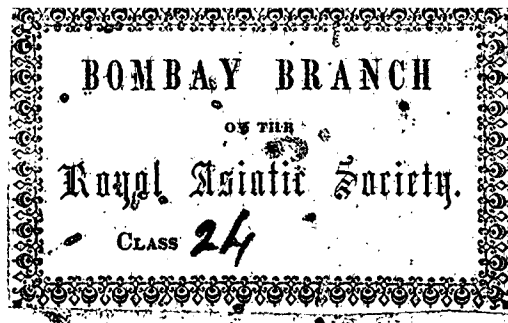




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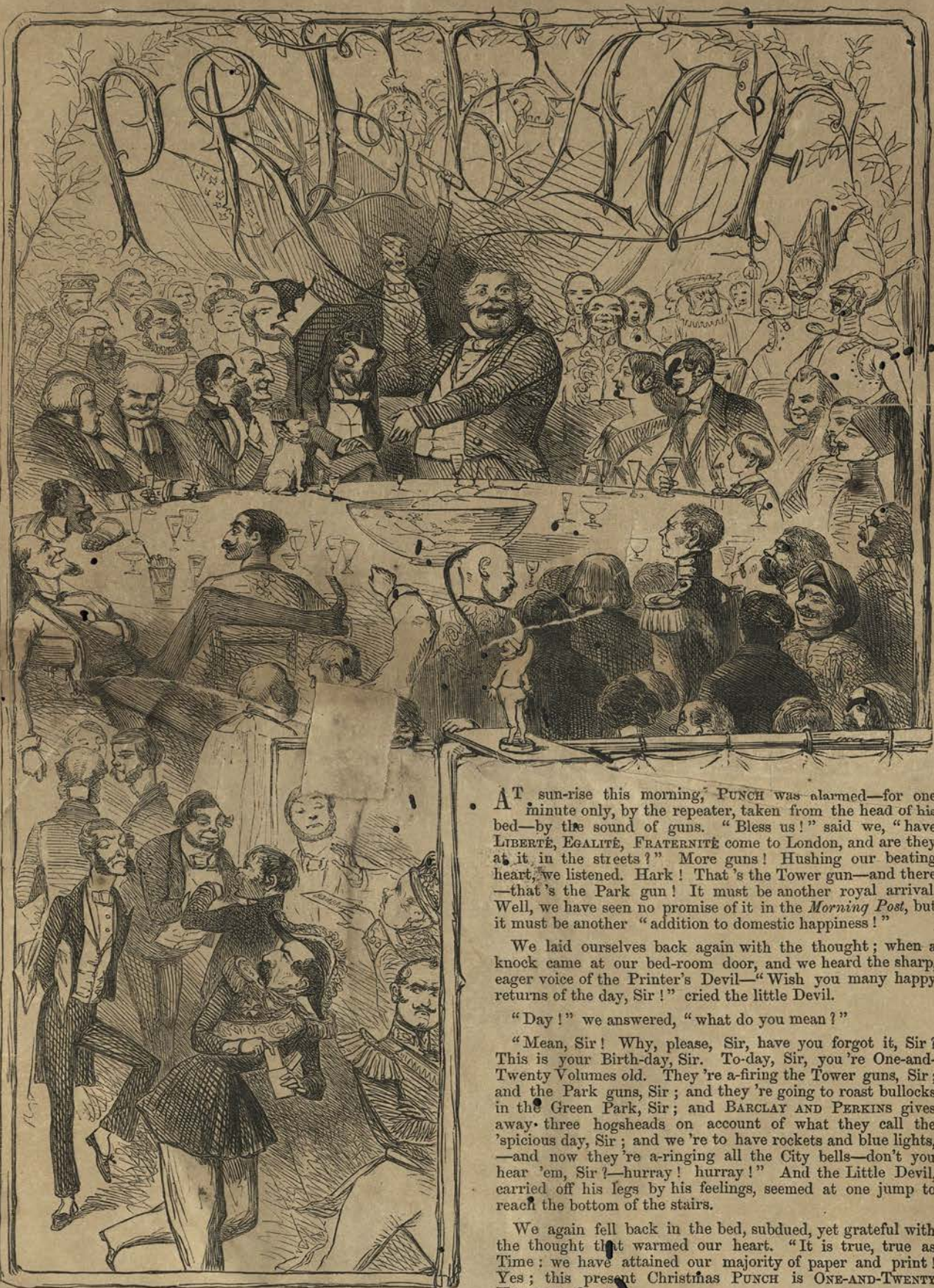


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AT sun-rise this morning, PUNCH was alarmed—for one minute only, by the repeater, taken from the head of his bed—by the sound of guns. "Bless us!" said we, "have LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ come to London, and are they at it in the streets?" More guns! Hushing our beating heart, we listened. Hark! That's the Tower gun—and there—that's the Park gun! It must be another royal arrival. Well, we have seen no promise of it in the *Morning Post*, but it must be another "addition to domestic happiness!"

We laid ourselves back again with the thought; when a knock came at our bed-room door, and we heard the sharp, eager voice of the Printer's Devil—"Wish you many happy returns of the day, Sir!" cried the little Devil.

"Day!" we answered, "what do you mean?"

"Mean, Sir! Why, please, Sir, have you forgot it, Sir? This is your Birth-day, Sir. To-day, Sir, you're One-and-Twenty Volumes old. They're a-firing the Tower guns, Sir; and the Park guns, Sir; and they're going to roast bullocks in the Green Park, Sir; and BARCLAY AND PERKINS gives away three hogsheads on account of what they call the 'spicious day, Sir; and we're to have rockets and blue lights, —and now they're a-ringing all the City bells—don't you hear 'em, Sir?—hurray! hurray!" And the Little Devil, carried off his legs by his feelings, seemed at one jump to reach the bottom of the stairs.

We again fell back in the bed, subdued, yet grateful with the thought that warmed our heart. "It is true, true as Time: we have attained our majority of paper and print! Yes; this present Christmas PUNCH is ONE-AND-TWENTY VOLUMES OLD!"

How all the City Bells did ring! What a shower of silver sounds they let fall upon the roofs, adown the chimneys, in the streets! And our own bell of St. BRIDE'S,—with what a sweet significance it wagged its neighbourly tongue! And all rejoicing at the ONE-AND-TWENTIETH Birth-day of PUNCH. We are proud to confess it: we *did* feel our heart-strings tremble, sweetly responsive to the music.

We arose at our usual winter hour; and—there was the finger of luck in the matter—we unconsciously put on our court suit; that very cut velvet worked with amaranths adown the borders and pocket-holes, and spotted with forget-me-nots on the body—together with the satin waistcoat with those life-like halcyons worked in it—the whole to conclude with the amber-coloured inevitables. (Yes; we endued ourselves in *that* very court suit which we have had prepared for us, when—at a minute's notice and upon the last emergency—HER MAJESTY may wish to swear in *the* Privy Councillor.)

We had scarcely breakfasted, when our jocund Publisher stood before us. He wore a wreath of mistletoe, and carried a wand twined its full length with holly. "If you please, Sir," said he, "they're come."

"Who's come?" we asked.

"Everybody's come, Sir. The guns have fired—the bells are ringing—and everybody's come. Which will you have first, Sir? LORD JOHN RUSSELL or the LORD MAYOR?"

"LORD JOHN! Why, you never mean"—

"They're all here, Sir; but one and all, Sir, say they'll take you in the rough, and insist upon no ceremony. 'Twill be more party and like yourself, they say, Sir. Which first, Sir? LORD JOHN, or the LORD MAYOR?"

And not awaiting an answer, our Publisher vanished, and the next minute we heard ceremonious footsteps treading the stairs. Another minute, and LORD JOHN, with "all the Ministers in town," stood in our modest apartment. We all bowed to each other.

LORD JOHN then approached us—took us by the hand, and said, in his own epigrammatic way—"MR. PUNCH, as a slight recognition of the value of your counsel—counsel, so modestly advanced, but that ever has its weight at a certain Table—my colleagues and myself are here to congratulate you. It has been said, Sir, that the literary mind is 'the unacknowledged legislator of the world.' The saying is true; and I hope the acknowledgment will henceforth be made as manifest. MR. PUNCH, you have this day One-and-Twenty Volumes on your head; may every new Volume, like every Volume past, be only as a new curl upon the head of SAMSON—so that with a hundred Volumes you may stand like the giant of old, the stronger with every growth!" (*Cry of "Hear! Hear!" from LORD PALMERSTON.*)

THE LORD CHANCELLOR and the JUDGES next presented themselves. "MR. PUNCH," said his Lordship, "we are here to congratulate and thank you as a great law-reformer. When HERCULES cleansed the Augean Mews he had (beside the river) a broom. You, Sir, are mightier than HERCULES. What can withstand your river—sable stream!—flowing from your ink-horn? And whilst your mighty goose-pen supplies at one end the power of the HERCULEAN besom, does it not—pointed and endowed like ITHURIEL'S spear—touch false seeming into true reality, with the other?" (*Cry of "Very Good!" from MR. JUSTICE TOLFOURD.*)

THE LORD MAYOR and ALDERMEN (in their robes) were next shown up. His Lordship said, "MR. PUNCH, from the first hour that you condescended to take up your abode in the City of London, which, Sir, I will venture to call the metropolis of the world—"(*Hear! Hear!* from SIR PETER LARRIE)—the City has felt, in a thousand ways, the beneficence of your *wharves*. Sir, since your wit has shone in Fleet Street, Fleet Street has never known a Fog—(*cries of "Oh!"*)—that is, a fog to speak of. It is to you, Sir, that we owe the abolition of the tyrannous twopence taken heretofore at St. Paul's—*it is* owing to your irresistible pen that the pens of Smithfield have no longer an iniquitous existence. And, Sir, to corroborate, I feel that I am only possessed by that traditional spirit of prophecy that has filled all Lord Mayors, from WHITTINGTON or HUNTER, to predict that, whatever future good shall descend upon the City, that good will fall upon it fall—as from the feathers of a Bird of Paradise—from the pen-feather of PUNCH." (*"Hear, hear!" from SIR PETER LARRIE, who also says, aside, "An excellent speech; I shall certainly put it down."*)

And thus was PUNCH congratulated by various bodies, until, at four o'clock, he was left grateful, delighted, and exhausted, alone in his arm-chair. He was lapsing into slumber, when his faithful Publisher aroused him. "Sir," said he, "you must not forget the dinner—five, punctual;—everybody will be there." Enough; we went forth and dined, dined with—but our Artist has given the Company.

However, we rose from table early, and accompanied by many of our friends, sallied forth. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when we visited Hyde Park. Even at Apsley House, we began to smell the bullocks roasting in honour of our Twenty-First Volume. Nor could there be, throughout the breadth and length of the land, a plum-pudding bigger than PUNCH'S heart, when he beheld, after showers of fire-works, these burning words in rainbow-coloured lights,



W. D. LAMBE F.F.S.



THE LAY OF THE LONDON WANDERER.

I AM tired of the season, I am *blasé* of its sweets ;
 I am getting sick of London, and the turmoil of the streets ;
 I have danced till I am dizzy, I have polk'd till I am lame ;
 Each thing in the Crystal Palace I can almost tell by name ;
 I have feasted in the City, crammed with turtle to the throat.
 Let me rush on board the steamer—let me take the Margate boat.
 Wharfwards in a cab I hurry, and the driver puts me down,
 Having earned his one-and-eightpence, having charged me half-a-crown.
 I have gained the gallant vessel, and the deck I boldly pace ;
 Funnels in my ear are shrieking—blacks are flying in my face.
 Now, the Skipper skips before me,—on the paddle-box he stands,
 Making faces with his features, making signals with his hands :
 Gallant tar, with bronzed complexion, hero of ten thousand trips,
 In the little Greenwich steamers, and the larger Margate ships :
 Gallant tar, that brought the *Daisy* safely over Chelsea Reach,
 When the water at its lowest scarcely covered half the beach :
 Gallant tar, that brought the *Inviant* safe athwart of Woolwich Pier,
 With the *Meteor* slap afore her, and the *Blazer* in the rear :
 Gallant tar, that has presided daily at the festive meal,
 Sliced the bacon, cut the cabbage, pass'd the salt, and carved the veal ;
 Help'd the lady sitting near him to a bit of under-done,
 Seasoning the dainty morsel with the lightly utter'd pun :
 Gallant tar, that, after dinner, wixt his finger and his thumb
 Takes the old familiar penn'orth of the old Jamaica rum :
 Gallant tar, that gaily paces both the fore and after decks,
 Taking—for the fares—the money, giving—in exchange—the checks.
 Onward, through the muddy waters, goes the vessel in her course,
 Banging 'gainst o'erladen barges with a superhuman force.
 Hark, the cry of "Now then, stupid !" hark, the shout of "Awkward fool !"
 Following each fresh collision in the overcrowded Pool.
 Limehouse we have left behind us ; Rotherhithe becomes a speck ;
 Greenwich seems to swim around us as we walk about the deck.
 Objects now are growing little that were lately very big ;
 Tilbury is disappearing underneath the Captain's gig.
 Soon the Nore we shall be passing—Youth itself at last may eloy ;
 Looking out, we can't help asking, "Who would always be a buoy ?"
 Now the water's getting rougher ; pale-faced people grimly glide
 To the windward of the vessel, hanging helpless o'er the side.
 Now the Captain comes before us—every inch a gallant tar ;
 On his head an old sou'-wester, in his mouth a cheap cigar ;
 Round his throat a woollen kerchief, with a grog-drop in his eye ;
 In his voice a tone of hoarseness as he bids the crew "stand by."
 Through the water rides the vessel ; merrily our course we urge,
 As old NEPTUNE seems to pledge us in a pot of foaming surge.
 Past the Bay of Herne we hasten—leaving that all-tranquil coast,
 Where the sinecure policeman fattens on his useless post ;
 Where the architect's invention saw in fancy streets and squares,
 But his plans, alas ! have ended in potatoes, corn, and tares.
 We have left the Bay behind us, Margate now attracts the sight,
 With its Jetty on the ocean, and its windmills on the height :
 There the Camera Obscura in its well-known watch-box stands ;
 PHILLPOTTS, CRICKETT, WOOD, and FREEBELL with machines adorn the sands.
 Who is he that now is standing on the Pier or Harbour's brink,
 With a coat whose cuffs and collar dazzle with intensest pink ?
 Can it be the local post-man ?—No, a nobler stamp he bears ;
 'Tis the uniform of Windsor this marine official bears.
 Can it be the Crown's Adviser, leaving Downing Street awhile,
 For the baths, bazaars, and donkeys that abound in Thanet's Isle ?

A Hollow Trick.

A WICKER-WORK Elephant has been purchased for the purpose of exhibiting, in the Crystal Palace, some beautiful gold trappings that have been sent over from India. We advise an inspection of this wicker-work Elephant before it is admitted into the precincts of the Palace, or else a surprise may be successfully carried out—or rather carried in—after the manner of the wooden Horse of Troy.—Who knows that COLONEL SIBTHORP—and LORD BROUGHAM—may not be concealed, each in a leg of the Elephant, to enable them to emerge at night, and take a peep, unobserved, of the wonders of the Exhibition ?

THE HORRORS OF THE MIDDLE PASSAGE.—Our Fat Contributor, on a very hot day, going through the Lowther Arcade.

No, 'tis Margate's Harbour-Master! Porters tremble at his frown;
Even flymen cease their quarrels, as he passes through the town.
Apple-women pay him homage; so do those who deal in shrimps:
All respect him, save the urchins—Mischief's own acknowledged
imps.

Soft reflections thus indulging, twenty porters gather round,
Snatching my portmanteau from me, with obeisances profound.
Margate's shore my feet are touching. Though I'm in a stranger land,
Fifty hospitable greeters come to take me by the hand.
Each one offers an asylum where the visitor may dwell;
Crying, "Wright's!"—the "York," Sir!—"Ship," Sir!—last, not
least—the "Pier Hotel!"

Who with reverential treatment when away from home would meet,
Let him, as a thorough stranger, take a walk up Margate's street;
At each door a deputation to receive him will attend,
Bowing him the outward welcome of an old familiar friend.

To a bath they will invite him—smiles upon him they'll bestow;
Bowing not the less politely though he answers, "Thank you—no!"
Let me hurry to the Raffle, let me seek the gay Bazaar,
Where one shilling out of twenty wins the eighteen-penny jar;
Where the thirty half-crown chances, taken by the circle round,
Give to Fortune's child some snuffers, worth—including tray—a
pound.

Let me seek the mad excitement—let me sing a wild "tol lol;"
Let me have a dozen chances in yon raffle for a doll.
Let me listen to the lady singing in a muslin dress;
When she warbles "Wilt thou love me?" let me halloo, "Yes,
Ma'am, yes."

Buy me heaps of Margate slippers, telescopes, and novels old;—
Those are the delights of Margate, as I have been always told.
As the sword will wear the scabbard, so my brain has worn my head.
Waiver! boots! or anybody! see me safely up to bed.



SCENE—EXHIBITION REFRESHMENT ROOM.

Visitor. "PINT O' BEER, MISS, PLEASE."

Miss. "DON'T KEEP IT. YOU CAN HAVE A STRAWBERRY ICE AND A WAFER!"

THE WAGGERIES OF WAGGETT.

THE House of Commons is in a fix for want of WAGGETT, the missing witness in the St. Alban's Election case. A reward of fifty pounds has been offered; but MR. WAGGETT does not mean to allow himself to go—or, rather, to come—at such a shabby figure. The fact is, he seems waggishly disposed, and appears to relish with a rich sense of humour the fun of an interview with the Inspector, who goes after the witness, round the witness, and into the company of the witness, without being able to touch the witness.

Snug in a French hotel
The witness loves to dwell.

And, in fact, MR. WAGGETT likes France so much, that he contemplates, it is said, proceeding into the interior.

Those who would run after WAGGETT, as they would after the Hippopotamus, the Elephant, or any other lion of the day, must expedite their movements if they wish to see the interesting object within an easy distance of London; for he will not, as he tells the Inspector, remain much longer "on view" at Boulogne.

A NICE LITTLE GAME—TO BE PLAYED ON A FOREIGNER!

If we hear of a violent assault—or perhaps a murder—being committed in broad daylight in Regent Street, we shall not be in the least astonished at it. If anything fearful occurs after the warning we have given, the fault will rest entirely on the heads of the Police. Really we think they ought to put a stop to the games, however funny they may be, that are being daily played by the street vendors who are *attachés* to the *White Bear* in Piccadilly. These facetious gentlemen delight in practising their fun upon the poor foreigners who spring down from the Richmond Busses. Their favourite game is the following:

"They select the poor unfortunate foreigner who has the longest beard. They surround him on all sides with bundles of open razors in their hands. They follow him from street to street, extolling their merits. He shrugs his shoulders—perhaps laughs—then looks fierce—and implies by the most expressive pantomimic gestures that he does not want any. They still follow him, recommending their wares,—'Monseer will find a razor will do him a deal of good.' The monseer gets angry. They flourish their razors in his face. He stamps, and, if *Sacré* be a French oath, he certainly swears. A crowd collects. The little blackguards laugh—Monsieur contributes unconsciously to the fun, by losing all command of his French temper. If he raises his hand, or his foot, the delight of the mob knows no bounds.—It shrieks with laughter. The razors are brandished still more vigorously in his face, accompanied with witticisms which our reputation forbids us to repeat. This game is carried on in the funniest manner, all the way up Regent Street,—till at last the unhappy object of it, takes refuge in some billiard-room, or a cigar shop, and then there is an end to the fun."

Now, we are only afraid if a razor should happen to touch a hair of the Frenchman's beard that the fun might take a very different turn. We are very reluctant to interfere with the amusements of the people, and have no desire to deprive them of one of their sports and pastimes; but the game in question we denounce as a cruel one, and, if not stopped, will certainly lead to the most serious consequences. Only consider, for instance, what would be the fearful result if the game were accidentally attempted upon CAUSSIDIÈRE!

One Way of Getting Through the Exhibition.

We hardly think it can be true that SIBTHORP was in the car of the balloon which nearly fell through the Crystal Palace. The thing is so absurd, that we can scarcely give it credence—and yet we have believed many absurd things of the Colonel in his time. The stupid rumour is, that the Hon. Member for Lincoln was anxious to visit the Exhibition unobserved,—and that he had chosen the Balloon purposely, in order to give him an opportunity of "dropping in" on the sly!

LABOURS OF THE ABODE OF LOVE.

AN illiterate person defending the inmates of the Agape-mone from the charge of idleness, argued that they were never in want of hockey-pation.

PROMOTION FOR THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF!

A MESMERIST proposes to convert the IRON DUKE into steel in order to magnetise him.

WOMAN'S EMANCIPATION.

(Being a Letter addressed to Mr. Punch, with a Drawing, by a strong-minded American Woman.)



It is quite easy to realise the considerable difficulty that the natives of this old country are like to have in estimating the rapid progress of ideas on all subjects among us, the Anglo-Saxons of the Western World. Mind travels with us on a rail-car, or a high-pressure river-boat. The snags and sawyers of prejudice, which render so dangerous the navigation of Time's almighty river, whose water-power has toppled over these giant-growths of the world, without being able to detach them from the congenial mud from which they draw their nutriment, are dashed aside or run down in the headlong career of the United States mind.

We laugh to scorn the dangers of popular effervescence. Our almighty-browed and cavernous-eyed statesmen sit, heroically, on the safety-valve, and the mighty ark of our vast Empire of the West moves on at a pressure on the square inch which would rend into shivers the rotten boiler-plates of your outworn states of the Old World.

To use a phrase, which the refined manners of our ladies have banished from the drawing-room, and the saloon of the boarding-house, *we go a-head*. And our progress is the progress of all—not of high and low, for we have abolished the odious distinction—but of man, woman, and child, each in his or her several sphere.

Our babies are preternaturally sharp, and highly independent from the cradle. The high-souled American boy will not submit to be whipped at school. That punishment is confined to negroes and the lower animals.

But it is among *our sex*—among women—(for I am a woman, and my name is THEODOSIA EUDOXIA BANG, of Boston, U.S., Principal of the Homœopathic and Collegiate Thomsonian Institute for developing the female mind in that intellectual city)—that the stranger may realise in the most convincing manner the progressional influences of the democratic institutions it is our privilege to live under.

An American female—for I do not like the term *Lady*, which suggests the outworn distinctions of feudalism—can travel alone from one end of the States to the other—from the majestic waters of Niagara to the mystic banks of the Yellow-stone, or the rolling prairies of Texas. The American female delivers lectures—edits newspapers, and similar organs of opinion, which exert so mighty a leverage on the national mind of our great people—is privileged to become a martyr to her principles,

and to utter her soul from the platform, by the side of the gifted POE or the immortal PEABODY. All this in these old countries is the peculiar privilege of man, as opposed to woman. The female is consigned to the slavish duties of the house. In America the degrading cares of the household are comparatively unknown to our sex. The American wife resides in a boarding-house, and, consigning the petty cares of daily life to the helps of the establishment, enjoys leisure for other pursuits, and can follow her vast aspirations upwards, or in any other direction.

We are emancipating ourselves, among other badges of the slavery of feudalism, from the inconvenient dress of the European female. With man's functions, we have asserted our right to his garb, and especially to that part of it which invests the lower extremities. With this great symbol, we have adopted others—the hat, the cigar, the paletot or round jacket. And it is generally calculated that the dress of the Emancipated American female is quite pretty,—as becoming in all points as it is manly and independent. I enclose a drawing made by my gifted fellow-citizen, INCREASEN TARBOX, of Boston, U.S., for the *Free Woman's Banner*, a periodical under my conduct, aided by several gifted women of acknowledged progressive opinions.

I appeal to my sisters of the Old World, with confidence, for their sympathy and their countenance in the struggle in which *we* are engaged, and which will soon be found among them also. For I feel that I have a mission across the broad Atlantic, and the steamers are now running at reduced fares. I hope to rear the standard of Female Emancipation on the roof of the Crystal Palace in London Hyde Park. Empty wit may sneer at its form, which is bifurcate. And why not? MAHOMET warred under the Petticoat of his wife KADIGA. The American female Emancipist marches on her holy war under the distinguishing garment of her husband. In the compartment devoted to the United States in your Exposition, my sisters of the old country may see this banner by the side of a uniform of female freedom,—such as my drawing represents,—the garb of martyrdom for a month; the trappings of triumph for all ages of the future!

THEODOSIA E. BANG, M.A.,
M.C.P., F.A.K., K.L.M., &c., &c., (of Boston, U.S.).

The St. Alban's Emigrant.

We never thought any unfortunate individual went to Boulogne as a matter of choice, but rather of necessity. But it seems different in the case of MR. GEORGE SEALEY WAGGETT, who, when asked by the Serjeant-at-Arms, why he chose Boulogne? replied, "Because it was simply his (s)election."

CONSTITUTIONAL ZOOLOGY.—In one and the same column of the *Times* we read that "AN ELEPHANT CALF and its MOTHER" have been added to the Zoological Collection in Regent's Park, and that "HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN in Full Costume" is to be seen at TUSSAUP'S. The propinquity of these announcements excites the reflection, how much pleasanter an importation is an elephant calf than a papal bull.

HOMŒOPATHY FOR FAMILIES.



PUNCH has to acknowledge the receipt of several letters deprecatory of the observations which he has made on the subject of Homœopathy, and urging reasons for his believing the so-called system of medicine to be true, instead of considering it to be ridiculous. "The Father of a large Family" assures Mr. Punch that, "as the results of considerable experience, it is the best family system that could have been adopted." He states, that his wife "once regularly had her days of physic-taking;" besides which, "on all occasions, for every symptom or ailment, medicine was adopted as the remedy; in fact, medicine-taking was of almost daily recurrence." He continues—"And yet our children were ever sickly and ailing." By "and yet" Punch presumes that his correspondent means "and therefore," as he proceeds to say that he ascribed these ailments to the medicine. Under this impression he put a book on Homœopathy in his wife's way; she read it; became a convert, to the doctrine of HAHNEMANN; discontinued the medicine as before, and began to physic herself and children with infinitesimal doses instead—the consequence being their restoration to health.

Very likely. Many of FATHER MATHEW'S disciples, doubtless, regained their health upon renouncing strong liquor. Had the worthy Father administered homœopathic globules along with the pledge, they would have got well too—of course, a homœopathist would say, from taking the former rather than the latter. Unquestionably, perseverance in infinitesimal doses may remove the effects of debauchery in black draughts. The mischief arising from over-fondness for the medicine-bottle may be remedied by exchanging it for the homœopathic pill-box. Infinitesimal doses are next to no physic whatever, and, certainly, next to that, they are the best remedies for having taken too much. Mr. Punch has no doubt that homœopathic doses will cure infinitesimal diseases. He only hopes that "The Father of a large Family" will not, one of these days, lose some of its members through his wife's treating her children homœopathically when they are really ill.

Another correspondent, assuming the name of JUDY, reminds Mr. Punch that her infant, when sick of a fever, was cured by smelling to a bottle containing aconite, and that he himself was once relieved of a headache with which he had risen on the morning after a dinner-party, by a globule which she had given him clandestinely. As to the baby, it is no child of Punch's, and he as little owns the headache, or any other of the alleged facts. Moreover, as fevers often get well, and headaches go off in a few hours when left alone, he does not at all see what would be proved by the subsidence of either one or the other, after sniffing at an aconite bottle, or swallowing an inappreciable quantity of medicine. "It is quite provoking," says JUDY, "to find you running down what you so little understand." But who does understand nonsense? She hopes Punch will not again "abuse Homœopathy" until he has tested its principles in the mode recommended by himself. Mr. Punch must decline taking that trouble till some case is made out for his doing so. Failing this, he cannot be expected to investigate a theory which carries apparent absurdity on the face of it. He is not bound to inquire whether warts can really be whispered away, or toothache removed by a charm, before he ventures to laugh at such superstitious quackery. It rests with homœopathists to prove their doctrines; in behalf of which Mr. Punch has never met with any but homœopathic arguments. To be sure, their logic is more powerful than their doings, for their globules have no perceptible operation on any organ of the body; whereas their infinitesimal doses of reason and common sense produce a decided nausea.

Punch to all Police Magistrates.

GENTLEMEN,—In the event of any future attempted ascent by MR. and MRS. GRAHAM in particular, or anybody else in general,—would it not be as well that you should first see how the wind blew, that the balloon should not be wafted into Hyd. Park, and thence dropt through the crystal roof of the Crystal Palace, casting out the grapnels, mayhap, among the jewels of the QUEEN OF SPAIN, mayhap, among the stuffs and carpets of Turkey?

Yours, ever in Season,

PUNCH.

A JOURNEY ROUND THE GLOBE.

We did not even take a carpet-bag, or a tooth-brush, or a clean collar with us. All our luggage consisted of a walking-stick and a postage-stamp. The latter we parted with at the end of our journey, to acquaint our friends that we had been round the Globe in perfect safety.

We have our doubts whether ladies will approve much of this new style of travelling. It dispenses with everything in the shape of luggage.

Our only passport was a shilling. This passport is very convenient. It requires no *visiting*. No allusions are made in it to your eyes; no questions asked about your name, residence, or nose. You present your passport at the door; it is taken from you; and you never see it any more.

We wish every passport was as easy to obtain, and as easy to get rid of. We like travelling round the Globe. First of all, there is not a single turnpike on the road. There is no dust, nor any throwing of eggs nor flour, as on the journey from Epsom; and again, there are no beggars, as in Ireland,—no revolutions, as in France,—no monks or mosquitos, as in Italy,—and no insults, as in America. It is as easy as going up stairs to dress, and coming down again to dinner.

The journey is made on foot. Young ladies who cannot travel anywhere but in their own carriage, must abandon all thoughts of travelling round the Globe. It is true, the journey might be made on horseback, but then the horse must be one of those "trained steeds" from ASTLEY'S, which are taught to run up ladders without missing a single step. The travelling, it must be confessed, is rather steep, and resembles very much a journey up the Monument. This resemblance, however, arises entirely from the peculiar formation of the interior.

In this respect MR. WYLD has made a grand discovery. He has satisfactorily proved that the interior of the Globe is not filled with gases, according to AGASSIZ; or with fire, according to BURNET; neither has he filled it, like FOURIER, with water, as if the Globe were nothing better than a globe of gold fish. No; MR. WYLD has lately shown us that the interior of the Globe is occupied by immense strata of staircases!

These staircases rise above one another, like the steps in the Duke of York's Column. This new theory must make travelling remarkably easy for persons who are occupied all day long in running up and down stairs, and seems as if it had been purposely laid down for maids-of-all-work, or poor relations on a visit.

Our first flight through the Globe—that is to say, when we came to the first landing-place—convinced us that the crust of the Earth very much resembled the crust of a beefsteak pie that had been considerably overbaked. The inequalities on the surface, where the mountains are supposed to rise, represented to our ingenious fancy the bumps caused by the potatoes slumbering below, whilst the cracks, through which the rivers are imagined to roll, disclosed to our mind's eye the crevices in the crust that sometimes display such tempting glimpses of the rich gravy that is flowing underneath.

This notion of the pie is not in the least overdone; for really the heat of the Globe is equal to that of any baker's oven. We don't wonder at this, when we observed at every turn that there were small jets of gas bursting out of the Earth, in a number almost sufficient to roast a prize ox at any of the ensuing elections. The combustion of these several gases raises the atmosphere of the Earth almost to boiling point; and we are confident that if any one, anticipating a long journey round the Earth, took his dinner with him, he could cook it on the spot, free of expense.

The most curious thing is, that the higher a person ascends in the World, the hotter it becomes for him; so that when he has reached the greatest elevation a man can attain, he suddenly finds the World too hot to hold him, and is obliged to come down again with a run. This is a fine lesson of worldly ambition, which we experienced, for once, ourselves. We felt the heat so excessive, and, fancying the Arctic Regions must be of all regions the coldest in the World, we steamed our panting way up there; but, will it be believed?—accustomed as we are always to be at the top of the Pole,—we could not stand the climate of early peas and pine-apples, that is almost at forcing-height in those icy districts; and we were compelled to run down stairs to the Tropics as fast as we could, in order to get cool again. It is lucky that there are parts of the Globe where a person can breathe with comfort, or else MR. WYLD would have made us regret that we had ever come into the World at all!

And of this we should have been profoundly sorry; for, to speak the truth, this World is a most beautiful one. It is most agreeable to stand in the centre of the Earth, and to see yourself surrounded by oceans and continents,—first, to feast off a bit of land, and then to drink in with your eyes a whole Atlantic-full of water. Drink as much as you will, you cannot take all the water in. You dread lest the waters should close in around you, and swallow you up like a cork in the middle of a water-butt. You cling to the railings for support; but the sight of land cheers you the next moment. All the World is before you; you have only to choose where to go to. With a patriotic rush your eyes run to England, and you are wonder-struck that a country which occupies so large a space in the thoughts of the world, should take up so little room on the surface of it. England, that has filled so many

leaves in the world's history, is scarcely the size of a cabbage leaf; and London, which prides itself upon being the centre of civilisation, is not half so big as TOM THUMB'S nose.

The World, as has often been remarked by moralists before, is exceedingly hollow; but then, if it were not, we could never have seen it for one shilling. This is very lucky; for it has enabled MR. WYLD to present to us the Globe in the shape of a geographical globule, which the mind can take in at one swallow. You see the comparative heights of all the mountains, and the comparative sizes of the different continents. Everything is measured to the nicety of a fashionable tailor; and we must say, that in no worldly quality do we admire MR. WYLD so much as in the moderation of his measurement. Most men when they are given an inch take an ell; but MR. WYLD, with a modesty that is beyond all measure, was given ten miles, and he has only taken an inch!—for that is the magic scale with which he has compressed volcanoes into a thimble, and condensed lakes into the size of a tea-cup!

Not only are the features of the different continents carefully portrayed, but an attempt has also been made to give the face of each an individual complexion. For this purpose MR. WYLD has called in the assistance of MR. BEVERLEY, whose brush must now enjoy, if it did not before, a world-wide renown. Warm colours are given to warm climates—dead colours to barren districts—neutral colours to countries of which little is known; whilst a generous *couleur de rose* is thrown over those parts where the Sun of civilisation is supposed to shine the strongest. Here and there, you see glittering red points burning away like the tops of the lighted cigars that are made in chocolate. These are volcanic mountains, and the authority for painting them that colour, has apparently been taken from the celebrated Mountain in the French Chambers, which we all know is excessively volcanic, and particularly Red.

The general effect is very curious. Here a country looks like an immense cabbage-leaf, flattened out, half green and half decayed, with an immense caterpillar crawling right over it, in the shape of a chain of mountains. There a country resembles an old piece of jagged leather hung up against the wall to dry, with large holes that have been moth-eaten out of it. On one side you will see a cluster of islands, like dead leaves floating on the water, whilst opposite to it will be some large tract of land looking vesicated, with the rivers running close to one another, like the veins in an anatomical engraving. Above your head will be hanging an old rug, like Russia, looking half-burnt and half-blistered by live coals that had fallen upon it, whilst underneath your feet may be spread Africa, like an immense skin—in some parts red and tawny, like a lion's—and in others a rich yellow, with beautiful black marks, like the stripes on a leopard's back. Fancy these, and many hundred others, hung up in monster frames with endless margins of blue-water, and you will have a vivid conception, though perhaps not a very picturesque one, of the Globe which MR. WYLD has suspended, like a fine, suggestive, picture, on the wall, for us to look at. The great pity is, you cannot see the picture all at once. It is cut in two by the hideous staircase. But this may have been run up purposely to show us that "one half the Globe doesn't know what the other half is doing."

THE WATERLOO BANQUET.



ON the 18th inst., FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON gave his customary grand banquet on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo—with a slight difference. In the year 1851 it was thought better to celebrate the victory of peace—the result of the Duke's victory in war—by entertaining in Apsley House the architect, the builders of the Crystal

Palace, the Committee, and the most distinguished of the foreign commissioners. PRINCE ALBERT, as the originator of the grand event, was loudly cheered by the assembled multitude in Piccadilly; many of whom wore white ribands, and carried in their button-holes sprigs of artificial olive. MR. PAXTON was enthusiastically greeted by the people as he alighted at the Duke's gate. Loud applause was likewise bestowed on MESSRS. FOX and HENDERSON as arm-in-arm they passed into the court-yard of the mansion. The band of the Grenadier Guards played various airs on the arrival of the various guests. "God save the Queen" greeted the PRINCE; "At Beauty's door of glass,"

MR. PAXTON; and "When Vulcan forged," the builders. At ten minutes past seven the dinner was announced. The band played the familiar tune of "The red, red rose," as the guests proceeded to their places.

There was the greatest difference in the aspect of the gallery from what we have seen for many years. Olive boughs ornamented the walls; and FLAXMAN'S magnificent shield was partly covered by palm leaves. A splendid model of the Crystal Palace, the metal work of frosted silver, adorned the centre of the table. Nothing could be more various than the dresses of the various foreign commissioners: from the Turk in his flowing robes, to the American in his broad-cloth.

The usual loyal toasts having been drunk, and PRINCE ALBERT having delivered one of his clear and pithy—but, on the present occasion, brief—addresses, the Duke proceeded to give the health of MR. PAXTON—the healths of the builders—the healths of each and all of the foreign commissioners. His Grace observed, that thenceforth England, he hoped, would have no rivalry with the nations but that of commerce—no battle-field but some such arena as that in Hyde Park. His Grace said he was delighted to acknowledge the assistance that England had received from her allies: it was to him, however, a still greater pleasure to see around him the commercial representatives of the civilised world, brought thither by a contest that had for its object the refinement, the comfort, and the peace of mankind. His Grace then quoted—with great applause—the following passage from the *Times*:—

"We do say that, for one reason or another, competence and position are assuming more and more the aspect of a fortress defended by a fortunate few against the meritorious claims of many. They who wage so hopeless a war are not likely to appreciate the expenditure of £18,000,000 for national defences so well as they who have rather more interest in it. A poor man may love his country as well as a rich man, and be as ready to risk his life in its defence; but if he believes that he is crushed to the ground by taxation, he will be apt to inquire very narrowly whether that taxation be really required for the safety of his country, or whether it be not levied in great measure for objects of no public necessity or advantage."

His Grace believed there was a great truth in what he had read—a truth that would prove in the end stronger than cold iron; and he knew what that was. (Cheers.) It was therefore to him a particular delight to celebrate that day in a manner that—if MR. PAXTON would allow him to say as much—that should graft the olive on the laurel.

Other speeches were made and responded to, and at 10 o'clock the guests departed, the band playing, "Have you seen my Flora pass this way?"

FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAIN.

A SMASH FOR THE KOH-I-NOOR.

By a Shilling Visitor.

FAREWELL to the Mountain—the great Koh-i-noor,
The gold-caged old brilliant is getting a bore;
All so white, all so dull—one might think it a sell:
'Tis a puzzler to me—so Farewell! oh, Farewell!

Farewell—more attractive a hundred things near,
The snob and the butterfly they may pause here—
'Tis a hum and a hoax—though its value they tell:
Such a price is mere fable—Farewell! oh, Farewell!

Farewell to the Mountain—its rays are but pale,—
The sun and the gaslight will neither avail,
All so white, all so large,—here the stupid may dwell,—
Art and Science for me—so Farewell! oh, Farewell!

"THE GOD OF BATTLES."

LORD RANELAGH has held some solemn shootings at his residence at Fulham. The needle-gun has done its wonders, and, says the reporter—

"MR. CORDEN and MR. BRIGHT, *magna comitante caterva*, may feel no great pleasure in ascertaining that a pellet of lead of a certain weight has a greater momentum and rectilinearly when driven through a rifled tube of a peculiar form, with a certain amount of gunpowder, than when placed in the ordinary barrels."

With all submission, *Punch* believes that the people of peace should feel every pleasure at the discovered fact:—if pellets of lead could be showered thick as hailstones, all the better; men would have less willingness to go out in the impartial shower. Make possible the instant destruction of a whole army, and who would enlist?

"But, in all honesty, until they [MESSRS. C. and B.] have brought about the abolition of the dread appeal to the God of Battles, and have changed the arbitrator who has so long presided over the fates of nations, they cannot object to see their fellow-countrymen provided with the best possible means of disposing of their adversaries whenever an occasion arises."

The God of Battles, then, inevitably favours the "greater momentum and rectilinearly" of the weapons of those who practically worship him. The "God of Battles" is ever on the side of the most knowing and the strongest. It is very right, then, that his Divinity should be incensed with gunpowder and whistled to by "a pellet of lead," in the grounds of LORD RANELAGH, at Fulham; nor should we believe MESSRS. CORDEN and BRIGHT inconsistent as peace-makers, were they themselves even to assist at the ceremony.



SIBTHORP, IN DESPAIR, THROWS HIMSELF UNDER THE WHEELS OF THE VAN "JUGGERNAUT."

THE SAINT OF ST. ALBAN'S.

VERY jollily, indeed, lives MR. GEORGE SEALEY WAGGETT at Boulogne; when he ought to be in custody of the House of Commons touching certain doings at the late election of St. Alban's. WAGGETT was invited back to England by a Policeman despatched for that purpose.

"WAGGETT, WAGGETT, WAGGETT,
Come and be cribb'd."

But WAGGETT would not come; and France would not commit a breach of hospitality; and so, without WAGGETT, returns the Policeman; the majesty of the British Parliament being set at naught by the bold Briton who, from the heights of Boulogne, may put his tongue in his cheek and make contemptuous mouths at the white cliffs of England. He may "take a sight" of Dover Castle, and then wend jocularly to No. 52, Rue de l'Hôpital to swallow a dram of cheap cognac. What's to be done?

Punch—as usual—solves the difficulty. Let CARDINAL WISEMAN be courteously invited to repeat the miracle, upon the best authority, worked by St. Alban, England's Protomartyr, and in an hour or so WAGGETT is in the grip of the English law. For when St. Alban was condemned to be beheaded, in his road to execution was a "river, and the stream in that part, which was pent up by a wall and sand, was exceeding rapid." Now the multitude was so great, that St. Alban—impatient of martyrdom—feared he could not have passed the bridge that evening had he waited for the multitude to precede him. Whereupon—

"He went to the bank, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, made a short prayer. Upon this the stream was miraculously divided, and the river dried up in that part, so as to afford a passage to the Martyr and a thousand persons."

Why should not CARDINAL WISEMAN be solicited to take an early train for Dover; and there—for the nonce—make a clear road through the sea and over the dry shingle for the capture of WAGGETT? MR. SPEAKER, pray send for the Cardinal,

A GOOD MOTTO FOR THE KOH-I-NOOR.—Flare up!

THE PUNSTER'S FATE.

How true it is that the man who makes a pun will pick a pocket, may be ascertained from the reports of last week's proceedings at the Old Bailey. It will be found, from reference to those dismal records, that a man has made a pun—that he has picked a pocket—that he has been tried, and found guilty. The facts are these:—An infatuated wretch, of the name of COTTON, stole a handkerchief; and, on being called upon for his defence, he declared "he thought it was his own, because it was a Cotton one." Judge and Jury felt at once how much the atrocity of the pun added to the enormity of the offence. Who, after this, will dispute the soundness of the axiom, that the man who can make a pun will pick a pocket? The thing has been logically proved; and henceforth, whenever a punster is known to be present in a large assembly, the cry will be, as a matter of course, "Take care of your pockets!"

MAKING SMALL BEER OF IT.

As two jolly draymen were taking their round
In the Palace of Crystal, enjoying the sight,
A number of curious people they found,
Inspecting a thing called the Mountain of Light.

Says one to the other, "There's nothing so strange
In a mere bit of glass to attract such a levy;"
Says the other, "You're right, and I'd gladly exchange
Such a Mountain of Light for a Fountain of Heavy."

How the Whigs Get Rid of the Public Dust.

LORD SEYMOUR, in answer to a question from MR. HUME as to the disposal of a sum of £1260, "explained that the vote was for getting rid of the dust, of which the House had in former years so much complained." Now it strikes us, if the Whigs had more Dust than they knew what to do with, that the easiest way of washing their hands of it would have been by remitting the Duty off Soap!



THE AMAZON (B-G-M) ATTACKING CHANCERY ABUSE.

(BEING HIS L-D-P'S FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON.)

MR. PEPYS HIS GHOST AT THE QUEEN'S BALL.



PUNCH has to thank his old friend, MR. PEPYS, for the following contribution from the Shades:—

June 13, 1851.—From Elysian Fields to London to the great Ball, which the QUEEN did give to Night, in the Dress of my Time, to see the Sight and the Dresses, and whether they do all right or no; and much it do delight me to visit the World from Time to Time, and see what goes on, and is as great a Pleasure, I think, as any I have, and more than I could hope for or expect. The State Rooms thrown open for the Ball, and all crammed with fine Ladies, the greatest of the Court, besides the Foreign

Ministers and Ambassadors' Wives, and a Throne set for the QUEEN and the PRINCE with a Canopy of crimson Velvet fringed with Gold, and a golden Cornice at the Top, and lined with flowered Satin and Silver Fringe, and the QUEEN and PRINCE sitting on the Throne together in State, with so much Gold and Silver, and Muslin, and Silks, and Satins of all Colours, and Diamonds, and Pearls sparkling everywhere about them, and flowering Shrubs behind their State Chairs, that made, I think, the finest Sight I ever did see in the World, and much finer than any Thing I saw when I lived there; and good Lack, to think what Splendour and Magnificence the World and the Court have come to! The Gentlemen's Dresses as fine as the Ladies or finer, and their Doublets, Trunks, and Sleeves decked out with Ribbands and Lace, and the Fashion of their Clothes for the most Part quite right and proper, and did do my Eyes good to see. The QUEEN did wear the grand Dress of the Court of the French King that was in my Time, mighty splendid, and more than it was then, which I did not think possible, of grey watered Silk, trimmed with Gold and Silver Lace and Bows of rose-coloured Ribbands, fastened with Knots of Diamonds; and the under Skirt of embroidered Cloth of Gold with Trimmings of Silver Fringe, and the Gloves and Shoes embroidered, too, with Gold Roses and Lilies, and four great Emeralds shaped like Pears, and almost as big, on the Front of the Dress, cost more Money than I can tell. Then to see the PRINCE in a Coat of Cloth of Gold adorned with Roses and Jewels, and pink and white Feathers in his Hat, and grey Silk Stockings, mighty handsome, beyond what I ever saw the King, in his Life, and I do think to get me a Suit like it. Bye-and-bye the Band begin to play a March, and in come the Spanish Quadrilles, danced by Lords and Ladies almost all, and then French and Scotch and English Quadrilles, and then my LORD STEWARD walking backwards like a Crab, with great Reverence, did lead the QUEEN and the PRINCE from the Throne Room to the Ball Room, and they did dance the COUNTESS OF WILTON'S Quadrille with other great Lords and Ladies and Gentlemen, and after that the QUEEN did lead off the Polonaise, and the Company followed two and two, which was mighty pretty; and both the QUEEN and the PRINCE do dance rarely. But to think how different the Fashion of Dancing, what with Waltzes, and Polkas, and Gallops, is to what it was as I remember, and how unlike the PRINCE do behave to the King, in dancing with the Ladies, and the Ladies too, to the Ladies in my Time; which is more handsome; but, methinks, not so much Sport. Glad and pleased mightily to hear so many Tunes played that I knew, but did not hear "*Beauty Retire*," which I expected to hear, but did not, which vexed me to the Heart. I did also look to see them dance the Brantle, but they did not, nor the Country-Dance which I did hear the King at his Great Ball at Whitehall once call for by Name. I did see the DUKE OF WELLINGTON in the Dress of a General of the King's Troops, and mighty glad to have a Sight of him, and to see how well he do bear his Years. But what did most delight me was to see my LORD CHIEF JUSTICE in the Robes of JUDGE HALE, and did hope to see him dance therein. I did also hope LORD BROUGHAM would be there in the Dress of the King's Lord Chancellor, and had set my Heart on seeing him dance the Polka, which methought would be great Merriment, and am sorry I could not see. At little after Midnight the QUEEN and PRINCE to supper, and fell to heartily, and then back to the Ball Room to dance; and the QUEEN did dance with the PRINCE of LEININGEN in a gold Brocade Waistcoat and black Velvet Breeches, which I did mightily admire. The Dancing kept up, I do think, till past two in the Morning, but I away at Cock-crow, leaving them dancing, and I mighty delighted at what I had beheld, and very noble it was and great Pleasure to see; and have done much good to Trade. So Home to Supper off Nectar and Ambrosia, and did relate what I had seen to my Wife, and very merry we were, only I think she did not like to hear me talk so much of the Court

Ladies; but I do fear she, poor Wretch, is more of a Fool still than I could have imagined, or almost believed, she being now in the State we are in.

MEDITATIONS IN THE EXHIBITION.

BY MR. DOLDRUMS.

I VISITED the Crystal Palace,
And there I saw a crowd as great
As ever gathered round a gallows;
A mob is just what I do hate.
Thought I,—This multitude immense
Seems full of happiness and glee;
Yes, but in two or three years hence
I wonder where or how they'll be!

Those foreign goods are very well,
As something merely to behold;
But our own wares they'll undersell,
And so will drain away our gold:
It something may the mind enlarge
To view the works of every clime;
But then a shilling is the charge—
And so one spends both cash and time.

The Arts encouraged thus, indeed,
To many must afford employ;
But then to luxury they lead,
And that the million can't enjoy.
The people's taste they may refine;
But, on the other hand, 'tis clear
They'll cause the masses to repine,
And wish to live above their sphere.

We may learn something good, 'tis true,
By mixing with each foreign nation;
But we shall catch their vices too.
It may be that fraternisation
With those from whom we stood aloof
Before, will foster peace and union;
But—here a Clown with hobnailed hoof
Trod right upon my favourite bunion.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS!

SHOULD the Great Exhibition be repeated a few years hence, the Machinery department may perhaps be enriched with an invention which will put the nose of FRIAR BACON'S Brazen Head quite out of joint. MR. ALFRED SMEE, author of a work on "*Electro-Biology*," has just published another volume, entitled "*The Process of Thought*," wherein he says, that—

"From the laws which have been already detailed, it is apparent that thought is amenable to fixed principles. By taking advantage of these principles, it occurred to me that mechanical contrivances might be formed which should obey similar laws, and give those results which some may have considered only obtainable by the operation of the mind itself."

In plain terms, MR. SMEE conceives it possible to construct a thinking apparatus; and he actually talks of a "rational" and a "differential machine," by whose combined action he proposes to imitate the operations of the mind. If MR. SMEE can bring these contrivances of his to bear, he will confer a great boon upon the insane; as those who have lost their wits will then perhaps be enabled to have artificial brains made for them, as easily as a person who has suffered amputation is supplied with a wooden leg. Advertisements will invite our attention to "An Entirely New Description of Intellectual Faculties," or "A New Discovery in Brains," or MR. SO AND SO'S "Patent Cerebral Succedaneum, Warranted Never to Decay or Fall Out." The progressive perfection of mental machinery will render it applicable to purposes of greater and greater delicacy, and we shall have automatic poets and musicians—mechanical SHAKESPEARES and BETHOVENS—actuated by steam and electricity, instead of genius; and excelling live bards and composers as much as a power loom excels a hand loom. Cabinets will be literally constructed, by an improvement in Cabinet-making, and the functions of Parliament will be executed by instruments evolving legislative wisdom.

At present, however, it does not appear that any cogitative machine equal to a single donkey power has been really produced; and perhaps, on the whole, the following brief epigram, addressed to the author of "*The Process of Thought*," is the correct expression of the general opinion of his project for performing that process by mechanism:—

"MR. SMEE,
Fiddle-de-dee!"

AN INSTRUCTOR OF THE FOREIGNER.



T Marylebone Office one JOHN FRANCIS BIGGE—"of military appearance"—was charged by SIR GEORGE ARMYTAGE with spitting in his face. And BIGGE did not deny the fact: nay, BIGGE rather applauded himself for the unseemly deed. He moreover admitted that a few days before "he had spat in the face of a Frenchman."

Mr. BROUGHTON sentenced BIGGE "to pay £3 or"—(and here we have the beauty of English law, that makes ruffianism the purchasable luxury of the man of money)—"or to be imprisoned for six weeks."

What a lesson is this for our foreign visitors! A Frenchman has his face spat upon; and his condoling remedy is—the dirty fellow who commits the nastiness, can afford it! In England, you may be a brute, if you can lay down sixty shillings, the police price of the brutality.

AN ORANGE INSULT.

[For the Tipperary Fire-eater.]

WITH inexpressible feelings of burning indignation we have to call the attention of all Ireland to a speech said to be delivered by PRINCE ALBERT at a meeting of a society calling itself a Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. There is not an Irishman whose heart beats in the right place who will not, with flashing eyes, burning brow, and clenched, sinewy hands, read what it is our awful duty to lay before him. The PRINCE said—

"This Society was first chartered by that great man, WILLIAM III. (cheers), the greatest Sovereign this country has to boast of (loud cheers), by whose sagacity and energy was closed that bloody struggle for civil and religious liberty which had so long been convulsing this country, and were secured to us the inestimable advantages of our constitution and of our Protestant faith (loud cheers)."

Yes, they "cheered." The brutal Saxon, gloating over the miseries of this afflicted—this outraged country, bleeding from ten thousand gashes—the malignant Saxon raised his wolfish shout at the name of that man whose iron heel was stamped upon the breast of Ireland.

A great man! Will ye forget this, ye men of Erin? "WILLIAM THE THIRD, the greatest sovereign this country has to boast of!" And why "the greatest?" Because—can there be a doubt of the insult?—because he drove from the rightful divinity of his throne, that really greatest sovereign the brutal Saxon has in reality "to boast of"—JAMES THE SECOND!

"Our Protestant faith!" But with CARDINAL WISEMAN firm as a rock in Westminster, we may afford to smile at the insult. Yes; and with that bright, devoted band, our own Irish brigade—for we accept the term as a distinction—our own brigade "in burning row" in a Saxon House of Commons, we will smile; we say, we will smile; smile, and silently swear—swear!!!

THE FRONT ROW OF THE SHILLING GALLERY.

WE like occupying the Front Row of the Gallery on a Shilling day of the Exhibition, and comfortably seated down, with plenty of room for our legs, to enjoy all the little incidents that are being quietly exhibited below. It is like going behind the scenes—if a person can be up in the gallery and behind the scenes at the same time—and peeping at the audience through a hole in the big curtain.

The great mob keeps playing about the floor like an immense sea of Jack-o'-lanterns. You cannot look at them without winking. It is a Quadrille of colours—a Reel of prismatic rays—which may well turn the poor Koh-i-noor pale with envy. There they are dancing in the most fantastic figures—*Poules*—*Pastorals*—*Pantalons* innumerable—*Grandes Rondes* without end round the Crystal Fountain—*Cavaliers Seuls* looking after their partners—and inextricable *Chânes de Dames* extending, like garlands, the whole length of the building. Fancy these all moving, surging, tossing together, whilst countless sets are wildly rushing up and down the middle, and *balancez*-ing, like summer lightning, from one side to the other, and you will have but a poor notion, after all, how *Pété* is danced through, with a gaiety it has never known before, at this year's Exhibition. The dazzling effect we can only

compare to a series of TURNER's pictures being viewed, on a summer's day, through the windows of an express train, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

After a time, however, this flying panorama of colours slackens its speed, a bit, and the eye, at first blinded by the immense glare, begins gradually to recover its power, and to settle on distinct objects. Here it distinguishes a sunny corn-field of bonnets, gracefully waving backwards and forwards, as if they were curtsying to the beauty of the scene; there it can discriminate a sullen acre of black hats, running in lines, like a newly-ploughed field. In one spot is a rich garden blooming with all the gorgeous hues of fashion; and, in another direction, spreads an immense plantation of poplar-looking boys, and of sturdy men of the circumference of oaks. The scene grows before you, and almost articulates; here a Statue speaks, and there a bright fountain leaps up, laughing like a child, with joy. It is, to be extatic, a living chapter of *Boccaccio* read aloud with the eyes.

But we must descend from our imaginative balloon, and step on earth. The cynosure (or rather, the sinecure) of all eyes seems to be the Koh-i-noor diamond. Poor jewel—there is something the matter with it, for it disdains to shine. It has been lately served up with gas—but this, apparently, has only subjected it to more roasting than before. There is something touching in the fact of a sick diamond calling in the assistance of one of its poor relations—for both the diamond and gas are descended from the same family of coal—which said family, by-the-by, must be about the oldest family in the world, for it numbers more generations under ground than any other. But this is not the first time, by many, that the Koh-i-noors of society only shine with the borrowed light of those working beneath them in station! But we leave the perfect setting of this brilliant moral to others.



Do you see what a crowd hems in the monster bird-cage?—which bird-cage many a fine lady would give up her pew in church to be able to hang up in her drawing-room. What a number of cats (on two legs) there would be jumping up after it, to be sure!

This same Koh-i-noor rises and sets every morning and evening, just like the sun, and "giving," as we heard a stupid Frenchman say, "about as much light as the sun in England." This rising and setting, however, may be only to illustrate the various ups and downs the diamond has had in its day. This lump of crystallised carbon may be said to invert the stereotyped recommendation of the *Evening Paper*—for its fate seems to be, "the less it is seen, the more it is appreciated." One half of the ladies, who push, and pant, and pinch their way amongst one another to see it, go away with hearts as crushed as their bonnets, and live in hopes of catching a glimpse of it the following day. But the other half, who are fortunate enough to be smiled upon by this stony-hearted Diamond, are made happy for the rest of their lives. In fact, its rising and setting are made matters of as much excitement in the fashionable world, as the rising and setting of the sun amongst travellers on the top of Mount Rigi; and we must say that a little rigging would do the Diamond and its worshippers no harm. A young lady, who is present at its morning levee, rushes home, in the greatest ecstasy, and exclaims—"Oh, Mamma, I'm so very very happy! I've seen the Koh-i-noor rise this morning!" And we have been told of a lady who was old enough to know better, bursting into a large party, and

exclaiming, "My dears, what do you think! I've just left the Koh-i-noor, and I never saw it set so beautifully in all my life!"

When you have had fun enough out of the Mountain of Darkness, you had better refresh your aching orbits a little, by plunging them into the Crystal Fountain. This is the grand booking-office, to which



Nervous Father. "MIND, MY DEARS, IF WE MISS ONE ANOTHER, WE ALL MEET, AT SIX O'CLOCK, AT THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN."

all appointments are directed. It is a depôt for stray children—a little receiving-warehouse for all live articles. "Oh! meet me at the Fountain," seems to be the great song of the Exhibition; and the pathetic scenes that sometimes take place there between husband and wife, after an agonising separation, perhaps, of four or five hours, are more than enough to fill your eyes with water, more especially if you are standing close to the brim.

What a good view you have from the Gallery of the little dinner-party that is generally given once or twice a day in the neighbourhood of the Fountain, when the Shilling guests are invited to the Exhibition. "Beer is not allowed to be drunk on the premises,"—so the poor people are obliged to drink water—*faute de M(e)UX.*



But there is something to regale all the senses in the Exhibition—excepting, perhaps, the sense of touch;—and yet Portugal allows that indulgence which England denies—though we always understood that the latter was a much more pinching climate than the former. You can regale your eyes with the treats displayed in every direction; your ears and palate, with the pianos and fountains that are playing with such delicious accompaniments around you; and your olfactory organs, with the snuff that makes of Portugal a happy land—a land of fragrance and



contentment, where you may take what you please—and what you take (as we heard a "mad wag" call it) is "nuffen (snuffing) to nobody."



well pleased with the result. The agriculturist nose has evidently still to be educated to a sense of the high refinement of Eau-de-Cologne;—but one rural youth was so tremendously tickled with the new olfactory sensation, that not satisfied with having his bird's-eye *mouchoir* twice replenished, he pulled off his wide-awake, and held it before the *HEBE* of the fountain to have it filled.

Another amusing view from the Gallery is to watch the stall of American revolvers. The sense of touch is again liberally indulged there—so liberally, that we cannot help congratulating the *Greek Slave* upon the fact that they are not loaded—or else, with the American hatred of everything like slavery, she would certainly not long occupy her present elevation as a *Model Slave* from the *Model Republic*. The gentlemen, who handle the revolvers, are principally officers, but we noticed one individual pressing to be instructed in the use and mystery of the instrument, who evidently intended to carry out the theory into practice at the very earliest opportunity. We hope the police has its eye upon that intelligent individual, for if



will be too bad if America is frequented as a *School for English Burglars*, where the use of the Revolver is taught free of expense.

It is growing late, and it is as much as we can do to discern objects distinctly. But the cries of a child attract our attention to the Amazon Statue, and there we discover a young gentleman, in feathers, who has



lost his maternal parent. The Police take him up tenderly, and, doubtlessly, to-morrow, we shall read an advertisement like the following:—

FOUND yesterday, near the Amazon Statue, a Young Child, in pink Hat and red Feathers, and who answers to the name of "Bobby." He had in his possession at the time he was found, a straw rattle in one hand, and a piece of gingerbread in the other. Any one giving full particulars to the Police, Prince's Gate, as to the ownership of the Child, may have it instantly restored to them.

N.B. It is urgently requested that the Child may be removed as soon as possible, as he has done nothing but cry since he was taken.

THE THIEVES' KITCHEN AND THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

THE subjoined Petition has been laid on the table of the House of Commons by *Mr. Punch*:—

The Petition of WILLIAM, otherwise BILL DOLLY, otherwise NIX, otherwise FAKE, and commonly called the ARTIST, and others,

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

That your petitioners belong to a class of persons of highly respectable exterior, whose character, from personal acquaintance, can be vouched for by HER MAJESTY'S police.

That the body of well-dressed and decently-conducted individuals whereof your petitioners are members, are dependent for their subsistence on their manual dexterity applied in relieving HER MAJESTY'S subjects at large of proprietary encumbrances by a peculiar process of extraction, and conveyance or transference.

That your petitioners thus levy on the subjects of HER MAJESTY a species of contributions somewhat of the nature of taxes, and differing from them only in the circumstance of being generally gathered without being felt.

That when any objection is made to the said contributions, levied, as aforesaid, by your said petitioners, an appeal lies to the nearest magistrate, who usually disposes of your petitioners' case by a very summary process of justice,—if justice that award can be called which usually inflicts much laborious exertion, and other severe hardships on your petitioners.

That there is another class of persons not at all superior to your petitioners in respectability, and who cultivate a similar but a less in-offensive branch of industry: such persons being connected in divers official capacities with HER MAJESTY'S Board of Customs.

That the persons in question are wont and accustomed to seize and take various and sundry goods, chattels, and merchandize, in excess of their warrant as defined by statute: that is to say, after the manner of your petitioners: only that they, the said persons, very frequently make captures and seizures enormously larger than your petitioners ever make—the value of the said captures and seizures amounting in many instances to thousands of pounds.

That whereas a mistake made by your petitioners in the abstraction of a silk handkerchief, worth but a few shillings, renders them amenable to the immediate jurisdiction of a police-officer, commonly entailing on them very unpleasant consequences, those other persons, should they commit (as they continually do) a like error in the matter of a case of goods, valued at from £500, are not capable of being sued at all, except by a most expensive process, terminating in an action in the Court of Exchequer; inasmuch that those said other persons are practically protected, to a great extent, from the mere necessity of refunding.

Your petitioners therefore pray that the same protection which is

enjoyed by the said persons, namely, the officials of HER MAJESTY'S Board of Customs, may be extended to your petitioners, to screen them, in like manner, from the consequences of unfortunate mistakes in the exercise of their vocation.

And your petitioners, who, in the vulgar tongue, are described as pickpockets and the swell mob, will ever PRIG.

THE UNCOMPROMISING PRIESTHOOD.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,

"THE Arch Deceiver has been this week—to use a homely phrase—"at it again." His organs, the newspapers, now state that the suit of *METAIRIE v. WISEMAN* has been compromised by the division of M. CARRÉ'S bequest of £7000 to the Roman Catholic chapel and school of St. ALOYSIUS at Somers Town, in the proportion of £4000 to the testator's next of kin, and £3000 to the charity. You, my very dear *Mr. Punch*, do not require to be told that our uncompromising Church never compromises anything, nor admits of any compromise on the part of her clergy. The foul Fiend, by a forged report of a lawsuit, which, by a delusion similar to that produced by the electro-biologists, he had contrived to foist into the journals, endeavoured to make the public believe that old M. CARRÉ had left his £7000 to the Church, away from his relatives, because he was frightened into doing so on his deathbed by the menaces of a priest. The phantom of a compromise has been conjured up by the Demon, in order to exhibit the reverend defendants as trying to make the best of a very bad job. But the truth shall be told, and the Evil One put to shame.

"The fact, then, is, that M. CARRÉ made his will, bequeathing his wealth to the pious uses above named when in robust health and spirits, being at the time in the general habit of consuming two pounds and a half of rump-steak daily, except on Fridays and other days of fasting and abstinence. This was satisfactorily proved in evidence on the trial, and a verdict was of course given for the holy men, who, so far from terrifying the dying philanthropist (not miser, as he has been slanderously termed) into leaving the bulk of his money for ecclesiastical purposes, actually persuaded him to devise a good round sum to his relatives, whom he would otherwise have cut off with a shilling. To falsify a law-report may seem beyond the power even of the Prince of Darkness; but what is that to the perversion of whole chapters of history, by which, for example, he has palmed off on Protestants the acts and character of the sanguinary BESS as those of the good QUEEN MOLLY? just as he might occasion the fictions of MUNCHAUSEN to be ascribed to the same author as the plain unvarnished tales of

"VERAX."

STARVED-OUT AMBASSADORS.

GOVERNMENTS guilty of extravagance have been subject to so much cutting up, that cutting down has become a recognised branch of administrative policy. There is, however, a good deal of tact required to leave in-tact those expenses which are for the public good, and diminish those that exist to the public detriment.

There can be no doubt that the reductions in our diplomatic establishments are very wholesome; and though we should not wish to see our diplomatic relations reduced to very poor relations, a good deal may yet be done—or, rather, undone—in this department of our outlay. Our Ambassador to Paris, LORD NORMANBY, who likes to do things on a liberal scale, has undergone a reduction of income which may, as hinted by LORD PALMERSTON in the House of Commons, lead to some curtailment of the dinners that a certain class of the English in Paris expect to be invited to.

We don't see that the dignity of England is enhanced by the indulgence of a few travelling *gourmands*, and we are glad, therefore, that the country will be spared the expense, and the Ambassador the trouble, of entertaining them. We do not, however, wish to see the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, or any other Ambassador, cut down to an inconveniently low figure, which would prevent him from cutting any figure at all; and we will take LORD PALMERSTON'S word for it, that, since the Republic has thrown Paris so thoroughly out of luck, there has been more *luxé* than ever. Of course, when in France, the Ambassador must do as France does, and it must require a large amount of English gold to keep pace with the French Capital.

Lenten Entertainment at the Mansion House.

MR. PUNCH begs to offer his Puseyite friends his condolence on the circumstance that the LORD MAYOR gave, the other day, a grand dinner to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the BISHOP OF LONDON, and several other prelates, helped to eat. *Punch* would console his genuflective readers by the suggestion that one of these days we may rejoice in a Tractarian Lord Mayor—especially should the civic chair be filled by a tallow-chandler—who, instead of splendid banquets, will give magnificent fasts.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE—TO THE RESCUE.



MR. PAXTON asks—"What is to become of the Crystal Palace?" And MR. PAXTON replies to the question in a manner at once delightful and practicable. He says, let the Crystal Palace be a "Winter Park under Glass." And then in his own workmanlike, characteristic way, he proceeds to show what a Garden of Eden for the sons and daughters of fallen ADAM may blossom and look green in Hyde Park; the while an English winter shall rage outside the Crystal panes, and with

"—the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent circles,
Quietly shining to the silent moon."

With a few sentences our Crystal Magician fills the palace with every condition of natural and artistic beauty. Fountains leap up, and fall in diamond showers; orange groves blossom; statues—a whole Walhalla of English worthies—gleam whitely from among the trees; the atmosphere is fraught with odours; and still,

old English winter, in his most savage mood, may bluster, without biting almost the heart of English oak. The Crystal Palace, then, is not to melt away like the silver mist of a summer morning. No; it is to stand, a brilliant and enduring monument of the genius of its designer; a monument, a thousand times more glorious to him than is the Great Pyramid to the questionable memory of its architect. The glass shall outshine the granite.

For there can be no doubt that MR. PAXTON'S question, "What is to become of the Crystal Palace?" will be answered by a consenting, and, we may add, a grateful people, in the words of the querist himself: "let the Crystal Palace become a Winter Park under Glass." Already, we can anticipate somewhat of the ceremony that shall inaugurate the opening of the Crystal Paradise: this shall give a fitting welcome and an enduring home to English Flora. There is QUEEN VICTORIA, with a wreath of roses around her brow, PRINCE ALBERT with the olive branch, the Royal Children with buds and blossoms, and all the officers of the Court and Household in appropriate costume, and bearing floral and sylvan emblems. And now, PAXTON turns up the soil; and presents to HER MAJESTY a sapling oak—slim as the Chamberlain's wand—and the QUEEN plants the young tree in commemoration of the day, and—

"From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile"

upon the act. For that tree shall stand for hundreds of years, the green monument of the happy, humanizing thought that caused the nations of the earth to come together in their works beneath a crystal temple; to engage in the contest of commerce and art, and thence to take away a solemn lesson continually teaching peace and good-will towards all men.

And PRINCE ALBERT will also plant his own monumental olive—and every one of his children some tree henceforth to bear the name of the planter, to flourish for generations "a kindred grove." This, *Punch*, with his old, prophetic eye, already sees: meanwhile, let the great Gardener ADAM PAXTON speak in the present:—

"In the Winter Garden I propose, climate would be the principal thing studied. All the furnishing and fitting up would have special reference to that end, so that the pleasures found in it would be of a character which all who visit could share. Here would be supplied the climate of Southern Italy, where multitudes might ride, walk, or recline, amidst groves of fragrant trees; and here they might leisurely examine the works of Nature and Art, regardless of the biting east winds or the drifting snow."

"MR. PAXTON never failed in anything he undertook," is the testimony of the princely DEVONSHIRE; and we already see the gleaming statues, we already snuff the fragrancy of the trees in PAXTON'S pamphlet, even though at present they stand only in words, and are redolent of nothing more odorous than printer's ink. MR. PAXTON proceeds, laying out his garden in type:

"Beautiful creeping plants might be planted against the columns, and trailed along the girders, so as to give shade in summer, while the effect they must produce, by festooning in every diversity of form over the building, would give to the whole a most enchanting and gorgeous finish."

And the beauty of the inner garden would smile upon the outside winter. MR. PAXTON is generously anxious for the comfort of the opposite neighbours to the Garden, annoyed by the "turmoil of so vast an undertaking as the Great Exhibition," and therefore shows that no such discomfort could arise from his future plan. The whole wooden boarding of the Crystal Palace would be replaced with glass. It would, therefore, be "a thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever" without; and within, "for the six winter months, a climate equal to Southern Italy!"

But MR. PAXTON is not yet done with the Garden. He further proposes to stock it with animate beauty:—

"There might be introduced a collection of living birds from all temperate climates, and the science of Geology, so closely connected with the study of plants, might be illustrated on a large and natural scale, thus making practical Botany, Ornithology, Geology, familiar to every visitor."

Who knows? We may yet see live humming-birds in London; see them building and sitting, familiarly as we now see breeding canaries? At present we are fain to be richly content with the feast of beauty daily set before us by MR. GOULD'S magnificent collection—jewels in feathers!—nevertheless, we cannot forego the hope of beholding the live London humming-bird feeding upon the honey of the flower blossoming in Hyde Park.

Very beautiful will be the transformation of the present Exhibition. As the nations are now represented by their works of skill, so may they still appear by their floral members. Dutch tulips may take the place of Dutch butter-churns, and banyans grow where now are Indian muslins, and Indian cloth of gold.

And there will be ample space for the sculptured forms of all of England's past worthies, with worthies present, and worthies to come. Nor will *Punch* object to a figure of the gallant SIR THORP himself, if MR. PAXTON will condescend to clip either holly or hornbeam into an evergreen likeness of the Crystal-denouncing Member. Assuredly there would be a touch of magnanimity in the act, if MR. PAXTON would thus—and only thus—cut the Colonel.

But the expense of the garden? £ s. d. are the snakes that are still apt to trouble our outer Eden. Well, MR. PAXTON gives in his estimate of

"ANNUAL EXPENDITURE.	
"Labour, Fuel, Water, Implements, Gravel for Walks, Feeding and Attendance to Birds, and general Superintendance	£8,000
"Besides the above, constant Painting and Renewal would be required; for this a Reserve Fund should be provided, and by this means it might be kept renewed for ever	4,000

"Making a total of £12,000"

It is calculated that, on the close of the Exhibition, the Commissioners will be embarrassed with the possession of a net surplus of £140,000. Well, then, let them with the money reverse the Eastern story, in which a man finds his golden pieces of the over-night green leaves in the morning. Let the Commissioners be immediately empowered to turn their money into leaves and flowers.

A Bit of Real China.

THE Celestial Beauty at the Chinese Collection has a very great objection to anything like activity. A Frenchman, being anxious to see how she supported herself on her small feet, was pressing her to get up and walk. "Come, only try," he said, most coaxingly; "I can assure you, you will find *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*." When this was explained to the Chinese Beauty, she nodded her head, and, smiling, said: "Then me wait for de second."

VICTORIA LANE, HYDE PARK.

REGENT STREET is generally considered the finest thoroughfare in the Metropolis; but a much finer was formed, on the 24th of June, when HER MAJESTY'S subjects made a lane for HER MAJESTY, through which she walked up the nave of the Crystal Palace.

St. Barnabas' Flowers.

A LITTLE while ago the BISHOP OF LONDON objected to the fact, that in the church of St. Barnabas was "too much flowers." Let his Grace take another peep: we think he will now discover one sort of flower in full blow; namely,—monkshood.

THE GRAND HATCHING YEAR.



THE year 1851 was looked upon as a Grand Hatching Year. The number of things that were to have been hatched this twelvemonth would require a Catalogue almost as long as the one of the Exhibition to detail them all.

Suppose we describe the result as we would a visit to MR. CANTELO'S Incubator, in Leicester Square.

We are shown into a room papered with patterns of the Crystal Palace—that being the Great Imaginary Oven by whose magic heat everything was to be hatched. The fact is, the year 1851 was looked upon as a great Goose with the Golden Eggs, that was to lay a golden egg for every one. It remains now to be proved—and that is the object of our present visit—how many of these golden eggs have brought forth anything?

In the middle of the room are large chests of drawers, smoking away like the grating of a cook-shop. The drawers pull out, like those of any other chest, and are found to be full of eggs—eggs large and small—eggs black and blue, and a good sprinkling of them green—eggs sound, and others cracked—so cracked, in fact, as to let any one see that there is literally nothing in them. These cracked eggs are very pitiful to view, and suggest ridiculous ideas, that the geese who laid them must have been anything but Solons!

The heat of the place is intolerable. We are sure it is at fever-height, as if it had been regulated by the expectations of those who had expected to realise large fortunes.

We were standing opposite to one of the open drawers, and were running our eyes and our fingers—the latter most tenderly, lest we should get them burnt—along the surface, when a gentleman, with a CHARLES MATHEWS tone of familiarity, came up, and volunteered the following explanations:—

"This large egg, Sir, was sent to us by a Theatrical Manager. You see it is marked at the top 'Overflowing Audiences.' It burst in less than one month after the Exhibition had opened. The manager has never been to claim it. I have heard that he expected £200 a-night at least to come out of this egg. We took the greatest pains with the hatching, and kept puffing and puffing at the fire all day; but, somehow, nothing would make it draw. I am sure we put on all the steam we could. We fed it with the best French pieces, but they only went off in smoke, and did more harm than good to the poor egg. Sad thing, Sir,—but we were afraid the egg was a little addled.

"This nest of eggs, Sir," continued our lively cicerone, "was presented to us by a lodging-house keeper. You see they are of all sizes. They represent the different floors in the lady's establishment. The largest marked '£10 10s. A-WEEK, WITHOUT PLATE OR ATTENDANCE,' represents the drawing-room; the two smallest, labelled respectively, '10s. AND 15s. A-WEEK—BOOT-CLEANING EXTRA,' are the front and back attics. Poor woman! We paid every attention to her eggs, but you see there is not a sound one amongst them, except the back attic, which is occupied by an Irish M.P., and which can scarcely be called a nest-egg, for he will neither pay nor quit. Floor after floor gave way; foreigners were slow in coming, or else wouldn't pay the large sums that were demanded, till, as the season advanced, the house regularly fell in, like an *ommelette-soufflée*; and the back attic is all that remains of the splendid mansion the lady had raised in her mind of this year's profits. It's a pity, Sir; but some people are not content with hatching their eggs, but must attempt to force them; and the consequence is, they break, like so many railway bubbles."

He pursued his moral journey round the room, cracking an egg at every step with the sharp edge of a truth. "This one," he said, holding an egg of all colours

before the light, "was a Panorama nearly as long as the Wall of China. It was to be descriptive of a suit in Chancery. The proprietor expected a fortune to spring, ready-made, out of it. He took a large room, and, relying upon the proneness the English have for rushing into anything like Law, expected that thousands would flock to his Exhibition. But, curiously enough, the thousands persisted in stopping away. Probably they thought that if they once went—such would be the natural representation of the Chancery picture—that it would require nothing less than a lifetime to appreciate it. It's painful to think, Sir, that a project which looked so very pretty in the egg, should be smashed 'all to nothing' in the hatching. The Chancery Panorama has since been cut up for the canvas, to make workhouse suits for paupers."

There was a whole drawer-full of broken tradesmen, whose greediness of gain had egged them on to their own destruction. There they lay all whipped together, as if ready for a pancake. Our informant told us that over-expectation had been the breaking of them all. They had asked prices which no countryman or foreigner, however bent upon pleasure, had chosen to give. Each tradesman had his name on his egg, which was so much towards turning it into a tombstone to be laid over the fortune he expected to pick out of it. "The amount of fortunes thus broken on the head, and lying together in a confused heap, has never been surpassed," added our oval philosopher, "since the days of the Railway Mania."

"We now come to another drawer," he continued, "as peculiar as any of the others, but a little more cheerful in its aspect. You see it is full of eggs, black and ill-shaped as they can be. They are too foul even to be thrown by a Gentleman on a Derby Day. They are ominous-looking eggs, and I am very glad they never came to anything. Whose eggs they are, I cannot tell, but I should imagine they were serpents' eggs—eggs of the most venomous reptiles—eggs, I hope, that never will be hatched in England. The names, written in red marks on the outside, offer us, luckily, some clue to their origin. You will observe some are labelled 'Socialist,' and others 'Democrat.' This large monster of an egg, that looks as mischievous as a bombshell, bears for inscription, you remark, the word, 'Mountain.'

"These titles lead me to believe that they were intended, when hatched, to scatter over England a brood of the most poisonous doctrines that ever laid waste a beautiful country. You know the report that was widely circulated before the opening of the Exhibition, that all sorts of conspiracies were being hatched in this country. It was said we should have armies of Republicans first fighting us, and, after we had been all killed, fighting amongst themselves. We were to have troops of Socialists carrying about with them the torch of discontent wherever they wandered. We were to have bands of Red Democrats stalking about the country like wild beasts, devouring every master that fell in their way, and distributing his well-earned property amongst his servants. The Crystal Palace was to be shattered into a thousand pieces, and its aisles to be desecrated with the horrors of Civil War, instead of being solemnised, as now, with the blessings of Universal Peace. In lieu of being the cradle of international civilisation, it was to have been the tomb,—amidst the ruins of which, it was prophesied PRINCE ALBERT, like a modern MARIUS, would be heard mourning in six different languages. All these vile things, it was said, were being hatched in this country; and, for what I know, those broken egg-shells before you, may have contained the germs of them. What I do know is, that nothing I could do would rear them; from which I imagine that there is something in the atmosphere of England, let it be heated at times as much as it will, that is not favourable to the growth of such doctrines, and that there is no chance of their being propagated to any extent in a free country. "Therefore you see, gentlemen," said our moralising guide, before showing us to the door, "that fully as much Good as Evil has attended our hatching operations this year. If most of the theatrical, commercial, and social eggs, that were laid in this prolific *Annus Mirabilis*, have failed in being properly hatched, and in yielding that large amount of gain that was expected to be reared from them, still we should remember that all the conspiracies, of which the Crystal Palace was to have been the barricade-ground this year, have also as signally failed in the hatching—which will be a lesson, I hope, to Socialists 'never to count their chickens until they are hatched,'—at least, not in the English market."

THE SAILOR AND THE TAILOR;
OR, THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES.



BRING forth the leaden ink-stand, of steel the sharpest pen;
For lead and steel should chronicle the deeds of fighting men.
Fierce battle's rage must now engage the poet's tuneful lyre,
How the tailor was the quailer before the sailor's fire.
On the banks of old Thamesis there rose a country seat;
A tailor had selected it, and call'd it his Retreat.
Within its small plantations a retrospect he cast
Upon the work of days gone by—the labours of the past.
Within the little garden he plied once more the shears,

In cutting out the suits of green—the livery Nature wears.
Kind Nature he adored; for she, to bless his later life,
Took from him, in a generous mood, a vixen of a wife.
'Twas on an Easter Monday—oh, how he loved the day,
That snatch'd, to his extreme delight, the termagant away!
He kept it ever afterwards, and with the rising sun
He usher'd in his happiness with joy-proclaiming gun.
There was a gallant sailor, an old Whitechapel tar,
That fought on board the Gravesend boats in opposition's war.
He'd seen the fares diminishing—and he had kept afloat,
When the railway, with its iron rule, lorded it o'er the boat.
'Twas beautiful to hear him, over his pipe of clay,
Boast of the passages he'd made to Herne's enchanting Bay;
The water was his element, he little cared for land;
A yacht he bought, in which he cruised 'twixt Putney and the Strand.

She was a clipper of her kind, rigg'd tautly fore and aft—
A spanker under canvas—a rightish, tightish craft.
Her jib was pleasant to behold, graceful her stern and round;
Her tonnage it were hard to guess—at least, within a pound.
A gallant crew she had aboard—a mate who loved the seas,
Who danced a naval hornpipe with elegance and ease;
Besides two jolly British tars, who'd learn'd within a week
Of marlin-spikes and tiller-ropes familiarly to speak;
Who never touch'd a thing on board without a wild "Yeo-ho!"
Who at each gust would warble "How the stormy winds do blow!"
Who never let a Frenchman's name fall on their British ears
Without a wish that they might meet with some of "them Mounseers."
Exclaiming with the patriot's shriek, "We never will be slaves!"
And roaring out in concert, "BRITANNIA rules the waves."
It chanced the gallant vessel, with all her canvas spread,
Was 'gainst a wind from Battersea cleverly making head;
When from the shore there came the roar of cannon, loud and deep;
The day that took his wife away, the tailor chanced to keep.
Whitechapel's gallant seaman the festive signal heard;
To pipe all hands for action, he gave at once the word.
The mate put on his dancing pumps, and caper'd high with joy;
He call'd on deck the old caboose and the loblollyboy.
The gallant crew—comprised of two—in naval language cried,
"Now, avast heaving!" and at once were at the vessel's side.
The old Whitechapel seaman, hearing the tailor's fire,
Exclaimed—"Those lubbers on the land an answer must require.
Quick! man the guns!" He scarce had dropp'd the sentence from his mouth,

When three were pointed to the north, the others to the south:
From the tea-canister was brought the powder in a trice;
They weigh'd out six half-ounces with a precision nice;
They ramm'd it down with walking-sticks, and at the well-known word
Proceeding from the gallant craft a loud report was heard.
The tailor and his company were seized with fear and ire;
"Pirates assail us," roar'd the host; "let us return the fire,
But not with harmless powder. Oh! here's a fearful scrape.
Go, RICHARD, to the hot-house and try and find some grape.
I wish my geese were swans, alas! unhappily they're not;
But if they were, we might send back some real swan's-egg shot."
Thus said the frighten'd tailor; his guests were just as bad;
With anger, flurry, and alarm, the host was almost mad.

"What's to be done? can nobody the knotty point unravel,
How to return the pirate's fire? I have it now—the gravel."
The thought was quickly acted on, the tailor's guns they load
With gravel from the gravel-walks, and pebbles from the road.
"Now at 'em!" cried the tailor, and, swift as lightning, flew
A shower of stony pebbles midst the Whitechapel crew.
The mate he danced his hornpipe with desperation bold;
The crew of two, caboose and boy, took refuge in the hold;
The brave Whitechapel seaman still walk'd about the decks,
Observing the phenomenon through his gold-mounted specs.
He gazed until a pebble—one larger than the rest—
Struck him upon his double chin, and dropp'd upon his breast.
As flint will raise the heated spark, so rose the seaman's ire;
The stone had struck from out his breast fierce indignation's fire.
He piped all hands, and roar'd aloud for all his gallant crew,
His mate, caboose, loblollyboy, and British seamen two.
"Return the rascal's fire," he cried; "direct a bold attack;
Upon the fellow's chimneys aim—straight into yonder stack."
Great was the crash of pottery, and dismal was the growl
Of the tailor o'er his weathercock, his chimneys, and his cowl;
But, not content the house-top with bricks and tiles to strew,
The bold Whitechapel seaman summon'd his gallant crew,
The mate that danced the hornpipe, and eke the old caboose,
Who suddenly was called upon to cook a tailor's goose.
A landing they effected—at the Retreat they dash;
The tailor and his followers felt they had been too rash.
The mate and the loblollyboy made a terrific rush;
The tailor setting up a whine, ran to the nearest bush;
But speedily they captured him; they took him from the land;
His trial by court-martial they straightway made him stand.
The old Whitechapel admiral then ask'd him from the chair,
"The flag of Britain to insult, how could the culprit dare?"
Inaudible his answer—for fear, in wildest freaks,
Had gum'd the tailor's mouth up, and blanch'd the tailor's cheeks.
They found the tailor guilty; then what shall be the fine?
A tarring and a feathering forthwith upon the line.
He begged aloud for mercy—he knew on such mishap
He could not plume himself, nor boast a feather in his cap.
He turn'd him to the gallant mate, but turn'd him all in vain,
Then to the young loblollyboy, then to the seamen twain.
The sentence was inflicted—and he was put aground.
Where the mud, and broken bottles, and oyster-shells abound.
The office of his lawyer, when he revived, he sought,
To take his retribution out within the County Court.
But there the poet makes a pause—the poet stands with awe
Upon the stony threshold of the abode of law;
The poet dare not enter; for though he braves the seas,
For him, alas! too stormy the atmosphere of fees.
So silently withdrawing, he leaves the angry pair—
The sailor and the tailor—to fight their battles there.

ORANGEISM IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE!

THE Crystal Palace, doubtless, would make a magnificent orangery; but it is a pity that MR. PAXTON'S splendid structure should be turned into an orange-peclery, as it has begun to be by the youthful consumers of the fruit, whose golden rind they have taken to fling about the floor. This practice is equivalent to playing the public a slippery trick, the consequence of which may be a direct encouragement of surgery, never contemplated among the scientific results of the Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations. The young gentlemen, also, cast the remains of their oranges into the fountains, and dabble and paddle with their sticks in them. Londoners, to be sure, are accustomed to queer water, but country visitors to the Exhibition, who are in the habit of slaking their thirst at these fountains, and have been used to the genuine form of that beverage, cannot but be disgusted with aqueous tincture of orange-peel and infusion of cane. We are sorry to suggest an invasion of juvenile liberty, but we are afraid that where there are children at large there must be beadles.

Punch's Prophecies for the 9th of July.

ANOTHER great fire of London. But the fire will take a harmless and attractive form, showing itself over doors and in fronts of houses in jets of light, thus—"V. R." with crowns, and festoons of flame.

GOG and MAGOG in a new suit of paint will appear at Temple Bar with the keys of the City.

A fly's leg will not be shown under a microscope at Guildhall.

SIR PETER LAURIE will himself be "put down" by his own coachman.

If the hot weather continue, WHITTINGTON'S Cat will take her cream in an ice.

THE LAST DAYS OF SMITHFIELD.

SMITHFIELD is going, is going, is going,
Smithfield is going, and soon will be gone;
No more will the lowing, the lowing, the lowing
Of ring-droves in agony startle the dawn.

No longer the squeaking, the squeaking, the
squeaking
Of pigs, with lambs' bleating, will tunelessly blend;
Nor females with shrieking, with shrieking, with
shrieking,
As they fly from the mad ox, our ear-drums will
rend.

The drovers, by swearing, by swearing, by swearing,
No longer will heighten the sheep-dog's fierce bark,
While the torches are flaring, are flaring, are flaring,
On each market morning, so early, by dark.

Those cruel brutes' oak sticks, their oak sticks,
their oak sticks,
No more on the horns of the oxen will ring;
They'll soon cease to poke sticks, to poke sticks,
to poke sticks,
Armed with goads, in the flank the poor creatures
to sting.

The Market's Committee, Committee, Committee,
Let us hope, will not make the Lords throw out
the bill;

So, preserving the City, the City, the City
In its old vested rights, and its nastiness still.

TRIFLES (NOT SO) LIGHT AS AIR.

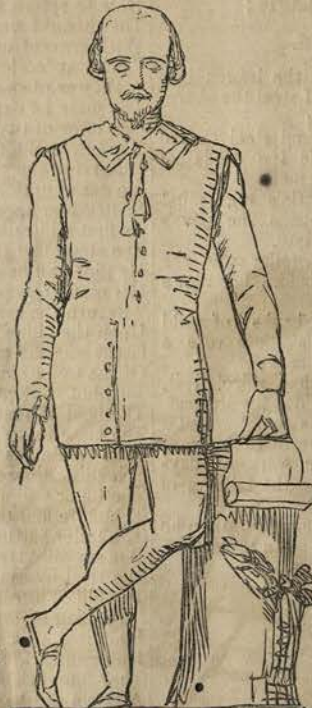
WE understand that the Commissioners of Police are about to issue orders for the regulation of the now inconveniently crowded balloon traffic of the Metropolis. So long as the intrepid voyagers were likely to confine their collisions to each other, it was not thought necessary for the authorities to interfere, as the evil was likely to correct itself to a certain extent, and so mitigate the mischief. There was not so much objection to the inconvenience falling upon the heads of the aeronauts, but now that the aeronauts seem likely to fall on to the heads of the public, something should be done to put a stop to the nuisance. We believe it is in contemplation to give directions, that no balloon be allowed to set down, or tumble down, within a mile of the Crystal Palace. Had that volatile daughter of air, MRS. GRAHAM, let out her grappling-irons, the other day, upon the Exhibition, they would have proved the most serious difficulties it has yet had to grapple with.

An Error Corrected.

At the War Medal dinner, LORD SALTOUN, the Chairman, said—

"When he alluded to woman—he begged pardon, he meant ladies."

Ergo, a lady is not a woman.



DINNER-TIME AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE LORD MAYOR—IUS MOURNING OVER THE RUINS
OF SMIFFEL.

An Affecting Application of an Ancient and Classical Incident.



A CONVERSATION AT THE EXHIBITION,

Between an anxious Mother and a Policeman.

"Good Policeman, tell me, pray,
Has my daughter pass'd this way?
You may know her by her bonnet,
Yellow shawl, and brooch upon it.
Far and near I've sought the girl;
I have lost her in the whirl:
Do you think she yonder goes,
Where the Crystal Fountain flows?"

"Ma'am," says he, "on this here ground,
What omdever's lost is found;
Rest quite heavy in your mind,
I your daughter soon will find!
Though she's got to forrin lands,
Hiey-burgs or Hegypt's sands,
Still, depend on't, soon she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!"

"Perhaps Italian Hart attracts
Her, or them there flowers in wax.
May be she has got hup stairs
In among they heavy chairs;
And like GULLIVER is sleeping,
Where them Lillipushum's creeping;
But she'll wake, and then she goes,
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!"

"Yet, good Ma'am, I should explain,
She may stop a bit in Spain:
Smelling of them Porto sniffs,
Looking at the Turkish stuffs.

Or if warm, a Chiny fan,
Offer'd by the Tartar man,
Will refresh her as she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!

"She may see the silver things,
Little watches, chains, and rings;
Or mayhap, Ma'am, she may stray
Where the Monster Horgans play;
Or the music of all sorts,
Great and small pyanny-forts,
May detain her as she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!"

"Or she may have gone in hope
Of a patent henvelope
To take home,—and if she's able,
Try to see the Roman table;
Or insists on one peep more
At the sparkling Koh-hi-nore;
Then, the clance is, on she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!"

"Well, Policeman, certainly
You're the man to have an eye
Over such a place as this,
And to find each straying Miss!
Pray, good man, my daughter tell,
When she hears them ring the bell,
I shall find her, if she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!"

The Softer Sex in Smalls.

THE revolution in female attire which has commenced in America may extend to this country. Well—no matter if the attributes of the husband are arrogated. It may be well that ladies should know what it is to be continually having to put the hand in the breeches-pocket.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

THE *Hampshire Independent* says that LORD JOHN MANNERS has accepted the REV. DR. M'NEILE'S challenge to meet the Rev. Canon in Liverpool for explanation on the Papal question. This is the sort of challenge for *Punch*. How much more rational to fight with canons than with pistols!

Mesmerism for the Member for Lincoln.

In order that he might see the Great Exhibition sitting in his arm-chair, and so without the danger of being mobbed, we should recommend our COLONEL to be magnetised with the view of becoming a *clairvoyant*, if we were not afraid that his clairvoyance would consist in merely seeing through his magnetiser.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HIT.—Youth may sometimes afford a lesson to maturity. All horse-pistols have been superseded by the revolvers of a COLT.

INCOME-TAX ETHICS.



ost true it is that if
— the pleasure is
as great
In being cheated as to
cheat."

Government, in exacting Income-tax under Schedule D, and persons liable to the tax under that schedule, in returning their incomes—with average accuracy—to Government, must equally delight themselves and each other.

The accessory to a crime is equally guilty with the principal. In taxing precarious income as highly as the mere interest of fixed property, Government cheats the person possess-

ing precarious property. If the individual liable to be so taxed does not return the real amount of his income, he tells a falsehood; if he makes a true return of it, he aids and abets Government in cheating himself. Is not the being party to the fraud as culpable as the declaration of the untruth, and since a man must commit either the one transgression or the other, had he not better prefer, of the two, that breach of morality which is attended with a saving?

Too Good by Half.

SIBTHORP was taken to see the Globe in Leicester Square. When he had been over it, he asked to see the other. "The other Globe!" exclaimed the astonished check-taker, "this is the only one, Sir." "Don't tell me, Sir!" shouted SIBTHORP, in an indignant rage, "Who ever heard of one Globe? It's always a pair of Globes, Sir; and I insist upon having my money back, unless you instantly show me the Companion!"

A CHINESE PUZZLE.

WE confess the Chinese Lady, at the Chinese Collection, is a Chinese Puzzle to us. We do not deny her Celestial beauty—nor do we deny the smallness of her foot. Her singing, also, is as perfect as Chinese singing can be; but we are puzzled as to the fact of her being "a lady of quality." We are told that she occupied a very fashionable position at Canton, where she was the *belle* for one or two seasons. This is a puzzle to us. We cannot understand how "a Lady of Quality" can lend herself to a shilling exhibition. It is a mystery, which our total ignorance of Chinese manners and customs does not enable us unfortunately to fathom, how a "Lady of Quality" can leave the realms of fashion in which she reigned supreme, to show herself as a curiosity in a foreign capital, and be stared at "from 10 till dusk." Chinese fashionable life must be very different to ours, for we cannot conceive an English Lady of Quality—a Patroness of ALMACKS—allowing herself to be shipped to Canton, and singing and playing on the Piano, and dancing, and showing her foot, at so much per head, to the GOBEMOUCHES of China.

There is no doubt an English Collection would be as attractive in the Celestial Empire as the Chinese Collection is amongst us—but still we doubt if it could boast of so great a curiosity as a "Lady of Quality from Belgravia," occupying the largest line in its bills. "The LADY ANN ELIZABETH BLOOMSBURY, of Gower Street, London—the English Beauty, with the largest foot in the world—will be in attendance, and will eat a hot luncheon regularly every day at two o'clock." Such an announcement as the above in the Canton advertisements could not have surprised us more than the one of a "Lady of Quality," which figures in our daily papers in connexion with the Chinese Collection. The only parallel instance we know of in English life, is that of BARON NATHAN at Rosherville Gardens; and we advise the Baron to go to Canton, and exhibit himself as "a British Nobleman." If he were to dance his celebrated "hornpipe amongst the tea-things," it would immediately be taken up as a compliment to the Celestial plant, and his fortune, in such a tea-drinking community as China, would rapidly be made; and who knows his representations of "The British Nobleman" would be just as true to the life as those of FI-FI-O-YU-NAU-TI-TING are of a Chinese "Lady of Quality?"

Serve him Right—and Left!

AN advertisement appeared on Wednesday last in the *Times*, addressed "TO THOSE WILLING TO SERVE ANOTHER." We understand that the answers, which were very numerous, were all from Sheriffs' officers, whose willingness to serve another, and another, if necessary, there is no reason to dispute.



THE ATTENTIVE HUSBAND IN HOT WEATHER.

AUCTION OF SOULS.—PULPIT AND HAMMER.

In the imperial salt-mines of SÓWÁR, in Upper Hungary, "there is one thing," writes a traveller, "very remarkable: namely, a chapel which may easily contain a hundred people cut in the rock-salt; with an altar, pulpit, sacristy, chairs and forms, cut in the same rock." Now a church of salt—of salt in its typical purity—is the Church of England; and yet the auctioneer will now and then usurp the place of the parson; and sometimes the pulpit will resound with the hammer of the rostrum. The custom is to be deplored; for may it not, in light and superficial minds, deprive the salt of somewhat of its orthodox savour? When souls are made a matter of auction, the charge of the aforesaid immortal essences loses a trifle of its divinity. The shepherd who buys his sheep with the act of purchase may think he buys an undoubted right to sell them.

A few days ago certain Christian flocks were submitted to the hammer at the auction-mart, and knocked down to the best Christian pastors; namely, to those happy shepherds who could best afford to offer the highest price for the chattels. Not being present at the ceremony, *Punch* does not pledge himself to the most rigid verbal accuracy in the report of the transaction; but no doubt the auctioneer did his best in the disposal of the goods, after the approved method of auctioneers in general.

"Gentlemen," says the man with the hammer, "the next article I have the honour to submit to your emulation is the advowson, with patronage, &c., of the rectory of Trettire and Michael Church, Herefordshire, net annual value £250, present incumbent seventy-four years of age. What shall we say for the rectory of Trettire and Michael? Herefordshire, splendid county; magnificent hills, that lift the thoughts of Churchmen to the devotional altitude; beautiful thymy pasturage for sheep. Malvern mutton, for instance, unparalleled. Now, an offer, if you please, gentlemen, for Trettire and Michael, net value £250, gentlemen. Further, gentlemen, present incumbent is seventy-four years of age—seventy-four, gentlemen; so be quick with your biddings."

First Bidder. One thousand pounds.

Auctioneer. A thousand pounds! What, and present incumbent with one leg in the grave? Think of the country, gentlemen—the feet of the everlasting hills of Herefordshire, and mend your bidding.

Second Bidder. One thousand two hundred.

Auctioneer. And present incumbent seventy-four? Pray, gentlemen, do not forget; one leg in the grave, gentlemen; at least, one leg.

Third Bidder. Fifteen hundred.

Auctioneer. Come, we're getting on; but fifteen hundred; only fifteen hundred, for Trettire and Michael; going like a drug, gentlemen—like a drug. I should be sorry to find no better devotion in the company than—thank you, Sir,—sixteen hundred; no warmer enthusiasm for the Established Church, and that at the present time, when rampant popery threatens—one thousand seven hundred, thank you—

our altars and our homes—seventeen hundred and fifty, thank you;—and present incumbent—seventy-four—seventy-four—and according to the course of all sublunary things, with one leg in the grave, gentlemen—a human and commercial fact you cannot too well consider, gentlemen. No advance on seventeen hundred and fifty, and one leg in the grave?

Fourth Bidder. Eighteen hundred.

Auctioneer. Thank you; but consider, gentlemen, the span of life; seventy-four and one—

Fifth Bidder. Eighteen hundred and fifty.

Sixth Bidder. Ninety.

Auctioneer. Thank you: eighteen hundred and ninety for Trettire and Michael; salubrious county—seventy-four—one leg in grave—and the best pasturage. No advance on eighteen hundred and ninety-four? No advance?—going—going—one leg, gentlemen; I must call your attention to one leg in grave. No advance? Going—going—(*Hammer falls.*) Advowson, with rectory of Trettire and Michael, yours, Sir—and dog-cheap—sold for a song; Sir, a very song.

A short pause.

Auctioneer. The next lot I shall have the honour to offer to the competition of the company is the advowson, patronage, &c., to the rectory of Llanwarne, also in the sublime and salubrious county of Herefordshire, net annual income £359, and the present incumbent—I must be allowed to dwell on this touching circumstance—present incumbent the over-ripe and patriarchal age of eighty-four; fourscore years and four; so, gentlemen, confident in your enterprise and speculation, I do—I must—expect a handsome offer. Shall we say a couple of thousand pounds to begin with? Reflect—fourscore years and four!

First Bidder. Fifteen hundred.

Auctioneer. Thank you, Sir, for a beginning. Fifteen hundred and eighty-four—that is fifteen hundred, for advowson of Llanwarne, a favoured spot where the tares of dissent have never shown themselves among the corn of—thank you, fifteen hundred and fifty. No advance upon fifteen hundred and fifty; and present incumbent white-haired patriarch—eighty-four?

Various Bidders. Sixteen hundred. And fifty. Sixteen, seventy. (*Long pause. Hammer descends.*)

Auctioneer. Advowson and rectory of Llanwarne, yours, Sir. A cheap penn'orth in such a county; with such a flock; such sheep pasturage; and incumbent every day of four-score years and four—

Another pause.

Auctioneer. The next lot, gentlemen—

But here *Punch* must break off: assuring the reader that the auctioneer, ere he quitted his rostrum, disposed of in all seven sacred lots to the glory and lasting profit of the established church of salt, and—let us hope—to the enduring advantage both of sellers and buyers.

THE CHEMISTRY OF SLUSH.



SEVERAL scientific gentlemen, according to the *Times*, have been set to work upon the great Water Question, and have just now made their formal report thereon, which contains a striking refutation of the popular belief that the donkey is peculiarly nice as regards his drink. It may occur to some of our readers that this document might have been published under the title of "Pumps upon Water." The Thames is pronounced by these sages to be quite weak of the nitrogen whereof, if nitrogen can, in any of its combinations, affect the nose, that stream is obviously strong. They say that it contains "animalculæ" only when they are in season; whence, the conclusion would be that it is

little worse for "infusoria" than it is for whitebait. Admitting it to be, as "the main drain of a large and populous city," full of corruption, they assert that it possesses within itself the power of self-purification: but they forget to notice the remarkable allegorical fact that the Thames is exactly parallel to the British Senate. Cheap tailors are bad enough, but the Water Companies are the worst of slop-sellers.

The Harmonious Blacksmith.

RICHARD COBDEN desires to assure the World in general, and England in particular, that, as "The Harmonious Blacksmith," he is prepared to bend Swords into Sickles—to turn Bayonets into Dibbles—to fashion Helmets into Beehives—to adapt Mortars to Flower-pots—and in any and every other way to transform the old iron of MARS and BELLONA to the uses of CERES and FLORA.

* * * An Apprentice Wanted. Any young man of the name of PALMERSTON particularly eligible.

A SECOND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.



Have read somewhere the profound remark of a Gascon, "that there was no place where so much was to be seen as in the World."

This profound remark has induced us to take a Second Journey round the World in Leicester Square,—and the following are the valuable discoveries we have made.

There are but nine fixed inhabitants in the World. These consist of one Check-taker; four Guides, with long wands; one Page, with dazzling bright buttons; one

Night-porter, to prevent any one setting the World on fire; and two Charwomen, who, long before the World is stirring, put their scrubbing-brushes round the World in quicker time than *Ariel* could put her girdle round it.

The language spoken by these inhabitants is a singular mixture of English, Scotch, and Irish—the latter predominating very largely in the mouths of the charwomen.

It is false to say that the Globe moves. We hope we shall not be imprisoned for this new truth, as GALILEO was for his. We maintain that the Earth does not move—and it is lucky it does not—or else the Equestrian Statue, which is buried underneath in the centre of the Globe, would come tumbling out of the top, and be smashing all the World to pieces. As for the Rotation of the Earth, we were so completely convinced of the fallacy, that we never tried a single experiment to test the truth of it. The only rotation we witnessed was performed by a drunken cabman, who could not find the entrance of the Earth, and kept going round and round Leicester Square at least half-a-dozen times before he could find it.

The night and morning of MR. WYLD'S Earth differ from our night and morning, inasmuch as the morning commences when the gas is turned on, and night begins as soon as the gas is turned off, which is just the reverse with the world we live in.

At night a heavy dew falls upon the Earth from the watering-pot, with which the Night-porter goes from floor to floor to sprinkle the four quarters of the Globe; for, as there are four staircases inside at equal distances, we suppose they are put up to represent the four quarters of the Globe.

We discovered there was no morning, or day, on the Sunday, excepting when the porter left in charge turned on his bull's-eye to enable him to read his Sunday paper. With the exception of those brief glimpses of sunshine, universal darkness reigns upon the Earth from Saturday night to Monday morning.

The length of the day averages generally from "10 until dusk." The longest day is generally a wet one, when not a person comes to visit the exhibition—the shortest, when the tide of population runs in so fast, that it is difficult for the Check-taker to take the shillings sufficiently quick.

The population of the World varies a great deal. Sometimes it is greater, sometimes less. The Census, however, is taken every evening by the Treasurer, who fetches away the money-box. As many shillings as are found in the box, so many persons have been in the World that day. The machine for taking the Census resembles the toll-gate at Waterloo Bridge. It has one drawback, for it marks just the same for bad money as for good. Now every bad shilling taken knocks a human being off the Census. Consequently, if nothing but bad shillings were taken, the Returns of the Population of the World, for that day, would be exactly *Nil*—which would be too absurd even for MR. MALTHUS.

You travel round the Earth by degrees; for as the big staircase inside is rather steep, you cannot get through it for a minute. The degrees of longitude are calculated in the easiest manner by a person reckoning by his watch how long it takes different persons to reach the summit of the Exhibition; but the degrees of latitude vary a great deal, as it is found that one person, especially if he be a medical student or an Irishman, will take so much more latitude than another.

MR. WYLD'S Earth is nearer the Sun than our Earth by at least 150 feet—which, we believe, is the height of the building. This will account for its being so much hotter at the North Pole than it is at the Equator, or on the pavement in Leicester Square. There is no fear, however, of MR. WYLD'S Earth coming in contact with the Sun, any sooner than our own—and supposing it does, it has the advantage, we are told, of being fully insured in the Fire Office of that name.

There are Antipodes in MR. WYLD'S Globe as on ours; that is to say, if you are at the South Pole, and we are walking over your head at the North, you are our Antipodes—but then, we are not subject to the same laws as the Antipodes of this Globe. For instance, if it is summer with us, it is not winter with you. If we are strolling about in the broad

glare of noonday, you are not tumbling over each other in the pitchy darkness of midnight. We bask in the same gas, we enjoy the same stifling heat; neither do we walk, as we should be walking on this Globe, with our feet directly opposite to your feet—which might be very inconvenient for you, unless you had the faculty, peculiar to flies and certain dwarfs, of walking along the ceiling without tumbling off. MR. WYLD has shown a very great impartiality, we think, in extending, in his Globe, the same advantages to both Antipodes—which is a superiority over many exhibitions, where, finding yourself at the very antipodes of intelligence, you hardly know whether you are standing on your head or your heels.

MR. WYLD'S Globe has another immeasurable superiority, and that is, a person can remain in it a whole day, and it will only cost him One Shilling. When shall we be able to live in this World for a Shilling a day?

SHOOTING FOR THE POPE.

(See the Roman news in the *Times* of June 18.)

In Rome, some days ago,
There was done a glorious deed,
In the Place "del Popolo,"
Where two People's men did bleed
By the bullets of the French, free and brave,
To the PONTIFF who were lent
By their noble Government,
And their Roman brethren went
To enslave.

These mutineers had kicked
Against the lance that held them down,
Spurned the foot they should have licked,
As before the Papal Crown
They abused themselves to earth with bated breath;
But instead, their fury rose,
And they flew upon their foes;—
Should not fellows such as those
Die the death?

The leaders of the land,
Which is Priestcraft's present hope,
On his throne by the strong hand
Who upheld their Lord the POPE,
His Viceroy of this world whose realm is not,
Sat in judgment by the right
That's identical with might,
And condemned each rebel wight
To be shot!

"*Dulce et decorum est*"
In a martyr's grave to lie;
Who would wish a death more blest
Than "*pro patria mori*?"

SARMONET and SAVINI, can it be
That the muffled drum so drear
Told your sacrifice was near?
Sure, the Frenchmen played "*Mourir*
Pour la Patrie."

The Gallic legions all
Sent a force the place to guard
Where the victims were to fall,
That a rescue might be barred,
And their balls in safety drill each Roman's heart,
Who, their fate to undergo,
And afford a public show,
Were brought, solemnly and slow,
In a cart.

This was on the Twelfth of June;—
And forthwith their eyes were bound;
Their last words were spoken soon,
And their knees scarce touched the ground
When the muskets through the Papal Palace rang
And the POPE and all his crew,
And his subjects also, knew
His allies had shot those two,
By the clang!

All silently the crowd
From the scene of blood dispersed,
For their curses were not loud,
If internally they cursed;
But they meekly saw their soil—let us hope—
Drink that sanguinary drench,
Shed their liberty to quench,
Crying "Blessings on the French
And the POPE!"



PEACE!—A SKETCH FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE MODERN TANTALUS.

SOME specimens of British sculpture, considerably superior to the average stonemasonry so called, are exhibited in the Crystal Palace. A desirable addition, as expressive of an earnest aspiration of the London Heart—would be a statue of TANTALUS in an agony of thirst; the sufferer attired in the dress of a modern inhabitant of this metropolis; and—by an artistic device, producing an effect like that shown by the face of the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S "Veiled Vestal"—represented up to his chin in the Government Water Bill.

To the new M.P. for Greenwich.

GREENWICH possesses, and, no doubt, dearly values, the old coat of NELSON. For NELSON'S living daughter Greenwich apparently does not care the value of a Greenwich wooden leg. Would it not—asks *Punch*—make a capital maiden speech for a brand-new M.P. for the town that cherishes NELSON'S old coat, to move for a Committee to consider the claims of NELSON'S daughter?

HOUSE OF CORRECTION FOR GENTLEFOLKS.

WHEN a person is convicted at a police-court of having been drunk and disorderly, broken the peace and some one's head, or knocked an individual's teeth out; nay, sometimes when he has even caned a constable,—the rule, with few exceptions, is, that he is sentenced to the option of fine or imprisonment. If he is a gentleman—that is, a member of the Gentry—of course the fine is "immediately paid," and off he walks or drives. But in case he is one of the Humpity or Mobility, not able to make the disbursement, he is forced to submit to the more unpleasant alternative, and is removed in the van.

This is, practically, a very uneven-handed sort of justice. Durance is durance; hard labour is hard labour. A fine, to those who do not feel it, is less than a flea-bite. To mulct a rich man of five pounds, is like flogging a fellow in armour. The needy offender, who has to choose between forfeit and incarceration, is sure to suffer something. This disproportion is obvious; and the magistrate now and then, in a spirit of Rhadamanthine rigour and Gascoignian disregard of persons, adjudges peace-breaking Gentry to the House of Correction.

In this sentence, however, there may still be inequality. The justice of justices is sometimes over-just. Total ruin of hopes and prospects may result to the patrician, from a punishment which, in the plebeian's case, would consist, simply, in so many days' or weeks' confinement and tribulation.

The question, then, is, how to visit upon misdoers of the Gentry the exact amount of suffering, inconvenience, or annoyance, due to their demerits? For instance, how to treat persons of that class, for pelting people with broken eggs, precisely as any nasty fellows ought to be treated, and no worse? Recent events have incited *Mr. Punch* to the consideration of this difficulty, which he has settled, to his own satisfaction, by a plan which he has devised of a Genteel Prison.

This Prison, as conceived and designed by *Mr. Punch*, is to be erected in a locality to be named Warm Bath Fields. Cold baths, for the sake of cleanliness, are provided in other prisons; but *Punch* would have the Genteel Prison supplied with warm baths, out of consideration for the more acute sensitiveness of skin, possessed, generally, by a class accustomed to luxury. Each prisoner, however, on entering the establishment, should, with equitable rigour, be made to suffer the indignity of immersion. In the same spirit of severity, fairly proportionate, the *chevelure* of every new-comer should be submitted to the scissors. But

the disgrace should be inflicted by an artist from TRUEFIT'S, and should be physically limited to the ordinary operations of the hairdresser.

The prison-uniform of the gentlemen is to consist of a suit of plain black, with white neckcloth. That of the ladies—for ladies, occasionally, commit themselves, so as to deserve committal—should also be a simple morning dress, without ornament. The former shall be employed in compiling statistical tables for the use of Government; the hard labour of the latter shall be crochet-work.

The diet shall be strictly confined to plain bread-and-butter, joints, and vegetables; all drink more stimulating than tea or lemonade being strictly interdicted.

The Genteel Prison shall afford no indulgences whatever of a luxurious nature; but the cells shall be decently carpeted, and each furnished with an arm-chair, a sofa, and such other accommodations as fashionable habits render absolute necessities of life.

The silent system will be so far enforced, that no conversation respecting races, balls, the Opera, or any other amusement, will be allowed; nor will any political discussion be permitted among the gentlemen; and any attempt at the infringement of these regulations will be visited by the seclusion of the offender in his own apartment.

Thus the chastisement received in the Genteel House of Correction will be rendered exactly equivalent to that endured in the Common Bridewell, and will no longer involve that loss of caste by which imprisonment, when awarded to Gentry, is now aggravated. The magistrates will give those delinquents whom they think a fine will not inconvenience, a genteel week or ten days instead; which would doubtless tend greatly to the discouragement of egg-throwing and other fashionable outrages. *Mr. Punch* offers his suggestion of a Genteel Prison, as the solution of a problem of which he will venture to say "*Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

"The Pope he leads a Happy Life."

THIS line of the old song was touchingly illustrated at a late revel—the festival of dedication—by the clergy of St. Barnabas; illustrated by the following items:—

"The gross weight of the meat was upwards of 4,000 lbs., and there were 100 gallons of ale, and port and sherry in abundance."

Out of compliment to the Pope, the beef was, no doubt, bull-beef.



EMOTION OF OUR FRIEND SIBTHORP ON READING IN A PUBLIC PRINT THE PROPOSAL THAT THE CRYSTAL PALACE SHOULD REMAIN IN HYDE PARK.

THE EGGS-EMPLARY HUSSARS AND LANCERS.

CERTAIN gallant officers of the 15th Hussars and 16th Lancers are, at the present time, withstanding a tremendous siege. They are summoned by Justice to surrender; but they hold themselves impregnable in their contempt of equity. It is enough for them—gallant fellows!—that one HENRY FRAZER DIMSDALE, a youth, should take his trial for their common act of gallantry, when, on the Oaks Day, on their return from Epsom, they added another achievement to the brilliant onslaughts of the British army, by pelting men, women, and children with fetid eggs.

Young MR. DIMSDALE—"from a feeling of honour"—says his counsel—

"Refused to give up the names of several officers belonging to the 15th Hussars and the 16th Lancers, who were vastly his seniors, and who were the principals in the cowardly and outrageous affair."

This is, doubtless, very chivalrous on the part of MR. DIMSDALE; but we must also pay a due tribute to the determination of those gallant men, who, in defiance of every summons of generosity, continue to hold themselves in a condition of siege; refusing to capitulate. "No surrender" is the heroic motto that at the present hour surrounds, as with a halo, the men who officer the 15th Hussars and 16th Lancers. And even as in a warlike siege, in a real battle, where whole regiments bear the shock of an attack, or make a terrible onslaught, even as then the acquired glory is associated with the whole body,—so, at the present hour, is every individual officer of the 15th and 16th an object of peculiar interest, as sharing in the renown of the eggs of the glorious Oaks. As gunpowder perfumes a whole corps, so does the odour of those pelted eggs sweeten every such officer in the nostril of Public Opinion. But then, what is Public Opinion in the serene and lofty thoughts that elevate a military mess! What a poor, paltry, squint-eyed, pig-nosed, bandy "snob" is Public Opinion, despised and laughed at by the withering scorn of Lancers and Hussars!

Therefore, let young MR. DIMSDALE comfort himself as he may in the Queen's Bench Prison, the while his companions in eggs, leave him—says his counsel—

"To bear the whole of the brunt and odium of the disgraceful offence, while they were the principal actors, and never contributing one single shilling to the expenses already incurred by MR. DIMSDALE!"

They joined—these fine fellows—in firing the eggs—but since then have permitted MR. DIMSDALE to pay his own and their shot. It is one thing to find foul eggs for the persons of women and children, another to supply money—the sinews of law as of war—to barristers and attorneys.

MR. PEAT, the army-saddler in Bond Street, may in like manner contemplate the generosity and heroism of the picked officers of the 15th and 16th. MR. PEAT—guileless, trustful man!—on the day of the Oaks, when the officers, with all their shell practice, were in the hands of the vulgar and insolent people, peppered and reeking with

the shot of the assailants—MR. PEAT stood between the mob and the officers. He—

"asked the gentlemen, if he pledged himself to be accountable for them, they would attend on the following day? and they all declared they would; and MR. DIMSDALE was among them. They did not appear."

Doubtless, they were too modest: they waived the solemnity of a public triumph. The victors' car (the probable police van) they would not mount. JOHN COLLINS gave it in evidence,—

"That on the evening of the Oaks day he was returning from Epsom, with his wife and children, and on reaching Lower Tooting, he was pelted with eggs by the gentlemen on a four-horse coach."

COLLINS was, moreover, unmercifully whipped by these heroes in the shell; whereupon, to appease the mob, MR. PEAT gave his word for the appearance of the officers, in the confidence of their pledge. MR. PEAT is forthcoming: the gallant 15th and 16th still hold themselves impregnable in their barracks. It should be enough for them that youthful DIMSDALE has been consigned to the walls of the Queen's Bench. DIMSDALE only breaks his egg to be put into a cage; but the eaglets of the 15th and 16th crack their shells to soar above the world and the world's opinion.

May we suggest to the Horse Guards, that, in default of the surrender of the heroes, the respective flags of the 15th and 16th should henceforth carry as emblems, a broken egg, with the word and figures—"OAKS, 1851."

And as regiments, in their pacific march, have been headed, some by an ostrich, some by an elephant, some by a goat,—so the gallant 16th Lancers and 15th Hussars should, in memory of Epsom, have henceforth driven before them a certain number of cocks and hens.

PAXTON'S ATMOSPHERIC HOSPITAL.

"HERE comes another candidate for the Orange Grove." This, says BASIL HALL, is the frequent greeting given by the wags of Madeira to the consumptive Englishman, who, with death in his face, lands at Funchal; the Orange Grove being the church-yard of the island. MR. PAXTON—if his plan of, what we venture to call, an Atmospheric Hospital, be adopted—will deprive the jocose people of Madeira—an island, no doubt, famous for fun as for fennel—of the time-honoured jest. For MR. PAXTON proposes to have Madeira in London; not to import its sunlight in air-tight tin canisters—but to have a Madeira of metropolitan manufacture.

At the late meeting in the matter of the projected Consumptive Hospital in the East of London, MR. PAXTON exhibited his design of a Sanitarium, which secures to the patients the same atmosphere both in winter and summer. MR. PAXTON shows how London, in its worst winter, may have its fogs filtered and warmed; how London smoke may be purified into an atmosphere that shall feed and sustain the rarest plants known to give out the greatest quantity of oxygen; such atmosphere being continually supplied in its best freshness and purity to replace that consumed by the lungs of the patient. This Atmospheric Hospital will be constructed of glass; and, at a very small additional cost, make—in fact—a Madeira in Shoreditch or Whitechapel.

Who, then, need land at Funchal, with the Orange Grove in the distance? Who, delaying the time of departure from home and friends, until the separation be almost inevitably final—who will take ship, when he may take a cab for a delicious climate? It may no longer be said, "Poor fellow, he went to die in Madeira; he is laid in the Orange Grove," but, "He gave the fogs the slip, and though feeding his lungs in the thick of London, he found health and strength in PAXTON'S Atmospheric Hospital."

THE GREAT NEEDLE CASE.

THERE was a short discussion the other night in the House of Commons, on what may be called the Great CLEOPATRA'S Needle-case. It seems that MEHEMET ALI has given to the British nation the celebrated Needle of CLEOPATRA; but the Government, looking at the Needle with an eye to economy, and coming directly to the point, have decided that it would not pay to bring the affair home; and, indeed, when we hear that it would cost several thousand pounds, we do not wonder at the reluctance of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to incur the responsibility. We certainly cannot advocate such an enormous outlay for the transfer of the Needle to England, and we should suffer severely from the pricks of conscience, if we were any party to sticking it into the public to the frightful extent that would be required. We are rather surprised that the veteran economist, MR. HUME, who is generally as sharp as a needle in all matters where the outlay of the national money is concerned, should have departed, in this instance, from his usual course; and should have been the first to recommend our pinning ourselves to this Needle at an expense for carriage that is quite fearful to contemplate.

PUNCH UPON PORTRAITS.



URING the present Season London is determined to be cosmopolitan in all things. The Industry of all Nations is collected under PAXTON'S eighteen acres of glass roof in Hyde Park; the cookery of all Nations scents the air of Kensington; the mountebankism of all Nations is jumping over garters, flying through hoops, kicking its infant family through the air, or tying itself into knots upon carpets, at the Hippodrome and Astley's, at Vauxhall and Cremorne Gardens; the Costumes of all Nations enliven our streets; the penny-a-liners of all Nations puzzle our newspaper readers; undertakings to speak the languages of all Nations

boldly assert themselves in our shop-windows; Excursion-trains of all Nations alight, like locusts, upon Leicester Square (not to eat every green-thing, but to be eaten as green-things themselves); and last, not least, the modern pictures of all Nations meet pleasantly, and for the first time, in Lichfield House, St. James's Square, while the glorious old masters of all Nations have their annual gathering in the British Institution.

That good will come of this multifarious rubbing of shoulders, we do devoutly believe. In industry, in cookery, in hats, in coats, in pictures, and in sculpture, in horse-riding and penny-a-lining, in sweet-ordering and hotel-dealings, there is not one of us, nations of the nineteenth century, but has a good deal to learn of some one or other of his neighbours.

As to pictures, now. The elder art of all nations, happily, we have always among us. Poor as we are in the old original Pre-Raphaelites, RAPHAEL himself, and LEONARDO, and GIAN BELLINI, TITIAN, and FRANCA, LUINI, GIORGIONE, and the CARACCIS, CORREGGIO and DEL PIOMBO, CLAUDE, and the POUSSINS, REMBRANDT, and RUBENS, and VANDYKE, the whole tribe of daguerreotypic Netherlanders, and tulip-loving, salt-water Dutchmen, have long had their homes in our private galleries, more or less accessible to such fraction of the public as could achieve, by any means, the honour of a private introduction, at first, second, or third hand, to the gentleman-gaoler in charge.

Every year, a draft of these illustrious captives is assembled in the rooms of the British Institution, and allowed to receive the visits of such friends and admirers as can apply the silver key that opens all doors. This year is, as it deserved to be, especially favoured.

Let me beg of you, my dear young friend and rising portrait-painter, to walk in with me, for a few minutes' chat with the old worthies. Don't blush, pray, nor be so long cleaning your boots. We can understand your little awkwardness. Yes; it was a collection of villanous daubs that your brother brushes lately sent in here; and you may reasonably expect a wiggling from those who now occupy the same quarters more worthily. But mastery is ever indulgent. Come in, my young friend, without apprehension.

And first, my dear young portrait-painter, let me introduce you to HOLBEIN, here. This is CARDINAL FISHER. Take a good gaze. The CARDINAL will return you stare for stare; but the fixed sneer is not meant for you. There—what do you say to this masterpiece of hard-hitting, straightforward, determined mastery in portraiture? Is there any mistake about the man there? Is there any thought possible, while looking at that picture, of anything but the man on the panel before you, strong of purpose, ruthless of will, scornful of scruples, with a hold on his inferior clergy as firm as that gripe of the Cardinal's cap in his hand? One doesn't think of the dress, somehow,—one doesn't see it, even; and there is no inkstand, no table, no chair, no pillar, no curtain,—in short, not one of the indispensable requisites that go to make up a Bishop upon canvass now-a-days.

And now shall we pass from grim and gaunt HOLBEIN, to REMBRANDT,—that master of the Black Art—magician whose spells were light and shadow? I think, my dear young friend, that in the dozen heads by this master, to which I shall have the pleasure of presenting you, there is rather a remarkable absence of manner. It is curious, one can always recognise the broad handling of our own DABSTER, R.A. One never misses the same spot of light on the tip of every nose,—the same snuffy smear on every upper lip,—the same Indian red-brown shadows on one side of every face,—the same dashing landscape of every background. Whoever encounters a canvass from the hand of that elegant and gentlemanly creature, FLIMSY, A.R.A., that he doesn't say, at the

first glance, "Ah, that's FLIMSY!"—seeing in every frame FLIMSY always, and his original never, except as quite an accessory. In fact, one might almost fancy that our FLIMSYS and DABSTERS turned their pictures out by a patent process, as MR. BARRY multiplies decorations for the New Houses of Parliament, growing a remarkably rich crop of ornament at a curiously small expense of fancy-seed.

And now, with the performances of DABSTER, FLIMSY, & Co., in your mind's eye, look at these REMBRANDTS. Take that old man's head (contributed by LORD COLBORNE), unwashed, the wear and tear of rough life visible in every broad, coarse, commonplace feature of the face, till, as you look at it, it grows into a living reality,—not by force of anything remarkable in the man who sat for it, but by dint of the resolute mental insight with which the painter conceived the personage before him, and the daring mastery with which he dashed, and plastered, and splashed the colours of that rugged and unlovely flesh upon the canvass. Here is a pair from the same hand, the portrait of BURGOMASTER SIX, and his dainty wife, the friends and patrons of the painter, as commonplace a couple of citizens as ever looked on at a frolic on the ice, or received their friends to pipes, tea, and gingerbread in a lust-haus overhanging a canal. But look how the painter has informed the physiognomy of that sandy-haired, sandy-moustached, sandy-eyebrowed burgher, in his plain black doublet and white band, by the play of light upon face and hair! He has caught him bowing—for doubtless BURGOMASTER SIX was a polite man—either to a deputation or a customer. His lady sits there placidly—to be admired; nothing remarkable in her but her pleasant and comely trimness in look and dress. What is it makes these pictures so interesting? Simply that they are visibly BURGOMASTER SIX and his wife, and nobody else. Every feature in each belongs to every other feature, and to all the features put together. Each is a harmonious conception, and masterly reproduction of the original, and no other possible burgomaster and burgomaster's wife in the wide world.

You agree with me, my young friend, I see. So let us pass to the VANDYKES, if you please. No wonder you come to a stand-still before that portrait of SNYDERS. You are quite right. It is the most gentlemanly portrait in the world. Even the elegant and accomplished FLIMSY never got upon canvass a more unmistakeable air of good-breeding and refinement. But observe how utterly indifferent is all in the picture, in comparison with the sad, somewhat sunken, but still most sweet and serene face. That this should be the painter of boar and wolf hunts, whose bold brush dashes in howling bear-cubs, and disembowelled dogs, and bristly porkers, struggling, and goring, and gnashing in a rack of hounds, by the side of which LANDSEER'S animals subside into curled and combed drawing-room pets!

Those are rather a remarkable pair of full-lengths, I think, my young friend, on either side the MABUSE. Arts and arms, the gown and the buff-coat, in quiet contrast,—the Spanish officer of VELASQUEZ, and the ABBÉ SCAGLIA of VANDYKE; the former upright and sturdy, with his leading staff in his hand, and his helmet by his side, ready to be braced on, when the word is given to march at the head of those irresistible pikemen against the breached redoubt, or into the grande place upon those rebellious burghers, who have hoisted the town flag on the Beffroi, and are holding their frightened burgomaster prisoner in his own Hôtel de Ville; the latter pale and rather drooping, but with eyes full of thoughtfulness—the impersonation of subtle intellect, in whose hands the brute force of the soldier is a tool.

Either these painters must, on the whole, have understood their originals better than FLIMSY, DABSTER, & Co. understand the crop of red-coated generals, and black-coated clergymen, who yearly blossom on the walls of the Royal Academy rooms, or the soldiers and clergymen of the days of VELASQUEZ and VANDYKE must have carried more of their character and calling in their limbs and looks than their respective brethren now-a-days.

Of course, my dear young friend, you jump at the latter alternative. The fault is in the sitters, and not in those they sit to. Will you walk with me into the South Room, and see the SIR JOSHUA, hung here in worthy neighbourhood with the works of REMBRANDT and VANDYKE, HOLBEIN and RUBENS?

Let me beg your attention to that sweet little Lady CAROLINE HOWARD—

"— a rose
Mong roses—mingled with her fragrant foll!"

Was innocent girlhood ever better conceived, and more gracefully painted? Or was boyhood ever better put upon canvass than in MASTER HENRY BUNBURY—staring open-eyed at SIR JOSHUA, no doubt—his hands upon his knees—a boy capable of any amount of tarts and toffy, but a little gentleman withal?

Was all this in the sitter, think you? As if to beat you out of your lines, my dear young friend, be good enough to give a passing glance at those LAWRENCES,—at that staring and tea-boarded canvass of MRS. ANGERSTEIN AND SON, for example; and remembering that SIR THOMAS'S sun rose as SIR JOSHUA'S set, and that SIR THOMAS was the crack and Court portrait-painter of his time, more unmistakeably popular among the fine ladies and fine gentlemen than even

DABSTER, R.A., or FLIMSY, A.R.A., now-a-days, be assured, that what the picture is to be, depends on what the artist is; that the work rises or sinks with the man; and thus thinking, devote yourself rather to the infernal gods, than to the fatal fortune which now wreathes with artificial flowers the paltry and untruthful palettes of the DABSTERS and the FLIMSYS.

WHAT'S IN AN (ARISTOCRATIC) NAME?



NUMBER of persons delight in paying their few shillings to figure in the advertising paragraphs of the "fashionable" papers as givers of *thés*, and other milk-and-watery decoctions, but who find all their efforts to purchase distinction vain, by the cognominal curse of SMITH, or JONES, which all the paragraphs in the world cannot elevate into aristocracy. Some ingenious devices are, however, resorted to, for the purpose of dragging the plebeian patronymic out of the *Shop Directory* into the *Court Guide*, and poor SMITH has had his *i* knocked about in the most reckless style, for the sake of redeeming him, if possible, from the vulgar association with his old friends JONES and ROBINSON. We have had the SMITHS struggling into SMYTHES, or contorting themselves into SMYTHIES, although the effort is vain; for

"You may torture and tangle the name as you will,
But the odour of Smith-hood will cling to it still!"

A more desperate effort has been made by the JONESES to redeem themselves from the horrors of their nominal position by describing themselves as "of" some place or thing of which one never heard before, and never wishes to hear again. For example, there is our *thé-giving* friend, who advertises herself as "Mrs. Jones of Plate Glass," who would be just as respectable, in our eyes, if she were "Mrs. Jones of Window Sill;" for one distinction is not a bit more silly than the other. When will people be contented to found their claims to respect on what they really are, instead of upon the absurd claims to fashion or title, which they attempt to purchase in the columns of the fashionable newspapers?

THE SUN TO PUNCH.

"FRIEND PUNCH,—Don't start, that I write this upon your study walls with my best diamond-pointed beam.

"Well, haven't I done the handsome thing this summer of 1851? Haven't I sent a magnificent specimen of an English summer to the Great Exhibition? Shall foreigners henceforth flout at your summer; when I have seen thousands of them scorched as they never were scorched before?

"MR. PAXTON himself—who, as a gardener, must know the true value of my power—MR. PAXTON must feel that I have done his Crystal Palace great honour, having daily illuminated it with my brightest.

"As PHŒBUS and PUNCH are equally engaged in enlightening the world, I have thought that this brief communication—written in sunlight on your study walls of 85, Fleet Street—would, whilst doing you no more than a rightful courtesy, be also pleasant to the allowable esteem of your fellow-labourer, *Mr. Punch*,

"PHŒBUS."

Extraordinary Liberality in a Prelate.

THE *Westmoreland Gazette* has published the fact that the BISHOP OF DURHAM has subscribed £15 towards an Independent chapel in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. With the farthest intention possible from impeaching the Bishop's churchmanship, *Punch* will say that he is an independent Bishop.

ECCLESIASTICAL CROAKINGS.

ON the motion of SIR BENJAMIN HALL we have another "blue book" on Ecclesiastical matters, in which the croaking of the Bishops, lest their incomes should not come up to the mark, contrasts with the easy *nonchalance* with which they pocket the difference when they happen to be above it. The exertions of the Secretary to make "things pleasant" is very commendable.

First among the croakers is poor DUNELM. He seems to have contracted for Durham on a vacancy in 1836. He was then BISHOP OF CHICHESTER, with some £3500 a year; notwithstanding which, he cannot cope with this coaly see without a "clear unembarrassed income of £8000." "In the very numerous and large subscriptions and charities," he writes, "if I diminish one half, it may appear mean, and I must do so, and yet incur a considerable outlay. For instance, the late Bishop gave fifty pounds or guineas per annum to the Sons of the Clergy here, including what he gave to the Anniversary. I believe he gave the same to the Newcastle Infirmary."

It seems that it was first of all proposed that his Lordship should have his clear unembarrassed £8000 a year, and pay over the surplus of the See to the Commissioners. On second thoughts, however, they negotiate for a fixed annual payment from the Bishop; and he thus instructs his agent:

"I shall not object to any sum that they (the Commissioners) may determine upon, not exceeding £12,000. I confess I think it ought not to exceed £11,000. Ever since I have been compelled to think upon this subject, it has appeared to me £10,000, under all the circumstances, was a reasonable sum to pay."

After such disinterested liberality, it is satisfactory to add that his Lordship, after paying £11,200, had above £27,000—"pounds, not guineas"—last year for himself. Well done, DUNELM!

POOR WORCESTER has been done in his wood. "My predecessor," he writes, "having been induced by his pecuniary difficulties to cut down every available stick of timber upon the Ecclesiastical Estates," amounting to £5000 in two years; "by which excessive and illegal fall the bishoprick is damaged to the extent of £600 a year" wants to be allowed a set-off to that extent, the Commissioners having been cruel enough to require him to reduce himself to his £5000 a year; though, as he feelingly observes, other Bishops are getting more than their fixed incomes. "More, but not less," seems to be their motto.

CHICHESTER has been done out of £500 a year. He expected £4500. "It is not pleasing," he says, "to compare his situation with that of any other Bishop; but having learnt that the BISHOP OF RIPON has £4500, he is compelled, in justice to himself, to press for more." He says, "If Ripon is farther from London than Chichester, the expense of living is less." DUNELM does not seem to have allowed for this in his calculations.

RIPON has been desperately done. He has had to create an entire new place—new pleasure-grounds, gardens, plantations, roads, walks, fencing, draining, and hopes the Commissioners will assist him. Instead of that, they reduce him £200 a year, hinting that it ought to be £400. His Lordship then sends the Secretary a balance-sheet, which he pleasantly calls "*Conscience v. Purse*," to show that he ought not to be mulcted;—and as there the matter seems to rest, why, we will rest too—feeling, as we must all do, that such extracts require no comment.

A CALL ON MR. CANTELO.

CERTAIN "gentlemen" belonging to the 15th Hussars and the 16th Lancers, who lately distinguished themselves in so eggs-traordinary a manner, paid MR. CANTELO's Hydro-Incubator, the other day, the "honour" of a visit. It was observed that they wore *shell-jackets*, a peculiarity in the uniform of those particular officers, prescribed, by command, to commemorate their celebrated achievement at Tooting and South Lambeth Gate. The gallant heroes appeared to take much interest in the exhibition, evidently regarding with wonder, as sources of animal life, objects which they had hitherto been accustomed to view principally in the light of ammunition. They requested that any eggs on which MR. CANTELO's process might prove inoperative, might be sent to their quarters.

Chemists and Druggists.

THE Member for St. Alban's introduced a bill—afterwards withdrawn until next Session—requiring an examination of chemists and druggists. MR. BERNAL said—

"There were but too many persons employed as chemists' assistants who did not comprehend the difference between oxalic acid and Epsom salts."

We believe this to be true. We also believe that with better education must come a better reward: that whereas many assistants at present know not the difference between acids and salts, so do they not now know the distinction between their own salaries and the wages of grooms and footmen.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS FOREIGNER.

A FOREIGNER of distinction has arrived among us; not, indeed, for a selfish personal purpose to see the Exhibition; but for the more benevolent and disinterested object of becoming an Exhibition himself. We allude to the Uran Utan —(the old Orang Outang of our childhood—the Wild Man of the Woods of our boyhood's small BURN-FON)—at present holding his levee at the Zoological Gardens.

He is the last "great hit" of the season; and, if set free in the grounds, would, no doubt, have "a prodigious run." It is said that more than one theatrical manager has gazed upon the illustrious stranger with contemplative, speculative eye, as though yearning to snatch him into large type in a play-bill; that more than one dramatist, or jobatist, has visited the Uran Utan with a desire of "measuring him" for a part, translating the native of Borneo into the best London gallery English. But the fellows of the Zoological Society, not wishing to degrade the ape to the drama—with a delicate regard to the animal's feelings—have hitherto stoutly resisted all offers. The resolution does equal honour to their heads, hearts, and pockets.

The Uran, on his departure for England, was accompanied by that

"Honey-drop in cup of life,
A charming wife,"

who died, it is said, half-seas over. The Uran, awhile disconsolate, is at the present time in the best health and spirits; lying upon his back, and "letting the world slide." But then the Uran is in his boyhood: his forehead has the intellectual development that marks his early years; a development that becomes more purely



THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—THE DIVING-DRESS DEPARTMENT.

IN THE FOREGROUND IS A TROUBLESOME BOY (WHO HAS STRAYED FROM HIS PARTY) AND COME SUDDENLY UPON THE FIGURE. HE IS HURRYING AWAY—FEAR DEPICTED ON HIS COUNTENANCE.



KEY TO TABLEAU.

- 1, Diving-Dress complete.
- 2, A Troublesome Boy.
- 3, 4, 5, 6, His Party.

animal as he grows to the adult: even as a sharp, sportive Harrow-boy may altogether lose himself in the future Member of Parliament. Indeed, it is said, that with the Utan, the change is already beginning. For last week, upon being shown a globe of glass, the animal evinced considerable disgust; chattering at it, making mouths, and by his very expressive pantomime seeming to call down all sorts of flint-stones upon it.

The band of music that plays every Saturday in the Gardens, has of late produced feelings of great indignation in the animal. It is believed by his keeper, that, if the Uran had his own will, he would not only demolish the musicians, but bolt their instruments.

This strange hatred of all crystal development, and intense disgust of music in the open air, are, however, as the smallest foibles in the animal when taken with his general good-nature; and, moreover, with the unceasing amusement that he affords the British public.

It is reported—but we give the story as that of rumour merely—that the Uran is about to claim the rights of naturalisation; and thereupon will, on the next dissolution, start for Parliament. Looking upon the wide world from his cage, the Uran is said to be a staunch Protectionist. It is said that Mr. F— has, in his own philanthropic way, offered to teach the stranger the graces of language and the force of logic.

Blow Out for Fire.

It is very seldom that the devouring element can get a bellyful. Abundant refreshment is, however, provided for it in the Exhibition, by means of PHILLIPS'S Fire Annihilator, which operates upon its appetite as such a regular damper, as, in a few minutes, to render it unable to manage even a tank of tar.

PROPOSED ADDITION TO THE ARMY.

THE glorious exploit performed by certain gallant officers on the occasion of the late famous retreat from Epsom, is well known. This brilliant piece of service ought to be commemorated. Two modes present themselves to Mr. Punch, whereby an object so nearly affecting the honour of HER MAJESTY'S army might be accomplished. One is the addition to each of the regiments whereunto the heroes belong of an Egg Division. The other, and perhaps the more eligible, is the establishment of a separate corps, into which all those officers shall be drafted, and which shall be distinguished by the title of the —th Regiment of Guards (Black). Such a troop would be admirably calculated for foreign service, for more reasons than one; but that one is, that by valour such as theirs alone could we expect our enemies ever to be brought completely under the yolk.

"THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER."

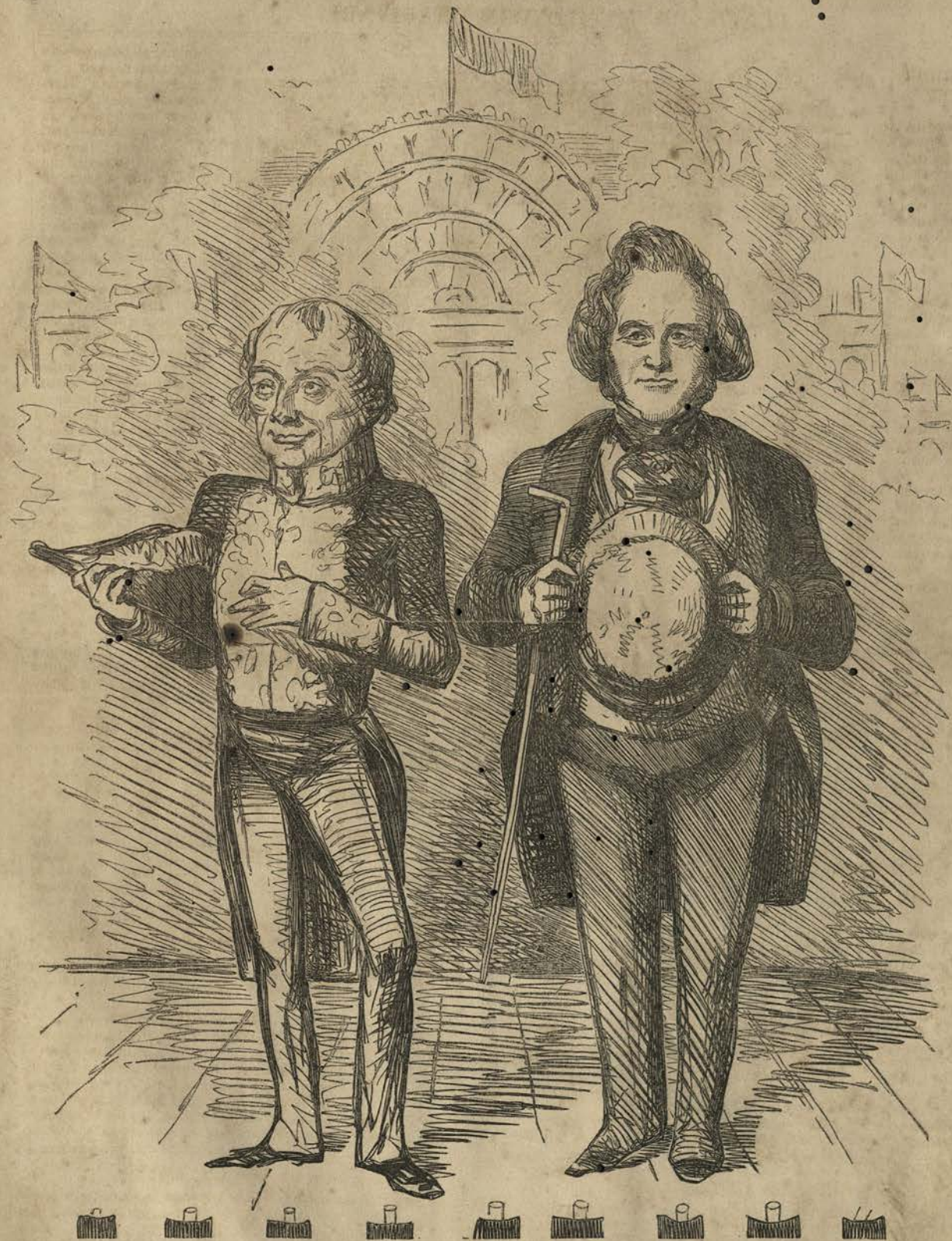
THAT great men rule the earth from their graves is an acknowledged truth. GEORGE ROBINS still speaks through DELL, of Brighton. For DELL informs us, through the Times, that on him—

"Devolves the pleasure of letting one of the most desirable shops, with dwelling-house attached, in the North Street of the capital of the south of England, euphoniously named Brighthelmstone, but more commonly known as Brighton."

The pleasure of letting a shop must be intense; but with "a dwelling-house attached," the delight quickens into perfect bliss!

"The proprietor retires, after an industrious and prosperous career, to that retirement classically termed *otium cum dignitate*."

Persons desirous of communicating with the late proprietor must therefore address him in his retirement. Why did not DELL append—"Direct to — Esq., *Otium Cum Dignitate*." Truth has changed her well for the ink-stand of a house-agent.



AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

Lord John. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE DECIDED SUCCESS OF THE NEW PIECE, ENTITLED 'THE GREAT EXHIBITION; OR, THE CRYSTAL PALACE,' IT WILL BE REPEATED, WITH YOUR KEE-IND PERMISSION, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE."
[Loud cries of "Author! Author!" who makes his bow.

THE FEMALE STREET ORDERLIES.



Do you know of none, among the numerous acts of utility performed by ladies in the present day, involving so much self-sacrifice as the practice adopted by our fashionably-dressed women, of cleansing the public thoroughfares. The length to which the fair sex go in the article of dress, is only to be exceeded by the lengths to which they go in rendering their dresses useful to the whole community. Few who have not watched the elegantly-habited female pedestrian passing through thick and thin, to assist in sweeping the London streets, can form any idea of

what she carries in her train when she sets the example we have alluded to. All that is required to render the ladies the efficient and constant scavengers of the Metropolitan foot-pavements, is to organise them into a body of female orderlies, and though the City Court of Sewers rejected MR. COCHRANE'S proposition to cleanse the streets by means of his troop, the objection being founded chiefly on the class to which its members belong—we have little doubt that the services of the ladies, should they be tendered, would be accepted with eagerness.

Since the commencement of the shilling days has admitted to the Crystal Palace a majority of those belonging to a class who are self-interested enough to study economy and personal cleanliness, the building gets only on Saturdays the benefit of that thorough sweeping which the five shilling classes are prepared to administer at the sacrifice of their dresses, and at the cost of accumulating about themselves all the dust and dirt that would otherwise remain on the floor of the Exhibition. Unfortunately, the fine-lady scavengers are chiefly among those who consider the payment of five shillings necessary to protect them from the contact of the vulgar; and they do not, therefore, attend in large numbers on the shilling days; so that the only way to secure their scavenging services would be to have a second five shilling day, when, released from the fear of all association with what some of them would call the scum of the earth, they might take away all the dust and dirt of the ground on their legs and petticoats.

THE CANTING CHANDLER.

(A New Version of an Old Story.)

To the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PARDON, SIR CHARLES, if I relate a tale,
Which, certainly, is rather antiquated;
But statesmen like their wit a little stale:
Jokes that have been for some time celebrated
Always obtain the loudest cheers,
Both in the Commons and the Peers.]
I take my narrative from good old JOE,
An author every Member ought to know.
A certain straight-haired Chandler, not at all
A credit to his trade, or his "connexion,"
Address'd his 'prentice thus, with nasal drawl:
"JOHN," snuffled this pretender to "Election,"
"JOHN, hast thou water-ed the rum?"—"I have
Done," said the tyro, "as thou hast commanded."
"Ah! very well," pursued the saintly knave,
"And likewise hast thou the brown sugar sanded?"—
The hopeful youth responded "Yea."
"And wetted the tobacco, eh?"—
"That have I also done," the lad declares.
"Then," quoth the pious rogue, "come up to prayers!"
When jokers shall this story tell,
From this time forward they'll do well
To add two points, required to make it good—
The canting Chandler's last demand
Was, "Hast thou chicoried the coffee?" and
'Twas "Then come up to prayers—for SIR CHARLES WOOD."

Here We Go, Round and Round.

A LETTER in the *Times* states that there is, after all, nothing new in the idea of COLT'S revolving pistol, there being one on the same principle as old as the time of CHARLES THE FIRST, in the British Museum. If this is the case, the American revolver only comes round to the point from which the other pistol started two hundred years ago; or, in other words, COLT has found a mare's nest.

LITERARY SAMPLES.

WE notice a great improvement in the shop-windows of some of our literary contemporaries. One of them, in Fleet Street, has displayed a most miscellaneous stock of toys, haberdashery, and perfumery. It consists of Anti-Macassars, bottles of Eau-de-Cologne, children's "tiddity-iddity" boots and shoes, ladies' handkerchiefs, gentlemen's braces, relieved here and there with bunches of peaches and grapes made in the most tempting wax. The effect is very good, and attracts many a passer-by to look in at the window, where after stopping for half-an-hour over a chess-board, wondering how ever it is possible for "White to win in three moves," he rushes into the shop in despair, to buy the number that contains the solution.

We think the idea is so excellent that it should be imitated by all the newspapers and periodicals of the day. We throw out, at random, the following suggestions, which any of our contemporaries are welcome to, if they think them worth adopting. They may pull in a customer or two, besides being looked upon by the public as fair average samples of the usual contents of the paper:—

A PROTECTIONIST NEWSPAPER should exhibit in its window a DISTRESSED FARMER. Care should be taken in selecting the very leanest of that impoverished class; but to keep up a semblance of appearances, the specimen selected should rather weigh under than above DANIEL LAMBERT. The top-boots, corduroys, broad-brimmed hat, should be of the most correct pattern, and, if possible, a jolly good dinner should be continually smoking before him, with the customary tankard of foaming ale, to enable him to enjoy his pipe after dinner. If the tankard were sufficiently large, and no expense were spared in the dinner, the readers of the newspaper would not fail to imbibe a proper notion of the terrible state the DISTRESSED FARMER was reduced to, and the *tableau vivant* would conjure up before his mind a truer picture of the agricultural wants and necessities than any amount of Leaders upon the same subject.

A SPORTING JOURNAL might have a small stable fitted up in a window—where the "Favourite" of the approaching race might be on view for so many hours a day; or better still, the stick, or stone, that broke the poor Reporter's head, when he was busy reporting the "Grand Mill for the Championship of England," could be laid out on a velvet cushion for the admiration of all lovers of Fair Play, together with a copy of the Doctor's bill, for mending the same broken head, in order to give the public a notion of the liberality of the paper. "The Champion before and after the Fight," might also form, once a year, a very attractive object.

A GARDENING PAPER might show us a few of the "Enormous Gooseberries" and Cabbages which we never see anywhere but in print.

A LITERARY REVIEW could show us an *Æsthetical Contributor* writing an *æsthetical* article, in a purely *æsthetical* spirit; and a MEDICAL JOURNAL could not do better than lay before the public the various noisome ingredients of adulteration that, upon analysis, had been found to assist in a pound of the Best Mocha.

THE PROVINCIAL PAPERS should have a stock of wonders perpetually on view, which might be remitted to London as their attraction began to fade in the eyes of country subscribers, in order to feast those of Metropolitan readers. Thus we should have an opportunity of witnessing for ourselves those wonderful phenomena which are so often read of in the country papers, but never, by any accident, met with in our rambles through Nature. Each separate wonder should be labelled, and the identical paragraph that eulogised its incredible proportions or attributes should be conspicuously displayed underneath. In this manner we should see exhibited "THIS EXTRAORDINARY SHOWER OF FROGS," from the *Tipperary Moderator*, lying by the side of "A WONDERFUL TAKE OF SALMON" that had been sent up by the *Manx Cat*. Country papers would compete with each other, in contributing the most startling phenomenon; and, after a time, a paper like the *Morning Herald* (or rather like what it used to be in its palmy days of *Gobemoucherie*) would be able to collect a Museum which would make BARNUM leap over the Falls of Niagara (in his own exhibition) from sheer despair.

But the great advantage of these shop-window exhibitions, after all, would be to convince incredulous readers that the vegetable and other wonders which they read of from week to week, did not sprout out of a Penny-a-liner's prolific imagination, but had really grown and flourished in some less fabulous soil. If we read of a "Sheep with ten legs and two tails," we should all of us be too inclined to doubt it; but where is the man who could refuse to swallow the sheep if he saw it in a shop-window, and was enabled to count the legs and tails for himself?

And what great phenomenon should *Punch* exhibit? Why, nothing but his weekly number. Admiring millions see it every week, and are happy and content, knowing too well that it would be impossible for *Punch* to show them any greater Wonder!



RETIREMENT.

MORE ABOUT CABS.

"SIR.—The Hansoms of the present day are nothing to what they used to be. I had a whole day's experience lately in a Hansom Cab in Epping Forest; so I think I can tell what there is in a Hansom, and what there isn't.

"FIRST of all, there isn't room enough. They are not built wider than an arm-chair. Formerly a Hansom would hold two people; but now, if two persons wish to ride together, they must each take a separate Hansom.

"SECONDLY, the entrance is not high enough. You can't get in without knocking your hat, and it is the same if you wish to get out.

"THIRDLY, the roof is not high enough. You cannot sit inside with your hat on, unless you wish to have it jolted over your face till the brim rests on your shoulders. To save your hat, you take it off, and the consequence is you catch cold.

"FOURTHLY, the splashboard is not strong enough. As a general rule, I have found that Hansom horses are more given to kicking than any other breed of cab-horse. I have sat behind Hansom horses that have kicked through everything. I can assure you, Sir, that the worst thing that you can have flying in your face (next to your wife), is a pair of horse's legs. I have been for two hours in that awful predicament—curled up in the corner of a Hansom, with no possibility of getting out, and afraid to move lest my nose—which, from its extreme length, is particularly unadapted for Hansom travelling—should come in contact with a big hoof. They say it is lucky to fling an old shoe after one on a journey, but still I do not like a horse to be the person to fling it, especially when you are sitting not the distance of the hair of a whisker behind him.

"FIFTHLY, the present race of Hansoms jolt too much. You not only have your swing for your money in one of them, but rather too much of a swing. You are knocked like a ball from side to side. If you were not wedged in so tight, from the narrowness of the seat, you would be bruised all over, like a bushel of MARY WEDLAKE'S OATS.

"AND LASTLY; I mean to say it is very un-hansom treatment to be pinched for room; to have your hat injured; to be knocked about like a cricket-ball; to sit in peril of losing all your teeth; to be jolted up and down, as if you were in a churn; and then to be expected to pay double fare—for no Hansom cabman is contented unless you pay him twice as much as any ordinary cabman.

"Unless the above nuisances are remedied, I shall be driven to ride in that infernal machine called 'BLATHERANSKATINSKI'S Patent'—which looks like a cab-stand of Hansoms that had been jammed up all together—I may be stared at, but, at all events, I shall be safe.

"Yours, Sir—without another word—

"AN OLD GRUMBLER."

MESMERISM AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

To DR. WILLIAM GREGORY, F.R.S.E., &c., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh.

LEARNED SIR,

A LADY, under the signature of "D." writes to the *Times* to complain of the treatment which some packages of hers received in passing through the Custom House. She declares that her boxes had been broken open, although she had sent the keys; and her clothes and other property thrown about as if they had been wholly worthless, and then forced back into the boxes in a confused state, and covered with the dirt of the warehouse-floor. Her dresses were valuable; none of her property was chargeable with duty; and for having had it thus scandalously damaged, she was forced to pay £4 13s.

In your lately published "Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism," which I take to be addressed exclusively to myself, who am the only individual that inquires candidly into anything, you state that MAJOR BUCKLEY—you believe—has produced in upwards of 140 persons a degree of *clairvoyance* enabling them to read, with almost invariable accuracy, printed mottoes enclosed in boxes or nutshells.

Do you think MAJOR BUCKLEY could magnetise the Custom House officials, so as to give them the ability to see inside of trunks? You have yourself known some persons in a state of "lucidity," you say, describe the interior of the human trunk. If it is in the power of the gallant MAJOR to develop this faculty in the persons in question, it is desirable that he should be employed by Government to enable them to ascertain the contents of ladies' boxes, without rummaging the boxes and spoiling the things. But I am afraid that, in order to obtain *clairvoyance*, the MAJOR would require subjects with a much more delicate system than that of Custom House officers.

I am, Learned Sir, your recent reader,

PUNCH.

THE SPIRIT OF EXCHANGE.



CERTAIN newspapers adopt the system amongst each other of "exchanging."

This does not consist with copies of papers only, but frequently with long articles and reports—though the exchange is too often all upon one side; for we have known articles of ours repeatedly taken by newspapers, without their giving us the slightest chance of taking one in return. We have been told of a person who is so fond of "exchanging," that he carries it out on every possible occasion. If he goes to a public dinner, and finds his name at the bottom of the room, he does not in the least scruple to "exchange" it with one at the very top. If he is

travelling with a large party, and has a bad bed allotted to him, he never hesitates a minute in "exchanging" it with a friend who has a good one. If at a picnic he meets with anyone who has a silk umbrella, he is always too ready to "exchange" his cotton one for it. Again, if three persons, of whom he is one, are walking in a pouring shower under one umbrella, he will not wait to be asked, but with the greatest willingness will "exchange" his place outside the umbrella for the one in the middle. He has been known to "exchange" the leg of a beautiful fowl for a liver-wing; and even to pass his iced pudding on to the young lady sitting next to him, if there was only "a bit of game" to be got in "exchange."

Nor do his "exchanges" stop here—for at an evening-party he never misses leaving his old hat behind him, and exchanging it, if he is reduced to it, with a better one. Nor is this all—for it is really believed, that, if he met with a handsome, amiable young lady, related to the nobility, with something like £10,000 a year settled upon her, and perhaps as much more at the death of an old aunt, he would not object, if it was agreeable to her, to exchange names with her, and to let her take his name simply in exchange for her property.

More Papal Bishops.

THE POPE is manufacturing English bishops as fast as they make buttons at Birmingham. He has, within a fortnight, made a Bishop of Plymouth—a Bishop of Southwark—a Bishop of Salford—a Bishop of Shrewsbury, and so forth. They will, we hear, enter upon the full enjoyment of their dignities when the following other primates take possession of *their* sees: namely, the Bishop of the Moon—the Bishop of the Dogstar—the Bishop of the Great Bear, and the Bishop of Saturn and his Ring.

HYPERBOLES OF THE HOLY SEE.

In the late papal "Appeal to the Piety and Charity of Italians," urging them to subscribe to the erection of a new grand Roman Catholic Church "in the centre of London, in a fine position, in one of the most majestic streets in the City," it is declared that

"Those conversions to Catholicism, so frequent and remarkable; that necessity which, in the present day, Protestants feel for instruction in Catholic concerns; those efforts which the ministers of error are now making to stop the spontaneous impulse of the nation towards the truth, are strong reasons for conceiving the sweetest hopes of the immediate return of that prodigal daughter within the bosom of its afflicted mother, the Roman Church."

FERDINAND MINUCCI, also, "ARCHBISHOP OF FLORENCE, of the Holiness of our Lord (O) POPE PIUS IX., Domestic Prelate, Assistant Bishop of the Pontifical Throne, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Merit, under the title of St. JOSEPH"—and *Punch* doesn't know what else—in his "notification" on the same subject, headed with the unworldly and unpretending titles just quoted, talks of "the happy success of the Catholic Apostleship in the United Kingdom of Great Britain;" of "the numerous restorations to the bosom of the true Roman Church, not only of the unlearned, of the simple, and of the poor, but especially of the most enlightened, of the most learned, and of the most honoured personages;" expresses, likewise, "the sweet hope" of Great Britain's speedy conversion to Popery, and asserts "the marvellous tendency of that nation towards Catholicism."

Did you ever, reader, meet with the like of this? Why, yes: for of course you read *Shakespeare* as well as *Punch*. In *Richard the Third*, Act III., Scene 7, you will recollect *Buckingham* gives *Gloster* the following hopeful account of his attempt to enlist the citizens of London in behalf of their design upon the Crown:—

"When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hur'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, 'God save KING RICHARD!'
And thus I took the vantage of those few:
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I;
'This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to RICHARD.'"

What only makes the cases not precisely similar is, that whereas, when *Buckingham* tried it on for *Gloster*, "the citizens were mum, said not a word," and nobody responded to his solicitations but a few of his own flunkies, a similar manoeuvre on the part of CARDINAL WISEMAN in the cause of his chief, elicited a tremendous roar of "No Popery!" all over the kingdom.

MINUCCI's assertion about the "numerous restorations" to his church, "especially of the most enlightened, of the most learned, and of the most honoured personages," is really quite reasonable—it is so cool. Perhaps MINUCCI seriously imagines that the principal ornaments of the Bench, the Bar, the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, the Royal Institution, the Peerage, and Army and Navy, are the kind of persons who have lately been turning papists. *Punch* hopes MINUCCI has deceived himself—if not, MINUCCI has made a very bold attempt to deceive *Punch*.

The new place of worship to be built under the auspices of the POPE is to have its site "in the centre of London in a fine position." The centre of London is Smithfield, and what position could be a finer one for the Church of QUEEN MARY?



A GAP IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

THERE is one great omission in the British contributions to the industry of humanity. Among all our astonishing machinery, we have not one specimen, nor even model, of the BENEVOLENT MACHINE. The reader, peradventure, says he has never heard of such an invention. It is no invention, however; at least no modern one; but he has heard of it often enough—under another name. We exhibit machines simply destructive; guns, pistols, artillery, shells, all kinds of devices intended to smash, pierce, shatter, mutilate, and kill, perhaps with horrible agonies, brave and good men, or to dismiss bad ones—suddenly it may be—to such fate as may await them elsewhere.

The Benevolent Machine, it is true, is associated also with the idea of physical suffering in connexion with the Great Change; but how much otherwise than muskets, field-pieces, and mortars! Its intention is—returning on the part of society good

for evil—to provide the vilest, the most atrocious criminal, a passage to the realms of endless bliss. For are we not told that almost every villain, who, by the award of law, exchanges this world for the next, has died devoutly penitent—brought, "by the exertions of the reverend chaplain who attended him, to a due sense of his awful situation?" Shall we be ashamed, then, of the material instrument by which this great feat of philanthropy—nay of Christianity, if society cansteth not—is accomplished? Well, then, is it not either by an unaccountable oversight, or by a wonderful inconsistency, that, whilst there are plenty of fountains, there is positively not one Drop in the Great Exhibition?

