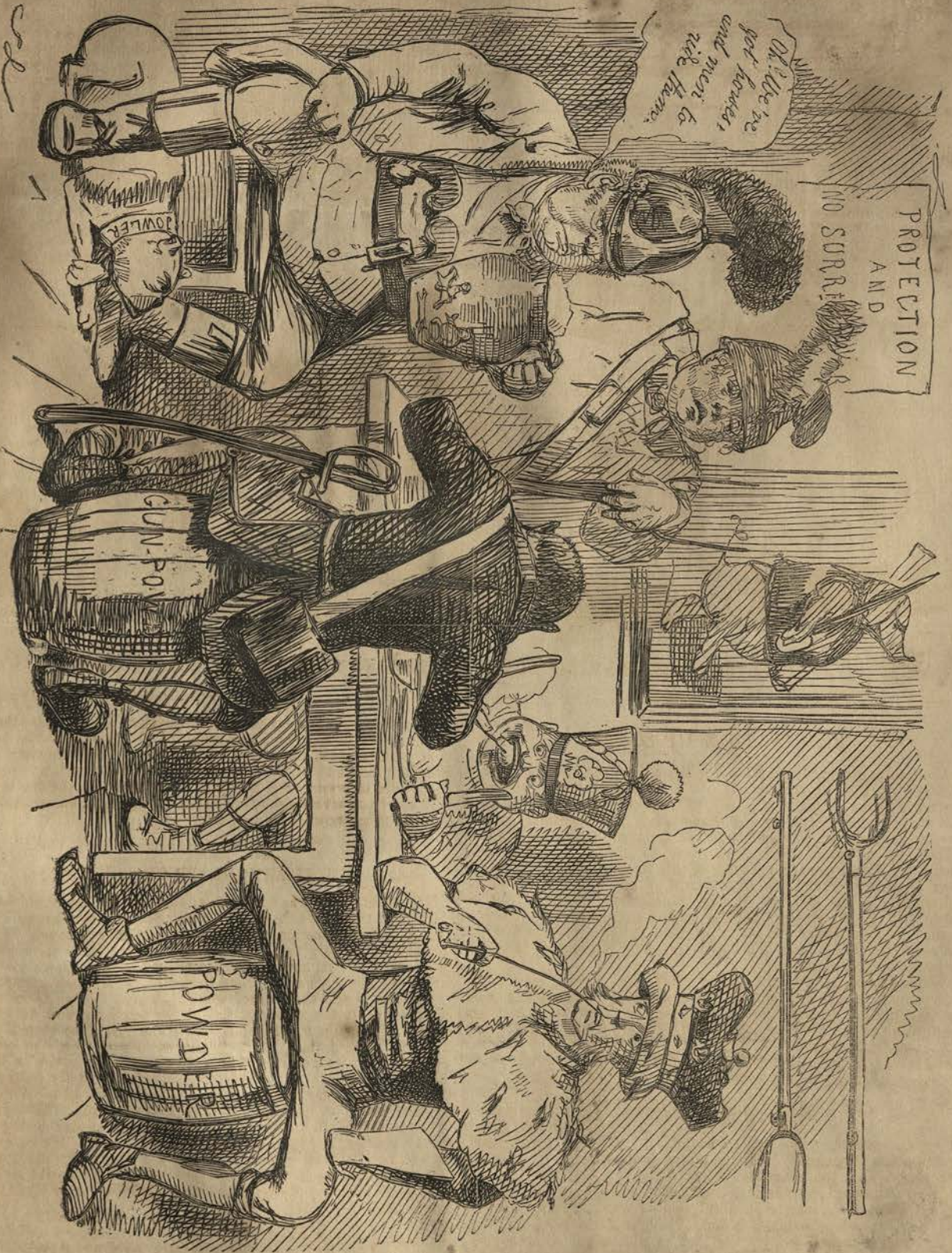
## THE THERMOMETER OF LOYALTY.

THE other day, it was apprehended that the farmers would rise; but what has risen instead. Thus the rising of the corn-growers may be represented as a consequence of the falling of corn; though the precise degree of cheapness that produces insurrection has not been exactly determined. It is, however, an ascertained law in political philosophy that the loyalty of the agricultural Protectionist increases in temperature in direct ratio with the price of wheat. A beautiful application of this principle to practice is exemplified in our newly-invented Agricultural Pocket Thermometer, which indicates to a nicety the warmth of the sentiment in question. This instrument differs from the ordinary thermometer in its freezing point being fixed at 38°; that is to say, thirty-eight shillings a quarter; for pro-corn-law loyalty assumes the character of ice long before its temperature sinks to 32°. Within the last few weeks it has been nearly down to zero. The degree of "Temperate" is attained at 45°, and at 56° the farmers' loyalty boils, with great noise, and the extrication of much vapour. We have tested the accuracy of our thermometer on the DUKE OF RICHMOND's friends, CHOWLER and HIGGINS. Introduced for a moment into such gentlemen's pockets, it registers, precisely, the degree of loyal heat in their hearts.

## The Railway Gastronomic Regenerator.

SINCE SOYER's resignation, the most liberal offers have been made to him by several Railway Companies to join their Board of Directors. The object of securing such a celebrated *chef de cuisine* as MONSIEUR SOYER is evidently to have the benefit of his skill in "cooking their accounts."





THE BARLEY-CORN PLOT—A GANG OF DESPERATE CONSPIRATORS.

"I call on the Government to redress our wrongs. \* \* \* If they won't alter their system by moral force, then we will fight for it."—Higgins at the Crown and Anchor.







FELLOWSHIP AMONG SURGEONS.

“MR. PUNCH,

“SEVEN-AND-TWENTY brisk young fellows—Fellows by examination of the Royal College of Surgeons—met some time ago, as the *Lancet* relates in full, to consider of a matter touching their honour and glory. You must know, *Mr. Punch*, that we have Fellows by Examination, and Fellows by Luck. The latter are certain members of the College who were so fortunate as to find favour in the eyes of the Council, and to be dubbed by that learned body, together with itself, in virtue of a Charter which it received in 1843. The former acquired the honour of the Fellowship by undergoing an Examination, which the Council, with a contempt of principle very remarkable, required of some of its members—all of whom were previously of equal rank—and dispensed with in the case of others.

“From 1843 to the present time, the Council has been continuously hissed and hooted for the unjust and arbitrary conduct, which it was then guilty of, in creating an invidious distinction between co-equal members of the same profession.

“These symptoms of public disapprobation have at length induced it to reconsider its course, and now it has applied to Government for a supplemental Charter, empowering it to elevate to the Fellowship, without examination, members of a certain standing. To discuss this proposed extension of the Fellowship, the Fellows by Examination were convened. Three-and-twenty out of the twenty-seven that composed the meeting, concurred in deprecating it. The view of the majority was opposed by MR. THOMAS WAKLEY, JUN., MR. ERICHSSEN, and two other gentlemen, names unknown.

“Certainly, *Mr. Punch*, you would say that, intrinsically, length of years no more merits a scientific title than length of noses: and that Justice would not make Seniority a present of an honour which it forced Juniority to earn. To raise old JOLTER to the level to which you have made young BRISK climb, is unfairly to annul the distinction between B and J.

“But, Sir, why did our three-and-twenty brisk young fellows submit to an examination, if the partial requisition of it was an injustice? They have already recognised that right of discretionary dubbing against the farther exercise of which they now protest. From complaining of any such act on the Council’s part they are quietly estopped.

“Let them be consoled. They may preserve the distinction of which they are so sensitively tenacious. They are Fellows by Examination: let them call themselves so; which is more than the Council itself can. The danger to their dignity on the ground of which they oppose an act of justice is imaginary; and their anxiety on that score is superfluous as well as unwarranted. They had better put their exclusiveness in their pockets, and liberally agree to salute the new Fellows with “Hail fellow, well met.” So, at least, thinks

“Your Surgical Student,  
“PROBE.”

THE BATTLE FOR INTRAMURAL CHURCHYARDS.

Of the Undertakers wroth,  
Sing the glorious fray’s renown,  
When they stood up for their cloth  
At the Anchor and the Crown,  
Where their zeal for “vested interests” was shown;  
They came flocking to the Strand,  
Round each hat a sable band;  
And one NODES, we understand,  
Led them on.

Blank of looks as black of coat,  
With eyes almost dropping brine,  
Their appearance did denote  
Great discomfort in the “line,”  
Which with extramural burial doesn’t chime.  
From among those carrion crows,  
Such a deathlike odour rose,  
That our stoutest held his nose  
For a time.

It required no prophet’s ken,  
To anticipate a scene;  
Since the sanitary men  
An assembly did convene,  
On behalf of the Interments’ Bill, which, won,  
Overreaching roguery strays,  
And death-hunters’ charges nips;  
Dark and terrible eclipse  
To their sun!

ROBERT GROSVENOR took the chair,  
And he made a goodly speech;  
They assailed him, then and there,  
With howl, yell, whoop, and screech,  
With hisses, shouts of “Off!” and cries of “No!”  
And discussion, it was plain,  
Would be utterly in vain;  
Or to speak in vulgar strain,  
All no go.

Then old NODES in rage up sprang,  
And inveighed in angry tone;  
There was fun in his harangue,  
He so stoutly held his own;  
And one pregnant observation that he made  
It were pity to forget,  
He those proceedings met,  
As a regular “dead set”  
At his trade.

Then confusion dire ensued,  
Which precluded all debate;  
And a thorough row was brew’d,  
Punch to stomach, thump to pate;  
Though it seems that no one met with serious harm,  
And the meeting so did end  
As when thunder-showers descend,  
And the forests bow and bend  
In the storm.

All reason clamour drowns,  
To fisticuffs they fell;  
And play’d at “knock-em-downs.”  
Hammer-and-tongs; pell-mell.  
Meanwhile, amid the noise and the uproar,  
Remember those who sleep  
In pits some fathoms deep,  
A foul and festering heap  
By the score.

Infection ever steams  
From their pestilential bed,  
Where fell Corruption teems  
Among the crowded dead,  
To aggrandise extortion; while the knave,  
That in filthiest lucre rolls,  
Sees his neighbours die in shoals,  
Singing, “Merry the knell tolls  
O’er the grave.”



A THAMES WATER LILY.

Geography for Young Ladies.

“WHERE’S Hatcham?” enquired a young lady upon meeting with the name of that town in a newspaper. “Why, you stupid!” indignantly exclaimed her brother, “Hatcham is the first stage after Egham to be sure,” and the young lady believed it.

DOWN ON THE NAIL.

THE Nailmakers, we are sorry to say, have joined in a very extensive strike. The only strike we should have been glad to hear of among the Nailmakers, would be their having hit the right nail on the head.



## PUTTING A PANORAMA ROUND THE EARTH.



TRAVELLING is now-a-days so cheap, that it is brought within the means of the meanest pocket. A miser, starting from Burlington Arcade, could easily travel round the world for five shillings.

If this cheapness spreads much further, the longest and dearest journey will shortly be from Hungerford Bridge to Paddington for 2d.

We have enjoyed many cheap excursions lately. We have visited every quarter of the universe at Egyptian Hall—have been stirred up with the North Pole by MR. BURFORD in Leicester Square—have emigrated to New Zealand, and been brought back again in less than two hours by MR. BREES—and know every feature of every river that

has had its likeness taken on a piece of canvas, not more than three miles long. We have enjoyed all these little trips, and thought them wonderfully cheap, and wonderfully quick—but it seems that travelling was then in its stage-coach days of infancy. Paintings now move with the rapidity of steam—and an artist, who has anything of the quickness of the fox with his brush, will paint you a Panorama, long enough to go round the Globe, in less time almost than ARIEL boasted of putting a girdle round it.

The latest pictorial girdle of this kind is the *Overland Mail*, and a most lovely work of art it is, radiant with beauty, and sparkling with the most costly Indian gems.

We do not know the exact length of it, and really you follow its winding course with such a happy feeling of enjoyment, that, if it were three times as long as it is, you would still feel a regret that it had come so abruptly to an end.

The various pictures which turn this girdle into an ever-varying *Gallery of Illustration*, are taken from subjects which the traveller picks up on his road, between Southampton Docks and Calcutta.

These subjects are composed of half water, half sand. These materials might be objected to as being too wishy-washy and too dry for a long Panorama, but we can only say that, in the hands of the artists engaged, the water is such delicious water, that it only gives you a thirst for more, and that the sand is such superior sand, that it shines with all the interest of gold in your eyes.

Moreover, the water is dancing in every direction with ships and boats, and steamers, dressed out gaily with flags and seamen of every colour in the world—and, besides, it has a handsome border of scenery, with tints so dazzling, that a French ribbon would give you no more idea of their lustrous combination, than an omelette could of one of TURNER's gorgeous pictures.

The sand, also, is alive with Arabs, and omnibuses, and caravans, and Cocknies dancing the Polka. Camels, too, are dying—which is a great proof of the picture's accuracy, for we never recollect a view of the Desert yet, but that there was sure to be a camel dying in it. This poor animal must be the JOHN O'CONNELL of quadrupeds, for he is always "laying down his life."

The omnibuses, by-the-by, are very like our bathing machines, with the curtains taken off. If they are licensed to carry fourteen inside, we should be very sorry to be the fourteenth. They have no stand, either, for the conductor behind, which must be very inconvenient if a Sheikh wants to be taken up, or any "son of a dog" wants to be put down, in the middle of the Desert.

Of the two halves, we like the sandy half the better. The fact is, that surrounded as we are with water, and flooded as we have been with the Nile and Mississippi, and other Panoramas that, like SOYER's Pauper Soup were full of scarcely anything but water, it is but natural that that fluid however perfect and unlike the Thames it may be, should pall a little on the public, and the artist's palette. This is the reason why the sand "*a sauté à nos yeux*," as the French say, with the greater pleasure, and the pleasure must have been something very exquisite, when we assure the reader that we kept the sand for full half an hour in our eye, and never felt a moment's desire to have it removed. The horses do everything but neigh. Their coats shine as if they were made out of the richest silks and satins, and, altogether, they are so beautifully dressed, that we think none but a lady in the height of fashion, could ride them.

Everything is turned off in the most finished manner, excepting the caravan, which, like a black, creeping, river, winds along, and is lost in the distance, the camels' humps looking not unlike a long line of waves, trying to leap over one another.

We should like to stop a whole day at Malta—and to tarry for a whole night at Cairo, walking and mooning about, reading the *Arabian Nights*, but we are afraid the proprietors might object, and would be turning us out of the room. The reader must visit them himself, for unless we had a pen that had the gift of colours, like MR. GRIEVE's brush, it would be folly attempting to describe pictures that, when seen, speak for themselves so much more eloquently than words.

We have reached Calcutta;—and by the noise and shuffling are reminded that we have never left London. It is most curious on coming out into Regent Street to find that the porters and cabmen are not black, and that persons are riding on horses instead of camels. We call for our palanquin, and we sigh when the film falls from our eyes, as a Hansom is brought to the door. We rush back to the "City of Palaces"—but, alas! the Exhibition is closed! It doubles up one's heart as flat as a Gibus hat, to be compelled to stop in this ugly mews-yard of a metropolis, after the beautiful cities we have just feasted our eyes upon.



## ENTERTAINMENTS ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE usual list has appeared of entertainments given by the heads of Departments in celebration of HER MAJESTY'S Birth-Day, but there were some omissions, a few of which we have the happiness of supplying. The Beadle of the Opera Arcade entertained a select circle of Metropolitan Beadles—with a comic song—at his official residence, the watch-box, in the rear of Her Majesty's Theatre.

The Gate Keeper at Kensington Gardens, entertained a small party of nursery maids and children with the exhibition of his Waterloo Medal, and recited some anecdotes of his exploits under—or, rather, by the side of—the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Mr. PUNCH entertained the whole world at his weekly banquet, as usual.

MR. DUNUP entertained himself by reading various letters from his tradesmen, but did not see his way to the funds necessary for entertaining the idea of immediately paying them.

## A Quick Passage.

A STOUT gentleman on Tuesday last entered the Lowther Arcade from the Strand, at 10 minutes to 1, and succeeded in reaching the opposite end precisely at 25 minutes to 3. This is considered a very quick transit, as the Middle Passage, at all times a very narrow one, is at this time of the year, all but closed up. A chimney-sweep gains a good livelihood, we are told, by stationing himself at either end of the Arcade, and offering for a small gratuity, to escort gentlemen, who are in a hurry, through that dreadful pass. He effects a thoroughfare in something less than half an hour.

## THE BOTANY BAY FOR ARTISTS.

AN Artist, of some repute, is so discontented with the position of his pictures in this year's Exhibition, that he has written a long letter of remonstrance upon the subject to the Hanging Committee. The answer he has received is to the following terrible effect: "MR. — had better take care, or his pictures, next year, will be hung in the Octagon Room!"

WHAT IS MAN?—An American author describes Man "as the only animal that drinks sherry cobbles."



## A LEAPING BARONET.



THE papers have recently contained an account of an extraordinary feat performed by a certain SIR W—Y—, who has just accomplished the task of running a mile and leaping over a hundred hurdles, 3 feet 6 inches high, in 18 minutes and 30 seconds. The notes and queries of *David Copperfield's* confidante, *Julia Mills*, might be very applicable to this case; and we are inclined to ask, with *J. M.*—"1st, Why run a mile? 2d, Why over hurdles? And 3d, Why in 18 minutes {30 seconds?"

The puzzle appears still greater when we find that SIR W—, though he cleverly performed the feat, was "neither in health nor spirits." We might form

some faint idea of the motive that would induce an individual in the exuberance of robust vigour, and in the whirl of unusual gaiety, to go bounding along over a lot of hurdles, and run a mile within a brief space of time; but when we find the voluntary athlete was actually indisposed in body, and depressed in feeling, we are positively thunder-struck at the recital of his needless achievement. Fancy an invalid hopping, skipping, and jumping in the manner adopted by the worthy Baronet, and only conceive a man in low spirits going through a series of antics, impressed with all the rampant fun of the most extravagant pantomime.

It is very evident that we must not, in future, judge from appearances, and regard athletic sports as an indication of bodily and mental vigour on the part of those who indulge in them. If we should happen to see a man tumbling head over heels, or requesting a back at leap-frog of a passing stranger, we may infer that his health is undermined, or that his spirits are suffering from depression.

## THE EARLY DRIVING ASSOCIATION.

"SIR,

"You often pulls us up—and we often deserves it. Will you give us a hand, now, to help us a for'ard a bit?"

"I see lots of 'Sociations for Early Closing, but not vun for Early Driving. Now I'm a poor 'bus-man, and I sits on my perch sometimes till I'm ready to drop off it. I don't know how long a hen may sit at a stretch, but fourteen hours a day would try its patience, I think, a few. Why, the poor tailors, who was put by the Day at Alljeers to hatch eggs, was never condemned in their worst sittings to so many hours as that, and I often thinks that the old pictur of Patience a sitting on a Monymment a-grinning at Grief must have meant a 'Bus Driver a-looking down on his 'osses. In all weather, too, weather broiling hot, or as cold as the Artache Regions, it is all the same, we must go through it. Talk of Cruelty to Animals! vy none of my hanimals goes more nor vun stage a day, but we goes all stages, and I'm afraid the last 'un will be a galloping consumption. I often thinks I'm on the highroad to it, as I drives by the Colledge at Chelsea. We're much 'arder driven than any animal—and for this reason no Hanimal would stand it.

"Fourteen hours a day, Sir, and sometimes 2 more upon the top of that, as I'm a living—or, to speak correkly, as I'm a dying man. No slave has greater right to complain of the horrors of the middle passage than I have, a-going backwards and for'ards, six and eight times a day thro Chairing X. How I sits on my box from eight in the morning till ten—sometimes eleven, and not unfreakently twelve at night, I cant tell, and this goes on running for weeks and weeks together. What slave, unless he'd been borne a Englishman, could endure it? Yet, Sir, the Publick—that monster with many 1000 heads, but not an atom of brains—expects us always to be as smiling and as sweet-tempered as a pastry-cook's Miss; and cries out loudly, like a man that has corns with summun treading on 'em, if we stumbles a bit, or commits the smallest forepaw. It little thinks that we may have been up there soaking eight konsekutive hours in the pouring reins.

"Pray, Sir, start this Early Driving Association, and I'll give you a lift whenever you wants one in my way—which is, 'All the way from Putney to the Bank, for Sixpence.' Recollect. Factory Labour is restrikted to ten hours. I asks no more for the

"POOR OVER-DRIVEN 'BUSS-DRIVER."

## THE WOFLE NEW BALLAD OF JANE RONEY AND MARY BROWN.

AN igstrawrnary tail I will tell yer this veek—  
I stood in the Court of A'BECKETT the Beak,  
Vere MRS. JANE RONEY, a widow, I see,  
Who charged MARY BROWN with a robbitor of she.

This MARY was pore and in misery once,  
And she came to MRS. RONEY it's more than twelve monce.  
She adn't got no bed, nor no dinner nor no tea,  
And kind MRS. RONEY gave MARY all three.

MRS. RONEY kep MARY for ever so many veeks,  
(Her conduct surprized the best of all Beaks.)  
She kep her for nothink, as kind as could be,  
Never thinkin that this MARY was a robbitor of she.

"MRS. RONEY, O MRS. RONEY, I feel very ill;  
Will you jest step to the Doctor's for to fetch me a pill?"  
"That I will, my pore MARY," MRS. RONEY says she;  
And she goes off to the Doctor's as quickly as she.

No sooner on this message MRS. RONEY was sped,  
Than hup gits vicked MARY, and jumps out a bed;  
She hopens all the trunks without never a key—  
She bustes all the boxes, and with them makes free.

MRS. RONEY's best linnin gownds, petticoats, and close,  
Her children's little coats and things, her boots, and her hose,  
She packed them, and she stole 'em, and away with them did flee.  
MRS. RONEY's situation—you may think vat it could be!

Of MARY, ungrateful, who had served her this vay,  
MRS. RONEY heard nothink for a long year and a day.  
Till last Thursday, in Lambeth, ven whom should she see?  
But this MARY, as had acted so ungrateful of she.

She was leaning on the helbo of a worthy young man;  
They were going to be married, and were walkin hand in hand;  
And the Church bells was a ringin for Mary and he,  
And the parson was ready, and a waitin for his fee.

When up comes MRS. RONEY, and faces MARY BROWN,  
Who trembles, and castes her eyes upon the ground.  
She calls a jolly pleasan, it happens to be me;  
I charge this young woman, Mr. Pleaseman, says she.

MRS. RONEY, o, MRS. RONEY, o, do let me go,  
I acted most ungrateful I own, and I know,  
But the marriage bell is a ringin, and the ring you may see,  
And this young man is a-waitin, says MARY, says she.

I dont care three fardens for the parson and clark,  
And the bell may keep ringin from noon day to dark.  
MARY BROWN, MARY BROWN, you must come along with me,  
And I think this young man is lucky to be free.

So, in spite of the tears which bejew'd MARY's cheek,  
I took that young gurl to A'BECKETT the Beak;  
That extent Justice demanded her plea—  
But never a sullable said MARY said she.

On account of her conduct so base and so vile,  
That wicked young gurl is committed for trile,  
And if she's transpawted beyond the salt sea,  
It's a proper reward for such willians as she.

Now you young gurls of Southwark for MARY who weep,  
From pickin and stealin your ands you must keep,  
Or it may be my dooty, as it was Thursday veek,  
To pull you all hup to A'BECKETT the Beak.

## A Cathedral Gift.

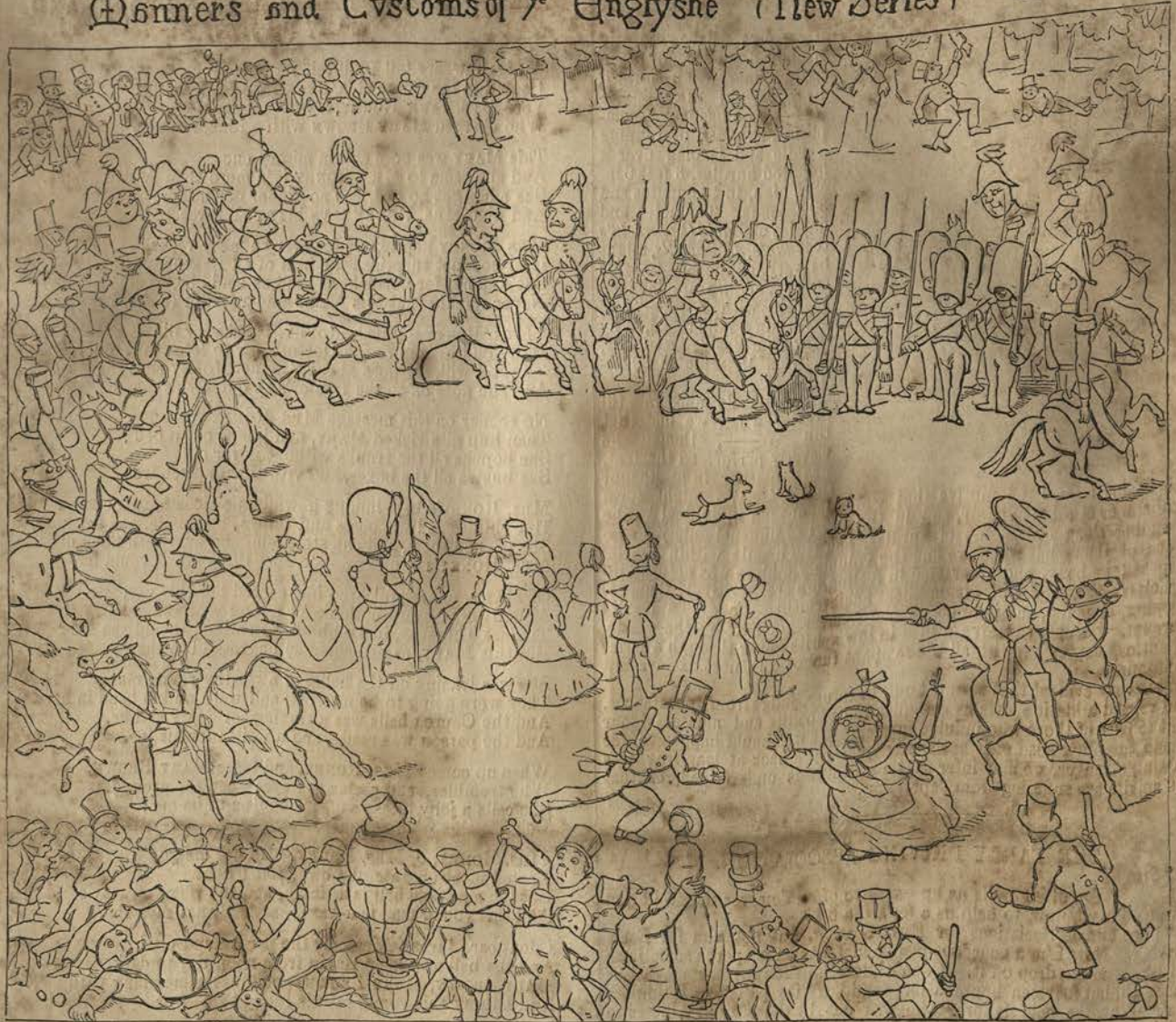
It has been proposed to put railing round the top of the Duke of York's Pillar. We should not be at all astonished if the Dean and Chapter of one of our richest cathedrals did not seize this opportunity of presenting the pillar in question with a few of the railings which at present disfigure the handsome edifice intrusted to their charge,—which charge, by the bye, cannot be very great, for on inquiring at the door of the said Cathedral, we were told, "the charge was only twopence."