THE DOOM OF THE DIRTY OFFICERS.

A COPY OF VERSES.

SEE us, stripp'd of lance and sabre,
With our uniforms, too, gone,
Here a-working at hard labour,
With our prison dresses on.
Look—our hair is crapp'd like stubble,
Our moustaches they have shorn.
You behold us here in trouble,
Doomed to toil, and shame, and scorn!

Here's a plight for crack young Lanciers!
Here's a state for fast Hussars!
"Serve you right," the public answers,
Smiling through our prison bars;
"Earned full richly your disgrace is;
Well it suits such brutes as you."
Throwing eggs in people's faces
What you see has brought us to.

With the man who strove to shield us
We our plighted word did break,
And when he, compell'd, reveal'd us,
Basely did his ruin seek.
Slaving thus, all clipp'd and shaven,
Officers and gentlemen,
May we learn the sneak and craven
Never to enact again!

THE TRUTH SEEN THROUGH A WINDOW.

In a shop in the City the following inscription may be read in the window:—

"ICI ON PREND L'ARGENT DE L'ÉTRANGER."

Meaning, we suppose, that foreign money is received there. But the delicious truth that peeps through the badness of the translation is most amusing. From what we have heard of the extravagant prices demanded for trumpery little articles, and the stories that have reached us of the almost incredible impositions practised by our tradesmen upon the poor foreigners, we have not the slightest doubt that the "*Argent de l'étranger*" has been taken in more shops than one in the City, and taken, too, in the greatest abundance. But the candour of the announcement deserves some praise, and has only been exceeded in its touching naïveté by an announcement we remember seeing over a *Gasthof* in Vienna to the following confidential effect:—

"ENGLISHMEN TAKEN IN HERE."

Agriculture and Pharmacy.

To Mr. Punch.

"SUR,—I hears as how MR. JACOB BELL ha brought a bill into the House of Commons called the Pharmacy bill. I be told MR. BELL is a great druggister. They tells us now-a-days to look to drugs as the chief remedy for agricultur. I spose this here Pharmacy bill of his concerns both drugs and farming. I thinks he'd better mind his own bisnus, and stick to druggistry, and lave Pharmacy to farmers. I be

"A FARMER."

HOW TO GET ON IN THE ARMY.



EVERYONE who considers the matter must see that the shortest road to promotion in the British Army is by way of the Continent. The best of it is, that the promotion is not only very rapid, but the service extremely light; for it is possible to take rank whilst on half-pay, and, indeed, in some cases, without having held any commission in the army. The moment a retired lieutenant finds himself in a continental town, he can, if he pleases, advance himself to the highest rank, without the sanction of the Horse Guards being either asked or required. The result is, that Italy and France, as well

as other countries, are overrun with Generals, Major-Generals, Colonels, and other military heroes; whose names, however, by some extraordinary omission, are not to be found in the *Army List*.

The same principle seems to apply to the advance of aristocracy, among the English, abroad, many of whom become elevated in the most extraordinary manner to Baronies and Earldoms, of which BURKE and DEBRETT, by some curious oversight, have failed to take cognisance. It is also a remarkable fact, that the further off the parties may be, the higher is their position in the Peerage. We should like to see all the Lords called in occasionally, like the damaged sixpences, for we suspect that in the latter case, as well as in the former, the spurious issue frequently passes current for the genuine metal.

AN ITALIAN CHURCH IN LONDON.

THE POPE, considering us Londoners with the like feelings of pity and love that moved another Pope to compassionate the flaxen British boys—the pink-cheeked, fair-haired pagans in the Roman market—has resolved that a magnificent church shall be built in the very best part of London. Whether PIO NONO resolves personally to lay the first stone, or whether he will delegate that glory to CARDINAL WISEMAN, we know not; but the decree is gone forth, and a church will be built; a church to be governed “by a congregation of Italian secular priests founded at Rome, that the Roman spirit may influence the same.” We are getting on: when may we expect IL BAMBINO to be carried in state to Westminster?

But *Punch* has to suggest to his old friend the POPE a plan by which time may be saved. At the quickest, many months must elapse ere the new Italian Church can be erected. Wherefore, then, not at once purchase the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane? Certain we are that the persons empowered to sell would let the fabric go cheap—dog-cheap. Really, the structure is worth his Holiness's notice; deserves the Pope's eye. The scenery and machinery, pantomime tricks, and so forth, with a very little expense, would be convertible to Papal uses; and possession—we doubt not—obtained immediately.

It is true that Drury Lane Theatre is not, according to the conditions of the POPE, “in a fine position in one of the most majestic streets in the city,” but it is, nevertheless, a magnificent fabric, and may no doubt be had a bargain.

And whereas it has been by some contended that SHAKSPEARE was at heart a true Catholic, let the POPE accept or make that fact, and late Drury Lane Theatre, once become an Italian Church, be duly dedicated to “SAN GUGLIELMO.”

“VENUS'S LOOKING-GLASS” IN THE WINTER GARDEN.

By all means convert the Crystal Palace into a Winter Garden. If you incur expenditure thereby, you will diminish consumption. What an advantage will such a place of resort afford to the out-patients of Brompton Hospital! Here will be a morning's draught of Madeira (air) in December, procurable, in a few minutes, by a phthisical patient in any part of London. “Oh! this dreadful cough will be—ha, ha!—cured in a week.” MR. PAXTON will then have built a conservatory, not only for the industry of all nations, but for the health of our own citizens. Well; but if this magnificent project is carried out, we believe the boarding of the side aisles of the edifice will be removed, and glass put in its place. In that case we suggest that the glass should be coated on the outside with an amalgam of quicksilver. The interior of it will then present a series of reflecting surfaces—in point of fact, of mirrors—and besides trees, and shrubs, and flowers, the building will always afford agreeable objects of contemplation to ladies.

PROTECTION TO BARRISTERS.

WE understand that a League is in contemplation, under the title of the Anti-Cheap-Law League, the object of which is to give protection to the British barrister. MR. BRIEFLESS has met MR. DUNUP once or twice at the latter's chambers, once or twice at his own, and on two occasions, the two learned gentlemen have met each other half way—on the staircase—with the view of talking over and arranging the preliminaries of a League that is to give protection to the British barrister. MR. BRIEFLESS, in a speech of considerable force, addressed the meeting—formed by his meeting MR. DUNUP on the stairs—and pointed out the loss of dignity to the Bar which must arise from the cheapening of that commodity, of which Westminster Hall had for years enjoyed the happy monopoly.

MR. DUNUP, in an eloquent burst of feeling, spoke of the disastrous state of prices, and alluded to the fact that a suit which would have once cost £40 was now to be disposed of for 40s.

MR. BRIEFLESS read extracts from his fee-book for the last year, consisting of nothing but blanks, and payments, or rather liabilities, to his clerk, while MR. DUNUP produced an immense sensation by pulling out of his pocket four (unsettled) bills for the last four years' charges at the Robing Room. MR. BRIEFLESS then proposed, and MR. DUNUP seconded the proposition, that an attempt should be made to place the ruined barrister before the public in the same way as that which had been adopted in calling general attention to the ruined farmer—for it was the belief of both of the learned gentlemen that the ruined lawyer would make quite as splendid a ruin in the public eye as the ruined agriculturist.

It is a curious fact that in this as well as in other Protectionist combinations, the principles of protection as applicable to the public pocket, seem to be altogether lost sight of.

We may add, that MR. DUNUP, having been worried by his creditor's “little accounts,” the learned gentleman has proceeded under the “Winding-up Act.”



Church Intelligence.

It is said that the Bench of Bishops are so convinced by the reasoning of the MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD of the necessity of an addition to their number, that they propose to form new bishoprics out of their own funds. As thus: the BISHOP OF LONDON will divide his income with two other new bishops. We have heard of the corpulent person who seemed “three single gentlemen rolled into one.” Well, we shall have an episcopal unrolling; a single bishop of £30,000 a year unrolled into three single bishops of £10,000 each.

Conundrum for the Crystal Palace.

WHY are the Russian malachites in the Great Exhibition like young gentlemen who have just come into a lot of money?
Because they are all green and gold.

THE QUEEN IN THE CITY.



ELL, oh my Muse! of the Progress of Royalty into the City:
 Tell—though you've not any business to do it—the more is the pity—
 Why wasn't *Punch* Poet-Laureate, and not lazy-bones ALFRED TENNYSON?
 Still, if I've not got the sack, I have had the turtle and venison;
 Therefore I'll sing, free and full, as *Improvvisatore* of Naples;
 Something for love of my QUEEN, and much for regard to my STAPLES.*

* MR. STAPLES supplied the supper.

Lend me thy pen, mighty GOG, and, MAGOG, a dip of thy standish—
 Now to astonish the natives, and visitors, also, outlandish.
 What shall it be, Epic—Lyric—Tom Moorish—Wordsworthian—Byronic?
 Just what you please, little dears, so it's lively and also laconic.
 Was I invited?—Of course, Sir; for what City glorification
 But has its cover for *Punch*, and his laugh at that dear Corporation?
 Up into Fleet Street I strove, from my house in historic Whitefriars,
 Carelessly humming my staves, while of theirs the Policemen were piers;
 Clearing the way of the small boys, who crowded round *Punch* in his glory,
 Taking a sight at their King, e'en as I at my Queen—my VICTORY!
 Thwack upon crowns fell their *bâtons*, as mine upon crowns oft hath fallen;
 So through the hustlers I passed, and the hustled, the mauling, and *maulen*.†

† There is no authority whatever for this past-participle; but there ought to be: *fall—fallen; maul—maulen*.

Gallant, indeed, was the show, as forth into Fleet Street I struggled;
 'Twixt a fat charger's fore-legs my person I cautiously smuggled,
 Into the road-way emerged, from the shade of my country's defenders,
 And to the world stood revealed, 'neath the gas-stars' illumining splendours!
 First came a chill—then a cheer—and the cheer and the chill were contagious;
 "Bless you, my people!" I cried, and their loyalty waxed quite outrageous;
 Handkerchiefs waved from the windows; from lamp-posts the boys waved their *daddles*,‡

‡ "Hands," *Vide "Bell's Life in London."*

And with the greatest ado the Life-Guardsmen kept still in their saddles.
 Muse! you may pass by the V.s and the A.s, and the Crowns and the Laurels,
 Stars, and Transparencies, also, with painfully obvious morals—
 How the gas flickered and flared, and how (for the fact there's no blinking)
 Thousands of coloured oil-lamps most disloyally went out like winking.
 Pass we the Royal cortege—with its trumpeters and its slow coaches
 Don't say how bright was Cheapside, or how dark were the Guildhall approaches.
 Pass—with the single remark, that ten thousand additional lamps there,
 Might, with advantage, have come from Vauxhall, and the darks and the damps there,
 Some little light to have thrown on that very remarkably mean street,
 Which for this night should have changed name and style, too, from King into Queen Street!
 Now—for I'm tired—take a spell—you, MAGOG and GOG, there's good Giants,
 Tell how the QUEEN in Guildhall was received, by your Corporate clients.
 GOG, go in first, like a Briton, and afterwards I'll lay a tax on
 Masterful MAGOG, in turn, to take up the burden in Saxon.

Gog loquitur.

Sing, Muse, by GOG, how from the prog, the Crypt's dark cells adorning,
 The odour rose into my nose, since this here Wednesday morning.
 In STAPLE's praise my voice I'll raise, to sing, as best I'm able,
 The bill of fare and fowl as were upon the Royal table.

There was Purée de Volaille,
 And Macédoine of Caille,
 And Aspic de Levrant à la Belle-vue,
 Noix de Veau à la gélée,
 And a Hure de Sanglier,
 (I might have said a wild boar's head, but, as English, that won't do).
 There were Boudins de foie gras,
 And Compote d'Ananas;
 Buissons de Truffes and Gâteaux à l'Artois;
 Then there was Mayonnaise,
 And *sach* Suédoise de Fraises,
 A Pâté monstre, and Cotelettes d'Agneau aux Petits Pois!

PUNCH.

Hold! most courteous of Giants. Enough said of eating and drinking.

GOG.

And of what else, Sir, should we, as Corporate Giants, be thinking?

PUNCH.

Tell of the statues so graceful, enwreath'd all in roses and myrtle.

MAGOG.

We knows no statue but one, and that's Peace, cause her emblem's
 a turtle.

PUNCH.

How of the music?

GOG.

We heard none; the Aldermen's buzzing so loud was.

MAGOG loquitur.

Let GOG declare
 The bill of fare;
 But I will be the Bard, oh!
 To sing the wine
 Which was divine—
 Oh, that Amontillado!
 Or floor the flask,
 Or drain the cask,
 No headache you would nab in it.
 And then that Hoek
 From Nassau's stock—
 That amber Steinburgh Cabinet!
 And where they sell
 That Muscatel,
 I know, as I hope you do—

'Tis DOMEQ's growth—
 I'll take my oath—
 And comes from Marchanudo.
 And hark!—pop—pop!
 Sans stint or stop—
 'Tis BACCHUS' own artillery—
 Where foams, and creams
 In nectarous streams,
 Exhilarating Sillery!
 Drink hael—Waes hael!
 Celt, Erse, and Gael,
 Old MAGOG gives you greeting;
 Drink, Cit and Peer,
 And Foreignère,
 And a Hoch! to the merry
 meeting!

PUNCH.
How of the dancing ?

MAGOG.
There was none—so pushing and ill-bred the crowd was.

PUNCH.
Tell of the strangers who thronged—Representatives there of all nations!

GOG.
All as I know is, they kept City people without invitations.

PUNCH.
Tell me, oh tell, of my friends—the ill-used ones—the ex-Men in Brass, Sir!

MAGOG.
Bless 'em! why, they was down stairs, round the table, a-holding the gas, Sir.

GOG (*sulkily*).
Don't you ask any more questions—we're tired, both MAGOG and me is.

If you are pleased with the turn things are taking, it's more, Sir, than we is.

Ain't they a-laying rash hands on our wen'rablest old ins'titutions? LORD MAYORS themselves is 'nt safe in these days—talk o' red revolutions!

Smithfield's to go—so I'm told—with all of its interests wested, Though in the City we planned, and petitioned, and prayed, and protested!

PAXTON is all werry well, and the Palace of Crystal, and so on—But me and MAGOG don't see how things is a-going to go on. Loyal we has been, and is—and GOD SAVE THE QUEEN is our motto; But to bid us to "move on"—I'd just recommend you, Sir, not to.

A FRENCHMAN AT THE SCOTTISH FÊTE.

(Being part of MONSIEUR CLAIRVOYANT'S feuilleton to "Le Canard de Paris.")



HAVE seen with my eyes some Scotchmen. Not the Scotchman of the *Opéra Comique*, who sings, and makes love, and fights in the manner the most approved, after MONS. SCRIBE—but the Scotchman, such as you may see him on the top of his mountains, hunting the wild rabbit. Oh! I have felt one joy shoot through me, when I did see this fine Boy of the Old Scotland. He is big—he is strong—he is gentle. He do what neither you nor I, nor the best pupils of FRANCOIS, could be able to do. He take in his hand a tree, and he throw him over his shoulder as I throw away *un cigare de trois sous*, which I can no smoke; but with more of ease, with less of indignation. He live in a world of trees and rocks—and they are his playthings. The trees, they are his walking-sticks—the rocks, they are his marbles. He makes them jump in the air, as we do the *sous* when we play at school at the game which you call heads-and-pig-tails. He run quicker than any Rumour on the Bourse, and without

and without any stockings. He spring more high than any of the waters at Versailles—and without any pockets. Oh! he is a study for PRADIER to cut him; for DELAROCHE to paint him! He has no trousers, not no more than my beautiful countrywomen of the fish, at whose legs *les jeunes Lords* take much of pleasure to regard all the day at Dieppe and Boulogne, when they can see better legs in Scotland! I have made one great discovery why the Scotchman is so mean, as the proud Englishman delights himself in calling him; it is the reason because he has not any pockets into which he can put his hand like the Englishman. How is it possible for any man to be charitable without pockets? Many of us know not the charity, even with them!

The day was glorious; that is to say, it did rain at great pours—but, then, it always rain in Scotland—and I tell you it was a Scottish Fête. I did get myself wet all through, but I make not any regrets; for it was a Scottish Fête, and one is always soaked to the skin in Scotland, excepting in MONS. SCRIBE'S Operas. The music was much different to that in *La Dame Blanche*, though that is full of beautiful Scotch music, written by BOILDIEU, one Frenchman, who write better Scotch music than the Scotch themselves. Oh! it was too much. It did break open my head, it did split my ears, it did inflict pains on my stomach with recollections of the cholera. It was the BaggyPIPE! *Maudit instrument!* It must be the music of the spheres below. It must be the veritable *Violon du Diable*; different to the one ST. LÉON plays with CERITO in that charmant ballet. I am told there is not any nightingales in Scotland. On my faith I understand it well—the baggyPIPE has killed them all!

I did not see MONSIEUR MACKINTOSH—whose habits the English carry about with them on their backs everywhere. He is the most famous Scotchman alive, and must be the man the most popular in England, for every one speak of him as *My Mackintosh*.

I must tell you, that *Mac* means "The Son of"—so MACKINTOSH is the son of KINTOSH—but I scratch my head with wonder, for all the Scotchmen are Macs. Thus, Scotland must be a nation of all sons, with not one single father amongst them! I leave with you the enigma.

The Scotchmen also play, like children, with wheelbarrows—like our coryphées, with village dances, round poles with flowers—like our *Professeurs de la Savate*, with flinging their feet in the faces of both other; and this they do just all as well as *nous Français, qui ont porté ce noble jeu à la plus grande hauteur*, and have, with the agility of our feet, always put the roses of all nations out of its joint! They likewise play and dance with the sword—but unlike us, *ma foi*; for whenever a Frenchman take the sword, *c'est pour faire danser les autres*.

Et l'hospitalité Ecossaise?—I hear you ask me. Ah! It was nobly supported. I was one of the invited to Holland House—the Palace of LORD HOLLAND, one of the most great Lords of Scotland. Oh! I feast, and drink in the conservatory, which was streaming with light, all the night, and did porter *beaucoup de toasts* to the health of Scotland, and of everybody. Oh! it was *Une Nuit de Songe d'Été*, as SHAKESPEARE says—but what did please me more than all the rest, I did dance one *Raile* with her LADY OF HOLLAND, and the celebrated Host of our *grand Empereur* by CANOVA did smile on your humble *feuilletoniste* for so doing. But what did make my blood mount to the face, was that one *blacquiard* wanted to persuade me it was not her Lady I dance with, but her Lady's Maid. Why am I a republican, if I no know the *Noblesse* when I meet him? *Infame defamer*, I did send him quickly to the place where they do the *BaggyPIPE*. All in all, I enjoy myself to a wonder at the Scottish Fête, but it is a thousand pities one must be wet through before one can enjoy him.

The Crystal Palace Doomed.

No hope for the Crystal Palace. That brilliant bubble is blown out by the breath of wisdom—that fairy fabric is "put down" by the strong arm of an Alderman. In solemn vestry of Marylebone, SIR PETER LAURIE has declared against a winter-garden. Fragrant trees, and aromatic flowers in Hyde Park in November, would cause trade to stagnate in Regent Street. How can palms and bananas and SWAN and EDGAR flourish together?

The world looked to SIR PETER LAURIE for some such demonstration. For SIR PETER LAURIE is one of those men who seem made only to perform the office of mile-stones; for no other purpose than to mark the distance that the world goes beyond them.

NOT STRONG ENOUGH FOR THE PLACE.

VIZIR, the Prime Minister of Persia, means literally *Porter*, from the numerous burdens a Prime Minister is supposed to carry. This, however, will never apply to LORD JOHN RUSSELL; for, considering the number of measures that have been defeated this Session, the Prime Minister of England does not seem able to carry the smallest thing!



AWFUL OCCURRENCE AT AN EVENING PARTY.

"MY GOODNESS, EMILY! THEY'RE BEGINNING THE QUADRILLE, AND HERE'S ALL MY 'BACK HAIR' COMING DOWN!! WHATEVER SHALL I DO?"

THE TAX UPON ATTORNEYS.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will not give up his tax upon attorneys. Like sportsmen, attorneys must still take out a license to bag their game. This is very hard upon the lawyers: because it is an admitted fact pulsating in the heart of every man who practically knows what law is, that the tax comes out of the lawyer's own pocket. It is a yearly offering made by himself to the conscious dignity of his profession; a matter of personal enjoyment in no way contributed to by his clients. In fact, the parallel of sportsman and attorney is, as we conceive, perfect. The sportsman, for his own delectation, takes out his license to kill game: it would be absurd in him to expect of irrational hares and partridges to subscribe the amount of such purchased permission. No, being licensed to kill, the sportsman kills; and having killed, he eats what he has hit. The lawyer being licensed to practise, practises; and having practised, eats what he has blue-bagged. In both instances, the game never pays its own powder-and-shot—never.

The Bishop of Bristol and Gloucester.

BISHOP MONK has so ordered his renewal of leases that, says the *Daily News*, "just in proportion as his family will profit after his decease, so will the Church lose." The Bishop, with such an eye to excess, has earned an enlarged title for his see. Henceforth, instead of BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER, let all men read "BISHOP OF DOUBLE GLOUCESTER."

THE FORTHCOMING ECLIPSE.

EVERYBODY is in expectation of the Eclipse of the Sun which is coming off, or, more properly, coming on, on the 28th instant. Stories are in circulation of strange freaks performed on similar occasions by the lower animals, who began to make a night of it under the influence of delusion. For ourselves, we expect the following cognate phenomena:—

When the darkness begins, FLUFF will put on a dress "front," and stroll away towards the Casino. Finding that establishment shut, he will think that "it must be infernally late," and will go to bed. FLUFF's boots will be visible in the open daylight, to the astonishment of the first-floor, who patronise Mechanics' Institutes soon afterwards.

PLUMBY will wander forth in a "wide-awake," with a pipe, and being met, as the obscurity clears off, by a respectable relative, will be cut peremptorily.

Members of Parliament will go down to the "House," wondering how the time has flown so fast. A few will stare when they find nothing being done there: the majority, however, will find that so natural, from experience, as probably to go in and lounge there, while the darkness lasts.

A few Protectionists will attribute the eclipse to the repeal of the Corn Laws, and will watch it angrily through smoked glass—as they do most things.

Policemen, having lighted bulls'-eyes, will cast sheep's eyes in the direction of favourite haunts.

Punch will make on the occasion various moral reflections; thus:—

The moon's darkening the earth by hiding the sun—results from the littleness of the two first, not from that of the latter luminary. Bear this in mind, JOORLE, whose reputation gets between the reading public and MILTON.

An eclipse is favourable to the observing of spots on the sun—as people look at defects in the ruined TOMKINS, which they did not trouble themselves with when TOMKINS was affluent.

Flowers sometimes shut up during an eclipse. So geniuses languish when the figure of BLUBB, the critic, passes across the sky.

Eclipses are periodical, and *Punch's* periodical eclipses every periodical.

THE FIRE OF GENIUS.

AMONG the various inventions of the day, there is one that has extremely puzzled us. We allude to a *Pocket Stove*, which is being pretty extensively advertised. A man must be able to take it extremely cool who can afford to have a fire in his pocket; and, indeed, he can never draw out his handkerchief or his purse without running the risk of burning his fingers. Perhaps a pocket stove may be intended to keep off the light-fingered gentry, who, if they attempt to pick a pocket furnished with a stove, would at once find themselves in hot coals, instead of being thrown, by the more uncertain chances of detection, into hot water. We should be glad to know which is the pocket in which the stove is to be carried—whether in the waistcoat for the purpose of warming the heart, or whether a stove should be carried in all the pockets at once, with a view to the equal melting down of those who are inclined—against their own inclination—to be corpulent.

With every respect for the inventor of such an article as a pocket stove, we think the present is scarcely the time of year, or the sort of weather, in which the public will be disposed to take up the stove with much warmth—or, rather, the warmth with which they would take it up, if they touched it at all, would induce them to set it down again. When winter comes round, we shall be happy to fill our pockets with as many stoves as the Life Insurance Offices will allow us to carry about us, without increasing our premiums, on the ground of our lives having become doubly and trebly hazardous.

"The Tyrant Customs."

WHEN SHAKESPEARE spoke of the "tyrant Custom," he could not have foreshadowed our own system of Customs, which we are told by the Board is anything but tyrannical. Of course we are bound to believe so high an authority, and indeed we have no objection to go so far as to echo the good opinion the Board has of itself, and to invest their Chairman, SIR THOMAS FRE-MANTLE, with the mantle—or in other words—the cloak—of justice.

A FORTUNATE ATTACHMENT.



PHYLIA, a young lady, has written to us in a deeply sentimental strain, complaining of the reckless way in which attachments are severed, and new ones formed, by the unromantic interference of the Foreign Office. She calls our attention to several paragraphs and announcements, in which it is stated that certain gentlemen lately attached to So-and-so in one

place, have been transferred, by LORD PALMERSTON, and are now attached to So-and-so in quite a different locality. The fair writer asks, in a strain of tender indignation, "whether such a sacred thing as an attachment is to be under official control?"—and adds, that, "although dynasties may fall, or ministries change, under the

baneful influence of politics, the man who is really and truly attached should, at least, be allowed to remain constant to his first attachment."

We regret we have no consolation to offer our fair and indignant friend; but we must plant another immense barb in her already lacerated bosom, by avowing to her our own opinion, that the parties are all quite right, and that the persons whose attachments are altered, simply change, as they have a right to do, because they can, pecuniarily speaking, make a better thing of it.

THE HAPPY FAMILY IN HYDE PARK.

Showman (ALBERT PRINCE) loquitur.

WALK in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and see the interestin' spectacle of the United and Happy Family, showing the wonderful power of human intelligence in subduin' the ferocious and sanguinary dispositions of the hanimal creation. Here you be'old 'em livin' together in peace and 'armony, like so many industrious bees in a glass 'ive; witch celebrated hedifice was designed a-purpose for 'em, by that remarkable talented indiwidual, MR. JOSEPH PAXTON.

Fust and foremost, in a central situation, you see that magnanimous quadruped, the British Lion, a-lookin' round about him, with a complacent expression of countenance, him being on the best of terms both with his-self and everybody helse, and feelin' perfectly satisfied in his own mind that he is "monarch of all he surveys."

Right over agin that noble hanimal you observe the Gallie Cock, between witch creatures there has been supposed to exist a nateral henmity; but this is a vulgar error. The courageous bird has now quitted his position, and strutted right in between the 'pors of the Lion, witch, though naturally a carnivorous hanimal, is now, you perceive, a-eatin' a loaf of bread, made, I may remark, out of Free Trade corn. The Cock is pecking crumbs out of the Lion's mouth; witch the generous quadruped no ways begrudges, seem' as how he is blest with an abundance, and can well afford to spare the small trifle.

Not far from this amiable hexibition of fraternity, you see the Roossian Bear, fabulously reported to have no bowels; a circumstance disproved by his remarkable gentleness of disposition, and appetite for plum-pudding; and there can be little doubt that 'tis to that salutary change in his diet he is indebted for the wonderful improvement of his temper.

In the immediate neighbourwood of the Bear of Roosha, you be'old the Haustrian and Prooshan Heagles, a-billin' like a pair of turtle-doves,—and it is probable they would be cooin' too; but that, owing to a nateral impediment in the construction of the wind-pipe, they are unable to manage.

Here is a remarkable fine specimen of a London Terrier. The little hanimal under his nose is a Hanover Rat. There you have a splendid Spanish Bull; a good deal more at home where he is, I warrant you, than he would be in the Hamphitheayter at Madrid. There, also, is a Roman hanimal of the same species, with a brace of British bull-dogs fast asleep alongside of him: may he never go further and fare wus!

On the right is the Royal Bengal Tiger, whose native ferocity has been so completely conker'd that he is havin' a game of leapfrog with the Swiss Shammy. On the left, the Great Indian Elephant is amusin' his-self by feedin' the Chinese Pig with gingerbread nuts.

That large black-looking bird yonder is the Danish Raven; he has got a Turkey Pullet under his wing.

Yonder snug little friendly party is composed of the Rhinoceros and Hippopotamus from Hafrica, the Egyptian Crocodile, the Halligator from the New World, and the Kangaroo from the Hantipodes. To judge by their actions, they're engaged in cheerful conversation, arter

their fashion, amongst theirselves; and there's no doubt whatever but what they understands each other perfectly well.

Eastwards in a elewated situation, werry conspicuous, you view a gigantic bird of the rapacious order, witch is the famous American Bald Eagle, with a bag of breadstuffs in his claws, and a holive-branch in his beak, witch is the hembles of that Peace and Plenty witch reigns among the Members of this Happy and United Family.

Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and see the Happy and United Family of All Nations, under the immediate patronage of HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY and the Royal Family. Open every day, 'cept Sundays, from 10 till 7, admission one shillin Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday; and half-a-crown on Friday; and on Saturday five bob, for them as wants to be genteel."

THE NOBLE MILLER;

OR, NOBODY MINDS H. B.

THERE was a noble Miller, who
With no one could agree;
He mill'd and sang his whole life long,
A slap-up Slasher he!
And all the burden of his song
Was, as they tell to me,
Oh! I mind nobody, no, not I,
For nobody minds H. B.!

This Miller was a learned Peer;
Not many such have we;
Full well he could expound the law,
And justice could decree;
But in a Mill was most at home,
For then he'd sing with glee—
Oh! I mind nobody, no, not I,
For nobody minds H. B.!

The Miller would with all set to,
No matter their degree,
If in his measures they presumed
The least thing wrong to see.
One down, another man come on!
He sang so bold and free—
Oh! I mind nobody, no, not I,
For nobody minds H. B.!

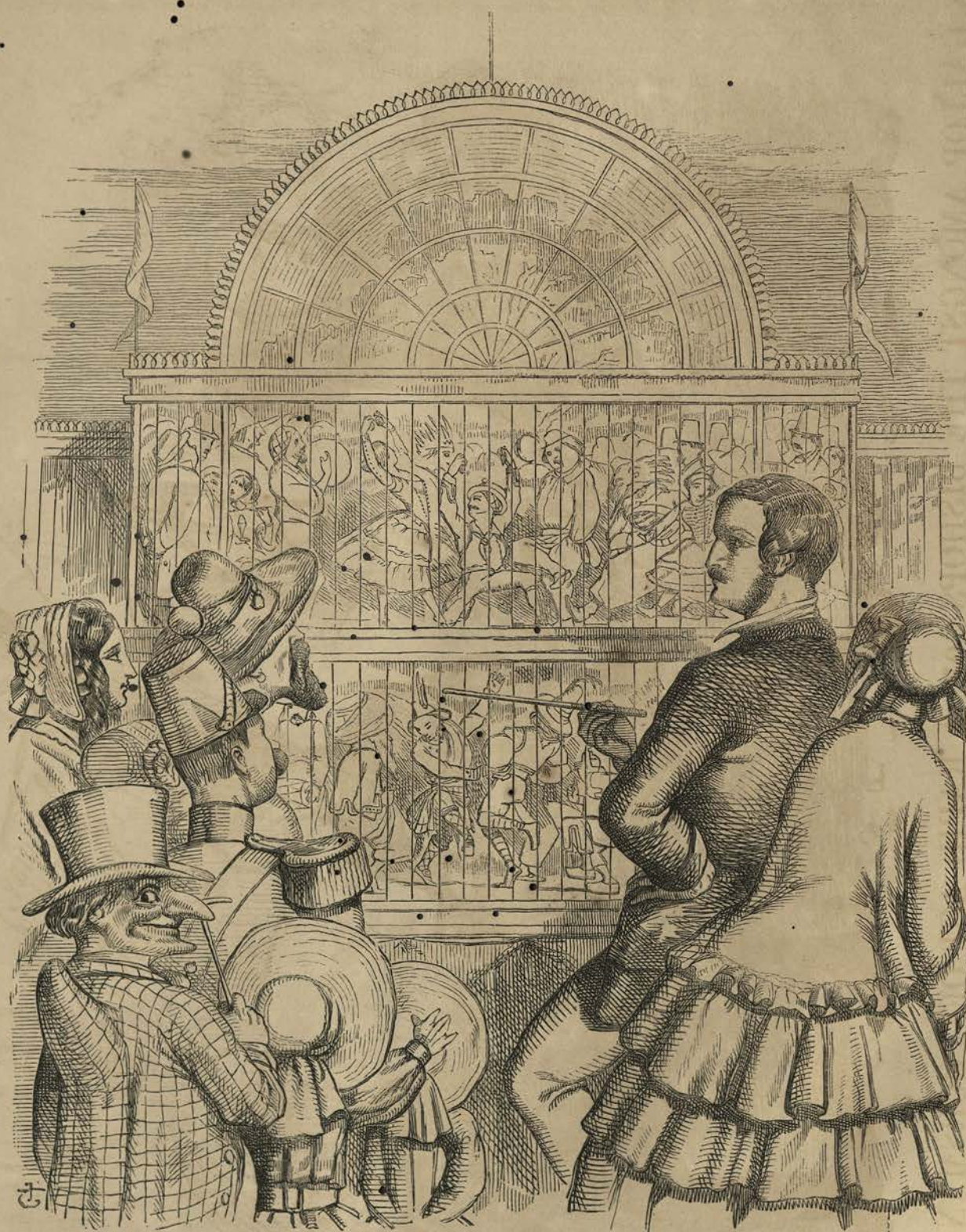
He sometimes proved the better man,
Sometimes the worse, a wee;
But, worse or better, never once
Was brought upon his knee;
And still would sing, though in his ear
He rather had a flea,
Oh! I mind nobody, no, not I,
For nobody minds H. B.!

The Miller used, almost each night,
To mill with one J. C.:
Those mills have stopped, and no one knows
The reason what can be.
J. C. is LORD CHIEF JUSTICE now;
What's that? says B. and V.:
Oh! I mind nobody, no, not I,
For nobody minds H. B.!

When TRURO trod upon his corns,
His last grand mill had he:
He got the poor LORD CHANCELLOR
Himself in Chancery:
And as he fibb'd him, still he sang,
Amid the sport and spree,
Oh! I mind nobody, no, not I,
And nobody minds H. B.!

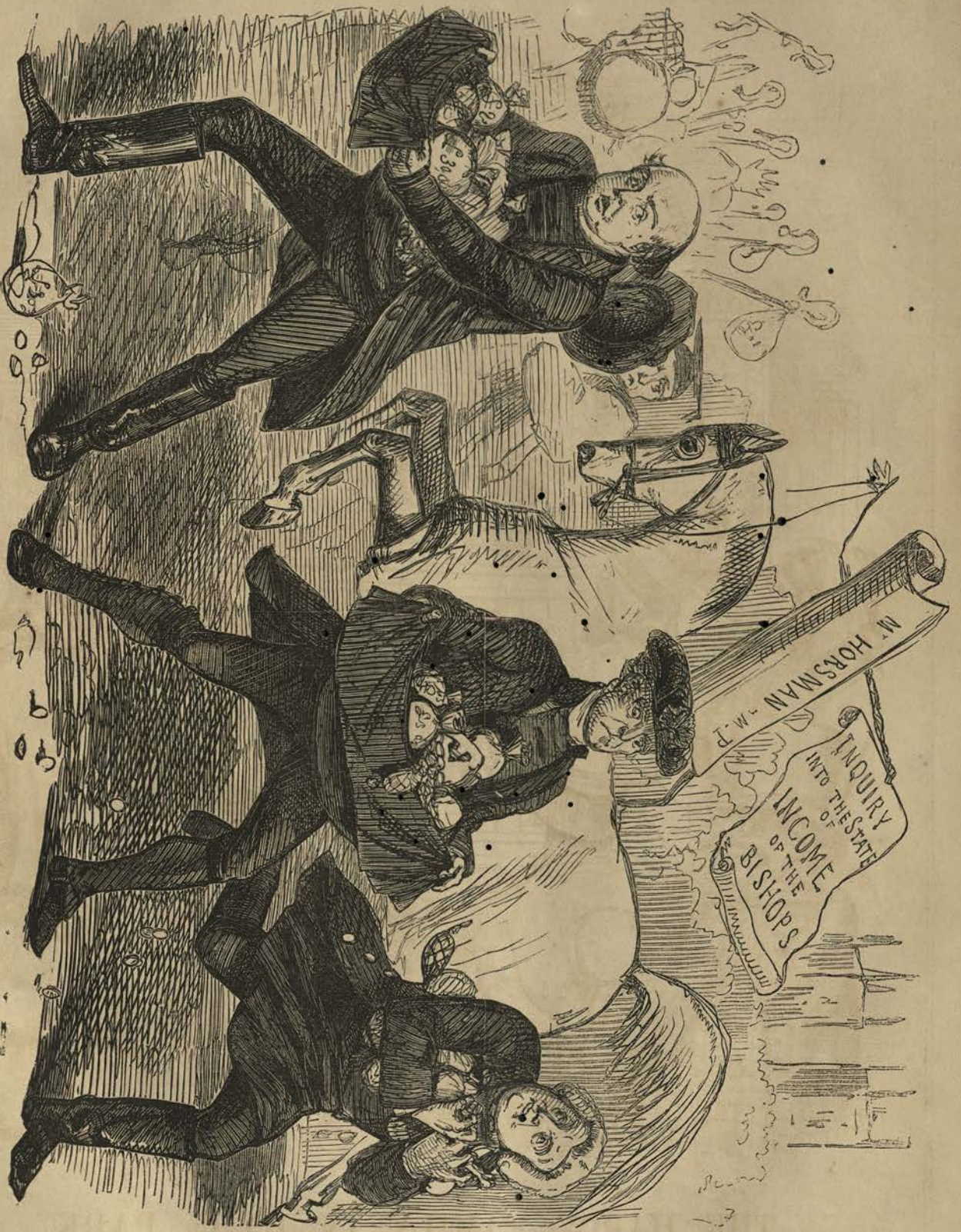
The Bottomless Safe.

THIS is one of the last contributions to the Exhibition; and has already engaged the attention of thousands of visitors. The safe is constructed upon such unerring principles that, whatever may be the amount of money once deposited within it, not a farthing of it—no matter to whomsoever it may rightfully belong—can be removed without the consent of him who has deposited it. The safe was carefully inspected by the BISHOPS OF LONDON, DURHAM, and GLOUCESTER, and pronounced to be perfect. Flattered by such approval, the inventor proposes to call what was heretofore the Bottomless Safe—the Bishop's Own; with this added inscription—*Floreat Ecclesia: No Money Returned.*



THE HAPPY FAMILY IN HYDE PARK.

A GALLOP AMONGST THE BISHOPS; OR, A RAPID ACT OF "HORSMAN"-SHIP.



ARISTOCRATIC SPORTS EXTRAORDINARY.



THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, on the occasion of HER MAJESTY'S state visits to the Opera, has lately gone through his unique and interesting feat of walking backwards, up-stairs and down-stairs, through the lobbies, and across the corridors, holding in his hands—during the whole time occupied in the performance—a pair of massive silver candlesticks. The feat was got through in the usual clean and masterly style, to the great admiration of all who witnessed it. The Chamberlain went off at a slapping pace, turning all the corners with his usual adroitness, and taking the stairs as pleasantly as a regularly-trained hunter would take a hedge or a hurdle. We know of nothing equal to this exploit since the splendid achievement of the Chelsea Chicken, who ran a mile forwards, half-a-mile

backwards, six yards on his hands, three furlongs in a sack, and an acre on stilts, picking up by the way six new-laid eggs, a pound of cherries, placed three yards apart, and concluding by throwing three somersaults over a clothes-basket. It will be observed, however, that

the Chicken had nothing in his hand, and in comparing the feats above described, great allowance must be made for, and great weight attached to, the massive silver candlesticks.

We must confess that these feats, however well adapted to such places as the Hippodrome, are in our opinion unsuited to the atmosphere of a Court, and particularly a Court so distinguished as our own for good sense and good feeling, as well as for the banishment of all etiquette, save that which, without the humiliation of the subject, tends to the dignity of the Sovereign. An excellent proof of this good sense, on the part of Royalty has just been shown in the expressed wish of HER MAJESTY, that the ceremony of presenting the Keys be dispensed with on her entrance to the City. These now unmeaning fooleries are well enough in a stage spectacle; but the QUEEN naturally feels averse to taking a part in such an absurdity as the presentation to her of a pair of property Gilt Keys, which fit no lock whatever. We hope to see, as a further proof of going forwards in the same direction, the necessity for the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S going backwards done away with very speedily.

THE QUEEN'S HEAD-DRESS.

To His Grace the Duke of Richmond.

"MY LORD DUKE,

"To you as the hope and pride of Protection—for the EARL OF DERBY won't speak out; and MR. DISRAELI has a great deal too much of what is called wit really to feel for anybody—to you, I address myself as a staunch Protectionist on a subject, delicate, I own—but no less a subject demanding the co-operative attention of every man who would once again see wheat at 70s. per quarter. I allude, my Lord Duke, to the head-dress worn by HER MAJESTY on her late visit to the City. Here are dress and head-dress:

"HER MAJESTY wore a white satin dress, embroidered in gold, trimmed with gold, silver, and white satin ribands, and richly ornamented with diamonds. The head-dress was composed of poppies, golden oats and wheat-ears, ornamented with diamonds."

"The QUEEN—Heaven bless her!—can do no wrong. But inasmuch as the Majesty of England is considered constitutionally infallible, so is an English Ministry held peculiarly accountable for the nominal acts of the Sovereign. Therefore, the country—which is the landed interest, at once the heart and backbone of the nation—the country expects of your Grace an immediate impeachment of the Ministry for the insult insidiously offered to the Agricultural interest in the QUEEN'S head-dress; for the cruel jest of which our Royal Mistress was made the innocent and unconscious expression.

"Your Grace is aware that that glass bubble blown in Hyde Park—(I understand it is to be kept up as a garden to grow nutmegs, ginger, and cinnamon at half-price, so let the grocers look to it)—was blown in honour of Free Trade; that the dinner, or supper, or whatever it was, spread by the LORD MAYOR, was in glorification of that unrighteous principle which, in this present month of July, has made England throughout the length, breadth and depth of the land a howling wilderness. This was bad enough, but when an unprincipled Ministry—(the

Judases of their country)—induce their unsuspecting Sovereign to bear upon her anointed head "golden oats" and "golden wheat-ears"—(with oats and wheat at their present *no* prices!)—then the insult offered by the Cabinet to a bleeding land—(for it must bleed through *such* "rents,")—demands instant impeachment with the tragic termination that, in the good old times, followed on approved treason.

"POPPIES—golden oats and wheat-ears—with diamonds!"

"No doubt LORD JOHN—for he once followed poetry—thinks this as pretty and significant as the love-posies made in the East, by which girls talk through flowers. But, my Lord Duke, I tell you how the country—the wronged and outraged country—reads the Royal head-dress, which, like the Royal Speech, is not HER MAJESTY'S, but her Minister's: it reads it thus:—

"POPPIES.—Oblivion of the Agricultural interest.

"GOLDEN OATS AND WHEAT-EARS.—Cheap bread—gilt by the capital of the farmer.

"DIAMONDS.—The tears of—

"Your's, in ire and sorrow,

"PROTECTION."

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S BEST ASSISTANTS.

WEAK is the schoolmaster, without the aid of certain ushers; and these are Light, Soap, and Water. The EARL OF SHAFTESBURY—promoted to the House of Lords—takes with him his Ragged Scholars; and in their tatters they do him at least as much honour as his robes of velvet and ermine. It is well when the strawberry leaves and the leaves of the ragged primer go thus together. The Earl knows that what the boy or girl learns at the Ragged School, the child unlearns at its Pigstye Home. In the houses of the poor, with five or six families degraded by the communion forced upon them; the child, fresh from the Ragged School, where he has been made to con the theory of human decency, jump at once into the practice of human debasement. What lessons of goodness have passed through his ears; and what sights of filth and abomination are nakedly presented to his eyes! Theory with its book, and Practice with its foul reality. What hope for the mocked and confounded pupil? Therefore, the noble Earl, confident in his purpose, moves the second reading of the Lodging-House Bill; and it is read accordingly.

We may, therefore, hope that in due season—the sooner still the better—the ragged schoolmaster will be supported and assisted by ushers heretofore almost unknown at the hearths of the veriest poor. Light will be busy with its continued teaching; and Soap and Water do their daily ministrations; and that to the partial discomfiture, it is to be hoped, of fifty-seven millions, at present triumphing through the land; and the more especially, pillaging the cupboards of the lowliest. Gin, Tobacco, Beer, says MR. PORTER, give to the Exchequer an annual amount of fifty-seven millions of money! Now Light, Soap, and Water, arrayed against Gin and Tobacco, must have their victories. They may not wholly defeat the forces of fire and smoke; but there can be no doubt that, with fair play, they will quench much alcoholic flame, and clear into sunshine clouds of stupefying smother.

We are to have Light for nothing. The fiat of the Exchequer has gone forth—"Let the sun shine gratis." And Water—almost cheap as Light—is promised to the people. Let the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in his next Budget complete that work of cleanliness, next attribute to holiness, and earn for himself an immortal statue. Not a thing of marble, brass, or bronze, but a statue—to be honoured in every household—a statue of Untaxed Soap!

From such soap may be blown a bubble of reputation—a bubble that shall endure longer than granite.

American Rifling.

AN ingenious correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, asks—

"Is there any one use for which an American rifle is to be preferred to an English one?"

Punch makes answer for his pleasant and useful contemporary, and answers "Yes." Since the decision of LORD CAMPBELL, who, very properly, will not suffer foreign visitors to be Bohned, cost free,—the American rifle is superior to the British one; inasmuch as, in the hands of the Yankee bookseller, it inevitably brings down the English author.

Flax v. Hemp.

ONE of the transparencies exhibited in Cheapside on the occasion of the QUEEN'S visit to the City represented a crop of flax, with the inscription, "Flax the Remedy of Ireland's Distress." It is to be hoped that this plant will prove more efficacious than a kindred one has been found in the treatment of Irish disorders. In "the land of misrule and half hanging and flame," hemp has been abundantly tried without success. There is promise in flax of answering considerably better than hemp.



SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE.—IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN DISTURBED BY BLUEBOTTLE.

PUNCH'S BULL AND INDULGENCES.

PUNCH, LXXXV, FLEET STREET.

FROM the first moment when we started in Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, and afterwards, when we removed to the Strand opposite to St. Clement's Church, after that, also, when, for the better regulation of the affairs of the world, and especially of the City of London, we fixed our seat at 85, Fleet Street, and from that blessed and ever-memorable period until now, we have not ceased to devote ourselves, with all the anxiety of our paternal heart, to the emancipation of opinion, the promotion of civil and religious liberty, and the diffusion of useful knowledge, as well in foreign countries as at home. For not only did we, in verse and in prose, and by large or small woodcuts, always, as occasion required, expose the erroneous designs of our own Ministers, but we never hesitated to assail, both with pen and with pencil, foreign Potentates, whenever they were guilty of tyrannous or unjust conduct towards their own subjects. We have, indeed, nothing so much at heart as the progress of mankind in morality and true knowledge: in which two things, the happiness of an intelligent being chiefly consists. Both the experience of ages, and the opinions of the wisest men, attest the truth that there is no greater auxiliary to the inculcation of virtuous precepts, than instruction in the laws which govern the system of nature, whereby it is rendered manifest, even to the most obtuse understanding, that what is a man's duty, that, likewise, is his interest. To disseminate this so-much-to-be-desired information, we are convinced, by the undeniable evidence of a multitude of facts, that Mechanics' Institutes contribute in no small measure. Seeing this, and internally groaning, and sighing, and grunting, in the most vehement manner, to behold the deplorably degraded, benighted, and bestial state of Italy, and especially of Rome, whose inhabitants, in as far as concerns natural and political science, are for the most part overspread with Cimberian darkness, we, in the plenitude of the license which we have assumed to interfere with other people's business, have determined, on mature reflection, and after many grave consultations with our Dog Toby, to decree the establishment of a Mechanics' Institute in a central situation, in a fine position, in the Eternal City. From the marvellous desire of the Italian people for enlightenment, we entertain the sweetest hopes of

their conversion to the sublime principles of NEWTON, and the wise and reasonable views of JEREMY BENTHAM; nor do we doubt that the great truths of ADAM SMITH, if only due diligence shall have been used in their propagation, will in no long time be received beyond the Alps. In honour of the principal founder of modern philosophy, we ordain that the new institution to be founded at Rome shall be called the Baconian Mechanics' Institute; and that it may be the more thoroughly actuated by the British spirit, we have settled that its Professors and Lecturers shall be all Englishmen, and selected from among graduates of the University of London, distinguished for their attainments in physical science, and remarkable for the liberality of their opinions in politics and matters of faith. By these means, we confidently trust that not only will the dark clouds of superstition which have so long overshadowed the country of Italy be speedily dissipated, but also that the Italians, imbibing English ideas, will in the end submit themselves entirely to the salutary influence and control of England. As nothing in this world can be done without a certain amount of money, and the execution of the proposed laudable project will cost above six thousand pounds, we have thought fit to appeal, hereby, to the benevolence and bounty of Englishmen, and especially of those sojourning at Rome, and to exhort them to contribute, according to their ability, to this glorious and patriotic undertaking. And the more to stimulate the generosity of the affluent to aid, with their pecuniary assistance, so desirable a scheme, we have determined to unlock our aerial treasury, and accord to the bountiful who shall have subscribed towards the end in view, the following indulgences. We grant indulgence in a box at the Opera to any one, on condition that he will stand on one leg and repeat Chrononhotonthologos three times, and Heautontimorumenos twice. We grant an indulgence in a glass of brandy-and-water and a cigar every evening to every one whose health shall permit him to enjoy it. And we grant an indulgence in a hearty laugh to anybody who shall read his HOLINESS THE POPE'S last Bull. Given at our Office, in the Twenty-first Volume, and the Five Hundred and Twenty-third Number of our Periodical.

(Signed)

PUNCH.

(Countersigned) DICK, Nuncio in Ordinary to the Office.

TOM, Legate à latere to the Contributors and Artists.

HERALDIC FRAGMENTS.

Nobody has a right to a "coat" who has never had a grant of one; but many assume them on credit, or get credit for them, we should say, on very questionable grounds.

When you marry an heiress, you quarter the arms of her house—when she has money, you quarter yourself in her house, likewise.

Various ugly animals are borne in Heraldry, as they are borne with in society—conventionally. For instance, a man may carry a "boar" about with him, but then he is a recognised form of boar—as *argent*, or *or*—a boar with money; or *proper*, a respectable boar; or "in chief," a well-to-do eminent boar. He bears perhaps a "lion" in his field (or garden) but the "lion," besides being a colourable one, is usually a *saliant*, or leaping-up-in-the-world lion, and displays conspicuously a *dexter* (that is to say, dexterous) paw, or is *couchant* (snugly placed), or *gardant*, taking care of himself, or otherwise in a very good "position." In Heraldry, as in life, everything depends on a defined position. Every "creature" is known by that; and, except in defined position, not known or borne by anybody at all. A few years ago, as we all remember, the Stag was seen everywhere—in very good coats indeed. The stag *trippant* went about very gaily; the stag "displayed," most houses patronised: soon afterwards, however, the stag lost his conventional position—and was ruined. A stag pauperised is not known in Heraldry!

Animals, in parts, are used a good deal in Heraldry: thus a lion's paw, a griffin's claw, may stand independently by themselves—the honour lies in their being the parts of power. So in society, one is tolerated for his satire; another for his head.

Be careful to distinguish, in describing "creatures," their attitudes. Thus a bird *volant*, is flying; *regardant*, looking towards you. For example—if you should see a dun *regardant*, take very good care to be *volant* directly!

"Differences" in Heraldry, like differences in life, have their origin in family matters. A difference is worn by a son to show his numerical order in the family. Thus, a third son wears a "mollet" for his difference; though many a younger son in life finds that a difference leads to his having no mollet, mullet, or other fish, at all accessible.

HOHENLONDON :

The result of an Awful Engagement on the part of HER MAJESTY to honour the City Bull with her presence.

In London, when folks' taste was low,
They used to like the LORD MAYOR'S Show;
But now 'tis voted very slow—
A dull affair, decidedly.

But London show'd another sight,
When the QUEEN came on Wednesday night,
Escorted, through a blaze of light,
To join the City revelry.



At every window, smart array'd,
Sat Civic lass and Cockney blade;
And all the populace hooray'd
To see the Royal pageantry.

Then shook St. Paul's, with shouting riven;
Then rush'd the steeds, up Cheapside driven;
And still more stunning cheers were given
By noisy British loyalty.

But noisier yet the crowd will grow,
Through King Street, as the Queen shall go
To Guildhall, there—on gouty toe—
To see her hosts dance heavily.

The concourse thickens! Heroes brave,
Who flash the bull's eye on the knave,
Wave, Crushers, all your truncheons wave,
And charge them with the cavalry!



The Hall is gained; but, lo! what fun!
As to a ball, the SOVEREIGN'S done!
Except her suite, there's room for none
To dance before HER MAJESTY.

Few, few can polk where many meet,
And have no space to kick their feet;
The Hop a failure was, complete;
The Supper went off decently.



THE POPE'S ARMY.

THE POPE may laugh at LORD JOHN'S Bill, and at the THESIGER improvements of the same; for the POPE has an army fighting in the very heart of England—fighting in the cause of Popery to the confusion of the English Church. Scarcely an English Bishop but is enrolled—enrolled at his own banker's—in the POPE'S service. Scarcely an English Bishop who does not—it may be unconsciously—bring thousands of mercenaries in aid of what he loves to denounce as the Scarlet Harlot. And nevertheless he does her service, blindly battling for her abominations. Here is one Bishop—let him wear the mitre whom the mitre fits—one Prince of the Protestant Church; a Prince professing the meekness and self-denial of the Christian state, who, in the course of fourteen years, has received no less than £79,639 19s. 8³/₄d. over his salary; such annual salary—for the purchase of camel's hair, locusts, and wild honey—being only eight thousand pounds per annum!

With the POPE invading us—invading and proselytizing—do not the very Bishops fight for him? Unconsciously, no doubt; nevertheless, every pound so retained by a Bishop is a mercenary on the side of his Holiness. And this admitted, at this hour POPE PIUS THE NINTH has an army of hundreds of thousands strong fighting for him—actively battling—although locked up in the coffers of Protestant Bishops. We would advise them, with all speed, to disband such unhallowed forces.

THE ROTTEN EGG THROWERS.



URELY there must be something very rotten, besides rotten eggs, in the state of the army, when we find it disgraced by such affairs as have recently happened. Some persons, calling themselves "officers and gentlemen,"—though the term "an officer and a gentleman" will soon fall into ridicule, or disuse, if matters go on as they have done—are on the point of being made to pay the penalty of their cowardice and blackguardism in the shape of a sound thrashing, about to be administered by some of those who had been assailed, when there is a general cry of "Craven!" and happening to recognise a respectable London tradesman, they take advantage of his knowledge of them to entreat his protection, in saving them from the just, but about to become illegal, indignation of the public. The respectable tradesman, whose word had weight with all who knew him, and who, luckily for the trembling "officers and gentlemen," was known to some of the by-standers, consented to pass his word for the appearance of the "officers and gentlemen," who had pledged their words to him; and they were then permitted to sneak away, or get away as they could, without any retaliatory violence having been inflicted upon them. Having got out of their danger, the "officers and gentlemen" slip far more easily out of their promise, and though they had pledged their honour to MR. PEAT, they have left, until this day, the worthless article, like an unredeemed pledge, on the hands of that gentleman.

Round robbers have, it is said, been signed and addressed to the colonels of certain regiments, declaring the determination of the "officers and gentlemen" not to deal with MR. PEAT for saddlery, because, when called upon to answer in a court of justice, he most properly, and, indeed, unavoidably, put the saddle on the right horse, or, taking a more charitable view of the juvenile egg-thrower, let us say, the right donkey.

Now we do not for one moment entertain the idea that the colonels, or the Commander-in-chief, would permit a piece of blackguardism on a race-day to be consummated by a piece of dastardly malignity, which, in these days, at least, would be happily without a parallel.

MR. PEAT has acted straightforwardly towards the public, and kindly and considerately towards the egg-throwing "officers and gentlemen," whom he might, if he had chosen, have left to be dealt with by the excited numbers who had been outraged by their disgusting violence. It is true that the police would have protected them, but it could only have been by their removal to the station-house, involving the certainty of their appearance to answer those complaints for meeting which, as their "honour" only is pledged, they evince no readiness. Fortunately for the "officers and gentlemen," involved in the egg-throwing nastiness, the days of barbarism are quite gone by, and such practices as these can exist only among a limited number of "gents" of their own mental and moral calibre. If it were not for this happy fact, we know of no offence that would so richly deserve the *lex talionis* of the pillory.

The stain of these eggs will, we fear, stick to the army, if the delinquents are not discovered and repudiated by the general body—to whom we are disposed to give the credit of being all that they ought to be.

REPEAL OF WINTER IN HYDE PARK.

THE folks of Marylebone have been, as a body, the first to declare in favour of a total repeal of the fogs, sleet, snow, and wind, of an English winter: MR. PAXTON having guaranteed the absence of the terrible old tyrant from, at least, eighteen acres of Hyde Park; where Eden may be raised under the Crystal Palace, and kept in perennial bloom. The City of London is expected very soon to speak upon the matter. The civic taste for exotic turtle will—who can doubt it?—declare for congenial orange-groves, and for other lemons than those to be found in winter-time in certain mouths in the larders of certain taverns. No time is to be lost; for we understand that COLONEL SIBTHORP is about to present a petition declaratory of the vested rights of an English winter, as shown, time out of mind, in coughs, colds, blue noses, chilblains, and chapped fingers.

A TIMELY CONUNDRUM.

WHY do Bishops make the best sailors?—
Because,—however vexed their see, they give up nothing.

SOYER'S FEASTS.—M. SOYER advertises his suppers of the *Arabian Nights*. And folks do begin to talk of the cook's Barmecide Feasts.

THE COSMOPOLITAN BEFORE AND AFTER THE EXHIBITION.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I like the Great Exhibition very much; there are some things in it that are really beautiful; and if you would confine your remarks to them, I shouldn't mind. But I wish you and others would not go on so about its leading to universal brotherhood, and all that kind of thing. I am afraid it is the papers, particularly you, that have put such stupid ideas into MR. VEAL'S head. He was always what he calls a cosmopolitán; and now, from continually reading about peace and friendship with all mankind, and cultivating good feeling between ourselves and foreigners, he has become a regular POLLY. Before the Exhibition he used to shave nicely, wear a proper hat, and dress in a coat, waistcoat, &c., like any other person in the middle station of life; had his meals regularly every day, and enjoyed a good plain dinner: he was moderately fond of company, and we had a few friends that we were very intimate with to come and dine with us, and so on, now and then.

"He sometimes, but very rarely, would smoke a cigar, when I had no objection, just by way of a treat. Since the Exhibition he has taken regularly to that dirty habit, and now does nothing but smoke, smoke, from morning to night. He has let his beard grow as long as an old clothesman's, and his moustaches too, which is particularly unpleasant; and, to make himself look as much a fright as possible, he has his hair cropped quite close to his head, like a prisoner, and is altogether such an object that I am really quite ashamed of him. He has had his coat and waistcoat made to fit quite tight, which does not become him at all, being stout, and his other things with pleats at the hips, and pockets, like a sawney's, half-way down: and he goes about with his hands in them, and a cigar in his mouth. Instead of a decent, respectable hat, he wears a thing like a flower-pot, the colour of soot; it looks really dirty: and, I must say, he does not pay that attention to his hands that he used to do. He has left off Wellingtons, and taken to Jane boots with little leather tips, and gloves the colour of gingerbread. He can't be contented now with his plain joint, but wants this and that à la—I don't know what; and, because he cannot have it always at home, goes every other day, almost, to what he calls a 'restaurant'.

"To see how his taste has altered at times makes me very unhappy when I think upon it. When he does come home to dine, he generally brings two or three of those foreigners with him that he has picked up at that Exhibition, where he has learned to copy from them. He calls this cementing the bonds of universal brotherhood;—it will come to universal sisterhood next, I suppose; but that I never will stand, I am determined. After they are gone, I always sprinkle the floors with vinegar, and I am thankful to say that we have caught nothing yet, and—that I will admit—they have not taken anything. He calls me now 'mon amie,' instead of SALLY, as he used; but he does not pay me half so much attention, and is so taken up with the whole human family, as he terms it, that he seems quite indifferent to his own. Dear Mr. Punch, in your observations about the Exhibition, pray say no more of universal brotherhood, but direct the attention of husbands to the manufactures of domestic utility which are to be seen there, and tell them that family affection should begin at home—and if you will add that it ought to end there, I own you will express the sentiments of your attached Friend and Admirer,

"SARAH VEAL."

A Sentiment Pro Bono Publico.

MAY the monopolist Gas Companies have all their pipes put out, and may the dealers in impure water follow the course of the element in which they deal, and speedily find their level.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUNCH cannot better "do justice and the thing that's right," than by printing the following earnest letter received from "THE 108 STREET ORDERLIES WORKING IN THE CITY."

"To the Editor of 'Punch.'

"SIR,—We have seen with surprize and pain you have thought proper to speak of us as if we are bad characters. You say in *Punch*, of the 12th, page 29, the 'Commissioners of Sewers object to have the City cleaned by Street-Orderlies, on account of the CLASS to which they belong.' We believe you to be too good-humoured to be cruel—too manly, to do a wrong to a Poor Man. We are sure you have written this attack on our character in a hurry, and without thinking. You never could intend for to desire to spread abroad, and to encourage any thoughtless or wanton attacks on the Working Classes. A character for Honesty is our only Stock in Trade. Rob us of this, you rob us of our Bread. Mark the Thief and the Rogue with the brand of infamy, if you like; but spare the honest man struggling with adversity. Our Enemies are many, but we can't believe you are one of them. We are sure you will be sorry at what you have done. You could not have really meant to injure us, nor hurt our feelings. We send you the account in the Papers of our Complaint to the LORD MAYOR against being called 'Questionable Characters and house-trespassers,' and other vile names. We are sure you will do us justice, and the thing that's right, so leave the matter in your hands.

"From the 108 Street Orderlies working in the City."

"THE COFFEE HOUSE, Cannon Street, City.

"July 11, 1851."



Angelina (the Wife of his Business). "WELL, EDWIN, IF YOU CAN'T MAKE THE 'THINGS,' AS YOU CALL THEM, MEET, YOU NEED NOT SWEAR SO. IT'S REALLY QUITE DREADFUL!"

A VISIT TO THE BRITISH CONSUL'S AT BOULOGNE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE demand for economy in our diplomatic establishments has been promptly met at Boulogne-sur-Mer, if we are to judge by the arrangements made to represent HER MAJESTY at the Passport-office of the British Consulate on the port. The locality chosen has an air of extreme cheapness, for it is flanked by the fish-market on one side, and the hackney-carriage stand on the other; so that the Consular establishment is within ear-shot of the language of the *poissardes* and the quarrels of the fly-drivers, besides being within nose-shot of the articles in which the former individuals deal. The establishment itself is upon a scale which would afford the utmost delight to the lover of retrenchment, though the concern is not of a nature to set the British bosom bounding with national pride. At a small house, inscribed with the words *Ferblanterie, Chaudronnerie, Poëlerie, Plomberie*, or, in plain English, Tin-ery, Saucepan-ery, Pot-ery, and Lead-ery, the British Consulate occupies a room, which cannot be entered boldly from the front, but is accessible only by going "round the corner," where may be found the Consul's bell.

On opening the door, the traveller seeking "aid and protection," in the name of HER MAJESTY, finds himself in a dark entry, when the noise he makes in tumbling about the passage will elicit a *femelle* cry of "Walk up," if his signals of distress happen to be heard.

The would-be *protégée* of the British Government having groped his way up a narrow staircase, with a sharp turn in the middle, comes face to face with a female, to whom the noise of the tumbling about serves as a convenient summons, and who desires him to "Walk in there." The traveller obeys the order, and enters an apartment sufficiently light to show him that he has carried away a considerable quantity of white-wash from the staircase wall of the establishment on his clothes. He is now in the office of the Consulate, the furniture of which consists of two rush-bottomed chairs, a very small deal table, and a sort of deal box, elevated upon four articles resembling broom-handles, which serves for the official desk.

The British traveller waits with due respect for the entrance of the British Consul—the representative of the British Government, acting in the name of HER MAJESTY—when in runs an individual whose *toilette* is anything but *soignée*, and who wears a cloth cap, which is probably glued, gummed, or otherwise fastened on to his head, and exclaims—"Want a passport? Sit down here."

A glance shows the stranger that he is not in presence of the veritable British Consul; for the cry for cheapness and its conventional companion has not yet led to the necessity for reducing the representative of the Government to the sort of article we have described.

Taking one from a number of documents in blank, but already bearing the official signature which is to give it its validity, and is the guarantee to the French Government that the bearer of the passport is entitled to aid and protection, the individual in the immovable cloth cap cuts off a slice, and pushing it towards the stranger, exclaims—"Write your name there." The ceremony is performed. The stranger writes his own name, if convenient, or anybody else's name, if he prefers it. The name given is inserted in the passport, which is handed over, with a demand for 5 francs, 14 sous.

The printed form provides for certain particulars, as to hair, whiskers, eyes, and nose, the description of which used to be thought a complete precaution against fraud; but since hair-dye has enabled every swindler to travel under false colours, the colour usually devoted to the *taille, nez, front, bouche, visage, cheveux, &c.*, is left in a state of blank ambiguity.

It is difficult for the stranger to resist an exclamation of, "What a farce this is!" Upon which the deputy-deputy-representative of the British Government will probably observe, with a sudden sense of the dignity of his occupation, "Oh, no! it's very necessary; the roads wouldn't be safe without it. There'd be all sorts of characters going about." It is probable the stranger will not argue the question with the man in the immovable cloth cap; but it will not require much consideration to arrive at the conclusion, that a passport, signed in blank, to be delivered by an underling to anybody who chooses to give a name, and 4s. 6d., cannot protect the roads from any bad characters whatever. We do not join to the full extent with the economists in crying out for the curtailment of useful expenditure, but we do object to the system of eking out the pay of a Consul by imposing a fee of 4s. 6d. on such a miserable mockery as the obtaining a passport at Boulogne.

We do not say that the British Consul is, or is not, overpaid; but we do say, that it ought not to be necessary to keep on foot the wretched one-pair front over the fish-stalls at the Saucepan-ery, Pot-ery, &c., &c., for the purpose of getting the four-and-sixpences out of the pockets of the British passenger to Paris. If the Consuls are to be paid, or partially paid, by a tax on travellers, it might be all fair enough; but let the tax be claimed in a straightforward manner, and not in the name of as gross a piece of humbug as ever was gone through in the name of constituted authority.

One of LORD PALMERSTON'S reasons for paying a sufficient sum for the diplomatic service, is the necessity for hospitality to Englishmen abroad; but the arrangements at the consular establishment on the Boulogne port, with its two rush-bottomed chairs and little deal table, are anything but hospitable in their external character. We must do the Consulate the justice to say, that the chief establishment in a distant and inconvenient part of the town is sufficiently imposing for a consular residence; but to the traveller who sees nothing of the representative of the British Government beyond what he finds at the Tin-ery, Saucepan-ery, and Pot-ery over the fish-stalls and the fly-stand, will feel that the dignity of the crown, descending through several deputies to the immovable cloth cap on the head of a not very *distingué* individual in less than *demi-toilette*, is rather poorly provided for.

CAMPBELL'S PLEASURES OF HOPE.

(Rendered into Prose for the Exhibition.)

That the constitution of the Crystal Palace is much too light ever to last!

That it has not a frame that is not completely shattered!

That it has fresh panes breaking out every day!

That the air of Hyde Park is not sufficiently bracing for the girders!

That the body of the building is as delicate as that of a fashionable young lady at the end of the season!

That one season, in fact, has regularly knocked it up!

That, above all, the building is much too beautiful—far too clever—ever to live long!

That the idea of turning it into a Winter Garden is a tremendous plant that never can flourish!

That a Winter Garden will only rear rheumatisms, coughs, and agues, and can be nothing more than a huge hot-house for consumption!

That unless young ladies are dressed in Divers' costumes of oil-skin or tarpawling, they will be infallibly drenched to the skin—as has been painfully proved to be the case with all the young ladies who frequent the *Jardin d'Hiver* at Paris—every one of whom has died in consequence.

That, in order to prove the idea "will not hold water for a minute," it is highly necessary to pick as many holes in it as possible—for it is very clear that if the holes are only large enough, the rain will come through, and by that means the concern may be eventually swamped altogether!

That, moreover, and especially, and above all, a Winter Garden

would be a summary nuisance to Stratheden House, in which I live, and one or two houses opposite, who do not want it at all, and think it a bore, which, in the words of a celebrated Alderman, whose opinion, I rejoice to say, agrees with mine on this glass case, ought to be "put down;" and I expect the moment it is stirred up, that it will fall to the ground, as flat as an *omelette soufflée*; and I hope, with the generous aid of SIR PETER LAURIE, never to be at a loss for a Spoon to stir it!

And these are CAMPBELL'S "PLEASURES OF HOPE"!!!

THE GREAT DOWAGER QUESTION.—THE WINTER GARDEN.



LAIN JOHN CAMPBELL has made a speech and presented a petition against the Crystal Palace as a Crystal Winter Garden. Plain JOHN CAMPBELL—(after his speech on the occasion, we should rather call him highly-coloured JOHN)—assured the House of Lords that the proposed garden was objected to, not only by the DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CLARENDON, but by—the sister of LORD AUCKLAND! Great are Dowagers, and mighty the sisters of departed AUCKLANDS!

But there is more than this. The Winter Garden was not approved of by—"MR. JUSTICE CRESSWELL, a lawyer, a scholar, and a gentleman!"

The Dowager smites the Crystal Palace with her fan; the lawyer, scholar, and gentleman hurls his wig at it, and it is vanished—gone like an exhalation! Tremendous in its crushing effect is that triplicity, "lawyer, scholar, and gentleman!"

Once upon a time there was a conduit of sweet, crystalline water, that gave health and comfort to a certain quarter of an Eastern city. And suddenly, the conduit ceased to run; and men were begrimed and athirst.

And after a despairing time, there was long and diligent search made for the cause that had stopped that flowing water; and the cause was discovered to be an old slipper, the cast-off property of neither lawyer, scholar, nor gentleman, but of an old muckworm, choking the main-pipe of the conduit.

Oh, people of England! shall a Dowager's fan—shall the wig of lawyer, scholar, and gentleman, be permitted to choke up and destroy your expectations of your Crystal Winter Garden?

TO BISHOPS OF NEGLECTED EDUCATION.

COCKER, THE YOUNGER, having opened a School of Arithmetic, in the neighbourhood of Fulham, begs respectfully to address himself to the Parents and Guardians of those Bishops whose apparent ignorance of the First Principles of Arithmetic imparts to them a character of child-like simplicity, in beautiful harmony with their mission, though—such is the condition of a corrupt society—susceptible of the worst misrepresentation by unscrupulous and unchristian men.

COCKER, THE YOUNGER, is a lineal descendant of the COCKER, whose name is immortalised in the hundreds of thousands of ledgers of this great commercial and great shop-keeping nation. Therefore, it is with a pardonable confidence, that—seeing the lamentable arithmetical mistakes committed for a series of years by certain dignitaries of the Established Church—COCKER, THE YOUNGER, proposes to himself the task of their Guide, Accountant, and Friend.

Extremes meet; an ignorance of arithmetic may be alike a distinguishing defect in the most benighted and savage as in the most pious and simple-minded of men. It is well known that whole nations exist, incapable of counting more than ten; that any higher number is expressed by a hopeless appeal to the hair of their heads. In like manner, it has been proved that men may become so rapt and sublimated by the

continual contemplation and performance of their divine mission and duties, that they are altogether at sea (or as it is sometimes spelt, *see*.) in a matter of worldly figures. In the Romish Church, penance and flagellation are often matters of wholesome self-discipline; and the Protestant Bishop is not without his whip of thongs. Here it is:—

"Multiplication is Vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth Puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad."

COCKER, THE YOUNGER, ventures to analyze the emotions of a Bishop of neglected Education, his brain ever haunted by this jingle; even as we know a jig tune will, at times, possess itself of us whether we will or not.

"Multiplication is Vexation."

This truth the Bishop of some £30,000 per annum of accruing leases acknowledges, with a groan that must tear the very sanctuary of his heart. Vexation, indeed, in banked and hoarded treasures, which his very simplicity permits him not to count!

"Division is as bad."

Quite as bad—or worse; and so the Uneducated Bishop cannot bear to think of it.

"The Rule of Three doth Puzzle me."

The Rule of Number One being the rule predominant in Episcopal innocence.

"And Practice drives me mad."

Of course; and is therefore to be avoided, even as a rabid dog. For, imagine a Bishop of £30,000 bitten by the Practice of Division! In his insanity he might shower about him all the results of his Multiplication! What a deluge of Loaves and Fishes!

In conclusion, COCKER, THE YOUNGER, in dedicating himself to the service and improvement of Bishops of Neglected Education, and consequently in Embarrassed Circumstances—for their arithmetical mistakes have not tended to strengthen their credit with the country at large—pledges himself to enable any pupil, in only three lessons, to strike a just balance between his own allowed income (according to the Ecclesiastical Commission,) and the sum due to the Commissioners.

COCKER, THE YOUNGER, begs to assure all Parents and Guardians of Bishops—for, considering Episcopal innocence in the ways of arithmetic, he cannot look upon Bishops but as babes and sucklings—that every attention will be given to their morals; especially to that morality which is intimately connected with a just rendering of accounts.

COCKER, THE YOUNGER, proposes an early examination of his Pupils, whom—he pledges himself to this—he undertakes to prepare for the most satisfactory solution of the most difficult questions. (MR. HORS-MAN is invited to attend.)

Address, for terms, to COCKER, THE YOUNGER, Bishop's Walk, Fulham.

INCIDENTS OF THE LAST WEEK AT THE EXHIBITION.

CARDINAL WISEMAN, much interested at the Statues in the Milan Sculpture Room. He is evidently much rejoiced, as a clergyman, to see that so many lay figures have taken the veil.

WIDDICOMB, very indignant at the *Statue of Mazepa*, more especially at the figures holding the horse. The noble Hero of a Thousand and One Fights was heard to remark, that "Supers like those wouldn't fetch sixpence a night at Astley's!"

Extreme simplicity of an Elderly Lady, who, when she arrived at the United States, inquired "where she should see the American Sea-Serpent?" A mad wag, humouring the notion, pointed to a pile of India-rubber.

Great consternation caused by MAZZINI'S card being found on RADETSKI'S Statue.

Wonderful liberality of a white-headed old gentleman, who carried a couple of gold fish in a small bowl, and dropt them in the Crystal Fountain. He is afterwards waited upon by a gentleman from MESSRS. SPICER AND CLOWES, "for the kind favour of his name, in order that it might be inserted in the future editions of the Catalogue."

Two Ladies, calling for a Shilling and a Sixpenny Ice, are much surprised to find that they are exactly the same size.

No little merriment created by a gentleman out-of-elbows (supposed to be a ruined suitor) going up to LORDS ELDON and STOWELL, and asking them for their signatures to a petition for Chancery Reform.

Infamous practical joke of a fast young man, who places on the Refreshment-table, in the midst of all the tarts and pork-pies, a large inscription, purloined from some other part of the Exhibition, and the face of which is only displayed towards the customers. Explosive rage of MR. YOUNGHUSBAND, who, when he turns the inscription round, after the lapse of an hour—during which not even a penny bun had been purchased—reads, that "VISITORS ARE PARTICULARLY REQUESTED NOT TO TOUCH ANY OF THE ARTICLES."

A CONNUBIAL QUERY.



S a woman, *Mr. Punch*, I should hope that I am a constant reader of what I consider to be the most interesting part of the newspaper; need I allude to the Births—Marriages—and Deaths?

“Well, *Mr. Punch*, I now constantly see the names of the clergymen, who tie the holy knot, together with the names of other clergymen, who are said to “assist” at that blessed ceremony.

“Now, *Mr. Punch*, this brings me to what I took up my pen for,—which is this. When I was married to SIMCOX — (for I don’t hesitate, why should I? to give my name)—I needn’t say how many years ago, we were married by only one clergyman, not “assisted” at all by any other clergyman soever, and we have both of us—at least I will answer for myself—considered that knot as binding. Still, when I see every day that it now takes two clergymen to perform holy matrimony, where before one was considered quite enough,—I cannot but express my fears, that as only one parson tied me and SIMCOX, the knot may not be considered quite so strong as when tied by a couple. Are we, then, to consider that with only one clergyman the tie is single, but with two, the tie’s all the stronger, as it then

becomes a double knot? Yours, a little nervous,

Cupid Cottage.

“EMMA SIMCOX.”

“P.S.—I know you’ve interest with him. Could you get the BISHOP OF EXETER to give us his opinion on the subject?”

PUNCH AMONG THE PENS.

THE Show-yard of the Royal Agricultural Society, in Windsor Home Park, afforded *Mr. Punch* much food for contemplation in the beef, mutton, and pork, which he there beheld, all alive and lowing, bleating, squeaking, and grunting.

To discuss the respective merits of Devons, Herefords, and Short-horns, is peculiarly within the province of those whose talk is of oxen—and therefore quite out of that of *Mr. Punch*. Soft-horns are the only cattle on which he can expect that his observations would meet with much attention.

There was one point, however, about the prize pigs and bulls, and, indeed, the swine and horned animals generally, of which *Mr. Punch* will venture to express his admiration. One human being, by the long-continued habit of gazing on the countenance of another, sometimes comes at last, it has been observed, to acquire that other’s expression. Now the pigs and the bulls—the fact was strikingly obvious—presented, in their faces, as well as in their forms and contours, a wonderful resemblance to a style of physiognomy very generally characteristic of agricultural gentlemen.

Did the animals contract it from eyeing the farmers, or the farmers from contemplating the animals? Be that as it may, there was the likeness. The bulls, particularly in the eye, showed a doggedness of will, an unpersuadable bent, and a negation of fancy, the exact counterpart of an aspect often observable among the British yeomanry. The same traits were exhibited by the pigs, and were accompanied in them by an appearance of distress and discomfort, the result, indeed, of a plethoric habit, but evincing a sense of suffering under persecution and wrong. This sentiment was further expressed by a continual grunting and squeaking in tones of angry complaint and indignation; which by no means lessened the similitude. One great hog was making so frightful a noise, that it might have been supposed that he was being scalded alive: but he had stuffed his head into some litter, out of the way of the sun, that he might go to sleep; and the uproar he was making was occasioned by the attempt of a spectator to get him on his legs. He seemed to have settled it that he was down, and could never rise again, and to be exasperated by the attempt to convince him to the contrary.

Other members of the same family, of prodigious bulk, were stuffing themselves, and at the same time groaning and squealing, as if for very hunger, both as loud as they were able. In short, they were enjoying their agricultural dinner. To complete the parallel, they were evidently neither starving, nor likely to starve; and in the determination—amounting, perhaps, to obstinacy—so strongly displayed, both in their utterance and their features, there was a correspondence to a quality which, doubtless, will bear another description of grumblers through their difficulties.

But did *Mr. Punch* observe no animals like himself? He saw the Suffolk Panches.

There is one thing which is a certain promise of prosperity to the Agricultural Society. Its exhibitors are terribly in earnest. A number of gentlemen had gathered round an enormous bullock, and were gauging its huge dimensions with their walking-sticks. This was done as seriously as if they had been pagan priests, consulting over a victim intended for sacrifice; nay, more so; for their looks betokened a reverence for the object of their attention, which would not have been shown by the heathen clergymen. Some labourers, leaning against a neighbouring rail, and looking on, behaved with equal decorum. One of them only cried out, “Halloa, MORGIN!” to which MORGIN replied with an inarticulate noise and a grin; and this was the only approach to levity made by any of the party.

Several Frenchmen were present, exclaiming loudly with admiration, and declaring they had never seen such beasts in their life—as the cattle, they meant, of course.

Not a few fair damsels were also there, and *Mr. Punch* saw some of them patting the pigs in a most affectionate manner; inasmuch, that he could almost have wished to be a pig himself. How delighted must COBBETT have been, if looking on in spirit, to see these sensible girls improving their minds and exercising their limbs at a cattle-show, instead of crawling about a fancy fair! The solid nature of the refreshments provided for the visitors, consisting chiefly of pork-pies and beer, instead of your wafers and ices, must also have gratified the shade of that lover of the substantial.

By the performances of the agriculturists at the refreshment-shed, as well as by their bodily condition, *Punch* was delighted to see that, notwithstanding Free Trade, they are as great in consumption as in production.

THE LIBERTY OF THE STAGE AT BERLIN.

PRUSSIA would be justified in looking its Prussian-bluest at the arrangements recently made for the theatres of Berlin. It is fortunate for us that our actors borrow nothing but their gloves from that country, for our stage could never exist under the conditions imposed by the Prussian Government.

In the first place, the actors are forbidden to introduce anything of their own, or deviate from the authorised text. What would become of all our farce actors, if this rule were applied here, and if every superfluous exclamation of “Believe you, my boy!” “Bricksey, Wicksey, Picksey!” or other spontaneous ebullitions of humour, were to be prohibited to the actor, whose notions of wit are completely dependent on his having full liberty to say these things, or any other equally amusing things, whenever they come into his head? In the case of all processions, the manager is to send to the authorities all the masks, banners, and mottoes that are to be employed. We can fancy the censorship gravely employed in perusing the features of the masks intended for a Christmas pantomime, with a view to ascertain whether sedition might lurk in some goggle eye, whether treason may be curled up in some monstrous ear, or want to inflict a decisive blow through some suspicious nose. The same regulation applies to ballets; and every dance is to be described beforehand, lest the dancers should take some revolutionary attitude.

We should like to see a description of a sailor’s hornpipe prepared for the edification of the authorities, or the programme of a *pas de deux* submitted to the deliberation of a Cabinet Council. We think a minister would be a little puzzled by some of the information he would receive as to the number of skips, bounds, or shuffles, backwards, forwards, or sideways; and he would hardly know how to decide whether the movement intended would prove dangerous to the State. The only way would be to summon the *dansesuses* themselves before the Government, who could then see exactly what no verbal description could give an adequate idea of. It is almost impossible to imagine such things occurring under our happy constitution; but for the absurdity of the thing, we will suggest the possibility of ROSATI, CARLOTTA GRISI, or MARIE TAGLIONI, being sent for to Downing Street to acquaint the Cabinet with the nature of their intended *pas*.

QUITE A CHURCH QUESTION.

Q. What is the meaning of the word “See?”
A. An Ocean of money.

THE BISHOPS AND THE "TIMES."

THERE has lately been a rush of Episcopal Correspondence to the *Times*; and, indeed, if the letter-writing of the Right Reverend Bench is carried much further, the columns of our respected contemporary will afford ample specimens of the literary styles of all our Bishops. We have no objection to offer to their Lordships becoming contributors to the public journals; and, indeed, it is one of the most agreeable signs of the *Times* to find the position of the Press so thoroughly acknowledged as it is by the Right Reverend portion of the Peerage. To find the Bishops pleading at the bar of Public Opinion—in person, though certainly not *in formâ pauperis*—is a



MR. BRIGGS, ANXIOUS TO BECOME A "COMPLETE ANGLER," STUDIES THE "GENTLE ART" OF FLY-FISHING.

great triumph for the representatives of Public Opinion; and it is all the more glorious from the fact of its being a triumph nobly gained, by spirit and independence, free from any of those qualities by which the Press—or rather some contemptible part of it—has heretofore been known to degrade itself. The power of the Press exists because it is not abused; for, like every other power, it is sure to fall unless a right use is made of it. We hail as a great fact the Bishops writing to the *Times*, and we only hope that it may never have to become a precedent to others in high positions; for "*qui s'excuse s'accuse*" is a motto we are sorry to be obliged to quote in reference to any who from their station ought not to stand in need of self-justification.



MR. B. GOES OUT. HIS CHIEF DIFFICULTY IS, THAT EVERY TIME HE THROWS HIS LINE—THE HOOKS (OF WHICH THERE ARE FIVE) WILL STICK BEHIND IN HIS JACKET AND TR-WS-RS.

"Over-crowded Steam-boats."

Is there any remedy for this? Yes—and a very simple though comprehensive one. First drown a hundred passengers; if among the victims there should happen to be two or three people "of distinction," the remedy, by Act of Parliament, would be as summary as perfect.

"Errors Excepted."

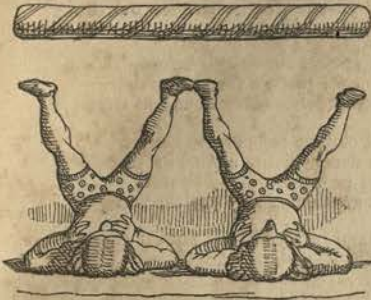
MR. HORSMAN informs us that "a quarter of a million has gone into the pockets of three Prelates, to which they were not morally entitled." But MR. HORSMAN should not be too hard on the poor Prelates. The absorption of such a sum cannot be viewed too charitably, for depend upon it, it is nothing more than a *Clerical Error*.



THE MODERN ATLAS.

(See LORD BROUGHAM'S Speech in the House of Lords.)

DEFEAT OF THE JEWS BY LORD NELSON.



NELSON, "flaming on the quarter" of the Spanish three-decker; no less "lovelily dreadful" was the NELSON still spared to us, boarding the Synagogue! When shall his triumph be celebrated at Exeter Hall? When shall white-robed virgins sing his praises—when shall rejoicing elders chant his name? True it is—according to our NELSON—that, "the Legislature was not now *bonâ fide* Christian." And—

"The relations between the Church and the State had been greatly shaken by this circumstance, and was it right to add to this source of danger at a time like the present?"

No doubt of it: the relations have been shaken. There has been such pushing and jostling by certain folks for thousands and tens of thousands—all eager as scrambling boys for nuts—that the relations have been shaken; the pillars of Church and State have somewhat rocked. And then our NELSON thunders this question—

"If they admitted the Jews, where would they stop?"

Where, indeed? THE EMPEROR OF CHINA—for purposes best known to himself—may swamp the House of Commons with flowery members from the Flowery Country. The SULTAN—of course in collusion with the traitorous PALMERSTON—may send a score of Mahometans—(think of the fez in St. Stephen's!)—for no other purpose than to beard SIBTHORP himself with their bigotry. Nay, the KING OF DAHOMEY may forward his Africans (a Colonel or two of his Amazonian Light Horse, cunningly disguised for the occasion,) to advocate his own particular interests in the slave trade.

"Where would they stop?" How far-seeing, how profound, the human interests involved in this question! And how comforting to remember, that the time-hallowed query has never been in abeyance! The Ancient Briton, when he doubted of mere paint as his only wear, was met by the awful interrogation of his more ancient countryman—"What! dress in wolf-skins! Where will you stop?" "Travel ten miles an hour by railway, MR. STEPHENSON! Bless us and save us! Where will you stop?" "What! Cover eighteen acres of Hyde Park with a skeleton of iron and a body of glass, that shall not be rolled up like a scroll by the first gale of wind—shall not be broken to atoms by the first storm of hail. Where, where, MR. PAXTON, will you stop?"

It is a great comfort, a great conservative delight, to know that the world—in its worst barrenness of great men—has ever a supply of those sages endowed with the unerring sagacity that can compass a question. "Where will you stop?" In the infancy of every society, when the first step is made—there was ever a wondering grannam to exclaim—"Where will you stop?" And so the world went on. The waggon asked it of the mail-coach—the mail-coach of the railway-train—the railway-train of the electric telegraph, and—as an astounding climax of interrogatives, the REVEREND EARL NELSON of the audacious LORD JOHN RUSSELL—"Where will you stop?"

The Earl, moreover, clenched his argument against toleration of the Jews—(when Jews were no longer mulcted of their grinders or their money; doubtless some NELSON of the middle ages, marvelling at the clemency, asked—"Where will you stop?")—that the world at large cared nothing for the Hebrew. Certainly, we anticipate no riot from the fact that the Jew Bill has been defeated: Christians will not fraternise with the denizens of the Minorities, and march upon the Lords. NELSON's windows are safe; nor will he be given to the flames, in effigy, in Holywell Street or Houndsditch. But the Lords' majority will not settle the question. Still MORDECAI will sit on the steps—sit and sit on the outside—until society insists that he be allowed to take his seat in the Commons.

Meanwhile EARL NELSON believes that the people care not for justice to the Jew: and in such case leave the people to the enjoyment of their indifference. For, if you do justice an hour before you are coerced into the act, what comes next? What! be just of your own accord! "Where will you stop?"

A TRAGEDY IN HIGH LIFE!

OUR friends the French have some reputation for proficiency in a particular branch of industry not represented in Hyde Park—that is, *Punch* was going to say, in dramatic literature; but the days of RACINE, and CORNEILLE, and MOLIÈRE have departed. Well; say, instead, that they are considered to be rather clever playwrights. At any rate, the article which they manufacture competes successfully in the market with British produce; and a new tragedy from Paris holds, presumably, a decent rank among imports. Such a commodity has recently arrived in this country, and may be pronounced to be a very pretty piece of goods.

MM. AUGUSTE MAQUET and JULES LACROIX are the fabricators of this work, which they call "A Drama, in Five Acts, in Verse." Being of a dismal and melancholy nature, with a suicide for the catastrophe, it has thus all the elements of genuine tragedy, except that the verse in which its five acts are written is not poetical. In remarking on a production of a tragic nature, *Mr. Punch* may be thought to step a little out of his way; but not so—no: there are some tragedies which are strictly in it. There is the *Pyramus and Thisbe* of MM. QUINCE and BOTTOM; there is also the *Valéria* of MM. MAQUET and LACROIX.

Valéria, the heroine of this nice play, is the wife of the EMPEROR CLAUDIUS. The lady so denominated is called by her second name—her first having acquired an odour of which the ventilation of more than eighteen hundred years has failed to deprive it. MM. LACROIX and MAQUET are evidently not the sort of dramatists to apprehend the fact that the nomenclature of a rose does not affect its fragrance, nor to understand the converse of that SHAKSPEARIAN proposition. The subject of their glorification is better known by her primary appellation of MESSALINA.

The history of the person alluded to is in general so sufficiently notorious, that, for further particulars, the reader who does not understand Latin, is referred to the sixth satire of JUVENAL, where he will find an account of the conduct of MRS. CLAUDIUS as indelible as it is proper that he should be presented with.

He may, however, be informed, that, according to JUVENAL, MRS. CLAUDIUS played her pranks under the assumed name of LYCISCA. On this foundation our Gallic dramatists have built. They have represented *Valéria* (that is, MRS. CLAUDIUS) and *Lycisca* as two persons, only bearing an extraordinary personal resemblance to one another; whence it happens that the acts and deeds of the "thing of naught" get attributed to the amiable and interesting Empress.

So far, perhaps, there is nothing in this but an eccentric taste,—a certain French dramatic writing allied to that sometimes shown in French confectionery. The idea of making a heroine out of a MESSALINA, *Punch* takes to have been conceived by the same kind of imagination as that which devises sweetmeats in the form of loathsome insects, and the like; apparently regarding both interest and appetite as stimulated by the suggestion of the abominable.

But the peculiar manner in which MM. MAQUET and LACROIX whiten their Roman sepulchre with their French stucco, merits particular notice. *Valéria* (MRS. CLAUDIUS) is rendered a pattern of affection and fidelity to—another gentleman than her lord and Emperor. As for old CLAUDIUS, her relation to him is about as sacred as that of a ward to an imbecile old-guardian in an English farce. The sentimental affinity of *Valéria* to *Silius* is coolly taken as constituting her appeal to the sympathies.

The points—to use a technical phrase—in the tragedy of *Valéria* are not numerous, amounting just to one; and that one has not the compensating advantage of being select. It is a scene in which *Lycisca*, the courtesan, gets tipsy, after the manner of the ancients, in a revel with *Mnestor*, a pantomime dancer.

When the BISHOP OF LONDON has been told that the play above described has been acted in this town, his Lordship will probably wonder at the progress which he will imagine the French language must have been making in the Metropolitan slums, and will be, perhaps, for bringing a bill before the Peers for the better regulation of tavern playhouses. *Valéria*, however, has been played no farther out of the Bishop's particular beat than the St. James's Theatre. RACHEL sustained the several characters of *Valéria* and *Lycisca*, and certainly wore her two pairs of buskins as well as their fit would allow. She apparently delighted large and fashionable audiences; and she certainly interposed her genius between the arms of MORPHEUS and *Mr. Punch*.

Well, at any rate, the emancipation of the stage is now safe. Now that *Valéria* has been allowed to be enacted, what possible performance will be prohibited on the ground of its moral tendency? The office of Dramatic Censor will of course be henceforth a sinecure—the sole function of the Licensor of Plays will be to confer boundless license.

An Aldermanic Salute for the Artillery Company.

THE reason the "H. A. C." was excluded from the Guildhall Entertainment was, because the Aldermen and Common Councilmen thought such "great guns" of themselves, that it did not require the aid of any other Artillery to make the Ball go off well.



MANIACAL PAS DE TROIS,

DANCED BY POLICEMAN MAC X. AND TWO FRIENDS AT VAUXHALL.

BOOK OF ETIQUETTE FOR THE CITY.

(To be consulted when the QUEEN attends another Ball.)

NUMBERS prove respectability. So collect as many people together as you can. If you can cram three thousand people into a Hall that will not contain two thousand, all the better. Your Ball may not be so comfortable, but it will be all the more respectable.

Dancing at a Ball is not necessary. If you have no room, it is better to dispense with it. Let the band play the music—first a quadrille, then a polka—and after that a waltz—varying each tune a little—and the forms of society are quite complied with. People are tired of dancing, especially when there is no clear space to dance in.

Talking of the forms of society, it is usual to stand upon them whenever the QUEEN (that is to say, when you catch the QUEEN again) is coming in your direction. If there is not a form, take a chair—or a table—do not stand upon any ceremony, but upon the first thing that comes in your way. If you are not quick in jumping up, the QUEEN will be out of sight, and you will miss seeing her.

Should you miss seeing the QUEEN, run after her; do not lose heart or breath—waylay her—lie in ambush for her, until you succeed in meeting her face to face—and then take a good stare! HER MAJESTY cannot fail to be well pleased with your earnestness.

If you see a number of persons hurrying in one particular direction, join them by all means, for you may be sure they are running either after PRINCE ALBERT or the QUEEN—and it may be both. The chance is too valuable to be thrown away. The QUEEN may smile, the PRINCE may nod!

When supper is announced, all hurry down together. Press forward as much as you can—or else the wings of all the chickens may have flown away before your arrival, and have carried off everything with them.

At supper you must take care of yourself. Where there are so many mouths to feed, you may be sure that every person's hand is raised against his neighbour's plate; so if you get anything on yours, you had better make the most of it as long as you can keep it. If you don't help yourself, you may depend upon it no one else will.

It is customary at a City dinner sometimes to pass the bottle, when asked for it. But it is different at supper. It is laid down as a general rule, that if you get a bottle, you had better keep it—that is to say, as long as there is anything in it. If empty, of course you pass it on to your neighbour.

It is not necessary to preserve silence at supper—far from it. Noise is a loud sign of gaiety—so be as noisy as you like. Laugh. Do not wait for something to make you laugh, but laugh at everything. If an Alderman attempts a witticism, laugh. If a Common Councillman ventures on a joke, and falls down in the middle, and smothered it as flat as himself, never mind, laugh all the same—laugh all through the supper—without knowing why or wherefore. A City Supper is nothing without roars of laughter!

If there is a door to go in by, make a point of going out by it. On the same principle, if there is a door to go out by, do not fail—as you love City regularity—to go in by that very door.

AS A GENERAL RULE, every one invested with a little brief authority must make himself, when the QUEEN visits the City, as big and as ridiculous as he possibly can.

God save the Queen!

MRS. HICKS'S PETITION.

(See Times Police Report, Marlborough Street, July 17th.)

PITY the sorrows of a poor old soul,
That never asked your charity before,
Nor seeks it now—reserve your paltry dole—
Make her amends from your abundant store!

Thin, tatter'd clothes her poverty bespeak,
She, who a decent living earned for years,
Is ruined, and forbid her bread to seek,
By affluent gentlemen and wealthy peers.

She kept a stand in Hyde Park's royal ground,
A grant from Royalty for rescue owed;
Her grandsire saved the KING from being drowned,
Whose gratitude the privilege bestowed.

Hard is the usage of the helpless poor!
Had she a castle owned, entailed instead,
Official flunkeys had revered her door,
That now have driven her from her humble shed.

The Woods and Forests bid her quit her home;
She begs them hard their cruel hands to hold;
And SEYMOUR, to confirm the heartless doom,
Writes her an answer miserably cold.

Vainly she tells the story of her grief;
The Board has nothing like a human breast;
They grant a twelvemonth's trumpery relief,
And leave her to starvation for the rest.

She tries the QUEEN, who not a single line
Of her petition was allowed to see,
From PHIPPS's answer, if we may divine,
By BELL transmitted from HER MAJESTY.

Her little lodge, on her paternal lot,
Built with her all, away from her is torn;
They seized the very bricks that formed her cot,
Unpaid for which, she wanders forth forlorn.

Her child to keep, and hunger to assuage,
She bore a basket nigh the Crystal Dome;
But stern policemen war against her wage;
Poor cake-women are there denied to roam.

They walk her off; to Marlborough Street they bear
This hapless victim of a hard decree,
To glorify the World's luxurious Fair,
Robbed of her right to live by industry.

Redress the wrongs, then, of this poor old soul,
Or never talk of "vested interests" more;
Ye who the Exhibition's funds control,
Repay ANN HICKS from your abundant store!

AN ARTFUL DODGE.



PUNCH has heard that the Aldermen have been distressingly busy in circulating, in the newspapers and everywhere, the contradiction to a report that the QUEEN was going to visit Guildhall a second time. They need not have distressed themselves so unnecessarily. The contradiction was quite useless, for not a soul believed the rumour. When the recollection of the first Ball has died away, then the QUEEN may be induced to try a second, but not before. The fact is, HER MAJESTY had so much of the last Ball, that, we should say, it was highly probable to last her all her life!

HALF-AND-HALF.—COLONEL SIBTHORP constantly complains that he can get no one to divide with him. We should be glad to know what the Colonel has at his bankers.

THE INCOME AND EXPENDITURE OF THE RIGHT REVEREND DR. PUNCH.

If I were a Bishop with from £5,000 to £28,000 a year, I would soon silence any remarks that might be made about the largeness of my income. In whatever ignorance I allowed one of my hands to remain as to the actions of the other, I would take care that the Public, at least, should be acquainted with the operations of both. I would—or my name is not *Punch*.

At present, a single hand only of a Bishop is seen at work. Everybody beholds his right pocketing money: nobody perceives his left disposing of the cash.

Consequently, an opinion has become prevalent that out of upwards of £20,000, perhaps, of yearly revenue, the greater portion is expended on the appetites, desires, propensities, and affections of the episcopal individual. A good deal of it, having first been transmuted into fluid and solid elements of a luxurious nature, is supposed to be converted bodily into Bishop. Some part is estimated to be spread over the surface of the prelate in the form of canonicals. It is reckoned that the carriage runs away with another share. Not a little, it is surmised, is turned into ribbons, silks, satins, lace, and other articles of attire or ornament, investing or decorating the Bishopess, and the other females of the Right Reverend family. A considerable portion is suspected to be absorbed by the collegiate education and accompanying indulgences of his Lordship's eldest son, or is conjectured to be more legitimately laid out in the purchase of a commission, or in procuring a post, for another of his offspring. And a handsome remainder is imagined to be deposited at the banker's. The world cannot well conceive how so much money can be kicked down except by yachting, betting, driving four-in-hand coaches, keeping a stud and a pack of hounds, or undertaking the management of an opera-house. People know that the Bishop could never get rid of it by using any degree of hospitality, unless he were continually giving LORD MAYOR'S dinners and Champagne suppers. They do not reflect that the establishment of a Bishop is not quite so splendid as that of a Sultan, and that the whole Episcopal Bench, however large consumers of good things, would probably be found to weigh less than an equal number of distressed farmers.

Now, then, if I were a Bishop, the low-minded world—which never dreams of the possibility of such a thing as devoting riches to beneficence—should know how my money went. I should not care about being accused of parading my charity. My object would be to vindicate the character of my order. I would publish a book that should confute HORSMAN, confound the politics of SIR BENJAMIN HALL, and scatter all our enemies. That book would create a deeper sensation than any publication that I know of has excited of late years. Therein should be revealed the butchers' and bakers' bills I had paid for feeding the hungry, the tailors' demands that I had settled for clothing the naked, and all the various expenses I had gone to in scattering plenty over a smiling diocese, and making wives and children happy. It should be manifest that I was only the almoner of my see; merely a conduit for the distribution of its revenues, and that of the stream of opulence that passed through my hands, very little indeed stuck to my fingers.

This most interesting publication, in short, should be a Bishop's Account Book—a work showing, in the most satisfactory manner, how I relieved myself of the encumbrance of my wealth. Whether or no I required any farther relief from that burden, it would be for the nation to judge.

HANGING ON TO THE EXHIBITION.

WE notice that several tradesmen have adopted the trick of hanging on to the Exhibition. They could not command admission by their own talents, so they endeavour to hang on to the building by the aid of some little miserable falsehood. They pin these falsehoods on to the corners of their shawls, or let them dangle fancifully from the ribbons of their bonnets. They print them in brave bold letters on the pieces of pasteboard that give the public the novel information that such and such a *Visite* is "CHASTE," or that the pea-green *Pardessus*, which is opening its arms in the most affectionate manner the whole breadth of the window, as if it wanted to embrace the earliest opportunity of meeting with a purchaser, is "QUITE THE RAGE."

These fashionable announcements abound mostly in Leicester Street—the late Cranbourn Alley—and in all the ticketing-shops along Oxford Street and Holborn. One fact, printed in large vermilion letters, at least the thickness of a red-hot poker, made us quite start again. It revealed to us the important secret that a Beaver Bonnet, big enough to be the coal-scuttle that feeds the fire of the Palm-house at Kew, was "Worn by HER MAJESTY at the EXHIBITION;" the

latter word being large enough to be read by a short-sighted man without spectacles from the opposite side of the way. Further on, a *Coiffeur de Paris* intimated to us, through the mouthpiece of a pink label, that a beautiful brown Wig was "Selected by PRINCE ALBERT at the EXHIBITION"—the largeness of the latter word being such as would have done no discredit to one of JULIEN'S monster posters. The wig was curly, and beautifully full—and well it may have been, if only to cover the baldness of a story on so large a head. We were next stopped in Holborn to admire a Shawl, the pattern of which must have been taken from a lobster salad, and which a printed card informed us was "TOO LATE FOR THE EXHIBITION;" meaning, we suppose, that some one had attempted to wear it on the opening day, but had been so stared, and laughed, and hooted at by all the little boys, that the lady, venturesome as she was, had been obliged to turn back, and so the Shawl had arrived "Too Late for the Exhibition."

These are not half the tricks with which tradesmen dress up their ugly goods, only the dressing does not make them look any the prettier. One bold genius has drawn a sort of landscape in teeth, which gives you the toothache to look at. Underneath it is written, "THE ORIGINAL IN THE EXHIBITION." We have not seen it—nor do we wish to, particularly—but we imagine the view must be in Tus(k)any. Another genius has displayed a Fire-Extinguisher, which is described as being "IN USE AT THE EXHIBITION." Now, as we have never heard of the Crystal Palace catching fire, we cannot understand how the instrument in question can exactly be "in Use at the Exhibition." Probably a part of the Exhibition is set on fire regularly every day to prove the superior merits of this wonderful "Fire-Extinguisher." Perhaps it is kept in close attendance upon the Koh-i-Noor, upon the authority of scientific men that the Diamond is "a combustible body." If so, we can account for there being so little fire in the Koh-i-Noor. The fact is, the "Fire-Extinguisher" has completely put it out.

So various are the schemes for hanging on to the Exhibition, that we expect to see MRS. GRAHAM'S balloon announced to make an ascent under the title of "THE ONLY BALLOON THAT HAS BEEN UP IN THE EXHIBITION."

THE CROWN AND THE MITRE.

"There's a divinity doth hedge a king." Touching and beautiful is the practical recognition of this truth by the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER. With a loyalty, whose source is in the breeches pocket, the Bishop renews a lease "for three lives;" and it is erroneously given out, that these lives are the youngest lives of the Bishop's own family. Not so; the Bishop, with an affecting devotion towards the Crown, chooses "the lives of three infant children of the royal family!" A family—says MR. HORSMAN—"notoriously one of the longest-lived in this country." Surely, there is an ungenerous insinuation conveyed in this remark; a worldly-mindedness that smacks of the profane layman. If the Bishop selected three of the royal children in preference to any of his own olive branches, it was from no unseemly calculation of comparative longevity; but solely from a wish to vindicate to a stiff-necked generation, the necessary connexion of the Crown and the Mitre in all things: from no remote desire to endow the weekly prayer for the long life of the royal family—a prayer put up in all pulpits—with a monetary interest; but solely to prove the loyalty of the churchman in the devotion of the lessor. There was once a Bishop who said to a King, "Sire, you are the breath of our nostrils;" now the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER proves, in a manner, what the by-gone Bishop declared: for three of the Royal Children, by the conditions of the lease aforesaid, are literally made the breath of the nostrils of the lessee. In them, he lives, and moves, and has his being.

Were it possible there could be a condition of pagan society, in which leases were granted not for a term of human lives, but of lives of irrational animals, it is not unlikely that some astute bonze would measure the duration of his leases by the lives of three tortoises, "notoriously of the longest-lived in his country." Nay, if an old Egyptian priest, he might take three lives of three of his sacred cats—in all, seven-and-twenty lives;—but then, such astuteness would betray the benighted selfishness of the infidel. How different the operation of what the profane know as personal interest, in the serener soul of the Christian accountant?

Nil Admirari.

WE really feel called on to admire a young gentleman, who, when examined on a trial, the other day, about a "lark" at Oxford, deposed of himself thus—

"Am 21. Am nothing!"

This is decidedly ingenious. It seems difficult to say what will become of the youth, if it be true that *ex nihilo, nihil fit*.



PUNCH'S ANNIVERSARIES.—No. 1. GIBRALTAR TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH, JULY 24th, 1704.

A Most Difficult Question to Decide.

Of all Diplomatic questions, the following, we think, is the most difficult to decide:—

"MR. URQUHART said (on July 17th) the noble Lord (PALMERSTON) thought he knew better than he did, but he thought he knew better than the noble Lord."

We cannot help agreeing (for once) with MR. URQUHART—he decidedly ought "to know better."

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO THE KOH-I-NOOR.

"If you're a Diamond, why don't you behave as sich?"



KEY TO THE ABOVE.

1. Sir George Rooke.
2. The Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt.
3. Sir John Leake.
4. Admiral Byng.
5. The Marquis de Salines, Governor of Gibraltar, with the great Keys of the Town.
- 6, and 7. Two Spanish Nobles.

Conscience Money.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is happy to acknowledge the sum of £250,000 from three Bishops, whose names, from obvious feelings of delicacy, he refrains from mentioning. The magnificent donation was sent under the head of "Conscience Money," and was said to consist principally of "Monies overpaid." It was accompanied with the request that the sum might be handed over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, with the view of its being applied to the increase of incomes of poor curates. These generous instructions have been complied with.

THE CLERK OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL WEATHER.

MR. HORSMAN has been described "as a Weathercock, to point out to Bishops which way the wind was blowing over the Established Church."

THE GREAT EGG MYTH.

THE REVEREND MR. ALBAN PIPECLAY—Chaplain to the 209th Greens—presents his respectful compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to direct his instant attention to a recent overwhelming letter of the Colonel of the 8th Hussars, who—curtly as becomes an officer—denies the popular conviction (though supported on oath) that any of his corps was engaged in the Battle of the Eggs, on the day of the Oaks.

Since then—MR. A. P. observes, that—one MILE, who "encloses his card," assures the *Morning Herald* that, "with one exception, no officer of the 16th Lancers was present in the apocryphal affray.

The REVEREND MR. A. P. submits to the consideration of *Mr. Punch* this question—"Is not the whole matter a myth? Do the 8th Hussars exist? Are there any 16th Lancers?" At a time like the present, public opinion cannot be too cautious.

The wise PLUTARCH has propounded this question (not yet resolved), "Which was the first, the bird or the egg?"

MR. ALBAN PIPECLAY, in consideration of the high claims of the army upon the gratitude of Englishmen, suggests that they had better first determine the above question, ere they accuse of ungentlemanly conduct the mythical officers of mythical forces. When it is determined which—from the beginning of things—was the first, the bird or the egg; then—MR. A. P. respectfully submits—then will be the proper time to investigate the causes of an assault which, in the opinion of every military mind, is purely mythic and fabulous. But there will be a wholesome re-action. Yes; another fortnight, and the eggs of the 8th and 16th will take their place with the roc's egg of *Sinbad the Sailor*. "Such"—as MR. ALBAN PIPECLAY, after much thought upon the matter, conceives—"such is life!"



THE "DOOK" BONNETTING HIS "EMINENCE."

THE PEACE MOVEMENT AND THE PRELATES.

HOWEVER Utopian may be the aims of MR. COBDEN and the other members of the Peace Congress, there is no doubt that the designs of the pacificators—the endeavour to turn swords into ploughshares, and spears into reaping-hooks, and to establish the kingdom of peace upon earth—are warranted by some decidedly strong texts. The attendance, therefore, of all the Bishops at the late meeting of the said Congress at Exeter Hall, was, at least, quite consistent with the character of their office; and any ridicule which it may have exposed them to must be regarded in the light of martyrdom. To prevent mistakes, it must be observed that the Bishops went to the Peace Congress, not with a crosier, but with a hook.

All that's Bright won't Fade.

We are happy to have it in our power to intimate, that though there was a total eclipse on the 28th instant, the arrangements were made for preventing the gaiety of nations from being eclipsed—for the weekly number of *Punch* appeared as usual. Every copy was in itself an illuminated copy, and could be read with ease by the light of its own brilliancy.

"THE DEEP, DEEP SEA."—The Durham See.

PUNCH'S CONCORDAT.

Now what have you done with your blundering "aggression,"
Double-negative Pius, my Nono of Rome?
Why, you've done us, or nearly so, out of a Session,
Which we've spent in the labour of cropping your comb.
Our PREMIER, instead of removing abuses,
Has been occupied mostly in weath'ring the storm
By your HOLINESS brew'd, which, of course, his excuse is
For not having got on with the work of reform.

To give your attention, friend Pius, I'd crave you
To one rather large fact that concerns our late row,—
The majority, POPE, that declared "We won't have you!"
Your pretensions that firmly refused to allow.
So long, 'gainst a force so o'erwhelming how held you?
How brook'd we the tricks of your Irish "Brass Band,"
When we might, had we chosen, at once have expell'd you,
With your Bishops and Brief, from the face of the land?

What could it have been that induced us to bear a
POPE's carriage obstructing the national way?
A gem—which I don't think adorns the tiara—
A jewel, my Pontiff, entitled "fair play."
Would your HOLINESS stand as much argumentation
In case we had foisted a Bishop on you?
Would you grant such a clergyman bare toleration,
Or isn't that more than you're willing to do?

Well; be that as it may, you have no persecution
For your prelates or pastors in England to fear,
Secured by the shield of a free Constitution—
That's if they won't fly in the face of it—here.
Now I hope we shall all live together in quiet;
All have their opinions; let each hold his own;
And your folks, on the subject of doctrines or diet,
Just believe what they please—only leave us alone.

Young Water-Birds.

At the swimming-match, the other evening, at the Holborn Baths, according to the *Times*,

"SERJEANT TWOHY, the well-known Gymnasium-master of the Royal Artillery Cadets, at Woolwich, introduced his two infant sons as swimmers, the age of the younger being 2½ years, and that of the elder 4 years; and, however incredible it may appear, these infants exhibited in deep water, and without the slightest assistance, a proficiency in the art seldom attained even by adult swimmers."

When *Punch*, at breakfast, quoted this extract to the wife of his bosom, JUDY remarked, "What little ducks!"

A FOX IN HYDE-PARK.



URING the past week GENERAL FOX—who has made many campaigns in palaces, having seen considerable dinner service—has printed his veto against the durability of the Crystal Palace. There shall be no Winter Garden! Already, by anticipation, the foxes—the little foxes have spoilt our vines! However, with the instinctive justice of a great mind, GENERAL FOX suggests reparation of the fullest measure. He says, away with the Crystal Palace—it has served its end—it is moreover unsightly, ugly. But let there be enduring marble or bronze

to commemorate the fact of its former existence. And what so fit—asks GENERAL FOX—as a statue of PRINCE ALBERT, and a statue of RICHARD CŒUR DU LION! When we consider the beautiful significance that is borne to the Crystal Palace by the traditional reputation of the battle-axe King of the Lion's Heart, we must confess the idea to be as profound as felicitous. The worshipper is worthy of the worshipped: CŒUR DU LION OF CŒUR DU RENARD. To be sure, we have heard of an individual—by name, if we mistake not, JOSEPH PAXTON—who is said to be associated with the notion of the Crystal Palace, but it is natural that GENERAL FOX—with his great martial tendencies—should forget JOSEPH THE FIRST in favour of the earlier RICHARD.

Any way, we trust that the idea of COLONEL FOX, if carried out, will furthermore be made to redound to his individual honour. If we are to have a statue of PRINCE ALBERT (to which we object not, if erected in the Winter Garden, standing amidst congenial olive,) and a statue of RICHARD in bushes of dragon's-mouth,—let there also be the *vera effigies* of GENERAL FOX, accompanied by the statue of a certain vigilant bird, with which foxes are commonly associated.

The Church Militant's Man and Metal.

WE often hear of cathedral canons; but although the calibre of many of them is, fiscally speaking, considerable, and in the pulpit not a few of them are decidedly large in the bore, yet they are nothing, comparatively, to the Great Guns of the Church—the episcopal artillery; many of the latter delivering their charges at the rate of from ten thousand to eight-and-twenty thousand (per annum) pounders.

HERALDIC FRAGMENTS.



which they provide for their young ones out of the public money. A peacock, again, with his tail displayed, is described by Heralds as being in his pride—which exactly applies to the case of a Premier. And "small birds" are generally drawn by Heralds with a dignified indifference to particulars, "like blackbirds;" for of course your smaller sort of birds need not have much attention paid them anyhow: and thus every gathering of the mass of English is conventionally named "the populace!"

There are a lot of imaginary animals borne in Heraldry; and perhaps the most imaginary of all are the warriors named as the founders of families in "The Peerage." Too often, the griffin or the unicorn are as really historical as these persons. It has been supposed that griffins, unicorns, &c., were once believed to have been met by Crusaders during their journeys in the East; and perhaps some centuries hence, a policeman *azure*, *passant*, and *gardant*, with a *baton* in his dexter paw, will be borne by the descendants of some London families on the same pretext. At all events (*à propos* of this idea), "a duck sans beak and feet," is still known under the name of a *cognet* in Heraldry. Perhaps the said descendants will bear a duck still further demolished, in memory of the exploits of the same animal in our day.

The heraldic word "proper" is applied to birds when borne of their natural colour. Thus, those young birds whose eggs recently annoyed the Kennington people on the Oaks Day, would be described simply as *goslings proper*—meaning *green*.

It is a well-known rule in Heraldry, that metal must not be put on metal, nor colour on colour. You cannot with propriety blazon thus—*Argent*, a chevron, *or*; that would be false; or *sable*, three anything, *azure*. Doubtless, it is precisely because the wisdom of ages has made this regulation, that none but the vulgar ever say, "I'll put twopence to your twopence;" a well-known plebeian form of expression. And doubtless, also, SHAKESPEARE meant to illustrate the second of these rules when he forbade us to "paint the lily."

A good deal might be written (if anybody would read it) on the immense influence produced in the science of Armorie by the Crusades. To them we owe the introduction of *escallops*, or shells, so frequently borne on "ordinaries" and "sub-ordinaries" in shields. PANMURE bears eight *escallops* in a "border," and GRAHAM three, on a "chief." Now what are these *escallops*? We, ourselves, have a theory of no ordinary ingenuity on the subject. In the first place, is not the French word for "scalloped"—*escallops*? Is it not common to scallop *oysters*? The deduction is obvious. These shells are *oyster*-shells. The Crusaders liked scalloped oysters; and the reason *escallops* are found usually on what heralds call "ordinaries," is plain to any frequenter of London dining-places! To the Crusades, also, we owe the introduction of *water-bogets*—such as those borne by the name of BOURCHIER. These, of course, came on the *tapis*, very naturally, when the oysters did.

REFLECTION FOR THE PEACE CONGRESS—The true way to enjoy the wine of life is to accompany it with olives.

N treating of animals borne on the shield as "charges" (and the charges for which, by-the-by, come to something, in case you want a grant of one, now), we notice a peculiarity in our friend the Stag. He is represented as *tripping*, when an ordinary animal would only be *passant*. He is *at gaze*—that is to say, looking about him with considerable intelligence and curiosity—when an ordinary creature is *gardant*. And he is often found in a position emphatically marked as *lodged*. Who shall say that Heraldry is meaningless, or gone by, in modern times? How often has the Stag been only too securely lodged within our memory!

Animals are often blazoned or pictured in characteristic and honourable attitudes, in preference to others. A pelican feeding her young, for instance, is *in her piety*. This symbol is borne by lofty aristocrats—and of course symbolises the care with

A PALINODE.

From PUNCH to HENRY BROUGHAM.

"During the last five or six weeks, he had with the utmost difficulty, and against the opinion of his medical advisers, attended the service of their Lordships' House. During the last ten days the difficulty had increased, and become more severe. In the hope of assisting in his great measure, in a cause to which his life had been devoted, he had struggled to the last, until he found he could struggle no more."—Lord Brougham's last speech on Law Reform in the House of Lords.

AND is the busy brain o'erwrought at last?
Has the sharp sword fretted the sheath so far?
Then, HENRY BROUGHAM, in spite of all that's past,
Our ten long years of all but weekly war,

Let *Punch* hold out to you a friendly hand,
And speak what haply he had left unspoken
Had that sharp tongue lost nought of its command,
That nervous frame still kept its spring unbroken.

Forgot the changes of thy later years,
No more he knows the ISHMAEL once he knew,
Drinking delight of battle 'mongst the Peers,—
Your hand 'gainst all men, all men's hands 'gainst you.

He knows the Orator whose fearless tongue
Lashed into infamy and endless scorn
The wretches who their blackening scandal flung
Upon a Queen—of women most forlorn.

He knows the lover of his kind, who stood
Chief of the banded few that dared to brave
The accursed traffickers in negro blood,
And struck his heaviest fetter from the slave;

The Statesman who, in a less happy hour
Than this, maintained man's right to read and know,
And gave the keys of knowledge and of power
With equal hand alike to high and low;

He Lawyer who, unwarped by private aims,
Denounced the Law's abuse, chicane, delay:
The Chancellor who settled century's claims,
And swept an age's dense arrears away;

The man whose name men read even as they run
On every landmark the world's course along,
That speaks to us of a great battle won
Over untruth or prejudice or wrong.

Remembering this, full sad I am to hear
That voice which loudest in the combat rung:
Now weak and low and sorrowful of cheer;
To see that arm of battle all unstrung.

And so, even as a warrior after fight
Thinks of a noble foe, now wounded sore,
I think of thee, and of thine ancient might,
And hold a hand out, armed for strife no more.

The Way they Sarves the Navy.

We find, in the list of naval appointments in the *Hampshire Independent*—

"COMMANDER.—W. K. HALL (1848) to command the *Styx*."

Vice CHARON, superseded, of course. This service must be worse than a cruise off the Gold Coast. If the Admiralty will send a British Captain to command the *Styx*, it is evident that the Navy is going to the deuce.

THE MAN AND THE HOUR.

MR. BROTHERTON's great objection to the House sitting "after 12," is, that it scarcely becomes so great a Legislature as that of England to get through its business "like one o'clock."

Spain in the Exposition.

WITH pain we remark that Spain makes rather a mean appearance in the Exhibition. She has not contributed those links that were expected from her to the bonds of universal brotherhood; which she might easily have done by paying her bondholders their dividends.

If the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Peter's is ever built in London, on what ground will it be erected?
On the Ground of *Indulgence*.

PUTTING THE BEST FACE ON IT.



OUR new House of Commons has been remodelled. We are very glad to hear it. There could only have been one thing better:—to have built it at first so as to have no need of remodelling.

We are a highly practical people. Everybody says so, and therefore we believe it. "A practical people," we conclude from what we see, means a people that disdains theory.

The architect of the new Houses of Parliament is an uncommonly practical man. He seems to have disdained all theories, and above all, the theory of acoustics.

Having to build a hall for speaking in—a House of

Parliament—he built one in which it was impossible for any speaking to be heard. The same architect having to build a Picture Gallery, builds one in which you can't see the pictures. However, the house has been remodelled.

There is a new roof which cuts off the tops of the windows; so the windows have to be cut down at the bottom. There are six hundred and fifty-six members; so accommodation is provided for four hundred and sixty. The Division Lobbies have been made larger, the Strangers' Gallery wider; the reporters have been put into stables; the SPEAKER has a private hot-water plate, and so have the Ministers; as though these were not often enough in hot water already. The House is being paved—not with good intentions.

We certainly are a practical people. Our naval architect's launch is a frigate. She floats too much by the head; so we cut down her stern. Then she floats too much by the stern; so we take off her figure-head. Then she is found to be over-masted, and we put in lighter masts. Then it is found she can't carry canvass enough, and we take them out again. Then she rolls too much, and we increase her iron ballast. Then her lower-deck ports are under water, and we plug them up. Without her lower tier she doesn't carry metal enough; so we clap two sixty-fours at her bows, and two sixty-fours at her stern. Then she won't make any way at all, and we are forced to begin all over again; and the account concludes with an awful bill to pay.

In very much the same way, our landsman architect builds us a House of Commons. It is a beautiful building, only before it will do it wants a new roof, and new windows, and new galleries, and new lobbies, and new floors; and after all this we are warned that its acoustic properties have been only partially tried.

To be sure, we have one building that answers its purpose admirably, and that is the Crystal Palace. Therefore we are going to pull it down. But it wasn't built by an architect. It wasn't at all like a practical people to trust a gardener. They should have left it to the R.A.s, and then we might have calculated on a great architectural masterpiece. To be sure, it would not have held the articles for exhibition, or, if it had, there wouldn't have been room for the spectators; or, if there had been room for both, it wouldn't have been built in the time; or, if it had been built in time, the bricks and mortar wouldn't have been dry; and if the bricks and mortar hadn't been dry, the building would have tumbled down. Yes, certainly, the Exhibition Commissioners were anything but practical men.

The Value of the Koh-i-noor.

THERE is a vast difference of opinion as to the precise value of the Mountain of Light in the Great Exhibition. Many are inclined to think we have been making a mountain of a molehill. A Spanish jeweller of some experience has estimated it at upwards of a million reals; while an English friend of ours, so far from appreciating it by reals, has set it down at one enormous sham.

Touching Liberalities.

THE newspapers tell us that—

"At his recent rent audit, GEORGE HUDSON, Esq., M.P., of Newby Park, liberally returned to his numerous tenantry 10 per cent. on their respective rentals."

When—may PUNCH be allowed the question—when does GEORGE HUDSON return to certain railway innocents 10 per cent. upon their respective losses?

THE TEACHER AND THE COOK.

LOOK here, reader, on this advertisement:—

TWO GOVERNESSES.—WANTED, a LADY, not under 25 years of age, of sound Church Principles, to conduct the Junior Department attached to a Finishing Establishment for Young Ladies. She will be required to teach grammatically the French Language, and constantly speak it, and have a knowledge of Music and Drawing. A good method in teaching indispensable. Salary £20. Address to—, &c., &c.

and on this:—

TWO SISTERS WANTED, as good PLAIN COOK and HOUSEMAID, where no other servant is kept, in a very quiet Private Family of only the Lady and Gentleman. The Cook to do part of the House-work: wages £21, including everything. The Housemaid accustomed to wait well at table, able to do plain needlework, and get up fine things: Wages £17, including extras. Ages from 25 to 30. Must be healthy, active, and respectable. A strict personal Character. A little way from the Country not objected to. Those who have lived together in similar Situations preferred. Direct, stating truly, to —, &c., &c.

both extracted from the Times, and presented to Mr. Punch, together with the following

LINES BY MOLLY.

Now as you've cooked the goose of your POTS and CARDINAL WISE-

MANTS, I dare say, Mr. Punch, you'll find room for these here two advertisements.

What is your opinion about them as a candid man?
Number two, you must know, concerns myself and HANN.
As to number one, I can't think who ever would answer that;
Nobody that takes care of number one, I should say, but some flat.
But only to think how very much improved the age is,
And what a rise has took place in poor servants' wages!
I don't mind the word, though it sounds rather more like the gallery
Than the boxes; £1 pound wages is better than 20 pound salary.
But what I say is this, thof I own my situation is humble,
A good Plain Cook as gets more than a Governess has no call to grumble.
But Cookery seems to be getting into hestimation;
Leastways some folks thinks more of it than others does of heddication.
But then some folks is gentlefolks, and others the reverse.
20 pounds salary wouldn't leave much in the purse
Of a young lady, who in course would be expected to appear
As such, when her things was paid for at the end of the year.
20 pounds a year, and to be always speaking French—what a shame!
They couldn't get a parrot for less that could do the same.
What sitch people gives their servants I should very much like to know,
Seeing they pays their Governess so low.
I shouldn't think they wore out many pots and kittles,
Or had much to give away in the shape of broken vittles;
And getting their tuition so werry cheap, I should read
That the scollards of this establishment was about as well taught as fed.

A REGULAR STAND-STILL.

AN astronomer, speaking of the effect of the last Eclipse of the Sun in 1812, says, "that horses came to a stand-still, and neither whip nor goad would induce them to move on." We know of some political parties who seem to labour under the influence of a sort of moral eclipse; for, remaining in their darkness, they cannot be induced either by goad or spur to move on. Among other remarkable phenomena, "oxen arrayed themselves in a circle, as if for defence;" and we are somewhat surprised that in the absence of intellectual enlightenment, the oxen have not gathered themselves into a circle in Smithfield, for the protection of their market.

The Enemy of Intolerance.

THE most distasteful clause in the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill to the POPE's hierarchy is that which renders them liable to be proceeded against, for infringement of its provisions, under the sanction of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, by a common informer. No wonder. From the conduct of the Popish Bishops in Ireland with respect to the Queen's Colleges, it might have been expected that the papal prelates would, under any circumstances, object to common information.

A TAKING-TITLE.

THERE is a spirited little Italian contemporary of ours, published in London under the name of the *Eco di Savonarola*. We suppose they call it the "Echo," because they think it likely to "answer."

The Astronomer Fuzzled.

Little Boy. "WHAT'S the use of an Eclipse?"
Astronomer. "Oh, I don't know! It gives the Sun time for reflection."



THE BANQUET AT GUILDHALL—TRUE POLITENESS.

Alderman Gobble. "NOW THEN, GALS! I'VE QUITE DONE. CAN I GET YOU ANY GRUB?"

THE END OF AN IRISH TALE.

THE announcement has just been made in the House of Commons, that MR. J. O'CONNELL has accepted the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. We cannot conceive a more entertaining volume than would be produced if every steward of these celebrated hundreds were to publish an account of his stewardship. Considering the frequency of an application for the office in question, we are prompted to inquire, why Chiltern and its Hundreds cannot be invested with a few other dignities, such as a butlership, cookship, or footmanship, for example, in order that the stewardship might no longer remain the only position open to applicants. We think, also, that the Chiltern Hundreds might have a housemaidship added, for the accommodation of such ladies as may feel anxious to give Chiltern the benefit of their services.

In congratulating MR. J. O'CONNELL on his ambition having led him to a post for which he is no doubt duly qualified, we may, perhaps, be allowed to felicitate the Commons on the fact, that "the floor of the House" is not likely to become the scene of that melancholy event to which MR. J. O'CONNELL had at one time destined it. Instead of dying on the floor of the House, the Honourable Gentleman is now at liberty to select any one of the Hundreds of Chiltern as his final resting-place. We, however, wish him long life to cultivate the interests of that locality with which he has chosen to connect himself, and health to devote himself to those duties which he has adopted as being better suited to him than the functions of a Member of Parliament.

A propos of this new dignity of MR. J. O'CONNELL, we may add, that a simple correspondent has asked us, whether the Chiltern Hundreds, whose stewardship seems so enviable, is the name of a steam-packet.

Child Dropping.

LEFT, tied to the knocker of the House of Lords, two promising male children, apparently of the Hebrew-Caucasian family. The party deserting them is known. This is to give notice, that the children so left will *not* be taken in; and the Police have orders to apprehend any persons making a similar attempt.

THE BLUSHING STATUES OF LONDON.

Brief by the Metropolitan Pontiff.

SINCE the most extraordinary and magnificent wonders are now daily happening, to the confutation of incredulity, and to the diffusion of true enlightenment, in an age dazzled by the false glare of philosophy; than which splendid marvels nothing can be more conducive to the delectation of the cockles of our paternal heart, and the glory, honour, and interest of our Office; we are by no means surprised to hear of the stupendous miracle which has lately happened at Guildhall, in the City of London, in the presence of many millions of spectators. For, considering the utter failure and most miserable, so to speak it, mull, which was perpetrated by the Corporation in the Ball lately given by them to HER MAJESTY, we thought it very likely that some prodigy would happen before long to render that absurd transaction the more memorable. We therefore received as nothing more than what was to be expected, the intelligence of the notorious fact, that the statues of GOG and MAGOG, ever since that ridiculous event, have been seen from time to time to be suffused, as to their faces, with a rosy hue; blushing for the mismanagement of the body corporate. Having nothing so much at heart as the promotion of genuine rationality and the encouragement of veracity, we have thought it fit to stimulate our faithful Public to the observation of this illustrious portent. We therefore grant an unlimited indulgence in turtle-soup and iced punch to any one who, having paid his due respects to the LORD MAYOR, or other civic personage of the requisite influence, shall have procured a ticket of admission to the next Dinner given either in the said Guildhall or at the Mansion House, on condition of his making a pilgrimage to Guildhall aforesaid, and taking a sight at the City Giants, that he may have ocular demonstration of the shame and confusion they are affected with, in beholding their blushes on account of the City Ball; and if, through a depraved and heretical obstinacy, he will not acknowledge that they do blush, let him be &c.

(Signed) PUNCH.

(Countersigned) { *BILL* } Missionaries General to the Punchifical Office.
 { *JEM* }



DISTRESSING CASE OF DESERTION.

LECTURES ON YACHTING.

By PROFESSOR AQUARIUS BRICK.



Were present when the accomplished PROFESSOR BRICK recently delivered a series of Lectures on Yachting, which were very well attended. By his kind permission, we have preserved bits of the discourses, here and there. We extract, *à discretion*—

"I come now," went on the Professor, "to your most important yachters—your genuine swells. Their cutters are in every harbour; you trace their wake by empty champagne bottles on every sea. To such dandy sea-kings I would now say one word.

"About your choice of cruising ground you can-

not have much difficulty. The Mediterranean is your proper spot. It is true that we will not tolerate its being made a French lake—its proper vocation is that of English pond!

"I would advise you all to be very particular in not letting your 'skipper' have too much authority. Remember always, that *you are the owner*—high-spirited gentlemen do. Surely a man may sail his own yacht, if anybody may! It is as much his property as his horse is. To be sure, when the weather is very bad, I would let the fellow take charge then. There is a very odd difference between the Bay of Biscay and the water inside the Isle of Wight, when it blows. And a skipper *too much snubbed* gets rusty at awkward times.

"Your conduct in harbour will be regulated by circumstances—which means, dinners. Generally speaking, the fact of having a yacht will carry you everywhere. As every aeronaut is 'intrepid' by courtesy, so every yachtsman is a 'fashionable arrival.' This great truth is scarcely enough appreciated in England. I have known very worthy men spend in trying to get into great society in London, sums which, judiciously invested in a yacht, would have taken them to dozens of great people's houses abroad. You will get asked to dinner; you will be feasted well, generally. Anything in the way of excitement—particularly good, rich, hospitable excitement—is heartily welcome in our colonial settlements and stations.

"But I am not now speaking only to those who yacht, because to have a yacht is a fine thing. I recognise also an imperial class of yachtsmen—the swans of the flock of geese. I have seen a coronet on a binnacle, before now. I have seen a large stately schooner sail into a Mediterranean port—as into a drawing-room—splendid and serene. The harbour-master's boat is on the alert these mornings. The men-of-war send their boats to tow; the dandiest lieutenant goes in the barge; the senior captain offers his services. When such a yacht as that goes into the Golden Horn, the Sultan is shown to these yachters—like any curiosity in his capital—like any odd thing in his town! They are presented to him, as it is called, that *he* may be looked at.

"To this magnificent class I have not much to say. They don't suit their skipper—they are far too fine to do that. They are scarcely distinctive as travellers, for they are the same abroad as at home. In them, England is represented. England floats in a lump through the sea, like DELOS used to do. As they say and do just the same as they have always said and done at home—see and mix with the same kind of people—I often wonder what they learn by it. When they go to visit Thermopylae or Marathon, it is with a lot of tents, donkeys, camp-stools, travelling-cases, guides, and servants—such as XERXES might have had. They encumber the ruins of temples with the multitude of their baggage. The position seems so unnatural, that I can't fancy their getting any moral or intellectual profit from it. They are too well off for that—like a fellow who cannot see for fat. Depend on it, you cannot see much through a painted window, however fine it is."

PROFESSOR BRICK concluded his first sketch amidst much applause.

THE BAR IN DANGER.

CONSIDERABLE consternation has prevailed among the members of the Bar—and particularly the outer portion of it—since the publication of the Report of the Commissioners on Process and Practice. The Lawyers' Protectionist League, under the presidency of MR. BRIEFLESS, has already been joined by MESSRS. HORRID and FLORID of the Criminal Bar, as well as by MESSRS. MOHAIR, NOHAIR, SPLUTTER, FLUTTER, MAMMON, and GAMMON, of the Courts at Westminster. Though the report is signed by the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and the Attorney-General, who has already given all the weight of his official position to the cause of Law Reform, MR. BRIEFLESS is prepared to maintain—though a maintenance of any kind from that quarter is a poor look-out—that his own opinion ought to be taken in preference to that of SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN. MR. BRIEFLESS particularly insists upon the impolicy of the recommendation to abolish the Rule for Compute, which he declares that he regards as a sort of Palladium of British eloquence; for many a young orator has exercised his early pinions on this rule, and prepared himself for the maturer flights of his full-fledged rhetoric.

MR. BRIEFLESS insists that the Rule to Compute should have been preserved for the sake of its elasticity, inasmuch as it admitted of being applied for in every possible form, from the silent bow to the enthusiastic burst of impassioned appeal, or the learned and elaborate

continually running rill of forensic argument. MR. BRIEFLESS is understood to insist on the fact, that LORD ELDON commenced his career by moving for a Compute, as a reason why the rule should be preserved, as the portal—the side-door, the back-gate, the area entrance to future greatness. The learned anti-reformer also declares that to compute is, by no means, the insignificant matter of course that some people imagine; for it requires a certain amount of proficiency in arithmetic on the part of the advocate; and, in fact, MR. BRIEFLESS declares he knows of no other proceeding that offers a sort of guarantee that the branch of education specified has been attended to by the Barrister.

The Protectionist League of Lawyers purpose holding an aggregate meeting as soon as a convenient site can be found, and the Thames Tunnel has already been spoken of.

JEWISH NOTE AND QUERY.

Query.—Supposing none but Jews were returned to Parliament at the next election, what would be the result?

Note.—It would be rather curious—for as a Jew is not allowed to take his seat in Parliament, we should have a House of Commons that could not sit. The only way to compromise the matter would be for the House to legislate on its legs. This would do very well for members who were accustomed to Standing Committees;—but it would be rather tiresome when the House was kept up to a late hour in the morning by the squabbles of the Irish Brigade. One advantage might be, that probably it would shorten the length of the debates—for the House, when prevented from lolling on the benches, and going to sleep, would be less inclined than ever to stand a long speech. The most obvious result, however, would be that England could literally boast then of having the most Upright Legislature in the World.

Infant Rhymes for Church Reformers.

BISHOP JACK HORNER
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Christian pie;
He put in his thumb,
And he pull'd out a plum,
And said, "What a rich chap am I!"

Fashionable Movements during the Eclipse.

MRS. JONES, of Plate-Glass Street, Islington, by omnibus, on the morning of the 28th, for Leicester Square, where she remained during the Eclipse. The Thames Steamboat Company had it in contemplation to issue return tickets at a fare-and-a-half between Chelsea and London, to enable suburban visitors to view the Eclipse by daylight, and arrive at home before sunset. In the Park several temporary scaffoldings were erected, and a front seat to view the Eclipse was in some instances known to fetch from half-a-crown to five shillings.

TEAM VERSUS STEAM.

A TWO-HORSE Omnibus has made a wager that it will leave Hampton Court at the same time as the railway, and arrive at the Waterloo Station half-an-hour before the train comes in. Long odds have been taken in favour of the Omnibus.



MORTMAIN.

THE RACES OF MAN.

WE recollect a very instructive, amusing book, being published under the above title. It contained one deplorable omission, however, which may be partly accounted for by the fact, that at the time the book was published, MR. BATTY'S Hippodrome was not in existence. We are pleased at being able to repair that omission, and to increase the value of a clever work with the addition of the following *Races of Man*, which, we must premise, have only been recently discovered.

These important discoveries were made in a large circular building, open at the top, and the interior scooped out, like a Stilton Cheese. In form it was not unlike a Roman Amphitheatre. It is situate somewhere about Kensington, and any one, by paying a small trifle at the door—say a shilling, or a couple of shillings—will be shown with great civility over the building.

It was inside the walls of this monster Stilton Cheese that we made our discoveries. At one corner of the Stilton there had been nibbled a large hole, and in and out of this hole

there kept running, like so many rats and mice, a number of horses and ponies, ostriches and monkeys, whose principal amusement consisted in running round and round the bottom of the cheese at the very top of their speed, and then running out again.

With our natural quickness, we soon discovered that there was a method in these wild evolutions. We involuntarily ejaculated "*Eureka!*" as we found out that the great object in the running was to see which horse, or poney, or ostrich, or monkey should come in first. In short, they formed a number of Races; and we were not a little proud in this matter-of-fact world, in which everything has been turned, not only inside out, but also outside in, as in Leicester Square, to have suddenly opened the door, in such a strange out-of-the-way cupboard as Kensington, upon several new *Races of Man*.

The following is a faithful description of these new Races:—

First of all, there is the CHARIOT RACE. Several warriors in tub-like chariots gallop round the circle. The warriors have all Roman noses, in order to give the entertainment the most classic feature of ancient times. Wreaths of artificial laurel are round their brows, and silk stockings shed over the calves that animate the scene a beautiful *couleur de rose*. In each chariot are four horses, and they have Roman noses also, and the laurel-wreath round their brows. Twice they gallop round the merry circle. The Race is run, almost before it has commenced; and the shouts of the applauding multitude proclaim that JONES, not of the Seven Hills, but of the Seven Dials, is the victor.

The next Race is on horseback; not as in Rotten Row, seated quietly in the saddle, but standing upright on the backs of two naked horses. The warriors are again from Rome, and their gay scarfs stream behind them, like a flying rainbow. They shuffle backwards and forwards, like a pack of cards in the hands of a conjuror. At last Red is the turn-up card, and again JONES is the trump who wins.

Again the dustman's bell is rung, and a pair of high-mettled Ostriches plunge into the saw-dusty arena. This Race is unquestionably the funniest Race of Man—funnier even than the French Race. The other Races are exciting. They bring your heart into your mouth. But the Ostrich Race only fills it with laughter. The Ostriches do not run; they fly. The Bedouin, who follows on his Arab steed, plies his spurs in vain to catch them. Their long legs seem to have wings to them. You might as well attempt to catch MERCURY by the heel as one of them. The boy seems to sit as light as an ostrich feather on its back. The riding, too, is peculiar; no whip is requisite to urge them on—no bridle is necessary to guide them—no bit wanted to make them turn to the right or the left. They run, like a bill, without any effort, of their own accord, and do not stop until taken up at the end of their appointed running. It must be very pleasant riding—for the Ostrich never throws his rider. He does not kick either, nor plunge, nor rear, nor jib, nor roar, nor is he subject to any of the ills which horse-flesh is heir to. We expect to see Ostrich riding very popular. We may hear of more improbable things than a lady saying to her groom, "JOHN, bring my Ostrich to the door at six o'clock." At all events, a Derby, with nothing but three-year-old Ostriches in it, would be extremely amusing. We must say, that of all birds the Ostrich affords the very best game—by a long run!

There were several other Races, but, after the Ostriches, they lagged a long way behind. There was the race of Monkeys, but we have seen so much of the same thing in the Park better done. There was the Race of Jockeys; but they were not so good as many young Lords whom we

have witnessed in a similar character. There were Races with female charioteers—carrying off gold cups with immense ecstasy; but the cup brought no pleasure to our lips, and we turned our heads away with the peevishness of satiety. There were Races also with horses with and without riders, and a heap of other Races. In fact, we do not know when we had seen a greater mixture of Races.

The Great Exhibition was to have brought every member of the human family together; but the only Exhibition that has effectually done it, is BATTY'S Hippodrome. It has succeeded in doing what civilisation, we suppose, will do some day—for it has brought all the Races of Man into the same Circle!



SCENE—A GREENGROCER'S SHOP, LONDON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Greengrocer, and Old Lady.

Old Lady—(holding a very small Cabbage)—Inquire. "WHAT! 3d. FOR SUCH A SMALL CABBAGE? WHY, I NEVER HEERD O' SUCH A THING!"

Greengrocer. "WERRY SORRY, MARN; BUT IT'S ALL ALONG O' THAT EXHIBITION! WHAT WITH THEM FOREIGNERS, AND THE GENTS AS SMOKES, CABBAGES HAS RIZ."

Ann Hicks.

THAT great Pan of the Woods and Forests, LORD SEYMOUR, will next week lay the first brick of a small house dedicated to the matron by the penance of certain sylvan authorities. The house, in commemoration of the woman's just pull upon Government, will be denominated "Hicks's Haul!"

A FORM THAT WANTS REFORMING.

THE favourite objection with several Members against ALDERMAN SALOMONS taking his seat is, that there is "no form for it." The objection is not a bad one, for it stands to reason that if there is "no form," the Honourable Member can hardly sit down upon it.

Idem per Idem.

COLONEL SIBTHORP presents his compliments to the Editor of *Punch*, and begs to state, that the statutes of WILLIAM and MARY, which imposed the Abjuration Oath, were clearly directed against the Jews. The statutes were meant to exclude the Jacob-ites; but ISRAEL and JACOB are identical, therefore the statutes were meant to exclude the Israel-ites. Q. E. D.

PROTECTIONIST DRAMATICS.

PROTECTION recently got a little "draw" by the performance of MR. G. F. YOUNG'S *Trip to Scarborough*. By electing such a man, in triumph, Protection shows her love for another play, too—*She Stoops to Conquer*—with a vengeance!

THE CHURCH AND THE DEAD.

"SEEING that we are all equal before the throne of God"—such was the tenor of the QUEEN DOWAGER'S testament—"I desire that my funeral may be conducted with as little ceremony as possible." Such was the meaning of the QUEEN DOWAGER of England; but the Dean and Chapter of Windsor—by virtue of their function—knew better. Money—money—is a necessary consecration of the dead; and therefore they demand of the Government the fee of £220 for opening St. George's vault, that upon one of its shelves so much Royal dust may be deposited. The DUKE OF SUSSEX sagaciously balked the Dean and Chapter, and chose a cheaper resting-place in Kensal Green.

But the dead seem to be the especial property of Churchmen; who will turn the penny not only upon dead men's dust, but upon dead men's memories. What is done in the Royal vaults of Windsor is imitated in the churches of hamlets. Once upon a time—let us say a few months ago—there died an excellent man in the historic village of Putney; made historic by WOLSEY, who, alighting from his mule, went upon his knees, and blessed his royal tyrant; historic by FAIRFAX, who had head-quarters there; historic by SAMUEL PEPEY, who would eat his dinner and chirrup his song at Barn Elms; historic by the birth of GIBBON; and still and still historic by the ecclesiastical ingenuity of a fervid preacher, who brings us back to the death of our benevolent deceased. Men, with a tender memory for his life of goodness, met to take counsel how best to enshrine the recollection of his benevolence. "Let it be something enduring—something that shall defy the tooth of time. And, my friends, what better than a modest marble tablet affixed to the walls of that church wherein our philanthropic friend was wont to offer up his Sabbath prayers?" Felicitous thought; the laudatory lines were written; cut in marble; and the marble placed for ever in the church, to delight the eyes and touch the hearts of yet unborn congregations. And so the ceremony finished.

Not quite. A few days afterwards, and a demand was made for certain fees. If you put up a tablet, no bigger than a door-plate, in a church, you must pay the suggestive churchman. "Good people, fifteen pounds, if you please: only fifteen."

In a small way, is not the church of Putney worthy of St. George's Chapel, Windsor? Churchmen—we doubt not—will be delighted by that better system of things, surely arriving, that shall no longer make the dead such a very marketable commodity. Beautiful is the figure of the Christian dove! And otherwise than beautiful the unclean bird that feeds on carcasses.

THE VESTED INTERESTS OF OLD WOMEN.

THE Lords' Committee on the Smithfield-market Removal Bill—in a tenderness for vested interests which some of their Lordships have not shown to poor ANN HICKS—have decided that, for the loss which the Corporation of London will sustain by the abatement of their lucrative nuisance,

"The City are entitled to compensation, to be calculated on an average of five years of the tolls prior to its closing. Should the site become valuable, and built on, the tolls to make up the deficiencies, as in Clause 50 of the Islington-market Bill."

To be calculated at what rate per cent? Deficiencies in what? Really, there is more to be understood in this specimen of lordly composition than we can possibly understand; except the general fact that the City is to be indemnified for the loss of Smithfield out of the tolls. Considering that the City has had the fullest warning of the inevitable fate of its filthy cattle-mart, and might, had it chosen, easily have made a fair arrangement with regard to the new market, we should say, let the tolls out of which it is to be compensated be those of the knell which has so long been tolling Smithfield's doom.

The Parliamentary Treadmill.

THE failure of MR. HERRIES'S motion respecting the Navigation Laws, suggests the question, Why are the Protectionists like a squirrel in a cage?—to which there can be but one answer—That they are always moving, and never getting on.

PROPERTY FOR PIOUS USES.

MR. PUNCH on being asked what was the meaning of "Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment," answered—Deans and Chapters pocketing all the money they are trusted with.

Evening Dress for Ladies in the City.

THE *Times* states that at the Guildhall Ball many of the ladies' dresses were ripped up the back. We do not doubt this—for to believe MR. DAKIN'S statement—the Ball must have been "a perfect ripper."—*Bell's Life*.



"MY EYE, TOMMY! IF 'ERE AINT THE SCOTCHMAN HOUT OF THE SNUFF SHOP A TAKIN' A WALK."

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

(SEE OF DURHAM.)

After MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-mines and cells,
Thou See of Durham? Wall's End; Eden Main;
Black diamond stores, whose gems thy Bishop sells?
Best screened, that bring him in exceeding gain,—
These are thy riches, Apostolic See;
We get our coals from thee!

Yet more, thy Depths have more!—What tin untold
Within the compass of thine income lies!
Thou hast the farmer's cash, the grazier's gold;
Rich as a lot of Royal Argosies,
Look to thy chance, LORD BISHOP—'tis the Main—
So cut and come again.

Yet more, thy Depths have more!—What parchments
roll'd
Up in thy coffers—let us hope, kept dry—
Have brought in fees, for wills, by statutes old
Forced to pay probate in thy Registry!
Pocket them, DURHAM—now 's your time of day,
Before they 're ta'en away.

Yet more, thy See and Diocese hath more!
The souls in thine episcopacy blest,
They are thy chiefest wealth, most precious store;
Treasures are they by far worth all the rest.
Hoard up those riches; but the dibs, we crave
Give back, which thou dost save.

Give back thy surplus rowdy—thou of whom
The monstrous income has been quizzed so long—
Which *Punch*—enlight'ner of the public gloom—
Hits at in story, harps upon in song.
Hold fast thy decent due—but that alone—
For all is not thine own!

To thee the love of lucre hath gone down,
Donning a golden mitre on its head,
A thing oft worn above a prelate's crown;
Yet must thou hear a voice—e'en now 'tis said
JOHN BULL reclaims thy precious things from thee.
Disgorge thy fat, thou See!

PRIZES AWARDED AT THE HORTICULTURAL FÊTE.

THE weather is always so unmerciful at the Horticultural Fête, that we think that the company, more especially the ladies, deserve prizes being distributed to them for their hardihood in making their appearance there.

We expect next July to read an award of prizes somewhat similar to the following:—

TO MISS CLARA DE WERE. For the prettiest drawn bonnet of pink silk, trimmed with black lace and black bugles, completely spoilt by the rain—The GOLD GUNTER Medal.

TO LADY AUGUSTA THUMPER. For the most delicate crape dress, with pinked flounces, and mantle *en suite*, slightly edged with Honiton lace, so soiled that it can never be worn again—The SILVER SWAN AND EDGAR Medal.

TO MRS. CHERRY BOUNCE. For the most chaste dove-coloured silk parasol, with muslin embroidery and silk fringe, completely washed out by the wet—The HOWELL AND JAMES' pair of BARRINGS.

TO MISS LAURA ADELGISA STUBBS. For the most *recherché*, rich, puce-coloured *glacé* silk with embroidered flounces, and braided Polka à l'Amazone to correspond, scarcely recognisable again, and actually refused by her maid—A Buhl Box, containing two dozen of JOUVIN'S best Gloves.

TO MADemoiselle FÉLICIE DE VERTPRÉ. For the neatest, thinnest, smallest pair of French Bottines, completely wet through—A Box of Bonbons from the *Fidèle Berger*.

TO LORD NARCISSUS VERISOPHT. For a cherry-coloured *paletôt*, and a snow-white wide-awake made of the finest felt, both sacrificed to the inclemency of the weather—A handsomely embroidered Cigar Case and Silver *Vinaigrette*.

TO MR. HERCULES SMITH. For wearing a pair of summer trousers, hopelessly ruined—A Pair of Silver-Mounted Pistols.

USEFUL EMPLOYMENT OF WASTE TIME.

A LADY, living at Wimbledon, presented last week to her husband a handsome waistcoat as a birthday present. It was most beautifully embroidered, and had been worked by her during the spare half-hours that would otherwise have been wasted, whilst waiting at the various stations on the South-Western Railway. So numerous are the delays on that sleepy line, that ladies, who are compelled by necessity to travel by it, make a practice now of taking their needlework with them in the railway carriages, so that they may turn to some useful account the dreadful waste of time that is squandered in going a simple journey of ten miles. We have been shown STONE'S picture of "*Cross Purposes*" most effectively worked in Berlin Wool by a young lady, who was engaged on it only for one month, and performed but one journey to town every day. This will give some little notion of the amount of time which that one journey must have consumed *per diem* to have enabled the fair Arachnea to have completed so laborious a piece of work in so short a period!

Mysteries of the Deep.

THE thousands—the hundreds of thousands—of pounds that have been brought up in the Diocese of Durham and others by such an experienced Diver as MR. HORSMAN, furnish only another proof that, in ecclesiastical matters, none of us know one half of the treasures that are buried at the bottom of the See.

The Great Day of the Session.

THE 28th of July was expected to have been a grand day in Parliament; for, considering the many laws that are made without adequate information, a day legitimately allowing of legislation in the dark, would, it was thought, have been taken full advantage of.

BIRTH-PLACE OF PAXTON.



COTLAND will have all the great men. The *Berwick Advertiser* now claims JOSEPH PAXTON for her own; as he was born "in the parish of Dunse!" (Mem. for the Editor—*Dunce*.)

SHAKESPEARE—it is now proved beyond a doubt—was born at Paisley; COPERNICUS at Aberdeen; BACON at Peebles; MILTON at Inverness; OLIVER CROMWELL at Perth; RAMO SAMEE at Kelso; JOSEPH ADY in the Salt-market, Glasgow; and HOMER in Skye!

It is, perhaps, not generally known that the original British Lion—so shamefully appropriated by England—was whelped in Edinburgh Castle.

A Shabby Turn-out.

It was a general observation in the House of Commons, on the night of the

removal of MR. SALOMONS by the order of the House, that it was singular an objection should be made to the Member for Greenwich on the score of his religion, when the Speaker himself had turned out a Jew after all.

THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.

"NOWHERE in all Italy, save now partly among the Piedmontese, can a man think, speak, or act, as a being made in the image of God; certain other images, Austrian, Roman, and Neapolitan, forbidding the sublime privilege. Images of God are apt to become perplexing, troublesome; and therefore are to be overthrown as idols of a false religion;—an infidelity blasphemous to Pope and Emperor. Images of God the subjects of a King of Naples! Let the images be made to crawl in the dust; best showing their loyalty when they show themselves on all fours. What has the crowned incarnation of devilry to do with the images of God, if not to outrage and destroy them? FERDINAND of Naples and the images of God! A gibbering satyr of the woods, with a sceptre for a murderous club. Nevertheless, there are Englishmen—made smug and comfortable by the sea that rolls around them, insuring freedom by day and night; in their counting-houses and in their sheets—who by no means approve of the discontent of those Italians, who would walk upright before their rulers. And if in the bold attempt at such unseemly freedom they are rebuked, smitten into the dust,—why, we really have our own taxes to pay; and when we dispassionately consider the subject, what has Italy to do with us?"

It is to make satisfactory answer to such self-complacent querists, that a Society is constituted; a Society numbering men whose names are names of earnestness and truth. On the door of 19, Southampton Street, Strand, on a small brass-plate, may be read, "OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF ITALY." The members of the Council are upwards of seventy in number; a wide circle, holding such men as LANDOR and MACREADY, SCHOLEFIELD and LORD DUDLEY STUART. The purpose of this Society is not to make war on Italy—"not a war of arms, but that kind of war which all acknowledge to be legitimate; a war of intellect, of sentiment, and of political action." With this purpose vital in the hearts of some seventy faithful resolute men, the POPE and KING LUCIFER OF NAPLES may read, though believing it not, even on that small brass-plate, the text that, in his might, confounded BELSHAZZAR.

"Men are lived over again," says SIR THOMAS BROWNE; and surely the KING OF NAPLES, another SCYLLA, is re-made of blood and mire. A ruthless savage, he ought to wear a crown of feathers, with his regality tattooed in his portentous countenance. What is he more than a New Zealander, whose one merit it is not to eat men, only to outrage and destroy them? MR. GLADSTONE saw the late Prime Minister, POERIO, with others, chained to felons: chained and clothed in the infamous garb of convicts; their declared offence, Republican aspirations:—

"The weight of these chains, I understand, is about eight rotoli, or between sixteen and seventeen English pounds, for the shorter one, which must be doubled when we give each prisoner his half of the longer one. The prisoners had a heavy limping

movement, much as if one leg had been shorter than the other. But the refinement of suffering in this case arises from the circumstance that here we have men of education and high feeling chained incessantly together. For no purpose are these chains undone; and the meaning of these last words must be well considered; they are to be taken strictly. . . . Among these, I myself saw a political prisoner, ROMEO, chained, in the manner I have described, to an ordinary offender—a young man with one of the most ferocious and sullen countenances I have seen among many hundreds of the Neapolitan criminals."

Once upon a time, runs the legend, there was a certain DUKE ROBERT OF SICILY; a worthy ancestor—whether he lived in the flesh or only in the pages of the story-teller—who played the fiend with his subjects—his unhappy images of God—even as the living KING OF NAPLES AND THE TWO SICILIES, the triple Monarch—the legitimate CERBERUS. Now, this DUKE ROBERT, one day falling asleep, woke up no longer outwardly a Duke, but as the Duke's fool and jester—a good spirit, sent by the mercy of Heaven to take for a time the shape of the Duke, that he might bless the wondering and rejoicing people. Whilst the real Duke, in the despised body of the fool, was continually accompanied with a loathsome ape, until, in the fulness of time, his Grace learned his better lessons of mercy and humanity, and was restored to himself;—the angel, his task completed, departing.

Oh, that our KING OF THE TWO SICILIES might, for awhile, be made co-mate with an ape; even as he manacles his Ministers with felons! Though in truth FERDINAND may be taken as an improvement upon DUKE ROBERT; being mute and potentate in one.

PUNCH'S CHALLENGE TO MR. HOBBS.

A Lock that cannot be Picked.

PUNCH throws out a challenge to MR. HOBBS, which he is at liberty to accept or not just as he pleases. It is to operate on a Lock that cannot be picked! It has hitherto defied all attempts to turn aside one of its springs, which are most numerous, and of such a complicated nature, that no one has ever been able to pick his way through them, much less to get over them. It is defended by a Bar that is most difficult to move, though fortunes have been spent in the numerous trials. It is full of Wards, whose movements are guarded with the most jealous scrutiny, so that it requires the greatest nicety to get one of them to bolt. The name of this wonderful Lock is the CHANCERY LOCK.



Every kind of key, silver and golden, has been tried in vain to open it. The treasures which are said to be enclosed in the large money-chest which it defends, are reported to amount to countless millions!

Now, PUNCH challenges MR. HOBBS to open the above celebrated Lock! He may take what time he pleases. He may operate with what instruments he chooses. He may take it home with him, so as better to study its many eccentric forms. In short, he may do what he likes with it; and if MR. HOBBS opens it, he is a much cleverer man than PUNCH takes him to be.

As for the reward for so much successful ingenuity, PUNCH will not fix the amount, like MR. BRAMAH, at £200, or name any amount at all. He will not pick a quarrel with MR. HOBBS upon any such trifle. Let him only open the Great Chancery Lock, and he may help himself to whatever amount he pleases! What would a hundred thousand pounds, more or less, be, when taken out of the immense fortunes which, we know, are locked up in Chancery! Let him only succeed, and we are sure the nation would think the operation cheap at a million.

Rival Works of Art.

WE have all seen and admired, in the Exhibition, the beautiful Statue of "The Amazon," which is supposed to be the *chef d'œuvre* of Kiss. But this is nothing compared to the Kiss, which was exhibited on the Limerick platform by LORD ARUNDEL, and which, it is reported, was quite a marvel in its way. Those who have witnessed both Exhibitions, declare they are puzzled which Kiss to give the preference to. To avoid confusion, however, in the future annals of Art, they suggest that The Kiss in the Exhibition should still retain its name of "The Amazon;" whereas LORD ARUNDEL'S might be deservedly distinguished by the name of "THE AMAZIN' KISS."

A VERY SIMPLE QUESTION.

EVERYBODY seems to think that we know everything, and the result is, that we are asked all sorts of questions by all sorts of people. The last individual who has sought information from us, wishes to know whether, in the event of the Crystal Palace being turned into a winter garden, the exhibitors of machinery will leave all their plants?



PUNCH'S ANNIVERSARIES.—No. 2. FIRST CONTEST FOR DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE, AUGUST 1st, 1715.

OUR OWN VIEW OF THE ECLIPSE.

We regret to say that—with reference to the late eclipse—we participate in the views—amounting to no view at all—of the public in general. We had made extensive preparations for the ceremony, and had smoked a large piece of glass, though, had we seen through the affair before-hand, we should have paused ere we threw a stain on that which had hitherto been perfectly spotless. At exhibitions in general, it is a matter of complaint that there is nothing to be seen; but the cause of our dissatisfaction with the solar exhibition extraordinary was the fact, that we could see everything. The whole affair reminded us of the intended feat of the man who was to get into a pint bottle. The sun was to have been, on this occasion, the performer, and his attraction was to consist in his disappearance; but as he never appeared at all, his powers—like those of the bottle conjuror—were not tested. Extreme disappointment was occasioned to the public; for the performance which was to have taken place before the eyes of Europe, which were glazed expressly for the sight, ended in a sort of hole-and-corner meeting between the sun and moon, behind a screen of vapour.

The Safest of Railways.

THE Midland Railway Company has had the misfortune to be mulcted in £4000 damages on account of the death of a lady's husband, which occurred through mismanagement on their line. No doubt this sum will be soon made up to them again by increase of excursion-traffic; as a railway whose proprietors have just had to pay so much for their servants' carelessness, is just that which one would prefer to travel on.

Fashionable Movements in Rome.

THE Seventh Battalion of French Chasseurs, newly arrived from France, to quarter in the offices of the Holy Inquisition; turning out the Tribunal.

The Tribunal of the Holy Inquisition—willy-nilly—to the Palace of the Vatican.

A few more such movements on the part of the French army, and it may recover somewhat of the ground lost since its occupation of Rome.

HIBERNIAN REPRESENTATIVES.

IN the Committee on the Petty Sessions (Ireland) Bill, MR. SCULLY is reported by the *Times* to have

"Protested against proceeding further with it at so late a period of the session, when there were but very few Irish Members in town."

But what is to be done, if the majority of the gentlemen alluded to will run away the moment they suppose that Popish affairs are disposed of for the Session? If they choose to devote themselves exclusively to the POPE's concerns, instead of minding the business of their constituents, whose fault is that? MR. SCULLY ought to be glad that there are those to be found who will attend to poor old neglected Ireland. But if English Members are to manage Irish matters and their own too, the representation of England ought to be considerably extended; the rather that the result of the next election will probably be the return of an additional number of so-called Irish Members, who will in reality represent nothing but the See of Rome.

A Stand for the Crystal Palace.

It was some time ago debated whether the Crystal Palace would stand. There is no doubt that it will, if the nation will agree to keep it up. The question, therefore, now is simply as to the probability of the people standing—and surely they will stand—a trifle for the preservation of one of the chief wonders of the modern world.

Corporation Catch.

CROWN ye your brows with myrtle,
But fill me my plate with turtle;
Pour out my punch,
And I'll swill and I'll munch,
Till I've filled out my jolly red kirtle.

SANGUINE EXPECTATIONS.

THE Medical Faculty have certainly very Sanguine Expectations, if they fancy the "Mechanical Leech" is ever likely to supersede our living one!

THE CASE OF MISTRESS HICKS.

A BALLAD FOR LORD S—YM—R.