## HUMILITY.

SIR PETER LAURIE blandly requesting the Omnibus Conductor to "put him down."



## Manners and Customs of the English (New Series) No. 6.



GRANDE REVUE

## THE MISSING DIPLOMATISTS.

DIPLOMATIC dinners have frequently an importance beyond the quality of the viands or the cookery; and the dinners given by Her Majesty's Ministers in honour of the QUEEN'S birth-day, are sometimes full of significance. On such an occasion, LORD PALMERSTON'S tablecloth may mean "more, much more than it unfolds;" and though we may not always take a leaf out of his Lordship's book, we may learn a great deal sometimes from a leaf out of his dinner-table.

The fact of the representatives of three powers having been absent from the recent banquet of the Foreign Secretary, has been much commented upon; and some of the habitual enemies of LORD PALMERSTON declare that his policy will eventually leave him no one but his Excellency DUKE HUMPHREY, the representative of Hungry, to dine with on official occasions.

We do not wonder at the desire that has been shown to establish new diplomatic relations, if only for the purpose of getting up a respectable show of guests at LORD PALMERSTON'S diplomatic dinners; and we can even understand an anxiety that the Court of Peking should send a representative, so that in default of a banquet on a grand scale, a chop with China might now and then be relied upon. We presume that a band is in attendance when the Foreign Secretary has the diplomatic corps to dine with him; but if his guests continue to fall away one by one, some wag will suggest that the melody of "Nobody

in the house with Diner," should immediately be practised by the musicians in attendance at the dinners of LORD PALMERSTON. The spread of disaffection among foreign powers, will act most unpleasantly on his spreads; and to show the state of our relations with other powers, no official returns will be more convincing than his Lordship's tables.

Foreseeing the effect of the absence of the Russian, Bavarian, and French Ambassadors on the public mind, an effort was made to weaken the force of a portion of the facts by a paragraph planting the measles in the family of the first of these accomplished noblemen. This might do very well, had the party been a juvenile one, but surely LORD PALMERSTON is old enough to be above all fear of taking the measles, and it is very unlikely that he would be alarmed at such an infantine complaint; so that there must have been some other cause of dread, if he really had any apprehension of "catching it," from the Russian Ambassador. We wonder the Court Newsman did not tell us that the Bavarian Ambassador's baby had got the whooping cough,—a story that might have had some approach to probability, for we suspect that something in the shape of a whoop, which may turn into a war whoop, is in reality the malady to be apprehended. We shall be told next, that the representative of the Gallie Cock was absent in consequence of incipient chicken poek, when, in fact, if there has been any malady in the case, it is a sort of nettle-rash which has broken out among the Ambassadors of those Powers whom the rashness of our Foreign policy has nettled.



A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE SIXTH.

MRS. MOUSER CONSULTS THE "TIMES" FOR A SERVANT.

If there's anything that shows what a Paradise of a place England is—where Liberty, as they call it, doesn't wear a red cap like a butcher, but a beadle's cocked hat like a general—what a country it is, swimming in milk and oil, and honey—if anything shows it, it isn't the riches in the Bank, but the gold upon liveries; it isn't the noble houses of England—but her tall footmen. As I said to MOUSER the other day, "If you wish to know what real independence is, just take up the *Times*, and drop your eye upon 'WANT PLACES.' After running 'em through, it does seem to me that there's no such thing as a real servant to be had; all of 'em, wanting to be hired, seem nothing less than gentlefolks that, for a time, go out to service for penance; just as, in Popish countries, noblemen are known to wear sackcloth under their fine linen, and ladies, instead of pearl-powder, sprinkle themselves with coal-ashes." "My dear," said MOUSER, "all that is the growth—the luxuriant growth, if you will—of our free institutions. Why shouldn't JACK be as good as his master?" "Just as you please," said I, "but I do think it a little too much that MOLLY should be better than her mistress. I will say it, MOUSER—when I think of the poor souls, who stitch away their very heart-strings in shirts and shoe-bindings for little more than bread-and-water, I do want patience when I see footmen and plain cooks in the newspapers turning up their noses at the fat of the land; and putting themselves upon choosing their places with as much ado as a bride chooses her wedding satin."

The fact is, we want a man and a maid. SUSANNAH—having, in a moment of woman's weakness, shown her Savings' Bank book to the policeman—has given us warning. I've told her what it will come to—I've writ to Exeter Hall, to her uncle, the Beadle—but I believe MOUSER when he says the girl will go headlong to the altar. When a woman's once blinded by a church in her eye, nothing but the church itself will make her see things as they are. So—I'm sorry for it; for the stoves will never be what they were again—but I give up SUSANNAH.

Well, for the last week I've sat over the *Times* every morning; and if it doesn't put me into a fever for the rest of the day to read the impudence of people's "Wants," I'm a marble stone, and not a flesh-and-blood woman. Just think of this;—not that we want a Boy. I'd as soon have a wild zebra in my house.

A Boy, age 16, under a Butler. A good character. No objection to the country. Direct to ———.

Now, I want to know, if there could be more brass in this Boy's buttons—stick 'em on him as thick as you will—than there's brass in these few syllables? Here's a Boy beginning life in the pantry to end in twenty stone, as MOUSER says, as landlord of the Duck, or Flying Elephant—here's a chap in training for a stomach and a red nose to match—both of 'em to be manufactured out of the fattest and the best—and he's "no objection" to begin to make 'em in the country. He'll give up Regent Street—he'll turn his back upon Pall Mall—he won't do more than think of Piccadilly; and with this alarming sacrifice of his feelings—age 16—he has "no objection" to go among the lilacs, and lie on his back in clover-fields and hay-cocks! Talk of Ragged Schools for wretched, houseless little boys, in dirt and tatters, I should only like to see a Proud Flesh School for young tigers in broadcloth and metal buttons. It would be a nice study, as I said to MOUSER, to watch this Boy through five meals a day for twenty years, and see what a whitlow he'll be at the end. "No objection to the country!" Well, I'm sure; and to think of the thousands of little wretches who are made to have "no objection" to the gutter!

We don't want a Valet—MOUSER puts on his own boots. But the man we want must be used to horses. Well, my eye fell upon this:—

A S GROOM, or Groom and Valet, a single man, age 26, who understands the management of hunters well. Would drive a pair occasionally.

As yet, we haven't come up to a pair—but we have a pole, and can do it when society calls for it. Now, what a pucker a house would be in with such a groom! I should like to know what he'd call—occasionally? Going to the Bank on Dividend Days—or once to Epsom—or to two Flower Shows—or three May Meetings? To be sure, he doesn't object—at least he doesn't say so—to go out at any time with one horse; it's the couple he boggles at. I suppose it's the two horses that make the wear and tear of a groom's mind, and to be paid for accordingly. Still, to have an "Occasionally" sleeping in the attic, and feeding in the kitchen, is, as I tell MOUSER, a responsibility I can't put up with. "Occasionally!" Well, arn't the 'bus men to be pitied, who, let it shine or rain, must drive a pair continually?

But here's something that's humble, and makes amends for others' impudence:—

A S COACHMAN, a steady, sober, single man, age 30. Six years' good character. No objection to drive a brougham.

"Poor fellow!" said MOUSER; "no doubt of it, he's never before driven less than six-in-hand, and now, humility, or trouble, or philosophy, or a proper view of the world's vanities has taught this coachman to have—"no objection" to drive a brougham." "I suppose," said I, "we shall next have chambermaids with 'no objection' to make a bed!" I thought we'd lighted upon the very thing below, but as I went reading on, I was stopped dead—for we do have our share of company.

A S COACHMAN and GROOM, a respectable, steady, sober man, age 25. No objection to wait at table occasionally.

"Only suppose," said I to MOUSER, "that the HORNBLOWERS and MACAWS, and HALFAXES were with us three Sundays running—as it does happen—and when we're expecting the man at the table, were to be told he shouldn't wait, for he didn't think three Sundays 'occasionally!'" "The only way, my dear," said MOUSER, "to make sure of attendance would be first to send for the man, and observe very politely, 'My good man, will you give us your definition of occasional company? Does it apply to two or three days in the week, or merely to Christmas, Easter, family birth-days, with here and there the marriage of a son and daughter?'" "Don't laugh, MOUSER," said I, "for I've no patience with it. No objection to wait occasionally at table,—with the thousands and thousands of poor souls, tailors, shoemakers, and what not, who have no table whatever to wait upon!"

We don't keep a cow, but if we did, she might be milked by the young man underneath:—

A S GARDENER, a young man, who understands the kitchen and flower garden. No objection to look after a cow.

"Would he really have 'no objection' to his bread well-buttered?" said I to MOUSER. "He might, my dear," said MOUSER. "Perhaps the young man would prefer orange marmalade or Highland honey."

When I came to what's below, I flung the paper down, for I wouldn't trust my temper any further.

A S PLAIN COOK, in a small family, a respectable person, age 30. No objection to a tradesman's family.

"What do you call that, MOUSER?" said I. "Why, I call that the democracy of kitchen stuff. When we consider what a very dirty thing trade is—what a dreadful degrading sight is the London Docks—what miserable creatures are the bankers and merchants of London—what a hovel is the Coal Exchange—and what a nasty show the Thames Pool with its thousand masts—I do think that the Plain Cook preaches, from the bars, a very fine lesson of humility to the nobility, clergy, and gentry of the land. Who, after this, should turn up his nose at commerce—who should refuse to take pot-luck even in a back-parlour, when a Plain Cook, aged 30, has 'no objection' to roast a sirlon and make a dumpling for a tradesman's family?"

"Take the paper, MOUSER; I won't look at another line."

"Stop," said MOUSER, "here's something that comes very beautifully after Footboys, and Grooms, and Gardeners, and Plain Cooks, with 'no objections.' Hear this." And MOUSER read:—

WANTED, a DAILY TEACHER, thoroughly experienced in the Pestalozzian system, to devote three or four hours daily to a little boy, aged four years, living near Bryanstone Square. As only English is required, and the engagement will continue for years, more than two guineas a quarter cannot be given. Address, to P. D., at Mr. Kennedy's, bookseller and stationer, 9, Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square.

"Two guineas a quarter!" said I.

"Two guineas," said MOUSER, biting his lips, and a cloud growing about his forehead. "Two guineas for four hours a day: this makes eight guineas a year. So, if the Daily Teacher, experienced in the Pestalozzian system, is lucky enough to get three such little boys as the boy of P. D.,—he, the philosopher and teacher, will, for twelve hours' daily teaching, amass the sum of twenty-four guineas per annum."

"Twenty-four guineas a year for twelve hours a day! And on the Pestalozzian system! Why, MOUSER," said I, "what system's that?"

"Why, my dear," said MOUSER, "according to P. D., it must be a system upon which the experienced teacher—just as the coachman has 'no objection' to a brougham—the butler's boy 'no objection' to the country—and the gardener 'no objection' to a cow—a system upon which the schoolmaster has 'no objection' to perish."

Who'd think that butler's boys and coachmen were so particular, and the schoolmaster made so cheap?

Yours, Mr. Punch, to continue,  
The Honeysuckles.  
AMELIA MOUSER.

A Fearful Pass.

THE bills of the *Colosseum* advertise the "Fearful Pass of the *Tête Noire*, with its Awful Cataract," &c. &c. We wonder if this alludes to the crossing leading from Cheapside into St. Paul's Churchyard, which is defended by a Lascar, for that is the most "fearful pass of a *Tête Noire*" that a lady can have to go through. He levies black mail in the most barefaced manner, and if tribute is not instantly paid to his impudence, then there comes down such an "awful cataract" of abuse, that we pity the poor head it falls upon. By the bye, he would make an invaluable doorkeeper for St. Paul's Cathedral. He is just the bold man to collect the twopences!





MR. BRIGGS PUTS HIS HORSE IN HARNESS, AND DRIVES A FEW FRIENDS QUIETLY DOWN TO THE DERBY.

#### INTERESTING ORIGIN OF "THE FUN OF THE FAIR."

EVERY one knows that "The Fun of the Fair" is a little instrument made of wood, which, being rubbed up and down a person's coat, some hundred times in the course of the day, is admirably adapted for tearing it. This "Fun of the Fair" is said to have been the invention of an advertising tailor, who, finding business rather slack, and that gentlemen's coats, notwithstanding the bad cloth, and the poor workmanship, and every other advantage which the cheap, starving system could possibly give them, did not go off half quick enough, hit upon the ingenious idea of the above instrument for tearing them off. His ingenuity was quickly rewarded, for he amassed a considerable fortune in a very short space of time, and died "universally respected." His agents used to sell the "Fun of the Fair" with one hand, and distribute his handbills with the other. The game has been kept alive ever since, for it has been found by the cheap tailors such a profitable combination of pleasure and business, that MOSES has been heard to say that "If Greenwich Fair only came once a week, he should be able in time to sell coats for nothing."

#### PRESENTS FOR THE PASHA.

A SMALL domestic menagerie—a sort of Happy Family on an extended scale—has been sent out by the *Indus* to Alexandria, as a present for the Pasha. The collection comprised four swans and five dogs, a barn-door capon, and a prize ox, whose history, consisting of a cock and bull story, has been given by some of the newspapers. Water being the proper element of the swans, we suppose they will be attached, with ropes round their necks, to the stern of the ship, for they will never get on at all if they do not get on swimmingly.

Among the canine specimens are a couple of bulldogs, with countenances so ugly, that they are said to have terrified all beholders, many of whom quitted the bark at the first growl of the unsightly animals. We hope the Pasha will not think it necessary to send over here a collection of brutes in exchange; for our Zoological Gardens are getting rather overstocked, and the presents forwarded consist generally of such savage monsters, that we almost feel ourselves turning into sandwiches while they look at us.

#### PROTECTION FOR MR. MERRYMAN.

To our laborious punsters of the humbler class, whose overtaxed invention finds production daily more and more difficult, even the *Trial* or of Tamworth must feel in his secret heart that some protection must be afforded, if they are to compete with the foreign joker—for such a joker is every facetious gentleman whose jokes are alien from his subject and employment. The industrious Clown in MR. BATTY'S Ring is not to be abandoned to rivalry with advocates in the Bankruptcy Court. The *Times* of May 21 published no less than three jokes of the most killing nature which had been made at that tribunal the day before. By this time, perhaps, they may be considered to have become rather stale; therefore we are not afraid of injuring MR. MERRYMAN additionally by transcribing them. MR. COOKE, who appeared on behalf of poor MR. DELAFIELD, observed, that

"The bankrupt's solicitor complained that the other solicitor had called him a MR. PIKE. (*A laugh.*)"

"MR. LAWRENCE. Then it was not war to the knife, but war to the pike? (*Laughter.*)"

"MR. COOKE feared the poor client was the gudgeon. (*Great Laughter.*)"

As long as a profligate Whig Cabinet and an unprincipled House of Commons permit the system of free admission to Courts of Justice, and especially to the Bankruptcy Court, to continue, it is utterly impossible that the British Circus should maintain a competition with those lively institutions.

#### A Joke's a Joke for a' That.

It is all very well to say a joke's a joke, but the public would find a joke to be no joke, if, like ourselves, they received at least one hundred copies of the same joke by every delivery from the post-office. We have lately been inundated with the old jokes about Greece and Grease to such a fearful extent, that we have serious thoughts of applying for an Act of Parliament to place jokes about Greece among the deleterious substances that it is unlawful to transmit through the post-office. The chief objection to the measure would be, that the Bill must set out the joke itself, and Parliament would never consent to read a second and third time that with which we have been already nauseated.



PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES FOR THE DERBY.

*Query.* How many Postboys will come home sober?

*Note.* It is a singular thing—and whether it is the heat of the weather, or the dust of the road, or the abundance, or the cheapness, or the potency of the drinks, or the weakness of the post-boyish intellect, we cannot precisely determine—but we never recollect seeing a post-boy on his return home, whose legs did not manifest the strongest inclination to twirl themselves round the horse's belly; and generally the older the postboy the stronger did this inclination manifest itself.

*Query.* How many will a Derby carriage hold?

*Note.* It all depends whether it is going or coming back. If going, the usual number is four inside and two out, with the servant. If

coming back, every available space (as the reporters say) is occupied. The head, as it is thrown back on each side, is filled up by friends, who "cannot, for the life of them, find their drag,"—that is to say, have come down by the railway, and have no wish to return by it—and the pit of the carriage is crammed to that extent, that, to use the theatrical term, there is "not even standing room." It

is well known that a Derby carriage has all the elastic properties of a carpet-bag, and will take in any number; but still, to be respectable, no unlicensed vehicle should carry more than a horse-killer or an omnibus.

*Query.* Is a white hat the thing to go to the Derby in?

*Note.* As we never could understand what "the thing" was, we must hold this query over for future arbitration.

*Query.* Is it justifiable to put a turnpike-man out of temper?

*Note.* As a turnpike-man never is out of temper on the Derby Day, it would be the height of absurdity making any note on such a posterous Query as the above.

*Query.* What is Chaff?

*Note.* A kind of dry stuff you pick up in great quantities along the road, mixed here and there with a few grains of wit.

*Query.* Does it hurt? and was it ever known to kill any one?

*Note.* It stings, and hits rather hard, but a person must be soft indeed, for it to make any impression upon him. It is only another kind of dust flying about, but more easily laid. A glass of Sherry will lay the Chaff directly. We never heard of an instance of its terminating in the death of an individual.

*Query.* If a gentleman is absent from home on the Derby Day, is it fair to suppose that he has gone to the Races?

*Note.* We think it most unfair to jump to any such conclusion. We know an instance of a gentleman, whose wife's relations are all Quakers, who left home early on that same morning, ordering dinner precisely at a quarter to six. By some accident he did not reach home till ten o'clock at night, and, because his clothes were a little dusty, he was instantly accused of having been to the Derby. Yet his statement was perfectly clear. "He had been to the Docks with a friend who wanted his opinion upon some Port he had been offered a bargain," and he repeated this with all the gravity of an innocent man. But his protestations were ridiculed, laughed at, and indignantly pooh-poohed: and his wife, to this present hour, believes he *was* at the Derby—and nothing will convince her to the contrary! We know many such instances, all proving the female liability to false conclusions, but we think one is enough.



**A MATTER OF CONTEMPT.**—Contempt is produced at first sight as often as Love—and really, as times go, it is a question if it is not produced much oftener.

THE FERRAND RAM.

As I was riding through Yorkshire upon a Yorkshire grey, I met the finest ram, Sir, that ever eat turnips and hay; The horns on his head that grew, Sir, were as big as good-sized trees, And his eyes, I declare to you, Sir, as large as a Cheshire cheese!

As large (*Chorus.* Eh?)—as large (*Chorus.* No!)—I say as large (*Chorus.* Now, do you, really?)—ay, as large as a Cheshire cheese!

Upon my life 'tis true, and what 'll you lay it's a "sell?" If you 'll ask of MR. FERRAND, he 'll tell you so as well.

His head from ear to ear, Sir, was more than ten feet wide; His mouth, to say the least, Sir, was eight from side to side; The teeth with which he ate, Sir, were big as flag-stones quite, And the legs that maintained his weight, Sir, a dozen yards in height!

A dozen yards (*Chorus.* What, twelve yards?)—yes, full twelve yards (*Chorus.* Come, that's too much!)—by JOVE, twelve yards in height!

Upon my life, &c.

He measured five score feet, Sir, to stern from tip of snout; Thrice that—I scorn deceit, Sir—this ram was round about; The tail at his dorsal end, Sir—(it had been allowed to grow), Did in length as far extend, Sir, as MR. FERRAND'S bow!

As FERRAND'S bow (*Chorus.* Oh! Oh! You don't mean that?)—yes (*Chorus.* Stuff!)—as FERRAND'S long bow (*Chorus.* Absurd—ridiculous!)—yes, 'twas long as FERRAND'S bow!

Upon my life, &c.

The mutton upon his haunches would feed twelve thousand men, His shoulders serve the paunches to fill of thousands ten, And the fleece on his back—my eye, Sir!—(the Cotton Lords must fall Would FERRAND'S League supply, Sir, with wool to clothe us all!

Yes, would FERRAND'S League (*Chorus.* Gammon!)—would FERRAND'S League (*Chorus.* Walker! Bosh! Humbug! We can't swallow that at any rate!)—would FERRAND'S League supply, Sir, with wool to clothe us all!

Upon my life, &c.

EXTRAORDINARY NOVELTY IN RACING PORTRAITURE.

NEXT week, we shall be too happy to publish—

THE PORTRAIT OF THE WINNER;

or, the portrait of the young Lady, who has won the greatest number of pairs of gloves upon the result of the Derby. Name, pedigree, height, and the colour of the Winner's eyes, will be given at full length—and the age, also, if possible.

N.B. Early orders are requested, as an extraordinary demand is expected.



\*\* ASK FOR "PUNCH'S" PORTRAIT OF THE WINNER.

DRAMATIC DICTIONARY.

THE phraseology of the play-bills is so calculated to mislead the uninitiated that several persons have actually been known to take the managerial announcements in a literal sense, and much inconvenience has arisen. To guard against such a dilemma for the future, we would strongly advise the publication of a Dictionary as a guide to play-goers, and the following may serve as a specimen.

POSITIVELY ON MONDAY.—Possibly on Wednesday.

ONLY WITHDRAWN FOR THE PRODUCTION OF NOVELTY.—Utterly and hopelessly unattractive.

REPETITION IMPERATIVE ON THE MANAGEMENT.—Nothing ready by way of substitute.

MORE NOVELTY.—The old style of thing.

THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF DIRECTORS.

OUR latest despatches from America announce the enormous rise of the Hudson on the other side of the Atlantic. The querist may well ask whether this enormous rise of the Hudson abroad may not be accounted for by the enormous fall of the HUDSON at home?



## PUNCH AMONG THE PICTURES.

## FLIGHT THE SECOND.

*Of Portraits, or MR. JONES in and out of the Exhibition.*



CHRISTOPHER JONES is a highly respectable and perfectly common-place man. He sits, habitually, in a square, snug room, with a Brussels carpet, mahogany furniture, oblong windows, with the usual sashes, and a prospect (MR. JONES lives in London) of a common-place row of houses opposite his own, or, it may be, if MR. JONES be so fortunate, a glimpse of the green in a square garden. When MR. JONES sits at a table, he generally puts his legs under it.

But MR. JONES comes to have his portrait painted. How it was brought about is no matter. MRS. JONES wished it, and her friend

MRS. SMITH had insisted on SMITH having his portrait painted, by such a clever man, and so cheap!

MR. JONES's portrait is in the Exhibition. Being a full-length, it is well hung. It represents MR. JONES in his best suit, with a very stiff white neckerchief, which MR. JONES never wears, except when he cannot avoid it, as at funerals, for it makes him feel what he calls "choky," and he is plethoric of habit. The individual thus dressed is seated in a spacious apartment, one, indeed, of palatial dimensions. The furniture consists of a massive pillar, and a heavy red or green curtain, partly swathed round, partly falling gracefully from the shaft, together with a very massive red morocco or crimson velvet chair, and the corner of a table, on which stands the massive inkstand presented to MR. JONES by the United Club of Benevolent Brothers (of which MR. JONES has been twenty years secretary).

The apartment receives air from a square aperture, without a sash, through which is seen a wild and daring landscape, with the grey trunk of a tree, a lick of brown hills, and a splash of blue sky. MR. JONES is seated in the imposing attitude usually assumed by heavy fathers and stately noblemen in legitimate comedies, with his legs *not* under the table, and very elaborately blacked boots.

The features are the features of MR. JONES. There is his common-place forehead—ditto eyes—ditto nose and ditto mouth. This might be better painted. There is no occasion for a light from the top throwing a strong shadow under JONES's honest nose, and even of such light as there is, the effect might be more honestly and successfully given. However, let that pass. The face is an average portraiture, let us suppose.

But for the rest of the picture! What is a portrait? The representation of a man, you will say,—but that means the representation not of a man's head, even if you succeed in *that*, for that is only part of a man—and a daguerreotype can give it you better than a REMBRANDT. But let us stop here. If JONES's portrait be the representation of JONES, this is not JONES's portrait—for reasons, JONES never sat in such a room; JONES never sat in such an attitude; JONES would be most wretched under the circumstances in which he is here painted.

But we must further remind you that a portrait should be a picture as well as a representation of a man. It is a representation of a man according to rules of art.

Now look round the Exhibition, and do not wonder that portrait-painting as practised is considered a low branch of art! But should it be so? A low branch of art? That branch, which, if mastered, comprehends the setting out on canvas of the personality of an individual man—even though it be a JONES, and common-place exceedingly.

REMBRANDT painted the JONESES of his day; and a Dutch JONES was, in nine cases out of ten, no better for the painter's purposes than an English one. RAPHAEL and GIORGIONE painted Roman and Venetian JONESES. True, they had nobler matter then to work upon. But what, after all, is the difference between their work and yours?

They painted living human heads with characters and individualities in them. One doesn't think of the tie and the boots, and the curtain, and the inkstand, and the chair, in looking at their pictures.

And yet all these, truthfully and feelingly dealt with, might be made to help out to completion the notion of a JONES. Everything about every JONES, in his ordinary life, has got an impress of himself upon it. Catch him over his ledger; catch him at the annual rejoicing of the "Benevolent Brothers;" catch him in his own parlour, among his children, or reading the *Times*; catch him where you will and when you will—out of your painting-room—and you have the raw material of a picture,—full of character, of some kind or other, with accessories—just as disposable and paintable, if you have the eye and heart to see and feel it, as your stock, pillar, and curtain, and table and chair.