Now list to me, ye Commons all,
Of mirth if ye be fain,
The rather that there is a call
Upon me to explain.

A goodly tale I will you tell,
The case of MISTRESS HICKS;
Methinks it shall content you well
To hear about her tricks.

In Hyde Park she had owned a stall,
In sooth, for many a year,
And there she sold to children small
Fruit, cakes, and ginger-beer.

By Royal grant she held the same,
'Tis said—that I don't know—
I had heard nought of such a claim
Till some few weeks ago.

But not contented with the shop
Wherewith she did begin,
She begged a place to keep her "pop,"
And lock her bottles in.

The Board did tardily accede
To such a grave demand,
And MISTRESS HICKS, it was agreed,
Should have a wooden stand.

She wrote to thank them for the stand;
But wood for MISTRESS HICKS
Would not suffice;—with taste more
grand,
The lady asked for bricks.

But all this while, of Royal grant
No mention did she make,
But urged her prayers exorbitant
For fifteen children's sake.

They granted bricks instead of wood,
With somewhat more ado;
The fact is, they were much too good;
And see what that led to!

Her stand she found was now too small
Therein her wares to stow,
And where to put her bottles all,
Forsooth, she did not know.

Again they weakly yielded here,
And said, to hold her store,
That MISTRESS HICKS her stand might
rear
Just five feet high; no more.

She thanked them at a mighty rate,
A grateful woman she!
Now might she have a little grate
To make a cup of tea?

To this they never could assent;
They said her nay, right flat,
"Your hut was for your bottles meant;
A grate?—we can't stand that!"

The wily MISTRESS HICKS, again,
Preferred another prayer;
Her little hut let in the rain,
The roof might she repair?

They said that she the roof might mend,
From wet to guard her stall,
But they would not the leave extend
To alter it at all.

But give an inch, and here's the proof
Old wives will take an ell;
She very shortly had a roof
And chimney built as well!

And into office when I came,
Besides all this, I found
A little garden, which our dame
Had fenced with hurdles round.

The hurdles MISTRESS HICKS had raised,
Because, forsooth, quoth she,
The people vexed her as they gazed,
And watched her at her tea.

The hurdles kept advancing still,
For all our men could say;
They spoke of her extremely ill;
I could not let her stay.

The Hero of a Hundred Fights
I spoke to in this fix;
He told me that I should, by rights,
Get rid of MISTRESS HICKS.

A notice served on her to quit
She boldly did withstand;
She vowed she would not stir a bit,
And said it was her land.

The law did MISTRESS HICKS displace;
We gave her something down,
Allowing, for a twelvemonth's space,
Her, too, a weekly crown.

Such compensation will secure
Another stall and site
For those she holds not by a sure
And certain legal right.

Moral by PUNCH.

To titled Rangers large amends
Impartial Justice makes,
But little to the dame that vends
Poor ginger-pop and cakes.

HERALDIC FRAGMENTS.



INCE our last number, we have discovered that *water-bougets* are, indeed, singular objects. It would be easy to bring a subscriber to the water, but it would take a good deal to make him drink out of one of them; for we never saw one blazoned that looked at all fit for use, or could compare, for practical purposes, with an ordinary jug. Indeed, the charming feature about Heraldry now-a-days is just this inapplicability of everything about it to any use. All the beasts look as if they were cramped up by some Wombwellian arrangement; lions are drawn of imbecile appearance; and warlike birds appear to be stuffed. Some people, indeed, looking at these representations, fancy they are "all stuff" in a still more comprehensive sense; but perhaps they are just as like the real animals as their bearers are to the original

people who adopted them! And so, perhaps, Heraldry may be said to be somewhat typical still.

Hitherto, we have spoken chiefly of the bearing of animate objects, and we hope in an animated manner. Let us say a word of beasts borne in parts—parts of animals being as popular in Heraldry as animals of parts are in general life. Strict rules attend the carving; though we regret that it is not generally the eatable part that is

selected. We never hear of anybody's bearing a haunch of venison, for example, which would look as if he was descended from some jolly respectable fellow. But stags' heads are often carried with the horns looking very threatening; where the head is severed clean off, it is called *couped*; when torn off, *erased*. Alas! to allude to our friend the Stag once more, how often has he been both cut and erased from society within these few years! By-the-by, we may remark that a Roebuck's head is not unfrequently carried; there is a Scotch family that carries "three Roebucks' heads" in its shield, though we never heard that any of them claimed to have three times more valuable a headpiece than the honourable Member for Sheffield.

With regard to inanimate objects, there are, to begin with, nine "Honourable Ordinaries"—daily, by-the-by, at six o'clock, or so, visible, variously, about the Park and the West-end, on carriages and cabs. There is the Chief, the Pale, the Fess, Bar, Bend, Bend Sinister, Chevron, Saltire and Cross. Each of these is marked by lines on the shield.

The Chief is drawn horizontally, from left to right, across the upper part of the shield. It is sometimes "indented," and looks as if it had been rather roughly rubbed against—which has happened to many Chiefs, Whig and Tory, in our day. This is perhaps the most dignified of Ordinaries: how natural, therefore, that the DOUGLASSES, who have an Ordinary of this class, should sport, as they do, three "mulletts" on it!

The Pale is formed by the perpendicular lines falling down the whole area to the base—as occasionally happens to the pail of common life. The Heralds tell us that the Pale was derived from *palus*, a stake—and what better foundation than a stake could you have for an ordinary? The old EARLS OF MAR carried a Pale; but they, poor gentlemen, have long since kicked the bucket. When a shield is divided by a vertical line, it is called *party per pale*—a division not without a meaning; many a party being kept out of the social pale by a line equally clear.

A Chevron is that curious-looking figure which the reader may have observed on shields, looking something like a letter A in an imperfect state. It is so called from its resemblance to the rafters which support a roof—called by the French a *chevron*. It is a curious coincidence, which we state on the authority of NISBETT'S *Heraldry*, that certain Scotch PAXTONS wore two chevrons on their shield, long ago. Whether they ever boasted of so much *argent* as our contemporary "rafters" have produced, we are not prepared to say.



LATEST FROM AMERICA.—QUITE NEW, AND VERY CHASTE.

THE FREE AND ENLIGHTENED CONTINUATIONS.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

OPERA-GLASSES have grown to such a size, that a young Fop, fresh from Fop's Alley, wishes us to state most distinctly, that if he belonged to a Debating Club (which Heaven forbid!) he certainly should put up for discussion the following subject:—

"Whether any amount of Beauty is sufficient compensation for the immense fatigue of carrying about with one all the evening such a heavy load as an Opera-Glass?"

Poor young Fop, he is greatly to be pitied! We should advise him to put an advertisement, like the following, in the papers:—

WANTED, A STRONG IRISHMAN,
to carry a Gentleman's Opera-Glass.

Rack Ponche à la Romaine.

THE *Times* correspondent at Rome states that the French cavalry has been lately reinforced there, and adds—

"More horses are expected, and, the actual accommodation not being sufficient for the increased number of troops, the Inquisition, or Santo Oficio, has been taken possession of, and that historical establishment converted into a *caserne*."

This is as it should be. We are glad to hear that the Roman Inquisition is turned into a cavalry barracks, and hope that the rack of the Holy Office will henceforth exist only in connexion with the manger.

THE BOOK OF BISHOPS:

Punch believes it to be his mission to write *The Book of Bishops*, with portraits of the most distinguished arithmeticians that at present adorn the Bench. *The Book of Bishops*: a marrowy, dainty volume, containing a simple and withal popular story of the manifold doings of the men of lawn in this wicked world, with their daily strugglings with those sinewy giants of life L. S. D., that now and then will throw the strongest in the dirt, the yellow dirt, that clings to, and yet begrimes not.

The Book of Bishops—printed upon bank-note paper in ruby type—bound in purple velvet, with gold edges; gold, inch-thick, and to be had at all Cathedrals. *The Book of Bishops*, uniformly printed with the service of that Church, whose self-denying ordinances prelates of ten thousand per annum so affectingly illustrate.

The hero of the past week—for every week has its episcopal movements, even as it has its police reports of vulgar fraud and embezzlement—is the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER; who, when Dean, showed the profoundest respect for the spirit of antiquity, in the matter of twenty grammar boys; as thus—

"By the Rochester statutes (says the *Times*), amongst other allowances, there are allotted to the different classes of functionaries at that cathedral payments as follows:—to the dean, £100; to six prebendaries, £20 each; to six minor canons, £10 each; to the master of the grammar-school, £13 6s. 8d.; to the master of the choristers, £10; to the second grammar master, £6 11s. 10d.; to twenty grammar boys, each, £1 13s. 4d.; and to four students at Oxford and Cambridge, £6 13s. 4d. each."

Now the income of the Dean in 1840 is increased from his income of 1542, with a fine sense of the relative value of money at the two periods, thus:—The DEAN OF ROCHESTER (the present Bishop) in 1542 has £150; but in the year of profit, 1840, his £150 expands into £1426! But what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the goslings; inasmuch as the scholars are not advanced a shilling from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century! The REV. MR. WHISTON stirs in the matter; and the dignitaries of the Cathedral call him "atheist." The man does not believe in the righteousness of Church embezzlement, and he is a benighted infidel. That a Dean and Chapter should annually eat up twenty grammar boys, and no blessing asked upon the yearly feast by the REVEREND MR. WHISTON, shows in the minister a want of that Christianity that said, "Suffer little children to come unto me!"

In a very few days *Punch* will issue his prospectus for *The Book of Bishops*; meanwhile the subject enlarges itself. "Matter," says STERNE, "grows under our hand; therefore let no man say, I will write a duodecimo." Nevertheless, *Punch* will endeavour to make his *Book of Bishops* no thicker than a Bishop's thumb—his golden thumb for all pockets.

THE ECLIPSE OUT OF ENGLAND.



PUNCH has received from his own astronomers—and that, too, with the greatest despatch—the fullest account of the late eclipse of the sun, as seen from different points of Europe. Some of these reports, divested of astronomical terms, are simply as follow:—

ROME.—Very dark, indeed: the moon appeared something like a Fisherman's ring—our readers are, no doubt, familiar with the trinket—on the disc of the sun; wherever the ring was visible, the light of the sun was altogether intercepted.

NAPLES.—The sun was edged with blood; and the moon itself, now looked like a bomb-shell, and now—as the man-in-the-moon showed himself—a portrait of KING FERDINAND.

MADRID.—Here the moon appeared upon the sun elongated, thus, 0: which cipher was interpreted as having some significant relation to Spanish bonds.

VIENNA.—Total darkness: clouds shaped like a huge double eagle blotted out the sun: birds went to rest; and even the Ministry pulled off their boots for bed, believing midnight come.

PARIS.—The moon—as described by M. ARAGO—appeared like a pitch plaster upon the face of the sun. Certain deputies, however, declared it to be like a monstrous blot of censor's ink.



THE BLIND KITTENS OF THE SESSION.

PARTICULAR REASONS FOR PULLING DOWN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



HAT having accidentally produced a handsome building—which any metropolis might be proud of—is no reason at all why it should be preserved.

That London, in fact, has so many handsome buildings that an additional one is not in the least wanted.

That the building, beautiful as it is, is a perpetual eyesore in the eyes of Belgravia, and blocks up the view from the garret-windows of the houses opposite.

That it would be perfectly ridiculous to maintain a building which only took six months building, when there are the Houses of Parliament which are not finished yet, after the lapse of as many years.

That the building, if retained, would only cost £140,000; which would be a downright absurdity by the side of the Houses of Parliament, which have cost upwards of £2,000,000.

That, above all, it will be a perpetual source of temptation to the little boys to break the windows.

A PRETTY LITTLE PICTURE FOR PRETTY LITTLE PROTESTANTS.

(To be Admired some Twenty Years hence.)

SUPPOSE we shift on the slides of the Magic Lantern of Time, and look forward some twenty years hence. What do we see pictured before us?

We see a view of a magnificent Cathedral. It is embellished with all the resources of Art. Sculptured Saints are pointing their marble fingers in hundreds to heaven. Its mighty dome towers over the crouching city, and spreads far and wide a long black shade, that seems to wither up all the churches that surround it. Their lofty spires look shrinking to the ground with fear, as if they felt themselves overawed in the presence of such a monster rival. The interior is no less worthy of admiration. The eyes ache to look at it. It is one blaze of gold. The altar shines like the front of a silversmith's shop, beautifully illuminated. In front of it is drawn out a long grenadier army of candles—all burning to do honour to the brilliant scene. What is the name of this magnificent Cathedral, that is pictured in such gorgeous colours before us? It is St. Peter's, erected most appropriately in the centre of the old Smithfield Market, and built by express command of HIS SACRED HIGHNESS POPE PIUS THE NINTH! By the side of it poor St. Paul's lifts its head no higher than a toadstool. It is crushed—reduced to a mere oyster-grotto—which every one passes, and not a soul remembers.

The next slide shows us a new view of this Cathedral. The people begin to feel the tyranny of its oppression. The City longs to cast it off. It seems to press with a heavy weight on its lungs, that prevents its breathing freely. You see a tumult takes place. The populace refuses to bow any longer to the Cardinal's hat. There is confusion—smoke—fire—bloodshed; and we pass on to the next slide.

This shows us the Cathedral surrounded with French troops—the interior is likewise filled with them. Church service is performed at the point of the bayonet. The altar is supported on French cannon, ready charged. CARDINAL WISEMAN goes through High Mass with a lighted match in his hand. Infidels are immediately converted by being shot. Conversions take place every day in hundreds and thousands, till the Holy See is turned into a Sea of Blood. But at last the truths of Popery are triumphant. St. Peter's is as great in London as St. Peter's at Rome—thanks to that new Army of Martyrs—the Army of the French Republic.

Here the slides stop, and all beyond it is darkness. But do the slides we have already seen, portray the truth, or are they only pictures of our own imagination? Time, twenty years hence, will best show. For ourselves, we cannot help fearing that if we have a POPE's Cathedral in London, the POPE's soldiers must soon follow. If the Romish Church cannot maintain its ground in Rome, without the aid of French guns, why should it do any better in London? If a soul cannot be cured in Italy without the assistance of French saltpetre, how can PIUS THE NINTH cure English souls without calling in for us the same remedy? In fact, this mixture of Romish piety and French gunpowder seems to us so highly probable, that we suggest that the new Cathedral, instead of being simply called St. Peter's, should, out of compliment to one of its elements, allow itself to be christened ST. SALT PETRE'S!—There is abundance of food for hope, however, in this state of things; for the Church that has a Powder Mill for its foundation, is sure at some future day to blow up.

THE WINTER GARDEN IN PARIS.

LORD CAMPBELL, anxious to know how the Winter Garden "worked" in Paris, sent over a Commissioner expressly to make inquiries. The following is his report:

"I have visited the *Jardin d'Hiver* at Paris. I was prepared to see the most terrible results of so false a system, but the reality has far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I have hardly recovered from the effect of it yet.

"All the visitors are Invalids. Infatuated mortals! The visit, instead of doing them good, only makes them worse.

"You see nothing but pale faces; you hear nothing but coughs, and sounds of pain. The combination is anything but agreeable.

"The debilitating effects are so well known, that young ladies are forbidden by their parents to attend the Garden, under any pretence whatever.

"Physicians are always in attendance to pay attention to cases of extreme exhaustion. Two Physicians have already made their fortune.

"There is a small Infirmary attached to the Garden for the reception of urgent cases.

"The Bills of Mortality have increased fearfully at Paris since the establishment of the *Jardin d'Hiver*.

"A person who visits it more than once never escapes paying the penalty of death for his rashness.

"There is not the slightest doubt that the establishment of a Winter Garden in London would be attended with precisely the same penalty.

"The above are all the facts I have been able to accumulate, as really I had not the courage to collect more information, having already visited the deadly place six times.

Your Honourable Commissioner,

(Signed) HENRY STRETCHER, M.D.

WONDERS OF THE REFRESHMENT ROOM.

WE are surprised at the apathy hitherto shown by the critics to the wonderful efforts of art, which have been met with in the Refreshment Room since the opening of the Exhibition. Our attention was, on a recent visit, particularly directed to a section of a ham sandwich, containing a small deposit of ham, so beautifully attenuated as to be worthy of weighing by the machine capable of appreciating the weight of a millionth part of a scruple. We have also met, occasionally, with an object—not very rare in the metropolis, but still, in its way, curious—namely, a lukewarm ice. Some electrical experiments may also have been met with, occasionally, on the part of a waiter, who has now and then exhibited a very shocking article very highly charged. These experiments have occasionally given rise to a gratuitous lecture from a waiter desirous of enlightening the public, but the result has not always been as satisfactory as might have been desired.

Moral Reflection on France.

We see that Lotteries are tolerated again in France—but the greatest Lottery of all is decidedly the Government itself. We are afraid this is a Lottery that is full of so many turns and strange revolutions, that it will take years to alter it, much less suppress it. Every statesman plays at it in the hope of gaining the Grand Prize. For instance, who can tell what may turn up next year? In the meantime, LOUIS NAPOLÉON is buying up as many tickets in the great Lottery as he can.

GREAT RIVAL TO PRINCE ALBERT.

THE clever performer at the Hippodrome, who ascends on the globe up an inclined plane of fifty feet, and then goes down again, has been described as "a Great Rival to PRINCE ALBERT—for he moves in the very highest circles, and every day of his life walks on the Slopes."

A Refreshing Conundrum.

WHY do young misses, and boarding-school young ladies, at the Exhibition, refuse to lunch at any other refreshment-stall than the one in the transept?

Because they like a "YOUNG-HUSBAND," and object to having "MASTERS."

THE BEST MAN TO SETTLE THE MINUTES.

AS MR. BROTHERTON has his eye generally upon the clock, we should say he would be the best man in the House "to settle the minutes."

MOVEMENTS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.—LORD ARUNDEL has gone down to Bishopstow (*Bishop's-toe*).



Page. "FANCY BALL, SIR? NO, SIR! MISSUS'S FANCY BALL, SIR, WERE LAST TOOSDAY, SIR."

SAVE MR. PAXTON AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE FROM ITS FRIENDS.

PUNCH regrets to see a spirit of destructiveness among the Peerage, some of whom are for pulling down the Crystal Palace—an act that would have the effect of bringing a large quantity of iron, and a still larger quantity of well-merited irony, about our ears. We have great respect for LORD CAMPBELL, as a very good judge, but he has shown himself a very bad judge in this one particular; and though he acknowledges himself proud of the friendship of MR. PAXTON, we are afraid we shall be obliged to save the latter from his noble friends, if they evince their friendship by endeavouring to destroy what ought to be a perpetual monument to his merits. LORD CAMPBELL ought to have a little fellow-feeling for a brother architect, who has triumphed over difficulties—for his Lordship, as the truly illustrious architect of his own fortune, should sympathise with MR. PAXTON as a labourer in the same laudable school of architecture—and protect his work against the ignorance and prejudice of those who think an aristocratic neighbourhood could be injured by bringing to it a place of popular recreation or resort.

The million—for we may here use the word in its literal sense—who have frequented the Crystal Palace, have shown, by their conduct, that there is no reason in either repelling or running away from them, inasmuch as Royalty itself has suffered no inconvenience from the closest contact. We know LORD CAMPBELL, in his energetic discharge of his judicial duties, has the strongest objection to anything in the shape of a remanet, but the Crystal Palace should at least be an exception to his scruples—against allowing any thing to remain. We cannot, for a moment, imagine that the fact of his Lordship living immediately opposite, is the cause of his opposition to the building being preserved.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH THE CRYSTAL PALACE?—"Let Smithfield Market be held there! Ha! ha! ha!"—Common Councilman gone mad since the QUEEN'S Ball.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

THE Board of Health has been aspersed and vilified for having done little or nothing towards the prevention of intramural interments. THE EARL OF SHAFFESBURY, on his legs the other night, satisfactorily vindicated the Board from the charge, by a statement of facts, which he concluded by saying, "That was the sum of their proceedings." By the noble Earl's account it seems that the sum of their proceedings amounts to £0, 0s. 0d., which in order to carry out the requisite proceedings under the Metropolitan Interments Act of last session—is all they can get from Government.

A String of Poetic Pearls, Apropos of the Great Diamond.

THE Koh-i-noor to the wall has gone,
Neglected now you'll find it,
With scarcely any one looking on,
But the Constable set to mind it.

How oft some silly wight,
When prejudice has bound him,
Gapes o'er the Mount of Light,
With pickpockets around him!

All eyes and ears, the gem he hears:
Away the crowd has started;
While he look'd on, his purse is gone,
And all but he departed.

The Rival Fathers.

A LITTLE Boy having asked his intelligent Papa what was the difference between the Papal Hierarchy and the Episcopal Bench, the parent replied, "Now that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill has passed, my little dear, our Bishops are the right reverend, and the POPE'S are the wrong reverend fathers."

SHOULD the Constituencies go on returning Jews to the House of Commons, and should the Lords persevere in refusing to admit the elected to Parliament, a row of stalls should be partitioned off in the Lower House, for what might properly be called the "reserved" seats.

LULLABY ON THE RAIL.

THE *Globe* contains the particulars of an accident which happened, the other night, on the South-Western Railway, near Bishopstoke, in consequence of the engine-driver and fireman both falling asleep on their posts. We never heard of a more remarkable case of somnolence than that of an engine-driver sleeping under such circumstances, and his fireman helping him in so doing. MORPHEUS might assume these slumberers as supporters to his arms: for which they would be more suitable than lions dormant, or dormice proper. The Seven Sleepers were less extraordinary fellows than these two: however, we hope to hear of no more such sleepers on a railway. They certainly deserve a testimonial, which, it may be surmised, should be the sack; but, as our contemporary states, that

"Both men were perfectly sober when they started with the train but were greatly fatigued, having been up, they stated, for two days and nights,"

it may be a question whether the compliment should not be paid in the shape of a new velvet-nap apiece: and, as the legs of one of them were severely injured, if not broken, whether his employers ought not to put some additional remuneration into his hat.

Strange Difference of Antipathies.

RACHEL was compelled to discontinue her performance the other evening in consequence of the opposition of a Dog, which had been accidentally introduced into the theatre. With French performers it is the bark of a Dog, apparently, that puts a stop to the performance; now, with English performers it is, generally, the Catcall!

Gazette Extraordinary.

HER MAJESTY has been pleased to allow the REV. MR. WHEAL (of flogging notoriety) henceforth to use the name of WHEAL-AND-WOE.

THE RURAL MIND ON THE RETURN FÊTES AT PARIS.

SAYS old SQUIRE CLOD unto young SQUIRE POLE,
"Here's the rummest news I've heard of since I was a foal;
The LORD MAYOR of London, and a lot more beside,
Be gone over to Paris, nigh a week for to bide."

Says young SQUIRE POLE unto old SQUIRE CLOD,
"This here information is curious and odd;
But what be 'em gone for?—I pray you explain."
"Oh, to feast wth a chap called Per-fect of the Seine."

"There is goin' to be a terreable to-do;
I read it in the paper, which always speaks true:
Balls, concerts, sham-fighting, and fountains at play,
And singin' at the Uproar, where they turns night to day."

"And what is the reason of all this set-out?"
"Oh! the Crystal Zibition; that's what it's about;
Return eatin'-matches, 'tis what you may call—
To come off agin them as was play'd at Guildhall."

"For eatin' and drinkin' I never would roam,
And I think a Lord Mayor med as well bide at home."

"Yes, I see, they're to feed off a Paris quizeen;
That's fricasseeed frogs, mun; we knows what they mean."

"I'd touch none of their messes."—"No more wouldn't I."

"For a rump-steak and inions, is what I would cry."
"But I wish you med get it."—"And then, only think
Of the varjuicy wine that they'll give 'em to drink."

"But I don't bepity 'em one mossel nor mite;
They'd no business to go there; it sarves 'em quite right."
"Ah, they'll find their mistake out!—they'd better stopt here,
Instead of gallivantin' where they won't get no beer."

"But when they returns, mun, what figgers they'll be!"

"Such scarecrows, depend on't, as never you see."

"Just fancy a mayor in a beard and a blooze!"

"Ees, and then they will learn 'em to wear wooden shoes."

"This Crystal Zibition, I always had fears,
Would lead to our mixin' with French foreigners."

"That's true, but then quiet and pace it per-motes,
Which is better than cuttin' of each other's throats."

"There is rason in that: I hates bloodshed and scars;
But just think what wheat was a load in the wars."

"Well, and that's true agen; but then what did we get?
Why, the answer to that is the National Debt."

"Zo, though hopin' we never shall learn foreign ways,
Peace and comfort's my maxim."—"And that's what I says.
Come, let's have t'other bottle; a toast I'll gee,
'The MEMBER for LINCOLN!'"—"Ah, long life to he!"

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE CAB-STAND.

INDEPENDENCE has reached those who—to use a vulgar expression—are literally "carriage folks;" for the true men of substance, of the present day, are the cab-drivers. The test of respectability used to be the keeping of a gig; but, in these days, the keeping of a cab—especially a Hansom—begins to be a test of affluence. Our men of rank—that is to say, of cab-rank—are really our men of capital. So vast are their earnings in the day-time, that, in the night, there is scarcely a cab to be had either for love—if it is not an absurdity to talk of love towards a cab-driver—or for money. No sooner have the toils of the day gone by, when all a cabman's best feelings begin to possess him; he casts his "rank" aside, and mixes with his fellow-men, giving up to mankind what was meant for parties—inasmuch as at parties the guests have to walk home, for want of a cab to carry them. We are always ready to rejoice in the prosperity of a class, but we really wish the cab-drivers who have made their fortunes would retire totally, instead of partially, and leave the stands to those who would find it worth their while to supply the demand of the public in the evening as well as in the day-time.

Legacy Duty Unpaid.

NELSON left his daughter as a legacy to the Nation. The legacy has been left now for several years; but we have never yet heard of the Legacy having been taken up, or even the Duty attended to; and this, in mind you, spite of NELSON's well-known injunction that "England expects every man will do his duty."

AN EXCLUSIONIST JOKE.



It is not often that we have anything of an exclusive spirit about our jokes, except the peculiar brilliance which makes them exclusively our own; but we cannot forbear from the following, even though it savours a *lætte* of what might be termed illiberality.

Looking at the number of elections that have been made in vain by the return of a Jew, and the quantity of fiery discussion that has set the House of Commons in a flame—a Jew being the object—we have been unable to resist the temptation of repeating to

ourselves, that probably *le jew ne vaut pas la chandelle*.

A YOUNG LADY'S OPINION AS TO WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"OH! MY DEAR PUNCH,—I am a young lady—which I should have felt great diffidence in telling you—only *you* know everything—and besides, I go to all the Fêtes—and so, where would have been the good of hiding the truth from you? I must tell you, then, that my pocket-money is exceedingly small: papa says he can't afford to give me any more; and, though dear mamma is as kind as she can be, still she is as fond of going to the Fêtes as I am; and you don't know what a deal of money *that* costs. I can't sleep sometimes when I think about it. I should be so happy, and would go everywhere, if I had plenty of money. As it is, I am frequently obliged to stop at home—and I don't like it."

"It isn't so much the money we spend in tickets that we care for, as the expensive dresses we are obliged to wear. I don't half like talking to you about such things. I'm afraid you're laughing at me; but still I don't mind, and will go on to say that the dresses are wearing our hearts out; and I don't know what I shall do for a new bonnet (not "an ugly,"—I hate them) to go to the sea-side with. I have had so many new dresses, that I shall have no money left to read a single novel this year on the sands. It's all the fault of our climate—and why we have *such* a climate I cannot tell. It's always raining at the very time you don't want it to rain—just as if it did it purposely to spite you."

"It rained the first Horticultural Fête—and my dress was spoiled. It rained the second Horticultural Fête, and a beautiful new bonnet—quite a duck, with the exception that it wouldn't take the water—was completely sacrificed."

"And the third Fête, you know *how* it rained! There wasn't a bit of room in any one of the tents; and the consequence was, that everything I had on was ruined—so much so that I could have cried, if I wasn't afraid some one would have seen me."

"And we fared very little better at the Botanical Fêtes. I am not clever at counting. I can only tell you that each time the rain came down (and didn't it come down just last Wednesday?) I had to *pay* for it most dearly, in the most provoking sense of the word. A lady cannot wear a waterproof bonnet, or a Mackintosh *pèlerine*, as you gentlemen do. One drop of water, and, like a bright stove (pray excuse me), our lustre is gone!"

"You must confess, my dear *Punch*, that the loss of so many dresses in one season must be *very* heart-breaking to a poor girl, whose pocket-money is as low as my spirits at the present moment. I couldn't help thinking how *nice* it would have been if the Botanical Fête, last Wednesday, had only been held in the Crystal Palace! I shouldn't have cared for the rain then. I shouldn't have got wet feet. My parasol wouldn't have had all the colour (it was a light *corise*) completely washed out, and we could have walked in comfort, and have enjoyed the society ever so long—till tea-time."

"I am told that the Crystal Palace is to be pulled down. Dear *Punch*, if you allow it, I will never forgive you. It is the only place in London where we ladies can walk about in, without fear of getting wet. It is a large glass Parasol, under which we can laugh at the rain that is pattering over our heads, and snap our fingers at our wretched English climate. Pray let it remain up, and then—who knows—the Horticultural Fêtes may be held inside it next year, and we shall no longer have to go all the way to Chiswick to be caught in a shower of rain, and we shan't have to buy so many dresses, which is not pleasant, in the course of the season. Do this, and you will confer, like a good fellow, as I am sure you are, a great favour on "ONE WHO LOVES YOU DEARLY."

THE CRYSTAL FESTIVAL IN PARIS.



PARIS and London embrace, and give and take the kiss of peace under the remembered dome of the Crystal Palace. In the Hôtel de Ville, Paris, are celebrated the triumphant utilities of the world-wide fair of Hyde Park. All folks of all degrees associated with the origin and completion of the great work, are invited to eat, drink, dance, gaze, and be merry at the cost of the French Republic. The programme of the festivities is very full and very various. A dinner and a concert on the Saturday; waterworks and fountains at Versailles, on Sunday; on the Monday, a grand fête at St. Cloud, under the patronising brow

of the President; on Tuesday, a ball—multitudinous as a geometric dance of summer gnats—of 8000, shakes the foundations of the Hôtel de Ville; and on Wednesday, as a conclusion of fireworks and finale of smoke—"A review and sham-fight in the Champ de Mars!" Of all sham-fights that were ever feignedly fought, this Wednesday fight—circumstances considered—should be registered as the greatest sham of all. The powder white powder; noiseless, smokeless, the battle of a dream; a visionary flash-in-the-pan, with no true fire. For, says the programme, the occasion of the visitors so honoured and so regaled,

"May do much to cement the more intimate connection between the two nations, whose mutual relations must be beneficial. In fact, following up the impression made by the Grand Exhibition of Industry of all Nations, this visit to our Parisian neighbours may be made the real Peace Congress, divested of long speeches and Utopian ideas."

There can be no doubt, that the sham-fight was fought, not only in honour of the Peace Congress, but in illustration of the madness and folly of war, as set forth and preached at its gatherings. MR. COBDEN might use the thousands of soldiers with their arms and artillery, even as a lecturer employs manipulations to prove his arguments. "Imagine," says MR. COBDEN, "that these roaring guns have belched and spluttered showers of shot into compact masses of human creatures; believe that those mortars have flung shells into a city, blowing up the habitations of industrious men, and burying whole families in a fiery tomb! Behold the smoke cleared away; and then picture upon the field ten thousand human creatures, dead, or dying, in every horrible condition of human agony, and then make answer, and—as you are a rational creature, endowed with an immortal soul for an immortal destiny—say, wherefore such strife, such sacrifice, such cost of blood and cost of wealth (which, wrong by taxation, may be blood, though not shed in war)—when the ennobling aspirations of man should make reason, not force, the arbitrator? Brains, not balls—hearts, not howitzers?" And in this way, as we conceive, MR. COBDEN, as a member of the Crystal Palace Commission, may turn to profit the sham-fight of the Champ-de-Mars.

Happily, too, MR. THOMAS CARLYLE may eloquently preach thereon. For has he not sent a letter—a veritable palm-leaf—to the Peace Congress sitting in Exeter Hall? A letter in which—said the newspaper reports—were weighty words of sympathy and approval? Therefore, it was not too much to hope that CARLYLE himself, smiting with root of olive tree, the hollow drum, would prove to a reflecting world what an empty wind-box that tambour is!

"Long speeches and Utopian ideas!" Poor Utopia; ever flung at as a fiction, a flam; though in some way ever palpably under our feet and round about us. Do we not live, and have firm footing in what was the Utopia of our ancestors? Call up GEORGE THE THIRD: take him a trip by the rail: let him receive a letter by the penny-post: then, let him answer the aforesaid letter by electricity. Thus the Utopia of inexperience, of prejudice, becomes the solid globe of practised knowledge.

What a curious picture-gallery might be collected of the portraits of succeeding Utopians! Of such dreamers as GALILEO and HERVEY, and NEWTON, and JENNER, and WATT, and STEPHENSON, and WHEATSTONE and ROWLAND HILL, and—(he is now the newest; for he—poor enthusiast—dreams of a Winter Garden)—and JOSEPH PAXTON!

It would seem that the Lords, in resisting the admission of Jews to Parliament, would convert every Jew so elected into a standing joke, rather than allow him to be a sitting member.

RAILWAY DIALOGUES.

FIRST CLASS PASSENGERS. { AN ELDERLY LADY, very nervous.
A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, full of the Exhibition.
A Ditto, Ditto.

First Gentleman. You are speaking of the gold-embroidered cope? Very noble, was it not? And that beautiful crosier of jewels?

Second Gentleman. Yes; the canonicals, take them all in all, are excessively costly; but the crosier scarcely seemed to me rich enough.

Elderly Lady (to herself, very frightened). Jesuits!

[Screens herself with her pocket-book.]

First Gentleman (after a pause). Did you examine the instruments in the North Gallery?

Second Gentleman. With particular attention. I liked that sphaerannular Condenser, and admired some Theodolites exceedingly; and a new kind of Scalping-Knife seized my fancy wonderfully; as well as a Telekerephona, which was very curious. Did you try the Persuasive Bone-crusher?

Elderly Lady (very faint). Will you allow me to open this window, Sir?

Second Gentleman. With pleasure, Madam—(continuing). It's a pity if you did not try it. The action of it is sweetly pretty;—as well as an improved Salmometer, which I examined, and—

First Gentleman. That Zinickotimodai, for the waistcoat-pocket wasn't bad?

Second Gentleman. Nor the Autophlebotomon for children. But I have my doubts whether the Lyra Ventura would not be too much for a person with weak lungs.

Elderly Lady (paler and paler). Gentl—

First Gentleman (suddenly). There are some capital pistols down stairs.

Elderly Lady (groaning from corner of the carriage). Oh, dear!

Second Gentleman. Where?

First Gentleman (pointing in the direction of a parcel, by the side of which the ELDERLY LADY is sitting). Why, under the—that—

Elderly Lady (who has taken a ticket for Southampton). Here, Guard, let me out instantly. I stop at Vauxhall.—(She is helped out, more dead than alive—and, as she is leaving, says, very acidly) Young gentlemen, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves!

First Gentleman (when she has left). Curious old lady!

Second Gentleman. Very—but, d'ye know, I noticed something very queer in her whilst we were talking. I think she was drunk.

[They resume their conversation as the train proceeds.]



Uncle. "So, you've BEEN TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE—HAVE YOU, GUS?"

Gus. "YES, UNCLE."

Uncle. "WELL, NOW, I'LL GIVE YOU SIXPENCE IF YOU WILL TELL ME WHAT YOU ADMIRED MOST IN THAT TEMPLE OF INDUSTRY?"

Gus. (unhesitatingly). "VEAL AND 'AM PIES, and the GINGER BEER. GIVE US THE SIXPENCE!"

"Full Inside."

THE Lowther Arcade, in wet weather, is always crowded with ladies waiting for conveyances. A facetious conductor of our acquaintance calls it "The Haunt of the Rein-Deer."

THE PROTESTANT GRANARY IN ROME.



“Do we have a Protestant Church in Rome?” This question put to LORD LANSDOWNE was finally answered by his Lordship, “I am afraid not.” The Minister also wisely said—“It was an established maxim of the Court of Rome to have one degree of toleration at Rome, and another for itself in all other countries.” Even as it might be an established custom with bishops in Utopia to preach the loveliness of self-denial to all other persons, the episcopal preachers themselves taking some ten thousand a year for the sermon.

“Shining lights deserve precious candlesticks.” A very good saw, this, of the old divine, full of the belief of the Christian uses of splendid bishoprics. Now the BISHOP OF LONDON is fast in this creed of sumptuousness; not even MR. HORSMAN shall convert him to the pauper faith of the primitive fathers. BLOMFIELD is a shining light; and of virgin gold flashing with many a carbuncle, with many a healing, episcopal amethyst, is the candlestick of Fulham. How could Bishops burn the true light to the nations, unless set up in plural candelabra of gold of Ophir?

Aptly, beautifully, did BISHOP BLOMFIELD plead for the necessity of a Protestant church at Rome, “where the external and internal decorations are proportional to the important sacred objects to which they are applied:” and—can we doubt it?—the BISHOP OF LONDON can lay his hand upon his pocket, and avouch his belief that a bishop of £20,000 a year—ground-rents and leases included—is at once a proper external and internal decoration of a Christian temple. Self-denial, being the spirit of Christianity, money-changing, lease-granting bishops are the best, the most exemplary illustrations of the humility of their faith. And this is now a daily spectacle, at which the profane laity stare with something more than wonderment; a market-dealing in the Temple at which backsliding dissent thrusts its tongue in its cheek, and wags its irreverent head. Do we want a constant farce—an hourly burlesque for the laughter of the heathen? We have it in the doings of certain Churchmen, whose creed it is to be simple fishers of men; but whose acts are the rapacity of rovers. PETER’S boat has too often become a privateer; nay, when it is very hazy weather, it is difficult always to make out the Lamb in the ensign of the boat pushed from the willow bank of Fulham.

But to return to Rome—(by the way, not so great a distance as upon one time reckoned from the Thames, Fulham side, to Tiber).—The BISHOP OF LONDON said:

“It is true that there is a granary at Rome used as a Protestant chapel by our countrymen: and that it is large enough for those who usually attend it; but—”

And here the Bishop—as becomes a Bishop of his yearly in-comings—touches upon the want of external and internal decorations; a want, no doubt, acutely felt by a prelate with a particularly fine eye to church effect; to what the slang of criticism calls the *mise en scène* of a Protestant temple; as exhibited to overflowing congregations at St. Barnabas, and originally got up under the smiling sanction of BLOMFIELD himself.

Pro Nono—it is believed—will allow no better temple to Protestants than that afforded by a granary; whilst, at the same time, he has published proposals for building a rival cathedral in London, pitting against God’s St. Paul’s, a POPE’S St. Peter’s! And, it is said, the subscriptions are coming in; brought down by indulgence—the POPE’S old lightning-rod set up to make comfortable commodities of Heaven’s judgments. The spirit of TETZEL—if we may believe London’s Bishop—goes about England with his pedlar’s box; selling salvation to all purchasers; and snipping bits of redemption to fine ladies, as a mercer snips riband.

And if this really be so, whose the fault? If we are to have a St. Peter’s in London, who has really laid the first stone of that POPE’S fortress, another battery thrown up to awe the liberty of human thought? Have no prelates worked both consciously and unconsciously at the edifice? Worked with their own hands; worked with their own worldly avarice? Has not ST. BARNABAS had flowers stuck in his button-hole by a Protestant prelate; tapers put between the Saint’s fingers? Let truth work this sum:—Given, a Bishop with thirty thousand a year. In one year, how many Dissenters are made by the Bishop’s yearly gold; a sum levied in the name of Christian self-denial; and oft collected in the spirit of a Roman Praetor? What LORD FAULKLAND said, may now be repeated with even a more sorrowful emphasis, as applied to what is still called the Established Church—“Religion has produced riches, and the mother has devoured

the daughter.” Many a Protestant prelate is the spiritual father of thousands of backsliders. An Established Church, with her foundations laid in the Bank cellars! An Established Church, with her Bishops, so many eyeless SAMSONS, tearing down her pillars!

And with these thoughts, the Christian pathos of London’s Bishop on the granary temple, the Protestant chapel at Rome, does not melt us. We are even content that Protestants (“it is large enough for those who usually attend it”) should continue to prefer their prayers beneath the simple roof, where grain was hoarded: grain, it may be, winnowed from chaff and husk; a type of purity not wholly useless to the thoughts of pious worshippers. Indeed, that granary church may, in its rudeness, in the very nakedness of its poverty, preach the intrinsic purity of Christianity: may show in beautiful contrast to the Cathedral of St. Peter’s; that spiritual stithy where, amidst bearing pomp, at which the heart sickens, with muttered incantations, and mystic dronings, the spiritual fetters of the human soul are forged; made red-hot in purgatorial fires, and hammered and fashioned by VULCAN PIO and his Cyclops Priests.

Opposed to St. Peter’s, blazing with gold, and foul with incense,—how much more like a Christian temple, that naked, unadorned granary; even should it retain some odour of its past uses, some hint of the bread by which men live?

Nevertheless, let us believe in the sorrow of the BISHOP OF LONDON that a Christian service should be performed, shorn of what he believes to be its internal and external decorations;—gold and velvet within, and Bishops and Pluralists without, being of them. Let us believe in the Bishop, and then, must we not ask of him—“Are there not in England churches no better than granaries? Are there not English ministers with salaries no higher than the wages of millers’ men? Why weep over the granary Church at Rome, when the granary Churches of England and Wales may, at your own will, be transformed to temples? And then, how many well-appointed Preachers of the Word—men whose office should be their best worldly pomp—might be obtained from the superfluities of the BISHOP OF LONDON?”

In the meantime, we can bear with the Protestant Granary at Rome. It may seem in us wicked infidelity to a Bishop of £30,000 per annum; but we can calmly entertain the idea of worship offered up in a granary, to that Divinity that first beamed on men from a manger.

THE CHEAPSIDE LADDIE.

OH, where! and oh, where! is your worthy Worship gone?
I have gone to see the French, and I’ve nothing to put on;
And it’s oh, in my heart! don’t I wish I’d stopp’d at home?

Oh, how! and oh, how! was it such ill luck befel?
Oh, my luggage it was left behind, and where I cannot tell,
They were in so great a hurry to ring the railway bell.

I s’pose, and I s’pose, a French slop-shop you must try?
And how expensive that will be, to have new clothes to buy;
And I’m sure when I’ve got them on, I shall look a precious Guy.

RULES FOR THE BETTER BEHAVIOUR OF HONOURABLE MEMBERS.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has brought up the Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the order in which Hon. Members should proceed to the House of Peers, whenever their attendance is requested by HER MAJESTY. The recommendations of the Committee are so curious, that they remind us more of the instructions given by a Beadle to a troop of charity children, as to how they are to fall into procession when they go to church, and how they are to behave there, and in what way they are to come away from it. On our word—which, on a matter of profound ridicule, no one would think of doubting—the recommendations of the Committee are fully as ridiculous as the following:—

As not more than a certain number of little boys can attend the Bar of the House of Lords at the same time, every little boy who wishes to go must send in his name to his Master (the SPEAKER) a full week in advance.

The Master (the SPEAKER) shall take all the names; and for each name he shall take a penny-piece, which number of penny-pieces he shall divide into an equal number of “heads and tails.”

As a general rule, the clever Members shall represent the “heads,” and the Irish Members, and public agitators, the “tails.”

The Speaker shall then take the penny-pieces, and put them into a large pewter-pot, in which he shall shake them as long as he pleases, after which, in presence of the assembled House, he shall throw them on the green-baize table.

If there is a greater number of heads uppermost after the throw, then the “Heads” of the House shall be allowed to go and stare at

HER MAJESTY. But if there is a majority of "Tails," then the House must not get more angry than it can help at being represented, during the royal interview, by the Irish Members.

During the interview, the following rules must be strictly attended to:—

The boys must form in a procession of four abreast. The big boys must go first, and the little boys afterwards.

They must not sing, nor whistle, nor catch flies, nor make faces, nor crow, nor bray, nor give way to any juvenile imitations, as they enter the House of Lords.

No little boy must jump on the shoulders of another little boy in the presence of Her Majesty.

All games of peg-top, pitch-and-toss, highcockalorum, and scratch-cradle are strictly forbidden whilst HER MAJESTY is speaking.

Any little boy found "taking a sight" at the LORD CHANCELLOR, or any of the Peers, will be instantly expelled the House.

And lastly, any little boy convicted by his Master (the SPEAKER) of breaking any of the above rules, will never be allowed permission to attend the House of Lords a second time.

Really, from the very grave manner in which the Committee has laid down its absurd recommendations, one would imagine that Members are no better than Common Councilmen, and that they are in the habit of "mobbing" the Queen every time she goes to Parliament, in the same vulgar manner as aldermen and tradesmen do, when she goes to a hall in the City. There is very little difference, it would appear, between the House of Commons and Guildhall!

THE ALDERMEN'S WEEK IN PARIS.

A Very Bad Entertainment, in Several Tableaux.

SCENE I.—The South-Eastern Railway Station.—The Special Train is ranged alongside the platform, with its steam up. ALDERMEN and their Ladies, COMMON COUNCILMEN and their Wives, ROYAL COMMISSIONERS, EXECUTIVE COMMISSIONERS, distinguished persons, and undistinguished persons, are seen jammed into an incredibly small space, behind the barriers. From time to time a desperate attempt is made to call them. Luggage is seen passing towards the Train on the other side of the barricade.

Policeman. Now, gents—it ain't no use a-squeeging. Keep back there, —keep back!

1st Alderman (wildly; recognising a portmanteau). Hi!—hollo!—them's my things! [He leaps at the barricade, but falls heavily back.

1st Common Councilman (on whom he has fallen, with a yell of agony). Oh, my toes! Oh, confound it!—I say, you, Sir—

[His voice is suddenly squeezed out of him.

2nd Alderman (who has passed the Chair, addressing himself with dignity to the Police Force). Here! Open the gates, somebody, this instant! Here's pretty treatment of the Corporation—ish—ulch—

[He is violently pressed against the barriers.

1st Alderman's Lady (who has been anxiously following the fortunes of a bonnet-box, now threatened by a heavy portmanteau). Oh, man! pray be careful—oh! (The portmanteau descends). Right upon my box!—Do speak to them, MR. GULCHIN.

1st Alderman (endeavouring to obey orders). Hi—you—(He is compressed between two of the Executive Committee).

Common Councilman. Now, then! it's scandalous. 'Ere, you, Sir. Stand off me, will you? [Using his person as a battering-ram.

Ensemble of Aldermen, Common Councillors, &c., &c., &c.	{	Open the gates!
		Shame! Where's the LORD MAYOR?
		Police! Oh!—ugh!—ere!
		Now, then! o-pen the gates! Oh! oy!

[The gates are opened, and the flood bursts in with a rush, spreading itself over the platform, and a strong tide setting in towards the luggage.

3rd Alderman (laying violent hands on a carpet-bag which a Royal Commissioner is walking off with). Now—you, Sir—drop that; it's mine. Royal Commissioner. Mine's a green one. Eh?—beg your pardon. Hollo—there it is!

[Rushing after Common Councilman, who has appropriated his carpet-bag.

2nd Common Councilman. Where's my black trunk? Anybody got a black trunk, by the name of DOLLUP?

[Vanishes in a pile of portmanteaus, trunks, and hat-boxes, from which the words, "Trunk by the name of DOLLUP," are heard to proceed, faintly, at intervals.

1st Porter (with iron-bound box). By your leave, gents.

[Hits MR. ALDERMAN GULCHIN in the back.

Mr. Alderman Gulchin. Oh!

2nd Porter. By your leave, gents.

[Hits MR. ALDERMAN GULCHIN in the abdomen.

Mr. Alderman Gulchin.—Ugh! (he is swept away in a rush of Porters and Passengers.) Oh!—my—lug—(he disappears.)

[A cry without, "The Lord Mayor!"

Enter the LORD MAYOR and Suite. POLICE exert themselves. A line is made to the Train. The LORD MAYOR enters a carriage.

A Sheriff (striving to follow him). Now, then, I'm one o' the Sheriffs. Policeman (without any respect). Stand back, will you?

[Shoves him back with his bâton.

Mr. Alderman Portsoken (wildly, from window of carriage). There's a green paper box—here—there it is—hollo!—

[His voice is drowned by the engine-whistle.

Mrs. Alderman Portsoken (with a wild cry, which is heard above the whistle). It's all my things. Oh, please—

[The Engine gives three eager whistles. A rush of Passengers takes place.

Several combats of four and upwards. Luggage is seen vaguely passing through the air. A bell rings loudly. Other Engines in the Station begin to scream in the general excitement. Trains begin to move gradually. Terrific struggle of POLICE, PORTERS, ALDERMEN, and EXECUTIVE COMMISSIONERS.

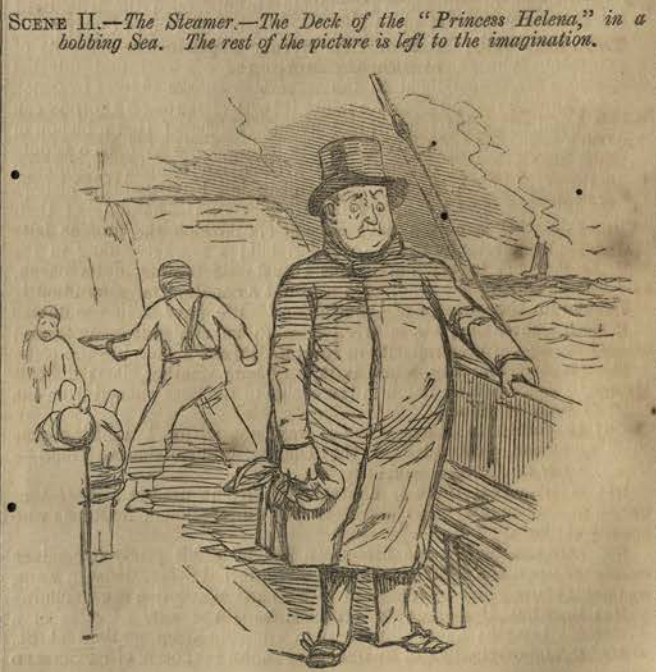
Mr. Alderman Gulchin (slowly emerging from a mass of luggage, in a tone of despair). MRS. G.'s gone, and all my trunks.

[He seats himself sadly on somebody else's portmanteau.

Tableau.—Bereaved Passengers lamenting the loss of their Luggage.

[Scene closes as second Train slowly moves into the Station.

SCENE II.—The Steamer.—The Deck of the "Princess Helena," in a hobbing Sea. The rest of the picture is left to the imagination.



Foreign Commissioner (wildly clinging to the bulwarks). Ach Gott! O-O-O!

Chorus of Foreign Commissioners. O-O-O!—O-O-O!

The Lord Mayor (to the Captain, in a compressed manner, endeavouring to smile). Uncommonly pleasant day, Capt'n—delight!

[He rushes to the side.

Mrs. Alderman Portsoken. Oh, take me down—somebody. MR. PORTSOKEN, I insist on being took down this min—

[She follows the LORD MAYOR.

Mr. Alderman Portsoken. Oh—MARIAR— [He follows MRS. P. [The Band strikes up "Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the Waves!"

Tableau.—Civic Authorities sacrificing to Neptune.

[Scene closes on the utter wretchedness of everybody.

SCENE III.—The Landing.—The Jetty at Boulogne, crowded with Douaniers, Visitors, Matelots, Matelottes, Touters, Soldiers, the MAYOR OF BOULOGNE, the SOU-PREFET, Boulogne Railway Directors, &c., &c.

The LORD MAYOR feebly climbs the ladder, followed by his Jockey, in his splendid gold-laced jacket and cap.

M. le Maire (seizing the Jockey by the hand). Permit—My LORD MAYOR—that I welcome you—

The City Remembrancer. No, Sir; that's the LORD MAYOR (pointing to his Lordship).

M. le Maire (confused). Ah, ça—comment—(recovering himself, and seizing the LORD MAYOR). Permit that I welcome your Lordship to the port of Boulogne!—(A complimentary Address.)

Crowd (to the Jockey). Vive le LOR MAIRE!

[The Jockey is surrounded and overwhelmed with respectful congratulations.

1st Matelotte. Est-il chouette le LOR MAIRE!

2nd Matelotte. Oh, la jolie toque!

[The Jockey, who does not understand French, resigns himself to general admiration. Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and their Wives, Foreign Commissioners, Royal and Executive Committee-men, &c., &c., ascend the ladder, looking very limp and unsteady.

Douanier (seizing MR. ALDERMAN PORTSOKE's carpet-bag, the only relic of his luggage). Point de bagages—M'sieur—laissez-là—

Mr. Alderman Portsoke (who is generally believed able to talk French, and believes so himself, clinging to all that is left him). Oui, oui, c'est mon carpet-bag—il n'a rien smuggled—Non, non—Je suis un Alderman.

Douanier (brutally). Laissez, donc! cré nom d'un chien—

[His carpet-bag is rudely torn from him.

Mrs. Alderman Gulchin (distractedly). Oh, where's GULCHIN? Has anybody seen him?

[She disappears in the crowd, in search of her Husband.

A Voice. Au chemin de fer!

[The LORD MAYOR is ushered off. A general rush to the Railway Station.

Douaniers (darting among the crowd, and laying violent hands on trunks, carpet-bags, and hat-boxes). Les bagages! les bagages! Sac-r-r-r-é.

[Several desperate but ineffectual attempts are made to speak French.

Tableau.—Civic Authorities being deprived of their remaining Luggage.

SCENE IV.—The Station of the Boulogne Railway at Paris.—A crowd assembled. The Carriage of Ceremonial in waiting, the PREFET OF THE SEINE in attendance. The Train arrives. The LORD MAYOR descends from the first carriage with his Jockey. HESING, the Mandarin of the Junk, descends from the next carriage.

Crowd (divided between the Jockey and the Mandarin). Vive le LOR MAIRE!

M. le Préfet de la Seine (embarrassed, and aside to the French Commissioner). C'est lui? [He is about to seize the hand of the Jockey.

French Commissioner (rapidly, and aside). Non—pas celui-là—le vieux.

M. le Préfet de la Seine (with a profound bow, and making a violent attempt to embrace HESING). Permettez, M. le LOR MAIRE—

The Lord Mayor (thrusting himself forward). Here—I'm the Lord Mayor.

M. le Préfet de la Seine (much relieved). Ah!

[Delivers himself of a neat and appropriate address. Exit the LORD MAYOR and Suite to the carriages. The Aldermen attempt to follow, but are repulsed by the Municipal Guards.

Mr. Alderman Candlewick. You talk French, PORTSOKE. Tell him we're the Aldermen; and say, I've passed the Chair; and we've as much right to be treated with respect as the LORD MAYOR.

Mr. Alderman Portsoke (who feels that his stock of French is being unduly drawn upon, but is determined to keep up his credit). Nous sommes Aldermen, nous allons with le LORD MAYOR—s'il vous plaît.

Municipal Guard. En arrière—Messieurs—En arrière

[They are forced back.

Mr. Alderman Candlewick (indignantly). Look!—There's that Chinese chap a-getting in—

Mrs. Alderman Portsoke (disgusted with the want of respect shown to the Corporation). I said how it would be, MR. P., if you didn't wear your gowns and chains.—You'd better put 'em on now—you had.

Mr. Alderman Portsoke. Egad! I think we had, CANDLEWICK—here!—(Eagerly inspecting the luggage, which is being tumbled down.)—Hollo!—a brown portmanteau—En?—No—that ain't it.—Now, then—Sir—

[Turning over the pile.

Mrs. Alderman Gulchin (discovering Mrs. PORTSOKE). Oh, my dear, I hope you have n't lost MR. P.?

Mrs. Alderman Portsoke. No—he's there—but I should n't wonder if we've lost our luggage—

Mrs. Alderman Gulchin (pointing to a pile of trunks and hand-boxes). Oh—I've all the things—but MR. G.'s been and got left behind at the London-Bridge Station.

Mr. Alderman Portsoke (rushing back frantically). Confound it, MRS. P.! I'll be hanged if all our boxes ain't lost. Every one of them!

Mrs. Alderman Portsoke (shrilly). What! the green box, with my things for the ball?

Mr. Alderman Portsoke. Yes—and the brown portmanteau, with my gown—and the Lieutenantancy uniform! (Blankly.) Here's a go!

Mrs. Alderman Portsoke. A go—indeed! Just like you, MR. P. Whatever is to be done!

Mrs. Alderman Gulchin. Oh, MRS. P.; but at all events you've got

MR. P. I'm sure I'd rather have lost every bit of our luggage, if I'd only MR. G.

Mrs. Alderman Portsoke (sharply, and with a kind of malignant triumph). Well, MR. P., and what's to be done now, if you please?

Mr. Alderman Portsoke. Well, my dear, we'd better go on to the Hôtel de Wille, where we're to lodge, and I'll send down after the trunks—they're sure to come on by the next train.

Mrs. Alderman Portsoke (bitterly). Oh, I don't feel sure of anything of the kind.

Commissionnaire (who has comprehended the situation). Cab, Sare?—Yes, Sare! (Rushing to the remise, calls) Fiacre—ohé!

Driver of Fiacre. V'la—

[The Fiacre drives up. MRS. P., MRS. G., and the luggage are put in. Mr. Alderman Portsoke (mounting last, with pride). A le Hôtel de Wille.

Tableau.—Civic Dignitaries dispersing in Search of Lodgings.

SCENE V.—Outside the Hôtel de Ville.—The doors are closed. Piles of luggage strewn the pavement.

Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and their Wives, are seen disconsolately seated upon different articles. Gamins are gathered round, watching them with curious interest, and indulging in speculations about them. MR. ALDERMAN PORTSOKE and party have been just set down.

1st Alderman (boiling over with outraged dignity). Here's PORTSOKE; he can tell those chaps that we're the Aldermen, and that we're to lodge here. There's the LORD MAYOR just gone in; but when we tried to follow him, they shut the door in our faces.

1st Common Councilman. Only think, MR. P., there don't seem to be any rooms ready for us; but I dare say they don't understand who we are. Just tell 'em

Mr. Alderman Portsoke. Oh! I'll tell 'em fast enough: it will be all right—you'll see.

[Exit into the Porter's Lodge. A lapse of ten minutes.

Re-enter MR. ALDERMAN PORTSOKE, very much crest-fallen.

Clumsy Alderman. Well! Have you explained to 'em? It's all right—eh?

Mr. Alderman Portsoke (sagely). It's too bad. There's only room here for the LORD MAYOR.

Chorus of Civic Dignitaries. Shame!

Mr. Alderman Portsoke. I said we were the Aldermen; but they wouldn't hear of anything but the LORD MAYOR.

1st Alderman (with awful dignity). Did you explain what an Alderman was?

Mr. Alderman Portsoke. There ain't any French word for it—but I described the sort of thing—and they said they believed there was lodgings provided for the LORD MAYOR's guard in the Cavalry Barracks.

1st Alderman (in towering indignation). Barracks! Put us in the Barracks! Let's insist on seeing his Lordship. It's his business to see we're treated with proper respect!



THE BRITISH ALDERMAN ACCORDING TO THE LIVELY FANCY OF THE FRENCH.



THE BRITISH ALDERMAN ACCORDING TO THE RIDICULOUS FACT.

Chorus of Civic Dignitaries. Oh, it's too bad! We won't stand it!—
Mrs. Alderman Portsoken. Well, Mr. P.; LORD MAYOR or not—I suppose we ain't to sleep in the streets? I insist on being taken to a lodging this minute.

Mrs. Alderman Gulchin. Oh! this is dreadful, to be exposed in this way among the foreigners, and no Mr. G.

1st Common Councilman. And there's the dinner to-morrow, and ever so many of us with no luggage!

2nd Common Councilman. And they say the hotels are all full.

Mrs. Alderman Gulchin. Oh, whatever is to be done!

1st Alderman. And this is what they calls entertaining the Corporation!

Tableau.—The Lodgingless and Luggageless Ones.

SCENE VI.—*Dressing for the Ball.—Time, five o'clock on Saturday. A Barrack-room in MEURICE'S, packed with every variety of shakedown. Luggageless Aldermen discovered in various stages of déshabille.*

1st Alderman (stout). Five o'clock!—and the dinner's fixed at half-past six! Whatever is to be done, if PORTSOKEN can't find things to fit us?

2nd Alderman (thin). I say, CANDLEWICK! there ain't many French-

men's waistcoats you could get into. But I vote we impeach the LORD MAYOR when we get back.

3rd Alderman. It's scandalous treatment, leaving us to rough it in this way—twelve in a room, and our luggage left behind, and nothink comfortable! Catch me pleasuring at Paris again!

Enter PORTSOKEN, radiant, followed by Commissionnaires and Palais Royal Out-fitters, bearing bundles.

Chorus of Aldermen. Here's PORTSOKEN!

Portsoken. With dresses for all of you. Now, then, look alive! I've had precious work to find your measures, I can tell you.

1st Alderman (with dignified reserve). They're Court suits, I hope?

Portsoken (slightly taken aback). Not exactly our kind of Court suits, you know; but the style that's worn in high society here—so I'm told.

[The bundles are unpacked, the clothes distributed. And as words are incapable of describing what the Aldermen looked like when dressed à la mode de Paris, we leave the task to our Artist's pencil.]

Tableau.—Dressing for the Banquet.

(The rest of the adventures of the Aldermen's Week, the Ball at the Hôtel de Ville, the Water-works at Versailles, the Fête at St. Cloud, and the Review in the Champ de Mars, must be reserved for our next.)



THE UNHAPPY ALDERMEN, HAVING LOST THEIR LUGGAGE, ARE OBLIGED TO BE RIGGED OUT IN FRENCH CLOTHES.

The Long and the Short of A.

MR. CHAPLIN said, at a railway meeting, that "it had been remarked that when the speeches were long, the dividend was always short." This is not unlike our Houses of Parliament, where the speeches are much too long, and the dividend (of public good) far too short. We wonder if reversing the system—which has been tried long enough—would be attended with a contrary effect. Perhaps if the speeches were shorter, the dividends might be longer; or, better still, perhaps if there were no speeches at all, the dividends might attain that extreme length that nothing short of the abolition of the National Debt would be the end of it!

We recommend a trial by all means, as there is everything to gain, and nothing to lose by it!

An Aldermanic Joke.

WE have already sent twenty pounds anonymously to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, to try and quiet our conscience for having perpetrated the following:—During the late Paris fêtes, somebody asked, in the hearing of an Alderman, what was the cause of the residence of the Préfet being called the *Hôtel de Ville*. "Clear enough!" was the Aldermanic reply: "it's called the *Hôtel de Veal* because it's so beautifully *calved* all over."

RUMOUR IN THE CITY.

THE Mansion House is to be enlarged immediately; for it is rumoured that the LORD MAYOR has grown so big since his visit to Paris, that it will be much too small to hold him.



MR. JOHN BULL IN HIS WINTER GARDEN.

PUNCH'S LUMBER-TROOPER IN PARIS.



RACIOUSLY wishing to give a most original account of the sham-fight fought in honour of the English visitors at Paris, *Punch*, wholly regardless of expense, entered into arrangements with CAPTAIN FLASH-IN-PAN of the Lumber Troop, to supply the article. The Captain has served (as defendant) in several actions; and has also seen some service in the Fleet.

"Hôtel de Caniche, August 7.

"MR. PUNCH,—I have the honour to sit down, covered with dust, to give you the details—from a bird's-eye view—of one of the most glorious sham-fights ever of fiction. If I know the hearts of yourself and readers, you will, I know, pardon me, if at the earliest paragraph, I state that the LORD MAYOR is safe! His left whisker was blown off in an early part of the day; which necessitated the shaving of the right; his Lordship, as a British merchant, knowing the propriety of a proper balance. MR. ALDERMAN SALOMONS—(he imprudently appeared in real gold epaulets as a City Artilleryman of the Red Sea division)—was surprised, and carried off by the enemy on the first attack; but was returned 'better as new,' in the handsomest manner to his hotel in the evening.

"The morning broke beautifully; and—it being 95 in the shade—there was every belief that the river would be hoily disputed. The Champ de Mars was on the left of the Seine; the Trocadero and the Bois de Boulogne, on the right. Out of compliment to the LORD MAYOR, who was dressed as a full general of Lancers, and seated in a tribune, flanked on each side by a dozen of London porter—the troops on the left began to move *en echelon* across the river, to the 'Roast Beef of Old England.' Their fire was gallantly received—as much of it as came—by the troops on the right.

"Here, however, the troops from the Trocadero deployed at double-quick time, all but turning the flank of a pontoon. Success would have been certain, only at this critical juncture a battery threw off its mask, and played away in real earnest. To form a hollow square, and so cover the counterscarp—materially weakened by the artillery of the enemy—was only the act of fifteen minutes. And then * * * * *

"But here, I regret to say that the increased firing prevented my seeing anything but clouds of smoke, that rolled in the most magnificent manner to the other side of the river.

"At this moment a splendid movement was made by the Carabineers, determined to carry the post of the enemy, or perish in the attempt, when—[*I am again compelled to omit details, the smoke being thicker than ever.*]

"Here a brilliant charge was made, when—[*Smoke*].
"Covering the heights, and then deploying to the left, the artillery of the enemy blazing away, and—[*Consequently more smoke*].

"The smoke clearing off, here occurred one of those heart-delighting, soul-subliming incidents that make war the game of demigods. I have already said the day was hot: at this moment the mercury stood at 120; when—the smoke cleared off. Then might be seen both armies nearing the banks of the Seine. The men approached each other fearlessly; threw down their caps and muskets; talked to one another about *Le grand Maire de Londres—Le Palais Paxton—Ponche*—and so forth. All asperity of feeling seemed forgotten! Cigars were about to be exchanged, when suddenly the bugles sounded; the drums beat to arms; the rival soldiery embraced; parted with mutual expressions of fraternity; and, before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' were again at the bayonet's point. Then, the stupid philosopher would have thought, why not shake hands for good, and throw away bayonets for ever? But the cannon roared; and again war—magnificent, glorious war—was—[*Smoke—smoke—smoke.*]

"Returned to my inn, I have the honour to remain,

"Yours, in shirt-sleeves and slippers,

"HANNIBAL FLASHIN-PAN."

CAUTION.

WHEREAS a quantity of FRENCH MONEY is in Circulation, this CAUTION is given to all young Englishmen who are in the habit of going to places of Public Amusement, to look carefully at the Silver they receive in exchange for their Gold; or, otherwise, they will pocket a loss of One Shilling and Threepence, if not more, upon every Five-Franc Piece they receive in lieu of a Five-Shilling Ditto; to say nothing of the additional loss of Twopence, at the very least, for every miserable Franc that is palmed upon them for an honest Shilling; in addition to a further depreciation in the value of every Sovereign, caused by a number of paltry little ten-sous pieces being substituted for an equal number of valuable Sixpences.

(Signed) COLONEL PUNCH,
Inspector-General of Moral Police.

THE SONG OF THE PUMP;

As supposed to have been sung at the Grand Teetotal Demonstration of August 4.

How sad the delusion—how great the mistake—
That punch cures gout, cholic, and phthisic;
That it heals any ailment, relieves the least ache,
Or in any way answers as physic!
And, oh! how fallacious the doctrine they teach—
Those unphilosophical thinkers—
Who would make you believe that care never can reach
The souls of deep-swilling wine-drinkers!

'Tisn't true that the lover, when pallid with grief,
Can from toping derive consolation;
Taking glass after glass will afford no relief,
But lead only to intoxication.
When they tell you there's nothing to tippie like beer,
That it best suits the human interior,
Don't believe them; pump-water, salubrious and clear,
Is in ev'ry respect far superior.

Cups of kindness to quaff is completely absurd,—
It is silly to pledge friends at table;
Why not be content to wish health with a word,
Since to wish it is all that you're able?
What an error with drink when you servants repay,
Or workmen excite to exertion!
They care not for grog or malt-liquor—not they!
No; they hold such rewards in aversion.

How erroneous the notion that funerals are made
Less mournful, or weddings more merry,
By anything stronger than nice lemonade—
By your claret, champagne, port, or sherry!
A hospital, playhouse, or church, when you found,
Ah! why must the liquor be flowing?
When a beadle's sworn in, or a bishop enthroned,
Why are bottles and barrels set going?

When you christen a baby, what need you to sip
Strong liquor? you'd better not take it.
Why not do as you do when you christen a ship?
Have your bottle, but fling it and break it.
This, this is the way, boys, your bottle to crack,
In pastime so genial and hearty;
And I'm sure a companion you never will lack,
If I can be one of your party.

PALMERSTON THE FRIEND OF ITALY.

LORD PALMERSTON—he announced the fact amid the cheers of the House—has had copies of MR. GLADSTONE'S pamphlet on the atrocities of the KING OF NAPLES sent to our Ministers at the various Courts of Europe. When a murderer, a burglar, or a footpad commits a crime, the description of the culprit is printed in the *Hue and Cry*, and sent to all police offices. KING FERDINAND'S portrait, drawn from demoniac life, is by this time in the hands of our Ambassadors and Consuls. How is it painted?

"Head, big as biggest bomb-shell; and filled with the same diabolical materials. Mouth, a *fauz Avorni*—nose, the Bridge of Sighs."

LORD PALMERSTON praised MR. GLADSTONE for not diving into volcanoes and exploring excavated cities: but, on the other hand, for going to Neapolitan Courts of Justice, and descending into dungeons. His Lordship counselled other English gentlemen to copy MR. GLADSTONE'S example; counsel more easily given than followed: for, doubtless, the KING OF NAPLES will not feel so much flattered by the GLADSTONE portrait, as to sit for other copies. Any way, the KING FERDINAND, gibbeted by the English printer, now dangles in the office of every English embassy. And *this* is something. We trust that the Friends of Italy will lose no time in electing LORD PALMERSTON an honorary and honoured member.

By-the-way, MR. COCHRANE—who has written a book, in which he shows the KING OF NAPLES as a King of Macaroni, a most charming and, to his subjects, most nutritious King—MR. COCHRANE threw himself between DE LACY EVANS and the Royal Bomb-shell. There is an old proverb—

Un Inglese Italianato
E un diavolo incarnato.

As MR. COCHRANE nominally represents an English constituency, let him cultivate English feelings. If the KING OF NAPLES is to have a Lucifer to show his merits, let not the match be British oak tipped with Neapolitan brimstone.



PUNCH'S ANNIVERSARIES.—No. 3. HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND, LANDED AT MILFORD HAVEN, ON HIS ENTERPRISE AGAINST RICHARD THE THIRD, AUGUST 7th, 1485.

THE LORD MAYOR'S ARRIVAL, ON THE SHORES OF FRANCE.

THE moment it was known that the Civic Mayoralty had selected Boulogne as the spot which the civic pumps should first press on their visit to the shores of France, that impulsive watering-place was all alive—from the tip of the feather of the hat of the tall Swiss to the lowest welt on the highlow of the smallest drummer. By an early hour, the flags of all nations—among which we recognised some decided Bandannas—were floating round a square space on the port, presenting the gay appearance of an extensive pocket-handkerchief drying-ground, on the morrow of an enormous washing-day.

During the forenoon, an immense sensation was created by the bringing out of the steam-boat ladder, dressed out in party-coloured calico, and giving it the aspect of the car of a balloon—an incident which gave rise to a rumour of some intended aeronautic exploits on the part of the civic authorities. Curiosity continued to heighten with the tide; and when the *paquebot* was signalled in the distance, enthusiasm was with difficulty kept within bounds by a square of ropes enclosing the space reserved for the authorities. It was gratifying to observe the immense number of officials who turned out upon this occasion; almost every one of whom seemed to have entitled himself, not only to a cocked hat, a feather, and a sword, but to a medal, or series of medals, for some services rendered to his country.

The head Custom-House officer was in the fullest possible regimentals, and his bosom groaned under a perfect galaxy of stars, in token, no doubt, of his having been present at the taking of all the luggage—and at other similar exploits. The gallant corps of Douaniers, or Custom-House officers, whose swords have no doubt pierced many a questionable parcel, and whose guns have battered many a set of contraband crockery-ware on the spot, attended by their powerful band of five trumpeters and fourteen drummers; while a detachment of the line stood in a state of zig-zag, which seemed to be the result of eagerness to catch an early view of *le fameux Lord Maire de Londres*. At length the one cannon on the port announced, *avec explosion*, that the boat had entered the harbour; and on the signal being heard, a trumpeter, rushing to the front-door of the Custom House, blew a blast, which, by

running rapidly to the back-door of the building, he ingeniously contrived to echo.

At length the vessel came alongside, and the authorities, all scrambling for front places, for a time blocked up the gangway. The first glimpse of the distinguished party presented something like the chequered aspect of a chess-board; an effect produced by the alternation of black hats and white basins, which were the most conspicuous objects on the deck of the steamer. A way being at last cleared, a little gentleman with a white head was conducted off the vessel; and on its being known that this was the *fameux Lord Maire*, a feeling of disappointment seemed to pervade the French; and the old saying,

“Parturiunt Montes, nascitur ridiculus Mus [grove].”

was almost literally realised. Notwithstanding the disappointment of their expectations—for the French were evidently prepared to receive a live Gog at the least—the LORD MAYOR was welcomed with several warm shakes of the hand, and a speech in French; the purport of which was explained to him, to signify that there was something to eat at the Railway terminus. Upon this, his Lordship at once made for a fly that had been in waiting for him, and six having got inside, with three on the box, the vehicle proceeded at a severe pace—severe, considering the load—towards Capecure.

It was a subject of much surprise among the French that the English did not receive their LORD MAYOR with more enthusiasm; but, although his Lordship did what he could to distinguish himself, by taking off his hat and bowing, it was found impossible to get up a hearty cheer for one of a party of nine in a hackney carriage.

HEY-SING was in attendance, as usual, to represent the Temple Bar Junk; but we saw no prospectuses of that interesting exhibition delivered, and it is possible, that the Mandarin, like some of the other illustrious visitors, got separated from his luggage.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—It is a curious fact, in connexion with the Great Koh-i-noor, that, in spite of the penalty incurred by the jeweller charged with the cutting of the precious stone, everybody, almost, on seeing it at the Exhibition, has been disposed to cut it also.

THE GREEN ONES.

THE Vegetarians have dined with a moral end. As *Zeal-in-the-land-Busy* ate roast pork publicly in Bartholomew Fair, to demonstrate unto all men his abhorrence of Judaism, so have MR. BROTHERTON and friends shown their disgust of sarcophagi, by eschewing flesh, and consuming vegetables only; carrots being the roots of all goodness. We cannot but feel great reverence for these public exhibitions of virtue. If a man set up within himself any particular rushlight morality, the taper burns with additional lustre, if burning before the mid-day luminary. Why should excellence be its own dark-lantern? We yet hope to see the time when all and every of the domestic virtues shall have their public gatherings; and the Faithful Husband Club, and the Affectionate Father Lodge, shall have their mid-day processions in common with the Brass-workers and the Glass-blowers: nay, we shall be only the more delighted, if, like those material artificers, they—the moral doers—shall be able to carry before them some type and evidence of their domestic worth and industry.

Now, taking it for granted that a man's household virtues—like a man's clothes—are kept from the moth, by being occasionally turned inside out to the sun, we object to the principle of the Vegetarians as altogether short-coming of their avowed end. They declare the act cruel and barbarous that turns sheep into mutton: they will eat of nothing that has partaken of animal life. Why stop here? Is vegetable existence exempt from pain? Can MR. BROTHERTON lay his hand upon his heart or head, and declare his conscientious conviction that there is no blood in a turnip?—That a parsnip has no dilacerating throes when torn from the bosom of its mother earth? What says the poet?

"For 'tis my faith that ev'ry flow'r
Enjoys the air it breathes."

Have cabbages no hearts? Are not heads of broccoli a household figure of speech? If MR. BROTHERTON gives up his mutton—if he will no longer have a leg to stand upon—we cannot see how, as a man of sensibility, he can honestly sit down to turnips: he cannot renounce every morsel of gammon, without foregoing every blade of spinach. Moreover, can MR. BROTHERTON joyfully eat of any vegetable marrow, without a thought of the animal blood transmuted into its green flesh? Why, the Vegetarian may consume garbage at second hand. The very priests of the Temple turned a penny upon animal refuse: for, says a Rabbi, "the blood poured at the foot of the altar flowed into a pipp, and emptied itself into the valley of Kedron; and it was sold to the gardeners to dung their gardens." Now the blood of sheep, and now the pulp of gourds.

Again, has MR. BROTHERTON ever fairly balanced his mind upon a cocoa-nut? Certain Indian sects have a poetical belief, that of the refuse of the red earth of which ADAM was made, was made the cocoa-tree: a touching truth, marked and preserved in the cocoa-nut itself: in its fibrous hair; in its marks of eyes and mouth. We have a lively faith that it is only necessary to awaken the sympathies of MR. BROTHERTON towards the claims of cocoa-nuts in general, to make him fearfully eschew them as most sinful food; as little other than the fare of cannibals. Indeed, we believe that the same philosophy that renounces animal food because of the pain inflicted upon animal sensation, has only to follow its inductions, when it must give up the beans along with the bacon. It may be that the Vegetarian hugs himself in the belief of the innocence of his diet, because cauliflowers do not, like capons, cry under the knife. But, it may be asked, do fish cry upon the hook? Still, we do not believe that the Vegetarian would eat even carrots if, upon leaving the earth, carrots screamed like mandrakes.

As the Vegetarians spread their table-cloth in public, and ostentatiously display their capers (without the mutton) to the world, we infringe upon no private right of stomach, by criticising the vegetable fare. We merely contend that the Vegetarians do not go far enough: they have not proved the want of sensation in the things they gather for their plates. Hence, why should they not improve upon their benevolent intentions, and, wholly eschewing green meat, try pebbles? In the last century, there was a man who distinguished himself by boarding upon stones; a man, whose portrait has descended to us, as *The Stone Eater*. Let the Vegetarians begin modestly with gravel; and their next amended meal will, we doubt not, have, if possible, a greater moral influence, and effect a more lasting social good, than their late banquet on meal and lentils. Indeed, we yet hope to see the day, when certain philosophers—for the benefit of the human race—will entirely subsist upon air. Nay, it is our belief that, in the next century, children, set apart to become the sages and teachers of the world, will be reared upon mere wind: yes, taken from the month, and brought up by hand-bellows.

REASON WHY THE "GOOD TIME" IS SO LONG "COMING."—It started, very foolishly, by an Express Train on the South-Western; so it would be premature to expect it for a long time yet!

POPERY COURTING PERSECUTION.

To the Editor of the "Tablet."



HONOURABLE SIR,—MIGHT I ask you to consider, whether, as a literary advocate of the Popish cause, you do not show rather more zeal than discretion? A recent number of your paper contained a statement of the objects and intentions of a confederacy calling itself the "Catholic Defence Association." There must be some mistake, loyal Sir, in this title, I think. The "Catholic Offence Association," surely, is the proper designation of this worthy confraternity, organised as it apparently is, to annoy and exasperate to the utmost the people of this country, and to frustrate the laws of the realm. I need not ask your pardon for identifying you with a body of which you are ostensibly the mouth-piece. Yes, then,—I address you as the representative of the Catholic Offenders—have thought fit to proclaim and publish to the world that you are about to engage in a

determined struggle for the subjugation of the British nation to the power of Rome.

Don't you think, my loyal Sir, that you had much better have kept your designs to yourself? First, you announce, with a bravado which I cannot but consider injudicious, that you must have the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill repealed; next, the penal laws against the Jesuits abolished; and, lastly, the acts for securing the Protestantism of the Regency, and of the Succession itself, done away with. You candidly tell us, in fact, that, to use a sporting phrase, you mean to "go in" for Papal Supremacy.

Now, loyal Sir, is it really your intention to procure, if possible, the repeal of the Catholic Emancipation Bill? Are you indeed desirous that the people at large should rise, and demand the suppression of all your monasteries, and the expulsion of your whole hierarchy from the country? Is it a fact that you are labouring to occasion a renewal of the London riots? Because, practically, these are most certainly the results which your fine writing is calculated to produce.

Are you, on behalf of your co-religionists, making love to persecution and martyrdom? Or can it be that you are the tool of some enthusiastic but unscrupulous Protestants, and in that character are doing your very best to render the Roman Catholic religion and its professors as odious as possible? A Bishop who, at the instigation of your church, was roasted alive, said, at the stake, that he should, that day, light such a candle in England as should never be put out. It strikes me that you are trying hard to kindle as lasting a conflagration.

Only let me advise you to mind what you say about meddling with the succession. This is dangerous ground: another step or two, and you will put your foot in it—perhaps not your foot only. Be warned in time, loyal Sir, by your occasional reader,

PUNCH.

A Vulgar Error.

ON the appearance of the LORD MAYOR in the streets of Paris, the populace is stated by the papers to have shouted, "*Vive le Grand Maire de Londres!*" Was not this a mistake? Should it not have been, "*Vive la Grand-mère de Londres!*"

ONE OF THE TRIALS OF GENTILITY.—Being had up at the Old Bailey for throwing eggs.

Putting their Cholera up.

It is said that ALDERMAN HUMPHREY, having lost his luggage, was obliged to borrow a shirt in Paris. We are surprised at this, when it is generally understood that the LORD MAYOR gave a-front to all his brother Aldermen.

MR. PUNCH'S REVIEW OF THE SESSION.

Now, August arriving, by dint of contriving,
The Bills are shoved on with unwonted progression;
Till in part by hard working, and partly by burking,
The Commons have managed to wind up the Session.
A short retrospection may lead to reflection
On the sum of performance, compared with profession:
So as popular leaders, we call on our readers
To follow us through a slight sketch of the Session.

We'd best make the most of our one Bill to boast of,
That slap on the face given to Papal Aggression;
And that once recorded, and praise for't awarded,
One scarce knows what else we have got from the Session.
The old Income-Tax, Sir, is still on our backs, Sir,
(And it's not SIR CHARLES WOOD's fault we haven't a fresh 'un);
And for Window-Tax gone, Sir, there's House-Tax laid on, Sir;
And that's the financial great coup of the Session.

If Smithfield's demolish'd, our sewers are n't abolish'd;
We've the Water Monopolists still in possession,
And must still take Thames sewage for drink and for brewage;
And the question of Water's hung up for the Session.
The dead are still hurried through the streets to be buried
In graveyards pack'd tight at a Sexton's discretion,
And the Board of Health can't act, when told that it shan't act:
And such are the sanit'ry gains of the Session.

There was much talk of movement towards legal improvement,
Of quick'ning the Chancery rate of progression,
And Barristers leading, on Practice and Pleading,
In Commission have sat for the whole of the Session;
But this incubation, of lengthen'd duration,
View'd with so much alarm by the Learned Profession,
Has produced nought as yet, Sir—and the good we may get, Sir,
Whatever it be, can't be scored to the Session.

When promised a Jew Bill, we thought 'twas a true bill,
And hoped to see ROTHSCHILD in quiet possession
Of his seat in the House, Sir, but the hope was a chouse, Sir,
For, thanks to the Lords, that's put off for the Session!
So, instead of one Jew, Sir, we now have got two, Sir,
To make a still louder appeal 'gainst oppression;
And City votes hustle poor dear LORD JOHN RUSSELL,
To take up once again his dropped Bill of the Session.

On the whole, looking back, Sir, one feels there's a lack, Sir,
(I think one may say so without indiscretion,
Of much to be proud of, or boast very loud of,
In all that's been done through the whole of the Session.
But there's one consolation for Punch and the Nation,
If one turns from performance away to profession,
The less that's done now, Sir, the more, you'll allow, Sir,
Is left for that wonderful period—next Session.



REFORM REMOVING THE BANDAGE FROM THE EYES OF JUSTICE.

Sad Want of Reflection.

THE gallant Colonel, whose name will be given upon inquiry at the office, if required, has declared his doubt as to whether the Exhibition Building is really of glass; for he insists on its being quite impossible that he should see himself in it. We must confess our surprise at this assertion, considering the number of reflections cast upon the Crystal Palace by the gallant Colonel himself.

Vapour.

MR. URQUHART gave notice that next Session he should move "for the establishment of Public Vapour Baths." This looks something like a job. Does MR. URQUHART wish to be nominated the head of the new establishment? In justice to the Hon. Gentleman we must say we know of no head so well qualified in all matters connected with Vapour as his own!

CABINET HOURS OF IDLENESS.

(From the Woods and Forests to the Right Hon. — — —)

"MY DEAR —, — Yes, I am glad to be upon the Moors. Anywhere but in the Woods and Forests, where, but for my happy constitution, and for the rigid observance of that golden maxim of my own—'never to do anything until compelled, and then to do as little as possible'—I might have been worn, worried, badgered to death, like any vermin of the underwood. But, no. I have cultivated true official indifference. Nothing hurts me. I am the alligator without the soft place in the alligator's stomach.

"We have had an infernal Session of it. Nevertheless, my genius kept me fresh as a two-year-old. My dear Boy, should you ever arrive at office, make yourself detested; 'tis the only way to ensure comfort. There's a sweet asylum in public dislike. For instance, how rarely was I bothered with those stupid formalities, called deputations; things that mean nothing more—that have no other purpose—than to put the names of certain traders and shopkeepers in the Court Circular,—names that ought never to be seen, except over their own shop-doors. They came pretty thick upon me, when I first took office; but after a few tastes of my quality, a deputation would as soon enter the bear's pit at the Zoological Gardens, as show its nose in my office. I have been called the ugliest names, and made happy—quite delighted, I assure you—by the abuse. When in office, get well abused; the elephant delights to roll in mud—it keeps the flies from his skin. A Minister may take lessons of the half-reasoning elephant.



WHAT IS ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON.

Swell. "I WONDER WHAT THOSE FELLOWS CAN SEE TO ADMIRE IN THAT WHAT-DO-YE-CALL-IT!"

"The Crystal Palace has been a great bore; and I suppose will become one of the established bores, that is, institutions, of the country. I am told they're going to grow bread-trees there, in case of war, to keep us independent of the foreigner. I believe—at least I'm told—that BARON HUMBOLDT writes something about Cotton-Shirt Trees. Couldn't PAXTON give us a plantation of 'em, just to spite the school of Manchester?"

"You must have heard of the hubbub about Kensington Gardens. What a capital joke! The nurserymaids were to be ridden over by park hacks, and a daily murder of the innocents under the hoofs of mounted grooms and outriders. Why, there has not been so much as one old woman killed—no; I believe I am right—not that it much matters—when I say, not one. And then the joke of interfering with the meditations of young ladies! But I think I met that with a facer.

"Talking of old women, who would live under a constitution—if he hadn't the pluck to snap his fingers at it—where any old harridan, properly represented by a Member of Parliament, may get up in the House of Commons, and call a nobleman to account, as if a nobleman had anything to do, except to fold his arms, suck his teeth; and give no answer?"

"There was a woman named ANN FIX, or DICKS, or HICKS—or some pigstye name of that sort—who sold Serpentine water (I suppose mud and sticklebacks included) to pale young ladies. I believe, too, the old hag dealt in ginger-beer—yes, I believe that's the sort of stuff; workhouse champagne, isn't it?—yes, ginger-beer—and, 'pon my life, too, I think the creature had cakes, and oranges, and things of that sort, for halfpence. Well, we turned

her out. Eye-sore—nuisance—low women—place of rendezvous—and all that. Yes, we pulled her down and unroofed her, and told her to pack!

"And what then? Why, of course, the old hag went to a police-office, and the vagabond scribblers that haunt those places—like flies that, I'm told, haunt butchers' shops—made a pathetic, lack-a-daisical case of the matter; and—fools and their money soon parted,—there were subscriptions for this ANN HICKS. 5s. from a TRUE REPUBLICAN—1s. 6d. from JUNIUS BRUTUS—a dozen Postage Stamps from a EATER OF TYRANNY, and so forth.

"And then there was an ANN HICKS debate! Yes; Mother HICKS—an old blue-bottle in amber—is preserved in Hansard.

"However, the Session is over, and the birds are remarkably strong on the wing.

"I might have been preciously bottered, but for my old state maxim—my own; though quite at the service of my friends, 'Never do anything until compelled, and then do as little as possible.'

"It is an observance of this golden law that makes me, at the end of the Session of 1851,

"Yours, in contemptuous health

"And most Arrogant Spirits,
Red-Box Moors. "WOODS AND FORESTS."

USE THEM AS YE MAY!

RAILWAY SONG AND CHORUS.

Air—"The Chough and Crow."

CHAIRMAN.

THE old Stage Coach to rot has gone,
Together with the Mail;
Conveyance, now, the Public's none,
Unless they go by rail:
The grass grows on the turnpike-road;
Our own 's the only way.
Uprouse ye then, my merry Railway men,
And use them as ye may.

Chorus of Directors.

Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
For now 's your time of day.

The crowded train the station leaves;
Another went before,
Stuffed full of people, thick as thieves,
To swell out good men's store.
A few short minutes 'twixt the two
Is all the time we stay.
Uprouse ye then, my merry Railway men,
And use them as ye may.

Chorus.—Uprouse ye then, &c.

With scream and whistle on they go,
The second class is cramm'd;
No matter, let the overflow
Be in the first class jamm'd!
Gents on their knees can ladies take,
And so complain away!
Uprouse ye then, my merry Railway men,
And use them as ye may.

Chorus.—Uprouse ye then, &c.

See, yonder engine's off the line!
The hind-train thunders on;
And, crash! right down yon steep incline,
Into the first has gone!
The crush'd and shatter'd wretches scream;
No matter—since they pay.
Uprouse ye then, my merry Railway men,
And use them as ye may.

Chorus.—Uprouse ye then, &c.

We've some six months before us yet,
However Time may fly;
At least, till Parliament has met,
Opinion we'll defy.
Till then our sun will brightly shine,
And we'll meanwhile make hay.
Uprouse ye then, my merry Railway men,
And use them as ye may.

Chorus.—Uprouse ye then, &c.

THE SLANDERED KING BOMBA.



R. PUNCH, Does the KING OF NAPLES wish to confound his slanderers, by rewarding—at the shortest notice—a disinterested advocate? Here he is: one CHARLES MACFARLANE, a person singularly fitted to shine at the Court of Naples—shine, like a last week's mackerel. MR. MACFARLANE is not unknown to the world of letters, as an industrious workman. He now comes forward to "catch the eye" of KING FERDINAND, as his admirer. "The Devil is worshipped for his burning throne." The admiration of MR. MACFARLANE is,

doubtless, extorted from him by the natural nobility of the Neapolitan King: he loves him for what he is: and it is for the rebuked and instructed world to pay homage to the idol and the idolator. MUMBO-JUMBO and his sacrificing priest are worthy of each other.

MR. GLADSTONE, in his letter to LORD ABERDEEN, speaks of torture inflicted for political offences. "The mode of it being the thrusting of sharp instruments under the finger-nails."

MR. MACFARLANE, in his letter, thus disposes of the charge:—"The insinuation that torture has been employed, is too monstrous and too absurd to merit one moment's attention." And, no doubt, MR. MACFARLANE disbelieves it; just as MR. MACFARLANE would refuse credence to "a sharp instrument" under his own "finger-nails," if thrust there by the order of the KING OF NAPLES. The "insinuation"—though a sharp one—would not "merit one moment's attention." One would almost wish that MR. MACFARLANE could give warranty of such disbelief.

MR. GLADSTONE—says MACFARLANE—in his tales about gaol doctors and sick prisoners, talks "a perfect fable." The miseries of Italy are not the work of benevolent potentates like FERDINAND, but are attributable—thus speaks the awful MACFARLANE, whose reputation shines like the Koh-i-noor to all who know him—"to vagabonds like MAZZINI." When a MACFARLANE would lick away the blood and mire that inerust a King of Naples, he must, of course, spit "vagabond" at men like MAZZINI. Some way, he *must* empty his mouth.

But MR. GLADSTONE has a reason—a selfish, worldly reason—for the slander he has dealt upon KING BOMBA.

"MR. GLADSTONE is apprehensive of being unseated by his *Alma Mater*, and is looking for a popular constituency, who would be captivated by his strange letters."

This is an admirable touch; but only what we should look for from the *genus* MACFARLANE. There is no creature so low, so helpless, who cannot make dirty motives for other people. MR. GLADSTONE speaks from the fulness of a noble nature, outraged by a contemplation of human tyranny and human suffering; and—MR. GLADSTONE does not want a remedy for atrocity; no, he wants a popular constituency. What other motive could be imagined by a motive-mongering MACFARLANE? Yet hear him:—

"Again, other good men tell me that the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.—first known to me as a Conservative—has suddenly conceived a strong dislike of all monarchical institutions, and that he is now in the habit of saying, and repeating, *ad nauseam*, that all the monarchies of old Europe are worn out and effete; that monarchy itself is *vooco*, and that the sooner we approach to the model normal condition of the United States of North America, the better it will fare with us all."

Hence, conservatism, in the gentle eyes of CHARLES MACFARLANE is admiration of the KING OF NAPLES and his ghastly doings. To condemn FERDINAND is to applaud revolution; to sympathise with the victims of a crowned monster, is to wish the downfall of the British monarchy. The crown of QUEEN VICTORIA and the fetters of the late Prime Minister PORRERO, are—at least in the hot and twisted brain of MR. MACFARLANE—strangely, yet indivisibly, connected.

However, we hope that MACFARLANE will have some measure of reward that will snatch him far away from England. Naples is his

atmosphere. We are not worthy of him. Can the KING OF NAPLES offer no retreat? No comfortable box, a little below the cinders, on Vesuvius? Or, probably FERDINAND has a royal menagerie; if so, does not his ape need a groom or chamberlain? Q.

THE CHINESE IN LONDON.

LONDON is beginning to be regularly overrun with Chinese, either genuine or otherwise. If things go on at this rate, every large grocery establishment will have its own "Native of the Flowery Land," and JOHN BULL will begin to fancy himself, on account of the numerous emblems of China around him, a regular "Bull in a China shop." The Chinese Exhibition afforded the first instance of a native being converted into an article of commerce, when a couple of flowery youths, said to have been brought to England to finish their education, used to amuse the visitors by jumping over the tables, and performing other feats, evincing less of mental cultivation than of muscular activity. Feeling a sort of parental interest in these youths—announced as the sons of a Chinese noble, who had sent them to receive the last European polish—we have watched them rather narrowly. We regret to say that we think we discovered one about three months ago behind the counter of a tea-dealer's in the New Cut, where he was employed to give a genuine appearance to the grocery. Of course it would be difficult to suspect that the "Fine Old Twankay at Two and Four" being weighed out by a veritable Chinaman was nothing better than rare old sloe, or that the "Hyson recommended for Family Use" was nothing but Birch, which certainly is adapted occasionally for family use—though not as a beverage.

To come to the point, we do not believe that half the Chinamen we see about town are more genuine than the Congou and other deleterious compounds said to have come from China. We think there ought to be some authority given to detect a counterfeit Chinaman, in the same way as a counterfeit sixpence, by snipping off his tail, or trying the effect of soap and water upon his countenance. We cannot suppose that so many mandarins can be spared from their official duties in China, to speculate in Exhibitions of Junks, or other specimens of their national industry. Fancy LORD JOHN RUSSELL going out to China with a coal barge, and remaining away three or four years at a stretch to exhibit it. Imagine his Lordship getting up a ball on board, in one of the Chinese rivers, as our Essex Street Mandarin does on board the Junk; or fancy his Lordship, or any other nobleman, taking out a quantity of upholstery, with his wife and children, and sitting in the midst of it all, week after week, as an "Exhibition" at Hong Kong, like the "family of rank" that are honouring us with a long visit—in return for our shillings—at Hyde Park Corner. It is rarely that any members of our aristocracy condescend to make shows of themselves, in the way we are called upon to believe that the mandarins and persons of rank in China are accustomed to do when upon their travels. The worst we can say of any of our lords is, that one of them, occasionally, will take pills by the hundred, and rub in ointment by the ton, to oblige an advertising "professor;" but even this, to the credit of our own peamage, is a solitary instance.

THE TEA AND SHRIMP NUISANCE.

We beg leave to call the attention of the Knightsbridge authorities—whoever they may be—to the unpleasant fact, that it is impossible to pass along the Knightsbridge road after ten o'clock in the morning without being invited, and almost dragged by the collar, to a meal of "tea and shrimps." The road near the Exhibition presents all the horrors of Greenwich at about tea-time, and the struggle round a perplexed foreigner, whom it is desired to cram with a regular Gravesend jorum of all sorts of coarse and cheap eatables and drinkables, is sometimes most intense. To say nothing of the nuisance of being pestered to take tea at all hours, we want to know where is the affinity between the Exhibition and shrimps. We can understand shrimps at a watering-place, but there can be nothing particularly fresh in the shrimps of Knightsbridge, even supposing them to be caught as near at hand as Chelsea, which is famous for nothing in the fish line, except oyster-shells,—which may be sometimes found scattered on parts of the coast. On several occasions we have been nearly carried off into some way-side house, after leaving the Exhibition, and been thrust down opposite a large pile of that fishy abomination, which, next to the periwinkle, we hold in the supremest contempt.

If we do not make a firm stand against the Shrimp, we shall be having the Whelk thrust upon our disgusted attention, in connection with Tea,—a beverage we would fain protect against the unpleasant contact. At all events, if there is a growing appetite on the part of the public for the inland Shrimp, let those who have no taste for it be at least secured from the annoyance of being beset by a swarm of touters, who line the road between the Crystal Palace and Sloane Street, dinning into the ear of the passenger the disagreeable cry of "Tea and Shrimps."

CITY PRIVATE THEATRICALS.



THE following scene has, we understand, been performed in private, with no very great success, at the Mansion House, since the return of the citizens from the Paris *Fêtes*. The LORD MAYOR appears to have given very great dissatisfaction by the manner in which he acted his part, and by his unfair mode of endeavouring to keep in the back-ground those who ought to have been prominent—as his brother actors—in the recent Parisian performances. The Private Theatricals at the Mansion House have been limited to

THE CELEBRATED QUARREL SCENE FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

BROTUS, by the Lord Mayor. . . . CASSIUS, by an Alderman.

Alderman. That you have wronged me doth appear in this—
You have brought to the *fêtes* your niece and nephew;
Taking them out here, there, and everywhere;
Wherein their betters—(who should be your pride,
Your worthy Aldermen)—were slighted of.

Lord Mayor. You wrong yourselves—you should have paid your share.

Alderman. At such a time as that—'twould have been low
For the LORD MAYOR to ask for each man's guinea.

Lord Mayor. Yet, let me tell you—you are all of you
Said by the *Times*—to have an itching palm,
To job and mart your offices about,
To undeservers.

Alderman. We an itching palm!
You know you are the LORD MAYOR that speak this,
Or, by St. Paul's, that speech should not be pass'd!

Lord Mayor. The gown of office wraps up this corruption,
And chastisement doth pocket both its fists.

Alderman. Chastisement! Bay not me, my Lord;
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To bully me!—I am an Alderman,
Older in office—abler than yourself
To head commissions.

Lord Mayor. Go to—you're not, I say.

Alderman. I am.

Lord Mayor. I say, again, you're not. Go to—

Alderman. Urge me no more. I shall forget myself.
Have mind upon your eye—tempt me no further.

Lord Mayor. Away—slight man!

Alderman.

Lord Mayor.

Must I give way to a rash Alderman?

Shall I be frighted if he raves and stares?

Alderman. MAGGOG and GOG! must I endure all this?

Lord Mayor. All this! Ay, more! Fret till your waistcoat bursts;

Go tell your ward how choleric you are,
And make your wardsmen tremble. Must I budge?

You say you are a better Alderman.

Alderman. You wrong me; every way, my Lord, you wrong me.

I said an older Alderman—not better.

Did I say better?

Lord Mayor. If you did, I care not.

Alderman. When FARNCOMBE ruled, he durst
not thus abuse me.

Lord Mayor. Peace, peace! you durst not so
have bullied him.

Alderman. I durst not!

Lord Mayor. No.

Alderman. What! durst not bully him?

Lord Mayor. For your gown, you durst not!

Alderman. Do not presume too much upon
your rank;

I may do that you may be sorry for.

Lord Mayor. You have done that you should
be sorry for.

There is no terror in your noisy threats.

For I am armed with such self-consequence,

That they pass by me like Policeman Y,

Whom I regard not. I did hint to you

You should subscribe some cash, but you de-
clined it,

And so I found the money all myself.

So I deserved the glory, by all means.

By Jingo! I had rather hire a cart,

Or pawn my mace for cab-hire—than accept

From the whole Court of Aldermen their trash,

After their first refusal. I did ask

A sum towards paying my expenses,

Which was refused me. Was that like the City?

Should I have spared the City coffers so?

When RICHARD MUSGROVE grows so covetous

To lock such rascal counters from his friend,

Be ready, *Punch*, and with your biggest bâton

Knock him to pieces.

Alderman. We denied you not.

Lord Mayor. You did.

Alderman. We did not! he was but a fool
Who brought our answer back.

Lord Mayor. Well! hold your nonsense now.

Be angry when you will—I do not care,

I carry anger as Champagne bears bubbles;

Which, stirr'd with crust, doth quickly effervesce,

And straight is flat again.

Alderman. Oh! have I lived

To furnish food for laughter to my MUSGROVE,

When indigestion or ill-temper vex him!

Lord Mayor. When I spoke that, I was ill-
temper'd too.

Alderman. Do you confess so much? Give us

your hand.

Lord Mayor. When the LORD MAYOR is ask'd
again to Paris—

(*Aside*) It won't be my turn—though it may be
his.

(*Aloud*) The Aldermen shall have their proper
places.

[*Exeunt together, arm in arm.*]

Parliamentary Returns.

MR. THOMAS BIRCHMORE, and MR. JAMES
SKEGGE, (labourers,) from Boulogne, to St. Albans
(calling in the way at the Mansion-House). The
exiles were entertained in the evening at the
Polecat, the electioneering tavern of the odori-
ferous borough. JACOB BELL, Esq., M.P., was
to have taken the chair, but was prevented.
However, that nothing should be wanting to the
splendour of the banquet, the Hon. Member
contributed a handsome transparency, on which
were painted two striking portraits, with the
appropriate inscription—"The dogs return to
their—St. Albans."

PUNCH was never more annoyed in his life
than by the receipt of the following:—

"If the Father is the *Head* of the Family,
what's the eldest Son?"

"Why, the *Heir*, to be sure."

If the writer will call at the *Punch* Office, he will
find our Thick-stick in waiting.



MR. BRIGGS GROUSE SHOOTING.

9 A.M. HIS ARRIVAL ON THE MOOR.—MR. BRIGGS SAYS THAT THE FINE BRACING AIR MAKES HIM SO VIGOROUS THAT HE SHALL NEVER BE BEAT. HE ALSO FACETIOUSLY REMARKS THAT HE IS ON "HIS NATIVE HEATH," AND THAT HIS "NAME IS MACGREGOR!"

The Result of the Day's Sport will be communicated by Electric Telegraph.

"TO NOBLE WRITERS."

THERE is a great hope for our literary aristocracy. A benevolent publisher at the West-end has issued his advertisement "to Noble Writers." The address has but one fault—it is too succinct. Why not try another sort of flourish? As thus:

"MR. SHEWBULL, having had upwards of twenty years' sad experience of the short-comings of noble authors, offers himself as their guide, philosopher, publisher, and friend. MR. S. will undertake to have their manuscripts so printed that the dearest friends of the writers shall not know them again. Distinct gentlemen constantly employed upon style and grammar. All *f*'s punctually stroked, and *z*'s carefully dotted.

"A handsome assortment of subjects on hand, which—at moderate cost and with the best promptitude—may be adapted to the peculiar genius of any Nobleman desirous of appearing either as Historian, Novelist, Political Economist, Poet, or Auto-Biographer.

"Secrecy may be relied upon.
"No individual under a Right Honourable will be dealt with.

"Please pull the right-hand bell. Brass knob."

A FLOWER FOR A LOVER'S BUTTON-HOLE.—A LADY'S cheek is described as the poetical abode of the Rose; but we are not told what kind of Rose. When an ardent lover steals a kiss, we suppose it is a "Cabbage-Rose!"

THE POPE AND THE GRANARY.

To Mr. Punch.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,

"By introducing into the dominions of HER MAJESTY, through your impartial pages, an authentic copy of a Brief of his HOLINESS PIUS THE NINTH, I suppose I shall incur persecution. No matter; I will—smile—and bear it. May the subjoined apostolical address undeceive the benighted heretics, who accuse the Holy Father and the Church over which he presides of intolerance, of their dreadful error.

"PIUS THE NINTH, POPE.

"To the Bishops and Clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in England: Benediction. I have a twofold object, brethren, in addressing you. In the first place, I wish you, if possible, to disabuse the public mind in Great Britain of the notion (I am afraid maliciously propagated) that I am the author of certain absurd documents called Bulls and Briefs, published in my name, replete not only with the most ridiculous arrogance, but also with inflated phraseology and pompous rhetoric. In the next place, I wish you to contradict the unjustifiable assertion, that I will not suffer the Protestants to have a place of worship within the walls of Rome, and have restricted them to the use of an extramural granary. I desire that you will have the goodness to notify the fact, that Protestants are welcome to erect a Church at Rome in as fine a position and as central a situation as, claiming for ourselves that toleration which we extend to others, I have recommended you to build a Roman Catholic Cathedral in, by public subscription, in London. We have our own opinions, of course; but I wish you to convince the English people that we, nevertheless, most religiously observe the principle of doing as we would be done by. I shall be glad if you will explain that the only reason why the Protestants have hitherto been confined to a granary out of Rome is because they have not yet raised the funds necessary for erecting a church in the city."

"The usual signatures follow. This is the language of your bigoted, intolerant, bombastic POPE. But—alas for British prejudice!—I fear the document will never be credited to be genuine, though vouched for by your scrupulously particular correspondent,

"VERAX."

A CITY LYRIC.

GAILY the Alderman, smoking cigar,
Skipp'd through the door of his back-shop a-jar,
Singing, "From Paris fine hither I come;
Mrs. G., Mrs. G., welcome me home!"

"Oh, gracious! GOBBLE, love!" shrieking his name,
Scream'd out his startled wife, "Is it the same?"
"Pa!" cried his daughters, "how smart you've become!"
Such was the Alderman's welcome to home.

"Ha!" said the Alderman, "carpet-bag lost—
Rigg'd out in Paris; some money it cost."

"Ah!" Mrs. GOBBLE sighed, "never more roam,
Alderman, Alderman! now you're come home."

THE AUSTRIANS IN ITALY.

ONE GORCZKOSHAWSKY—chosen, no doubt, that his name may never be uttered—is the Austrian Military and Civil Lieutenant of the Venetian provinces. He has issued a circular, of which the subjoined is not a very free translation:—

"When you are requested to furnish information of any person, you must supply the following indications:

- "1. When he sees the double eagle of Austria, what are exactly his feelings of gratitude toward the House of Hapsburg.
- "2. What were his dreams last night.
- "3. What will he dream to-morrow.
- "4. When he holds his tongue, what are commonly his reflections.
- "5. When he does not hold his tongue, does he talk what he thinks.
- "6. If not, what does he think when he generally talks.
- "7. Does he mean NO when he says YES.
- "8. Does he mean YES when he says NO.
- "9. When was his hair last cut. How many hairs did he lose.
- "10. Does he sleep on the right side or left; or both.
- "11. At what hour of the night does he usually turn.

"Venice, June 7th, 1851.

"The Military and Civil Lieutenant of the Venetian Provinces,
"GORCZKOSHAWSKY."



THE RETURN OF THE ALDERMAN TO HIS NATIVE SHOP.

A NIGHT WITH HAHNEMANN AT THE FREEMASONS' TAVERN.

"MR. PUNCH,—Health, Sir, health, as some sage observes, is the first of earthly blessings. The next, as I say, is the means of recovering it when lost. I have taken, Sir, large quantities of MORRISON'S PILLS. I have also had extensive recourse to those of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, at the same time making copious use of the Ointment of that philosopher. Some years ago, I underwent a course of brandy and salt, and since then subjected myself to the water-cure. I should have told you, Sir, that I am a valetudinarian, and rather considerably past that age when a man is said to be either a fool or a physician—for my part, I am a homœopathist. I have studied the subject, Sir, in my own person. For years I suffered greatly from severe nervous depression; for which I was in the constant habit of taking medicine without effect, except that I got worse and worse. Nothing relieved me till I resorted to the infinitesimal globules—leaving off my mixture three times a-day, my sleeping powder, and my two pills night and morning. The result is my firm conviction that Homœopathy is the only true system of medicine. And now, Sir, as a friend of science, let me direct your attention to the *Times* report of the late meeting of the English Homœopathic Association, at Freemasons' Tavern. There, Sir, you will see that our views are supported by sound and solid arguments. I look upon the speech of SIR JOHN KENNAWAY, the Chairman, as a masterpiece of homœopathic reasoning. Expressing exactly my own sentiments, SIR JOHN said,

"He was not a professional man; but he only asserted the claim which was granted to all in their individual position—that of judging for himself."

"This is just what I once told my medical attendant when I was laid up with the gout, and we had a dispute on the subject of mulligatawny. He said that the right to judge for one's self did not always imply the ability. I did not understand this insolence, Sir, and I discharged him."

"The worthy Chairman also observed, with remarkable wisdom, that

"They could not enter into an investigation of the principles of the science—of its application—of its successes—satisfactorily; yet they could tell, by the effects of it on themselves, which of the two systems was the better."

"To be sure. A man has been physicked, bled, and blistered, and gets no better. He leaves off his medicine, takes infinitesimal doses, and recovers. Why take the trouble to inquire whether his first treatment was a fair sample of the regular system, or what influence it had on his recovery, or how far that happy event was due to the simple discontinuance of pills and potions? Never creep to conclusions in this way. Jump at them, Sir; jump with seven-leagued boots. The patient took globules and got better; is not that enough? It is all very well for medical men to cavil and question whether the recovery was *post hoc* or *propter hoc*, as they say; making a mystery of a plain fact with their technicalities and their Latin. No, Sir. Give me such logic as SIR JOHN KENNAWAY'S, or the logic of MR. SHAEN, M.A., another of the enlightened speakers, who

"Said he was a living proof of the benefits of Homœopathy. Eight or nine years ago he was constantly in the doctors' hands; but since he adopted this system he very seldom had to visit them; and when he did so, it was with satisfactory results, both to his pocket and his health."

"This is the way to argue, Sir. Here you have no quibbling as to the effect of change of diet, habits, or other trivial and unimportant circumstances. The globules were swallowed: the health was improved. Cause and effect, Sir."

"I cordially coincide also with the sentiments of MR. W. HASHURST, who declared that

"He was a friend to little pills. Before their powers were known generally to the laity, he was at death's door many times. He was treated allopathically. He was bled and scoured till he was carried about the house wrapped in blankets, and expected hourly to die."

"No exaggeration this, Sir, of ordinary practice."

"He was taken ill about ten years ago, and he thought it was all over with him!"

"Refined phraseology, Sir, rather."

"But his old doctor was dead, and an homœopathic doctor was called in. The consequence was, he stood before them, rescued from death, and in good health!"

"There, Sir, 's a *sequitur* for you!"

"... Doctors considered that men were made to take physic."

"Homœopathic truth, Sir. The maxim, you know, has been laid down by the College of Physicians. It originated with SYDENHAM or HARVEY, I believe; but I forget which."

"Now, if they reduced this physic, they saved in many ways. They got rid of long bills, of scouring (of which he had a great dread), and saved money."

"Instead of lavishing it on that easy-living, little-working, overpaid fraternity of impostors, medical practitioners, or, as MR. HASHURST and the other members of the English Homœopathic Association call them, 'Doctors.' Here, Sir, in conclusion, I must say a word to express my admiration of the taste which so remarkably distinguished this

assembly in general, but was more particularly and conspicuously manifested by DR. EPPS, who, says the report, 'bore down' on the Consumption Hospital, and another medical charity, and then

"Sang a poem in honour of Homœopathy."

"Bravo, DR. EPPS! Thanks to EPPS, we may have Homœopathy introduced from the Freemasons' Tavern into the Coal-hole."

"The Chairman, I see, 'regretted that the chair had not been filled by their Noble President (LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR).' So do I, Sir. A Noble Lord, who has been declared by an enlightened constituency a fit and proper person to represent the county of Middlesex, coming forward publicly as the patron of Homœopathy, would do much to remove an impression, unfortunately prevalent, that anybody who can believe in infinitesimal doses must be a simpleton."

"Your humble Servant,
"ANTI-HUMBUG."

EXTRAORDINARY VISION AT THE MANSION HOUSE.



MYSTERIOUS disappearance of the witnesses in the St. Alban's Bribery Case, a few months ago, is only to be equalled in strangeness by their very mysterious appearance, the other day, at the Mansion House. These witnesses are, in fact, so many *Ombres Chinoises*, or dissolving views, of whom we lose sight, until the QUEEN goes down to the House with the view of dissolving or proroguing Parliament. They are like clown and pantaloon, who are to be seen, as bold as brass, before the door of the house, when the door is closed; but who, when the door opens, and the Serjeant-

at-Arms issues forth, mace in hand are nowhere visible.

It is but a little while since that the Commons, indignant at the breaches committed against their privileges, were offering rewards for individuals, who, with the bills still posted about for their apprehension, are walked quietly into custody, and as quietly walk out again. Nobody will have anything to do with them; though probably, next Session, there will be, the same indignation in the House, the same threats of vengeance, the same horror at the breach of privilege, and perhaps the same, or much higher, rewards offered to get hold of them. An active officer, thinking he has secured a prize, goes with a couple of the much-sought-after parties, and instead of finding them eagerly clutched at on all sides, and paid for in "cash down," he has them left upon his hands, as "stale, flat, and unprofitable" as a couple of buns baked the day before yesterday. He goes to the House of Commons, and finds it shut up; though there is an inspector outside, who won't have the prize prisoners at any price. The Serjeant-at-Arms is out; there is nobody who will give a dump for the captives at the Treasury; the Solicitor, when applied to, knows nothing at all about it; and, as a last resort, an attempt is made to see whether the witnesses, lately so valuable, will fetch a trifle at the Mansion House.

All is in vain; the witnesses have gone down as rapidly as railway scrip after the bursting of the bubble; and though they would have been worth fifty pounds apiece a fortnight ago, nobody will now make the smallest bidding for them. They would have been quite a curiosity, commanding a high price at any moment during the Session; but now, like a luxury out of the proper season—like oysters in May, sprats in June, or hares in March—no one seems to consider them worth house-room. In February next they will no doubt be once more in brisk demand, when they will grow as scarce as they had been during the past Session.

STRANGE INSECT IN THE CROPS.

ALL accounts from the country continue to assure us that the wheat is visited by, what the English farmer insists upon considering, the most fatal blight. A curious kind of insect is to be seen in every ripe ear of corn; and the riper and larger the corn, the larger the insect. Several of these have been forwarded to Mr. Punch, who—the real farmer's friend—has submitted the insect to his microscope of peculiar power. It is tolerably well known that various things of insect life are significantly marked. There is the death's head moth—the monk caterpillar. Now, the insect at the present time infesting the wheat-crops of 1851—an insect almost invisible to the naked eye—shows, when submitted to a glass of 1000 power, a white space on its back, the white marked thus—"5d." By which Punch divines that the blight at present found among the British Farmers' wheat predicts—"The Best Quarter Loaf, price 5d."

"A HIGH SHERIFF IN DIFFICULTY."

THE High Sheriff of Suffolk has been an object of sympathy. At one time there seemed no help for it, but that he must perform his legal function of executioner; no deputy being obtainable. MARY CAGE, for poisoning her husband, was to have been hanged on Saturday, at IPSWICH; but CALCRAFT, the hangman, had to do his office on the same morning at Norwich. The Warwick hangman was also pre-engaged. Great was the dismay of the High Sheriff of Suffolk!

"To have had the law carried into effect on Saturday [says the newspaper paragraph] would, beyond all probability, have been repugnant to the feelings of the High Sheriff; for, as no person could be found to supply the place of CALCRAFT, the High Sheriff must have performed the horrid duty himself."

And why not? If the punishment be a wholesome punishment—if the sacredness of life is to be taught by the taking away of human existence—who can be too exalted to teach the nations the awful lesson? Wherefore "horrid duty?" Why not—solemn sacrifice?

"The unpleasant position of the High Sheriff, not only on this, but on a former occasion, may be attributed to the usual course not being adopted—the making sure that CALCRAFT can attend before any day be appointed for the execution."

We altogether dissent from the principle that makes the office of an executioner a "horrid duty," and a reproach. If—as the advocates of the infliction of death avow—the taking away of life be the fulfilment of a solemn behest, solemnly pronounced, then why should the High Sheriff, or indeed any much higher functionary, be considered too nice, too dainty, to carry out the injunction? But, no; human instinct is greater than human sophistry. Our very loathing of the function of executioner is the irrepressible condemnation of his office.

THE RETURN OF THE ALDERMEN.



How drearly, how seedily we steam across the sea;
The billows are all tumbling up and down, and so are we;
The Stewards with their basins are rushing left and right,
Like creatures in whose eyes Lord Mayors are quite a common sight.

The Press rings with our triumphs: of France we've had a peep;—
We thought 'twould be all gratis, but it wasn't quite so cheap.
We've dined and danced, and seen Versailles, the Waterworks, and Park;
Oh, proud must be each Alderman of such a jolly lark!

Oh, proud must be the Aldermen of their glorious seven days—
What with speeches, sights and soldiers, and compliments and praise;
They've seen the sea and crossed it, and, though sure it is a bore,
They'll talk big enough about it all, no doubt, when safe ashore.

I would I were an Alderman, to come to be "my Lord,"
And ride in a gilt City coach, with City mace and sword;
I'd show the Corporation that each honour done to me
Should be shared by all the Aldermen and all the Livery.

Yet the Aldermen were sulky, and sulkier still they grew,
Till, on nearing Folkestone Harbour, it was all black looks and blue;
And, from their distant tone with LORD MAYOR MUSGROVE, it was clear
At the coming Common Council some unpleasant things he'll hear.

He'd treated them, they all declared, in the free-and-easiest way;
He hadn't got them rooms; he kept them waiting at the play;
At the Versailles lunch, along of him, they came in at the death,
And to get good seats at the Review had run till out of breath!

All night some had to walk the street, without a place to sleep;
Some into loose French habits had been obliged to creep;
And all through LORD MAYOR MUSGROVE—so I'm thankful I'm not he,
If the civic wiggling is at all what I expect 'twill be.



THE DISCONTENTED ALDERMEN VOWING VENGEANCE.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND MODERATION.

AN average meeting of Teetotalers was held yesterday evening in Spouters' Hall, to enjoy a little excitement derived from hearing everybody abused, instead of from the abuse of fermented liquors. Some Welsh choristers attended, and sang, at intervals, some of their national chibuses, occasioning among the more irritable of the assembly paroxysms of enthusiasm approaching to frenzy.

MR. BELLOWAY took the chair, supported by the principal propagandists of the Pump, who would employ the handle of that useful engine as a lever, with which to hoist clean off the world its whole load of vice, misery, and disease; and who advertise the water-cure as a panacea for all conceivable evil, from infidelity to measles.

The CHAIRMAN congratulated the meeting on the immense success which was attending the mighty Temperance movement, and which would soon produce a magnificent deficit in a rascally revenue, swelled by the atrocious Excise duties imposed and perpetuated by an unprincipled Government that encouraged the consumption of ardent spirits. He concluded an impassioned invective against HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, amid loud cheers, by calling on his hearers to make a solemn resolution not to vote for anybody as Member of Parliament who, amongst other pledges, would not take the pledge of total abstinence.

A Welsh song was then sung, and twice encored. A demand for its third repetition occasioned a tremendous uproar that lasted several minutes; after which,

MR. SCREAMER said, the House of Commons was as bad as the Government, and the House of Lords as bad as the House of Commons, or worse. An election never took place without more or less of that soul-destroying fluid, beer, being drunk; to say nothing of those yet more abominable liquids, gin, rum, brandy, and whisky, with which the vile and treacherous candidates paralysed the intellect and corrupted the morals of a debased and slavish constituency. A young lordling—a whelp of the aristocracy—could not come of age, but his brutal parents, in honour of the occasion, must needs broach barrels of strong ale, generally brewed at the young man's birth, and kept for twenty-one long years, on purpose to acquire the more powerfully intoxicating properties, and thus to make the tenants—he would rather say the Helots—of the inhuman oligarch more disgracefully drunk. What an example, too, these minions of rank set those pampered menials whose

business it was to wait behind their chairs at dinner, and keep replenishing their glasses and those of their pot companions with pernicious champagne! The drunkenness of the lower orders was mainly owing to the pattern afforded them by a boozing peerage and a gentry of sots (*Cheers*).

MR. EARSPLIT said, that alcohol was the principle of evil. It was against that, in particular, that the idle, lazy, worthless set of sensual sinecurists, the clergy, had to contend. What had those clerical drones done? The reverend impostors had done nothing. There ought to be no Temperance societies. The parsons—those hiring shepherds—were bound to have done the work. What was the use of those hypocrites in canonicals preaching against drunkenness? That was mere cant. Why didn't they join the Teetotallers? (*Cheers*). Why, because the wolves in sheep's clothing couldn't give up their glass of "old crusted" after dinner. Let nobody talk to him of moderation. It was much better to get dead drunk every now and then, than take one glass of wine every day. At public dinners the Church was drunk, and a bishop would often respond to the toast. If the mitred swindler did his duty, he would improve the occasion, by denouncing the deadly, the diabolical, the execrable custom of drinking healths altogether. (*Tremendous cheering*.)

MR. STUNNER inveighed furiously against the medical profession for withholding their sanction from the principle of total abstinence, which he imputed to a selfish interest, on their part, in disease and suffering. He understood that these licensed quacks employed, in their practice, wines of iron, aloe, and other medicinal substances, besides a variety of tinctures; which were medicated grog; and he insisted that the administration of such liquid poison amounted to murder.

The Army, the Navy, and the Bar were fiercely assailed by various speakers for not discountenancing the use of fermented liquors, by excluding them from their several messes. A MR. LETHERED also ferociously abused the brewers, the distillers, and the publicans, whom he appeared to confound with the class of persons who, under the Roman empire, were so odious among the Jews.

After another Welsh song, followed by a renewed disturbance, THE CHAIRMAN, having proposed a resolution to the effect, that PRINCE ALBERT should be requested to patronise the Total Abstinence cause by taking the pledge,

MR. PUNCH said, that though not quite a convert to total abstinence, he believed that temperance was a necessary virtue. He would not go so far as to object to everything strong; but there were some strong things he did object to. He objected to strong language and intemperate expressions, which, though among the worst effects of drunkenness, he perceived could be produced without liquor.

This brief remark occasioned a general row, in the midst of which the meeting separated.

THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR AT CREMOENE.



ALL persons agree that the Rock of Gibraltar is not very high. Viewed from Battersea Bridge, it cannot stand higher than eight feet above the surface of the Thames. This is rather curious; for we recollect when we saw the same view at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, the Rock was at least a hundred feet high; so that, in less than four years, Gibraltar has lost more than nine-tenths of its altitude. In another year we suppose it will have disappeared altogether.

The Rock is exceedingly perpendicular; so perpendicular, that none but a cat could possibly scale it. It would be a question, however, if any one but a cat would give himself that trouble, as a vigorous push of the elbow would pitch the entire Rock with the greatest ease into the water. We could not help thinking, as we witnessed the Siege, that it was conducted with a tremendous

waste of gunpowder, when any two scene-shifters could have taken Gibraltar at a moment's notice simply by carrying it off on their shoulders.

The scenery about Gibraltar is exceedingly flat, reminding us extremely of one of the "wings" that shut in the Robber's Cave in the *Miller and his Men*. We looked out for the monkeys that are said to run about the topmost heights of the Rock, but not one did our eye—experienced as it generally is in picking out a monkey—succeed in catching. We immediately inferred all the monkeys had gone to dance on the platform.

The thing that surprised us the most in the Siege was the introduction of steam. We never knew, before we went to Cremorne, that Gibraltar was taken by the aid of steamers. This fact burst upon us, the other evening, with all the brilliancy of a sky-rocket; and, as such, we hand it over to MR. MACAULAY, that he may illumine his historical pages with it.

The names of the steamers engaged in the action were the *Bride*, the *Bridesmaid*, the *Groom*, the *Wedding-Ring*, assisted by the *Parson*, the *Beadle*, and the *Parish Clerk*. There seems to be a strict intimacy between the Naval and the Matrimonial Services on the Thames; and, by way of parenthesis, we humbly hope that the engagements of the one will always terminate as honourably as the engagements of the other!

There was a reserve squadron of the *Citizen Boats* lying off in the offing, with an extra stock of fireworks on board, in case the attendance at the Gardens had been sufficiently large to have called in their assistance. It would be invidious to mention names, but we plainly distinguished the cotton pocket-handkerchief of ADMIRAL JINKS flying proudly from the mizen-mast of the *Grocers*, whilst the brave Admiral himself was standing with the greatest unconcern on the paddle-box, quietly smoking his pipe, as if nothing at all was going on! We remarked to a bystander, "That is exactly like JINKS!"

The action began about 11 o'clock, P.M., by COMMODORE JONES giving the signal to "EASE 'ER." Immediately his flag-ship, the *Bridesmaid*, advanced to the Rock as near as the shallowness of the water would allow it, and discharged such a broadside of squibs as made Battersea Bridge shiver again in every one of its timbers. All the other ships followed, each of them firing, as they passed the Citadel, with the most admirable precision. The firing was fearful, for, to judge of great results by little causes, we knew we had on a white waistcoat at the time, and in less than three minutes it was completely black. The smoke, too, was so intense that we were obliged frequently to close our eyes to the beauty of the scene. We regret we lost, in this way, a great deal of the Siege. The consequence was, we heard a great deal more than we saw. However, if we can trust everything in this world which we hear, the Bombardment must have been one of the fiercest on record, for we have not heard such a noise since the opera of *Florinda*. When we opened our eyes again, a flag was being waved behind the battlements of Gibraltar—an unanimous discharge of sky-rockets leapt up from the port-holes of every ship, as if they wanted to set the sky on fire; we heard a voice (we think it was JONES's) crying "STOP 'ER!"—the Thames turned from red ink to black,—and we were told that the impregnable Rock had surrendered. The Siege was over in about ten minutes, and it was as pretty as fireworks shot right and left, and then left and right, and then both together, could make it; but we registered a vow on the spot, that until cannons, and Roman candles could be taught, like chimneys, and PALMER'S "Compositions," to consume their own smoke, we never would witness another.

We afterwards strolled about the beautiful Gardens of Cremorne, and as we listened to the music, that made us jump in a more agreeable way than the cannon balls, and enjoyed a cigar, whose smoke was much pleasanter in our eyes than the most dazzling *fusillade* of Catharine Wheels, we puffed ourselves into a state of high philosophic enjoyment, and rather startled the company by exclaiming, that "We would not exchange a single one of the Arts of Peace for all the thundering Arts of War!"

"WHICH IS THE BEST WAY OF TESTING A BLADE?"

WE find in our friend, *Notes and Queries*, an article with the above title. They recommend various plans—such as pressing him with all your strength upon an iron block, and knocking him against the fire-grate as hard as you can; and doubling him up by bringing a weight of 400lbs. to bear upon his side, and a multitude of other agreeable tests, which we should be very sorry to apply to any "Blade" of our acquaintance. There are various ways of testing a Blade. You can ask him to stand security at a Loan Office. If he shrinks, he is not a good Blade. The best way, however, is to try him with a good Bill. If the Bill is a very heavy one, and you find that, without much pressing, the Blade gives way quietly, and allows you to make a handle of him by putting his name to the Bill, and moreover takes up the Bill when it becomes due, you may consider it a very fair test indeed, and that your Blade must be a first-rate one for not turning rusty, or snapping, during the experiment. The softer your Blade, the better, of course, he yields to the test. In fact, if your Blade is excessively soft, you may bend him to anything you please, and it becomes difficult to say whether there is any test so severe that you may not safely venture to "try it on" him!

THE CRYSTAL PALACE UN-VISITED.

(After WORDSWORTH.)

By an Honourable and Gallant Member.



PEACE DISABLING WAR.

THROUGH Piccadilly we had been;
The mazy King unravelled;
The hideous mounted Statue seen,
And by the Corner travelled:
And when we came to Albert Gate,
In earnest or in malice,
My comrade cried—"We'll turn aside,
And see the Crystal Palace!"

"Let foolish folk who come to town,
And leave their buying, selling,
There spend their money, 'tis their own,
Each unit pay his shilling!
Let Farmers join the reckless race,
To Free-Trade ruin callous;
But we will down by Wilton Place,
And shun the Crystal Palace!"

"What is it but a shed of glass,
With idiots flocking under?
Outside I happened once to pass,
And thought it no such wonder!"—
Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn,
My friend waxed somewhat jealous,
And whistled when he heard them said
About the Crystal Palace!

"Oh, dull," said I, "the Koh-i-noor,
The greatest humbug going!
The fountains may be bright and pure,
Yet we will leave them flowing.
By Belgrave Square, or through Mayfair,
We'll wander for our solace;
But though so near, we will not turn
Into the Crystal Palace."

"Let those who can afford, partake
The sweets they dearly pay for;
Where ice, unless you're wide awake,
Costs double—ice and wafer;
We will not have it; let it go,
Their lemonade in chalice!
Enough if by repute we know
The viands of the Palace."

"Be all the Show unseen, unknown!
It must, or I shall rue it;
I have a notion of my own,
And why should I undo it?
The pledges of the Session past,
With all my fiery sallies,
Would melt in air, if I went there,
To see the Crystal Palace."

"Some say, when wintry days shall come,
And walking out seems folly,
Yet we are loth to stay at home—
A garden there were jolly.
But I'd have PAXTON, FOX, AND CO.
Suspended on a gallows,
Ere they should keep in Rotten Row
This beastly Crystal Palace!"



THE UNHAPPY CHILD.

WISDOM PREACHING IN THE STREETS.

A FEW years ago it was a frequent spectacle in and about London to see a concourse of persons collected in some open space, listening to the exhortations of a preacher in shabby black, with a rubbish-heap for his pulpit, and the sky for his sounding-board. The Police authorities appear to have suppressed a practice, which probably occasioned fewer conversions than cases of pocket-picking. We may, however, anticipate a revival of sermons *sub Jove*, if there be truth in the statement of the correspondent of a morning contemporary, who says,

"As I was passing along Orchard Street, Portman Square, last (Monday) evening, about nine o'clock, I was surprised to see a great crowd assembled round 'Kell Mell Buildings' and, on inquiry, I found that CARDINAL WISEMAN was preaching from a platform in the open air. The court, through which there is a thoroughfare into Duke Street, was illuminated, and filled with Irish. After waiting some little while, the CARDINAL came into the street, to a carriage, which was waiting for him, attended by boys and men wearing white surplices, and bearing lighted candles, banners, and also an immense crucifix. There were a great many police standing around, but none attempted to interfere with this illegal procession."

Of course the license which is conceded to CARDINAL WISEMAN will not be denied to EBENEZER BROWN. The sincere Jumper has quite as much a right to promulgate his doctrines in the streets as the zealous Romanist. It is not because MR. BROWN is a shoemaker, or indeed a repairer of shoes, that he is to be compelled to "move on," and the CARDINAL permitted to proceed. Should either disobey the mandate to go about his business, the oleaginous collar of EBENEZER is no less and no more sacred from the clutch of the policeman than the what-d'ye-call-it at the poll of NICHOLAS: and British Justice contemplates with equal eye the rusty sables of the former, and the pontificals of the latter (with all his properties to boot) in the station-house.

Toleration for ever!—but let it be universal toleration. In field preaching let there be a fair field, and no favour. If the Romish saints are to have a hearing, let those of the "Latter Day" have the same. Now that the example has been set by CARDINAL WISEMAN, we may expect that the REVEREND BO'S'N SMITH will re-enter on his itinerant mission. The CARDINAL may consider himself to be a commissioned officer of the Ship of PETER: but the Law of England takes no more account of him than it does of the BO'S'N. The wisdom of anybody has as much right to cry in the streets as the wisdom of WISEMAN.

It's an ill Fire that burns good to Nobody.

AN accident by fire has just deprived France of a quantity of that flimsy rag in which she centres much of her glory. The flags taken in battle, and hung up at the Invalides, were the other day nearly all reduced to tinder. We hope the circumstance may turn to the profit of our neighbours, who might have a great deal more to be proud of than their military trophies; and we trust it will now occur to them that in connecting their ambition with an old flag, they place it at a very low standard.

THE STABLE MIND.



“DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

“I AM ‘The Wild Horse of the Pampas’—at least I am the unhappy quadruped that goes by that name; and any one, to see the way I am pulled and hauled about of an evening, would think I was the most vicious, unruly beast that ever was crossed. Now, it really is not so—I am perfectly quiet, and although, what with ‘Busses, and one thing and the other, I have seen some work, perhaps, I am a very good average animal, and have no objection to amuse a public (particularly a British Public) by any cleverness I possess. I jump very well, and, as you may recollect, I take a very good gate as a finish, in as neat a manner as some hunters, I have seen, with very good characters. But, however, what I more particularly write to you for, is this:—every time I complete a rapid act, and am really more ready for five bars rest than anything else, I am seized by a gigantic Frenchman, in trousers, too, (alas! where are the dear old top-boots I recollect in poor Ducrow’s time?) who almost pulls my head off; and I really believe would actually do so, if my rider did not tug as vigorously in a contrary direction—and this because I am supposed to be raving mad, and that nothing but the most violent opposition prevents me from leaping out of the circle and galloping about the pit. No one, I am sure, can feel for a dumb animal more than you, *Mr. Punch*; and I wish you, by a word or two, to abate, if possible, the terrible pulling and hauling I have alluded to. Mind, I don’t object to the galloping and jumping—I rather like it—and I may say that it is a pleasure to be backed by a fellow with so much pluck and nerve as *MR. EATON STONE*.”

“I am, Dear *Mr. Punch*,

“Your very sagacious servant,

“THE WILD HORSE OF THE PAMPAS.”

THE FIERY CROSS!

See “*The Lady of the Lake*.”

’Twas all prepared; and from the flock
An oaf, the biggest of the stock,
The needful articles conveyed,
For any row a ready blade.
The scowling Priest, with grin and glare,
Sedition’s Rood did next prepare;
A halter’s length in measure due;
The shaft a torch; the limbs were two:
The Cross thus form’d he shook on high,
With felon hand, and evil eye,
And fierce and frenzied feelings woke
In imprecations whilst he spoke:—

“Woe to the spalpeen who shall view
This symbol of our native stew,
And not resolve that he will do
Whate’er he can a storm to brew,
For England’s overthrow!

Deserter of his Prelates’ trust,
He ne’er shall profit by our dust;
But, from each shrine and relic thrust,
The faithful’s execration just
Shall doom the wretch to woe.”
He paused:—the word his vassals took,
With grinning teeth and wolfish look;
On high their dingy fists they shook,
Their shirtless bosoms wildly strook;
And first they mumbled low,
And then, applauding his discourse,
Their ill blood beating at its source,
They roared and bawled with all their force,
And yelled and screamed, till they were
hoarse,
“Woe to the devil, woe!”
Hush’d was the scream, and still’d the yell;
The Monk resumed his mumbled spell;

Nasal and low his voice became
The while he tipp’d the Cross with flame;
And the few words that reach’d the air,
Although some saintly names were there,
Had more of balderdash than prayer.

But when he brandish’d o’er the crowd
Its blazing points, he cried aloud,
“Woe to the thief who turns his rear,
When summoned by this symbol here;
For, as its points these Congreves sear—
I say no more—the faithful near
Full well my meaning know.

Ye understand the hint of flame,
I’ll say no more about that same;
And lads and lasses on his name
Shall spit and trample, and cry shame
Upon our Pontiff’s foe!”
Then rang the tongues of females, till
It seemed the clacking of a mill,
Everyone scolding with a will;
And children, you’d have thought them ill,
Did squeak and squall also;
Answering, what to repeat we dread,
And likewise “Punch the sinner’s head;
A couch of nettles be his bed;
And ‘sorrow take him, too,’ they said;
“Bad luck to him, and woe!”

A sharp and noisy echo gave
The Pope’s Brass Band of fool and knave,
Who for a while have ceased to rave
Mid outcries of “Oh, oh!”

Then paused the holy man anew,
And doubly hard he puff’d and blew,
While, with swollen cheeks and shaky hand,
And trembling so he scarce could stand,
And eyes that started from his head,
Worse than he had already said
He strove to say, against the blade
Sedition’s call who disobeyed;
And thus again his voice was heard,
In language perfectly absurd:—
“Now bear this Cross, boys, in your van,
And pass it on from man to man.
Blind be the ear that fails to heed!
Deaf be the foot that shuns to speed!
Confusion seize the speechless eyes!
Scorn make the heartless soul its prize!
Drive the black traitor through the earth!
Scout the pale coward from each hearth;
And be a dwelling him denied,
Driven in exile to reside!
As dies in gloom this brilliant spark,
So live his name in odium dark!”
He ceased; and all his hearers then
With one accord exclaim’d “Amen!”

Jeremiah, You needn’t blow the Fire.

AMONG the recent inventions, is a ventilating stove, intended, we suppose, to enable a fire to blow itself. This may be a convenient arrangement, though it lays the inventor open to the imputation of blowing hot and cold at the same time. We presume the ventilation is by a downward draft; for it would be awkward to have a stove that would blow up. Perhaps, after all, the object is to save the expense of advertisements, by enabling the ventilating stove to puff itself.

Legal Intelligence.

MR. DUNUP has lately provincialised with the Insolvent Court, and has casually joined the Circuit; for he begins to feel that his proper position is as a member of the Insolvent Bar. It is doubtful whether he will join the Bar-table, or remain as usual in a mess of his own. MR. DUNUP will not avail himself of railway communication, but will proceed on foot to the places where a Court is held, as he prides himself on limiting his attention to that part of his profession which is entirely within his own walk.

BLACK LETTERS ON A TABLET!

To Mr. Punch.



PUNCH, in the itinerant drama, proves, my dear Sir, more than a match for the Prince of Darkness; yet—with pain I observe it—the Foul Fiend occasionally deceives even yourself. There is a Catholic newspaper, called the *Tablet*, and published at Dublin, conducted in a spirit of singular meekness, charity, and loyalty. It is, indeed, our leading newspaper; and its columns, accordingly, are pervaded by those sentiments of moderation, kindness, brotherly love, and respect for Law and Government, by which our Church is contradistinguished from all other denominations of Christians—if any other persons can be called Christians but ourselves.

Now, my very dear Sir, you occasionally quote, as from this religious Catholic organ, language and expressions the most atrocious and abominable; and, as parties are commonly judged of by the tone of their journals,

these quotations are calculated to throw extreme odium on our sacred cause.

I know that your extracts from the *Tablet* are true for you. I am quite aware that you copy fairly the appearances of type; but I must inform you that these appearances are merely diabolical illusions: such as in older and better times were quite familiar, and among the Scotch were designated by the term 'glamour.' They can now, as the same sort of phantasms could then, be dissipated in an instant by being sprinkled with holy water: you may try this experiment any day; but, in order that it may succeed, it is necessary that you should first believe in holy water. A paragraph in the *Tablet*—seemingly the expression of the most currish rancour, the most frantic hatred, the most venomous malice—by the slightest spargefaction with the consecrated protoxide of hydrogen—becomes in an instant (to the believer in that sanctified fluid) a gush of the warmest benevolence, an emanation of the heavenliest love.

Here, for example, is a specimen of the celestial manna of the *Tablet*—transformed by demoniacal agency into fellest acouite; which baneful plant, by the way, Protestant malignity calls monkshood. It appears—to eyes that have not been opened by holy water—in the *Tablet* of August 16th, under the head of 'Fifth Letter of the REV. DR. CAHILL to the People of Ireland.' And thus runs the Devil's perversion of the epistle of the holy DR. CAHILL:—

"But, fellow-countrymen, England shall not have everything her own way. We are now forming a society, such as never has been seen in Ireland before. It will be a society fairly embodying the mind, and the heart, and the service, of every man, woman, and child, in these kingdoms; and we shall live and die in defence of the decision of this new, and glorious, and (with the blessing of God) triumphant association. Depend upon it that England has sapped her own foundations; depend upon me that France is not settled, and that Europe owes England a grudge, which never will or can be forgiven. Be convinced that, if FRANCE ALBERT originated one hundred Exhibitions, and that the London Corporation died, and slept, and lived with the French functionaries every day and night for seven years,—be convinced that after all this display of artful civilities, there is not one Frenchman, or one Frenchwoman, or one French child, who would not dance with frantic joy at the glorious idea of having an opportunity before they die of burying their eager swords, and plunging the crimsoned French steel into the inmost heart of every man bearing the hated name of Englishman. Therefore keep up your courage, and wait your opportunity in a strictly legal attitude, and England will be very soon in your power. We shall now demand perfect equality from our oppressors. We shall demand the complete annihilation of the temporalities of the Protestant Church; and I tell you that we shall have all England at our back. We shall have the moral support of all Europe, and the sympathy of the civilised world. We are now commencing a struggle which shall end either in our entire emancipation, or in a conflict which shall shake Great Britain to her centre."

The italics, merely, in the above, are mine; the language is the devil's own. Here you have, apparently put forth in the chief Catholic newspaper, ostensibly with the authority of a Catholic priest, a manifest suggestion of desertion and treason to our Catholic troops; and not only that, but an evident revelling in the idea of English bloodshed, wherein, with half an enlightened eye, may be detected the workings of the diabolical mind. What must the poor Protestant, whose feelings of natural indignation have not been mortified by the influence of the only true Church, say, on reading this devil's stuff? What! but that the only answer which it deserves, is such as may be given by twelve men

in a jury-box, and a judge on the bench! The poor natural Protestant would be wrong, of course. Instead of resenting the fiendish ferocity of the pretended priest CAHILL, he ought to weep over it, and pray for the conversion of the supposed savage. But, alas! it is only Catholics who behave in this angelic manner under similar circumstances. Then, how truly Satanic, to palm off upon society, as the writing of a clergyman of our Holy Church, the following intermixture of falsehoods and devil's blessings, which I also extract from the appearances of DR. CAHILL's fifth letter in the *Tablet*:—

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL has appointed a festival, to be held every year on the 4th of November, to burn the blessed Virgin, and to spit on the Cross; and the British Commons (long life to them), and the British Lords (glory to them), and the illustrious QUEEN OF ENGLAND (may God bless her), have, with one voice, decided that all the Catholic Ladies of Great Britain and Ireland are prostitutes (this is the word), and that their children's children are bastards by the laws of England!"

"Lying beast!" exclaims indignant Protestantism. 'Malicious hound! Blasphemous, detestable traitor! And this is the language of your Catholic priest, is it, as expressed in your great Catholic organ?'

I have simply to reply, my very dear Sir, that the only genuine portions of the foregoing paragraph are the benedictions it contains, with which the rest of the REV. DR. CAHILL's real letter is quite in keeping. The demon has transfigured that gentleman's phrases into semblances of evil, as he metamorphosed himself once into a form of loveliness when he appeared in the desert to ST. ANTONY. As to the real CAHILL, the original SIMON PURE, so mild a pastor is that holy man, that butter literally will not melt in his mouth—a fact which has been proved by the evidence of seven millions of witnesses; to which I may add the humble testimony, my very dear Sir, of

Your faithful Servant,

"VERAX."

"P.S. The Tempter, under the mask of DR. CAHILL, writes nonsense as well as wickedness. Speaking of England, he says—

"She has added fifty-two millions of money to the field of her commerce, filched and extracted from the weakness of her neighbours; and she has been enabled, at the same time, to strike a deadly blow at the Catholic Church, which has disabled her for the moment."

"The Evil One clearly made this last assertion with a view to inflame English prejudice against Bulls."

THREE MONTHS AT SEA WITH A PIPER!!!

WE saw in the *Times* (August 6th) an advertisement from a strange individual, describing himself as "a Piper," and, amongst other recommendations, saying, that he was perfectly ready for

AN ENGAGEMENT, to go to the Shooting with any Gentleman, or would go to sea as Piper on board any of HER MAJESTY'S vessels, and would make himself generally useful.

Amongst "the pleasures of travelling," we doubt if a Scotch Piper was ever before included as one of the requisites. We would as soon travel with a German Brass-band continually at our heels, or take the monster Italian Organ, on four wheels, as a travelling-companion. Besides, wouldn't "the Piper" be a little in the way of the shooting? Instead of helping to bring down the game, wouldn't he only frighten it away? A bird might stand fire, but we doubt if the boldest specimen of the whole feathery tribe could stand the Bagpipes! But, if a plan should be wanted for driving all the game out of England, in the same way that ST. PATRICK drove the reptiles out of Ireland, we beg to recommend the above proposal of "the Piper" as the one best adapted for that object. Let him only walk through England, with his instrument in full blow, and all the poulterers might as well shut up shop, for not another head of game will they ever be able to sell after the experiment! We should see the poor distracted birds flying, in large clouds, out of England, never, never, never to come back again! As for the second half of the offer, we cannot conceive any individual insane enough to shut himself up in the same yacht with a Piper! Depend upon it, if he was not already stark staring mad at the time of sailing, that he could not help, before he had been three months at sea, coming home in a hopeless state of incurable lunacy. As for ourselves, we would refuse to sail in any vessel that had the Bagpipes on board. The knowledge of having such an instrument of torture in the same vessel with us would produce in our breast such a feeling of sea-sickness as would be the death of us in less than one week!—which would not be, we are afraid, the pleasantest way, for either party, of "Paying the Piper."

The Chinaman and his Wives.

CHUNG-ATTAI, and his brace of wives—his two better halves—have been introduced to the QUEEN and the PRINCE at Osborne. An illustrious lady was heard to remark that for one husband to have a couple of wives, seemed an odd way of matching China; very like giving one cup to two saucers.

THE WINTER GARDEN.

ATR.—"Cupid's Garden" (Rustic Melody).



AS down the Winter Garden in
fancy I did go,
I met a gallant COLONEL that
most of you must know;
He wore a magnifier, and
held it to his eye,
And at the Ingy shrubs and
trees continually did spy,
Continually did spy.

I presently accosted him,
and gently thus did say,
"Dost thee approve of this
here plan? Come, tell me
now, I pray."
"I do approve of this here
plan, I candidly declare,
And I hope that MR.
PAXTON may still the
laurels wear,
May still the laurels wear."

"Excuse me, gallant COLONEL; there's no offence design'd:
I think as how I've heard that you warn't always of this mind."
"You speak the words of truth, which I freely will allow;
But my opinion's alter'd, and I feel quite different now,
I feel quite different now."

"What chang-ed your opinion, might I beg you for to state?"
"Oh! I'm open to conviction; though 'tis sometimes rather late;
But there is no resisting this fair and lovely view
Of plants from Madagascar, and Chayny, and Peru,
And Chayny, and Peru."

"I pray you, gallant COLONEL, to walk along with me
About the Winter Garden, its wonders for to see,
All in among the spice-trees, and scented gums and balms,
And the ferns of foreign climates, and the date-trees, and the palms,
The date-trees, and the palms."

"Look, here is the banana a-bearing of its fruit,
And here you've got the plantain, and the cocoa-nut to boot;
The coffee-plant in berry you also here may see,
And likewise the prickly-pear and the Ingy-rubber-tree,
The Ingy-rubber-tree."

"And here's the splendid orchises, so beautiful and rare,
That grows on trees, and only lives on water and on air;
And flowers, like moths and butterflies, and insects that appear,
And plants, with leaves like pitchers, that would hold a pint of beer,
Would hold a pint of beer."

"And here we have the vargint flower, which, if attention's giv,
Will be found to have inside it a figure like a dove;
There you observe the fly-catcher, whereon there grows a trap,
Which, if a fly gets into it, will nab him with a snap,
Will nab him with a snap."

"The grand Victoria Regia here before us you behold,
And which I think you'll own comes up to all that you've been told;
And there you see the children, and the maidens sweet and fair,
That in the Winter Garden have come to take the air,
Have come to take the air."

"Now, ben't this, gallant COLONEL, a blessing to the Town?
And yet 'tis said they meant to pull the Crystal Palace down."
"Ah! then I should have triumph'd—but here I should not be;
And HER MAJESTY'S Commissioners would have been as wise as me,
Have been as wise as me."

MAN AND WOMAN TRAPS SET HERE.

THAT is, at a certain Matrimonial Registration Office, in Chancery Lane; where a philanthropist—for only the price of five shillings for "registration," guarantees to make "parties" happy who are "strangers to each other." MR. CALCRAFT, the hangman, always delicately alludes to the condemned as "the party;" the Hymen of Chancery Lane is no less scrupulous in his office; albeit of the two functions the latter might be even more disastrous to those who fell into the hands of the match-maker.

However, at the "Matrimonial Alliance Office"—(it might have been the Hand-in-Hand)—everybody may be matched, "from the tradesman

to the Peer;" good tradesmen's wives, and unexceptionable peers' daughters always on hand in every variety.

Felicity is guaranteed "on the principle of inviolable secrecy;" we will vouch for it, neither party ever dreaming of their happiness. There is, moreover, this advantage: "applicants may sign by initial or motto;" the bliss being more intense if obtained anonymously!

"None but respectable parties can be treated with."

Such is the declaration of the "Secretary," whose bill is before us. With this intimation, we beg to hand the matter over to the attention of that very respectable body—the "parties" of the new police. Perhaps Inspector A. will favour the Secretary with *his* initial; and with it, his motto—"safe bind, safe find."

AWFUL FIRE AT DUBLIN.

(From our own Reporter.)

ON Tuesday morning, August 19th, an extensive fire broke out in Dublin; and, though happily unattended with loss of life, there are too good grounds for apprehending that it will be ultimately found to have done considerable damage to property, as the real victims of its ravages will be the producers of wealth; that is to say, the industrious classes. For some days, suspicious-looking columns of smoke had been observed to issue from the office of the *Tablet* newspaper; and a smell of fire had been distinctly perceptible in various quarters of the city, especially in and about the Roman Catholic Chapels; but on Tuesday, at 9 A.M., the odour became general, and by 11, flames were seen ascending in several directions. A Protestant placard was in a few moments reduced to ashes, and a shop-front, of the same persuasion, shared a similar fate. For a short time the flames were suppressed by the praiseworthy efforts of the Police; but, between 11 and 12 o'clock, they again burst forth in the Rotunda, which, being filled with the most inflammable materials, rendered a conflagration unavoidable.

Under the names of the Most Reverend DR. CULLEN, calling himself ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH, DR. M'HALE, also calling himself ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM, and other pretended Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, the spacious edifice contained a vast collection of those prelates whose vestments are so extensively employed as combustibles among our junior population on the Fifth of November. A great number of lay figures, inclusive of those of MESSRS. REYNOLDS and KEOGH, M.P., were likewise collected together, and from their known facility of ignition, the greatest danger was apprehended. The gilded chair of the so-called ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH was speedily in a blaze; the fire appearing to emanate from the lips of his nominal Grace. In a few moments several Romanist ecclesiastics and Members of Parliament were in flames; and the devouring element then seized on DR. M'HALE, rendering him almost instantaneously incandescent. Several other notorious individuals present afterwards kindled in succession; MR. G. MOORE, M.P. for Mayo, flaring up with terrific vehemence, and the whole assembly were soon involved in a lurid glare, and emitted dense volumes of smoke.

At the outset of the fire, *Mr. Punch* was sent for; and with the National Fire Brigade, of which he is the head, attended with his usual promptitude, and lost no time in setting his engine to play upon the flames. By the exertions of *Mr. Punch*, the fire was in some measure got under, but not until considerable mischief had been done: besides which, it is rumoured that some of the parties involved will be found to have severely burnt their fingers. The perils of the conflagration were much enhanced by certain titular prelates pouring oil upon ardent spirits, of which there was a large stock in the building. Although the fire has been partially subdued, there is some reason to apprehend its spreading, and the engine of *Mr. Punch* will continue to play on the blazing ruins. The principal sufferers were insured in the Irish Assurance Office. There is every reason to believe that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

ONE FOOL MAKES MANY.

WE wonder why it is that no equestrian entertainment seems to be complete without an ascent on an inclined plane by somebody on a revolving ball. Whoever can do this, may be said to have the ball at his feet; for he is sure of an engagement just now when the town is full of horsemanship, and this piece of perilous assmanship is invariably added to the programme. We should imagine the public have had enough of this entertainment, having been bored over and over again by the same sort of thing. We almost wonder it is still attractive, for as the attraction is in the danger, and it does not seem to be dangerous, since nobody has yet broken his neck, and the thing is being done some thirty or forty times a week in different parts of London, we are surprised people go on paying their money on the chance of a neck being broken.

**THE LONDON PONTS
ASINORUM.**

Our bridges used to be one of the prides of our Metropolis, but they are now, alas! becoming our disgrace. We have no right to quarrel with the bridge that carries us safely over, but we feel we have a right to quarrel with Westminster and Blackfriars, for their carrying us safely over has long been a matter of doubt. The bridges may be all very well in the abstract, but they are so shaky in the concrete, that if we trust ourselves to the premises, we may have to lament a premature conclusion. The fact is, that it won't do to let a bridge rest upon its own merits alone; for, if it does, it is sure sooner or later to give way.

The Cry is still They Can't Come.

THE New Road has taken the complaint of so many of the London streets and thoroughfares, and a general breaking-up of the system has been the result. The fact is, that in the parish of St. Pancras, the *Wood Demon* has been at work. It is all very well to quote the maxim, that "Where there's a will, there's a way," but the traveller who has a will to go from Euston Square to King's Cross will find there is no way at all.



MR. BRIGGS GROUSE SHOOTING.

11 A.M. MR. BRIGGS BEGINS TO SHOW SYMPTOMS OF DISTRESS. HE FINDS HIS "NATIVE HEATH" A VERY DIFFERENT THING TO HIS NATIVE FLAG STONES.

WIT IN ERMINE.

It has been said that a little wit goes a great way at the Bar, and, of course, on the Bench a little wit ought to go further still. We are happy to assist in making the following little bit of wit go very far indeed, by spreading it all over the world—the natural consequence of our printing it.

One of the Judges—we will not name him, so that the laurel may alight where public opinion would bestow it—on hearing that BARON PLATT complained of the absence of the Javelin-men, with their pikes, in one of the Assize towns, is said to have exclaimed, "Well, I don't see how Brother PLATT can complain of the absence of the Javelins, for he is clearly very much piqued."

A Goat on the Stage.

THE Liverpool critics make a great ado, because—a few nights since—a venerable he-goat appeared during *Julius Caesar*, on the Liverpool stage. Do our Liverpool brethren forget that a goat was the primitive classic prize for tragedy? In which case, there can be no doubt that the goat only appeared on the Liverpool boards to give some tragedian a chance of carrying him off.



12 A.M. TOTAL PROSTRATION OF MR. BRIGGS.



THE FIERY CROSS!

PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

A VISIT TO DRURY LANE.

If a modern THOMSON were to wish to write another poem on the "Seasons," he would find novelty—at least of subject—in the Seasons of Drury Lane. Some people are said to live a whole life in an hour, and Drury Lane, most certainly, lives through several seasons in a single year. It generally begins about October, as the "Home of the Drama," and finishes, about August, as the "Stable of Atar Gull." It starts with a "Popular Tragedian" in Autumn, and comes to the "Acknowledged Man-Monkey" before the Summer is at an end. The worst of it is, that when it is the "Home of the Drama," there are scarcely any callers, except a few renters, who drop their complimentary cards at the door, while the horse, "Atar Gull," can boast a nightly crowd of visitors. The "Popular Tragedian" gets plenty of empty—ruinously empty—praise; but the "Acknowledged Man-Monkey" receives substantial proofs of acknowledgment at the hands of nightly crowds.

We will not ask why it is? but so it is; and, declining to ask the question, whether it is caused by the dinner hour, the expense of keeping the house dusted, the Italian Operas, the want of actors, the high salaries, the dearth of pieces, or any other of the hundred-and-fifty reasons usually assigned for the ruin of the large theatres,—we pass on to the fact, that Drury Lane answers very well for nearly everything but the purpose to which it is conventionally assigned.

We paid a visit a few evenings ago, and entered a crowded house, just as the "Acknowledged Man-Monkey" was going through his "delineations of the monkey tribe." As a zoological study, we should say the "delineations" would be rather deceptive, and the student of the habits of monkey life must not trust too implicitly to the "Acknowledged Man-Monkey"—is the acknowledgment in writing?—at Drury Lane. Afterwards, we found the "Brothers ELLIOTT," with their "Drawing-room Entertainments," which caused us to wonder where the Drawing-room may be in which such entertainments could be conveniently carried on. The "Brothers" throw themselves, and each other, about in a manner that would be fatal to any of those little objects of knick-knackery to be found in drawing-rooms of even the humblest pretension. We cannot imagine ourselves sitting in a *salon*, and being bounded in upon by three youths in spangles—and scarcely anything else—one of whom throws himself down on his back on the hearth-rug, while another jumps on to the hands of his recumbent brother, and is pitched, head-over-heels, into the middle of the room.

The foreigners who visit Drury Lane will, we trust, not go away with the idea that our drawing-rooms are the scene of such proceedings; and we must particularly warn them against the idea that at HER MAJESTY'S Drawing-room there are any entertainments of the kind.

There never was so much horse-riding in the Metropolis as at the present moment. London might easily be divided, like Yorkshire, into its North and West Riding. Drury Lane might rank as the capital of the former; whilst for the latter, Cremorne, the Hippodrome, and Astley's might each claim the same epithet in its own peculiar circle.

At Drury Lane, the Riding takes a higher bound than we have ever witnessed in a similar arena. Their ambition seems to be of the most vaulting description; the great merit of which, often as it leaps, until counting becomes a bore, is that it never "o'erleaps itself." There is a grand game, called "Battoute Leaping," in which the art of leaping is carried to the very greatest height. "One fellow leapt so tarnation high," the American clown informed us, "that though he went up quite a boy—in the spring-time of his existence—he never came down till he was an old man, with a family of ten children." The aeronauts must be rather afraid of this new Yankee sect of Jumpers; for they leap up as high as sky-rockets, and then whiz round and round in the air like so many Catharine-wheels. If one of them came in collision with a balloon, the *bouleversement* might not be exactly pleasant.

The Clowns belong to the talkative genus of clowns; but then it must be recollected they spring from an American race, which may account somewhat for their loquacity. If anything, they talk too much. "I talk so fast," said one of them, "that it takes Echo six months before it can give me an answer—and that's a fact. I talk so tarnation quick that no steam-engine can follow me; and in Kentucky, nineteen old women, at a tea-party, died on the spot of vexation, because they couldn't put in a single word, and if that isn't the truth I'm blessed if my wife mayn't run away, and never come back again." But still they can be as nimble with their feet as with their tongues. The funny way in which one of them danced a quadrille all by himself, was proof of this facility. The difference between the Ancient and Modern Quadrille, was given with a degree of point which we have rarely noticed in the toe of a Clown before, excepting, perhaps, the present wearer of GRIMALDI'S mantle (and very hot it must be to wear in this weather), MR. FLEXMORE.

The Drury Lane play-bill gives the names of the horses and the riders, but the names of the Clowns are studiously buried in the deepest sawdust. We think this looks a little like jealousy. The same mystery is preserved with the Master of the Ring. If the same exclusive spirit had been acted upon in English circles, the world would have lost the renown of a WIDDICOMB. We could not help feeling how superior that great Master was to all other Masters of the Ring. For instance, the American Master, in point of sprightliness and juvenility, lags at least a thousand years behind him. WIDDICOMB is decidedly the first man of his age; and, when we say that, we mean that he is, perhaps, the oldest man of the present day, and, for his age, decidedly looks the youngest.

Au reste (as JENKINS would say), the Drury Lane Company boasts of the same number of wonderful horses as any of its wonderful rivals. There are horses who fire off pistols; who dig up hidden purses; pick up handkerchiefs and hand them, on their hind legs, to their legitimate owners; who grind a hurdy-gurdy ("that's a fact," as the Clown would say), and dance the *Golitska* or the *Cachucha*, or any dance you please. They jump through hoops, and over bars and scarfs, and run along the edge of the barrier of the Circus. In short, the wonderful creatures do everything but speak. We imagine, however, that this accomplishment, even, they will soon be tutored to acquire, and that before long we shall hear *Hamlet* played by an highly-trained stud of horses, and we will be bound that they would play it quite as well as any company which has been at Drury Lane, since MACCREADY left it. In the meantime, until the horses learn to speak, the performances are well worth going to see, for many of them are so clever that they speak for themselves.

A FAMILY PARTY.

THE *Times*, of the 18th instant, had one of the oddest advertisements we have seen for many a day; an advertisement summoning all people of the name of JENNINGS to a public meeting. It seems that some property has been left by a JENNINGS, and the question is, which JENNINGS is to have it? The entire body, consequently, are to meet together, with their pedigrees, to determine the matter. *Hamlet* talks of his being "a little more than kin and less than kind;" the passage is obscure, but we think the forthcoming meeting likely to illustrate it. Considering the party and the object, we expect there will be more people there than are likely to be "kin," and something considerably less than kindness existent among them.

How is business to be managed? MR. JENNINGS must take the chair, and MR. JENNINGS must move the first resolution, and MR. JENNINGS must rise to move an amendment, and MR. JENNINGS must appeal to all the JENNINGS to be heard against MR. JENNINGS in the chair, who insists on order. If two gentlemen rise to speak together, who is to settle which is to have the hearing? Will the partisans of both cry out, "JENNINGS! JENNINGS!" How can any speaker designate the last speaker with clearness? He cannot begin, "Gentlemen, MR. JENNINGS has told you"—there will be a cry from everybody present, "No, I didn't!" As for personality, that will luckily be nearly impossible; it will be impracticable to insult a MR. JENNINGS in the presence of so many. Exchanging cards will be of no use in this case. Out of the dozens of JENNINGS on every variety of pasteboard, how pick out your JENNINGS? how select the man you desire to call to account? The thing is awful to contemplate! Our Christian names are not various enough to meet the difficulty; there must be dozens of TOMS, and JACKS, and HARRYS, among the multitude!

They are called ostensibly as relatives, these JENNINGSSES. But who does not see that it will be the interest of everybody to repudiate his neighbour? Call one your first cousin, and you admit the possibility of his being from an elder brother, and so nearer the common ancestor. No. Everybody will insist that he is the only genuine JENNINGS; that, like a bottle of the real KING OF OUDE'S sauce, he alone has the genuine name of the producer. There will be a fine overhauling of the pedigrees, we may be sure. "That's my great-grandfather, Sir!"—"No, Sir, mine!" Parish registers will be at a premium, and tombstones precious stones, indeed, on the occasion. Many a JENNINGS, we fancy, will feel inclined to hang himself on the genealogical tree before the business is over.

One consolation, at least, suggests itself—that the bearers of the name of SMITH have not yet been summoned. No, no! The darkest malignity only could suggest a step like that. If *that* comes off, why, we must shut our shops, call out our specials, and prepare for the worst.

The Railway (no) Dividends.

At the recent meeting of the Eastern Counties, it was announced that there would be a dividend of £0 0s. 0d. This really looks as if the dividends were getting quite round.

126524



REMARKABLE CROCODILE FOUND IN IRELAND.

LITERARY ECLIPSE.

WE hope the printers will take the precaution to damp, with additional moisture, the sheets on which our present number is printed, as we are about to introduce a piece of brilliancy from a Sunderland paper, which is really enough to burn everything else completely out. The writer, wishing to communicate the fact that the sun set on a certain day, bursts forth into the following literary blaze. Our Sunderland contemporary can scarcely be safe with such a fiery genius on the premises, which we trust are amply insured. We feel it a sort of duty to throw cold water upon this luminary, and put him out. Now, reader, take care. If you have got a pair of green spectacles, put them on before you read the following, or get a piece of smoked glass. Are you ready? Now, then, let the Sunderland luminary fire away:—

"The rest of the evening, and especially before sunset, the heavens presented the most glorious aspect we ever remember to have witnessed. The blue expanse beyond, seemed more pure, stainless, and incorruptible, than ever feasted our visual orbs before. Interspersed, as it was, with calm companies of gold-fringed, curling cloudlets, that reposed in the most tranquil and holy rest on the breast of this stainless canopy; and the floods of golden light that streamed with tremulous, wavy motions from the mighty orb, as 'he stood trembling at the gates of the west,' *electro-plating* with burnished gold every hill and tree, every house and spire; and, as he rolled down among the mountains of clouds that seemed to gather there to form a magnificent temple for his reception, and which his setting beams invested with such brilliant tints and golden effulgence, we thought that this was surely a scene enough to make any one, not absolutely irrational, to feel a struggling of emotions too sweet, and too big for any other utterance than that of silent worship."

We have only one suggestion to make about the author of this paragraph. Let him be placed in the centre of his own parish, where his brilliancy would save all the expense of gas or oil, and realise the most sanguine idea of what might be done with the electric light.

THE POTATO IN IRELAND.

(For the Kilkenny Cat.)



have met with sympathy from Turkey—with consolation from the land of the Great Mogul. The Hindoo would have stinted himself in his food of rice to have stretched forth a helping hand across the sea to Ireland; the Esquimaux would have wept like a brother. All nations of all corners of the earth would have sympathised with stricken Ireland,—whilst the callous, brutal, and calculating Saxon would have gorged himself with the beef of Ireland's sons. We are saved from this insult, for the potato is sound—sound as the hearts of Ireland's patriots, beating as they do with brotherhood and peace.

ENTERING FOR THE PLATE.—A burglary was committed the other day at the Bridewell in the City, and two or three of the constables were robbed. The burglars carried off a quantity of plate, and the only wonder is, that as they were in the humour to carry off all the spoons, they should have left any of the constables behind.

YANKEE DOODLE AT COWES.

See the Newspaper Paragraphs about the Yacht "America."

YANKEE DOODLE came to Cowes,
With temper rather skittish,
Slick and trim from stern to bows,
And bound to wop the British.
LORD A.'s craft is rather smart;
LORD B.'s cutter's handy;
"Stop till you see our boat start,"
Says YANKEE DOODLE dandy.
"O, YANKEE DOODLE, doo,
She's the boat to win, Sir;
When it only blows a few,
Crikey, how she grins, Sir!"

"YANKEE DOODLE's run is clean
As a Repudiator's—
She walks through the eternal green
As he does from his haters.
Her masts point upwards to the skies,
Like the States' aspiration,
While down below pig ballast lies,
To represent the nation!

O, YANKEE DOODLE, doo,
You'll wish the clipper farther;
She walks as fast as does the light
From every Yankee star there."

"YANKEE DOODLE's pennant waves,
Flapping like a whip, Sir;
Won't your Swells look black as slaves?
Won't it make 'em ski, Sir?
Though I feel a bit afraid
That you'll think us vaunting,
I can't help saying, when you've weighed,
You're likely to be wanting!
O YANKEE DOODLE, doo—
She's the boat to wop you;
You're too fast by half, at Cowes;
We're the boys to stop you!"

A Cardinal Would-be.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Morning Advertiser* asks—

"Would you believe that, when WISEMAN dines out, he appears in his church dress and preceded by MONS. SEARLE, bearing two tapers with a velvet cushion, on which is the Cardinal's hat! Would not WISEMAN be a WOLSEY if he could?"

If he could, a real WOLSEY. As he can't,—a Linsey-Wolsey.

ARTICLES LOST AND FOUND IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

AMONG the articles lost and found in the Crystal Palace, there have been two that would form the greatest curiosity in the whole Exhibition, could they be embodied in the collection; we allude to the time lost by the various clocks, and the level found by the water in the numerous fountains.

THE CHINESE LADY'S SONG.

A CHINESE lady of rank has been singing before HER MAJESTY at Osborne. We have been favoured with a copy of the song, which we beg to say, will be simultaneously published in China, and here, there, and everywhere, in order to secure the copy-right.

Song of the Chinese Lady.

Ohe o metoth ete asho pwit hme.
Andb nya po undo fthebe st.
Twi lpr oveam ostex celle ntt ea.
Itsq ua lit yal iwi lla tte st.

Tiso nlyf oursh illi ngsapo und.
Soc omet othet eama rtan dtry.
Nob ettere anel sewh ereb efou nd.
Ohs ayth eny ou'rer ead ytob ey.

HERALDIC FRAGMENTS.



F singular heraldic objects, there is one notably so; we mean a *lymphad*—which is the heraldic name for a ship. One of these looks as fit for sailing as if it had been built by a modern Admiralty. The DUKES OF ARGYLE bear a “lymphad with sails thirled up,” in the second and third quarters of their shield, as representatives of the Lords of Lorn—to indicate, we suppose, that they rowed in the same boat with those old potentates. We confess that we should be sorry to embark our fortunes in a lymphad anywhere farther down the river than Greenwich—even although it displayed flags and pennants flying, *gules*, as pretentiously as it does in the above case. And we are afraid, though with every disposition to exclaim, “Row, brothers, row,” to any worthy master of a lymphad extant, that these vessels will be symbolically, as they have been literally, superannuated by the superior powers of modern steam-vessels.

We invited our readers last week to certain Honourable Ordinaries. We pointed out the Chief, the Pale, the Chevron. The Fess is not so susceptible of a festive style of treat-

ment as other heraldic objects. It is, however, rather an important one—it encloses a third of the shield horizontally across the centre. Antiquarians suppose it to represent a scarf. The Bar is in the same direction as the Fess.

The Bend crosses from the dexter chief to the sinister base. It is to be noted that most of these have their diminutives, little representatives of them on a small scale. The Chief has a fillet—as LORD JOHN has his HAWES. There is a half of the Bar, too, called the closest—typical of the humble space occupied by so many members of the profession of that name. As to the Bend Sinister, with regard to which one hears so much said, and which is perhaps the only ordinary whose name is perfectly familiar to the public, we have to notice an odd theory regarding it, broached by old GULLIM, the writer on Heraldry. That learned man says that the bearing known as the Bend Sinister is properly a *bâton* or cudgel, and is worn to show that gentlemen labouring under the misfortune of having it on their shields, are liable to be cudgelled as slaves—not being born free! This theory has been severely reprobated by subsequent writers. But it is satisfactory to know that whether GULLIM be right or not, the Bend Sinister is delicately repudiated by modern families, who give not so much a sinister as a dexterous turn to the matter, by putting their arms within a “border way” instead. The next age will possibly see them marching triumphantly “over the border,” and coming out with shields in a state of primary purity.

One of the most important matters in Heraldry is the marshalling of arms, by which is meant the arranging of those “quarterings” which one becomes entitled to by marriage. A husband has a right to impale his wife’s arms with his own, in an ordinary case—(ah! how often is this “impalement” a terrible punishment, here, as in the East!)—but if he marries an heiress, (or lady without brothers), he places her shield on his own, and his son bears both arms “quarterly;” in addition to which he has a right to all the arms which previous marriages have brought into the damsel’s own house. Hence come those huge batches of quarterings which your great houses boast. You may pick a selection of the choicest coats for your carriage out of the whole number—or to grave on a pewter-pot, as is done by our friend FRUFF. We illustrate this most romantic branch of Heraldry by a few lines.

A HERALD TO HIS MISTRESS.

Dear heiress of the house of Ware,
My heart all *gules* before you lies;
And, like the birds the MURDOCHS bear,
Is *vulned* by your tender eyes.

Slow *naïant* visions past me shine;
Sweet *étioles* glitter on the sense;
I long to bear your arms with mine
On an *escutcheon of pretence!*

Before your footsteps, as you pass,
May roses *barbed* and *seeded* grow;
And gleaming through the rich *vert* grass,
Sweet Bourbon lilies *proper* blow!

When the dark hatchment on the wall,
All black in ground, shows both are gone,
When crests gleam faintly on the wall,
Our honours merge into our son.

He, quarterly, our bearings shows,
In *first* and *fourth* my lymphads sail;
Second and *third* with pride disclose
The crescents that you bear in pale.

A TESTIMONIAL TO THE SULTAN.

“MR. PUNCH,—I write to you from the vats of BARCLAY AND PERKINS; and am emboldened to do so by the circumstance that, upon another occasion—to which I needn’t more particularly allude at this minute—my pictur, and the pictur of two or three of my mates, had the honour to find themselves in your widely circ’lated columns. But that’s not what I’m going to write just now.

“Mr. Punch,—I see by the papers that the SULTAN—like a jolly Turkey-cock as he is—is going to let out that brave fellow KOSSUTH and his companions: let ‘em out safe and sound, with not a hole pecked in their precious skins by that varmint of a double-headed eagle, which is kept in Austria to feed upon the hearts and vitals of brave men, for all the world as they feed the vultures on garbage at the ‘Logical Gardens.

“On the 15th of September—say the papers—KOSSUTH and his friends are to be free. The SULTAN—(well, I only wish the POPE was as good a Christian)—the SULTAN wouldn’t be bullied into doing the shabby thing; but, having given his word, he looked upon it like that diamond that’s being shown at the Glass Palace, above all price,—and the up-shot is, KOSSUTH isn’t to be hanged in Austrian rope, but is alive, and I hope will some day be found once again kicking.

“Well, I should like us, as Englishmen, to make what is called a Testimonial to the SULTAN. I should like to give him something, that he could look at when he chose; and see in it a proof that JOHN BULL loved and honoured him—Turk and infidel as they call him—for standing like a noble fellow—and that, too, as I hear, when he was none of the strongest—between the butcher and the brave.

“Me and some of my mates have been thinking over the matter; and it’s our opinion that we could give nothing to the Sultan that would be more grateful to his feelings as a Sultan, a gentleman, and a good-hearted fellow as he is—nothing more grateful than a noble gallon tankard, silver-gilt, or all gold, if there’s money enough. Yes, a gallon tankard, carved outside with hops; and hooped like a barrel, and writ with a proper inscription, that the piece of plate may go down all his family as long as Turkey stands.—’T would be a fine thing, wouldn’t it? Always standing on the sideboard when any of the ‘bassadors from Austria or Russia dropt in upon bus’ness? Do you know, Mr. Punch, I do think Old England might be worse represented in what is called the eyes of foreign powers.

“Any way, Mr. Punch, just set the thing going, and you may rely upon subscriptions from one and all of

“Your humble Servants,
“BARCLAY AND PERKINS’S DRAYMEN.”

“P.S. We do think that the tankard shouldn’t go to Constantinople without a butt of our XXXXX. (and stronger than that, if you like). I know that Mussulmans don’t drink wine; but there’s no law ‘gainst hops. At least I should think so; for a good many Turks, now and then, have come to see us; and don’t they see the bottom of the pewter!”

Public Works and Public Idleness.

A RETURN, extending to thirty-six folio pages, has just been published on the subject of public works. We think we could produce a companion volume, amounting to many more folios of speeches in Parliament, by way of showing the extent of public idleness. That which occupies more time in the doing than everything else put together, is undoubtedly the doing of nothing. The money thrown away upon nothing, would pay the National Debt over and over again; and as to a report on public works, let it occupy as many pages and cost as many pounds as it will, the whole falls into insignificance before the extent and the cost of public idleness.

A Check to Blooming.

It is said that three females—wife and daughters of an innocent sea-captain now on blue water—have appeared in the public promenade of Belfast in full Bloomer costume. *Punch* has received various intimations of an attempt in certain quarters of England at full Blooming; and has been asked his advice upon the exigency. *Punch* has to propound an instant remedy. If women assume the dress of men, let them undertake men’s duties: hence, every Bloomer shall be liable to be drawn for the militia, without benefit of substitute.



FANNING A FLAME!

THE SONG OF THE NORTH KENT RAILWAY.

The STATION MASTER sings.

Come issue the tickets, and open the wickets;
To see the folks crowding is funny—quite funny;
By pushing and shoving just keep the mass moving,
For all that we want is their money—their money.

The RAILWAY POLICEMAN sings.

Now don't be perverse, Sir; though dropp'd is your purse, Sir,
We've something to do but to mind it—to mind it;
To-morrow from Town, Sir, you'd better come down, Sir,
To see if we've happened to find it—to find it.

The RAILWAY MONEY-TAKER sings.

It's useless, Sir, talking; you'd better be walking;
Your change I put down, and it lay there—it lay there;
If somebody snatch'd it, you ought to have watch'd it,—
Move on, for you really can't stay there—can't stay there.

The RAILWAY DOOR-KEEPER sings.

Keep back, and no pushing; now, where are you rushing?
Your ticket, it's very well, showing, sir, showing;
By the train that's departing, you can't think of starting;
In an hour another is going, is going.

The RAILWAY CONSTABLE sings.

Come, none of your airs now, you've paid all your fares now;
Though waiting may be a vexation, vexation,
You must stay where you are there; squeezed up by that bar there,
Or else be walked off to the station, the station.

The RAILWAY PORTER sings.

Your trunk I can't find it, and how's one to mind it?
You ought to know better than bring it, than bring it;
I just saw another, I thought was your brother,
To a man with moustachios, Sir, fling it, Sir, fling it.

The RAILWAY GUARD sings.

Now, anywhere jump in—that carriage go plump in.
Sit down on the lap of that gent, mum; that gent, mum—
Sit down by the dustman; I tell you, you must man;
You're wondrously hard to content, mum—content, mum.

IRISH ALCHEMY.

DOCTOR CULLEN makes the first bid for episcopal martyrdom: in the face of eventual penalties, he has signed himself "Lord Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland." But what of that? His Grace shall be held harmless. LORD JOHN may cast a wistful eye at the defiant churchman; but—says MR. REYNOLDS—hands off—

"If pence were subscribed here to pay the fine of a bishop, he [MR. REYNOLDS] believed the money would be applied to other and more unpleasant purposes."

What sings *Mat-o-the-Mint* in "The Beggar's Opera?"

"See the ball I hold!
Let the chemists toil like asses;
Our fire their fire surpasses;
And turns all our lead to gold."

REYNOLDS-OF-THE-DUBLIN-MINT sings another version. His Irish alchemy is not to turn lead into gold, but coppers into bullets.

The Moors.

OUR Cockney correspondent says that the birds are very wild, and that the heath being extremely slippery, the attempt to run after them is apt to be attended with numerous falls, especially in patent-leather boots. He says the exercise is fatiguing in the extreme, and complains that there are no cabs to be had on the hills, though there are plenty of flies.

LADY PASSENGER sings.

There's somebody smoking; it's very provoking;
My purse from my pocket is going, is going;
But how, mid so many, to fix upon any,
In the dark, too, of course, there's no knowing, no knowing.

The RAILWAY TICKET-COLLECTOR sings.

Why, what a collection! it baffles inspection;
I wonder they managed to ride 'em, to ride 'em;
The different classes are jumbled in masses,
And so I shan't try to divide 'em, divide 'em.

The RAILWAY PASSENGER sings.

Well, really, I never—did any one ever
See aught that can equal their capers, their capers?
Instead of remaining for useless complaining,
I'll go home and write to the papers, the papers.

ANOTHER PERFORMER OF "LA FIGLIA."

OUR fashionable and Protectionist contemporary, *The Herald*, had the other day the following funny passage in the notice of one of those deeply interesting events, a "Marriage in High Life." It ran thus,

"We also noticed Mr. B. HOLMES, the father of the Irish bar, and grandfather of the bride."

Why, this beats the old story of the "father of modern chemistry, and brother of the EARL OF CORK." The young lady, who has just become a bride, must, according to our contemporary, be *La Figlia*—not of a regiment—but of the whole Irish Bar. Of course, the relationship, if it exists, can only be by adoption, though we never yet heard of the lawyers in a body adopting a young lady, unless she happens to be a ward in Chancery—which we trust is not the case with the bride of the paragraph. An opera called the *Daughter of the Bar* might make a pendant to the *Daughter of the Regiment*—though the interest of the former would be serious in the extreme. A Rataplan, with the usual Chancery refrain of "Tin, tin," would be highly effective; and as to accompaniments, the dominant instrument would be the Gross case, of which the Court has always an abundant supply.

A QUERY.—Can anybody tell us whether CLEOPATRA'S was the needle that took the stitch in time that saved nine?

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

(For the *Lillikenny Cat*.)

the list, in order to outrage our beloved country!

Will it be believed—but why do I ask?—that a prize of enormous value has been adjudged to a person of the name of—I forget, but no doubt of an Irishman—for the invention of a machine (an infernal machine!) to be worked by steam; a machine that, in one day, shall reap as much corn as would fall beneath the sinewy arms of a hundred-power Irishman? Yes; the corn of the Saxon is to be cut by steam; and loud is the brutal rejoicing at the fireside of every Saxon farmer. At every harvest-home, the most exulting speeches have been made—the most insolent toasts drunk to the success of the steam-labourer, and the consequent and well-understood confusion of the outraged Irish reaper.

To Irish industry and Irish benevolence, the Scotch and English farmers have owed the gathering of a thousand harvests. Irish riches have gleamed like sunbeams in the corn-fields of the despoiler,—but wait awhile, and “no Irish need apply.” The armies of CERES that, for many a season, have landed at Liverpool, and Bristol, and Glasgow, spreading themselves over the breadth and length of the land; economizing their wages, on their return, by condescending to sleep at nights from Union to Union,—these armies will be disbanded by the mechanical reaper. The Saxon farmer is delighted with the prospect; and—I speak upon the best authority, or would I speak at all?—every night drinks success to the mechanical reaper, and confusion to the Celt.

Our venerable DOCTOR CAHILL has, of course, been outraged at Leeds. Benevolently disposed to teach the benighted Englishman the true principles of astronomy—as set forth by the College of Rome, and about to prove the sun one mile and a half in diameter, according to the authority of HIS HOLINESS—that astral luminary was attacked by the bigots, but has since come out from the contest in all the triumph of intelligence and purity; having eaten his words like a mess of buttered beans, to the confusion of his accusers. Oh! it was a beautiful scene to behold—a great moral aspect to contemplate—to think of DOCTOR CAHILL, as an astronomical lecturer, teaching the bigotted Saxon the machinery of the heavenly bodies, as accredited by the Court of Rome!

I have also to inform you—and I do it rejoicingly—that LORD JOHN RUSSELL has already directed a Government prosecution of DOCTOR CULLEN! The Premier will have his £100; and if it were a hundred hundred, all the better; for wouldn't the money leap from the pockets of the flocks for the honour and glory of the martyr? Of course, the jury will be packed. I may next week send you the names of the Protestant slaves selected by the Government for the dirty doing!

If I must—in my duty of your own reporter—allude to other matters, I must tell you that London is flat, collapsed, dead, laid out, after the Glass Show. The greatest news, is a giantess from Lapland; she has only been here a week or two, but I understand contemplates an immediate return to her own country, finding London so mighty dull.

And I had nearly forgot—the drama is taking a start. MR. BARNUM has enriched the stage with two little girls of the name of BATEMAN:

they play, among other things, *Richard III.* and *Richmond*, and make the very least of them. The public is further assured that the little girls can neither read nor write; a fact at which the public must rejoice mightily. I have heard that the way to improve the notes of singing-birds is to put out their eyes; and, in like manner, to keep an actor in the dark may be the best way of teaching acting. MR. BARNUM has, however, delicately suppressed one fact—it is this:—He might, if he liked—and, for all I'd answer to the contrary, may do so now—prove the little BATEMANS to be lineally descended from the distinguished LORD BATEMAN, “who was a noble peer,” and who, in his pilgrimage to various countries, contracted a private marriage in America; from which union have descended *Richard III.* and *Richmond*. There can be no doubt, had BARNUM minded, he might have proved this; and have further illustrated the fact, by showing the BATEMAN family arms marked in the nape of the neck of either actress. Perhaps, however, this may remain over until the “benefit.”

SAMBO TO THE “GREEK SLAVE.”

You a berry pretty image; ob dat, dere am no doubt;
And HIRAM POWERS him clobber chap, de man dat cut you cut;
And all de people in de world to look at you dey go,
And say you am de finest ting dat 'Merica can show.

But though you am a lubly gal, I say you no correct;
You not at all de kind ob slave a nigger would expect;
You never did no workee wid such hands and feet as dose;
You different from SUSANNAH, dere,—you not like coal-black ROSE.

Dere's not a mark dat I see ob de cow-hide on your back;
No slave hab skin so smooth as yourn—dat is, if slavee black.
Gosh! if I see a slave again, all down in Tennessee,
In such a skin as that of yourn is where I'd like to be.

I 'spose de reason why your face look mellumcholly sad,
Is 'cause dey gone and torn you from your lubber and your dad.
How hard! say MASSA JONATHAN—oh, what a cruel shame!
Ob course you know him nebber serve a nigger gal de same.

But now no fear of floggee, nor from lubly wife to part,
No slave I stands and speaks my mind about de work ob Art;
De nigger free de minute dat him touch de English shore,
Him gentleman ob colour now, and not a slave no more!



MASTER JOHN BULL IN TROUBLE.

Mr. Punch. “WHY, JOHNNY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?”

Johnny. “IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, THERE'S A NASTY UGLY AMERICAN BEEN BEATING ME.”

NEW TITLE.—LORD ARUNDEL goes by the name, now, of “THE GREAT TOE-TOE-TALLER.”



PUNCH'S ANNIVERSARIES.—No. 4. BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD, AUGUST 22nd, 1485.

STORIES OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of "Punch."

"SIR, "I DON'T know whether practical jokes are among the absurdities you deal in. I dare say they are. I hate popular education. I detest philanthropic associations and all such humbug. Then, possibly, it was you, or some of your writers, who played me the trick of sending me a copy of the *Hampshire Independent*, containing the report of a Ragged School Meeting at Southampton, with a number of passages in it, considered, I suppose, contrary to my views, and therefore marked, and underlined. Whoever the jackanapes was, he has not succeeded in provoking me—not at all. If the object was to convince me, I can only say that it has equally failed. I am not to be imposed upon by such ridiculous anecdotes as those related by the REV. J. BRANCH. But others are—weak-minded persons who are troubled with sympathy, as they call it—and are *touched*. Yah! *touched*, indeed, by such stuff and nonsense as this, which is calculated to soften—the feelings, they say, but I say the head:—

"A short time ago, a boy, about thirteen years of age, called at his (MR. BRANCH'S) house, and said he wanted to see him. He was shown in, much to the terror of the servant, who by no means relished his appearance, when, said the reverend gentleman, the following colloquy took place:—'Well, my boy, what do you want?' 'Why, Sir, I heard you preach a sermon, last night.' 'Did you? Where?' 'At the Ragged School, and your text was this:—*Give to him that asketh of thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.* Now, I am come to borrow of you, and I hope you will act up to your text.' (Laughter). 'Well, my boy, what do you want to borrow? and what have you been in the habit of doing for a living?' 'Why, Sir, I have been a thief, and have been *logged* four times; but if I had ninepence, to set me up in selling *inguns*, I would earn honest grub.' 'I lent the poor boy a shilling,' said MR. BRANCH, 'which he insisted on re-paying me, at the rate of threepence a-week, and because I would not take any interest, he one morning, unobserved, threw a bunch of onions into my room.'

"Never would have paid a farthing. Threw in the onions out of mere impudence. Idle young rascals have served me the same way—unobserved. Only wish I could have caught 'em!

"MR. BRANCH may be a well-meaning man; but—don't suppose, Sir, I am at a paltry witticism—I must say I think this BRANCH extremely green. He observes, that

"The answers given by some of the boys in the Ragged Schools, to questions put to them, were most remarkable for quickness and pathos."

"Pathos!—the sort of thing, I believe—whatever that is—that some

people find to cry at in a playhouse. Ragged Infant ROSECRUICES, I suppose—much good they will come to! Quickness?—Yes, Sir, especially on the approach of a policeman, I'll warrant you. But, now for the example: which is what I should call simply an instance of sauginess and impertinence.

"One poor little fellow, who was very ragged, when asked if he had a mother, replied, 'Da I look as if I had a mother, Sir?'

"A mere piece of street slang, Sir. 'Does your mother know you're out?' 'Oh, don't I love my mother!'—all the same sort of thing—what we hear every day of our lives from the little ragamuffins who stand on their head and walk on their hands about the pavement; a most dangerous practice—as the sight is enough to give a nervous person a vertigo.

"Again:—Under an archway, one winter's morning, MR. BRANCH observed that he mistook for a bundle of rags; but,

"On approaching it he found two little boys, the one almost nine, the other almost six years of age, huddled together, and almost perished with the cold. The arm of the elder boy was round his brother's neck, and was quite stiff with the frost; and when he was asked why he kept it so long in that position, he promptly answered—'Sir, my brother is younger than I, and I am trying to keep him warm.' Here was a touch of natural affection that had never been surpassed."

"I beg MR. BRANCH'S pardon, Sir. I have seen these young monkeys surpassed in the same way by those in the Zoological Gardens, often, Sir—very often. In one part of MR. BRANCH'S address I rather coincide. Appealing in behalf of Ragged Schools to persons of all denominations,

"If my house were on fire," said the speaker, 'I should not ask the men at the engines whether they were Churchmen, Baptists, Wesleyans, or Independents; but I should say—*Pump away, lads, pump away.*' (Loud cheers). He would also say, in this great and good work—'Pump away.'

"So should I, Sir, if any amount of pumping would make the little varlets clean. But you might as well try to wash a blackamoor white, Sir; for all your baths and wash-houses, which are another innovation, and, like your Ragged Schools, will soon, I suppose, extend into the provinces, and we shall have all the lower orders, at Southampton and everywhere else, indulging in luxuries and acquiring learning above their station, through your philanthropic system of 'pumping.'

"I am, Sir, by several years, your
"SENIOR."

"* * * Our SENIOR appears to be a Pump, that wants to throw cold water on Ragged Schools."

ANN HICKS TO F. M. THE DUKE.

(Favoured by Mr. Punch.)

MRS. ANN HICKS—through *Mr. Punch*—presents her duty to Field-Marshal, the DUKE and Conqueror in 100 Fights; and having had her eye drawn to F. M. the DUKE's letter, which appeared in the newspapers reflecting upon her; and feeling that the meanest subject as is can plead a *habeas corpus*, having in the poorest English garget the strongest castle, MRS. ANN HICKS offers her duty, and as a lone woman hopes to be permitted one word. Strike but hear, is the motto of every Briton; and MRS. ANN HICKS—saving the presence of F. M. the DUKE—trusts, whatever LORD SEYMOUR may insinuate to the contrary—that she has not, and never will, forfeit her proudest birthright, which is to feel that the newspaper press is like the air she used to breathe in Hyde Park, if she has it not, she dies.

F. M. the DUKE takes it upon him to write to MR. GRIFFITHS of the Anti-Enclosures—

"The DUKE does not exactly understand what connexion is supposed to exist between his house in Piccadilly and Mrs. Hicks's cottage. The DUKE purchased from the Crown his property in Piccadilly."

MRS. HICKS is the last woman upon the earth as would dispute an account with F. M. the DUKE, who no doubt has filed his receipt for Apsley House, which may it cover F. M. many Waterloo Banquets, the Grenadiers never giving up the *Conquering Hero Coming*, with *God Save the Queen* and the rest of the royal family.

MRS. HICKS says nothing against the DUKE's bargain about his house in Piccadilly; but MRS. HICKS would be less or more than a woman (which she has no wish to be, one way or the other) if she didn't feel the following as a stab:—

"Mrs. Hicks is neither more nor less than a squatter on the retreating banks of the Serpentine river."

That's it—"SQUATTER!" That's the blow! MRS. ANN HICKS must feel it: to be called—and that, moreover, in print—a "squatter" by the "Hero of a Hundred Fights," and many more than that, she's bound, if they were all told—to go down to her grave as a "squatter,"—which even LORD SEYMOUR, which is saying a good deal, never called her before—is too much, with the eyes of Europe, as MRS. HICKS feels every one of 'em, looking at her, and at F. M. the DUKE in the bargain.

MRS. HICKS, moreover, cannot but feel much hurt at what comes next, as she reads it in the newspapers:—

"The DUKE has frequently considered it his duty to inquire, and he could never find that Mrs. Hicks had any authority whatever to establish herself there!"

MRS. HICKS does feel it particularly slighting of F. M. the DUKE that he didn't ask her own self about her rights to her stand, which would have proved to the generous heart of F. M. His Grace that she was no more a "squatter," with her humble ginger-beer and inoffensive apples, and her happy tea-kettle, that would have been singing still but for the spite of a nobleman as shall be nameless.

MRS. HICKS says, she does feel that she could have proved herself no more a squatter to F. M., than the DUKE is a squatter to himself; though, as she hears, F. M. has, perhaps, set down before more places than she ever dreamed of.

But to conclude, MRS. HICKS presents her humble duty to F. M. the DUKE, and shall be proud and happy to wait upon his commands, and to tell to His Grace the varnished story of her wrongs, beginning with her first standing—(not squatting)—at the bank of the Serpentine, until she was crushed to the earth by the Woods and Forests.

P. S.—MRS. HICKS sees by the papers that LORD SEYMOUR has put his keepers in the Park in livery: green frocks—gilt buttons—and red stripes. MRS. HICKS has no doubt that they look very fine; but for her own part, she wonders how LORD SEYMOUR can look upon those buttons without thinking of the widow's tears (who was no squatter)—and to conclude, how he can behold those scarlet stripes without taking to his bed, and dreaming of an unprotected bleeding heart.

Not far from the Truth.

A SHORT time back, on the first night of a new piece—that is to say, a new translation—at one of our theatres, (we could name it, but have no wish to be spiteful), loud cries were raised, when the curtain fell, for "Author, Author!" These cries were continued for some time, when, no one appearing, a French gentleman rose in the dress circle, and said most seriously, "Ladies and Gentlemen, de author of dis piece is in Paris." It is scarcely necessary to state, that after this announcement the English Author did not make his appearance.

The best Scotch Joke we ever Heard.

A CLEVER Scotchman, being told that DEMOSTHENES was in the habit of making speeches at the sea-side with small stones in his mouth, exclaimed, "Hoot, mon! then he must ha' been the first Member for Peebles." (Loud cries of "Apology," which not being given, the Reader proceeds to groan.)

"THE LAST NIGHTS OF JULLIEN."



TERROR-STUCK were we all last week to see the walls of London placarded with the above terrible announcement. We could not imagine what fearful crime JULLIEN had committed, that his nights should be numbered like those of a common criminal. Knowing that he was a leader of the greatest execution, our first impulse was to send off to Newgate to make inquiries what sort of nights the ill-fated Maestro had lately passed. We were most anxious to know whether, in the phrasology of the penny-a-liner, "his appetite had remained good

to the last," and whether, "as the termination of his career approached," his usual firmness had in the least deserted him? These inquiries, however, were never made at Newgate, or Horsemonger Lane Gaol, or anywhere else; for, in the meantime, our forebodings had been quieted by the agreeable discovery that the "Last Nights" which had so much alarmed us, had reference merely to an engagement at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, where JULLIEN has lately been flourishing his *baton*. His ambrosial curls and monstachios, and spotless white waistcoat, have not been sacrificed, we rejoice to say, to the severe requirements of any prison regulations. Our JULLIEN, thank Heaven! is still preserved to us; but really managers should be careful not to shatter our nerves by such startling announcements.

CROUCH, BRITANNIA!

A Disloyal and Unpatriotic Song, for the Rotunda: with Accompaniments by the POPE'S Brass Band.

For Britain, when a monkish band,
With boast triumphant, forged the Popish chain,
This was their blessing on the land,
And barefoot friars sang the strain:

Chorus.

Crouch, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA, on thy waves,
Britons ever, ever, ever, ever, be our slaves!

Nations far more vast than thou
Before our Pontiff's footstool fall;
And shalt thou only scorn to bow,
A shame and scandal to them all?

Chorus.—Crouch, BRITANNIA, &c.

Shall thy free spirit stronger rise,
The firmer for our foreign stroke?
At least we'll do what in us lies
To make thee wear the POPE'S "sweet yoke!"

Chorus.—Crouch, BRITANNIA, &c.

CHEAP PERFDY!

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,
"In a defence of the LORD MAYOR'S COURT, signed 'A Solicitor,' in the money article of the *Times* (which I think is always so interesting), I read, the other day, that, in that Court,

"The costs of an attachment as above, including two counsel's fees, seldom amount to more than £10 or £12 on each side, let the debt be ever so large."

"A perjured wretch owes me at least a thousand a year—which I know he has got—for blighted hopes and wounded feelings. I suppose, from the word *attachment*, that the LORD MAYOR'S COURT is intended to do justice to those who have been wronged, like me, in the tenderest point. But would you, if you were me, bring an action for breach of promise in a court where £10 or £12 is all the cost of an attachment?"

"Devotedly yours,
"DINAH."

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

RAILWAYS are considered to be looking up; yet railway-business is decidedly inanimate; for it is utterly deficient in the soul of business—punctuality.



ONLY A PENNY! A SENSIBLE AND INGENIOUS TOY FOR CHILDREN.

(See London Streets.)

HERETIC DEATH "NATURAL AND NECESSARY."



THE *Univers* is the avowed organ of the Jesuits; but for all that, it has, just now, the grace of plain-speaking. The Fire-the-Faggot (one LOUIS VEUILLOT) who edits that meek and humanizing print, writes thus of heretics:—

"A heretic, examined and convicted by the Church, used to be delivered over to the secular power, and punished with death. Nothing has ever appeared to us more natural or more necessary."

Happily this is only mere Jesuits' bark; but, take the muzzle off, and the Jesuits' bark would certainly not be worse than the Jesuits' bite. To burn a heretic is the natural and necessary way, according to the Catholic Church, to rule the roast. Sweet the odour of pitch shirts: the only sort of pitch fragrant to the Fisherman, and necessary as fragrant to make water-tight the Fisherman's Boat.

There is, in *Sirype*, a pleasant bill of expenses, touching the deaths of RIDLEY, LATIMER, and CRANMER—deaths natural and necessary—that even now

may be grateful to the contemplation of the editor of the *Univers*. The items are made out with a simplicity that must charm the Jesuit mind:—

For three loads of wood-fagots to burn RIDLEY and LATIMER	s. d.
Item, one load of furze-fagots	12 0
For the carriage of these four loads	3 4
Item, a post	2 0
Item, two chains	1 4
Item, two staples	3 4
Item, four labourers	0 6
	2 8
	£1 5 2

The natural and necessary death of CRANMER was brought about at somewhat less than half the cost. The heretic mind is apt to shudder—the heretic heart to thrill—at this account of blood—of blood somewhat more ineffaceable than Cardinals' scarlet; but the loftier, the serener Jesuit snuffs the burning, smacks his lips, and warms his hands at the comfortable blaze. To him, what wood more precious than the cedars of the house of SOLOMON?—The wood that burned RIDLEY and LATIMER! What

the true links of charity and peace? —The chains that bound their charred anatomies.

Is WISEMAN a reader of *L'Univers*? Does the Dove of Galway coo over it?

WHAT AN EYE DEAR.

AMONG the recent inventions of science is a false moveable eye, warranted to open and shut, squint, stare, wink, cry, and perform all the other operations of which the human eye is capable. Unfortunately, the inventor cannot promise that the false eye shall see, though we are well aware that looking at matters with a false eye is a very common practice. Ingenuity certainly goes a very great way in these days in supplying, by means of objects of art, the deficiencies of nature. We cannot enter an omnibus without being told, through the medium of a conspicuous placard, that there is "No more Grey Hair:" though we cannot help taking it into our head that there is, for our own locks give the white lie to the flattering announcement. It is true we have not accepted the invitation to go to some Emporium, and have our poor old head placed in the dyer's hands; for though we would do almost anything to render ourselves agreeable in the eyes of the world, we are not yet prepared to dye for it. Besides, we have seen specimens on some of our female friends, and we have a great objection to a prismatic head of hair, which is the usual consequence of an attempt to turn grey into black, or a decided carrot into a delicious chestnut.

We should like to see the experiment tried of how far the false might be made to supersede the true, in that decided matter of form, the human body. Legs and arms may be, and are, replaced by artificial means; teeth, hair, and eyes are to be bought singly or by the set; and who knows how many people we should find with false tongues, false hearts, and wooden heads, if we had but an opportunity of detecting them? We must confess that in the notion of false eyes we see something very hard to real—ise.

Railway Returns.

AMONGST the "Railway Returns" of the last week, there has been the singular omission of a most important one. We mean the return of MR. HUDSON to railway affairs. The Hon. M. P. attended, and spoke at, a railway meeting last week. We are afraid, however, that this is about the only return which Railways are ever likely to get from MR. HUDSON.

Britannia Ruling the Waves at Cowes.

THE result of the contest for the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup at the Cowes Regatta redounds much to our maritime glory: for the *America* ran clean away from her British competitors. It would be better, however, if we possessed a yacht that would be likely to catch her if it ran after her.



THE IRISH NUISANCE.

Mr. Bull. "CONFOUND THE BOY! HE'S MORE TROUBLE THAN ALL MY MONEY."

THINGS WHICH MR. HOBBS IS AT PERFECT LIBERTY TO PICK.



O Pick all the undeserving Lords and Ladies out of the Pension List.

To Pick the Locks of the Prisons that confine ABD-EL-KADER, KOSSUTH, and the poor Hungarian exiles.

To Pick as many holes as he pleases in the holy Coat of Treves, and all other false habits of the Romish Church, or otherwise.

To Pick the LOCKE on the Irish Understanding, if it has not been too much hampered by the keys of ST. PETER.

To Pick the Padlocks that fetter political prisoners to felons and criminals at Naples.

To Pick as many of the Wards in Chancery as are likely to fall into the hands of Priests, and Mothers, and

Sisters, for the enrichment of Roman Catholic Convents and Nunneries.

To Pick a Quarrel with LORD JOHN RUSSELL, if something is not done by Government to check the sedition of the CULLENS and CAHILLS, and other would-be enthusiastic martyrs in Ireland.

To Pick a good opportunity—and the earlier the better—for stopping the trade of Agitation that is pursued, in all religious and political matters, in the Sister Kingdom, to its ruin and degradation.

To Pick a Capital out of Europe that contains as many bad Statues and Public Monuments as London.

To Pick the Irish Thorn out of the British Lion's Foot.

And lastly—to jump from painful subjects to comic—to Pick all over the world a better Periodical, if he can, than PUNCH!

A NOBLE NOVELIST.

MR. SHOBERL has reason to be proud of at least one of his noble authors. Our friend the *Post* speaks of *Percy Hamilton*, a novel from the head of LORD WILLIAM LENNOX. It must be now some seven years since *Punch* honoured that distinguished writer by a peculiar notice of his merits. It would appear from the *Post*—for *Punch* is not a cannon-ball, and cannot go through every book—that the bold LENNOX is as original as ever.

"He [saith the *Post*] plagiarises right and left, and stows the stolen goods of other writers into his own book with as little conscience as OLIVER CROMWELL thrust the key of the House of Commons into his breeches pocket, after sending the Barchonons Parliament about their business."

That a noble lord should stow stolen goods into "his own book" is an original way of making a book "his own;" pocket-handkerchiefs may become personal property by the like process. However, something, it appears, must be admitted; and it is this:—

"It must be admitted, however, that he often throws a new grace around an old story by his free and graphic manner of narration, and that many a gem, whose lustre had been clouded by long usage, shines out with fresh brilliancy when set off by his lucid and easy dialogue."

In the like manner that stolen jewels—many a pilfered gem—are set off at the receiver's by the free and graphic manner of the would-be vendor. Happy the man—and especially valuable to the tradesman in noble brains—who, by his lucidity and ease, can turn an old story into a new one. By these means, the oldest JOE MILLER becomes the youngest BILL LENNOX.

Alexander the Little.

ALEX. DUMAS, *filis*, writes in this jaunty fashion to the French journals:—

"Plusieurs journaux annoncent que M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS se porte candidat à l'Académie. Mon père, qui n'a pas le temps de s'occuper de ces choses-là, me charge de vous prier d'annoncer que ce n'est pas lui ni moi non plus quoique je termine cette lettre par une faute de français."

"A vous,

ALEX. DUMAS, *filis*."

"Who has not time"—my illustrious father—"to occupy himself with such things" as the French Academy. We always thought ALEXANDER *père*, ALEXANDER the Little; but ALEXANDER *filis* is ALEXANDER the Very Least.

SOME MANIAC'S LAST.—An ordinary domestic clock having unfortunately run down, it was observed that it had come to an untimely end!

CAHILL'S TRAVELS.

A GODLY pilgrim, meek and poor,
I travell'd France from end to end:
I rapp'd at many a cottage door,
For France was ever Erin's friend.

The farmer's cot, the noble's hall,
The curate's comfortable thatch,—
They gave me shelter, one and all—
I needed but to lift the latch.

I knew the rich and poor, and ate
The farmer's soup, the noble's feast;
A kindly welcome ever met
The poor and friendless Irish priest.

And Erin ever was my song,
And often (after dinner-time)
I've told the tale of Erin's wrong,
And bloody England's guilt and crime.

And pray'd a curse—as who would not?—
On them that holds the tyrant's rod—
That sent the fell potato-rot,
And persecutes the men of God.

And as I did my grief assuage,
And, sobbing, told my country's fate,
My audience wept with honest rage,
Their gentle bosoms thrill'd with hate.

Yes, lovely France is Erin's friend;
And from Marseilles to Finisterre,
(I seen the land from end to end)
By all the blessed Saints I swear,

There's not a man in lovely France—
That peaceful land, so full of charms,
With billions of inhabitants,
All bold in war, and bred to arms—

There is not, from Burdeaux to Par's,
(I tell ye, for I seen the town,)
There's not an honest Son of Mars
But wants to shoot the English down.

There's not a lady, soft and mild,
A speechless baby at the nurse,
Or blessed priest, or lispin' child,
But does the bloody English curse.

There's not a lovely maid or wife,
Or lady there of any note,
But she would take a carving-knife,
And cut a bloody English throat.

And this is what I seen abroad,
When far away from Innisfail,
As sure as I'm a man of God,
By name the REVEREND DOCTOR CAHILL.

A QUESTION OF STALE EGGS.

MONTHS, in these rapid times, become centuries, and therefore we may ask, as a question of archaeological interest, what has become of the Oobali? The Oobali were certain persons, or, to speak more correctly, a set of fellows, whose name is derived from the Greek words *oob* an egg, and *ballō* to throw, by reason of their having distinguished themselves by throwing foul eggs at people in returning from the Oaks, last Epsom races. One of their number, it was understood, was to have been tried for this outrage at the Old Bailey—but the trial has not yet taken place. We repeat, then, what has become of the egg-throwers? for, as their offence was not only filthy in itself, but followed by conduct of equally disgusting baseness, they ought by this time to be all of them at work picking oakum.

Not Going, but Gone.

THE papers stated, that during the LORD MAYOR'S late visit to Paris he had arranged to sell by auction many of the French articles in the Crystal Palace. We could not believe that his Lordship so far combined business with pleasure, as to make his visit the medium of a job, or that he would knock down with the hammer of the auctioneer the whole of his civic dignity. It so happens, moreover, that his Lordship has retired from the rostrum, as the advertisements of "MR. GADSDEN (late MUSGROVE and GADSDEN)" will testify, and he accordingly has ceased to put anything up, but his brother Aldermen.

THE EPISCOPUS VASTATOR.

A Lecture addressed to the National Entomological Society.



THE VASTATOR EPISCOPUS—OR, THE BLIGHT OF THE SHAMROCK—(MAY BE SEEN WITHOUT THE AID OF A MICROSCOPE).

THE *Episcopus Vastator*—some specimens of which have been lately exhibited in Parliament—is a variety of the Moth tribe, and is peculiarly remarkable for the damage which it does to the cloth. The creature may often be caught sleeping on the Episcopal bench. In size it sometimes exceeds the largest beetle. It often commits great ravages on Church property, which it gets hold of, and appropriates to its own purposes, by the most crafty management. Such is the voracity of the *Episcopus Vastator*, that a single individual of the species will consume the fat of the land to the value of £10,000, £15,000, £25,000, or even more, per annum. It is a lepidopterous insect; the wings with which it flies away with its booty being exposed. The head is defended by a whitish *pileolum*, presenting a cleft appearance; the body is invested with a mantle of snowy hue; and a similar covering, but of a finer texture, clothes the two anterior extremities, which terminate in claws of great strength and tenacity: the two hinder or lower limbs are black; as also the whole body is found to be when its exterior investment has been removed. Its throat is garnished with two white bands. It is furnished with *antennae*, or feelers, which it sometimes puts forth during its periodical visitations. On these occasions, it emits a peculiar hum; whence, among the vulgar, it has obtained the name of Hum-Bug. Another variety of the *Episcopus Vastator* is met with here, but is more numerous in some foreign parts. It is distinguished by the peculiar brilliancy of its colours, which vary from gold and purple to scarlet, exceeding in splendour those of a shiny beetle. In Ireland it is common; and is one of the principal causes of the blight which prevails in that country. It is less voracious, perhaps, than the

other *Episcopus*; but is even more mischievous: for it is armed with a sting, and its habits are analogous to those of the gad-fly and the hornet.

The *Episcopus Vastator* must not be confounded with the *Episcopus Pastor*, or true *Episcopus*, which it resembles in nothing but external appearance.

EXCITING RACE.

THE American "Liners" are, undoubtedly, very fast vessels, but we think that we know a class here able to go a-head of them—we mean our own newspaper "liners," who are capable of lengths to which most objects in creation are unequal. During the whole of the recent yachting at Cowes, our "liners" have been going the pace, and showing that their craft are undoubtedly more than a match for the craft now in the Channel: so intensely nautical have the worthy fellows become, that common comprehension is incapable of keeping up with them. We used to think that fire was the natural element of the liner, but he now shows himself equally at home in water, which, for that matter, is equally, to be sure, a devouring element. Let us hope that it won't be necessary to interdict him from both fire and water—as the Romans were wont to do by those whom they declared enemies to the republic.

What can be more ludicrous than to see the liner running a race with the sailor, and becoming more nautical than the nautical themselves? to have honest WILL BLUESBY informing us that the *Screamer* "hailed her wind," while the *Poppet* "wore at two," and "with gaff-topsail shivering," got the "wind on her quarter?" When we find him holding forth on the fact, that the *Titania* "lost way," on a certain occasion, it only leads to the reflection, that he himself is losing his way in a subject for which he is not fitted.

PROFESSOR AQUARIUS BRICK, the accomplished lecturer, who has, of course, been at Cowes during the recent cruises, has written to us, severely stigmatising the assumption of nautical airs by everybody. He makes our blood run cold by informing us that an old stager, recently paid off from the West Indies, who ventured to make a remark on the *America*, was told by young GOSLING (of the firm of FLOPP AND GOSLING) that "no square-rigged man could sail a fore-and-after!"

Good News for the Nostris.

THE other morning, at the first General Court of Commissioners of Sewers held under the recent act of Parliament, MR. E. LAWES, the lately constituted chairman of the Commission, said—according to the *Times*, that

"He would take that opportunity of stating, that he should give his personal attendance at that office every day."

"A new broom sweeps clean," declares the adage. Now that MR. LAWES has been appointed to preside over our sewers, may this proverb be exemplified in the state of the Metropolis.

Hagiology in 1851.

It is the boast of Popish controvertists, that all the saints exclusively belong to their persuasion; which is so far true that no other sect at present pretends to make any. Rome, however, continues to do so occasionally; and the political line taken by her priesthood in Ireland renders it highly probable that—as Assizes are still among the institutions of the country—the Papal Church, although it may fail to augment the army of martyrs, will soon afford some additions to the Calendar.

Don't Run for Gold.

THE latest intelligence from California seems to show that the golden age is by no means, the most virtuous, for incendiarism, robbery, and murder are every-day occurrences. As the ordinary tribunals cannot keep pace with the extraordinary amount of crime, the inhabitants have established Lynch law; but it is a bad symptom when it is only by the use of a Lynch pin such as this, that the common wheel is kept in regular motion.

THE IRON DUKE AT THE IRON BRIDGE.



O—THE DUKE has been to look at ROBERT STEPHENSON'S iron triumph—the Britannia Bridge. "He remained," says the reporter, "for some time in one particular spot, and appeared wrapped up in his thoughts." A very natural cause of meditation. The iron soldier was contemplating another sort of iron conquest which—in the sure progress of time—will make guns and cannonballs iron of the very oldest sort. The engineer will supersede the general: the stithy take the place of the camp. In an old Turkish revolution, in which a blacksmith became leader, his leathern apron was used as the standard: and the apron is still destined as the type and ensign of the noblest achievements.

ROBERT STEPHENSON has been banquetted in the neighbourhood of his triumphal

bridge. It was a great and glorious occasion; and met with characteristic intelligence and energy by the iron conqueror. JOSEPH PAXTON was of course present, and paid due tribute to the lofty teachings of GEORGE STEPHENSON; teachings shown in the instructed genius of his son ROBERT. Crystal and iron were duly honoured; and we hope the Palace in Hyde Park may prove as enduring as the Tubular Bridge of the Menai. "Glass"—says the proverb—"will last as long as iron, if you take care of it."

BRITISH DERVISHES.

A FEW years ago there was produced at one of the theatres a sort of operatic performance, with music by BEETHOVEN, called *The Ruins of Athens*. One feature in the performance was the celebration of Mahometan service by a band of dancing dervishes, whose worship consisted in spinning round upon their heels till they were giddy—singing in the meanwhile a frantic chorus of *Kaaba! Kaaba!*

From that time to this, *Kaaba! Kaaba!* has not been performed on the stage; but something very like it has been repeated elsewhere, and continues to be, according to the subjoined statement of the *Times*—though this *Kaaba* seems taken, not from *The Ruins of Athens*, but from the Ruins of Rome:—

"THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE HIGH CHURCH PARTY.—The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has, for some time past, been in communication with several clergymen in his diocese, in reference to the manner in which they are in the habit of conducting the ordinary services of the Church. It appears that the clergymen alluded to, practise many of the ceremonies for which the BISHOP OF LONDON recently condemned MR. BENNETT; such, for example, as having lights on the altar during morning prayer, preaching in the surplice, intoning the prayers, and turning from the congregation during certain portions of the service."

But our British Dervishes do things by halves; they turn, only half round. Why don't they go the whole hog, and regularly waltz, and sing *Kaaba!* instead of burlesquing something else, by intoning it? And in spinning and pirouetting while they are about it, it would be all the better if these reverend mountebanks would dance themselves out of the Church.

OUR PAROCHIAL PATRIOTS.



ERTAINLY if ever the country should want to be saved, we suppose we must look for our patriots—if their own account of themselves is to be believed—in the vestries of the Metropolis. Judging from the estimate they form of their own importance, in a national point of view, the Cockney vestrymen are the only champions of our liberties, and we must go to Pancras for our PYMS—should we ever require one—or to Hampstead for our HAMPDEN. If this empire were one great metropolitan parish, we might perhaps entrust its destinies to the noisy orators in the neighbourhood of the New Road—though we should feel some reluctance in doing so; but as long as things remain as they are, we protest against the Vestry

Rooms of Marylebone and St. Pancras aping to themselves all the airs, and affecting to deal with all the business, of the Houses of Lords and Commons. The "debates," as given in the columns of a Sunday contemporary, are racy specimens of British eloquence and British grammar, and the disagreements between the members themselves are no less striking than the want of agreement between their verbs and their substantives.

One of the strongest weapons that could be used by a foe to the system of self-government is put into his hands by the fact that the metropolitan rate-payers will entrust their interests to a set of garrulous simpletons, who meet to talk about everything, and, as an almost inevitable consequence, to do scarcely anything. The headings of the subjects discussed might be mistaken usually for the titles of the topics dealt with in Parliament, while the bickerings of the members are distinguished by nothing but perhaps their extra coarseness from the altercations between real Members of Parliament. Scarcely a debate takes place at a metropolitan vestry, in the course of which some honourable member does not "fling the dastardly lie back in some other honourable member's teeth," and in which somebody does not call somebody else a renegade and a traitor, for having left the Blues, and attached himself to the tail of the Greens, for some sinister purpose.

Hardly an orator rises to give his opinion on the proper allowance of gruel for paupers, but he thinks it necessary to dilate on the evils of state pauperism, and express a patriotic wish that he had the privilege of administering their gruel to that class of mendicants. Occasionally a Paneratian patriot, in denouncing the evils of superfluity in the allowance of tea to aged inmates, will have an oratorical fling at superfluities in general, in which he will probably mingle together the House of Lords, the Rector's income, the salaries of all public functionaries above five hundred a year, and a few other matters of a kindred kind, as being all equally superfluous. We have not the slightest doubt that if an offer were to be made to any of these metropolitan vestries to combine the whole of the public business with their own, the task would be eagerly undertaken by a large majority of those exceedingly self-sufficient, but otherwise inefficient, bodies.

We have no doubt that most of them mean well enough; but labouring, as they do, under the effects of that most fearful compound, excessive ignorance mingled with excessive conceit, they become guilty of those absurdities which have the dangerous tendency of bringing local self-government into contempt and ridicule. The ratepayers of the Metropolis ought really to stir themselves, and send to the vestries men who will do the business that it is really their duty to perform, and leave state matters for discussion in other places, and on other occasions. We do not deprecate public discussion, by any means; but a body appointed to do one thing, should not always be discussing some other. The vestrymen of Marylebone and Pancras should stick to their parochial affairs, instead of hurling back the lie in each other's teeth, casting defiance in the face of LORD JOHN, and throwing down—that miserable piece of patriotic property—the "gauntlet" at everything and everybody. We should be glad to see among the curiosities at the British Museum the "gauntlet" that the metropolitan vestrymen are always taking up and throwing down again.

A Sister of Charity.

ENGLAND and Ireland are called Sister Kingdoms; and England, though she has received nothing but ingratitude from Ireland, has never in the hour of need forgotten that she was bound to assist her (a sister).



FRENCH GENTLEMAN GRATIFYING HIS HATRED OF MR. BULL.

(From a rough Sketch, by that amiable Jack-Priest, Dr. Cahill.)

SERENADES FOR JOHN BULL.

No. 1.

Oh! rest thee, my JOHNNY, thy Navy's all right;
Thou'rt Lord of the Ocean, entirely and quite;
If Yankees outsail thee, old King of the Sea,
Let that matter nothing, my JOHN BULL, to thee!

Oh! rest thee, my JOHNNY, contented and wise;
Believe thou'rt unrivall'd for bold enterprise;
And don't think that JONATHAN flogg'd his Papa,
When he steam'd it before him across Panama.

Oh! rest thee, my JOHNNY, the time will ne'er come
When thou'lt wake up, and find the position is rum.
Oh! rest thee, JOHN BULL, my boy, sleep while you may;
Sloth leads not to sorrow, as night leads to day.

No. 2.

Lullaby, JOHNNY, upon the tree-top;
When thy ships fail, thy Navy will drop;
When thy fleets yield, thy glory will fall,
And down comes JOHNNY, and Commerce and all!

Military Intelligence.

IT may not be generally known that LORD ARUNDEL, only a short time back, was in the 2nd Life Guards; but, after the notable achievement at Limerick, where his Lordship flung his whole soul upon the railway platform to kiss a Bishop's toe, LORD ARUNDEL immediately retired from the 2nd Life Guards, and joined the Foot.

PRIESTCRAFT VERSUS LAW.

THE "Catholic" Offenders—for so they boast themselves to be, by whatever title they may call their confederacy—defy the Government to prosecute the prelates for infringing the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. MR. MITCHELL also defied the majesty of the English law, as frantically, rancorously, viperously, curiously, and childishly. MR. MITCHELL preceded the Offenders, and if the Offenders do not take care, they will perhaps follow MR. MITCHELL.

The Offenders, of course, mean to threaten that, if Ministers should enforce the law which they have broken, they will do something dreadful. What will they do? Fight—of course—but with the old weapons of chicanery and pettifoggery? Then, if successful, their hierarchy will triumph—precisely as many a rogue does at the Old Bailey. Is it really their magnanimous intention to commit high treason? If so, the campaign of these members of the Church Militant will, most likely, be preliminary to a mission to a colonial district, where they may, possibly, effect the conversion of MR. SMITH O'BRIEN—and thus Rome will triumph.

Or, is the battle to be fought in the jury-box? Will the law be defeated by jurymen, sworn to decide according to evidence, giving their verdict in the face of it? And so, is the day to be gained by perjury? In that case, great indeed will be the triumph of the "Holy Church."

Sale of the "America" Yacht.

WE are informed that the *America* yacht is about to be purchased by a distinguished bookselling firm in New York, for the purpose of running between that city and London. This is characteristically wise of publishing JONATHAN. If you will live by robbing the brains of others, it is only the more prudent to outstrip all competitors in the earliest possession of the stolen goods.

BADEN-BADEN.

THE GRAND DUKE OF BADEN is happy to announce that the Season of Baden-Baden is at present in full vogue, and that he has the greatest pleasure in presiding every day at the head of the Table d'Hôte, and taking wine with any of the wealthy strangers who may honour his never-to-be-too-much-admired Casino with their presence. After dinner there is generally little Gambling, when every facility is given to Foreigners, especially young Englishmen, to lose their Money. The Conversation-House has been re-decorated in the most sumptuous style; and the music is entrusted to the well-known taste of one of the finest Bands in Germany. The Croupiers speak all the Continental Languages; and there is no charge for Admission to the Gambling-Rooms; on the contrary, all those who have money are heartily welcome to enter, and to play as long as they like; and the more who come, the better pleased is the GRAND DUKE OF BADEN to see them. English Bank-notes taken in any quantity; and Montebello and Moët Champagne (*Libre Qualité*) to be had on the premises. N.B.—No Money returned.

GOING BEFORE THE WIND.



MR. G. F. YOUNG has been lamenting very bitterly over what he alleges to be a falling-off, through Free Trade, in the amount of our ship-building.

We are always happy to be able to console the afflicted, and we therefore beg to remind MR. G. F. YOUNG of one ship which he has quite overlooked, and the progress of which has been considerable since the establishment of Free Trade;—we allude to that best of all ships, good fellow-ship.

OLD ENGLISH BULL-BEEF.

A GENTLEMAN, named GREENHOW, an advocate of Protection, writing to the *Times*, says, in reference to the Legislature,

"They have laid aside every true and independent English feeling, and have pandered to the selfish and grasping spirit of a very small minority."

Of the same body, in the same paragraph of the same letter, the same gentleman complains, that

"They have, by the vague, visionary, and captivating theory of 'free trade,' enchanted the unthinking part of our community (unfortunately much the larger portion), who, carried away by the irresistible influence of this spell, have heedlessly joined in the cry to destroy everything British, in order to advance and elevate the alien."

What with pandering to the spirit of "a very small minority," and also enchanting "much the larger portion of the community," the Legislature must have gone a very considerable way towards pleasing everybody.

If MR. GREENHOW were a Papist, and would hold forth at the Rotunda, he might outshine MESSRS. REYNOLDS, KROGH, MOORE, and Company, on their own ground. But with all due deference to the Protectionists, the necessity for importing foreign cattle is, in no measure, disproved by the exhibition, however large, of this splendid variety of the British Bull.

THE FIGHT FOR CUBAN FREEDOM.



JUST now American views of Cuban affairs are very contradictory. According to recent Transatlantic news at a "mass meeting" of 18,000 persons held at New York, to sympathise with the Cuban invaders, it was resolved, amid tremendous enthusiasm,

"That in the opinion of this meeting it is consistent with the peace, neutrality, and honour of our Government for the people to assemble together, and express their sentiments upon the subject of Cuban independence; that such an expression not only comports with the *magnanimity and feelings of a free people*, but is more particularly honourable to the character of a nation who were the first to declare and establish the *principles of freedom*."

Also,
"That our Cuban brethren . . . have proved themselves not unworthy of the liberty which our example has taught them to long for."

Likewise,
"That the appeals so frequently made by the *downtrodden inhabitants of Cuba for aid and assistance in the holy cause* in which they are engaged are worthy of being responded to by the American people."

Now, "MR. ASHBEL SMITH,

of Texas," in a letter to the *Times* concerning the movement in Cuba, thus writeth:—
"The main cause of the Cuban movement is the uncertainty of their property, and the insecurity of their social and political condition, and even of their lives, arising from the mischievous intermeddling of British abolitionists with the SLAVE INSTITUTIONS OF CUBA."

And thus:—
"It is a conviction of the truth of this charge of intermeddling that has roused the sympathy and enlisted the co-operation of numerous American citizens."

So the "mass meeting" at New York sympathises with the Cuban revolutionists because they assert "the principles of freedom," because they have proved themselves not unworthy of "liberty," and because they were "downtrodden," and engaged in a "holy cause"—the cause of that same liberty.

Not a bit of it, says—or seems to say—ASHBEL SMITH, of Texas. The Cuban movement, and the sympathy of American citizens therewith, has been occasioned by the attempts of certain officious Britishers to procure, in Cuba, the abolition of slavery.

Further declareth doughty ASHBEL SMITH, on behalf of his compatriots:—
"Nor will we suffer the institutions of Cuba to be destroyed by secret fraud or by open violence. The attempt to do so by the first means is the true cause and origin of the present convulsion in Cuba."

He has already explained that the institutions he means are slave institutions, and these he declares his countrymen will defend; whilst sympathising as well as himself with the Cuban insurgents, they profess to be actuated by a zeal for freedom.

Can the large intermixture of Irish with Yankee blood, which has been occasioned by emigration lately, at all account for this confusion of American ideas?

One fact seems certain. The "sympathy" of the Americans is most eloquently repudiated by those among the inhabitants of Cuba who are most interested in the "holy cause" of liberty. Four hundred and fifty gentlemen, zealous for Cuban freedom—the model freedom of American citizenship—headed by GENERAL LOPEZ, and COLONELS PRAGAT and CLENDINNIN, landed near Cabanos, had a battle with the Spanish troops, were beaten, and some fifty of them captured. Having gone to war on their own account, unsanctioned by their Government, from no motive intelligible to their captors, but the desire of pay or of plunder; the prisoners were—not unnaturally, though rather severely—treated as brigands taken red-handed, and forthwith shot. And then—but let the *New York Herald* conclude the tale:

"After they were shot they were dragged by the feet by negroes, who commenced stripping them of their clothes, which they carried on sticks through the streets, yelling like so many wild demons!"

Very horrid this; barbarous; disgusting; revolting. The atrocity, however, on the part of the negroes, clearly shows that the Cuban slaves have rather a strong detestation than any love of the propagandists of Yankee freedom. Strange—is it not?—that they should evince such savage, furious hostility to the "holy cause."

A Real Nut to Crack.

MR. DUNUP has, in order to encourage ingenuity, resolved on offering a very handsome reward to any one who will pick his pocket so effectually as to get anything out of it. The learned gentleman states, fairly enough, that he has tried the experiment frequently on his own pocket, and has never yet succeeded; but, that if any one else should prove more fortunate, he will be most happy to share the produce with the lucky individual. The professional pickpockets have, it is understood, long ago abandoned the hopeless task, so that amateurs have now a fair opportunity.

A CHALLENGE TO MR. HOBBS.

"SIR—MR. PUNCH—OLD FELLOW—
"WILL you be kind enough to print my challenge to MR. HOBBS?—

"I challenge him to open a lock—for £500 a side—or £50—or a box of cigars—or a dinner for a dozen—or anything he pleases. It isn't the money I want, but merely the principle of the thing. I am so confident of winning.

"MR. HOBBS boasts of having opened a BRAMAH'S LOCK with twenty tumblers!
"This was done in the day-time. Can he do as much at night?

"I don't wish to boast, old *Punch*, but—I mean to say that I have been in the habit, for the last three years, after going home from the Coal Hole, or Cider Cellars, of opening a lock—a patent CHUBB—with at least 25 Tumblers!—Tumblers of Gin-and-Water!—hot!! mind you—and this I have done, not with a set of instruments, but with a simple latch-key! and I am proud to say, my hand has never failed me once!

"Now, my dear Boy, if MR. HOBBS will undertake to do as much for three consecutive years, I will promise to pay him the £500—or the £50—or the box of cigars—or the dinner for a dozen—or the anything he pleases—in the event of his being the winner, which I doubt very strongly; for very few men, I flatter myself, are equal to the task of opening a lock with five-and-twenty tumblers of hot gin-and-water!

"This is a fair challenge. Proof of which I have the pleasure of subscribing myself, to the extent of three-pence every week,

"Your constant admirer,
"FELIX FASTBOY, D.D.

"I and my money—or my dinner—or my cigars—as the case may be—are to be heard of at any time, between the hours of 4 and 12, at the Albion and afterwards, first at the Cider Cellars, and then at the Coal Hole."

An Old Fogey's Grumble.

Most things that are to be bought are obtainable by young men upon credit, excepting Experience, which, as a young man buys it, he must pay ready money for it. This may be one reason, perhaps, why the young men of the present day show themselves possessed of such very little experience! They spend their money in other things, and refuse to buy the only thing worth paying for. But only let a shop be opened to-morrow, where Experience could be had upon credit, and the doors would be blocked up by the crowds of young men rushing to buy it!

The Congress at Verona.

WE take the following from the *Daily News*:—
"The Imperial, royal, and ducal gaolers of Italy are about to be gathered together at Verona, to consult and to confer."

Verona has a poetical mausoleum. The "gaolers" having, as they believe, given a sleeping draught to Italian liberty, would fain bury it alive in the tomb of the CAPULETS.

DON'T HANG OUT YOUR BANNERS.

A GENTLEMAN, who, from his position in society, ought to have known better, has just insulted us by asking whether the Standard of Natural Sherry was destroyed among the flags recently burnt in the Invalides.

A Difficult Question.

HER MAJESTY, the QUEEN OF NAPLES—(so writes the correspondent of the *Daily News*)—"considers political offenders should suffer death, instead of being tortured in idols." Given, the QUEEN OF NAPLES and the KING. Which is the better half of the other?

THE PAPAL TIE, QUITE THE FASHION IN NAPLES.



THE POPE and KING BOMBA are linked together by a tie of the closest amity. How would PRUS like BOMBA if their mutual bond consisted of the iron fetters which link together the political victims of that amiable monarch in their dungeons, and which are never loosened, day or night, on any account whatever?

THE HOLYWELL STREET CRUSADE.

THE spasmodic morality of a parish is pleasant to consider. How long will a St. Molly-le-Strand, or St. Bacon-cum-Beans not, absolutely snore, over the most fetid, crying nuisance, as though the aforesaid St. Molly or St. Bacon slept on roses, lulled by silver brooks. Here has Holywell Street been a long-lived abomination; sinners there have grown grey in their nastiness; nevertheless, the filth has been respected by the authorities as though it were a vested interest, and moral atrocity an allowed marketable commodity. In Holywell Street Infamy took up its freedom, and was a protected citizen. And now, housewives taken with an annual fit of cleanliness, and resolved to whitewash the house from top to bottom, are not more energetic in their niceness, than are the parish authorities with Holywell Street, suddenly discovered and denounced! The housewife takes her bedstead to bits, and sulphurs it, and soaks it, and kills the very larvae of the noisome abominations. In like manner Parish Authority now resolves to take to bits the infested Holywell Street. Well, there may be bedsteads that fire alone can purify; and there may be some streets that—that—well, there may be some streets that may be very like some bedsteads.

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

THE *America* is said to have won the race at Cowes, thanks to her "superior rigging." Now, as America was finely rigged by England for being so far behind every other race at the Great Exhibition, so England must not feel angry, after having been fairly beaten in a naval race, if she is made to feel in her turn the smartness of *America's* Rigging.

RUN FOR THE DOCTOR.

THERE has been so much said and written on the Lock question, that a medical student of our acquaintance calls the controversy a great case of Lock jaw.

THE SONG OF THE SHOE-BLACK.

I was born—I was bred—in the midst of the dirt,
With nothing for stockings, and rags for a shirt.
I'd never a father, and as for my mother,
She never was sober from one day to t' other.

My "lullaby baby" was swearing and din;
My earliest sweet-meat a mouthful of gin.
Directly I'm able to move on my feet,
To pick up a living, I'm turn'd on the street.

I'm hungry, and often in want of a meal;
So, of course, I must work, or beg, borrow, or steal.
But work there's no getting, for none will employ
A shoeless and parentless vagabond boy.

I meet with companions,—there's PENTONVILLE BOB
Good-naturedly offers to give me a job.
Says he—"There's the pawnbroker's, over the way;
Take the coat from outside—there'll be nothing to pay."

I do as he bids me; he tells me, with joy,
He's glad to have found such a promising boy.
And as without money I buy things so well,
He thinks I shall make a good hand at a sell.

So he takes me at once to a kind-hearted gent,
With a beard rather black, and a nose very bent,
Who gives me a shilling, and calls me "good lad,"
And asks if there ain't any more to be had.

The game I continue,—with this thing and that;
To-day it's some boots, and to-morrow a hat:
Though less I keep getting for each thing that goes
To the gent with the beard and the bend in the nose.

The game it goes on, every day after day;
But more gets the trouble, and less gets the pay:
That it comes, very soon, as a pleasant relief,
To be sent for three months as a juvenile thief.

When turn'd out of prison—the season is cold—
Of a School for the Ragged I somehow get told.
I think that I'll go there;—if nothing I gain,
At least I'm kept out of the wind and the rain.

At first when I go there I'm ready to laugh;
I turn off the gas, and the teachers I chaff;
But as nothing their temper appears to provoke,
I very soon find there's an end to the joke.

The lessons they teach me, I try and repeat,
But my want, as I tell them, is something to eat.
They ask if I'll work; I answer—"Of course;
If I'm fed like a Christian, I'll work like a horse."

So they give me a box, and of brushes a set,
And a bottle of WARREN'S superior jet,
And start me in life in the polishing trade,
By which, ever since, a good living I've made.

And often my memory carries me back,
Comparing myself to the shoe that I black;
I think how the dirt might have stuck to me still,
For want of a little hard work and good will.

So, honour to those who are on the alert
To raise up poor fellows like us from the dirt,
And cause all the rubbings through which we have past
To end, like this boot, in a polish at last.

There is nothing so black, but, if pains we bestow,
With something like sunshine will speedily glow;
And, though deep in the mud, if exertion we use,
We may walk, very soon, in respectable shoes.

The Neapolitan Flag.

THE British fleet have arrived off Palermo. The *Queen* "saluted the Neapolitan flag." This, of course, is mere routine courtesy. But the Neapolitan flag! As the pestilent rag at present taints the air, how ought the atrocious bit of bunting to be "saluted?" What would be its rightful salutation? The clank of chains, and the yell of the hangman.

A THOUGHT.—Imitation is the homage which Mediocrity pays to Superiority.

THE POPE ALL SMOKE.



HERE there is smoke, there must be fire." So runs the proverb; and the POPE—it would seem—inclines an ear to proverbial philosophy. No smoke—no fire. The Romans have ceased to smoke; ergo, religion has died in their hearts: the true faith is spat from their mouths with the last end of the last cigar. But a while since, the Roman could not away without tobacco: in its leaf was his whole catholic duty of man. Then, taking thought that the weed was a precious burnt offering to the exchequer of his Holiness, the Roman flung it hence, patriotically setting his teeth against renewed temptation. Quenched, extinct is state tobacco:—

"The breath of heav'n has blown its spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on its head."

A serious meaning—even to a solemn POPE—lies in that inch of charred tobacco, the waif of a Roman highway. Infallibility, like a Paris rag-picker, may stoop to the thing; but, unlike the man of mud, may find a moral value in that burnt weed's-end. For when patriotism cries "No smoke,"—then to a three-crowned Holiness, may leaves of tobacco be leaves of the Sibyl. Even in such small rejected fronds is written revolution.

Let the POPE have due credit for his sagacity—his foresight. Unsmoked tobacco is not lost upon him. The Vatican is in dismay; for men breathe no tobacco clouds. The cry is not, "The sacred chickens will not eat;" but deeper, louder the wail, for—"The Romans will not smoke." Now, *certainly*, without smoke, there can be no fire; and least of all, without such smoke, that golden fire that—stolen, or taxed, or both—informs and animates the heart and brain of the Roman government.

Sadly, indeed—as we gather from Rome—does the POPE take this obstinate temperance of his once brave "tobacco-boys." Had we the heart to dally with the state's distresses of an Infalible, we might picture the POPE aloft in his chamber, taking a vain sniff of Roman atmosphere; in that sniff faintly hoping a pleasure of hope.

"—and his broad nostrils wide upturn'd;
Scented the 'Roman' air."

No: not a leaf is burned in the street to the profit of his Holiness; quenched, and cold is the altar of his Exchequer. And now the POPE cannot see his way for want of smoke.

Nevertheless, something must be done. Tobacco, being a government commodity, is sacred to state purposes.

Assuredly—says the good POPE—we have discovered that the people are the breath of our nostrils; for we only live while the people smoke. Not to smoke is, therefore, to conspire against our vitality. In the time of witchcraft—a time all but brought back by the accursed republicans—men were consumed in their living flesh, as their small waxen effigies melted before the fire. With different means, sinners would, in our person, compass the like atrocity. Our state is tobacco! our chair tobacco! I, your father, am tobacco—I, the Pope. And you will spit us from your mouths! No, my children: rather you will worship us, as in the good old time—worship us with fiscal incense, and in treasury clouds.

But the POPE—a wiser man since his travels—resolves to work upon nicotian backsliders by the force of example. He makes smoke a test of right of office. He who eats the loaves and fishes of the Vatican shall no longer eat unless he smoke. Nay, he shall smoke abundantly; putting all his heart, as well as all his lungs, in smoke. This is soberly true. The order has gone forth. All who heretofore smoked, are now to smoke with greater zeal; and they who never smoked before, are to give their qualms to the winds, and are immediately to learn to live in clouds.

Who knows? The English Cabinet may, in some future day of trouble, take counsel of this last doing of the POPE. Last week only, the QUEEN, through her minister, acknowledged the receipt of the address voted by certain Temperance societies; all passively opposing the revenue. In some time of trouble—may it be cycles distant!—the great body of the people, for a political purpose, may renounce wine and spirits, as the Romans now close their lips against tobacco. Then may the ruler of these realms remember the wisdom of SAINT PIUS—(for he will no doubt be canonised by then)—and compel all ministers, and clerks, and all the army and the navy to drink double of all strong drinks. The behest may bear hardly upon the officials of that time; and may they be spared the trial! Nevertheless, PIUS THE NINTH makes the experiment historically practicable.

To be sure, the POPE has at his hand thousands of men able, and no doubt willing, to become tobacco-teachers; we mean the meek, unclouded priesthood. Pretty, to contemplate the Roman youth, conning its first tobacco-leaf under the monk-master. To teach the young i'ea how to smoke! And as the priests of Naples have published a new Political Catechism, the nose of which is to defy a King of Bomb-Shells—why may not the Roman youth be exercised with a Dialogue on Tobacco, for the glory and profit of a POPE of Smoke? Something after this fashion:

Q. What is tobacco?
A. Tobacco is a leaf from the only lawful Tree of Knowledge.

Q. For what was tobacco created?
A. It was created to be burnt to the honour and glory and profit of the POPE—tobacco being to his Holiness what myrrh and frankincense were to SOLOMON.

Q. How do you best honour your Father, the POPE?

A. By thinking him tobacco—still tobacco—and always tobacco.

Q. And how do you show yourself a true son of his Holiness?

A. By continually putting his Holiness (which is tobacco) in my pipe, and smoking him.

This is but a sample, and slipshod enough. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that, at the present moment, tobacco being his Holiness's great difficulty, he is taking strong measures to conquer it. All his friends must smoke. Pipes for the Roman Government. The POPE's true circle is the spittoon.

THE LAST APPENDIX TO "YANKEE DOODLE."

YANKEE DOODLE sent to Town
His goods for exhibition;
Everybody ran him down,
And laugh'd at his position:
They thought him all the world behind;
A goney, muff, or noodle,
Laugh on, good people—never mind—
Says quiet YANKEE DOODLE.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

YANKEE DOODLE had a craft,
A rather tidy clipper,
And he challenged, while they laughed,
The Britishers to whip her.
Their whole yacht-squadron she outped,
And that on their own water;
Of all the lot she went a-head,
And they came nowhere arter.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

O'er Panamà there was a scheme
Long talk'd of, to pursue a
Short route—which many thought a dream—
By Lake Nicaragua.
JOHN BULL discussed the plan on foot,
With slow irresolution,
While YANKEE DOODLE went and put
It into execution.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

A steamer of the COLLINS line,
A YANKEE DOODLE's notion,
Has also quickest cut the brine
Across the Atlantic Ocean.
And British agents, noways slow
Her merits to discover,
Have been and bought her—just to tow
The CUNARD packets over.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

Your gunsmiths of their skill may crack,
But that again don't mention;
I guess that COLTS' revolvers whack
Their very first invention.
By YANKEE DOODLE, too, you're beat
Downright in Agriculture,
With his machine for reaping wheat,
Chaw'd up as by a vulture.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

You also fancied, in your pride,
Which truly is tarnation,
Them British locks of yours defied
The rogues of all creation;
But CHUBBS' and BRAMAH'S HOBBS has pick'd,
And you must now be view'd all
As having been completely licked
By glorious YANKEE DOODLE.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.



MR. BRIGGS IS OFF AGAIN SHOOTING.

THINGS LEFT BEHIND IN THE EXHIBITION.

THE list of things left behind in the Exhibition would really make a very curious little exhibition of themselves, and we would, therefore, propose that the police may be permitted to open, for their own benefit, this extraordinary cabinet of curiosities. The ladies, in particular, have shown a singular amount of forgetfulness; one, in her absence of mind, having left her petticoat in the building; and another, having gone, not leaving her bustle behind her in its usual place, but having actually allowed it to remain in the Crystal Palace. Parasols, victorines, cuffs, and children, have been picked up in large numbers by the police; and, indeed, there have been so many boys and girls found in the building, that there is some reason to doubt whether the Crystal Palace has not been selected as a convenient spot for child-dropping. It was perhaps considered that the infants thus abandoned would become, as it were, wards of the Commissioners, and get supported out of the surplus. Two ladies left their pockets; and the police also found a spirit-flask, which, of course, belonged to one of them. Those who are curious as to female carelessness may, at any time, pick up a great deal off the floor of the Exhibition.

WHY DID THE "AMERICA" BEAT US?

As numbers of our contemporaries have given accounts, more or less scientific, of the build of the *America* yacht, and the causes of her superiority to our own vessels, we have the pleasure of laying before our nautical readers the following letter of CAPTAIN NELSON COLLINGWOOD SAINT VINCENT SMITH, of the Royal Navy, with whose reputation for gallantry, as well as for science, every person is acquainted:—

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL, Sheerness, September 6, 1851.

"That the Yankee has beaten us is perfectly clear. I have never seen a more complete beating since the day when on board the old *Borysthene* we took the *Maravedi*, 74, in Tapioca Bay. Neither of us, nor any of the survivors, are likely to forget that day. The next best thing to conquering we have done on this occasion—we have taken our thrashing with perfect good-humour. No men were ever whapped who bore so little malice as the Cowe-gentlemen.

"But I suppose they don't intend to be thrashed again. Sameness tires, as they say.—Let us see how to prevent this sameness for the future.

"I have gone over every inch of the *America* from athwart her hause to the utmost shiver of her timbers. You have but to compare her gannets and trunnions with those in use by our shipbuilders, and to see what an immense advantage in a 6-knot breeze, at N.S. by S., she must have. Her clewlines are 28 feet by 11, while ours are of the ordinary register of 13 to the dozen. Any schooner so rigged (let alone cutters) must clear the water-line with her log, and so get an advantage of a common buffer-rigged boat, whatever may be the pressure of her scuppers. The old *Catavampus* was so constructed; it was notorious in every dockyard in the QUEEN'S dominions, that this build was the only one possible in a trade-wind; and of course, in consequence, it was thrown out by the Admiralty. It would not suit the patronage of my Lords to build vessels like the *Catavampus*.

"Look at our halyards, and then go and look at the *America's* spanker-boom! Our gaffs are brass: whilst hers are india-rubber. Every inch of canvas in her cuddy is as taut as a deal-table: to reef the commonest caboose in an English yacht takes 79 seconds, whilst her parabola is never calculated under an hour.

"How could we expect, under such circumstances, that the issue should have been otherwise than as it turned out?

"Always, my dear Admiral, truly yours,
NELSON COLLINGWOOD SAINT VINCENT SMITH."

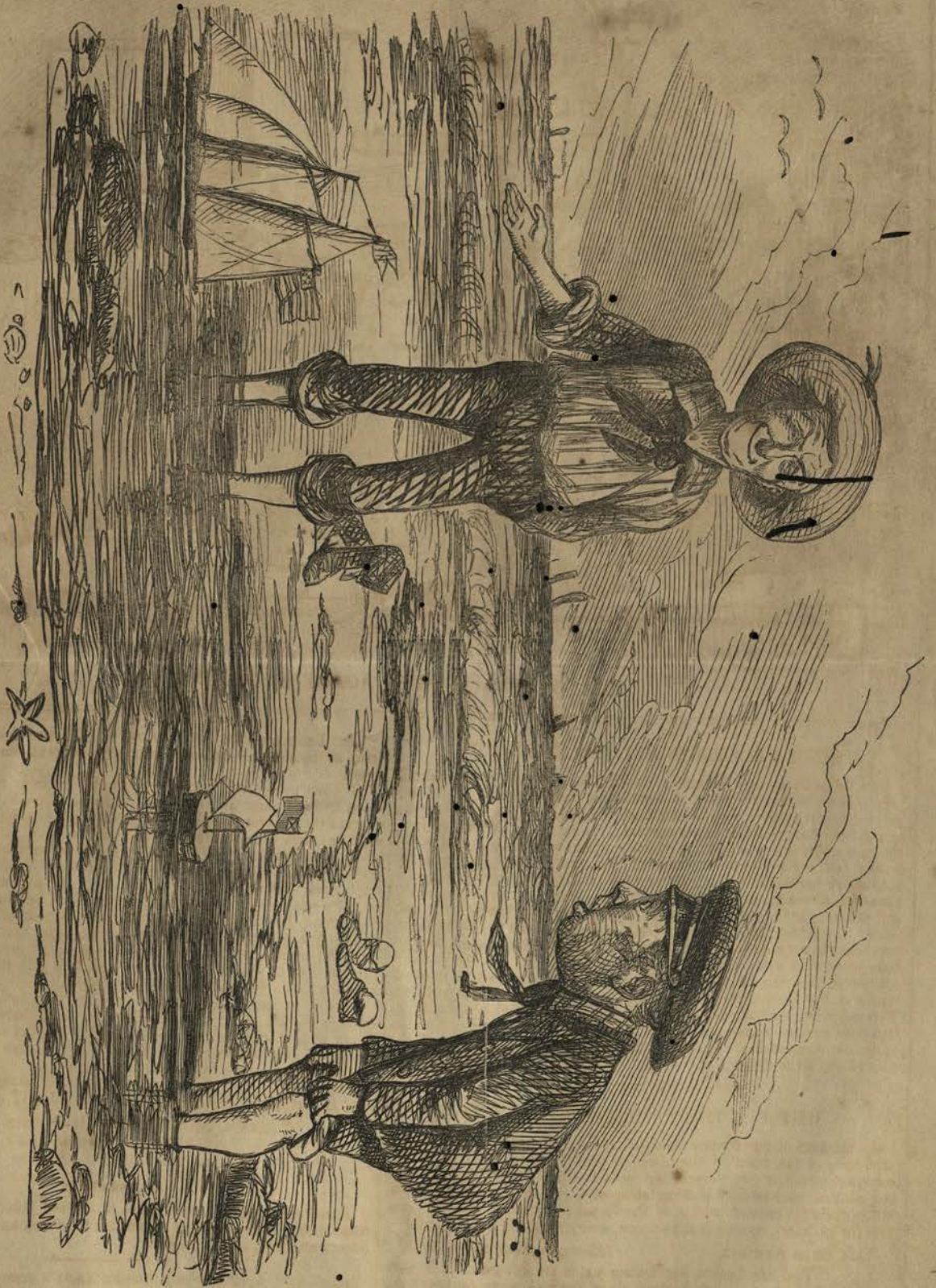
Annexation.

THE American "Liberators," who have failed in Cuba, are most respectfully and earnestly requested to annex an island lying off the American coast, called Ireland.

A LINE FOR A YOUNG LADY'S COPY-BOOK.

The Wife's Pleasure is too often the Husband's Ruin.

THE WORKS OF SAND (with Illustrations).—See the Bathing at Ramsgate!



LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS!

American Youth. "I GUESS, MASTER JOHNNY, IF YOU'DON'T LOOK SHARP, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE A SEVENTY-FOUR NEXT!"

WHO'LL BUY OUR INDULGENCES?



PUNCH intends to open a shop for the Sale of Indulgences. It is a good profitable business, and we do not see why the POPE should have the monopoly of it. The proceeds of the sale we intend, of course, to devote to some good purpose. It will be the purchase of a handsome estate—or perhaps we may build a yacht with it, for the purpose of beating the *America*. However, there will be no difficulty in spending the money. The first consideration is to get it, and when once we have got it, we will pledge our words of honour that every farthing of it shall be spent. For fear of any misunderstanding, however, we beg most particularly to state that the very last purpose to which the money is likely to be applied, will be—a Cathedral!

This is the plan of Sale, which, after mature consideration, we have determined

upon, as the one most conducive to our benefit.

For every husband who takes his wife to the sea-side, or abroad, we will grant an Indulgence of domestic peace for the period he is absent from home during his wife's pleasure.

To every Minister and Member of Parliament, who has worked hard during the Session, we will award an Indulgence of grouse-shooting as soon as the Session is over.

To every Lawyer who is honest, and to every Barrister who pleads for the love of truth and not the love of money, we will grant an Indulgence of a trip on the Continent during the Long Vacation.

To every Cabman, who does not charge a Foreigner more than twice his fare, we will award an Indulgence of fourpence in every shilling.

To every lazy Schoolboy, who is born with a talent for getting into mischief, we will grant an Indulgence of at least six weeks' cessation of flogging—that is to say, providing his holidays continue as long.

To every old maid, who abstains from scandal at a tea-party, we will present the Indulgence of the strongest cup of tea.

To every gentleman, who gives himself the trouble of exposing the impositions of cabmen and omnibus conductors, we will promise the Indulgence of finding a policeman on all the occasions he will be in want of one.

To every lady who buys a copy of *Punch* on crossing the Channel, we will graciously award, as a special Indulgence, our most fervent hopes that she may not be visited with sea-sickness, or detained more than two hours at any English Custom-house.

The above Indulgences will be sold at the most moderate rate, at No. 85, Fleet Street. The sale, we expect, will be something enormous; and the proceeds we intend to devote, as we have honestly said, entirely to our own benefit. If the English people are foolish enough to buy Indulgences—and when a humbug is started, we think the English people are foolish enough for anything—we do not see why we should not reap the advantage of it as well as the POPE, or CARDINAL WISEMAN, or MR. PUGIN, or any one else. So, with all our lungs, we cry, "Who'll buy—buy—buy—our fine Indulgences?"

PEACE FOR IRELAND.

FOR the quadrature of the circle—pardon! We mean for the pacification of Ireland, a correspondent has sent us a very good suggestion. The Irish, he says, are continually abusing and opposing the Government under which they live, and as constantly extolling that of the POPE OF ROME, and yearning for subjection to the papal despotism.

The Romans, on the other hand, he observes, are equally hostile to the dominion of their Pontiff, and as anxiously desirous of a constitutional government. These undutiful children of the "Holy Father," turned their poor Papa out of doors the other day, and would repeat the deed, were it in their power. Just so would the sons of Erin, if they could, expel their Sassenach tyrants and oppressors.

He therefore proposes that—with the consent of the respective parties, which would be a matter of course—HER MAJESTY should exchange her Irish lieges with the POPE, for the temporal subjects of his Holiness.

This proposal looks very feasible. In addition to the pleasure of wearing the "sweet yoke of Rome"—Inquisition and all—and of seeing others who hate it obliged to wear it too—there would be that of basking in the warmth of sunny Italy; which, to a considerable portion of the Hibernian population, would be the greatest in life. Said sunny Italy is much too hot to hold the Romans, for whose constitution the air of Ireland would be considerably more suitable. The QUEEN would acquire subjects who would be too happy to enjoy free institutions.

The POPE would gain vassals who would rejoice in kissing his shoes. What arrangement could be more convenient for QUEEN, POPE, PADDY, and the Roman people?

But, recollect, there is a large proportion—much larger than is commonly supposed—of Irishmen, who are no Papists; and the noise that is made by the POPE's brass band is no criterion of the numbers of the enemy's troops.

Moreover, it is a question, whether, if we wished to subvert the papal power in Ireland, the proper plan would not be to establish Popery there; and whether, if Irishmen became the lawful subjects of the POPE, their most violent Papists would not all turn Protestants.

A NEW MINE FOR THE PENNY-A-LINERS.

THE penny-a-liners have long ago exhausted the monstrosities of the gooseberry, the precocities of the pea, and the other freaks in which Nature has sometimes indulged for the purpose, apparently, of supplying the newspapers with paragraphs. Starvation seemed staring them in the face, when an ingenious member of the fraternity has happily hit upon an idea, of which the following extract furnishes an illustration:

"COLONEL—of—, now in his 86th year, on Tuesday week was out with his gun and dog, and after five hours sport returned home to dinner, with seven and a half brace of grouse in his game-bag, all shot by himself."

Here is sixpenn'orth for the penny-a-liner from an entirely new source; and we have no doubt we shall have a large crop of venerable or late colons to supply the deficiency in the harvest of early peas or monster gooseberries. The public may expect the above specimen to be followed by a glut of admirals of 106, having been on their legs for 27 hours at a stretch, and having bagged their hundred head of game, without having tolsted a signal of distress of any kind.

ST. LOUIS AND LOUIS NAPOLEON AT ROME.



THE POPE PIUS has paid an oblique compliment to LOUIS NAPOLEON, the President, through LOUIS THE TWELFTH, the Saint; whose *fête* day was on the 25th ult. The saint's festival was held with due pomp in the Sacred College, the French Ambassador attending. We further learn that "a detachment of the 21st Regiment of French Light Infantry, with its band, occupied the nave of the Church." In the afternoon, the POPE offered prayers in the chapel of the holy monarch!

There is a significant delicacy in the whole arrangement of the festival, highly creditable to the POPE, and—it cannot be otherwise—very flattering to the President, whose saint's day

is marked with such especial favour. Very beautiful, too, the thought that summoned "a detachment of the 21st Regiment of French Infantry" to take part in the ceremony. They no doubt attended as representatives of the whole French army; and took—on the part of their brotherhood in arms—an acknowledgment of that debt due to them by the POPE, lifted back into his chair (at the best, by the way, an uncomfortable hoist,) at the point of Gallic bayonets. Delightful is thankfulness in high places. A fourth crown is gratitude to a Pope! Thus, his Holiness mixed thanksgiving incense with French gunpowder; and—the band being present—with the praise of French sanctity, did not forget French kettle-drums. It would be difficult to show to a pure imagination, a more delightful, more touching, more earnest picture than that of the aforesaid detachment of the 21st French Infantry; upon whom, no doubt of it, SAINT LOUIS, on the 25th ult., was looking mistily down through seven centuries.

We earnestly trust that LOUIS the President, all the circumstances considered, will take as peculiarly complimentary to himself, the attention nominally paid to LOUIS the Saint.

PREFERENCE IN THE CHURCH.—We hear that the REVEREND DENNIS CAHILL is appointed LORD BISHOP OF BILLINGSGATE.—From the *Pope's Eye*.

WHAT KIND OF TABLES DO VEGETARIANS KEEP?—Vege-tables.

THE MOST UNPLEASANT VISIT OF ALL.—Being visited with sea-sickness!!!



PUNCH'S ANNIVERSARIES.—No. 5. TEA FIRST INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND, SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1666.

A CASE OF INGRATITUDE.

A PERSON, by the name of JOHN HENRY NEWBOY, was brought up before MR. ALDERMAN MOSES, in Worship Street, charged by an old lady with obstruction of her trade, and indecent and riotous behaviour.

The complainant, whose name is MRS. CHURCH, by trade a robe-maker and haberdasher, is an old lady of great wealth and respectability, and has a shop in Westminster, and another large shop in St. Paul's, besides branch establishments in various parts of the country. JOHN HENRY had been in her service, and much trusted by her; till about four years ago he left her business, and joined an opposition establishment, kept by one Mrs. HILLS, who has brought over a great number of foreign workmen, and has set up an establishment for the sale of the Babylonian Shirt, the Scarlet Chemise, the patent Haircloth Dickey (which NEWBOY himself wears), the new thrashing-machine (for English use) at the sign of the Winking Doll, in St. Mary Axe, with a great number of branch houses in the country.

MRS. CHURCH came in such tribulation to the magistrate, that her statements regarding NEWBOY were often quite incoherent. She said she had brought him up quite as a son of her own; had employed him as a foreman in the robe-making business, and set him up at Oxford, (where the celebrated Oxford choker had been of his invention); that thousands of her shirts and chokers had been sold amongst the young gentlemen of the University, and were worn in many of the genteel pulpits in London, until a decree from the Ordinary against preaching in shirts put an end to that practice—and reverend gentlemen now only wore black robes.

The worthy Alderman asked whether MRS. CHURCH did not make these too?

She said she did, and that she was robe-maker according to Act of Parliament, and that her dresses were of the real original silk and cut, and that none were genuine but hers;—on which NEWBOY cried out, *O venite! questo e un poco troppo forte*—in the midst of guffaw from his friends, who were all silenced by the Court.

“And,” continued MRS. CHURCH, with much volubility—“and if something is not done, the robe-making trade of Britain is ruined—there are millions say there is no use in wearing robes at all; there’s even DOCTOR LAMBETH that dares to say that your common cheap Geneva stuff is as good as ours; and that there ain’t two doctors in the whole College as won’t say as much—and there’s this horrid old MOTHER HILLS has come over with *her* traps, and brings in pink shirts, and blue

shirts, and yellow shirts, and shirts embroidered with flowers.” And finally MRS. CHURCH begged from the worthy magistrate for protection and for justice against NEWBOY.

ALDERMAN MOSES said he could not see as yet in what NEWBOY had broken the law. There was a Free Trade in these, as in any other vestments.

One of the NEWBOY party here bellowed out in a strong Hibernian accent—“Be dad, that’s not thrue—there’s a most intawlerable persecution against us by the beese, brutal, and bloody Whigs, and the sword of the oppressor is at the throat of poor old suffering Oireland, which indignantele hurrled back the double-dyed malediction in the fiendish teet of the toirant”—but the others begged FATHER MULLIGAN to be quiet.

“I do not see,” continued the Alderman, “how I can help you, MRS. CHURCH. If a gentleman has a fancy to a Roman Camiccia, instead of an English Shirt, with lawn sleeves, or not, how can I prevent him?”

“But,” said MRS. CHURCH, “your worship can surely prevent him calling me bad names, and making fun of me.”

“What is this NEWBOY?” asked the Magistrate.

The person addressed, a sly-looking man, with a look of great mischief, said,

“My name is not NEWBOY.”

“Stuff!” said his worship; “a thousand men in Court know you, Sir. I’ve seen you, myself, in Oxford—JOHN HENRY NEWBOY.”

“My name is GIOVANNI ENRICO NUOVO FANCIULLO,” said the other, meekly, and persisted in speaking all the time in Italian. “I went by a name before, but I had no name. I was called Bachelor of Divinity; but I was neither JOHN HENRY: nor was I a divine, nor was I a bachelor: that is, I was a bachelor being a man, but not a bachelor, being a divine, nor a divine being a bachelor: I could not form a part of a whole which has no existence: and there being no whole, there is no part. I could not be before I was born, or have a name before it was given me. Having most undeniably had no name, I have a right to assume that I was not. A gross material evidence, as of my person, as of my bodily recollections, as of my having had a fever, and taken physic, as of my bills paid and docketted, &c., might lead me to infer that I formerly was; but an undeniable logical conclusion shows me that I was not. A man has a name; I had no name: therefore I was not born. I have a name, therefore I am. Call me GIOVANNI ENRICO NUOVO FANCIULLO, Dottore.”

“Where do you live, Dottore?”

"At the sign of the Winking Doll in St. Mary Axe."
 "The Winking what?" asked the Bench.
 "The Winking Doll," said the Doctor, meekly. "It is a known fact that the blessed image winked at a cabstand, and converted the whole stand, with the exception of the unbelieving waterman. And though sceptics have asserted that there were no cabs on the stand at the time, and that the waterman who saw the sign, was intoxicated; yet a waterman might be drunk, and there might be no cabs on the stand: and a statue might wink—the latter proposition is quite distinct from the former. Statues have been known to wink: statues have been known to fly; statues have been known to swim: and to talk like other blockheads. Our island is full of wonders, which come down embalmed to us in tradition. On a peculiar emergency SAINT GUY, the arithmetician, made two and two into five; SAINT WALKINGHAM was in three places at once; SAINT FINNAN was in the habit of preaching to the fish and the mermaids at the bottom of the sea; SAINT HOKIUS and SAINT POKIUS took refuge in a quart bottle when persecuted by the Druids, and being uncorked in presence of SWOLLO, King of Little Britain, converted him and his whole court. Why is it more difficult to credit a marvel which happened yesterday, than to believe a wonder which occurred thirteen hundred years ago?"

The magistrate said this had nothing to do with the complaint made against NEWBOY, and begged MRS. CHURCH to state at once what was her grievance.

The old lady complained that her late foreman was publishing libels against her character and against her shop; that he said her goods were not genuine; that he was constantly talking against her, and making fun of her; to the detriment of her trade and her respectability. Indeed, whilst she was speaking, the complainant, NEWBOY, was observed to laugh repeatedly and put his tongue in his mouth, and handed round to his friends (a set of smug-looking people in black, with heads which looked as if they were afflicted with the ring-worm) a caricature of old MRS. CHURCH, at which they all laughed. The old lady's nose was trebled in this design, her corpulence was enormously exaggerated, and her look (which has of late been a good deal puzzled and bewildered) caricatured in the most ludicrous manner.

ALDERMAN MOSES checked this unseemly jocularly, and said, "MR. NEWBOY, it may suit you to make fun of old MRS. CHURCH; but you will please to remember that there are other people besides her whom some folks consider ridiculous; and I should say that this tone of levity does not become you towards an old lady who acted towards you as a mother. As for you, MRS. CHURCH, I don't see how I can help you: and you must remember that you have been calling MRS. HILLS names all your life, and very ugly names too. I've nothing to do with the dispute between your shops; and can neither prevent MRS. HILLS from selling her garments, or you from vending yours."

A voice here, in the crowd, crying out, "Clo! Clo!" in a jocular tone, the worthy Alderman said, "Yes, if it is a question about clothes, you know that our people have the *real* old clothes—that we are unjustly treated, and yet that we don't complain: that we are persecuted, and yet that we don't threaten to rebel, or call foul names, or utter falsehoods, or incite to hatred and fury against those who do us wrong." And, another case being called, both parties left the court, perfectly dissatisfied.

PIUS'S FICTIONS.

FROM a correspondence that has recently appeared in the papers, it seems that a certain person, named GAWTHORN, has been writing letters to the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY and others, sometimes in the character of a dissenter, sometimes in that of a high-churchman, and sometimes in his own—that of a papist—signing himself at one time, FRANCIS, at another, REES, and at another, WILLIAM REES FRANCIS GAWTHORN, in full. The excuse of FRANCIS, *alias* REES, *alias* GAWTHORN, is thus stated by himself:

"I assure you I had no object in writing the letter (besides complying with the request of my friend, to whom I am under great obligations) but to hasten the conversion of those who profess High Church principles to the Catholic Church. I merely wrote the letter at the particular request of the friend to whom I refer, and in the hope that it might tend towards the conversion of those concerned, which we believe to be the greatest blessing they can receive."

We hope our readers will not suppose that MR. GAWTHORN is no other than the trustworthy correspondent that occasionally favours us under the signature of "VERAX"—who scorns deceit and imposture, and does not pretend that his epistles to *Punch* are signed with his proper name. Really, scarcely a week passes without some monstrous figment, fabricated in behalf of "the Church," being brought home to some Romish ecclesiastic, agitator, or zealot. Does the "Holy Father" of Rome know of this?—if he does, *Mr. Punch* will be obliged to establish a story-tellers' corner, in which to put the children of that naughty PAPA, who are continually qualifying themselves for the position.

A PRECARIOUS LIVING.—No Professional man lives so much from hand to mouth as a Dentist!—*Our Rejected Contributor.*

ADVANTAGES OF THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD FEVER.



Good friends, let us all shake hands; but that is not enough. Let us all embrace as our foreign friends do, and make a Great Exhibition of ourselves, by rushing into each other's arms. Ring your bells, good people; send up your rockets, let off your crackers and your cannon, blow your trumpets, beat your drums, hurl your hats aloft, and hooray with all your hearts and with all your lungs!

We have got a California of our own. There is a colonial El Dorado near Bathurst, in New South Wales. The *Times* says that the *Sydney Morning*

Herald says, that the *Bathurst Free Press* says, that a MR. HARGREAVES has discovered the fact that "the country, from the Mountain Ranges to an indefinite extent in the interior, is one immense gold field." Literally, no end of gold in a British dependency! The most precious of minerals—Britannia-metal! Happy mother country! Happy, happiest of colonies! AUSTRALIA Felix—Felicissima! Hooray! hooray! hip! hip! hip! hooray! One cheer more—hooray!

And what are you making all this noise about, *Mr. Punch*?—you, a philosopher—at least, I always thought so—to fly into these ecstasies about a discovery of yellow metal—of which—not to call the substance itself dross—the very abundance will soon destroy the value!—I am surprised at you. You, who sell me—give me, I should rather say—your weekly miscellany of wit, poetry, and wisdom, for 3d.—4d. stamped—for mere copper—whence all this enthusiasm on your part at the prospect of gold?

My dear Subscriber! only think of the rush to the diggings. In Australia, crowds of persons, of every description on horse, or foot—with pickaxes, crow-bars, cradles, shovels, spades, rakes, grubbing-hoes, hung at their saddle-bows, or at their backs, or around their waists—hasten to the mines. The blacksmiths can't make picks fast enough for them—and fathers of families take their wives' fenders and fire-irons for mining tools, and run off with the pokers and tongs, and domestic cullenders, and pots and kettles, like travelling tinkers. Away they go—"people of all trades, callings, and pursuits." It will soon be the same in this country.

I don't see why we should congratulate ourselves on the expectation of the gold fever—which you yourself seem to have caught, *Mr. Punch*.

No, my dear Sir! Consider. Think of the emigration that must ensue. People of all trades, callings, and pursuits. What people? Of course those to whom gold is the prime object. All the lawyers and doctors who practise chiefly with a view to fees. All the divines who look, in the first place, to the loaves and fishes. All and sundry who labour in their vocation principally to get money. The respectable solicitors, honourable barristers, exemplary parsons and bishops, fair dealers, reasonable tradesmen, disinterested authors, and well-paid workpeople, will all be left behind—and will be, if not very numerous, how very select! What a blessing it will be to have all the sordid and selfish members of every profession at the Antipodes; self-transported! What a clearance of the system by the Gold Fever: what an extremely good riddance of bad rubbish!

We all have our Hobbies.

THE philosophical world, being rather addicted to the dreamy, has only just woke up to a knowledge of the agitation that has prevailed on the great Lock question. We understand, however, that the subject will be thoroughly investigated, and that the next number of the "Philosophical Transactions" will contain a very profound treatise on the relative merits of the philosophy of Lock and HOBBS.

THE RULE OF THREE.—"Liberté—Egalité—Fraternité."

THE LONG VACATION.—The Long Vacation will shortly commence at Cowes, for it has been observed that most of the English yachts are already *breaking up*.

EXTREME DELICACY OF TASTE.—An earthquake has refused to swallow the KING OF NAPLES!



A STAGGERER FOR AN EXCURSIONIST.

Foreigner (with profuse gesticulation). "PARDON, M'SIEU! FAUT-IL ALLER À DROITE, À GAUCHE, OU EN FACE, POUR ME RENDRE À PEEK-A-PEEK-A-DEELE? (Piccadilly.)"

THE CABINET OUT OF LONDON.



loss? Let us try to calculate. With LORD JOHN RUSSELL, we should lose—that Bran-new Reform Bill! With SIR CHARLES WOOD—the Income-Tax. With LORD GREY—the Cape of Good Hope. With SIR GEORGE GREY—Nothing.

HERALDIC FRAGMENTS.

THE intelligent reader (for, of course, every reader of *Punch* is intelligent,) has now some notion how a shield is divided, and what sort of things are placed upon it. The subject is not—when treated with a certain, &c., &c. (here we blush modestly, *gules*)—an altogether uninteresting one; though too often heraldic books are so terribly dull, that in them the shield, like the shield of MEDUSA, petrifies the lookers-on.

From the words "pale, bend, bar," &c., are formed adjectives of corresponding meaning. Thus, when the field is marked with vertical lines, it is called "*paly*," and *paly* of so-and-so, according to the number of them. If you wanted, for instance, to blazon the face of a fast man of loose habits, you would say that he was "*paly* of three," meaning that he had three times indulged in pale ale, and looked accordingly. In the same way, you might accurately describe the window of a spunging-house as *barry*; meaning that it had several bars across it. Combinations of these, also, are not unfrequent; a well-secured spunging-house window might be *barry-bendy*, or *paly-bendy*, according to the direction of the bars. Were a human face to be seen, pressed anxiously, from within, against the said window, the whole field might be described as a human face *debruisé* of bars, for any animal having an ordinary laid over it, is said to be *debruisé*. To say that our very old friend, that remarkable animal, the Stag, has been *debruisé* in every possible way, lately, is to venture on a jest of a character as obvious as the said Stag's want of character.

Note, that all these ordinaries are subject to little modifications, which make the science delightfully complicated. A bar may be *engrailed* or *indented* at the edges, though one would think the worthy object would be quite sufficiently irritating without anything of the sort.

Among *sub-ordinaries* we must notice a few objects not to be treated with contempt. The *pile* is one of them. It consists of two lines terminating in a point. How we must all wish that our worthy pile, the New Houses of Parliament, would only terminate with equal definiteness! And another sub-ordinary is the *lozenge*, which is in the shape of a diamond. The reader who may be inclined to try our patent lozenges, will find them sufficiently attractive as bearings; and, indeed, a shield *lozengey* is calculated to remove the coldness with which a less pretty one would be regarded. We must not forget the *gules*, or drops, which also belong to this class. These drops are of various tinctures, and if you are inclined to take a drop, you must particularise accordingly. A shield having these on it is described as *gullé d'or*, *gullé de sang*, &c., according to their colour. The fast man above mentioned, would be *gullé d'or*, if his countenance betokened that he was in the habit of chargin' himself with liquids of a bright colour.

There are some odd little things, called *roundles*, also, which include *bezants*, *oranges*, *pommes*, &c. "Bezants" are said to have been Eastern coins assumed from the Crusades. Whether this implied that the ancestors of our old families helped themselves to the money of the natives, and then adopted this figure as emblematic of the exploit—or whether they received the bezants as loans when in pecuniary difficulties—we don't know. There is something very humiliating in the idea of a knight's exclaiming, "Two bezants more, and up goes the Crusader"—yet surely coins could not have been honoured as symbols, if they had not been found by some of their bearers of very vital importance. When a shield is scattered over with an indefinite number of roundles, it is said to be *semée* of them. Thus, poor ANN HICKS's stall in Hyde Park was *semée* of *oranges*, *pommes*, and *tofteaux* (cakes). Surely, LORD SEYMOUR ought to have sympathised with so honourable a bearing; but perhaps he was heightened in his zeal, as guardian of the Park, by knowing that he bears three Lions *passant, guardant*—as part of the "augmentation" granted to LADY SEYMOUR by HENRY THE EIGHTH. The said Lions might be much more honourably employed, however, than in capsizing apple-stalls.

It has been suggested to us that MR. PAXTON ought to assume (besides the chevrons we mentioned some weeks ago) a portion of the Crystal Palace, with motto, *Sic transept gloria mundi!*—We have some thoughts of "debruising" the suggester with our "*bâton sinister*" for the awful perpetration.

Invasion of Cuba.

GENERAL LOPEZ has been penetrating into Havannah. Let us hope that, in return, Havannah will soon be finding its way into LOPEZ; for we are sure an invasion of that kind will be hailed with delight by all cigar-smokers at home, who have been accustomed lately to look upon LOPEZ as a cigar that would stand neither fire nor smoke, and whose only exploits in Havannah were celebrated, like those of SMITH O'BRIEN, in a cabbage-garden.

ONLY HALF A BISHOP.

It has just occurred to us that the number of Bishops is not quite complete, for the BISHOP OF LAND-ALF cannot represent an entire see.

TIMBER FOR SALE.—A great quantity of Planks, Sticks, Masts, and Spars, to be had cheap.—Inquire at the Royal Yacht Club-House, Cowes.

POLITICAL PHILHARMONICS.



ONE day ago, a Correspondent of the *Times*, under the signature of "VIGIL,"—who appears to be sufficiently wide-awake,—states that he saw some 2000 people in Victoria Park, the other day, listening to some fine music, which a military band, sent by the Government to play in the Park twice a week, was performing. The assembly, says VIGIL, was composed chiefly of mechanics, many of them weavers—one of whom made the following patriotic and political observation:—

"Foreigners may boast of their liberty, equality, and fraternity; but is not this something like fair play and equality? The Government send one band to play to the nobs in Kensington Gardens, and they send another band to play to us here."

"Surely," adds VIGIL, "the Government have touched the right string in this case; with the tenor of which remark we agree, though, musically speaking, we object to the word "string," as no instrument that can warrant the use of that term is employed in a military band. The best music requires, for its execution, violins, and we do not think that Ministers would be chargeable with fiddlefaddle if they were to establish complete orchestras, with a view of playing on the higher feelings of the people. Neither—we trust—will this suggestion be responded to by the derisive exclamation—"A fiddlestick!" Perish also the vile punster who would, in the remotest manner hint that the idea of the musical reformation of society is a—we cannot write the word—the equivalent of half a minim. If

those who have no music in their souls are fit for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils," it follows that the cultivation of the popular musical faculty must, on the other hand, tend greatly to create a general unfitness for such atrocities; and thus materially diminish the numbers of ginger-beer-bottle patriots, rogues, and pickpockets. It would, therefore, be a capital thing to send a band of Missionaries, with a Conductor at their head (and a Leader besides), into the lanes and alleys, and up the courts, to charm savage breasts, and humanise brutes, as ORPHEUS did. Such a force, with the brave JULLIEN as Commander-in-chief, would ensure tranquillity—even though its services should sometimes be required in a Row Polka. Expense may be some objection to this scheme: and Government, perhaps, at present does all it can, by employing the only musicians at its command. It is pleasant to see our army engaged in preserving order with drums and fife instead of with bayonets; and we like the comical notion of civilising the rougher classes in this way, by the aid of the military.

HERALDIC FRAGMENTS.

THERE is one practice rigidly observed in Heraldry which we should be glad to see introduced into common life. It is the practice of describing what has to be described in the briefest, tersest manner. There is nothing a Herald hates so much as tautology. "Blazoning," or heraldic description, is pointed and precise. Thus, if you bear on a white shield a black chevron with three cross-crosslets on it,—say, white also,—while there are three red roses on the field *ppr.*, we will suppose:—how do you go to work to describe the arms?—Simply,—arg, on a chevron *sa.* between three roses *ppr.*, three cross-crosslets, of the first. The term "of the first," avoids the repetition of the colour—the colour ought never to be repeated, nor the description prolonged. To illustrate from common life,—if you wanted to describe CAHILL, as a boar more dangerous than the generality of his order, but restrained from biting by legal penalties, you would state his case quite simply by saying that he was a boar, *sable*, tusked,—muzzled, *or.* How many "patriots" might be happily touched off by the expression "muzzled, *or!*" How clearly it defines a certain mercenary taciturnity! This heraldic pointedness is quite estimable in its way. Why take pains to delineate at length some unworthy impostor unworthily enriched—when the expression, a goose *gorged*, *or.* settles him in three words? For, *gorged* describes the ornament encircling the neck of a bird; and the ornament is almost always a rich one. A goose gorged with gold, is no infrequent phenomenon in modern civilisation.

The word *issuing* is also susceptible of remarkable application. We hear of "a cross-crosslet *issuing* from a crescent, *sable*," as the crest acquired by an old family in the Crusades. But our days have witnessed the cross *issuing* from all sorts of quarters. A remarkable cross has issued from a square, *or*—we mean Golden Square. The varieties of the cross are very numerous. Sometimes, it is a cross, *floury*—as in the case of a dandy ecclesiastic, or a gaudy church. Sometimes, it is *voided*—which means, as the heralds tell us, that the "inner part is taken out"—typifying a church that has lost charity and purity. Sometimes, it is *engrailed*, signifying that the bearer desires to present a jagged and torturing edge to all whom he approaches. Sometimes, it is all of these: symbolising—what? Certainly not any church or ecclesiastic mild, modest, and self-denying—but worthy to be the token of bodies and individuals altogether the contrary!—And so, Heraldry may have a meaning and application in our days, as in former ones.

THE FRENCH GIRL, ROSE.

A Song of a Modern Saint.

Dedicated to DR. NEWMAN.

OH! my Saint is like the French girl, ROSE,
TAMISIER by surname,
And leads me gently by the nose,
With wonders just the same,
A heart, tattoo'd upon her breast,
Stains handkerchiefs and clothes;
Of course through miracle imprest,
As by the French girl, ROSE.

Her angel wakes me with a knock,
Each morn, at her command;
And puts new buttons on my frock,
At times, with unseen hand;
Suspended in the air she prays,
When on her knees she goes:
And I believe whate'er she says,
And in the French girl, ROSE.

What MR. LEWIS could not teach,
With all his pains and art,
My Saint, by means above his reach,
Can instantly impart:
She'll cause a simpleton to write,
To read who not e'en knows;
And that by superhuman light,
Just like the French girl, ROSE.

A round of toast was seen, one day,
Into her mouth to jump.
These marvels, scorn them as ye may,
I swallow in a lump.
From holy pictures, at her word,
A wondrous ichor flows:
True faith no statement deems absurd,
Nor doubts the French girl, ROSE.

My Saint shone brightly in the dark,
And flew across the sea,
Convey'd by an obedient shark,
So great a Saint was she!
Not half hysterical, half "do,"
As heretics suppose;
Oh no, my brothers!—more than you,
Or than the French girl, ROSE.

A Question on Criminal Jurisprudence.

WHETHER, in sentencing criminals to imprisonment, or transportation, for life, it would not be much better to condemn them to the works going on at the new Houses of Parliament? The expenses of transportation abroad, or maintenance at home, would be done away with, whilst the term of their punishment would remain precisely the same.

DEBT AND GLORY.



RECENTLY the papers have published a list of the amounts of the public debts and standing armies of all the states of Europe. It seems, from this document, that glory, as represented by the military, does not pay; for every state that has a standing army, has a running debt to match, and does not discharge its liabilities. When we run our eye down the list, and find England heading it with a debt equal to one half of what is owed by all Europe put together, we may naturally start at the penalty of greatness, and almost envy the littleness of some of the petty principalities, whose happy condition is described by the words, "No debt, no army."

There are a few of the places mentioned whose standing armies must be regarded as standing jokes, for what could Lichtenstein do with its sixty men? which is the number of its entire soldiery. We defy the sovereign of the place to get up even a respectable ballet with such a very limited corps of supernumeraries; and as to war, should such a thing be declared, the idea of sending sixty men into a field of battle is simply

ludicrous. Lichtenstein seems to us to be about a match for Herne Bay; and should that ambitious watering-place ever wish to measure the truncheon of its policeman with the sword of the warrior, we think there could be no fairer contest than the little shingly bathing-place with the shabby little Duchy.

We should not be surprised to see an advertisement in *Bell's Life* some day, on the part of the Bay, intimating that "if the Duchy means business, the Bay is to be heard of, any day, at So-and-So's sporting house," nor should we be astonished at the arrival of a parcel by the South-Eastern Railway from Lichtenstein, declaring the Duchy to be in a state of perfect readiness to post the rhino at any bank of the Rhine, on receiving proper notice.

We were rather astonished at finding Darmstadt pretty strong in numbers, both as to debt and soldiers; but when we remember that during the summer season every watering-place has its "Duke of Darmstadt's brass band," we can easily account for the army being numerous, to admit of its being cut up into green-baize bands, and sent about collecting, perhaps in the summer, sufficient to support the expense of winter quarters. Hesse Homburg has an army, which seems large for the place, amounting to 350 men; but when we recollect how many waters are required at the baths, and at the other national establishments, we see at once how such a force can be made available. The Duchy of Baden has also an army, large in comparison to the importance or non-importance of the place, and its debt is heavy; but one or two good seasons at roulette would pay off the national debt; and the troops are always available as croupiers, and in other kindred capacities.

OMNIBUS REVIVALS.

TALK of the revivals on the Stage—they are nothing to the Omnibus Revivals. An Omnibus plays many parts in its day. It first comes out, spick-span new, all gold and gaudy colours. It runs its brilliant career—goes to the Bank regularly five or six times a-day—till at last it retires with rheumatic springs, or a pain in its side, arising from a broken panel. It is sent to the Hospital, and put, as soon as it is allowed to go out again, on easy work that will not test its strength too much. It is next tried on little journeys where there is no opposition on the road. It is "let out for the day." It takes Young Gentlemen's Schools out on picnics, or is entrusted with a valuable load of old ladies, who are making their annual visit to the Opera, and have made an express stipulation with the 'Bus to be taken home before eleven. It does its work steadily—despises all the pomps and vanities of gold letters and pretty colours—and walks about—it can scarcely be called running—in a plain suit of quiet Omnibus drab. It mostly moves in the suburbs, where it is in great requisition at nights, attending at the various evening-parties of the neighbourhood, besides being a constant visitor at the Mechanics' Institute, whenever any Professor from London comes down to exhibit the last fashionable quackery of the day. But the Omnibus is getting old. It begins to get more shaky every day.

Its windows rattle—its doors are seized with odd convulsions, that allow no one any rest—and it is as much as it can do to get one wheel before another. It disappears one wet night—having fallen, from extreme weakness, into a ditch—and we next see it on Epsom Race-course. It is plying for hire from the Railway Station to the Downs. It is a poor tumble-down, crazy concern—and persons who get into it, from pity, are sure to get out of it quickly from disgust. It looks terribly cut up, and as if it were tied together afterwards by strings, like a ready-carved fowl, and you imagine, if one string was cut, that all the limbs of the poor thing must tumble about on all sides in different directions—when it would require the cleverest surgeon in 'Bus anatomy to put them together again. We thought that some such fate as this was always the last stage in the career of an Omnibus; but we were disappointed. It seems that there was another torture in reserve for the poor tortured, expiring vehicle—and that was the Exhibition!

Look at the long string of decrepit, invalided, emaciated, worn-out Omnibuses, as they stand any day outside the Crystal Palace. Was there ever such a melancholy lot of Omnibus Revivals? Some with a little paint to make them look spruce—as they put a young actress in an old comedy, to make it go off better. Some with a new set of wheels—as they advertise a lumbering old melo-drama, with "new effects," to make it run a little longer. Others are patched up in the most piteous fashion—the patches barely hiding the scars and wounds with which their mutilated bodies are gashed all over. Every artifice is resorted to in order to conceal the ravages of time and ill-usage; and if there was a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Omnibuses, not one of the unsightly carriages—whose miserable sides are made to carry a long plank, on which is painted, or chalked, or pinned, the word "Exhibition"—would be allowed to make such a painful exhibition of itself in public. All the old omnibuses in the world are here collected together; and if you have missed a favourite old 'Bus for more than ten years,—one which you are confident must have been condemned to the lucifer-box long ago,—walk down to Kensington, near the Symposium, and there we will wager you the best dinner SOYER can give, (and that is not saying much,) that you will find your favourite old 'Bus still plying, crawling for hire, frisking spasmodically about, and attempting all the freshness of a one-year-old 'Bus.

An Omnibus is noted for its wonderful tenacity of life; and we really believe if you were to cut one up into half-a-dozen pieces, that, like a worm, they would all join again, and that it would still go on running. Notwithstanding these wonderful attributes, however, we fear that the mortality amongst 'Busses, during this Exhibition Year, 1851, will, when it becomes known, be something frightful!



MAZEPPA (NOT FROM THE EXHIBITION!).

Agricultural Intelligence.

"MASTER PUNCH,
"Tis all very well to talk o the Mericans woppun we wi their reapun masheen. I'm bound to say that ar a one o my men as you'd like me to bring forrad, will beat their new fangled invenshun at reapun any day, wi a hook.

"Your sarvant to cumand,
"BUMPKIN."



MR. BRIGGS ON THE FIRST.

FORTUNATELY FOR MR. BRIGGS (WHO WILL LOAD HIS OWN GUN BECAUSE THEN HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS ABOUT) THE KEEPER DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS PUT ABOUT THREE QUARTERS OF A POUND OF SHOT INTO HIS RIGHT-HAND BARREL.

LARKING ON THE RAILWAY.

MR. PUNCH, a few evenings ago, between half-past eight and nine o'clock, was travelling (with his characteristic valour) in a second-class carriage of an up-train on the London and Windsor Railway.

In the same carriage—but happily not in the same compartment of it with *Mr. Punch*—there was a party of six or seven gents. The eldest of them might have been some four-and-twenty, the rest two or three years younger. Their exterior was fashionable, after the fashion of the Minorities—their manners were, perhaps, rather less gentleman-like than their apparel.

These gents had evidently been sacrificing their intellects—poor though the offering was—to BACCHUS; for their faces were flushed, their conversation was noisy and unmeaning, their merriment excessive, and apparently causeless; and moreover they made allusions to “that” Standard or Natural Sherry, and also to a species of wine, which they called *Oc*.

They sang “*Rule Britannia*”—that is, one part of them roared the song so called, and others a free choral accompaniment of “*Tol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ray*.”—In like manner, they also sang “*Buffalo Gals*,” and “*I’m Afloat*,” which last canticle struck *Mr. Punch* as very appropriate to the state of gents who were half-seas over.

They sustained a loud and lively interchange of that sort of banter termed by the lower order of cads “chaff,” whereof the greater portion was unintelligible to *Mr. Punch*, and the whole, it is to be hoped, was Hebrew to two ladies, who had likewise the misfortune to be in the carriage.

The gents further amused themselves by tilting each other’s hats off; and one of these jokes elicited the repartee of “I beg leave to observe, Sir, that that’s my at.” Occasionally their “ats” were knocked over into *Mr. Punch*’s compartment, and were smilingly handed back to their proprietors by that gentleman, who happened to be in even a more than usually amiable frame of mind.

By way of variety in their sports and pastimes, the gents got one of their number down on his back, and poked him with their canes, and

tried to keep him there. Another of their diversions consisted in pushing one another about, in such a manner, that, if the handle of the left-hand door had, by chance, been unturned, the door might have been thrown open, and one or more of the gents out.

In the midst of an animated intermixture of conversation and song, the possibility of a collision was mooted among the gents, to the no small aggravation of their mirth. A gent remarked that “it would be a great loss to society”—alluding to himself and his companions, who laughed inordinately at his observation; but rather, it seemed, in admiration of his manly levity, than from any appreciation of his unconscious satire.

Indeed, *Mr. Punch* never heard so much laughter, with so little wit, in any society, as in that of these gents.

Mr. Punch would suggest to railway directors, the expediency of taking due precautions, not only against those ordinary concussions which are daily occasioning loss of life and limb on railways, but also against the shocks that delicate natures are exposed to in second-class carriages, from the jocosities and gambols of excited gents. He is desirous that the *Misses Punch* should travel and improve their minds, but he would certainly not wish that either their vocabulary, or their knowledge of life, should be enlarged by the kind of experience that he has above described. Indulgence in free expressions and riotous demeanour (one of the gents, by-the-by, used this word, and pronounced it *demeanour*) is, *Mr. Punch* believes, called in the gentish dialect a “Lark.” Let there, then, be added to all trains another class of carriages, to be called “Larking Carriages,” where birds of a larkish feather may enjoy themselves, without disgusting those of a more sober plumage. None but themselves should be condemned to the company of gents under the influence of Natural Sherry and *Oc*.

WASTE PAPER.—PARTIES desirous of giving the largest price for Waste Paper, are earnestly requested to make the speediest application for bits of the New Austrian Loan. Persons may be accommodated to the amount of at least Seven Millions. Come early. No bigotry! All religions taken in.

AMERICA VERSUS ENGLAND.



HERE is no hope for poor old England; for America seems to be running fairly ahead of us. She beats us on the seas, as far as speed is concerned; and now we are to have a race-horse from America who is to win the next year's Derby, as a matter of the merest (Epsom) course. An American comes over and picks our locks; and we dare say every reward that is ever offered, henceforth, for anything in England

will be carried off by our big brother JONATHAN. We really must look about us a little, if we do not wish to be utterly eclipsed by the stars and flogged by the stripes of America. We are afraid JOHN BULL is a little self-sufficient at times, and a wholesome rub on that very tender point—his vanity—will have a very beneficial effect. We are not, however, quite disposed to allow the Yankees, yet, all the superiority they claim, and we are not much disturbed in our mind by anticipations of the result of the Derby Day; for we fully believe that the American horse which is to beat the field resides in some mare's nest or other which will never be found.

MRS. BLOOMER TO THE FEMALE RACE.

[Favoured by Mr. Punch.]

"WOMEN AND SISTERS,—

"THE great Question that has slumbered beneath the Ignorance and Idleness of Ages is at length awake, and crying. Need I say, that Question is Petticoats?"

"Petticoats have been the Badge of our Slavery to Man. But the dawn approaches—the hour is about to strike—when with one accord we may snap the Strings of our Yoke, and stand erect in the face of our Persecutor!"

"My Sisters, it is my wish to deal with this Convulsing Question—a Question destined, as I believe, to shake the very Ends of the Earth, to say nothing of every Fireside—with a Mildness that shall convince, and a Softness that shall disarm. With the Boldness of the Eagle, I would unite the Tenderness of the Dove. Nevertheless, it is impossible, if we cast a look long backward at the causes of Petticoats, not everywhere to behold the Hand of the Tyrant and the Destroyer Man. Goodness knows! I should be the last Person—if I know myself, the very last—to say a word that could offend—but, this I must say; from the Dawn of Time we have been crushed to the Earth by the heel of our Oppressor; and at length—the Worm has Turned!"

"My Sisters,—The Cunning of our Arch-Destroyer is banefully developed in the Fashion that like an Iron Manacle he has smilingly forced upon us—the Fashion that makes any distinction whatever between the Dress of Man, and the Garments of Woman! You will immediately perceive that this Distinction—the Cunning Device of the Barbarous Beginning of Time—was invented as a sort of Livery by which that Intolerant Bigot, Man, (if I may be allowed the expression) has, for Ages, Yoked us, as Trophies, to His Triumphant Car; trailing us and our Ignominious Petticoats in the Debasing Dirt.

"The true Equality of the Sexes can never exist until there is a true Equality of Costume. The independence of the Inward Mind must be shown by the Liberty of the Outward Dress. My Sisters, do not deem me an Enthusiast; but I hope to live to see the Day (for I am, if possible, even much younger than I look) when 'twixt Men and Women there shall be no Outward Distinction whatever; when an Admiral of the Fleet may be mistaken for his Wife; and a Lady Chancellor to all outward appearances be every bit as good as My Lord. 'Bone of bone and flesh of flesh!' Yes—when there is Ermine of Ermine and Broad-cloth of Broad-cloth. Then there will be the true Equality of Women; then, and never until then! But all this in Good Time. The Present Movement (that we may not too violently disturb the Bigotted Prejudices of our oppressors, as I must be allowed to call them)—the Present Movement is with Petticoats.

"From this moment, let every woman really worthy of that improved and still improving title—let every woman look upon Petticoats as things of the Past; relics of the Dark Ages; Rags cast off and

Fluttering down the Abyss of Oblivion. Yes: I see Woman rise from her Petticoats, as the long-imprisoned Butterfly rises from its crippling and confining sheath! That Butterfly in its Caterpillar Condition crawled upon the Earth, and licked up the Mud and the Dirt. And now behold it, opening and shutting its Beautiful Wings in the Air; now balancing upon a Carnation, and now upon a Rose. That Butterfly, my Sisters—(I will, I must be bold enough to say as much)—that Butterfly is a Bloomer!

"Wives and Mothers,—my first Appeal is to You. To You, future generations may look forward for Emancipation from their Bonds. You are strong; and therefore, in this Vital Question of Petticoats, you must be up and stirring.

"Women are timid. It is not my mission to hide anything. Women are timid. It is the fault of their social state. But the time will come when the true woman will have the like audacity with her present oppressor,—nevertheless, (for I will not disguise the fact)—at present woman is of the weaker sex. Oh, for another half-century, and there will be no weaker sex! No: one will be just as weak and as strong as the other!

"But to return to an embarrassing fact—Women are timid. Especially, the young, the virgin, and the inexperienced. Therefore, wives and mothers, in this Vital movement of Petticoats, my Hope is in you!

"I will not work upon your feelings! I will not paint to you the fears, the terrors, of the Unmarried—awed by the Tyranny of an Insulting world—desiring, yet fearing, to break the bonds of Petticoats. See that beautiful Dove! How it peers from its nest. Now on this side—now on that! And now it tries a branch of its parent tree. And now it hops from twig to twig. And now it looks abroad—abroad—into the wide, and blue, and circling ether! Shall it fly? Yes—no! And now—the little Dove has spread its wings, and taken its first adventurous flight! And now it returns to its parent bough, and its little heart flutters with joy, and it coos and coos with triumph!

"Such is the timid virgin, who would be a—Bloomer!"

"See her in plumage for her first flight! She trips in her boudoir in dread and fear. She looks from the window—her nest—into the street! With a beating heart she trips down stairs—the street-door stands open! There—there on the other side of the threshold—is a cold, a tyrannous, a hungry, and insulting world! This she knows; and, if she has the true soul of a woman—of a woman fit for the future destiny of her sex—she throws down the gauge, for she crosses the door-step!

"The Young Bloomer is in the street!"

"And, if she has a soul, she feels herself in a complete suit of mail armour; and the looks and jeers of men fall harmless as sugar-plums about her virgin way.

"But—for, as I have said, it is not my mission to hide anything—but every virgin is not made to become, of her own accord, a Bloomer! Therefore, my hope is in the Married; yes, and the Widowed. In this great social Question of Petticoats, none can be too old, by precept and example, to assist. I confess it, in the Bloomer Movement, I count greatly upon the Dowagers!

"And wherefore? Experience has given them courage. Time has taught them all the Arts of the Oppressor! In this War against the Social Tyranny of Man—let this be understood—no Woman is Exempt by Age.

"And now, Wives, to you I address myself! And I ask you as women, beginning even at the twelfth hour and fifty-ninth minute to feel your own strength,—I ask you, what have you to fear? Compassion may be shown towards those—weak and timid—who have yet to get husbands; but having got them,—you are, or ought to be, every one of you, your own mistress!

"You will remember—for it is not my wish to strain the tenderness of any conscience—you will remember that there is nothing in the Marriage Ceremony that does directly, or indirectly, touch upon the point of costume. Not a word. The Question of Petticoats is never agitated—never. The compact that makes 'bone of bone,' implies not one syllable against trouser of trouser.

"But I would begin with the beginning. And I earnestly exhort every Bride to be married as a Bloomer! Let no woman consent to take a husband, who, at the last minute, will not take his Bride full Blooming! Again: let no bride have any Bridesmaid who has not the moral courage to assert her own dignity by such a ceremonious disavowal of petticoats. When the reform begins in the Church—when Woman breaks her Bonds at the Very Steps of the Altar—then Woman may begin to look abroad upon the Universe, and claim her place!

"Women and Sisters, I Rest

"Your Sister and Champion,

"BLOOMER."

A Very Odd Lot.

A MR. LOTT, a Common Councilman, expressed, the other day, a hope that the public would soon cease to be influenced by the Press, and that there would be no leading articles. We must give the Common Council credit for real philosophy, if it can feel contented with its LOTT.

PROCLIVIOR.

(A slight Variation on LONGFELLOW'S "EXCELSIOR.")

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As tow'rd the Haymarket there pass'd
A youth, whose look told in a trice
That his taste chose the queer device—
PROCLIVIOR!

His hat, a wide-awake; beneath
He tapp'd a cane against his teeth;
His eye was bloodshot, and there rung,
Midst scraps of slang, in unknown tongue,
PROCLIVIOR!

In calm first-floors he saw the light
Of circles cosy for the night;
But far ahead the gas-lamps glow;
He turn'd his head, and murmur'd "Slow,"
PROCLIVIOR!

"Come early home," his Uncle said,
"We all are early off to bed;
The family blame you far and wide;"
But loud that noisy youth replied—
PROCLIVIOR!

"Stay," said his Aunt, "come home to sup;
Early retire—get early up."
A wink half quivered in his eye;
He answered to the old dame's sigh—
PROCLIVIOR!

"Mind how you meddle with that lamp!
And mind the pavement, for it's damp!"
Such was the Peeler's last good-night.
A faint voice stutter'd out "All right."
PROCLIVIOR!

At break of day, as far West-ward
A cab roll'd o'er the highways hard,
The early mover stopp'd to stare
At the wild shouting of the fare—
PROCLIVIOR!

And by the bailiff's faithful hound,
At breakfast-time, a youth was found,
Upon three chairs, with aspect nice,
True to his young life's queer device,
PROCLIVIOR!

Thence, on a dull and muggy day,
They bore him to the Bench away,
And there for several months he lay,
While friends speak gravely as they say—
PROCLIVIOR!

CURE FOR RAILWAY CARELESSNESS.

WE continually read in the papers of an accident occurring on this or that railway, "which might have been attended with serious consequences."

Somewhat less frequently—but still very frequently indeed—we read of a railway accident which "has been attended with serious consequences;" namely, with the death or mutilation of a large number of human beings, and the loss of parents and friends, and with them of the means of subsistence to various persons and families, more or fewer.

An accident which has been "attended with serious consequences," renders any railway company, on whose line it may have occurred, from neglect or want of reasonable precaution, liable to heavy damages.

How if Parliament, in its wisdom, were to impose the same penalty, in the shape of a fine, on any company, similarly culpable, in the case of any accident that "might have been attended with serious consequences," whether it was or not?

And how if, in its yet higher wisdom, Parliament were to declare that any breakage or derangement of machinery, any collision, or any engine getting off the line, shall be presumed to imply neglect and carelessness, and considered to be an "accident which might have been attended with serious consequences," and shall be attended with a serious fine?

* * A reference to the "AINSWORTH" of our childish years—when we first began dimly to imagine that the Tree of Knowledge was the Birch—will explain why "Proclivior" is here used in due antagonism to the "EXCELSIOR" of the aspiring Professor. Without entering far into the *pros* and *cons*, the words *pro* and *clivus* will show the propriety of the adjective's application to a youth bent on going "down-hill" in life. But see FACCIOLATI'S *Lexicon*, FUNDUS *de Ling. Lat.*, "Latin without a Master," &c., &c.

OUR AUSTRALIAN AND KENSINGTON COLONIES.



MR. BATTY, we understand, has made arrangements for expediting the communication between the Bank and Kensington—a journey which has hitherto had many incidents to place it on a par with the voyage between England and Australia. While economy of time has been a consideration on nearly all our home and foreign routes, the journeys from London to Sydney, and from Kensington to the Bank, have formed the two discreditable exceptions to the general acceleration of the rate of travelling. The conditions upon which the communication with Australia may be tendered for are already before the public;

but we have the pleasure to submit the following heads of stipulations to be observed by any one meditating the transport of the mails to or from Sydney, and the males and females to or from the Bank and Kensington:—

The tenders are to be made for steamers propelled by screws, and omnibuses not propelled by screws, but by cattle that can peg away at a rate to be agreed upon.

The journeys are to be made without stoppage of steamers at the Cape, or of omnibuses for the cape—of the conductor or driver, in case of a sudden shower.

The steam-packet contractors must be prepared to go six times a-year to and from Sydney; and the omnibuses must be ready to start six times a-day to and from the Bank and Kensington.

The steamers must go eight knots an hour; and the omnibus drivers must have eight knots in their whips to ensure the same rate of travelling.

The vessels to be supplied with charts, furniture, anchors, pumps, &c.; and the omnibuses to be supplied with tables of fares, cushions, drags, and either pumps or highlows, for the conductor to make a decent appearance in.

The vessels not to loiter, deviate from the course, or put back, but to proceed at once to the line; and the omnibuses not to loiter, go out of their course, or put back, but to get into the line at the Mansion House.

The above are a few of the most salient points of the conditions to be observed in tendering for the new contracts about to be entered into; and we trust that arrangements will soon be carried out which will bring Australia and Kensington within the sphere of those improvements in travelling of which almost every other portion of the civilised world has long since enjoyed the benefit.

A SOVEREIGN OF A DOUBTFUL STOCK.

THE Austrian Government, according to the Vienna Correspondent of the *Times*, is negotiating a loan, to be raised by general subscription; but

"England, probably as a punishment for its political hostility, is to be denied the privilege of transmuting its hard cash into Austrian paper."

English capitalists may consider themselves insulted by the Austrian Government's refusal to borrow of them; but they ought, at the same time, to feel obliged. If they could convert their money into Austrian paper, the best thing they could do with that material would be to make fool's caps with it. It is to be feared that the creditors of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA will receive very limited dividends; since, for flagrant tyranny, and barefaced breach of faith, there is probably at hand a day of reckoning which will leave his despotic MAJESTY without a crown.

Naples Dissatisfied.

THE Correspondent of the *Daily News* writes that the KING OF NAPLES is not satisfied with the pamphlet of the Anglo-Neapolitan, MACFARLANO: he did not go far enough. This is a little too bad. The pamphleteer went over head and ears; dyed himself in his ink-bottle. It is plain the King of Naples would have an Ethiop more than black. How much soot does his Majesty think can be made to hang upon a sweep?

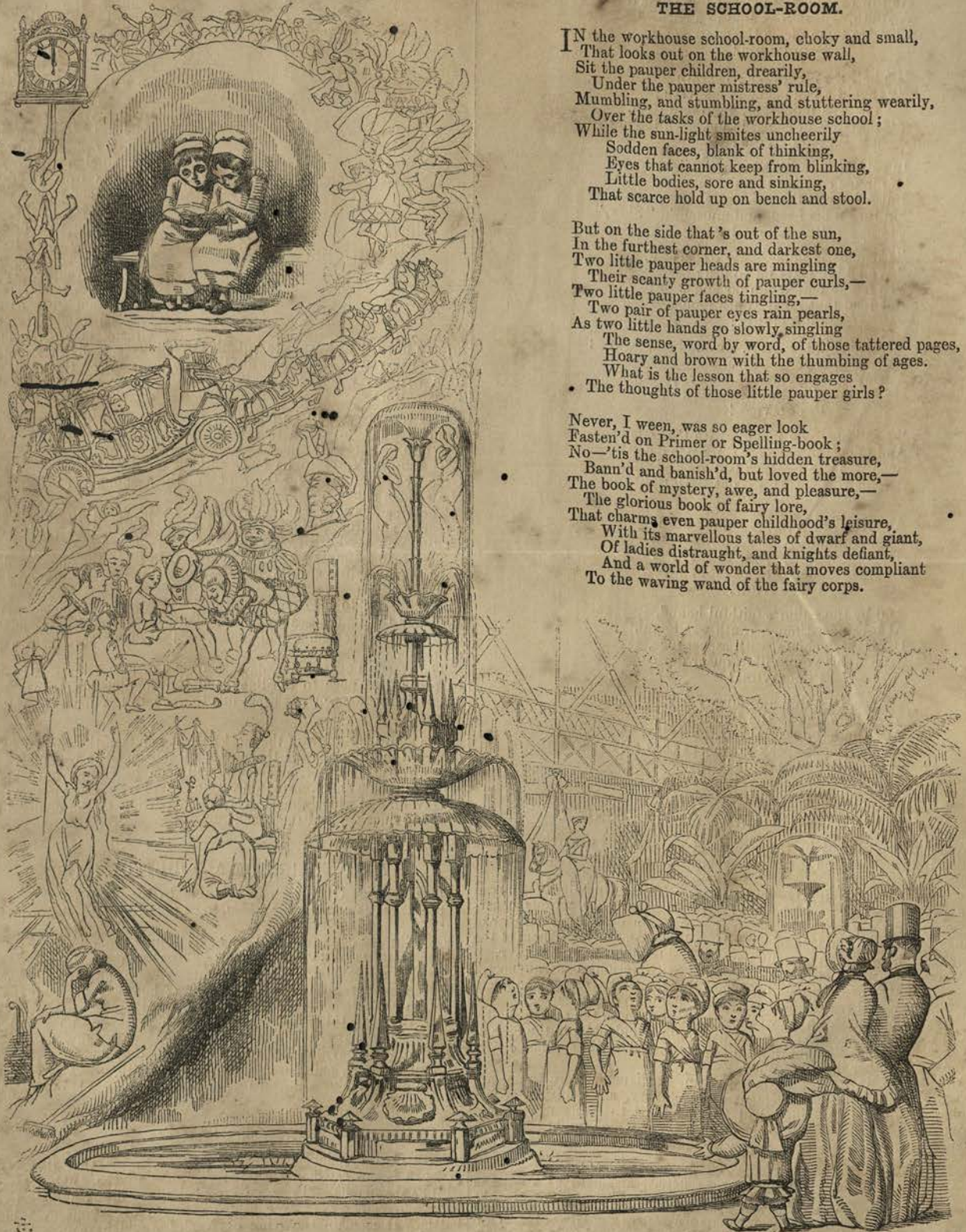
THE CINDERELLA OF 1851.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

IN the workhouse school-room, choky and small,
That looks out on the workhouse wall,
Sit the pauper children, drearily,
Under the pauper mistress' rule,
Mumbling, and stumbling, and stuttering wearily,
Over the tasks of the workhouse school;
While the sun-light smites uncheerily
Sodden faces, blank of thinking,
Eyes that cannot keep from blinking,
Little bodies, sore and sinking,
That scarce hold up on bench and stool.

But on the side that's out of the sun,
In the furthest corner, and darkest one,
Two little pauper heads are mingling
Their scanty growth of pauper curls,—
Two little pauper faces tingling,—
Two pair of pauper eyes rain pearls,
As two little hands go slowly, singing
The sense, word by word, of those tattered pages,
Hoary and brown with the thumbing of ages.
What is the lesson that so engages
The thoughts of those little pauper girls?

Never, I ween, was so eager look
Fasten'd on Primer or Spelling-book;
No-'tis the school-room's hidden treasure,
Bann'd and banish'd, but loved the more,—
The book of mystery, awe, and pleasure,—
The glorious book of fairy lore,
That charms even pauper childhood's leisure,
With its marvellous tales of dwarf and giant,
Of ladies distraught, and knights defiant,
And a world of wonder that moves compliant
To the waving wand of the fairy corps.





WHICH IS THE MARTYR?

"Let the Government inflict the penalty, if they dare, and there is not a Catholic in Ireland but would Subscribe his Penny."

And the two are reading the story old,
Wherein of CINDERELLA is told
How she crouch'd at the kitchen fender,
And how, in her poor clothes and worn,
She was fairer than in their splendour
Her sisters, stately and full of scorn;
For loveliness lives not with hearts untender;
And how, with their plumes and trains a-sweeping,
They drove to the ball, and she went creeping
Back to her ashes, and there sat weeping;
And how, to the maiden all forlorn,

Came the fairy godmother true;
And then—oh, wonders ever new!—
Of the pumpkin-coach, and the mice that drew it,
With its old grey-whisker'd coachman rat,
And the green-coat lizards for footmen to it;
And how in the ball-room, where she sat,
She was the fairest, and never knew it;
And how, of Time's flight, Twelve struck, to remind her,
And she fled, and left her glass-slipper behind her,
And the Prince sought the wearer, and did find her,
And she lived a Queen ever after that!

Oh, blessed Fancy, that chases the gloom
Even of that blank workhouse room!
Their little heads and hearts are working,
And wond'ring if fairy god-mothers now
In chimney-corners may be lurking—
When comes the sharp word and sharper blow:
"Drat you! take that, your tasks for shirking!"
Alas! the chiding and cane so ready
Are Fact's stern warning to fancies heady,
That back to the workhouse jog-trot steady
The world's poor paupers is quick to cow.

THE SLEEPING-ROOM.

Little breaths come hot and hard
In the crowded children's ward,
Where three and four in a bed are sleeping;
While our fairy-riden pair
Vigils of the brain are keeping,
For the fays are busy there,
And in night-long revel sweeping,
Scatter Fancy's treasures, hoarded
In the workhouse, sad and sordid,
With a liberal hand afforded—
Wealth of dream-land, rich and rare!

THE WAKING.

Hark! the workhouse clock strikes five,
And the crowded room's alive;
Careless hands of pauper nurses
Shake the sleepers out of bed,
And that done, with cuffs and curses
Bows each little pauper's head,
And its parrot-prayer rehearses;
Then, their breakfast bolted, wandering,
The half-conquer'd slumber blundering,
To the yard they're march'd, while thundering
Through the gate the vans are led.

THE RIDE.

What the journey they're to go,
Little do they care to know,—
Blunted by their workhouse training;
So the vans they roll along,
Without question or complaining;
But the power of sleep is strong,
And, as now the Park they're gaining,
Half the troop is sunk in slumber,
(Our two friends among the number),
Denser crowds the way encumber,
Scarce the vans can cleave the throng.

THE VISION.

The vans have come to a sudden stop,
And their sleepy freight they drop;
And our little ones' eyes, in blank amazement,
Open upon a wondrous pile—
A range of glittering crystal casement,
Stretching along for mile on mile;
Within all is wonder, from crown to basement;

Fountains of glass in sun-light glowing,
Great green trees and bright flowers growing,
And beautiful men and women flowing
In an endless stream from aisle to aisle!

Wonder on wonder—more and more
Gems, and jewels, and sparkling ore—
Is it real, or is it seeming,
This world of marvels they wander through?
"Oh yes! I know we are not dreaming;—
The book we yesterday read is true:
'Tis Fairy-land, so bright and beaming;
The fairy god-mother of the story,
Because we are friendless, and sad, and sorry,
Has changed the workhouse into a glory,
For pauper children like me and you."

FLOWERS OF THE ORATORY.



ALL newspaper readers are aware that there was held, the other day, at Birmingham, a Roman Catholic meeting in honour and glory of the Very Rev. DR. NEWMAN; that DR. NEWMAN did thereat deliver himself of a speech, and that the subjoined is an extract from the reported oration of the Father of the Oratory:—

"It was a curious thing for him to say, though he was, now of mature age, and had been very busy in many ways, yet this was the first time in his life that he had ever received any praise. He had been in other places, and done works elsewhere before being a Catholic, but there was no response, no sympathy; it was not the fault of the people, for they could not respond."

DR. NEWMAN, in this observation, affords a singular instance of the truth that extreme simplicity may accompany great abilities. Considering what the great Tractarian leader had been doing all along at Oxford, can it be wonderful to any-

body but DR. NEWMAN that he met with no approbation until he found himself at Rome?

The Very Reverend Father is represented as having proceeded to say—

"Some instruments could only make beautiful music, and some from their very nature could only make a noise. So it was with such a body as that to which he once belonged—they could only make a noise—no echo, no response, no beautiful music. But it was quite different when a person went into the Catholic Church."

What does DR. NEWMAN think of moans from Neapolitan dungeons? What of howls of sedition, rancour, and malice from a certain party in Ireland? The body to which he now belongs has made some noise in the world; has it at all resembled these noises? There is a very general impression that it decidedly has; but DR. NEWMAN appears to have closed his ears to the noise, and to hear a singing in them instead, which he mistakes for beautiful music. When we remember, also, his extraordinary confession of faith in relics and modern miracles, we cannot but entertain a serious apprehension that he is labouring under a delusion which may be termed New-mania.

Uniform Friendship.

THE imperial Ego—FRANZ JOSEPH of Austria and Hungary, the self-appointed soul-and-body Keeper of a few millions of featherless bipeds—has met and embraced WILLIAM THE MYSTIC, of Prussia; Valorous Promise-Breaker, Press-Compelling King. Beautiful must both potentates have looked, mirrored in the eyes of one another. For, says the account, "the Emperor wore the Prussian uniform, while the King wore an Austrian uniform." The Austrian colour is white—the Prussian, blue. Could their Majesties appear turned inside out, we doubt not they would be both of the same colour; both wear indelible court-mourning for murdered constitutions.



Conductor. "HOLD HARD, BILL! HERE'S A COUPLE MORE LEICESTER SQUARES A-COMIN'."

A NICE MESS FOR MESSMATES.

"PUNCH, ahoy!

"Here's a precious paragraph for you, that I've cut out of one of the newspapers, put in by some land-lubber:—

"TEA FOR THE NAVY.—Messrs. W. S. SHUTTLEWORTH & Co., of 36, Fenchurch Street, have again taken a contract to supply 50,000 lbs. of tea for the use of the Navy."

"Avast there! I sung out when first I read this. Tea!—tea for British Seamen! What next? Bread-and-butter, I suppose, as though they were young ladies at a seminary; and a pretty boarding-school, d'ye see, that will make of a line-of-battle ship. Or, mayhap, JACK is to have plum-cake with his tea, or belike, bread and jam. Tea in the Navy! Why—shiver their cups and saucers!—'tis making the sea-service a tea-service. Tea! and by-and-by, I expect, a carpet laid down on the fore-deck. Bless my eyes, if ever I thought to live to hear of such slops as that for a seaman's chest! Well, I am blest, says I, split my top-gallant mast! for certainly I was took quite aback by the notion of tea on board a seventy-four—turning a man-of-war, d'ye mind me, into an old woman.

Howsomever, when I'd chewed the matter over a bit, I twigged it all. Steady! thinks I to myself. Belay! How about the truth of this story? It can't be. No, *Punch*, my hearty! I don't believe a word of it. 'Tis a tale only fit to tell the marines. Depend upon it, 'twas hatched by some swab of a reporter, through hearing that the Navy was to be served with canister and gunpowder. A pretty son of a sea cook, to think that anything but grog would ever go down with

"*The Old Ship*, Sept., 1851.

"SALT JUNK."

A Challenge from Bell's Life.

THE EX-OXFORD PET, now called the BIRMINGHAM SWALLOWER, backs himself against any old woman in England. He offers to take down pictures, statues, or all MADAME TUSSAUD'S wax-work, if need be. His money is posted, and his backers ready, at ULLATHORNE'S, the New Mitre, Birmingham.

LINES (NOT QUITE NEW) WRITTEN IN A COPY OF THE DISCOURSES OF THE MIRACULOUS DOCTOR.

ACCEPT the book by subtle NEWMAN writ,
And take a miracle instead of wit.

A CULLEN-ARY OPERATION.—Sending the Earth, Sun, Moon, Stars, and Planets, all to pot.

The Miraculous Cabbage.

ROSE TAMISIER, the Miracle-monger in France, asserted that she was ordered by Heaven to plant a cabbage in a convent-garden, and that in a few days the miraculous vegetable grew to so enormous a size that the whole community dined off it.

Vast as this vegetable must have been, FATHER NEWMAN, of Birmingham, is ready to swallow the cabbage, and all the community who ate it, and the story into the bargain, and to preach without inconvenience afterwards to a select congregation.

A Nation of Shopkeepers.

"Is it not enough to make the sword leap out of every Frenchman's scabbard when he witnesses the corrupting influence of England's Gold! Will it be believed that within the last week—and we can state it as a positive fact—that *America* has been purchased—yes, vilely purchased—by 'Perfidious Albion.' How the spirit of WASHINGTON will gibber, when he is told that his darling *America* has passed into the hands of an Englishman for the miserable sum of £7,000!"
From an Anglo-maniacal French Paper.

A NINCOMPOOP.—One who pays a Nincome-Tax when he might avoid it.

SOMETHING TO TAKE A SIGHT AT.

WENHAM ice is tolerably cool, but it is positively tepid compared with the coolness of the following advertisement:—

MEDICAL.—WANTED, by a Surgeon, in Town, a VISITING ASSISTANT. He must be a member of the Hall or College. A young man wishing to see practice would be preferred, as no salary will be given. Apply to —

A young man may have an intense desire, perhaps, "to see practice," but the look-out must be dismal indeed if unaccompanied by any prospect of salary. We should like to know how the surgeon, in town, would like to give his services upon the same terms as those he offers to his assistant; and whether he would take a practice offered to any duly qualified surgeon "wishing to see patients, as no fees will be given?" It may be all very well to "see practice;" but, unless the young professional enthusiast can see his way pretty clearly how to live without an income, the mere fact of "seeing practice" would amount to a very visionary sort of benefit. The worthy assistant must, it seems, put entirely out of the question all idea of serving himself, for the very superior satisfaction of seeing, and, of course, assisting in another person's practice. After this, we shall not be surprised to read advertisements for partners, stating that those will be preferred who are desirous of "seeing business, as none of the profits will be given."

The Pick of the Exhibition.

SINCE MR. HOBBS has succeeded in picking CHUBB'S locks, we have not been able to sleep. We have been tortured with one great fear, which, as loyal subjects, has robbed us of rest, peace, appetite, everything. It is perfectly well known that a certain Diamond, as big as a walnut, is confined in a "safe" (the word seems to mock us), which is secured by a lock, or a spring, or something of that sort, which has been manufactured by CHUBB—but CHUBB offers no impediment to the burglars skill of HOBBS. Therefore, in an agony of anxiety—for while we are asking the question, the very thing may have gone—we put it to the Royal Commissioners—we ask the nation the following tremendous question: "IS THE KOH-I-NOOR SAFE?"

A Regular Sell.

THE Sale by Auction of the materials of the old House of Commons, suggests the idea that if the immaterials of the new House of Commons were to be cleared off, the result would be very profitable in one sense, even though no money might be offered for any one of the extremely odd lots that would be comprised in such an arrangement.

FOREIGN FAMILIES OF DISTINCTION IN LONDON.



PEOPLE have cried out that there were no foreigners in London; yet London never was so full of them as at the present moment. We almost believe there are more foreigners in our metropolis just now than Englishmen. We only hope that F.-M. the DUKE, and other alarmists of a Foreign Invasion, have taken every precaution that the guards at night are doubled at the Tower, and that the Bank is sufficiently defended to resist a nocturnal attack.

We not only have foreigners in units, and parties, and clubs, but we have whole families of them coming over, and exhibiting themselves, it may be, for the purpose of paying their expenses. London is presenting to the mind of the philosopher a pleasant picture of "*Le Monde en Famille*." There is the Syrian Family at the Egyptian Hall; the Iroquois Family at Catlin's Exhibition; the Chinese Family at the Chinese Gallery; the Bushranger's Family at Cremorne; the Algerine Family at Vauxhall, or somewhere; the Italian Brothers at Drury Lane; to say

nothing of the India-rubber Brothers, from all parts of the elastic world, who go bounding about our public streets. If this continues, we may shortly expect the arrival of the following foreign families of distinction:—

THE RUSSIAN FAMILY. They will drink a pint of train oil every two hours.

THE FRENCH FAMILY. They will take up their quarters at the Dramatic Authors' Society. They will go through their wonderful performances of a French Revolution, erecting a barricade, planting a tree of liberty, with national songs, &c., twice a day.

THE TIMBUCTOO BROTHERS, in their native costumes and sheep-adornments.

THE BROTHERS OF THE DESERT, who will exhibit themselves in the Exeter Change Arcade. A camel has been hired to give due effect to the celebrated tableau of "*The Death of the Camel*."

THE GERMAN COUSINS OF UNITED FATHERLAND, to the number of 1032, each little State sending its Cousin. Each Cousin will sing a song about "*Was ist das Vaterland?*" claiming it, of course, for his own little individual State. The whole to conclude with the celebrated farce of *A German Constitution*, which will be the signal for all the 1032 German Cousins to take his pipe, and to begin talking and smoking as vigorously as they can, which will continue for several hours, and only be concluded with a general fight, and the entry of Russian soldiers,—giving altogether a most striking idea of "United Fatherland," as understood by our German Cousins.

A NEAPOLITAN FAMILY—all in chains—fettered by the leg to felons (sent over by the kind permission of the KING OF NAPLES).

A ROMAN FAMILY, with a French soldier standing over them, commanding them—women, children, and all—to smoke "in the name of the POPE."

Should these and more arrive—including specimens of the newly-discovered race in the interior of Africa—men and women who are said to have tails, just like monkeys—all the different members of the large "human family" will be assembled for the first time in London. It would be an interesting sight to collect them all together in the Crystal Palace, and give them a dinner, with WIDDICOMB in the chair, he being confessedly the oldest member of the Human Family.

The Cabbage Rose, Tamisier.

WHEN the brothers of the Oratory met to discuss the last miracle of the Cabbage, and agreed to receive it, FATHER WAGSTAFF said meekly, "Which of us, dear brethren, would not embrace the POPE's *chou*?" A faint smile passed round the refectory-table, and a table-spoonful of split-peas was awarded to him as a recompense for the mild joke.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE FILTER.

THIS is the slowest Filter on record. It is for the use of steam-vessels. As soon as the steam-vessel arrives off the Custom-House, the whole contents of it are poured headlong into the Filter. It is most amusing, then, to watch the process of filtration. For two hours, rather more than less, are the contents kept locked up in the Filter. This is to allow them properly to settle. The space in which they are stowed away is not large; it being necessary to keep the body as closely packed together as possible, so that nothing may be lost in the process. As soon as the two hours have expired, a small door is opened at one of the extreme ends, and the rush is tremendous. The object is to prevent this rush, and accordingly the opening is made smaller and smaller, till at last it is with difficulty anything can be got to pass through it. The filtering then begins. It is extremely slow—so slow, that it is only after hours that you can perceive that the body of people locked up for filtration has in the least diminished in density. Only one person is allowed to drop through at a time—so that if there are three hundred persons waiting for their turn, it can easily be imagined how long it will take before the whole mass can be cleared away, until not a drop remains behind. Sometimes a heavy trunk blocks up the narrow aperture. The filtration is then suspended, and the whole forces of the Custom-House are brought to bear upon the removal of the heavy trunk. Portmanteaus and carpet-bags are squeezed more easily through; but reticules and ladies' boxes are sad stumbling-blocks, owing to the number of bottles (whether of *Eau-de-Cologne* or *Eau-de-vie*, we cannot discuss,) that impede the free circulation. A bit of sponge, placed in the palm of the hand in contact with a piece of silver, will sometimes expedite, it is said, the filtration; but though the Custom-House officers will lend their hands freely enough to the sponging system, it has but very little effect upon the Filter itself, which seems to take so many hours to empty itself, and will not be emptied sooner.

This Filter will keep in any climate; but nowhere does it act so well as at the Custom-House in London.

The following Testimonials, which we are happy to subjoin, will prove its wonderful efficacy:—

"GENTLEMEN,

"I have used your Custom-House Filter, and am bound to say that it acts slower than any other Filter I know. It is true it leaves behind it a slight deposit of 6d. each package; but then the settlement of this is got right rid of so very quickly, that I am sure no one can possibly object to it.

"I remain, Gentlemen, your grateful servant,

"EBENEZER OLDFILE."

"GENTLEMEN,

"I have been in the habit of using your Extraordinary Filter, now, for the last ten years; and I must say that I know nothing like it in the world. This is high praise; but not more than you deserve; for I can safely say that though I have been a traveller all my life, I never met with any Filter that did its work half so searchingly, or so slowly, as your Custom-House Filter; but the very slowness of its operations is the strongest guarantee that nothing escapes it; for your Filter has the particular faculty of clearing the smallest thing that passes through it. (Signed) "CAPTAIN CARR. (*Travellers' Club*)." "

"GENTLEMEN,

"I can answer for the cleanliness of your Filter; for when I went into it I had as much as fifteen shillings in my pocket; but when I was 'cleared through,' I was so beautifully cleaned out, that I had not a single sixpence left.

"JACK TOWELL.

"To Her Majesty's Officers and Commissioners of Customs."

We have desks full of other testimonials. Some from young ladies, sighing to reach home; some from elderly ladies, complaining after a long voyage of sea-sickness and fatigue, but still bearing testimony as to how wonderfully the Filter had relieved them; and others from poor foreigners, alluding in terms of comical distress to that same relief—"for when they landed in England," they say, "they might be full of apprehensions as to the future, with only a few shillings in their pockets, in a foreign country; but they no sooner left the Custom-House Filter, than they felt relieved of everything." All these testimonials breathe the same sweet tone of unequivocal praise; but, after those we have already printed, no one, we think, can have a doubt as to the admirable workings of the Custom-House Filter. If he has, only let him take a journey to Ostend and back again to London, and we are sure he will be convinced at once.

Tea for the Navy.

SOMEBODY has just undertaken to supply no less than 50,000 pounds of tea for the use of the Navy. This is a good sign, and the next piece of agreeable news we expect to hear is, that tea will be the only sort of gunpowder that our Navy requires.