Now, might not portrait-painting, somehow, contrive to get out of this region of falsehood, into the region of truth—in other words, out of your painting-room into JONES's parlour? Could you not contrive to give us the man?—for every JONES is a man, and, as such, has a face

of his own, unlike all other JONESES, and with meanings in it, sharp and peculiar to the man. Could you not catch them? If you could, and could also subordinate them to the laws of light and shade, as they are to be subordinated, you might do for our time what REMBRANDT did for his—and TITIAN and GIORGIONE for theirs—and RAPHAEL, and RUBENS, and VANDYKE for theirs—and REYNOLDS for his. You might elevate what is low, only because it is dealt with in a low and mindless way, to the dignity that belongs to all true representations of human beings, and you might paint pictures that would look very singular in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

## THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.

IF any one wants to know how the money goes, a perusal of that part of the debates which is headed SUPPLY will furnish much very striking, if not very satisfactory, information. The episode of the Marble Arch contains some curious illustrations of the way in which the public money may be wasted, not, perhaps, in playing at ducks and drakes, but in a game at marbles. The country is asked to knuckle down to the tune of some £10,000 or £12,000 for the mere removal of this arch, and nobody can decide where to move it to. One proposition of a site is the round water in Kensington Gardens; but whether the bottom of the water is intended, or merely the brink, we have not been enlightened upon. We should suggest a contract with some respectable dustman to remove the whole concern as rubbish, rather than that the country should have to pay £10,000 or £12,000 in addition to the £120,000 it has already cost us. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER declared, with an arch look, that the removal of the arch would afford amusement to the public; and perhaps as far as the juvenile part of the population is concerned, there may be something in the argument. Possibly a paviour might give the nation something for the old material; and thus the Ministry, which found the arch of marble, might leave it of copper, by getting a few halfpence out of it in the shape of balance, after deducting the expense of delivery.

Another portion of a recent debate on supply calls our attention to the expence of the great quantity of fret-work about the New Houses, and though there is not much use just now in fretting over it, we are sorry to hear that most of it is already filled up with sparrows' nests, so that, although the money has not literally gone to the dogs, it has gone to the birds in the most lavish manner. An Honourable Member complained also, that some of the new stone-work was crumbling away, and thus the public, after having come down so liberally with the dust, may find the dust coming down of its own accord, and their money will be blown away with it.

## 'Down-There, in Front!'

WE cannot understand the strange tenacity with which the dead wall in front of the British Museum is kept up. Two or three bricks are knocked down every week, which certainly give the wall a picturesque, vandyked appearance, and must render it very easy for cats to climb; but, still, there must be some hidden reason why the wall is not knocked down altogether. Two Irish bricklayers would do it easily in half a day. No—we imagine it is maintained purposely to hide the new building, for it is very wisely thought that the sight of a handsome edifice in London would be too much for the public mind, if displayed all at once, so it is considered best to accustom the public eye to it bit by bit. In about five years' time, we may probably have a full view of the new British Museum.

## CAUTION.

ALL GENTLEMEN, who have the happiness to be married, and leave home early on the Wednesday morning of May 29th, as "they have a little business in the City, which may probably detain them all day, so they'll not be home to dinner," are particularly recommended, before they venture in-doors, to search their pockets on the door-step. THIS CAUTION is given in the most friendly spirit, in order to avoid any unpleasantness, that might ensue in the best-regulated family, from the gentleman dropping by accident anything, which, upon being picked up by his affectionate wife, should turn out to be a—



## "Dorling's Correct List!!"

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.—What is the best Powder for removing Grease? According to LORD PALMERSTON, it is Gunpowder.



## NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.

## THE GRAPHIOLOGIST.



HOSE who would have a Character, can procure one for 13 postage stamps.

Write a letter—any bit of nonsense you like—enclose the above sum—address it to a GRAPHIOLOGIST—and you will have a Character by return of post.

Whether the Character will be good, bad, or indifferent, depends entirely upon your hand-writing,—so you must be very careful what pens, what ink, what letter-paper, you use. If your hand shakes, put it off till the next morning.

If you cannot write yourself—or write no better than a Chinese, or a Frenchman,—it is better to get some one, who does write

well, to pen the letter for you. This plan has its advantages, for if the Character is a bad one, you hand it over to the friend who has written the letter for you;—if it is a good one, you keep it yourself.

The profession of a GRAPHIOLOGIST is a profitable one!—so much so, that we have been told lately of three capitalists who have left the pill-line to go into it.

The stock in trade is very simple. A quire of paper—a dozen Magnum-Bonums—a hundred envelopes—and a fair average quantity of that material, of which knockers and barristers' faces are made of,—and you can start as a GRAPHIOLOGIST to-morrow. Borrow five shillings for an advertisement, and your fortune is already in your lap!

The letters keep pouring in in such showers that the second week you are obliged to start a Secretary—and each week generally brings a corresponding increase. You must recollect every letter pays in a shilling, and as every postman rarely delivers less than twenty letters, you can easily guess what the amount must be at the end of the day. His income—his pen-and-ink-income, to use an old joke—is something stupendous—and the name of a GRAPHIOLOGIST has been confided to us, who gave his daughter, on her wedding-day, a dowry of 25,000 stamps, and settled upon her for life the eight o'clock delivery, A. M., of his practice.

This extensive correspondence is occasioned by the simple fact, that there are many persons who write to every Graphiologist who starts up through the advertisement-trap of a newspaper. Those persons are hungry, conceited souls, who are never satisfied with the character they have got, and are always nibbling their goosequills to death, in the hopes of getting a better. Thus, no sooner does a new Professor publish the announcement, that he is ready to grasp everybody's hand that brings him thirteen postage-stamps inside it, than he is sure to receive applications from all those who have written to every Graphiologist who has flourished with his pen before him. According to this, the Graphiologist who comes last, will have a correspondence that will make the returns on St. Valentine's Day look very small indeed.

It must not be imagined, however, that the GRAPHIOLOGIST is merely a gypsy of literature, who tells characters by looking at the marks that run through a person's hand. He is a man of immense reading, and turns that reading to the greatest profit. He can tell at once the weak point in a person's character, and, by flattering that point, ensures many a letter-box full of customers.

But what has flattery to do with the truth? A great deal,—for everyone is pleased in receiving a good character. It requires but little persuasion to believe we are good, but a great deal to be convinced we are bad. Then, again, the character, when it is good, is exhibited with pride to all the owner's friends—and this pricks them with an envious desire to have their characters told also. This is the cheapest advertisement the GRAPHIOLOGIST can have. But, supposing the character had been filled with bitters instead of sweets, it would have been torn up in a rage, or locked up in some secret drawer, and not a soul would have seen it. The well from which the GRAPHIOLOGIST draws his truths is filled with *eau sucrée*.

There have been libels against the GRAPHIOLOGIST, as there have been against every bold innovator who has attempted to raise the character of his age. It has been falsely uttered, like a bad note, that he keeps upon hand a large stock of characters, filled with all the cardinal virtues, and that, as the applications arrive, he fills them up with the names and addresses, and sends them off indiscriminately. This libel is so atrocious, that, we think, it answers itself.

We have ourselves written to a Graphiologist three different letters on three different days. It is true that the answers we received were in three different handwritings, but still they were full of such flattering truths, and redounded so honourably to our character, that we were more convinced than ever of the libellous tendency of such rumours, which persons cannot be too cautious in circulating.

It is as clear as silver-lake ice that the GRAPHIOLOGIST believes in a preponderance of good over evil. If he errs, it is on the side of good-

ness. In these days of despondency, when it is too much the fashion to hang crape round every thing, it is most refreshing to hear a voice, carolling above us, gladdening hundreds of hearts by the cheering notes he scatters around him. In this happy strain does the GRAPHIOLOGIST perpetually sing, and we shall always look up to him as the gentlest of Larks!

One thing is very certain. The GRAPHIOLOGIST is a loud warning to parents how careful they should be in teaching their children to write. When we consider that a hopeful son may bud into a ROBESPIERRE because he has not been properly taught at school to dot his *t's*—or that a promising daughter may blossom into a MRS. BROWNRIGG from an early vice of not crossing her *t's*—the responsibility of teaching the young idea how to pick up pothooks and hangers becomes so awful as almost to make one forswear matrimony altogether. The only way we see to avoid accidents would be to bring up one's entire family as writing-masters.

## THE SONG OF THE UNDERTAKER.

To arms, to arms—unfurl the pall,  
Spread far and wide the sighs of gloom;  
Awake at self-protection's call,  
The goal we fight for is the tomb.  
They shall not balk us of our prey—  
No living victims do we crave;  
The dead they dare not take away,  
They shall not tear us from the grave.  
From Undertakers' dismal den,  
Mutes, mourners, we invite;  
Up rouse ye, then, my merry, merry men,  
'Tis for the dead we fight.

Why should they turn our mimic woe  
Into substantial grief?  
Surely, if burning tears must flow,  
Their progress should be brief.  
If sorrow's emblem must appear,  
We need no grief within;  
As rich the moisture born of beer,  
The tear distilled from gin.  
From Undertakers' dismal den,  
Mutes, mourners, we invite;  
Up rouse ye, then, my merry, merry men,  
'Tis for the dead we fight.

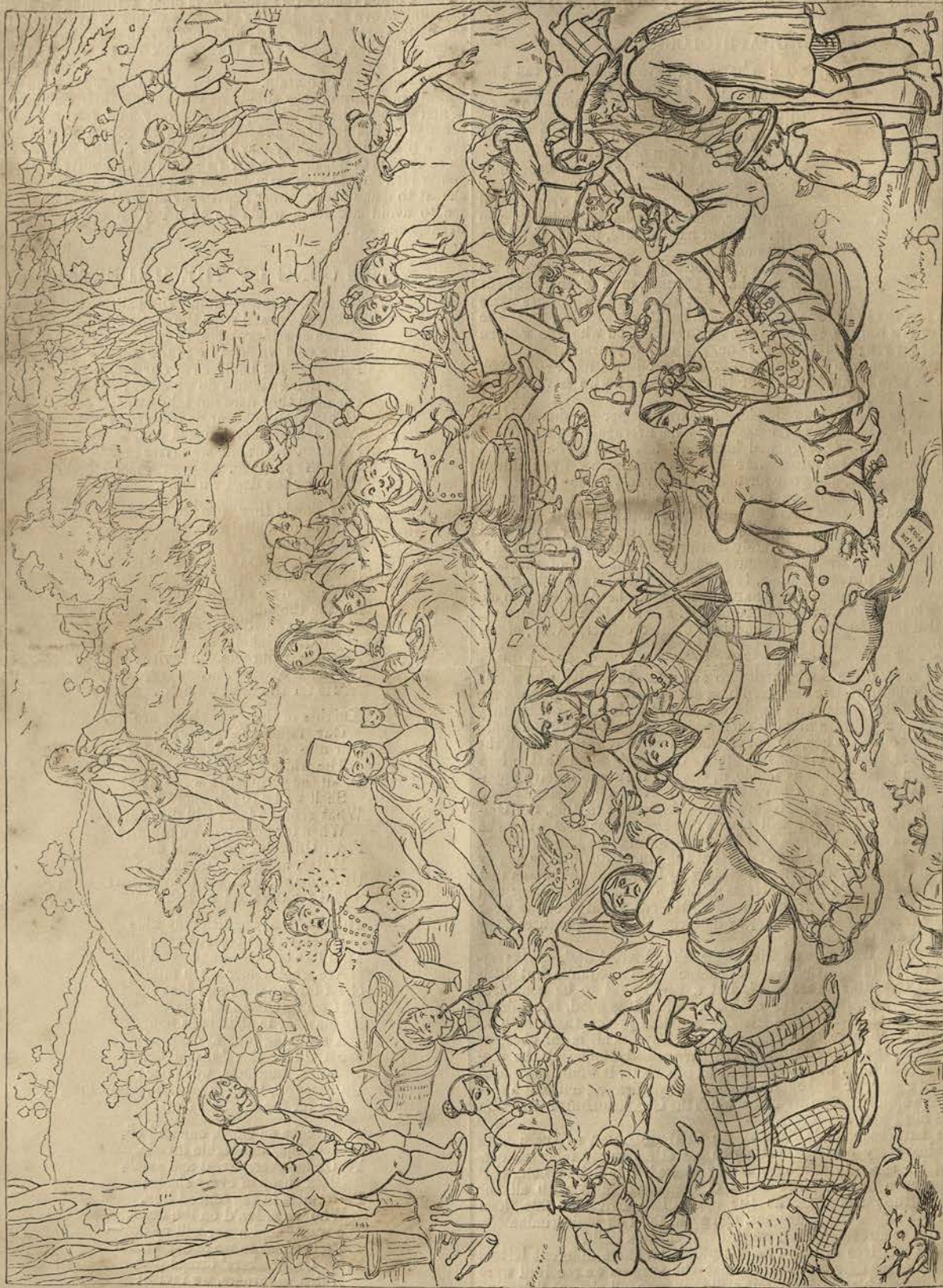
Knights of the sable plume are we,  
Our trappings are of woe;  
Our crest shall the black feather be,  
The white we will not show.  
Of all the perquisites we prize  
Shall we be rudely shorn?  
What genuine tears will dim our eyes,  
When for ourselves we mourn!  
From Undertakers' dismal den,  
Mutes, mourners, we invite;  
Up rouse ye, then, my merry, merry men,  
'Tis for the dead we fight.

They say that anguish only kills  
When on one object fixed;  
That like our teas our mortal ills  
Are wholesomer when mixed.  
Grief for the dead may lose some power  
If we its sphere enlarge,  
By making, in affliction's hour,  
A stunning funeral charge.  
From Undertakers' dismal den,  
Mutes, mourners, we invite;  
Up rouse ye, then, my merry, merry men,  
'Tis for the dead we fight.

Then make an effort, one and all,  
Since they our rights invade,  
Ye Undertakers, great and small,  
Black sheep of every shade;  
Performers in the funeral line,  
Who've fatten'd on the dead,  
We want—and never will resign—  
Their bones to make our bread.  
From Undertakers' dismal den,  
Mutes, mourners, we invite;  
Up rouse ye, then, my merry, merry men,  
'Tis for the dead we fight.

“HOUSEHOLD WORDS.”—*A Rejected Article*.—Man and wife quarrelling, and the latter being thrown out of window.





A PIC-NIC

(IN THE BACKGROUND IS SEEN THE "ABBEY")





PALMERSTON, THE MISCHIEVOUS BOY.







MEN OF LETTERS AT THE POST-OFFICE.



LEGISLATION and LANDLEY MURRAY are often at issue on a variety of points, and it would seem that the Executive is equally at fault to such an extent as to make us fear that Government and Grammar are incompatible. We should, however, have supposed, that, if in one department more than another it might be possible to construct a sentence for which a charity boy would not deserve the cane, that department would be the Post-Office, where the cultivation of letters might reasonably be looked for. We regret to find that the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand are as bad as the worst of them in their syntax, and we have much reason to believe that it is only the printer's care that preserves official orthography from constant error. We invoke our old friend **ŒDIPUS** to give us his aid in the elucidation of the following direction issued from the Post-Office as to the transmission of Bank Notes in letters:—

"The safest course will be to cut such notes in half, sending each half by two different Posts."

This direction can only be followed by some genius such as **HOUDIN**, the professor of magic, who has been all his life accustomed to burning pocket-handkerchiefs into tinder, and producing them in a perfect state, drawing an infinite variety of liquids from one inexhaustible bottle, or exhibiting the same article in two different places at almost the same moment. We should be delighted to know the secret of complying with this requisition of the Post-Office authorities, for, if it could be done, we might send one half of a bank-note to two different places, and the other half to two other places, which would enable us to kill two birds with one stone, or, rather, pay a couple of debts with one note—if we happened to be so fortunate as to possess such a document. We strongly recommend the **CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER** to put himself in communication with the Post-Office authorities, for the purpose of learning the art of not only making money go as far as it possibly can, but of making it go in two directions at the same instant.

MR. ARCHER FERRAND.

At the meeting of a Society for Increasing the Price of Bread at Doncaster last week, reported by the *Morning Post*, **MR. FERRAND** is represented to have made the following remarkable assertion:—

"I here repeat a fact which has recently been stated to the public, and which has been proved, that in America, 1000 slaves are daily murdered in the cultivation of cotton (*sensation*), by cruelties and atrocities more horrible than ever were inflicted on dumb animals."

At this rate, America will have little to fear from the increase of her slave population. All that's black will fade from Transatlantic earth with what **MR. CARLYLE** would call "some degree of brevity." A thousand negroes murdered every day would be three-hundred-and-sixty-five-thousand destroyed per annum, not to count an odd two-hundred-and-fifty that would probably be killed besides in the additional six hours.

**MR. FERRAND** is a good old English enemy of Free Trade, which, verily, he attacks with a good old English weapon. **ROBIN HOOD** was a child to him at the long bow.

"Bless their dear Eyes."—*T. P. Cooke.*

WHEN England is in an awkward predicament, and does not know how to act, she is always warned that "the Eyes of Europe are upon her." We do not see that we should have any particular respect for these said "Eyes of Europe," beyond the reverence we show to everybody's orbits, though we must confess there is one great superiority they enjoy over Englishmen's eyes, and that is, they pay no Window-Tax.

THE NOBILITY OF THE LOWER ORDERS.

A **COOK**, in one of our most fashionable squares, calls the Police "The Area-stocracy of England," and certainly a Policeman can claim for his order three of the great elements of aristocracy, for he can prove Rank, Station, and *Descent*.

SILENCE, PRAY, SILENCE!

In consequence of the attempt of the undertakers to prevail by clamour at the meetings in favour of the Government Interments Bill, there ought to be a regulation that no funeral performer should be allowed to attend except in the character of a mute.

WHAT ARE THE LAWS OF THE ROAD ON A DERBY DAY?



It is very difficult to say, for it is quite a toss-up, but more frequently a spill, if there are any Laws at all on such a day. The only Laws we know of as holding the reins of Government on that occasion are the following:—

To pass every one on the road, whether you are right or left.



To allow no one to pass you. Cut in and out; and recollect it is the same as at whist—you must cut the very lowest, if you wish to get the lead.

To exchange compliments with every one on the road, more particularly with elderly persons whose steeds have not been purchased at **ANDERSON'S**, and with gentlemen who are walking on foot with their coats off.

To take your hat off, and kiss your hand most vehemently to all the pretty faces you see lining the garden walls on each side of the high road, and to cheer those who have the good nature to return your pointed compliments.

To stop at every public house on the road, if it is only "to give the horses five minutes!"

To shake hands with every body, when you descend, and to be most particular in enquiring after every stranger's health.

To ask the bar-maid in the blandest manner, if she is quite well? and "if she'll take anything neat?—a French cap, for instance, or a lace bonnet, or a pair of diamond earrings?—you're not particular which."

To assure the ostler that you will "remember" him as long as you live—and longer, if he particularly wishes it.

To evince the highest disdain for broken panels, and not to have the slightest regard for your horses' legs, or your postillions' calves, but to command them to cut through narrow places, where there would be scarcely room for a ginger-beer cart to creep through.

To distribute impartially to persons on the road the "knock-em-downs" you have brought away as trophies of your exploits on the turf, reserving one or two of the largest for any particular friend to whom you owe a long-standing grudge for similar debts incurred on previous occasions, and, as you would be ashamed to do anything behind his back, to wait till you meet him face to face, and then "catch his eye" with the biggest. Before your friend has recovered the use of his eyesight, you are, of course, a good mile a-head, laughing in the jolliest manner possible at the goodness of the joke.

Before leaving the high road, to stop the most superb foreigner on horseback you can select, and taking off your *chapeau*, to ask him in the gravest manner, softened with a few drops of the "sweet oil" of his own continental politeness, "*d'avoir la bonté de se donner la peine de vouloir bien vous confier des nouvelles de la santé de Madame sa Mere; et si Madame sait au juste que Monsieur son fils est sorti?*"

To stand up in your carriage, to shout, to use your arms like a wild telegraph, and your legs like a pair of mad compasses, to talk, joke and laugh, in the easiest, and decidedly the freest manner, with persons you would be ashamed of being seen to exchange a single word with on any other occasion but the Derby.

To subside into your natural, quiet, gentlemanly, state, as soon as you reach Kennington Gate, and for the remainder of the journey to sit silently in the back of your carriage, taking no heed of the vulgar observations addressed to you by the dirty blackguards who forget their station in life in daring to speak to you.

A COUPLET FOR CHOWLER.

If the demand for Corn-Laws we examine,  
'Tis but a cry for artificial famine.





THE DERBY DAY.

THE STUPID OLD COUPLE WHO CROSS THE COURSE AS THE RACE BEGINS.

## THE GREATEST BRITISH SUBJECT.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has generally been considered to be the first person under the Crown, and, next him, the LORD CHANCELLOR. This is quite a mistake. There is a yet greater subject than DR. SUMNER or LORD COTTENHAM. Not *Punch*. Not PRINCE ALBERT. Oh! no. Nor yet the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. No; nor SIR ROBERT PEEL, nor LORD JOHN RUSSELL, nor even LORD BROUGHAM, whatever opinion the latter may have of himself. Not one of the distinguished personages just mentioned—not the highest and most influential of Spanish bondholders, or of the creditors of American repudiators—has ever had a Foreign Secretary for his sheriff, to issue a writ for him, and a British Admiral for a bailiff, to collect his debts. Our late proceedings against Greece indisputably show that the greatest British subject is, beyond all peradventure,—DON PACIFICO!

## The Tax-Bound Pocket.

We are afraid that PRINCE ALBERT'S very laudable project for the Exhibition of '51 will not meet with all the encouragement which it so much deserves. It is hardly so general a subject of conversation as we expected it would be; and on asking why this is, we are generally met with the reply:—As to the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, let us have the Income-Tax fairly adjusted, and the Window-Tax taken off, and then we'll talk about it.

## TAO-KWANG'S DRAGON.

Upon the 14th of the First Moon, HIS MAJESTY TAO-KWANG (the Lustre of Reason) departed upon the great journey, mounting upwards on the Dragon, to be a guest on high.—*Chinese Court Bulletin*.

WITH a few curious English, it may be a matter of passing curiosity to know something of the Dragon, which the EMPEROR OF CHINA has so recently bestrode—taking his Throne as a mounting-post—and departing from Peking to be a guest in Heaven. We are enabled to give the fullest particulars of the animal, as set forth by a very distinguished Bonze in a conversation, philosophic and confidential, with an English Post-Captain, now at Hong-Kong.

*Captain*. And you really believe that TAO-KWANG started upon a Dragon?

*Bonze*. Believe! Have not the Flowery People put on garments of white? Have not the Mandarins put away their buttons? Do they not let their beards grow, and are not their eye-brows ragged, and their tails in a state of frenzy? Believe!

*Captain*. Aye, aye; very good. All that we can see. But the Dragon? Are you so sure of the Dragon?

*Bonze*. Sure of the Dragon! But the barbarians are blind and pig-skinned! Sure of the Dragon!

*Captain*. Understand me. Are you as certain of the existence of the Dragon as of yonder peacock? Is the Dragon a real thing, or only a Dragon drawn by the vermilion pencil?

*Bonze*. The barbarians are eyeless as stones. The Dragon a real thing! Does not the Dragon, at certain seasons, with open jaws approach the moon? Then, do we not beat drums, and strike gongs, and frighten and appease the Dragon? This do the Bonzes. And then the moon comes forth bright and unbitten; with not a mark of the Dragon's tooth in her silver face.

*Captain*. And is this Dragon—the Dragon of the Eclipse—the same Dragon that has given old TAO-KWANG a lift aloft?

*Bonze*. The same.

*Captain*. Who has seen him? Nobody but the priests?

*Bonze*. Nobody but the Bonzes, whose trade it is to see the Dragon—none other.

*Captain*. Then you can tell me all about him. What does he measure from the snout to the tail? Does he wear chain-armor, or scale? Come, paint me your Dragon.

*Bonze*. The Dragon is as no other Dragon. A Dragon ten palm-trees in length, and four in compass. A Dragon, coloured as the rainbow, with precious stones that melt into one another. A Dragon, whose teeth are of onyx, whose tongue is of coral, and whose voice is as the beating of a world of gongs. The Dragon has eyes of orange-tawney, and on his lower lip is one long hair of mouse-colour, a hair thick and straight as a bulrush.

*Captain*. You have seen it?

*Bonze*. I am a Bonze, and so being, is it not my trade to see and know, even to a hair, all about the Dragon? Can you turn my "Yes" inside out into "No"?

The Post-Captain was taken aback by the confidence of the Bonze, who continued to talk of the Dragon as of a daily friend—an old, old acquaintance; making large profit of the knowledge. The Post-Captain would fain have disputed the matter; but he had a touch of philosophy (nourished, perhaps, at Exeter Hall), and knew it was a service of peril to meddle with the property of Bonzes, a property vested—in Dragons.

## Police Libraries.

EVERY Police-Office has a Library attached to it. The following, we believe, are a few of the works generally selected to adorn the shelves:—

Cook's Voyages.  
Walker's Exercises.  
Strutt's Sports and Pastimes.  
A Life of Knox.  
The Heads of the People.  
The Lost Senses.  
Rambles in Berlin.  
Impressions of Greece.

Kitchener's Oracle.  
Blucher's Campaigns.  
Recollections of Eton.  
Larder's Encyclopedia.  
The Whole Duty of Man.  
Constable's Miscellany.  
Lover's Entertainments.  
Cook's Journal, &c.

Together with the Idler, Tatler, Rambler, and the complete works of Borrow, Steele, Bacon, Hogg, and Lamb,



PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK FOR INTENDING EMIGRANTS TO THE DERBY.

Comprising every useful Information which can be required before leaving London, while on the Course, and during the Return.

CHAP. I.—Why should people go to the Derby?



In the first place, because everybody goes to the Derby. Another reason is, because they like it. And a third, and very strong reason is, because it is an excuse for a holiday. A few people go because they have bets on the race, and certain old fogies go because they always have gone, and "always mean to," as they tell you with some pride.

CHAP. II.—Hints worth Consideration.

Is it worth paying £18 18s. for a barouche and pair? Hadn't you better find a seat with a friend who has already been green enough to engage such a vehicle? Hadn't you better pause before you agree to stump up for the party, and get it back from the men afterwards in shares? Did you ever know a case of anybody ever getting it back, under those circumstances? Consider whether it isn't the freest and easiest way after all to toddle down in a Hansom, with a hamper between your legs?

CHAP. III.—Preparations for the Road. The Economical Passage System.

There is often a necessity for economical conveyance to the Derby. There are various plans for effecting this. Some go in a van; but unless your relish for warm porter, all-fours, and strong shag tobacco, with dust, be very decided, I cannot recommend this mode, which, however, gives opportunity for considerable social enjoyment. If you do go in a van, avoid one whose horses you think it probable, from observation, will die on the road home. Persons have been known to go down five in a Clarence cab. This is economical, but the brutality of the practice creates a prejudice against it. The guinea drag is objectionable from the mixed character of your companions, their propensity to indulge in chaff, and missiles of all descriptions, the great probability that there will be a *cornet-à-piston* which will be played, and the painful responsibility you will feel thrown on you, on your way back, of keeping on the coach two intoxicated young gentlemen, in no way related to you, but whom you naturally feel averse to let drop.