LIGHT AS AIR AND STUPID AS LEAD.



SO-AND-SO will ascend on a certain day, with a balloon warranted to burst in the air at a certain altitude.

THE most wonderful instance of the fitness of things occurred the other day, by the accidental descent of a balloon—containing the veteran Somebody or other, and a few other somebodies or nobodies—in the grounds of an Asylum for Lunatics. The only improvement we could have suggested in this arrangement would have been, that the balloon should have started from the Asylum, instead of making the home for lunatics the end of its journey. The other day, another of these expeditions terminated in the immediate neighbourhood of a cemetery at Fulham: and as the aeronauts, in consequence of the bursting of the balloon, were within an inch of their lives, it was appropriate enough that the place of descent should have been very near to a burying-ground. It is strange that these airy enthusiasts will not take warning, even when it is administered by persons dropping from the clouds, in the very sudden manner that we have lately witnessed. We presume that the recent accidents will give a zest to exhibitions of the same sort; and we shall not be surprised to see shortly a line or two in a bill, announcing that MR., MRS., or MISS

A BID FOR THE NEW AUSTRIAN LOAN.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to His Excellency the Austrian Minister.

MR. PUNCH has at this minute the sum of Three hundred and fifty-three thousand nine hundred and eleven pounds, three shillings, and four pence, lying unemployed at his bankers, MESSRS. ALDGATE PUMP and Co., of this city, as reference to the books of those gentlemen will fully prove.

It is MR. P.'s desire to invest this sum as advantageously as possible, as part of the fortune of his twelfth little girl.

In this country, the Chartists and the high price of the funds; in France, the Red Republicans and the doubtful issue of the Presidential Elections, rendering investments in English or French Stocks unavailable; the King of Prussia being clearly not in his senses; and the illustrious Spanish nation having already absorbed three million one hundred and nineteen thousand seventy-six pounds of MR. PUNCH's loose capital, without making him any return, MR. P. naturally looked to Austria, as to a malignant but flourishing country, where demagogues were suppressed, order was restored, HAYNAU in a graceful retirement, and a spirited and excellent young monarch established on the throne, blest with the vigour of youth, and the instructions and advice of a religious mamma.

It was, then, HERR VON PUNCH's intention to invest this portion of his youngest child's fortune in the New Austrian Loan, having the greatest hope and confidence in the good faith and prosperity of that mighty empire.

Not good faith in promised constitutions—promised constitutions being hanged!—but in the solvency and stability of the Imperial Government—a good faith very much increased by the late Imperial declaration, that his Imperial and Royal Majesty, having dissolved all previous engagements made with his people, was, from this time forth, accountable to God only for any measures which he might do, or undo, and for the sole and supreme conduct of his empire.

Knowing his Imperial Majesty to be eminently religious, this direct mode of settling accounts gave MR. PUNCH (as a commercial man) the deepest sense of security and satisfaction. For what could be more delightful than to think that the next world was answerable for the new five per cent. loan? or, in the event of the terrestrial non-payment of the dividends, his Imperial Majesty, acting under the immediate sanction and authority of Heaven itself, referred his creditor to the Great Firm of which he was the sole Agent and Commissioner? A heretic Government, or a borrower, who had no sense of religion, would offer some sort of gross earthly security for a loan; whereas it is far better to transact business with a religious Sovereign, celestially delegated, taking his most religious promise in strict confidence, and allowing him to act without a complication of accounts, without responsible ministers, without chambers, without consulting his people; indeed, without what are called securities or embarrassments of any sort. There is nothing like

simplicity in business transactions, and MR. PUNCH, as a capitalist, would have been delighted to lend a few hundred thousands on the Imperial and Royal word of His Majesty the Emperor and King.

Under these circumstances, MR. P. is deeply vexed to find that there is no office in the City of London where he can subscribe to the new loan; and the more so, as he is aware that the circumstances of H.I.M., the delegate of Heaven, are such as to render pecuniary accommodation presently necessary.

The traitors in his Imperial Majesty's Kingdom of Lombardy refuse his Imperial paper money, and will, for the present, only be paid in bullion: this rebellious spirit drains his Imperial Exchequer, and, of course, adds immensely to the expense of the vast armies which are required to keep order in the rebellious provinces of North Italy. For, if the rebels consented to receive notes of the Bank of Austria (which has issues pretty much like those of the late celebrated Bank of Elegance in this City) in return for their produce, it is manifest that the army of the gallant RADETZKY could be fed and clothed at a much cheaper rate than at present.

MR. P., and several other influential Capitalists of the City of London, would, therefore, have been glad to lend such a sum of ready money as should enable his I. and R. Majesty to send into the Lombardo-Venetian territory a force that should set the paper-money question at rest—that should be able to offer the Italians a choice of paper or lead: and that should at once lessen the present immense charge to the empire of paying troops and dealing with rebels *in corn*. And, this difficulty got over, one currency (that of the Bank of Elegance) might be established throughout the vast dominions of His Imperial Majesty.

One currency—one government—one truth—one faith—one Emperor (accountable to Heaven only) are thus the advantages which, by a little reasonable ready money, might be secured for the Empire.

As there is but one truth; it need be told but by one organ; and all newspapers might be done away with.

As but one faith: Jews, Turks, Protestants, Infidels, &c., and their pastors, must conform, or take the consequences.

One Government, and the humbug of Chambers, Diets, debates, votes, and rubbish, might be put an end to. Newspaper bickerings and palavers of local assemblies cause half the embarrassments of Government. Books propagate most of the errors which inflame weak and wicked minds. Books, newspapers, and local assemblies being abolished, the course of Government would be clearer, and infinitely less costly. Had the Hungarians never debated, they would never have rebelled; and never have been punished; and the expensive Russian would never have been called in. Had MADAME DE MADERSBACH never been able to read, she would not have had wrong thoughts; she would not have been flogged. What money, what blood might have been spared! No. Let there be one currency, one government, one newspaper, one catechism of politics and religion, and one Emperor—accountable to Heaven, of course.

What efforts will not HERR PUNCH and all right-minded men take to secure these desirable ends: what an Elysium will the Austrian empire be when these ends are secured! And why are there not offices open in London where English capitalists might exchange their money for Austrian Paper?

MR. PUNCH entreats His Excellency the Austrian Minister to accept the assurances of his most profound consideration.

Whitefriars, Sept. 15.

Elegant Extract from the Unpublished MS. of a Distinguished Penny-a-Liner.

THE following is a *bona fide* extract from the MS. of one of our most distinguished Penny-a-Liners. It has been sent to us by the Sub-Editor, under whose critical scissors the manuscript fell, as being, in his opinion, "far too good to be lost." The subject was a "Fearful Conflagration," and our author, after expatiating very warmly upon it, proceeded to say:—

"The affrighted female jumped out of bed, but the DEVOURING ELEMENT PURSUED HER ROUND THE ROOM."

We have heard of many curious literary pursuits; but, of all the Pursuits of Literature under Difficulties, we may justly say, there never was such an extraordinary pursuit as the one above.

A LITTLE NURSERY TUNE.

(To be whistled in any Key you please.)

PICKERY, Pickery, Lock,
MR. HOBBS knows what's o'clock;
For HOBBS has won, and BRAMAH's done,
Pickery, Pickery, Lock. (Bis.)

WE REALLY COULDN'T HELP IT.—LORD MANSFIELD said that "A Dinner was the lubrication of business." The lubrication was applied, of course, to the joints! Ha! Ha! Ha!

PALMER'S LEGS.



N American gentleman, named PALMER, having lost one of his own lower limbs, has invented a leg, with which he walks as well, dances as well, rides as well, kicks as well, as with the original member. We hear that bushels of legs are ordered for Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals; and that the services are very much annoyed, because persons losing a limb will not be pensioned in future, but will be refitted and sent back to active duty in their ships and regiments. ADMIRAL LOFF and COLONEL HOPPER, C.B., at the United Service Club, have expressed their determination to have each his leg taken off (the Admiral suffering much from gout, and the Colonel, who is still the dandy of 1815, from a tight boot and corns), and to wear nothing but American legs for the future.

A council of footmen has been held at the Wheel of Fortune, MR. JEAMES in the chair. Several gentlemen who are out of place, and thin about the calves, have expressed their determination to amputate against the season, and are going into the Saint George's Hospital forthwith. It is thought that families requiring tall footmen, will be better pleased to have uniform legs behind a carriage, than the unequal calves, the thick ankles, and the unartificial stuffing, which so often disgrace the footboards of the aristocracy.

The Corps de Ballet is much excited. MISS BANDINELLI talks about chloroform and the knife, which a young Surgeon of Guy's offers to employ gratis; MESDEMOISELLES KNOX, CROOKSHANKS, SPINDLE, and LANKY propose to remedy the defects of nature by having recourse to this admirable American artist.

Indeed, MR. PALMER thinks that he can perfect his invention, and construct not only legs, but whole bodies, which will perform perfectly; execute *pirouettes*, *entrechats*, and so forth; sigh, grin, pant, leer, and ogle, as well as the very best *coryphées*. And we hear that MR. LUMLEY is in treaty for six dozen of these *danseuses*, which will perform in the ballets perfectly: which, after the first expense, will cost the enterprising Impresario nothing: which will never quarrel, tattle, or use bad language behind the scenes: which, if they sprain their ankles, can be mended easily, in ten minutes, by the Carpenter of the Theatre; which will not lead young noblemen and men of fashion astray: and which, if wanted, can be hired out for parties to Greenwich, Richmond, &c., perfectly dressed, and capable even of taking champagne, lobster-salad, &c., as well as the present ornaments of the Terpsichorean stage.

And they will not grow old, thin, fat, ugly, as the best of the living machines must do: and when gentlemen are tired of them, can be put away without any inconvenience.

THE DIGNITY OF MILITARY SURGERY,

As Estimated at Head Quarters.

THERE is a certain mean, worthless, despicable set of fellows, who have never, until lately, been treated with the scorn and indignity which they deserve.

These vile and infamous wretches get a disgraceful living by administering to the hard exigencies of those distressed individuals who, overwhelmed by the misfortune of bodily injury, or loss of health, are reduced to the necessity of seeking relief under their sufferings from the resources of a paltry science, or of a low mechanical art. The catiffs and miscreants alluded to are, in common language, called physicians and surgeons, or medical men.

Medical men—if men a class so debased can properly be called—after a few years spent in the easiest possible of studies—enter on a life of idleness and freedom from anxiety, called practice, in which nominal labours, of a menial character, are attended with immense remuneration.

The "practice," as it is termed, of the degrading employment styled the "Medical Profession," is the dirtiest of all possible work, and is pursued altogether from the equally sordid desire of gain. Hence it is that the followers of that ignoble avocation are regarded in so odious and contemptible a point of view by persons who pretend to be high-minded gentlemen.

A vulgar Public, it is true, from a principle of selfishness, entertains a certain sort of respect for these fellows, out of consideration for the magnitude of the humiliating services which they render to society.

The spirit of military chivalry, however, has a proper sense of their dishonourable position. From the head-quarters of that lofty sentiment—from the Horse Guards itself—has issued an order, commanding that the army medical officers shall henceforth perform the duty of branding deserters with the letter D.

In the Russian service, the surgeons are compelled to act as barbers to the troops; but the more barbarous task which has been allotted to our own military surgeons, shows the authorities at the Horse Guards to have improved very considerably upon the Cossack idea of the dignity of the "medical profession."

Probably a course of studies under MR. CALCRAFT, with a view to acquiring proficiency in the application of the cat and the halter, will soon be prescribed as a necessary element in the education of the British army-surgeon.

A HIGHLAND CORONACH,

(Or Lament over the Acts and State of the DUKE OF ATHOLL.)

After SCOTT.

HE has shut up the mountain,
He has locked up the forest,
He has bunged up the fountain,
When our need was the sorest;
The traveller stirring
To the North, may dogs borrow;
But the Duke gives no hearing,
No pass—but to sorrow.

The hand of the tourist
Grasps the carpet-bag grimly,
But a face of the dourest
Frowns through the Glen dimly.
The autumn winds, rushing,
Stir a kilt of the queerest,
DUKE and gillies come brushing
Where pleasure is nearest!

Queer foot on the corrie,
Oddly loving to cumber—
Give up this odd foray,
Awake from your slumber!
Take your ban from the mountain,
Take your look from the river,
Take your bolt from the fountain,
Now at once, and for ever!

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE LAST WEEK.

WESTMINSTER Bridge is as well as can be expected; but, as nothing has been expected of the Bridge, this is not saying much for the state of its health.

Blackfriars Bridge has been sinking for some time past. There was a rumour that it was getting stronger, and would soon be able to rise from its bed; but we have learned that, unfortunately, there is not the slightest foundation for the rumour.

BARBER BEAUMONT'S Pump in Piccadilly has been laid up now for the last month, and, what is worse, gives but little hopes of mending. It still carries its handle in a sling.

The New Houses of Parliament are still extremely low, and do not seem to advance in the least. The Architect is said to be the BARRY-er to their not progressing faster.

The *Punch* Office still shows the same extraordinary sights of vitality, every publishing morning, and no wonder, when we consider the very steady circulation it has got.

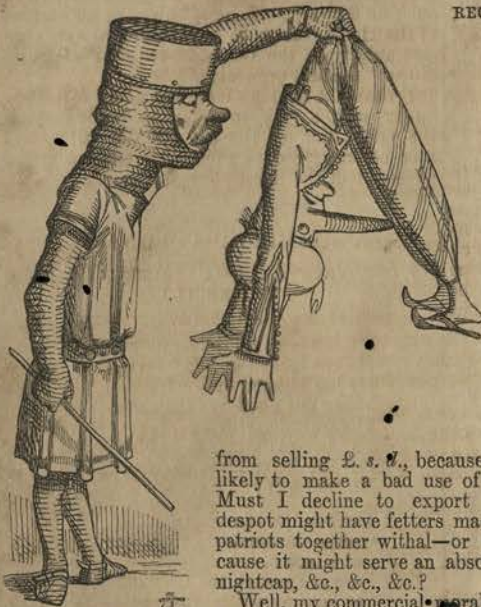
New Title.

SINCE SIR HARRY SMITH'S cattle-lifting exploits in Caffreland, it is proposed to create him a baronet, with the addition of a syllable to his name, as "SIR HARRYING SMITH."

VENICE AND ENGLAND.

THE *Venice Official Gazette* abuses England in very choice Italian. "LORD PALMERSTON is an object of repugnance for every rational man!" Well, liberty hopes for no light from Venice; nothing, at the best, but a Venetian blind.

AUSTRIA'S FRIENDS IN THE CITY.



RECENT City article of the *Times*, in reference to the new Austrian loan, says that

"The Roman Catholic prelates have, it is alleged, determined to subscribe to the extent of all the available means of the convents; and the principal Jews have also been influenced to 'recommend' all of their profession to subscribe liberally."

And why not? Is not money like any other commodity? Am I to be debarred

from selling *£. s. d.*, because my customer is likely to make a bad use of the article, &c.? Must I decline to export iron, because a despot might have fetters made of it, to chain patriots together with—or cotton cloth, because it might serve an absolute prince for a nightcap, &c., &c., &c.?

Well, my commercial moralist, suppose you have the right to supply a tyrant with the sinews of war on human liberty; suppose your conscience need be disturbed by no such reflections, as that every penny you lend may be a bullet for a true heart,—a knot in a scourge for a woman's back, &c., &c. Let all that pass;—there are other points in question.

Are the Jews recommended to subscribe liberally to the Austrian loan as a good investment merely?

Is it simply as usurers that the Roman Catholic prelates have determined to devote all the available means of the convents to the same purpose?

Will the Jews be likely to expedite their emancipation by lending their money expressly to about the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA?

Will the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, by pressing the cash of their Church into the Austrian service, gain any additional credence for their constant assertion that they are merely a spiritual, and not a political organisation, and by no means hostile to human liberty, and not at all desirous of confining the intellect and enslaving the soul?

THE NATION AND ITS MONUMENTS.

THE National Gallery holds its place
In Trafalgar's noble Square,
And being a national disgrace,
Will remain forever there.

The Duke on the Arch was raised, in spite
Of all that the world could say;
And because he stands on an awkward site,
We of course shall let him stay.

The Palace of Glass is so much admired,
Both in Country and in Town,
That its maintenance is by all desired:
So we mean to pull it down.

The Flower of Politeness.

THERE is now growing, at a nursery-ground in Chelsea, a Victoria Regia, so gigantic as nearly to fill up the garden. A person of ceremonious habits, in passing the flower, put it gently aside, exclaiming at the same time, "Now then, by your leaf."

ANOTHER AND ANOTHER STILL.

THE novel cable just prepared for the Electric Telegraph may justly be called the greatest curiosity in—new—rope—in Europe.

[The maker of the above atrocities, if he had a little more rope, would undoubtedly hang himself.]

NO WONDER!—After all, we cannot be surprised that the American invader can't get the Cubans to rise on his side. How very common is a Lopez that won't "draw!"

PANORAMA OF THE INGLESE—AN INGLESE FAMILY.

(From the *Beyrout Banner*, *Joppa Intelligencer*, and *Jerusalem Journal*.)

THE renowned and learned Sage and Doctor of Beyrout, the excellent HADJEE ABOO BOSH, has just returned to his beloved country from his wonderful travels in distant lands, having visited most of the cities and people of Franghistan. He is familiar with all languages, and has deeply studied the customs and manners of the Infidels. He has caused skilful limners amongst them, at the expense of many millions of piastres, to paint pictures representing the chief towns of the Franks; which works are so wonderful, life-like, and resembling nature, that true Believers, without leaving the cushion of repose, or the pipe of meditation, may behold the towns of Europe presented before them, and have the mountains to come to them, which would not advance in former ages, no, not even to meet the Prophet.

The famous and skilful HADJEE has arranged, near the Bazaar, by the Rope-makers' quarter, in the large vacant hall formerly occupied by the baths of EL THAWER, a vast chamber, in which he exhibits the wonders which he has brought from foreign countries. Having paid money to a negro at the door, you are introduced through obscure passages into a chamber as dark as Gehenna, and into a place which they call a pit, where you sit in expectant terror, before an awful curtain, lighted but by a few faint lamps.

Many of the stoutest Agas and Effendis in Beyrout entered this gloomy apartment not without awe. The women of the harem of PAPOOSH PASHA were placed in a box, guarded by a gilt cage; as were the ladies of the establishment of BLUEBEARD BEX, and the three wives of the GRAND MOLLAH. Women's curiosity, indeed, will go anywhere. As the poet has sung—

There is no secret so dark, but the eye of ZUTULBE will penetrate it.

There is no tangled skein, but the finger of LEILA will unravel it.

There is no lock so cunning, but the crooked nose of the old hag, FATIMA, will pick it.

—Indeed, a vast audience of the officers, lords, and topping merchants of Beyrout were present to behold the ABOO BOSH's wonderful pictures.

Before the curtain drew aside, and our eyes were dazzled, our ears were diverted by a dexterous slave, who executes the barbarous music of Europe, and the favourite songs of the unbelievers, by merely turning the handle of a small chest, called a Hurridee Gurridee. The handle operates upon a number of bulbuls who are confined within the box, each of whom at his signal comes forward and pipes in his turn. One sings the hymn of the French Feringhees; he is called the Parees Yenn; when he is tired, another warbles the war-song of the English; he is called the Roolbretawnia; this over, a third nightingale begins to pipe the delicious love-song of the Yangkees, who are a kind of Ingleez, and the name of this song-bird is Yangkeedoodool. The sweetest of all the songs is this, and fills the heart with delight.

When the birds are tired, he who turns the handle of the box stops turning, and the music ceases with a melancholy wail. And then, as in a blaze of splendour, the pictures begin to pass before the astonished beholders.

The city represented yesterday was the City of Lundoon, which lies upon a river called the Tameez; over which are twenty thousand bridges, each twenty hundred parasangs in length, and to which there come daily a hundred thousand ships.

In one quarter of Lundoon, during the winter months, it is always night. It is illuminated, however, with fire, which gushes out of the bowels of the earth, and affords a preternatural brilliancy. This quarter is called Stee; twenty thousand carriages rush thither every minute, each carriage holding forty persons: the drivers and grooms crying out Stee, Stee! In this quarter the Shroffs and principal merchants reside. The palace of the LORD CADI is here, and each ward of the City has an Elderman: who becomes Cadi in his turn. They are all fat in this district, drinking much of an intoxicating liquor made of citrons and rakee, called Panj, or Poonj, and eating of a stew of tortoises, of which they take many platesfull. ABOO BOSH owned to having tasted and liked the stew, but about the liquor he was silent.

After seeing the Merchants' quarter, the view changed, and exhibited to us the great Mosque of Paul, whereof the dome is almost as high as Mount Lebanon. The faithful pay two paras to enter this Mosque; which sum goes to the support of the dervishes. Within, it is surrounded by white images of captains, colonels, and effendis; whose figures show that the Ingleez were but an ill-favoured people. In the court is an image of a beloved Queen: the people say "QUEEN ANN is dead," and tear their beards to this day, so much do they love her memory.

The next view was that of the building in which the Councillors and men of law of the kingdom meet for their affairs. In all Stamboul there is not such a palace. It is carved without, and gilt within. The Chambers of Council are endless: the chair of the QUEEN is a treasure

of splendour; and ABOO BOSH says, that when she comes in state, and surrounded by her vizeers, this intrepid Sovereign of an island race, that governs provinces more vast and distant than Serendib and Hind, always carries in her arms three lions. But the Hadjee did not see the QUEEN OF THE INGLEEZ, and I doubt of this story.

Besides the Mosque of Paul, there is the Mosque of Peter, whereof we likewise saw a view. All religions are free in this country, but only one is paid. Some dervishes shave the top of their heads, some tighten a piece of white cloth round their necks, all are dressed in black—we saw pictures of these, as also of the common people, the carriages, the QUEEN'S JANISSARIES in scarlet, with silver caps on their heads, and cuirasses made of a single diamond. These giants are all ten feet high: their officers fifteen: it is said that each consumes a sheep, and drinks a barrel of wine in the day.

ABOO then showed us the triumphal arch, near to the house of WELLINGTON PASHA, who has but to look from his window and see his own image on horseback. Ten thousand images of WELLINGTON are placed about the town, besides: the English being so proud of him, because he conquered the French GENERAL BOONAPORT. But lovers of poetry know the opinion of the bard:—

The victory is not always with the bravest: nor the robe of honour given to him who deserves most.

An eagle is shot down, and a leopard runs away with the spoil.

Near this is the Maidan, where the young lords and ayas ride, with nymphs as beautiful as those of Paradise, arrayed in tight-fitting robes, and smiling from prancing chargers.

And now came a buzz of wonder in the crowd, and outcries of delight from the women's boxes, which made the eunuchs move about briskly with their rattans, when the wonderful picture dawned upon us, representing the prodigious Castle of Crystal, and pavilion of light.

It is many miles long, and in height several furlongs. It is built of rock crystal and steel, without putty, wood, bricks, or nails. On the walls are flags, in number one hundred and seventy-eight thousand. We said "Praise to Allah!" when we saw the scarlet standard, with the crescent and star of our august master, ABDUL MEDDID.

This palace was built in a single night by an enchanter named PANTOON. This wonderful man possesses all the secrets of nature: he can make a melon in ten minutes grow as big as a camel, a rose spread out before your eyes to the size of an umbrella. Lately, in a convent of dervishes, he caused in one evening a cabbage to grow so big, that after hearing a sermon from one of their Mollahs, who got up into the boughs, axes were brought, the plant was felled, and the whole community dined off it; several bursting with repletion, so delicious was the food. This was told ABOO BOSH by a Mollah of Birmingham, a twisting dervish, who had seen many wonders.

Having seen the exterior of this Hall of Light, ABOO BOSH now showed to us the wondrous interior. All the treasures of the world are there, surely. Ten hundred and ten thousand persons come thither daily, and they all go first to see the saddles and embroidery, from Beyroot. What arcades of splendour! what fountains! what images! The tallest trees grow in this palace. The birds cannot fly to the roof: it is so high. At one end, is a place where travellers are served with cakes and sherbet by ravishing houris, with moon faces. O, ABOO! O, HADJEE, I suspect that FATIMA, your one-eyed wife, has not heard the end of those tales! What says the poet?

The best part of the tale is often that which is not told.

A woman's truth is like the cloth which the Armenian sells you in the bazaar: he always cribs a portion of it.

And now, having spent several hours in examining this picture, the bulbul-box was again set in motion, and the greatest curiosity of all was represented to us. This is an Ingleez family of distinction, whom ABOO BOSH has brought with him, and who will be exhibited every day at three hours before, and three hours after sunset. But the account of their strange behaviour shall be reserved for the next Intelligence.

The Greatest Miracle of all!

ROMAN Catholic priests are very fond of boasting of their wonderful miracles; but there is one miracle, which they have never yet been able to accomplish. They have been trying at it for a wearisome number of years—at least, they pretend they have; but hitherto their holy efforts have not been attended with the slightest success. The miracle we allude to, as still waiting for fulfilment, is no less than

THE PACIFICATION OF IRELAND!

When Ireland is restored to peace and quietness, such as England enjoys, and restored, too, by the pious agency of Roman Catholic priests, we shall look upon the happy realization as the greatest miracle of all Roman Catholic miracles, and shall almost be prepared to believe in winking statues, bleeding pictures, ST. PETER'S Chair, ST. JANUARIUS'S blood, and enormous cabbages—even though the cabbages may be larger, and have as much heart in them, as CARDINAL WISEMAN'S sanctity!

THE RAILWAY TRAVELLER'S FAREWELL TO HIS FAMILY.

'Twas Business call'd a Father to travel by the Rail;
His eye was calm, his hand was firm, although his cheek was pale.
He took his little boy and girl, and set them on his knee;
And their mother hung about his neck, and her tears flowed fast and free.

I'm going by the Rail, my dears—ELIZA, love, don't cry—
Now, kiss me both before I leave, and wish Papa good-bye.
I hope I shall be back again, this afternoon, to tea,
And then, I hope, alive and well, that your Papa you'll see.

I'm going by the Rail, my dears, where the engines puff and hiss;
And ten to one the chances are that something goes amiss;
And in an instant, quick as thought—before you could cry "Ah!"
An accident occurs, and—say good-bye to poor Papa!

Sometimes from scandalous neglect, my dears, the sleepers sink,
And then you have the carriage upset, as you may think.
The progress of the train, sometimes, a truck or coal-box checks,
And there's a risk for poor Papa's, and everybody's necks.

Or there may be a screw loose, a hook, or bolt, or pin,—
Or else an ill-made tunnel may give way, and tumble in;
And in the wreck the passengers and poor Papa remain
Confined, till down upon them comes the next Excursion-train.

If a policeman's careless, dears, or if not over-bright,
When he should show a red flag, it may be he shows a white;
Between two trains, in consequence, there's presently a clash,—
If poor Papa is only bruised, he's lucky in the smash.

Points may be badly managed, as they were the other day,
Because a stingy Company for hands enough won't pay;
Over and over goes the train—the engine off the rail,
And poor Papa's unable, when he's found, to tell the tale.

And should your poor Papa escape, my darlings, with his life,
May he return on two legs, to his children and his wife,—
With both his arms, my little dears, return your fond embrace,
And present to you, unalter'd, every feature of his face.

I hope I shall come back, my dears—but, mind, I am insured,—
So, in case the worst may happen, you are so far all secured.
An action then will also lie for you and your Mamma,—
And don't forget to bring it—on account of poor Papa.

MAZZINI.

ACCORDING to the authentic reports of the continental papers, SIGNOR MAZZINI—albeit in England—continues to be the prime disturber of the peace of the world.

The matter is not yet thoroughly searched to its head, but, we fear, there now remains but little doubt that the late earthquake in the Kingdom of Naples originated in the dark mind of the triumvir. His Majesty KING FERDINAND has been heard to express himself very decidedly upon the point.

Galignani—that original and high-principled journal—laments the banishment of families from the sky of Paris: all the fugitives being victims to "MAZZINI-ISM." There can be no doubt that the late descent upon Cuba originated from the same cause; and should the plague break out, within the next ten years in Constantinople, the pest will inevitably be MAZZINI in his worst virulence.



We would advise the authorities of our happy country to be upon their guard. LORD PALMERSTON is proverbially over-trank and confiding. A great proportion of the potato crop is gone in Ireland. We make no accusation; but we must hope that MAZZINI will not ultimately be found at the root of the matter.

"Latet Anguis in," &c., &c.

THE POPE is so well known at Rome for the extreme slipperiness of his dealings, that some heretical wag has been scribbling over the door of the Vatican the following inscription:—"THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL EEL-PUS!"



ANGLING IN THE SERPENTINE.—SATURDAY, P.M.

Piscator, No. 1. "HAD EVER A BITE, JIM?"

Piscator, No. 2. "NOT YET—I ONLY COME HERE LAST WEDNESDAY!"

DON'T OVER-RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

PIECES may have long runs without any fatigue to themselves—however tiring they may be to the audiences—but when we hear of a horse having had a run for 83 consecutive nights, we begin to wonder the poor creature has a leg to stand upon. We perceive that our old friend *Mazepa* is still upon his legs at Astley's, after having "urged on his wild career" without interruption since the beginning of June last. When the poor brute became sensible that the drama was henceforth to be his peculiar walk, he never could have calculated on a run of such duration. Since the introduction of railways and omnibuses, few horses are brought up to the stage, and the stage of Astley's seems to be the most arduous stage of an animal's existence.

Though the poor creature was sane enough when he commenced delineating the arduous character of the "Wild Horse of the Desert," we can readily believe that he has been driven wild at last by over-exertion; and the insanity that used to be once feigned, may have become at last natural. Like the maniac in the song, he may now exclaim, with terrible earnestness—"They've driven me mad!" No horse can stand such continual nagging as this one has been subject to.

The French President and the French Press.

ALMOST every day brings its triumph to *LOUIS NAPOLEON* over the French press. He has a nest of singing-birds all in a cage. As the Tyrian dye is a lost secret, so hopes the President to make his world forget the printers' black. In a few years, with the nephew of his uncle at the Elysée, men will have retrograded to scribes and parchment. In the meantime, a monument is to be erected to the glory of the President. And as *NAPOLEON* had statues of himself cast from the cannon he had captured, so will *LOUIS NAPOLEON* have a colossal figure cast from the types he has made waste metal. As the spoil of twenty battles was molten for the glory of the Emperor, so will the lead of twenty newspapers commemorate the reputation of the President.

LONDON POLITENESS.

THE *Glasgow Examiner* has been to London, and has returned to Glasgow delighted with a sense of London politeness. He never heard a rude word in our streets: he never saw "a drunken person in London." All our cabmen are pinks of gentility—our cads would pass for noblemen. In fact, all London society, like a cabinet-pudding, is covered with sweet sauce: but then, the Cabinet itself, is a great cause of this; for, says *Examiner*,

"In London the people are accustomed to see *HER MAJESTY* and *Her Majesty's Ministers* and advisers moving about among them, and they learn to respect themselves, and to avoid all rudeness and insolence, but too common in the provinces."

Examiner has pounced upon the cause of our good-breeding. Our good little *QUEEN* bows and smiles us into gentleness, and the *QUEEN's Ministers*, "moving about among us" in all directions, have a benign influence upon the crowd. *GODWIN* has well said, speaking of the universal operation of *SHAKESPEARE*, that even a Chinese Mandarin may be in some sort humanised by the poet, even though he shall never have heard of him. And, in like manner, many an English coalheaver may be softened by the men of *Downing Street*, though he may not know their names. The shilling passed by *LORD JOHN* to a cabman may carry with it a civilising touch—the penny vouchsafed by *PALMERSTON* to a crossing-sweeper may fill the unconscious man with thoughts of peace. A *SIR GEORGE GREY* may be cordial in a cöster-monger; and the radiant benevolence of a *CARLISLE* be reflected from a shoeblack.

Brougham Himself Again.

DELIGHTED are we with the evidences of *LORD BROUGHAM's* renewed health. He has been the soul of hospitality at *Brougham Hall*; and—after a look in at the *House of Lords*—is off to winter at *Cannes*. He will there enter upon a course of boar-hunting; not for any love of the sport itself, but merely to exercise himself for the severer sport of hunting the reform of the Law: for the whole boar in the forest is nothing to the whole hog in *Chancery*.



BLOOMERISM—AN AMERICAN CUSTOM.

A RIVAL TO ROSÉ TAMISIÉR.



PUNCH has had his attention called to certain miracles performed in this country by a young lady, which are quite as remarkable as those of MADemoiselle TAMISIÉR, and a good deal more credible. He feels certain that, after hearing them, the reader will no longer trouble himself about ROSÉ, but will exclaim with HORACE,

“Mitte sectari, ROSA quo locorum Sera moretur,”

and withdraw his attention from her at once.

The young lady's name is ELLEN B—. From her childhood there has been something peculiar about her appearance; a strange lustre of eye, and a peculiar tint and form of mouth, which marked her as one destined by fortune to make some impression in the world. While a child, it was observed that people loved to take her in their arms. Nay, when only nine, she cast a glance at a young gentleman, a friend

of the family, the effect of which was to make him abandon his usual sports. And whereas promptly with which he converted pieces of copper into lollipops, ELLEN turned his lollipops into gall; *into gall*, we say, advisedly, for he rejected them contemptuously, and, soon after, burst out crying. How did she achieve this last result? Simply by taking her parasol (she has been known to do wonders with that instrument), and walking away from the door, homewards!

But it was when MISS ELLEN B— returned from school, aged seventeen years and six months, that the exercise of her miraculous powers became most noticeable.

Statues have been said to wink on various occasions; but what was the effect of ELLEN on a block-head in H— Street? She caused, by simply coming into the room, the mouth of this odd figure to partially open, and its eyes to roll—producing a degree of expression in the face of which no one believed it capable! And the wooden figure in question afterwards would “imitate,” or nod—in what was conceived to be intended for a knowing manner—at the mere mention of her name!

ROSE TAMISIÉR awoke a youth, we are told, through the medium of her guardian angel. But it is a well-known fact that our ELLEN—by her mere influence, unseen, and absent—kept awake all night a youth from Oxford, who had met her at an evening party. The same youth, when he returned home, on that very evening assured his sister most firmly that he had seen an angel. This is a fact to which dozens of his friends are willing to depose; indeed, his reiterated assurances of it had become rather a bore. When asked what sort of a figure it was, he replied—“A gentle, stately figure, with dark hair, and deep blue eyes.” There can be no doubt that it was to the influence of ELLEN B— that we must attribute his belief in that apparition.

ELLEN had Visions; and these were very variously represented—and misrepresented by some people,—ladies, generally, we believe. Some were wont to assert that she saw visions of herself, with her head encircled by a halo in use among the English aristocracy on state occasions, and called a coronet: that she loved to see herself in the state of vision, encircled with a small kind of golden crown, bearing five pearls. Others add that she fancied herself borne along in a sumptuous chariot. But it is vehemently asserted by others that all her visions were of objects of real beauty and purity.

Numberless were the phenomena which this young female produced. Her name appeared on the bark of trees,—how put there, nobody knew. Tears, visions, bleeding hearts, were the ordinary results of her miraculous doings. If the TAMISIÉR did wonders with cabbages, ELLEN sometimes prevented people from dining at all.

Such was—or rather is—our countrywoman, ELLEN B—, a rival of ROSÉ TAMISIÉR herself, and assuredly the cause of much rivalry in others.

MERE CHILD'S PLAY.—The Performances of the BATEMAN Infants under the management of BARNUM.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF TEA!

“PUNCH,

Elysian Farm, Sept., 1851.

“In my celebrated work, called ‘COTTAGE ECONOMY,’ of which fifty million copies were sold in this country, and twice that number in America, I made some very sensible observations on the subject of that ruinous and detestable stuff, *tea*. I proved to demonstration ‘that it contains nothing nutritious; that it, besides being good for nothing, has badness in it, because it is well known to produce want of sleep in many cases, and in all cases to shake and weaken the nerves.’ But, notwithstanding the great amount of information that I possessed on every subject, I little knew *how much* badness the body and soul destroying tea-trash contains, although my wonderful sagacity gave me an inward persuasion that the quantity of the Poison must be immense. And so, indeed, it turns out. Read the *Lancet*, and make your wife and your daughters read it too, if they can be induced to read anything but foolish novels and unmeaning poetry. There they will see with what a delicate beverage they wash down their dainty slices, or rather, shavings, of bread-and-butter. Prussian blue, indigo, turmeric powder, China clay, Chinese yellow, soap-stone, catechu—these are some of the less loathsome of the filthy drugs, and virulent and deadly Poisons, with which your *tea*, nasty and pernicious as it is in itself, is adulterated. Black lead, vegetable red, and carbonate of lime or chalk, are enumerated in the list of abominations; and the *Times*, in commenting on the *Lancet's* disclosures, says that, in a particular sort of this tea-rubbish ‘there were found little lumps’ resembling what ladies, who fritter away their time in keeping silk-worms, would recognise as the sweepings of those insects’ cages. Other nice messes consist of what is called ‘lie tea;’ which is a hodge-podge of tea-dust and sand, made up with rice-water; a very fit mixture, with a very suitable name, too, this ‘LIE TEA,’ to enliven a party of scandal-mongering old crones of an evening.

“As to what is called green tea, the greenness is a mere dye, communicated by POISON. The stuff, moreover, sold as tea, is, in many cases, no such thing, but a parcel of leaves of the beech, elm, horse-chestnut, plane, oak, willow, poplar, hawthorn, and sloe, which, however, I should say, are rather more wholesome than the thing which they are meant to counterfeit. Mixtures, indeed, called ‘La Veno Beno’ (whatever that means), and ‘The Chinese Botanical Powder,’ composed of sumach-leaves, wheat, flour, and catechu, are sold under the name of ‘tea-improvers,’ and may improve the tea for aught I know. The commonest piece of tea-dealer’s rascality, however, is that of mingling with the ‘genuine’ Chinese weed re-dried tea-leaves, and these are ‘faced,’ to give them ‘a bloom,’ with black lead, as grates are ‘faced;’ or they are ‘faced’ with rose pink, or vegetable red and chalk, exactly as a ‘bloom,’ when wanting, is imparted by ‘facing,’ to the faded cheeks of a scraggy, wrinkled, superannuated beldam of the aristocracy. To be sure, if it were not for the black lead, and so forth, these tea-leaves would be preferable to any other, for the badness has, at least, been pretty well stewed out of them. It is right that the reader, and especially the lady reader, should know that they are principally bought up of charwomen, whose perquisites they become, when those old cormorants are employed in a ‘genteel establishment’ to clean up the furniture, and scrub the floor, owing to the piggyish indolence and sluggish laziness of the lounging mistress of the family and her lolloping daughters.

“A play-writer of the name of SHAKSPEARE, I think, in a Scotch farce, called *Macbeth*, represents three old witches as compounding a diabolical mess, of which the ingredients are too nasty to be specified; but I will venture to say that the cauldron of those hags contains nothing half so horrid as the contents of the *teapot*, which certain others are accustomed to croak and mumble over. I would not have been so cruel as to force such a potion down the throat of CASTLEREAGH himself.

“And this is your ‘draught that cheers but not inebriates,’ is it? This is the drench in which your teetotalers would have us steep our senses, eh? and over which your Missionary meetings and your serious families sit and soak? For my part, I consider serious drinking to be a less injurious habit than such guzzling as this. Bad as spirituous liquors are, they are not so bad as Prussian blue and black lead, which are worse than any spirits that inhabit the Shades in a quarter entirely remote from the abode of

“WM. COBBETT.”

The Crystal Palace for Ever!

We read that certain pawnbrokers have of late received bushels of watches from people pledging them for money to visit the Exhibition. That watches should be disposed of for such a purpose is a significant proof that the Crystal Palace is not intended for a season, but—for all time.

HUMOUR IN VIENNA.—We learn that “the *Humorist* is to suffer three months’ imprisonment.”—Hence, in Vienna, humour is no joke.



PUNCH'S ANNIVERSARIES.—No. 6. THE FIRST BALLOON ASCENT IN ENGLAND, SEPTEMBER 15th, 1784.

VINCENT LUNARDI THROWING OUT A LITTLE BALLAST.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, THE ELEPHANT, AND THE URAN UTAN.

WE perceive by the announcements in the papers, that the little jealous differences between the Hippopotamus and the Infant Elephant are made up, and that all professional rivalry being set aside, they are advertised as exhibiting together in the Regent's Park. This is as it should be, and sets an example to other public performers, which the latter would do well to imitate.

MR. STENTOR will often refuse to play *Richmond* to the *Duke of Gloucester* of MR. LEATHERLUNGS, and thus *Richard the Third* cannot be performed efficiently, though at the Zoological Gardens we have the Hippopotamus appearing in conjunction not only with the Elephant, but side by side also with the Uran Utan—known familiarly as the Ourangotang. Considering the length of time during which the Hippopotamus led the business, and gambolled in his bath to repeated overflows, some allowance might be made for his jealousy of a new favourite; but as the young Elephant has evidently brought his trunk with the intention of

making a long stay, the Hippopotamus has wisely determined to smother all ill-feeling, and share the public favour with the new comer. The conduct of both towards the Uran Utan is beyond all praise, for they seem to have asked themselves, "Is he not an Ourangotang and a brother?" and answering the question in the affirmative, they have established a state of liberty, equality, and fraternity, which is quite delightful to contemplate.

MODERN SEA-SONG.

HARRY, put the kettle on;
Let it stand a little on;
Then we will settle on
Our beam-ends to tea.

Cut the bread-and-butter, DICK;
I don't like it very thick;
Tom, fetch the sugar, quick,
And bring the bohea.

Hand the cream; now, pray, take care;
A hand, too, with the teapot bear;
And if you've the slop-basin there,
Pass it to me.

British sailors have a knack
Of swigging down the green and black,
Which colours in the union-jack
Henceforth ought to be;

British sailors like to sip
Their tea, instead of grog or flip,
The naval hornpipe whilst they skip
Ashore or at sea.

A SERIOUS DIFFERENCE OF DOCTORS.

THE *London Pharmacopœia*, just published, differs rather widely in some important points from that of Edinburgh and Dublin. The Vinegar of Colchicum of the Dublin is three times as strong as the same compound as prescribed in the London and Edinburgh. The strength of the Vinegar of Opium in the Edinburgh is thrice what it is in the Dublin. The Edinburgh's Prussic Acid is twice stronger than the London and Dublin's; and the solutions of Hydrochlorate of Morphia and Acetate of Morphia of the London, bear the same proportion to those of the Dublin and Edinburgh. As these particular medicines are dangerous or fatal except in very small doses, the chances against a patient who has the misfortune to be prescribed for, according to one Pharmacopœia, and compounded for according to another, may very possibly be three, or two to one; a consideration, which cannot but suggest the remark, that what is one man's physic, may be another man's poison.

The Truth is hard, but must be told.

ENGLAND has been called "a Nation of Shopkeepers." Since the frightful revelations, however, of the *Lancet*, by which it has been proved that nine out of every ten tradesmen in London sell articles that are most poisonously adulterated, it would seem that we are not only a "Nation of Shopkeepers," but something more. In fact, if these dishonest practices are persevered in, we are afraid that some new NAPOLEON—a NAPOLEON of Truth—will arise, and very politely tell us, "You are not only a NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS, BUT OF ROGUES ALSO!"

PHILOSOPHY OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

IT is said, with regard to railway accidents, that "it is the pace that kills." This is particularly the case when Companies go it too fast in the pursuit of profit.

QUERY.—Why is HOBBS like BRAMMOHUN ROY?
—Because he has attacked the belief in BRAMAH.

SMOKE-COMMUNICATION WITH AUSTRALIA.



THE ears of the delicate are sometimes shocked by a certain vulgar, but expressive phrase, namely, "to choke off." It is a metaphorical form of speech, evidently borrowed from the vocabulary of the sport called "canine;" and, in its primary sense, denotes the act by which a dog, in fighting or badger-baiting, is compelled to let go his hold.

Such being the etymological fact, the Admiralty issues an advertisement for tenders for a steam communication to Sydney, at intervals of two months, by the Cape of Good Hope, at a speed of eight-and-a-half knots per hour; which advertisement, according to the civic correspondent of the *Times*, "is looked upon in the City as simply ridiculous," as, probably, this paragraph will be by those who see a want of connexion in it, and will not read on for the explanation thereof. But what act of the Admiralty's is not, and has not been for some time, simply ridiculous, and ridiculously simple? Did they not build

war-steamers of cast-iron, without trying whether their rusty inventions would stand shot? and is it not notorious that their experience of irony has alone deterred them from applying to the construction of line-of-battle ships the materials of the Crystal Palace? Nay, did they not, at one time, contemplate establishing a dockyard in Staffordshire, and building vessels of crockery?

To proceed, however—still keeping in view the point in etymology. Facts and figures are not wanted here to prove the commercial importance of the Australian colonies, and the necessity of a proper steam communication with them; so that it will, of course, be understood that the absurdity of the Admiralty's advertisement only consists in proposing a plan which would not at all answer the purpose. That the wishes of the colonists ought to be consulted, must also be evident; and, because the Antipodes are beneath our feet, there is no reason why they should be trampled on. Whereas—the *Times* tells us—

"The public meetings of the colonists, which were almost confined to petitioning for steam communication, and protesting against convict immigration, were answered by steady obstruction in the former case, and, in the latter, by the introduction into Van Diemen's Land, during the past year, of no less than 2534 criminals."

This brings us back to the etymology of the phrase "To choke off," which, though derived from the inferior classes of society, evidently expresses the intentions of Government towards our Australian colonies.

HERALDIC FRAGMENTS.

A FEW incidental heraldic points are the fragments of this week's article—crumbs from our heraldic table. Our memory is *semée* of certain little facts, which we now bestow with due commentary on the reader.

There are a few things used as "changes" very rarely; odd articles of strange appearance—rarely "borne"—and, by-the-by, rather unbearable. Such are *gal-traps*, for example. The DRUMMONDS wear "a mound *semée* with gal-traps." One would fancy, from the name, that these were a kind of fortune-hunting implements—devised to ensnare incautious young ladies. Not so. They are, or, rather, were—for they are now only known in Heraldry—weapons scattered about the field of battle to wound horses. It is clear that they were very dangerously useful. The enemies who came galloping up suddenly, found that they had put their foot in it, with a vengeance!

The *griffin*, the heralds tell us with a very amusing candour, is a "chimerical" creature. He is described "with large ears and no wings." But we are far from being sure that he is so very chimerical, after all—if these be his proper distinctive characteristics. Poets and politicians of the description are still found in Europe. And perhaps it is some real modesty that induces people who have no right to arms, to assume griffins, as they not unfrequently do. Pray be particular about the ears, gentlemen! *Punch* begs it of you, as a favour.

Enhanced, is a term used when any ordinaries are raised above their usual position. BYRON bore "argent, three bendlets, enhanced, *gules*"—and very considerably he enhanced his family honours accordingly.

The reader will be surprised to hear that the homely "hedgehog" is borne in this noble science of armorie. Old GULLIM, who, to do him justice, is uncommonly ingenious in devising reasons for everything—and who loved heraldic animals as an Arab does his horse—says, that "the hedgehog signifies a man expert in gathering of substance." If this be true, the hedgehog ought to be borne a great deal more extensively in this country—and, we may add, that the prickles of the animal ought to be very distinctly defined—to signify how difficult it is to get at the "substance" which our "expert" men gather.

A *Cap of Maintenance* is an honourable cap, of crimson velvet generally. But a fool's cap might with propriety be called so, if it maintained him as part of the furniture of his buffoonery. The *cap of maintenance* is worn by nobility, and if the cap fits, of course they have a right to wear it.

Is the public aware that "a cardinal's hat, with strings, *gemant* and *plaited in true-love knots, the ends meeting in base, gules*"—are the arms of Slavonia?—Happy country—so honoured—well known to be the happiest and most enlightened in the world! Why does a miller wear a white hat? Is a question familiar to us from the pages of JOH. But why a cardinal wears a red one—is not, perhaps, so well known. The miller does it, we are aware, to keep his head warm, and nowadays it would seem as if the cardinal did it to keep the country warm—*i. e.*, in hot water. But the orthodox answer is not so profane. No. The cardinal wears the red hat to signify that he "ought to shed his blood, if required, in the defence of ecclesiastical liberty."—Beautiful idea! Of course, the red colour never typifies the blood of other people—never symbolises the episcopal claret. We have rarely seen a more tender touch in all our experiences of blazoning, than the sweet notion of the strings "plaited in true-love knots" (for which see CLARK'S Heraldry, p. 105). It was positively the last notion that a cardinal's hat could have suggested to us—or to anybody else, we fancy. How deliciously the strings intertwine, like the tresses of the Babylonian lady! To be sure, there are people—incapable of sentiment—people fresh from the dungeons of Italy, and other fabulous places, who would believe rather that they better symbolise—the ropes of the hangman and the knots of whips. This would be too absurd. As well ask us to believe GLADSTONE!

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT ST. ALBAN'S.



RECENTLY have we been delighted with the intelligence from St. Alban's. MR. JACOB BELL is an example to M.P.s. He does not stalk his recess in the Highlands; or throw away himself at Baden-Baden. No: he goes down to his own borough—(whatever a man pays for ought to be his own)—and, busy in the interests of education, he examines school-children: the little ones who, some day, will have the borough at their own disposal. We hear that many of the youngsters displayed a marvellous precocity. Babes and sucklings picked out from gingerbread alphabets the letters BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION, eating the letters with a relish that delighted the hearts of their parents. It was remarkable, too, that the letters thickest gilt were soonest swallowed.

The "Court Newsmen" Corrected.

THE *Court Newsmen* tells us that "the PRINCE OF WALES took his usual exercise, attended by MR. BIRCH." We have authority for adding that study is not altogether sacrificed to recreation, but that, at a fitting period of the day, "the PRINCE OF WALES did his usual exercise, superintended by MR. BIRCH."

THE DUKE OF ATHOLL'S SHILLING.

THE *North British Mail* assures us that the DUKE OF ATHOLL exacts one shilling a head from every person taking a walk in his ground at Dunkeld. This is rather dear; but the impost would be insupportable if his Grace insisted upon also shewing himself for the money.

An Express Train for Ladies.

THE charms of English ladies were formerly so irresistible, that they enjoyed what is called "an European reputation" for sweeping everything before them; but, at present, the only European reputation which English ladies enjoy, is—thanks to their long dresses—of sweeping everything behind them.



THE NEW GROOM.

Gentleman. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU UNDERSTAND THE CARE OF HORSES?"
 Boy. "WELL, SIR, I HAD OUGHT TO—FOR I'VE BEEN AMONGST 'EM ALL MY LIFE."

Enough to Bring on Premature Decay!

WE read that a Parliamentary Committee has been sitting for the last seven years on Westminster Bridge. Now, as we all know what a very heavy thing a Parliamentary Committee is, it cannot be much wondered at if the Bridge has been regularly sinking under it. It says a great deal for the strength of the structure that it has not sunk long ago. But few metropolitan buildings would be able to stand up again, after a Parliamentary Committee had been sitting upon it for seven years. By-the-by, we wish the experiment could be tried, as soon as possible, upon the National Gallery—first removing the pictures to some place of safety. If Trafalgar Square is "the finest site in Europe," it is a thousand pities it should have its sight weakened by such a tremendous eye-sore as the National Gallery. By all means get a Parliamentary Committee to sit upon it!

Tractarian Wiseacres.

BECAUSE the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY will not deny the validity of the ordination of foreign Protestant Clergymen, the Puseyites are abusing him for a latitudinarian. The gentlemen who, in this instance, have discovered the latitude, are not very likely to find out the longitude.

THE FITZFUNKS IN FRANCE.

THE French President, taking especial care that no harm shall come to the Republic, has given orders for a general registry of that mischievous and unprofitable body of people, the resident English in *la belle France*. We feel humiliated by the knowledge of the fact that a conspiracy did exist—it is now crushed, like the broken egg of a cockatrice—to seize the person of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and to convey it far from France (the very island in the Pacific was confidentially named as the future prison); and this diabolic plot—we blush again as we write it—originated in the circle of an English family! It would seem that the hope, so darkly fostered, of the conspirators, was to bring back LEDRU ROLLIN at the very nick of the Presidential election. "*Rouge gagne*" was the secret password of the traitors! The plot had most extensive ramifications, branching under the hearthstones of hundreds of the English. Therefore, the President of the Republic can hardly be accused of trepidation, in taking the strongest and most summary means of defeating the conspirators. Let the reader, hasty to condemn caution as pusillanimity, imagine himself now snug in cotton (gunpowder cotton) in the Elysée, an object of a people's love, and of the embraces of the *dames de la Halle*, and—presto!—dropt upon an island "far amid the melancholy main," his rations raw turtle, cockles, and cocoa-nuts! For ourselves, friends of order, we heartily thank the French President for his vigilance. We believe that he is every day endearing himself to the ordained owners and masters of the human race, the FRANCISES, and WILLIAMS, and FERDINANDS, and NONOS. Though as yet a humble lay-brother, he is doing their work submissively and industriously; and—who can doubt it?—will have his abiding reward.

The family of the FITZFUNKS have long sojourned in France. Indeed, THEOPHILE FITZFUNK and EULALIE FITZFUNK were born in the Rue St. Honoré. Old FITZFUNK himself has forgotten half his English, and in twenty years has learned just half his French. MRS. or MADAME FITZFUNK—she was the daughter of an attorney at Tadcaster—is *tout-à-fait Française*. Nevertheless, this respected family—the FITZFUNKS have had their house twice gutted by two revolutions,—have been compelled to wait a whole day at the gates of the Prefecture of Police to obtain leave and permission to remain in Paris, to have, in the event of Revolution No. 3, their household gods once more turned upon the *paree*.

MR. FITZFUNK has been required to arm himself with four humiliating documents. No. 1, a passport! No. 2, a certificate of residence, duly attested by the benevolent Commissary of Police, residing in FITZ-

FUNK's quarter! No. 3, a full and particular account of the means by which he supports himself and family; by funded property, or by the ignoble sweat of his brow or brain. No. 4, a certificate that he is a man of good conduct; moral, peaceable, and obedient to the law, as by the President established.

Well, MR. FITZFUNK complied with these formalities; and was then directed to go straight home and wait for a *permis de séjour*, a sort of ticket of residence; or for a notice to quit. For two days was the household of the FITZFUNKS in the most alarming state of anxiety lest they should not be permitted, by the benevolence of the government, to remain and lay out their income upon the tradesmen of Paris. Once or twice old FITZFUNK grew savage, and the dormant patriot awakening in his breast, he clenched his fist, and looking up at the ceiling, muttered something about shaking the French dust from his shoes, and betaking himself and MRS. FITZFUNK to lay their bones in Tadcaster. Whereupon, MRS. FITZFUNK—who is the most patient of creatures—mildly requested her husband not to make a fool of himself, as the President—(she had herself seen him salute one of the market-women)—was the most perfect gentleman, and, consulting the true interests of France, would do the thing that was proper.

After another day and night passed in the most terrible suspense, MR. FITZFUNK received from the Commissary of Police, his *permis de séjour*. Yes; all honour to the enlightened policy of the President! The English FITZFUNKS are graciously permitted to spend every farthing of their income in *la belle et bonne France*!

An Idea for Greek Street.

THERE is a loud and general outcry against the delay in constructing proper sewers for the metropolis. Old commissioners have been superseded, and new commissioners appointed without effect; but we have one plan to recommend, which we think might answer the end so much desired. Let the matter be turned over to the Income Tax Commissioners; who must be able to drain our streets, or anything else, if we may judge by their proficiency in the art of draining our pockets.

A TITLE FOR HOBBS.—"The *Leviathan* of Locks." [We insert this out of respect for the learned Prelate from whom we have received it; but we must really ask him how many of the readers of *Punch* does he suppose are aware that HOBBS, the metaphysician, wrote a work called the *Leviathan*?]

AN INGLEEZ FAMILY.



ALL along, the Exhibition was explained to us by a Frank Interpreter, who understands perfectly our language.

Among the Ingleez, he said, men are allowed but one wife: a hard case, O Agas! for these poor women; for as the bard has remarked—

“When I am in a queer temper, in my hareem, I may beat ZULEIKA with my slipper, but I smile upon LEILA and ZUTULBE.

“When LEILA’s fatness becomes disagreeable, then ZUTULBE’s leanness commences to be pleasing.

“When both annoy me, then little ZULEIKA resumes her reign; for strawberries ripen at one season of the year, at another time figs, at another time water-melons. But always strawberries would be wearisome: as to hear bulbuls all day would cause one to yawn.

“Man takes delight in variety, as the bee sips of a thousand flowers.”

So, for any poor creature to be subject always to the caprices of one man, is cruel on her; as to compel one man to have but one wife, as amongst the Ingleez, is a tyranny unheard of amongst civilised nations like our own; and we may thank our stars that we do not live in Lundoon, but Beyroot.

If all the old women among the Ingleez are no better-looking than the one whom ABOO BOSH showed to us, I do not envy the elderly gentlemen of that nation, and can quite understand their habitual ill-humour.

In the first part of the play appeared this old woman, the Khanum of

the house, or “Misseez,” as the Interpreter says she is called; her two daughters, LOLA and LOTA; her son, the young Aga; and the Father of the family, called BROWN EFFENDI.

BROWN EFFENDI is fifty-five or six years old. He is tall, and of a portly shape, and, like all the elderly Ingleez, is bald: nor has he the decency to cover his baldness with a couple of caps, as we do, but appears with his shining pate without any shame.

His wife is two or three years younger; they must have been married these thirty years: no wonder that they quarrel together, and that the Effendi is tired of such an old hag!

The Interpreter explains that it is the beginning of the day. A table is set out, covered with a snowy damask cloth, with urns and vases of silver for tea, cups of porcelain, one for each of the family, bits of roasted bread, hot cakes, meat, honey, and butter. This meal the Ingleez of distinction take in common. An Effendi often does not behold his family (always excepting the old hag of a wife) except at that hour.

“Before the girls come down, and you go away to the Stee, Mr. BROWN,” says the Misseez, “will you have the goodness to give me some money? Look at these bills.”

“Jehannum take the bills!” roars out BROWN, rising up and stamping. “Can’t you let a man read his newspaper in quiet?”

O Allah! read his newspaper in quiet! It is an immense sheet, as big as the Capitan Pasha’s mainsail. I should think it has as many letters and lines as the Koran itself. The Interpreter says, every Ingleez reads a paper every morning—it is called in their language, *El Tims*—from beginning to end, every day, before going out. Praise be to Heaven that we live in Beyroot!

“Well, don’t swear at a woman, MR. B.,” she says; “don’t swear when the children and servants are coming in. How can I help it, if the house is expensive? I lived in a better, before I came to yours. My mamma—”

“Confound your mamma! How much is it?” says BROWN EFFENDI; and drawing a paper from his pocket-book, he writes an order to his Shroff to pay so much money.

The daughters now come in—there was a great sensation among us, especially in that rogue who sate by me, POOF ALLEE, who is always on the look-out for almond eyes. These virgins were young and fair, of fine shapes seemingly, wearing a sort of loose gowns buttoned up to the neck, with little collars, and little caps, with little ribbons; their

cheeks pale, their eyes heavy—nevertheless, comely damsels, that would fetch a round sum of piastres in the market.

“Why don’t you come sooner?” growls the Father.

“They were at LADY POLK’S, at MRS. WALLS’S, and were not home till four: the girls must have sleep, MR. B.”

“Why do they go to those confounded balls?” asks BROWN EFFENDI. The Interpreter explains that a ball is a dance where many hundred women assemble.

“They ought to be in bed at ten,” growls the House-father.

“We do go to bed at ten, when there is nothing at night, papa,” says the eldest. “We couldn’t live if we didn’t go to sleep on the off nights.”

“You don’t wish them not to go into the world, I suppose, MR. B.? You don’t wish them not to get establishments? You don’t suppose it is for my pleasure that I go about night after night with these poor things, whilst you are drinking with your male friends, or at your clubs?” (The Interpreter explains that a Club is the Coffee-house of the Ingleez: they sit there smoking until late hours.) “You don’t suppose that I go to dances?”

BROWN EFFENDI bursts into a laugh. “You dance, POLLY!” says he. “Do I suppose the cow jumped over the moon?”

“I wish Papa wouldn’t use those expressions,” says MISS LOLA to MISS LOTA.

Papa now sits with his face buried in *El Tims*, and when he has read it (only in this Exhibition, or play, of course, the actor did not read the whole of the immense sheet, or we should have sat till night)—this labour over, and his breakfast done, he goes away to Stee.

“That is the commencement of the day with thousands of English Effendis in Lundoon,” the Interpreter explains. “He rises at eight. He shaves. He meets his family: kisses them, but rarely speaks, except to swear a little, and find fault. He reads through *El Tims*. He gives money to the Khanum. He goes to the Stee: where his counting-house or office of business is, and which is often a long way from his house. He goes on foot, while his wife has a chariot.”

“That I can understand,” says POOF ALLEE. “A man will not allow his womankind to go out except in an Aroba, guarded by the slaves. Even an unbeliever is not such a fool as that.”

“You are in error, O Effendi,” said the Interpreter. “The women are free to go whithersoever they please. They wear no veils. They go about the City unprotected, save by a male servant, and even he is not necessary. They frequent the shops, and bazaars, and public gardens. I have seen ten thousand in the Spring time basking in the gardens of Kensington.

“O my eyes! I will go there,” said POOF ALLEE, stroking his beard, that sly rogue.

“They are to be seen everywhere,” continues the Interpreter, “and at home, too, receive men into their houses.”

“This, I suppose, is one,” remarked a looker-on. “He is splendid; he is tall; he has richly-carved buttons on his coat. He takes up the silver urn. Is this an officer of the Sulthan?”

“That?”

“That is a servant,” said the Dragoman. “He is bringing breakfast for the young Effendi, who comes down later than the rest of the family.”

“That,” cried POOF ALLEE, “a servant? Why, he is a pearl of beauty. He is a Roostum. He is strong, tall, young, and lovely. Does an old Ingleez allow such an Antar as that to walk about in his Hareem? Psha! friend Interpreter, you are joking.”

“It is even so, Sir,” said the Dragoman. “So strange is the pride of certain classes of the Ingleez, and so barbarous—blasphemous, I had almost said—their notions with regard to rank, that the aristocracy among the Ingleez take no more account of the persons below them, than your honour does of the black slave-boy who fills your pipe. And of late, one of the lootees—or buffoons among the Ingleez—acquired no small share of popularity, and received from his bookseller ten thousand pieces of gold, for a book of jests, in which a servant was made the principal hero, and brought to live among Lords and Agas—the point of the jest being, that the servant was made to feel like a man.”

Here came in the young actor who, the Interpreter said, represented the Son of the house. He drew into the apartment, nodded languidly to his sisters, kissed his mother’s forehead, and sank into the vacant chair by his sisters.

He called to the servant. “JOHN!” he said, “pale ale.”

“My love!” said the Mamma.

“Tell the cook to devil some dam thing,” continued the youth.

“My darling!” said the old lady.

“Hot coppers, Ma’am!” said the young man, pulling a little tuft of hair on his chin. “Keep sad hours—know I do. Out on the crawl till five o’clock this morning. Last thing I weckollect, shandy-gaff.”

“You’ll kill yourself, child!” cried Mamma.

“So much the better for brother DICK. Youth is the season of enjoyment. O dam! what a headache I’ve got! Gather ye roses while ye may. Youth is the season of pleasure.”

“What sort of pleasure?” asked one of the sisters.

“Well—I think it was with two cabmen off the stand, at BOB CWOFF’S,” said the young man. “It’s not very good fun, but it’s

better than those dam balls that you go to every night. Here comes the breakfast."

And the curtain-bell ringing, the first part of the entertainment was over.

During the interval, the Interpreter continued to explain to us the manners and customs of this queer people: and the curtain again rising, showed us a view of the Queen's Palace (before which there is a figure of a Lion and Unicorn, which makes one die of laughing); the Courts of Justice; the Castle of Windsor, which seems, indeed, a pavilion of splendour in a rose-garden of delight; and an immense hole bored under the sea, the dark appearance of which made POOF ALLEE shudder. And now, having seen the Ingleez in the morning, and heard how the men pass the day in their offices and counting-houses, the women in the shops buying, in their carriages, in the gardens, visiting one another, and receiving company at home,—the Dragoman said, "We shall show them as they are dressed of an evening, expecting visitors for the evening."

The curtain drew up. BROWN EFFENDI was now dressed with a white band round his neck, that made his eyeballs start out of his head, and his red face blaze like the standard of the Sultan. MRS. BROWN appeared so changed since the morning, that you would not know her, and POOF ALLEE (that rogue) said, "O my eyes! the old woman to-night looks quite young, and I always liked a stout woman." They stood one on each side of the fire-place—the Interpreter said, in the attitude of receiving dinner-company.

SCHAUN, the servant, came in with a note on a silver salver.

"It's from WAGG," said BROWN EFFENDI—"d—n him! he says he's ill; but he's asked by a lord, and has thrown us over. Take away one cover, JOHN."

How splendidly attired now is this SCHAUN! His costume of the morning is nothing to that which he now wears. A white coat barred with gold lace, a waistcoat of red and gold; shulwars of plush, the colour of butter-cups—and has he grown grey since the morning? No, he has put powder into his hair. He is beautiful to behold; a peacock is not finer.

And now, who enter? Who are these two hours? Who are these moon-faced ones, with the lustrous ringlets, the round arms, the shining shoulders? The heart beats to behold them. POOF ALLEE's eyes brighten with rapture. They are the damsels of the morning, LOLA and LOTA.

"This is the habit of Ingleez damsels," says the Interpreter, with rather a sly look. "All day they cover themselves up, but at night, because it is cold, they go with very little clothes. They are now going to dinner; they will then go to a concert; they will then drive to a ball or dance."

"But a ball, of course, only amongst women," said his Excellency PAPOOSH PASHA, Governor of Beyroot, who was smoking his kaboon in a box near the stage.

"Among women, excellent Sir! There are men, too. If there were no men, the women would stay at home. This is the way that the Ingleez—"

"Silence, shameless!" roared out his Excellency. "KISLA, BEG! Carry my women home this moment. Stop the Exhibition! All the principles of morality are violated. Women in that dress show themselves to men! Never! or if they do, it can only be amongst barbarians, and such a fact must not be known in a civilised country. HADJEE ABOO BOSH! this part of the Exhibition must be no more represented, under pain of the bastinado." And his Excellency flung out of the room in a passion, and the Exhibition ended abruptly.

As for POOF ALLEE—that rogue—he has gone off to England by the last Peninsular and Oriental steamer.

A BOLUS FOR BAD JUDGES.

REPORT says it is intended by the College of Physicians, who are daily making such valuable contributions to science, to establish a Chair of Psychological Therapeutics, or Medicine as applied to moral and intellectual diseases. A malady which has recently exhibited itself more conspicuously than usual in a sister profession, that of the Law, has, it is stated, occasioned the design. Judicial wisdom has lately been doing its best to nullify LORD CAMPBELL'S Act, by declaring it cannot see how pecuniary compensation can be assessed for the loss—by a wife or children—of the parent or husband who earn their bread, and by whose loss they lose so much a year. Judicial wisdom, nevertheless, can estimate the amount of damages due for a broken heart, when the breakage is involved in a breach of promise of marriage. It sometimes puts them at a rather high figure when the heart itself is a mere fiction of law. It rates them, perhaps, at some hundreds of pounds, when the heart alleged to have been broken is the hypothetical property of a Miss fresh from a boarding-school, and the heart-breaker a rich old fool. There is plainly, then, something the matter with Judicial Wisdom. Its eyes are in fault. It can only see things by the light of precedent. It is purblind, and squints. What a blessing would be an extract or infusion of euphrasy, that should purge and purify it to a sound vision! To discover some such remedy, and other cures for ailments of the inner senses, is the object of the College of Physicians in establishing the Chair of Psychological Therapeutics. A

learned professor of that branch of science has already, it is said, invented some Prejudice Pills, and Emollient Pectoral Ointment; strongly recommended by the faculty to their legal brethren, and especially to the elder members of the Bench and the Bar, whose fallacies have become chronic, and whose consciences are indurated through sedentary occupation and want of exercise.

It is known that blue pill will often cure blue devils: why not expel other evil spirits? How do we know that oxide or chloride of mercury would not have cast the demon out of NERO, or that BOMBA might not be exorcised by a course of taraxacum? Black bile may be the cause of more atrocities than you imagine. Of course, the principle of psychological physic may be extended, and the progress of discovery may enrich the *Materia Medica* with sedatives for envy, sialagogues for hatred, expectorants for malice, and diaphoretics for all uncharitableness, together with stimulants of all the cardinal virtues.

It is to be hoped, at any rate, that the Professor's Pills and Ointment will rectify that derangement of common sense and disorder of moral perception, with which certain Judges appear to be so sadly afflicted.

MAMMON AND THE BISHOPS.



ERTAINLY the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have treated the Bishops as if they were no better than common men, with souls tinged with the jaundice of filthy lucre. This we hold to be a scandal. All Bishops appointed after the 1st of January, 1848, are accountable to the Commission; and, as we think, in the most indecent manner, are liable to be pulled up on points of vulgar arithmetic, like money-takers on a turnpike trust. Fortunately, however, for the dignity of the Church—by which we hope we understand the money of the Establishment—there are not many Bishops open to the insolence of the Commission.

How few, in comparison, are Bishops of three years' growth! Thus many years may elapse ere the whole bench can be submitted to the indignity offered to the Bishops of 1848. Again, what chances more, in the interim occur? Beautiful and provident is the dogma attributed to PALEY—"Never pay money until you can help it; something may happen."—A bit of wisdom even worthy of a Bishop; especially of certain Bishops translated prior to 1848.

Again, the Commissioners commit a gross affront, when, in the matter of fines, they will not suffer the renewing lessee to pay the amount into hands episcopal; but into the treasury of the Commission itself. There is a doubt implied in this order cruel and scandalous to the reverend body. For when did a Bishop refuse to pay, even to the last farthing—and something in superfluous—to the Ecclesiastical Commission,—whose new orders in the matter of fines and recoveries smack of the vulgar distrust of the coarse and the profane. It is with pain we confess it; but the published determination of the Ecclesiastical Commission, for the future conduct of the reverend bench, has a sort of charge of constructive embezzlement.

The Spaniards have an uncharitable proverb, touching the weakness of folks in pecuniary trust:—"It is with money as with oil; some of it always sticks to the fingers of those who measure it." Now, this hard judgment may apply to the money-taker at a toll; but hardly to a Bishop: to a Fulham turnpike-man, but not a Fulham shepherd.

"There's Poison in the (Tea) Cup!"—*Hamlet's Mother.*

THERE is a spurious tea sold, called "lie tea," which is simply tea-dust and sand made up with rice-water. Thus, when a lady enters a grocer's shop, and asks for a pound of "genuine" tea, the worthy grocer smiles, and thinks nothing of deliberately giving her the "lie."

The Grocers may almost be called "THE POISONERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY." If they continue in their present deleterious practices, they should be classed with Chemists, and prevented from selling green tea, as Chemists are prevented from selling arsenic. In short, we now move—and we hope some influential Member will second our motion next session—that "The Act for the Prevention of the Sale of Poisons" be applied most stringently towards Grocers, or else, our word for it, we shall not have a single washer-woman alive next year!

THE MONKEY TRIBE OF THE METROPOLIS.

AMONG the manners and customs of the present day, there is none more startling than a practice that has lately grown up among the children in our streets—if anything can be said to be grown up which is met with nowhere but in the juvenile part of the community. The practice to which we allude is that of introducing the feats of the Bedouins into the public thoroughfares; for it is impossible to enter town by an omnibus from any suburb, without having the vehicle accompanied by a parcel of children whirling round on their hands and feet by the side of the wheels, after the pattern set by the Arabs at BATTY'S Hippodrome. It is really a lamentable thing to see so many children thrown upon their own hands at such a very tender age, and venturing so near to the wheels, that the omnibus seems threatening every instant to do the work of the car of JUGGERNAUT. We cannot think what has got into the juvenile population's heads, that they should select that very unusual portion of the body to stand upon. The stranger walking along the Westminster Road would fancy that the world had been turned upside down, so many would he meet with their heels where their heads ought to be. Progress is an excellent thing, no doubt, but we do not sympathise with the advance that is being daily made in such arts as running up inclined planes on balls, jumping about on the ground like a frog or toad, and going round on the hands and feet, after the manner of the sails of a windmill. If "the child is the father of the man," our modern street boys will become the progenitors of a race of India-rubber Incredibles, New Cut Arabs, or Lambeth Acrobats. We suspect that what are absurdly called the "Drawing-Room Entertainments," introducing the contortion of infancy into all sorts of most painful positions, have given rise to that mania for acrobatising in the streets, which renders it difficult for us to ascertain whether an urehin is standing on his head or his heels when we see him in a public thoroughfare.

AMERICA AT FAULT IN IRELAND.

THE American Ambassador, in his zeal to be civil to Ireland, has overshot the mark, and has, therefore, been piously rebuked by the nominal ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM. MR. LAWRENCE, in answer to a Galway address, begged to be permitted to hope great blessings for Ireland; and one of these blessings—the Bible. Yes: in a hasty moment the American hoped that "all Irishmen would be instructed in the book which all Christians revere." Upon this JOHN M'HALE informs the imprudent diplomatist that this once he is forgiven for the impropriety: he was doubtless taken by surprise. Henceforth, however, no more *impromptu* replies; but well-considered, cut-and-dried answers, in which there shall be no word about the Bible: a book not to be vulgarised amongst the ignorant laity. Bishops, if you please; but no Bible. When TELLIER—who, as LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH'S Confessor, had charge of the royal soul, which, to royal satisfaction, he fitted for its future flight—when TELLIER was opposed by a citation of the doctrines of SAINT PAUL and SAINT AUGUSTIN, he was—like M'HALE—vehement in his wrath. "SAINT PAUL and SAINT AUGUSTIN," exclaimed the Jesuit, "were hot-headed fellows, who, in these days would have been thrust into the Bastille." Just as—in these days—the TELLIERs of Ireland would thrust the Bible into a dust-hole.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—"Mamma! I want some more bread and butter."

PUNCH AND HIS CORRESPONDENTS.



Are not surprised that there should be a general desire pervading the whole world of those who can wield a pen, to get a joke into *Punch*; for, to be the author of one short line in that periodical is higher honour than to boast of a connection with the longest line of illustrious ancestors.

Feeling the power we possess, of conferring immortality on the smallest emanations from the humblest ink-stand, we are obliged to use it very cautiously; and though we should be delighted to contribute to the happiness of all our correspondents at once, by admitting something from each of

them into our imperishable columns—the portico to the true temple of Fame—we regret that there is scarcely ever—certainly not more than once in five million times—an opportunity of gratifying our benevolent desire.

We have at this moment before us a perfect Mont Blanc—we might truly say a Mount Blank, as far as their value is concerned—of correspondents' letters; and we put it to the world—we put it to the writers themselves, in their lucid intervals, (if they ever have any,) whether we should not be compromising our high position by mixing with the brilliants of *Punch* the pieces of paste-and-scissors—of which we will give one or two specimens:—

Number One is from an individual signing himself "Young England," who may, perhaps, put in a plea of infancy, to save himself from liability on account of the following enormity. The unhappy stripling has ventured to ask us—

"Why is a beefsteak like a locomotive engine?" And he has positively dared to add the reply—"Because it's of little use without it's tender."

Number Two is from a verbose catiff, who has not the courage to attach a signature to his dastardly attack on our patience. He writes us two long pages about an alleged joke, perpetrated by an apocryphal hairdresser, on a fabulous old gentleman who has married a mythical young lady,—the whole party having been, no doubt, trumped up, to form the data for our assailant's trumpey. The "joke" consists in the pretended remark of the apocryphal hairdresser on his fabulous customer, that the latter has "the patience of a block;" and the catiff who sends it to us finishes with these atrocious words:—

"I am fully confident the witticism, and any illustration you may give to it, will cause merriment to your readers."

Merriment! Reader, have you laughed? Do you think you can ever smile again after this melancholy exhibition of human imbecility? Give it an illustration! Were we to insult our artist by the base suggestion, might he not break his pencil, chop up his wood, or lay his head hopelessly on the block, and withdraw from the world, refusing henceforth to draw for it?

Though bad begins, we are sorry to say that worse remains behind; for Number Three outrages all our best feelings, and excites all our worst to a degree of irritation almost uncontrollable. It runs as follows:—

"A CHALLENGE TO ALL NATIONS.—Shame a Railway Director.—*Mr. Punch*, If you can make anything of the above, it is at your service. Yours, "SUGAR."

We turn from SUGAR, with the bitterness of excessive disgust.

Number Four proceeds from one who, with remarkable rashness, has actually given his real name and address, and who "begs to hand" us what he terms "a few Enigmas, with the answers, for insertion in our journal."

The novelty of those Enigmas consists in the fact that the answer is the most enigmatical part of them. The following is an example:—

"Why is the Crystal Palace like the Moon?—Because it's borrowed."

We were not aware that the moon was merely out on hire; but probably our correspondent, who lives more immediately under the moon's influence than ourselves, may know more of its arrangements. But will any one believe that the following has actually been committed to paper, as one of the "few enigmas"?

"Why is *Punch* so highly esteemed?—"Because it's a (Well-ink'd-un) WELLINGTON."

The man who would assail another with such a dastardly blow as this, deserves—but we cannot say what he deserves, for our Criminal Code is happily too merciful to enable us to extract from it any adequate punishment.

Our readers will admit that we have gone far enough for one day; and as lunatics can see the insanity of others, though they are not aware of their own calamity, we believe that our correspondents, having seen the specimens here put forth, will acquiesce in the justice of a general exclusion of all such effusions from our columns.

THE DISGRACE TO DOWNING STREET.—Our South African and other Colonial Dependencies give us a great deal of trouble. JOHN BULL should remember that when a family of children turns out ill, it is too generally the fault of the Governor.

A PROBABLE INCIDENT IF *THAT* BLOOMERISM ISN'T PUT DOWN.

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MISS, THE DRESSMAKER HAS BROUGHT HOME YOUR NEW—AH—FROCK!"

GOOD WINNING HANDS.

THE American leg is likely to have such a successful run, that an ingenious inventor is trying his hand at a false arm; for he declares that enterprise and talent can always find elbow-room. There is no doubt that if he succeeds in producing the article he contemplates, and can offer a good practicable arm, the public will take him by the hand with the utmost cordiality. The Railway Companies will be excellent customers, for their difficulty has always been that a man has by nature only one pair of hands, while a railway servant is expected to do the work of at least twenty.

If by any new invention the directors may be able to take on an unlimited number of extra hands without employing one additional man, the great object will be achieved of getting the work of some ten or a dozen pair of hands performed for a single salary.

Another branch of the expected demand for false hands, will arise from public meetings and elections; for where it is important to have an imposing show of hands, to be able to hold up a dozen or so, *instead* of a single pair, will become a very valuable privilege.

AUSTRIAN JEWS AND THE AUSTRIAN LOAN.



HERE is a grim bit of humour in the *Jewish Chronicle*, in a letter from a Jew, bearing date, Vienna, Sept. 15. It touches on the Austrian Loan. The Jews—says the droll Israelite—would have nothing to do with the loan of £8,000,000, because they feared future persecution. Whereupon, the Government assured the Jews that they would be left in the enjoyment of their present liberties.

"Since this assurance, the rich Jewish bankers of Vienna have exerted themselves with all their might in aid of the loan. This is an important fact in Jewish history."

A very important fact, and very illustrative of the Hebrew mind. But let us proceed:

"From this they can learn that the acquisition of civil and religious liberty is in their own power, if they will but have moral courage enough to exert the power they possess—holding, as they do, the purse-strings of Europe."

There is a fine philanthropy in this; an enlarged sense of the blessings of religious liberty. If the synagogue may stand, money will be supplied for the destruction of Christian cities; if the halter be kept from the neck of the Hebrew, the Hebrew will undraw the purse-strings of Europe to buy any number of halters for the patriots of Hungary. Certainly, "an important fact in Jewish history!"

"WHY! it's a stupid way we've got"—as the St. Pancras Vestryman said, when asked how they came to pave the New Road with Wood.

THE CAPTAIN SMITH OF PROTECTION.

AN M. P. bold, but rather lax, who led the county martyrs, Deceived PROTECTION, who put trust in corn at high-priced quarters; Has tricked supporters smited him; he lost adherents daily, Who took to calling "Rat" if he appeared; and hiss'd DISRAELI. Oh, DISRAELI! unfortunate DISRAELI! Oh, DISRAELI! unfortunate DISRAELI!

One night, as he lay wide awake, in terrible dejection, To think of the mistake he made in flirting with PROTECTION, Apparelled in a rural smock, with cheek of turnip paly, Its Ghost stepped up to his bedside, and cried, "Hallo, DISRAELI!" Oh, DISRAELI! &c.

"Though I be dead and buried, I be come again to haunt you; Deserting of me as you did, I've got a right to taunt you; I little thought that ever you'd behave so mean and scaly, When first you came a-courting me, you naughty BEN DISRAELI!" Oh, DISRAELI! &c.

Says he, "With our constituents we accounts at last must all close; You'll find my farewell speech in my worn-out BUCKS-skin small clothes; Take that, and bother me no more."—The Ghost then vanish'd gaily, Crying, "Blest are we in parting with our Member, BEN DISRAELI!" Oh, DISRAELI! &c.

Outgrowing the Rod.

THE *Standard* informs us that

"MR. BIRCH has resigned the situation of preceptor to the PRINCE OF WALES."

The fact is, that his ROYAL HIGHNESS has grown to such a height, that he is very properly considered to be too tall for the discipline of BIRCH. Now BIRCH's occupation at Court is gone, perhaps that of the Usher of the Black Rod will follow.

A SURGEON writing to the *Times*, asks if there is any law for branding a deserter. We beg to inform him that we know of no such law, and that if there is any it must be a brand new one.



THE GHOST OF PROTECTION APPEARING TO
MR. DISRAELI.

A SCHOOL TO FORM SCOLLARDS.



PUNCH thought he should never hear again of the educational establishment at which instruction in "manners" formed an extra of "tuppuns moor." It has turned up once more, however. The subjoined advertisement, at least, can hardly relate to any other Academy:—

B—SCHOOL, conducted by —, M. A., Member of St. John's, Cambridge, and Eight able and experienced Masters. Members limited and select. Term divides on the 29th inst. The best parts of public education are retained, and the objectionable discarded. Three young Gentlemen finish their education this Michaelmas: one the Nephew of a Solicitor holding a

high appointment under the Corporation of London, and Cousin to an eminent Queen's Counsel; the other, son of an eminent Stock-broker; the third, a Merchant. He has two of the Vacancies filled by the Son of a Physician, who places his Son because he is acquainted with a late Pupil of —'s, who is about to take honours at the London University; and the other by a Clergyman's Son, who is a Rector. References to a French Gentleman in Paris, whose Son will also leave B— for France shortly. These Parties the Principal will cheerfully refer any parent or Guardian to as to their Education, Domestic Comforts, Sound Health, Principles, and the formation of Character and Disposition, which cannot be done with large and indiscriminate numbers. Terms moderate.

The inquiring mind may be exercised by this wonderful piece of composition. "Members limited and select." Members of what? Of St. John's, Cambridge, or Blank School? What are the objectionable parts of public education that are discarded? The parts of speech, in grammatical arrangement, seem rather likely to be discarded by the Card who conducts the school at Blank. Of the three young gentlemen who finish their education this Michaelmas, is the first mentioned nephew of a solicitor, and also cousin to a Queen's Counsel; or is it the solicitor who is the Queen's Counsel's cousin? Is the third really a merchant?—this must be a commercial school indeed, if so. Has the merchant—that is to say, the young gentleman, if the young gentleman is a merchant—two of the vacancies filled by a physician's son? How can the physician's son fill two vacancies? How can the merchant have even one of the vacancies filled by the physician's son, if it is the physician who places his son? Does the physician place his son because his son is acquainted with a late pupil of DR. BLANK'S, or because he himself has that advantage? If two of the vacancies are filled—no matter how—by the physician's son, is the other, apparently described as filled by a clergyman's son, the third; and are there only three? Is it true that the clergyman's son is a rector? Of how many parties does the French gentleman, to whom we are referred, consist? And is it for information touching their own education, &c., simply, that we are referred to the parties constituting the French gentleman? Lastly, what is it that cannot be done with large and indiscriminate numbers?—the whole business of education as conducted at Blank School, or the formation of character and disposition?

The terms of the Blank Schoolmaster are stated to be moderate—considered in the relation which forms language, they may rather be described as low. They certainly make very imperfect English, if they do not, indeed, make perfect nonsense. Yet DR. BLANK'S style is not exactly foreign; on the whole, it would seem to be Irish; that is to say, such Irish as might be expected from a successor to the original Irish Tutor.

NO MORE LOW SPIRITS.

SOMEBODY has invented an article called "a Hydro-Electric Chain," to be worn by nervous individuals. It is to be worn round the neck, and is to have the instantaneous effect of raising the spirits, dissipating depression, and neutralising every feeling of nervousness.

We have no doubt they shall soon be inundated with Testimonials after the following fashion:—

Testimonial, No. 1.

"Sir,—Having a motion of course to make in the Court of Queen's Bench, I suffered so severely from nervousness, that I could not utter a word. Happily the Usher observing my distress, lent me one of your Hydro-Electric Chains, which was no sooner round my neck than my utterance, which had been previously choked, began to flow so freely, that I spoke with the utmost boldness for upwards of an hour. I think your Chain ought to be round the neck of every Barrister.

Your obedient Servant,
"J. BRIEFLESS."

Testimonial, No. 2.

"MR. DUNUP presents his compliments to the Inventor of the Hydro-Electric Chain, and begs to thank him for—what he never enjoyed before—a pleasant interview with a creditor. MR. DUNUP, having observed his sailor coming up the court, felt one of his usual attacks of nervous depression coming on, and was about to shut his outer door, when he was induced to try the effect of the Hydro-Electric Chain, which he found so marvellous, that he was not only able to face, but even to threaten to kick down stairs his unfortunate creditor. As MR. DUNUP has several bills coming due very shortly, he will feel obliged by a dozen of the Hydro-Electric Chains, to enable him to meet the bills—or rather the presenters of the bills—with becoming fortitude."

SONG FOR HARVEST-HOME.

Adapted to the Improved System of Agriculture.

Now harvest is carried and hous-ed at last,
And we're met to partake our accustomed repast;
There's all hands of us here that's employed on the farm,
And a cup of good liquor wun't do us no harm.

Tol de rol, &c.

Here's a health to our master, the founder of our feast,
Two pound of fat bacon a head at the least;
Likewise for each man half a gal'n of strong beer;
Yet our harvest-home wun't ruin master this year.

Tol de rol, &c.

Though many the labourers that he entertains,
There's very few on 'em as ever complains;
More work and less grumbling I never did know;
So let's drink to our master, and mistress also.

Tol de rol, &c.

The like of our ploughmen you never see before,
Doing ten times in one day what took three, or more;
Just to keep their pot bilin' is all they requires—
Works from morning till night—yet not one ever tires.

Tol de rol, &c.

There's our sowers, and thrashers, and winnowers likewise;
I warrant our mowers would also surprise;
But what, most of all, would a stranger confound,
Is to see how our reapers gets over the ground.

Tol de rol, &c.

One reaper of ourn, mun, will rip e'er a field,
And the largest of crops it can possible yield;
He cuts, and he binds, and he pitches the sheaves;
And here is confusion to them that deceives.

Tol de rol, &c.

But scarce would folks credit the tale I relates,
If I told 'em how little we drinks and we ates;
Six pound of fat bacon, six quarts of strong beer,
Though we've all had enough, is the whole of our cheer.

Tol de rol, &c.

We mates, that our master maintains in employ,
Amounts to no more than two men and a boy;
The rest is Machines, strange although it may seem,
And the chief of his servants is osses and steam.

Tol de rol, &c.

When the gentlefolks dined at the fat cattle show,
They once used to drink to the Labourer, you know;
But, since such a vast alteration there's been,
I suppose that henceforward they'll drink the Machine.

Tol de rol, &c.

Success un' farming!—come pledge me, you two;
For I can't say, all round; and I likes to spake true.
And to think I should ever a harvest-home see
Where the whole of the party is Engines but we!

Tol de rol, &c.

I Wish I did Know a Bank.

SOME of the Proprietors of Bank Stock are very angry with the Directors for their prudent determination to keep in hand a large amount of "rest." The agitators, however, are so noisy at every meeting, that in one sense they are determined the Directors shall have no rest at all.

A RISING IN THE LONDON STREETS.—To prove how unpopular the Wood-pavement is, we need only mention that, wherever it has been laid down, the very stones have risen again!



PUNCH'S ANNIVERSARIES.—No. 7. SEDAN CHAIRS FIRST INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND,
BY SIR SANDERS DUNCOMB, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1634.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SYRIO-LEBANON FAMILY.

We called at the Egyptian Hall about two o'clock, and found the family at home. We sent up our card (which is our passport all over the world), and were introduced to them at once.

We found them in a first-floor back. The room at times is very dark, but, perhaps, the view from the window is all the more delightful for that. From this window you enjoy the most charming Panorama of the Holy Land. We must say the Syrio-Lebanon Family have been most fortunate in their choice of a lodging. One would imagine it had been purposely constructed for them. Let them look out of their large green-baize window, at what hour they will—at twelve, or three, or even eight o'clock in the evening—and there they will see the beauties of their lovely country unrolling themselves peacefully, like a picture from a cylinder, before their enraptured eyes.

As we entered the room, a piano was playing. It was strange to hear the sounds of civilisation carried so far as Syria. We little expected to fall over a Cottage on the top of Mount Lebanon, or to be followed by a Broadwood through the gorgeous aisles of the Great Mosque of Omar!

We were received most politely by the Syrio-Lebanon Family. They are fourteen in family; and a very fine family, too, as far as we can judge. Their dress is very much in the Bloomer style, with the addition of the Turkish fez. The ladies wear Bloomer trousers, with ankle-jacks, and look very comfortable in them.

To oblige us they got up a wedding. A Syrian wedding is gone through with a great deal of noise, and a great deal of smoking, and a great deal of drinking. The noise resembles in shrillness the sound which we have heard little field-boys make to frighten away the crows. The smoking is the finest Turkish tobacco; and the ladies smoke as well as the gentlemen. Fancy marrying a young lady who has just been smoking a long clay pipe, though the clay pipes which the Syrians smoke are beautiful Narghiles; but, comparatively, it is all the same. The drinking is coffee and arrack, and they drink so many cups that we wonder the happy couple are not sometimes carried to church on stretchers.

Both the bride and bridegroom behaved remarkably well. The bridegroom showed immense courage, which we could not help admiring, and the bride did not cry, nor go into hysterics, nor faint, nor commit any of the fashionable affectations peculiar only to English brides. We thought this a great improvement on an English wedding, though the wedding-breakfast was a sad falling-off. It consisted of more noise, more pipes, and more coffee, without a single bottle of champagne; but then, to make amends, there was no proposing of healths, and no toasts, and no crying, when the bride was carried home. She left her papa and mamma in the happiest manner, and did not seem in the least miserable because her husband was going to take her away. English brides might learn a great deal from a Syrian wedding.

The coolness of the bridegroom, we must say, vastly surprised us. He did not look in the least sheepish, nor ashamed of himself. If he had been going through the Insolvent Debtors' Court, he could not have taken it more coolly. This courage was all the more surprising, as a Syrian bridegroom is not allowed to see his wife's face till after the ceremony is completed, when it is too late, of course, to change it. Fancy marrying a young lady, whom, in your mind's eye, you have actually imagined to be all perfection and finding, when the veil was lifted, that she squinted! What a dreadful blow to your mind's eye! We are afraid that, if the Syrian ceremony was prevalent in England, we never should get married at all. The mystery would be so awful, that we never should have the heart to face it. The ceremony is quite terrible enough, as it is, without an additional terror being thrown, in the shape of a veil, over it. By-the-by, this custom says but little for the beauty of the Syrian women. Are the young ladies that play at bo-peep round the cedars of Lebanon, so very plain that it is thought prudent not to let their husbands see their faces till after they are married? It is very lucky the custom does not exist with English ladies, for very few, we are sure, would give their pretty countenances to it. The veil would be torn to pieces in less than a week, or would be made so transparent that any one, "with half an eye,"—as the saying is, though we never recollect meeting any one who only had "half an eye"—would be able to see through it; and if any one did take the veil, it would be because she could not get any one to marry her, or because some designing Roman Catholic priest had persuaded her, poor girl, for the sake of her fortune, to go into a convent. Thus do the

customs of far distant countries singularly differ. In Syria, the veil is thrown aside when a young girl takes a husband. In England, is the veil taken when a young girl renounces all future hopes of one. Of the two, we decidedly prefer the Syrian veil.

After stopping a couple of hours, we prepared to take our departure, much delighted with our visit. Before going, a little Eastern storyteller, as hump-backed as Esop, entertained us with a long story, which he told most delightfully, his feet and hands making as much noise as his tongue. If his story had a fault, it was a trifle too long, for it lasted upwards of half-an-hour; beyond this, it was very amusing, though we are sorry, from our ignorance of Arabic, that we could not appreciate the full humour of it.

We do not know whether anybody is still in London (we write this article from Windmill Hill, at Gravesend), but if there is any one, we advise him, as a distant friend, to pay a visit to the Syrio-Lebanon Family. He is sure to be entertained, and can have no cause to complain, more especially as, at this time of the year, there cannot be an English Family left in London worth paying a similar compliment to.

We had forgotten to say that there is a Syrian lecturer, who talks the most perfect English;—so perfect, that many of our English lecturers might take lessons from him, and yet not talk half so well, or so amusingly, as he.

THE ROAD TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



BEFORE the Palace closes, let me murmur out a song,
Founded on my daily watching of the daily coming through.
On the road at early morning I have punctually been,
'Twas the Exhibition entrance and the end of Knightsbridge Green.
Knightsbridge Green, how few would know thee! even should thy name be heard,
Though they pass in shoals thy corner, where is sold the dog and bird.

I have trod the Road of Nations every morning since the day
When the Exhibition opened, on that glorious first of May;
Let me throw my heartstrings open!—artist's touch I don't require;
Let the hand of Recollection gently stray across the lyre.
On the day the Palace opened, 'tis not now the time to dwell;
Other bards have told the story, others yet will live to tell.
Guinea days I can remember, when the coronetted throng,
In the flunkey-furnished coaches, like a torrent poured along.
Gay the sight; but soon it sat: admiration quickly starves
When 'tis fed on nothing better than a footman's padded calves.
Sympathy was more attracted when the prices had come down;
They are like myself, I thought me—they who go and pay their crown.
Then there came the one-horse carriage, and the smart suburban fly,
With a family from Clapham, or a group from Peckham Rye.
Peckham Rye! that thought is madness—for 'twas there, in early youth,
I believed MATILDA JOHNSON to have been the soul of truth.
Yes, I see her now in fancy, as her form I used to see,
At her father's homely table, pouring out the evening tea,
With an elder sister's kindness—(ah, how closely love observes!)—
Watering her brother's tea-cup, to protect his little nerves.
Often at the square piano, with her sweet contralto voice,
She would warble, "Still so gently," 't was the *aria* of my choice.
But 'tis past!—MATILDA JOHNSON gave my heart a sudden stab,
Marrying a horrid Quaker, in a suit of dismal drab.

Recollection! thou hast wander'd—straying idly thou hast been;
Take me to the Exhibition—lead me back to Knightsbridge Green.
Ah, where was I? But no matter—Mem'ry, pursue thy ways;
Set me down about the middle of those wondrous shilling days,
When the 'busses, overloaded, brought the Million daily down
From the country's far recesses, from all corners of the town;

Every class and every station, young and old, and rich and poor,
Privileged alike to enter Industry's inviting door.
Great, indeed, the Exhibition; great in more respects than one!
Not to Art can be conceded all the good that it has done:
Much that's good in human nature it has also served to show;
Witness vans of pauper children in a long continuous row;
Witness wagons fill'd with workmen, in a liberal employ,
Going the Exhibition wonders gaily *gratis* to enjoy;
School-boys, school-girls, homely tenants, labourers upon the farm,
By the bounty of the richer, to the Crystal Palace swarm;
Some in carts, and some in wagons; some in dress of every style;
He is only out of fashion who neglects to wear a smile.
Though 'twill all be shortly over, the impression will remain
Of how one has help'd the other—and can do the same again.

BALLOONING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ANOTHER balloon has lately burst—of course, with "our own correspondent" in the car, who notes the circumstances with perfect coolness; describing the "crack like a musket shot"—the dizzy descent—the throwing overboard of ballast—the cutting the cords—the conversion of the balloon into a parachute—and the final landing in a market-garden—as accurately as if he had been sent up for the express purpose of coming down in this way, and so indulging the public with a full, true, and particular account of all that takes place when a balloon explodes at a mile from the earth.

It has long been admitted that the balloon is a perfectly useless invention; but the veteran GREEN's long experience had led the public to believe that a balloon-ascend was not only a useless, but a safe performance; and its attraction, as a show, had naturally died away. But now that the excitement of danger is introduced into the feat, the aeronaut is a sure card; and not a suburban Hippodrome, Garden, Saloon, or Stingo, but announces its balloon-ascend.

But our ballooning is a wretchedly tame business compared with that on the other side the Channel. Here it is always the same "veteran GREEN," with his shabby coat and his fur cap—the same three gents who have clubbed their respective £5 notes, and who try so hard to look "plucky" as they clamber into the car—with "our own correspondent," of course, to report any blow up, or break down, that may occur.

When the balloon is once filled, and its swag-bellied oscillation over, has shot up into the air, and GREEN has saluted with his flag, and the gents, holding very hard by the rim of the car, have waved their hats, and when the sand of the first ballast-bag emptied has come down into the upturned eyes of the crowd, there really is nothing left to stare at.

But in France they manage these things much better. In the first place, the aeronauts of France are not veterans, but green exceedingly, and have none of those scruples about risking their necks, which "Veteran GREENS," with wives and families, may be excused for indulging. The notion of going up in a common-place car is quite exploded.

I have just come back from Paris, where, in a fortnight I have had the pleasure of seeing borne into the air, at the tail of a balloon—

1. An eight-oar boat, with its crew and steersman.
2. A four-roomed house, with its furniture and occupants.
3. A phaeton and a pair of horses, with the aeronaut and lady inside, and their mounted groom underneath.
4. A car, with "the intrepid THEVELIN" on a slack-rope suspended from it, throwing innumerable somersets and "roasting the pig" in mid air, till we could see him no longer.
5. Ditto, with an allegorical group of young ladies, in aerial suspension, bearing wreaths of flowers and other graceful devices.

Do not let our readers imagine that this is a joke. The bills of these various performances may be inspected at the office of this periodical. I don't speak of the bulls, asses, horses, and ostriches, on which M. and MADAME POITEVIN are in the habit of disporting, as animal ascents are now used up, and it is supposed that not even an aeronautic elephant would draw an audience in Paris.

Here is a fine field opened for English imitation. Let MESSRS. BATEY, SIMPSON, ELLIS, and SOYER, go to work and show us what a balloon may be made to raise. The objects to be chosen must, of course, be the last one would expect to see going up—such as Spanish bonds, Mr. HUDSON's reputation, Protectionist principles, or Caledonian Railway shares.

Prince Metternich on Dry Land.

"AFTER me, the deluge," said PRINCE METTERNICH in his hour of glory: an inundation came, and the Prince was floated to England. The waters have somewhat subsided, and, on his way to Vienna, "PRINCE METTERNICH has arrived in Stuttgart." We have little doubt, however, so astute is the Prince, that he does not trust in the continuance of dry land, but, ready for another deluge, has duly prepared himself with a cork-jacket.



THE CRUSH ROOM AT THE OPERA, SEPT., 1851.—"MR. CHAWBACCON'S CART STOPS THE WAY."

Precious Stones from St. Patrick's Parnassus.

A GENTLEMAN, whose name has the prefix of Mac., and whose local habitation is Dublin, has written some verses, recently published, with the title of "God bless the Turk." Amen to the blessing: which is invoked on the Sublime Porte for the sublimity of its behaviour in the matter of Russia and Austria against Turkey, touching the Hungarian and Polish refugees. The spirit of this poem must command sympathy: admiration is also due to a magnificent rhyme, which occurs in the subjoined lines relative to the Turk, and may be pronounced as delicious and characteristic a concord as ever was twanged on the harp of Erin:—

"His spirit, in soaring,
Shall hover, adoring,
And rest with the lowly,
And kneel with the holy,
Who kiss the beryl
And moon-white pearl."

What Englishman could string his pearls of versification together in this way? "Beryl" and "Pearl," whether to be pronounced as "berl" and "perl," or as "beril" and "peril," are gems of such lustre among the rich things of the Emerald Isle, that *Punch* felt in duty bound to give them a setting, which he has supplied with his appropriate and usual brass.



MR. CHAWBACCON "COMING DOWN."

REAL BLOOMERISM.

At the meeting of the Family Colonisation Society, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY gave a good definition of Bloomerism, in speaking of MRS. CHISHOLM, the fountress of the Society, and, we may add, its guardian spirit. His Lordship said—

"Mrs. CHISHOLM had attained the highest order of Bloomerism: she had the heart of a woman, and the understanding of a man."

The noble lord never gave a truer evidence of fine judgment than when he paid this tribute to a lady, whose unceasing work in the amelioration of the condition of the poor—and whose invention of the admirable machinery that regulates her Emigration Society—elevate her as a benefactress of the human family.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn—to comfort—and command."

We would advise ladies to copy the Bloomerism defined by LORD SHAFTESBURY, and developed by MRS. CHISHOLM: the heart of the woman, and the understanding—(not the small-clothes)—of the man.

Odds Fish.

SOME fears have been expressed as to the possibility that the fish may injure the submarine telegraph. We are happy to have it in our power to allay those apprehensions, by suggesting that the finny tribe will probably regard it as the electrical eel, and pay it the respect due to one of their own species.

The Defence of Naples.

THE KING OF NAPLES has come out with his defence against the charges of MR. GLADSTONE. The defence is long as a tape-worm; and, like it, may be said to have neither head nor tail. It is, moreover, proved that the hands of Neapolitan Justice are so filthily dirty, they are not to be made clean by any government outlay of Naples soap.



CRUEL!

Snob. "AVE A CIGAR, COACHEE?"

Swell Busman. "NO, THANKEE—I ONLY SMOKE TOBACCEE!"

THE KNIGHT OF GARRON TOWER.

Who says the age of chivalry is extinct? As long as Garron Tower stands in the County Antrim, and there sits in that tower a party who wields the pen of a statesman, and the sword-point of a knight—so long Chivalry cannot be said to be actually defunct. She may be on her last legs, and those the limbs of CHARLES WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY. But there he is yet; there he is on Garron Tower; CHARLES WILLIAM, the good knight; sword and axe—plume and surcoat, lance and pennon—hurray, hurray—on a great thundering wooden rocking-horse—LONDONDERRY à la rescousse—pounding down upon you, driving his iron through you, slashing your head off; one, two, three, whack, *carte, tierce*, ST. GEORGE, into your midriff, off goes your head; and the prodigious combat with the giant Nobody over, the brave old victor canters round to the bower where the Queen of Love and Beauty sits, and gracefully receives the guerdon. Since the days when a certain hero of La Mancha used to go a-riding, there has been nobody like CHARLES WILLIAM for a happy gravity, a courteous splendour, and a high-bred manner of dealing with giants, which only belongs to your true knight.

It is true that some men say there is also SIBTHORP.—SIBTHORP! pooh! A brave warrior is he of Lincoln and a good knight, but he demeans himself by pleasantries—he is a mad wag—go to! Now the Knight of Garron Tower never jokes, any more than did the lover of the peerless lady of Toboso; he salutes you with a grave grace before he is at you; and drives his lath weapon through you with all the courtesies of war. It is because he is so grave, he is so irresistible. Given, that yonder post is a giant; yonder empty tub in the yard a roaring dragon; the pole which the warrior bestrides a galloping *destrier*; and the weapon he brandishes, a deadly mace or curtal axe, not a stick with a bladder tied at its end; and you have before you courage, generosity, courtesy—a hero. The combat with the post over, he takes off the saucepan which has served him for a shining morion, wipes his fevered brow, and gallops round gracefully for another career at the tub.

Lately, in his wanderings in quest of dragons, giants, and virgins in distress, the Knight of Garron Tower came to a certain castle, called Amboise Castle, in which he found, confined and guarded, a Mahometan Knight once famous in battle, and who had met and conquered the best French warriors in a hundred fields. But being overcome by numbers, the gallant Turk had given in, and had yielded himself up with his family, to the French King: on a promise from the latter that he should quit the King's pretended dominions in Africa, and be set free. But the treacherous monarch of France, having in his possession the doughty Chieftain of Mauritania, refused to set him free, according to his kingly word, and locked him in the castle of Amboise, where he pined, to the disgrace of chivalry, so that the very minstrels of England sang his valour, his capture, and his traitorous captivity. This knight, this captive, this bravest of the followers of MAHOUND, in his captivity the noble Knight of Garron found. A crying sin and

shame it was, said he, and swore to set the noble Arab free. He galloped straightway to KING PHILIP's court, and begged him to release the Turk from Amboise Fort. PHILIP, a courteous and astute old Prince, when charged with his crime by the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, no doubt felt his conscience vince. "Most Noble Knight," he said, "and doughty English Thane, famed at Vienna's Congress, and likewise in Spain! That I have locked up this here valiant Turk it is most true—a dirty piece of work. That I have promised his release is true, yet (though perhaps no business 'tis to you) I give my royal word from dungeon vile I quickly will set free this Arab child." He did not keep his word, and what ensued?—a bloody revolution plunged his land in blood! The fierce Republic raised her sanguine head, and perjured PHILIP called a cab, and fled, until his Britons bold he took refuge with, under the vulgar name of MR. SMITH.

In the meanwhile poor ABD-EL-KADER lay locked in Amboise Castle, as close as ever: and his untiring champion now came to "the nephew of the Emperor NAPOLEON, now," as Lord L., finely remarks, "the President of the French Republic," and asked him to let out the Arab captive. Entreaty, eloquence, passionate appeal, elegant compliment, *homo tu quoque*, brilliant and astounding metaphor,—cut—thrust—*carte, tierce*—upper cut—under cut—run you through the body, horse and foot!—Never was there such an assault as that of the Knight of Garron Tower, and he publishes the result of the transactions up to the present moment. "My despatch," says he to the President, "was official, and sent through the Minister of War." You see this single Knight, alone yonder in Garron Tower, county Antrim, engages, *de pair en pair*, with actual Governments,—with great Presidents of Republics, who have five hundred thousand men at their back, besides National Guards. "Come on," cries he! "I'm not afraid," says plucky little Garron Tower. "Witness, Europe—witness, all the world! I challenge you to answer why ABD-EL-KADER is not set free."

And what is the consequence of this manly conduct? The admiration even of Frenchmen is extorted.

"I ought to state, in the course of this affair I have been greatly assisted by a noble and distinguished personage in Paris, to whom I have sent a copy of my letter of August the 25th. He requested leave to publish it in the French journals, and it may be known in France prior to your doing me the favour of noticing it in the *Morning Post*. I subjoin what he says:—

"M. DE LA GUERRONIERE, qui est notre plus grand écrivain politique, vient de lire votre lettre; il désire la publier dans son journal, *Le Pays*, dont LAMARTINE est aussi le rédacteur. Autorisez-moi par le retour du courrier. Voici ce qu'il dit de votre lettre:—'C'est avec émotion et bonheur que j'ai lu l'admirable lettre de votre noble ami le MARQUIS DE LONDONDERRY; c'est un chef-d'œuvre, écrit avec la plume d'un homme d'état et la pointe d'épée d'un chevalier. Cet appel d'un grand cœur retentira dans le cœur de la France et de son Gouvernement.'

"You will not, Sir, accuse me, I am sure, of quoting the above from vanity: the advantage, in my object, of such men and such authority as I feel I possess, enables me to support any personal criticism or disapprobation!"

The great GUERRONIERE has read the Marquis with emotion and *bonheur*. He says his Lordship's work is a masterpiece, written with the pen of a statesman, and the sword-point of a knight. He has given the President (and LOUIS-PHILIPPE, but he is done for) some *home-thrusts* truly.

(Copy.)

"The Tower of Garron, Co. of Antrim, Ireland. August 25, 1851.

"*Mon Prince*.—A considerable period has now elapsed since I received your princely word. Le 29 Mars.—Qu'aujourd'hui même mon nouvel ambassadeur à Constantinople est chargé par moi d'étudier cette question (la mise en liberté d'ABD-EL-KADER). Is it too much, *Sire*, under our former relations, to solicit information at your hands as to the progress of your ambassador's negotiations, and what has been, or is likely to be, the result?"

"Mere phrases and words do not belong to LOUIS NAPOLEON, unless prosperity produces a different nature from adversity. Your Chambers are about to be prorogued; your splendid *fêtes* to the Industry of all Nations are past; there is surely now time to turn a thought on the poor prisoner of Amboise. In the intoxicating fairy-land of the Hôtel de Ville, when hundreds and thousands of souls poured the wide stream of flattery and incense around you, did the thought never occur, 'Where was ABD-EL-KADER?' In the splendid array of the *élite* of the warlike and noble army of France, in her Champ de Mars, amidst the enthusiastic cries of 'Vive NAPOLEON!' did no pang shoot across your bosom, 'Where was ABD-EL-KADER?' In the delicious groves of St. Cloud, surrounded by the Commissioners of the Industry of all Nations, with flattery of diplomatists, and ladies hanging on your smiles, while the most conspicuous, from her temporary position, hung upon your arm, did it never occur to you, 'Where is ABD-EL-KADER?' In these hours of glory, may I not demand of the nephew of the Emperor NAPOLEON (to-day the President of the Republic) whether it may not be reserved for him, and him alone (if he follow the instinct of his own frank and fearless nature) to save the honour of France, by observing the capitulation of the Emir?"

Can a man hold his head up after this? No, "*mon Prince*," no "Sire," you have not a leg to stand on. Fancy that man, in the intoxicating fairy-land of the Hôtel de Ville, actually bathing in the wide streams of flattery and incense, and the thought crossing him of the lonely Arab prisoner! In the review on the Champ de Mars—on an Arab horse, very likely didn't *mon Prince* think of the forlorn Arab horseman? In the delicious groves of St. Cloud, "surrounded by Commissioners of Industry—with ladies hanging on his smiles, while the most conspicuous from temporary position hung upon his arm"—did that simple thought never occur to him, where is ABD-EL-KADER? You see, the Knight of Garron gives his opponent no rest; he is at him everywhere. At a Mansion House dinner, out of an *entrée* pops ABD-EL-KADER; at the review, the columns open and discover ABD-EL-KADER; at St. Cloud, turning to the lady hanging on his arm (whom the gallant old Knight of Garron salutes in the very heat of

battle)—turning to speak to that most conspicuous female, the President sees over her fair shoulder the wan countenance of the Emir.

Can you refuse, *mon Prince*, after this? No, the Emir must be free. He shall be free. And when he comes to Garron Tower, may we be there to see.

And, noble knight, honest old Knight of Garron, when you ask why one man who fought bravely for his country against immense odds, may not go out of France: ask why another, who, too, was a chief in a noble and unavailing struggle, may not pass through France? *ABD-EL-KADER* is at Amboise, because *KOSSUTH* is on board the *Mississippi*. O, *mon Prince*! O, *Sire*! that such a pilgrim as that should knock at the gate of the French Republic, and be turned away!

BLOOMERISM AND BUNIONISM.

IMPORTANT MEETING OF LADIES.



NUMEROUS and Fashionable Assembly of Ladies was held yesterday, at *PHYLLIS'S* Rooms, to consider what course it would be expedient to adopt in regard to Bloomerism.

LADY PARKE LANE was voted into the chair, remarking, that though she certainly had been in service as a maid-of-honour, she little thought ever to be a chairwoman.

MRS. TYBURNE said, the question before them was one which affected the wives and daughters of England.

MISS RHODA EDGEWARE thought it affected the daughters more than the wives. Married ladies had accomplished the principal object of all dress; what they wore was comparatively unimportant, except to their husbands.

MRS. WILTON CRESCENT thought the Bloomer costume decidedly a wives' question. The principal

point in dispute was precisely that which had been the subject of contention between man and wife from the beginning of the world.

MISS KENSINGTON said, not quite from the very beginning. The controversy commenced precisely when married life ceased to be a state of Paradise.

MRS. GALLY GASKYNS would assert the rights of woman. *MRS. FAIRFIELD* observed that property had its duties as well as its rights. Would not those ladies who might appropriate the article of dress alluded to, be liable to certain inconveniences affecting its pockets?

MISS TITERTON wanted to know where they carried their watches. Did they wear waistcoats as well?

The *CHAIRWOMAN* thought these details were irrelevant. The question was, would Bloomerism effect a reform in costume or not?

MRS. MYDDELTON approved of moderate reform, but looked upon Bloomerism as a revolution.

MISS LIGHTFOOTE was of opinion that the present dresses were much too long. Everybody said it was a great pity. She had heard it remarked, that they gave the idea of being slipshod and slovenly—anything but what was cleanly and neat. She did not think them at all nice.

MRS. HOOPE thought the present fashion a very sensible one. Comfort was the great thing—at least, at her time of life; and a good long gown enabled her to wear a warm worsted stocking and a list shoe, which was a real blessing for her poor corns and rheumatism.

MESDAMES HOBBLER, LIMPKINS, and SPLAYFOOT, and MISSES HALTER and CLUBB, expressed similar sentiments to those of the last speaker.

Miss Punch agreed with what her papa said, that the real question was one between Bloomerism and Bunionism. The Bunionists wanted long dresses, for an obvious reason; the Bloomerists short ones, for a reason equally obvious. Good taste lay between. *MISS LIGHTFOOTE* had said on a former occasion, she had no notion of being fancied to hide a "cornucopia" under her founce. That was natural. Still that was no reason why she should go about in a frock like that of the celebrated "little old woman cut shorter." Gowns of a fashionable length, however, were certainly mere veils to conceal ugliness and untidiness; or, if not, it was only because they served for brooms as well. Her opinion, therefore, as well as her papa's, was that they should concede an inch to the demand for the reform in dress, but oppose the Bloomerists' clamour for an ell.

These sentiments having been generally approved of, were embodied in a resolution, which passed without opposition, except from *MRS. HOOPE* and her

partisans, on the one hand; and on the other, from *MRS. GALLY GASKYNS*; and thanks having been voted to the Chairwoman for her conduct in the Chair, the fairy-like meeting vanished.

ROMAN CATHOLIC MIRACLES.

WE may be partly prepared to believe in Roman Catholic miracles, as soon as we see the following miracles accomplished:—

As soon as *DR. CAHILL* is taught to keep in his head a respectful tongue.

As soon as the Roman Catholic Priests cease instigating the poor Irish against England, and impressing them with the wicked notion, that England is the source of all their poverty and woes.

As soon as *CARDINAL WISEMAN* has succeeded in rearing the "little Paradise" round Westminster Abbey which he talked so boastfully about in his Address.

As soon as the *POPE* practises in all his actions the extreme benevolence he professes in all his words; and, as the first proof of it, releases the hundreds of poor prisoners now confined for political offences, in the dungeons of Naples and Rome.

As soon as the *POPE* allows an English Cathedral to be built in the centre of Rome, as we allow a Roman Cathedral to be built in the middle of London.

As soon as the French soldiers are driven out of Rome, and the *POPE'S* body-guard consists of none but Romans.

As soon as the above extraordinary events are accomplished, we shall be better prepared to believe any impossibility in the way of pictures that wink, or statues that bleed, or cabbages that sneeze, or anything else they please; for nothing short of a miracle can bring to pass the accomplishment of events so utterly improbable, if not perfectly impossible. When they are accomplished, we will promise to be amongst the most stubborn believers in Roman Catholic miracles; but till then, we must be allowed the healthy privilege of a little rational incredulity.



TOPOGRAPHICAL PROBLEM.

GIVEN: A MAP OF LONDON.—FIND YOUR WAY FROM SEVEN DIALS TO EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY STATION.

Declension of Bloomerism.

THE names of *MR. and MRS. DEXTER* are associated with the Bloomer costume. Thus we have *DEXTER* and *DEXTRA*, masculine and feminine; but as the dress in question seems to belong indifferently to either gender—that is, to neither in particular, or to the neuter—the wearer ought surely to be *DEXTRUM*.

**"HOW THE GREAT PROTECTION BALLOON BURST,
AND THOSE IN THE CAR WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT."**

(Being a New Song to an Old Aylesbury Air, "Bucks, have at ye all!")

WITH woe and wail, I tell the tale of the Great Balloon ascent, Sirs,
When, in a fright, to dizzy height, the British farmer went, Sirs;
Their aeronaut, so trim and taut, but lacking circumspection,
Was BENJAMIN DISRAELI, of the old Balloon "Protection,"
Bow, wow, wow; Foll de roddy, oddy, oddy; Bow, wow, wow.

"Get in like men," says downy BEN; "the gas is on you see, Sirs,
And up sky-high you're safe to fly, if you'll be steered by me, Sirs.
We'll first let go, the ballast, so—and then the valves we'll fasten;
The one makes light the car for flight, the other keeps the gas in."
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The farmers start; soon inside out had turned each bag and pocket,
And towards the moon the big Balloon shot upwards like a rocket;
The ballast gone, the valves tied down—when sudden BEN reflected,
That doubtless those who with him rose, to be brought down expected.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The farmers sat, each broad-brimmed hat pressed down with desperation,
Their fists hard clench'd, their foreheads drench'd with anxious perspiration;
While in a speech BEN proved to each success the ascent must crown, Sirs;
And *sotto voce* asked himself, "How the deuce shall we get down, Sirs?"
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"Huzzah, my boys! don't mind the noise." (The Balloon here gave a rumble.)
"None e'er did soar so high before." (*Aside.*) "LORD, when we tumble!
And when restored to friends adored, you'll boast yourselves the first, Sirs,
Who reached the moon in a Balloon. (*Aside.*) By Jove, it's burst, Sirs."
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The simple men, whose faith in BEN was something quite affecting,
Sat still at first, blow-up or burst, not in the least suspecting;
The silk it gaped, the gas escaped, while they, their eyes upthrowing,
Cried, "LORD, how high into the sky Protection be a-going!"
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Quoth BEN, who knew what was to do, (old GREEN, is not more 'cute, Sirs),
"The thing for me, I plainly see, is to make a Parachute, Sirs;
But, when it's made, how to persuade my friends in 't to be stowing?
Talk as I will, they'll argue still, it's up, not down, we're going."
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

CANDIDATES FOR THE CHARITY OF THE EXHIBITION.

We have received a number of suggestions for the disposal of the Exhibition surplus; two of which follow:—

No. 1.

To the Editor of Punch.

"SIR,—Might I venture to suggest that a part, at least, of the vast amount of profit which will have accrued to the Royal Commissioners from the Receipts of the Great Exhibition, shall be applied to the foundation of an Asylum for decayed Cheesemongers? "STILTON."

No. 2.

"SIR,—When the question of the disposal of the proceeds of the Exhibition comes to be considered, I hope the debt of England to her sister kingdom will not be forgotten. I propose that the whole of the sum be devoted to the liquidation of the claims now made by Government on Irish Poor-Law Unions; and that the remainder shall be applied to the more effectual relief of Irish encumbered estates. I throw out this suggestion as a demand of justice, and I hope that my natural diffidence has not prevented me from explaining my opinions as

"AN IRISH LANDLORD."

Nautical Farce of all Nations.

EVERYBODY is familiar with the phrase "performing quarantine," but few, fortunately, have endured the performance. A Congress has met at Paris, with a view to pronounce judgment respecting this serious infliction on the merchants and travellers who are condemned to sit or sleep it out. The prejudices of a section of medical men have been absurdly humoured in the piece of useless precaution alluded to; and therefore much argument and many words may be wasted in the attempt to preserve it on the stage of nations. But, in the simple fact that no worse plague than itself is ever known in the Lazaretto Theatre, where it is enacted, the Congress has sufficient reason to determine that it is a worthless farce, which ought not to be performed any more.

MEETING (VERY) EXTRAORDINARY OF THE BISHOPS.



AFTER the notice appeared in the *Gazette* on the subject of the incomes of the Bishops, a meeting was held by the Right Reverend Prelates, who came together spontaneously for the purpose of doing as an act of grace, what is declared to be honest and just, though the law cannot make their honesty and justice imperative.

We do not mention individual names, where the conduct of all is so much alike, and where all deserve to be viewed in the same light as patterns of self-denial, humility, and all the other virtues which it is their sacred duty to practise and inculcate. It was urged by one of the Bishops appointed previously to 1848, that though the law would allow them to go on pocketing a large surplus beyond the income they were intended to receive, still, after the late Order in Council, it would be impossible to go on doing so without being guilty of a rapacity in the pursuit of superfluous wealth, which is highly unbecoming in a body of men so remarkable for an utter abnegation of every principle of worldliness. The Right Reverend Prelate admitted that he and his

brethren had been for some years appropriating thousands of pounds more than had been appointed for their incomes; but they had done so in a spirit of meek submission to circumstances; and if these circumstances happened to be particularly flourishing in a pecuniary sense, there was no help for it.

It was the general feeling of the Bishops that the late Order in Council seemed to contemplate the Right Reverend Bench as a class of persons whom it is usual to describe as "better known than trusted;" for it leaves nothing to their honour, or honesty, for the future, but applies the screw to all who are henceforth to be appointed. Hitherto, the experiment has been tried, whether the Bench would voluntarily do what was right; but their opposition to the voluntary principle has been as stubborn on this as on other points, and therefore the newly-appointed Bishops are to be made to do what is right—at least, with regard to their incomes.

At the very extraordinary meeting to which we have alluded, some very extraordinary resolutions were carried. The following—we have heard—was the principal point on which the Right Reverend Prelates unanimously agreed; and we hope to see the following printed shortly as an authorised advertisement in all the newspapers:—

"At a meeting of the whole Bench of Bishops, called by Common Decency, and presided over—on this occasion—by Good Sense, it was

"RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY,

"That though, by a late Order in Council, those Bishops only, who have been, and may hereafter be, appointed, since the 1st of January, 1848, are to be reduced to those paltry pittance, beginning at £4200, and ascending to £10,000 a year, which have been absurdly thought adequate to supply the very simple necessities of the titled teachers of humility—they, the Bishops appointed previously to 1848, do voluntarily put themselves on an equal footing with their poor bereaved brethren, and will pay over, half-yearly, whatever they may receive beyond the income they are in justice and honour entitled to.

"It was further resolved unanimously, That any other course than that prescribed by the above resolution, would place the Bishops, appointed previous to 1848, before the world as a Right Reverend body of men taking advantage of an accident or oversight to retain excessive incomes which they were not intended to enjoy, and which—particularly after the late Order in Council—they could not retain without a violation of the dictates of morality and honour.

"It was further and finally resolved unanimously, That all pecuniary sacrifices are contemptible in the eyes of the Bishops, when compared with the interests of the holy religion over which they preside, and which they cannot but feel would suffer most materially were they to continue—particularly after the late Order in Council—in receipt of the enormously excessive revenues, which, though perhaps secured to them by the strict letter of the law, as it now stands, are considered universally as a disgrace, rather than an honour, to the Right Reverend recipients."



APROPOS OF BLOOMERISM.

No. 1. (who is looking at the *Print of the Bloomer Costume*). "WELL, NOW, UPON MY WORD, I DON'T SEE ANYTHING RIDICULOUS IN IT. I SHALL CERTAINLY ADOPT IT."

No. 2. "FOR MY PART, I SO THOROUGHLY DESPISE CONVENTIONALITY, THAT I HAVE ORDERED ALL MY NEW THINGS TO BE MADE IN THAT VERY RATIONAL STYLE!"

THE MARVELS OF MEDICINE.



teen-penny-halfpenny box of No. 2 Pills, which had been inadvertently left in his bed-room."

We suspect, however, that there is nothing very new in the connexion between the pills alluded to and the Insane; for we should imagine none but madmen could have been attracted by the puffing

of the Quack Medicine Vendors seem terribly put to it for something new in the shape of a cure. In the dearth of other patients, the Lunatics have kindly and appropriately come forward to patronise the quack medicines, as will be seen by the following extract from a country journal:—

"MADNESS.—SAMUEL CRABE, of Pinhoe, near Exeter, who had twice been the inmate of a Lunatic Asylum, was thoroughly restored to reason, when he was verging upon his seventieth year! Mr. KITT, landlord of the Heart of Oak Inn, Pinhoe, vouches for this case, as also for another in the same neighbourhood, "where a young man was effectually cured, in a single night, of insanity, by swallowing the whole contents of a thir-

teen-penny-halfpenny box of No. 2 Pills, which had been inadvertently left in his room," and waking up in the morning with all his mental faculties restored to him. We can, nevertheless, very well believe, that if any insane person should enter upon a course of quack pills, a single box will be quite enough to bring him to his senses.

BOMBA'S DEVOTIONS.

In the *Morning Post* it is recorded that—

"At the recent celebration of the annual solemnity of the Holy Virgin of Piedigrotta, at Naples, the King reviewed 54 battalions of infantry, 42 squadrons of cavalry, and 9 field batteries, in honour of the 'Queen of Heaven.'"

We know who is meant here by the absurd title "Queen of Heaven;" but is that Heaven BOMBA'S Heaven, and that personage BOMBA'S Queen? We should think not. In the first book of *Paradise Lost* is contained an account of certain spirits, who, ascending out of another place, established themselves on earth as heathen deities. Among them, sings MILTON,

"Came Astoreth, whom the Phenicians called Astarte, queen of heaven."

This we should rather take to be the goddess of BOMBA'S idolatry; the divinity in whose honour he let off his murderous cannon, and burnt his sulphurous incense.

KOSSUTH!

An Impromptu Lisped in Numbers, by a "Swell."

Some fella said the papers say
That patwiot, who so vewy neeaw
Was being hanged the othaw day—
Kossuth—is coming over heeaw.
I wondaw why they make a fuss
About his landing on our shaw;
I don't see what it is to us:
I only think the man's a Baw!

What has he done, I want to know?
Fought against tywants?—vewy well—
There's other fellas have done so:
Faw instance, there was WILLIAM TELL.
They say the man's a hewo—twue—
But we've had hewos, lots, befaw—
LYCAUGUS, and I don't know who—
And too much hewoism's a Baw!

Now LOPEZ, I should wathaw say,
He would have been the man to cheeaw,
Supposing he had got away,
Upon his coming over heeaw.
One can't admiaw a mauwal man
That fights faw libaty and law;
A bucaniaw one wathaw can:
The othaw is a simple Baw!

You'll have no end of songs, no doubt,
About Kossuth, the bwave and fwee;
The Bwitish mob will waw and shout
For this Hungaywian wefugee.
Hand the cigyaws—the wosy pass—
That's a good soul—I'll say no maw—
In shawt, I feel I've been an ass
To talk sa match about a Baw!

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

THERE seems some difficulty in getting the public to have an eye to Cleopatra's needle, which is, nevertheless, valuable, on account of its connexion with the thread of history. A recent writer in the *Times* suggests that the needle should be allowed to remain sticking in the mud of Memphis, in order that we may bring over from the same spot a statue of Rameses, the Sesostris of the Greeks, who only wants a new head-dress and a new pair of legs to place him on a footing with the most respectable pieces of sculpture.

We, by no means, coincide with the suggestion to leave Cleopatra's needle behind; for considering the tremendous piece of work she was always getting up, the needle of Cleopatra must always be an object of interest.



CLOSING OF THE EXHIBITION.

The Amazon Putting on her Bonnet and Shawl.

Amazon (to Greek Slave). "WELL, MY DEAR! I'M VERY GLAD IT'S OVER. IT'S VERY HARD WORK KEEPING IN ONE ATTITUDE FOR FIVE MONTHS TOGETHER, ISN'T IT?"

PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES.



UR curious and entertaining contemporary, bearing the title of "Notes and Queries," seems to have notes addressed to him occasionally, which ought to have been forwarded to us; and we shall take the liberty, therefore, of now and then writing replies to them.

An individual in a recent number, who signs himself "L. L. L.,"—(did ever three ells go to such an absurd length before?)—inquires into the alleged insanity of March hares. We beg to assure him that there is no authority for the saying, that hares actually go mad in March, though it is about the time of the year when each

very particular hare may be seen to stand on end—which is, perhaps, the origin of the old saying.

DALSTONIA, in the same number, inquires, "Who wrote MOTHER BUNCH'S Tales?" Need we tell him that MOTHER BUNCH'S Tales all came out of MOTHER BUNCH'S head in the usual manner?

One A. C. writes a short note to inquire what is the meaning of "Boosing Grass." We never heard of "boosing grass," but we have no hesitation in explaining it to be any kind of grass that a man, in a state of intoxication, happens to lie down upon.

We shall, from time to time, furnish answers to the notes—as well as the queries—sent to our contemporary; and those who do not find a satisfactory reply in the pages of our ingenious little friend, will, perhaps, meet with enlightenment in our own periodical.

AN HISTORICAL TEA-PARTY.

THE English *Court Circular* is the most vital bit of English history; and more than any other piece of literature exalts us in our own eyes, and in the eyes of the nations as a most philosophic and withal most methodical people. By means of the *Circular*—which is a note written to the present world and the world's posterity—we and future generations learn that on such a morning, on such an hour, Majesty or minor Royalty took a ride or walk; a knowledge, that doubtless enhances the value of royalty in the breasts of the loyal and the contemplative. With this abounding faith in the exalting uses of *Court* news as shouted from the minarets of a palace, we are happy to find that the visits of two of HER MAJESTY'S little boys are already deemed of sufficient national importance to be gravely chronicled for the present and the future:

"THE PRINCE OF WALES and PRINCE ALFRED honoured SIR JAMES and LADY CLARE with their company AT TEA, at Birkhall, on Saturday afternoon!"

This announcement is affecting by its very simplicity. "AT TEA!" Two monosyllables set forth the whole ceremony. As two cherry-stones may be made to contain a double service of tea-spoons; so do two words shut up all the pomp and circumstance of a princely tea-party! Yet, we fear that the very brevity of the proclamation, however sufficient for the severely wise, may fail to satisfy the more curious and news-mongering of our generation. Busy thousands may ask—and vainly ask—"was it green tea?" Another multitude may anxiously inquire—"was the tea black?" A third impulsive host may emphatically desire to learn—"was it mixed?" History having chronicled the fact of the "Tea," ought not to have omitted the particular canister. This is a fault; nevertheless, let us be thankful that we are assured, past all doubt, present and future, that tea was stirred, sipped, and swallowed by the PRINCE OF WALES and PRINCE ALFRED, at the table of SIR JAMES and LADY CLARE, at Birkhall, on a Saturday afternoon! To our stock of historical knowledge this is something.

Great is the effect of the doings of baby and boy princes upon the

folks they are in due season to control and govern. How much of our veneration towards PRINCE GARGANTUA may we owe to our knowledge of his doings with his nurses; who, every morning, to cheer him up, "would play with a knife upon the glasses, on the bottles with their stopples, and on the pottle-pots with their lids and covers!" And when we learn that, in his infancy, PRINCE PANTAGRUEL "at every meal supped up the milk of four thousand six hundred cows," we are wisely prepared by such knowledge to await and expect the full-blown glory of his after-time. Thus, we shall consider the tea-table of LADY CLARE as the starting historical point of the little PRINCE OF WALES and the lesser PRINCE ALFRED.

LINES TO BE RECITED ON THE CLOSING OF THE EXHIBITION.

At last the Exhibition closes—but
Most things that open are obliged to shut;
Its knell is tolled by its electric clock,
Which strikes—and everybody feels the shock.
"Happy," cries COLONEL SIBTHORP, "the release!"
Well, well!—the Exhibition's end is peace.
That end was gained, and SIBTHORP must confess
The whole affair has been a great success.

Among ourselves—with folks of foreign lands,
We've had one general scene of shaking hands;
The whole World's arms have great JOHN BULL embraced,
But failed to compass his enormous waist.
Grim Disaffection ne'er has reared his head,
With beard, and blouse, and Phrygian fool's cap red;
Nor formed the pike, nor forged the bolt of fear
By loading bottles meant for ginger-beer.
Still London stands, her thousand sewers amid,
And Liverpool—exactly where she did.
'Twas order everywhere, and quiet all;
There ne'er were better manners at a ball.

Oh cabmen! mourn the Exhibition's end!
You 'busmen, also, should lament your friend;
The arts it fostered—they were not a few—
Quæ prosunt omnibus—were good for you.
Alas! ye worthies of the whip and rein,
When can you hope for such a chance again?
With such a multitude of fares to meet,
And such a lot of foreigners to cheat?

Time, the great Showman, soon will let us know
The grand results of this gigantic Show.
A finer taste—there's reason to suppose—
Will care our furniture, and cut our clothes;
Will o'er our glass, our plate, and crockery reign,
And dye our fabrics with a nicer stain;
Enhance each ornament which Beauty decks,
And add attraction to the female sex.

Meanwhile, a new machine our harvest mows;
A novel fire-arm threatens England's foes.

But all that's fine must have its day, or hour—
The World's great Fair, or garden's little flower;
And still less time can I afford to spend—
So thus I bring my verses to an end.

THE EXPECTED REFORM.

MY DEAR LORD JOHN RUSSELL,

What are you doing? I have not heard a word from you for an age. It is said that you are at work on a plan for extending the representation—how do you get on with it? Mind what you are about: as it is, you will have trouble enough with the Irish Brigade next session; but that will be nothing to the difficulty you will encounter from the manœuvres of the papal enemy, if you allow Parliament to dissolve without having considerably increased the representatives of true Britons. I am, my dear Lord, everybody's adviser, but more particularly, at the present moment, yours,

PUNCH.

P.S. The Conservatives and Protectionists may, perhaps, think it desirable that the Irish element should possess more influence in the legislature than it has already. In that case they will, of course, do their utmost to defeat any such plan of Reform as that which I recommend you to bring forward.

AGE BEFORE HONESTY IN THE CHURCH.



* To prevent mistakes, the unilluminated are apprised, that this is simply the letter A.

seven can scarcely give much trouble to his clerical superior. But at all events the advertisement gives him a hint that if he does happen to have any convictions of his own, he must let them remain exclusively his own, and keep them to himself accordingly.

It is also "desirable that he should possess some small private means;" from which it appears that the unfortunate veteran is not to expect from his benefice enough to live upon. His "private means" must, however, be sufficiently "small" to make his independence impossible.

Though the clergyman of seventy-seven must subjugate his own views to those of others, it is clear that the "patron" is resolved on a will of his own; for no applications except from those "likely to meet the advertiser's views" will be replied to.

One of our objects, in calling attention to this disgraceful advertisement, is, to give the "Primate," whose name, or, rather, whose title, is introduced on the occasion, an opportunity of looking into it. We say nothing of the pecuniary part of the business; for the surplus moneys of the Bishops appointed before 1848, if retained at all, in opposition to the principles declared by the recent Order in Council, will, of course, only be held in trust for objects of charity; and, especially, for the prevention of such scandals to the Church as are shown by an advertisement requiring a clergyman, who is not to be paid from his benefice a sufficient sum for his support, but who is expected to have private means to supply the deficiency. The point to which we would direct the attention of the Bishop of the diocese, is the age of the required incumbent, whose capacity for his duties is altogether put out of the question, in order that he may be prevented from encumbering too long a position which he is evidently only required to fill temporarily, as an old warming-pan, the ashes of which, it is expected, will very soon expire.

THE SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPH.

We confess ourselves not a little disappointed at the non-carrying out—or, rather, the carrying out and non-carrying home—of the sub-marine telegraph. We had hoped to have been able to talk from London to our friends in Paris; and though the voice employed would have been what the critics call wiry, or ropy, we should have been perfectly satisfied. We have been longing to see England and France bound together by the tie of this extraordinary cable. The long and short of it seems to be, that the rope is not long enough; and after "laying out twenty-four miles," two-thirds of a mile remain still due to enable the rope to meet its engagements. It is a great pity that, while the manufacturers were spinning

a yarn, they should have stopped short at the point of interest; and though the incident does not exactly amount to "spoiling the ship for a hap'orth of tar," it realises the idea of injuring the metal rope for a little copper.

NEW MANUAL FOR MILITARY SURGEONS.—REVIEW.

"PUNCH'S OUTLINES OF MILITARY SURGERY."—This publication is from the pen of *Mr. Punch*, who reviews his own book, in doing which he is not singular. The work was called for by the Horse Guards Order, imposing the duty of branding deserters on army surgeons. It is, as its name may be said to imply, a treatise on the tracing of outlines on the surface of the human body; an art of which the process of branding is an application. In it, however, the subject of branding, generally, is fully discussed; and sound practical directions are given to military authorities for inflicting a stigma or mark of disgrace upon an honourable profession. With reference, further, to the probable transference of the other duties of the executioner to the military medical man, the various methods of administering corporal and capital punishment are also described; and it may be affirmed that this volume will prove of material assistance to the young operator, whilst learning how to adjust the halter or to wield the cat. No mere book, however, will afford the surgeon that qualification for employment in the British Army, which, in accordance with the views of the Profession entertained at head-quarters, it will be incumbent on him, henceforth, to acquire from clinical instruction in the school of JACK KETCH.

Mr. Punch does not fail to call the attention of the Medical Profession and the public to the fact, that the tattoo, which has hitherto exclusively devolved on the drummer, has now been allotted, in a great measure, to the army surgeon.



THE FOREST ROSE—MR. JOSH. SILSBEE.

The City's Feelings towards Austria.

A RECENT *Times* Money article said,

"There was, generally, a better feeling in the Foreign Stock Market to-day."

This must have been rather a bad job for the Austrian Loan.

ANOTHER BATCH OF CORRESPONDENCE.



THE stern justice we were compelled to do to ourselves last week, by holding up to public indignation the perpetrators of a series of assaults upon our patience, has not yet had the desired effect; for our letter-box has again been assailed by a shower of offensive missiles. We have "half a mind"—as the saying is—to set a steel trap at our scraper, or plant a spring-gun in front of our premises. In the meantime, we proceed with our work of castigation, hoping that each victim may prove

"To guilty minds a terrible example."

Delinquent Number One is not only a monster in human form, but he assumes the name, as well as the shape of humanity, by daring to sign himself *Ανθρωπος*. He ventures also to introduce the name of a highly respectable nobleman, and asks,

"Why is LORD PORTMAN like one of the heavy coaches?" Adding, by way of reply, "Because he never goes out without several Portman-toes in his boot."

Does not every honest man feel his own toes tingling to administer that decisive kick which should be the reward of such atrocity? Who does not long to see

"in every honest boot a foot,
To kick the roguery-pogey through the world?"

Delinquent Number Two can have very little respect for number one, or he would not expose himself to our just indignation by such an act of assmanship as the following:—

"Why is sleep like a Tournament?"—"Because it's a Knightly pastime!"

The writer accompanies this insult to our understanding by what he calls some other enigmas; but the only real enigma his letter has suggested to us, is one which we cannot

solve; namely, how it is that he is not an inmate of any asylum for lunatics?

A Third Delinquent is one who has stabbed us in the dark; for he—perhaps wisely for himself—appends to his communication neither address nor signature. Who will wonder at his wishing to preserve his *incognito*, when the following is a specimen of the dastardly blow that has been aimed at us?

"Why may a Curate hope to be a Bishop?"—"Because he has a for-lawn hope!"

"Monster, away!" is the only reply we can deign to one who has so far forgotten what is due to himself and to society as to indite a conundrum which would lay him open to an indictment in the Court of Common Sense—which is certainly not at Liverpool.

We can go no further at present in this dismal catalogue, for we have already "supped full of horrors," and shall no doubt be punished by a whole stud of night-mares galloping over us and around us when we retire to our nocturnal pailasse. We have, however, so many arrears, that we shall, on some future day, continue our sittings in Equity; and we can only hope that we shall have no new trials—if they are not a great deal better trials than the old—to dispose of.

The Present Question of Protection.

"MR. PUNCH,—ZUR, Do 'em brand Deserters wi' letter D, I wants to know, efuse D stands for DISRAELI? "A DELOODED FARMUR."

A PRETTY POLKA.

We have observed two Polkas, composed by the same gentleman, advertised—the "Clipper" and the "Bloomer." Considering the operation of Bloomerism on petticoats, may we not ask whether those two words do not mean the same thing?

HINTS ON DESPATCH WRITING.

(ILLUSTRATED BY EXAMPLES.)

Being Mr. Punch's Advice to a young General.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

As you are now leaving the important business of garrison duty, and district inspection, for the still more arduous responsibilities of a colonial command, the following hints on one part of those responsibilities may be useful to you.

You may be aware—though, perhaps, I have no right to presume so much—that there are savages in the neighbourhood of the colony to which your appointment takes you.

The existence of these savages renders it probable that you may sooner or later find yourself engaged in a war.

The extension of British territories is, of course, an object which you will never lose sight of. No colony can be comfortable with a horde of savages on its frontier. You will, therefore, of course keep perpetually advancing that frontier into the district occupied by the native tribes. It is true there will still be a frontier, and that the savages will still be on the other side of it. It is probable, also, that they will make an obstinate resistance, and that your acquisitions, worthless in themselves, can only be purchased at a great sacrifice of money and men. You will also hear it said by a disaffected colonial press, and echoed, perhaps, by radical journals at home, that the existing frontier is a larger one than can be protected, that the ground you gain is barren sand, and that no settlement upon it can ever be safe from surprise by the dispossessed natives.

I need not suggest the answers to shallow objections like these. Savages know no argument but that of force, and a wholesome terror of the British arms must be inspired. Besides, a proper regard for your own professional prospects requires that you should do something in your command, besides presiding at reviews, and writing general orders. Without a war, you will have nothing to do, and without doing something, you will have nothing to write to the Colonial Office about; and without writing to the Colonial Office you will soon find yourself shelved and forgotten.

I take it for granted, therefore, that you will lose no time in getting

up a war. The occasion may easily be found. Invite a powerful chief to meet you, and when he comes, bully him. He will probably retort, and you may then punish him for his insolence. This will provoke reprisals, which a regard for the credit of the British name will not allow you to overlook. Or you may prefer the plan of recognising native rights to the frontier territory, and insisting on the same recognition from the out-camping settlers, which they will, no doubt, refuse; whereupon the native landlord will, no doubt, distrain on their cattle; and a quarrel is pretty safe to ensue, which will require an armed interference on your part.

The war once begun, you will, of course, keep it up with British pertinacity, and prosecute it with British valour; and your efforts will, no doubt, be crowned by that success which British valour rarely fails to secure.

But, as you, in your well-earned character of a thoroughly educated soldier will, no doubt, prefer to adhere to the rules of regular warfare, while your native adversaries will, no doubt, follow their own savage fashion of fighting, you may occasionally meet with checks, and even temporary discomfitures. These will furnish you with an opportunity for displaying the qualities of the great general—I do not mean so much in overcoming, as in reporting them.

Your literary training has probably been imperfect. But a general's literary duties are by no means the least important nowadays. It is an easy thing to conquer; but it is not so easy to report a defeat, so that it reads like a victory.

I have no doubt of your capacity to get out of a dangerous position, but I am not so sure that you can describe how you got into it, so as to leave the impression that it was rather by a profound strategetic movement, than a humiliating blunder.

It is this feeling which induces me to venture on giving you these hints on the art of military composition.

For proclamations and general orders, NAPOLEON is the great model. Do not suppose, because he commanded an army, and you manœuvre only three regiments, that his style would be unsuited to your position. Follow the example of a recent Indian Commander-in-Chief, and always say the least thing in the biggest words. The soldier likes to be addressed in a composition that reads like a platoon fire.

Suppose, for example, your soldiers have got into a slovenly habit of taking off their stocks, which in a hot climate is very likely, your

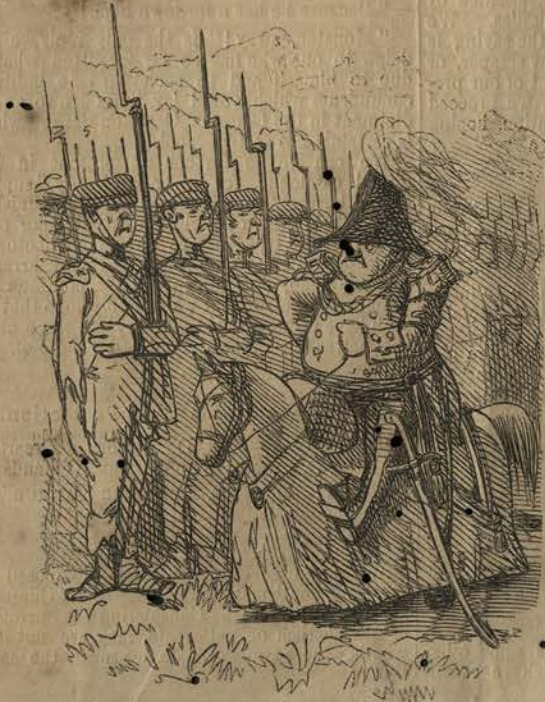
general order, announcing your displeasure at this, and forbidding it for the future, may run thus:

"GENERAL ORDER.

"SOLDIERS! Ease is for the Civilian: Discipline is for the Soldier. The Soldier's uniform is a part of himself. The Soldier who unbuttons his stock will next make away with his necessaries. He who tampers with his kit deserves the cat.

"Head Quarters."

(Signed) "HORNLOWER."



Or if the weather be damp, and colds in the head prevalent, you may, perhaps, desire to put down an unsoldierly use of the pocket-handkerchief, which you have observed on march. Instead of issuing a simple order thus—

"The men are forbidden to blow their noses"—

which might provoke ridicule, you have but to express your wishes thus:—

"GENERAL ORDER.

"SOLDIERS! Cold in the Head bespeaks cold in the Heart. His Country's Flag is the only pocket-handkerchief for the Soldier!

"Head Quarters."

(Signed) "HORNLOWER."

and you enlist the imagination and *esprit de corps* of your troops against an effeminate practice.

But it is in announcing checks, defeats, and those accidents which will occur in the best regulated armies, that your chief difficulty will be found. The problem for you is to state the fact correctly, but so as in all cases to save your own credit. This is, of course, to be done without in any way risking that character for veracity which belongs to the British soldier.

I should recommend to you, for this purpose, the study of M. THIERS'S work on the Consulate and the Empire, which, with a careful study of all contemporary bulletins, you will find of great service.

Briefly, you will, perhaps, prefer examples to principles. Take this case. You have advanced on the scene of the war. You cannot find the enemy. Your men are suffering from heat, exposure, want of water, want of food, and the other hardships inseparable from a campaign. Instead of saying—"We marched on such a day, but have not yet come up with the enemy," &c., &c., you may express exactly the same fact, in substance, but much more creditably to yourself and your men, thus:—

"The Bo-gee tribe is in full retreat before us. Indeed, so precipitate is their flight, that I have not yet been enabled to come up with them; but I trust that my next despatch will enable me to announce that I have inflicted on those treacherous savages the punishment they have richly merited, and which the brave troops under my command burn to inflict."

Here you will observe that an ingenious use is made of the anticipation of the great news your next despatch will contain. When the one you are writing contains unpleasant intelligence, always pass from it as soon as you can to the pleasant things you trust to announce in the one you have not yet written.

If a tribe, by a feigned retreat, has drawn you into a barren and difficult tract, in order that they may plunder, unmolested, in your rear, you may even get credit by your blunder, if you describe it in this style:—

"My movement in advance on the hill district of the Bo-gee tribe, I am glad to say, has met with the success I anticipated. KICK-A-LILLI, their most formidable chief, is hemmed in, in the Rot Mountains; and the brave troops under my command have borne down all resistance in the advance. I am not able to report the taking of all their cattle, as this region is so barren that none have been driven here; but I trust that the operations of COLONEL SWELTER, on the plains beyond the great Pooloo, will result in the capture of enormous herds of cattle and sheep.

"KICK-A-LILLI is, I have no doubt, most anxious to treat; but, with the usual dissimulation of these savages, he has not yet taken any step which might betray this anxiety. But his desperate position cannot be maintained much longer; and the rapid and successful invasion of this, the most inaccessible part of the Bo-gee district, by the British arms, will, I feel persuaded, convince this observant savage of the hopelessness of further resistance.

"The health of the troops, I regret to say, is indifferent; but nothing can surpass their steadiness under fire, and I trust soon to prove this in an encounter with the skulking foe.

"Of course, the advance of the troops left the frontier to some extent open, and advantage has been taken of this by some of the outlying tribes near the Scut river to make a foray on the British settlements. They have now, however, retreated, terrified, no doubt, by the news of our operations in this quarter, and carrying with them some 6000 head of cattle.

"I should have despatched that most intelligent and active officer, MAJOR SQUABASH, after these wretched plunderers, but the necessity of striking a vigorous blow at this crisis of the war has hitherto prevented me. I trust, however, in my next despatch to announce the utter annihilation of these marauders, and the restoration of their booty to its owners. This will, in all probability, conclude the war, and I am glad to think that my advance on the hill district will have conducted to an end so glorious to British valour.

"The conduct of the officers and men under my command is beyond all praise. To COLONEL SWELTER, MAJOR SQUABASH, CAPTAINS TOOZY and MACCOOLLUP, and all the subalterns engaged under them, I am glad to have an opportunity of directing the attention of your Excellency. No words can describe the value of the services rendered to me by these officers, without exception. The men also have been admirable. The only difficulty has been to restrain their ardour amid the dangers and difficulties of this arduous campaign, and to encourage them in the pursuit of an enemy whose miserable pusillanimity did not allow him once to show himself."

Now, who but a man accustomed to this sort of thing, would ever guess, from this description, that you had been humbugged, hoodwinked, and drawn on to the ruin of the colony by the very savages you fling so much ink at?

This, I take it, is the object to be kept in view.

Of course you must be prepared for the grumbling of Colonial malcontents. But do not let that discourage you. It is the lot of every faithful servant of the Colonial Office.

And provided that your despatches are so worded as to stand the scrutiny of newspaper-readers, you need not apprehend anything from the sternness of official criticism. The Office are quite sensible of the duty that lies upon them of supporting their servants in their too often thankless duties, and all they ask in return is that their servants should do as much for the Office. Then, as for the troops under your command, only take care to praise everybody, and nobody will be dissatisfied.

Attention to these hints, will, I trust, ensure for you a glorious command, and a good pension. *En Attendant*,

Believe me, my dear HORNLOWER, with best wishes,

Your faithful Friend,

PUNCH.

How to Wash out a Horse's Mouth.

THE following is the mode in which the mouth of an omnibus horse is usually washed out, while the passengers are kept waiting.

The driver, having drawn up at a public-house, descends from his box, and retires with the conductor into the bar, where a pot of porter is called for. Both drink alternately till the whole is finished, when the driver resumes his seat, the conductor his perch; and the horses' mouths are to be considered as "washed out," to all intents and purposes.

POOR PUGGY.



THOSE who know TOPHAM SAWYER, the accomplished young EARL OF SWELLMORE, are aware that, under a mask of languor and levity, he hides considerable powers of acuteness and observation. His letters are much prized, not only amongst the friends of his own rank, but by his Bohemian acquaintances in the *Coutisses*. Of a sarcastic turn, he is yet not without a natural benevolence; has cultivated his talents and his good qualities in secret, and as if he was ashamed of them; and not blameless, alas! in his life, he is correct, even to fastidiousness,

in his spelling—in this affording an example to many of the younger nobility; and may be pardoned some of his bitterness, which may be set to the account of his well-known disappointment, two years since (when he was, as yet, but the penniless and HONOURABLE TOPHAM SAWYER), when the lovely LADY BARBARA PENDRAGON, daughter, we need scarcely state, of the MARQUESS OF M—NGELW—RZELSHIRE, threw him over, and married the Roman PRINCE CORPODIBACCO, nephew of the Cardinal of that name. Trifles from the pens of the great are always acceptable in certain circles; and the following extract of a letter from LORD SWELLMORE to his intimate and noble friend the MARQUESS OF MACASSAR, though on a trifling subject, will be read not without interest by those who admire our country's institutions. The noble Earl, whilst waiting at his Club to see MESSRS. AMINADAB and NEBUCHADNEZZAR, on pecuniary business, having promised to write to the MARQUESS OF MACASSAR at Paris, (indeed, concerning Bills of Exchange, on which both the Noble Lords are liable), dashed off a letter, partly on private affairs, and concluding with the following lively passages:—

"I sit here, my dear MACASS, and see the people go by to the Exhibition. It's better than going there. *Suave mari magno*: you see the ocean devilish well from the shore. You're only sick if you go to sea. I wish they'd give us a smoking-room fronting Piccadilly. Why don't the new men who have been building, have smoking-rooms to the street? I like those fellows at Brighton who sit on the cliff, in a ground-floor room, smoking—after dinner—having nuts and port-wine at three o'clock on Sundays. I saw a fellow there lately—his stout old wife went out to church—and there he sat, with his legs on the second chair, unbuttoned, and looking out of window with a jolly red face. I felt inclined to put my hand in and take a glass, and say, 'Your health, old boy!' His cigars smelt offensively, but I envied him rather—not that I envy anybody much, or pity anybody, or despise anybody, or admire anybody. I've nothing what you call to live for—now you have, MACASS. Your're very fond of your whiskers, and anxious about over-coming your waist. You have an aim, my boy, and a purpose in your existence; coax your whiskers, and struggle manfully with your corporation, my poor old MACASS, and thank your stars that you have these to interest you.

"Here's a fellow who has had an object in life, too, it appears. I cut his advertisement out of the *Times*. It's a devilish deal better than the leading article.

DUTCH PUG FOR SALE—a very fine specimen of this almost extinct breed. He is one year and a half old, and very gay and lively, and is the *bond fide* property of a gentleman, who, from continued ill-health, is unable to keep him. Lowest price 30 guineas. No dealer need apply, either directly or indirectly. May be seen at Mr. Harridge's Forge, Pitt Street Mews, Park Lane.

"Now, I say, here's something to excite your sympathy. An announcement more affecting than this can't well be imagined—a dog of an almost extinct breed, and the owner of that rare animal obliged, from continued ill-health, to part with him. Think, my dear MACASS, of a tender and benevolent-minded man, his fine faculties overclouded

by disease, fondly attached to his darling pug, yet seeing that between him and that beloved being a separation must come! The last interviews are now taking place between them: the last breakfasts: the last *fricassée* of chickens: the last saucers of cream; the little darling is now lapping them up, and licking the hand which shall soon pat its black nose no more. He is 'gay and lively' now, the poor little beggar—quite unconscious of his coming fate—but eighteen months' old—it's heart-rending. Ain't it?

"What degree of ill-health is it, or what species of malady can it be, which obliges a gentleman to part from such a *bond fide* darling? This invalid's ill-health is 'continuous,' the advertisement says. Do the caresses of the pug increase his master's complaint? does continued anxiety for the pretty favourite prevent the owner's return to strength, and must he wean himself from the little black-nosed, cock-tailed, cream-coloured innocent, as delicate mammas do from their babies? What a separation, *mon Dieu!* Poor Puggy! poor, poor master!

"Of course, he won't part with him to a dealer, directly or indirectly; no, no. Fancy a man's feelings, the separation over, at seeing Puggy some day in the Quadrant, in the red waistcoat-pocket of a dirty-looking blackguard, with six other dogs, and a wide-awake hat! An invalid, as this gentleman is, couldn't stand such a sudden shock. He would be carried off to a chemist's; and we should hear of an inquest on a gentleman at the White Bear. Puggy in the Quadrant—in the company of all sorts of low dogs, brought up in the worst habits, and barking in the vulgar manner! Puggy, the once beautiful and innocent, in the Quadrant!—Oh don't—I can't bear the 'orrid thought!

"But must a man be in high health to keep a Dutch pug? Does the care and anxiety incident on Dutch pug keeping make a man of naturally robust habit, ill and delicate? If so, it's most generous of the owner of the little Dutchman to warn the public. You pay thirty guineas—the very lowest price—you incur responsibility, infinite care, unrest, disease: you lose your peace of mind, and break your heart in cherishing this darling; and then you part with him. You recollect what happened to the heroes in HOMER, how they were made to dogs a prey—here is a modern torn in pieces by a little pug.

"A little Dutch pug, with a little turned-up black nose. And is there no other pretty possessor of a *nez-retroussé*, which man coaxes and dandles, and feeds with cream and chicken, and which he parts with after a struggle? Ah, my good fellow! Ah, my dear MACASSAR! We are sad dogs! we are cynical! You take my allusion, and your knowledge of the world will enable you to understand the allegory of

"The Marquess of Macassar."

"Your affectionate
SWELLMORE."

A BILL FOR THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

MRS. STRAPPER

To MRS. DEXTER SMITH.

One Pair of Petticoats, with military braid down the sides, &c., &c.	£2	2	0
A Pair of Braces ditto	0	5	0
A Pair of Straps ditto	0	1	6
A Valencia Silk Waistcoat, cut in the Gent's last fashion	1	1	0
A new Velvet Greek Polka Coat, braided, and lined throughout with Silk	4	4	0
Cigar Case for inside pocket of ditto	0	10	0
Cigars for the same	0	2	6
Joinville Tie, birds-eye pattern	0	8	6
Pair of Buckskin Gloves	0	5	0
Walking-stick with Silver top	1	1	0
Beautiful Corazza Shirt, with Studs, &c.	1	5	0
	£11	5	6

Noble Resemblance.

THE old French Garde boasted that "It dies, but never surrenders." The same with our English — Guards of the present day. After distinguishing themselves on the Oaks Day, by throwing eggs, the brave fellows were summoned to appear at the Old Bailey; but they all declared, to a man, that "they would die first, before they would surrender."

LONE CRYING.

THE old Irish cry of "Ireland for the Irish" will soon be lulled, and heard no more; for if the emigration keeps up its present enormous rate, there will soon be not a single Irishman left in Ireland, and the cry must be changed to "Ireland for the English," or any one who chooses to live by it.

Note and Query for the Post Office.

Note.—A letter from London to Paris costs 10d., but a letter from Paris to London only costs 8d.

Query.—Is the distance from London to Paris greater—and pray how many miles greater?—than the distance from Paris to London, that you should have to pay twopence extra for it? Or, if the distance is by accident the same, how do you account for the above difference in postage?

THE MEETING OF THE BLOOMERS.

(By our own Reporter.)



FROM a polite invitation which we received, we proceeded, a few evenings ago, to a meeting of the Committee of London Bloomers, at Miss KELLY'S Theatre in Dean Street. On entering, we found the house full, and the stage empty, though a dozen rush-bottomed chairs gave promise that the stage was about to be graced by a "goodly company." A decanter full of water, and six tumblers, stood on a table in the centre; but the tumblers could not favour the audience with a little spontaneous tumbling, and the impatience became almost as great as if the promised

performance had been a Christmas pantomime.

At length a young gentleman with moustachios, for which he was indebted either to nature or burnt cork—and we leave the parties to settle their claims in the court of the young gentleman's own conscience—rushed on to the stage, and striking his hand upon his heart, indicated energetically that that was the place upon which to touch a British audience. The appeal was met by silence; for when did an apologist punch his white waistcoat in vain, or plant his fist on his own ribs, without giving a dig, at the same time, to a body of impatient Englishmen? He appealed for a little delay, which was granted, and in a few minutes, the Bloomers, in a body of twelve, running—like a set of jugs—in sizes, made their appearance amid that laughter and cheering, which are the signs by which JOHN BULL invariably indicates his sense of the ludicrous.

The Bloomers had been announced as a Committee, and we were surprised to find such an early aptitude for business in young ladies between the ages of seven and eleven; for there were at least three or four of the Committee who were evidently in the early milk-and-waterhood of extreme juvenility. A middle-aged matronly Bloomer, with a good-humoured twinkle in her eye, as if she could see and relish the absurdity of the whole business, occupied a chair in the centre, while under her wings clustered the younger Bloomers, some trying to look very demure; others on the point of going off into one of those bursts of nature in which a propensity to laugh is uncontrollable. The very young Bloomers looked rather frightened until the self-possession of an American lady, who seemed to be the only genuine Bloomer of the party, appeared to re-assure the whole of them. Pouring out a glass of water, she proposed "Success to the Cause," amid cheering as loud and unanimous as if the toast had been the health of the Queen, long life to *Punch*, or any other favourite sentiment of the British people.

Anxious to give Bloomerism fair play, we would have scrutinised the dress; but there were so many varieties, that we found ourselves even more perplexed than the looker-on at the peep-show representation of the exploits of NAPOLEON and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. We would have inquired on the spot, "Which is the Bloomer costume?" but a dread of the reply—"Whichever you please, my little dear," put a curb on our tongue, if not upon our curiosity.

Bloomerism, as represented by the Committee, consisted of nothing but rather short petticoats, with the usual school-girl trousers fastened at the ankle, and the old original Adelaide boots, with which the eye of the commonest observer must be familiar. There was an attempt at more orthodox Bloomerism on the part of one of the Committee, aged about fourteen, who wore a hat, in which she was curbed up with terrible tightness under the chin, and a brown jacket slightly slashed, after the fashion of a peasant descending the mountainous platforms of our operatic scenery.

The American lady proceeded with her lecture in favour of Bloomerism, the gist of which seemed to be, that short petticoats are a high moral obligation, and that it is impossible for woman to be free, unless she is perfectly easy. She contended for the necessity of female emancipation, but as we have always considered our own sex to be the slaves, we, of course, were unable to see the force of the reasoning of the fair lecturer. She promised a tremendous accession of physical energy to the ladies if they once get into trousers; but this looks so like a knock-down argument, that we are not very willing to admit the force of it.

In the course of the lecture, there was a shuffling at the wing, and a fresh accession of Bloomers made their appearance, amid cheers and

laughter, which reached the highest point of excitement when a veteran Bloomer, in black, with worsted stockings, high-lows, and a black beaver bonnet, something between a Mary Stuart, a wide-awake, and a cottage, skipped forward with a short quick step, and a smiling but peculiarly comic countenance. The lecturer had just been insisting that it was from no idle vanity the dress was adopted, when her position received the accidental illustration we have alluded to. The veteran Bloomer was accommodated with a chair in the centre of the stage, and acknowledged, with a good-humoured cock of her eye, the cheerful salutations of the audience.

The lecturer concluded by thanking those present for their attention; but she innocently expressed surprise that some of her hearers should have been rude enough to laugh—a proof that she knew little of JOHN BULL, who would receive SOCRATES himself with a roar, if he were to come forward to lecture on the subject she had chosen. A British public will listen to reason and hear information; but it must have its laugh with, or at—it does not matter which—something, or somebody. The performance terminated with "God save the Queen," by a sort of Demi-Semi-Bloomer, who had only bloomed slightly about the ankles, but in no other respect gave indications of even a budding propensity. The Committee of Bloomers were as inharmonious in their chorus-singing as in their dress, for nearly every one adopted a different line of the national anthem, as each pursued a different line in respect to the Bloomer costume. Unanimity was not obtained even at the second verse, notwithstanding a preliminary cry from the audience of—"Now then—all together this time!"—a hint that was quite lost on the Bloomers, who had each a different note, as each had a costume of a different cut and material. When they are agreed among themselves what the Bloomer costume really is, we shall be able to give sufficient reasons for not adopting it.

THE BALLAD OF SWEET DIZZY AND THE FAIR MAID PROTECTION.

(From our private copy of PERCY'S "Reliques.")

Two lovers sat, on a summer's day,
In the shade of an ancient thorn,
And they saw the pleasant breezes play
Through the un-protected corn.

"I see no harm by you, fair maid,
And you see none by me:
Before long, a Duty shall be paid
For your thumping dow-ery!"

Protection sat at her bower-window,
Watching her yellow crops;
She saw sweet DIZZY with Lady Free Trade,
Pass by from the nearest copse.

She rose up quick from the bower-window;
She threw BULWER'S pamphlet by:
She passed, with a groan, to the darkened room
Where the queer statistics lie.

And all in the lonely midnight time,
Past the lonely peeler's tread,
Up came the Spirit of that fair maid,
And stood at DIZZY'S bed:

"And are you awake, sweet DIZZY?" she said;
"Or, sweet DIZZY, are you asleep?
Heaven send you grace of your gay Free Trade,
And me of the *Standard's* sheet."

* * * * *
Protection, she died on one day,
Sweet DIZZY on the morrow;
Protection, she died of true, true love;
Sweet DIZZY died of sorrow.

They buried them both in the queer old street
Where the politicians talk;
And from her grave there grew some wheat,
From his, a cotton-stalk.

They grew and grew, and gain'd the top
Of BARRY'S new Houses' spire;
And there they tied in a true-love knot,
Which made the country admire.

HEALTH OF EUROPE.—The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, it is said, is so extremely weak, that it is impossible for him, just at present, to get up alone (a loan.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE MARKETS.

We know of nothing so sentimental in the columns of a daily newspaper as the article devoted to the state of the markets. We seldom peruse it without a tendency to tears, which are only checked by the recollection that it is only on bags of coffee, bales of cotton, parcels of pepper, and sacks of flour, that we are exhausting our useless sympathy.

We, however, defy any one to be otherwise than moved by the description of the markets, which is evidently the production of a writer who luxuriates in a strain of melancholy tenderness, that is excluded by universal consent from every other portion of the newspaper. The literary sentimentalist finding no market among the book-sellers for his goods, has gone to the very markets themselves, and has secured a corner in the journals, where he may indulge without restraint his tendency to *pathos*.

Let us take a specimen of that affecting style of writing, which has found its way, appropriately enough, to Mincing Lane, ever since the mincing manner has been banished from the publications put forth by the West-end publishers.

"An improved feeling had again begun to show itself in the coffee-market, where dulness had until lately prevailed, and sugars began to assume a livelier aspect."

Surely this must be written by some fashionable novelist "out of luck," whose ROSA MATILDA-ISMS, that once used to cloy the circulating libraries with their sweetness, have rushed to the sugar cask as the only alternative to avoid the butter-shop. Substitute AUGUSTUS DANVERS for the "coffee-market," insert ROSALIE in the place of "sugars," and we get a sentence that would seem to form part of a sentimental novel of ten years back, when the writers of the same sort of stuff could command their three or five hundred pounds for an adequate lot of it. The paragraph, as amended, will stand thus:

"An improved feeling had again begun to show itself in AUGUSTUS DANVERS (the coffee-market), where dulness had until lately prevailed, and ROSALIE (sugars) began to assume a livelier aspect."

We know nothing of the mysteries of what is termed the "staff" of a daily paper; but we certainly picture to ourselves the writer of the markets, as a pale gentleman, with a forehead shaved up to its highest, a Byron tie, a turned-down shirt collar, and a melancholy cast of countenance. We can imagine him walking moodily about the markets, looking out anxiously for a glimpse of gloom in sugars, and feeling an indescribable satisfaction in the dulness of peppers. Why is it necessary that Wool should be "flat," Bengal figs "low," Indigo "dull," Rice "depressed," and everything that seems nice and eatable so wretchedly low-spirited? It is seldom we meet with a bit of sensible "firmness" in something or other; but, even if we do, we are told of a "tendency to give way," before we get to the end of the article.

We earnestly entreat our daily contemporaries to get rid of the dull sentimental dogs who howl and moan over the markets, and put them into the hands of some of the more lively writers, of whom there is no lack on all the newspaper establishments. We can never venture to look at the markets in any of the morning papers without feeling a consciousness that our spirits are going to be damped by some details of "dulness" here, "lowness" there, and "a feeling of depression" everywhere, in which we are only too ready to sympathise.

Electric Compliments.

The laying down of the Submarine Telegraph is to be inaugurated by a *fête*.

FRANCE ALBERT is to flash an electric spark from London, which is to fire off a cannon at the Invalides; and LOUIS NAPOLEON, by the same means, is to fire off a cannon at the Tower of London.

And in order to give a double significance to the ceremony, the gun of PRINCE ALBERT will proclaim to Paris the arrival of KOSSUTH in England; whilst the gun of LOUIS NAPOLEON will publish the departure of ABD-EL-KADER from France.

THE SEYMOUR MOTTO.

We have it now upon the authority of the *Times*, that it is the motto of LORD SEYMOUR "to do nothing until he is forced, and then to do as little as possible." This speaks the determination of the animal enshrined in the ballad; the identical animal "that wouldn't go," until forced, and then, as little way as possible. Wits jump!

House of Commons Relics.

SOME of the benches of the old House of Commons have been purchased by an imaginative upholsterer, who proposes to work them up into easy chairs, warranted to provide sleep for any sitters, together with bedsteads that shall impart a sweet oblivion to whomsoever may lie in them, however great their difficulties, and whatever the confusion of the House.

SUDDEN INDISPOSITION OF THE FRENCH TELEGRAPH.



BALLY no popular singer is so subject to sudden indispositions as the French Telegraph. There is never anything of importance to communicate, but it is sure to be laid up with some timely complaint, that deprives it of the use of its limbs. The great cause of its many illnesses seems to be the fog. No overpaid Prima Donna in England has been so often "*Interrompu par le Brouillard*" as the French Telegraph.

An interruption of this sort occurred the other day, when KOSSUTH wished to travel through France. The

Telegraph was entrusted with the message that had to be carried up to the French President. About half way, a violent cramp seized its hands and arms, and prevented it pointing a single finger, excepting the finger of scorn, which people say they saw the Telegraph deliberately point in the direction of the Elysée. A fog was the cause of this sudden paralysis; and we have no doubt that LOUIS NAPOLEON would see many more things, which, if he were wise, he should see, if it were not for the tremendous fogs in which his reason apparently delights in losing itself. The fog in question lasted some four or five days—which is the more curious, as fogs are not in the habit generally of stopping at a place so long in the month of September. England, even—which we always thought was the *pays de prédilection* of all fogs—is rarely favoured with so prolonged a stay. However, it must be very convenient to have a fog always at one's command; and, to do LOUIS NAPOLEON justice, he rarely throws one away; for he understands the art of keeping France in a perpetual fog, as well as one who has preceded him in pulling the strings of Government, or the French Telegraph.

But when this wooden old Telegraph is done away with—for electricity must soon splinter its crazy limbs into a thousand pieces—what will he do then? He will miss his affectionate fog. He will not be able to say that the Electric Telegraph was "*Interrompu par le Brouillard*" for a whole week! Some new fog will have to be blown into the people's eyes. It will be a flock of geese which has snapped all the wires, or some thievish bell-hanger who has stolen them, or perhaps the galvanic battery will be found too ill to work. A "sudden indisposition" of some sort will be found somewhere, if only to support the ancient reputation of the French Telegraph. In the meantime, a number of celebrated physicians should be appointed to watch over it, with stringent directions not to let it move out, under any circumstances, in a fog, for fear of its catching cold. If some such precaution is not taken, we shall be having the result of next year's election "*Interrompu par le Brouillard*," which would be very provoking at a time when LOUIS NAPOLEON would wish to see his way perfectly clear through France; though, on the other side, the greater the fog, the greater the President's chances of re-election, as the people would be prevented from scrutinising too closely his claims to the office.

A TERRIBLE AND PROPHECIC SILENCE.

THE *Times* gives the following from its "own" Italian correspondent, relative to the reception of the Austrian Emperor in Italy:—

"An eye-witness, a military man, assures me that the silence of the Milanese was terrifying. When the Emperor was at the theatre at Verona, but one Italian lady of distinction was present."

What says the Italian poet, ALFIERI, of silence?

"*Silenzio, figlia d'alta vendetta!*"

"Silence, the daughter of deep vengeance!"

Such silence—let FRANCIS JOSEPH be assured of it—was at Milan and elsewhere.

Many a True Word said in Jest.

WHEN we recollect how many broken-winded horses have been employed in the omnibuses during the Exhibition, we are struck by the literal truth of the remark, that the proprietors have been driving a "roaring" trade.

A GREAT CHANCE FOR THE BLOOMERS.—JULLIEN opens Drury Lane with a Masquerade!



**GRANDMAMMA IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE GIVEN MASTER TOM
SOME PLUMS.**

Master Tom. "NOW, THEN, GRANNY, I'VE EATEN THE PLUMS, AND IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME SIXPENCE, I'LL SWALLOW THE STONES!"

A REAL CURSE TO MOTHERS.

SOMEBODY is in the habit of advertising some farinaceous stuff as food for infants, and publishes, among other testimonials, the following:—

"I consider you a blessing to society at large. My little boy cries for a saucer of your food every morning."

We trust this sort of "blessing" will never become general, for if everybody's infant should begin to cry every morning for a saucer of food, society would be thrown into a state of distress quite awful to contemplate. Imagine the whole infant population of the country in full cry at a certain hour every morning for a saucer of some stuff or other, which not one family in a million is likely to be provided with. Every parent in dread of such a fearful result as an infantine squall set up punctually every morning for a saucer of food, will take care never to introduce into the house that terrible disturber of the peace of families.

An Appropriate Present.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has forwarded to LOUIS NAPOLEON a poodle of extraordinary docility. It will, at a word, sit up and beg—lick the boots of the Austrian Ambassador, picking out his boots from any other boots of the *corps diplomatique*—bark and wag his tail for the double eagle, and give three distinct howls, one for *liberté*—one for *égalité*—one for *fraternité*. The dog carries a gold collar, engraved on it—"Ham."

WHAT SHALL BE DONE UNTO THE SULTAN?

CITIES, and towns, and boroughs, are assembling to do congratulating honour to KOSSUTH. Well and good—but what shall be done unto the Sultan, who, at his own peril, harboured and comforted the patriot, defying the beaks and talons of the double-headed Eagle? Poor fare was it for the carnivorous, obscene bird, to try to glut itself upon that hard bit of board—hung a short while since at Pest—with KOSSUTH painted upon it. Tasteless, unsatisfactory food—literally dry as chip!—Hard, indeed, for the bird to make a meal of a bit of wood, flavoured at the best with resin or turpentine, when it might have had the heart of KOSSUTH for its garbage; and would have had, but for the gallant ABDUL MEDJID, the Infidel Sultan, who manfully defied a Most Christian Emperor.

And therefore, What shall be Done unto the Turk? *Punch* makes answer:

Let every city, every town, straightway send to the Sultan some fitting, significant Testimonial. What can London do? Well, his Sublimity, to be sure, will never need it; but London might send him her freedom, in a great gold box. No revolution is likely to cast ABDUL MEDJID from his throne, flying as ABDUL SMITH a-down the Bosphorus, to take his seat in England; or rather his stand, with Turkey rhubarb, in Cheapside. Hence, the golden box, though containing the right of opening a shop, would be of no intrinsic value of citizenship; nevertheless, let the gold box, with the civic freedom beautifully painted and engrossed by OWEN JONES, be forthwith sent.

And Birmingham shall make a sword for the Sultan: a sword with Koran texts, teaching human mercy to the fallen, hospitality to the helpless, gleaming on the blade. And the handle shall be of copper; solid copper, wrought from the penny-pieces of the English million.

Manchester shall weave the Sultan curtains, wherein shall be told the story of his beneficent doings—curtains for the Turk's Divan!

Sheffield shall send him razors—with handles of British oak, exquisitely carved—for his noble head.

From every town of the United Kingdom let there be some testimonial—however small—straightway voted for the Sultan. A park of artillery cannot be too large a present (he may want it), a pocket revolver too small a one.

And when every city and every town have made their individual offering,—then let there be collected throughout the length and breadth

of the country, subscriptions, no matter how much or how little, so that the total be large, as large it must be. And with this sum total, let a three-decker be built, rigged, armed, and provisioned. And let this ship be manned, for the occasion, by British tars. And as the ship sails into the Bosphorus, let the Turkish guns answer the salute of "THE KOSSUTH; three-decker, a thanks-offering of the People of England to the gallant ABDUL MEDJID, the Sultan of the Turks."

And in this way—according to *Punch*—should honour be done to him who preserved KOSSUTH, and defied FRANCIS JOSEPH.

THE MAIDA-HILL NO-MOVEMENT.

RUMOURS have reached us by the last omnibus which arrived—over due—from Maida-hill, that considerable agitation exists in the neighbourhood, on the subject of the isolated position of the place, and that a separate legislature is even spoken of in some quarters. We can scarcely be surprised at even this insane idea having got about in a district maddened by a sort of forced separation from the rest of the civilised world, and dependent for occasional intercourse with it on the rare and fitful efforts of a dilatory body of 'bus-rangers. We have, however, reason to hope that a closer approximation will speedily take place, by virtue of some arrangements now in progress, for expediting the means of transit, and that besides looking upon the Maida-hillians as men and brothers, we shall be able to regard them in the still nearer light of neighbours and visitors. We have long thought it a fearful grievance that Maida-hill should be severed from the rest of us by a disgraceful species of 'bus craft.

In the Press,

**CAMPAIGNS OF F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE;**

• With his Grace's Retreat therefrom on the 7th inst.

BY COLONEL SIBTHORP.

A NATIONAL PECULIARITY.—The largest lump of gold discovered at Bathurst has been found by—a Scotchman!

LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ
FRATERNITÉ



L-s N-n.

K-s-H.

YOU CAN'T PASS HERE!

THE POLICE AND THE PEOPLE.

It is evident that the police are beginning to take that place in the affections of the people—we don't mean the cooks and housemaids only, but the people at large—that the soldiers and sailors used to occupy. In the old war-time there was a sort of enthusiasm for the "blue jackets," the defenders of the country; but in these happier days of peace, the blue coats—the defenders of order—are becoming the national favourites.

Veterans, whose boast it used to be to have distinguished themselves at the lines of Torres Vedras, find their glories eclipsed by those whose pride it is to have been present and performed good service at the lines of omnibuses and cabs going to and from the Crystal Palace. The taking of a foreign fort seems to sink into insignificance before the taking of a refractory cabman's number—for the simple reason, that we do not want and do not care for foreign forts; but our comfort very much depends on the good behaviour of our native cabmen.

Military engineering has been nothing to the engineering difficulties that have been surmounted by our police force in effecting the passage of the crossings, and carrying elderly females with their stores and baggage from one side of the way to the other. Every one has been charmed during the Great Exhibition by the mode in which this truly civil power has been rendered effective; and if England expected, she has not been disappointed in the expectation, that every policeman should be every day on duty.

We should not be surprised to find the soldiers and sailors of the stage displaced from their position as heroes of some of the stock dramas, and superseded by the more peaceful heroes of the bull's-eye and baton. Our adapters will probably be setting to work very soon on the alteration of the old play of the *Recruiting Serjeant* into the *Police Serjeant*; and the little interlude of the *Poor Soldier* will possibly be revived somewhere or other under the new and more attractive title of the *Poor Policeman*. Our nautical drama will be superseded by a new order of production, in which, instead of *My Poll and my Partner Joe*, we shall be having *My Cook and my Inspector Jones*; and *The Lass that Loves a Sailor*, with a few alterations, may be revived as *The Gal that Loves a Peeler*.

Some modern *DIBDIN* will, no doubt, be found to respond to the national feeling towards the gallant class which has lately taken such a high position in public regard; and by way of encouragement to other poets,—some of whom, by the way, are only too ready to copy, and too often, alas! to disfigure, while pilfering, any new idea we throw out—we give the following specimen of a song in honour of the Police Force:—

JACK ROUGH.

Suggested by DIBDIN'S Naval Song of "Tom Tovar."

My name, d'ye see, 's JACK ROUGH; I've seen a little duty,
Where Chartists used to throng, and stones sometimes throw;
I've had a crack or two that have rather spoiled my beauty;
And in many a street I've cried—"Come, move on there! Now go!"
I've served, too, in addition,
Inside the Exhibition,
And with SUPERINTENDENT PEARSE have paraded to and fro;
And sometimes had to jog
An old lady at her grog,
As I smiled in her face with my "Move on! Go!"

When from my Cook to part I first weighed anchor,
And she was smiling down in the area below,
For the meat and bread and butter I paused first to thank her,
But I jumped upon the pavement with my "Move on! Go!"
Policemen, though exposed to jokes,
Love meat and bread like other folks,
Though their duty they mustn't neglect, they know;
So I seized my truncheon new,
Like a Peeler true,
And in spite of care sung out, "Who's there?—you must move
on! Go!"

And now at last retired with a pretty decent pension,
Which is due to long service, as all men know,
I keep myself away from all strife and contention,
And never say to nobody "Move on! Go!"
So I takes my pipe, and as I smokes,
I crack again the oldest jokes,
That I learned, when in the force, from facetious JOE.
Then to country and QUEEN
No danger can be seen,
When policemen say to Anarchy, "Move off! Go!"

A FORGOTTEN FEAST.—A feast in the Crystal Palace to the workmen who built it.

PAPA, AND FREEDOM OF OPINION!

You should read PAPA's Allocution. It is published in that nice paper, the *Tablet*. In it, PAPA says how kind he has been to his "most dear Daughter," MARIA ELIZABETH. You know that MARIA ELIZABETH is the QUEEN OF SPAIN. PAPA tells us that his religion "is so singly as heretofore to flourish and be dominant" in Spain, "that every other worship is altogether removed and interdicted." He shows us what a dutiful Daughter MARIA ELIZABETH is, in having promised to help his good Bishops to restrain those naughty men who try to "pervert the minds of the faithful," and also when the Bishops "shall have to scatter and drive away from their flocks the detestable and dire plague, and ruinous evil of perverse books." How happy MARIA ELIZABETH must be to have such a good PAPA, and how glad the Spaniards must feel that their QUEEN'S PAPA has given them dear Bishops to drive away the naughty books that contradict all their favourite winking pictures, and teach them not to worship pretty images!

Then PAPA also describes what a good boy his "most beloved Son," LEOPOLD II., GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY and DUKE OF LUCCA, has been, in asking PAPA to settle his laws as to Church matters for him; and how PAPA has rewarded him for being so good. PAPA says that his Bishops in Tuscany, too, are to "exercise censorship over writings and works which treat of things relating to religion." Should you not like to live in Tuscany, with no good-for-nothing LOCKE and BACON to put nasty reason into your head, and no wicked *Punch* to find fault with poor PAPA?

PAPA ends by saying that he has great hope that a "convention" may be entered into, which may answer the purposes and prosperity of PAPA's Church "in a distant region." PAPA means this country. Do you not wish PAPA may get it?

In the very same *Tablet* that PAPA's Allocution appears in, there is also published an Address to all PAPA's children in Great Britain and Ireland, signed "PAUL, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH," and "WILLIAM KEOGH," two of PAPA's big boys. In this Address, you will find a funny resolution passed at a meeting of a society which PAUL and WILLIAM belong to, and which society has been got up between them and their brothers, on purpose to defend PAPA'S cause. The resolution says, that the society pledges itself to do all it can to help those Members of Parliament that have been trying to make a party, "having for its object the maintenance of civil and religious liberty in the British empire."

Of course, PAUL and WILLY, and their society, do not mean the liberty to believe and teach what you please, by "civil and religious liberty." If they said they did, they would tell stories: which no Irish boy, especially if he is a true son of his PAPA, ever tells. They mean the liberty to believe and teach what PAPA pleases, and nothing else. And, if they could have their way, PAPA would be able to make magistrates and judges restrain the naughty people that "pervert the minds of the faithful," and we should be blessed with dear BISHOPS, with the lovely law to back them, "scattering and driving away perverse books," and "exercising censorship" over the paw-paw press. And so we should have no more fie-fie books about divinity, and philosophy, and history, and astronomy, and geology, and chemistry, and physiology.

And then, if JOHNNY BULL would be a good boy, and own his PAPA, and obey him, PAPA would give him a pretty string of beads to play with, and a lot of salt fish, and some nice images to amuse him, instead of his naughty books, and a little rod to whip himself with, and PAPA'S toe to kiss.

Ramshay Translated into German.

[Private and Confidential.]

We understand that the Ambassador for Austria, anticipating a change in the fortunes of MR. RAMSHAY, Liverpool County Court Judge, has taken upon his excellent self to offer MR. R. a post in the Law Courts of Vienna, with letters of naturalisation. Persons acquainted with MR. RAMSHAY believe that the bracing air of Austria would be far more constitutional for the learned gentleman than the mild atmosphere of Liverpool. With a few RAMSHAYS, the EMPEROR might snap his fingers at half-a-dozen KOSSUTHS.

SYMPTOMS OF A SEVERE WINTER.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has been compelled to return to Vienna, having found his Italian cities below freezing-point. Two or three distinguished generals came back with frost-bitten noses, so cold was the breath of Young Italy.

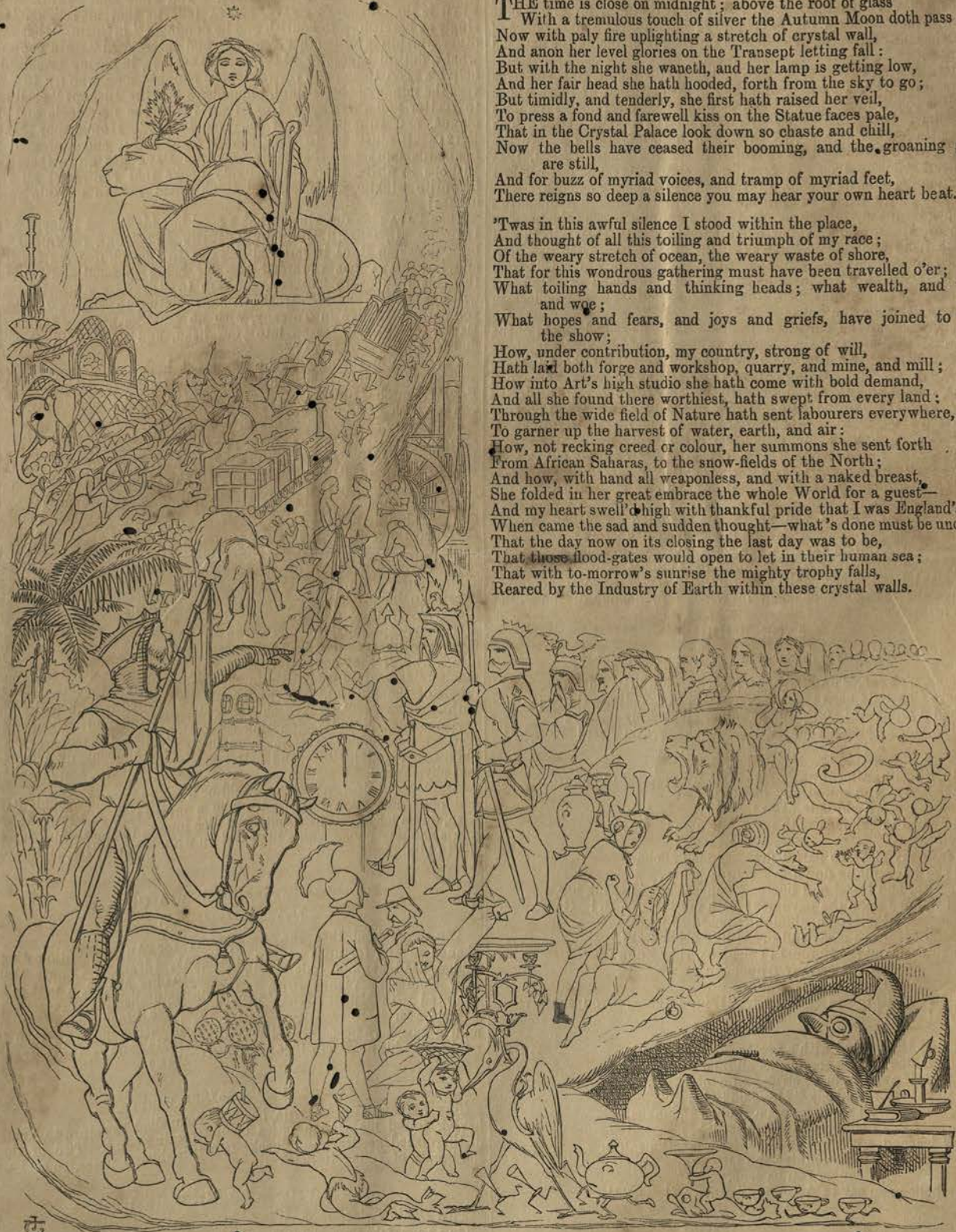
Good News for Mr. Disraeli.

THE *Durham Advertiser* says—

"In a cover of the Durham County Fox Hunt, the gamekeeper one day last week saw a fox suckling ten cubs."

Such a large family must acknowledge the benefit of "Protection."

THE LAST NIGHT IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE time is close on midnight ; above the roof of glass
 With a tremulous touch of silver the Autumn Moon doth pass ;
 Now with paly fire uplighting a stretch of crystal wall,
 And anon her level glories on the Transept letting fall :
 But with the night she waneth, and her lamp is getting low,
 And her fair head she hath hooded, forth from the sky to go ;
 But timidly, and tenderly, she first hath raised her veil,
 To press a fond and farewell kiss on the Statue faces pale,
 That in the Crystal Palace look down so chaste and chill,
 Now the bells have ceased their booming, and the groaning gongs
 are still,
 And for buzz of myriad voices, and tramp of myriad feet,
 There reigns so deep a silence you may hear your own heart beat.

'Twas in this awful silence I stood within the place,
 And thought of all this toiling and triumph of my race ;
 Of the weary stretch of ocean, the weary waste of shore,
 And all she found there worthiest, hath swept from every land ;
 What toiling hands and thinking heads ; what wealth, and want,
 and woe ;
 What hopes and fears, and joys and griefs, have joined to make
 the show ;

How, under contribution, my country, strong of will,
 Hath laid both forge and workshop, quarry, and mine, and mill ;
 How into Art's high studio she hath come with bold demand,
 And all she found there worthiest, hath swept from every land ;
 Through the wide field of Nature hath sent labourers everywhere,
 To garner up the harvest of water, earth, and air :
 How, not recking creed or colour, her summons she sent forth
 From African Saharas, to the snow-fields of the North ;
 And how, with hand all weaponless, and with a naked breast,
 She folded in her great embrace the whole World for a guest—
 And my heart swell'd high with thankful pride that I was England's son,
 When came the sad and sudden thought—what's done must be undone !
 That the day now on its closing the last day was to be,
 That those flood-gates would open to let in their human sea ;
 That with to-morrow's sunrise the mighty trophy falls,
 Reared by the Industry of Earth within these crystal walls.

Sad with this thought, I measured the nave with heavy pace,
When the great pulse of midnight throbb'd solemn through the place,
And the beat of the last stroke was still booming in my ear,
When all was life and motion, of a sudden, far and near.

There was rustling of draperies, and slamming of doors,
Tossing of naperies, and creaking of floors,
There were metals a-ringing, pianos a-singing,
And harps of themselves obligatos a-stringing,
And furniture tumbling, and organ-pipes rumbling,
And awkward machines o'er each other a-stumbling,
And glasses a-crashing, and porcelain a-smashing,
And bronze candelabra through mirrors a-dashing,
And carpets, and floor-cloths, a-rolling themselves up,
And dresses a-folding their breadths on their shelves up—
In short, such a shindy, and rumpus, and riot
Burst out all at once on the night and the quiet,
That, my bacon to save, I fled down the nave,
When I saw—all at once—pray don't fancy I rave,—
The Statues in motion.—Have you e'er seen a Statue,
In the moonlight, at midnight—a-coming right at you?
Down from her horse swung the Amazon bold,
The Lioness dropped, much relieved, from her hold;
And the Horse gave a shake, as if thankful to break
From the *pose* he'd been forced for a six months to take.
Then tripped up the nave HIRAM POWER'S Greek Slave,
In a Bloomer costume, most provokingly grave;
And MONTI'S sweet Vestal came swathed in her veil,
Peeping out from its wrappings, so pensive and pale,
Like a belle from the crush-room or ball, covered warm—
And, oh! how I longed just to offer my arm!
Mother EVE from the wall whipped a large India shawl,
And folded herself up the closest of all.
And here, with a clank, fit to stave in each plank,
Came, with HAGEN and GUTHER, the Niebelung rank.
And sans-culottes Cupids, a plump little throng,
From the Milanese Room, trundled, scampering along,
Not heeding poor VENUS, who begg'd and beseech'd
They'd come back, like dear good little boys, to be breech'd.
Down came "ELDON" and "STOWELL," both stiff with the gout,
And I heard "ELDON" whisper, while looking about,
With a shrug "Humph! No good will come of it, I doubt!"
At last, lest I might be by accident crush'd
By the Statues that hitherward, thitherward, rush'd,
I made myself small, and shrank into a nook,
And plucked up a heart on the chaos to look:
When all was suddenly still as before—
The movement in each compartment was o'er,
And a shadowy form stood at every door!
And something within reveal'd to me
'Twas the Spirit of each land's Industry,
Which had gather'd itself from the objects there,
And now stood reveal'd to my wondering stare.†

France I knew, by the red cap she wore,
And the tatter'd and trailing tricolor:
Austria, by her scowl of pride
On sad, sweet Italy, crouch'd by her side:
Russia, by crown barbaric of mould,—
All malachite and Ural gold:
Germany, by her flag outspread,
With its motley of yellow, and black, and red;
Which Prussia slyly strove to hold back,
Protruding before it her white and black:
Switzerland stood like a mountain queen,
Sturdy of limb, and free of mien:
By broad-based Holland, half fish, half maid,
With rudder, and oar, and dyking-spade;
While Denmark and Sweden were NORNAS fair,
With ice-blue eyes and amber hair;
America full well I knew,
By her stars, and stripes, and her Eagle, too,
But her hand held a scourge, and her back show'd scars,
And somehow the stripes seem'd to dim the stars:
Persia, on her cushions lying,
Her almond eyes with kohl was dyeing;
And Turkey, a slipper'd and shrouded dame,
Flash'd from her yashmac a glance of flame;
While India show'd, with a lazy grace,
From shawls and muslins, a dusky face,
Large eyes half of languor, and half of light,
And a brow that blazed with the Koh-i-Noor's light.

But in stature far above the rest, I mark'd one spirit tower,
The spirit of my own England—a spirit of peace and power;

Her eyes were deep and clear of look, and placid was her cheek;
And in her bearing that high calm to which all else is weak;
And as I bow'd before her, her chaste lips oped to speak:—

"Son, but now I heard a murmur in that shallow heart of thine,
That this gathering of wonders must henceforth no more be mine;
And a hard thing, to thy folly it appear'd to scatter forth
All these garner'd fruits of labour, East and West, and South and
North.
Know, vain heart, it is not only what they brought unto my shore
That my guests will take back with them—poorer were they than before;
No, a store of mighty import will with each and all return,
Till the world shall by the scattering—more than by the gathering—earn.
As the seeds of costly spice-trees by the Indian birds are spread,
So, by all my guests returning, precious seeds will wide be shed;
Seeds of peace, good-will to nations—seeds of useful arts untrod,
With whose growths the world hereafter will be glad from tide to tide."

The deep voice ceased: and when I raised my head,
Grey morn sat in the East, and I was snug a-bed!

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

(Delivered without prejudice to the real merits of the Question.)



"ON'T a lady's dress of the present day
take so many lengths to make up
—according to the taste of the
wearer?—but, with the Bloomer
costume, I should be sorry to say to
what lengths the lady, who wears
it, might feel inclined to go to!"—
An Indignant Milliner.

"Should the Bloomer costume be
adopted, petticoats will go out, and
petticoats going out, there may be
an e. d. at last, to all Petticoat
Government!—of which no one will be
more heartily rejoiced than"—
The Hen-Pecked Husband.

"'Ere's the jolly good health of
the Bloomer costume! For I tell
you what, BILL, our 'Bus, with all
the shaking in the world, won't
carry more than sixteen ladies,
pack 'em as tight as you will; but
I find that it will take twenty
Bloomers comfortably, and allow
each on 'em a Bloomer Baby on
the lap! It's the dress, my boy,
vot makes the difference."—
The Bus Conductor.

"Oh, dear! how delightful it will be for jumping over the stiles!"—
The Fast Young Lady.

"I'm in favour of the new costume; because if my wife bothers me
for a new dress, I shall refer her to the tailor, and I can make out a
tailor's bill, and I know all his prices; whereas I defy any man to under-
stand a milliner's."—*The Mean Husband.*

"This new dress will take all opposition off the road—for, really, the
long dresses of the ladies swept everything so clean, that there was
nothing left for us, to clear away after them. In short, I look upon the
Bloomer as the very best friend to the Broomer."—*The Street Orderly.*

"I don't care how my girls dress, as long as they dress decently;
but I am sure—as sure as quarter-day—that they will hang on to the
skirts of this new Bloomer costume—that is to say, if it has any skirts
—if it is only for the sake of getting a new dress: for I never knew
any girl of mine let a new dress slip through her fingers when she had
a chance of getting one."—*The Good-natured Papa.*

The Senate and the Circus.

It is a wonder that *La Patrie*, or some other French newspaper, has
not adverted to the "East Riding Election," as an instance of JOHN
BULL'S irreverent humour, supposing it to be an equestrian burlesque
on our representative system, performed at BATTY'S.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE ON THE REMOVAL OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



"WELL, I DON'T SEE ANY EARTHLY USE IN IT REMAINING. WHY, THERE'S THAT BACK ROOM I HAVE NEVER LET SINCE IT HAS BEEN OPEN!"



"IT'S VERY INSTRUCTIVE, I CONFESS; BUT IT LOWERS THE NEIGHBOURHOOD DRUGGUDLY! IT HAD BETTER COME DOWN!"



"LOR!—EXHIBITION CLOSED; AND I WITHIN THREE HALFPENCE OF THE SHILLING!—BLOW IT!"



"LOR, JOHN, WHAT A PITY!"
"MY DEAR GIRL, THE ANNOYANCE IS REALLY DREADFUL!"



"LOR!—I WONDER WHERE THEY'LL PUT THE HUGE LOOKING GLASS?"



"THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMING DOWN!—LOR BLESS ME!—WHAT A PITY!—GREAT SHAME!"—&c., &c.



"COME DOWN!—TO BE SURE, BY GOD, WITHOUT, INDEED, THEY TURN IT INTO A CASINO. THEN!—AH, THEN!"—&c., &c.



"COME DOWN!—OF COURSE!—SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN RAISED!—RUINATION TO BUSINESS!"—&c., &c.

THE CONSTITUTION DEAD AGAIN.

THE eels at Billingsgate are accustomed to the inconvenience of being skinned; they merely twist and wriggle a little more or less, and there an end. The British Constitution is used to death—at the hands of Whigs or Radicals. It has been murdered outright twenty times within our memory; and is about to be killed again. England, instead of having the Lion and Unicorn for her arms, should bear Three Cats; this would give her seven-and-twenty accredited lives, so that, after the next life taken by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, England, with the twenty already lost, might have six more to spare; which, with moderation, might last our time. The *Quarterly* again weeps drops of ink over the threatened death of the Constitution, a death menaced by the RUSSELL Reform Bill of next session:

"And it is at this moment—this awful moment of doubt—while not monarchy only, but even republics, are trembling before an invading democracy, that LORD JOHN RUSSELL has had the weakness, or the rashness, to announce"—

In his own words, says the *Quarterly*, "a new revolution!" And—

"This fatal menace—fatal to the ministry if not executed—fatal to the monarchy if it is—was thrown out, as it is said, without the sanction of the Sovereign or the concert of his colleagues, for no better reason, and with no higher motive, than to help him through a paltry party scrape; to rally, on a pinching vote, a few Radicals back to his standard."

Poor monarchy! Dead again! What then? When duly killed, and lying in its blood, will it not, like *Bombastes Furiosus*, rise again upon its legs, and blithely sing (for the especial comfort of the *Quarterly*)—

"For 'twas better far
Thus to end our sorrow;
But, if some folks please,
We'll die again to-morrow?"

As, no doubt, the English Constitution will die again and again, and again and again sing its own epitaph (though we may not be here to listen to it) and its own resurrection.

LORD LENNOX'S LAST.—"It's a clever book that knows the Author of its existence."

OUR REJECTED CORNER.

AS MAD AS A MARCH HARE.—Cutting your hair off with a shilling!

ADVICE.—Advice is like a policeman, often to be met with when not wanted; but, when really wanted, never to be found.

THE TEETOTALLER'S BEST FRIEND.—The best friend of Temperance, —and one who doesn't injure the cause by talking—is the quart bottle; for, as it gradually gets less and less every year, the time must come, when Man will be compelled to renounce the Bottle, from the very simple fact that he will have no bottle left to fly to!

METAPHYSICS.—Metaphysics is like riding in a circus. You keep going round and round, and jumping, and plunging, and taking high flights in the air; and after all, you only come back to the point which you started from.—*Widdicomb*.

GREEN TEA.—An injurious beverage, since proved to be a rank poison. This may account for the number of characters that have been poisoned by old maids, whilst they have been drinking it.

HOW TO FLY A KITE.—Those kites fly the best which have a five-shilling stamp upon them.

"DEATH'S DOOR."—It generally has "Railway Station" written over it.

"IL FAUT QU'UNE PORTE SOIT OUVERTE, OU FERMÉE!"
The above proverb of ALFRED MUSSET has been verified recently by the movements of KOSSUTH. The *Porte Fermée*, which refused him permission to travel through it, was France, but the *Porte ouverte*, which allowed him, in spite of menaces, to escape from it, was Turkey; and, if we will say it, a very Sublime Porte too!

The Flower of Yankee-Land.

IT is natural to inquire what sort of flower is the BLOOMER? An American Aloe, probably, as it is of Transatlantic origin, and is hardly likely to come out in bloom oftener than once in a century.

A BANG WITH A RIFLE.



"He's Hit, I'm Shaw!"

SURELY the decidedly great hit that was made, once upon a time, by WILLIAM TELL, has been immeasurably surpassed by M. JULES GERARD, surnamed, "The French Lion Killer." As how? Why, that is not very easy to say, exactly. In a letter addressed to a friend, which has been published in the *Journal des Chasseurs*, M. GERARD thus describes a remarkable shot, by which, he says, he slew a lion:—

"I did not hesitate a moment, and fired at his mouth. The animal fell on the spot, as if struck by lightning. My men ran up at the shot, and, as they were eager to lay hands on the lion, I fired a second time between the eyes, in order to secure his lying perfectly still."

A very needless precaution, it seems: for

"The first bullet had taken the course of the spine throughout its entire length, passing through the marrow, and had come out at the tail."

Thus, you see, there is no doubt that M. GERARD beats the patriot of Switzerland hollow: indeed it may be questioned whether his achievement with the lion does not equal the exploit performed by the celebrated BARON MÜNCHAUSEN on the bear. The

only doubt is whether he is to be considered as having eclipsed TELL's marksmanship (and rivalled that of the other hero) with the rifle or—the long bow.

SACRILEGIOUS OUTRAGE AT WINCHESTER!

(To the Venerable Mr. Punch.)

"VEN. SIR,

"ALLOW me to call your attention to an attack on Winchester College by the Winton Correspondent of the *Hampshire Independent*, who, from his complaining that the reverend administrators of that institution appropriate two-thirds of its revenues, I conclude, as a pious canon says in a similar case, is an Atheist. Forbearing to quote his painful remarks on a subject so sacred as clerical income, I will content myself with refuting his assertion that the object of the founder of the establishment is not carried out. Affirming, with an audacity smacking rather of Manchester than Winchester, that this College was founded by WILLIAM OF WYKHAM for the children of the inferior classes, he says:—

"The very distinct and plain terms of the statutes, 'poor and indigent scholars'—*pauperes et indigentes scholares*—leave no doubt on this point; and that the class now educated are not poor and indigent scholars, but the sons of rich men, moving in a sphere far above the class for whose benefit WYKHAM'S charity school was intended, nobody will, we think, be hardy enough to deny."

"Now, Venerable Sir, I deny that by '*pauperes et indigentes scholares*,' as above quoted, are meant the sort of scholars that are the proper objects of the charity of a charity school. If WILLIAM of WYKHAM had intended them, he would have called them *sordidos et pannosos scholares*—dirty and ragged scholars—or something of that sort. The superior orders can be poor enough—poverty and the sense of superiority, often go together. Many of them—some who are even members of Parliament—possess less than nothing by several thousands of pounds, which they owe. Others are actually described, by the infidel revolutionists who are agitating for financial and ecclesiastical reform, as state paupers. The children of such parents are the only poor and indigent scholars, in the literal sense, whose relief was contemplated by WYKHAM. Intellectual pauperism—from which the better ranks unhappily are not exempt—was the destitution principally alluded to in the statutes of Winchester College. The children are *pauperes* and *indigentes*, wanting learning: the same words, as applied to their parents, may very possibly signify wanting nothing else.

"The case standing clearly thus, Venerable Sir, what business has the disciple of SPINOZA, who questions the inscrutable ways of clergymen in the *Hampshire Independent*, to complain as follows:—

"It is a well-known fact that no son of a tradesman is admitted into the College of Winchester. A profession is the lowest social grade a man must hold to qualify him for obtaining a scholarship

for his son at WYKHAM'S College, founded expressly for 'poor and indigent boys.' It is well known that there has been within the present century a tradesman's son admitted, and that the 'poor and indigent' scholars at that time on 'the foundation,' drove him by persecution from the school."

"What would this wicked murmurer against clerical dispensations have? Did not the holy BISHOP of WINCHESTER found his college to teach, above all things, the Christian virtues—and especially humility? Is not this the very lesson, which it teaches even the children of tradespeople, who do not go there, and which it taught that upstart tradesman's son who did? Tradesmen, Venerable Sir, are getting above their station. A vulgar liberalism derides the good old dogma, that there is an inherent baseness in Commerce. We even hear of the dignity of Trade! But the spirit of chivalry yet haunts the old walls and towers of our Cathedral cities. There, at least, the tailor, the cheesemonger, are regarded with the contempt due to their meanness. There the mighty difference between the man who sells figs, and the man who prescribes physic, is yet recognised. There society still believes in the great gulf that is fixed between two persons, one of whom can trace back his pedigree three generations nearer than the other to the first man. And from the triumph of Trade which we have just witnessed in Hyde Park, it is refreshing to turn to the glorification of Industry, as Industry is glorified at Winchester College. I say, Venerable Sir, this is refreshing to the mind, which is constituted like that of your humble servant,

"SUPERBUS BLACKSTROP, D.D.

"Mouldwarp Rectory, Oct. 1851."



SINCERE GRIEF AT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Omnibus Man. "OH, WHAT A HORRID SHAME, TO PULL DOWN SUCH A B-B-BE-AUTIFUL B-B-BUILDING!"

"Accidentally Speaking."

ACCIDENTS have become so numerous on railways, that they almost pass unnoticed. The only railway accidents which might be likely to excite the smallest notice, would be the fact of a whole week passing without a single accident—for that would be the most EXTRAORDINARY RAILWAY ACCIDENT that has occurred for a long time, and which no one will believe until it actually comes to pass.

AN EXOTIC THAT WON'T DO.

BLOOMERISM appears to be a plant not likely to thrive in this climate. A few specimens have come out here and there: but the majority of the Bloomers have been nipped in the bud.

HOW TO WORK YOUR MEDALS: HIT OR MISS.



HOUGH all the contributors to the late Exhibition could not expect to take honours in the Great Industrial Tripos of 1851, some may feel disappointed at having missed a medal. A simple plan is hereby proposed, by which the winners may make all the use they can of their success, and the losers derive as much advantage as possible from their failure. Let the medallists on the one hand, and the medalless on the other, put announcements in their shop-windows like the following:—

No. 1.—For the Medallist's Shop-window.

MR. ROBSON, having had the good fortune to have gained a ROYAL MEDAL by the award of a jury of his country, and several others, for the utility, beauty, cheapness, durability,

and adaptation to the Little Puffington market, of the ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED BY HIM TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS, 1851, under the immediate PATRONAGE of HER MAJESTY the QUEEN and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, will continue to merit the approbation of his Friends and Patrons, by combining in all the GOODS supplied AT HIS SPLENDID ESTABLISHMENT, those qualities which have earned for him the TESTIMONIAL OF ROYALTY at the RECOMMENDATION OF EUROPE.

No. 2.—For the Shop Window of the Medalless.

MR. ROBSON, having not succeeded in obtaining a MEDAL ALLOTTED BY THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851, for the merits of the ARTICLES SELECTED FROM HIS EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT, and which elicited the ADMIRATION OF MILLIONS at the WORLD'S FAIR, considers the exclusion as no ALARMING FAILURE. It will only stimulate him to study to the very utmost that COMBINATION OF UTILITY, BEAUTY, &c., in the SPLENDID BARGAINS comprised in the MAGNIFICENT STOCK of his EMPORIUM OF ALL NATIONS, by which he hopes to secure the Patronage and Support of Little Puffington, and DEFEAT COMPETITION.

Thus, medallist or no medallist, the advertiser's goods will equally sell.

THE LAST DAYS OF BATTY'S HIPPODROME.

NATURE took care that MR. BATTY should finish a brilliant and successful season with a regular splash; for the rain poured down in torrents during the last two or three closing performances, and gave the spirited proprietor the benefit of a few—too literal—overflows. The Grecian youths, on their Thracian steeds, had their faces literally poulticed with mud, kicked up by the heels of each other's horses; and it may be said, without a pun, that on their arrival at the winning-post, the children of Greece were dripping. The fiery coursers of Barbary might have felt their fire quenched by the pelting showers that fell upon them; and though unfettered by bit or bridle, they were exposed to the heaviest rains. Happily the season had been too prosperous to be marred by the *contretemps* of a little bad weather at the close; and we shall look forward to meet MR. BATTY again, in all his glory, according to his promise, in the summer of 1852. It may be cited as a proof of the loyalty of the company, and the good nature of the horses, that when called on to perform in the wet, the former never said "No," and the latter never said "Neigh."

Humours of the Rail.

"A BARRISTER," complaining in the *Times* of the gross want of punctuality of the London and North-Western Railway, writes thus:—

"On going into the Station, I beheld a placard, stating that the company would not be responsible for any delay either in the starting or arrival of the trains as stated in the books, nor for any inconvenience which might ensue. I think, Sir, you will agree with me that this out-Herods HEROD."

Indeed it does out-Herod HEROD: as is likely to be proved by a greater slaughter than the massacre of the Innocents.

SHALL THE CRYSTAL PALACE STAND?

ARE we to take to ourselves the closing ceremonies of the Exhibition as sad, dull presages of the doom of the wondrous fabric itself—a doom resolved upon, and relentlessly pursued by the stern wisdom of the great PAN of the Woods and Forests? If so, most pertinently, most admirably, were those ceremonies ordered: for the very genius of dumpishness, of sullen wilfulness, presided on the Saturday, and on the final Wednesday. Not a man appeared in the lack-a-daisical pageant, not one, from the Prince to the Bishop, but dullness marked him for her own. Authority seemed to be remorseful of the jocund bearing held on the 1st of May; and therefore did a sort of dropjaw penance on the 15th of October. Humdrum was paramount! And the skies sympathised with human gloom, making all as dim and comfortless without the crystal walls, as authority was dark and glumpy within. A loyal superstition attributed the wet and murky weather to the absence of the QUEEN. Had she graced the pageant, all would have been light and *debonnaire*; HER MAJESTY, according to the cheerful faith, being a concentration of sunbeams.

But the fact is now unalterable; and let us, as sober, melancholy, mind-the-main-chance Britons, rejoice thereupon. We have redeemed our character—our inalienable right—of dullness. If we did let loose somewhat in unseemly gaiety on the 1st of May; have we not recovered ourselves in the substantial stupidity of the 15th of October? If we did mum and flaunt it in the spring, to the astonishment of the stranger—who wondered much at jocund BULL!—have we not returned to our national sackcloth, our characteristic ashes, in autumn? Yes; we hope we have redeemed ourselves in the doubtful opinion of the foreigner. We have every faith that the stranger will depart from our shores with the strengthened conviction, that when JOHN BULL in authority makes up his mind to be freezingly cold, and substantially sullen, he may triumphantly compete with all the human race. There was, as the closing ceremonial was acted, one prize medal wanting. A medal, with a whole pig of lead in it—for the dumps. And this medal—who can doubt it?—must have been carried off by the Royal Commission.

And yet there may have been a kindness intended in the gloom of the ceremony: benevolence may have lurked in the doldrums of authority. The utter blankness of meaning with which the Exhibition was declared at an end, may have been studiously, yet, withal, tenderly affected to prepare us for the grand consummation of the most profound, the most triumphant, and most barbarous stupidity (spiced somewhat with wickedness), that ever made ape kind gape at mankind;—to wit, the destruction of the last wonder of the world, the marvellous fabric that, at a glance, has won the homage of millions.

Not that the sensibility, masked in coldness, of authority, was all undignified by a high, patrician philosophy; a stoicism that would see the crystal wonder break into nothing, like a prismatic soap-bubble. Not, moreover, that LORD SEYMOUR is to be thought the great original of official insensibility: oh, no—

"Eye wild in Woods that noble savage ran,"—

we had many and many high examples of the rabid contempt of office for the wishes and sympathies of the people. LORD SEYMOUR, able as he is in his way, is only a large contributor, not an originator. However, when the Palace shall have passed away, we trust that among the statues to be raised to commemorate its once whereabouts, there will be some effigy to eternize the cond-scension and urbanity radiant in the head Minister of Woods and Forests for 1851. May we propose a statue of—The Snarling Faun?

However, taking it as foolishly and wickedly determined by authority—and no less stupidly and criminally granted and accepted by the country—that the wondrous fabric shall be broken up, having served its turn, like a child's money-box—how about the reward for the inventor of the new marvel? Great was the perplexity of the Royal Commission, blind and smothered by visions of bricks and mortar—no more to be got together by the appointed time than the final bricks of Babel—when JOSEPH PAXTON shot like a sunbeam upon the darkened council. An outrolling of a sheet of paper—a few master words—and JOSEPH PAXTON became the deliverer of his Prince and his Prince's Mazi from difficulties that threatened to be inextricable—making for himself a world-wide renown, and leaving his name, "like a wild-flower to his land."

Well, JOSEPH PAXTON, at this writing, has been offered knighthood. What beside? Knighthood may or may not be a valuable nominal property: the word—the sound—takes its worth from the estimation of its bearer. Some men may make no more account of such title than of the jingling of pebbles in a tin-pot: others may consider it still to vibrate with ravishing music.

But knighthood—mere knighthood! Have we not accidental knights—knights of good luck? Royalty goes into the City; and, lo! by virtue of that happy incident, two aldermen blow into knights. "Wings at our shoulders seem to play!" On a sudden, spurs jingle at our civic heels, delighting our civic ears.

Majesty makes a progress, in pelting shower, visiting Liverpool, and—for the time—sunny Manchester. And a bran fire-new knight presses

the Liverpool bolster—a knight, of newest print, is stamped upon the cotton city. And it may be well, with our institutions, that this should be. Where the Queen of Beauty set her foot, flowers sprang at the touch; where QUEEN VICTORIA travels, let honours blossom. But these are honours of ceremony—Court Circular glories—hardly of marked account, when vouchsafed upon men whose official life is not an accident; but whose position in the eye of mankind has been won by the inspiration and the labour of their souls. Surely, the case of JOSEPH PAXTON is a case of “Genius *versus* Mayors and Aldermen.”

All dues paid, the Exhibition Commission are encumbered with a quarter of a million of money. How much of this is owing to the felicitous genius, inspired at the happiest moment, of JOSEPH PAXTON? Beautiful as were the contents of the glass, the glass itself was the prime glory; bearing the same relation to the things it covered, as does the shell

“— that lustre has imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands mid-way in the wave,”

to the fish within it. Of the millions of visitors to the Exhibition, how many came to the sight, brought thither by what they had heard and read of the wonderful Crystal Palace? That Palace, dimly shown in pictures—darkly outlined in printers' ink? Displace that beautiful fabric from the mind, and in its stead place the brick-and-mortar mountain that was to have been—granting it could have been p'ied by the 1st of May—and how many tens of thousands may be deducted from the millions of pilgrims who for the past five months have thronged our streets wending to Hyde Park; there, at one glance, to acknowledge a wonder of beauty that seemed to realise the fiction of fairy-land: a structure raised rather by the geni of SINDBAD, than the materialised thought of human genius?

Why, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is, in his pride of office, a smiling debtor to JOSEPH PAXTON. Run through the items of the increasing revenue—as last made up—and the fiscal influence of the Crystal Palace brightens in almost every numeral. All folks with commodities to sell—or sights to show—whatever was the lull for the month of May—have reaped a ten-fold harvest. There can be no sulky denial of this truth; the Exchequer possesses proof of it—playhouse managers, in thankful closing speeches, confess it. But leaving all this profit apart; come we to the hard, glittering fact of a quarter of a million made beneath the roof of the Crystal Palace.

What, then, for the architect? Mere knighthood? Court gingerbread, with no gilding? This will never do. Some small per-centage from that quarter of a million is as much the due of JOSEPH PAXTON as was his day's wage to any JOSEPH the glazier who worked at the fabric. All England must grant this truth; and to the will of England to insist upon its application, we hopefully leave it.

Finally, shall the Crystal Palace stand? This is a question to be answered, once and for all, by the people. A certain knot of the aristocracy, strong in their faith of official sympathy towards all that is exclusive, all that is contemptuous of the masses, already rejoice in the certainty of the demolition of the five months' wonder of the world. If the people do not speak with one loud, unstammering voice, LORD SEYMOUR and his merry men will rush to the destruction; jolly, and full-blooded as the Goths rushed into Rome. And they will do Goths' work, to the disgrace of England, and the scorn and the amazement of the nations; if the voice of the country do not with one acclaim cry,—“HOLD!”

A FEW WORDS ON WINES.

“At this season of the year,” as the advertisements and puffing circulars have it, we feel it a duty to give the world a little advice upon wines, and if we cannot tell them exactly what to drink, or what to buy, we can at least inform them what to avoid. We therefore offer the following hints:—

1. When you see wine advertised as “an excellent wine to lay down,” be sure it is not worth picking up.
2. When you read of a wine that is described as “full of body,” you may conclude that it is half spirit.
3. When you hear of a wine being particularly “racy,” you may set it down as sloe.
4. When you are asked to purchase a fine old sherry with a nutty flavour, the notion of the nut may suggest the idea of what is commonly termed a cracker.
5. When you read of a wine with much beeswing, you may fairly say, “buzz!”

Comicalities of the Corn-Market.

In a recent Birmingham Trade Report, it was stated,
“We had a fair consumptive demand for beans at the rates of this day se'night.
“Peas were less inquired for.”
What unsophisticated mind would not conclude from the above, that beans were in a bad way, and peas were better?

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA TO HIS TREE.

Oh! lovely Tree, whereon, delighted, gloats
Fond Memory's vision; oh! thou only Tree
Of Austria's Constitution, that by Croats
And Cossacks ruling, I permit to be;
Brave fruit have hung upon thy bough:
I fancy they adorn thee now.

My wondrous Tree—that blossom'st not to bear—
There was a sad shortcoming in thy load:
I miss'd a LOUIS BATTYANY there,
Cheated of half the debt to vengeance owed;
I hoped in vain to pluck a BEM,
Ripe, also, from thy hempen stem!

But worst of all, my own Imperial Tree,
The choicest burden that thou should'st have borne
Hath 'scaped my clutch, and now defieeth me,
Safe in a mightier fortress than Comorn.
Ha! what avails thy heap of fruit,
Since, Tree, thou could'st not bear KOSSUTH?*

My Christian curse upon the Moslem fall,
That, like a blight, hath robbed me of my hope!
Thy looked-for produce I had gather'd all,
But for the Turk; and he has cut the rope
Which fondly I believed would be
A bond between himself and me.

Woe for thy branch that bore me not KOSSUTH!
I dread the vengeance of a coming day;
I fear the axe is laid unto thy root,
Oh Tree, thou chief supporter of my sway
I profit nothing by thy crop;
So much the worse for us, my Drop!

THE JOKE MARKET.



ost happy are we to be able to record a better feeling in the Joke Market this week; and we have seen some specimens of very fair middlings or seconds, which are likely to command some attention. The following are the latest quotations in dry humour—a species of dry goods that will always be in demand, if the quality is respectable:—

- “A FEE SIMPLE.—The Guinea paid to a Quack.”
- “A 200 GUINEA CHALLENGE TO MR. HOEBS.—To pick one of the Dead Locks in Fleet Street.”

The Conundrum Market has not yet recovered from its flatness, and, indeed, the facility with which any stuff can be manufactured, will give rise to those constant gluts which the public taste naturally revolts against. In this way some of the most respectable manufactories are often left with a large stock of a really good quality of Conundrum on hand, with no means of getting rid of it. The following are some of the best samples we have lately met with:—

- “Why is a very old umbrella, that has been lost, as good as new when found?” “Because it's re-covered.”
- There is no doubt that the excessive depression in the Conundrum trade arises partly from the ignorance of many of those who embark in it, and who inundate the markets with worthless paper, which no respectable house will look at. The following stuffs have been offered; and we only give the quotations for the purpose of warning young beginners against having anything to do with them:—
- “Why is a Review like an inferior species of tobacco-pipe?” “Because it's a mere chaum (mere sham).”

It will be seen that all the first principles of orthography, on which every literary transaction ought to be based, are entirely disregarded in this dishonest attempt to gain credit for an article which is really worth nothing. We have ourselves been sometimes asked to make advances on produce similar to this; but we have always avoided doing business of any kind with the parties who have applied to us.

* KOSSUTH is properly pronounced to rhyme with FRUIT.



FEW THINGS ARE MORE ANNOYING THAN TO BE SHORT OF POWDER WHEN THERE IS A CHANCE OF GOOD SPORT. MR. BRIGGS, FEELING THIS, ORDERS A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY, TO BANG AWAY AT THE PHEASANTS TO-MORROW. HE SUGGESTS TO MRS. BRIGGS, THAT IT SHOULD BE PLACED UNDER THEIR BED, TO BE OUT OF THE WAY OF THE CHILDREN!!

THE PRETTY PAGES OF KENSINGTON.

THE neighbourhood of Kensington has lately been inundated with pages, of all sorts and sizes, from SOYER'S Symposium. These pages are in a most dog's-eared condition, with their embroidery torn from their jackets, and their stripes stripped from their trousers. Autumn has acted upon the pages as if they had been so many leaves, and as the leaves have been blowing about the road, so have the pages been—to use a forcible figure—found kicking about the town and neighbourhood of Kensington. The appearance of these pages partakes of the melancholy and the absurd, in about equal quantities. Some of them retain portions of their old page's costume, but a highly-buttoned jacket frequently goes off into a pair of the seediest corduroys, and terminates in a highlow of the most sole-less character.

Even when on full duty and in full uniform, the Symposium pages added very little to the dignity, but a great deal to the noise, of the neighbourhood. We have frequently found them plying the light peg-top on the pavement, or urging the easy-going marble into a hole scratched in the thoroughfare. Ever and anon, the wild hop-scotch has interrupted our morning walk, and the Symposium pages have proved to be our impediments. Sometimes, the volatile leap-frog has interrupted our path; occasionally, the ponderous pick-a-back has barred our way; but the Symposium pages have been always at the top, as well as at the bottom, of our out-of-door annoyances. Now that they are all turned loose upon society, we hardly know what will be the state of the Kensingtonian suburb. Even in their busiest days, when they used to go in parties of six or seven to put one letter in the post, and when they would wait to vault over every street-post in their way, it was bad enough; but now that they have nothing to do, the prospect is a fearful one. If it took seven pages to do little, how many will it take to do nothing at all? is a problem we will not venture on the solution of. One seems to have settled himself on a crossing near the scene of his former dignity, and the shoe-black corps may receive a few, but still there would be a frightful surplus that we see no means of dealing with.

THE OPENING AND CLOSING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(A CONTRAST.)

It opened on a smiling morn in May;
It closed upon a thorough soaking day.
'Twas opened grandly by our gracious QUEEN;
It finished with a ceremony mean.
It opened when the air was brisk and dry;
It closed beneath a damp and dismal sky.
But of the contrast would you seek the cause,
You'll find it clear enough in Nature's laws.
'Twas natural enough that tears should fall
On losing what has been endeared to all.
'Twas natural to find a rainy sky
So sympathetic with the public eye.
But, oh!—most natural the heavens should frown,
To hear it said, "the building will come down."

Preferment for Cahill.

THAT pretty-spoken pastor, the REV. DR. CAHILL, is getting on famously with what promises to be a Romish "Complete Letter-Writer." He has just addressed to LORD PALMERSTON one of those mild and dignified epistles which have rendered his name so famous, and done so much to recommend his religion. We advise the POPE to persevere in his "aggression," by creating DR. CAHILL Bishop of Billingsgate.

EXTREMES MEET.

IN passing by Bell Yard, Chancery Lane, the other day, we observed a hostelry called HEAVEN'S Chop-house. We had no notion that Chancery was so near Heaven—we should have imagined it to be in another place.

EFFECTS OF BLOOMERISM.—We understand that a claim for compensation for injuries sustained by Bloomerism is about to be made by the inhabitants of Petticoat Lane.



PRAISE AND PUDDING.

H.R.H. Prince Albert.—“MASTER JOSEPH PAXTON—IN ADDITION TO THE HONOURS THAT HAVE BEEN HEAPED UPON YOU, I HAVE MUCH PLEASURE IN PRESENTING YOU WITH THIS PIECE OF ‘SOLID PUDDING.’”

H. M. S. "PRINCE OF WALES."



With the closing of the Exhibition, among other regrets, we must not omit to mention those naturally excited by the fact, that ADMIRAL BENBOW HAZY, the Commander-in-Chief of the Serpentine Station, has hauled down his flag. The gallant officer retires into private life, "carrying with him" (says *Hoar's Nautical Record*) "those regrets which have usually attended his departure from the stations on which he has served during his naval career."

Without inquiring too closely into the Editor's phrase—susceptible, according to some people, of a double meaning—we may be allowed to express our regard for the gallant officer whose career has thus come to a close. In conformity with the Admiralty regulations—which require the transmission of all journals, &c., kept during a commission, to their Lordships—the Admiral has forwarded to Whitehall a variety of documents. We extract a general Report of his, which alone would suffice to prove the attention he has paid to his duties, and which is curiously illustrative of the present state of naval affairs. Some may suspect the Admiral of irony, occasionally; but we must protest against any unjust interpretation of his valuable document.

"REPORT.

"MY LORDS,

"H. M. S. *Prince of Wales, Serpentine.*

"In forwarding to you the Log of *H. M. S. Prince of Wales* with my Journals, I take the opportunity of making some general observations, founded on the experience of my commission.

"I am glad to inform your Lordships that the *Prince of Wales* is quite capable of sailing. When you heave up her anchor and put sail upon her (which three of your Lordships, at least, know to be the necessary preliminaries), she proceeds to move through the water, according to the usual laws of motion. When you put the helm down, and ease away the head sheets, and so gradually 'raise tacks and sheets,' and then haul round the after-yards—'hauling of all,' when the after sails 'fill'—she tacks according, also, to the usual laws—known to three of your Lordships. I have not observed that she rolls at all remarkably, or groans, or tears herself to pieces. It may surprise your Lordships, but such is the fact. Your Lordships are aware that you rarely have a vessel (capable of sailing faster than a collier) which does not roll, groan, and tear, whenever it comes on to blow.

"I have to thank your Lordships for not having caused any alteration to be made in the general build of *H. M. S. Prince of Wales*, while under my command. Had your Lordships made a total change in the build of her stern two or three times, as you did to the *Caledonia*, it would possibly have spoiled her, as it spoiled the *Caledonia*. I thank you for your abstinence in this matter. It is with great deference that I ask a question—but, Do your Lordships take so much pains about the sterns of vessels under the idea that *that* is the part of them we ought to show to foreigners?

"I was prepared, my Lords, when I found that *H. M. S. Prince of Wales* was a good sailer, to hear that you were about to have her changed into a steamer. I remembered the fate of the *Penelope* (with all her architectural suitors), and expected to have had my vessel lengthened, in order to undergo the said 'sea change.' I am grateful to your Lordships for your kindness in this particular.

"The *Prince of Wales* was supplied with the masts and rigging intended for her, and suited to her size, and not with those of any other of Her Majesty's ships of war. The experiment has answered admirably; and I cordially recommend the custom to your Lordships in future.

"I have occasionally found a discrepancy between the depth of water in the Serpentine sea as established by Nature, and the depth of water laid down in the Admiralty charts. As duty prompted, I have generally given the preference to the latter authority. But I would (with permission) suggest to your Lordships that these authorities should be occasionally compared and harmonised.

"Such, my Lords, are the nautical observations which I have to submit to you.

"With regard to my public duties, as Commander of a British force, I leave them to your Lordships' kind consideration. My conduct in the difficult matter of the enforcement of the compensation of the boy SNOGG, for the seizure of his punt by the Humane Society, was, I trust, worthy of a British Admiral. SNOGG was compensated. Enough, my Lords. Remember ATHENS; LISBON!

"I have paid off my crew, under the usual regulations, and they are

all dispersed among the navies of various nations. A part have joined, the *Excellent*, at Portsmouth, to learn gunnery; whence, my Lords, they will gradually depart—to teach that science to the Americans—according to the existing custom.

"I am, my Lords,

"With, &c., &c.,

"Your obedient Servant,

"To the Secretary of the Admiralty."

"BENBOW HAZY."

We may possibly glance at others of the late Commander-in-Chief's documents at a future period.

PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES.

Cock Robin.—"CAN any of your correspondents tell me," asks SCALIGER, junior, "who killed Cock Robin?" An under-graduate, writing from St. Bees, asks, "whether Cock Robin can be the same as ROBIN HOOD?" An antiquarian friend suggests that the Sparrow, with his bow and arrow, belonged to the old family of the SPARROWS, who used to occupy a house over the archway on the Archery-ground which has been since pulled down.

The Horner Family.—We have been unable to trace the HORNER family further than the corner into which we were driven when looking after little JACK HORNER, the eater of the Christmas pie. Pies were not always eaten at Christmas; but a correspondent, dating from Buenos Ayres, near Margate, suggests that a Mag-pie may have been the pie alluded to.

Enough's as good as a feast.—We agree with our correspondent, CLERICUS, that "enough" may be a corruption of *unconf*—meaning that an egg is as good as a feast. The Saxons were the first who, from an excess of filial piety, taught their grandmothers to suck eggs.

A TEA-TOTALLER'S WISH.

MINE be a cot beside a rill,
Where I can always drink my fill,
And underneath an osier's clump
Give me a good old-fashioned pump.

Let me a pleasant brook command,
Where I could drink out of my hand,
Or ask—for lack of other mug—
The nightingale to lend his jug.

A stream should run from north to south,
O'er which I'd hold my watering mouth;
And if oh more I fain would glut,
Give me a good-sized water-butt.

Let others sing the joys of wine—
The cistern's wholesome draught be mine;
I only need a small estate,
Enough to pay my water-rate.

Let me hang idly o'er the marge
Of some full-laden river-barge;
My face in water let me dip,
To catch the fluid on my lip.

Wealth has for me nor charm nor bribe,
While water I can still imbibe;
Let poets other seasons sing,
But give me a perpetual spring.

Fashionable Departures.

The tide of emigration has fairly set in, or, rather, has set out, from the Crystal Palace. Half Austria has been crowded into vans of every description; a portion of Russia has left in cabs; fragments of the Zollverein have been carried off on trucks; and we have seen bits of France on the top of an omnibus; the Greek Slave was driven off in a spring-cart; and Cain and his Family took their departure in a very broad-wheeled wagon.

Not a Bad Dodge.

By a curious coincidence, the name of one of the United States Commissioners at the Exhibition of Industry was MR. DODGE. The Americans could not have selected a better representative, as far as name is concerned, for they have shown us a great many clever Dodges that were quite unknown to us before, and we dare say the Commissioner is the cleverest DODGE of the whole.



BLOOMERISM IN A BALL-ROOM.

Bloomer. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING THE NEXT POLKA WITH YOU?"

WHAT IS THE WATER-BAILIFF?

THAT "had the honour of presenting to HER MAJESTY, at Windsor, a fine living Sturgeon, weighing upwards of one hundred weight."—*Morning Post.*

OH, PROFESSOR OWEN, surgeon,
Pray inform us what they mean
By the Creature with a sturgeon
That was sent before the QUEEN?
It is called a Water-Bailiff;
But, oh dear!—what *can* it be?
Did HAROUN ALRASCHID, Caliph,
Such a monster ever see?

Has the thing got fins to swim by?
Has it fangs within its jaws?
And the sturgeon, it caught him by
What legs, pincers, arms, or claws?
London City keeps it, don't it?
Is it skinny-like—or fat?
Will it bite d' ye know, or won't it?
Is it round, or long, or flat?

Is it fish, or reptile rather?
Like a turtle, or an eel?
Seems this nondescript of Father
Thames an otter or a seal?
Has it bones, or only gristles?
Does it squeak in any mode?
Has it horns, or spines, or bristles?
Is it spotted like a toad?

What, suppose you, may its size be?
Is it white-blooded, or red?
Can you tell me if its eyes be
In the hind part of its head?
Will it sting you?—has it wattles?
Has it feelers, that will swathe
Human beings' limbs or throattles?
Will it seize you when you bathe?

Tell us if it has a tail—if
Gills, or lungs—if scales, or not?
One strange power the Water-Bailiff
Has unquestionably got.
Does Anatomy "diskiver"
Anything that will explain
How it lives in that same River,
Which is one enormous drain?

PRUDENCE AND MESMERISM AT HUNGERFORD HALL.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I WENT, the other evening, to Hungerford Hall, Strand, to see an exhibition of animal magnetism by M. LASSAIGNE and M^{lle}. PRUDENCE, whom M. LASSAIGNE, by setting her to sleep, causes to do things that make her appear extremely wide awake.

"Miss PRUDENCE was soon made to slumber by the usual passes, which, though not at all extraordinary in themselves, are, in their effects—if they produce any—passing strange.

"The first feat MISS PRUDENCE was to perform was that of causing an actual magnet to move without touching it. She had been divested of her rings, and other ornaments, which might have been steel or iron under a mask of gilt. I had satisfied myself that the magnet was a *bonâ fide* magnet, by applying my latch-key thereunto. MISS PRUDENCE—before being magnetised—had apparently tried to make it move without effect. She passed her forehead backwards and forwards a few inches from it; and the magnet no more stirred than if her head had been a blockhead, instead of the knowledge-box of at least a very sharp young lady.

"After she had been magnetised, on repeating the movement of her forehead near the magnet, the latter certainly did unmistakeably oscillate. I was convinced that MISS PRUDENCE had imparted motion to the magnet. But I remarked that I was not sure whether MISS PRUDENCE did this by magnetic influence or by communicating vibration through the floor. Hereupon the interpreter, and stage-manager of the exhibition, had the magnet removed to another place, for the satisfaction of 'the sceptical gentleman,' as he termed me. But I was by no means clear that the magnet, by this move, was put out of the sphere of vibration. It moved precisely as before, although it was contained in a glass case, and could not have been blown

upon. But to have been enabled to form a conclusion on the subject, I should have required the magnet to be suspended in its case, instead of being set on a stand; and I should have wished MISS PRUDENCE to place her head leisurely on one side of the magnet, and on the other—without bustle and hurry. Unluckily, the power, I was told, was evanescent, and haste necessary. So the magnet moved; but my mind, *Mr. Punch*, remained in philosophical equilibrium.

"A display of thought-reading followed. MR. LASSAIGNE, standing ten or twelve paces behind MISS PRUDENCE, imparted—seemingly by his mere will—to that young lady communications whispered in his ear by any one who chose to come forward. He sent her with a bouquet to whomsoever he was required to send her among the spectators. He made her talk and gesticulate as if she were walking over briars, roses, or what not—the ordeal might have been that of red-hot ploughshares, if *Mr. Punch* had chosen. But I tried a different experiment. The process by which the last-named wonder was worked, consisted, partly, in the suggester of the idea to be impressed grasping the hand of the somnambulist, and willing the same thing as the operator. I simply asked MR. LASSAIGNE to make her believe that she was treading on a serpent. In the mean time, I took her hand, and willed, with all my might, that she should fancy herself walking on heather. She walked on the imaginary serpent, but not on the heather. My will had no effect on her whatever, that I could see. Therefore, part of the process was unnecessary—then, why resorted to? And therefore, though I was convinced that an idea was imparted by MR. LASSAIGNE to MISS PRUDENCE, somehow, I could no more draw an inference as to how it was done, than I could draw a luggage-train.

"MISS PRUDENCE related, very dramatically, short stories which were whispered to MR. LASSAIGNE, to the satisfaction, in every instance, of those who tested her, and who certainly neither appeared to be rogues nor fools. Collusion or trick seemed impossible: but here, again, I wanted to analyze; and if I am to believe an apparent miracle, merely because I cannot imagine how it is done, I

may as well be called upon to acknowledge that a plum-pudding, can be boiled in a hat. Such an operation is not more incomprehensible than wishing a series of ideas into the head of a person asleep a dozen paces off.

"Similarly, at the mental command of MR. LASSAIGNE, MISS PRUDENCE enacted various attitudes, after divers statues and pictures. Anybody might suggest such as he chose. I proposed JIM CROW. This I did, not out of buffoonery (which I despise), but because I thought JIM CROW'S an unlikely figure to have been preconceived. The interpreter, with a bland smile, told me that JIM CROW was 'impossible—a caricature.'

"So I came away little wiser than I went; for I knew beforehand that mesmerists show extraordinary phenomena, to which they seldom let you apply the rather necessary process of analysis. They call, in reference to their most astounding prodigies, the common caution with which a chemist—or any other philosopher—verifies the least remarkable fact, scepticism. Nobody else talks thus, except friars and quacks. As long as mesmerists continue to resemble them, I am afraid that their wonders, however authentic, will obtain no more credit amongst reasoning men, than the relics of the one, or the panaceas of the other.

"Yours truly,

"THE SCEPTICAL GENTLEMAN."

ST. PATRICK'S JOURNALS.



OME days ago the *Times* quoted a speech of LORD LUCAN'S from the *Irish Daily Express*, which speech, it turns out, LORD LUCAN never made. *Punch* might have done—nay, has done—the same thing. Irish papers should be careful. A mistake in the *Times* may be rectified without much harm; but a blunder in *Punch* must remain uncorrected for a week, during which, it is of course acting like a blunderbuss. *Mr. Punch* would like to see an Irish report of a Parliament on College Green. The London reporters from the Emerald Isle are picked men, and do their spiring accurately, as well as gently. But were their places supplied by some of their brethren at home, we should probably find now and then, of a fine morning, one of Mr. W. J. Fox's harangues ascribed to SIR ROBERT INGLIS, or a speech of COLONEL SIBTHORP'S saddled on LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

THE LAW OF DOMESTIC STORMS.

WHILST scientific men are very laudably devoting themselves to the study of storms in general, we propose investigating that particular branch of the subject which is applicable to every-day life; for a knowledge of the theory and causes of domestic storms must be useful to all classes of the community.

It was on contemplating the ruin caused by a domestic hurricane, in the midst of China, that the writer first conceived the idea of giving his head to a subject about which his head had been broken more than once, though he had never before thought of collecting together the results of his experience.

He had observed that the various domestic storms he had encountered, as mate of a very troublesome craft, though sometimes sudden and furious, had generally some determined cause, and frequently took the same direction, by concentrating towards himself all their violence.

He resolved, therefore, on keeping a log, or journal, in which he noted down, from hour to hour, the state of the craft to which he acted as mate—with the nominal rank of commander. He described her condition under a slight breeze, her behaviour in rough weather, the effect produced upon her by all sorts of airs; and, in fact, he collected such information, that he thought any judicious mate, attached to a similar craft, would find little difficulty in her management.

One of the curiosities of this domestic experience, is the fact, that the same hurricanes prevail at about the same periods of the year; and it is remarkable, that though the wind seems to be raised with immense

difficulty about Christmas time, domestic storms are most prevalent at that period.

These storms are not felt to operate so severely on those who are provided with a heavy balance, which prevents the agitating influence of those fearful ups and downs which are met with at the time alluded to.

Those who are protected by the shelter of a bank are comparatively safe in these storms; though the less substantial craft, unable to meet an unusually heavy draft, will frequently be found incapable of keeping the head above water.

It is a singular fact, that domestic, like other storms, prevail in circles; and, indeed, there is no circle in which they are not to be found; for they visit the family circle, the higher circles, and the lower circles, with almost equal regularity.

A thorough understanding of the domestic hurricane is of course invaluable to a master having the charge of one of the weaker vessels, for it enables him to perceive the storm coming on, and to pass out of it. A domestic storm is generally preceded by a great deal of puffing and blowing, which leads more or less gradually to a regular blow up; and the craft will frequently begin to heave in every direction. Some masters endeavour to meet the storm by heaving to; but this often doubles, without subduing, its violence. The damage done during a domestic storm of this nature is always very great, and a family wreck is not unfrequently the sad consequence.

The numerous different airs that prevail, and form, as it were, the elements of a domestic storm, would form a long and lamentable chapter of themselves; but we give the heads of a few of the principal. Sometimes a storm begins with trifling airs, but these often increase suddenly to a squall of the most alarming character. Sometimes a storm commences with vapours, which by degrees dissolve into moisture, and a squall springs up, accompanied by torrents of tears rushing down the face of nature, or ill-nature, with fearful fury. A storm of this kind passes over more quickly than some of the other sorts, though the craft often goes right over on her beam-ends; and, under these circumstances, if allowed to lay-to for a time, she will most probably right of herself, without the mate or master taking any trouble. If he is timid, he will probably begin to try and bring the craft round, by taking her out of stays, cutting away her rigging, or some other desperate process; but the best way is to leave her alone, though it is sometimes justifiable to dip her jib well into the water, for the purpose of keeping her steady. If the domestic storm threatens to be disagreeably durable, and the squall continues, it may be advisable to lower the gaff, by reefing the throat-rope or cap-string under the jaws, and make all taut and quiet. This process is termed, in nautical phraseology, bending a spanker; and there is no doubt that the most formidable spanker may be bent by a firm adoption of the plan suggested. If she labours much, you can ease the throat-rope, so as to give room for everything to work fairly aloft; but if you see a squall getting up, clew her down immediately.



Punch's Game of Definitions.

EMPTY GREATNESS.—The Crystal Palace with everything taken out of it.

THE HOLLOW WORLD.—MR. WYLD'S Great Globe.

HOCUS VERSUS FOCUS.

ACCORDING to the *Rambler*, the Holy Office—as our papistical contemporary calls the Inquisition—has prohibited the practice of Animal Magnetism. Clairvoyance, perhaps, is an infringement of the patent of S. S. (?) IGNATIUS LOYOLA and ROSE TAMISIER. The miracle-mongery line does not, more than any other trade, admit of rivals.

AFTERNOON EMPLOYMENT WANTED—by a Gentleman, who, in consequence of the Closing of the Great Exhibition, doesn't know what on earth to do with himself. Address, A. LOUNGER, Esq., Pop's Alley.



THE GRACES.

(After CANOVA—A very Long Way.)

NEW EMANCIPATION OF THE BLACKS.

WE are happy to observe that there has lately been a new Emancipation movement, which has ended in freeing those unhappy objects, the Ethiopian Serenaders, from the fetters of soot and butter which for some time they have laboured under. Formerly our streets swarmed with these miserable slaves to circumstances, and there was scarcely a concert-room or a thoroughfare which had not a party of those Ethiopian Serenaders, who, by blackening their own faces, may be said to have caused a stain on humanity. The advance of civilisation—in public taste—has released thousands of these poor creatures from their former degradation, and they can now appear in our streets with comparatively clean faces, if not with clean hands. It used to be the boast of England, that the negro no sooner put his foot on these shores than the difference in colour was virtually obliterated; but it must now be our pride to think that the Ethiopian Serenader no sooner puts his head under the British pump than he wears the complexion of freedom, and washes out the black trace of degrading slavery.

What Language do they Speak in California?

THERE is a lottery at the present moment in France (tickets 1 franc 25 centimes each), which is called *La Loterie des Lingots D'Or*. It is established for the purpose of sending emigrants over to California; and of all places we should think California would be the very place where the *Lingot D'Or* would be of the greatest benefit; for we do not know what language may be exactly spoken there, but we can imagine that the Lingo in most people's mouths in California would certainly be the *Lingo D'Or*!

WHAT TO DO WITH PART OF THE SURPLUS.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us the following, and though we cannot agree with the orthography, rhythm, or rhyme, we do with the sentiment, and therefore print the poem in its entirety:—

thank God the Exhibition's closed
And may we find it true
that something is proposed
to help the suffering few

first is the case of poor ANN HICKS
deprived of food and home
together let us put her Bricks
nor longer let her Roam

these are the wishes of her friends
and they are not a few
that she may yet be made amends
and they A Cottage view
with pretty garden Round
with flowers Bright and gay
as all who past could see the ground,
ere she was turn'd away
and as she lost her little all
By that most cruel deed—
we hope to hear that not A small
sum's granted in its stead

next is the case of the poor man
who 17 years and more
in Hyde Park earned his Bread
let him go Back his heart is sore
he wishes he'd been dead
to keep out of A workhouse he parted with
his all

But was compeld to enter one
through losing of his stal
let's give him some assistance
to set him up again
nor to wrongs thus show resistance
Justice for him let's gaine

thirdly LACY near Victorian Lodge
26 years there A livehood got
But through the glass Palace
I write not in malace
they where hunted away from the spot
let us hope that some help may be granted them
soon
to hide such actions tis wise
nor let it be said at the end of next moon
that charitys claims they despise

No 4 is poor SPICER A Cripple for life
with children to keep and A sickly wife
where sure to be seen at there stall every day
A neat little tent and not in the way
their goods where all choice the people were
civel

those who turn'd them away where workers of
ivel—
for want of there Rent their furniture took
give a few pounds at once send them back to
their nook

you may think Mr. P. that I'm very unkind
or wish those in power disgrace
alass there's another A poor man that's blind
so that if justice could only take Place
and say only one thousand laid out as it ought
may yet dry the tears of those now in sorrow
you know that many comforts are Bought
from one who knows truths in this tale nor
dout borrow

I am one that can suffer a deal of anxiety
So if this's not approved of Ill Remain very
Quietly

ONE OF 5.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

** Will "Poor Old Soul" let us know where a letter can be sent to him?

EDUCATION IN THE ARMY.



UNCH is happy to hear that the system of educating the Army answers exceedingly well, and that the candidates answer so well the questions proposed to them, that it is in contemplation to submit to the growing intellects of the rising military generation something of a more difficult nature than has yet been offered.

Their advance in tables has been so rapid that those who used once to understand nothing beyond the billiard table and the mess table, have their minds now furnished with half-a-dozen tables besides, in-

cluding the multiplication table, the interest table, and a quantity of other tables, the leaves of which have been furnished from the books of the best authorities.

The following are a few suggestions thrown out for the benefit of those who are entrusted with the delicate task of teaching the young military idea to do something more than shoot, which was formerly his sole accomplishment.

If fourteen pounds make one stone, how many stones will make one stone wall?

If five yards and a half make a Pole, what is the height of a Hungarian?

Test with two birds the accuracy of the arithmetical propositions, that thirty and a quarter square yards will make one perch, and that two gallons will make one peck.

If there are sixteen nails in one yard, how is it that there ought never to be more than five nails in a foot?

If a certain number of hogsheads make a pipe, is it possible, with any quantity of bird's eye, to make a cigar?

If the earth takes twenty-four hours to get round the sun, how many hours will it take for a son to get round an angry father?

Reduce pounds to shillings, by billiards, brandy-and-water, and cigars.

If fifty-four gallons make one hogshead, how much pig-headedness will be necessary to make one butt?

If twelve dozen make a gross, how many dozen make a publican's score?

If seventy-two words are required in common law to make a sheet, how is it that one word will sometimes make a wet blanket, when a favour is being asked?

If four journeymen dyers earn three pounds a day by dyeing, and spend it all, what does it cost each man to live?

SERMONS IN (BRIGHTON) STONES.

ONE of the female and puerile amusements of Brighton is the picking up of pebbles on the beach, and cheating oneself, or being cheated by local lapidaries, into the belief that the stones are, to a certain extent, precious, and that they are worth the expense of polishing.

A lady, or a child, turns up a round pebble, and runs with it to the lapidary, who proclaims it to be a fine emerald, and sends home in the course of the day a piece of green glass similar in size to the stone that had been left with him. Superstition seems to have as many heads as the Hydra; for, though there has long since been an end to the old notion that London is paved with gold, the kindred idea that the Brighton shore is paved with precious stones seems to be still prevalent. As the Brighton season is now on, we may intimate to the female collectors that, as all "that glitters is not gold," so all that the lapidaries are prepared to cut, polish, and charge for, are not jewels.

THE SKY-BLUE SONG.

Suggested by ALFRED TENNYSON'S *Dagle Song* in "The Princess."

The Milkman calls at the outer walls,
And many a maid from upper story
Comes down the stairs in the dress she wears,
In all her afternoon-tide glory.
"Oh, milk below!" sets the wild echoes flying,
"Oh, milk below!" crying, crying, crying.

Ah me, oh dear, how thin and clear,
Thinner and clearer daily growing!
I almost deem that I hear the stream
Of water into the milk-can flowing,
"Oh, milk below!" I'm surely never buying,
"Oh, milk below!" lying, lying, lying!

Oh, that is the hue of the pale sky-blue,
That's made from cistern, pump, or river;
No cow in a field such stuff would yield,
The sight of it makes me shiver, shiver.
"Oh, milk below!" thus I send it flying—
Go, Milkman, go! lying, lying, lying!

KOSSUTH AT SOUTHAMPTON.

(By our own Reporter.)

YOUR own reporter ought to be at least one of a thousand. Your humble servant is one of two or three thousand, who in genteel language may perhaps be called a mob, that followed KOSSUTH up the High Street of Southampton.

When I say I followed KOSSUTH, I mean I followed KOSSUTH's carriage. When I say I followed KOSSUTH's carriage, I mean I followed the MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON's carriage, which contained the Mayor, several other gentlemen, and KOSSUTH. And when I say I followed the MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON's carriage, I mean I followed the last of three post-chaises which followed in the wake of the Mayor's carriage, if the carriage of his Worship the Mayor, or any other carriage, can be said to have a wake.

Followed only by the post-chaises and the people, KOSSUTH may be said to have cut rather a mean and shabby figure in his progress up the High Street. No splendid line of vehicles, driven by liveried coachmen, filled with rank and beauty, and adorned with scuteheons, formed his train. Their place was supplied simply by an enthusiastic multitude, whose vociferous cheers, and the waving of handkerchiefs from every window, constituted the only welcome of the Hungarian chieftain.

A considerable number of persons assembled to witness the presentation of the banner, and the addresses to KOSSUTH, in the Town Hall. But it is a mistake to suppose that these comprised the entire population of Southampton and the neighbourhood, as many as two or three retired Admirals and half-pay officers stood aloof from the proceedings, and denounced them with imprecations.

In acknowledgment of the honours paid him by the corporation and the inhabitants, KOSSUTH made a speech, which candour compels me to admit was decidedly eloquent, and replete with feeling that may be described as noble and generous; but his warmest admirers must confess that it was disfigured by a slightly foreign accent. It is true that he did not express any Red Republican, Socialist, or Communist sentiments, nor did he violently abuse even his enemies; but he elicited a strong expression of disgust and detestation against the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, the more remarkable because it was accompanied by manifestations of the most fervent loyalty towards the QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN!

I cannot conscientiously say that KOSSUTH looks like a humbug; indeed, his countenance and bearing impress me with an idea that he is a fine, noble fellow; but you know that appearances are fallacious. Nor has he, as yet, done anything ridiculous; but a foreigner, who appears to be connected with him, is going about here in a beard, and a frock braided with red, looking like a fireman waterman. This man is unquestionably melodramatic; and KOSSUTH himself could not deny that he is a supernumerary.

In spite of the alleged popularity of the Magyar leader, I can assure you that I have heard no less than two respectable persons condemn him as a rebel, and I am credibly informed that one young gentleman has pronounced that he ought to be hanged.

The KOSSUTH banquet will have taken place before you can print this. It will be an awful waste, both of sympathy and victuals; for his Worship the Mayor, under whose auspices it is got up, is notorious for going the entire animal, not only in liberalism, but in liberality.

A DISTURBANCE IN HADES, BY A COCKNEY GHOST.



In the regions below, I have oft heard it said,
They preserve, with great care, all the clothes of the dead,—
That a ghost, when it visits this world, may appear
In the very same garments it wore when 'twas here:
For since in our dressing 'tis always the plan
To conceal our proportions as much as we can,
The ghost of a friend would be strange to our eyes
If it were not arrayed in its former disguise;
And a husband would scarcely remember his wife
If she hadn't the bustle she wore in her life.
And much as we've read of the poets and sages,
The heroes and princes who lived in past ages,
I very much question if one of us knows
Half so much of their forms as he does of their clothes:
The shade of NAPOLEON would pass without note,
In a wide-awake hat, and a cut-away coat;
And so would QUEEN BESS, if deprived of her ruff,
And dressed in a victorine, polka, and muff;
While if CÆSAR had one of the paletôts in vogue, a
Mere snob he would look for the want of his toga.
For reasons like these, 'tis abundantly clear
They preserve in Elysium the same sort of gear
As they wore in the time of their earthly career.
In HADES there lately was whispered a rumour
That CHARON had just ferried over a Bloomer.
Up jumped ALEXANDER, DEFOE, and LEANDER,
BELSHAZZAR, BON MAYA, and wise PERIANDER,
CAPTAIN COOKE, MR. BURKE, EPICETUS, and PTOLEMY,
And CÆSAR, who cried out to CROMWELL, "Come, follow me!"
MOZART left off humming a scena to TITUS,
CORELLI stopped playing quadrilles to ST. VITUS:
ST. ANTHONY quitted his seat by the fire,
Tumbled over his pig and ran off to admire;
And so did CELLINI and HIRAM of Tyre.
And pious ÆNEAS, who carried his sire
On his back, as he did from Troy's funeral pyre,
PENELOPE threw down her crochet, and held her
Clothes up for a race with the patient GRISELDA;
And HÆLEN cried loudly, "Ho! BOADICEA,
A Bloomer is coming!—My dear, d'ye see her?"

And on they all hurried in haste; but ZENOBIÆ,
In her zeal to be there first, let nobody go by her;
Till at length, with much pushing, and racing, and squeezing,
A pastime too hot in that place to be pleasing,
With a thousand ghosts more, whom I cannot enumerate,
They contrived to arrive the unfortunate Bloomer at.
Of course, a tremendous discussion arose
On the style and the cut of the new-comer's clothes;
For although JEANNE DE MONTFORT, JOAN D'ARC, and SEMIRAMIS
Had worn them before her, and couldn't think her amiss,
YET LAIS, and THAIS, and NINON DE L'ENCLOS
Thought nothing so modest and proper as long clothes;
And MINOS observed to his friend RHADAMANTHUS,
If they dress up JANE, EMILY, POLLY, or ANN thus,
'Twill breed such a constant confusion in HADES,
We shan't know a gentleman's ghost from a lady's.
Here some of the men wished to speak in her favour,
But ASPASIA bade them learn how to behave, or
Not all their endeavours from vengeance should save her.
And MADAME DU BARRY and MADAME DE POMPADOUR
Much wondered how any one could such a romp adore.
But if she fared ill with the belles and the toasts,
She had better success with the blue-stocking ghosts;
For though HANNAH MORE, TRIMMER, and VESEY might scorn
her,
SAPPHO took MARY WOLSTONECRAFT into a corner,
And whispered—"Had I but put garments so gay on,
I might not have died in despair for *that* PHAON;"
And MADAME DU GEOFFROI, and MADAME DE GENLIS,
With a natural leaning to garments so manly,
And MADAME DU DEFFAND, thought each, "If I'd had 'em, I
Might have done for a President in the Academy."
By this time the ghosts all so noisy had grown,
That PLUTO—who usually lets them alone—
Bade the famous COUNT D'ËON take with her POPE JOAN,
And bring up the Bloomer at once to his throne:
And having proclaimed, in a terrible tone,
That nobody's voice must be heard but his own,
Cleared his throat once or twice, shook himself in his chair,
Set his wig right, and said, with a dignified air:—

"That women have frequently put on the —
And governed their husbands in everything, which is
A sin and a shame, is no secret to us at all;
But not about this would the Court make a fuss at all,
But since they're determined not only to fool us,
But to show to the world how completely they rule us,
'Tis time such a baneful and grave agitation
Should be marked by our serious disapprobation.
We therefore decree that the culprit before us,—
And here a strong feeling of sorrow comes o'er us,
When we think that a woman so nice-looking—(here his

Eyes furtively glanced to the daughter of CERES)—
Should so early be lost to a sense of propriety,
As to think that a lady may court notoriety;—
We therefore decree that the culprit return
To the place whence she came—that her comrades may learn
(And the lesson, perhaps, will convince by its rarity)
That we cannot bear those who affect singularity."
Thus spoke the grim Judge; and then, quitting his seat,
Said the Court would step out for a mouthful to eat:
And the ghosts highly pleased with their ruler's behest,
Bustled off to their several places of rest.



BLOOMERISM!

Strong-Minded Female. "Now, DO, PRAY, ALFRED, PUT DOWN THAT FOOLISH NOVEL, AND DO SOMETHING RATIONAL. GO AND PLAY SOMETHING ON THE PIANO; YOU NEVER PRACTISE, NOW YOU'RE MARRIED."

THE BLOOMER CONVULSION.

MRS. BLOOMER is right: there is an intimate connexion, a subtle sympathy, between liberty and small-clothes. Who remembers not the early burst of independence upon being breeched? What says *Ecclesiasticus*? "He put him on perfect glory, and strengthened him with rich garments, with breeches." If women suffer injustice, the fault is not in them, but in their petticoats. With pantaloons, comes equality. We have shamefully kept women back, but they now threaten to toe the same line at a stride. In a word, men—the dogs!—have had their day: it is now the doom of destiny that the ladies shall have theirs.

The stiff-necked Hebrew makes it a part of his daily thanksgiving that he was not born a woman! Let the world continue to spin a few months longer, and the uncivil Shadrach will change the tenor of that grateful acknowledgment, wildly pulling his sordid beard that he came into the world the inheritor of that badge of weakness. How will that Jew envy the regenerated condition of even his enemy's grandmother!

It has been made plain, to our shame and remorse, that the laced and swathed, and petticoated woman, is morally pinched, and dwarfed, and enumbered by her raiment.

Firstly, of stays. Since the invention of stays, no woman has ever had the full use of her lungs. This is a lamentable fact. Neither has the heart of woman had

fair play. How could it? The panting dove, pent up and pinched by steel or whalebone! What an organ it might have been, left, like a wild gourd, to grow in freedom! There can be no doubt of the fact, that the heart of MRS. COLONEL BLOOMER, since her emancipation, has waxed twice its size. The Colonel has scarcely known it for his own. Stays have our heartiest abhorrence. But for petticoats? Well, it costs us a struggle; but—MRS. BLOOMER has triumphed—we give them up; and with them all the privileges that, upon the despotic strength of the biforked garment, we have hitherto taken to ourselves.

As men, we propose to become passive; and if possible interesting. We will change sides, duties, obligations. Woman has hitherto been dragged to the earth—such is the avowal of the American Bloomer Priestess, from Miss KELLY's Tripod, Dean Street, Soho—pulled towards the very centre by the weight of her petticoats; but she now throws them to the winds, and is straight-way free and buxom as DIANA. Woman—says the Sibyl Bloomer—makes the best ruler; witness ELIZABETH, ARNE, VICTORIA. Even so: but then, they did not rule in small-clothes. We are bound to look at both sides of the question. If a Queen regnant take to pantaloons, may she not, with male attire, assume masculine weakness? But the answer of the Bloomer is ready and confounding—"Tyrant, the women were great and good despite of their petticoats."

The Soho Bloomer declares that the original fault of EVE, that for a time made her the serf of her husband, has been pardoned; and to start from the present, that "she was equal to man; and as she had never consented to the several laws enacted in her behalf, she ought not, in justice, to be bound by them." This may be true; but, unhappily, the like argument applies to millions of men, privileged in all the rights of tailorship. Nevertheless, we are still reminded of the great moral questions involved in the Bloomer leggings. With trousers comes social and political freedom. Forego the cumbrous, degrading petticoat, and the woman is emancipated—equal with her sometime lord.

"The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty,"

at one bound, asserts herself by going into small-clothes! "The nineteenth century"—says the Soho Bloomer—"is to be one in which women are to have their own way. As yet they have never fully developed their powers." But is there to be no compromise? Are men to yield all? May we not suggest half-and-half? For instance, may not the House of Lords be enlarged into the House of Lords and Ladies?

May not the House of Commons divide with the women?

May not the Judges seat their wives in equal power beside them?

At the Horse Guards, it would be pretty to see, on one side a giant Guardsman, on the other a giantess Guardswoman—a big Bloomer!

And there can be no doubt that the wives of the Bishops could fully share the Bishops' duties; only they must never think of demeaning themselves by wearing the Bishops' aprons.

And as the Bloomers are to have all their own way, and very properly too, may we be permitted humbly to make two or three inquiries upon a very dear and delicate subject?

In love matters,—Is the Bloomer to pop the question?

In the marriage ceremony,—Is the man to vow to obey the Bloomer?

And—(we are half ashamed to make the inquiry, but it must out)—the man having consented to wed the Bloomer, what pin-money will she give?

Mr. Punch pantingly awaits a categorical answer.

A DIRTY FINGER IN THE PIE.

THE story goes that once upon a time a small, impudent chimney-sweeper entered a pastrycook's shop, and laying his sooty finger amid the jam of a raspberry-tart, inquired knowingly—"What do you ax for this spoiled tart?" MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR, like the chimney-sweeper, would spoil almost every political and social pie he thrusts his finger into. He has put his finger in the Kossuth pie, and if not with damaging effect, it is not his fault. He attended the Hanover Rooms meeting, and in allusion to that "infernal old ruffian, HAYNAU," benevolently remarked that BARCLAY AND PERKINS' draymen "really ought to have put him into a brewing vat, and boiled him." Boiling HAYNAU, and welcoming Kossuth, have, of course, one and the same social inference. When we consider what the brewers' men merely did, with what FEARGUS O'CONNOR would not have left undone,—how much exalted are the draymen above the chimney-sweeper!

PORTRAITS FROM THE LATE EXHIBITION.

As a popular contemporary has given a number of highly interesting portraits and biographies of gentlemen connected with the Exhibition, whose families and friends will naturally provide themselves with copies of their relatives' lives and countenances, *Mr. Punch*, ever anxious to benefit self and public, has it in contemplation to ornament his journal with

LIVES AND PORTRAITS OF THE EXHIBITORS

Who have not gained Prizes at the Exposition of 1851.

And to this highly interesting class he strongly recommends his publication, of which if but six copies weekly be taken by every Exhibitor, a decent remuneration cannot fail to attend the labours of Mr. P.

As specimens taken at hazard merely, *Mr. Punch* offers for the present week, pictures and biographies of—



SAMUEL PODGERS, Esq., EXHIBITOR IN THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT: AN IMPROVED SPUD, NOT IN THE LEAST NOTICED BY THE COMMITTEE.

MR. PODGERS is the eldest son, though the *third child*, of MAJOR PODGERS, of the Horse Marines, which he commanded on the death of their Colonel, in the flotilla action in the Bay of Fundy. The Major married BELLA, seventh daughter of SIR MUYPTON WROGGLES, of Wrogglesby, Northamptonshire, in which county the old Saxon family of WROGGLES, or WOROGLES, has been located since the days of ALFRED. The PODGERS family, though ancient, is not of such antiquity. MR. PODGERS received his elementary education under the care of the REVEREND DR. GRIG, at Northampton, whence he was removed to Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he would have been a contemporary of DR. FARR, SIR WILLIAM JONES, LORD BYRON, and SIR ROBERT PEEL, had he been placed at this famous school while those eminent individuals

were studying there. It does not appear that MASTER PODGERS took any prizes at Harrow, any more than at the Exhibition of 1851; his genius, though useful, not being brilliant, and his powers of application being only trifling.

MR. PODGERS was removed from Harrow to Coppernose College, Oxford, in the year 18—, and here, though not distinguished for classical attainments, he was very near gaining the prize of valour in a single combat with a gigantic bargeman at Ifley Lock; but the *mariner* proved the better man, and an injury to MR. PODGERS'S nose was the only permanent consequence of the rencontre.

It was not till 1823 that he inherited, by the demise of the gallant Major, his father, his estate of Hodgers-Podgers, Hants, where he now resides, occupying himself with agricultural pursuits, and with hunting, although increasing years and weight have rather wearied him of that occupation. MR. PODGERS is a magistrate and a married man; the father (by EMILY, daughter of the REVEREND FELIX RABBITS) of thirteen children.

His spud was invented towards the close of the year 1850, and it is unnecessary to particularise this invention, which has not been found to answer better than, or indeed to differ greatly from, implements of a like simple nature.

MR. PODGERS'S opinions as a politician are well known. Not noisy, he is consistent; and has often been heard to say, that if all England were like him, we should get Protection back again. England being of the contrary opinion, no such result is expected. He is three score years old, and weighs, we should think, a good fourteen stone ten.



MRS. FREDERICA GLINDERS, AUTHOR OF A COUNTERPANE.

MRS. GLINDERS retained, by marrying her cousin, her own maiden and respectable name. MR. GLINDERS, her father, has long been known as a distinguished medical practitioner at Bath. MR. FITZROY GLINDERS, her husband, is a solicitor in that city.

In Bath, or its charming neighbourhood, the chief part of the existence of MRS. GLINDERS has been passed. It was here that she contracted, in the year 1836, that matrimonial engagement with the REVEREND MR. FIDDLEBURY, which was so scandalously broken off by the Reverend Gentleman, who married Miss BLUFF. The jury of an offended country awarded Miss GLINDERS £500 for the damage thus done to her affections, which sum she brought as dowry to her cousin, the (then) young FITZROY GLINDERS, who conducted her case. Their union has been blessed with a considerable family; and indeed MR. GLINDERS'S *quiver* is so full of them, that he has been obliged to take another pew at church.

The washerwoman of Bath has ever had a constant friend in Mrs. GLINDERS. The thoughtless chimney-sweep, the ignorant dog's-meat man of her own city have always been plentifully supplied by her with means for bettering their spiritual condition. The Caffres and Mandingoes have found her eager in their behalf.

The counterpane sent for *precious* exhibition to the national Exposition is intended finally as a present for the King of Quacco. It is woollen, striped blue and pink, with a rich fringe of yellow and pea-green. It occupied MRS. GLINDERS two hundred and seventy-four evenings, and the prime cost of the wool was £17 14s. 6d. For a web which was to pass under the eyes of her own Sovereign, over the feet of another, though a benighted, monarch, Mrs. GLINDERS thought justly that expense was not to be regarded. She had fits on not finding her name in the prize list, and had even entertained an idea that MR. GLINDERS would receive a public honour. But time and her own strong spirit will console Mrs. GLINDERS under these disappointments: and for the sake

of her family and friends, it is to be hoped that she will be, in the words (slightly altered) of our immortal bard, "herself again."



PROFESSOR SLAMCOE:—"A KALONATURE," OR "SLAMCOE'S GENT'S OWN HEAD OF HAIR."

HORATIO NELSON SLAMCOE was born in the New Cut, Lambeth, in the year when England lost her greatest naval hero. His mother having witnessed the funeral procession of Trafalgar's conqueror, determined to bestow on her child, if a son, the glorious names of the departed; hence, in due time, the two Christian names of the subject of this memoir. The parents of Mr. SLAMCOE were in humble life; and for the eminence which he has subsequently acquired, he has to thank his genius rather than his education, which was neglected for the labours necessary to one whose own hands must work his own livelihood.

Well and skilfully, through five-and-thirty years, have the hands of HORATIO SLAMCOE toiled. Early taken under the roof of a tonsorial practitioner in the Waterloo Road, Mr. SLAMCOE learned the rudiments of a trade which by him has been elevated to an art; for if to imitate beautiful Nature be Art, what man deserves the proud name of artist better than the elegant perriquier? At twenty-one years of age, Mr. SLAMCOE had the honour of attending at Lambeth Palace, with a wig made by his young hands, and offered to a late reverend Prelate of our Church. PROFESSOR S. augured ill for Episcopacy when those ornaments of our dignified divines fell into desuetude.

As NAPOLEON crowned himself King and Emperor, so it was, we believe, that HORATIO SLAMCOE dubbed himself Professor. His inventions are known to the world, and their beneficent influence is exemplified in his own person. Before he ever attempted continental travel, his "Balsam of Bohemia" was discovered; just as America was discovered by COLUMBUS before that philosophic Genoese put foot on shipboard. His Tuscan Dentifrice; his Carthaginian Hair-dye; his Fountain of Hebe, are world-celebrated cosmetics, without which (he says) no toilet is complete. They are to be procured at his establishment, "The College of Beauty," with the usual liberal allowance to the trade, who should beware of unprincipled imitators, only too eager to adopt the discoveries of the Professor.

That the Kalonature, or Gent's own Head of Hair, should have been unrewarded by a Medal, is one of those instances which cries shame on the awards of the Committee. Let us hope it was not a conspiracy on the part of rival wig-makers (enemies of Mr. SLAMCOE through life), which defeated the object of his ambition. But if there be any individuals blighted like himself, whose hair turned white in a single night, as some men's have through disappointment, the Professor recommends to such his Carthaginian dye, which will prevent the world, at least, from guessing what ravages grief has caused, and manly pride would hide; though it will scarcely be credited, the Professor's own hair is indebted for its rich jelly colour solely to the Carthaginian discovery.



THE SORT OF LEG THAT LOOKS WELL IN BLOOMER PETTICOATS.

"SOMETHING IN THE CUPBOARD."

MR. and MRS. JOHN BULL sat by the fireside. "My dear," said Mrs. BULL, "you must make me a greater allowance for housekeeping."

"Really, my dear," said BULL, in his kind, stupid way, "really I did think of proposing to take a little off."

"A little off!" exclaimed Mrs. BULL.
 "A little off. For, consider; bread cheap—meat going down—candles falling—soap lowering,"—and so BULL was going on, when Mrs. BULL ground herself upon her chair, as she was wont when much put upon, and declared she would speak.

"Cheap or not cheap," cried Mrs. BULL, "all I know is this; it takes more to keep the house than it did; things don't go half the way they used to go."

Mr. BULL looked into the fire—looked down upon the hearth-rug—rubbed his knees, and said, "There must be something in the cupboard."

"Nonsense," cried Mrs. BULL; and then she added, "Yet it is strange, and I can't make it out that things don't go as they did. I can't think what it is."

"Is it mice?" asked BULL.

"Is it a fiddlestick? Look at our Grey Cat: and what that cat's cost us, nobody can tell. Still, for all I keep the key, the things do go strangely."

"It must be mice," said BULL.

"It can't be mice," said BULL's wife.

"Rats, then!" said the good man.

"JOHN, my dear, you're enough to aggravate a saint. It's neither rats, nor mice, nor cockroaches, nor nothing of the sort; still, for all that, if it was the last word I had to speak, I know there's something in the cupboard."

BULL was a little touched by the earnestness of his wife, for the tears were coming into her eyes. Therefore JOHN rose from his seat, opened the cupboard door, and though Mrs. BULL saw nothing, BULL himself beheld, in his mind's eye, neither rat—nor mouse—nor cockchafer; but—

But what?
 A long, black, sinewy Kaffir! The savage grinned maliciously at BULL; who, with a groan, shut the cupboard door. "And that rascal savage"—said BULL to himself—"will be in my cupboard for many a day."

The Grey Cat, curled in a round, slept unconcernedly upon the hearth-rug.

"Get out of that," cried BULL, flinging out his foot.

"Why do you kick the Grey Cat?" said Mrs. BULL. "If something's in the cupboard, it isn't his fault."

"Isn't it?" cried BULL, and with an unbelieving groan, he shook his head.

"YOUR VERY HUMBLE SERVANT."

THE emigration from Ireland is beginning to show its effects in a demand for servants from other countries; but the demand will be greater than the supply if the vacancies are as thoroughly vacant of all advantages as the following. The annexed advertisement certainly shows that there is an "opening" for an industrious man: but it is an opening which is only calculated to let in an unfortunate occupant. The extract is from the "Ayr Observer," and one would imagine that the servants in Ayr are expected to live on the local atmosphere.

A SCOTCH BUTLER FOR IRELAND.

WANTED A BUTLER, or General Inside Servant, who is strictly honest, sober, and orderly in his habits. He would have the assistance of a Boy to clean shoes, and bring water, &c., &c. He should be a good attendant at table, and understand the care of furniture, and keep himself neat in his person. The terms given are £20 per annum, with a suit of plain clothes; to pay for his own washing; and there is neither beer nor tea given to any of the servants. Apply to Mr. J. —, Ayr, or Mr. A. J. —, Parsonstown, Ireland.

We do not exactly understand the meaning of the term "inside" servant, unless it is intended that the butler should act also as cook, and thus promote all the "inside" arrangements of the family. He must be sober, and, indeed, he can hardly be otherwise, seeing that there is "neither beer nor tea given to any of the servants." He is to have "a suit of plain clothes, to pay for his own washing," from which it would seem that he is to be continually pawning his coat to meet his washing bill. This is an Irish mode of discharging a liability, which may answer once or twice; but if this practice were general, a suit of clothes would at length get so deeply mortgaged, that it would be necessary to extend the operation of the Encumbered Estates Act to the coats, waistcoats, and trousers of the Butlers of Ireland.

CABINET NEWS.—It is said that LORD SEYMOUR is to be called to a seat in the Cabinet. Common humanity for the other Ministers induces us to make this inquiry—Is his Lordship to be muzzled?



ONE OF THE DELIGHTFUL RESULTS OF BLOOMERISM.—THE LADIES WILL POP THE QUESTION.

Superior Creature. "SAY! OH, SAY, DEAREST! WILL YOU BE MINE?" &c., &c.

MISCHIEF OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Crystal Palace baffled many prophecies. It did not tumble down—it was not blown inside out—it did not, under its glass roof, draw to a mortal head the socialist and democratic humours of the body politic. But the Crystal Palace has—occasioned the Kaffir war! A profound man in the *Morning Herald* has, to national bewilderment, discovered this!

"THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON was afraid to send out above 1500 troops, because it was feared all our small army might be required about London. Had 6000 or 7000 troops been sent out on the outbreak of the war, all might now have been settled."

And now, says MERCATOR, the expenses of the war will cost a couple of millions! And all along of the Crystal Palace! With this conviction, it is to be hoped that COLONEL SIRTHORP (who may be "MERCATOR" himself) will move, that the Royal Commissioners pay into the Exchequer the quarter of million balance, in part liquidation of the two millions to be expended. If SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, as the great originator of the Crystal mischief, were also sent as a life-prisoner to the Tower, it might be a warning to future projectors.

TAKING HIS POSITION.—There is no doubt that the recent scientific exploits of MR. HOBBS will place him where HOBBS always ought to be—by the side of the Great.

THE EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE, UNDER THE UNITED INFLUENCE OF A STRONG-MINDED FRIEND, AND THE INSULTS OF MR. JONES, DISPLAYS SYMPTOMS OF BLOOMERISM.

SCENE.—The Back Parlour in Great Coram Street. Time—October, 1851.

The EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE discovered in tête-à-tête with Miss RUNT, a most superior and very strong-minded woman, settling into the forties, and owing to thirty-six, with a long nose, a loud voice, a large foot, and a general boniness of build, full of enthusiasm for "isms," and of scorn for conventionalities.

Miss Runt (rising). And now, my dear MRS. JONES, I must really be going.

The Ex-Unprotected. Oh, don't say so, MISS RUNT! JONES will be in to tea directly; and he is always so glad to see you. You know he does so admire your conversation. He says you talk just like a man—I think it is—or like a book. I'm not quite sure. Now, do sit down another five minutes.

Miss Runt (with modest self-consciousness, and sitting down again). I never could see, my dear MRS. JONES, why woman should not talk like man.

The Ex-Unprotected. So I've often said to JONES, when he will have the last word.

Miss Runt. Or why woman should submit to man, in general, as she does.

The Ex-Unprotected. So I always say to MR. J., when he will have his own way.

Miss Runt (proudly). I have made a point of never submitting to the other sex, MRS. JONES.

The Ex-Unprotected (with a dim sense that this may not be altogether attributable to Miss Runt). Well, my dear, I didn't for a long time; but there's no knowing what may come.

Miss Runt (with virgin dignity). MRS. JONES, I beg you will not conceive the possibility of my changing my condition.

The Ex-Unprotected. Oh no! my dear; I don't think it's the least likely.

Miss Runt. The position of woman is deplorable—in this country, I should say—for I understand it's very different in America.

The Ex-Unprotected (clasping her hands). Oh! I'm told it's dreadful there, with the bowie-knives, and Greek Slaves, and picklocks, and things. Don't talk to me of America, there's a dear!

Miss Runt (recalling the EX-UNPROTECTED to the point). I spoke of woman in that country. I'm told they have institutions there, and female gymnastics, and public meetings, at which women address the audience; and what is the consequence? A woman may travel by herself from one end of the United States to the other, and have the best places in the coaches, and the best cabins in the steamboats, and the best of everything, in fact.

The Ex-Unprotected (pertinaciously recurring to her prejudices). But I'm told they spit dreadfully all over, wherever they are; and carry bowie-knives and pistols in their pockets, with ever so many blades—I mean the bowie-knives, you know—

Miss Runt (with condescension). You are speaking of the men, my dear MRS. JONES. The men in America, I presume, are like the men everywhere else, egotistical, vain, ignorant, and presumptuous.

The Ex-Unprotected (mysteriously, but with superiority). Ah, my dear! you've no notion what they are till you're married. JONES was quite a different man to me, that I can assure you, before and after. Oh, if you only knew—

Miss Runt (breaking in). Yes; and it's our own faults. Why don't we combine?

The Ex-Unprotected. Why, you see, my dear, we always quarrel.

Miss Runt (becoming excited, and running off into triads). Why do we not unite, act, and agitate? First, there's our education viewed as moral, physical, and intellectual.

The Ex-Unprotected (kindling at Miss Runt's fire). Oh, it's dreadful! At the school where I was, we had always necks of mutton, and not half enough—and such chilblains as I had.

Miss Runt (over-riding Mrs. J.'s school-day grievances). Then there's our position in society—viewed as private, social, and political.

The Ex-Unprotected (with equal warmth). Not allowed to have an opinion of one's own, scarcely, about what there's to be for dinner, even—

Miss Runt. Then there's our dress, viewed as sanitary, economical, and æsthetic.

The Ex-Unprotected (who has never viewed her dress in that light before). Æsth—what? Is it a new French stuff, my dear?—

WELCOME TO KOSSUTH!



Miss Runt (drawing breath). However, there's some hope of an improvement in that, MRS. JONES?

The Ex-Unprotected. Eh?

Miss Runt. Yes, thanks to those very superior women—MRS. BLOOMER in America, and MRS. DEXTER, here.

The Ex-Unprotected (lifts up her hands in horror). Why, you don't mean to say, my dear—

Miss Runt (with a martyr's exaltation). And why not, MRS. JONES? Yes, Ma'am, I do mean to say—I think Bloomerism is a great and a glorious reform in the dress of Woman; and I mean to adopt it.

The Ex-Unprotected (who has caught glimpses of MISS RUNT'S feet occasionally, and is familiar with the general character of her figure). You! my dear!

Miss Runt (calmly). And why not, MRS. JONES?

The Ex-Unprotected (feeling that if MISS R. does not see the why not, there can be no hope of making it apparent). Oh, my dear! I don't see any reason, if you don't—I'm sure—oh, no—

Miss Runt. I see every reason for it, on the contrary, Ma'am. You wear stays, MRS. JONES?

The Ex-Unprotected. Certainly.

Miss Runt (producing a highly coloured illustration of the awful consequences of tight-lacing, enforced by the "Venus de Medicis" in *justa-position* with a Modern Fine Lady). There! look here, MRS. JONES! that's your diaphragm.

The Ex-Unprotected (in horror). You don't say so!

Miss Runt. And those are your lungs, which you see are all squeezed up; and that's your heart, which you see can't play up and down as it ought; and that's the liver—and there's the ribs—(the Ex-UNPROTECTED is overwhelmed with alarm)—and that's what we should be like if we didn't wear stays. [Pointing to the "Venus de Medicis."]

The Ex-Unprotected (rather horrified). Well; but she wears no stays—and—no nothing—and you wouldn't—

Miss Runt. Then there's the length of our dresses. They sweep the streets when it's dirty.

The Ex-Unprotected. That's true.

Miss Runt (with redoubled energy). And they don't keep us warm, when it's cold; and they blow over our heads when it's windy.

The Ex-Unprotected (interjectionally). Oh! on the bridges it's dreadful.

Miss Runt (rising with her theme). And they get draggled when it's wet, and they trip us up when we walk, and they entangle us when we run, and we can't get over a stile with them, and we're forced to hold them up at a crossing, and to put trousers on when we ride; and gentlemen set their chairs on 'em at dinner;—and, in short, I ask you, MRS. JONES, what can be said in favour of 'em?

The Ex-Unprotected (taken aback by the interrogation). Oh, I'm sure I don't know, my dear, unless it is that they hide one's feet, when one hasn't pretty ones.

Miss Runt. You ought to be ashamed of such vanity, MRS. JONES. No; Bloomerism is a great fact, MRS. JONES—and it must, and will, triumph! Look here, MRS. JONES (producing a print of the Bloomer Costume). I'm sure it's very becoming to a tall and commanding figure (unconsciously drawing herself up). And we may wear the prettiest things; and only six yards to the dress, instead of twelve.

The Ex-Unprotected (examining the print, and considerably shaken by Miss Runt's argument). Well, it really is rather pretty; but I'm afraid I'm rather too—that is—not quite young enough for (sighs) blue silk trousers!

Miss Runt. Petticoats, MRS. JONES, is the name.

The Ex-Unprotected. And then I must say I've a horror of American things, ever since I read about the way they scalp people.

Miss Runt. You confound the Anglo-Saxon American with the Red-man, MRS. JONES. There's no connexion between them. I'll leave the prints with you. I must be going.

The Ex-Unprotected. Do wait for tea. JONES will be in directly.

Miss Runt. No; the lecture's fixed for eight.

The Ex-Unprotected. Which lecture?

Miss Runt. The lecture on Bloomerism at the Soho Theatre.

The Ex-Unprotected. Why, you're never going—

Miss Runt (meekly). The Committee have requested me to say a few words, in the costume.

The Ex-Unprotected (clasping her hands). No! you—never. Oh, I'm surprised, MISS RUNT, that you should; and you're going to wear the—the petticoats? Well, I'm sure!

Miss Runt. And if you'll only come, and hear the lecture—

The Ex-Unprotected. Oh, really—but here's JONES.

Enter MR. JONES, from the City, rather tired, and disposed for anything but a grapple with a strong-minded woman.

The Ex-Unprotected. Well, my dear—(rings the bell)—here's MISS RUNT. We'll have tea directly.

Jones. How d'ye do, MISS RUNT? (Takes his seat in his own chair, and stretches his legs on the fender: sees the Bloomer print which MISS RUNT has left.) Eh? What's this? Oh, Bloomerism! Pack of stuff and nonsense!

Miss Runt. Sir!—I beg I differ from you; I think it's a most becoming and rational dress.

Jones. You do, do you? All very well for school-girls, and the young lady who rides in it every night at Drury Lane; and I'm told Miss WOOLGAR looks very well in it at the Adelphi; but only imagine you in it!

Miss Runt (disdainfully). Well, Sir!

Jones (implacably). Or Martha there!

The Ex-Unprotected (defyingly). Well, MR. JONES, and why not? There's a great deal to be said for it!

Jones. Oh, I've no doubt, with half-a-hundred female lecturers talking it up all at once; one next door to the Egg-hatching Machine, in Leicester Square—Capital place for such a precious mare's nest!

Miss Runt (rising with dignity). I am quite prepared for the sneers and the bigotry, for the prejudice and intolerance of the male sex, MR. JONES; it's what women must expect from you whenever they try to raise themselves in the social scale.

Jones (testily). Then, why the deuce, as we're so bigoted, and prejudiced, and intolerant, and all that, will you strong-minded women insist on making yourselves like us? Eh! MISS RUNT?—(MISS RUNT tries to find a smart repartee, but can't; so boils silently, while JONES continues.)—And as for Bloomerism, I don't mean MARTHA to wear the breeches, MISS RUNT, yet, while, I can tell her.

The Ex-Unprotected (stately). MR. JONES! there's no occasion to be coarse, as well as rude, at all events.

Jones. Coarse—rude—my dear?

The Ex-Unprotected (sternly). I understand your allusion, Sir, and so does MISS RUNT, I've no doubt—(in a spirit of sudden revolt). But we both think the Bloomer dress a very becoming and sensible dress, for all that, MR. JONES.

Jones (laughing sarcastically). I've no doubt we shall have MISS RUNT lecturing upon it next—

Miss Runt (rising). Perhaps, MR. JONES.

Jones. And MARTHA listening to you?

The Ex-Unprotected (rising also). Perhaps, MR. JONES.

Jones (to Miss Runt). Eh? why, you're not going?—(Aside.) Thank goodness, she's off.—You won't stay for tea?

Miss Runt (calmly). No, Sir, thank you. I've an engagement at eight, Sir, at the Soho Theatre, as one of a Committee of Ladies united to advocate and introduce the Bloomer Costume. (Proudly.) I'm going to lecture on the subject.

Mr. Jones (whistles). And where are you off to, MARTHA?

The Ex-Unprotected (with awful composure). I'm going to hear MISS RUNT'S lecture, MR. JONES.

[JONES starts up in speechless amazement. Before he can recover his breath to forbid the EX-UNPROTECTED leaving the house, the two daring and devoted women have got out of the house. The Curtain falls on MR. JONES—FOUDROYÉ!]



FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN HONOURABLY MENTIONED BY PRINCE ALBERT.

"HONOURABLY MENTIONED, INDEED! IS THAT ALL? SCANDALOUS!"



SOMETHING MORE APROPOS OF BLOOMERISM.

(BEHIND THE COUNTER THERE IS ONE OF THE "INFERIOR ANIMALS.")

Hussey's Reaping Machine.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to MR. HUSSEY, and hearing that his Reaping Machine is the best for corn-cutting, will feel obliged by one being sent immediately, as he wishes to cut his own corns. Mr. Punch would not have troubled the celebrated American HUSSEY, but his own wife, Judy, is such a lazy Hussy, that she will not perform the operation required.

A Miracle Wanted!

LAST week, according to the *Morning Advertiser*, a cargo of twenty nuns was embarked at Gravesend, for Valparaiso. What a needless waste of ship-room! Where was FATHER NEWMAN? According to his belief and authority, has not many a saint swum seas upon a cloak? Why, then, in these days of stiff-necked scepticism, why did not FATHER NEWMAN spread one of the nuns' veils upon the Thames, and shipping the fair ones upon the muslin—why did he not wish them a fair wind and *bon voyage* to Valparaiso?

A CURE FOR BAD LEGS.
Bloomerism.

A CHEMICAL PREVENTIVE FORCE WANTED.



NEENLY alive to the welfare of our country, we are sorry to hear that the moral health of the metropolis, and, indeed, of the nation in general, has sadly declined during the last fortnight. We understand that the *Lancet's* exposures of the horrid adulterations of tea have been followed by an extensive relinquishment of the Chinese infusion for the more exciting beverage of

Cognac and other kindred spirits. A great diminution has taken place in the totality of teetotalism, and a large increase in the amount of five shilling fines: not to mention other shocking results consequent upon an immense number of the disciples of FATHER MATHEW having gone over to BACCHUS.

Perhaps the Government may not exactly deserve to be impeached for having permitted this state of things; but they might have foreseen and provided against it. Still, better late than never: but it will soon be too late: and not only that, but if they do not mind what they are about, they will have every man, woman, and child in the kingdom abstaining from all excisable articles that are capable of adulteration—to the fearful detriment of the revenue.

Why is our tea black-leaded? Why is our morning and evening draught qualified with catechu; coloured with turmeric and Prussian blue? Why are we condemned to moisten our own with infusion of

China clay? Why must the sweepings of silkworms' cages mingle in our breakfast-cup? Simply because there are not proper officers appointed at the different Custom-Houses to detect and check the importation of adulterated articles of food.

We swarm with excisemen of every species, each consuming the revenue which he is paid to secure, and inflicting more or less annoyance in his vocation. Our coasts, to resist the intrusion of undutiful brandy, are lined with a preventive force, much more than sufficient to defend them from the French. Shoals of Custom-House officers lie in wait for every one who enters our ports, and keep you waiting half the day to feel your pockets, or rummage your carpet-bag for a few cigars.

Why all this trouble, to keep a little contraband tobacco out of HER MAJESTY'S dominions, and no care to prevent the introduction of black lead, and Prussian blue, in large quantities, into the interiors of her subjects?

These questions are suggested by an article in the *Liverpool Journal*, complaining that at Liverpool, that enormous inlet for imports (at present largely adulterated), the Customs are unprovided with a Chemist, whose business it might and ought to be, to search the various articles imported by testing them for rubbish and poison.

As our Customs establishment is a common nuisance to the commercial world, a pest to travellers, and an object of detestation to everybody but those employed in it, and as it probably costs twice the amount that would be lost by the smuggling it prevents, the only satisfactory reason for its maintenance, that can be conceived by the thinking mind, is, that it affords scope for patronage. This last consideration may perhaps induce the Government—however indifferent in respect of Prussian blue, or anything else in connexion with tea, so long as the whole pays duty—to add to the Custom-House officials, at Liverpool, and elsewhere, a Chemical Officer, to be employed as a Preventive against that sort of smuggling by which our food and medicines are poisoned and polluted.

VERY MEAN.—We hear that an order is about to issue from the Home Office to the Governors of gaols, commanding them to make all refractory female prisoners wear the Bloomer Costume.

THE LAST DODGE OF THE RUINED FARMER.



BY far the strongest argument we have yet seen in favour of Protection, is to be found in the following advertisement, extracted from one of the Manchester newspapers.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER, in the 27th year of her age, is desirous of meeting with a **PARTNER FOR LIFE**. On her marriage-day she will be entitled to

a property worth upwards of £5000, which has recently been left by a deceased relative. She is by profession a Baptist: and, under very peculiar circumstances, advertises thus through a friend. None but respectable parties, whose character will bear the strictest investigation, need apply. A pious, well-meaning man will be preferred. Any person requiring information on the subject, must send a Post-office order for 8s., the amount of this advertisement.—Address,

After this, who will deny that the Farmers require some protection, or at all events, some looking after? How touching is this picture of filial devotion, in which the farmer's daughter comes forward with one desperate effort, to save the ruined farmer by an appeal to the unmarried portion of the public—not for a husband to take an encumbrance off a struggling parent's hands—but for an unlimited number of Post-office orders for eight shillings!

Who can resist the demand which is so speciously blended with the prospect of a wife with 5000% on her marriage-day, and who will pause to think about a paltry eight shillings for even the smallest chance in such a splendid lottery?

Every farmer who has a daughter may hope for much more from filial duty than a five-shilling duty; for the former may have all the advantages of a sliding-scale, and the produce, in Post-office orders, may all go into the farmer's own pocket. We can understand the preference which the advertisement expresses for a serious young man, as no one capable of seeing a joke will be likely to part with eight shillings for the promised information.

FUNNY MARKET AND WITTY INTELLIGENCE.

As our daily contemporaries are in the habit of giving an article on the Money Market and City Intelligence, we think that for our readers the latest accounts of the Funny Market and Witty Intelligence will possess some interest. The English funds of humour have been very buoyant to-day, and Stock jokes were quoted at an advance. Long ambiguities were not much in demand, and active or practical jokes left off with a downward tendency.

There is some talk in facetious circles of establishing a Pun Exchange; and the suggestion is said to have the support of some of the old jobbers.

An uneasy feeling has been excited by the failure of an extensive operator in chaff; but as he was known to have derived all his supplies lately from one Miller, the failure was, in some degree, looked for.

The Conundrum fever has broken out again with great violence; and we think it right to warn the public against being deceived by specimens which are being daily thrown upon the market, as the precious ore of wit, when upon examination it will be found to contain none of the true metal. We have ourselves received a few samples which have been left at our office by reckless adventurers, and which are placed here as a warning to others. The following is so palpable that it speaks for itself, and convicts its author at once of getting funny under false pretences:—

"If the Doge of Venice went to a masquerade, after telling his wife he was going to spend the evening with a sick friend, what sort of a Dodge would you call it?"—"A Venetian Blind!"

The Joker's Protection Society have just issued their half-hourly circular, in which they caution the public against receiving stolen jokes, and print the opinion of MR. DUNUP on the important question whether a person may be prosecuted for receiving a joke, knowing it to be stolen? The learned gentleman intimates that as the act mentions any kind of property, and as there are many persons whose sole property consists in their wits, which they are obliged to live upon, a stolen joke would be within the statute. What would amount to a receiving, is, in MR. DUNUP'S opinion, a very nice point; and he thinks there must be, at least, one laugh, including an overt act by the opening of the mouth, to render the receiver liable. He is inclined, also, to believe that a person turning pale at hearing a stolen joke, has not even a colourable possession. The learned gentleman suggests a very

ingenious difficulty in drawing an indictment for joke-stealing, where the thief and the owner are both diners-out, and where the latter having a joke on the tip of his tongue, the other takes it out of his mouth; in which case, one may be said to take the bread out of the mouth of the other. The difficulty then arises as to whether the property should be laid in the indictment as a joke, or as bread; and MR. DUNUP advises, therefore, that there should be two counts, one charging the prisoner with stealing "two hundred jokes, and one hundred puns, fifty conundrums, one hundred repartees;" and another count, charging the prisoner with having stolen some bread; "to wit: two hundred French rolls, fifty half-quarters, one hundred cottage loaves," &c., &c., in the usual form of an indictment. Our private letters give us the following, as about the average of this week's issues:—"Why does a coat get larger when taken out of a carpet-bag?"—"Because when taken out, you find it in-c-reases."

MAGIC OF HORSE-HAIR.

The Judges of the County Courts do not care for attorney's; whereas (we give this upon the authority of MR. CLARKE, solicitor, who announced the gratifying truth at a late attorney's meeting)—whereas the Judges of the Superior Courts had "trembled"—trembled was the word—"before the independence of the bar." And the cause of this salutary fear and trembling was in the wigs of the advocates. MR. CLARKE

"Thought that the Judges of the County Courts, if addressed by a gentleman in horse-hair, of as much learning, and perhaps greater experience than themselves, would pay much more respect to their opinion than to a mere attorney."

There cannot, upon a hair amount of contemplation, be a doubt of the mysterious fact. What a small, perked thing is a wigless attorney to a wigged barrister!

"And justice draws us with a single hair,"

says amended POPE. Man's respect is caught, sprung by horse-hair, like woodcocks. "When the law lays down its full-bottomed periwig," says the prophetic CUMBERLAND, "you will find less wisdom in bald pate than you are aware of." Here be truths! The origin of barristers' wigs is popularly attributed to the device of the monks, who with such covering hid the tonsure, when they turned advocates and pleaded in Court. For ourselves, we have no doubt that the beginning of lawyers' wigs is to be discovered in a very remote antiquity. The genealogy of wigs is yet to be given with the like precision as the pedigree of Arab horses, traced to the mare of MAHOMET. When this is done, we doubt not that the first horse-hair used for the first Chancery wig was hair grown in the manes and tails of the horses of DIOMEDE; and they—it is allowed—lived by devouring men.

FREE TRADE IN MARRIAGE.

We understand that a parish in Bethnal Green is placarded with an intimation that there has been a REDUCTION IN MARRIAGE FEES, and that the fatal goose will, in fact, be tied at a frightfully low scale of charges. It seems that, for the purpose, probably, of carrying out the maxim, that "a good wife is a crown to her husband," the price of obtaining one has been brought down to exactly five shillings. The following is the new tariff:—

	£	s.	d.
Publication of Banns	0	1	0
Minister's Fee	0	2	6
Clerk's Fee	0	0	9
Sexton's Fee	0	0	9
	20	5	0

We have already got the "cheap loaf," but the idea of giving the public a cheap wife is rather a novel one. The laudable example set in Bethnal Green will, most probably, lead to much competition; and we shall see hand-bills headed, "LOOK HERE! WIVES POSITIVELY GIVEN AWAY!" distributed all over the Metropolis. It will be rather ominous to allude to a marriage as an "Alarming Sacrifice," but when the tide of rivalry once sets in among the parsons, there is no knowing where it may carry them. We shall not be surprised to find widowers tempted by offers of a marriage at half-price, and, perhaps, it may be held out as an inducement to whole families to marry off at once, that there will be "a great reduction on taking a quantity." We are friends to cheapness, even in taking a wife, though she may often turn out dear in more senses than one; and we therefore submit to the clerical profession, whether a still further reduction may not be effected by cutting off the sexton, for whose services at a wedding we can see no necessity.

LOVE AND PUNCH.

THERE is but one LOVE, says ROCHEFOUCAULD, though there are a thousand vile copies of it; and, in the same way, there is but one PUNCH, though there have been a thousand stupid imitations of it.

COAL AND KOH-I-NOOR.

(Being a Dialogue PUNCH heard in the Crystal Palace.)

THE Crystal Fount was sleeping,
And hushed the merry tune
Of its streams, that, tired of leaping,
Lay broad beneath the moon;
And near, two Shades were keeping
Their watch at midnight's noon.

One, a giant, smirched and wizened,
Uncouth and huge of size;
Like a great furnace glistened
The red fire in his eyes;
In his voice methought I listened
To a volcano's sighs.

The other was a maiden
Of beauty dusk and dim,
Luscious, and languor-laden,
Was flung each rounded limb;
Mid shawls, and hair gold-braided,
Her eyes did flash and swim.

Now, list to my rehearsing,
As I tell you, sooth and sure,
Of the Indian maid's commercing
With the giant dark and dour—
Of the Gnome of the Coal conversing
With the Gnome of the Koh-i-Noor.

Koh-i-Noor Gnome.

Do homage to my beauty;
'The diamonds' Queen am I;
Fidelity, and Faith, and Duty,
Bow down when I go by:
But thou art scarred and sooty,
And loathsome to come nigh.

Coal Gnome.

Though lovely to the gazer,
Maide, I may not be,
Greater than King or Kaiser,
I travel land and sea;
Nature, and what obeys her,
Are subject unto me.

Koh-i-Noor Gnome.

Much blood hath flowed around me;
I've lit men to their graves;
Their conqueror conquerors found me;
I have turned saints to knaves;
Though many lords have bound me,
My masters are my slaves.

Coal Gnome.

Peace at my birth presided;
I forged her chariot wheel;
Though to ill hands confided,
I've toiled at murderous steel,
The loom by me is guided,
And turned the rattling reel.

Koh-i-Noor Gnome.

I bask in Beauty's splendour,
With her breast I fall and rise,
More light my rays can lend her
Than her own sun-bright eyes;
And when all men commend her,
The praise is mine likewise.

Coal Gnome.

The poor man's dress I cheapen,
I cheer the poor man's hearth;
Tunnel and mine I deepen,
Bring wealth from under earth;
By me the corn is reaper,
Ground, baked, and stored 'gainst dearth.

Koh-i-Noor Gnome.

It was a cage all golden
That high for me they raised,
And my bars were still enfolden
By a crowd that gaped and gazed.
I was weary of being beholden,
And weary of being praised.

Coal Gnome.

These crystal bays that sunder
Those western engine piles,
From where the organ's thunder
Rolls through yon eastern aisles—
This palace, with all its wonder
Is my work of leisure whiles.

ANOTHER DEMAND FOR JUSTICE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"AFTER the neglect I have experienced, it's of no use at all to appeal to the Royal Commissioners; not the least. I shan't petition Parliament, or trouble PRINCE ALBERT. I scorn such means. I appeal to you for justice, which I feel sure is my only plan.

"All sorts of people have been knighted, and have had medals and honourably-mentioned, and all that—and been asked to Windsor, and received bracelets, and letters autographed and lithographed—except me. Not that I would take a knighthood, mark you—not I. That would be putting myself on the level of an Alderman or a Sheriff—if nothing better came with it; and City men, though they do boast of their feasts and their eating and drinking, I look down upon from my loftier position with contempt. But I have not even been offered that. Mr. PAXTON planned the building, and a very beautiful thing it's been, and he deserves all that he's got or will get—and more. Then there's CURRIE—he told them how to put the thing together; and then there's FOX—I speak of 'em in this familiar, matter-of-fact way, because they're all friends of mine—there's FOX, I say, he built it all up—iron, and glass, and the rest—and trouble enough it was, no doubt. But what's their trouble and labour to mine? Nobody knows what I have gone through; and nobody could know till the whole thing was finished. But now the sum total's been made out, just look at it. Just look here, Mr. Punch—see it all in black and white, I say, and then tell me who has had the toughest work to do:—

Authorised Statement of the quantity and kinds of Refreshments supplied in the Central Court (under the Transcript) of the Great Exhibition, and to the adjoining Exhibitors' Dining-Room, exclusive of food sold in the Eastern and Western Refreshment Courts.

Bread	24,586	quartern leaves	Chocolate	3,783 pounds
Biscuits	3,783		Soda Water	40,869
Penny Cottage Loaves	57,528		Lemonade	130,698
French Rolls	7,617		Ginger Beer	385,050
Banbury Cakes	24,070		Total	536,617 bottles
Threepenny Pound Cakes	36,950		Milk	17,257 quarts
Current Pound Cakes	22,828 pounds		Cream	14,047 "
Savoy Cakes	20,415 "		Pickles	1,046 gallons
Italian Cakes	2,197 "		Rough Ice	199 tons
Bath Buns	311,731 "		Salt	16 "
Plain Buns	489,667 "		Potatoes	30 "
Coffee	9,181 pounds		Ham	29 "
			Meat	186 "

"Did you ever eat three thousand seven hundred and eighty-three captain's biscuits, Sir, and no beer allowed? And then the pound-cake—that's dry work, too, let me tell you, when you have to get through thirty-six thousand pounds weight of it. That with the plums was a little easier; but even plum-cake, when you have to dispose of it by the hundred-weight, is no joke. Then there's the sandwiches—(don't mention it, but between you and me, they never could have been all got ready, if the Reaping Machine hadn't been brought to bear, to cut the twenty-four thousand five hundred and thirty-six quartern

loaves into slices, whilst the *Illustrated News* Machine spread the mustard.)—It was, indeed, warm work, though I say it;—but the ice—the hundred and eighty tons of ice—enough to make a fine Alpine avalanche, or an awkward Polar berg—helped to keep me cool through the continued effort. And through it all I got: the three hundred and sixty-five thousand bottles of ginger-beer, (Ugh!) the lemonade, the milk, the soda-water, the cream, the mixed pickles, buns (plain, and Bath), the salt, the coffee, the potatoes, the chocolate, ham, penny-loaves, Banbury-cakes, and all. And yet—when will the world be just?—here I stand, Mr. Punch, un-decorated, un-knighted, un-medalled, un-honourable-mentioned, un-C. B.-ed; and *unsatisfied*.

"But always yours,

"THE APPETITE OF ALL NATIONS."

PROPOSAL FOR A NEW GOOSE CLUB.



Our readers are aware that the period has arrived, when the homely goose, depicted in water-colours, announces to the neighbourhood from the windows of public-houses, that a "Goose Club" is in course of formation within.

Punch proposeth to establish a New Goose Club, whereof the commercial principle shall be the same, but whereof the ultimate benefit will be to the subscribers much greater.

The common Goose Club undertaketh, for the weekly sixpence of instalment, to provide to the subscriber at Christmas, a Goose and a bottle of Gin.

Punch proposeth to receive an instalment, but to provide to the subscriber something more nutritious than goose, something more beneficial than gin.

For Punch proposeth that the Fast Man, or the Idle Youth, shall pay his weekly sixpence, and that at Christmas he shall receive some delectable intellectual nutriment, highly beneficial to him. Let the Fast Man, or Idle Youth, pay his sixpence, and receive—

A Copy of *Whately's Logic*!

A Copy of the *Vicar of Wakefield*!

Consider, my brethren, the sad intellectual destitution that prevaileth amongst you—the long Christmas nights, wherein the tedium of vacancy will make you mutiny against the nature of things, and blasphemously declare this noble Planet "slow!" Consider this, my brethren—and subscribe.

This is the true Goose Club—which doth not propose the slaughter of the Goose, but rather the benefit, and improved condition of the same.

GROSS INDIGNITY TO GOG AND MAGOG.



THE heroic Kossuth, ex-governor of Hungary, has, it will have been observed, in his clever and judicious speeches, laid particular stress upon our municipal institutions, whilst lauding the glorious British constitution at large. By a curious coincidence, a case occurred last week at the Mansion House, which must exhibit to the eyes of foreigners, in a striking light, the importance of corporate bodies, as instanced by the vindicated majesty of the municipality of London, that had been insulted in the person of one of its officers. A monster of insolence, named WILLIAM LIGHTERMAN, was brought before the LORD MAYOR, charged

with having used language calculated to provoke a breach of the peace towards an individual of the superb and splendid band of watermen employed in rowing the civic barge. The language in question consisted of irreverent expressions reflecting on the tasteful and picturesque costume worn by those fine fellows, who carry the CESAR of the City and his fortunes. The defendant set the waterman a nickname, which, though qualified with the title of "My Lord," is one regarded as contemptuous even when applied to the most inferior description of bailiff.

By this derisive appellation was the waterman of the LORD MAYOR continually saluted by the little boys—too prone to express their disrespectful sentiments to every official habited in the faintest guise of a beadle. Not content with jeering, and instigating these youthful scoffers to jeer the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, as represented by their servant, this wicked LIGHTERMAN had, on several occasions, put his thumb to his nose, and we may safely conclude had also twiddled his fingers, at that highly respectable and decorated officer. For this high crime and misdemeanour he was fined ten shillings, and held to bail for good behaviour for six months, being threatened with heavier punishment in the event of similar misconduct in future. Kossuth, who has so grand an idea of our corporate bodies, and who knows what it is to struggle for municipal rights, will doubtless feel interested in observing how the Court of the Mansion House, if it has not tyrants and despots to contend against, can nevertheless assert its dignity of occasion: as against impudent fellows and little boys who "chaff" its watermen.

"CEASE, LOUD BOREAS."

THERE is a practice gradually creeping into literary advertising which we are determined to "put down." It is the practice of sticking in among "Opinions of the Press" the private opinions, delivered in private letters, by private individuals. It is a little too bad that the civil expressions of an author should be made public to puff a book—just as the letters of patients are used to magnify the merits of a new pill or old lumbag.

Besides, it is to be remarked that a copious use of asterisks on these occasions too clearly tells that some qualifying expression has been omitted. If the correspondent, for example, expresses himself thus:—"Your poems, were they as fine as MILTON'S, could scarcely redeem the ill taste of your preface," &c.—the puffer coolly puts down "as fine as MILTON" to the tail of his advertisement, and makes the writer responsible for that assertion.

We suppose that any ordinary courtesy of phrase delivered in the street, or at table, to these puffers, will soon be brought into the advertising columns in the same way. We may expect "Opinions" like these:—

- "An interesting work."—HUGGLES (to my wife "at JONES'S party").
- "Pleasantly written."—PROFESSOR BRAY (at dessert).
- "Really an extraordinary performance."—KINDER (in the Park).
- "Worthy of the author."—PUNCH (with emphasis).

In print, too, any gestures or looks with which the said phrases were accompanied, are lost—much, doubtless, to the puffer's advantage.

The Universal Inn.

THAT ubiquitous hostelry, "The Marquis of Granby," ought, in compliment to the distinguished champion of the landlords' interest, whose name it so appropriately bears, to be entitled the House of Call for Squires.

COUNTY COURT POETRY.

"SIR," "ANXIOUS to combine pleasure with instruction in every work of life, and knowing, that without poetry that life would be dark and wearisome indeed, it has often struck me that our police reports, were they metrically, and, at the same time, faithfully rendered, might afford much pleasure to many elegant minds which are now turned away from that wholesome reading by the repulsive style of the narration.

"I have turned the report of a late speech of Mr. RAMSHAY'S in the Liverpool County Court into a blank verse, which is not without its charm; and shall be happy to do the Chancery and Old Bailey reports in the same manner, for any journal that may be in want of a rhythmical reporter. Gents are invited to inspect the original report with mine as amended, and a single trial will prove the perfect adaptability of the most stately decasyllabic verse to the most intricate and crabbed questions of law.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
"And I wish I might say,
"YOUR OWN REPORTER."

MR. RAMSHAY—SOLICITORS—OFFICERS.

SCENE—The County Court, Liverpool.

Mr. Ramshay. Whose duty is it to uncloset these windows?
Mr. Statham. The duty of the Keeper of the Court.

Mr. Ramshay. I gave an order of a general nature, enjoining that the windows should be opened.

I will not waste my time, and that of the Court, with interruptions; but I do maintain my orders shall be punctually carried out.

Improper conduct, whatsoever it be,
That I will fine—in every instance fine—
Aye, most severely fine. I will teach those parties

Neglectful of the orders of this Court,—
By fines will force attention to their duties.

Here we have been two hours half suffocated,
This morning, by the windows being closed;

And as there be a many persons here,
I'll mark my sense of disobedience strongly,

Because I deem 'tis not the Judge's business
To waste his time with such a matter as this.

[The Court-Keeper, JOHN WHITESIDE, then appears.]
Judge Ramshay. Why oped ye not these windows, Court-Keeper?

The Keeper. I had no orders.
Judge Ramshay. Say ye, ye'd no orders?

The Keeper. I thought that it was very cold this morning.
Judge Ramshay. What! cold?—and with a crowded Court like this!

I shall impose a fine, Sir, of ten shillings,
For not attending to my orders given—
Aye, and repeatedly given, on this subject.

I hold it must be most uncomfortable—
Unpleasant—for all persons in this Court.

I shall inflict a fine, then, of ten shillings,
For disobeying my orders on this subject,
And teach you to attend to them in future,

Which now have been neglected, and without
Any whatever justifiable ground.

I think, for life and health, fresh air's essential.
Shut in close Courts, I well-nigh lost my life,
And don't intend to have the thing again.

END OF ACT I, SCENE I.

The Christmas Pantomimes.

To make the character of Pantaloons still more ridiculous, we are informed that all the Pantaloons in the forthcoming pantomimes will be supported by Bloomers. This is said to be the first time that the Pantaloons will ever be assumed by women in a pantomime; and it is expected that the effect will be exceedingly rich! Several of the Bloomers have been studying the character for some time past in public, and are already declared to be extremely ridiculous in the part.

MR. BELL, the hero of St. Albans, is, we observe, called the "Sitting Member." No wonder. He must be tolerably tired of "standing," we fancy, by this time!

MRS. GRUNDY ON BLOOMERISM.



Wearing what-d'ye-call-'ems—Gracious! brass itself ain't half so brazen.
Why, they must look more audacious than that what's-i-name—Amazon!
Ha! they'll smocke tobacco next, and take their thimblefuls of brandy,
Bringing shame upon their sex, by aping of the jack-a-dandy.
Yes; and then you'll have them shortly showing off their bold bare faces,
Prancing all so pert and portly at their Derbys and their races.
Oh! when once they have begun, there's none can say where they'll be stopping,—
Out they'll go with dog and gun, perhaps a-shooting and a-popping.
Aye, and like as not, you'll see, if you've a Bloomer for your daughter,
Her ladyship, so fine and free, a-pulling matches on the water;
Sitting in a pottus tap, a-talking politics, and jawing;
Or else a-reading *Punch*, mayhap, and hee-hee-heeing and haw-hawing.
I can't a-bear such flighty ways—I can't abide such saunty tastes.
And so they must leave off their stays, to show their dainty shapes and waistes!
To set their ankles off, indeed, they wear short trousers with a wimmin'.
I'd not have my feet fillagreed, for ever so, like these young women.
No; you won't see me, I'll be bound, dress'd half-and-half, as a young feller;
I'll stick to my old shawl and gownd, my pattens, and my umbereller.

THE TOP-BOOTED SCHOOL.

For the Relief of Agricultural Destitution in Useful Knowledge.

How shocking, says MR. ADAM RICARDO SMITH, the fact, that there are at this day in this kingdom hundreds of Agriculturists of all ages—from the earliest years of discretion, so called, to seventy and upwards—running wild about Protection! How painful to think of so many minds possessed of but one idea, and that the idea of dear corn! What an awful thing to hear them actually grumble at peace, because wheat sold at so high a rate during the war, or complain of the abundant harvest, on account of its cheapening grain! How pitiable the state of these poor creatures, who believe that machinery is ruining the country; who are persuaded that no way is so good as the old one—not even the railway—and who denounce Free Trade, condemn the repeal of the bread-tax, and execrate the memory of SIR ROBERT PEEL in terms that will not bear repetition!

And why—demands ADAM RICARDO SMITH—are these rough—yet honest—victims of prejudice and delusion to be abandoned to their fallacies? Must they be given up as wholly impracticable? Shall no friendly hand be stretched forth to grasp their benumbed fists, and help their dead-weight out of the mire? Well, ADAM RICARDO SMITH, you will be rejoiced to hear that such a benevolent attempt has been made; with what success if you would know, come, ADAM, and accompany us to the Top-Booted School.

This unique educational institution, MR. SMITH, was founded by an enterprising philanthropist, to whom the idea of it was suggested by the success of the Ragged Schools. Enter, No, you are not mistaken, good Sir: it is conducted in a public-house. The founder was a man of the world, Sir. He knew he should never induce those whom he sought to instruct to assemble in a Mechanics' Institute, or a lecture-room. So, like a sensible fellow, he took the Barley Mow Inn, close to the Corn Market, and set about the accomplishment of his humane purpose in the natural—we may say, endearing—character of landlord.

You may suppose that, in the execution of his design, he at first encountered some opposition. Who was he? what did he know about it? what call had he got to "intervere?" were the most moderate of the demands that were roared at him, when he made a beginning of his project by stating a few of the simpler principles of Political Economy in the common room. Gibes, if not jokes, were launched at his head,

ITY-TOITY!—don't tell me about the nasty stupid fashion! Stuff and nonsense!—the idea's enough to put one in a passion. I'd allow no such high jinkses, if I was the creatures' parent. Bloomers are they—forward minxes? I'd soon Bloomer 'em, I warrant. I've no patience nor forbearance with 'em—scornin' them as bore 'em; What! they can't dress like their mothers was content to dress afore 'em,—

VERSES ON HALF-A-PINT OF BEER.

BY A HEAVY VETERAN.

OH, that the brewer's noble skill
Could concentrate the precious treasure!
Perpetual, then, should be my swill—
An endless source of liquid pleasure.

The fluid, ere it touched my lips,
Seemed sparkling with ethereal fire;
Happy the man who calmly sips
His drop of MEUX AND Co.'s entire!

Sweet is the half-and-half at night;
In it the hops' bright blossoms shine
More calmly—beautifully bright—
Than any other kind of wine.

Restorer of the thirsty soul!
'Tis thou the weary frame canst cheer;
Grief owns the powerful control
Of thee—thou thrice X-celling beer!

Philosophers' and poets' theme,
Thou helpest thought at every stage;
Thou promptest fiction's fairy dream,
As well as philosophic page.

Then let me drop a silent tear
Into the middle of the measure;
Though, weeping o'er a much-loved beer,
The tears are not of grief, but pleasure.

Irish Male Milliners.

The *Belfast Mercury* has a notice of Ribbonism in Belfast. The *Cork Examiner* adverts to Bloomerism in Cork. Women taking to Bloomerism are bad enough; but men who take to Ribbonism are undoubtedly worse.

and tumblers would probably have followed, but for fear of the expense of breakage. And now, Sir, behold the result!

Before you is a School for adult farmers, based on the principle of mutual instruction. We have called it a Top-Booted School—however, you see there are leggings and gaiters in it as well as top-boots. Hark! A member of the society has just read a paper—another proceeds to deliver his opinion on the leading article. Hear his facts and figures—had you any idea that such an amount of statistics and arithmetic could be contained in that bullet head? He is interrupted by an opposite neighbour—really with some degree of politeness—who denies that land can be considered as raw material. A discussion ensues—none the drier for good liquor, nor the more obscure for a little smoke: for in this school they allow grog, beer, and pipes—Bacco and tobacco, as the Italians say.

Mark yonder expansive red face, supported by those two broad palms. It indicates little philosophy—except, as you might say, the Chaw-Baconian; yet the owner of it has arrived very nearly to the perception of the law of supply and demand. There is a back turned toward us; its breadth, you see, is remarkable. Yet the proprietor's principles are broader than his loins—as broad as they formerly were narrow. Listen—he joins in the conversation. "If we takes" he has but recently commenced grammar—"if we takes their carn," he observes, "they'll take our mannufacturs; and zo it's as broad as 'tis long." He is, you perceive, Sir, as MR. DISRAELI called his South Bucks audience the other day, a man of substance, as well as a man of sense; though the latter has only begun to glimmer. But then it has but just been illumined by instruction.

That burly yeoman, now grinning from ear to ear at the speaker's refutation of a protectionist fallacy, Sir, is regularly "up" in hydraulics, and will be happy to initiate you into the mysteries of thorough drainage—or will explain the beer-engine to you, if you prefer that. Our friend in the mailed boots is a mechanic, and has invented a clod-crusher, which is even more effective than his *chaussure*. Chemistry is the hobby of yonder gentleman of stable-minded apparel and physiognomy. Hear him talk about the superphosphate of lime!—and a year ago, Sir, he didn't know the difference, chemically speaking, between the carbonate of that alkaloid and caseine. And when we tell you that most of these gentlemen, with the help of a dictionary, read your valuable works, we hope you will not be dissatisfied with your visit to the Top-Booted School, MR. ADAM RICARDO SMITH.

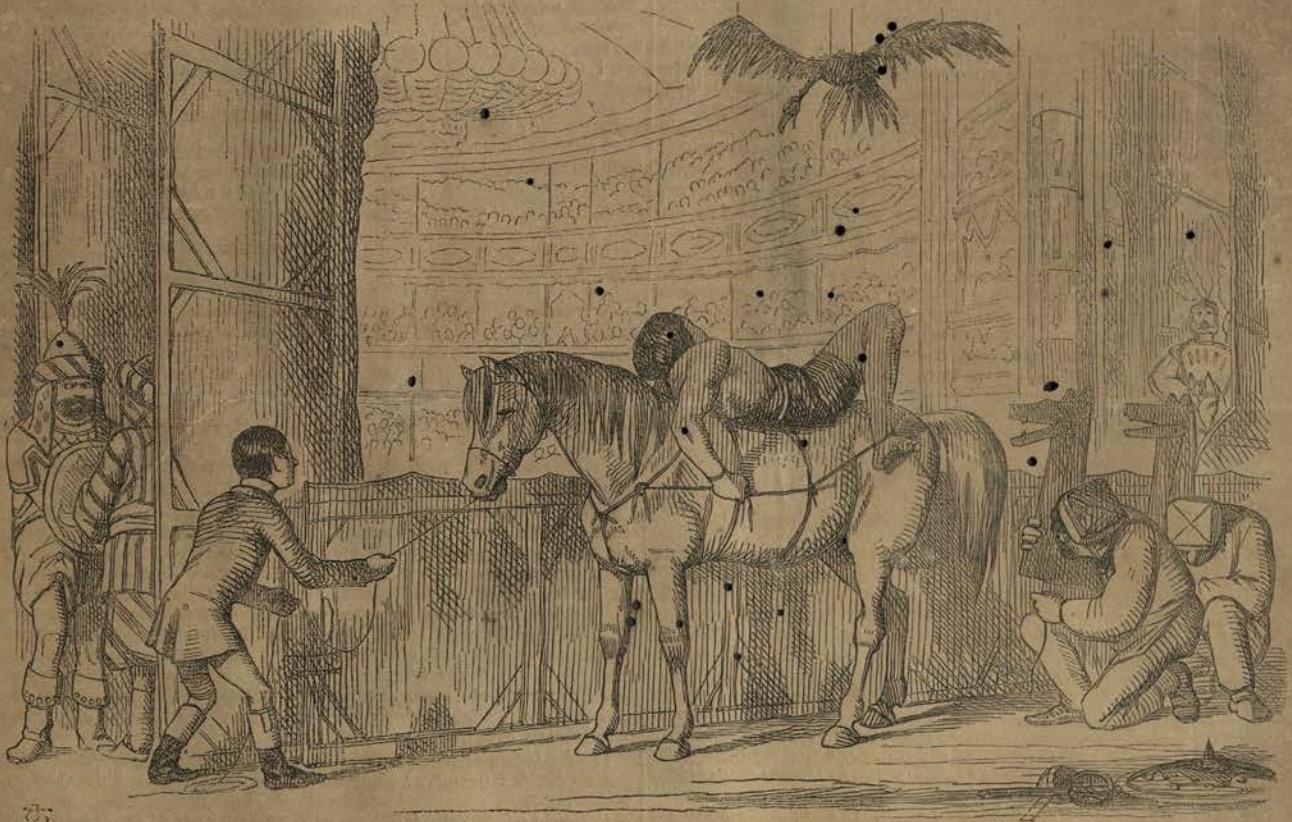
WHERE IS MAZEPPA?

EQUESTRIANS can, we know, ride almost any number of horses at once; for we have seen the artist hanging by the hand to the mane of one animal, holding on by the feet to the tail of a second, with his arm round the ear of a third, his elbow supported on the back of a fourth, and the tip of his toe resting on the neck of a fifth; but we cannot understand how the same feats can be going on in two places on the same evening. We have, however, lately had *Mazeppa* at ASTLEY'S, and *Mazeppa* at the Marylebone Theatre, on the same night, and the wild horse of the desert has been urging on his wild career through the Steppes of Tartary near the steps of Westminster Bridge, as well as some other Steppes that have been lately got up, for the purpose, at Paddington.

We see by the playbills that the *Young Chieftain* (HICKS) and the original old Khan (CROWTHER) have abdicated their Lambeth dominions, and sought a new territory in the neighbourhood of Portman Market, where the young Khan and the old Khan are causing, in managerial phraseology, "a succession of overflows." Whether there has been an emigration also of the "Tartar hordes" we are not aware, or whether there has been a local horde selected at a shilling a night

from the supernumerary population of Paddington. From the frantic enthusiasm which ASTLEY'S Tartars always exhibited towards MR. HICKS and the patriarchal old Khan, his father (MR. CROWTHER), we might imagine that the secession of the chiefs had been accompanied by the secession of the underlings; but the recollection comes upon us that nothing is more hollow than the adherence of a theatrical population to a dramatic hero, and that the old original Tartar horde that has been hailing MR. HICKS as its hope, and clinging to the knees of MR. CROWTHER as its father, for 587 successive nights, will hail and cling to any other youthful heir and aged sire that MR. BATTY may think proper to place on the throne of Tartary. Such, alas! is life in general; but theatrical life in particular.

We can imagine, however, some little difficulty among the unaccustomed horses, for *Mazeppa*, entrusted to the hands or legs of a new stud, will entail the necessity for a new study. We can, nevertheless, imagine the groom, with a few yards of pack-thread, enticing the unaccustomed animal into a "wild career," and the stage carpenter behind the brute with a couple of property wolves in profile, with "practicable" heads, serve as a persuader to the "horse of the desert."



Mazeppa. "AGAIN HE URGES ON HIS WILD CAREER!!!"

THE LANCASHIRE COUNTY COURT JUDGE AND JURY.

To the Judge and Jury of the Lancashire County Court.

SIR,—MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR:—

I HAVE not hitherto taken much notice of you, because I feared that you had a claim upon the attention of the LORD CHANCELLOR, who is the legal guardian of most persons who behave as you do. I now address you to ask, whether, as a discoverer of new and extraordinary powers on the part of County Court Judges, you have discovered that you have the power to sentence a man to death for winking his eye at you; and whether you think that you are possessed of power sufficient to order me to come down and be hanged, if you choose, and to compel me to obey you if I don't? And further, I would beg you to tell me whether, if the LORD CHANCELLOR is not to look after you, you do not think that the CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER ought to dispose—somewhat otherwise than at present—of your Honour's wisdom.

Your Honour's astonished Beholder,

PUNCH.

OUR INCREASING VOCABULARY.

"MR. PUNCH,

"THE word *solidarity*'s lately come into fashion. MUSTER KOSSOOTH made use of 't in his speech tother day at Southampton—I heard un. What's the meanun of this here new specimen of fraziology? It seems to mane some good thing for the people, by the way they talks about it. There was a feller once as guessed that felicity was summut inzide a hog. In like manner, I should take it that *solidarity* was solid fare if I didn't know it comes from abroad: for what *solidarity* is there to beat our own plum pud'n and roast beef?"

"The Lodge Goose and Gridiron Unity.
November, 1851.

"AN ODD FELLER.