Of all the economical systems, the most economical, and decidedly the most painful, is the railway. By choosing this mode you will be enabled to combine the experience of a squeeze at the Opera pit-door, a Smithfield cattle-ring on a Monday morning in a "full market," and a prison-van in the dog-days. You have also the terrific struggle on getting out at Epsom, the exorbitant fare over to the course, with the peculiar mental satisfaction which a man feels who has been deliberately done; and, to wind up, you will have to leave the course about four, if you wish to start by the seven o'clock train, as you may calculate upon a three hours' conflict to get to your carriage. These considerations may probably induce you to adopt the railroad line of conveyance.

CHAP. IV.—Preparations for the Road, continued. The Outfit.

Luncheon deserves consideration. As for the drinkables, I will not insult you by supposing you capable of a "ready-packed hamper," at



36s., containing two bottles of Port, two bottles of Sherry, two bottles of Champagne, two bottles of Hock, two bottles of Chablis, and two bottles of Moselle. Reflect upon the awful consequences of drinking any considerable portion of any one of those bottles, and then conceive, if you can, the results of a mixture! Pray see to knives and forks, and salt. Without these, what is the most perfect luncheon? Think of the humiliation of eating the most consummate lobster-salad out of a newspaper, or drinking even real *St. Peray* out of a bottle-neck.

For the eatables I say nothing. Let them be of the best quality, and in the greatest abundance.

In the above remarks, I allude to the considerations that should guide you in eating your friend's luncheons, not in providing your own. As a rule, never take any luncheon. You are certain to meet persons who have provided more than they can possibly consume, and you will oblige them by partaking. I have always found the object, at the Derby, to be, to get the people to eat luncheons.

CHAP. V.—First Steps at the Derby.

As to your conduct on the road, let it be dignified and affable. Do not pelt in return, if pelted at, and, above all, avoid that interchange of chaff in which the cabman is an adept, since you know, as well as I do, that you cannot do it, and that, though you may commence with an air of defiance, you are sure to end in ignominious failure. Against too much freedom in your



manner of saluting the ladies' schools over the garden walls, I surely need not warn you, but you will find the temptation strong. On reaching the Heath, if in a carriage, you will have to pay a sovereign for your place on the hill. Pay it; and I would earnestly beg of you not to swear while doing so, but I know you will. You had better allow yourself to be brushed on alighting, as you are certain to be brushed if you will not allow it, and will have to pay all the same.

Your first steps after getting down, and being a good deal brushed, will probably be to a knock-'em-down, or a thimble rig, or a prick-in-the-garter. I cannot recommend any of these amusements, but knock-'em-downs is the most innocent of the three. It is highly improbable



that you will gain at either of the latter. It is customary, in hand-books of this description, to give estimates of the capital that may be taken out with advantage. I should say that the less capital you take out in the case of the Derby Day, the better—as, whatever its amount, you and it will be pretty certain to be taken in.

About luncheon-time you must brace up your energies, and concentrate them on the delicate business of "sponging." Do not appear eager—and accept refreshment when offered as if you were rather conferring than receiving a favour. Champagne you may drink about the carriages as you please, but I would recommend you to lunch *substantially*, in one and the same place. When you have once done this you are independent for the day, and I need not, surely, enlarge on the noble and exhilarating effects of a sense of independence.

CHAP. VI.—The Return.

Your horses will be found eventually, but you may, if you like, go and look for them yourself. The search will be attended with considerable excitement, as you are certain not to find what you are looking for. You will also, in all probability, be kicked.

Do not pay anybody for helping to get your carriage out of the jam. Parties performing this service, without previous agreements, have no legal lien upon you, and it is a gratuitous politeness which you may feel sensible of, but cannot properly be called upon to pay for.

Need I enlarge on the proper conduct to be pursued on the road home. I am perfectly aware you will misconduct yourself. You are certain to be in a state of more or less excitement; and if you avoid the use of eggs and wine-glasses, and do not get spilt, I have every reason to be agreeably disappointed.

A MEASURE THAT HAS PASSED THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"Do you know that the MARQUESS OF W— has his coats from MOSES?"—"No; but I can believe it, for I was told that MOSES was hanging on to the skirts of the nobility."



## STICK-IN-THE-MUD OXFORD.



CERTAINLY the gift of prophecy is not so rare now-a-days as some suppose. There are some things which anybody may predict with certainty besides eclipses and the time of high water at London Bridge. For instance, given any measure for public instruction, equitable distribution of Church property, or the repeal of laws insulting and injurious to

Christians not belonging to the Church of England, you may be sure that Oxford will oppose it. Government's proposal for a commission of inquiry into the state of the Universities is, of course, objected to by that learned body. VICE-CHANCELLOR PLUMPTRE, on behalf of the walking grammars, called Heads of Houses and Proctors, has forwarded an Address to CHANCELLOR the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, in deprecation of the projected inquest. This precious document is anything but the cheese: however, here is a taste of it:—

"It may be well that modern founders and benefactors might, in some instances, improve upon the ancient regulations if they were creating colleges anew of their own bounty; but it does not follow that the former foundations and endowments, when they are in no instance injurious to the community at large, often highly beneficial, ought therefore to be disturbed."

The delicate irony with which this passage commences is, in straight-forward language, as much as to say, "Yah! Why don't the Ministry found colleges themselves, and make statutes for them after their own fashion?" However, even if they did so, according to the Oxford Dons, they ought not to be suffered to render their foundations too useful. "It may," as these Alphabetagammaditarians hypothetically put it, "be well that modern founders and benefactors might in some instances"—not in all—"improve upon ancient regulations." We may have too much of a good thing—old Port for instance. Improvement is Oxford's example of the aphorism—not old Port.

If it "may"—not *must*—be well that ancient regulations should be improved upon, but that only in some instances, and those confined to new colleges, certainly it "does not follow that former foundations and endowments," which are "in no instance injurious to the community at large, often highly beneficial, ought therefore to be disturbed." Nobody says that it does. The question is, whether institutions in no instance injurious to the community at large, often highly beneficial, should not be rendered beneficial to it in every instance, and in as high as possible a degree?

Of course, MR. PLUMPTRE, and Messieurs Proctors and Heads of Houses, who object so strongly to interfere with former foundations—of course you say Masses for the souls of your founders. If not, can't you stand a little more reformation?

## Down among the Dead Men.

WE have heard it whispered, that, in the event of the Government Interments Bill passing into a law, the use of its machinery will be requested of his colleagues by LORD PALMERSTON, who is desirous of getting the last few months buried in oblivion. BRITANNIA will in that case be present as chief mourner, though she will soon recover her spirits should the funeral take place,—for in that case much of our recent foreign policy will fall to the ground.

## OMNIBUS POPULATION.

IT is most difficult to ascertain the population of one of those elastic, squeezable vehicles—if fluctuates so. For instance, we believe four to be the extreme number an Omnibus is allowed to carry on the roof, but we are sure, on any warm day, that, instead of four, sixteen will be much nearer the outside.

## RATHER OVER NICE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the height of civilisation indicated by the discovery of the electric telegraph, we heard a lady object the other day to receive a message by it, on the ground that any information conveyed by means of electricity must require the use of shocking language.

## MEDICAL PRECAUTIONS AGAINST MURDER.

SUPPOSE a man is indicted for the murder of his wife. Suppose it proved in evidence that he had, for some time previously to the act, evinced great irritability after dinner. That while in this state he had once said to his wife, "There will be war between France and England, and I'll kill every foreigner; and before I've done I'll kill you: I'll shoot you through the neck." That he added the remark, that he was always felt inclined to murder her. That thereupon he made two attempts to strangle her, endeavoured to cause her to jump out of window, and, lastly, snatched up a loaded gun to shoot her with, which he was only prevented from doing at the time by not being able to find a percussion cap. Suppose, moreover, the fact of his killing the victim to have been clearly established.

Beyond all doubt the jury would return a verdict of acquittal on the ground of insanity.

The circumstances above supposed are those of an actual case, which, according to the Police Reports, came before MR. BINGHAM last week at Marlborough Street. The wife only applied for protection from her husband's violence: she said that

"She feared his mind was occasionally disturbed, as he appeared at times in a state of forgetfulness."

The issue of the application was that

"MR. BINGHAM thought that the most expedient course to take, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, was to call on the defendant to find sureties for his peaceable behaviour."

Of course MR. BINGHAM could do no more,—his hands were tied; he was morally and legally under that restraint under which the defendant ought to have been placed physically. Cannot a magistrate be empowered, in a case like this, to sentence the accused to a strait waistcoat—the only way of binding a lunatic to keep the peace? Cannot he be authorised to direct—under medical advice—a little bleeding and blistering, with the exhibition of something sedative and antiphlogistic, and to commit to Hanwell instead of Coldbath Fields? Many a timeous shaving of the head would have prevented another use of the razor. But as it is, a man must prove himself a dangerous madman by destroying somebody, before the law takes care of him. Shut the stable door, and a fig for the thief,—but unfortunately the horse is gone.

## Matrimonial Destitution at the Diggins.

ACCORDING to the latest intelligence from California, there are scarcely any ladies there. Amidst all the riches, therefore, of that El Dorado, the treasure of a charming wife, it seems, would be sought in vain. Probably, lovely woman will never emigrate to California for gold, so long as there is enough of the precious metal at home to make a little hoop that will just go round the fourth finger of the left hand.

## PREPARATIONS (AT ASTLEY'S) FOR WAR.

F. M. WIDDICOMBE, directly the rupture between England and France was known, wrote in to LORD PALMERSTON, to offer his services to the British Government, and said he was empowered by MR. BATTY to give £1000 for another Battle of Waterloo, with the promise of laying out £3000 more towards its celebration, in the event of its turning out a successful piece.

## Calling them Names.

IT has been suggested by a wag, now, alas! in his dotage—a veteran who has seen better jokes—that the most appropriate names for our Minister at Greece and our Foreign Minister at home would be Penny Wyse and Palmerston Foolish.—N.B. If there is any individual who cannot or will not see any joke in this, he is requested to wink at it.

## A PROFITABLE PERSUASION.

THE word Agapemone is a cross between Greek and English. "Agape," in the former language, signifies *love*. "Mone" is evidently an abbreviation of *money*. That the Agapemoneians ought rather to be called Agapemoneyans is clear from "BROTHER THOMAS'S" having been instructed by revelation that it would be sinful to settle his wife's property upon herself.

## A TRUTH, BUT NO JOKE—AT LEAST, A VERY SMALL ONE.

WE see that there is advertised a "Free Trade Polka." We do not think this a very happily-chosen title, for we have been down to Kent lately, and there the universal complaint is, that, though there is Free Trade enough in corn, there is no Free Trade yet in Hops.

## Toujours Fidèle.

HERR DREYSCHOCK, the eminent violinist, has been astonishing his audiences by playing "God save the Queen" with his left hand. However wonderful the feat, it has been objected to by a super-loyalist, on the ground of its being after all a left-handed compliment to the sovereign.



## THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

## IV.—ON A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG LADY.



OME time ago I had the fortune to witness at the house of ERMINIA'S brother a rather pretty and affecting scene: whereupon, as my custom is, I would like to make a few moral remarks. I must premise that I knew ERMINIA'S family long before the young lady was born. VICTORINA her mother, BOA her aunt, CHINCILLA her grandmother—I have been intimate with every one of these ladies: and at the table of SABILLA, her married sister, with whom ERMINIA lives, have a cover laid for me whenever I choose to ask for it.

Everybody who has once seen ER-

MINIA remembers her. Fate is beneficent to a man before whose eyes at the parks, or churches, or theatres, or public or private assemblies it throws ERMINIA. To see her face is a personal kindness for which one ought to be thankful to Fortune; who might have shown you CAPRELLA, with her whiskers, or FELISSA, with her savage eyes, instead of the calm and graceful, the tender and beautiful ERMINIA. When she comes into the room, it is like a beautiful air of MOZART breaking upon you: when she passes through a ball-room, everybody turns and asks who is that Princess, that fairy lady? Even the women, especially those who are the most beautiful themselves, admire her. By one of those kind freaks of favouritism which Nature takes, she has endowed this young lady with almost every kind of perfection: has given her a charming face, a perfect form, a pure heart, a fine perception and wit, a pretty sense of humour, a laugh and a voice that are as sweet as music to hear, for innocence and tenderness ring in every accent, and a grace of movement which is a curiosity to watch, for in every attitude of motion or repose her form moves or settles into beauty, so that a perpetual grace accompanies her. I have before said that I am an old fogey. On the day when I leave off admiring, I hope I shall die. To see ERMINIA, is not to fall in love with her: there are some women too handsome, as it were, for that: and I would as soon think of making myself miserable because I could not marry the moon, and make the silver-bowed Goddess DIANA MRS. PACIFICO, as I should think of having any personal aspirations towards MISS ERMINIA.

Well then, it happened the other day that this almost peerless creature, on a visit to the country, met that great poet, TIMOTHEUS, whose habitation is not far from the country house of ERMINIA'S friend, and who, upon seeing the young lady, felt for her that admiration which every man of taste experiences upon beholding her, and which, if MRS. TIMOTHEUS had not been an exceedingly sensible person, would have caused a jealousy between her and the great bard her husband. But, charming and beautiful herself, MRS. TIMOTHEUS can even pardon another woman for being so; nay, with perfect good sense, though possibly with a little factitious enthusiasm, she professes to share to its fullest extent the admiration of the illustrious TIMOTHEUS for the young beauty.

After having made himself well acquainted with ERMINIA'S perfections, the famous votary of APOLLO and leader of the tuneful choir, did what might be expected from such a poet under such circumstances, and began to sing. This is the way in which Nature has provided that poets should express their emotions. When they see a beautiful creature they straightway fall to work with their ten syllables and eight syllables, with duty rhyming to beauty, vernal to eternal, riddle to fiddle, or what you please, and turn out to the best of their ability, and with great pains and neatness on their own part, a copy of verses in praise of the adorable object. I myself may have a doubt about the genuineness of the article produced, or of the passion which vents itself in this way, for how can a man who has to assort

carefully his tens and eights, to make his epithets neat and melodious, to hunt here and there for rhymes, and to bite the tip of his pen, or pace the gravel walk in front of his house searching for ideas—I doubt, I say, how a man who must go through the above process before turning out a decent set of verses, can be actuated by such strong feelings as you and I, when, in the days of our youth, with no particular preparation, but with our hearts full of manly ardour, and tender and respectful admiration, we went to the SACCHARISSA for the time being, and poured out our souls at her feet. That sort of eloquence comes spontaneously; that poetry doesn't require rhyme-jingling and metre-sorting, but rolls out of you you don't know how, as much, perhaps, to your own surprise as to that of the beloved object whom you address. In my time, I know whenever I began to make verses about a woman, it was when my heart was no longer very violently smitten about her, and the verses were a sort of mental dram and artificial stimulus with which a man worked himself up to represent enthusiasm and perform passion. Well, well; I see what you mean; I am jealous of him. TIMOTHEUS'S verses were beautiful, that's the fact—confound him!—and I wish I could write as well, or half as well indeed, or do anything to give ERMINIA pleasure. Like an honest man and faithful servant, he went and made the best thing he could, and laid this offering at Beauty's feet. What can a gentleman do more? My dear MRS. PACIFICO here remarks that I never made her a copy of verses. Of course not, my love. I am not a verse-making man, nor are you that sort of object—that sort of target, I may say—at which, were I a poet, I would choose to discharge those winged shafts of APOLLO.

When ERMINIA got the verses and read them, she laid them down, and with one of the prettiest and most affecting emotions which I ever saw in my life, she began to cry a little. The verses of course were full of praises of her beauty. "They all tell me that," she said; "nobody cares for anything but that," cried the gentle and sensitive creature, feeling within that she had a thousand accomplishments, attractions, charms, which her hundred thousand lovers would not see, whilst they were admiring her mere outward figure and head-piece.

I once heard of another lady, "*de par le monde*," as honest DES BOURDEILLES says, who after looking at her plain face in the glass, said, beautifully and pathetically, "I am sure I should have made a good wife to any man, if he could but have got over my face!" and bewailing her maidenhood in this touching and artless manner, saying that she had a heart full of love, if anybody would accept it, full of faith and devotion, could she but find some man on whom to bestow it; she but echoed the sentiment which I have mentioned above, and which caused in the pride of her beauty the melancholy of the lonely and victorious beauty. "We are full of love and kindness, ye men!" each says; "of truth and purity. We don't care about *your* good looks. Could we but find the right man, the man who loved us for ourselves, we would endow him with all the treasures of our hearts, and devote our lives to make him happy." I admire and reverence ERMINIA'S tears, and the simple heart-stricken plaint of the other forsaken lady. She is JEPHTHAH'S daughter condemned by no fault of her own, but doomed by Fate to disappear from among women. The other is a queen in her splendour to whom all the Lords and Princes bow down and pay worship. "Ah!" says she, "it is to the Queen you are kneeling, all of you. I am a woman under this crown and this ermine. I want to be loved, and not to be worshipped: and to be allowed to love is given to everybody but me."

How much finer a woman's nature is than a man's (by an Ordinance of Nature for the purpose no doubt devised), how much purer and less sensual than ours, is in that fact so consoling to misshapen men, to ugly men, to little men, to giants, to old men, to poor men, to men scarred with the small-pox, or ever so ungainly or unfortunate—that their ill-looks or mishaps don't influence women regarding them, and that the awkwardest fellow has a chance for a prize. Whereas, when we, brutes that we are, enter a room, we slide up naturally towards the prettiest woman; it is the pretty face and figure which attracts us; it is not virtue, or merit, or mental charms, be they ever so great. When one reads the fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast, no one is at all surprised at Beauty's being moved by Beast's gallantry, and devotion, and true-heartedness, and rewarding him with her own love at last. There was hardly any need to make him a lovely young Prince in a gold dress under his horns and bearskin. Beast as he was, but good Beast, loyal Beast, brave, affectionate, upright, generous, enduring Beast, she would have loved his ugly mug without any attraction at all. It is her nature to do so, God bless her. It was a man made the story, one of those two-penny halfpenny men-milliner moralists, who think that to have a handsome person and a title are the greatest gifts of fortune, and that a man is not complete unless he is a lord and has glazed boots. Or it may have been that the transformation alluded to did not actually take place, but only spiritual, and in Beauty's mind, and that, seeing before her loyalty, bravery, truth, and devotion, they became in her eyes lovely, and that she hugged her Beast with a perfect contentment to the end.

When ugly WILKES said that he was only a quarter of an inch behind the handsomest man in England; meaning that the character of his conversation would make him in that time at a lady's



agreeable and fascinating as a beau, what a compliment he paid the whole sex! How true it is, (not of course applicable to *you*, my dear reader and lucky dog who possess both wit and the most eminent personal attractions, but of the world in general,) *We* look for Beauty: women for Love.

So, fair *ERMINIA*, dry your beautiful eyes and submit to your lot, and to that adulation which all men pay you; in the midst of which court of yours the sovereign must perforce be lonely. That solitude is a condition of your life, my dear young lady, which many would like to accept, nor will your dominion last much longer than my *LORD FARNCOMBE'S*, let us say, at the Mansion House, whom Time and the inevitable November will depose. Another potentate will ascend his throne: the toast-master will proclaim another name than his, and the cup will be pledged to another health. As with *XERXES* and all his courtiers and army at the end of a few years, as with the flowers of the field, as with *LORD FARNCOMBE*, so with *ERMINIA*: were I *TIMOTHEUS* of the tuneful quire, I might follow out this simile between Lord Mayors and Beauties, and with smooth rhymes and quaint antithesis make a verse offering to my fair young lady. But, Madam, your faithful *PACIFICO* is not a poet, only a proser: and it is in truth, and not in numbers, that he admires you.

### CIVILITY OF ST. PAUL'S SHOWMEN.



THE public has known for some time how remarkable for civility and respectful demeanour are the Showmen and Money-takers of the St. Paul's Cathedral Twopenny Exhibition. The politeness and courtesy of these gentlemen have at length been taken cognisance of by the Court of Aldermen; at a recent sitting of which worshipful tribunal, reported in the newspapers, *MR. ALDERMAN HOOPER* took occasion to say on their behalf:—

"A more impertinent set of fellows never appeared anywhere to perform duties of any kind. Some of the females of my family went to the Cathedral on Sunday last to hear Divine Service, but it was in vain they

applied to the vergers for admission into the pews regularly appropriated to the accommodation of the ladies and families of the Aldermen. One of these vulgar, insolent fellows said, upon being remonstrated with on the subject, that he didn't care about the Aldermen. . . . In fact, nothing could exceed the impudence of the presuming brutes."

This last remark, *pace* *ALDERMAN HOOPER*, is rather too strong; for the impudence of these "presuming brutes" is certainly exceeded by that of their employers in demanding money for the admission of the public into a national church. "Like master like man;" and caputular rapacity, naturally enough, is imitated by extortionate flunkeydom. *MR. HOOPER* proceeded to state that—

"A lady who happened to get a seat, was surprised to see the pew into which she was admitted, almost filled with strangers, who, no doubt, paid these fellows silver for the privilege."

Begging *ALDERMAN HOOPER'S* pardon, we object to calling the sittings in St. Paul's Cathedral, pews. They are not pews, but stalls and boxes, and you get admitted to them by means of the ordinary silver key, that is to say, by tipping the box-keeper. To leave their servants to make out their remuneration by picking up money in this scampish and of way would be discredit to the management of any decent theatre, and is in the highest degree scandalous to that of such a House as St. Paul's.

The subject of *ALDERMAN HOOPER'S* complaint has been referred to a Committee of Privileges, and now that the showfolks of St. Paul's consulted the family of an Alderman, perhaps they will be brought to their senses.

LET TO *M. SCRIBE*.—Certain distinguished translators of the Authors' Society propose to give *M. SCRIBE* a dinner. This they can do, seeing the many dinners he has given them.

### THE PRINCE'S PETITION.

PITY the troubles of a poor young Prince,  
Whose costly scheme has borne him to your door;  
Who's in a fix—the matter not to mince—  
Oh, help him out, and Commerce swell your store!

This empty hat my awkward case bespeaks,  
These blank subscription-lists explain my fear;  
Days follow days, and weeks succeed to weeks,  
But very few contributors appear.

Your house, whose walls with casements tall abound,  
With look of affluence drew me from the road;  
But Grumbling there a residence had found,  
Light was so plaguy dear at that abode.

Hard was the answer, and the cut was sore;  
Here, where I hoped for good a pound a head,  
A maid-of-all-work drove me from the door,  
"We pays too much for Winder-Tax!" she said.

Oh, never mind your highly-rated dome!  
Time hastens on: a year will soon have roll'd;  
Down with your dust, ye generous people, come,  
Or else I shall be regularly sold.

I'll not conceal how deep will be my grief  
If liberality don't touch your breast,  
And failure, for the want of kind relief,  
Should swamp a grand design, as mine's confess'd.

Station brings duties: why should we repine?  
Station has brought me to the scrape you see;  
And your condition might have been like mine,  
The child of Banter and of Raillery.

A great success I thought would be my lot,  
When, for a lark, I broach'd my plan, one morn';  
But ah! Taxation to such height has got,  
That I'm afraid the thing will fall still-born.

The Income-Tax, that burden of the age,  
Narrows the comforts of so many a home,  
That people can't afford me patronage,  
And I am doom'd for charity to roam.

The tiresome duties that on knowledge bear,  
Retained by Government's unwise decree,  
A farthing will not let the poor man spare  
To aid All Nations' Industry and me.

PITY the troubles of a poor young Prince,  
Whose costly scheme has borne him to your door;  
Who's in a fix—the matter not to mince—  
Oh, help him out, and Commerce swell your store!

### "Eminent Services."

THE *Globe* says:—

"A royal sign manual warrant has just been issued granting a pension of 25*l.* a year to *MRS. HARRIET WAGHORN*, widow of the late *LIEUTENANT THOMAS WAGHORN*, 'in consideration of the eminent services of her late husband.'"

There was a *LIEUTENANT WAGHORN* who wore out his life in achieving the noblest work, bringing England and India within a few weeks together. It is plain, however, that this is not the *WAGHORN* whose widow is pensioned into something less than ten shillings a week. We may be wrong, but we have a strong suspicion that the *QUEEN'S* rat-catcher was named *WAGHORN*; though, as we have not heard of the death of that functionary, we are somewhat puzzled by a pension granted to his widow.

### NAPLES' SOAP.

THE KING OF NAPLES has given a place in his court to the son of a gentleman—a correspondent for an English newspaper; the correspondent having, for some months, "written up" his Majesty. And now comes the appointment: Naples soap for Irish blarney.

### Legal Wool Gathering.

*LORD JOHN RUSSELL* took the greatest pains to prevail upon *LORD LANGDALE* to resign the permanent Mastership of the Rolls, and accept the unstable position of Lord Chancellor. The Premier paid very high compliments to the talent and learning of *LORD LANGDALE*, who drily requested *LORD JOHN* to desist from flattering, inasmuch as "so long as he, *LORD LANGDALE*, enjoyed the Rolls, he cared little for the butter."



## A BIT OF MY MIND.

## BIT THE SEVENTH.

MRS. MOUSER, AS ONE OF THE ENGLISH MATRONS' HOTTENTOT SOCIETY, IS SHAMEFULLY DECEIVED.

PERHAPS never woman was so insulted—yes, insulted is the word; insulted, laughed at, made a fool of, besides being wounded in her tenderest feelings, pity and compassion for her fellow-creatures, especially the fellow-creatures that are dark and distant—never, I will say it, was a woman ever so played upon by her husband, a person, plain enough, that is sworn to love, honour, and protect her—(by the way, if women had had the making of the marriage service, wouldn't they—as aunt PEACOCK used to say—wouldn't they have put in a few more locks and bolts on their own side?)—

Well, never was woman so played upon, as MOUSER has put upon me! It was just three weeks ago that I went with MRS. HORN-BLOWER and her two sisters, and MRS. MACAW, and MRS. GRIFFITHS—there were six of us, and we'd taken a fly among us, to go and pay our subscriptions to the Society against Cruelty to Animals—just three weeks ago, that, coming back, we went into Exeter Hall—killing two birds, as MOUSER sneered, with one fly—to Exeter Hall, to the Annual Meeting of our body, the English Matrons' Infant Hottentot Society! As MRS. COSSETT observed—not that I like the woman, for I know, if she could, she'd send her Pusey Tracts among our dear little Kaffirs, poisoning 'em—as the REV. MR. STIFFNECK piously preaches—poisoning 'em in their vital source—still, as MRS. COSSETT observed, such a meeting was an earnest of Eden. I never cried with such pleasure in all my life. For that dear MR. STIFFNECK winds round the feelings—as I told MOUSER, who only laughed—like a convolvulus round a rose! And what did he say? What did he call us? "Lilies of women"—said he—"women with hearts that beat on the other side of the ocean; with arms that, stretching across seas, raise the little Hottentot from the dust, and dandle him into reason. How many children have ye?" cried MR. STIFFNECK, and his voice made me sweetly shiver like a silver trumpet—"how many children, every woman here?"—at which MISS PUTTS and MISS WINKS *did* stare—"I don't mean the children, nursings of your own hearth! The creatures born in comfort, nestled in luxury, and running alone in happiness—I don't mean your own white children—I don't count them—I don't think of them. Certainly not: I should despise myself if I did. But I mean how many black children have ye? How many offspring, born of your charity, and wet and dry nursed on your benevolence? This, indeed, is a family to be proud of. Oh, my sisters! is it not delightful to feel that you have in the middle of Africa a family you can't count? Is not this something to sleep upon? You—the English Matrons' Infant Hottentot Society—you have sent in the last year ten thousand books to the Hottentots. Say that one book upraises only ten children—and the calculation is only too modest and too moderate—that one makes only ten—why, then, my beloved women, you have among ye one hundred thousand infants to whom you all are nursing mothers! Think of that, sisters—let that thought accompany ye to your hearths; let that recollection be with you, when you look upon your white families, the lily-skinned brothers and sisters of your own black Hottentots. Ten hundred thousand children, my beloved women, and share them all among ye!" There wasn't a dry eye in the place, except, indeed, that MRS. PRINCE who makes it a point to cry at nobody but MR. LOCUST. And dear MR. STIFFNECK's discourse went home with me, every word of it; and I did nothing but think of my dear little black children—the little sooty darlings in the middle of Africa, among thousand elephants—while my own—but I won't draw comparisons, I can't bear it.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said I to MOUSER, "to be sitting here at our own fireside, and to know that one's heart, like a dove, as MR. STIFFNECK says, is flying about, carrying leaves—that is, books—among the blacks ten thousand, thousand miles away? It's a beautiful thing, isn't it, MOUSER?" And what did he answer?—But it only shows the narrow-mindedness of the other sex in general. "Amelia," said he, "if you have any superfluity of maternal affection, I do think you may find little negroes nearer home than Africa. Suppose you tried some of the courts in Whitechapel,—made a visit to a few of the alleys in Spitalfields. You'd find negroes there—with this difference, that the miserable creatures are black and all black inside—with minds as dark as Ethiopians' faces!"

(But that's so like MOUSER—indeed, not to be too hard upon my own husband, it's like all of 'em—a woman isn't allowed, as aunt PEACOCK used to say, to expand her feelings upon broad humanity, the little-minded creatures think it so much love and duty taken from themselves. They'd have a woman's affections, like the fire-irons, never budge from their own hearth—which I call poor and narrow.)

"MOUSER," said I, "you don't know what true benevolence is. You don't know what a soul-upraising, and heart overflowing delight it

is, as MR. STIFFNECK says"—(and then MOUSER put a word upon STIFFNECK that the ink would turn red if I was to try to put it upon paper)—"what a glow it is to the very finger-ends of the soul, to sit here under a Christian roof, and to know that you are pouring down upon Africa, and China, and Mesopotamia, and the Great Desert, and Araby Stony—pouring down books like snow; books for the blacks, and reds, and tawnies—books for men, and women, and children, not only black, as you sneer upon one—but for the benighted of all colours."

"Very beautiful, no doubt," said MOUSER, with that horrid turn of the corner of his lip, when I know something's coming; "very upraising, as you call it; still, I think, if you'd only laid out the same money you've paid in books for the infant Hottentots and sucking Bosjesmans,—the same money in soap, for the blacks at home, you'd have begun at the better end. Depend upon it, AMELIA, soap is the first thing, the great letter A in the alphabet of all social improvement; muck won't be taught, and hunger—for with soap goes bread—and hunger won't be lectured." Had MOUSER—though he's my own husband—had MOUSER been born a Hottentot, before the Matrons' Society was established he couldn't have been more—but no; every woman's husband is her own burthen, and I'll bear mine, and say nothing.

This, however, I must make known—the shameful trick; the unfeeling sport, and worse than Caribbean cruelty—(the words are not mine, but MR. STIFFNECK's) that he played off, only three days ago, upon me. I'd been looking over the Report of our Hottentot Sisterhood, and was sitting with my eye upon the tiger in the hearth-rug, and my thoughts were flying away among the cocoa-trees and sugar-canes, and I was thinking to myself—whilst my heart warmed again—what a deal of good my last two-pound ten—(and I'm sure if anybody wants a new gown, I am that very woman)—what a deal of good my subscription was doing in Africa, and perhaps in Mesopotamia, when the door ran open, and one of the sweetest little black boys ran in, and fell upon his knees at my feet, and lifted up his hands and said, in the most affecting broken English—"Buckra lady; ain't I a little boy, and a son?"

I'd hardly risen from my chair, when MOUSER followed the child into the room. "There, AMELIA," said he—"there's a forlorn little bit of ebony, fresh from the Bite of Benin"—some horrid monster, as I thought—"fresh from the Bite, he's been saved by a miracle and one of the African squadron, and as one of the Matrons of the Hottentots, you may dry-nurse and protect him."

Who'd have thought that a woman's own husband would sport with the feelings of his own wife! But let me go on.

As I looked at the poor little black—for he was as black as the very coal in the scuttle, and his hair as woolly as a black lamb's back—as I looked at him, I thought to myself, "Won't it be a treat and a triumph over that MRS. COSSETT to take this little burning brand to her platform of the Hall, and examine him in the face of the world, showing how I've opened his mind, and formed his principles!

"The blessed darling," said I, "where, MOUSER—where did you find this precious cast-away? If I won't have his picture taken for our next Report, I'm not a bit better than a heathen. Where *did* you find him?" "You shall know all about that, AMELIA," said MOUSER; "but now he's here, what are you going to do with him?" "The precious dove," said I: "of course, examine him." Whereupon I was going to try him in a few questions—preliminary, as MR. STIFFNECK says, and such as he recommends—when MOUSER said, "My dear, let me advise you to try bread first, soap afterwards, and then the schoolmistress if you please."

Well, just to humour MOUSER, I had up a beautiful cold chicken—one of two that was left yesterday—a bit of broiled ham, a gooseberry tart, and half-a-dozen custards. As the sweet little negro eat up every bit, my only wish was, that all the Hottentot Matrons had been there to see him.

"And now, he's got his bellyfull," said MOUSER, "let me prescribe the soap." It was against my principles, for I wanted to rush into the examination, but to let him have his own way, I rang the bell, and sent the black boy into the wash-house.

Well, he'd been gone about half an hour, and I'd been looking at our Hottentot Tracts to open the negro mind, when the child—the wicked little impostor—as white and as clean as a new-washed baby, with brown hair and blue eyes, and a leer upon his saucy little face, as if he knew he'd cheated me, and gloried in it,—when a white boy, a real native of Whitechapel, ran in, and tumbling head-over-heels upon the rug, began to sing,—“Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me!”

"You good-for-nothing creature! What are you?" said I.

"I'm one of the Hottentot singers, and here's my wig:" whereupon he pulled out the curly thing, and shook it in my face.

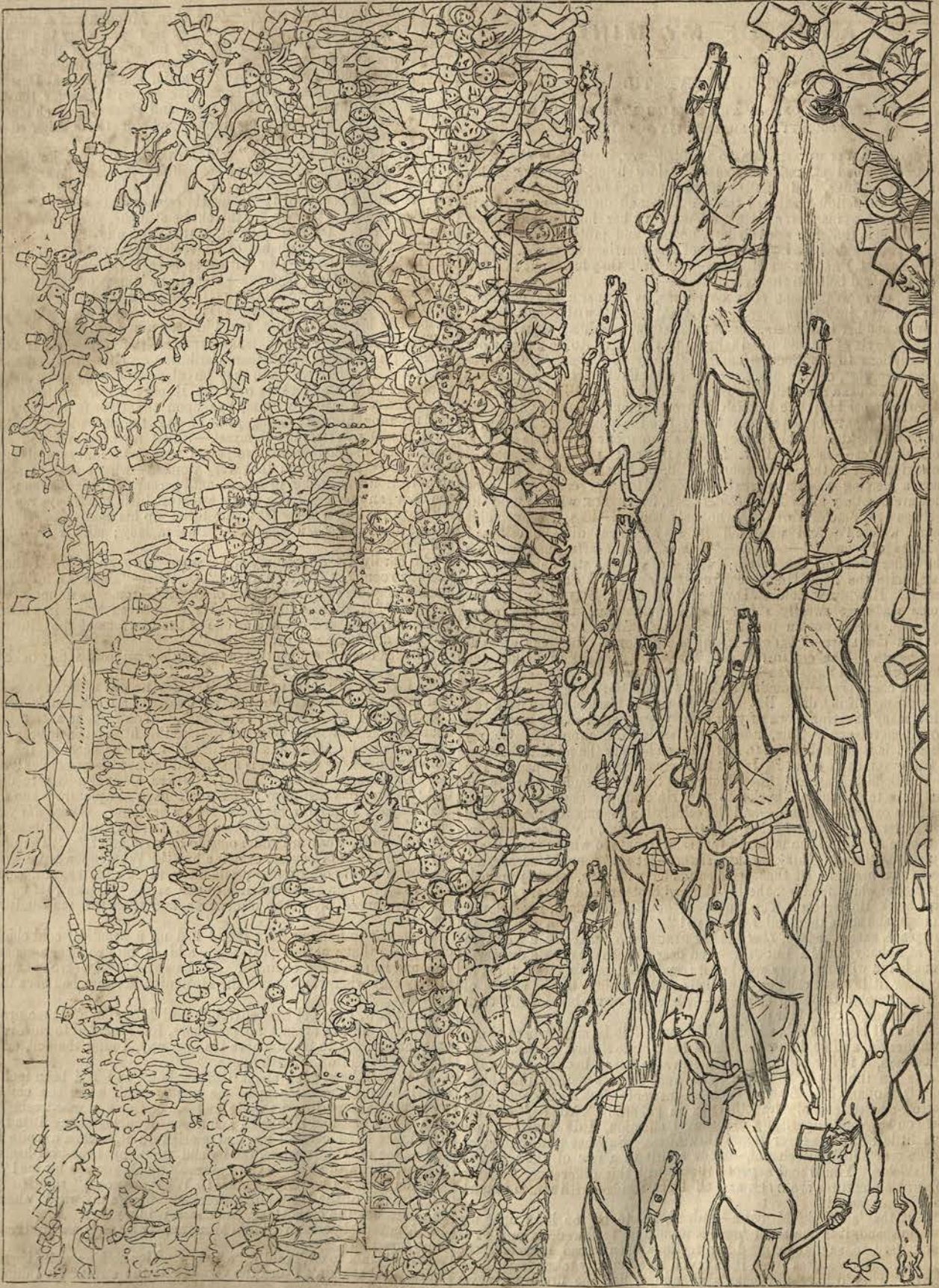
"A miserable creature," said MOUSER, "with no home but the gutter—no bread but"—

"Don't talk to me," said I, "a little good-for-nothing white impostor," and with that didn't I turn the vermin into the street? If I didn't, my name is not

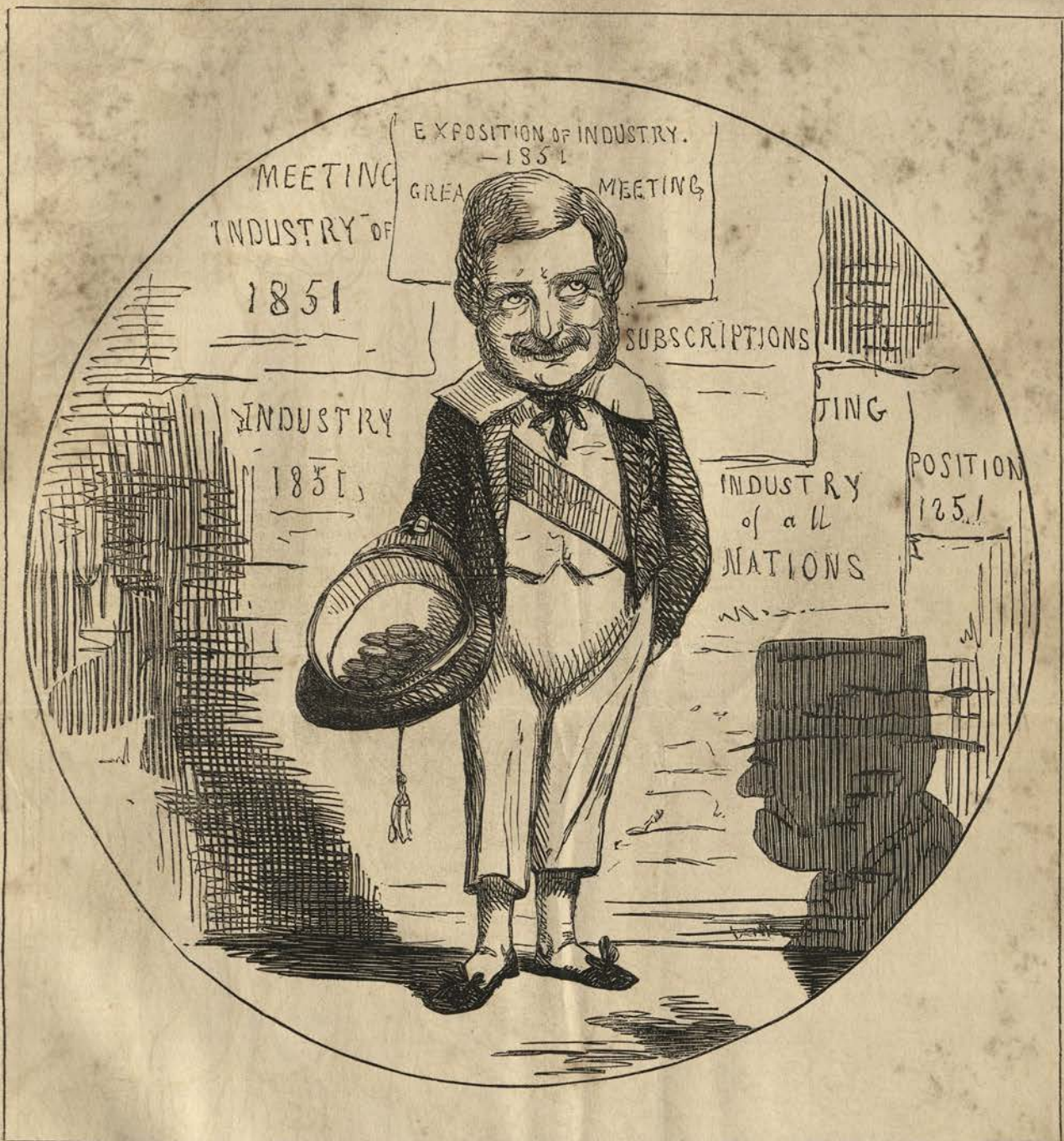
Yours, truly (ill-used),

AMELIA MOUSER.









## THE INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

**“Please to Remember the Exposition.”**

Pray the troubles of a poor young Prince,  
Whose costly scheme has borne him to your door,  
Who's in a fix—the matter not to mince—  
Oh, help him out, and Commerce swell your store!

This empty hat my awkward case bespeaks,  
These blank subscription-lists explain my fear;  
Days follow days, and weeks succeed to weeks,  
But very few contributors appear.

Station brings duties: why should we repine?  
Station has brought me to the state you see;  
And your condition might have been like mine,  
The child of Banter and of Raillery.







THE PRIVILEGE OF PIC-NICS.

To the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, Ranger of Richmond Park.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—

It is one of your many distinguishing virtues that you love a good dinner. I have seen you many times exercising that love with a heartiness that would put bowels into a mummy. You are, I understand, to be painted as a jovial BRIAREUS for the refreshment room of the House of Lords, with a hundred jolly faces smiling, glowing, reddening, lip-smacking, over a hundred different plates,—and a hundred hands carving the hundred delicacies of the four seasons. MACLISE is to do the heads; and LANDSEER the roast pigs, ducks, geese, and all the other animals that continually come whole to dinner. LAURIE is spoken of for the fruit; and the mouths of unborn men will water at his grapes, his pines, his peaches, and his melons. All this is right—admirable; in excellent taste: worthy of the House of Lords, and wisely commemorative of your Royal Highness's knife-and-fork amenities. No man has eaten more dinners in the cause of charity, and until the end of your days—that is, if an end shall ever be—may greet respectfully avoid you! May the demon never shake so much as your little toe, and indigestion hold you in profoundest reverence! But—

But, your Royal Highness, is it possible that, as Ranger of Richmond Park, you forbid the laying of a table-cloth on the greensward, and—by means of your keepers—carry consternation into the hearts of parties pic-nic? Is this right of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE—the Duke of the Freemasons' Tavern—of the London ditto—of the Crown and Anchor—the Thatched House—the Clarendon—the Blue Posts—the Elephant and Castle—the Pig-and-Whistle, and all the other hostelries? (to be duly noted by PETER CUNNINGHAM in his new *Knife-and-Fork-Book of London*),—whose rooftrees have resounded to your laugh, whose *lares* and *penates* have shaken their sides at your inexhaustible flow of humour—your cataracts of wit?

Can your Royal Highness enjoy your green peas with the gusto that you and green peas are equally worthy of,—reflecting that a Richmond Park-keeper has warned off JOHN STUBBS, tailor, MRS. STUBBS, and children,—MRS. STUBBS having laid the cloth upon Richmond grass, and about to lay upon that a sweet bit of cold lamb with her first gooseberry pie of the season? Is this wise—is it just—is it kind, your Royal Highness? In a word, is it like the jolly, good-hearted DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE? What! shall the champagne frizz and foam to your royal mouth at the Freemasons', and shall not bottled porter cry "pop" *sub tegmine fagi* in Richmond shades? Yet this notice, like a death's head, stares and mockingly grins in the lengthened faces of perplexed holiday-makers:—



RICHMOND PARK.  
NOTICE.

Persons riding or driving in the Park are requested to keep the line of the gravel-roads. If riding or driving over the grass across the Park, they will be considered as trespassers, and dealt with accordingly. If horses are taken off from carriages, the keepers and constables have orders to impound them. No dogs admitted unless they are led. All dogs found hunting or straggling will be shot.

We have a respect for the English crown—especially regard the gracious gentlewoman who adorns it,—and that we have a respect, we have in proportion a sorrow to see the crown placed as a scarecrow to homely happiness.

And so, your Royal Highness, you will immediately think the matter over, and we doubt not even ere the chestnuts shall have dropt their blossoms—(what a glory, what a floral illumination, while we write, is burning in Bushy Park!)—the ugly notice frowning above will be taken down; and in its place, the notice subjoined, with the illustrations faithfully copied:—



RICHMOND PARK.  
NOTICE.

Persons coming here, are ordered to enjoy themselves. They are commanded, as faithful subjects, to bring with them an ample supply of the best they can afford of meat and drink; from venison and champagne, to cold mutton and bottled porter.

Hot water, for tea parties, is to be had gratis at the Lodge from the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE's own tea-kettle.



GOOD HEALTH TO ALL.

N. B. Parties are earnestly requested not to leave their bones behind. Please to pick up the corks; and—in consideration of the deer's feet—leave no broken glass.

*Vivat Regina: Good Night, and Happy Dreams.*

This, may it please your Royal Highness, is the sort of notice for a demesne, of which the jolly DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is Ranger, and this notice—he expects—will gladden his eyes, when Richmond Park is next visited,

By your Humble Servant, Friend, and Councillor,

PUNCH.

DRAMATIC NEWS.

THE *New York Literary World* publishes an astounding piece of news: nothing less than a statement that London dramatic authors—(how many authors would be left if war once broke out between the Palais Royal and the Burlington Arcade)—intend to "hold their works," that is, not to print them; in order that American managers may not play them cost-free. What a notable device! Why, before SIR BULWER LYTTON'S Act, many dramatists did not print their pieces; and what was the result? Why, miserable garbled copies were obtained by a go-between agent, and thus the authors were not only robbed, but murdered. So would it fare with authors who nominally "hold their works" in England; being really plundered and butchered by the American managers; most of whom, by the way, are Englishmen; and therefore may believe they have a patriotic right to defraud their countrymen of their own.

All Up with the Reds.

THE Parisian Boulevards are to be macadamised—not so much for the purpose of making the population mend their ways, but in order that the general breaking-up of the large stones may prevent the success of any future outbreak. MACADAM is the great enemy of the barricades after all, since his invention will be the cause of a split or general break-up of those constant friends to the Red party—the paving-stones of the Metropolis. The spirit, or rather the unhappy ghost of poor Liberty will in vain call upon the very stones to rise in Paris, as they have often risen before on former occasions.

THE CHARITY-SCHOOL OF ART.

OUR olfactory moral sense is greatly outraged by a number of engravings, to be seen in almost every print-shop window, representing charity children in various devotional postures. The vile odour proceeding from these works is that of sordid plagiarism, mingled with the affectation of a sort of pious sentiment, which may be called parochial. Some little time ago, a print was published, representing three choristers chanting: the young gentlemen of the choir were idealised specimens; the thing was rather pretty, and became very popular. Since then, Town has been over-run with engravings of charity children, male and female, saying their prayers, and repeating collects and responses. Every clause in the Belief is threatened with being illustrated in this nauseous manner.

One idea has been successful, and, as usual, a host of imitative speculators set to work to produce "something like it." On the same mean principle, some snob, a short time ago, when GEORGE CRUICKSHANK had treated us to "The Bottle," was understood to contemplate bringing out "The Bible." There is something peculiarly disgusting in the attempt to get a "run" out of the Scriptures and the Book of Common Prayer, and in trying trade "dodges" on the religious sympathies of the public. Superadd to this the singular offensiveness of the appeal to that vulgarity of taste and feeling which is gratified by the exhibition of charity children, in their ridiculous and degrading costume, playing pretty. Seemingly, there are persons whose ideas of Art are



derived literally from the National School. For the express delectation of such, our Artist has been so kind as to draw these



### Sentimental Charity Boys.

who speak truthfully for themselves, instead of chanting or canting. To these three Graces of the "Charitable Grinders," our said Artist, with a marvellous appreciation of the class of mind to which he addresses himself, has added a parochial APOLLO in the shape of a



### Lackadaisical Beadle.

who may be safely recommended as a study to the necessitous draughtsmen, whose poverty of resources has driven them to throw themselves on the parish.

### LEGISLATIVE LITTLENESSE.

THE new House of Commons, though intended for the making of Statutes at large, is so constructed as to render necessary the making of statues in little. SIR BENJAMIN HALL having visited the studio of a sculptor employed on the stone figures, intended to adorn the walls of Parliament, was struck by the fact that many of the greatest characters of English history appear so remarkably narrow-shouldered, that they could never have sustained the weight of their own heads, much less the weight of public affairs, that had been thrown upon them.

When SIR BENJAMIN asked for an explanation, he was informed that the statutes had been made to measure, according to certain niches allowed by the architect, who leaving ample room for the stretching of the legs, had provided for extremely contracted chests, among the illustrious individuals whom the artist had undertaken to chisel. The result is, that many of the statues will have the appearance of sugar-loaves; and most of the distinguished men will seem as if they had been purposely pinioned or trussed for the roasting that criticism will inflict upon them.

It is very hard upon such a man as HAMPDEN, for instance, to be limited to a few inches from shoulder to shoulder, when in life he demanded elbow-room for all, and won his celebrity, by his regard for liberal measures. Historical accuracy will be much impaired by the placing of various political characters in such a position as to leave them no room to turn round, though they may have been notorious for their adroitness in that movement. Some of the statues have been so curtailed of their fair proportions by the regulations as to size, that the well-known political watchword of "Measures, not men," would be applicable to the greater part of them.

### WAR TO THE KNIFE AND FORK.

A BANQUET was lately held in aid of the funds of King's College Hospital, and the following notice was published for several days afterwards:—

#### KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.

"NOTICE.—The hats and coats left at the dinner of the above Hospital, have been removed to the Hospital."

Such was the energy and enthusiasm of the supporters of the charity, that they determined to stock it with a quantity of patients at once, and that this might be done without pain to anybody, the patients selected were inanimate. Hats with broken crowns, coats with the loss of an arm, trousers with a lacerated leg, and pantaloons with seats looking like the seats of war, were gathered in large numbers, and as it appears by the notice we have given above, were dispatched to the Hospital. We might extend the dismal catalogue with bits of shirts torn at the bosom, and rent to mere ribbons streaming with gore and gusset, to say nothing of gloves cruelly bereft of fingers, and pocket-handkerchiefs prematurely mangled.

It is satisfactory, however, to feel that the sufferers were removed to the Hospital, from which we can imagine the issue of a series of bulletins in the following fashion:—

"The hats have enjoyed a tolerable long nap, and the wounded arms of some of the coats having been sewn up, are progressing towards recovery. Several of the trousers have been discharged cured, with no other appearance of having suffered but a stitch in the side, which is nearly imperceptible. Several shirts with a gathering in the neck which had been unhappily torn open, have been restored under an application of fresh cotton. Very few of the sufferers are past recovery, but we regret to say that an aged palétôt was so much shattered in the affray, that it was found impossible to bring it to, by making it one again."

#### ART IN PARLIAMENT.

WE have all respect for the genius of MR. EDWIN LANDSEER, but when LORD MAHON calls him the first painter of the age, it does appear to *Punch* that it is sending Art a little too much to the dogs.

#### THE YORK COLUMN.

*Little Boy.* PAPA, why does the DUKE OF YORK stand with his sword drawn?  
*Father.* Self-defence, my dear. To keep off his creditors.





THE AGAPEMONE. WITH A PROSPECT OF THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.  
PLAYING AT HOCKEY. - ALSO BROTHER SWINISTER PRINCE BY 4 IN HAND.

THE CHEERFUL MOURN.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA is lately dead, yet the sun is shining away merrily as if he had not lost a brother; the moon was all last week, and the week before, in a state of the most smiling brilliancy, notwithstanding the decease of a cousin; and as to the stars, they are every night twinkling away and keeping it up with the most unfeeling disregard to the memory of an affectionate uncle. Considering the close relationship of the late Emperor to all the celestial bodies, we might have expected a general mourning in the skies, an eclipse of both sun and moon, with a new suit of sable clouds for the whole starry community. ORION'S band should have had its drums all muffled on the day of the funeral; the GEMINI, or Twins, should have sported a couple of "suits of strong boys' black," and AQUARIUS should have been got up in a mourning gown, with a little bit of black crape fastened round the rose of his watering-pot.

We have not heard whether there is to be a Court-mourning for the EMPEROR OF CHINA in this country, but we suppose that if such a

measure is adopted, as distance mitigates grief, the gap that exists between ourselves and the dear departed, will cause our trappings of woe to be of a mild and moderate character.