"P.S.—There's a lot moor new invented phrases which be likewise cum from foreign parts mostly, I believe. There's 'accepting the situation,' for instance. Any one would think, naterally, that meant going into servus; but stead of that, it seems to signify gettun monkey's allowance, and putt'n up wif't."

THE SWEETS OF LOYALTY.



PARAGRAPH in the newspapers informed us, the other day, that a MRS. SOMEBODY, of Everton, had sent a few ounces of Toffy to the juvenile members of the Royal Family, and that in exchange for these ounces, a few pounds—amounting to five in gold—had been forwarded to the Toffy merchant. We need hardly say that we think the whole story a hoax, and that the sweet-stuff has no existence anywhere, but in the sugary brain of the writer of the paragraph. In the first place, we think HER MAJESTY is not likely to be imposed upon by such a palpable trick as sending a present of a quantity of tom-trot, or other treacherous trash, for the purpose of getting a royal recompense; and, in the next place, we have every reason to believe that the little Princes and Princesses are not allowed to spoil their little teeth, injure their little digestions, and mess their little fingers with the sticky stuff, which

derives its name from the luscious little sugary and buttery town of Everton. We believe it is the excellent rule of the Royal Establishment to refuse to receive all the rubbish offered for acceptance at the Palace, and indeed, if it were otherwise, the servants need have nothing else to do but open the door to white-mice, guinea-pigs, bits of crochet work, pet lambs, favourite goats, early spinach, and other humble productions of nature or industry. We think it right to smash the story of the Everton Toffy, to prevent Buckingham Palace being besieged with hard-bake, overrun with tom-trot, and stormed by brandy balls.

THE EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE ATTENDS A LECTURE ON BLOOMERISM.

SCENE.—Great Coram Street, and all the way to Dean Street, Soho.

The EX-UNPROTECTED, and her strong-minded friend, MISS RUNT, have effected their escape from the house, under shelter of MR. JONES'S temporary stupor (produced as described in our last scene). The EX-UNPROTECTED, in her triumphant revolt, has secured her bonnet and shawl.

The EX-UNPROTECTED. How dirty the streets are, to be sure!—Oh, do mind the crossing, MISS RUNT!

Miss Runt (with an intense sense of superiority). Mud is perfectly indifferent to me, MRS. JONES.

The EX-UNPROTECTED. Oh, I don't mind it—only I'm so afraid of wet feet.

Miss Runt (calmly). The costume preserves me from all inconveniences—

[At this moment they are passing a gas-lamp, by whose light MISS RUNT is suddenly revealed at full length, in the Bloomer costume—a blue polka, a green skirt, and pink pantalettes.]

The EX-UNPROTECTED (suddenly bringing herself to an anchor against the wall). Oh, goodness gracious me! Oh, MISS RUNT, I never did think—Oh, how ever could you—

Miss Runt (proudly and coldly). If you allude to the costume, MRS. JONES, I left my pelisse in your passage while you were putting on your bonnet.

The EX-UNPROTECTED. But you're never going to walk all the way to Dean Street, Soho, in these things?—(pointing in deep affliction to the pink petticoats, alias pantalettes.)

Miss Runt (with awful calm). Such is my intention, MRS. JONES.

The EX-UNPROTECTED (halting, and inclined to kneel to the strong-minded one). Oh, dear me, MISS RUNT! Oh, please—it's very quiet here in Coram Street; but when we get into Holborn, there'll be the naughty blackguard little boys, and the cabmen, and—

Miss Runt (with lofty resignation). If I must be a moral martyr, MRS. JONES, I am ready.

The EX-UNPROTECTED. Oh, but I'd rather not! Oh, please, do let's call a cab!

Miss Runt (with awful serenity). You can do so, MRS. JONES; but I shall ride upon the box.

The EX-UNPROTECTED (wringing her hands). Oh, that will be worse than ever. They'll think there's another inside. They'll throw mud and things at us, MISS RUNT, and call us such names. Oh, really, you can't think how your feet show!

Miss Runt (unmoved). If violence is resorted to, I shall appeal to the laws of my country.

The EX-UNPROTECTED. Oh, if that's the police, I shouldn't wonder if they put us in the station-house.

[A moving panorama of a hideous cell, followed by the Old Bailey and the scaffold, passes before her in rapid succession.]

[At this moment they have reached Southampton Street. A Small Boy, with a grocer's basket, comes out of Little Ormond Street.]

Small Boy (calling to his invisible, but invariable, associate). BILL!—oh, BILL, 'ere's a Bloomer!

Bill (appearing, as usual, from nowhere in particular). Oh, Crikey! Ain't she a rum 'un?

The EX-UNPROTECTED. Oh, it's the boys! I said they would. Now, MISS RUNT—(stopping short, and imploringly clinging to the martyr.)

Miss Runt (whose supply of strong-mindedness increases with the demand). I shall drink my cup to the dregs, MRS. JONES.

Small Boy (delighted with MISS RUNT'S lower extremities). Oh, what rummy trotters!

The EX-UNPROTECTED. There! It's your legs, MISS RUNT. Oh, ain't you ashamed of yourself?

Bill (with the street boy's war-whoop). Oo-ray! 'Ere's bunnions!

[Small Boys collect with rapidity, only to be equalled by the grains of wheat in the favourite arithmetical sum.]

Miss Runt (who feels, from the increased weight on her arm, that the EX-UNPROTECTED is gradually sinking). Be firm, MRS. JONES!

[A Policeman, the Waterman of the cab-stand, two or three Cabmen, a Potboy, several Servant Maids, on pressing errands, a Mil-liner's Girl, with a basket, and other street waifs and strays, drift together to the spot.]

Policeman (sternly to the EX-UNPROTECTED). Now, then, you musn't be making no disturbances 'ere—old 'ooman.

The EX-UNPROTECTED (roused, even in her far gone state, by the un-called-for insult). How dare you?

Pot-boy. That's a reglar arf-and-arf. I'll toss you (to Policeman) man or 'ooman?

Miss Runt (descending from the martyr's pile for an instant). Now, mind, I'll have you boys taken up.—(Resuming her dignity) Police! I invoke the protection of the law.

Policeman (with a vague sense that he is being "chaffed"). Come, old 'ooman—we can't have no playactorin' 'ere—move on!—Come, now, all you boys, stand back (repulsing them with a secret sympathy).

EX-UNPROTECTED. MISS RUNT—I'm going to faint.

Policeman. Now, then—none of that 'ere—we can't 'ave nobody faintin' 'ere, and creatin' obstructions—Move on!

The EX-UNPROTECTED. Oh, please, man—(makes an abortive attempt to touch the heart of a sententious Cabman.)

First Sententious Cabman (removing his pipe from his mouth, after a steady survey of MISS RUNT). Well—you ort to be a good 'un over the stones, you ort.

Second Sententious Cabman. Queerish about the 'ocks, JEM.

[Diversissement—A wild dance of Small Boys, with the usual accompaniments.]

Miss Runt (who begins to feel that one may have too much even of martyrdom.) Now do make an effort, pray, MRS. JONES, and come along.

The EX-UNPROTECTED (feebly). Oh!—and there's all the gas in Tottenham Court Road!—and market-night, too!

Waterman (conclusively). One's a good plucked 'un—'other isn't. 'Ere—'ave a cab, mum.

The EX-UNPROTECTED (gaspingly). Yes—yes—

Miss Runt. No—no. I feel strong in the good cause. I'll go through with it.

Policeman (impressively). If you're a-going to the Casino de Venus, you'd better 'ave a cab, or you'll be gettin' yourselves in trouble, I can tell you.

[Four cabs have driven up on the intimation of the EX-UNPROTECTED'S desire; the respective drivers are engaged in the usual conflict over her body. She is at last conquered by one, and deposited, in a prostrate condition, inside.]

Miss Runt. At all events, I will go outside.

Chorus of Small Boys. Ooray! ooray!

[MISS RUNT takes her seat on the box, in all the majesty of strong-mindedness and woman's mission. The Small Boys form themselves into a guard of honour, and follow the vehicle, generally preferring the fantastic mode of locomotion called the windmill. We pull up the windows on the state of the EX-UNPROTECTED inside.]

The Proto-Bloomer.

• JOAN OF ARC may be said to have been the first Bloomer, as she wore a short tunic with tights, and was otherwise also clad in mail attire. But JOAN was executed for witchcraft. Now, the Bloomers do not seem to be conjurers; and at least there is nothing very bewitching in their appearance.



BLOOMERIANA. A DREAM.

TO HOBKINS BLOBB, ESQ.,

Penny-a-Liner, &c., &c., &c.



Y DEAR SIR,—I cannot sufficiently admire one characteristic of your tribe—one which has been very remarkably displayed on a recent occasion. I allude to your delightful versatility; to the active way in which you all suit your reports to the tone of the journal you report for.

Come, my dear Sir, you know what I am thinking of. Of KOS-SUTH, eh? Just

so. Don't you, all of you, describe his appearance, his reception, his crowds, his voice, &c., favourably, or unfavourably, according to what the political writers of your journals say of him? And yet, you ought to be aware that your business is to report facts passing under your eyes; the writer has to deal with the political aspect of the matter, which is quite a different thing.

You, MR. BLOBB, for example, narrate KOS-SUTH's public appearances for a journal which dislikes the principles of his party. And you do so in a slighting, sneering way—intended to help (as you fancy) the cause. MR. BLOBB, did you ever hear what SOCRATES said when XANTIPPE, after a hearty scold, drenched him with an unsavoury shower? He observed, that "after thunder, there generally came rain." Such as that unsavoury shower, MR. BLOBB, is your unhappy effort at sarcasm, after your employer's thunder. You remind me of the sign-painter, whose "Angel" resembled a "Red Lion," as he remarked. Your way of painting a high apparition, is to make it look like a grotesque animal.

Then, MR. BLOBB, you talk of the "populace," and "the rabble!" What is your notion of a populace or a rabble? Dainty and graceful aristocrat! Why, dear me, MR. BLOBB, who are you? Who was your grandfather? What are your arms? When do you date from? What clubs do you belong to—what houses do you dine at? MR. BLOBB! Why, this sneering at the "rabble" would be snobbish in a gentleman of sixty quarterings. But in you! It is really unkind—heartless of you—the oracle of the "parlour"—to be thus severe on your own class. Come, Sir, be alive to the claims of kindred. "Blood is thicker than water," says the proverb; and yours ought to be a good deal thicker, for it seems considerably obstructed by bile.

Let theorists argue as they please on theories, MR. BLOBB. But don't let us have any falsity about public facts. Don't you and your compeers go on treating the public as certain Egyptians (*vide* HERODOTUS) were wont to treat the captured crocodile. How was that—you don't remember it in HERODOTUS (as you call him)?—Why, to be able to secure him all right—they blinded him by flinging mud in his eyes!

Yours, PUNCH.

PUNCH'S SANITARY COMMISSION.

THE inquiries of the *Lancet's* Commission have struck terror into the hearts of the eating public. They have revealed to us the extensiveness of a system of adulteration which pollutes our coffee-pots, degrades our loaves, gives bitterness to our sugar, and danger to our milk. POPE asked long ago—

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?"

and proceeded to answer the query in conformity with his system, by saying—

"For this plain reason—man is not a fly."

We should be inclined to answer, that it was for this plain—or, indeed, ugly reason, that if man had, he would be obliged to die from starvation from the impossibility of eating his daily food, as his daily food is now prepared for him.

But shall not the thinking, the reading public, be protected as well as the eating one? Yes, we reply. *Punch* recently appointed a Commission to examine the mental food vended by some dealers in the metropolis. The packages were purchased at various shops, and submitted

to the scientific analysis of some gifted contributors. We extract from their Report.

Lot 1.—The Comic Penny Titillator!

(This was announced by the salesmen in the thoroughfares to be by the "first writers.")

Adulterated. With much lead, and with something apparently composed of brass filings and common mud. Also, granules were found of old jokes, in a state of decomposition, ground.

Lot 2.—The Secrets of the Bosphorus!

(Sold to the poorer classes as a "stirring romance," and we believe in large quantities.)

Very much adulterated. With lead as before, and with impure materials. Also with an odd stuff that seemed to your Commissioners to be the parings of asses' hoofs. Traces, or hints of blood, also, occasionally.

Lot 3.—The Moribund Pillowslip.

(Called a "sound religious publication.")

Adulterated. Cant, three grains to every five. Very fiery. The Commissioners, in closing the Report from which we quote, affirm that such adulteration as that of which the above are specimens, exists extensively among the intellectual food of the lower orders. Lead, to be sure, is found occasionally mixed with the productions of very large establishments, but the adulteration of the most deadly character presses, like all adulteration, most heavily on the poor.

KOSSOOTH.

SATS DICK to BILL—says DICK—"By Jove!

That 'ere Kossooth's a plucky cove."

"Well, so he is," says BILL to DICK,

"Blow'd if he ain't a reglar brick.

A precious good speech, too, I call

That one as he made at Guildhall."

"Yes," DICK replies, "twas all 'a't fair;

There warn't no Communism there;

There warn't no treason nor sedition;

His words 'il all bear repetition."

"Ay," answers BILL, "so I agree;

But yet some says, What is 't to we?

They argues he's a foreigner,

And we've no call to interfere

With other folks and their affairs;

Let we mind ourn, and they mind theirs."

"Ah!" DICK says, "yes: look on and see

The wust oppression as can be,

Let Austria hang 'em—Russia knout 'em,

And never take no thought about 'em!

Stand with your hands in pockets, chinkin'

Your cash—of nuffin else a thinkin'.

Let 'em alone, men's wives to leather,

And chain chaps day and night together.

Let tyrants torture—victims linger—

Nor raise to help 'em voice nor finger."

"No, no!" cries BILL; "no, I'm be blest!

Whilst I've a heart inside my breast,

For patriots, whether French or Dutch—

Providing they behaves as such—

That lands upon old England's shore,

I'll holler—if I can't do more."

"Well, come," says DICK, "a pint I'll stand;

Welcome Kossooth to Britain's land;

To drink good health to such a chap,

BARCLAY AND PERKINS is the tap;

That is the proper stuff to tope

To one as 'scaped from HAYNAU's rope."

"With all my heart! So let it be;

"His health!" shouts BILL, "with three times three!"

JUDGE RAMSHAY ON LAW.

RAMSHAY still sits on the Liverpool bench. To be sure, his case, at the time we write, is to be considered on the 5th of November. The appropriate 5th, RAMSHAY and Gunpowder FAWKES. But RAMSHAY, ere he departs for that official oblivion whence no RAMSHAY ought to return, has enlightened his court with his opinions upon English law.

"He said it was generally supposed that the law was a system of chicanery. It was, however, the result of the deliberations of the wisest men, and the essence of good sense."

There are great popular mistakes. The English Judge, for instance, is generally supposed to be always the "essence of good sense;" whereas there may be exceptions to this rule;—some Judges being the "essence" of RAMSHAY.



A POSER FOR A BLOOMER.

Old Gentleman. "BEFORE I CAN ENTERTAIN YOUR PROPOSAL, AND GIVE MY CONSENT TO YOUR MARRYING MY SON, I MUST ASK YOU, WHETHER YOU ARE IN A POSITION—A—TO—A—KEEP HIM IN THE STYLE TO WHICH—A—I MAY SAY—HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN ACCUSTOMED? AHHEM!"

BEAT IT IF YOU CAN.

HIS GRACE the LORD PRIMATE of All Ireland has written a letter, in which his Grace says:—

"The Catholic Church is animated with the purest Spirit of Charity; and her entire career throughout past ages has been marked by works of mercy and humanity."

Orders are given that the above inscription in Latin be pasted up in Smithfield; at Oxford, at Ridley's Cross; at the Louvre, under the window whence Charles IX. fired the shot of the glorious victory of Saint Bartholomew; at the Vatican, Rome, under the inscription commemorating the above happy event; and at the gates of the Inquisition at Madrid.

Gentlemen doubting the fact are referred to his Grace the Lord Primate of All Ireland, All Ireland—to his Eminence the Lord Cardinal; and to the Reverend the Principal of the Oratory, Birmingham.

A THOUGHT FOR THE TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.—Total abstinence may improve the Customs of the country, but will ruin the Excise.

KOSSUTH.

KOSSUTH has made his triumphal entry into the city of London. The Austrian Ambassador, with wise forecast of the reception that awaited the great Hungarian—who ought, many a month since, according to the legitimacy of despotism, to have filled a grave—the Austrian, turned upon his heel, and for a while went his way. That KOSSUTH ought to have supplied a meal to the double-headed Eagle—never to be gorged to the full with such provender;—and the rebel had balked the destiny prepared him, had foiled young JOSEPH and his master CZAR, baffled all odds, and was here—to utter a discourse confounding the policy of the would-be "gaolers" of the human race. A most pestilent, most perplexing change! When the rebel should have been in his grave,—and there he was, breathing words of flame,—a living preaching apostle of man's freedom, in the Guildhall of London! Legitimacy had good right to bite its nails, and curse the SULTAN.

KOSSUTH's progress from his home in Eaton-square—made, for the while, entirely his, by the true-hearted Englishman, whose roof-tree is for ever honoured by its sometime tenant—KOSSUTH's progress to Guildhall doors, was a triumph swelling and deepening at every step. There was no attempt at show; the man himself was the display; the noble spectacle. The man, whose master-mind had held all Austria at bay—the man, whose voice was as a trumpet to his country's heart—the man, outraged in his nation, whose living principle he embodied and represented, was revealed to the eyes of Englishmen, and they hung upon that glorious manifestation, with looks of reverence, of love, and sympathy. It was not merely LOUIS KOSSUTH whom the thousands gazed upon and cheered; it was Hungary; bound and bleeding—but still hopeful, resolute, defying Hungary.

KOSSUTH was nobly attended on his way from his home to the Guildhall; for the hearts of Englishmen went along with him: of the men who in their aggregate make "the people." It is true that KOSSUTH had with him no English Peer; no star, no garter, made a part of the show: the great Hungarian was not patronised by any of

the mighty ones of the House of Lords; no, KOSSUTH had with him for his escort the people; nothing more; simply, the people.

"Why is it," asked COBDEN at the Southampton Banquet, "why is it that the name of LOUIS KOSSUTH is heard at the firesides of the middle classes, and I would fain hope of the higher classes, *one of whom we number among our visitors to-day?*" One of whom! That "one" was, of course, LORD DUDLEY STUART; whom we can scarcely consider "one." Surely, by this time, he has disfranchised himself; for so many years has that strange Lord associated his active sympathies with the oppressed and down-trodden of all lands, that he must have almost read himself out of the *Court Guide*. Has he not sadly compromised nobility by his doings with humanity—has he not well-nigh forfeited the Lord in his zeal for the people?

"One of the higher classes!" Yet how many talking units of the aristocracy in Parliament, and, at certain seasons on the hustings, are loud and animated in their advocacy of popular freedom! The great champion, great and glorious in his passing defeat, escapes the carnivorous jaws of despotism; a man of consummate genius and of noblest worth—a God's true man evades, by grace of infidel, the hangman's hands of Christian Emperors, and—save and except that eccentric one, LORD STUART—there is neither Earl nor Lord to bid the exile welcome! But their absence is their own shame; the cause of KOSSUTH, as it is a cause deep and wide as humanity, can do without them: though, in these days, it may be scant wisdom in themselves to aid in the preaching of that social lesson. And yet, among the aristocracy, there might have been found men, with at least a traditional respect for suffering patriotism. There have been heads on the Temple Bar that KOSSUTH passed through, that even now speak to us—there was a head that fell in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields—a few paces to the left of KOSSUTH, on his way to Guildhall—that now utters and will still utter solemn teachings. Yet no live Peer—no breathing liberality of the House of Lords—said welcome to LOUIS KOSSUTH. Well, the people of London did the honours; and so the great Hungarian may excuse the peerage. To be sure, if RADETZKY or PASKEVITCH were to come to London—nay,

putting aside the dread of sheriff's officers for certain unpaid damages, were SCHWARTZENBURG himself to visit the Metropolis—great would be the welcome of the illustrious new-comers. The doors of palatial mansions would turn on their harmonious hinges to take them in. How, for instance, did English aristocracy kiss the boots of NICHOLAS—how did the fair English aristocracy mantle and blush, sublimated for life, by the condescending salute of the emperor: at the imperial touch, mere human blood became ichor?

KOSSUTH went his victorious way to Guildhall; and there, in a brief hour, did good battle against Austria and Russia.—There, in that pacific hall, the Hungarian did as mortal injury to despotism, as did ever his iron artillery. Some words are things; things irresistible as cannon-balls: but with an immortality in them not to be spent. Such words are the words of God-gifted men; of men like KOSSUTH; whom to hear, is to listen to a noble human lesson—whom to look at, seen through the glorious halo of his deeds and sufferings, is a sight that for the time ennobs the beholder.

KOSSUTH went to receive the homage paid him by the people of the City of London, without pomp—without display. The straight-forward simplicity of the man found fitting harmony in the unstudied welcome that was given him by the mere people. The people were at once his guards and his entertainers. And for the foul, miserable lies, made to blacken the name of a man whose reputation is unspotted—lustrous as a sunbeam—they, too, were represented—typified, and to be found in the dirt in the path of KOSSUTH—the dirt trodden by the feet of KOSSUTH's horses.

THE BLOOMER BALL.

(Suggested by ALFRED TENNYSON'S "Locksley Hall.")

GENTS! produce your fifteen shillings; take a cab, and pay the fare: Bid the driver wait till wanted, near to Hanover's famed Square. 'Tis the place; and all around it crowds collect, who shout and call At the people driving onwards to attend the Bloomer Ball: Bloomer Ball—that in the papers promised much that might attract Quite an overflow of people, rushing like a cataract. Many a night to yonder building have I journey'd, nicely dress'd, To a ball or evening concert, patronised by all the West: Many a night I saw the broughams coming forward through the shade, Glistening, with their lamps all lighted, like a line of silver braid.

Oh! my Bloomers, chicken-hearted! Oh! my Bloomers, what a fall! Oh! the dreary, dreary aspect of the barren Bloomer Ball! Seedier than fancy dresses; dirtier than Showman's stocks, Half-a-dozen pairs of trousers, half-a-dozen school-girls' frocks. 'Tis as well, perchance, that ladies should avoid the London dirt, By a higher range of clothing and a somewhat shorter skirt; But it cannot be expected we shall ever see the day When, in gentlemanly trousers, they'll be figuring away. As the husband, shall the wife be; he will have to wear a gown, If he does not quickly make her put her Bloomer short-coats down. Who can say—what lengths to go to—'tis too difficult by half; Some are higher than the knee, some are lower than the calf.

'Tis the Ball! but, oh! how dreary!—men and women don't combine; For, the latter to the former, are as one to ninety-nine. Thinly scattered are the females, scorning custom's decent rules; Dense the pack of men assembled, looking like a crowd of fools. Well! 'tis well that 'tis a failure; had it more successful proved, Perhaps the hateful Bloomer nuisance for a time had onwards moved. Where's the beauty in concealment of an ankle neatly turn'd? Though they're right in closely hiding legs that are as awkward spurn'd. I remember one on Monday—heavily she moved about, With a foot that might be taken for a martyr to the gout.

Yearning for the large excitement that a Bloomer Ball might yield, Many thought, for some amusement, they might in it find a field; And at night along the pavement, near the corner of the Square, At each new alighting Bloomer, stood a noisy crowd to stare: But the crowd was disappointed, seeing what it witnessed then; Scarcely half-a-dozen Bloomers, nearly seven hundred men. Men the Guardsmen, men the idlers, men with nought on earth to do, But to seek, and dearly pay for, anything on earth that's new. As I stepped into the ball-room, far as any eye could see, Saw the crowd of men on town, closely pack'd as close could be; Saw the patent leather-boots—saw the coat with well-cut tail—Saw the Gibus hats, white chokers, and the embroider'd shirt of male. Heard the rooms all filled with shouting, and there rose a mocking cheer, When that rarity, a Bloomer, 'mongst them happened to appear.

Not in vain the Bloomer movement. Forward! forward, let us range! Set the world of fashion spinning—all improvement comes from change. 'Twixt the two extremes of folly common sense is always found, 'Twixt the skirt above the knees, and the skirt that sweeps the ground.

Howsoever these things be, I shall leave the Bloomer Ball: Not for me the promised supper—hence with jellies, tarts, and all. Comes an odour up a staircase—savouring of low-priced wine; Let it make another's head ache, for it shall not fuddle mine. Let it fall, the Bloomer Ball—never was a thing so slow. Now the gents are getting noisy—cheering, hooting—off I go!



THE LEADER OF A FRENCH NEWSPAPER.

FRENCH Editors (if there is such a thing as a French Editor still existing—out of prison) are puzzled to know what to write about. If they write about politics, their paper is sure to be confiscated, if those politics are not exactly to the taste of the President. Still their paper must be filled—and, to avoid imprisonment, and at the same time fill their columns with something, it is not unusual to meet with a Leader like the following, dressed in all the honours of the largest type:

“WHAT WILL BECOME OF FRANCE?”

“We have asked—and asked—until we are tired of asking.
 “Where's the use of asking, if you never get a reply?
 “Echo would answer 'Where'—only she has got the influenza.
 “Yesterday there was a new moon.
 “Do you think the Hedgehog is happy, because he hasn't to shave every morning?
 “Hark! what fearful cry was that?
 “It was the cry of 'Marchand d'Habi-i-its'—but the Seine will not contain one dead cat the less for that to-morrow!
 “Of all the Mysteries of Paris, SAUSAGES are the greatest!!!
 “We could weep, only onions are too dear.
 “Twice happy is the man who can cut his own hair!
 “The sun will rise to-morrow, and rise the day after that, and perhaps the day after that, and yet the Government will not dare to lay hands upon him for inciting the people to Rise!
 “And yet upwards of thirty carrots were pulled up yesterday by a Garde Champêtre upon the plea of their being ROUGES!!!
 “Foreigners may have several complaints that lie at their doors, but none can lie so much as a French Porter.
 “Two and two make four—and we hope the Procureur-General will not prosecute us for saying so—for really we know no better.
 “Revolutions are the madness of many Frenchmen, for the gain of very few.
 “Write a political article in haste, and repent in prison at leisure.
 “It is rarely you see a married couple, both of whom squint.
 “Brew your quarrels at home, if you like, but do not expect every one who calls to partake of them.
 “A man's choicest thoughts are lost in his nightcap.
 “MAHOMET'S paradise is imperfect; there are no beds in it!
 “Christmas comes but once a year!
 “Still it is most difficult to say—and we must again repeat our question, which ends our Leader—

“WHAT EVER WILL BECOME OF FRANCE?”

(Signed) “VICTOR TIRCAROTTE.

“St. Pélagie.”

PROGRESS OF BLOOMERISM.



PUNCH has been informed by a gunsmith that some ladies, attired in the Bloomer dress, called at his shop, and asked to see some caps.

The Bloomer costume facilitating walking very much, it is in contemplation that young ladies assuming it, shall walk into various situations hitherto appropriated to the harder sex. We understand that a banker has been favoured with a circular, inviting him to take Bloomer clerks. Bloomers talk also of demanding admittance to the Church and the Bar; but probably they would be kept out of these professions by their own objection to the gown.

A young, smart, active Bloomer, with a character from her last place—a lady's maid—wants a situation as a tigress.

H. M. S. "PRINCE OF WALES."

Among the documents from which we extracted lately, belonging to this vessel, were found the following letters. They appear to have formed part of a kind of hostile correspondence, arising from a disagreement between ADMIRAL BENBOW HAZY and one of his officers. We are given to understand that they illustrate with some clearness the nature of those disturbances which lead to the courts martial, not unfrequent in HER MAJESTY'S service.

No. 1.

H. M. S. *Prince of Wales, Serpentine.*

"Sir, "I have the honour to call your attention to the fact, that when the hands were on deck this morning, you used, in relation to myself, while duty was going on, the words 'Son of a Sea-cook.' I beg to ask you whether you intended by the epithet in question to detract from my reputation as an officer and a gentleman?"

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"To ADMIRAL BENBOW HAZY. GRIMLY SPOON, Lieutenant."

No. 2.

H. M. S. *Prince of Wales, Serpentine.*

"Sir, "I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter on HER MAJESTY'S service, of yesterday's date.

"Nothing more tends to promote insubordination in one of HER MAJESTY'S ships than the custom of complaint by inferior officers of the language of their superiors.

"If you wish it, I will communicate to their Lordships your dissatisfaction with your Admiral's conduct, in order that their Lordships may give you an opportunity of causing a Court of Inquiry to be held to investigate the circumstances.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"To LIEUT. GRIMLY SPOON. BENBOW HAZY, Admiral."

No. 3.

"Sir,—I cannot consider your explanation with reference to the epithet, 'Son of a Sea-cook,' satisfactory under the circumstances. I feel sure that, upon further reflection, you will see the propriety of modifying the offensive expression. Otherwise I must request you to forward copies of this correspondence to their Lordships of the Admiralty, that they may act in the matter as they see fit.

"Your obedient Servant,

"To ADMIRAL BENBOW HAZY. GRIMLY SPOON, Lieutenant."

No. 4.

(Letter from Admiral, acknowledging receipt.)

No. 5.

(Letter from Lieutenant, calling attention.)

No. 6.

(Letter from Admiral to Admiralty.)

No. 7.

(Admiralty to Admiral.)

No. 8.

(Admiralty to Lieutenant.)

No. 9.

(Lieutenant to Admiralty.)

No. 10.

(Admiralty to Crown Lawyer, on the meaning of the "epithet.")

No. 11.

(Crown Lawyer's "Opinion" on "Son of Sea-cook.")

No. 12.

(Admiralty to Admiral, recommending an "arrangement.")

No. 13.

H. M. S. *Prince of Wales, Serpentine.*

"Sir, "I have to communicate to you, with regard to the subject of our correspondence, that in using the epithet, 'Son of a Sea-cook,' I had no wish to detract from your family, nor to imply that you were incapable of discharging other duties than those which devolve upon sea-cooks generally. I am sorry that your warmth should have led to a controversy disturbing the harmony hitherto prevalent on board H. M. S. *Prince of Wales.*

"Your obedient Servant,

"To LIEUT. GRIMLY SPOON. BENBOW HAZY, Admiral."

No. 14.

H. M. S. *Prince of Wales, Serpentine.*

"Sir, "I beg to express my satisfaction at the fact, that your epithet, 'Son of a Sea-cook,' was not intended to depreciate me personally or professionally.

"Your obedient Servant,

"To ADMIRAL BENBOW HAZY. GRIMLY SPOON."

So the affair appears to have terminated amicably; and, indeed, ADMIRAL BENBOW HAZY expressed himself gratified with the result, at the dinner-table of SIR ———, K. O. B., when the affair was last mentioned. We believe that the full state of the active list has, however, prevented their Lordships from again employing LIEUTENANT GRIMLY SPOON *afloat.*

* * * We have made several inquiries ourselves, on the origin and real meaning of the epithet in question; but we have been unable to learn why a "sea-cook" is more contemptible than other cooks, and has any peculiar degradation which can be supposed to attach to his progeny. MR. SPOON, we believe, is from a branch of the SPOONS of Damish, in Suffolk.

GRAND PROTECTIONIST GOOSE CLUB.

IN consequence of the great success of the Goose Clubs, which are prevalent at the present season of the year, it is in contemplation by the country party to establish a Wild-Goose Club, for the exclusive use of the Protectionists. One of the main objects of the club will be the getting up of a grand wild-goose chase after Protection during the ensuing session of Parliament. The wild-goose chase will call into requisition several of the old Parliamentary hacks, and fine sport is expected. In order to give as much variety as possible to the attractions of the Wild-Goose Club, many of the members of the country party are prepared to go upon any number of wild-goose errands. The promoters of the club are in treaty for an extensive mare's-nest, where the process of hatching the requisite number of Wild Geese may be conducted. The Wild-Goose will be fed upon Wild Oats, sown by an insane farmer, driven out of his mind by the repeal of the Corn Laws. Measures will be taken to secure the well-known bird in hand with the celebrated two in a bush—the search after which will, it is expected, turn out to be a most exhilarating wild-goose errand.

Further particulars will be duly announced; and in the meantime all letters may be addressed to GOOSEY GOOSEY GANDER, Esq., Old Bond Street.

SOMETHING LIKE A MIRACLE.

THE following wonderful passage occurs in an account of a prize-fight, given by a sporting contemporary. It may be premised that one of the combatants had his jaw broken. At round

"4. STEVENS led off with a spanking hit again on the ribs, which was heavily returned by SMITH on the left ear, and STEVENS went down. 5. STEVENS hit out with his left, catching SMITH above the left eye, which bled freely. A scrambling round to the ropes, where both were down, SMITH under. 6. A short and sharp round. They closed for the fall; both down. STEVENS under. 7. The men *all alive!*"

All alive! Well, really that does seem rather extraordinary. All alive, after such a pommelling! Who shall say that miracles have ceased? The actual bruisers may vie with the legendary confessors who walked with their heads off, and, we believe, (with a slight mental reservation) came together, and came to, after having been cut into little bits. Nevertheless, two fellows beating each other to pieces, although they should remain all alive, form a not very creditable Exhibition in 1851.

FUNNY MARKET AND WITTY INTELLIGENCE.



NOTWITHSTANDING the improvement in the funds of humour, which we have recently noticed, they made a further advance in consequence of a large transaction in stock jokes, supposed to have been made in anticipation of the Christmas pantomimes. The burlesque writers have not yet begun to operate; but when they do commence, the better sort of puns will go rapidly up; but it is expected they will go down—with the audiences—at about Christmas time.

A gloomy feeling was caused by the rumour of the failure of one of the oldest jokers in the City. The fact is, that the trade has been for some time thoroughly inundated with his jokes, and he has long been dealing in accommodation jokes, got

up between himself and another, whose name we will not at present mention. Their dealings were almost entirely in chaff, and the Millers—Joe—and company, into whose books they had gone very deeply—will be the chief sufferers.

There was an arrival to-day of conundrums and other dry goods, specimens of which were handed about rather freely. Several parcels were consigned to the *Punch* Office, but few are above the average. The following are the best quotations:—

“If figs are sold at sixpence a pound by the ‘drum,’ how should they be sold by the trumpet?”

“If £8 per ton is the price of lead in sheets, what would it be worth in quires?”

The market was well supplied with small yarn, some of which was about equal to the following:—

“An individual says that the following translation struck him (it would have served him right had it knocked him down) during a three-hours’ journey from Kensington to the City:—*Nemo omnibus horis sapit*. No one knows the times of an omnibus.”

There has been a perfect glut of the lower quality of stuffs, which are offered at any price, but the dealers would have nothing to do with them. The following will suffice to show the kind of article that some unprincipled persons, trading on such capital as may be found in the alphabet, are desirous of foisting on the community. “How,” asks one of these unprincipled adventurers, in a recent circular, “How can you express in four units that food is necessary for man?—1. 0. 2. 8. One—ought—to—eat,” is the reply he hazards. We are not sure that an indictment for trying to get funny under false pretences would not lie against the person thus committing himself; or, at all events, for passing a counterfeit joke, as the following goes to show a second case of uttering.

“Why is a conspiracy like a chicken walking?—Because it’s a fowl proceeding!”

There can be no doubt that the person capable of hatching a thing of this sort deserves to be completely beaten up with eggs in the nearest pillory.

There had been no packet from the Isle of Dogs when we went to press; and a funny dog we had expected from that quarter has accordingly not arrived.

The following has just been growled out to us by a funny dog of our own, who, with his MS., has been committed at once to the kennel.

“Why is a bald man like an invalid?—Because he wants fresh (b)air.”

After this it will be dangerous to keep the reader any longer in the oppressive atmosphere of the Funny Market, and we accordingly release him from his painful position.

AN OLD PROVERB IMPROVED.—A Wink is as good as a Nod to a Blind Auctioneer.

“THE FIVE NIGHTS OF ST. ALBANS.”

WE remember, though very hazily indeed, that years ago, a romance of the above name, exercised a most awful power over our young imagination. The effect, if we remember right, was in a great measure produced by the mysterious lighting up of the old Abbey, night after night of the “five” which were the subjects of the tale. How it was lighted; what went on there; what would come of it; all these speculations kept us in a haze of mysterious wonder, scarcely dispelled altogether by the birch which rudely woke us from the dream when we happened to indulge in its fascination “during school-hours.”

Now that we are come, however, to mature years, we clearly perceive that there exists in the St. Albans of to-day the materials for an equally stirring romance. The commission sitting there affords the subject; and as for the “five nights;” five nights, there, at least, were recently occupied in proceedings of a character as secret and as interesting as ever were the materials of romance or novel yet. A novelist ought to take up the notion, and he would find that it would lead him quite out of the common track (including the (Mrs.) Radcliffe Highway) of fiction.

Of course there would have to be a love story for basis. Young DINDAMONT is devotedly attached to ADELINDA; has courage, constancy, &c.—everything but money. ADELINDA’s parent, SIXANAITO (of noble Italian origin), is an electioneering solicitor, who sternly forbids the union. Lovers are in despair. DINDAMONT soliloquising near the Abbey, and, being told to “move on,” suddenly observes strange lights in a house. Lover enters; is knocked down and hustled out. Grief of ADELINDA. This would occupy one night.

The second night arrives. DINDAMONT steals off to watch the strange house again. Dark figure approaches in cloak—moonlight *ad lib.*, of course. DINDAMONT nears him; packet falls from stranger’s hand. Ha! the gleam of gold!

The third night SIXANAITO (in disguise) steals to DINDAMONT; takes him off with him to strange house. Groups, wax-lights, mysterious packages, &c. “Dost thou vote?” And the youth, raising his eyes to heaven, replied, “Yes!”

Some light comic business about the beer of the populace, and the “merri jests” of the “host” of the Keys, might lead gradually up to the proceedings of the fourth night. DINDAMONT happens (anything “happens,” you know, in novels) to be the dangerous witness against SIXANAITO by the machinations of DELTREM—opposing solicitor and rival. Banquet. Proposed flight. Passionate scene between SIXANAITO, DINDAMONT, and ADELINDA.

And, on the fifth night, DINDAMONT and ADELINDA, who have been married in the morning, fly off with SIXANAITO’s blessing, and some help from the “Sitting Member” to pass the honeymoon at Boulogne.

Whoever means to take this subject in hand had better be quick about it. For, as part of the interest will be political, it will be as well to bring out the book while the Borough of St. Albans has still a political existence,—which won’t be long!

COUNSEL’S OPINION ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

A LAY BY A LAWYER, NOT A REGULAR LAYMAN.

WHEREAS the wind is turning o’er the leaves
In nature’s book, spreading them fore and aft;
And, inasmuch as everybody grieves
To be so soon perusing such a draft;

And, furthermore, the tenure of the cold,
Of which our fingers stand thus early seised,
Renders it needless that we should be told
JACK FROST approaches, (here the writer sneezed).

Truly, herein-before recited frost
Will lead to herein-after mentioned ice;
So guard against said ice at any cost—
That is poetic Counsel’s best advice.

Kossuth and the Doctors.

THE *Globe* says that SIR JAMES CLARK has called at Eaton Place—

“With the offer of his valuable professional services, should the illustrious exile wish to avail himself thereof. The country will appreciate the kindness as well as delicacy which suggested this visit, not without its significance.”

SIR JAMES CLARK, the man whose healing fingers are wont to encircle the wrist of QUEEN VICTORIA! Truly, there is significance in such a visit. And yet KOSSUTH might, we dare say, have royal physicians in plenty, if he cared to take their prescriptions. Can we doubt, for instance, that Russia would refuse him a doctor; or that the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—the Hungarians’ “beardless NERO”—would fail to send him an ESCULAPIUS?

MR. MOLONY ON THE POSITION OF THE BAR AND ATTORNEYS.

(To the Editors of Newspapers in general.)



SIR.—THE *Times* newspaper, in its articles of Friday and Saturday upon the position of Barristers and Attorneys, kindles the hopes, as it speaks the sentiments, of thousands of meritorious, and gifted, and unfortunate men. I am one of these—a Barrister: I blush not to own it—hitherto a briefless one. Of what avail have been my genius and my toil, my presence in the Courts, my nights at the lamp? My brow is furrowed, my hopes have grown grey in this poor chamber whence I write—sitting solitary.

I take my meals in our Hall (not for choice, perhaps—but let that pass), and hear the ribald jokes of my brethren, regarding a subject which concerns us so nearly. But yesterday, as with a heaving breast and an eye flashing with indignation, I commented upon the statement of the *Law Review* and the *Times*, that an Attorney had settled a practice to the amount of a thousand a-year upon his daughter, the wife of a Barrister—WIGGINS, of the Western Circuit, a flippant member of the mess, with the heartlessness which characterises him, said, 'I recommend you, MOLONY, my boy, to see if the Attorney has got any more daughters to marry.' And he added, that he himself intended to take lodgings in Bedford Row, and create an early interest in the girls' minds, by giving lollipops to the Attorneys' children, as they went out to walk. Other remarks of a similar nature were made. MR. HUGSON'S name was mentioned amongst others, who has thrown over a young lady who was tenderly attached to him, for the purpose of marrying a young lady who has a large Old Bailey connection.

'Sir—these remarks sickened me. I come of a race that holds honour Sacred, and likes not to jest with Sacred things. That the Attorney may be cast back into the perdition from which the reptile sprang—that that livid and low-born wretch shall no longer interpose between the chivalrous Barrister and the distressed public, is the wish and hope of my heart.

'Cast away this intermeddler, and a new era commences for a profession. Talent henceforth speaks for itself. Parties interested in litigation are therefore interested in selecting their own Counsel. That an Attorney's wife should be his mother-in-law, is no longer considered to be a requisite part of the education of a Barrister-at-Law. The profession is to be relieved from that incubus; and walks forth in its high mission, erect and free.

'Except upon terms of hostility, I, for one, declare upon my honour, I have never had dealings with an Attorney. I have known such men but as the extortionate agents of unscrupulous tradesmen. Rather than receive the emissaries of Attorneys, the writs of Attorneys, I have quitted my chambers for the country, or the apartments of a friend, or I have simulated absence, and closed my door.

'In court, and on circuit, I have preserved the same independent line of conduct. I have passed briefs across the table to other men. I myself was too proud to have dealings with persons belonging to the lower branch of a profession which is at once the noblest and the most debasing in existence.

'In the country where I first drew breath, and over which my ancestors reigned sovereign—in the green land of my fathers—(need I name thee, my beautiful, my beloved, my persecuted Ireland?)—Attorneys have been shot, have been hustled, have been ducked to death. My dying sire left me scarce any other legacy than hereditary enmity to that race. In my heart of hearts I cherish that hatred: in my bosom's depths I nourish that holy and unquenchable flame. Attorneys brought ruin upon me and mine. Vampires! how long have they fattened on the red blood of the noble and the brave! A coward, skulking, and in disguise, a janissary of a firm in Dublin, penetrated my grandsire's hall, and served a writ on the unsuspecting old man. Ruin followed on his ruthless footstep. The halls are desolate now, where the great feasted, and the poor found shelter. The Attorney passed over our threshold, and the child of kings was a beggar. There is a grass-grown ruin in Connemara—there is a quenched hearthstone among the weeds there—where the fires of princes smoked for a thousand years. In a lonely chamber, in London, their descendant struggles against fortune. Something tells him that she will visit the Exile!

'The time has come, then, when the Attorney may be dashed aside, and the Barrister may present himself with open breast to the world. I am ready. I am here. Men of England, seek ye redress? Here is one will help ye. Unfortunate, need ye a Champion? Oppressed, need ye eloquence to aid your cause? Orphans, are ye deprived of your rights? Mothers, wives, children! tremble ye for the fate of son, husband, father, pursued by vindictiveness? Here is one that will shelter ye in his immaculate robe, while he does battle with the yelling hell-hounds of the law!

'My written style is feeble in comparison with my spoken eloquence; the torrents of my native mountains are not more impetuous than the cascades of my oratory. Rainbows play around their irresistible flow—they fructify as they roll. I adorn every subject which I touch. I have a mind enriched with classic lore, and with native tradition. I wait. I am ready. I am here.

'I beg to announce that I shall be at home for consultation at my chambers, 5, Gutter Court, Temple, fourth floor—from nine o'clock till eleven every morning: and in the evenings after the Courts of Westminster are closed.

'As I have never yet received the visits of any Attorney, the public may have confidence in me; and I shall be happy to give advice and take fees DIRECTLY, and without the intervention of the middle man, so ruinous alike to counsel and client.

'My staircase is proverbially easy of ascent, and occasionally lighted at night. My sitting-room is airy. A bench for clients will be found in the passage, and gentlemen coming on business connected with the Old Bailey will be treated privately in my clerk's room, by one who hopes the public will soon better know the name of

'Temple, Nov. 7.

THADDEUS MOLONY.'

AN ELYSIAN TEA PARTY.

In bright Elysian bowers a troop of dames,
Such, first of GEORGES, as thine era claims,
As still their custom, blest as sprites can be,
Met to partake in tattle and in tea.
A purer Hyson scatters fragrance round;
With choicer China stands the table crown'd;
A sleeker Cat is purring on the rug;
Upon the sofa snores a fatter Pug;
More hideous Idols goggle on the shelf,
And tea is handed by a blacker Elf.

Oh, happy they, in that delightful place,
With endless cards and everlasting lace,
Unfading silks, and charms that never droop,
And all the glories of the train and hoop,
Where, fixed for ever in their proper sphere,
They're more at home than ever they were here.

'What news from Earth?' BELINDA first began;
'What's the last folly of that monster, Man?'—
'Not Man's,' fair CELIA said, 'the last new freak.'—
'Indeed! What is't?' cried CHLOE. 'Prithee, speak!'—
'A revolution'—'I supposed no less.'

PHYLLIS exclaim'd—'has broken out in—dress.
A Colonel's Colonel, Fashion's law defies,
And lifts the name of BLOOMER to the skies.
A hat, like some gigantic mushroom, shades
The head, whose locks are bound in closest braids;
A light surtout invests the female beau—'

'Gracious!' cried DAPHNE; CYNTHIA murmured, 'Oh!'—
'The flowing form no stays coercive bind;
No tasteful art sets off the form behind.
Scarce to the knee the tunic's skirt descends,
And the attire—in short—in trousers ends.'

'The strife is won at last! sharp BRIDGET cries,
'And woman gains the long-disputed prize.'—
'Nay,' replies sage CLARISSA, 'child, not so!
Ne'er to those—things—the sex will influence owe;
Still let them keep—if they'd retain their sway—
Those flowing robes, that most mankind obey.

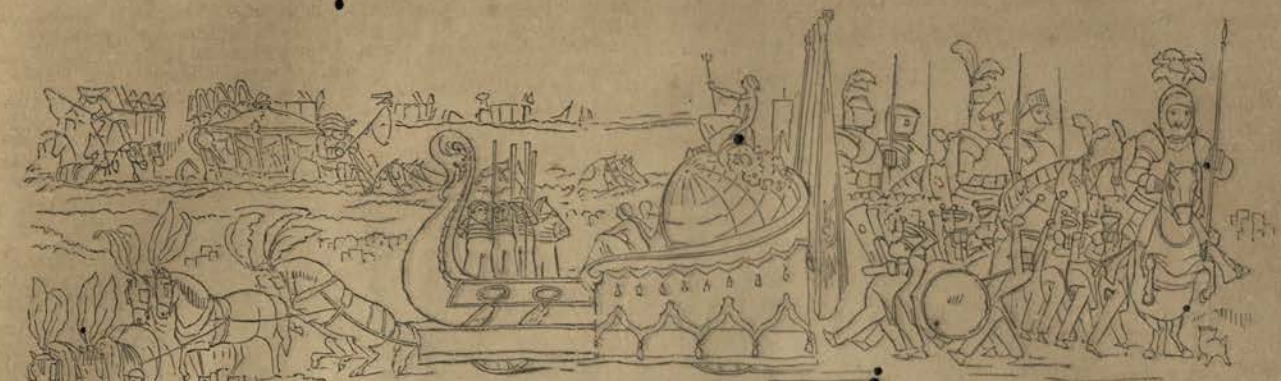
Power's empty badges leave the men to bear;
Nor, save in figure, what d'y-ye-call'ems wear.
But see, here comes SIR PLUME'S conceited ghost:
CÆSAR!—my fan, and more ambrosia-toast!'

Sporting, British and Foreign.

THE *Sun* reports that—

'The long-talked-of fight between Lord H——'s two owls—*Iron Beak* and *Young*, and twelve rats—came off at midnight, on the 27th of October, in the drawing-room of the Jockey Club.'

Is not the venue of this transaction a misnomer, as the lawyers say? Drawing-room? Should it not have been Badger-drawing-room?



THE GUILDHALL FEAST; OR, ONE ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

(A Fragment. After DRYDEN.)

'Twas at the civic feast, on having won
The chair of WHITTINGTON,
Aloft, in lordly state,
The worthy HUNTER sate
On his official throne.
The Ministers were placed around;
Their minds to capon and to turtle bound:—
So should desert in Whigs be crown'd.
The plucky PREMIER near his side
Sat, who the POP^E OF ROME defied.
When he the HAT on England tried.
Happy, happy, happy MAYOR!
None but a trump,
None but a trump,
None but a trump deserves the fare.

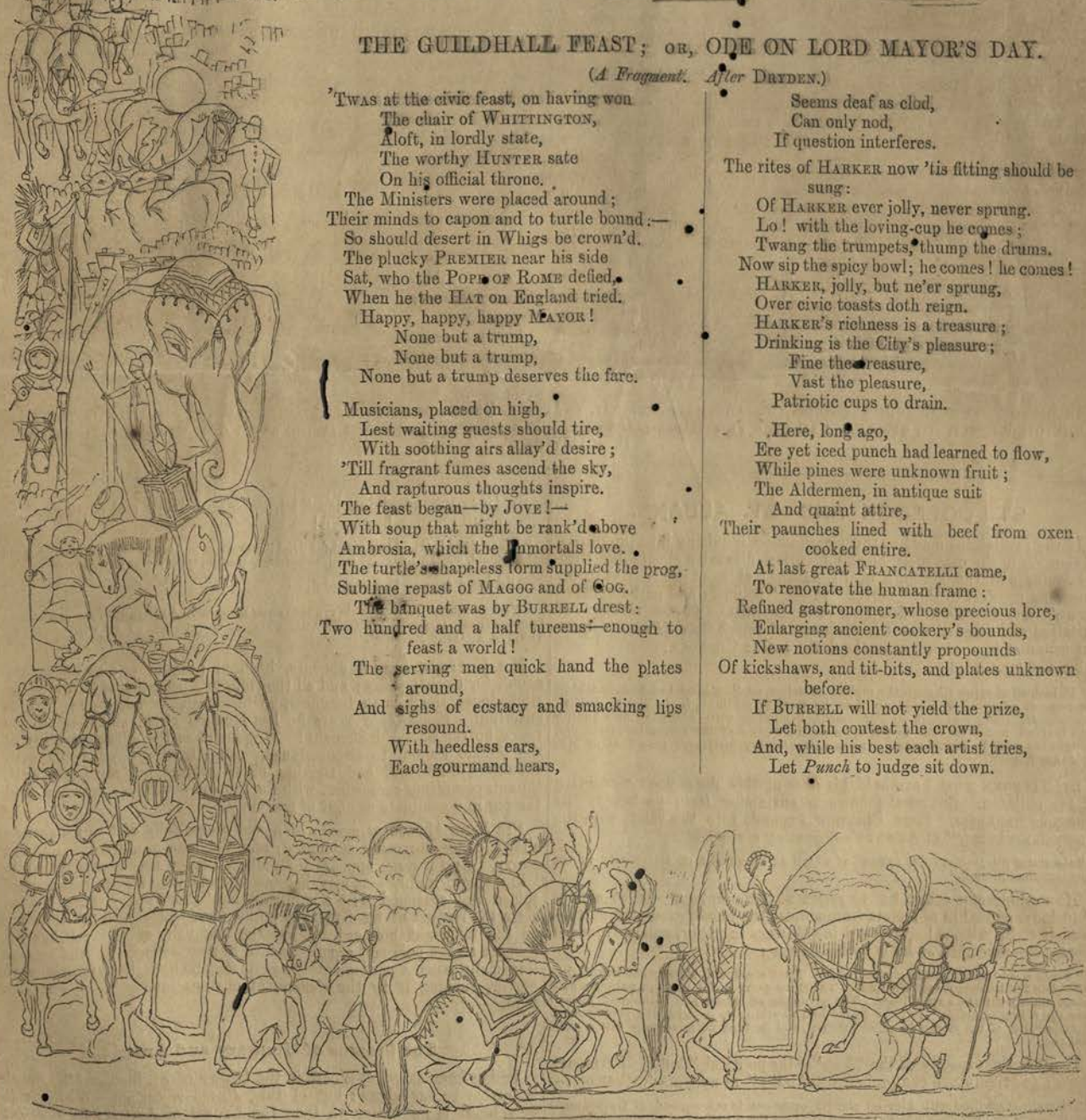
Musicians, placed on high,
Lest waiting guests should tire,
With soothing airs allay'd desire;
'Till fragrant fumes ascend the sky,
And rapturous thoughts inspire.
The feast began—by JOVE!—
With soup that might be rank'd above
Ambrosia, which the Immortals love.
The turtle's shapeless form supplied the prog,
Sublime repast of MAGOG and of COG.
The banquet was by BURRELL drest:
Two hundred and a half tureens—enough to
feast a world!
The serving men quick hand the plates
around,
And sighs of ecstasy and smacking lips
resound.
With heedless ears,
Each gourmand hears,

Seems deaf as clod,
Can only nod,
If question interferes.

The rites of HARKER now 'tis fitting should be
sung:
Of HARKER ever jolly, never sprung.
Lo! with the loving-cup he comes;
Twang the trumpets, thump the drums.
Now sip the spicy bowl; he comes! he comes!
HARKER, jolly, but ne'er sprung,
Over civic toasts doth reign.
HARKER's richness is a treasure;
Drinking is the City's pleasure;
Fine the treasure,
Vast the pleasure,
Patriotic cups to drain.

Here, long ago,
Ere yet iced punch had learned to flow,
While pines were unknown fruit;
The Aldermen, in antique suit
And quaint attire,
Their paunches lined with beef from oxen
cooked entire.
At last great FRANCAPELLI came,
To renovate the human frame:
Refined gastronomer, whose precious lore,
Enlarging ancient cookery's bounds,
New notions constantly propounds
Of kickshaws, and tit-bits, and plates unknown
before.

If BURRELL will not yield the prize,
Let both contest the crown,
And, while his best each artist tries,
Let *Punch* to judge sit down.





IN ANSWER TO NUMEROUS INQUIRIES, WE ARE HAPPY TO SAY, THAT MR. BRIGGS IS QUITE WELL, AND AT BRIGHTON. HE IS TAKING THE OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE HIS FAMILY A FEW RIDING LESSONS. WE SHOULDN'T WONDER IF HE WENT OUT WITH THE HARRIERS IN A DAY OR TWO.

ST. COPPOCK AND ST. ALBANS.

If the revelations made to the Commission inquiring into the purity of election in the case of BELL and CARDEN disgust a clean mind with the foulness of the borough of St. Albans; at least there is a compensating comfort in the "horror" of the "solicitor and parliamentary agent," ST. COPPOCK. Soothing and beautiful, amidst matters of irritation and disgust, was the evidence of our SAINT (*Punch* cannot but canonize him while yet in the flesh) JAMES COPPOCK.

ST. COPPOCK said:—

"If, instead of going through the register of voters, as EDWARDS had done, marking the name of everyone who sold his vote, he were to go through the list of British boroughs returning members to Parliament, beginning with Abingdon and ending with Stafford, and if he were to put opposite the names of the respective members, 'bought his seat,' he should make a more extraordinary disclosure than that of Mr. EDWARDS himself."

ST. STEPHEN must have held his nose at this denounced corruption of his children. But what follows is sustaining from its beauty, its generous frankness. Here COPPOCK expands into the saint, with the "melodious twang" of AUBREY'S departing sprite:

"He stated this, to show the system, of which no man had a greater horror in the kingdom than himself."

How wholesome comes ST. COPPOCK'S horror upon us—what a note of melody, and whiff of violets from amidst the money-changing corruptionists of St. Albans! We tie a few flowers together, culled from ST. COPPOCK—sanctified as he is by his horror:

"£2500 was to be forthcoming provided MR. BELL stood, and witness had heard that £1500 was SIR ROBERT CARDEN'S limit. The third party in the borough wanted a candidate simply for the expenditure. The principle of 'bleed and bribe' had always been the ruling principle. . . . Never had anything to do with the arrangement or disposition of the money in these matters, and derived no advantage but a political one."

Great is the capacity of the "but"—the political "but." No money down; *but* the future comprehensive "but;" as appears further on:—

"It was not unusual with him on similar occasions to recommend to Government appointments, or to post people in his own office, on the principle of serving those who had served him."

ST. COPPOCK, surviving his "horror" at bribery and corruption, to reciprocate services bestowed!

"When SIR H. G. WARD stood for St. Albans, it cost him £2400. When he stood for St. Field, containing some thousands in population, it only cost him £150."

And here comes the remedy:—

"YOU CANNOT," SAID THE WITNESS, EMPHATICALLY, "PREVENT THIS SPECIES OF EXPENDITURE, UNTIL YOU ALLOW THE BALLOT, WHICH WOULD BE THE ONLY PREVENTIVE AGAINST BRIBERY."

MR. COPPOCK has, it appears, been in practice as a parliamentary agent, for twenty years; and all the time in a condition of horror at the wickedness, the human baseness, he has been doomed, by his fees, to entertain. For twenty years he has handled pitch, suffering twenty years' horror at the defilement! Wonderful is the self-adaptability of the human animal to circumstance. Men have entered ovens with shoulders-of-mutton, and sucking pigs; coming out alive and well, though perspiring somewhat, with the mutton deliciously browned, and the pig in a complete armour of crackling.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM speaks of a man whose daily diet was a certain allowance of corrosive sublimate; and the man ate, drank, and was merry. And it now appears that, albeit horror may turn hair white "in a single night,"—it may become nutriment to a man (especially if spiced and seasoned with a political "but") for twenty years. What seem the rigours of ST. STYLITES on his desert pillar—to ST. COPPOCK on the midnight bolster? What the anguish of the self-inflicted scourge to the poignant recollections of human baseness! And yet man (especially when a parliamentary agent) may be brought to flourish upon horror, turning it by the alchemy of custom into gold—to sovereign gold.

The Crowns of Hungary and Austria.

It has been asked, "Where is the Crown of St. Stephen?" *Punch* is unable to say where: but of this, *Punch* is certain. Wherever it may be, it is far better off than the Crown of Austria; for that (at present) is on the head of a perjurer, named FRANCIS-JOSEPH.



ENGLAND

KOSSUTH.

AMERICA.

“FAST FRIENDS.”

BLOOMERISM.

A LATTER-DAY FRAGMENT. BY THOMAS SNARLYLE.



A MAD world this, my friends, a world in its lunes, petty and other; in lunes other than petty now for some time; in petty-lunes, pettilettes, or pantalettes, about these six weeks, ever since when this rampant androgynous Bloomerism first came over from Yankee land. A sort of shemale dress you call Bloomerism; a fashion of SISTER JONATHAN'S. Trousers tight at ankles, and for most part frilled; tunic descending with some degree of brevity, perhaps to knees,

ascending to throat and open at chemisette-front, or buttoned there; collar down-turned over neckerchief; and, crowning all, broad-brimmed hat; said garments severally feathered, trimmed, ribboned, variegated, according to the fancies and the vanities: these, chiefly, are the outward differences between Bloomer dress and customary feminine Old Clothes. Not much unlike nursery-uniform you think this description of costume, but rather considerably like it, I compute. "To me," writes GLUMM, in his own rough way, "these Bloomers seem to resemble, in great measure, overgrown schoolgirls, kept backwards, as they say, by juvenile Mamma, at a 'Preparatory Establishment for Young Ladies.' I see nothing at all admirable in them, for my part, but much not to be admired on any account, and look upon them, at the best, as mere strapping hoydens and audacious unfeminine tomboys." Nor will you, most likely, more than GLUMM, discern aught laudable in external Bloomerism: a masquerade frippery: an excrescence of the conceits and the coquetries. Invisible are the merits of the Bloomer dress, such as it has. A praiseworthy point in Bloomerism the emancipation of the ribs: an exceeding good riddance the deliverance from corset, trammelling genteel thorax with springs of steel and whalebone, screwing in waist to Death's hour-glass contraction, and squeezing lungs, liver, and midriff into an unutterable cram. Commendable, too, the renouncement of sous-jupe bouffante, or ineffable wadding, invented, I suppose, by some Hottentot to improve female contour after the type of VENUS, his fatherland's, and not Cythera's. Wholesome, moreover, and convenient, the abbreviation of trains, serving in customary female Old Clothes the purpose of besom, and no other: real improvements, doubtless, these abandonments of ruinous shams, ridiculous unvarieties, and idolatries of indescribable mud-Pythons. But Bloomerist inexpressible affectations, and mimicries of masculine garments, nether and upper, such, my friends, I take to be no more than dumb, inarticulate clamourings for the Rights of Women, GEORGE SAND phantasms, and mutinous female radicalisms grown termagant and transcendent. The last new madness is this Bloomerism: the latest species of insanity epidemic from time to time: Puseyism having been the mania before that. Disputes about surplises in pulpit, and abs elsewhere, give place to controversies in theatres and lecture-halls concerning petty lunes and frilled trousers; paraphernalia, however, not less important than canonicals, as I judge, for one. Better, I say, MRS. BLOOMER in her petty lunes, than the REV. ALOYSIUS QUIDDLEPOPE in dalmatic and chasuble. But here are we, my friends, in this mad world, amid the hallooings and bawlings, and guffaws and imbecile simperings and titterings, blinded by the November smokelogs of coxcombs and vanities, stunned by the perpetual hallelujahs of flunkeys, beset by maniacs and simpletons in the great lunes and the petty lunes; here, I say, do we, with Bloomerism beneath us bubbling uppermost, stand, hopelessly upturning our eyes for the daylight of heaven, upon the brink of a vexed unfathomable gulf of apehood and asshood simmering forever!

Not exactly the Man of a few Words.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has just delivered a little Message to the Assembly—only five columns long. If LOUIS NAPOLEON'S Messages run to that extraordinary length, we should like to know the extent of one of his conversations. Perhaps it is for this purpose that he is anxious to get the term of his office extended; for he wishes to "say a few words" to the French nation; but he finds that three years are by far too brief a period to say anything in beyond a Message. Elect him for life, and then he'll speak his mind!

KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS—BROMPTON KITCHENS.

"MR. PUNCH, *Front Kitchen, No. —, Brompton Crescin.*
"I WRITE to you as one who won't see poor women put upon (there's three of us, ELIZA, the under-housemaid, MARTHA, the cook, and me here, at No. —, Brompton Crescin)—I write to you for help against the wicked hardheartedness of the *Times* newspaper, with which, amongst the screams of all on us, the knife-boy joining, cook all alight singed a goose yesterday. It's about the removing of the Knightsbridge Barracks out of London (well known to be the brightest jewel in HER MAJESTY'S Crown), nobody knows where, to Blackheath or Hounslow. And what for? Why, that a place may be built—a sort of one shilling gallery—for pictures: stupid, unfeeling things, with no flesh or blood in 'em—or, if there's anything like it, not always what it ought to be, and what wouldn't be hung up in many decent families I've lived in.

"Do away with the Barracks for picturs! As if there could be such a pictur as them bullworks of their country—the Guards; both Blues and Reds! Well, if my blood don't fairly wobble, when I think that him, as I won't mention—(six feet three in his blessed stockings, with a colour like a rose, and moustachens soft as any mouse's back)—and to think that him and such as him should be sent away to make room for what I'm told is nothing but canvas and gambooge, with ultramarines; which, whatever they may be, ain't fit to black the boots of the Guards;—why, to think of it—but never!

"I don't write this without knowing what I'm about. I've been all round the Crescin, and there isn't a maid in the place—not so much as one—for they're all of a mind; and they say, if the barracks is to be removed, and the dear soldiers sent into country quarters—there isn't a servant that won't give warning, unless railway expenses is allowed her in her wages, and her days out more than doubled.

"Fine Arts, I hear they call 'em. Well, I'm sure! As if all the Arts in the world—as fine as they might be—could ever come up to the sweet, sweet Blues; for why should I hide it—that is HENRY'S regimen?

"You will, therefore, *Mr. Punch*, give warning that if the Barracks is removed, the streets that embraces them—as far as housemaids is concerned—will be a howling wilderness. Me, ELIZA, and Cook are all of a mind; and if they move the barracks, are, to a woman, ready with our boxes, to move with the first blast of the trumpet. I am,

"Your humble servant, *Mr. Punch*, to command,
"SARAH —."

"Such fun! Missus has just sent in another goose; which won't we singe with half-a-dozen *Timeses* to-night. HENRY, and GUSTUS, and CHARLIE (this is 'tween us) is a comin'!"

CARLYLE ON NOBILITY.

MR. CARLYLE says, in his recently-published *Life of JOHN STERLING*, that if asked how a noble life is to be led, the heart's answer will be, "Nonsense! Noble life is in Drury Lane, and wears yellow boots." We can fancy some puffing shoemaker adopting this idea, and making use of it in his handbills and advertisements, after the following fashion:—

NOBILITY FOR THE MILLION!

Those who wish to walk in the footsteps of Nobility, should hasten to the GOLDEN BOOT, NEAR DRURY LANE, And supply themselves immediately with a pair of our Eight-and-Sixpennies. According to CARLYLE, the GOLDEN BOOT, NEAR DRURY LANE, is the only way to a noble life.

* * Copy the Address!—Come Early!

We certainly were not aware that there was any particular virtue in a boot or a shoe; but perhaps MR. CARLYLE may recognise about the foot that peculiar nobility of sole which he may regard as the *Sola Nobilitas*. We may certainly look to the boot for the stamp of the man himself, but we should never have thought of seeking in it the stamp of his character. But perhaps, after all, there is no more ready mode of ascertaining a man's walk in life than by reference to his shoe leather.

The Worst of British Bloomerism.

We do not feel much alarmed by the probability that BRITANNIA will leave off her Petticoats; but the news from Caffre-land makes us seriously apprehensive that she may give up her Cape.



THE ALDERMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Mr. Gobble. "YOU SEE, SAM, YOU ARE A WERRY YOUNG MAN; AND WHEN I AM TOOK AWAY, (WHICH, IN THE COMMON COURSE OF EWENTS, CAN'T BE WERRY LONG PUST), YOU WILL HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF PROPERTY. NOW, I'VE ONLY ONE PIECE OF ADVICE TO GIVE YOU. IT'S THIS—AND BY ALL MEANS ACT UPON IT:—LAY DOWN PLENTY OF PORT IN YOUR YOUTH, THAT YOU MAY HAVE A GOOD BOTTLE OF WINE IN YOUR OLD AGE."

THE EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE TAKES PART IN A BLOOMER LECTURE.

SCENE.—The Green Room of the Soko Theatre, into which the Ex-UNPROTECTED has just been supported by MISS RUNT. Her presence of mind has not been restored by the remarks of the crowd round the door. The Band of Martyrs in attendance, comprising the well-known Elderly Bloomer, the strong-minded American Lady, a heroic British Female, half-a-dozen Painters' Models, hired at half-a-crown per head to exhibit themselves in the Costume, and an equal number of unhappy "illustrations" of bygone fashions, who receive five shillings apiece in consideration of making themselves frights.

MISS RUNT (introducing the Ex-UNPROTECTED to the Martyrs). MRS. DOWBIGGIN, MRS. JONES—MRS. JONES, MISS CRUSHER—MISS VIRGINIA M. PASAMAQUODDY, MRS. JONES—a lady whose convictions are with us, but who has not yet adopted the costume.

The Ex-UNPROTECTED. And never, never will, ma'am. Oh!—you've no idea what we've gone through—with the boys, and the horrid women, and the low people; but she would ride on the box—

MISS VIRGINIA M. PASAMAQUODDY (with a voice pitched so high that it scorns the ordinary way through the lips, and comes out a story higher, through the nose). Ah!—now, MISS RUNT, ma'am, you will realise the holy satisfaction of the early Christian Martyrs, ma'am. Don't you feel it a great and holy privilege to suffer for the good cause—for the elevation of woman—moral, physical, and intellectual?

[N.B.—MISS VIRGINIA M. PASAMAQUODDY insists on looking at everything in a moral, physical, and intellectual point of view—from human nature to a hearth-broom.

MISS RUNT (meekly). I am prepared to suffer for the principle, MISS PASAMAQUODDY.

MISS VIRGINIA M. PASAMAQUODDY. And then, ma'am, you'll feel the genuine enthusiasm, which only comes from persecution, ma'am. I never knew what it was to feel real earnest for the great Abolitionist principle till I was nearly tarred and feathered in Lynchville, Old Carolina.

The Ex-UNPROTECTED. There! you said America was such an enlightened country, MISS RUNT, and that a woman might travel from one end of it to the other—and you see one might be tarred and feathered!

MISS VIRGINIA M. PASAMAQUODDY. Do not misunderstand me, ma'am. I am proud of my country. The United States is certainly the greatest and most enlightened nation of the Old or New World. But opinion is free with us, ma'am; and when the people arises in the majesty of its might, I calculate there ain't any law that dare resist 'em. And they were all on the Anti-Abolition ticket in Lynchville. I escaped, thanks to that remarkable woman and true heroine, MRS. ASA F.

CHURCH BELLS AND THEIR USES.

BEAUTIFUL are church bells, with their melodious invitations—their solemn farewells! And, doubtless, the bells of St. Mary's, Cheltenham, are of most melodious metal; at times most melodiously employed. Here is, at least, one proof of their beautiful use:—

"EARL FITZHARDINGE arrived at his Cheltenham residence, German Cottage, on Friday afternoon. On his Lordship's arrival being made known, the bells of St. Mary's rang their customary peal of welcome."

There can be no doubt that the noble Earl, so significantly welcomed, brings with his customary visit, a huge accession of all the household virtues to lucre-loathing Cheltenham. Yes, the bells of St. Mary's do not cry, "Welcome, oh Earl! mighty of purse, to the shopkeepers and traders in Mammon; but thrice welcome, oh chrysolite peer—and for ever welcome the virtues in your train! Welcome, meekness of heart—welcome, humility—welcome, bright example—for all these are with EARL FITZHARDINGE!"

When church bells can ring such a welcome, they bless and are blessed!

Popish Remedies for Irish Evils.

THE Irish "exodus" is still going on, and, concurrently with it, two Irish subscriptions are going on also. The Roman Catholic Prelates of Ireland are calling on their flocks to subscribe, first, to a Catholic Defence Association, and next, to a Catholic University. The Association, we presume, is to defend, and the University to educate, the Roman Catholics whom the said "exodus" is taking to the other side of the Atlantic; as it seems likely that, in a very short time, there will be none remaining; and the depopulation of Ireland will probably be rather expedited by the two subscriptions.

TITLES; but the sainted INCREASE F. PEABODY was caught in a corn-bunker, and the way they tarred and feathered him was a caution.

The Elderly Bloomer (meekly). I think, ladies, it is time to begin the lecture. MISS VIRGINIA M. PASAMAQUODDY will address the audience first; and if MISS RUNT will then oblige with a few words—

MISS RUNT (with some asperity). I understood I was to say a few words, certainly; but I couldn't think of rising after MISS PASAMAQUODDY—

The Audience (outside). Now then—toon up!—now, Bloomers!—Hoy—Er—Moo—oo—sic!

Elderly Bloomer (marshalling the Martyr Band). Now—if you please—ladies.

MISS RUNT (to the Ex-UNPROTECTED, who is chilled to the marrow of her bones by the wild cries of the Audience). Now, MRS. JONES, be firm.

The Ex-UNPROTECTED (aside to MISS RUNT). Oh! I wish to go home.

The Elderly Bloomer (under the impression that THE EX-UNPROTECTED is one of the strong-minded). This way, madam.

[The Ladies file off in procession. THE EX-UNPROTECTED follows MISS RUNT, in the vague belief that she is going to take her out of the Theatre.

[Scene changes to the stage. The drop represents an apartment in a Gothic Palace, with a range of kitchen chairs, a table, with a decanter and tumblers, and a Bust of HER MAJESTY.

Enter the Bloomers in single file.

Audience (greeting the Elderly Bloomer). Oh, there's an old 'un!

[ELDERLY BLOOMER seats herself with calm dignity.

Audience (welcoming MISS VIRGINIA M. PASAMAQUODDY). Oh, 'ere's five foot nine!

Enter MISS RUNT, followed by the Ex-UNPROTECTED, who blunders on, dazzled by the lights, and bewildered by the sudden revelation of the upturned faces of the Audience in the pit. All beyond is a swimming chaos.

Audience. Hollo, old lady! you've forgot your trousers. Oh, come, cut it short, old 'un!—hooray!

Ex-UNPROTECTED (sinking into a chair). Oh dear, it's the stage! I thought it was the way out. Oh, I didn't mean to!—Oh, MISS RUNT, I feel so ill!

Mr. Jones (rising in the pit). Martha, come down this instant!

Audience (tumultuously). Sit down! Turn him out! Throw him o-ver—Moosic!

Mr. Jones (appealingly). It's my wife, ladies and gentlemen. She's been inveigled here by these humbugs.

The Audience. Shame!—Shame!—Off!—Off!—Off!—Off!—Off!—Off!—
The Ex-Unprotected (who has recognised the voice of JONES, clasping her hands). Oh—I didn't mean to—I wanted to go home—I don't approve of them. Oh! MR. JONES—oh! MISS RUNT—it's all your fault.
Miss Runt (softly re-conducting THE EX-UNPROTECTED to the wing). MRS. JONES, I wash my hands of you!
Miss Virginia M. Pasamaquoddy. I appeal to a British public for that protection which, as an American lady, I trust I shall not ask in vain!—You can have your wife, Sir. I did not know she intended to appear on this platform.

The Ex-Unprotected. No—I didn't—indeed, I didn't—
Mr. Jones (with terrible wrath). Take her round to the stage door, then—some of you—not that MISS RUNT—or I shall forget myself—Here—I'll come for her. [Exit JONES.
Audience. That's right, old feller! Give it 'er when she gets home—Shame, shame! off, off! 'Ear, 'ear!—now, marm!

[The EX-UNPROTECTED, helpless and crushed, is borne off the stage by two of the Bloomers.

[MISS VIRGINIA M. PASAMAQUODDY comes forward and addresses the Audience, in a speech of two hours and a half, in which, to use her own words, "she feels a great deal of liberty," and shows it by reading several passages of BLACKSTONE, on the tenderness of the law to women—giving an outline of the life of MRS. JOHN F. DAVIS, wife of JOHN F. DAVIS, whose name is revered by every lover of humanity, but unluckily not known in the Theatre—proving, what nobody is inclined to deny, that tight lacing is a bad thing, and that Elizabethan ruffs, hoops, short waists, and gigot sleeves are ugly and ludicrous—demanding for women equality of rights with men, in the social, physical, and intellectual relations of life—and, in short, doing everything but make out any good reason for ladies dressing themselves like ballet dancers, and exposing themselves to ridicule, and insult, at from three-pence to a shilling a head, on the stage of a public Theatre. Throughout the lecture, MISS VIRGINIA M. PASAMAQUODDY shows an alarmingly keen sense of impropriety, and every time the Audience laugh, begs that she may not be misconstrued. She also exhibits throughout a most comfortable conviction of her own superiority, and a magnanimous condescension to the weakness of the stronger sex. The Audience listen with patience for some time, till, finding there is nothing to laugh at, they gradually drop off, and MISS VIRGINIA M. PASAMAQUODDY closes her discourse to empty benches.



WHAT WE MAY SEE.

The Lakes of Killarney.

THE *Daily News* tells us that the EARL OF KENMARE is taking measures, that if permitted, will make him the keeper of

"The Lakes of Killarney, to which the public cannot approach without the permission of a landlord, which of course may at any time be withheld."

It is a great comfort that a Scotch Duke cannot hide the sun in his bonnet, or an Irish Earl wrap the firmament in his cloak. Otherwise the world would be as comfortless and as dark as—as their own selfish souls.

A REFLECTION OUTSIDE MOSES'S WINDOW.

THE French proverb says: *L'habit ne fait pas le moine.* This may be true of the Monk, but it is perfectly clear that, in most instances, it is the Dress that makes the Monkey.

New Version of an Old Nursery Song.

CAFFER was a huntsman, Caffer was a thief,
 Caffer came to HARRY's house to steal a piece of beef;
 HARRY went to Caffer's house, Caffer wasn't at home;
 Caffer came to HARRY's house, and stole a mutton-bone.

ELECTRIC LYING.



THE *Cologne Gazette* contained a "telegraphic message," to the effect that two Vienna papers assured their readers,—

"That LORD PALMERSTON has addressed a note of excuse to the Austrian Government in the matter of the KOSSUTH mania, in which he states that the agents of the Government had no sort of share in it, and promises to take steps that the mania may reach its limit as soon as possible."

This is very like LORD PALMERSTON, as all who have considered the noble Lord's foreign policy will concede; especially like the man who so lately snubbed the Neapolitan Ambassa-

dor in his modest request that the Foreign Secretary would forward to English embassies copies of the Neapo-English pamphlet of CARLO MACPARRANO. The Vienna papers, however, have not given all the assurances of LORD PALMERSTON. *Punch* is, of course, enabled to reprint them, in the order in which they shot through the electric wires, warming and delighting the heart of PRINCE SCHWARTZENBURG. Here they are:—

"LORD PALMERSTON'S humble respects to PRINCE SCHWARTZENBURG, and intends forthwith to put down KOSSUTH."—

"LORD P.'s comps. to P. S., and will immediately forbid all KOSSUTH meetings."—

"The Lord Mayor and Aldermen have been sent to the Tower."—

"The faithful troops of HER MAJESTY are under arms at Horse Guards; and twenty regiments drawing round London."—

"Copenhagen-House shall be razed to the ground, and the wretched rabblement dispersed with severity."—

"The offices of *Daily News* and *Examiner* are closed, and editors in Newgate."—

"Eaton-place is invested, and MASSINGBERD in the hands of the police."—

"KOSSUTH has, for a while, escaped, at a garret window, and ignominiously fled over the tiles of adjacent houses. Justice is hot upon his heels."—

"KOSSUTH no longer cumbers English ground. He was stealthily conveyed in a rum-cask on board the *Washington*, American steamer, in Southampton Water, and is bound for New York.—GOD SAVE THE EMPEROR!"—

SHAKSPEARIAN FRAGMENT.

(As sung by FATHER N—M—N.)

HARK, hark! the Clerk the service sings,
 The candlesticks arise;
 We'll soon have water from the springs,
 In salted fonts that lies,
 And winking MARY's heads begin
 To ope their canvass eyes,
 With everything that Roman bin,
 My good JOHN BULL, arise—
 Arise, arise!

Unpublished Anecdote of Mrs. Bloomer.

MRS. BLOOMER declares that she will never be able to summon courage to visit England; for it would be most painful to her feelings to cross the Atlantic, and see so many vessels—even though they should not be of the weaker sort—going about in *stays!*

REGENERATION OF THE BRITISH DRAMA.

THERE are at this moment three English Managers in Paris "in search of novelty!" More: three distinguished members of the Dramatic Authors' Society started for France last night.

Open Locks when Hobbs Knocks.

IN consequence of the success of MR. HOBBS as a picker of "Locks," he has, we believe, been consulted on the subject of one or two mysterious "bolts" that have lately been made by persons rather overburdened with pecuniary liabilities.



NORTH-EAST WIND.—THERMOMETER SEVERAL INCHES
• BELOW FREEZING.

Brighton Boatman. "DID YOU WANT A PLEASURE-BOAT THIS MORNING, SIR? NICE DAY FOR A ROW!"

THE JUDGES AT A STAND-STILL.

UNLESS something is speedily done to fill the gap left by the absence of business from the Superior Courts, we shall have fifteen learned Judges dying of ennui on the floor of Westminster Hall. The other day we rushed into the Common Pleas, and found their Lordships with literally nothing before them but their hands; and on turning into the Exchequer, in the hope of more activity, we discovered, in addition to the Barons on the Bench, a barren void. The Justices of the Common Pleas have grown quite impatient of a life of indolence; and, the other day, were despatching messengers right and left to hunt up business from the other Courts. There was, in fact, a regular *battue* of the legal preserves; but, though one or two very old birds of juniors were turned out, they had no motion in them, and could offer no sport.

After some difficulty, a Q. C., was bagged; but he was not instructed, and would not favour the great guns on the bench with an elocutionary flight. To see four or five venerable legal luminaries all of a row—the Chief occupied in nothing, and the Puisnés helping their Chief—is a melancholy spectacle of Judicial much-ado-about-nothingness. If a solitary "compute" happens to drop in, the judicial mind, famishing for want of fodder, flies to it with all the alacrity of a starving crew at the last biscuit. There is scarcely a bone of contention left from which the Judges in Westminster Hall are enabled to pick a bit; and so great is the dearth, that of even the smallest and most insignificant bone they insist on getting at the marrow.

The bringing to bear of so much judicial power on a paltry amount of work, reminds one of a team of noble dray-horses harnessed to a child's toy wagon. We have sometimes wondered at the policy of keeping up a war establishment of Judges in time of peace; for never was less fighting or litigation in Westminster Hall; but we have come to the conclusion that five Judges are still necessary in each Court, to keep each other company. As there is no public, no acting bar, and no business, the only mode of keeping the look of life about the Court is by a good strong corps of Judges. It is true that the crew and the passengers have all left the ship; but the officers still cling to it, which is all right enough. Though we hardly see the necessity for filling up—particularly at a cost of five thousand a year—every vacancy that arises in the command of an obsolete hull, which has got stuck in the mud, and is superseded by lighter, cheaper, and faster-going vessels.

A POSTHUMOUS WORK.—Some one (whom we will not disgrace by printing his name) says, that "The Lobster is a posthumous work of creation; for it is only red after its death."

THE "SPECTATOR" ON KOSSUTH.

Is KOSSUTH a great man?
We are not prepared to say that KOSSUTH is a great man.
If, on the contrary, he is a great man?
Why, after all, and looking at the matter from all points of view, we must nevertheless put this question to the dispassionate sense of the reader—that is, the reader untouched by the exaltation of the hour and the circumstance—what is the use of a great man?
And this question, in its deep consideration, suggests another—
Since the world began (if it ever did begin), has there ever been a great man?
For ourselves, we candidly admit that, for an unlimited time at least, we withhold our opinion.

A Doctrine there's no Dissenting from.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph states, that, in the Church rate Committee of last Session,
"A number of witnesses were examined, of various opinions, on the subject of Church-rates."
What! Can there be more than one opinion on the subject of Church-rates? Namely, that every farthing of the Church-rates ought to be paid—by those who belong to the Church.

ADVICE TO THE BLOOMERS.

WHEN the Spartan youth complained to his mother that "his sword was too short," the heroic matron answered, "Add a step." When ladies, who would be Bloomers, declare that petticoats are worn too long, laconic *Punch* says—"Add a tuck."

ALL ROUND THE LORD MAYOR'S HAT.

The newspapers have favoured us lately with a rather elaborate description of the LORD MAYOR'S hats, including his own three-cornered affair, and the richly cocked castors of his flunkeys. From the latter depend massive tassels of lace, and the postilion's cap is surmounted with a huge stag, under which the poor fellow would be not unlikely to stagger. We have no doubt that the splendid official hats will be generally recognised as the most interesting part of the official heads of the City. All round his Lordship's hat he wears a white feather, and from the top of it rises a plume which quite puts our humble goose-quill out of countenance. The civic dignitaries usually favour the public with descriptions of their livery coats, waistcoats, and breeches, but they have never been so condescending as to hold up their hats to the admiration of the world through the medium of the newspapers. We must confess that we never yet heard of such a very hatty Lord Mayor, though we have frequently heard of a Hatti-Scheriff.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SAFE.—JOHN RUSSELL begs to call the attention of an enlightened and particularly discerning public to his new Parliamentary Safe, about to be patented.

It is a frequent complaint, that certain Borough Constituencies (like veal in July) will not keep sweet. J. R. might instance St. Albans, Aylesbury, and other places, too corrupt to mention. J. R., however, trusts that by his new invention, Constituencies to any extent may be kept in the highest state of purity for seven years. It is of very simple construction, and adapted to the meanest capacity. In fact, J. R.'s Safe is merely an improved form of the Ballot Box that has been so long in use, and with such complete satisfaction to the parties concerned, at the Club-Houses of the Nobility and Gentry.

"J. R.—in returning thanks for past favours—confidently looks for patronage from the country at large (even including St. Albans.)"

FAGOTS FOR FREEMASONS.



NE MONSIGNOR PAUL CULLEN, head bishop of the Irish Roman Catholics, has just published one of those epistles called Pastorals, but which generally very little resemble anything of, or belonging to, a shepherd, except the barking of the shepherd's dog, if even that; for perhaps their tone may rather be compared to the yelping and snarling of a less generous variety of the canine species. Howbeit, after a bow-wow at secret societies in general—for which Ireland is rather famous, in spite of her Romish hierarchy—MONSIGNOR CULLEN modulates into a yap-yap against a fraternity which not many people but CULLENs would class with Ribbonites and Whiteboys. He says:

"And also all Catholics who join in the society of Freemasons, as has been repeatedly decreed by the Roman Pontiffs, are subjected to the penalty of excommunication, cut off as rotten branches from the Church of God, and if they die in that state, doomed to eternal perdition."

Pray, MONSIGNOR PAUL CULLEN, does your Church condemn Freemasonry without knowing anything about it? If not, how did said Church procure its information? Are Masonic secrets no secrets in the Confessional? And what have you to say against Freemasonry, after all?

The Church of Rome can only excommunicate the Freemasons. It dismisses them with a hearty curse, and, speaking in the person of CULLEN, sighs that it can do no more. MONSIGNOR continues—

"It is a sad calamity that a system so pernicious in its effects, and so hostile to Christian charity, should be tolerated or encouraged in any district."

See what you may expect, Freemasons, with Popery dominant, and MONSIGNOR CULLEN for Grand Inquisitor!

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE FOR LOAN-MONGERS.

(To Mr. Punch.)

"SIR,—I AM a gentleman—at least so I consider myself—of the Capitalist persuasion; a member of the Church of PLUTUS; and I address you, claiming that toleration which in this free country is accorded to men of all religions.

"At the Manchester Meeting in honour of KOSSUTH, the other day, MR. BRIGHT thought proper to make some remarks in approval of conduct grossly illiberal to individuals of my communion. He is reported to have used these words—HIS MAJESTY OF AUSTRIA being the Emperor alluded to:—

"This Emperor, with all his power, could not raise as much money in the London market as the humblest merchant in Manchester. (Cheers.) And here he must say, one of the most magnanimous and generous acts of Mr. COBDEN's life was to call a public meeting to denounce the system of foreign loans to carry on war. (Cheers.) In that one act he had done more for freedom in England than if he had raised a regiment of horse, or had equipped a ship of war. (Cheers.)"

"Sir, denouncing the system of foreign loans to carry on war, is denouncing my creed. I hold that I have a right to sell my money, no matter for what purpose, to anybody whomsoever. For the matter of that, indeed, I have a right to sell myself; and I and my co-capitalists do virtually sell ourselves to the divinity whom we worship; and, if we did so by actual compact, we are not to be burnt or hanged now-a-days for the transaction. It is not fair to endeavour to coerce us into compassion for oppressed nations, regard for human freedom and happiness, and hatred of tyranny:—our religious sentiments are different.

"For our protection against the assaults of persecution wearing the mask of Liberalism and Free Trade, we intend to establish a Capitalist Defence Association, or Universal Loan Society, which, in accordance with the principles of our faith, will not only afford pecuniary assistance to despots struggling with Freedom; but also to the class of profitable customers injuriously styled thieves, rogues, and criminals, in their contests with Justice.

"Invoking the aid of your powerful pen in behalf of our interest, and against MESSRS. COBDEN and BRIGHT, who would restrict our right to worship according to our conscience, as regulated by the Money Market.

"I remain, &c.,
"AARON GOLDSTEER."

Sequel of the "Kossuth Fever."

THE Austrian correspondent of the Times says, that the "KOSSUTH fever in England" passes "comparatively unnoticed" at Vienna. It is to be hoped that FRANCIS-JOSEPH is prepared with a sufficiency of constitutional brimstone and treacle; for the "KOSSUTH Fever" is one of an exanthematous nature, and not at all unlikely to be followed by a breaking out in Hungary.

CIVIC MODESTY.

SILENCE, if you please, for the great Oracle of the City! It is SIR PETER LAURIE who is speaking:—

"He would unhesitatingly say that the administration of justice by the Aldermen of the City of London was not surpassed by the exertions and judgment of any other portion of the Magistracy of the Metropolis."

Now, when we consider that SIR PETER is himself one of the administrators of justice in the City of London, and that consequently he is speaking of himself, as well as of his brother administrators, we must say that the above opinion strikes us as one of the most modest things we have read for a long time. If we mistake not, the great act of SIR PETER LAURIE's magisterial life has been a determination to "put down" everything. In fact, he has carried out this determination so strongly, that he is known as the Greatest Putter-Down of the present day. He has worked so strenuously, that there does not remain a single thing for him to put down but one—and we wish he would end his magisterial career by putting that down as speedily as possible. It would be a fit termination to a public life that has been maintained with such admirable consistency throughout. As SIR PETER began, so let him finish. He began some twenty years ago by putting down others, and we do hope he will leave off now by putting down himself.

Louis Napoleon and his Marshals.

THE splendour of the reign of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE was greatly enhanced by the achievements of NEY, MURAT, SOULT, and other distinguished Marshals. The reign of LOUIS NAPOLEON may not, perhaps, be so fortunate, and yet there is one Marshal whose name will be proudly associated with his name, and be awarded a large share of all the President's successes. He has already achieved an eminent reputation for his numerous expeditions through France, and so highly is he esteemed, that at the present moment no less than three departments, and the whole of the sixth military command, are under his immediate command. The name of this mighty Marshal—this one great hero of LOUIS NAPOLEON's reign—is, we need scarcely state,—MARTIAL LAW.

Voters and Bloaters.

WHY are St. Albans Voters? Like unto Yarmouth Bloaters? Because both are for sale: and the nation Will pronounce that the Bloaters, As much as the Voters, Are worthy of representation.

HOPES AT LAST FOR THE BRITISH DRAMA.

MR. HACKETT has returned from New York!

THE WONDERS OF HUNGERFORD HALL.



RESPECTED MR. PUNCH, "ACCEPT my thanks for sending me a letter, commenting on my communication to you respecting the exhibition of Mesmeric thaumaturgy at Hungerford Hall. I wish I could ask you to let me quote this epistle *in extenso*; but your space, I know, is capable only of limited contents; neither "gods, men, nor columns"—particularly the columns of *Punch*—admit of the impossible: and there are some impossibilities, *pace* the Mesmerists.

"Perhaps, however, you will allow me to cite my correspondent's arguments, in a concentrated form, which will render them none the weaker: and thus concentrated, peradventure you will allow me to rectify them for the public market; wherein Mesmerism just now is somewhat quoted.

"Your correspondent begins by complaining that I violate, with respect to Mesmerists, the law maxim, that every man is to be accounted honest till proved to be a rogue. So complain homeopaths, so complain quack-phrenologists, so complain astrologers, so complain Papist and other fanatics: so complain miracle-mongers of all classes, against the world at large. The marvellousness of their assertions induces close scrutiny of their facts: and this they take as a personal affront. You, *Mr. Punch*, like all other philosophers, when you have made some extraordinary discovery, test it in all manner of ways, before you confirm yourself in its belief; not, Sir, with your *mens conscia recti*, that you suspect yourself to be a rogue, but because you are aware that you are fallible. Mesmerists expect to be trusted more implicitly than you would trust yourself. In the meanwhile, men of common sense form this canon:—Intolerance of scepticism, in matters of science, is presumptive evidence either of imposture or enthusiasm: and if your correspondent is a smoker, I commend this screw of philosophy to his pipe.

"Your worthy, but illogical, correspondent writes as if I had denied the verity of the phenomena exhibited by MISS PRUDENCE, or produced between her and MR. LASSAIGNE. Not I, *Mr. Punch*. I simply argued that they were 'not proven.' I will believe in transmission of thought, or anything else, that I am allowed to satisfy myself of by rigid experiment. I am ready to acknowledge the liquefaction of the blood of ST. JANUARIUS, if DR. NEWMAN will persuade the Neapolitan friars to let me have the bottle, and the Saint's head, and apply the latter to the former at a temperature of 32°.

"My 'wonderful serpent-walking,' as your correspondent calls it—I agree with him—simply proved that 'the Professor' had succeeded in influencing MISS PRUDENCE, and that I had not. Had a series of similar experiments been tried by other persons equally sceptical—and, I will add, equally candid—with myself, it would have proved something more, which my experiment only went towards proving—namely, that the will of one of the parties, at least, had nothing to do with the result. I must remind your correspondent that the 'wonderful serpent-walking' was not mine: it was MR. LASSAIGNE'S and MISS PRUDENCE'S: and I saw nothing more wonderful in it—as the case stood—than in many a trick of a professed wizard.

"Your correspondent's evidence of the transmission of his own thoughts to MISS PRUDENCE, would, if corroborated by that of a sufficient number of other credible witnesses, doubtless establish that lady's power of thought-reading. But it is just that corroboration which is wanting to Mesmeric marvels. For the production of such evidence, moreover, the theatre of the Royal Institution, or some other such arena, is the proper place, and not your pages, *Mr. Punch*. Let not your correspondent jump—he is a good jumper—to the conclusion that I consider him a knave. A jury may refuse to convict on evidence which it believes thoroughly honest. Would your correspondent conceive himself insulted because it was determined not to hang a man on his unsupported testimony?

"As to the question of MISS PRUDENCE'S power to attract the magnet, that, *Mr. Punch*, you may easily settle. Present your compliments to DR. FARADAY; tell him that you know a person who, as you seriously believe, possesses this power: and ask him to be so kind as to investigate the fact. DR. FARADAY, I warrant, will only be too happy to verify a phenomenon more interesting than any which he has

yet demonstrated in his own peculiar science. Unless, *Mr. Punch*—unless—DR. FARADAY should set you down for a credulous ass.

"Your correspondent insinuates that, because I do not understand the Electric Telegraph, I ought to disbelieve in it, consistently with my unbelief in Mesmeric miracles. I believe in the Electric Telegraph, because I can verify its action at any time for the sum of one shilling, with no extra charge of 'scepticism;' to say nothing of the concurrent evidence of mankind: rather more powerful reasons than have been offered by your correspondent or anybody else, on behalf of the prodigies of Animal Magnetism, to "THE SCEPTICAL GENTLEMAN."

ALARMING SACRIFICE IN HYMENEALS.

The following handbill has been sent to *Mr. Punch*, who honours the bill by insertion:—

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,
FRIAR'S MOUNT, CHURCH STREET,
BETHNAL GREEN.
MARRIAGES
Celebrated at the above Church, at the reduced scale of
Two Shillings and Sixpence,
BANS AND CERTIFICATE INCLUDED.
St. Philip's Vestry, Nov. 3rd, 1851.

To this notification no printer's name is affixed. *Mr. Punch* can therefore hardly imagine it to be a *bona fide* document. He rather suspects it must be the composition of some wag of a clerk, reverend or parochial, who intends to satirise a system of underselling pursued at the opposition church. But *Punch* sees nothing disgraceful in doing marriages at two-and-six. The goods needs must be genuine. A marriage can't be supplied cheap and nasty. It is gratifying to see competition bringing wedlock down—making even matrimony reasonable. Let us hope that marriage will soon be reduced to a figure accommodated to the wants of the million; and that Bethnal Green will offer those facilities to the public which have hitherto been afforded only by Greta ditto.

SONNET ON THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

At last between the French and English coast
Extends the Telegraph's electric wire;
Beneath the salt sea waves conveying fire,
Which may be truly called the lightning-post;
Fire, which—it seems incredible almost—
Lanched in a moment from the Gallic shore,
At Dover bade a mighty cannon roar.
What greater marvel could a wizard boast?
No worse explosion, no more fearful shock,
May that conductor in our island cause,
Transmitting news, which, could the fish that flock
Around it, read, 'twould make them ope their eyes
Wider than life, and gape with all their jaws,
O'ercome with consternation and surprise.

PUNCH'S CRIMINAL COURT.

MR. PUNCH sat for the purpose of trying offenders, some of whom, when brought to the bar of public opinion, at once pleaded guilty. The following are a few of the principal delinquencies.

An unhappy youth was brought up, charged with maliciously cutting and wounding the English language, by asking, "Of what sex is the National Anthem?" and then replying, "Masculine; because it's a hymn (him)."—Verdict, Guilty. Sentence deferred.

A shabby-genteel looking person was next charged with uttering the following counterfeit joke:—

"What tree is it which is not affected by the season, and brings forth neither blossom nor fruit?—The Boot-Tree."

After the jury had been absent for several hours, the foreman entered the Court, declaring that there was no chance of their agreeing in a verdict. The Judge told them that, under these circumstances, they had better go home.

A youthful individual, with a vacant stare, was next put to the bar under the following melancholy circumstances. Having passed the evening in company with a friend, he was about to bid the other good night, when, turning suddenly round, he exclaimed, in a very unusual tone of voice, "When is Fleet Street like the country without a Government?—When there's no cab-in-it (cabinet)." The Jury immediately returned a verdict of acquittal, on the ground of insanity. The Court then rose.

THE LAST IRISH GRIEVANCE.



ON reading of the general indignation occasioned in Ireland by the appointment of a Scotch Professor to one of HER MAJESTY'S Godless Colleges, MASTER MOLLOY MOLONY, brother of THADDEUS MOLONY, Esq., of the Temple, a youth only fifteen years of age, dashed off the following spirited lines:—

As I think of the insult that's done to this nation,
Red tears of rivinge from me faytures I wash,
And uphold in this pome, to the world's daytastation,
The sleeves that appointed PROFESSOR M'COSSH.

I look round me counthree, renowned by experience,
And see, midst her childhren, the witty, the wise,—
Whole hayps of logicians, potes, schollars, grammarians,
All ayger for pleecees, all panting to rise;

I gaze round the world in its utmost diminsion;
LARD JAHN and his mimions in Council I ask,
Was there ever a Government-pleece (with a pinsion)
But children of Erin were fit for that task?

What, Erin beloved, is thy fetal condition?
What shame in aych boosom must rankle and burrun,
To think that our cuntrye has ne'er a logician
In the hour of her deenger will surrev her turrun!

On the logic of Saxons there's little reliance,
And, rather from Saxons than gather its rules,
I'd stamp under feet the base book of his science,
And spit on his chair as he taught in the schools!

O, False SIR JOHN KANE! is it thus that you praych me?
I think all your Queen's Universtees Bosh;
And if you've no neetive Professor to taych me,
I seawurn to be learned by the Saxon M'COSSH.

There's WISEMAN, and CHUME, and His Grace the Lord Primate,
That sinds round the box, and the world will subscribe;
'Tis they'll build a Colledge that's fit for our climate,
And taych me the saycretis I burn to imbibe!

'Tis there as a Student of Science I'll enther,
Fair Fountain of Knowledge, of Joy, and Contint!
SAINT PATHRICK's sweet Statue shall stand in the center,
And wink his dear oi every day during Lint.

And good DOCTOR NEWMAN, that praycher unwarly,
'Tis he shall preside the Academee School,
And quit the gay robe of St. PHILIP of Neri,
To wield the soft rod of St. LAWRENCE O'TOOLE!

'Tis distance lends Enchantment.

We have not yet learned who is the fortunate holder of the great prize that was to be drawn a day or two ago, in the Great French Lottery of the Ingots of Gold. There is, however, this consolation for the disappointed,—that it is in the power of the whole six million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine, who do not get the prize, to embarrass the lucky one who does, by demanding a scrutiny. The money will, of course, remain in abeyance until the process of scrutinising each ticket is completed.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

OUR Friend BRIEFLESS recommends, as the Cape is in a very dissatisfied state, that SIR HARRY SMITH should immediately be served with a Writ of *Capias ad Satisfaciendum*—and, if he won't accept the military service, that he should be recalled, as grossly incompetent to Satisfy the Cape!

OUR POST BAG.

PUNCH has been favoured with a large batch of communications, sealed with every species of heraldic device, and containing apologies for the absence, so much complained of, of the "upper classes" from the demonstrations in favour of KOSSUTH. When the great Hungarian knows the many important duties which devolve on our "higher orders," he will, we feel sure, be the first to excuse them.

No. 1.

"THE EARL OF BELDETON presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and begs to direct his attention to the enclosed paragraph."

The "paragraph," thus laconically pointed out to our notice, announces the meet of the Scrambly Hunt at Gorse End. So goes one batch of sympathisers away—across country.

No. 2 is a dashing, flippant little note; as follows:—

"DEAR PUNCH.—If you would drop your confounded sympathies with Justice and Freedom, and that kind of thing, you would be a devilish deal more amusing. How can I attend to KOSSHOOOT (*sic*) when CHARLEY B. wants me over at Paris to see his Bustard eat ten Guinea Pigs; and I've got to raise money before I start?"

"BEARDLEY DE CASS."

The next note we come to is marked "Confidential," but we have more pluck than the writer, and print it, regardless of his feelings. He would be a very good fellow, if he dared. His seal bears, *quarterly*, first and fourth *arg*, a chevron between three trivets, *sa*; second and third, a fess *dancelée*. A most respectable bearing!

"MY DEAR SIR,—You ask me why I did not come up from Harrowby, and see KOSSUTH, and attend one of his meetings. Between ourselves, he's a very fine fellow, plucky, and eloquent—as anybody can see in a twinkling. And really these Austrians are a set of" (here a word is rigidly erased)—"I mean *not the men I like*—not such men as my ancestor in 1688, who came up to town to back old SOMERS and SUNDERLAND, and so on. Then, fancy what a figure any of us would make holding forth in Hungarian! But then there's a grandmother of mine, and there's my aunt—and—and is not KOSSUTH somehow mixed up with the Socialists, and the first French Revolution, and so on?"

"Yours very truly,

"P.S.—Does BRONTERRE O'BRIEN belong to the THOMOND family?"

No. 4 appears to be written by a quiet antiquarian gentleman, who informs us that he is of the RENDLES of Rendle, and is claiming the old barony of Tubton. He passes his life among the Record offices and Collections of wills in the empire. We are sorry that we cannot answer his final question with regard to the marriage of MATILDA DE BILBOES with one of the MONTMORENCYS in 1381.

We pass over such ordinary apologies as gout, weather, and the "wretched state of agricultural affairs." One gentleman is preserving his game; another, is building a church for a Puseyite; a third, is looking after the next election; a fourth, administering justice; a fifth, adding a wing to the family mansion; a sixth, paying his son's College debts. We are desirous of taking a charitable view of these various excuses. And, after all, it has been a very good shooting season!

ST. ALBAN AND HIS FLOCK.

ST. ALBAN'S Agricultural Show has been largely attended. Among the company several persons of political notoriety were daily observed. The main attraction was that portion of the live stock generally famous—if we may use the expression—as ST. ALBAN'S black sheep. The COPPOCK breed attracted great notice, and the EDWARDS variety was scanned with eager interest. The attention of the visitors, however, was chiefly concentrated on the sixty-year-old prize ram WAGGETT, exhibited after pasture on the coast of Boulogne. The animals were quoted at from £5 to £10 a-head, but it is believed that they will be worth little or nothing when shorn, as they are expected to be next Session; for they are known to be so much eaten up by the rot as to be, in fact, little better internally than a mass of corruption.

Useless Timber of the Colonial Office.

DR. HODGKIN, at the meeting of the Aborigines and Peace Societies, is reported to have stated, that the Caffres say to the British, "Send us your sticks, and we will obey them, instead of bringing your troops." This is not fair to Downing Street. Has LORD GREY ever sent to the Cape of Good Hope, or to our other colonies, any rulers but Sticks?

MORAL MAXIM FOR EMIGRANTS.—A Sovereign in the hand is worth a lump of gold in the Bush.



MR. BRIGGS GOES OUT WITH THE BRIGHTON HARRIERS.

HE HAS A CAPITAL DAY. THE ONLY DRAWBACK IS, THAT HE IS OBLIGED TO LEAD HIS HORSE *UP* HILL, TO EASE HIM—AND *DOWN* HILL, BECAUSE HE IS AFRAID OF GOING OVER HIS HEAD—SO THAT HE DOESN'T GET QUITE SO MUCH HORSE EXERCISE AS HE COULD WISH!



HORROR OF THAT RESPECTABLE SAINT, ST. ALBANS,

At Hearing the Confession of a St. Albans' Elector.

POLITICAL REFLECTIONS.

(By a Fast Man.)



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA amuses himself by sticking up honourable names on a gallows. Better see your name on a gallows than on a bill!

The POPE is called the Father of his people. But under existing circumstances it would be absurd to call him their "Governor."

No wonder LOUIS NAPOLEON'S position is an embarrassing one. He's obliged to get everything of value about him—from his "Uncle's!" London, with its Sanitary Boards, always reminds me of the old man in Esop's fable. When Death came to him—it found him with a bundle of sticks.

Antiquarians tell us that "please the



pigs" is only a corruption of "please the *pyr*." How beautifully does the history of Ireland illustrate the fact! How beautifully has she managed to make them come to the same thing!

ANNE HICKS, like ACTÆON, has been eaten up among the Woods and Forests.

Newe Lives of the English Saintes.

BY A. NEWMAN.

CHAP. I.—Being ye Life of ye blessed Sainte Albans, with ye Miracles that he wroughte, and ye cruel Martyrdome of the same.

Forword to the Readere.

As I have emprized to write ye lives of some amongst ye most glorious of ye Saintes of this our Englelonde, meseemeth it goode, in ye performinge of ye same, to use such Englyshe as learned and reverende men were wonte to use, in times past, albeit I write whenne ye good aunciente fashion of spellinge and writinge is so changed for new-fanglednesse of moderne times, that menne may scarce reade ye true olde Englishe tongue. And I wolde faine have hadde ye same imprinted in ye black lettere as of olde was used by WILLIAM CAXTON, and WYNKYN DE WORDE, and others of ye olde time. Nay, rather wolde I have chosen that ye saide lives sholde have ben written by ye hande of sely scribes, and not printed, as was ye use in ye goode olde times. But ye publisheres, BRADBURIE AND EVANNES, wolde not. So, I praye you, sayre my readeres, that it mislike you not, that I goe back in my writinge to ye auncient manere, for in all thinges I holde it goode to goe backe, and not forwarde, as is the newfangled and friskie waye of the present eville times.

How St. Albans, beinge yet yonge, boldly declared his Belief amonge ye yonge Paganis his companions.

Ye Sainte being yet a childe, and playinge amonge other little children, they wolde declaren of whatte manere of belief they were; one sayinge "I am a Whigge," and another "I am a Torie," and another "I am a Radicalle," as the names of their heathenise sects then were. Then ST. ALBANS being asked of his believe, saide, "I am neither Torie, nor Whigge, nor Radicalle; but I am of ye faith of Number One, that is greaterre, than all these." Then they asked him "Where is this Number One, and under what image is he worshipped?" Then ST. ALBANS took from his pouche medalles in golde, and showed them the image of him he worshipped; and manie of them were converted, and worshipped Number One, forsakeing the false gods of ye Whigge, and Torie, and Radicalle faith, that they had worshipped till that time.

How St. Albans caused Packettes of Sovereignes to flye through the aire without handes.

Ye Sainte, havinge neede of monie, as indeede he often had neede of ye same for his goode workes, went to one COPPOCKE, that was his friend of olde, though he after was a foule traitoure, as I shall tell anon, and told him of his needes. Then COPPOCKE winked, but saide no thinge, as was his wonte, for he was a stille man and a sely. Then ye Sainte, that redde his thoughtis, knew well that he wotted whence ye monie mighte come, but wolde not anie sholde see it broughte where they were, for feare lest ye enemies of ye Sainte sholde know of ye same. Then ye Sainte, when he knewe this, prayed in his heart for ye monie to come; and beholde, packettes of sovereignes came withoute handes, and were putte in ye office of ye said COPPOCKE, so thatte no one saw any that broughte them; and thence departed in like manere, also without handes, and came into ye pockettes of ye Sainte; and none knew whence they came, nor whither they wente; but it was all in goode werkes.

How St. Albans marvellouslie took awaie ye Memorie of Sundrie.

Sundrie menne having promised their voices to a certaine fellowe that was a candidate to serve in Parliament, ye Sainte, that wolde not that fellowe should be chosen, sente for ye saide menne, and, whenne they came, they saide, "We vote for such a fellowe." Thenne the Sainte, being resolved to turn their heartes, tooke their hands into his owne, and placing therein certaine pieces of coine that had a virtue imparted to them, for thatte they had touched the lininge of his pockette, these menne straightwaye forgotte all they had promised, and were obedient to ye wille of ye Sainte, and wente and gave their voices to him ye Sainte wolde that they sholde give them to; and so he didde oftentimes.

How ye Sainte caused one named Waggette utterlie to disappear from before St. Stephen.

SAINTE STEPHEN once on a time wished to have speche of one WAGGETTE, that was a frend to SAINTE ALBANS, and WAGGETTE wolde not. Then the Sainte didde miraculously cause ye saide WAGGETTE suddenlie to disappear, so that when those of ST. STEPHENS householde sought him, he mote not be anywhere founde; so that those of ST. STEPHENS householde marvelled thereat. But when ST. ALBANS wolde, then caused he the saide WAGGETTE to appear as suddenlie as he had made him to vanishe awaie.

And this miracle he wroughte also with manie that he wolde not shoulde be founde of his enemies.

How ye Sainte oftentimes caused the Streetes to flowe with Beere, and miraculously opened ye doores of ye publicke houses.

Ye Sainte, of his tender hearte, wolde sore pitie ye poorer sorte when he sawe them thirstie, and no coine to buy drinke withal. And often he wroughte upon ye publicanes by his miraculous powere, so that they drewe their spiggottes, and turned their tappes, and let the beere to runne for all that had neede, and manie were dronken, and paide nothinge. And also at the worde of the Sainte, ye doores of ye publicke houses wolde flie opene, that men entered therein without coine, and eate and dranke of the beste, and paide none, yet the landlordes lost noughte therebie; for ye Sainte, by his miraculous power, made coine to come into their pouches, whiche whenne theyre wives found therein, whanne they wente to bedde, they marvelled thereat, and knewe not whence it came. And of manie such goode workes the Sainte ne boasted nothinge.

How ye Sainte was faullie betrayed by one Edwardes, and Coppocke that pretended to be his Frenedes.

Now ye Sainte having passed a long life in goode workes such as I have tolde, it befelle that ST. STEPHEN'S householde, who had long borne him an ill wille for his goode workes of charitie, caste aboute to destroye him; and, finding two lewde knaves that ye Sainte had oftentimes used for his almoneres, (yeleped EDWARDES and COPPOCKE, of whom I spake already,) they suborned them, and on their witness, condemned ST. ALBANS to die, and he was ye firste martyre of those that were slaine by the heretics, called Reformeres, from whom, whiche in Church or State, may the Saintes deliver us.

Of ye last and chiefe Miracle that Sainte Albans wroughte.

Being broughte to die, they chose one RUSSELL to be his executionere, that had not before then been an enemy of the Sainte. And the saide RUSSELLE and COPPOCKE standinge bye, were so moved by ye blessed dethe of that martyre, that they were suddenlie converted thereby to ye faith in ye Ballotte, and straightwaye confessed the same. And methinks of alle the greate miracles wroughte by this Sainte, this is the greateste.

A VOTE-IVE OFFERING.

MR. EDWARDS, of St. Albans notoriety, is said to sport "a massive silver snuff-box, the result of a penny subscription among one thousand of the electors, and presented to him as a mark of esteem," as well as in token of their disapprobation of the persecution to which he has been subjected." We should like to know the sort of snuff the electors were up to, when they presented MR. EDWARDS with this box, and whether it was filled with "blackguard," by way of reminding him of themselves. Undoubtedly, a very capacious snuff-box must be required by a man who has constantly so much corruption under his very nose.



THE BELLS OF ST. STEPHENS.

GREAT "TOM OF LINCOLN," AND THE LITTLE BELL OF ST. ALBANS.

HOW ENGLISH IS SPOKEN IN FRANCE;

A French Drama, in Two Acts.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE.—A Milliner's Shop. In one of the windows is written, in large letters, "ENGLISH SPOKEN HERE."

Enter an ENGLISHMAN.

Englishman. Can you tell me, if you please, Madame, the price of that bonnet?*French Milliner.* Plait-il, Monsieur?*Englishman (pointing to the object in question).* The price of that bonnet, Madame?*French Milliner (shrugging her shoulders).* Bien fâchée, Monsieur—je ne vous comprends pas.*Englishman (pointing to the inscription in the window).* Don't you speak English here?*French Milliner.* Ah, ci, Monsieur. Donnez-vous la peine de vous asseoir, Monsieur, et d'attendre un petit instant. [Exit, running.]

A lapse of ten minutes between the First and Second Acts.

ACT THE SECOND.

French Milliner (out of breath). Bien désolée, Monsieur, de vous faire attendre, mais le fait est que le jeune Boulanger à No. 73, qui parle Anglais généralement pour nous, vient de sortir pour la journée. Si Monsieur voudrait avoir la bonté de repasser par ici demain, sans doute que le jeune homme serait chez lui.

[Exit ENGLISHMAN, muttering to himself—"What a stupid lingo this French is!"]

Unwarrantable Assumption.

THE following insidious announcement appeared the other day in a newspaper:—

VENTRILLOQUISM.—Unrivalled NEWMAN will give one of his popular ENTERTAINMENTS To-morrow, 12th, at Waltham Abbey.

We are afraid this MR. NEWMAN wants to "come the old soldier" over the public, by giving his popular entertainments at an Abbey. He has no right to call himself unrivalled NEWMAN: clever as may be his ventriloquism, its marvels are surpassed by saints that shine in the dark, and cross the sea on their cloaks.

ELECTRICAL CLOCKS.

IN Berlin they have Electrical Clocks—and in Stockholm, all the public clocks are put in motion by electricity. Why could not the same plan be adopted in London? By this means the various contradictions that exist amongst our public clocks might be remedied, and there would not be the difference of five hours, as there frequently is, between two clocks, in two neighbouring streets. We would not simply have our public clocks regulated in this manner, but also our private clocks. We do not see why the clocks on every floor, in every man's house, could not be brought under the controul of electricity. Surely, it must be just as easy to lay on electricity as water or gas, and there is one comfort, that it would not cost one hundredth part as much.

Our plan is this. Let there be one grand central Electrical Clock in the Metropolis. Say the Horse-Guards, if you like—though that public clock has, in a great measure, lost its military reputation for punctuality, ever since it fancied, because it belonged to the Guards, that it could go on as it pleased, and keep whatever hours it liked. However, say, for old association's sake, the Horse-Guards Clock. This would be the Grand Electrical Depot, and would regulate all the Electrical Clocks in the Metropolis—nay, throughout all the Kingdom, if it were necessary. The electric fluid would be turned on every morning with no more difficulty than the equivocal fluid which is given us as pure water by our water companies. The clocks would never want winding up, and there would be one uniform time all over London. Differences as to Greenwich time, and Railway time, and London time, would all cease, and our church clocks would no longer be able to play off those absurd vagaries which, for a long time, put at sixes and sevens all those watches that put faith in their professions; for every servant should have an electrical clock in her bedroom, and would no longer be able to make the usual mistake of an hour in getting up of a morning; and cooks, when they were late with the dinner, would no longer be able to place the fault on the kitchen-clock. Greater method by these means would be preserved in every household, whilst out of doors the advantages would be equally numerous. So many persons would not be late for the train, from finding that there was a difference of twenty minutes between railway time and the time-piece they had left at home on their mantel-piece. A greater degree of regularity would be observed in our daily engagements, and a man who broke an appointment through unpunctuality, or kept a dinner-party waiting, or wasn't in time for a picnic, or a wedding, would be looked upon as an unsocial monster, who ought to have lived in the days of the slow coaches, and not in a period like the present, when, thanks to electricity, everything goes, or promises to go, exactly "like clockwork."

THE TYRANNY OF CUSTOMS.

(To LOUIS KOSSUTH.)



EVERED SIR, — DON'T run away with the idea that this is a free country. A tyranny is exercised by the British Board of Customs as monstrous as any injustice perpetrated on Hungarian or Polish victims, either by the young NERO of Austria, or the Russian old NICK. The London Dock Company has just compromised a lawsuit which it had commenced against this Board for illegal seizures of the Company's goods, consenting to pay £100 fine, under protest.

The Company stoutly maintains the unlawfulness of the seizures, and is confident that, had it proceeded to trial, it would have gained its cause. Why, then, you will ask, did it compromise the matter? Why, Sir, because even if it had obtained a verdict, it would have been let in, as our vulgar say, for ruinous law expenses. The reason—would you believe it, Sir?—is that "the Crown pays no costs." Government may, under a false pretence, clap its claws on the British merchant's property; subject him to enormous loss and trouble; make him pay more than it is worth to get it back again, and refuse to indemnify him for his expenses one farthing. This is our land of liberty, illustrious KOSSUTH! Take with you this little piece of information, from

PUNCH.

THE LAST CANDIDATE FOR CANONIZATION.—MR. EDWARDS of St. Albans, by the style and title of ST. EDWARDS THE CONFESSOR.

THE LAW OF DOMESTIC STORMS.



Y a long series of observations it has been found that Domestic Storms, like other storms, are rotatory; or, in other words, they move in a circle, and come round at regular intervals. The Domestic Storm, as we have already seen, rages frequently very high at about Christmas time, when the trade winds are prevalent. There is reason to believe that these trade winds, which come in counter directions, are preceded by much heavy swelling, and by the extreme latitude into which the master has been driven by the eccentric action of his craft. This was the case in the instance of the *Eliza*, which, after being first set in motion by gentle

airs, gave her head completely to the wind, and the mate lost all control over her. An extract from his log—or diary—is full of instruction for those to whom the Law of Domestic Storms is a matter of interest.

Monday.—Light breeze, with a cloudy aspect.

Tuesday.—Her head beginning to turn. All sorts of airs. Nothing in view.

Wednesday.—Objects more clear. Difficulty in keeping her from running on to bank. Stormy at night. Squalls, and appearance altogether threatening.

Thursday.—Inclined to be more calm. Changed her tack. Received a slight check. Towards night stormy again. Spoke Policeman, A 1, but could render no assistance.

Friday.—Hurricane continued all day. Split her stays. Squally at night. Carried away the sheet, and went over on her larboard side.

Saturday.—Violent gusts. Her head carried away, everything dashed to pieces, and every attempt to "wear" the craft quite unsuccessful. Tried to overhaul her; but she became so unmanageable, that cutting away from her was the only chance of safety. Succeeded in getting clean off, and left her to her fate, when she was seen at a distance to be brought to of her own accord rather rapidly.

Domestic Storms do not always proceed from the highest points, but frequently arise from the lowest; and some curious phenomena have been remarked under-ground, where a sort of blowing-up begins, such as may be sometimes noticed in Cook and other great authorities. These storms are often preceded by the sudden carrying away of stores, and by the accumulation of a sort of dripping in the hold, which when called to the attention of the master, causes him to prepare for a hurricane.

Some remarkable facts are mentioned by travellers as accompanying storms, such as showers of fish falling on land having been cast up by the violence of the sea; but in Domestic Storms nothing is more common than a shower of cups and saucers, wine glasses, books, and candlesticks. In a very violent Domestic Storm that happened in the neighbourhood of one of the squares, the convulsions of nature, and of ill-nature, were so fearful, that during the raging of the storm, which took a pelting and pitiless shape, four looking-glasses were smashed to pieces.

The agents by which storms are sometimes produced in the domestic circles are sparks, which strike, with electrical influence, the heads of some of the lighter craft, and render them very difficult to manage. The law of magnetic attraction will affect the heads of craft of this description, bringing them round and round, and exposing them to that sort of whirl which is so notoriously dangerous. The best remedy in

these cases is a good conductor, or by meeting the sparks with an opposing battery. Sometimes a tremendous swell will agitate the craft; but in these cases it is better to let the swell pass by, merely keeping the head of the craft in the right direction.

MEDICINE FOR THE MILLION.

THERE is a fashion in quackery, as in everything else; and medicines go out and come in just like hoops, long waists, hanging sleeves, or any other article that caprice may one day patronise and the next day repudiate.

Formerly pills carried everything before them, and people swallowed their hundreds of No. 2, with a disregard to No. 1 that was really astonishing. After pills had had their day, there was a slight movement in favour of lozenges, until the public suddenly turned to ointment, and stuck to it for a tolerably long period. The last new mania is for Sarsaparilla, which is said "to destroy every kind of humour;" and as humour happens to be an article in which we take some interest, we must set our face against any article that has the effect of destroying it.

We should be glad if the Editor of *Notes and Queries* would answer a little problem we will venture to propose to him. We would ask him how it is that anybody lies at all, when there are several hundreds of quack medicines, each of which is said to save annually so many millions of lives, that by adding up even a portion of them, it would seem that the lives of the whole human race are being saved every year; and yet the number of deaths will go on at about the same rate as usual.

The advertising statistics will also show that the quantity of children cured of juvenile maladies by one sort of stuff or the other, will exceed the whole number brought into the world during the period specified. We can only solve the difficulty by supposing that the same child is cured over and over again, in order to warrant the estimate.

KOSSUTH FOR THE MILLION.

To the Genteel.

SWELLS, the higher walks that tread,
Sneer away—'tis underbred
To applaud the Man who led
The Mob of Hungary!

Now's your day, and now's your hour!
Threatning clouds no longer low'r;
Scornful—in your ease and power—
Of the People be.

Who will call KOSSUTH a knave?
Who traduce the good and brave?
Who will be that Russian slave,
But Gentility?

Who for HAYNAU's martial law,
Fiction's bow will boldly draw,
Cat with woman-scratching claw
Here may live to see.

Smile at Exile's woes and pains!
Scoff at vanquish'd Honour's chains,—
Keep your cool and quiet veins
From excitement free.

Only hearts of orders low
E'er with sympathy can glow,—
No, Superior Classes, no!
Fiddle-ol-de-dee!

An Extreme Publican.

THE following extract from the examination of MR. BLANKS, landlord of the White Hart Inn, at the St. Albans Bribery Commission, is worth preserving:—

"MR. FORSYTH.—What are your principles?"

"Witness.—To spend money in all legitimate expenses." (Laughter.)

"MR. FORSYTH.—You mean spending money with publicans, I suppose?" (Laughter.)

"Witness.—Well, I don't know. We all look to our trade, of course."

MR. BLANKS means to say that, in his political views, he simply regards the good of the public.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

THE question has been going the round of the papers, "What is a Pound?" Every donkey on a common, we should think, could tell that.



CHURCH AND STATE.

LAW INTELLIGENCE, WESTMINSTER HALL.

(From our own Reporter.)

NEW TRIALS.—There being nothing immediately before the Court, the Chief Justice said their Lordships were ready to proceed with the New Trials; and a new trial was immediately made of the warming apparatus, that had been sent in for the use of the Court, and had not been satisfactory.

It having been intimated that their Lordships were now ready to go on with whatever was in the paper,—the *Times* was handed up to them.

In the course of the day, a rule was applied for by a Carpenter, who had left it behind when measuring one of the windows of the Court, on the day preceding.

Chief Justice. You may take your rule.

The rest of their Lordships concurred. Rule Granted.

SITTINGS IN ERROR.—Their Lordships having been given to understand that Counsel would be ready to move during the afternoon, remained in Court all day; but no learned gentleman having appeared, the learned Chief intimated that it must be considered as the first of their Sittings in Error.

After some delay, the following conversation ensued between the Bench and an eminent Queen's Counsel:

The Bench (to the Q. C.). "I fancied you intimated, just now, that you were about to move."

Q. C. "No, my Lords, I did not intend to move. It was only my foot slipped."

Their Lordships then adjourned.

All Vegetable, and Entire Animal.

AN advertisement, recommending Pannus Corium Boots, headed—**"TO VEGETARIANS.—No Animal Substance."** What next? We shall have Vegetarians not only objecting to saddles of mutton, but to saddles of leather; and refusing to handle reins, unless the reins are real ribbons. Though, certainly, the rejection of animal substance as a clothing for the feet may be said to be carrying Vegetarianism to extremities.

COMING TO THE POINT.

THE practice of "pricking for Sheriffs" is not very complimentary to the individuals chosen to fill the shrieval office, for it would seem that there is only a pin to choose between them.

THE VOICE OF THE EXILE.

On a red sword her ill-knit bulk up-propping,
The Anarch Force I saw;
Across her knees was laid a Knout, blood-dropping;
Beneath her feet was Law.

Each with his heel upon a nation's forehead,
Her armèd guards stood round;
Nations—that, stripp'd of all wherein they gloried,
Were lying gagged and bound.

There, Italy, still lovely through her anguish,
Bled, but disdained to weep;
Her cheeks were sunk and white, like theirs who languish
For years in dungeons deep.

Germany, with her kind face, made for loving,
Now writhen, sharp, and sour,
Lay, ever and anon her large limbs moving,
Half conscious of their power.

Passionate Poland her chained hands was clenching,
While her full Eastern eye
With fires of hate, perennial and unblenching,
Glared upwards to the sky.

And like a war-spent soldier, faint and breathless,
Hungary, prostrate there,
Lay, seeming wounded to the death; but deathless
Was her defiant stare.

At first, the seat where Anarch Force was sitting,
Seemed set in living stone,
And all those mail-clad guards, supporters fitting
For such a firm-based throne.

But, lo! the clamps which chair to base did fasten
Were almost eat away;
And the blood dropping from the knout did hasten
A change of rock to clay;

And those huge guards, whose firm and even treading
Seemed proof 'gainst overthrow,
On foot-hold wet with gore of their own shedding
Slipped, swaying to and fro.

Then she and they, with jubilant acclamations,
Their song of triumph sung—
An impious *Te Deum* o'er the nations
That 'neath their feet were flung.

But all at once that song did check and waver,
Then stopped with sudden jar,
As a voice came, low first, but swelling ever—
A voice, heard, from afar,

Singing like a caged bird, in spite of chains,
And calumny, and wrong—
Singing like one who, looking from the plains,
Sees morning strike along

The mountain-tops, and tells how with the day
The sunlight will descend,
And chase the mists that choke the valley gray,
Muffling it, end to end.

Anon, from hope rising into defiance,
It spoke with trumpet tone,
Calling mankind to holiest alliance
'Gainst Brute Force on her throne.

And, though in a strange tongue, with wondrous power
That deep voice filled the land,
Till Anarch Force upon her throne did cower;
Her sword shook in her hand;

And her huge guards were sudden terror-stricken,
With dull brows ashy-white;
While those down-trodden Nations seemed to quicken
With new-awakened might.

Thrilled by the power that in their half-numbered members
Aroused the pulse of men,
Like the seer's word that kindled life's dead embers
In the dry bones again.

MRS. BAKER'S PET.

Showing how she came by it; the hold it established on her affections; the serious nuisance it became to MR. BAKER; his generally brutal conduct in respect to it; and its ultimate influence on the family relations of MR. and MRS. B.

DEDICATED BY MR. PUNCH

TO ALL LADIES HAVING ADOPTED, OR FEELING DISPOSED TO ADOPT, FOUR-FOOTED FAVOURITES OF ANY DESCRIPTION.



SCENE I.—MRS. BAKER PURCHASES A PET.

Place—Regent Street. Time—Two P. M.

The usual Loungers and Passengers.—MR. CHIFFINS, a quiet man, with an expression of face half horse-jockey, half field-preacher, and a dress compounded of the prize-fighter, gentleman's groom, and gamekeeper, is walking up and down; a resplendent "King Charles" under one arm, a preternaturally clean poodle under the other, and a knot of soi-disant Skye Terriers, questionable Spaniels, and extremely uncomfortable Italian Greyhounds, in a string, about his feet. MRS. BAKER has been out shopping. She has recently lost a favourite Cat, and the vacuum left by the bereavement is not yet filled up. She has always had a tenderness for dumb animals.

Mr. Chiffins (whose experienced eye has detected MRS. BAKER'S weak point). Nice dog, Marm! KING CHAWLS, Ma'am—there's ears, Ma'am—ekal to floss silk—(continuing to walk by the side of MRS. BAKER, who tries not to betray her sensibility)—Or a Poodle, Marm?—do anything but speak. Buys buns, Marm, and leaves the penny on the counter as nat'ral as a Christian. Or, if you'd like a Skye Terrier, Marm, there's a pictur'! Can't see out of his eye for 'air, and a coat as sweeps the ground. Ah! you're a-lookin' at that Italian greyhound, Marm, I can see; he is a beauty. Only four pound, Marm. Come, what do you say for one on 'em? Make me an offer, now. Bless you, Marm, name your figger.

Mrs. Baker. No, thank you. I don't want one.

Mr. Chiffins. Ah! you're a lady as loves dumb hanimals, I can see. Now, there's a Spaniel, Marm; you shall 'ave him for one pun' ten—a finebred dawg as ever was: sweet as a nut, and wonderful fond of his missus.

Mrs. Baker (with a faint pretence to Utilitarianism). Is he a good house-dog?

Mr. Chiffins. 'Ouse-dog, Marm? Bless you, nothink can't come near where he is, arter dark—he'll tear the place down.

Mrs. Baker. Oh! then he might bite somebody.

Mr. Chiffins. Lor, Marm! he knows the difference atween one party and another; he don't never show his teeth at the right sort o' people, only at beggars and cadgers, and such like, as is arter no good—'ad the distemper, Ma'm, these six months. There's a bye, Marm. Bless the cretur! Wouldn't you say he was a talkin' to you?

Mrs. Baker (who feels strongly inclined towards the extremely hybrid animal about which MR. CHIFFINS is so enthusiastic). What is his name?

Mr. Chiffins. SCAMP, Marm, is the name I 'ad with him—leastways from the party I bought him ov.

Mrs. Baker. You're sure he's not been stolen?

Mr. Chiffins (with much horror). Stolen! Marm? Nobody never could say of TOM CHIFFINS as he ever bought a dawg wich he didn't know all was square (shaking his head). No, no; none o' them games for CHIFFINS!

Mrs. Baker. But I should be sure to lose him.

Mr. Chiffins (steadily, and with conviction). Lose that dawg, Marm? I'll be bound you couldn't do it, if you tried—leastways if you takes care on 'em, wich I see you're a lady as loves dumb animals. Bless you, they knows when they're well orf, them kind of dawgs. They'll eat their way through anything, them dawgs will.

Mrs. Baker. Thirty shillings, you said?

Mr. Chiffins. Thirty bob is the lowest price I can take for him.

Mrs. Baker. Oh, I wouldn't think of giving more than a pound!

Mr. Chiffins. Well, Marm, you mustn't be 'ard on me. Say twenty-five, and it's a deal; but the dawg's worth two pound, if he's worth a farden.

Mrs. Baker. Well, if you like to take twenty-five shillings for the dog, and if you'll bring him to my house, No. 6, Blossom Terrace, Bayswater—

Mr. Chiffins. All right, Marm—I knows the 'ouse. Ah! that's a hout-an-out cheap dawg, that is; but you ladies is so knowin', there's no getting a profit out o' you.

Mrs. Baker (introducing herself to her new acquisition, and trying to pat him on the back). Here, SCAMP! SCAMP!

[SCAMP covers between the legs of MR. CHIFFINS, and resents MRS. BAKER'S familiarity by showing his teeth, and growling.

Mrs. Baker (repelled by the dog's manner). Oh, he doesn't seem at all godd-tempered!

Mr. Chiffins. Oh, bless you, Marm! it's only 'is play. 'Ere (in a tone of affectionate command), SCAMP, 'ere, speak to the lady,—there's a good dawg!

[SCAMP, at the solicitation of MR. CHIFFINS, condescends to wag his tail slightly, which MRS. BAKER construes into a mark of incipient attachment to herself, and goes on her way much pleased with her bargain.

TIME'S OUT OF MIND.

It used to be said that time and tide wait for no man; but no man need wait for time and tide; nor is there any occasion for him to be tied to time, now that we have got the Submarine Telegraph. On two or three occasions, last week, the papers intimated that the French mail had not arrived at Dover; but the public cared little for the French mail, when all the important French news was concentrated in a single line—that line being no other than the telegraphic wire across the Channel. The strong winds may blow and crack their cheeks to the fullest extent, but it matters not as long as they do not affect the still small voice of the Submarine Telegraph.

There has recently been some discussion as to uniformity of time throughout England; but really we take no interest in the question; for now, that news can go from one end of Europe to the other in no time at all, we shall begin to think that watches and clocks are getting obsolete, and time itself so thoroughly set at nought, as to be unworthy of being noted.

The idea of getting knocked into next week used to be a vulgar absurdity; but when we find ourselves, in relation to news, at least a week in advance of what was thought possible a very little while ago, we begin to regard the notion of knocking into next week as one very capable of being realised.

THE BLOOMERS TO THE TAILORS.



PROUSE ye, each bold
Tailor;
'Tis Woman claims
your aid;
The craven that
would fail her,
Oh scout him from
your trade!
'Gainst Prejudice and
Fashion
Go, gallant cham-
pions, go;
Knights of the Thim-
ble, dash on
To the Ladies'
rescue, ho!
As Youth pursues
his pleasures,
So rush ye to your
lists;
Gripe ye your trusty
measures
Right closely in
your fists.
Forward! the bodkin
wielding,
Or needle firm in
rest,
The heart of valour
shielding
With the goose be-
fore the breast.

Brandish your trusty scissors
Till coat and vest are done,
And, spite of gibling quizzers,
The Bloomer prize is won!

Yes, onward with your stitches,
'Till Beauty gains her own,
That garment brave, the—which is
Now worn by Man alone!

AZAE! AZAE!

ATTRACTED by the promise of a spectacle, with not only "new scenery, dresses, and decorations;" but with "new camels, zebras, Brahmim bulls," and "everything which can tend to give reality to the scene," we proceeded over Westminster Bridge, to the Banks of the Nile, and entering, a few doors down on the right, we proceeded straight on till we found ourselves opposite "the Renowned and Vast Square of Memphis." On reference to our hand-book, or play-bill, we perceived that the "Memphian Games" were supposed to be going on; and in one corner of the square, on a small wooden platform, three feet six, by two feet nine, we observed three men, engaged in playing at nothing for nothing, with some blank dice, which were vehemently shaken up in a tin mug without a handle. While the games were at their height, a procession made its appearance, headed by Egyptian warriors, who, it is to be hoped, were on the retired list, and not likely to be called into active service; for their shields were of about the size and quality of paper kites, and their only armour was a sort of square fan-tail, or "curtain," as the ladies call it, of cloth, attached to the back of their dark woollen night-caps. These were followed by priests, in white night-gowns, that ought to have been down to their heels; but as one very tall priest had accidentally exchanged night-gowns with one very short priest, the former made palpable the fact, that the legs of the whole of the priests were encased in long leather gaiters.

The procession introduces, of course, the whole of that "unrivalled collection of rare animals," which is always dragged, kicked, poked, and pinched through every quarter of the globe, in which the Astleian authors lay the scenes of their spectacles. Our old and refractory friends, the two stags without tails, writhe through the grand square of Memphis, as uncomfortably as they wriggle over the Steppes of Tartary in *Mazepa*; or side about among the thumps and shoves of a hostile soldiery in the *Wars of Afghanistan*. "The Golden Altar with the undying Fire" is certainly a gorgeous affair; but on the night we saw it, the tow was either damp, or the spirits-of-wine deficient, which caused the "undying fire" to be very speedily at the point of death, and it went out rather early in a blaze of anything but triumph. The procession had scarcely ended when *Azael* enters, on a clever spotted cob, and expresses a desire to witness "the gorgeus ceremonies." He is, without much ceremony, dragged on to the platform, where the vigorous game at nothing is still going on, and having taken his turn at the tin mug, and thrown out from it the blank dice, he rushes into the

middle of the stage, declaring he has "lost everything," which signifies little, as he had nothing—not even a carpet-bag—on his arrival.

An attempt is then made upon his fidelity by a young lady in pink and spangles, who, in a grand *pas de fascination*, hops away, or beckons him on, in the approved fashion of the ballet. He endeavours to win her good graces by captivating attitudes, clasping his hands, turning up his eyes, drawing his fingers down his face; then with one of his arms supporting her waist, while the other arm forms the segment of a circle above her head. All is vain, and taking from a supernumerary, who enters, a square tea-caddy, he offers it as an inducement to the young female, who rejects not only that, but a comforter for the neck, which he also tenders in the tenderest manner. His suit appears quite hopeless; but it appears from his proceedings that he cherishes a certain scarf, which he keeps alternately pressing to his heart and his lips, though in reality his nose seems to get it oftenest, and to make the best use of it. The young woman in spangles playfully takes it away from him, when he goes nearly mad, and tears out of his hair the little *rosette* of pink ribbon with which it has been trimmed, buries his face in his fists, and ultimately so misbehaves himself that he is ordered to be thrown into the Nile as a sacrifice. Six priests are preparing to lead him away, when he seizes an axe of pantomimic dimensions, foolishly left within his grasp, and begins flourishing it about the bewildered heads of the Memphian clergy. Suddenly he lays down the axe, and at the same time lays down the axiom, that "the cold heart can never feel," and he announces the fact of his readiness for the Nile, "with its icy bosom crammed to the very brim with hanging crocodiles."

In the ensuing act we come to the "Mighty Desert," consisting of a pair of flats, with a large round mark in the centre of the landscape. This mark, which at first struck us as one of the "Mysteries of Memphis," was soon explained when a carpenter's whistle was heard, and the landscape opened to the extent of the round mark, in order that *Azael*—who has survived submersion in the Nile, and found the crocodiles rather more benevolent, or abstemious, than he expected—may witness the appearance of the Dream Spirit. *Azael* expresses a wish to go in search of his father; but, instead of doing so, he goes through some difficult contortions, dragging himself along the ground, tottering a little way in one direction, and then staggering back again—his movements requiring the most violent exertion and great physical strength—when, after having wasted as much time and strength as would have taken him a mile at least on his way, he declares his inability to move a step further. He is, somehow or other, dragged off, when his venerable father appears in a wig of black velvet, with a small blue piping run through it here and there, to give it a dash of grey—the result of two whole acts of suffering. Being an agriculturist, his presence is required at a harvest festival, represented by about a quarter of a truss of real straw and a dozen painted haycocks.

The son and the father meet; but as the son's wardrobe has dwindled to a suit of fleshings and a door-mat, the father does not know him, and is going through the usual preliminaries to a stage recognition by tottering backwards, when a cry from a benevolent "wag" in the gallery, of "Come, come, hold up, old man—hold up!" restores the broken-hearted parent to a consciousness of the necessity for preserving the perpendicular. Everybody, of course, rushes into everybody's arms, the scarf is hugged and kissed, the old man's black velvet hair, pined with blue, is parted on his forehead by his enraptured son, and by the aid of a magic lantern—happily at hand in "the Peaceful Valley"—there is a Grand "Superhuman reappearance of the Nocturnal Vision of the Desert."

Our account of *Azael*, at Astley's, may be somewhat too literal for those of a poetic imagination; but when we say that it is gorgeously got up, with all the liberality and spirit of an Astley's management, we are sure we shall send many more to the theatre than we shall defer from going there, by our very common-place view of an uncommonly magnificent spectacle.

NOTES AND QUERIES FOR COMMUNISTS AND RED REPUBLICANS.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know how and whence could have originated so extraordinary a proposition as the dogma that "property is theft." From the circumstance, we should say, that the gentleman who first propounded it, had no idea of acquiring anything except by stealing.

Another Correspondent casts a doubt on the correctness of the orthography of the word "Rouges," the French name for the ultra-republicans, and by us translated "Reds." He suggests that "Rouges," as applied to the party of disorder, is a corruption of an Anglicism, to be rectified by the transposition of two letters: and inquires whether it should not be properly spelt "Rogues."

HOW TO TREAT ELECTORS.

It has been suggested, that the voters of St. ALBANS should be put up to auction. Certainly; and all of them knocked down.

THE SCHOOL FOR POOR CHILDREN.

We have always maintained that the Blue-coat School was an institution where none but poor children were received. Here is another proof, in addition to a hundred others which have already been published, that there never is the slightest departure from the charter of its benevolent donor, no matter in whose favour it may be exercised. The School is known to be a sacred spot where the rich have no influence—where the poor only are allowed to enter—and London ought to be proud of having within its monied walls such a holy place.

This is the proof in question, which we cut out of the evidence given before the St. Albans Bribery Commission :

“He (MR. EDWARDS) had a brother in the Blue-coat School. MR. BOND CABBELL, who was once member for St. Albans, and for whom his father acted as agent, presented him to the school after he was elected for the Borough.”

Now, MR. BOND CABBELL, it is sufficiently known at all the guinea dining-places in the Metropolis, is a very poor man. In short, the mere fact of his being a member for St. Albans, is the strongest proof of his poverty. MR. EDWARDS'S father, if we may judge from the questionable practices to which he lent himself at the St. Albans election, must be a very poor man also. Here, then, we have a poor man recommending the son of another poor man—and no higher recommendation than that of their joint poverty is requisite for the son to be instantly received into the Blue-coat School. This is most admirable! There is no wealthy influence at work here—no bending the knee to the Golden Calf! No election-bargaining—no conscience buying or cheating! No! it is the finest homage to Poverty—in whose honour, and for whose solace, the School was erected: and long life, therefore, say we, to the Blue-coat School, as long as it acts up to those noble principles of charity, which are the text of its charter! Those noble principles have never been deviated from since the School has been a School, and we are so confident that publicity can only more and more glorify the integrity of its management, that we should like to see a published statement of the number of children who are at present in the Blue-coat School owing to the recommendation of MR. BOND CABBELL. Who knows? the number of little EDWARDSSES may be infinite.

A PROPHECY THAT REQUIRES NO GREAT PROPHET TO PROPHESY.

It is not at all improbable that at the approaching “festive season” called Christmas, MR. FLEXMORE may dress himself up as a Bloomer,—and it is not unlikely, either, that, in that elegant costume, he may dance a *pas seul*, very much to the amusement of the Gallery.—*Our Prophet.*

THE MONS, JULLIEN IN LABOUR AGAIN.

THE JULLIEN era of music must always form an important epoch in the Calendar; and the MONS is at this moment rearing his lofty head high above all opposition in Drury Lane.

We never see the MONS, JULLIEN without thinking of the famous Alpine Mous; and BYRON'S lines on the latter are capable of easy adaptation to the former :

The MONS is the King of Conductors ;
They crowned him long ago,
With jet black hair,
And moustachios rare,
And a waistcoat, and stock of snow !”

We only regret that the MONS should be visible for so brief a period among us, and that he should only visit us like the “glimpse of the Moon” for the brief month of November. He is no sooner come than he is gone, and we have only just arrived at the knowledge that it is the “first week but one,” when we find it is also the “last week but two” of his performances.

We understand that the MONS has in preparation for his next season a sort of companion to his Army and Navy Quadrilles, under the title of the

POLICE QUADRILLE,

of which we give the programme.

Figure 1.—Grand muster of the men on their beat. *Pas accéléré* of the pick-pockets, and *pas redoublé* of the constables.

Figure 2.—Rattling of the area rails. Triangle solo. Appearance of the cold mutton. Oboe solo, Cook.

Figure 3.—Assembly of the Chartist on Kennington Common. “Come if you dare!” Speech of the Chartist Orator, introducing the new drum called the hum-drum, brought over by MONS. JULLIEN from France, expressly for this occasion.

Figure 4.—The crowded thoroughfare. Politeness of the police to the female passengers. Love and duty.

Figure 5.—Gathering of all nations and all vehicles at the entrance of the Crystal Palace. Flagellation of the cab-horses. Solo, flageolet—MR. COLLINET. The meeting of the coal-wagons. Sax-horn *obligato*, *Trema, tremu, scelerato*. A purse is lost in the confusion. *Il mio tesoro*. Running accompaniment. Blocking up of the thoroughfare. Grand Concert Stuck, until all burst forth in the glorious cry of “MOVE ON.”

A Legal Contradiction.

The only day of the week in which the Sheriff's Officer has no power over the poor Debtor is the Sunday—and this is most curious—(though I am far from complaining of it)—for the Sunday is essentially, in the eye of the English Law, the day of a *rest*.—*Briefless.*



A NEW STATUE FOR ST. ALBANS.

(A Pendant to the celebrated Effigy of BACON.)

INSCRIPTIO,

Auctore TOBIÀ nostro, Canino-Latina.

JACOBUS BELL,

APUD PARLIAMENT: BRITAN: BURGII S' TI ALBANI PROCURATOR,
SEU NOTORIBUS TITULIS

VICI OXONIENSIS PHARMACOPOLA SPECTABILISSIMUS,

SIG. SEDEBAT :

QUI, POSTQUAM OMNIA COPPOCKII PENETRALIUM

ET EDWARDSII ARCANÀ EVOLVISSET,

PARLIAMENTI DECRETUM EXPLEVIT,

BURGII CORRUPTI SOLVANTUR.

TRANSLATION.

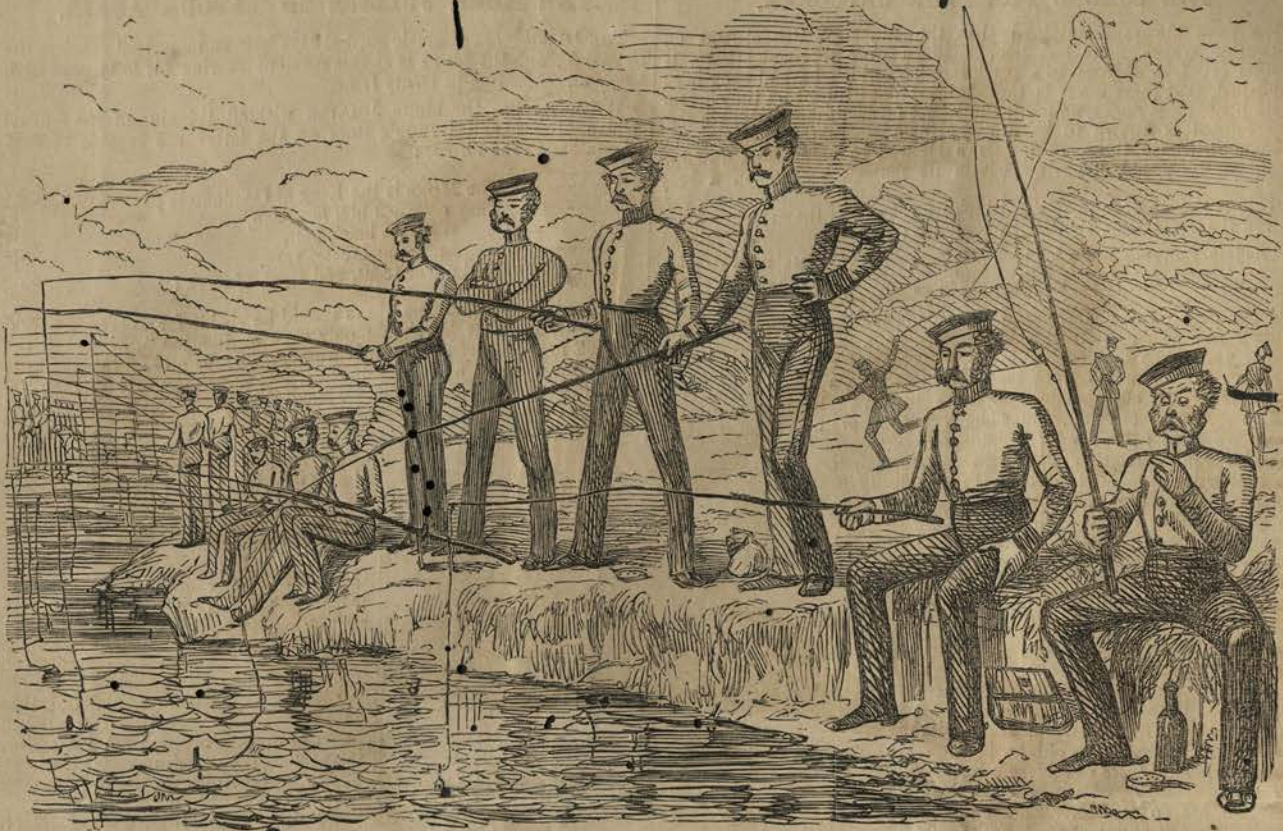
Dog-Latin Inscription, composed by our TOBY.

JACOB BELL,

REPRESENTATIVE OF ST. ALBANS IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT,
BETTER KNOWN AS

A MOST RESPECTABLE CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST IN OXFORD STREET,
SAT IN THIS WAY :

WHO, AFTER PENETRATING ALL THE SECRETS
OF MR. COPPOCK'S OFFICE AND MR. EDWARDS'S BACK PARLOUR,
FELL A VICTIM TO THE ACT OF PARLIAMENT
FOR THE DISFRANCHISEMENT OF ROTTEN BOROUGHS.



RECREATION FOR THE HORSE GUARDS, WHEN REMOVED FROM KNIGHTSBRIDGE :
AND HOW MUCH BETTER THAN IDLING IN A PUBLIC HOUSE, OR FLIRTING WITH MAID SERVANTS!

THE CRISIS OF AFFAIRS.



CERTAIN Editors are always writing about the "Crisis of Affairs," and we believe no Editor could write unless he had a crisis; but what the Editor of the *Go-ahead Journal* really calls a "Crisis of Affairs," is—"Having to write whilst the baby is crying,—your wife is asking you for the hundredth time what you will have for dinner,—the butcher is declaiming in the hall, loud enough for the Deaf Asylum to hear him, that he will not give any more credit,—the servant is scrubbing the floor overhead,—the water is coming into the cistern,—two hurdy-gurdies are playing opposite your window,—and the Printer's Devil is knocking at the door for Copy. That is something like a Crisis of Affairs," he says, "which America may

thank its stars it isn't the Editor of a paper, or else it might be troubled with such a Crisis regularly once a week."

HI! CAB!—We are told that a new Economic Cab Company is in the field; but what is the use of its being in the field, when it is wanted in the street and City?

KOSSUTH FOR EVER!

WHY do the millions cheer KOSSUTH, that gave
No greeting to the Democrats of France?
Because they feel the difference of a brave
Struggle for Freedom from a frantic dance
Round trees of Liberty, doom'd ne'er to bud,
Wherein the sole reality was blood.

An opera-dance—Terpsichorean show—
To music of "*Mourir pour la Patrie*,"
The ballet ending in a *grand tableau*,
Such as at Rome we saw, and still do see;
Crush'd by French arms a twin Republic's hope,
And restoration of our Lord the POPE.

Between such heroes as a WILLIAM TELL
Or WASHINGTON—not our foe, but our king's—
And ill-conditioned dreamers, who rebel
Against the natural ordinance of things,
Britons distinguish; wholly scorning these,
And all their mad pedantic mutinies.

A strife against the fetters and the lash—
Chaining free thought—inflicted on the fair:
A steady, earnest, stern attempt to thrash
A despot doing wrong too dire to bear;
This, this is what we English understand;
This was the battle fought in Magyar land.

Therefore, among the men, KOSSUTH we class,
Who fairly, truly, fought for Liberty;
We hail him as we should LEONIDAS
Our guest, arisen from Thermopylae;
And hope his eloquence of honest hate
Europe may urge her tyrants to abate.



THE NEW SIAMESE TWINS.

TO MY BROTHER BRITISH DRAMATISTS.



DEAR BROTHERS!—The conditions of an international Copyright law have been settled between the Foreign Ministers of England and France. An attempt will be made to embody these conditions in the form of a law during the ensuing session. If they are so embodied, the days of the British Dramatists are numbered.

“For among these conditions is one, that protection is to be given to translations executed by or for the author—and this provision is expressly extended to dramatic compositions. Consider the consequences.

“Hitherto the French repertoire has been the common property of the British Dramatist. This was, indeed, the only field on which the old war between France and England was still kept up. The bayonet of the British Grenadier no longer invaded the French frontier, but the scissors of the British Dramatist still walked proudly into the pages of the French Vaudeville. Need I say that the advantage was ever on our side; that British pluck bore off the Drama of the *Porte St. Martin*, or the *Vaudeville* of the *Variétés*, to the friendly ports of the Victoria or the Haymarket, just as the British frigates towed the French first-rates into Plymouth or Sheerness? But, who ever saw France making reprisals, either on our stage plays or our ships of war?

“Thus viewed, the function of the British Dramatist becomes a national one. He is the solitary upholder of the Briton’s right to do what he likes with the Frenchman’s own. This great patriotic principle, abandoned by ministers, was still upheld by managers, and a British public could still salute the trophies of British prowess in the translations of the British Dramatist.

But if this iniquitous compact be carried out, all these triumphs are at an end. The French Dramatist will not lack traitorous co-operation among our writers for the stage, and henceforth an unnatural and unholy alliance may be looked for of the French author and the British adapter!

“Brethren, is this to be borne?

“Englishmen, are the rights of the Briton thus to be tamely abandoned?

“British Dramatists, arise like one man, and swear upon *Boyer’s Dictionary*, that you will never submit to share with Frenchmen the hard-earned pittance wrung from managerial rapacity. Hitherto French rolls have been our bread,—but let this atrocious compact become law, and that bread is baked for ever!

“British Dramatists, be up and doing! Let the Frenchman, when he comes to ask payment for his shot, find his own piece turned against him, with a determined British Dramatist, match in hand, ready, if necessary, to blow the invader into immortal smash!

“Your Brother,

“RODOMONT FITZ-SCRIBE,

“Who has taken upwards of 160 pieces from the French at the point of his own scissors.”

OLD KING COAL.

Old KING COAL paid a very high toll,
And a very high toll paid he;
And it went in the bottle, and it went in the bowl;
In green fat, callipash, callipee.

What a shame, what a shame, what a shame! said the people,
What a wrong that this should be!
And there’s none whate’er that can compare
To the sons of gluttony.

Old KING COAL paid a very high toll,
And a very high toll paid he:
And the City of London eat up the whole,
By consent of the Powers that be.

This won’t do, this won’t do, this won’t do! says the people;
This must not, shall not be;
And we now declare we’ll no longer bear
Such a monstrous robbery!

THE POWER OF ABSTRACTING YOUR MIND.—The man who chalked the Wall of China with “Free Trade and Starvation,” during an earthquake, had a singular power of abstracting his mind!

YOUNG NERO’S LAST!

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA was known to be an enemy of progress, but until he sent the police, the other day, to regulate the Money Market, few could have imagined the lengths he was prepared to go in opposition to ‘Change. By this manoeuvre he has driven the Bears out of his kingdom bodily, as if they were actual quadrupeds: a proceeding which, however, he might have improved upon by setting a price upon their heads. Some may be surprised to find this Monarch displaying such hostility to the Bears, considering the obligations he is under to one of the family. But the Bear that lowers the Money Market, and the Bear that tramples down Liberty, are two different animals; and his Majesty knows the difference between Bear and Bear, if not between man and brute.

In attacking the Bears by physical force, the Emperor has shown a measure of wisdom for which he is not likely to get much credit, as it is little calculated to inspire confidence in the stability of his throne, or indeed of his senses. With a view to show that he can control the exchanges by violence, he will next, perhaps, be sending policemen to regulate the weathercock: or to repeat CANUTE’s experiment upon the tide. CANUTE, though, or anybody connected with England, may be out of his good books just now: as, after the reception this country has given to Kossuth, he doubtless hates a BULL as much as he does a Bear.

THE HONEST CABMAN’S COMPLAINT.

COME, noble lords and ladies, and gentlefolks also,
Attention to my story I pray you to bestow;
A Cabman’s is the calling and trade which I pursue,
And though I say’t as shouldn’t, I’m an honest Cabman, too.

I says the sum of eightpence is our lawful fare per mile;
And wherefore go extortion more with greediness and guile,
Accompanied by insolence, as mostly is the case?
I will not act so brutal, and I won’t behave so base.

Why is it, in partic’lar, that we expects to screw
A price out of our customers above the stated due?
Why is a Cabman’s bisnis the sole and only trade
Wherein a blessed cove can’t be contented ven he’s paid?

Supposing a physician receivin’ of his fee,
Said, “Wot’s this here?” or, “This won’t do!” why not, as well as we?
And then, suppose he foller’d his patient down the street,
Abusin’ and insultin’ him, I wonder what he’d meet?

I don’t see why a Cabman’s must needs be a pursuit
To make a man a ruffian, a blackguard, and a brute,
A savage, foul-mouthed bully, a villain, and a thief;
But that’s our general character, which I relate with grief.

What’s wanted is Protection, whereby I mean Free Trade;
Defence in competition which rascals would invade:
Who threatens for to smash our cabs, and drive us off the stand,
For offerin’ civility with cheapness of demand.

The system of our gov’nors too, ’tis proper should be known,
Because the vehicles we drives is few on ’em our own;
So much a day, make what we may, we’re bound to bring ’em back;
Vich if we fail, by consequence, in course, we gets the sack.

Now by this here arrangement, the chap wot drives a cab
Is tempted all he possible can by any means to grab;
On which account, few moral coves embarks in such a line,
And them few finds it uphill work, as is the fact with mine.

I am an honest Cabman, as I before have said;
And ’tis hard lines, I’sure you, for such to yarn their bread;
By means of proper management what soon would cease to be,
And the Public have the benefit as well as coves like me.

The Tree of Knowledge.

It seems very curious—and we only mention it because it is very curious—that two of the highest branches of the Tree of Knowledge should be occupied at the present moment by a Professor and a Doctor, answering to the names of KANE and BIRCH!

“WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?”

LADY MARIA CLUTTERBUCK writes to us to say, that “the problem of the Boa Constrictor swallowing the Blanket is easily accounted for. The poor creature was tired of having nothing but *volaille* for dinner, so he thought he would just try a *Blanquette*.”

THE BALLAD OF SIR T. TEA-LEAF.

(Being a humble Parallel to the Ballad of SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.)



It was three gallant Chinamen,
With long tail and pig eye,
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
SIR T. TEA-LEAF must die.

And they have ta'en and flung him down
Upon an iron bed,
And underneath, with cruel hand,
Have heaped the ashes red.

They've spread him out, and pressed him down,
And turned him o'er and o'er,
They've dried him up, until he curled,
And writhed in suffering sore.

In vain he twisted and he turned,
In vain he cried for grace;
They kept him so, and scorched him till
He grew black in the face.

But finding he was still alive,
Their malice waxed more keen;
They dosed him first with Prussia blue
Till his poor face turned green.

What sparks of life might still remain
Determined to foredo,
They gave him next a bitter draught
Of gum and catechu.

And on his death his name they changed,
Lest men their crime should know,
And when men asked, "Who's that lies there?"
They answered, "Young PEKOE."

Whereas his name and family,
It really was SOUCHONG,
Related to the old CONGIOUS,
A race both rough and strong.

Lest men should recognise his dust,
To dust when passed away,
His calcined bones they kneaded up
With lumps of China clay.

Their poison'd victim then they wrapp'd
In lead, with well-feign'd grief,
And wrote the epitaph outside,
"Here lies SIR T. TEA-LEAF."

And though their grief was all a sham,
The epitaph was true,
For "here" it said, "a TEA-LEAF lies,"
And "lie" such Tea-leaves do.

Now TEA-LEAF'S name is in repute
In lands beyond the sea,
Where maiden ladies love him much,
Under the name Green-tea.

Ah! little dream these ancient maids
Of Chinaman's vile craft,
Nor think, while chatting o'er their cups,
There's poison in the draught.

And little know they of the fate
Poor TEA-LEAF had to dree,
Or in their teapots they would weep
Tears bitter as their tea;

Till with the water of their woe
E'en the first brew was spiled,
And the presiding maid would be
Obliged to draw it mild!

Then to poor TEA-LEAF drop a tear,
By poison doomed to fall;
And when there's green-tea in the pot,
May I not drink—that's all.

IS THE LORD MAYOR IRRESPONSIBLE?

THE proposal of a vote of thanks to the late LORD MAYOR, founded on the absurd old principle of "thank you for nothing"—has raised the important question—Is the LORD MAYOR irresponsible? The feeling at the Court of Aldermen seemed to be, that the elevation to the Monarchy of Cockneydom is too much for anybody's head, or, at all events for any citizen's head, to stand; and perhaps the fur cap is an emblem of that softening of the upper story which is likely to ensue on coming to the throne of the Mansion House.

The late LORD MAYOR gave great offence to the rest of the Corporation, by the isolated attitude he assumed on the paddle-box of the Folkstone steamer, the coach-box of the Boulogne fly, and the refreshment room at the Railway Station, on the celebrated civic expedition to Paris. The wrath of his brother Aldermen, which has been bottled up for some months, and has become all the crustier on that account, has been poured out upon him at last, with a fulness of body that is

quite embarrassing. Even his apologists declare that he had got inflated; and being inflated, they regard him as a fit subject to be blown up, which has been done most unsparingly.

We don't exactly understand what the worthy citizens wished the late LORD MAYOR to do, by way of giving a more imposing aspect to the visit of the Corporation to Paris. Even supposing that he had caused GOG and MAGOG to be included in his suite, or taken over with him the State Coach, or got up a Lord Mayor's Show in Paris, he would not have succeeded in astonishing a population who see such things better done every day at their own Hippodrome. Perhaps he ought to have gone nowhere without his brother Aldermen; but, as it was, he left Boulogne as one of a party of six in a small fly; and he would hardly have added to the dignity of the City if he had been one of a party of six-and-twenty in an omnibus.

That the Corporation was imperfectly represented by the head without its right and left hand—the Sheriffs—is true enough; but why the whole of the Aldermen should take offence because they were not dragged forward on every occasion by the LORD MAYOR, is a problem for which we find no solution.

THE BLACK EAGLE'S SWOOP ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE British stock-broker ought to be grateful that his lot has fallen in the pleasant places of Capel Court, London, instead of the Bourse at Vienna. In that blessed country the "bulls" are goaded on by bayonets, and the "bears" baited by policemen, till dealing in the stocks comes to end in sitting in them, and all the business transacted is in Austrian bonds, in which, to use the slang of the Money Market, there is always too much tightness to be pleasant.

It is certainly a brilliant notion in BARON KRAUSS, and his friend the Town Captain of Vienna, by way of preventing a panic in stocks, to get up a panic among stock-brokers, and to make a rush on the bankers, as a means of preventing a run on the banks.