We recommend the arbiter of these matters to issue directions that in order to show our grief at the loss of the EMPEROR OF CHINA, we should go into mourning by drinking black tea until the 14th of June, on which day the mourning may be changed to mixed, which is to last until the 30th., after which day we may be at liberty to go into green, as a sign of the mourning having ceased altogether. On the day of the funeral, had we known it, we should have proposed that every family should have discharged a spoonful of gunpowder into the pot, as a salvo of respect to the Emperor.

We think the Court Circular should have issued some instructions on the subject, if it had only been to recommend the general adoption of the willow-pattern plate for one week, in consequence of the great loss of China.





[Boy. "COME IN, SIR! YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFRAID! I'VE GOT HIM QUITE TIGHT."]

#### ON HORROR'S HEAD HORRORS.

DURING the morning of the first trial of the new House of Commons, all the members were talking at once; and there was such a noxious atmosphere of bad jokes floating over us and around us, that our senses were scarcely our own, and they were certainly nobody else's, for nonsense seemed to prevail in all directions. One of the jokes, perhaps from its being heavier than the rest, fell to the level of our ears, and we give it as a specimen of the rubbish that was in general circulation. Somebody asked if the selection of a summer's day for the experiment was for the purpose of debate. "No," was the reply; "choice has been made of a summer's day with a view, not to the debate, but to the Summary." Happily this atrocity escaped notice in the general din; and the delinquent made his escape by leaping over all the forms of the House into an adjoining lobby.

#### Dreadful Case.

A MAN—we do not give his name out of respect to his family—a man is at this moment suffered to be at large who perpetrated the following atrocity. The conversation ran upon "the Affredee contumacy on the Indian border," when the shameless offender observed, that the enemy must be always beaten, seeing that they were never anything but "half-ready!" The man—we repeat—is still at large.

#### BENEFIT OF RESPECTABILITY.

THERE is one rule at least which is supposed to be without exception—that recorded in the poetical reflection of the youthful pickpocket—

"Him as prigs wot isn't his'n  
Ven a's catch 'll go to pris'n."

But even the committal of a detected thief is no matter of certainty at all police offices. At the Marylebone tribunal, for instance, it seems that a man may steal bricks, and be let off with a penalty,—on a certain condition. The *Daily News* reports that at the Temple of Themis in question, one—

"MR. WILLIAM HARNSHALL, a person of considerable property, residing in Fitzroy-place, Kentish-town, was charged with having stolen two bricks, the property of the Commissioners of Sewers."

A policeman, RANSBY, 61 S, caught this gentleman, whom he suspected of having stolen bricks before, in the fact, red (brick) handed. The constable deposed that—

"He (witness) who had only just marked some of the bricks, had not been long in his hiding-place when he observed the prisoner come up to the wall, and with a chisel remove two bricks, which he put into his silk pocket-handkerchief, and then walked away in the direction of his own house, situate about 200 yards from the spot."

MR. WILLIAM HARNSHALL was taken to the station-house, and locked up on a charge of felony. That he took the bricks out of playful mischief—a species of frolic, libellously to a respectable individual of the feathered creation termed a lark—was not pretended: and in answer to any such excuse that might have been pleaded—

"Witness further stated that he found other bricks laid down so as to form a path at the rear of the prisoner's dwelling, some of them had the initials before referred to upon them, and in all probability had been removed from the wall from which the two (produced) had been stolen. Suspicion of the robbery was entertained against some poor persons, but there was now every reason to believe that they were entirely innocent; the wall was much damaged."

Who cannot imagine that he sees the prison yard in which the poor persons suspected of the robbery would now be in case it had been they who were detected in committing it? Yet poverty is the only palliation of theft in the opinion of most people. But by way of reason why

MR. WILLIAM HARNSHALL should not be committed to take his trial for felony like any ordinary person charged with that offence,—

"MR. WOOLF said that his client felt acutely the indiscretion of which he had been guilty, and was willing to make any reparation in his power for the wrong he had done; he would put the wall into proper order, and in addition thereto would be happy to contribute a sum of money to the poor-box; he was a man of great respectability, and his family were much distressed at the situation in which he was placed."

So that great respectability, instead of great poverty, is the extenuation of dishonesty, according to MR. WOOLF. By respectability, of course, MR. WOOLF means solvency, or the being well off, because brickstealing is, in itself, obviously a refutation of any pretence to that attribute in the sense of moral character. MR. WOOLF'S advocacy appears to have been less judicious than successful. The very fortunate conclusion of the affair for MR. WILLIAM HARNSHALL was that—

"MR. BROUGHTON having ascertained that the Commissioners were willing to leave the case entirely in his hands, and that they had no desire to prosecute, remarked that the respectability of the prisoner was an aggravation of the offence, but under all the circumstances he should deal with the case as one of misdemeanour, and not as a felony; and for the unlawful possession of the bricks, he inflicted a penalty of 50s., or one month's imprisonment in the House of Correction. THE FINE WAS IMMEDIATELY PAID."

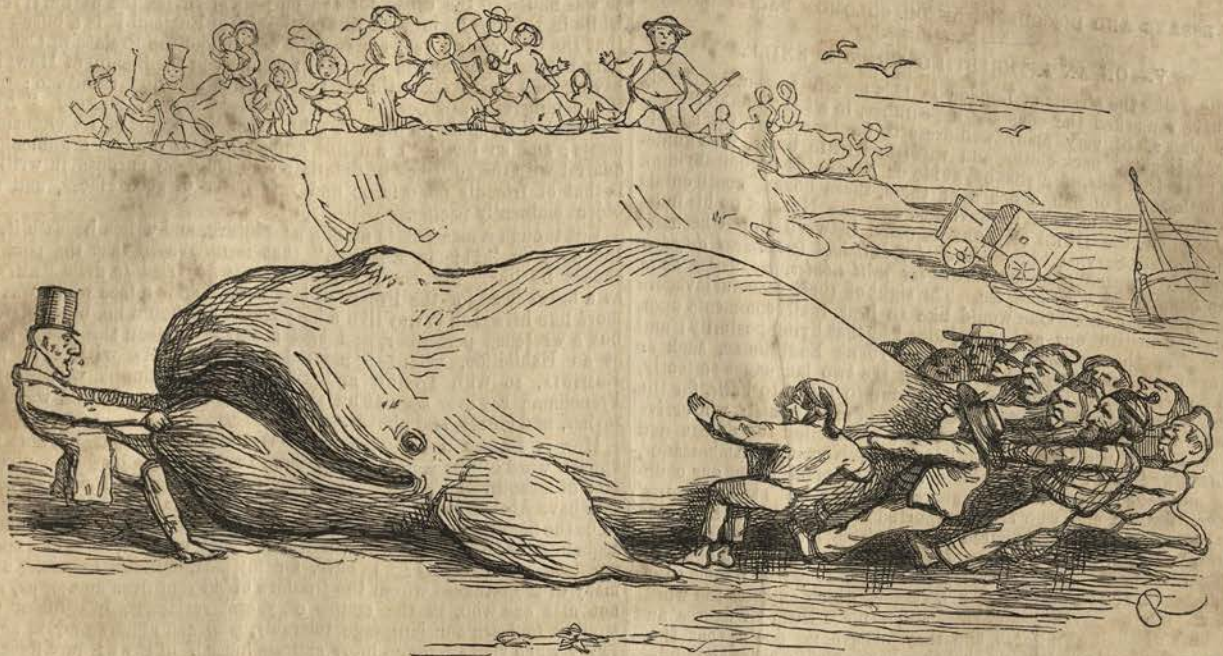
MR. BROUGHTON is here judge and jury. As jury he finds the prisoner guilty of misdemeanour, consisting in an act of theft aggravated by respectability. As judge he inflicts a fine of 50s. The ability to pay fifty shillings and not feel it, may be taken as a practical definition of "respectability." Of course, "the fine was immediately paid," and the offender escaped comparatively unpunished by reason of that which was the aggravation of his offence. MR. WILLIAM HARNSHALL may or may not steal more bricks; but he will not be likely to find such another brick as MR. BROUGHTON.

#### DERBY DONKEYS.

WE observed a large number of asses (in returning from the Derby last week. They went principally with the vans—not between the shafts, however, but inside, and being viciously inclined, and too stupid to bandy verbal jokes, they amused themselves by throwing flour over gentlemen's clothes. We regret not having had an opportunity to dust their jackets in return.



A TALE OF A WHALE.



F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON and the Margate Boatmen have been recently in the position of the Lion and the Unicorn, except that, instead of fighting for the crown, they have been fighting for a whale, which was fool enough to tumble like a great sand eel on to the sands of Margate. F. M. THE DUKE, treating as fish all that comes to his net, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports claimed his share of the prize, and refused to allow the captors to bone the whale for the sake of the whalebone. MR. WADDINGTON, the Margate surgeon, took up the matter on behalf of the boatmen, when F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON presents his "compliments" in a manner anything but complimentary. F. M. is not aware of any relationship between a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons and the Court of Admiralty of the Cinque Ports, and F. M. expresses his determination to dispose of

the proceeds of his share of the whale without consulting the opinion of MR. WADDINGTON.

There is no doubt that F. M. is entitled to do as he pleases with his own; and if a donkey were to tumble over the cliffs, the Lord Warden might come into competition with other claimants for the carcase. We can imagine the DUKE's answering an application from a stranger something in the following manner:—"F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON presents his compliments to MR. BLANK. The DUKE is not aware that MR. BLANK has any relation with the Admiralty, or with the donkey found on the Margate Sands. F. M. THE DUKE will dispose of his own share of the proceeds of the donkey, and will be happy to hand over the skin to any one whom it may happen to fit, and who is entitled to wear it."

LIBERAL OPPONENTS OF PROGRESS.

To COLONEL SIBTHORP.

"GALLANT COLONEL,

"I'M sorry I've no vote for Lincoln. Never mind; I'm your constituent in heart. I admire your views and sentiments altogether. Your fine old English speeches always delight me. I was particularly pleased with the noble declaration you once made, that you were determined to sleep with your ancestors—that you *would* do it! As your well-wisher, no less than my own—I am an undertaker, Sir—allow me to say that I hope it is no untoward circumstance that has prevented you from offering the spirited opposition that I expected you would to the Metropolitan Interments' Bill. I know you must have been unavoidably disabled from sticking up against this Whig job and sanitary humbug. I am sure you regret that very much. Console yourself, Sir, by considering how nobly your place was supplied—and by whom? Why, by our most out-and-out Liberal Metropolitan Members. Would any one have believed it? MR. DUNCOMBE, MR. WAKLEY, and LORD DUDLEY STUART, did all they could to shelve the bill. Of course they "approved of the principle"—just a little flourish this, to soap the sanitary reformers—but "objected to the details." Never mind what they thought of the "principle" of the bill: thank them for endeavouring to pick it to pieces. Then, how splendidly they argued in defending our vested interests! Here's wisdom and logic for you, from LORD DUDLEY STUART of all men; who now shows what I call truly liberal sentiments. These are his words, as given in the *Times* :—

"The clause of the bill which enabled the board to fix the price at which funerals were to be put, and to receive contracts from undertakers, was in opposition to the principles of political economy."

"Of course it is. So is providing model lodging-houses for the poor at 1s. a week; thus underselling the private building-speculator and landlord; and, I may add, robbing the undertaker.

"Again: look at the candid and sensible remarks which his Lordship is reported to have made about us :—

"He would grant that there were instances of extortion in this branch of trade. But were the undertakers the only tradesmen in this metropolis who were extortionate? (*Hear, hear!*) Were there no extortionate tailors or shoemakers? If so, why should not the Government step in and say that these tradesmen should charge only a certain price for a coat or a pair of shoes? Butchers, too, very often charged a very high price for meat. (*Hear, hear!*) Then why did not the Government prepare a public scale at which the butchers were to sell their joints of meat?"

"You, COLONEL, at least, will see the force of this reasoning. Some people may say that there is a difference between us and tailors, shoemakers, and butchers. You hear such persons complain that we are enabled to charge at our present figures by having to deal with customers generally knocked over by grief—too distracted to bargain with us—whereas people usually know what they are about in ordering a suit of clothes, a pair of boots, a leg of mutton. But, as LORD DUDLEY STUART, doubtless, would reply, are no boots ever purchased under frantic excitement, whether arising from love or bunions? Does nobody ever rush to his tailor's in a state of frenzy, occasioned by wanting clothes on an emergency? Is there no one that sometimes sends out for a chop, in the desperation of hunger? Government does not protect such reckless parties from imposition. Then why should it interfere to defend those prostrated by affliction from the little overcharges of undertakers?"

"Must not the greatest booby on earth perceive that the cases are quite parallel?"

"Is it not a triumph, COLONEL, to find ultra-liberal members siding with us in defence of our time-honoured graveyards? Ill-natured jesters say they have become the champions of Corruption. But a joke must hit hard to break your head, or that of your humble servant,

"BONES.

"P.S. SIR B. HALL, ALDERMAN SIDNEY, and MR. OSPORNE also came out strong for the coffin-interest. I flatter myself we've a tolerable parochial influence at elections, COLONEL."



## THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

## V.—ON AN INTERESTING FRENCH EXILE.

As he walks the streets of London in this present season, everybody must have remarked the constant appearance, in all thoroughfares and public places, of very many well-dressed foreigners. With comely beards, variegated neck-cloths, and varnished little boots, with guide-books in their hands, or a shabby guide or conductor accompanying a smart little squad of half a dozen of them, these honest continentals march through the city and its environs, examine NELSON on his indescribable pillar, the DUKE OF YORK impaled between the Athenæum and the United Service Clubs—*les docks, le tunnel (monument du génie Français), Greenwich avec son parc et ses whites-bates, monuments de la cité, les Squares du West End, &c.* The sight of these peaceful invaders is a very pleasant one. One would like to hear their comments upon our city and institutions, and to be judged by that living posterity; and I have often thought that an ingenious young Englishman, such as there are many now among us, possessing the two languages perfectly, would do very well to let his beard grow, and to travel to Paris, for the purpose of returning thence with a company of excursionists, who arrive to pass "*une semaine à Londres*," and of chronicling the doings and opinions of the party. His Excellency the Nepaulese Ambassador, and LIEUTENANT FUTTY JUNG, know almost as much about our country as many of those other foreigners who live but at four hours' distance from us; and who are transported to England and back again at the cost of a couple of hundred francs. They are conducted to our theatres, courts of justice, houses of parliament, churches; not understanding, for the most part, one syllable of what they hear: their eager imaginations fancy an oration or a dialogue, which supplies the words delivered by the English speakers, and replace them by figures and sentiments of their own *façon*, and they believe, no doubt, that their reports are pretty accurate, and that they have actually heard and understood something.

To see the faces of these good folks of a Sunday—their dreary bewilderment and puzzled demeanour as they walk the blank streets (if they have not the means of flight to Richmond or Amstedd, or some other pretty environs of the town where *gazon* is plentiful and ale cheap), is always a most queer and comic sight. Has not one seen that peculiar puzzled look in certain little amusing manikins at the Zoological Gardens, and elsewhere, when presented with a nut which they can't crack, or examining a looking-glass of which they can't understand the mystery—that look so delightfully piteous and ludicrous? I do not mean to say that all Frenchmen are like the active and ingenious animals alluded to, and make a simious comparison odious to a mighty nation; this, in the present delicate condition of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, and while LORD STANLEY'S questions are pending respecting papers which have reference to the affairs of a celebrated namesake of mine, would be a dangerous and unkind simile; but that, as our proverbial dullness and ferocity often shows itself in the resemblance between the countenances of our people and our *bouledogues*, so the figure and motions of the Frenchman bear an occasional likeness to the lively ring-tail, or the brisk and interesting marmozet. They can't crack many of our nuts; an impenetrable shell guards them from our friends' teeth. I saw last year, at Paris, a little play called "*Une Semaine à Londres*," intending to ridicule the amusements of the excursionists, and, no doubt, to satirize the manners of the English. Very likely the author had come to see London—so had M. GAUTIER—so had M. VALENTINO, the first of whom saw "vases chisselled by BENVENUTO" in the pot from which MRS. JONES at Clapham poured out the poet's tea; the second, from a conversation in English, of which he didn't understand a syllable, with a young man in MESSRS. HUNT and ROSKELL'S shop, found out that the shopman was a Red Republican, and that he and most of his fellows were groaning under the tyranny of the aristocracy. Very likely, we say, the author of "*Une Semaine à Londres*" had travelled hither. There is no knowing what he did not see; he saw the barge of the Queen pulling to Greenwich, whither Her Majesty was going to *manger un excellent sandvïdg*; he saw the *bateaux* of the *blanchisseuses* on the river; and with these and a hundred similar traits, he strove to paint our manners for the behalf of his countrymen.

I was led into the above and indeed the ensuing reflections, upon reading an article in the *Times* Newspaper last week, on citizen LEDRU ROLLIN'S work on the decadence of this unhappy country; and on a subsequent reference to the work itself. That great citizen protests that he has cracked the British nut, and, having broken his grinders at it, pronounces the kernel utterly poisonous, bitter, and rotten. No man, since the days of PITT-COUBOURG, has probably cursed us with a more hearty ill-will, not O'CONNELL himself (whom the ex-tribune heartily curses and abuses too) abused us more in his best days. An enthusiastic malevolence, a happy instinct for blundering, an eye that naturally distorts the objects which its bloodshot glances rest upon, and a fine natural ignorance, distinguish the prophet who came among us when his own country was too hot to hold him, and who bellows out

to us his predictions of hatred and ruin. England is an assassin and corruptor (roars our friend); it has nailed Ireland to the cross (this is a favourite image of the orator; he said, two years ago in Paris, that he was nailed to the cross for the purpose of saving the nation!) that, while in France the press is an apostleship, in England it is a business; that the Church is a vast aristocratic corruption, the Prelate of Canterbury having three million francs of revenue, and the Bishop of Hawkins having died worth six millions two hundred and fifty thousand; that the commercial aristocracy is an accursed power, making "*Rule Britannia*" resound in distant seas, from the height of its victorious masts; and so forth. I am not going to enter into an argument or quarrel with the accuracy of details so curious—my purpose in writing is that of friendly negotiator and interposer of good offices, and my object eminently pacific.

But though a man paints an odious picture, and writes beneath it, as the boys do, "This is England," that is no reason that the portrait should be like. MR. SPEC, for instance, who tried to draw ERMENIA as a figure-head for the Proser of last week, made a face which was no more like hers than it was like mine; and how should he, being himself but a wretched performer, and having only once seen the young lady, at an Exhibition, where I pointed her out? As with SPEC and ERMENIA, so with LEDRU and BRITANNIA. I doubt whether the Frenchman has ever seen at all the dear old country of ours, which he reviles, and curses, and abuses.

How is LEDRU to see England? We may wager that he does not know a word of the language, any more than nine hundred and ninety-nine of a thousand Frenchmen. What do they want with Jordan when they have Abanaah and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, which they consider to be the finest and most cleansing waters of the world? In the reader's acquaintance with Frenchmen, how many does he know who can speak our language decently? I have, for my part, and for example, seen many of the refugees whom the troubles of '48 sent over among us, and not met one who, in the couple of years' residence, has taken the trouble to learn our language tolerably, who can understand it accurately when spoken, much more express himself in it with any fluency. And without any knowledge of MR. ROLLIN, who blunders in every page of his book, who does not make the least allusion to our literature, one may pretty surely argue that this interesting exile does not know our language, and could not construe, without enormous errors, any half-dozen sentences in the *Times*. When MACAULAY was busy with his great chapters on KING WILLIAM, he thoroughly learned Dutch, in order to understand, and have at first-hand, the despatches of the PRINCE OF ORANGE. Have you heard of many Frenchmen swallowing a language or two before they thought of producing a history? Can THIERS read a page of NAPIER? No more than LEDRU can, or communicate in our native language with any Englishman, of any party, from LORD JOHN MANNERS to MR. JULIAN HARNEY.

How many houses has LEDRU visited of the ruffian aristocrats who are plundering the people, of the priests who are cheating them, of the middle classes who are leagued with the aristocracy, or of the people themselves? Is he intimate with any three English families? with any single nobleman, with any one parson, tradesman, or working man? He quotes a great mass of evidence against England from the *Morning Chronicle*: did he translate from the *Chronicle* himself, or get a secretary? Can he translate? If he will, without the aid of a dictionary, sit down in our office, and translate this paper fairly into French, he shall have the last volume of *Punch* gilt, and presented to him gratis.

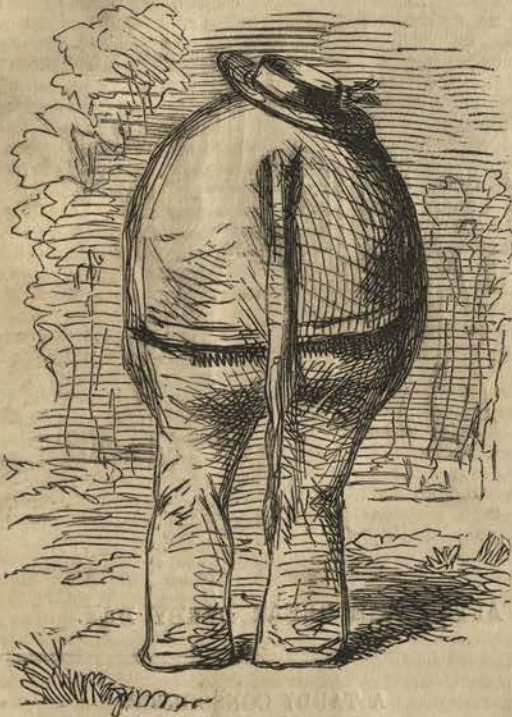
The chances are that this exile never sees our society at all; that he gets his dinner at a French *table d'hôte*, where other unfortunates of his nation meet and eat, and grumble; that he goes to a French *café*, or coffee-shop used by Frenchmen, to read the French newspapers; that he buys his cigars at a French house; that he takes his walk between the Quadrant and Leicester Square; and that he takes his amusement at the French play, or at a hotel in Leicester Place, where there is a billiard and a smoking room, and where the whiskered Red men can meet and curse *l'infâme Angleterre*.

MARIUS sitting in the ruins of Carthage, and scowling on his pursuers, is a grand figure enough; but a French tribune looking upon our Carthage, standing alone we may fancy against the desolate statue yonder in Leicester Square, is the most dismal, absurd, ludicrous image imaginable. "Thou hireling soldier," (says he, folding his arms against the statue, and knitting his brows with an awful air), "thou shuddering Cimbric slave, tell thy master that thou hast seen CAIUS MARIUS, banished and a fugitive, seated on the ruins of—" &c. The minion of despots whom he addresses does not care in the least about his scowls, or his folded arms, or his speech; not he—Policeman X points with his staff, thinks within himself that it's only a Frenchman, and tells him to move on.

To an exile of this sort what a daily humiliation London must be! How small he appears amongst the two millions! Who the deuce cares for him? The Government does not even pay him the compliment of the slightest persecution, or set so much as a spy or a policeman as a guard of honour at his door. Every man he meets of the two millions has his own business to mind. Yonder man can't attend to MARIUS: he is CHOWLER, and has got to "chaw up" FEEL. The next can't



listen; he is COBDEN, who is so pressed that he cannot even receive CAPTAIN AARON SMITH, who has something particular to say to him. A third is engaged; it is LORD ASHLEY, who has the bettering of the working classes at heart, and the model houses to visit. A fourth gives MARIUS a little sympathy, but must pass on: it is MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Author of "The Mysteries of London" and "The People's Instructor," who is going to beard LORD JOHN at the Meeting, and ask his Lordship what his Lordship is going to do for the millions? One and all they have their own affairs to mind. Who cares about MARIUS? Get along, MARIUS, and play a pool at billiards, and smoke a cigar, and curse England to the other braves. Move on, MARIUS, and don't block up the way.



Back View of the Elephant at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens.

THE HOUSE THAT BARRY BUILT.

AFTER all the expense that has been incurred in the building of the new House of Commons, we are now told that it is not large enough for the accommodation of all the members, and that, in fact, the House will never be able to contain itself. In the event of a call compliance will be impossible, and we shall expect to see the doors of the Commons beset like those of the Haymarket Theatre, by M.P.'s anxious to obey the SPEAKER'S summons. We certainly think the great contractor, who has so thoroughly contracted the necessary size of the building, should be made to keep his charges within the same narrow dimensions as the work he has undertaken to execute. It is true enough that the business of the House is usually performed by a minority of the members, but as the useless majority will have quite as good a right to occupy the House as the really working members, how are the affairs of the nation to be carried on, if the non-workers should take it into their heads to attend regularly, and thus curtail the accommodation of the real statesmen and legislators of the House of Commons? We may presume that the system will eventually be adopted of dividing portions of the House off into stalls, reserved seats, and private boxes, for those who like to pay the price demanded, while the ordinary run of members must be content to go in with the rush when there is any extra attraction.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE ACT.—We are sadly afraid that a husband, like a chimney, is almost beyond a cure, when once he takes to smoking in doors!—*Joseph Fume.*

"ONE Swallow does not make a Summer," as the Cook from Eaton Square said at Herne Bay, when she was told there was but one Policeman.

SCRIBE v. SHAKSPEARE.

KNOWING the argument of a book will, in some cases, save us the trouble of reading it. A treatise "On the Substance of the Moon, showing that it is really Green and Caseous," might be sufficiently judged of by its title. Accordingly, few are likely to be the readers of a pamphlet, in which the author's object—*apropos* of SCRIBE'S burlesque of the *Tempest*—is, according to the *Times*,—

"To show that SHAKSPEARE, if he had lived at the present day, would probably have made the *Tempest* an Opera, rather than a spoken drama, and that, therefore, M. SCRIBE is carrying out the English poet's intention."

The idea, in the first place, of the thoughts, conceptions, and images of SHAKSPEARE—addressed by him to the fancy and the philosophic intellect—spun out into trills and quavers! Or, the idea of SHAKSPEARE turning his drama into an opera, with all these his peculiar beauties omitted! The idea that SHAKSPEARE would not have left such a work to M. SCRIBE, unless he could have got an injunction against him to hinder it! The idea of comparing SHAKSPEARE with SCRIBE! And, lastly, the idea of saddling all these absurdities on a certain unfortunate individual, by name.

There is no idea like the last but one, conceived by SHAKSPEARE himself—occurring, not in the *Tempest*, but in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*—the idea of the reward conferred by *Puck* on *Bottom*. A similar trick must have been played on the author, to whom his friends may exclaim, in the words of *Quince*: "Bless thee, *BOTTOM*! bless thee! thou art translated."

COMPENSATION FOR EVERYBODY.

WE congratulate the landed interest on the probability that before the first of April next the Government will have taken measures for making it some amends for the losses which it has sustained in consequence of the Repeal of the Corn and Cattle Laws. Our reasons for expecting that Ministers will adopt these considerate steps are comprised in the following paragraph which has appeared in various journals:—

"THE DEFUNCT PALACE COURT.—It is understood that the Treasury has awarded to each of the four barristers of the Police Court the sums they paid for the purchase of their places. MR. BEST, M.P., paid £2000 for his appointment as one of the four, and was the last purchase allowed. The attorneys and officers of the defunct court are said to be waiting for compensation."

We want to know what sort or description of personal interests can be overlooked, if those which are vested in the Palace Court are to be respected? Whoever buys a place in such an establishment speculates on future Governments keeping up the rascality which he thinks to profit by. A distinguished moralist has—or ought to have—laid it down that a bargain implying the maintenance of an abuse is an immoral contract; therefore, not binding: and that legislators may at any time abate nuisances without regard to those who have staked money on their permanency.

As to the attorneys and officers of the Palace Court who may be waiting for compensation—let them wait for it a little longer;—yes, a little longer than the innkeepers and coach proprietors that have suffered by railways.

LATIGEN'S SONG AND CHORUS.

Adapted from *Der Drögen*.

CAMBRIDGE DONS, a QUEEN'S Commission  
Is to hold an inquisition  
On your University;

Don't you like it? Ha, ha, he!  
Chorus.—Ho, ho! &c.

You, averse to be molested,  
To your CHANCELLOR protested:  
And, in answer, "ALBERT C."  
Says, "Be quiet." Ha, ha, he!  
Chorus.—Ho, ho! &c.

When PRINCE ALBERT you elected,  
Cambridge Dons, you scarce expected  
You were in for what's to be:  
Tell me, did you? Ha, ha, he! &c.  
Chorus.—Ho, ho! &c.

AN IMPERFECT BISHOPRIC.

A CORRESPONDENT, who dates from Hanwell, begs to call our attention to an imperfection in our episcopal institutions, inasmuch as the Bishopric of Lland-aff, being 'Alf-Land, must be an imperfect sea (see). (We have placed this in the hands of the Commissioners of Lunacy, who will act accordingly.)

"THE ROAR MATERIAL."—One of VERDI'S operas.





FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH ON EPSOM DOWNS AFTER THE GREAT DERBY DAY.

## THE MARBLE ARCH.

We have received permission to publish the subjoined correspondence:—

SIR GEORGE GREY to PUNCH.

*Downing Street, June 3.*

"SIR GEORGE GREY presents his Compliments to Mr. Punch, and is desirous of acquainting himself with Mr. Punch's sentiments relative to the unfortunate marble arch—the <sup>GEORGE THE FOURTH</sup> front of <sup>Downing</sup> Palace. It has been suggested by the highest personage in the realm that if Mr. Punch—as a trifling testimonial to his unvarying and triumphant services in the cause of good humour and rational order—would accept the aforesaid marble arch to span Bride Court, and thereby to give a more distinguished appearance to Mr. Punch's Office, the structure is wholly at his service, and shall be forwarded without delay by an early Parcels Delivery.

"SIR GEORGE GREY avails himself of the present opportunity to make a further enquiry, namely, whether Mr. Punch will consent to stand for his Statue, to be placed in one of MR. BARRY'S niches in the House of Commons."

PUNCH to SIR GEORGE GREY.

"Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge the receipt of SIR GEORGE GREY'S letter; and further wishes to convey his gratitude—if he may trust the jewel to the hands of a Cabinet Minister—to the highest personage of the realm.

"Touching the arch, the thing is altogether puerile; and Mr. Punch has long ceased to play at marbles.

"With respect to the Statue, Mr. Punch cannot consent to accommodate his hump and shoulders to the stone strait waistcoat of MR. BARRY."

A SOUND OBJECTION.—The great defect of the new House of Commons seems to be "an extreme slowness in transmitting sound." We shall not mind this defect so much, if the slowness is only compensated for by an additional quickness in transmitting sense.

## A TARDY CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE not unfrequently sleeps; but it is seldom that it takes so long a nap as we infer must have been taken by the conscience of an individual whose act is recorded in the *Times* of last Saturday. It is there stated that the *Permanent General* has received from some anonymous individual the sum of £10, "supposed to have been unavoidably overdrawn during the Peninsular War." Now it is upwards of thirty years since this overdrawal must have taken place; and we can only wonder at the obstinate nature of the lethargy into which the conscience must have sunk, that has not wakened up during a period of nearly the third of a century.

We fear the conscience is not yet quite roused up, and we must take the liberty of giving it a good shake, tugging it by the button, and slapping it on the back, in order to open its eyes a little wider, and render it thoroughly alive to the fact, that the interest on the £10 for thirty years has yet to be dubbed up before the conscience can quietly set itself down again to repose. This gentleman's conscience being somewhat of a sleeping beauty, in the length and intensity of its naps, we consider it all the more necessary to pull it unceremoniously out of its bed, to prevent its "tumbling off" again, and being wholly oblivious of the arrear of interest that is clearly payable. Conscience would make a capital thing of it if it kept the principal in hand for a long series of years, and then made a merit of paying over the original sum, after pocketing the interest. We have, therefore, nothing further to say, than "Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my merry merry boy," to this anonymous individual.

## The Government Plan of Education.

MR. DRUMMOND defines Education as "something drawn out of a man." According to this, Education is the same as Taxation, which the Government understands "drawing out" of the people to a very great extent, and yet Education and Taxation can never be synonymous terms, for it is a lamentable fact that, heavily taxed as the English people are, they receive very little, if any, Education in return for it from the State.





PURITAN SUNDAY ; OR, WHAT WE MUST ALL COME TO.







## THE MAISON DE DEUIL OF PROTECTIONISTS.

IN consequence of the general ruin that has spread over England, it is not unlikely that the great body of Protectionists—and it is singular that mostly all Protectionists have great bodies, which is another proof of the starvation to which they are reduced—will be going into mourning. In anticipation of this mournful event, a large commercial house in the City is about to open an immense *Maison de Deuil*. The premises, appropriately enough, are situate in Cornhill. We were conducted over them a day or two ago, and the following is a short description of their manifold attractions, as far as our agonised feelings will enable us to recollect.

The sign of the house is "*That Traitor Peel*." The shop is almost larger than HOLMES' or EVERINGTON'S. The exterior is plain but substantial. The summit is decorated with a full-length figure of Fortune with a crape band over her eyes, holding the Cornucopia, out of which are flowing houses, horses, greyhounds, dog-carts, county members, and prize oxen. The arms over the door are very simple—three tankards of home-brewed ale on a field of bread and cheese, and the motto, "*Ruin stares us in the face*."

The interior of the shop is most sumptuous in its grief. There is an air of comfortable poverty about it that rather invites than repels. We longed to sit down on one of the knotted garden chairs that line the counters, and call for one of the tankards that are foaming (with rage, of course) over the portico. All feelings of commiseration left us as we passed the door-step, and on contemplating the abundance and jollity that floods the whole place with a glorious sunshine of woe, our only desire was to be ruined as quickly as possible.

Stout-looking farmers stood behind the counters. Their fat faces were dimpled with the most good-natured wrinkles; to look at their round cheeks, was to laugh. Crying was out of the question. HERACLITUS himself could not have done it. They carried handkerchiefs with deep black borders to them, but these evidently were only used to hide their smiles, so that visitors might not see them grinning. The tops of their boots were blacked over, and they sported weepers, and it was strictly sporting, for it was a costume that, far from drawing tears, only provoked merriment.

We were conducted by an elegant-looking gentleman in polished leather boots and a silver riding-whip to the "*Protectionists' Unmitigated Woe Department*." Here we were shown a neat book of patterns. It contained maps of the several estates in the kingdom to be sold, owing to the unparalleled pressure of the times. There were mansions with princely parks for noblemen, down to two-roomed cottages with cabbage-gardens for prize labourers at six shillings a week; but really the prices of them all were so extravagantly high, that we are ashamed to confess we were too poor to effect the smallest purchase. Our conductor gave a mournful smile, as much as to say he deeply felt for us, but that it did not matter in the least.

After this we were led to the "*Partial Grief Stores*." It was adorned with lists of the principal races and cattle-shows all through the country, embellished with portraits in ebony frames of distinguished racers, and celebrated cows and pigs that had won prizes.

The next room was the "*Inconceivable Lumber-room*." It was a small library, filled with the most agonising speeches and harrowing debates, all bearing upon the question of the national ruin. Newspapers were strewed about the floor, with reports of meetings that are said to have shaken not only the Corn Market, but the Bank to its very centre, so much so that it is a wonder that Mark Lane and Threadneedle Street are standing at the present moment. Beautiful miniatures of Protectionist Orators, their familiar features crowned with gold laurel leaves, enliven the otherwise dreary walls of this little apartment. We were kindly offered the last speech of MR. FERRAND, hissing hot from the hustings, and taking the hint in the friendly spirit in which we are sure it was offered, we immediately ran out of the room.

A pair of beautiful folding-doors, sheeted with the richest plate-glass, were thrown open to make way for our retreat, and we found ourselves in the middle of such a picture of misery as we had never witnessed before. Immense long tables were groaning—and their groans harmonised half-melodiously with the painful feeling that lay, like a black pall, over the room—under heavy sirloins of beef. Huge haunches of venison added to the oppressive weight of the scene. Yorkshire pies, raised pies, fruit pies, pies of every kind of game and rare delicacy, were strewed about in such reckless disorder as only wretchedness can produce, and, by their heavy looks, that evidently betrayed how much was in them, made one's mouth, if not one's eyes, water to look at them.

Ugly-looking mugs, filled with bitter ale, lent a darker hue to the picture, which was made still blacker by small groups of bottles, with silver heads, that kept hanging about the corners, and assembled in greater force the oftener they were dispersed.

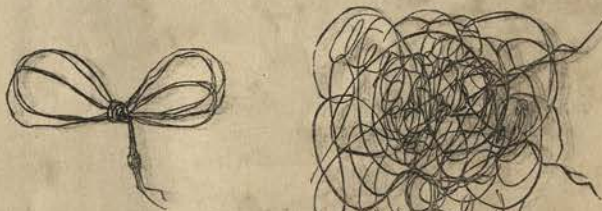
"What is the name of this room?" we inquired in a whisper, for fear of disturbing the solemnity of the meeting. "This, Sir, is the '*Speechless Misery Department*,'" answered our attendant—and, true enough, though there were at least a hundred persons present—and

several Members of Parliament amongst them—yet not a syllable was heard. It only showed how deep must be the grief that could not find words to express itself!

We felt the influence of the place gradually stealing over us, and sitting down to one of the principal tables, did not speak for an hour afterwards!

On getting into a cab, we were astonished at the very agreeable feelings that animated us from head to foot. We had not felt so well, in such boyish good temper with all the world, since the memorable day on which we recollect we first carried a gold watch. We determined to turn Protectionist—to get ruined—and to get installed a constant member of the *Maison de Deuil* as quickly as our funds would enable us. We begin to find out that there is no comfort, no pleasure in the world, equal to that of being ruined. The only drawback which we can see connected with such a luxurious state, would be the constant uneasiness of recovering some day from our ruin, and then having to fall back again into the same miserable state of happiness we endured before. Only let us be ruined—ruined for life—and we shall die happy!

## THE GRECIAN DIFFICULTY.



BEFORE AND AFTER  
THE EXPLANATION.

## A TREMENDOUS BATCH OF PEERS.

ONE of the penny paragraphists of one of the fashionable journals announced the other day—as per order, of course—that Lord Somebody or other (we forget, or choose to forget, his Lordship's name) had on a preceding evening "thrown open his magnificent saloons to nearly 800 of the very highest aristocracy." Now, as the very highest aristocracy are the dukes, who number some twenty, we should be glad to know when this tremendous creation of 780 dukedoms took place, and how it is the Peerage has not been completely swamped by an inundation so vast, as to be utterly without precedent.

We hope LORD BROUGHAM will inquire into this *réunion* of 800 Peers, for there must have been an extensive usurpation of titles, if there has been no wholesale addition to the nobility; and we have certainly heard of none whatever. We should recommend some Peer to rise in his place, and move for a return of all the SMITHS, JONESSES, and ROBINSONS, included among the "800 of the highest aristocracy" to whom the "magnificent saloons" alluded to were thrown open. It might as well be said that the Beadle of Burlington had thrown open the gates of his splendid arcade to several hundred of the *haut ton*, as well as to a ton of Wall's End Coal ordered for the consumption and the curling irons of a *coiffeur* of fashion.

## METROPOLITAN MELODIES.

Air.—"*The Aesthetics of the Waters!*"

THERE'S not in the wide world an odour less sweet  
Than the stench that's exhaled where the Thames' waters meet!  
Oh, the last sense of smelling my nostrils must close,  
Ere the stench of those waters offends not my nose!

Vile scent of Thamesis, how'er can I rest,  
And know you, perchance, may engender a pest—  
Till the law, bidding shameful monopolies cease,  
Lets us wash in, or drink, our pure water in peace?

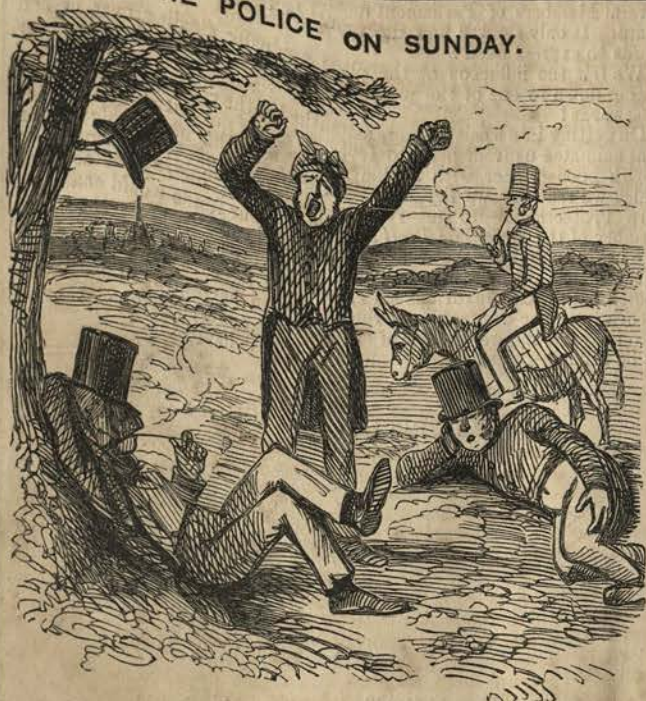
## Official False Alarm.

At a moment of considerable doubt and interest as to the disposal of the Chancellorship, considerable excitement was occasioned in legal circles, by a report which got into extensive circulation, that MR. BRIEFLESS had actually had an interview on the subject of the Great Seal. On further inquiry, it turned out that the rumour originated in a fact somewhat analogous to the subject of the Great Seal—namely, that MR. BRIEFLESS had been to see the Hippopotamus.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

THE POLICE ON SUNDAY.



We understand that it is contemplated to effect, at no distant date, a discontinuance of Sunday labour in the Police Force. Legislation, advancing in its present spirit, will soon render all work, not strictly necessary on the Sabbath, illegal. The sole and only business of the Police is to keep order in our thoroughfares, and protect our dwelling-houses. But it may be confidently expected that Sabbatical enactments will soon put down every cab, omnibus, railway-train, steam-boat, on the Sunday. None will go abroad, except a few pedestrians, who may be left to take the consequences of their impiety.



The streets will soon be exclusively occupied by thieves, with nobody to rob but one another. The houses will be sufficiently defended by their inmates, who will be forced to stay at home. The only conceivable occasion for policemen will be afforded, when people walk to church, for walk they all will and must, when not even a bishop will be suffered to ride. They will keep Bibles and Prayer-Books at their places of worship; but, still, they will be obliged to carry pocket-handkerchiefs, if only by way of provision for the sermon. It is undoubtedly possible that their

pockets will be picked. They will leave all their valuables at home; but then, when the whole family has gone to church, the domicile, perhaps, will be, to a certain extent, in danger from housebreakers. However, these are trifling inconveniences, which the Public will soon learn to put up with, after a little experience of those at present arising from Sunday legislation.

PUNCH AMONG THE PICTURES.

FLIGHT THE THIRD.

MANY of Mr. Punch's good friends the painters are very angry with him for what he has written already under this title, charging him with injustice and narrowness. As to the first charge, he has only to say, that he made a sweeping attack on a common vice and sin. That there are many painters whom the vice grieves quite as much as it grieves Mr. Punch, he knows very well, and he could, no doubt, have cited examples of pictures with meaning, and sentiment, and passion in them, and of portraits which were true representations.

Let all painters of such pictures and portraits hold themselves exempted from Punch's Jeremiade. It does not include them. They ought to be thankful that he has lifted his *bâton* against those spreading abominations of furniture pictures and conventional portraiture—

"No—Let the galled jade wince, their withers are unwrung."

But it is not Punch's purpose, or business, to pick out these meritorious gentlemen from their offending brethren.

Let the Public do that, when they pay their shillings in Trafalgar Square—so Punch would, if he were writing a *catalogue raisonnée* of the pictures in the Exhibitions. But that task he leaves to the writers of the daily papers, who have on hand a stock of stereotyped phrases for the praise and blame that is yearly doled out to the painters in the month of May as a matter of business.

Punch, on the other hand, squeaks out of the fulness of his heart, and mourns over the pretty face and scanty brains of the Muse of English Painting, because he cannot help it. He goes into the Exhibition, and comes out of it with his mind less impressed, his imagination less stirred, his fancy less titillated, than it is easy to suppose possible, after a wall of some thousand pictures has been spread for his entertainment.

But you charge him, further, with narrowness. His demand being that you should paint truly what *is*, he reduces Art, you say, to a mere servile re-production of outward Nature—and so destroys invention, and, indeed, creative Art altogether; making, at best, Daguerreotypes of you all.

Not so. All he said, was, that if you have to paint JONESES, you should paint JONESES—real, not impossible JONESES. But all art is not painting JONESES, and, even for the true representation of that large and common-place family, there is needed a generalisation, as well as a selection, a distribution and subordination of parts, which leave Art quite work enough on her hands when she goes no further than this.

Be as true as you can be. The truer you are, the more you will find your work gets away from the literal, lineal, hard, harsh, and tea-boardy, which belongs to true representation only in vulgar and untaught eyes.

But Punch has not attempted to map out the field of Art. Heaven forbid! It is as wide as mind, and may be as variously cultivated. All he asks for is, that there be meaning in what is painted, and truth in expressing that meaning. Pictures ought, in his mind, to be books, the characters whereof are colours and forms. The point in the picture, as in the book, is what the characters convey to him. This is repeated here, both because there has been some misunderstanding of what Punch has said, and because it is a preface to something he hopes to say, next week, to certain young friends of his, calling themselves the dear silly boys—Pre-Raphaelites!

MORAL OF THE PORSON PRIZE.

THE subject of the Porson Prize, at Cambridge, this year, was taken from the *Merchant of Venice*, Act v., Scene 1:—

"Lorenzo. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"

to the words,—

"Let no man be trusted."

The word "man" at Cambridge means, we believe, Undergraduate. We hope MR. WILLIAM OWEN, of St. John's, the gainer of the prize, took care to render it accordingly, with a note for the benefit of College tradesmen, who would save many an anxious parent from much misery by adopting the passage, so translated, as their motto.

THE FOX AND THE GOOSE.—The M.P. for Oldham and the M.P. for Oxford University (not GLADSTONE).



PUNCH'S BIRDS.



OME of the highest flights taken by philosophy have been in pursuit of birds. Science, in the form of Ornithology, has been running about for ages with a pinch of the salt of research between its fingers, to place on the tails of the feathered community. From the days of ROMULUS and REMUS, birds have played an important part in history, and the student will not require the elbow of his memory to be jogged by a reference to the achieve-

ment of that respectable bird, the goose, whose well-timed cackle saved the Eternal City when its durability was doubtful, and who, in his roasted state, was the harbinger of good fortune to QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The bird of good fortune to QUEEN ELIZABETH. Lark, or bird must always occupy a very high position, whether we look at him as a feathered being with wondering eyes and gaping mouth, regard him as a swallow. The loved tribe present so many phenomena from the very tip-top of the crest to by feather extremity of the drumstick, that, were we to take him to pieces, feather thing after, we should find a few words to say upon each, and still reserve some is not more to say of him by filing his bill for future comment. Though the bird woman like the dog, emphatically the friend of man, nor like the cat, the friend of for man, he is still on very amiable terms with most of the human family. Assuming, suppose the sake of illustration, the correctness of the Pythagorean doctrine, we shall take use a sort of amalgamation between the bird and the human biped, and shall are in the bird in hand just as if it were a member of our civilised community. There though many varieties of strange birds to be met with in the everyday paths of life, and which though not apparently deprived of liberty, there are many who live in a cage, for the man Convention supplies the wires. All birds, however, are not restricted by man network, sometimes gilded, and sometimes iron, that society throws around so they, and perhaps, after all, the bird who is ever at liberty to hop the twig, is in the most enviable position.

Warblers intending to run through the whole race of social birds, from the hawk down to the duck, keeping in our eye the jay, and comprehending all pies, from the magpie to the Roller—who, by the way, would seem to belong equally to the and the puddings—we shall start with the most agreeable of the series, the warblers.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

This delightful specimen of the warbler is very plentiful in England, but the choicest of the class are to be found during the spring, summer, and autumn, when, in addition to our native birds, some of the rarest nightingales visit this country, from Italy, Sweden, France, and other parts of the continent. The nightingale—as the name implies—sings chiefly at night, and abounds in gardens, such as Covent Garden, or delights in hay, many of the most favourite sort having found a very desirable nest in the Haymarket. In the former locality there is still to be seen a splendid specimen of the female nightingale, which emigrated some time ago from the latter spot. This splendid nightingale is universally known as GRISI, a magnificent specimen of the class, and possessing what DR. BECHSTEIN describes, in his *Natural History of Cage Birds*, as a wondrous union of “compass, flexibility, prodigious variety, and harmony of voice, which make it so admired by all lovers of the beautiful.”

The nightingale, as an Operatic bird, is liable to many diseases, and its tendency to cold is so great, that a draft may render it mute, though sometimes a pecuniary draft adroitly applied, or even a mere ordinary puff, will at once restore its inclination to exercise its vocal powers. Their notes are only to be procured at a very considerable cost, and some naturalists have gone so far as to allege that the note of the Operatic nightingale is due to the constant supply of Bank notes, which, in this country, the bird in question lives upon.

The mode of catching a nightingale is rather curious, and sometimes very difficult, on account of the competition among the principal Operatic bird-fanciers for the rarest and most valuable specimens.

The ordinary method of capturing a bird, considered to be of great value, and where two or three are trying to achieve the same result, is by depositing, on a firm bank, a very large bait, when the nightingale, having usually a long bill, perceives the deposit ready to meet its bill, and drawing the bait from the bank is immediately tied by the leg or caught in some legal lime that has already been spread for binding purposes. The Operatic nightingale is remarkable, not only for the variety and beauty of its plumage, but for the frequency of change that occurs in the course of a season, so that the bird may appear to be constantly moulting, yet never suffering the weakness incidental to the process, but coming out entirely changed in appearance night after night, each appearance putting an additional feather in the cap, and enabling the nightingale to soar higher and higher in public favour. The maladies to which Operatic birds of all descriptions are subject would fill a volume, and we can therefore only find room for a few of them.

The catarrh or cold is a very common complaint, to which we have already alluded. It is often caused by cold water being thrown upon the nightingale by the engines

of criticism; and then the remedy, according to DR. BECHSTEIN, is a compound of “fresh butter,” which can hardly be laid on too thick for the taste of an Operatic nightingale. Straining of the throat is a frequent cause of injury to the best of birds, and this is continually brought on by their being fed upon leaves—of music—of a most unvegetable character. This sort of verdure—called by the Italians, *Verdi*—some nightingales have the instinct to avoid, and the famous nightingale GRISI has preserved her powers unimpaired, by her taste having directed her to refrain from the deleterious article, and confine herself to a more whole some commodity.

A POETICAL INTERREGNUM.

THERE has been a considerable gap in the succession to the Poet-Laureateship, though it is rather singular that there should be any *interregnum* whatever, for if *poeta nascitur non fit*, we ought to find a poet already born for the office, and not be compelled to look out for the *poeta*, who when *fit* may be a miss-fit, and be incapable of wearing the crown of laurel. Many are of opinion that the pause in the succession has been caused by a necessity for taking in the diadem, that, though not too large for the temples of the late laureate, would completely bonnet the individual who may be selected to come after him.

The chief difficulty we see about the office, is the fact of there being nothing to do in it. The virtues of our QUEEN are of too matter-of-fact a sort, and of too every-day occurrence, to be the subject of mere holiday odes, or, indeed, of fiction in any shape. As the angler refused to go fishing, because there were no fish, so the Poet Laureate finds a difficulty in employing his fancy, because the virtues of the Sovereign form such a prosaic matter of fact as to afford no opportunity for mere flattery to play the lyre. If any duties are to be attached to the Laureateship, we would propose that they should consist of the task of giving a poetical turn to that otherwise very dull and uninteresting affair, the *Court Circular*, which fills the somewhat contemptible duty of *Paul Fry* in constant attendance on what ought to be the domestic privacy of royalty. As an illustration of what we mean we give the following specimen:—

This morning at an early hour,  
In Osborne's peaceful grounds,  
The QUEEN and PRINCE—'spite of a shower—  
Took their accustomed rounds.  
With them, to bear them company,  
PRINCE LEININGEN he went,  
And with the other royal three  
The DUCHESS, eke, OF KENT.

His ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE OF WALES  
Went forth to take the air;  
The PRINCESS ROYAL, too, ne'er fails  
His exercise to share.  
On the young members of the flock  
Was tenderest care bestowed,  
For two long hours by the clock  
They walked—they ran—they rode.

Calmly away the hours wear  
In Osborne's tranquil shade,  
And to the dinner-party there  
Was no addition made.  
Judge-Advocate SIR D. DUNDAS  
Having returned to town,  
The Royal Family circle has  
Settled serenely down.

The Strongest Thing in the World.

THE Camel has a peculiar way of remonstrating when too much is being put upon her back. She turns round, and sighs. If the sighs take no effect, she weeps. The tears are generally irresistible, and she is allowed her own way. We have heard of the same expedient being resorted to when ladies consider themselves “too much put upon.” They turn round, and weep, and instantly they are allowed their own way. The strongest thing in the world is decidedly a woman's tear, for we never knew a man yet who could stand up against it!



NEWS FOR THE HORSE MARINES.

THE latest London Lion is now to be found at the Zoological Gardens, not in the regular Lion's den, for the hobby upon which public curiosity now rides is no less than a sea-horse—our young friend the Hippopotamus. It is understood that the interesting animal came, not as a deck passenger, but at a cost of £500 for his berth, while his provisions,

instead of being included in the ordinary bill of fare, consisted of dates, and other delicacies, washed down daily with a couple of buckets of new milk, not merely from the cow, but from the subscribed contributions of all the cows, goats, and donkeys that formed part of the ship's company.



Since the interesting creature has arrived in London, the difficulty of procuring its favourite beverage in a pure state has placed the Hippopotamus under the necessity of putting up with the usual wash of chalk, pump water, brains, and other ingredients that form the liquid commonly served out daily as milk into all the cream jugs of the Metropolis. The Hippopotamus is such a young and artless creature that it does not

seem to be up to the London Milk Dodge, and laps up the trash, as if it were wallowing in the lap of luxury.

One of the great peculiarities of the Hippopotamus is its extreme sensibility, which is found very inconvenient to the Arab in attendance, who cannot go away from his young charge for half an hour, without beginning to whine after him like a young baby just put out of the



nurse's arms, and refusing to be dandled by a stranger. It is in vain that the ordinary employes at the gardens attempt the soothing system, and utter such endearments as "Pretty little Hippy Pippy," or sing songs about "Hush-aby Potty on the tree-top;" or warble an invitation to "Ride a Sea-horse to Banbury Cross;" for, in spite of all these little attentions, that usually tell so well on the infant mind, the Hippopotamus only replies with a melancholy whine for its Arab nurse, who is compelled to return and "sit a bit" with the sentimental juvenile. This is quite an unfortunate attachment for the Arab, who finds himself so completely tied by the leg to the Hippopotamus, that he cannot stir out in comfort, lest his young charge should cry his eyes out, and thus deprive himself of two of his most prominent features. The naturalists place the interesting animal among the Mammalia, but we think a new class, called the Mammy-sick-alia should be established, in order to comprise the Hippopotamus, who ought, by the way, to rank among whales, if we may judge by his tendency to blubber.



THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

THE Times complains, with justice, of the confusion into which the laws of England are thrown by the absence of anything like a feeling for LINDLEY MURRAY in the framing of our statutes. The recklessness with which adjectives are left to stand alone, and plurals thrown into discordant contact with singulars, the hopeless abandonment by antecedents of their unfortunate relatives, and the incessant outrages upon grammar which characterise our legislation, renders the whole such a fearful mass of hodge-podge, that the general obedience shown to the

laws is doubly creditable to a puzzled community. The only way to set matters right would be the advent of a strictly Grammatical Ministry, or the formation of a Cabinet, in which the great principles of LINDLEY MURRAY should be paramount. We would have a Lord High Grammarian, a Comptroller of Syn-tax, as well as the other taxes, and a Secretary of State for the Full Stops and Colons, as well as for the Colonies. We shall have little hope for the intelligibility of our laws until we see a party rising in the state, calling themselves neither Tories, Whigs, Protectionists, nor Radicals, but styling themselves simply the Grammarians.





MASTER JONATHAN TRIES TO SMOKE A CUBA, BUT IT DOESN'T AGREE WITH HIM!!

SCHOLASTIC.

"He would much rather support a Bill to encourage amusements, such as peg-top, cricket, foot-ball, and other exercises, than one for Public Libraries."—SIBTHORP on Public Instruction.

EDUCATION.

AT SIBTHORP'S ACADEMY, LINCOLN GREEN,

Youth are liberally boarded, clothed in true-blue, and educated according to the subjoined scheme of instruction, by DR. SIBTHORP and able assistants.

*Junior Course.*—Hop-sotch; Ring-taw, in all its branches; Blind Man's Buff; Hunt the Hare; Peg in the Ring; Prisoners' Base, and Rounders.

*Trap-Bat-and-Ball, extra.* Boys to find their own marbles. Every boy to come provided with a spell-and-nurr, three skeins of whip-cord, and a peg-top.

*Senior Course.*—Foot-ball, on the Harrow and Rugby systems; the use of the gloves; Hockey, after the Eton grammar of that noble game; Cricket, by a resident player of the Marylebone Club.

*Bats, Balls, and Wickets are extras. Nothing but Vacations.*

DR. S., in submitting the above programme of a manly English Education, is well aware that he will offend the numerous advocates of that wishy-washy, democratic, namby-pamby, rigmarole method of book-learning carried out in most schools.

DR. S. despises books. He does not read himself, and trusts that everybody committed to his care will leave the Academy with an uninformed mind, an improved wind, an enormous appetite, a reverence for our glorious Constitution in Church and State, a horror of revolutionary opinions, an aversion to foreigners, and a thorough contempt for HER MAJESTY'S Ministers—principles which it is DR. S.'S pride and determination to inculcate, along with the above branches of a solid and thoroughly wholesome education.

Particulars of terms may be had at Lincoln Green, on the premises, or at the House of Commons, where DR. S. attends regularly during the Session.

STOPPING HALF-WAY.

EARL DE GREY, in complimenting MR. BARRY said, of the new Houses of Parliament:—

"The purposes to which it is to be applied are multifarious—there are wide and gorgeous palace halls, long windows, short passages, lowly doorways, magnificent entrances, aspiring terraces, groined staircases, every class of residences, porters' lodges, committee-rooms, offices, and even kitchens."

We hardly think the noble flatterer goes far enough. He should have continued his oratory in the following strain:—

"The other uses of the House are indeed multitudinous—there are magnificent flues, a profusion of sinks and trusty sewers, mediæval door-knockers, arabesque scrapers, staunch bell-pulls, aspiring chimney-pots, bannisters that nothing will shake, every variety of cupboard, a coal-scuttle to every fire-place, and a gorgeous chimney in the kitchen. Nothing has been omitted that the eye of Science can display or invent. There is even a key-hole to every door."

These prodigal details would have made the compliment perfect, and would have succeeded in rendering the noble Earl's eloquence in every particular worthy of the source from which it has been apparently borrowed—the auctioneer's catalogue. What a splendid GEORGE ROBINS seems to be buried in EARL DE GREY!

BANQUET TO M. SCRIBE.

THE Dramatic Authors' Society are about to give a banquet to M. SCRIBE. This is noble—manly! For how rarely do men, deep in debt, thus seek a meeting with their heaviest creditor?

CLERICAL CONUNDRUM.

WHICH ought to be the best mannered prelate on the Episcopal Bench?

The BISHOP OF EXETER, to be sure, as he moves so much in Courts.

Q. WHAT are the "Street Orderlies?"

A. The "Street Orderlies" are the persons you see about six o'clock, waiting in the street, outside the Box-office of a Theatre, with orders.



## BULLETIN OF GENERAL LOPEZ.



OUR Savannah correspondent informs us that the subjoined bulletin is posted up in the coffee-room of the City Hotel, to which GENERAL LOPEZ, after being discharged by JUDGE NICHOLS, was escorted, amid the acclamations of the multitude:—

"CITIZENS!

"We have bin and offered the blessings of our free institutions to the enslaved and benighted Cubans. We found we was a castin our pearls afore swine. But I estimate we've larnt 'em

what it is to slight the advances of ginnerus republicans. Oh, yes! I reckon we've read 'em a lesson in manners. Eternal History will pint to the Cuban expedition from New Orleans. It is a go as Posterity will never obliivate.

"Our little band of heroes arrove at Cardenas with the olive branch in one hand and the bagganet in the other. Their fraternal overtoors was met by a charge of Lancers. Our gallant fellers was riled with sitch ongratitude. They paid back the enemy noways slow. It was shot for shot, slash for slash, dig for dig, slockdologer for slockdologer. In less than no time we had chawed up the whole troop, and left nothin of the biggest on 'em but a little grease-spot.

"We marched on victoriously to within six yards of the Governor's, where showers of balls from the house-tops rained, hailed, and snow upon us. They galled our army considerable, but no wus. COLONEL WHEAT come in for a sprinkle of the pepper, and a spice or two on it stuck in COLONEL O'HARA.

"After an hour's fightin, the Governor and his staff knoced under, and hiseted the white flag. We sot fire to his house, and locked our prisoners up in the barracks, and then went and let the convicts out of gaol.

"The enemy havin cleared off, leavin us masters of the city, we calculated we had licked 'em elegant, but when the evenin come they again riz. Two hundred horse was the amount of their squad, and by the time we had done with them, we had whittled 'em down to a dozen. Twelve of our fearless warriors breathed out their magnanimus sperrits on the field of glory.

"LIEUTENANT JONES, of Alabama, had daylight let through his side, but the bullet cleared his vitals. CAPTAIN LOGAN, Kentucky, and QUARTERMASTER SEIXAS, of Miss., have bin took from us. MAJOR HAWKINS, Kentucky, was wounded serious, but the Major has been spared.

"Nothin would have made us pause in our career of victory, but overwhelmin numbers. The convicts we had extended the blessings of liberty to, refused to jine us, not bein the rogues we took 'em for. Not meetin with the sympathy we expected, we indignantly absquotilated. We fit our way backwards to the steamer *Creole*; and I guess that arter ages will locate this here exploit alongside of GENERAL MOORE's, and call it the American Co-runner.

"Head Quarters, City Hotel, Savannah. (Signed) "LOPEZ."

## A Gnatty and Knotty Point.

We are happy to find that we are not likely to have any difference about the Mosquito Shore with the American Government. We always thought it partook a great deal of the absurdity of straining at a gnat when there was any talk of extraordinary exertion about the Mosquito. Any rumour with reference to war on the subject of Mosquito, turns out, happily, to be all Buzz.

## EXPENSIVE NATIONAL LUXURIES.

MR. GRATTAN says, that the people of Ireland are as much entitled to have their Lord-Lieutenant as the people of England are to have their Lord Chancellor. Certainly they are, if they want him, and choose to pay for him.

## The Pirate's oom.

LOPEZ, and his buccaniering companions, who built so much upon Cuba, have found that all their building consists of castles in the air, or, to speak more appropriately, *Châteaux en Espagne*. When we recollect the association that exists in the minds of Englishmen, between a Cigar and Cuba, we are not surprised that the late affair should have ended in smoke.

## A COACH GETTING SLOW.

AMONG the most obstructive carriages that stop the way of University Reform who ever would have expected to find a BROUGHAM?

## SHAKSPEARE COOKERY BY M. SCRIBE.

M. SCRIBE threatens to oust M. SOYER, and to surmount the laurels of the original dramatist with the paper-cap of the cook. M. SCRIBE's first dish to an English audience having been relished with such delight, press scribes—their ink-bottles foaming with champagne—having declared the fricassee of wondrous spiciness and flavour, and fast men having smacked their mouths, and yelled their applauses of the treat, the new French Opera Cook, in the depths of his gratitude, is about to publish the recipe by which he has been able to lay before a thoughtful, SHAKSPEARE-loving audience, the savoury mess. *Punch* has been favoured with an early copy of the document.

## HOW TO COOK A SWAN (OF AVON.)

Cut the swan into pieces, throwing away the heart and brains.—

Put the fragments of the swan in a brazen kettle.—

Place over a quick fire, which fan with the poem of *Venus and Adonis*.—

Stir with the toe of M<sup>LE</sup>. GRIST, now fast, now gently; now stir not at all.—

Use LABLACHE as a bellows, when wanted to boil.—

Take a song of SONTAG's, as cold champagne, occasionally to cool.—

Boil again with an air by COLETTI.—

Cool and boil, and boil and cool, until the fragments of the Swan shall be thoroughly dissolved.

Strain through canvas, painted by MARSHALL.—

Serve hot to an enlightened public, who will be frantic with delight that a French cook should have made so admirable a *fricassee* of their adored Swan of Avon.—

N.B. It would doubtless give the dish a fine flavour if the fire could be made of the rafters of SHAKSPEARE's Birth-place.

Further, *Mr. Punch* may be allowed to advise M. SCRIBE, who can hatch such admirable French geese of his own, not to meddle with the Swan of Stratford.

## WHAT HO! WATCH, I SAY.

We have for some years kept a watch on the London clocks, and have always had in our eye the hands of the principal public timepieces. Chance and a threepenny 'bus—one of the Atlas, which never could have been intended by the immortal bard, when he wrote the words, "fixed as great Atlas self," for the 'busses in question are remarkable for the fewness and brevity of their stoppages;—chance, then, and an Atlas 'bus took us the other day to the neighbourhood of the Old Cavendish Street Post-Office. Instinct led our eye to the clock, which we instantly perceived to be suffering with a sort of *delirium tremens* in the hands, which are so shaky that they let the time slip, as it were, through their fingers. We believe the clock does not suffer from any internal complaint, but there is such a nervous movement of the hands, that the clock would seem to be affected by a sort of St. Vitus's Dance, which causes it to play truant in a Truandaise of a very desperate description. The clock keeps its own internal arrangements very well, but rumour and our own correspondent have informed us, that the Post-Office authorities keep a man expressly to lead the clock by the hand, and it is only by his constant vigilance in going hand in hand with the clock that it can ever be made to conduct itself with the least regularity.

## A NATIVE APPEAL TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOURABLE HOUSE,

I AM an oyster, a real native; and as such have within me the largest and noblest pearl ever bred by British mollusc. My house—that is my two shells—is little more than simple lime; yet—with the pearl inside—what a treasure it contains!

Oysters of the House of Commons, does my condition preach no moderation—no moral to you? Your House has already cost two millions of money, and I should like to know what will be the value of the pearls dropt from the mouths of its tenants?

Yours, (with a broad hint),

A MODEST OYSTER.

## DEAF TO COMMON SENSE—AND EVERYTHING ELSE.

It seems that it is very difficult to hear anything in the new House of Commons. According to this, the fallacy of petitioning will be rendered clearer than ever, for it will be quite impossible now for the people to "gain the ear" of Parliament.

CAUSE FOR EXPLOSION.—Of all names, we think that "GUNN" must be one of the most unpleasant. It must be so very trying to one's temper to be continually asked if you are the "son of a gun?"



## A BIT OF MY MIND.

## BIT THE EIGHTH.

MRS. MOUSER TRIES HER HAND AS AN EXPERIMENTAL LEGISLATRESS.

MR. PUNCH.—Having my own notions, perhaps a little assisted by the Beadle of Exeter Hall—(by the way, SUSANNAH is not going to leave us, for all her warning; the Savings' Bank, in which she put her bit of money having failed, and the Policeman that was to marry her, failing immediately afterwards)—having my own notions upon what an Act of Parliament ought to be to double lock the Sabbath like a prison door, with chains and bolts to make it fast and respected,—I have steeped out of my sex for once to give my pattern of an Act of Parliament as it should be; which pattern I beg to send through you, *Mr. Punch*, to that suffering nobleman, LORD ASHLEY; who, I understand, has—upon his own authority—sacrificed his reputation for the good of the working-classes, who, I hope, will show their proper merits of his Lordship's goodness, by presenting him with a costly piece of plate, or some such token. It isn't often, Goodness knows! that a real nobleman jumps into a gulf like the Roman CURTIS,—and when he does, he ought to be thanked and respected accordingly. But, *Mr. Punch*, to give you my draft—as I believe it's called, of

## AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT FOR SECURING THE SUNDAY.

**MERCERS**,—It has been thought nothing but proper, especially by the Dignities and Authorities assembled in LORD ASHLEY'S Drawing-room and MR. PLUMPTRE'S back-Parlour,—to take a loving Care of the Souls and Consciences of the Masses of HER MAJESTY'S loving Subjects, too many of 'em not a bit better than Turks and Heathens, and knowing no more of the Sunday than the Mackarel that is sold by Act of Parliament, to the Grief of the truly Respectable on that day,—

It is Enacted, to begin with the extreme Beginning, that it shall not be lawful for any Child, Male or Female, Single or Twins, to be Born on a Sunday. Inasmuch, and for the very Reason, that many respectable Professional Gentlemen, to say Nothing of Druggists' Assistants and Monthly Nurses, are—by such Forgefulness of the Seventh Day—called up and out at a Minute's Notice, to the Neglect of their better Duties.

And Further, If Children, after the Passing of this Act, in Contempt of the QUEEN, the Bishops, MR. PLUMPTRE, and LORD ASHLEY, will go on, coming into the World on a Sunday, as if no Act to the contrary had been set forth, and Signed by the QUEEN, with her Crown on her Head, and her Sceptre in her Hand, THEN—

All Such Sabbath-born Law-Breakers—Boys or Girls, Single or Twins,—shall be deprived of all Civil and Political Rights, being considered Born out of the Law, and therefore to be treated as little Rogues and Vagabonds, who will have no Right to know that they exist at all, except when such Knowledge is brought Home to their Consciences and Pockets by the Law that shall, to the end of all Time, cast them in Double Taxes.

Further, Be it Enacted, That all such Offenders born on a Sunday—and thereby coming into the World in Contempt of Our aforesaid Sovereign Lady the QUEEN, MR. PLUMPTRE, and LORD ASHLEY in particular,—shall never be Christened. And, Further, if any Archbishop, Bishop, or Dean shall, in Violation of this Act, attempt to baptise any Felonious Infant so offending, that then the said Archbishop, Bishop, or Dean shall be liable to Support, Provide, and Pay for every such Boy, Girl, Single or Twins, as if such said Baby or Babies were their own natural Flesh, and not born Outlaws, with no acknowledged Father or Mother, or Nurses Wet, or to the Contrary.

Further, Be it Enacted, That—in place of Baptism—the said Felonious Sucklings born on Sundays shall be numbered only by the Beadle of the Parish (properly Empowered for that Service) so that, denied the Christian Comforts of a Name, they shall—by the Figure borne—carry their own Register as to their numerical Strength, and Social and Political Weakness.

(And be it particularly Enacted, That the Beadle of Exeter Hall shall, by Virtue and Violence of his Office, be the Grand Registrar Beadle of all Felonious Infants born on Sundays in HER MAJESTY'S United Empire, Herne Bay and the Isle of Man included.)

And, Further, to assure the Better Observance of the Sabbath—now too frequently violated by the Performance of the Marriage Service—all Parties joined together in Matrimony on a Sunday, shall not be considered joined at all. JOHN BROWN and MARY WHITE, wedded on the Sabbath, shall by no means be held One Bone and One Flesh, but Separate Bones and Separate Flesh; that is, the Bones and Flesh of JOHN and the Bones and Flesh of MARY, as if no Ceremony whatever had been performed, or celebrated between them.

And Whereas, divers Excellent Rose-coloured People—and especially LORD ASHLEY and MR. PLUMPTRE—have been mightily grieved and scandalised at the Performance of the Rite of Marriage on the Sabbath; and Whereas they—the Rose-coloured People aforesaid, moved by the most virtuous Scruples, would lay Axes of all Sizes, and without Number,

to all the Roots of Sunday Neglect as especially shown in Sunday Matrimony,—

Be it Enacted,—That all Mercers shall have a Certificate signed by not less than Three Respectable Householders (who have paid their Water-Rates,) that any Silk, Satin, Lace, or any Commodity of their Trade, sold for Wedding-Gowns, Wedding-Ribands, or Wedding-Laces, are not to be used, put on, or worn for a Sunday Wedding; and, in Default of non-Requirement of such Certificate, that they, the Mercers, shall be committed to Gaol for not less than Three Months, with or without Oakum, at the Decision of the Magistrates.

And Be it Enacted,—That the same Clause shall apply to all Tailors supplying Wedding-Coats with their Supplements. To all Glovers vending Wedding-Gloves. To all Pastry Cooks dealing in Wedding-Cakes and Wedding-Breakfasts. And, Further, that all Carriages and Post-Horses belonging to Post-Masters, let out for Hire or Reward to Sabbath Wedding-Parties,—be confiscated to the Parish, the Beadle of Exeter Hall having—in Virtue of his Office—Right and Authority to seize one Carriage to his Own Use, with not more than Four Horses for every Statute Twelvemonth.

And Further, Be it Enacted, That all Tavern-Keepers, Licensed Victuallers, and Others who shall—without Enquiry—harbour and comfort any Sunday Bride and Bridegroom for the Honeymoon, or any Day thereof, shall forfeit their Licence for Ever and Ever, and be mulct in a fine of not less than Ten Pounds, to be carried to the Poor.

And Further, That no Tradesman soever, shall recover the Amount of any Debt for any Goods or Commodities, whether of Food or Apparel served during the Honeymoon—(which to Offenders shall henceforth be known as the Aloes Moon)—to those Criminals who believe themselves Married on a Sunday.

And Further, That as it is a Matter of deplorable Notoriety, that Many Persons—having no respect for the Feelings of divers Rose-coloured Individuals, and of LORD ASHLEY and MR. PLUMPTRE in Particular, have been known to Die, or Decease, or otherwise become Defunct on a Sunday—

Be it Enacted, That henceforth every Man, Woman, or Child, who shall henceforth violate the Feelings of the Rose-coloured Individuals aforesaid, and especially of MR. PLUMPTRE and LORD ASHLEY, by Dying on the Sabbath,—

SHALL BE BURIED by Certain Undertakers by Law Appointed, who shall exact any Amount of Cost of Funeral that may to them seem Fit—burying the Sabbath Defunct Criminal in Rough Deals, and with not an Inch of Feather,—and that such Amount shall be paid by the Heirs or Assigns of the dead Culprit, at their Peril refusing to disburse the Same.

And Further, Be it Enacted, That All Parties dying on Sunday—and thereby offending certain aforesaid Parties, and particularly LORD ASHLEY and MR. PLUMPTRE—shall have their Epitaphs written by the Beadle of Exeter Hall in the blackest Paint, and in the very hottest Syllables.

Long Live the QUEEN, and (saving Her Royal Presence),  
Long Live MR. PLUMPTRE and MR. ASHLEY!

There, *Mr. Punch*, that is my notion—with a little of the Beadle's, I own—of An Act for the Better Chaining and Bolting of the Sunday,—a notion which I will thank you to forward to LORD ASHLEY, and beg of him to believe me (with yourself),

Truly Bound by his Lordship,

The Honeysuckles,

AMELIA MOUSER.

## FILCHING A GOOD NAME.

THE republic of letters is remarkable for the number and variety of the titles to which it annually gives rise; some of the titles being almost as unaccountable in their origin as that of the celebrated NATHAN BARONY, now existing in Kenning'on. The last eccentricity of authorship in giving a name to a work is exemplified by the daily announcement of "The Shoe and the Canoe, or Travels in Canada." In accordance with the customary rule of imitation, we may expect shortly to see advertised "The Sock and the Rock, or a Week at Gibraltar," as well as "The Highlow and the Highlands," "The Slipper and the Iceberg," with a crowd of other counterfeits of the original to which we have alluded. The "Shoe," &c., will soon have a tribe of imitators treading on its heels, for every one is ready to follow the steps, or stand in the shoes of a successful writer.

It is in vain to attempt to achieve a singularity of title; for the singularity is immediately changed into plurality by the mass of imitators, who, though always jealous of success, are in some respects different from the green-eyed monster, inasmuch as they are thoroughly unable to make "the meat they feed on."

## AN AUTHOR'S CRY OF AGONY.

Wrung from Him by the Repeated calls of the Printer Boy.

"Oh! that Devils' visits were, like Angels', 'few and far between!'"





THE REAL FLOWER-SHOW.

THE STAR OF FRANCE AND HIS SALARY.

LOUIS NAPOLEON often having afforded us a good laugh, we shall offer him in return a good cry. "*Vive Napoléon II!*" and "*Vive l'Empereur!*" have been tried and won't do. Something more rational is required as a shout for the PRINCE PRESIDENT. The want is supplied to a nicety by the apposite exclamation,

"VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE DRAMATIQUE ET THÉÂTRALE!"

The dramatic and theatrical republic—not the social and democratic republic, or the simple republic, is precisely what the French Republic is. It is a declaiming, singing, dancing, decorative, scenic republic. Its histrionic character is peculiarly manifested in LOUIS NAPOLEON regarded as its representative. His part of President consists mainly of regular stage-business, riding about in full uniform, distributing crosses, pinning decorations to the breasts of meritorious peasants, and making wives and children happy. It is but just to say that he goes through even the heaviest act of charity *con amore*, and enters into the spirit of his situation. However, it seems that he has trusted to the national management to indemnify him for his disbursements; since he now applies for a dotation-bill to enable him to pay the debts which he has incurred in character, and to sustain his somewhat exhausting part. By continually repeating "Hold; take this purse," the word being suited to the action and the purse containing real cash, the most opulent pockets must be emptied in the end; and if LOUIS NAPOLEON is to go on relieving distress and dispensing happiness to infinity, he must be the goose with golden eggs, or else, if he persists in such munificence, he will be the goose without them. Much indignation has been raised by his demand for an increase of salary; but it is perfectly reasonable that, being expected to furnish a constant stream of bounty, he should claim an adequate supply from the national well. Otherwise, indeed, he would be a mere empty Pump. No: let his friends cry "*Vive la République dramatique et théâtrale!*" and base is that Public which seeks for orders, and grudges even to pay the expenses of the poor actor.

CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.—Taking the Nepalese Princes to see the *Island of Jewels*.

THE WELLINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON will go down to posterity not only as the hero of a hundred fights, but as the hero of, at least, a million letters. Future ages will declare that never were the spirit and the letter so strikingly combined, as in the grand junction of valour and epistolary correspondence that distinguishes the conqueror of Waterloo. He was evidently born to be a man of note, in every sense of the word, and is as much at home in presiding over the billet of a soldier, as in replying to the billet of any one who addresses him. F. M. THE DUKE will be looked upon by posterity, as the polite letter-writer of the nineteenth century. Everybody writes to him, and he writes to everybody in return, so that, of all his numerous distinguished posts, the General Post will hereafter be regarded as his favourite. It is calculated that he consumes more letter-paper than six of the largest commercial houses in England put together, and if he does not ride out with the order of the Bath on his breast, he never stirs from home without investing his stationer with the usual order of the Bath Post—on which he writes his daily ream of letters. We think a great deal of trouble might be saved if F. M. were to start a weekly newspaper, to be called either *The Duke's Life in London*, or *The Apsley Times*, for the purpose of answering his numerous correspondents in some five or six columns of small print, for, even if the journal did not pay half its expenses, he would save a fortune in postage.

Lopez and Cuba.

OLD smokers will remember a cigar which used to be sold under the name of "labelled Lopez." The Lopez now become so celebrated should be labelled "Pirate." In connexion with the subject of tobacco, we may make the observation, that from literary to common piracy there seems to be but one step in America, and advise Jonathan to put that in his pipe and smoke it.

CALUMNY, THE REAL BLACK REVIVER.

A MAN'S character is frequently treated like a grate—blackened all over first, to come out the brighter afterwards.





THE AMERICAN ROVER-GENERAL WOT TRIED TO  
STEAL A CUBA.





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