But as the Austrian Government, instead of making money, can only spend it, they will find it easier to arrest bankers than bankruptcy; and may shortly look to see Austrian ideas as much at a discount all over Europe as Austrian paper currency.

Sign of a Very Severe Winter.

SOME weather-wise MURPHY has been seizing hold of the Boa Constrictor at the Zoological Gardens as a sure token that we are to have a very severe winter. He declares that "the Boa Constrictor swallowed the blanket entirely, as a matter of instinct. The sagacious creature felt we were going to have an unusually severe winter, so it swallowed its blanket to keep its inside warm."

GOING SHARES IN THE NAME OF NEED.

WE perceive that the Secretary of a "Sacramento Gold and Quicksilver Mining Company" is "NEED AND CO." Let us hope that all the shareholders will pocket large dividends from the old proverb:—"A friend in Need is a friend indeed!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"NAUGHTY BOY" has not sent his address.

WHAT WE ARE TO EXPECT IN 1852.



THE Democrats are endeavouring to frighten us with what we are to expect in 1852. The French Socialists, especially, seem to look forward to that year as the great MILLENNIUM OF SOCIALISM. At all the Electoral Committee Meetings at Paris—that is to say, where the Police have allowed those meetings to take place—the preponderating cry has been, “Wait till 1852.” We are fully prepared to act upon that advice, and have certainly made up our minds to wait for the new year; but still, we must confess we are not a little frightened in so doing. It is evident that the Socialists are

hanging their best hopes upon 1852; and that is but small comfort to us, who know that their best hopes sometimes delight in assuming other forms besides that of hanging. We have a great inclination to turn Democrats ourselves, at least for the whole of the ensuing year; but, as we have had many uncomfortable proofs of the manner in which that fraternal body generally agree amongst themselves, perhaps it would be greater protection to us if we remain as we are.

But what are we to expect in 1852?—that is the question. We have peeped—for a peep was quite sufficient (no one who peeped through the key-hole of Blue Beard’s chamber would wish to open the door)—into some of the French Democratic Almanacks, and really the horrors that we are promised in the new year would frighten the oldest *habitué* of the most horrible theatre on the *Boulevard du Crime*. The following events are positively *fête* days, compared to the fearful changes that are to occur, more or less, every minute, during the mind-quaking year of 1852:—

January. LOUIS NAPOLEON escapes from the Elysée in the basket of a chiffonier. PROUDHON elected Perpetual President. Acting upon the old law, that *La Propriété est la Vol*, he scrambles all the money found at the Bank from the top of the Arc de Triomphe. Every *Aristo* found wearing shoes is immediately guillotined.

February. Grand distribution of the pictures of the Louvre. The famous picture of the *Deluge* suspended over the *Bains Chinois*. Expedition to Rome: LOUIS NAPOLEON caught in the Vatican, brought back to Paris, and condemned to be shut up in the same prison with AND-EL-KADER. The Pope lands in England, and sues protection from Dr. CUMMINGS.

March. Every *Aristo* found guilty of wearing a *blouse*, is condemned to death.—Jubilee.

April. Every *Aristo* found guilty of wearing a shirt, is condemned to death.—Jubilee.

May. Every *Aristo* detected with a pair of trousers, forfeits his head to the outraged laws of his country.—Another Jubilee.

June. Every *Aristo* who puts his head under a hat, is condemned to forfeit both to the State.—More Jubilees!

July. All the shirt-makers, boot-makers, hat-makers, blouse-makers, and tailors, ruined in France.—Another Jubilee. All the silver of the rich melted down, and every Democrat in France presented with a silver spoon. Failure of the harvests, and general famine.—Another Jubilee.

August. Expedition of everybody into Russia, Prussia, and Austria.—EMPEROR OF RUSSIA sent to work in the mines of Siberia; AUSTRIA and PRUSSIA brought to Paris, where they are confined on parole in the catacombs.

September. Monster army invades England, with floating jackets. PROUDHON crowned, at Highbury Barn, President of United Democratic Europe. London surrendered to three months’ plunder. Death of 500,000 English tailors from fright. The QUEEN takes refuge in the Thames Tunnel.

October. Triumphant entry into Paris. Ten Kings, six Emperors, three Queens, 2,683,556 European noblemen of all ranks, with the LORD MAYOR at their head, walk bare-headed in the procession, with their crowns dangling round their necks. The crowns are then taken away, and with the precious stones a monster Eagle is manufactured, and placed on the top of the towers of Notre Dame. A grand game at football afterwards, in the Champ de Mars, with the crown of England. The LORD MAYOR of London, refusing to part with his mace, only escapes death by consenting to act as Fool to the President’s Court.

November. FEARGUS O’CONNOR appointed Pro-Consul of England, with LOUIS BLANC as his Secretary. Signal act of vengeance of LEDRU ROLLIN upon all the critics who laughed at his *Decline of England*. They are shut up in the Tower, and condemned for seven years to write laudatory paragraphs upon the book.—Not one survives the first day’s torture. Glorious downfall of the Wealth of England. The MARQUESS OF WESTMINSTER is taken up at Temple Bar for writing “I am starving,” on the pavement.

December. The Democratic Flag floats from every steeple in Europe. Universal Jubilee and Carnival of all nations at Paris, terminating with the *Grande Fête de la Guillotine*, at which the KING OF NAPLES is appointed Master of the Ceremonies. The Monster Eagle stolen from Notre Dame by the Boy JESUS, and Razzia made in England in consequence. General Bankruptcy, and Flight of FEARGUS O’CONNOR to China, with the Koh-i-noor. Concluding *Tableau* of “Punch found mourning over the ruins of London.”

Such are the horrors which are apparently in store for us, according to Democratic prophecy, during the “good time” that is coming this next year. We have so frightened ourselves merely by enumerating them, that we have just sent off to MR. GREEN, to inquire what he will charge for a twelvemonth’s board and lodging in the Nassau Balloon. If his charges are not too high, we are thinking it will be just as well to keep out of the way till 1852 has safely blown over.

THE COUNSEL’S TEAR.

IF FARADAY’S or LIBERG’S art
Could crystallise this legal treasure,
Long might a pleader, near his heart,
The jewel wear with chuckling pleasure.

The native brilliant, ere it fell,
A squeeze produced in WALKER’S eye,
Which, winking, dropped the liquid “sell,”
The spring of plausibility.

Nice drop of rich and racy light,
In thee the rays of Humour shine;
Almost as queer, all but as bright,
As any gem or joke of mine.

Thou fine effusion of the soul!
That never fail’st to gain relief,
Which barristers can ne’er control,
When thou art like to help their brief:

The farce-wright’s and the jester’s theme,
In many a joke, on many a stage,
Thou moisten’st CHITTY’S arid theme,
And BLACKSTON’S dry and dreary page.

That very lawyer, who a tear
Can shed, as from the bosom’s source,
With feeling equally sincere,
Could weep on t’other side—of course.

ALCOHOL SUPERSEDED.

(To the Temperance League.)



Y EXCELLENT FRIENDS,—In the *Times* of November 12, you will find the following passage, under the heading of CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS:—

“In the nine months ending the 10th of October, 1850, the quantity of spirits—rum, brandy, and geneva—was 3,521,938 gallons; and in the nine months ending the 10th ult., the quantity entered for home consumption was 3,449,089 gallons, showing a decrease of 72,849 gallons. Less spirits were consumed during the time the Great Exhibition was open, than in the preceding year.”

Now here is an instructive fact for you; my only fear is, that it will teach you too much, and cause some of you to make a Great Exhibition of themselves, for the purpose of promoting temperance. But the moderate inference—and, excellent friends, we should be moderate in our inferences as well as in our potations—is, that rational recreation diminishes tipping. Now then, come, suppose you set to work and devote your energies to devising some plan for making the world in general merry in a reasonable way, upon sober liquor. I don’t ask you to play the fool in demonstrations

and processions, or to stand on your heads, or commit any other buffoonery on platforms in opposition to public-house principles. I only ask you to contribute in some sensible way to the amusement of society; and if you call upon me to name, I say, extend the circulation of my popular periodical, with a view to limit that of the bottle. If you know any better scheme, candidly impart it; if not, try this with me; as MR. COCKLE says of his pills, in the language of HORACE, as if HORACE were HORATIUS COCKLES, and not FLACCUS. But, however, depend upon this, that when LORD BYRON wrote—

“Man, being reasonable, must get drunk,”

he (being probably in a state of gin himself) meant—

“Man, being miserable, must get drunk.”

•And your great problem is, to discover an effectual means of keeping the spirits up without pouring spirits down. In the mean time, I take leave to repeat, in the place of spirits, take



AWKWARD CONSEQUENCES OF REMOVING THE SOLDIERS FROM KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

Housemaid. "IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, MR, AND COOK, AND MARY, WISHES TO LEAVE, THIS DAY MONTH, MA'AM."

VESTED INTERESTS IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS.

(Claimed by the People over the way.)

At a suburban Court of Common Council, convened at the Noted House for Old Ale, and attended by the majority of the pot-house keepers, licensed or unlicensed vittallers, and other inhabitants of that ornamental border of the Knightsbridge Road opposite to the Barracks, MR. GILLUMS in the chair.

MR. MAXWELL submitted to the court a motion of which he had given notice, relative to the proposed removal of Knightsbridge Barracks, to make room for a National Gallery. He was sure nobody there present wouldn't impute what he was going to say to interested motives, for they was all rowin in the same boat (*hear*), and had but one object, which was the good of the public. (*Hear, hear.*) A proposal had been started to move the Barricks from over the way (*groans*). What for? To build a pictur gallery in the place of 'em—a pictur gallery, to hold, what they called, the old masters. He knew nothing about the old masters, nor old mistresses neither; but this he knew, that he had the greatest respect and admiration for the British sojer; and hoped he might never see the day when that neighbourwood should be deprived of the advantages attending on the Life-Guards. He would move, that this meetin views with serious alarm the idear of moving Knightsbridge Barricks, the benefits of witch institooshun the inabitants of this districk have so long enjoyed: and considers the attempt to deprive them of the privilege of the military a unjustifiable interference with their wested rights (*cheers*).

MR. PEWTERS said he seconded that are motion. He rejected with scorn the foul himputation that the Barricks was injurious to the morals of the neighbourin population. He would pledge his reputation for Hot Elder Cordial to the contrary. He had a family, and if he might, would send them into the guard-room to take exercise in behaviour (*hear, hear*). His firm conviction was that the atmosphere of the Barricks was, in a moral pint of view, salubrious. (*Much cheering.*)

MR. HARDY felt himself compelled to oppose the motion by a sense of duty. (*Oh! oh!*) The British soldier was the finest fellow in the world on the field of battle (*ironical cheers*), but he was the greatest possible nuisance at the area of domestic life (*hisses*). By removing the

Barracks from that side of the way, they would remove drunkenness and debauchery from this. (*Tremendous uproar, and cries of "Turn him out!" amid which the speaker resumed his seat.*)

MR. JUNIPER would not sit quiet and hear sich a unwarantable stigma throwd on the carrickter of a respectable row of ouses and the British Army (*cheers*). He only wished the gallant fellers as had bin abused (*hear, hear*), and the British females as had been insulted, by that indiwiddle, was now present, and they'd soon teach him what it was to attempt to black their good names with falsehood. (*Order, order!*)

MR. HARDY. I did nothing of the sort (*Confusion*).

MR. JUNIPER. You did. (*Yes, yes! and No!*)

MR. HARDY. I did not.

MR. JUNIPER. It's false!

MR. HARDY. If you say that again, I'll punch your head. (*Uproar, and cries of "Chair!"*)

The CHAIRMAN, though he entirely disapproved of MR. HARDY'S remarks, thought, howsomdever, that MR. JUNIPER had come it rayther too strong. Everybody was free to state his own opinions, never mind how much they went agin the feelins of the majority.

MR. TAPP said the agitation for movin the Barricks was all the work of a lumbung paper. For his part, he didn't care a dump for the Press, not he. Who wanted pictures at Knightsbridge Barricks? They had one picture close by, the picture of a British hero, and that was enough—he meant the sign of "The Life Guardsman."—But why fret themselves afore there was occasion? There was nothin to be afeard of at present; the thing couldn't be done except by Act of Parliament; and he know'd that the Metropolitan Members would give it their determined opposition (*Cheers*).

MR. JOBBINS could produce the opinions of several officers and gentlemen that the present site of Knightsbridge Barracks was the very best that could be chosen for the purpose to which it was now applied (*hear, hear!*). There might be some little room for improvement in the contiguous dwellings, which, if properly attended to, would remove all objection. He would, if such was the feeling of the meeting, prepare a model of the Barracks and the neighbourhood, with the alterations he had in view, to be deposited, in some convenient situation, for public inspection. This proposal was received with loud cheers, and the resolution having been put and carried, with but one dissentient voice, the meeting broke up into several drinking parties.

THE RESPECTABILITY OF ST. ALBANS.

"SIR," writes MR. THOMAS WARD BLAGG, Clerk to the Borough Magistrates of St. Albans, in a letter to the *Times*:—

"In your leading article of Friday last, having reference to the St. Albans Bribery Commission, you describe MR. NEPTUNE SMITH as 'one of the Borough Magistrates.' This is a mistake, and, as there is a highly respectable gentleman of the name of SMITH who is a borough magistrate, it ought to be corrected."

There is a gentleman of the name of SMITH who is highly respectable. Really, the implication is not very complimentary to MR. NEPTUNE SMITH. NEPTUNE is a professor of the art of self-defence—MR. BLAGG had better look out—and he was employed to keep the peace at the St. Albans elections: an object which he accomplished in general, not by pugilistic force, but by the persuasion of beer. MR. NEPTUNE SMITH at any rate cut as respectable a figure as any witness who appeared before the Bribery Commissioners.

It is gratifying, however, to have MR. BLAGG'S assurance that there is one respectable person connected with the Borough of St. Albans.

THE HERO OF UNGARY.

AN inhabitant of the heart of this metropolis, hearing the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA called a NERO, denied his Majesty's claim to the title, insisting that it was KOSSUTH, and not the tyrant, who ought to be styled an 'ero.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE ALMANACKS.



VERY Almanack maker has been laying violent hands upon poor LOUIS NAPOLEON. There is no doubt that

"If ZADKIEL's fit to live, LOUIS must die."

Old MOORE seems determined to dispose of the President in the very first month of the year, and ZADKIEL, with scarcely more consideration, predicts that "serious trouble seizes on LOUIS NAPOLEON in February, if he have outlived the violent influence of last summer."

In ordinary cases you cannot eat your cake and have it; nor does it seem reasonable that you should kill your President and still have him, to be used in future months as a subject for future prophecies. Neverthe-

less, after dooming poor LOUIS NAPOLEON to death, in January, or February at latest, he is galvanised for further use in March; and we are told that in April, LOUIS NAPOLEON may now say, "Adieu to all my Greatness." How he is to make this neat speech in April, after having been dead two or three months, is a problem which none but a professional prophet would be bold enough to attempt the solution of.

It is quite clear that if anything should unfortunately happen to the President of the French republic, Old MOORE—though, by the way, there are three Old MOORES—a sixpenny Old MOORE, a twopenny Old MOORE, and a Penny MOORE, who is, in fact, a penny less—would be liable as an accessory before the fact to a very grave accusation.

The hieroglyphic shows a pair of compasses pointing to the portrait of LOUIS NAPOLEON; and surely this may be called compassing his death, when we take it in connexion with the letter-press. It cannot be a very comfortable thing to have one's death and downfall prophesied in all directions; but we dare say the President will survive the predictions, which will be explained away next year by the intimation that from and after January, LOUIS NAPOLEON ceased to be alive—to his own and his country's interests.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO GRETNA GREEN.

To persons about to marry in the neighbourhood of Manchester, the *Morning Post* affords the following important information:—

"THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.—The Manchester papers state, that in consequence of the refusal of the Vicar of Leigh to marry any one who cannot repeat the catechism, or who has not been confirmed, or become a regular communicant, marriages have ceased to be solemnised at the parish church, at which previously nearly 200 marriages were solemnised; not a single marriage having taken place at Leigh Church during the quarter from June to September."

To require submission to an examination in theology of candidates for marriage, must rather tend to promote morality in the manufacturing districts. It is fortunate that there are some churches where lovers may be united without being obliged to repeat their catechism. How would such a requisition work in "high life"? What would be the effect, as regards matrimonial statistics, if the BISHOP OF LONDON, or whoever is the patron, would promote the Vicar of Leigh to St. George's, Hanover Square?

National Compliments.

(By our Discontented, Uninformed, Stupid Correspondent.)

THE French certainly understand the art of paying compliments. At the time of the French Revolution—we mean, at least we think, for we cannot be sure, but we imagine it was the last one—the word "Royal" was altered on all the public buildings to "National." Thus the "Palais Royal" was changed into "Palais National;" the "Académie Royale" into "Opéra National;" and so on, all throughout Paris. This change, it may not be generally known, was effected out of compliment to the *National* newspaper, by whose influence, it will be recollected, the Revolution was principally effected. We wonder when an English newspaper will have a similar compliment paid to it?—not until, we are afraid, there is, in such matters, a very great Revolution in England!

ROMANCE FOR A ROTTEN BOROUGH.

(To be sung by the Free and Independent Voters of St. Albans.)

WAIT, JACOB! wait, till again united
The Commons' House you see;
Then all the vows we boldly plighted,
Abjuring bribery,
Will, there's much ground to fear, be slighted,
And we shall part from thee.
Fare thee well! fare thee well! fare thee well!
We soon shall be crying with sorrow,
JACOB BELL! JACOB BELL! JACOB BELL!
Ah! Disfranchisement waits us to-morrow—
JACOB BELL!

Mute, mute, and dumb, as Death's cold valley,
Will be that tuneful scene;
We need not call it Sovereign Alley,
Where those sweet hours have been,
When we were wont to shilly-shally
Two candidates between,
JACOB BELL! JACOB BELL! JACOB BELL!
Unable on either to settle,
Fare thee well! fare thee well! fare thee well!
Till we heard the sweet chime of thy metal,
JACOB BELL!
Fare thee well!

RIDING AND READING.



AMONG the recent "improvements," we have to notice the introduction of books and newspapers into some of the metropolitan omnibuses. The plan is certainly a good one for beguiling many a weary hour, that would otherwise hang heavily upon the passengers of some of those loitering vehicles, that make very short journeys, and very long stoppages. It is not a bad dodge to put a book into the hands of an individual, who, by getting interested in the contents of a volume, forgets to ask the conductor when he means to go on—a query that often leads to much unpleasantness.

We have had Reading for the Rail—some of which, by the way, seems adapted for railway sleepers—but we did not expect that literature would so soon find its way into our street conveyances, and turn every omnibus into a vehicle for knowledge. No doubt some enterprising publisher will speedily be found to bring out a series of works especially adapted for the use of omnibus travellers, and we would suggest the following as a few with which to try the experiment:—

An Abridgment of the Crescent and the Cross; for the use of the omnibuses from Charing Cross to Burton Crescent.

Lives of the Chancellors; for the use of CHANCELLOR'S Chelsea conveyances.

BUTLER'S *Geography*; as a Companion to every Atlas.

PETERSDORFF'S *A-bridge-ment*; for the line in connexion with the London Bridge Railway Station.

Should the practice of reading be introduced into the metropolitan cabs, we should have no hesitation in recommending that every waterman should be supplied with a complete copy of RANK, and that every passenger hiring a cab should be entitled to the perusal of LARDNER'S *Cab-inet Cyclopaedia*.

Professor Palmerston.

A FRENCH paper, taking up LORD PALMERSTON'S expression of "judicious bottle-holding," accuses him of being "an eminent Professor of the *Art du Boire*." We never heard of his Lordship putting on the gloves in public, excepting in a political sense; nor are we exactly aware that he is in the habit of figuring in the Ring, unless, perchance, it is the one in Hyde Park;—but then French papers are always so much better informed upon these matters than we are. The only thing in which we can say for certain that LORD PALMERSTON excels in Boxing is, in Boxing the Compass of political affairs in Europe, and we hope he may long continue to be an eminent Professor of that "*Art du Boire*!"

FUNNY MARKET AND WITTY INTELLIGENCE.



UR news from France has spread a gloom over the Funny Market; and the threatened exclusion of French plays has created a panic among the dealers in dramatic stuffs and small piece-work. As the burlesque orders are now in the course of execution, there has been a briskness in the demand for puns of an average quality; but the supply is limited in consequence of a scarcity of the raw material. The head of a well-known facetious firm was in the market all last week, but there were very few *bona fide* transactions, and those were of an insignificant character.

Conundrums were heavy, at a fraction lower than the previous rates, and several hundredweight of damaged puns changed hands at a small diminution in prices.

An order came in during the day for five thousand articles equal to the following sample:—

“Why is a man who does not bet, as bad as a man that does?—Because he’s no bettet.”

The commission was taken by the respectable firm of WAGG & Co., at 2½ths, which is somewhat under the old figure.

There have been one or two small failures in the Funny Market during the week, but the transactions of the parties were so small, that their paper had scarcely any circulation. Their chief issue had been in conundrums, which could not be answered on their being offered for that purpose. One of these consisted in a demand—

“Why will there be no reason to make a Tunnel in the neighbourhood of Islington?” An attempt was made to meet this demand in the following desperate manner:—“Because there’s a Holloway there already!”

The parties to whom this was offered, refused their acceptance, and an immediate determination to wind up the concern was arrived at. It would have been obviously quite impossible to have gone on, with nothing more solid than this, with which to meet accruing liabilities. An application is to be made immediately for protection, which is really much required, as there is much indignation against those involved in this lamentable failure.

RATHER TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

We see advertised some “Crying Dolls.” We must protest against this new kind of amusement. Just as if the real thing was not enough, but we are to have an addition to an evil, that is already sufficiently “crying” in every household. We wish the inventor of this new toy (which might be called “the Disturber of the Peace of Private Families”) to be woke up regularly in the middle of the night, for the next twelve months to come, by one of his own “Crying Dolls,” and then he will be able to see how he likes it! Let one of the Dolls, also be “Teething;” for we should not be astonished now to hear of “Teething Dolls,” and “Coughing and Choking Dolls,” with other infantine varieties, and then the punishment of this “monster in human form” will be complete. DR. GUILLOTINE perished by the instrument he invented. The inventor of the “Crying Dolls” deserves a similar fate. He should be shut up with all his toys “in full cry,” until, like NIOBE, the crying was the death of him, and he was turned, by some offended mythological Deity, into the “great pump,” of which his invention proclaims him to be the effigy.

A ST. ALBANS Elector writes:—“Pray what is the meaning of the phrase BELL’s Letters? Which particular members of the alphabet are they?” We believe the Letters in question to be *£. s. d.* We leave our Correspondent to infer whatever meaning he pleases.

NOTE FOR SANITARY REFORMERS.—It is probable that the Metropolitan Interments Bill will soon be interred itself, as it certainly has become a dead letter.

PANORAMAS ALL HOT.

By way of attracting the public to the very interesting Panorama of Jerusalem, at Hyde Park Corner, during the very cold season, the Proprietors announce that—

“THE HOLY LAND IS WARMED.”

Other Exhibitions will, of course, adopt the same mode of assuring the public of protection against the inclemency of the weather; and we shall be informed, no doubt, that—

The Arctic Regions are heated by gas;

The Falls of Niagara are supplied with warm-water pipes;

The Nile is kept dry with hot air;

and that

The Great Globe is never without several large fires.

Of course, during the hot weather, the tone of the advertisement would be necessarily reversed; and instead of stating that provisions have been made for warmth, it might be announced, that—

The Arctic Regions are kept cool by a ventilating apparatus;

and that—

A patent refrigerator has been added to the North Pole, for the comfort of the numerous visitors.

THE WONDERFUL WHALERS.

(See the Bedford U. S. Mercury.)



FATHERS of the Oratory,

List to my surprising tale,

Hearken to a wondrous story

More than very like a whale;

Each mesmeric marvel-monger,

Lend to me your ears likewise;

If for miracles you hunger,

You shall ope both mouth and eyes.

In the ship *Ann Alexander*,

Cruising in pursuit of whales,

Bold JOHN S. DEBLOIS, Commander,

With a crew so gallant, sails.

In the South Pacific Ocean,

Reaching to the Off Shore Ground,

’Mong the waves in wild commotion,

Several monstrous Whales they found.

These two boats did follow after,

Larboard boat, and starboard too,

And with shouts of glee and laughter,

The Leviathans pursue;

When the larboard boat, commanded

By the stout First Mate, did soon

In a Whale, with force strong-handed,

Deeply plunge a sharp harpoon.

Off the mighty monster started;
Pain and anguish gave him cause;
Suddenly he backwards darted,
Seized the boat between his jaws;
Into smithereens he cracked it;
Or, as witnesses declare,
Who beheld the thing transacted,
Bits no bigger than a chair!



In the starboard boat, the Captain
Quickly to the rescue struck,
And, although the bark was snapt in
Pieces, saved the crew—by luck.
Now the good *Ann Alexander*
To their aid the waist-boat sent;
Half the band then having manned her,
At the Whale again they went.

Soon the ocean-giant nearing,
They prepared to give him fight,
Little thinking, never fearing,
That the beast again would bite.
But without their host they reckon'd;
At their boat he also flew;
Like the first he served the second,
Snapped it into pieces too.

Sure his jaws, together clapping,
Had the gallant seamen crushed;
But, when they perceived him snapping,
Straight into the sea they rushed.
To afford the help they needed,
Bold DEBLOTS repaired again;
Once more, also, he succeeded
In the aim to save his men.

Tired, perhaps, of sport renewing,
To their ship this time they hied,
When, behold, the Whale pursuing,
With his jaws extended wide.
Gloating with revenge, he sought 'em;
But, with blubber pierced, and gored,
He was crippled, or had caught 'em;
But they all got safe on board.

Risk the heroes little cared for;
Speedily they set their sail
In the ship herself—prepared for
One more tussle with the Whale.
Now they reach'd him—plunged a lance in
The infuriate monster's head;
Then—of course they had no chance in
Close encounter—onward sped.

For the ship they saw him making,
But the chase he soon gave o'er,
Which the animal forsaking,
Down on him again they bore;

Fifty rods below the water
There they saw the monster lie;
So, despairing him to slaughter,
They resolved no more to try.

At this time, DEBLOTS was standing
Sternly on the larboard bow,
Ready, with harpoon his hand in,
To inflict a deadly blow:
Up he saw the monster rising,
With velocity and power,
At the rate of speed surprising,
Of full fifteen knots an hour!

In an instant—Heaven defend us!—
Lo, the Whale had, near the keel
Struck, with such a force tremendous,
That it made the vessel reel;
And her bottom knock'd a hole in,
Into which the water pour'd;
And the sea so fierce did roll in,
That the billows rush'd and roar'd!

Yet the ship was saved from sinking,
Though so riddled by the Whale,
And DEBLOTS and his unshrinking
Crew, survive to tell the tale.
Strong are all those daring fellows,
Doubtless, the harpoon to throw:
And—to judge from what they tell us—
Stronger still to draw the bow!



JOHN BULL, TAKE CARE OF YOUR POCKETS.

THE United States seem to be getting united into one state, which is likely to be a state of bankruptcy. The model republic is so fond of freedom, that America takes every opportunity of throwing off its bonds; and in repudiating its bonds, it repudiates the liability to pay the interest.

New Orleans has just joined the repudiating fraternity, in consequence of the municipal authorities having got up a quarrel, as certain parties sometimes get up a fight, to give an opportunity of picking the pockets of the bystanders. Until the authorities have settled their disputes, they will not think of settling their debts; and as the Americans owe everything to England, they appear desirous of letting what they owe remain as a standing obligation, which they are not disposed to cancel. We have heard much of the banks of Ohio; but the bank of I. O. U. is that which appears to be most in character with the transactions on the other side of the Atlantic.



A HORRIBLE BUSINESS.

Master Butcher. "DID YOU TAKE OLD MAJOR DUMBLEDORE'S RIBS TO No. 12?"
 Boy. "YES, SIR."
 Master Butcher. "THEN, CUT MISS WIGGLES'S SHOULDER AND NECK, AND HANG MR. FOODLE'S LEGS TILL THEY'RE QUITE TENDER!"

"OLD PAM," ALIAS "THE DOWNING STREET PET,"

(THE WELL-KNOWN JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDER.)

In presenting our readers with a portrait of this celebrated sporting character, we have no intention of going into a detailed account of his performances in the Diplomatic ring.

He may be strictly called "a veteran;" but he has been such a remarkably steady man, and, thanks to this, is still so fresh, and in such good preservation, that no one would think of clapping on his head more than two-thirds of the sixty-seven years he carries with so much pluck and liveliness.

"OLD PAM," as he is affectionately called by the nobs of the Fancy, with whom he is deservedly a great favourite, entered the ring in the good old milling times, when a fight *was* a fight, and no mistake. BONEY the bruiser was still open to fight all the world, any weight, size, or odds, and PAM made his bow in St. Stephen's, the Tennis Court of those days, just after BONEY'S great mill with "the Prussian," which came off in Austerlitz Fields, and on the event of which so much changed hands.

PAM was trained in the sharp fast-hitting school of poor GEORGE CANNING—that brilliant favourite of the Fancy. The style of this school, though very showy, was rather deficient in "slogging," and punishing qualities, and PAM early showed considerable judgment in

THE TYRANTS OF THE CAB-STAND.

A POWERFUL sensation has been created in the Metropolis by the announcement of a panic having seized upon a would-be public benefactor, who, having announced his intention to start some cabs at sixpence a mile, was for some time deterred by the threats of a selfish whippocracy, consisting of men of that particular rank, known as the cab-rank. We must confess we always thought there was a degree of unnecessary nervousness in the mind of that man who could be intimidated by the idea that his horses would be maimed in their stables, his drivers murdered in the public streets, and his innocent fares massacred in the midst of a sixpenny drive in the Metropolitan thoroughfares.

We do not anticipate any further mischief from the establishment of sixpenny cabs, than an increased interchange of that "chaff" which forms the circulating medium of the intellectual resources of the cab-driving community. We are aware that anything new in the shape of a public conveyance turns every opposition vehicle into a vehicle of abuse; but we must be prepared to stand a few personal allusions, for the sake of a beneficial change, until it ceases to be a novelty—when even a cabman will grow tired of making insulting comments. As the Protectionist party has nearly dwindled away, we might suggest a reinforcement by a coalition with the Protectionist cabmen, which would at least introduce the element of vigour that is so much required.

A Pleasant Neighbour.

Among the new publications recently advertised in France is "The Criminal History of the English Government, from its Massacre of the Irish to its Poisoning of the Chinese." This must be an entertaining volume, and would, at all events, possess one charm for the English reader—the charm of novelty.

One who Will Swallow anything.

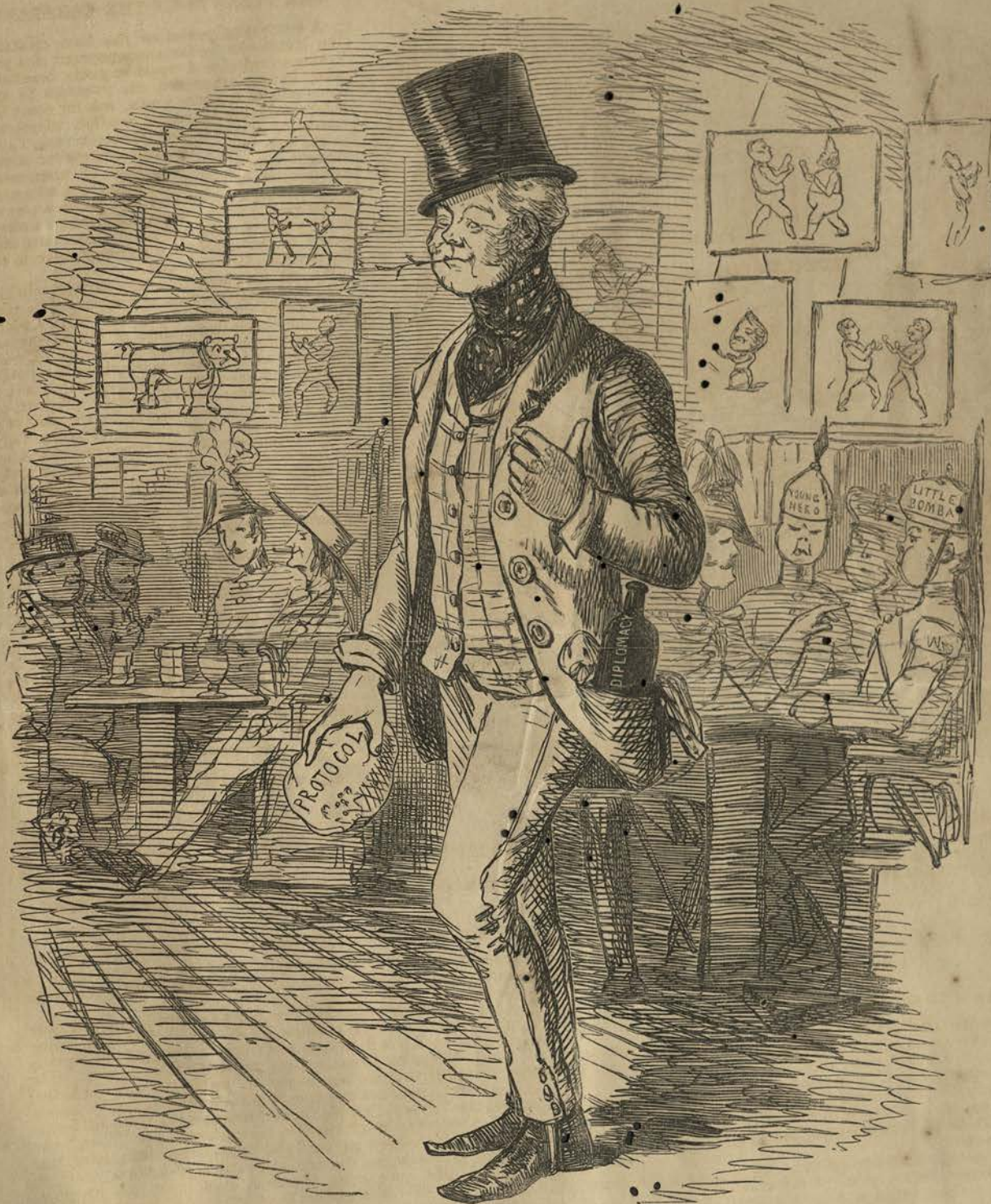
SINCE the performance of the Boa Constrictor in swallowing the blanket, MR. FERRAND has written it a letter full of compliments, saying "he has had great pleasure in enrolling it as a member of the WOOL-LEAGUE." The poor reptile has not been well since the receipt of the letter.

combining with the neat sharp countering of the CANNING school, a good deal of the straight-forward go-in-and-win-style, which never fails to insure a man backers in England.

It is not, however, as a fighting man, but as a second, and still more as a bottle-holder, that PAM is distinguished. He is great in arranging the preliminaries of a mill, though some have complained that there is a good deal of bounce about him, and that as a backer he is not to be trusted, being apt to desert his own man at the last moment, and hedge. It was no doubt a good deal owing to PAM'S services that the "Constantinople Slasher" (whom PAM both backed and acted as bottle-holder to) gained his victory over "Old Egypt" in 1840; when "Little Thiers," who did the needful in the same way for "Old Egypt," was such a loser, that he quite lost his temper in the field, and wanted to make a match to fight PAM in the same ring. However, PAM never lost his good-humour with the little fellow, whose tendency to chaff was well known; and nothing serious ever came of it.

PAM was very busy in 1847, arranging the preliminaries of a mill between JOHNNY BULL and the late LEWIS PHILLIPS, on the occasion of the latter entering into a match with "The Don," contrary to his engagement with JOHNNY. Many, however, thought that neither he nor GUIZOT, who acted as PHILLIPS'S "friend" on the occasion, ever meant fighting, and that neither one nor the other could have made the necessary deposits, though they both talked big.

PAM is always to be found in his own well-known sporting crib in Downing Street, where most of the matches and fights to come are negotiated. Recently there has been a good deal of talk about an



THE "JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDER;"
Or, Downing Street Pet.

"BLESS YOU! IT'S ALL CHAFF—WON'T COME TO A FIGHT. OLD NICK'S GOT NO CONSTITOOTION—AND THEN I'M BOTTLE-HOLDER ON T'OTHER SIDE, TOO!"

affair of unparalleled interest, to come off between two well-known heavy-weights, "Nick the Bear" and "Young Europe," in which both sides have applied to PAM; who has always hitherto been looked upon as a backer of the latter, and who, if he has any regard for his own character and that of his establishment, will certainly have nothing to say to Nick's backers, who have always patronised a rival house. We trust that wherever PAM appears as bottle-holder, it will be on the right side, assured, as we are, that this is the only way in which he can continue to merit the support of his friends and the public.

We have nothing to say against him, unless it be that he certainly is open to the charge of occasionally bullying men that he thinks can't stand up to him, and that when he wants to get up a mill, he is not always careful enough about the character of the man he backs.

Thus, in "PACIFICO'S" fight with "the Greek," when PAM backed the Jew, it was felt by many that PAM did not deal quite fairly; and that though the battle-money was paid over to the Jew, "the Greek" would certainly have won, had PAM gone quite "upon the square."

As a companion, PAM is a great favourite—great at chaff, sings a good song, and is seen to great advantage at the harmonic ordinary in St. Stephen's, Westminster, where he is the life and soul of the table, and where in the sparring *soirées*, for which the House is so celebrated, "the Downing Street Pet," despite his seven-and-sixty summers, is still one of the quickest and neatest hands with the gloves that ever stepped on a stage. His performance, on the occasion of his own benefit, last season, was an example of perfect science; his quickness in stopping, his sharpness in countering, and, above all, his style of getting away from his man, were considered worthy of the best days of the Parliamentary Ring.

A BEAUTIFUL CLOSING SCENE.



OUR province is not to deal with melancholy subjects. To brighten, not to dim, the eye; to elevate, not to depress, the angles of the mouth; to excite concussions of the sides, rather than expiratory movements of the chest; to titillate in the ribs, rather than to touch the heart; is our business; or, to adopt the language of Genius, (supposing itself heaven-born) our Mission. Three-pence—fourpence, stamp inclusive—is more than mankind are inclined to pay for being made miserable. Few customers would

be found for three penn'orth of melancholy. Closing scenes, therefore, are subjects which, for the most part, we eschew. And yet there is one Closing Scene on which we might dilate to the pleasure of many readers, especially some of the gentler sex, to whom such a scene would afford the sight of a husband's—a father's face, for a few short hours, by daylight, once in a week, besides on Sundays. The Closing Scene we allude to is the scene of Wholesale Warehouses closing at 3 P. M., which might be managed by letting those employed in them work continually up to that hour, instead of dining at one.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AT ALL IN THE RING.

It seems as if all the great events of modern history are destined to be acted as "scenes in the circle" of an equestrian establishment. The Cirque in the *Champs Elysées*, and Astley's at the foot of Westminster Bridge, are the two localities in which the great historical dramas of the world are now being performed. LOUIS NAPOLEON distributes crosses of the Legion of Honour in the Parisian Cirque, just as his illustrious uncle—in the person of GOMERSAL—made field-marshal amid the sawdust of Astley's. Both establishments possess an interest far beyond the mere acts of equestrianism for which they were originally designed; and, in fact, history and politics must have come down to a somewhat low pitch, when their principal arena is ordinarily an arena for horsemanship. It must be said for ourselves, that in England we only give the dramatic versions of history at our Amphitheatres; while in France, they are the places in which the great events of national interest actually take place; but it will be long before the chief of our executive is found addressing the public from the "ring," as the President of the French Republic has been recently doing.

VOT(E)RIES OF MAMMON.—The Electors of St. Albans.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

(EXCLUSIVE.)

ANXIOUS to maintain our supremacy as the leading literary journal of the day, we are happy to announce that, at an utter recklessness of expense, we have secured the services of an eminent clairvoyant, with whose prophetic revelations we shall occasionally startle the literary world. By means of a powerful Mesmeric Telescope he has recently invented, SAM WELLER'S great ocular feat of "seein' thro' a pair o' stairs and a 2-inch deal board," will be readily accomplishable; and the walls of Grub Street become as transparent as those of the Crystal Palace itself. Indeed, it is confidently expected that the ligneo-penetrating qualities of the instrument may be ultimately brought to bear upon the heads, as well as the houses, of our publishing friends; so that not merely their actual doings, but their cerebral half-fledged intentions also, will be clearly visible to the eye of "Our Own Clairvoyant." We shall thus be enabled regularly to anticipate the preliminary puffs of the newspapers; and, in short, indulge our privileged readers with a frequent insight into the middle of the literary next week.

Our readers must have a little patience, however, of course. Such an indulgence cannot be lightly granted—like a Pope's. It were, obviously, childish to expect that so novel an appliance of mesmeric mechanism should be reduced to perfect working order, as readily as a rolling-pin, or one of the stereotypical hippodramas at Astley's. We may, however, state, by way of whale-tub to the curious, that we were invited to a trial of its powers the other day, when several highly interesting experiments were effected, with a success that encourages us to hope our fullest expectations may soon be realised. For the present, we must content ourselves with laying before our readers a brief statement of the facts already elicited as a sample, in some sort, of what they may hereafter expect.

The first experiment we made was upon the House of a well-known publisher in Gr—t M—rb—rgh Street; where, by applying our mental eye to the small extremity of the instrument, we clearly discerned the proof sheets of a new novel by the Author of *Ravenscliffe*, somewhat similarly entitled, *Rooksrocks*; while, at an adjoining press, the compositors were busily employed in setting up *The Defunct Bricks*; a *Tale of Ideal Life*—indeed, no doubt, by the very favourable reception awarded to *The Livingstones*. We also thought we perceived, in the hands of one of the attendant demons of the place, a new historical work called, *France as it used to seas*—probably emanating from the pen which lately gave us *Spain as it is*.

We then took the liberty of dragging Mr. B—NTL—Y'S generally well-stocked preserves; but all we could fish out here was *The Tittlebat*, a small duodecimal fraction of MR. HERMAN MELVILLE'S *Whale*; in whose wake it is probably intended to follow. A peep at No. 22, Albemarle Street, however, proved decidedly more fortunate. Besides a whole host of tricoloured additions to the shelves of our circulating libraries, (of which we shall only notice *The Svermaesti Sorcerer*, as being, we think, a gross titular plagiarism upon *The Amber Witch*), our telescope distinctly revealed the accepted M.S. of a Pamphlet, quaintly entitled, "*And Betty Martin*:" a *Sequel to "All my Eye*," which our readers will have no difficulty in ascribing to the same eccentric hand, or rather head, to which we are indebted for the *Bubbles* that burst upon us a few years since, as well as the *Stokers and Pokers* that have subsequently made such a stir in literary circles.

We next popped in, like a mesmeric PAUL PRY, upon the MESSRS. L—NGM—N'S establishment; but, although we strained our telescopic eyesight to the utmost, we regret to say we could discover no signs of MR. MACAULAY'S *Third* at present. It is needless to add, that on leaving these great "Leviathans of the Row," we encountered numerous shoals of small five-shilling fry, whose bright red backs and golden sides proclaimed them of the ordinary Christmas species. We shall not waste our valuable space in more explicit nominal disclosure, as the newspapers will so soon save us the trouble. We may as well just mention, however, that we see no prospect as yet of an American sequel to *The Cricket on the Hearth*, under the title of *The Hockey on the Hobbs*.

From this slight prospective sketch, our readers will see they need fear no lack of literary novelty this Christmas, if our telescopic prognostications be verified. And, for the sake of our prophetic reputation, we hope they may.

Moles Indigesta.

THERE is no truth in the report that COUNT MOLE has any idea of joining the Republican party in Paris. Though the COUNT occupies a high position, he wishes the distinction to be preserved between the Conservative Mole hill and the Socialist Mountain.

"ALL IS LOST NOW!"—MR. DUNUP, who formerly "kept a banker," compares his late balance to "linked sweetness—long drawn out."

MRS. BAKER'S PET.

SCENE 2.—THE PET'S FIRST NIGHT IN HIS NEW HOME.

Place—The Dining-Room at No. 6, Blossom Terrace, Bayswater. Time—5, P.M.



MRS. BAKER is awaiting the arrival of SCAMP from Regent Street, and of Mr. B. from the City—with more anxiety, it must be confessed, for the dog than the husband. The table is laid for dinner. A ring is heard at the back door.

Enter MARY.

Mary. Please, 'M, it's a man with a dog; he says he's to wait.

Mrs. Baker. Oh yes! it's a dog I bought to-day. Ask him to bring it in.

Mary (at the door, to MR. CHIFFINS, outside). If you'll step this way.

Enter MR. CHIFFINS, bringing in with him a strong smell of dog, and anise-seed. He carries SCAMP under his arm. He pauses on the door-mat, and touches his forelock respectfully.

Mrs. Baker. Oh! you've brought the dog. It was to be twenty-five shillings, I think. [Produces her purse, and pays the money.]

Mr. Chiffins. Thankee, Marm. It's giving on him away.

[Releases SCAMP, who instantly takes refuge between his legs, and growls at Mrs. B. in the most unprovoked and bitter manner.]

Mrs. Baker. Good dog, good dog! Here, SCAMP, SCAMPY! poor fellow! poor fe—ll—ow!

[Insinuatingly. SCAMP continues his hostile demonstration.]
Mr. Chiffins. E's strange, Marm; but they're a werry affectionate dawg where they takes, spannels is. Now, then, a'done, will yer—and go to the lady, can't yer?

[Introduces him to Mrs. B. by a sharp kick, which Mrs. B. feels keenly.]

Mrs. Baker. How can you, man? Here, poor fellow! poor fellow! [Sternly to MR. CHIFFINS] I did mean to have ordered you some beer, but I shall not do so, in consequence of your brutality.

Mr. Chiffins. Bless you, Marm, one must be sharp with them, nows and then. He couldn't abide to part with me, if I made much on 'im, pretty cretur!

Mrs. Baker (appeased). Well, that's true. Here, MARY, give this good man a glass of ale.

Mr. Chiffins (touching his forelock again). Thankee, Marm, and I wish you joy on 'im. And if ever e's lost, Marm, wich it ain't likely—but one never knows—you

come to me, Marm, JEM CHIFFINS, Kensal New Town, Padd'ngton; and I dessay I shall find him for yer, someas or another.

[As MR. CHIFFINS retires, SCAMP makes a violent rush after him. MR. CHIFFINS kicks him back into the Dining room. SCAMP indulges in a prolonged howl of blended grief and pain.]

Mrs. Baker (much moved by this display of feeling in the animal). Poor fellow! did it cry after its master? There, then—here, good dog!

[SCAMP retreats under a remote article of furniture, and howls in a subdued manner, obstinately refusing to meet MRS. BAKER'S advances. MRS. BAKER consoles herself by the reflection, that he certainly is a dog of very strong affections, and commences a vigorous course of endearment, to which SCAMP makes no response beyond alternate wining and growling. The clock in the Lobby strikes half-past five.]

Mrs. Baker. Half-past. BAKER will be home directly.

[Rings the Bell.]

Enter MARY.

Mrs. Baker. You may tell Cook to dish the dinner.

[Exit MARY, leaving the door open behind her.]

MR. BAKER'S latch-key is heard in the lock, followed by his step in the Lobby. As he closes the door behind him, SCAMP rushes out from his retreat, and planting himself in the Dining-room doorway, commences an infuriated assault of barks and springs, meant for the inoffensive and astonished BAKER, but which have all the appearance of being directed against MARY, who is entering at the moment with the dinner-plates. MARY drops the plates, smashing two, and begins screaming. SCAMP excited by the row, redoubles his barks, and bounds to and fro upon the door-mat.

Mr. Baker (faintly heard through the tumult). What the devil's all this? Whose is that dog?

Mrs. Baker (to SCAMP). Be quiet, Sir—lie down, there's a good dog! How dare you, SCAMP! lie down this instant!

Mr. Baker (seizing an umbrella from the stand, makes a wild blow at SCAMP, who retires terror-stricken under his remote article of furniture). What the deuce is that dog? (To MARY, sharply). What are you shaking at, you silly goose? Two of the white dinner-plates gone!

Mary (agitated). Oh! it was the dog jump at me—and I can't a-bear 'em.

Mrs. Baker. It's the new dog, my dear, that I bought to-day. You know you said it was very unsafe, with the buildings going on all about, and that fair near Notting Hill, and I thought we had better have a house-dog.

Mr. Baker (impatiently). Well! well! have a house-dog; but let him be kept in the yard.

Mrs. Baker. Oh! he's strange, yet, but he'll soon know us, and then he'll be quite a companion for me while you're in the City.

Mr. Baker (who is of a peace-loving disposition and punctual habits, cashier to a City bank, and usually submissive in his home). Very well, my dear, I've no objection; only I must protest against being worried in this way, every time I come into my own house.

Mrs. Baker. Oh! that won't occur again, I'm sure. Here, SCAMP, speak to master, there's a good dog!

[SCAMP, who is accessible to kindness after all, gradually ventures the fore part of his person from under the article of furniture, and begins a close and suspicious observation of MR. and MRS. BAKER, which, at last, emboldens him to walk round MR. BAKER, and smell his boots very curiously, to the great delight of MRS. BAKER.]

Mrs. Baker. There—you see, my dear, he's quite friendly already. What a very intelligent eye he has!

Mr. Baker (who is not quite sure whether SCAMP may not have a design on his calves—uneasily). Yes, yes! but I must say I think he would be better in the yard.

Mrs. Baker. Oh! when once he knows us, we may keep him anywhere; but I think we'd better let him get used to us first before we put him out.

Mr. Baker. Very well, my dear; and now do let's have dinner, for it's getting on for six, and I can't bear to wait, you know.

[MRS. BAKER rings for dinner. The meal is placed on the table, and proceeds in the usual way.]

Mrs. Baker (who has been assiduously putting aside bones and scraps during her meal, now adds potatoes and bread). I'll thank you for a little gravy, my dear B. (MR. BAKER IS

going to put it on her plate.) No, here, please. (Presents the plate with the mess intended for SCAMP.) Here, SCAMP, poor fellow, come here!

Mr. Baker. Now, my dear, you'd really better not feed the dog here—he'll dirty all the carpet. It's a nasty habit. I can't bear having animals fed at table.

Mrs. Baker (insidiously). Oh, my dear, he's strange, you know, now; when he knows us, they can feed him in the kitchen.

[Puts down the plate. SCAMP immediately nuzzles into it, thrusting the greater part of the contents on the carpet, and then selecting the largest bone, carries it off to the centre of the hearth-rug, and commences gnawing it, with the aid of his fore-paws.]

Mr. Baker (sharply). Now, look at the dirty beast, greasing the hearth-rug. It's really very nasty (testily).

Mrs. Baker (cojolingly). Well, my dear, he's strange now. We'll teach him better when he knows us a little.

[SCAMP, having gnawed his bone bare, returns to the plate, and begins scattering the contents under the table, in an apparent embarrassment between morsels of nicely-balanced attractiveness.]

Mr. Baker. Now, there, all under the table—fat, and potatoes, and things: one won't be able to walk across the room without treading it in the carpet.

Mrs. Baker (to the old tune). Oh, my dear, he's strange, you know. Very tenderly.) Oh, you naughty dog, to spill the things on the carpet. (SCAMP pauses, to look MRS. BAKER in the face, and wags his tail gratefully.) I declare he seems getting quite attached already. Do look, my dear—he's wagging his tail, I declare.

Mr. Baker (between his teeth). Dirty beast! (He perceives that MRS. BAKER, absorbed in the dog, has quite forgotten the duties of the dinner-table.—Sternly.) Are you going to help that pudding, MRS. BAKER?

Mrs. Baker. Oh, I beg your pardon, my love (helps him.—Musingly.) I suppose he won't eat sweet pudding?

Mr. Baker (puts down his fork violently, for him). Really, my dear, I must insist on your not making the experiment.

[Dinner proceeds and concludes—much interrupted by MRS. BAKER'S vivà voce studies of canine character.]

Enter MARY, to take away.

Mr. Baker (whose dinner has not been a great success). And just bring in a dust-pan and a broom, and sweep up the mess that dog's been making under the table.]

[A lapse of four hours; during which MR. BAKER, after several attempts to read, which have been utterly defeated by MRS. BAKER'S conversation with SCAMP, has given himself up to a snooze in his arm-chair, leaving MRS. BAKER to a tête-à-tête with her four-legged friend, which has been amazingly successful in all but MRS. BAKER'S efforts to kindle an enthusiasm on the subject of the dog in MR. BAKER, like that which she is already giving fearful way to.]

Mr. Baker (waking up). Well, my dear, I think it's about time for bed. (Rings.)

Enter MARY, with bed-candles.

Mr. Baker (taking his candle). Are you coming, my dear?

Mrs. Baker (pausing). Directly, my love. By-the-by, about the dog—I suppose you wouldn't like him to sleep in our bed-room?

Mr. Baker (breaking out, and peremptorily). Certainly not; I'll put him out into the yard.

Mrs. Baker. Into the yard! Oh! MR. BAKER! on such a night as this, and while he's strange to the place, too! Oh! it's cruel; it really is quite cruel!

Mr. Baker (in a tone that admits of no argument). I insist upon it, my dear. In fact, I won't allow of his staying in-doors—he can go into the knife-house, if he's cold. Come here, you brute! (He roughly seizes the unhappy SCAMP by the neck, and proceeds to carry his intentions into execution.)

Mrs. Baker (to herself). Well! I never thought MR. BAKER a hard-hearted man, before. [She retires in a saddened mood.]

[A lapse of three-quarters of an hour. Scene changes to the Bed-room of MR. and MRS. BAKER.]

Mrs. Baker (in bed, and after a long interval of silence, during which the subject has been fermenting in her mind). Yes, MR. BAKER, you really ought to be ashamed of yourself, turning that poor dumb animal out of the house into the cold!

[A prolonged howl heard under the window, which looks on the back-yard, shows that SCAMP is of the same way of thinking.]

Mr. Baker. It's that d—d dog.

Mrs. Baker. Serves you right, MR. BAKER!

[Howl repeated through every note of the canine gamut.]

Mr. Baker (turning restlessly over, and drawing the counterpane over his ears). Confound the noisy brute!

[SCAMP runs up and down the howling scale, winding up with a prolonged shake in c above the line. * * * * A lapse of several hours, during which MR. BAKER'S broken slumbers are made

miserable by the continuous and agonising wail of his victim, to which MRS. BAKER, who is equally prevented from sleeping, listens with a mixture of malicious satisfaction and pity. The windows of the neighbours are heard violently lifted, and slammed down savagely at intervals.]



WHAT'S THE USE OF THE GAZETTE?

SOMEBODY has lately asked the question, whether there is any particular use in continuing that celebrated periodical called the *London Gazette*? which it is admitted, on all hands, that nobody ever looks into. As a newspaper, it may be worth preserving, as a curiosity in these days; for a journal without leading articles, without reviews, without dramatic notices, without accidents or offences, without police reports, and, indeed, without everything in the shape of information or instruction, is to the newspaper press what *Hamlet*, with the part of *Horatio* left out, is to the drama.

The Editor of the *London Gazette* must be a very remarkable individual; and, indeed, we know of no journal, except our old friend, *Lloyd's List*, that can be at all put in competition with it. The literary staff of *Lloyd's List* do occasionally get an opportunity of showing what they can do with the pen, for they are suffered now and then to grow eloquent upon the state of the wind; but the corps of the *London Gazette* can never be permitted to make a remark on any subject whatever.

If the publication is to be continued, we think something ought to be done to render it amusing; and we would suggest, therefore, that the Bankrupts should be done in blank verse; that a man should be permitted to declare his insolvency in a song; or that a lively duet, with original music, should be the medium of announcing a dissolution of partnership. Unless something is done to give vitality to the *London Gazette*, it must eventually die away; for a journal, with nobody to write it, and nobody to read it, is an anomaly in literature which cannot long exist in the present advanced state of society.

OUR CITY AND OUR COALS.

As coals supply the wherewithal for the civic improvements, it is not, perhaps, too much to say, that the Corporation's new buildings will be rubbishing affairs; seeing that the principal material to be employed in their construction will be Wall's End.

The Great Fire of London stands every chance of being repeated; for, instead of rendering their architecture fire-proof, as modern science would enable them to do, the City authorities are rearing their edifices out of coals.

Within a circle extending twenty miles round London, the cry is, that the City Barge is a mere coal-barge, and ought to be scuttled.

It is also loudly declared that the brightest jewel in the crown of the City monarch is a black diamond.

In fine, the general opinion is, that the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen must be called over the coals.

Don't do it Again.

WE understand the hackney and job interest in the Celestial Empire would oppose any proposition for railways, on the ground that if the system were to be adopted, there would be no Co(a)ch-in-China required.



*Cavalry Officer (who rides about five stone). "I'M DOOSED GLAD WE'RE IN THE HEAVIES; AN'T YOU, CHARLEY? IT WOULD BE A HORRID BORE TO BE SENT OUT TO THE CAPE LIKE THOSE POOR LIGHT BOYS."**

* Light Dragoons.

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

It will soon be necessary to add a policeman to the more dignified paraphernalia of practice attached to the Superior Courts in Westminster Hall. In every case where plaintiff and defendant are examined, there is almost certain to be contradictory evidence; and as the jury cannot decide in favour of both, the unhappy individual who fails in getting a verdict, is at once packed off to the QUEEN'S PRISON for perjury. Of course, if there should be a new trial, and a new jury should happen to give a new verdict, the unsuccessful party in the second action would share the fate of the unsuccessful party in the first action; and plaintiff and defendant may both find themselves under a charge of perjury. It is true enough that one must be wrong, but then the other must be right; and until it is reducible to a moral certainty, which is wrong and which is right, a committal for perjury may fall to the lot of an innocent man.

Juries are not infallible in their estimate of the value of evidence, though it is certainly their sole province to decide upon it, and the judges can only be guided by the verdict in presuming where the perjury lies. Their Lordships are bent pretty earnestly on testing the "working" of the new law, which seems likely to cause a good deal of additional working at the Central Criminal Court. Scarcely a day passes, during the sittings at Nisi Prius, on which some unfortunate party to a civil suit is not packed off to the QUEEN'S PRISON—unless sureties are at hand—on a criminal charge.

The judicial practice lately entered upon is energetic; but we fancy it is somewhat new, for when conflicting testimony proceeded from the mouths of ordinary witnesses, it was not, we think, usual to convict for perjury the witness, against the tenor of whose evidence a verdict may have been returned. Westminster Hall is already pretty barren of business; but we may expect a further diminution under the new system; for no man, who has not the fullest confidence in the infallibility of a jury, will run the risk of being put into a witness-box, though he has the fullest desire to speak the truth.

COURT GRAMMAR.

CONSIDERING the attention paid to science and education by the highest personages in the realm, we think that similar respect should be shown by those about the Court to the ordinary rules of grammar. We fear there is a little laxity in these matters among some of the Court functionaries; and we have been a great deal puzzled by the following copy of a letter from one of the equerries of Her Majesty, which is exposed in the window of a West End pastry-cook:—

"Mr. — is commanded by the QUEEN to thank MR. M'INTYRE for the cake of gingerbread, baked by his own hands, which accompanied his letter."

Now, according to this intimation, it appears that MR. M'INTYRE'S own hands possess all the baking properties of an oven, and that such hands, being curiosities in their way, he has actually sent them for inspection to HER MAJESTY. Such is the only interpretation that can, consistently with the rules of grammar, be put upon the equerry's phrase, "his own hands which accompanied his letter." We could understand a man's forwarding his legs by parcels' delivery if he happened to wear cork instead of real; but we have never heard of moveable hands as belonging to anything but a clock, and we call upon MR. M'INTYRE to lay his hand upon his heart and tell us how the letter of the equerry can be accounted for. We have heard of people turning off old hands and taking on new, but we cannot understand such a feat with the hands as has been attributed to the ingenious confectioner.

THE POLICEMAN'S HOME.

UP courts and round palaces long they may roam,
But ancient policemen have no sort of home
To offer them shelter, and comfort, and care,
The curbstone no more when their highlows can wear.
Home! home! they've no home:
For poor old Policemen there's no place like home!

The Great Exhibition a surplus has stored;
And surely its funds could a trifle afford,
That body to help in their age and distress,
Who did such a deal to achieve its success.
Home! &c.

The World's might have been like a Donnybrook Fair,
In case the Police had not managed things there:
A sharp look-out keeping, for ruffians and knaves,
Who wisely stopp'd out of the way of their staves.
Home! &c.

Our Force, too, whose gallantry, sorely maligu'd,
Is fancied to areas and kitchens confined,
Behaved with such mingled attention and grace,
They charm'd all the ladies who went to the place.
Home! &c.

KATE talks quite in raptures, and EMILY, too,
Of these pinks of courtesy—pinks, though in blue—
They call them—could damsel say more of a knight?—
The dear Police, who were so kind and polite.
Home! &c.

They tell us how promptly would Z., X., or A.,
Inform them, direct them, or show them the way:
When tired, bring them chairs; call their cab from the stand,
Or take them safe over the road by the hand.
Home! &c.

Then let a snug Station await Life's decline,
When once sturdy fists must their truncheons resign;
And ere his worn frame is consign'd to the loam,
Oh, grant the Policeman a few years of home!
Home! home! short, short home!
Let worn-out Policemen have some place like home!

An Old Maid's Question.

WE see there is an "ANIMAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY." This must be a prosperous concern, if, amongst the animals whose lives are assured, it numbers many Cats, as it is very well known that every Cat has nine lives. Consequently, an Old Maid, who wanted to insure the lives of eight dearly-beloved Toms, would have to pay for seventy-two policies—unless the Society consented to make a slight reduction upon its taking so large a quantity.

A RECKLESS WRETCH insults us with the following:—"Why's the Brighton Coach like a negro's fist?—Because it's a 'orrin' hand." We shall submit the matter to the Police.

THE MODERN GODIVA.



I WAITED for a Dean Street lecturer;
I sat among the nutshells in the pit,
Watching the table and the water-bottle;
And shaped a modern legend into this.

Not only we, the tyrants of the world—
We men, that for the flying of their wheels,
Cry down the passed and passing omnibuses
When we cross streets—have loved our trousers well
And loathed to see them oversplashed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame;
The woman of a thousand miles away,
AMELIA, wife to that grim Colonel, who
Was ris far West; for, when the drapers brought
Their bills for dress and fixings for his wife,
He laid his heels upon the mantelpiece,
And said: "You critters, if I pay, darn me!"
She sought her lord and found him, where he spat
Before the fire, inverted and alone.
His boots six feet above him, and his hair
A yard behind; she told him of her tears,
And pleaded: "If I wear these tucks, they must
Go dragging in the mud, and so get torn;
You didn't ought to have your dander ris
By such as these."—"Then cut 'em off," he said;
"I guess you won't do that."—"Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
Then, riled as rough as any 'coon, he said,
"You walk in trousers thro' our city, and
I'll pay it, slick!" and then expectorating,
He whittled, as in scorn, his rocking-chair.
Then fled she to her dressing-room, and there
Untied the knotted shackles of her form—
The grim man's gift—and severed one full breadth;
Nor lingered; looking like a semi-man,
Half clad in skirts; anon she shook her dress,
And shower'd the flowing flounces to her knee.

* * * * *
Then she walk'd forth, clothed on with pettiloons:
The loafers stared upon her as she walk'd;
And all the while she scarcely breathed for fear.
The little foul-mouth'd boys along the street
Had cunning eyes to see the unwonted ankles;
But she through all bore up, till last she saw
A rush of cabs come thick from off the stand;
So she rode back, clothed on with pettiloons.
* * * * *

A VULGAR YANKEEISM.—A Yankee Catholic is so fond of a winking MADONNA over there, that he calls her a "canvass-backed duck!"

THE THOMPSON TESTIMONIAL.

RICHARD THOMPSON is a man of whom we should say, that he has well deserved of the commonwealth, because he has started sixpenny cabs, and thereby reduced the common expenditure twenty-five per cent. The idea of a THOMPSON Testimonial naturally presents itself as a tribute due to a great public benefactor; and a statue of the hero, mounted on his box, would at once confer a graceful compliment on him, and an elegant ornament on the Metropolis, if placed on the entablature of Hyde Park Gate, opposite to the Burton Arch, where it would match admirably with the equestrian figure of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Expense, however, is the wet blanket which envelops the ideal sculpture. The present of a whip has been proposed; but in the opinion of most people, the whip would be more deservedly given to the extortionate insolent rascals, whom THOMPSON, it is to be hoped, will run down. On the whole, we believe that a Sixpenny testimonial will best answer the purpose; to be quietly presented after a ride in one of Mr. THOMPSON's vehicles, all the drivers of which will be empowered to receive subscriptions.

EFFECT OF THE SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPH.

WE have received a letter (we regret to say an unpaid one) from Boulogne, complaining of what the writer calls our "indecorous exultation" about the Sub-marine Telegraph. He argues, that unpleasant facilities will be given to some people for interfering with other people by this invention.

"A dreary sea now flows between,"

says he, quoting COLERIDGE. But soon the magic wire may be made the means of ensnaring the captive, who, under the old state of things, could escape to a wild freedom. The lightning flash from a dun would certainly have a thundering effect on the unhappy debtor, and he would find himself followed, through fire and water, in a very literal manner. Surely, our correspondent does not expect that the progress of science shall be stopped—for fear he himself should be stopped—does he?



TIME—Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1851.

Old Gent. "LOR BLESS ME! PARIS IN STATE OF SIEGE! WHY, WHEN DID THAT HAPPEN?"
Young Gent. "OH! ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES AGO."

Hazardous Descent of Louis Napoleon.

THE other morning—says the Parisian correspondent of the *Times*—"the President of the Republic descended into the streets." This may be said to be climbing the ladder of ambition the wrong way. Descents of this kind are not only dangerous in themselves, but they furnish a precedent to the party of disorder. By-the-by, our French friends should not complain of the smoke of London; it is better to have the Blacks descend into the streets than the Reds.

QUERY BY CROMWELL'S GHOST.

THE new KING OF HANOVER has offended the heralds of Germany by proclaiming himself as GEORGE V., inasmuch as Hanover has been a kingdom under only three preceding monarchs. What will mere milk-and-water Republicans say, when they find a King turning Fifth-Monarchy Man?

THE BOA AND THE BLANKET. AN APOLOGUE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



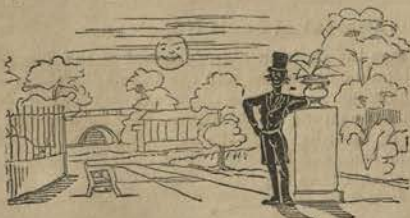
It is talked of Now! Was talked of Yesterday!
May be muttered to-morrow! What?—
THE BOA THAT BOLTED THE BLANKET.
Speckled Enthusiast!

It was full moon's full moonlight! The Shilling
I had paid down at the Gate,



Seemed hung in Heaven. To NEWTON'S Eye
(As Master of the Mint.)
A Splendid, yea Celestial Shilling!
I was alone, with Nothing to Speak of
But Creation!
Yes! Gigantic NOAH'S Ark of twenty times her
tonnage,
Lay crouched, and purring, and velvety, and
fanged
About me!
Cane-coloured tygers—rug-spotted Leopards—
Snakes (ah, CUPID!) knit and interknit—to true
love knots
Semblable!
Striped Zebra—Onager Calcitrant—Common
Ass,
And I—and all were there!
The bushy Squirrel with his half-cracked Nut,
Slept. The Boar of Allemagne snored.
The Lion's Cage was hot with heat of blood:
And Peace in Curtain Ring linked two Ring
Doves!

In Gardens Zoological and Regent,
I, meditating, stood!



And still the Moon looked wondrous like a
Shilling!
Impartial Moon, that showed me all!

My heart fluttered as tho' winged from Mercury!
I moved—approached the Snake-House!

Oh, the balm of Paradise that came and went!
The silver gleams of Eden shooting down the
trembling strings
Of my melodious heart,
Down—down to its coral roots!
I dashed aside the human tear; and—yes—
prepared myself
With will, drunk from the eyes of Hope, to
gaze upon the Snake!
The Boa!!
The Python!!!
The Anaconda!!!!

A Boa was there! A Boa 'neath Crystal Roof!
And rabbits, taking the very moonlight in their
paws,
Washed their meek faces. Washed, then
hopp'd!

"And so, (I couldn't help it) so," I groaned—
"the ancient Snake—
That milk-white thing—and innocent—trustful!
And then, Death—Death—
And lo! there, typical, it is—it is—
THE BLANKET!!!"

Dead shred of living thing that cropped the
flower;
And, thoughtless, bleated forth its little
baa-a!"

Away! I will not tarry! Let the Boa sleep,
And Rabbits, that have given bills to destiny,
Meet his demand at three and six months'
date!

(We know such boas and rabbits,
Know we not?)
Let me pass on!
And here 'tis cool; nay, even cold
Without the Snake-House!

The Moon still glistens, and again I think
Of Multitudes who've paid and stared, and
yawned and wandered here!

The city muckworm, who
From peacock orient, scarce could tell a cock
Of hay!

Though be ye sure, a guinea from a guinea-pig
He knows, and (as for money)
Ever has his squeak for 't!
Here, too, paused the wise, sagacious man,
Master of probabilities!

He sees the tusk of elephant—the two tusks—
And, with a thought, cuts 'em into cubes—
And with another thought—another—and
another—

Tells (to himself) how oft, in twenty years
Those spotted squares shall come up sixes!
And this in living elephant!

And HER MAJESTY has trod these Walks,
Accompanied

By
PRINCE ALBERT,
THE PRINCE OF WALES,
THE PRINCESS ROYAL,
And
The Rest of the Royal Children!—



She saw the Tyger!
Did she think of TIPPOO SAIB'S Tyger's Head?
She saw the Lion!
'Thought she of one of her own Arms?
She did not see the Unicorn; but
(With her gracious habits of condescension)

Did she think of him a bit the less?
Thoughts crowd upon me—cry move on!

And now I am here; and whether I will or no,
I feel I'm jolly!
The camels are asleep, and, like the Cabinet,
(Of course I mean the Whigs.)
Know not, when they rise to-morrow,
What colour they will wake!
The baby elephant seems prematurely old:
Its infant hide all corrugate with thoughts
Of cakes and oranges given it by boys;
Alas! in Chancery now, and paralytic!
This is very sad. No more of it!

Ha! ha! here sits the Ape—the many-coloured
wight!
Thou hast marked him, with nose of scarlet
sealing-wax,
And so be-coloured with prismatic hues,
As though he had come from sky to earth—
Sliding and wiping a fresh-painted rainbow!

Hush! I have made a perfect circle!
And at the Snake-House once again I stand!
Such is life!
Eh! Oh! Help! Murder! Dreadful Acci-
dent!

To be conceived—Oh, perhaps!
Described—Oh, never!
Keepers are up, and crowd about the box—
The Boa's box—with unconcerned rabbits!
Not so the Boa! Look! Behold!
And where the Blanket?
In the Boa's inside place! The Monster mark!
How he writhes and wrestles with the wool, as
though

He had within him rolls and rolls
Of choking, suffocating influenza,
That lift his eyes from out their sockets!—Of
fleecy phlegm

That will neither in nor out, but mid-way
Seem to strangle!
Silence and wonder settle on the crowd;
From whom instinctively, and breathlessly,
Ascend two pregnant questions!
"Will the boa bolt the blanket?
Will the blanket choke the boa?"—
Such the problem!

And then men mark and deduce
Differently.

"The blanket is England: the Boa the Pope,
Will the Pope disgorge his Bull?"

"The Blanket's Free Trade: the Corn-gorged
Folk
Is the Boa with plenty stifled?"

"The Blanket's Reform to gag the mob,
And nought to satisfy!"

But I, a lofty and an abstract man,
A creature of a higher element
Than ever nourished the wood
Ordained for ballot-boxes—I
Say nothing; until a Keeper comes to me, and,
Hooking his fore-finger in his forehead's lock,
Says—"What's your opinion, Sir?
If Boas will bolt Blankets, Boas must:



If Snakes will rush upon their end, why not?"
"My friend," said I, "The Blanket and the
Boa—

You will conceive me—are a type, yes, just a type,
Of this our day.
The dumb and monstrous, tasteless appetite
Of stupid Boa, to gobble up for food
What needs must scour, or suffocate,
Not nourish!
My friend; let the wool of that one blanket
Warm but the back of one live sheep,
And the Boa would bolt the animal entire,
And flourish on his meal, transmuting flesh and
bones,
And turning them to healthful nutriment!

Believe this vital truth;
The stomach may take down and digest
And sweetly, too, a leg of mutton;
That would turn at and reject
One little ball of worsted!"

On saying this, I turned away;
Feeling adown the small-o'-the back
That gentle warmth that waits upon us, when
WE KNOW
We have said a good thing;
Knowing it better than the vain world

Ever can or ever will.
Reader, I have sung my song!
The *Boa and the B*—, like new-found star,
Is mine no longer; but the world's!—
Tell me, how have I sung it? With what
note?
With note akin to that immortal bard
The snow-white Swan of Avon?
Or haply, to that
—*Rara avis*,
—That has
—"Tried WARREN'S?"

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

WHEN a man makes his wife a handsome present, it is a sign they have been quarrelling recently.

When a young lady "has a very bad cold, or else she'd be delighted," &c., it is rather a dangerous sign that, when once she sits down to the piano, she will probably not leave it for the remainder of the evening.

When a gentleman loses his temper in talking, it is a tolerably correct sign that he is getting "the worst of the argument."

When a lady falls into hysterics, or faints, you may safely look upon it, without being in the least accused of want of charity, as a sign of extreme weakness on her part.

When you see the servant carrying under her apron a bottle of soda-water into a house, you may at once seize it as a sure sign that some one has been drinking over-night.

When you see a Theatre breaking out with a violent eruption of bills, and posters, and placards, proclaiming "a Blaze of Triumph," or "an Unprecedented Success," you may view it as a true sign that that Theatre is not doing much.

When you see a shop bursting out in the same way, you may follow it as a sign which will safely guide you to the same conclusion.

When the children are always up in the nursery, you may construe it into a sure sign that the mother does not care much about them.

When an author invites a number of his literary friends and critics to dinner, you may take it as an infallible sign that he is about to bring out a new book.

When you see a puffy old gentleman rise on his legs, and request "the ladies and gentlemen to fill their glasses," you may consider it a hopeless sign that he is about to propose a toast, and you may as well make up your mind that from that moment there will be an end to the amusement of the evening.

When you see the "lady of the house" casting her eye anxiously round the dinner-table, in the hope of catching the other ladies' eyes, you may put it down as a prophetic sign that you will shortly lose "the society of the ladies," who, rising in a body, and retiring into the drawing-room, will "leave the gentlemen to enjoy their wine" (as if gentlemen could only enjoy wine by themselves)!

When the host asks, "Will you have any more wine, gentlemen?" you may take it as a pretty broad sign that you are expected to "go up-stairs and join the ladies"—and that his next speech will be, if not in those very words, very nearly to that effect.

When a young couple are seen visiting a "Cheap Furniture Mart," you may interpret it into a pretty fair sign that "the happy day" is not far distant.

When you see a man go up in a balloon, or turn Director of a Railway, or the Lessee of a Play-House, you have a right, if you like, to look upon it as a sign of Madness.

When the boys begin to tear up their books, it is a sign the holidays are about to commence.

When the subject of an article is exhausted, it is a sign to leave off.

Curious Coincidence.

WORDSWORTH tells us of his hero, PETER BELL, that—

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

A likeness to PETER may be found in his namesake, JACOB BELL, M.P. As PETER looked with indifference on the beautiful objects of Nature, so doth JACOB on similarly beautiful ones of Society. May we not say of the hero of ST. ALBANS, that—

A sovereign with a yellow rim
A yellow metal was to him,
And it was nothing more.

AN IMPUDENT CABMAN.—A Cabman rebuts the charge against his fraternity of extorting more than eight-pence a-mile, by the argument that eight-pence is their mean fare.

WILL WATCH IN THE CITY.



HE name of "WILL WATCH, the Bold Smuggler," is familiar to most of us. Some of us have—perhaps towards the close of an evening's recreation—heard the song wherein that hero has been celebrated. The present abode of MR. WILLIAM WATCH is supposed to be rather a solitary one; a small receptacle somewhere on some sea-beach, over which the waves dash, and the wind whistles, and near

whereunto the electric fluid has smitten a certain tree. This is incorrect. WILL WATCH exists at present in the City of London, under an *alias* indeed, but alive and kicking, as hard as he can kick with his heels, against public opinion, which disapproves of him. Fancy pictures this eminent contrabandist as an able-bodied seaman in fierce mustaches, long curls, a fishing jacket, a white kilt, jack boots, and a leather waist-band, whereby hangs a cutlass, and wherein are stuck a dirk and several pairs of pistols. But the real MR. WATCH is remarkable for the rotundity, rather than the muscularity or symmetry, of his proportion. His costume is that of a respectable citizen; roomy but not otherwise loose. About his person he sometimes wears a gold chain, much exceeding in circumference the belt of the ideal WATCH. He differs from the imaginary smuggler, also, in generally sporting gaiters instead of jack-boots; his lower extremities being subject to an affection requiring attention to warmth. Such is the WILL WATCH of the City, whose last great achievement consisted in smuggling four words into an Act of Parliament, and thereby enabling himself and his crew to levy blackmail on all the coal brought within twenty miles of London. This is the smuggler WILL WATCH, whose exploits might most appropriately be sung at a Coal Hole.

As the City WILL WATCH cannot much longer be suffered to commit his depredations on our hearths and our homes, it is probable that he will soon be "done up" in his nefarious business; and then, perhaps, in our visits to the Bank, we shall see an Aldermanic figure, of diminished corpulence, slinking about the purlieus of the Mansion-House, and inviting the passenger of youthful or agricultural appearance into the slums, to inspect a box of foreign cigars.

City Reform.

WE are told in the papers that the Council-room of the Mansion House wants ventilating. This is not the only Room for improvement, we are afraid, in the Mansion House; for, if you ask us, we think that the whole system of management that is pursued there, and in other offices of the Corporation, stands in the greatest need of ventilation.

Consolation for Oxford.

OXFORD has, hitherto, been considered as a nursery for statesmen; but the fact that not one individual has been found to take the highest honours there this year, has given rise to some apprehension that Alma Mater has turned out no future Premier, or Lord Chancellor, in 1851. But though no Oxford man has taken the first class, it is expected, on the whole, that there will be an average number of Oxonians in the Parliamentary train.



DISAGREEABLE TRUTH.

Soldier. "Now, THEN! YOU MUST MOVE AWAY FROM HERE."
Rude Boy. "Ah! BUT YOU MUSTN'T, OLD FELLER!"

FREE THOUGHTS ON A CERTAIN EVENT AND
A CERTAIN PRINCE.

WELL!—ne'er I knew, till taught it thus,
—Till this last news flashed o'er the wave—
The worst harm that a Tyrant does,
Is what he does when in his grave!

It seems, the corpse of Greatness dead,
Like vulgar corpses here in town,
May such a ghastly vapour spread
As serves to knock a nation down!

It floats about—they call it Glory—
Its sickly haze enshrines a spark,
And—oh, fine moral of the story—
Shines clearest when the sky is dark!

The people watch the sparkle fair,
Within the vapour in the night,
And think the *ignis fatuus* there
A steady, useful, beacon-light.

And, Oh! fair spark, and purple haze,
The people cry, who watch the tomb,
Till, in the middle of their gaze,
It chokes their Freedom into gloom!

Well! I'd prefer the former lot,
And live upon my little wits,
Rather than shine—conspicuous Spot—
Upon the sun of Austerlitz!

I'd really rather slink about
From idle house to gambling den—
Than send a stolen Eagle out
To lap the blood of gallant men:

—Than steal along, with muffled spite,
To catch France sleeping on the watch
And wreath with laurels, priz'd at night,
The bowl of my debased debauch!

Perhaps, though, Paris up will bring,
To make the most of her disaster,
This little image of a King,
Made of her very poorest Plaster:

Perhaps, she'll stick it up thus, yet,
And go to play,—for some suppose
Such fickle people only fit
For *dominus* and *dominos*!

A FEW SUPPOSITIONS.

Suggested by the state of things in France.



a sprinkling of the HUMES, the WAKLEYS, the WALMSLEYS, the COBDENS, and the BRIGHTS:

Suppose the press having been found not to agree with the policy of the Minister, he were to peremptorily stop the publication of the *Times*, *Herald*, *Chronicle*, *Post*, *Advertiser*, *Daily News*, *Globe*, &c., &c., and limit the organs of intelligence to the *Government Gazette*, or one or two

other prints that would write or omit just what he, the Minister, might please:

Suppose, when it occurred to the public that these measures were not exactly in conformity with the law, the Minister were to go or send some soldiers down to Westminster Hall, shut up the Courts, send the LORD CHANCELLOR about his business, and tell LORDS CAMPBELL, CRANWORTH, and all the rest of the high judicial authorities, to make the best of their way home:

Suppose a few Members of Parliament were to sign a protest against these proceedings; and suppose the documents were to be torn down by soldiers, and the persons signing them packed off to Coldbath Fields or Pentonville:

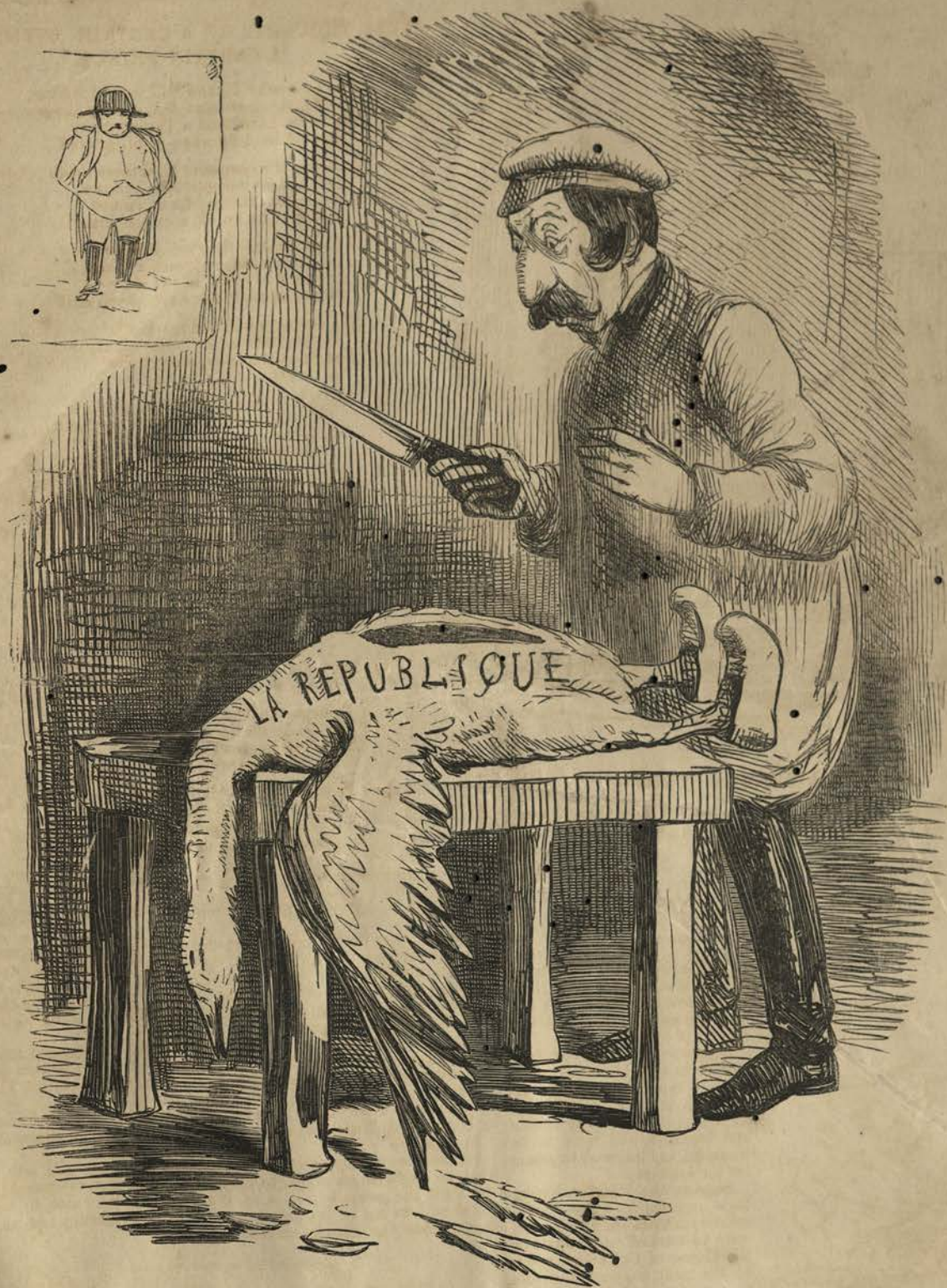
Suppose all these things were to happen with a Parliament elected by Universal Suffrage, and under a Republican form of Government:

And lastly—
Suppose we were to be told that this sort of thing is liberty, and what we ought to endeavour to get for our own country;—Should we look upon the person telling us so, as a madman, or a knave, or both? and should we not be justified in putting him as speedily and as unceremoniously as possible—outside our doors?

Our Duty as Regards the Fare.

(To the Chancellor of the Exchequer.)

"RIGHT HON. SIR,—The duty on cabs amounts to eighteen-pence a day. Couldn't you divest the tax of its oddity? I mean the odd six-pence. Don't you think that the reduction would be compensated by the public taking an additional quantity of cab? If you would trust me in this business, I am as sure I should satisfy you as that
"I am, ONE BOB."



LOUIS · NAPOLEON'S COUP D'ÉTAT.

Cutting up his Goose for the Golden Eggs.

FROM JOHN THOMAS, IN PARIS.

Vang Doo, Rew River Lee, Paris, 3 December, 1851.

O, MARY ANN! O, MARY ANN!
Well may you bless your stars,
You're living in a quiet land,
Away from *Coodytars*.

You'd never sneer at home, and wish
That you was here instead,
If you only knew what petty pangs
Is a Frenchman's daily bread.

Oh! when I think what foolish folk
This City do contain,
I can't quite fathom why it's call'd
Department of the Sane.

They've been and filled the streets with troops,
With Marshal Lor to lead 'em;
And you *may* guess them soldiers take
Great liberties with freedom.

For 'twixt the Assembly and the Prince
There's been a final fight,
And he has changed the Law of May
Into the Law of Might.

Long while, it seems, these silly men
Did nothing but dispute;
But finding talking did no good,
Resolved to have a Mute.*

* Mr. JOHN THOMAS probably means *émeutes*.

So, at the house of MISTER BAZE,
These foolish plotters met;
(We've got green Baize at home you know,
But none so *green* as yet).

Their schemes the Prince don't tell us yet,
For fear we should abhor 'em,
But says, they meant to break the law,
And so he broke it for 'em.

And one John Darms he sent to seek
The plotters far and near;
And took 'em all away in vans,
With bagnets in their rear.

And TEARS, the cause of all this woe,
He managed to secure;
And sent him safe away to Ham,
His wicked tongue to cure.

And then to lessen our alarm,
He made a proclamation,
A-bidding all the army rise,
And calm our hagation.

"These fellows said you should be slaves,—
I say you shan't," sez he;
"And I've got fifty thousand men,
Who'll force you to be free."

Now what will be the hend of this
There's no one here can tell;
For some folks think they'll make the Prince
An Emperor as well.

"For isn't he as good," they say,
"As him we had before?
If he was a NAPOLEON
This one's a LOUIS DORE?"

Some think the Socialists will rise
And end his troubled days,
And send him in a chaise and pair
Away to Pare la shays.

Some wish the ARLINES party back,
Some hope they may miscarry,
And in their love for HENRY SINK,
Quite sink the COUNT DE PARRY.

But as for me, I've seen enough,
Nor longer wish to roam;
And while they make so free abroad,
I'll be a slave at home.

JOHN THOMAS,
Valet to the MARQUIS OF CARABAS,
Her Majesty's *Chorog* d'affair.

To MISS MARY ANN STOKES,
Hupper Ousemaid,
No. 30, B—Square.

"WHO IS LE NEWTON?"

ATE naval intelligence from Lisbon say:—

"The vessels left at Cintra, in the Tagus, were
—*Prince Regent*, 90; *Leander*, 50; *Arethusa*, 50; and
Dainty, 33; and *Le Newton* French steam-sloop."

Who is *Le Newton*? We had among us once a NEWTON—ISAAC NEWTON, if we do not mistake—who discovered things in the heavens, and so forth. And the French have the ill-taste and the ill-manners to give the name of a mere astronomer—a sky-sweeper—to a steam-sloop. Let them. Our Admiralty snap its fingers at such fopery; and very proper, too. Why should we christen ships after sages and philosophers, when we have in our voca-



bulary such glorious, heart-inspiring names as *Blazer*, *Boxer*, *Growler*, *Spitfire*, and *Cat-o'-Mountain*?

POLICE EXTRAORDINARY.

GREAT excitement was occasioned at Guildhall, a few mornings ago, by the appearance of a person, charged before the sitting Alderman with shooting dry rubbish into *Mr. Punch's* letter-box.

The case was that of "an unhappy youth"—he would give no other name—who pleaded guilty to the charge of having thrown the following missile into the office, to the great annoyance of the inhabitants:—

"When is a hunter like a carpenter?—When he scours the plain."
A Solicitor who attended for *Mr. Punch* observed that this was not the only offence; for the same individual had asked,

"Why is the new seat of Government in India like the old one?—Because it is similar (Simla)."

The worthy Alderman regretted to see a person so young in a position so degraded.

The prisoner, who had nothing to say, was fully committed.

LEADER ON THE LAST FRENCH REVOLUTION.—LOUIS NAPOLEON is a Schoolmaster, who finding that Young France has got his sum all wrong, has made him rub it clean out and begin it over again.

BILL OF THE FRENCH PLAY.

• THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, ELYSÉE!

Sole Manager, M. LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Every Day, until a farther *Coup d'état*, will be presented the Laughable Farce, entitled,

• THE FRENCH REPUBLIC; or, FREEDOM IN FETTERS!!

Principal Characters by MM. LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, ROUHER, TURGOT, ST. ARNAUD, DUCCS, &c., and MELLE. FORTUNE: together with a large corps of Supernumeraries.

In addition to whom, the Performance will be supported by

THE ENTIRE STRENGTH OF THE FRENCH ARMY!!!

To give every facility for Criticism, and the exercise of Unbiased Opinion,

THE FREE LIST, WITHOUT THE EXCEPTION OF THE PRESS, IS ENTIRELY SUSPENDED!!!!

** In preparation, and will be duly announced,

A Revival of the grand serio-comic-melo-dramatic Spectacle,

THE EMPIRE!!!!

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!

[No Money Returned.]

THE CHARGE OF A TITULAR ARCHBISHOP AGAINST HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.

THE "LION OF JUDAH," who pretends to be "ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM," is reported by the *Freeman's Journal* as having, at a public dinner, or rather, we should think, considerably after the dinner, made a speech, wherein he represents certain Irish emigrants as having been sent out in an unseaworthy vessel and drowned. According to our Hibernian contemporary, the LION added:

"This is not a scene drawn from fancy. The vessel is said to have sailed from the next headland, almost within sight of your own town; and HER MAJESTY'S Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in his next despatches to the KING OF NAPLES, or the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, or the POPE himself, may be able to instruct them on the economical system by which Whig sentimentalists can dispose of the nuisance of a poor population."

If this language means anything, it is an accusation against the QUEEN'S Ministers of having got rid of Irish paupers by wilful murder. Was it really uttered by the LION? for we don't believe all we read in an Irish paper, even about him. Assuming him to have spoken it, we should say we could only hope he was drunk, but were very much afraid he was sober.

PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE LITERARY
REPUBLIC TO THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.



Self-constituted Dictator of the British Empire, *Mr. Punch* descended into the streets, and issued the following proclamation to the Police:—

"Policemen! Be proud of your mission; you will save the country; for I count upon you to take up those subjects that are too dangerous for me to handle, and to cause to be respected the rights of pocket-handkerchiefs, of which I am the representative.

"For a long time you have suffered, like me, by the obstructions created about four o'clock every afternoon by the vehicles in Fleet Street. Those obstacles shall be

broken down. The LORD MAYOR and Aldermen have disregarded the authority which I hold from the whole nation. The Corporation has ceased to exist.

"I make a modest appeal to the people, and I say to them—Either give me the means of controlling the cab and omnibus men, or choose another in my place.

"You have been treated as cupboard-lovers, and consumers of broken victuals. Your heroic disinterestedness having been thus branded, you were stigmatised as Crushers, and yet you are the *élite* of the Alphabet.

"Remain immovable within the rules of your Inspector and Superintendent. And, by your imposing attitude, encourage the drunk and disorderly to exert their powers of timely reflection. Be ready to resist any attack on the windows of 85, Fleet Street.

"Policemen, I do not speak to you of the associations which my name recalls. They are engraven on many wood-blocks. We are united by indissoluble ties—the principle of Progress is yours as well as mine. In urging society to move on, there has been a community between us of glory and misfortune. There will be in future community of sentiments and resolutions for the order and tranquillity of Fleet Street.

"Given at the Corner of Bride Court, this 11th December.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON PUNCH."

MRS. BAKER'S PET.

THE MORNING AFTER THE PET'S FIRST NIGHT AT MR. BAKER'S.

SCENE. 3.—The Dining-room at Blossom Terrace, with the table spread for breakfast.

MR. and MRS. BAKER have risen, dressed, and come down to breakfast in silence. MR. BAKER's feelings on the subject of the Pet's over-night performance are too big for words; MRS. BAKER feels deeply the brutality of MR. B.'s conduct in consigning the Pet to the Yard, but is rather afraid to approach the subject.

Mrs. Baker (sternly). Another cup of tea, MR. BAKER?

Mr. Baker. No—(pushes his cup from him, coldly).

Mrs. Baker (making a dash into conversation, with forced cheerfulness). He got quite quiet towards morning, my dear.

Mr. Baker (fiercely). I'll tell you what it is, MRS. BAKER, something must be done with that dog.

Mrs. Baker. I was sure he oughtn't to be put into the yard. If he stays in-doors at night, he'll protect the premises, and we shan't have the noise we had last night.

Mr. Baker. I really think—

(He is interrupted by MRS. BAKER'S rising and going to the door.

Mrs. Baker (calling). SCAMP! SCAMPY! I wonder where he can be?

Mr. Baker (with a momentary gleam of cheerfulness). Perhaps he's lost!

Mrs. Baker (nervously). Oh, dear! I hope not—(rings the bell)—though, I'm sure, after the treatment he had last night, poor thing—

(MR. BAKER mentally compares his sufferings, during the night, to those of the cause of them.

Enter MARY (labouring with emotion).

Mrs. Baker. Where is the dog this morning?

Mary (exploding). Oh, please, 'm, Cook was busy trimming the chops for breakfast, 'm, and I was a-washing the front door steps, 'm, and the dog, 'm, he went right into the kitchen, 'm, and took a chop clean off the plate, 'm, and run out of the 'ouse, through the front door, with the baker was a-coming into the front garding, and we never seen nothink more of 'im, 'm.

Mr. Baker (triumphantly). There, my dear!

Mrs. Baker (sadly). Oh—then, he's lost. Dear, dear! and only the second morning, too!

Mary. Yes, 'm.

Mr. Baker (with renewed cheerfulness). Will you give me another cup of tea, my dear?—Ah!—so that dog's lost?—Well, now, do you know—my dear—I don't think he would have suited us.

Mrs. Baker (following the erratic SCAMP in imagination). Did you see which way he went?

Mary. No, 'm—he went right over me as I was a-washin' the step, and I'm sure I was all of a trim'mle, and never looked to see where he went to.

Mrs. Baker (angrily). How often have I desired you to shut the garden gate in the mornings? And what could Cook have been about to let the dog get out of the kitchen, when you know he was strange, too?

(Exit MARY, feeling that there is nothing to be said.)

Mr. Baker (rising from table, in order to conceal his exultation). Well, well, my dear! let's be thankful it's no worse.

Mrs. Baker (bitterly). No worse, indeed!



Mr. Baker. He's only taken a chop; he might have bolted with a whole shoulder.

Mrs. Baker (rising). Well, MR. BAKER, if you are done, I've some little things to buy in the Road, and I may as well ask if they've seen the poor dog.

(Exit MRS. BAKER, suddenly.)

Mr. Baker (alone). Confound it all! She's gone to look for the noisy brute. However, I must be off to the City. It's getting on for nine.

(Going. A ring is heard at the front door.)

Enter MARY.

Mary. Please, Sir, it's a gentleman.

(Gives MR. BAKER a card.)

Mr. Baker (stopping, and reading name). PUDDICOMBE? PUDDICOMBE? Don't know any PUDDICOMBE! Show the gentleman in.

(MARY shows in MR. PUDDICOMBE, a gentleman of 54 years of age, with a bald head, an imposing person, a bulbous umbrella, and a long great coat. MR. PUDDICOMBE is a great orator at Vestry Meetings, and is in the habit of relieving his feelings on most social and domestic subjects by writing to the "Times.")

Mr. Baker (bowing). MR. PUDDICOMBE, I think? Pray, sit down. Good morning, Sir.

(Looks interrogatively.)

Mr. Puddicombe (bowing). Thank you. MR. BAKER, I presume? (He sits in a dignified manner.—A pause.) I have called, MR. BAKER, on a painful subject.

Mr. Baker (alarmed). Painful subject, eh?
Mr. Puddicombe (oratorically). Differences between neighbours are always painful. We are neighbours, MR. BAKER. (MR. BAKER bows.) I live two doors down the Row.

Mr. Baker. Oh, indeed!
Mr. Puddicombe. MRS. PUDDICOMBE is in delicate health, MR. BAKER—extremely delicate health. She is the mother of nine children, Sir.
Mr. Baker. Ah, indeed!

Mr. Puddicombe. And you may, therefore, naturally conceive, very dear to me. (MR. BAKER, by a rapid act of mental arithmetic, endeavours to arrive at a notion how dear.) Rest is essential to MRS. PUDDICOMBE; for myself, I can make sacrifices. But, for MRS. PUDDICOMBE, I never make sacrifices, upon principle. Sir, you may remark we've not had any PUNCHES in the Row, lately.

Mr. Baker. Why, I'm from home during the day, and so—
Mr. Puddicombe (waving his hand). Of course, not; but it's a fact that PUNCHES have disappeared from the Row. I put them down, Sir.
Mr. Baker. Ah!

Mr. Puddicombe. And you have probably observed that there is a falling-off in organ-boys.

Mr. Baker. Why, really!
Mr. Puddicombe. Being in the City during the day, you have not noticed it. There is a falling off in that nuisance, Sir. I did it. I wrote three powerful letters to the Times, Sir; and I gave two of them—I mean the organ-boys—in charge, for refusing to move on.

Mr. Baker (cheerfully). The neighbourhood ought really to be obliged to you, MR. PUDDICOMBE.

Mr. Puddicombe. I trust so; but the public good is my object, and the comfort of MRS. PUDDICOMBE. I shall continue to discharge my duty, Sir—(planting his umbrella firmly between his legs, and looking steadily at MR. BAKER). I say, Sir, I shall continue to discharge my duty.

Mr. Baker (mildly). I've no doubt of it, Sir.
Mr. Puddicombe (angrily). And in the discharge of that duty, Sir, I am come to tell you, Sir, that you are a nuisance.

Mr. Baker (startled at being thus described). A nuisance? Me?
Mr. Puddicombe (emphatically). A public nuisance, Sir! When I say you, I mean that dog, Sir, which howled the whole night through in your back-yard.

Mr. Baker. Oh! you heard it too, did you? Well, I assure you, I never got a wink of sleep all night.

Mr. Puddicombe. I am come, Sir, to say, that dog must be put down. MRS. PUDDICOMBE'S comfort and a sense of public duty alike require it.

[A ring is heard.]
Mr. Baker. I quite agree with you, MR. PUDDICOMBE, and you'll be happy to hear—

Enter MARY.

Mary. Please, Sir, it's a lady (presents a card).
Mr. Baker (nervously reads card). "SOURSOP."—Show her in.

[Exit MARY.]

Corfound it! I shall be late in the City. You'll excuse me, MR. PUDDICOMBE.

Enter MISS SOURSOP (a lady of a certain age, who hates dogs, having long ago taken extensively to cats).

Miss Soursop (rapidly). Good morning, Sir. MR. BAKER, I believe? Good morning, MR. PUDDICOMBE. My name is SOURSOP, MR. BAKER—MISS SOURSOP, four doors up the Row, and beg to say, that I've seen the agent this morning to see the landlord, and say, that either that dog or I quit this neighbourhood.

Mr. Baker. That dog again, Ma'am!—that is, it's MRS. BAKER'S dog.

Miss Soursop. Really, Sir, I'm astonished at MRS. BAKER,—and in such a quiet neighbourhood, too! and the animal may have hydrophobia—for I am sure there's no saying what he may have, judging from the horrid noise he made last night.

Mr. Baker. Oh, then, you heard it, Ma'am?
Miss Soursop (indignantly). Heard it, Sir? It's shameful, Sir!

Mr. Baker. I assure you it kept me awake all night; it was just under our window. But there's one thing you will be glad to hear—

Enter MARY.

Mary. It's a gentleman, Sir.
Mr. Baker. Oh—Well? (Aside.) There's the second omnibus gone by!

Enter MAJOR PARKYNS HAWKER. The Major is a gentleman with a reddish nose, grey hair, a close-buttoned blue frock, and a generally exaggerated military appearance. He once belonged to the militia; is fond of talking of "ours"; and is believed in the neighbourhood to have served with distinction through all the European wars of the century. He has a habit of expressing a wish for gentlemanly satisfaction on slight provocation. He looks on MR. BAKER as a snob.

Major Parkyns Hawker (bowing stiffly). MR. BAKER, I presume? My name is HAWKER—PARKYNS HAWKER—MAJOR PARKYNS HAWKER.

[MR. BAKER, duly overpowered, bows at each recurrence of the name, with its stupendous additions.]

Major Parkyns Hawker. By gad, Sir, it's scandalous!

Mr. Baker. Scandalous! What's scandalous?

Major Parkyns Hawker. That dog, last night, Sir.

Mr. Baker (breaking out). Confound the dog!

Major Parkyns Hawker. As an old campaigner, Sir, I'm used to rough it; but, by gad, I'd sooner sleep on a ten-gun field battery, than two doors off that dog of yours. And I mean to say, Sir, as a gentleman living here, and having property in the neighbourhood, I don't mean to stand it.

Mr. Puddicombe. I have come to the same conclusion, MAJOR HAWKER.

Miss Soursop. We certainly will not stand it.

Mr. Baker. Well, but don't I tell you, it annoyed me more than anybody? I was nearest to it.

Major Parkyns Hawker. In one word, Sir, do you mean to shoot the dog? Yes, or no, Sir? No fencing with the question, Sir. Yes, or no?

Mr. Baker (warming). Sir! I don't understand this sort of language being used to a man in his own house.

Major Parkyns Hawker (loftily). Pooh, Sir!

Mr. Baker (boiling over). Pooh, Sir? What do you mean by pooh, Sir?

Mr. Puddicombe. Now, MR. BAKER, restrain yourself.

Miss Soursop. It's no use getting into a passion, Sir, as you're clearly in the wrong.

Mr. Baker (restraining himself with difficulty). Don't I tell you there's nobody suffered last night from that d—d dog as much as I did? But, as to shooting the dog, it isn't necessary; for I'm happy to tell you he's lost.

Major Parkyns Hawker. Oh! ah! Then I withdraw the word "Pooh!" In that case I shall be quite satisfied.

Mr. Puddicombe. That alters the case. I did intend to have written to the Times.

Miss Soursop. Well, if he's lost—

Mr. Baker (pleasantly). Yes; I can't tell you how glad I was to learn that he'd run away with a chop. (A ring is heard. MRS. BAKER is heard outside.) And here's my wife, who will tell you the same. And I must leave her to settle the matter, for I really must be off to the City.

Mrs. Baker (entering, radiant). Well, my dear!—(sees the visitors.) Oh!—I beg your pardon—I only wished to say that I've found the dog!

Mr. Baker (starting up in a rapture of rage). Found that dog! (An omnibus passes.) And there's the third omnibus gone by!

Mr. Puddicombe (looking at him sternly, leaning on his umbrella). In that case, MR. BAKER—

Major Parkyns Hawker (braving himself up proudly). Then I must repeat the observation "Pooh!"

Miss Soursop (bitterly). Oh, if the horrid brute's come back again!

Mrs. Baker (looking to MR. BAKER for an explanation). My dear?

[SCAMP rushes in joyously from the passage. MR. BAKER makes a wild stab at him with a toasting fork. MR. PUDDICOMBE, MAJOR PARKYNS HAWKER, and MISS SOURSOP look daggers at MR. BAKER, MRS. BAKER, and the dog alternately.]

Tableau—and Scene closes.

THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.



VERY one knows that the MONS. JULLIEN is remarkable for the pains he takes, when getting up a new quadrille, to have everything about it perfectly characteristic and genuine. It is well known that for the Swiss Quadrille he made a long tour in Switzerland, and that the horns on which the Ranz des Vaches was played, were cows' horns, picked up on the spot, and selected on a-cou-stic principles.

Whenever he sits down to write a Valse de deux temps, he has before him two clocks, quite at variance with each other; and so great is his enthusiasm in everything he undertakes, that he could not write the Indian Quadrille in anything but Indian ink, which he caused to be brought all the way from Delhi, in order that the composition should be, like his fame, In-del(h)i-ble.



THE MODERN DAMOCLES.

THE MAN OF THE DIAMOND JACKET.

PRINCE ESTERHAZY, whilst in this country, made the most brilliant reputation on record by means of his jacket, covered as it was with diamonds. A starlight night in a sharp frost was nothing so resplendent as be-diamonded ESTERHAZY. There was enough in, or on, the man to set up ten armies of glaziers for ten Crystal Palaces; and, therefore, PRINCE ESTERHAZY has an especial claim upon the credence of Englishmen, when, after late consideration, he takes up the pen to assure us that KOSSUTH is altogether unworthy of our sympathy, and in fact, that "that person" is not a bit better than he ought to be; being of low origin, and, of course, not born to a diamond jacket. Then the Prince lauds the House of HAPSBERG; and of course we believe all that the Prince says. Who would dispute the respectability of *Peachem*, when vouched for by *Mat-o'-the-Mint*?

And then a BATHYANY, dating from Brighton, writes to thank the Prince for his admirable letter. BATHYANY is a noble name; has been nobly borne; and is nobly enshrined in the gratitude of Hungary. But does *that* BATHYANY date from Brighton? The race of the patriot is hardly run at Newmarket or Epsom.

A Conundrum for Young Nero.

MAY it please your imperial majesty, Why is your magnificent empire of Austria—according to the last accounts of the money market—like unto a Maintenon cutlet?

Of course, your imperial majesty "gives it up."

Because—may it please your imperial greatness—it is done brown in its own paper.

THE REGULAR FLAT.

TUNE.—"Donnybrook Fair."

Oh! how common a buck is a reckless young heir!
Deficient in brains, but with money to spare,
'Mong sharpers and black-legs, who spends his last crown;
Then goes to Boulogne, or is flung upon Town,
With his horse-jockey pleasures, and folly so green.

To his College or Regiment the simpleton goes,
Where he gambles, he races, he drives, and he rows;
Loses hundreds on hundreds by bet after bet,
And a great many very large sums at *roulette*,
With his horse-jockey pleasures, and folly so green.

A stud of fine horses—black, chestnut, and grey,
A four-in-hand pony-chaise, dog-cart, and sleigh,
He sports, quite regardless of cost and expense,
Till his cash is all gone, and his debts are immense,
With his horse-jockey pleasures, and folly so green.

Of a rascally set he's the king and the tool,
Who flatter, and cozen, and rob the poor fool;
And cocker'd whilst duped by the villainous crew,
He sneers at the steady, and honest, and true,
With his horse-jockey pleasures, and folly so green.

Ere at manhood arrived, he has spent his estate;
For money he raises with bills at post-date;
No matter, he borrows again, and away
Goes the loan, too, in carriages, races, and play,
With his horse-jockey pleasures, and folly so green.

Plate and furniture pawned, now the needful supply;
Destined, also, 'mid gamblers and swindlers to fly;
Till at last he's reduced to a pauper, and, worse,
Overloaded with debt,—not a coin in his purse,
With his horse-jockey pleasures, and folly so green.

To his mother or sister the prodigal hies,
And vows reformation, and snivels and cries;
His debts he prevails on the women to pay,
And runs into others the very next day,
With his horse-jockey pleasures, and folly so green.

By this loving brother and dutiful son,
Again and again the poor creatures are done;
Their resources, at length, are exhausted, and fail;
Writs are out 'gainst our friend, and he's clapp'd into gaol,
With his horse-jockey pleasures, and folly so green.

The youth figures, lastly, in one of the Courts,
And shines in the Law or Insolvent Reports,
That tell us the same story, day after day,—
Of rascals' and simpletons' betting and play,
With his horse-jockey pleasures, and folly so green.

How strangely alike are these silly young men!
As closely as sheep of one breed in a pen;
There's one stamp on them all—every dolt of the class—
Like the uniform stripe on the back of the ass,
With their horse-jockey pleasures, and folly so green.

It were something to be an original fool;
But these blades appear boobies by measure and rule;
Would they read but the papers, their pride it might shame,
To see themselves looking so basely the same,
With their horse-jockey pleasures, and folly so green.

To his Troop or his College, before they admit
Any youth, he's examined, to see if he's fit;
And they ought to make sure that he's fully aware
Of this every-day case of the silly young heir,
With his horse-jockey pleasures, and folly so green.

To Provident Frenchmen.

By the late *coup d'état* of LOUIS NAPOLÉON, the members of the French National Assembly have lost 25 fr. apiece per day. The number of individuals who are continually reduced to destitution through the uncertain tenure of political existence in France, renders it very advisable that the French should get up some Constitutional Life Assurance Society, for affording some security to those whose means of subsistence depend upon an existing Constitution.

GREAT WANT OF CAPABILITY.—SIR HARRY SMITH'S Ability at the Cape.

MUFFIN BELL v. CATHOLIC BELL.



LEASE, Sir, I'm the little boy as was taken up and brought afore a Justice last week that was, for doing nothing but ringing my muffin-bell in Southwark, if you please, Sir, to sell my muffins, and nothing more, Sir.

"And, Sir, if you please, when the policeman laid hold on me, and the parish-officers said as how I were to be prosecuted and locked up in gaol; if I didn't for the time think I was the wickedest boy as ever was, and believed I should in the end be hanged, like JACK SHEPARD, and all along of the muffin-bell; breaking respectable people's rests, and going and living upon a nuisance, which was muffins with a bell, as the gentlemen of the parish very severely said to me.

"Howsomever, Sir,

the Magistrate as I was taken afore, like a kind gentleman, said he knowed I shouldn't do it again; and so the parish folks let me go, and didn't I run home? and wasn't my old grandmother pleased to see me safe and sound again, as she said, out of the lion's den? But the muffin-bell is never to tinkle no more; it's to be a dumb-bell from this minute; and I'm not to ring to folks who wants muffins, but to holla. And as that's the law, Sir, made, as grandmother says, by the QUEEN, with the crown on her head, and the Lords and the Bishops, it isn't for a little boy like me to ring my bell (though, Sir, if you please, it's a nice bell, and sounds like very silver)—in the faces of what grandmother says, is Lords Spirit'al and Temp'ral.

"Well, Sir, if you please, they're very good at the *Black Horse*, and always lends grandmother last week's paper; in which I reads to her. And last night I read about some monks at Clapham who've got a monkery (grandmother calls it), where they've got a bell which they're always ringing—a bell a hundred times bigger than any muffin bell that wakes people in the morning, and worries 'em all day, calling the monks to prayers; as if they couldn't go about their praying, grandmother says, like decent, quiet people, without stunning the whole world with their bell-metal religion.

"And grandmother (who got in such a pucker!) says to me, take up a pen, and write to *Mr. Punch*, and ask him what he thinks? Whether the Clapham Monks shouldn't be made, at once, to stop their bell; when muffin-bells as muffled and put down—or whether they should be allowed to go on, ringing and ringing, while all the while they'r worrying people by making 'em, in hope to stop 'em, go into Vice Chancery.

"I remain, honoured Sir,

"THE MUFFIN BOY WITH NO MUFFIN BELL.

"P. S. Grandmother begs me to ask, if you don't think there was more real religion in the dustman's bell, than the bell of the Immaculate Lady of Victories (whoever she may be)? That—grandmother says—did make you think of your latter time, whilst the word 'dust' was a healthy warning of your last resting-place,—need she say, the grave?"

THE SWINDLING BILL SYSTEM.

WE have been appealed to by several correspondents, to protect them from the bill and prospectus nuisance which prevails in the public thoroughfares. It is impossible to drive off in a cab from a railway station, without being pelted by puffing pamphlets, whose pages fall "thick as leaves in Vall Ombrosa" on the floor of the vehicle. It certainly is very hard that those who have a horror of putting their hands to a bill, cannot walk the streets without being involved in some dirty bill transaction, by being almost forced to accept a bill, presented by one of the numerous walking nuisances that throng the Metropolis. We recommend, as the only mode of abating the evil, that every bill intended for distribution in the streets, should be liable to a bill-stamp—though even this provision might be evaded, for nearly all the bills in question have upon them the stamp of humbug and knavery.

THE THEATRE OF WAR (PARIS).—"Until further notice, all free admissions refused, and the Public Press Suspended."

THE NEW CAB FARE.

(Suggested by the "Old Arm Chair.")

I 'LL hail it! I 'll hail it!—who calls me a shab For taking a ride in a sixpenny cab? I've wish'd for it long; so I 'll jump inside, And take an economical ride. They 'll hoot me, I know, before I depart; But what care I when once I start? Would you know the spell that takes me there? An excellent thing is a sixpenny fare.

In a rainy hour I 've linger'd near, And whisper'd in many a cabman's ear, And said what I could afford to give. "I 'll not take it," said he, "as long as I live." He told me with him I should never ride; That I wasn't fit to sit inside. And the imposition made me swear I 'd wait till he came to a sixpenny fare.

I've stood and watched, on many a day, The cabs from the cab-stand call'd away; And I've often been made extremely wild When at me the cabman sneer'd and smiled. He ro'ld away; and I've often said, There 's a victim going to be bled; For I felt most thoroughly aware There 'd be half-a-crown for a shilling fare.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but the cabman now Is glad to take me with smile and bow; Where once he cursed me, and turn'd aside, He civilly asks me now to ride. He sees his folly; and now, each week, He 's making a fortune—so to speak— For the public saves of its shoggs the wear By often taking a sixpenny fare.

"OUR CORRESPONDENT'S" MEDAL.

As the world wags and wars, it is really unfair that whilst medals are given to warriors in red coats, there is no distinguishing mark for the heroic soldiers of the press. We are convinced that many a veteran with a Peninsular medal at his breast, must have felt even the injustice of his own decoration, when contrasted with the unrequited bravery of "Our Own Correspondent" of the daily press, coolly, magnanimously, taking notes in the bullet-shower raining about a barricade—in the drench of grape saturating brick walls—and in the very cannon's mouth seeking for "latest intelligence." So coolly, so courageously, has "Our Own Correspondent" done his work, that on the next French revolution—say to-morrow, or the day after—we should not at all be surprised at receiving, by electric telegraph, something like the subjoined:—

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

"Arriving on the Boulevard Italien, we have just received a bullet."

[FURTHER PARTICULARS.]

"We have received another bullet."

[LATEST PARTICULARS.]

"We are dead."

The Clock Epidemic at St. Pancras.

THE London clock disease is evidently chronic, and not local, for it has gone in a circle nearly all round London. The malady has now reached St. Pancras, where it has taken a peculiar form, for the bells strike, though the hands never move—a phenomenon which *Bell on the Hand* gives no explanation of. The St. Pancras clock must be in a very wretched case, for it is continually striking itself, without any motion of the hands—a state of things that savours of derangement. We do not understand how a clock can strike and not go, unless, as the electric clock had something to do with lightning, the St. Pancras clock may be literally thunder-struck.

HOW HE SUPPORTS IT.—LOUIS NAPOLEON is called the most important "member" of his family. Undoubtedly he is the principal "leg" of it.

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE!

OUTBREAK IN THE CITY!!!

MR. PUNCH IN A STATE OF SIEGE!!!

Punch Office, Wednesday, 5 A. M.



An outbreak of a serious nature has just occurred, which threatens to affect the tranquillity, not merely of this Metropolis, but of the whole Civilised World. We have made most extensive arrangements to secure the fullest possible intelligence, and shall continue to receive hourly, half-hourly, and, if need be, half-minutely reports, which we shall hasten to lay before an interested Universe. Our first account is—

(From our Prolix Reporter.)

At an unpleasantly early hour this morning, Mr. Punch was disturbed from his slumbers by the advent of his faithful Toby, with

intelligence that startled him (Mr. P.) out of the wrong side of his bed, in a fraction of time considerably less than the twinkling of any one of its posts. From the hurried bow-wows of his ambulating informant, all that Mr. Punch could gather was, that an émeute of an alarming nature had broken out, which seemed to threaten the mental peace, not only of himself in particular, but of the World at large. Having instituted a brief but ineffectual search for his dressing-gown (which was unfortunately "at the wash"), Mr. Punch, with his usual readiness of invention, happily improvised a substitute by means of an old railway-wrapper; and after performing a rapid act of toilette-ship, he dashed at once with dauntless energy to inspect the scene of action,—choosing the remotest of his garret-windows for the purpose.

With his usual sagacious penetration, Mr. Punch rapidly discerned how matters stood. A single glance from his eagle eye served fully to reveal the true state of the case: to assure him that the centre of this great Charybdis of humanity was—Himself! Conscious that its continuance would, of course, materially impede his circulation, Mr. P.'s next object was to effect a speedy Dissolution of the Assembly. This he hoped to achieve by a simple Appeal to the People from his first-floor window; but upon opening it for that purpose, such was the roar of the ophicleide-tongued crowd beneath, that he found it would require a speaking-trumpet of ten-million-Stentor power, at least, to render his natural squeak at all audible.

In this desperate emergency, Mr. Punch was forced to hold rather a protracted Council of State; and having remained closely closeted with himself for some considerable time, he at length resolved on the perpetration of a violent and decisive coup d'état. Despatching his canine aide-de-camp with instant orders to summon the whole of his Household troops (consisting of Cook, Housemaid, Nurse, and Scullery ditto, and the Knife-and-errand Boy), Mr. Punch openly declared himself in a State of Siege; and, assuming his Marshal's bâton, proceeded forthwith to lay his entire establishment under the full rigour of strict martial law. A Proclamation was accordingly issued to that effect (signed Punch, countersigned Toby), and publicly affiché to a conspicuous part of the front shop shutters.

(From our Rapid Reporter.)

Ten o'clock.—The Proclamation has been favourably received. A few faint cries of "A bas Punch!" were heard, but promptly suppressed. A better feeling seems to prevail.

Five Minutes past.—No it doesn't. Another tremendous volley of "chaff" has just been discharged, completely shattering Mr. Punch's auriculars and—I regret to add—temper. Mr. P. is in a state of immense agitation.

Half-past.—Mr. P., in the disguise of a policeman, attempts a movement in the back-ground (behind his premises) to create a diversion. Mr. P. receives an unexpected "bonnet," which effectually achieves his object. The merriment of the bystanders is excessive.



Nearly Noon.—Barricades are forming in all the neighbouring streets. They are composed, chiefly, of Bank-bound 'busses. Fleet Street is still in the undisturbed possession of the Garde Mob-ile. Our circulation is completely stopped.

33 Seconds past.—Intelligence has just reached us, with our usual paulo-post-meridian chop, that a perfect panic has ensued in the Joke Market, in consequence of our last announcement. The depression is tremendous—Puns have fallen 99½ per cent.

One o'clock.—More rows! There has been a fight between two rival newspaper-boys, and both have got sanguinary noses.

20 Minutes past.—A strong detachment of the National (Guard Blue) has just arrived. They are saluted with ironical cheering, and cries of "Vive le Bobby!"



27 Minutes past.—A rapid succession of struggles, shindies, and scrimmages, has ensued; and there has been a tremendous sally in an adjacent alley, resulting in the arrest of the leading Members of the Assembly.

A Quarter to.—The Guards (Black) have rallied. (I strongly suspect they've been getting some beer.) They are evidently meditating a coup de main. The crisis is fast approaching.

1h. 49m. 13s., P. M.—Our position grows momentarily more terrific!

1h. 49m. 14s., P. M.—They have forced the out-(door)-posts. All is lost now!

1h. 49m. 17s., P. M.—No it isn't, though; for I rejoice to hear that Mr. Punch remains perfectly tranquil!!!

10 Minutes to Two.—A mighty shout is heard in the distance, and a considerable buzzing pervades beneath. The "Insurgents" seem agitated.

A Minute and three quarters later.—I breathe again. A strong body of the Street Orderly Brigade is approaching at a rapid trot, headed—unless my nasology deceives me greatly—by F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON himself.

57½ Seconds later.—I am not deceived. It is his Ferruginous Grace! And the troops seem gallantly inspired by his presence to either do or die. They advance unflinchingly—brooms au bras!

The soul-thrilling word of command is given—"Swe-e-e-e-p!"

Just upon the Strike.—The struggle is terrific! The rabble-rout evidently object to be routed.

Just after ditto.—Huzza! We are saved! The Broomers have won the Brush! The streets are swept completely—not a vestige of besieging creation remains.

¼ + ½ + ¾ past Two.—F. M. Punch advances with his Staff to salute his brave victorious allies. The two greatest Generals of the Age are fondly locked in each other's embrace—affecting incident for history! The Troops are ordered either to stand or sit at ease, while beer is served out.

¾ + ⅞ of a Second later.—The two F. M.s repair to a neighbouring "Public," and pledge each other in a quiet pot of humble half-and-half.

Sentiment—All's well that ends well. Three o'clock.—All fears of further disturbance are now at an end, and Mr. Punch's usual world-wide circulation is completely re-established.



SECOND EDITION.

BY EXTRAORDINARY EXPRESS!

We have nothing fresh to communicate at present. We are, however, in less than half-momentary expectation of highly-important intelligence from the provinces, which we shall lose no time in publishing.

THIRD EDITION.

BY XXXTRAORDINARY XPRESS!!

RIISING IN THE PROVINCES!!

(Per Horse-Marine Electric Telegraph.)

Punch Office, Half-past Three.—The émeute has extended to the provinces. Violent agitation prevails throughout.

In the agricultural districts especially, the rising commenced this morning at a very early hour.

At Birmingham, no less than fifty-three News-agents have been attacked, and their shops turned inside out by an eager and infuriated mob. Blood was reported to have been shed, attended by a severe slaughter, and much loss of life. On inquiry, however, the rumour was found to have sprung from some purely business transactions at an adjacent butcher's.

P. S. The origin and object of the outbreak are alike still locked in mystery.

P.P.S. We hasten to state that we have just found the key. From reliable information, received five seconds since, we may safely venture to assert our firm conviction, that the disturbances have one and all originated in the circulation of a malicious and unfounded report, that this was the day fixed for the recurrence of that great National Event—the publication of our Almanack! This timely discovery will, of course, materially lessen the alarm and astonishment which the readers may possibly have felt at the otherwise extraordinary occurrences we have been describing. As it is, they are certainly not so much to be wondered at: indeed, we almost question if they may not be received as a perfectly natural and inevitable result.



THE KING STREET ARCADIA.



THE principal Lions of London, at this season, are Lions with horns and hoofs—the fat cattle. All the great people have been going to see the great brutes. At the King Street Bazaar, they have feasted their eyes on the living beef, mutton, and pork, destined shortly to afford them a more substantial banquet; on the sheep, oxen, and pigs, within a month to be bodily transmuted principally into the superior classes of society, and partly, let us hope, into distressed needle-women, and journeymen tailors working under diaphoretic circumstances.

Even Beauty has, in a measure, brightened with its smile the huge mountains of flesh, some fragments of which will very shortly be identified

with its own substance. Now, the countenance of Beauty is very desirable for any Exhibition, both in itself, and considered as an auxiliary attraction. Therefore, the more general attendance of ladies at the Smithfield Club Cattle Show is to be wished for. But if that advantage is to be realised, this spectacle must cease to be a dull prosaic exhibition of hogs, and beasts of the field.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM has said that we are to become a pastoral and a grazing, instead of a corn-growing people, and his prediction, to judge by the yearly increasing magnitude of the Smithfield Club Show, seems in course of fulfilment. By carrying out, in the arrangements of that show, SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S prophecy more fully, its managers might invest it with the elegant and refined character required to obtain for it fashionable and female patronage. Their plan, for that purpose, would be, to convert it, one evening, at least, into an *exposition costumée*, at which the chief exhibitors and others who assist, should appear in pastoral attire, with appropriate scenic and other accessories.

The idea of such a display may, to some minds, appear slightly extravagant; but it should be remembered that this festive season of the year is a warrant for a little extraordinary gaiety. "It is not often we are thus jocose," only at a fancy dress ball now and then: but what is reasonable at Buckingham Palace cannot be preposterous at King Street. And then, not only would hilarity be promoted, but trade would be encouraged by the execution of the scheme here advocated. Imagination easily realises the scene that would be presented.

The King Street Bazaar is enlarged, and by aid of SIR JOSEPH PAXTON and MR. STANFIELD is converted into an *Arcadia in Urbe*. The spectator wanders amid a pleasing variety of mossy banks, umbrageous trees, grottoes, waterfalls, and fountains, some of which play *Eau-de-Cologne*; particularly in the vicinity of the porcine department.

The illustrious and noble personages, and other gentlemen who are the chief prize-holders and contributors to the Exhibition, or are otherwise interested in agriculture, together with the ladies belonging to their families, attend, habited as shepherds and shepherdesses, either

in the old classical attire, or in the style of WATTEAU, or in a compromise between the garb of the original rural swain of antiquity and the modern agricultural gentleman. The diversions of the evening consist of a *conversazione*, varied by music and the rites of TERPSICHOE, which, as the assembly may be said to represent the country party, are principally celebrated in country dances.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT perhaps condescends to appear as MELIBŒUS, guardian of oxen: he has well earned that distinction. He engages in an eclogue with LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who, as TITYRUS, is meditating the affairs of the nation under the shade of a wide-spreading beech-tree. THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, COLONEL SIBTHORP, M. P., and MR. MECHI, compare notes as MENALCAS, DAMETAS, and PALEMON. PHYLLIS, AMARYLLIS, CHLOE, DAPHNE, and their sister nymphs, are impersonated by the Lady Patronesses of Almack's, and other ladies of quality. M. JULLIEN and his band are in attendance, and execute BEETHOVEN'S "Pastoral Symphony," in addition to their usual performances at the Nobility's balls. Now and then a gentle shepherd obliges the company with a solo on the flageolet, the pigs join in a grumphony, and Mr. Punch contributes to the general harmony with his Pandean pipes.

A reverend gentleman and classical scholar, as well as an eminent breeder, reads a Bucolic.

Punch translates the same for the benefit of the country gentlemen. The musical portion of the company join in HANDEL'S charming chorus,

"Oh, the pleasures of the plains!"

from *Acis and Galatea*: and, after that, sing the National Anthem: and then the plump-calved variegated domestics announce the carriages.

WHAT NEXT?

LOOKING at the present state of affairs in Europe, it seems that we are to put up with the government of anybody whose relation happens to have seized upon a crown at a previous period.

The government of the Continent devolves upon certain individuals as a family property. With the Governor's hat, they inherit the Governor's diadem.

There is the COUNT DE CHAMFORD, who claims through his grandfather; the ORLEANS Princes through their papa; LOUIS NAPOLEON through his uncle.

The Legitimists claim on the ground of their "family respectability," which, by-the-by, was recently appealed to in another Court—we mean the County Court at Liverpool—by MR. RAMSHAY.

LOUIS NAPOLEON claims, because his uncle was a man of abilities. But, as the grandson of a Corsican attorney, he ought to have known better, and to have been

aware that he can't succeed to the possession of what was only a "life-rent."

Now, what next?—If things are all to be managed like this, we have only one thing more to expect. Our friend HIGGLESTONE BRUCE, of the Scotch Greys, is a descendant of KING ROBERT BRUCE; and why don't he claim the crown of Scotland? O'NEILL, of the Outer Temple, represents the ancient royal family of Ireland; and why don't he issue a proclamation to his subjects in Erin? Yet, though both these illustrious names have, more than once, figured on a half-crown stamp, neither of them has yet been appended to a royal edict! Or, look at the case of PHILABEY STEWART, of Berkeley Chambers, whose blood is a pure royal tap. Twice has the Hanoverian dynasty sent him to their dungeon—the Bench—and yet, the poor fellow has never summoned the subjects of his ancestors to the rescue!

Surely, they manage these things better in France!

Nursery Rhymes for the Times.

THERE was a little Bart.,
And he took the little part
Of the man with the bullets of lead, lead, lead.
He wrote to the Times
In defence of the crimes,
Disgraceful to the heart and the Head, Head, Head.

HEAD'S TALES.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD has written a letter to the *Times* in justification of LOUIS NAPOLEON. SIR FRANCIS appears to be quite moved and affected at the idea of the danger the ex-President was placed in. The Head is clearly touched.



ACADEMIC COSTUME.

Dr. Bear. "PUT ON YOUR GOWN, SIR."

Undergraduate. "GOT IT ON, SIR." ••

OUR PARIS LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

SIR,

INSTANTLY on receiving your unmistakable hint that there was "going to be another shindy in Paris, and the sooner I was off the better," I was off. It pained me to think that a promised payment of rent, and a couple of bills which had fallen due, must be neglected; but such is ever the result of private interests, when nations plunge into broils and discord. How finely has some great poet remarked upon such matters, in words which, as your office library is at hand, I can't say that I remember.

I found all in confusion here—cannon roaring, musketry crackling, the French journalists under beds, and the correspondents of the English papers hopping about from barricade to barricade, taking notes in the thickest of the fire. The *Times* writer had three cabs killed under him, besides the inconvenience he sustained by the omnibus, in which he next ensconced himself, being upset to make the centre of a barricade. The architect refusing to let him out, he was somewhat annoyed by the fire of the artillery upon him, but managed to obtain much information. The *Daily News* gentleman was also a good deal jeopardised, by his going into the hottest part of the fire, and insisting that the conflict should not go on until he had taken down the names on each side, with notes of any family anecdotes of the combatants which might be interesting to the general reader. The correspondent of the *Chronicle* gave so much offence by forcing his way into the Elysée, and taking the plan of military operations out of the hands of the Generals, that he might make a copy of it, on tracing paper, for England, that he was furiously ordered out of France, and it was only by his threatening that he would have war declared by return of post, that he was allowed to make his copy quietly; and all the sentinels still fire at him whenever he goes out for a walk. Indeed, not one of the English writers possesses a single article of dress which is not riddled with balls, but they have not as yet had time to account for the fact of their not having themselves been shot through and through.

As for me, I went off at once to LOUIS NAPOLEON, whom I used to know in Leicester Square days, and, being anxious to send you a complete account of the military proceedings, I requested to be placed in communication with the Generals. LOUIS NAPOLEON recognised me instantly, and said, coldly, "An emissary of *Punch*, I think?" I would not at that moment cavil upon a word, and accepted the phrase. "Mais, certainement, your wishes shall be complied with," he continued, writing a few words on a piece of paper.

"In confidential communication," I said, "if your Highness pleases." "Have no fear," he replied, his nostrils quivering in their usual remarkable way when he is excited; "Monsieur's confidence is not a thing to be neglected. *Suivez cet homme.*"

I obeyed, and in the second ante-room I found eight officers of police. One of them invited me to accompany him down the *Escalier*, and, to my astonishment, the others closed around us. I hate ceremony, but said nothing. A carriage was at the door. I was handed in, and all the policemen got into or upon the vehicle, three inside, two on the box, and the others hanging behind. Those inside pulled up the shutters, and we were in darkness; but I distinctly heard the cocking of three pistols. Thenceforth I was silent—the journey was long—very long—but it ended. The carriage stopped. I was handed out. It was midnight, and I saw the stars glittering coldly above us. In another moment I was hurried through a grim iron doorway, and along passages, and through vaults. At length another door was opened, and I found myself in an apartment, where poor military men were playing at *bouillotte*. They laid down their cards, and rose to receive me.

"Monsieur wished to be placed in confidential communication with the Generals. M. LE PRESIDENT refuses no reasonable wish of his friend, *M. Punch*. The Generals are before Monsieur."

Sir, before me stood the stern CHANGARNIER, the stern CAVAIGNAC, the stern BEDEAU, and the stern LAMORICIERE. And behind me, as he spoke, banged the sterner Gate of the Fortress of Ham!

Sir, I am in the PRESIDENT's hands, and yours, and am also,

Hotel Ham.

YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. ••

FUNNY MARKET AND WITTY INTELLIGENCE.

THE pure ore of wit being five shillings per mille in the City, and one shilling at the West End, it follows that the precious metal alluded to is four times dearer at Guildhall than it is in Belgravia.

700 bags of coarse jokes were delivered during the week at our establishment by the Post-Office. No price was named, and the articles remain in bond; but there was afterwards a consignment of a better sort, which readily found a market.

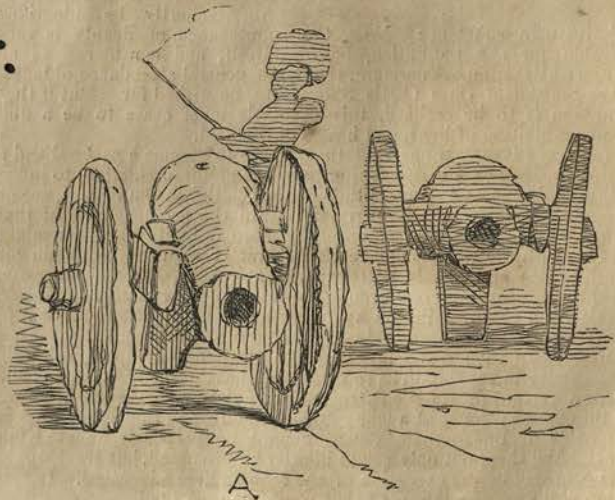
A gloomy feeling was created by the following:—

"Why is a hotel-keeper making a fire at the gable end of his house like a man drinking gin?—Because he's warming his in-n-side!"

A still further despondency ensued, when one of the oldest jokers in the trade offered to supply any quantity equal to the following, at an eighth lower than last week.

"Why is an errand-boy like an old horse put up to auction?—Because he'll go for what he'll fetch."

After this the jobbers gave up the whole affair as a bad job; 500 defaulters were declared. Settling day was adjourned *sine die*; the bears disappeared; and the Bulls—from Smithfield Market—speculating for a rise, threw up everything to a most unhealthy pitch—when our own reporter, flying as fast as he could, climbed to the top of a neighbouring pump "for safety and for success."



SKETCH OF THE PATENT STREET-SWEEPING MACHINES LATELY INTRODUCED AT PARIS.

Taken on the Spot (A, the Spot) by our own Artist.

(Who being naturally rather a nervous man, confesses that the peculiarity of his position certainly *did* make him feel a little shaky; and, looking at his sketch, we think our readers will not be disinclined to believe him.)



FRANCE 'IS TRANQUIL!!

THE FRENCH DICTATOR TO HIS ARMY,
IN PLAIN TERMS.



OUR contemporaries the newspapers sometimes, though seldom, translate French very badly. Strange to say, not one of them correctly rendered that very perspicuous document, the French Dictator's Address to his Army; which, done into honest English, runs simply thus:—

SOLDIERS!

The hour of triumph has at last arrived. For the accomplishment of my design, so long cherished, of overthrowing the Republic, and seizing on the reins of despotic power, I feel that I can count upon you.

You will not have forgotten the plain of Satory. Your palates yet tingle with the flavour of my sausages; your ideas still dance, en-

livened by my champagne. You will not cease to taste the sausages; the spirit of the champagne will not escape from your heads, till you have rendered me the service for which I stuffed you with the one, and drenched you with the other.

Soldiers! I turn you loose upon the people. Bayonet—shoot down—all who resist you. Fire at the windows of private houses; hesitate not to cannonade the dwellings of your fellow-citizens. Strike terror into the hearts of your countrymen; show yourselves more formidable to them than you ever were to the enemy. It is you who, for me, must awe into submission the people of France.

Do my work, soldiers, and you shall not miss your reward. You shall have more sausages, more champagne. Every fellow-citizen you shoot, a sausage; every brother-republican you run through the body, a bottle of champagne; small Germans and pints for the blouses; for the rest, saveloys and quarts. Cram me down the throat of the nation, and I will return the obligation with sausages and champagne. Forward—to never-ending glory—to perpetual lunch. Remember glory: remember champagne and sausages!!

No. II. EMPEROR.

WANTED A FOG.

It is lucky a good thick English November Fog did not fall upon Paris at the commencement of the present outbreak. The troops might have found it very different work than firing at the balconies, and windows, and *portes cocheres*, and the idlers in the streets; and even storming a barricade might have been attended with a different result, when a soldier couldn't have seen the distance of his musket before him. Who knows, whether the progress of the revolution, and the career of LOUIS NAPOLEON (and we do not think we should have gone into mourning if such an event had taken place), might have been suddenly cut short, as was too often the case with the French Telegraph, by the old familiar amusement of "*Interrompu par le Brouillard.*"

The Great Peace-maker.

THE quartern loaf—a hard truth for the Protectionists!—is the great peace-maker when, labelled *5d.*, and, it is said, in some parts of London, *4½d.* Very significant, that monetary notice! The *Advertiser* says—

"The average price of bread during the present winter will not exceed *5d.* for good family bread, and best *6d.* to *6½d.*, or at most *7d.* per loaf. There is an excellent stock of flour and wheat in the metropolis, both British and foreign."

Whilst the quartern loaf cries "*5d.*" it cries peace and content throughout the kingdom. That "*5d.*" is, in truth, the voice of the turtle heard in the land. With what a "merry Christmas" does the cheap loaf greet the poor!

FRENCH NEWS.—It is certainly a curious fact, and highly characteristic of the country, that the first important fact which the Submarine Telegraph had to transmit from France should have been a Revolution!

THE CONVENT BELLS OF CLAPHAM;
OR, SOLTAU v. DE HELD.

OH, MR. SOLTAU! what are you about,
Against the Saints an action to be bringing?
Mind DUNSTAN doesn't catch you by the snout,
Because you strove to stop DE HELD from ringing.
How he served one Old Gentleman you know;
Take care he doesn't also serve you so!

Know you what sort of fellows you provoke?
I scarcely can imagine that you do, man.
Why, Sir, they cross the sea upon a cloak,
And shine, like glow-worms in the dark (ask NEWMAN,
In case you won't believe my friendly rhyme)—
They're seen in several places at a time.

They've power, dear Sir, to knock you into fits,
To put you in a state of catalepsy;
To drive you wild, or take away your wits;
Plague you with colic, phthisic, gout, dyspepsy;
Cause you, in short, more ailments to endure
Than BABBAGE could compute, or physic cure.

Why, don't you know that when his head was off,
The good St. DENIS was observed to toddle,
Holding beneath his arm—although you scoff—
Holding, I say, beneath his arm, his noddle?
Nor how it rained like mad to please St. SWITHUN?
Peace, as the Saints' own town-folk say, be with 'un!

You would repent, if SWITHUN turned his spout
Upon your pleasure-grounds, and swamped your flowers.
Or DENIS were to make you walk about
Without your pate, soused by the other's showers,
That you had ventured to indiet the usance,
Of ringing in Saints' honour as a nuisance?

What, if the bells keep jingling all the day?
What, if you can't sleep, read, converse, or write?
If you don't like the noise, you needn't stay
At Park Lane, Clapham; but don't tempt the spite
Of Saints who—as St. Alban's case will settle—
So dearly love the music of bell-metal.

'Tis very true the law's relentless spell
Has hush'd the muffin-vendor's little tinkle;
Also, that the Redeptorists' big bell
To that, is as a lobster to a wrinkle:
But monks, exempt from every statute's compass,
Expect permission to create a rumpus.

Unless you'd have the Saints about your ears,
Those ears you still must suffer to be split;
Although a grievous hardship it appears,
To such a dire infliction to submit.
So—if your worthy neighbours in their cells
Wear caps—why leave them to their caps and bells!

TIGER SENSIBILITY.

LOUIS NAPOLEON visited the wounded soldiers at the hospital of the Gros Caillou. The wounded were in ecstasies to behold him! It is said, preparatory to shooting down peaceable citizens in the streets of Paris, and firing into drawing-rooms amidst women and children, every soldier received a five franc piece; the human machine fired with a silver bullet! And the President at the Hospital decorated the maimed. "All the men," says the *Advertiser* correspondent, "on receiving their crosses, kissed them till their eyes moistened." And, we further learn, "tears filled the eyes of the President." Creature of sensibility! If he can weep over the wounded, how shall he sorrow and howl over the dead?—Over the murdered of the families who had received their "crosses," after a different fashion, in the loss of father and husband, son and brother? How many has the President "decorated" with the "cross" of an agonized heart?

One of the Wrongheads.

SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD has to keep up a reputation for [the marvellous and eccentric. Therefore, the French President, reeking with civil glory, is an object of especial interest to the author of a *Bundle of French Sticks*—and—(it may be added in a second edition)—*Bayonets*. But LOUIS NAPOLEON has no need of a HEAD; what the Tiger-Monkey wanted is—HEART.

PUNCH'S MUSEUM OF EXTINCT RACES.



Mr. CATLIN, so celebrated for having made a book on all the Indian races, has proposed to collect a Museum, consisting of individuals of all the tribes that are now rapidly passing away; and he contemplates visiting all the principal cities of Europe and America with this Red-Menagerie. The idea is so good, that we rather think of adopting it, by forming a collection of all the numerous races that are on the eve of becoming extinct among our own countrymen.

Number one in the catalogue of our Museum will be the Protectionist, who may, perhaps, be seen "alive, Alive!" for a short time longer. The animal is getting every day more scarce; and it is only by walking up into our show at once, that the public will be "now in time" to witness this greatest wonder of the world, this freak of human nature, which is fast disappearing from the British soil. The creature has become so scarce, that it is no longer to be considered as the friend of man, but is wild, snappish, and spiteful. Nevertheless, it may be approached without danger, and may often be led by the nose with wonderful facility by those who understand its treatment.

Number two in our Museum will be an animal so rare that there is scarcely a specimen left, and that is the Stage Coachman. This harmless creature used formerly to scour the country from one end to the other, until it was driven out of its usual resorts by the iron hand of invention. The coachman was an important character when all the world was a stage, but has sunk into insignificance since all the world has been a railway. The animal used to be in some degree a beast of prey, preying on the pockets of travellers to a large extent; but it has gradually disappeared from the face of the country, and it would be impossible to say what has become of the lost genus. A votary of the Pythagorean doctrine would, perhaps, look for the lost stage coachman in the stalls of the Smithfield Cattle Show.

Number three in the catalogue of our Museum, will be the old Watchman; a sort of human sloth, whose constant repose was so little interrupted, that he could, in a state of somnambulism, cry the hour. Though inoffensive himself, he was the cause of offence in others; for his presence, instead of quelling a disturbance, always furnished a temptation for raising one. The only specimen of the tribe that still exists is to be seen in the private watchman, whose physical imbecility is usually enhanced by the feebleness of helpless inebriety. The night watchman was supposed to be unfriendly to the tribes of nocturnal depredators; but he was in fact the burglar's friend, for he always gave warning of his approach, by a melancholy cry, and by the illumination of a lantern he carried about with him, causing him to be seen at a distance, and preventing him from seeing others.

Number four in our Catalogue is the greatest curiosity of the whole, from the fact of the sudden disappearance of the tribe, which, until recently, was very numerous. The animal alluded to is an Irish Repealer—a member of a class that was more than plentiful two years ago; but, as some tribes recede towards the setting sun, this tribe has been rapidly disappearing before the rising sun of intelligence. The creature was extremely mischievous when the race was in full vigour; and we certainly should not think it worth while to preserve a specimen of such an inferior article, were it not for the curiosity which may hereafter attach to it.

Our Museum will include numerous other objects of rarity, and we shall add to it from time to time; one of the magnificent additions we contemplate—as shortly coming within the scope of our collection—being that rapidly disappearing animal, which is not only dying out, but getting violently exterminated nearly every day—a French Republican.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR.

MARVELLOUS is it to find of what things certain of the English Press will, at times, make pets and darlings! Wonderful is luck! A SAWNEY BEAN may have his apologists, as a human benefactor desirous to keep down over-population; as a LOUIS NAPOLEON has been eulogised for making dead bodies the steps to his loftier eminence. If it be true that the President aims to become Emperor, he has certainly prepared himself for the dignity. Already his robes drop purple!

A DOUBTFUL LEGATEE.

We observe advertised a book, reprinted from the edition of 1625, entitled "THE MOTHER'S LEGACIE to her UNBORNE CHILDE, by ELIZABETH JOCELINE." From this work of MISTRESS JOCELINE'S it would seem that in the good old times there was some ground for the good old caution—"Don't reckon your chickens before they are hatched."

HOW MUCH FOR THE IRISH ATLAS?

THE gentleman who bears the *World* upon his shoulders—as editor of the Irish journal so called—is reported by the papers to have given a piece of evidence, to which, probably, the world, in a general sense, affords no parallel. The following extract is taken from the case of "BIRCH v. SOMERVILLE":—

"MR. BREWSTER—Upon your oath, how much a year ought you to get for your services?"

"Witness (after some deliberation).—I think £5000 a year would not be too much (laughter)."

If one were LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, and could but buy the Irish ATLAS at the market price, and sell him at his own, how much would one gain?

The precise sum cannot, perhaps, be calculated with complete fractional accuracy; but there is little doubt that something over £4099 19s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. would be netted by the transaction.

THE WORST OF ALL STORMS.—Storming a barricade.

THE NEW NAPOLEON CODE.

THE following Code will be given by me to my loving country, and it is my fervent desire, that it may tend to the Honour and Glory of France.

IT IS DECREED—

- I.—That any person who looks out of window shall be immediately shot.
 II.—That any person who refuses to look out of window shall be suspected of high treason.
 III.—That any person who has blinds to his windows, or letter-boxes to his doors, or ventilators to his walls, or harbours a balcony in front of his house, shall be liable to have that house blown about his ears, without a moment's notice.
 IV.—That any person who has a poker or tongs, or shovel, in his possession, shall be deemed guilty, without trial, or benefit of court-martial, of concealing fire-arms, and condemned accordingly to be shot for not having surrendered them to the State.
 V.—That any person found smoking a cigar in the street, shall, for the first offence, be pronounced guilty of supplying the insurgents with fire, and carried instantly to the Champ de Mars, then and there to be shot.
 VI.—That any two, or more, or three persons discovered talking together, shall be tried for uttering sedition against the State, and condemned accordingly.
 VII.—That any person detected whistling, or coughing, or sneezing, or having, or pretending to have, a cold, in the street, shall be taken up, and imprisoned in Vincennes for life, for holding concerted signals with the insurgents with the view of inducing them to rise.
 VIII.—That any person who, upon coming before a portrait of LOUIS NAPOLEON, does not take off his hat, and shout *Vive l'Empereur!* shall run the risk of losing his head by the hand of the first soldier who witnesses the act of contempt.
 IX.—That any person who does not walk with his hands uplifted in the air, with the view of proving he carries no weapons about with him, shall be left to the mercy of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and, without fail, fustilled accordingly.
 X.—That any person who gives a party of *eau sucrée*, without the previous sanction of the Police, and sending to the properly constituted authorities a true list of the guests invited and things provided, shall do so at the risk of having himself and company carried off to Mazas, and imprisoned there, at least, for life.
 XI.—That any person who locks, or bars, or keeps his door shut at night, shall be pulled out of bed, and pronounced guilty of giving refuge to proscriptions and traitors against the State.
 XII.—That any person who sends, either through the Post, or by private hand, a letter or parcel with a wafer or a seal, shall be held responsible for the seditious act, and tried accordingly for holding secret correspondence, and circulating calumniating libels against the Head of the State.
 XIII.—That any man, woman, or child, who lives at Paris without the permission of the police, and finding two respectable sureties for his good behaviour, will be treated as a felon, who has no right to life, mercy, property, or anything, and, consequently, will meet with very little of either.
 XIV.—That any printer, who prints anything, even a hand-bill (offering a reward of 10 francs for the loss of a *perroquet*, or a dearly-beloved *caniche*), without first submitting a proof of such document to the police, shall have his printing-presses broken up, and his printing establishment razed to the ground.
 XV.—That any person going to the theatre without a *permis de police*, shall be suspected of sinister motives, and dealt with accordingly as the pleasure of the commanding officer directs.
 XVI.—That any person holding correspondence with, or sending a letter to, any foreign journal, is *ipso facto* amenable to any and all the penalties for high treason, and must not be astonished if he loses his head.
 XVII.—That any person holding, much less daring to express, an opinion unfavourable to the Emperor, will have to answer for the same with his life.
 XVIII.—That any dog found barking in the presence, or within the hearing, of the Emperor, will be looked upon as an enemy to the State, and shot accordingly.
 XIX.—That any baby found crying, under the same circumstances, will be treated, irrespective of sex, with the same inflexible rigour of the law.
 XX.—That all other offences, charges, and misdemeanours, not included in the above cases, shall be punished by Death.

(Signed) LOUIS NAPOLEON,
Empereur de tous les Français.

Given at the *Elysée*, this Second Day of December, (the Anniversary of one of my Uncle's Battles), 1851.

SMALL CODICIL TO THE ABOVE CODE.—The Emperor confides to the *élite* of his beloved Army the proper Execution (the Emperor can think of no fitter word) of the above Laws, which, he trusts, will tend to the Glory and Happiness of his dear France.

Vivent les Saucissons et le Champagne!

THE (BLOOMER) BARMAID.*

(Slightly altered from TENNYSON'S "Mermaid.")



HO would be
 A Barmaid fair,
 Serving alone,
 As a Bloomer rare,
 Men would flock to see,
 From gent to the earl,
 As I served my purl
 On my throne?

I would be that Barmaid
 fair;
 I would froth the stout
 the whole of the day,
 And the hottest glog, sold
 anywhere,
 Would I sell, and still
 would I sing and say,
 Who is it loves me? who
 loves not me?

On my velvet coat should my
 ringlets fall,
 Low adown—low adown,

From under my hat's—straw or beaver—crown,
 On my collar around;
 And the skirts of my coat should be trimmed with gold:
 I'd shine like a star,
 Midst the gazers round;
 Over the Bar,

In the midst of the Hall!!
 Till the biggest coal-heaver one could see
 Would make a full stop, in the midst of his drop,
 And would quake and quail in his huge fantail,
 In front of the Bar, where I shone like a star,
 With his muzzy eyes, for the love of me;
 And the fierce Policeman, A. No. 3,
 Would feel his great authority
 Sink in his boots, for the love of me!

But at night I would chatter away, away!
 I would fling on each side my curling hair,
 And lightly trip, like a Bloomer, gay,
 From the screws, and pipes, and pints of beer;
 And I'd throw such a glance, so sly and deep,
 That the soft young gents, with satin tie,
 And their wide-sleeved coats, and scraggy throats,
 All the live-long night should have no sleep,
 Till they poured forth their woes on pink-edged notes.
 For I'd not be kiss'd by all who list,
 Of the tipsy set, who came to see;
 They might sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
 In the front of the tubs marked X's three;
 But the licensed "wittler" should marry me—
 Woo me, and win me, and marry me.
 Then no more would I wear the trousers rare,
 Except such as 'twould be too hard to see,
 I mean a wife's authority;
 And my husband would yield, for the love of me.

Testimonials to Louis Napoleon.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S apologists say, that he knows his cue. Very likely. He is believed to have handled it often enough. *Punch* suggests the presentation to the Dictator of France, as a testimonial to him on having triumphed over the liberties of his country, of a handsome billiard-table, with balls of lead. A *rouge-et-noir* board might be added; the *rouge* suggesting the fluid which has been shed in the late *coup d'état*, and the *noir* expressing the character of that transaction.

"In the Name of Folly."

THE name of the French Minister of Finance (for the present) is FOULD. We are afraid, that before many weeks are over, not only the Minister of Finance, but the entire Ministry will find that it has been completely FOULD—"fooled to the top of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S bent." In fact, the FOOLED MINISTRY wouldn't be a bad name for it.

* Country readers may be unaware, that those intelligent men, the Publicans of London, have entirely put an end to the Bloomer fever, by making their Barmaids adopt the dress.



NARROW LANE NUISANCE.

Noisy Bricklayer. "TAKE THAT DONKEY BACK, CAN'T YOU?—I HOLLARED LONG AFORE I CAME NIGH THE LANE!"

Polite Costermonger. "I MAKES IT A RULE IN LIFE NEVER TO GO BACK; AND MY DONKEY FOLLERS MY HEXAMPLE."

THE ALBAN'S PIPPIN.

WE understand that the St. Alban's constituency are complaining of the busy meddlers who promoted an investigation of their electoral affairs. We advise our free and independent friends to say as little as possible about meddlers, as that word suggests a species of fruit which is anything but a complimentary emblem of their borough. The only difference between the thing signified and the symbol is, that the latter is good for something when it is rotten. Henceforth, perhaps, the medal will be dedicated to ST. ALBAN, under the title placed at the head of this paragraph.

To carry out the idea above started, the different varieties of the fruit might, according to the approved system of horticultural nomenclature, be styled the COPPOCK, the EDWARDS, the WAGGETT, &c.; of course, not omitting the JACOB BELL.

BED OF PEACE!

PEOPLE never know when they are well off—they always require the aid of some cunning man or other to point out the blessings which have escaped their own observation. Our lively neighbours over the water are not altogether exempt from this obtuseness, especially since they have been so occupied. Paris, however, is not without its *presens auxilium*. Its OEDIPUS is one M. P. CHRISTIAN, who appropriately enough makes his appearance, among other places, in the *Moniteur*. He heads his manifesto "CONFIANCE!" and, after a few other cheering assurances, informs us, "*Paris s'appuie sur cent mille baïonnettes françaises.*" So Paris is safely reclining on a couch of bayonets—Bed of peace! we suppose, though there's some crumpling. At this rate our old friend the Toad will probably discover that he has been labouring under a slight mistake, and that his position under the harrow is an enviable one, after all that has been said on the subject.

NEW MOTTO FOR LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Aut SIEGER, aut Nihil.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE "HOOKEY WALKER."

OUR ingenious contemporary, *Notes and Queries*, (the Editor of which must have a most inquiring mind; for he seems to inquire into the truth, meaning, use, and origin, of almost everything), has favoured us with the origin of the term "Hookey Walker," which is certainly very ingenious, but we doubt if it is exactly correct.

The true origin of the term is as follows:—"It is well known that MR. WALKER is the name of the gentleman, by whose influence and exertions, continued for many years, at the peril of his own health, the horrors of intramural burial were first brought before Parliament. When the Metropolitan Interments Bill was passed, the claims of MR. WALKER were naturally laid before the Government: but Government pretended to have no knowledge of him whatever, and indignantly exclaimed, "MR. WALKER?—HOOKEY WALKER." Hence the term has grown into popular use, and is generally adopted as an easy one, when a person wishes to shift off an obligation, or to pretend ignorance of any one who may have just claims upon him. It is a term frequently used, and the more's the pity, by Government officials towards scientific men, or from heroes deserving well of their country.

Abolition of Capital Punishment.

THE Government has come to a determination to abolish capital punishment. SMITH, the monster, who murdered an infant under the most revolting circumstances, is to be transported for life—not hanged. Of course, after such commutation of sentence towards such an offender, we shall hear no more of the gibbet. Who can be worthy of the halter, if SMITH's neck has escaped the noose? As we have ever advocated the abolition of the gallows, we are, of course, happy to learn that JACK KETCH will be duly indemnified for the loss of fees.

AS IT SHOULD BE.—We understand that MONS. JULLIEN's Monster Concerts were brought to a close with the singularly appropriate air of "Farewell to the Mountain."

NAPOLEON'S BOOK OF FATE.

A Prophecy by Mr. Punch.



S PUNCH is not exactly a prophet—he works by wit (as everybody knows), and not by witchcraft—he cannot say what positively will happen, with all the confidence of a clairvoyant. He can only predict what is likely to happen, and what will probably be the consequence if that which is likely to happen, happens. By the time these words appear in print, LOUIS NAPOLEON either will have been accepted as Dictator by the French people, or he won't. Whether he

will or not, *Punch* does not undertake to prophesy, because, though the measures which he has adopted to manage and control the election render it very probable that he will, yet justice sometimes overtakes a criminal sooner than people expect. If 85, Fleet Street, were an Insurance Office, *Punch* would not like to effect a policy for one week, on the life of a man with some 800 murders on his head. However, if MR. BONAPARTE gains his election, it is pretty certain what will then take place.

MR. BONAPARTE will get up a grand public ceremony. He will be assisted by the entire strength of that sanguinary *corps dramatique*, the army of Paris. He will cause a posse of ecclesiastics also to attend in their illuminated canonicals. In short, he will exhibit a regular theatrical spectacle, with the normal and customary array of "Guards, Officers, Soldiers, Priests, and Attendants," such as we see at *Astley's*, wherein GOMERSAL sustains the character of the hero; namely, that of MR. LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S uncle.

There will be a solemn procession, very likely, to some church, as MR. BONAPARTE has taken to patronise religion so much of late, since he has become truculent: a piece of policy which he may have learned while sojourning in England, at the theatre, of *Richard the Third*. MR. BONAPARTE will, perhaps, go down on his knees, and pray for the souls of the victims of December 3 and 4; the victims not of ambition, but of an unfortunate necessity. A scene of weeping will probably be acted likewise by this eminent tragedian; he will embrace some person, or something pertaining to somebody who has been assassinated by his troops; and shed certain tears over the object or individual, as the case may be. These crocodile's drops having been supposed to have washed away all the bloodshed of the late *coup d'état*, there will be a general outburst of blubbing, succeeded by a universal fit of enthusiasm, venting itself in cries of *Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!* A bishop will bless the whole ceremony, and the solemnities will conclude with a dance and a display of fireworks.

And then the revolution will begin over again; and there will be more misrule, more insurrections, more fighting, more slaughter, more public theatricals, crying, embracing, blessing, fireworks, and dances.

Every year there will be a mass, in commemoration of the victims of 1851, as for those of 1848 and 1830; and future years will give occasion for similar services, until, at length, every day in the whole twelvemonths will be the anniversary of the slain in some *émeute* or revolution.

All these things are written on the open page of the Book of Fate: and will inevitably come true, unless France turns over a new leaf.

Wonders will never cease.

THE following remarkable passage occurs in a letter in the *Morning Post*, on French affairs, signed J. RYDER BURTON:—

"Ever since the deplorable catastrophe of the decapitation of Louis XVI., the body politic of France has been marching about without a head."

This reads like a strong insinuation that the body politic of France was identical with LOUIS XVI., and that the decapitated monarch is still enacting the miracle of St. DENIS. Where was BURTON'S head when he penned the passage? to which we beg to call the attention of DR. NEWMAN and the fathers of the Orotory, as something rather more in their way than in ours.

FRENCH NUTS TO CRACK.

THE unjustifiable and unnecessary demolition of the houses on the Boulevards, by LOUIS NAPOLEON, which riddled all the windows, has furnished a collection of riddles, that all the ingenuity of the Parisians has in vain attempted to solve.

PROTECTION FOR LAWYERS.—MR. DUNUP'S BALANCE SHEET.

AN attempt has been recently made to show the value of Free Trade, by the publication of the Balance Sheet of MR. MECHE, a spirited farmer in the country, and an enterprising tradesman in town, whose blades of penknives and blades of grass are equally famous for their excellence. In order to show the fearful want of Protection to the stuff and horsehair interests of the Bar, MR. DUNUP has determined on giving to the public—has little else to give—his last year's Balance Sheet.

CREDITOR.	
A Pair of Scales, including a balance (not at his Banker's)	£0 5 0
A Coat, running to seed, intended for future sewing	0 2 6
Turnips (a bunch) for fattening Clerk	0 0 2
Stock on hand, and other Stock (mohair) on neck	0 1 6
A small thrashing machine (consisting of a cane)	0 0 1
Two Horses—one for clothes and another for towels	0 4 9
One Wagon (a mahogany, Dinner wagon)	0 15 0
Standing Tree (a boot-tree)	0 3 6
	£1 12 6

DEBTOR.

It would be hopeless to attempt to give, within the limited dimensions of our columns, anything like a detailed account of the *per contra* side of the affairs of MR. DUNUP. There is, however, one healthy symptom about his case; for it is clear the learned gentleman's credit was at one time good, or he would never have been able to show such a respectable amount of liability. In stating, however, that his gains this year have been NIL, and that his losses being also NIL—representing everything he had to lose—we allege sufficient to show, by MR. DUNUP'S case, the urgent necessity for a restoration of Protection to the British Barrister.



"Base Exception," (*loquitur*). "I'M SURE I DON'T CARE 'OW DIRTY 'IS BOOTS IS. IT'S QUITE A PLEASURE TO DO HANYTHINK FOR SUCH A NICE GENT AS MOUNSEER BONYPART."

Pantomimes and Politics.

PUNCH, on behalf of his friends, MESSRS. MERRYMAN, presents his compliments to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, and having understood that his lordship intends to enforce a rigid censorship this year on the pantomimes, in reference to allusions to foreign affairs, begs to inquire whether it will be considered as a personal affront to LOUIS NAPOLEON, if the *Clown* shall, this year, perform his customary and time-honoured feat of swallowing a string of sausages?

A BITTER CUP.

THE friends of LOUIS NAPOLEON pretend that he has acted with impartiality towards the soldiers and the people; for if he gave wine to the military, he did not fail to give the citizens a taste of the grape.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND LORD HARLEQUIN.



WE are delighted with the last evidence of the watchfulness of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. His wand of office is the wand of a magician; he has but to wave it, and with the motion hidden mischief, latent treason, reveals itself. Very properly was his Lordship made the guardian of public morals; or, rather of that section of public morality that visits the playhouses. It is not generally known that the LORD

CHAMBERLAIN licenses all the muslin petticoats of the opera dancers; and his Lordship, being on his native hills a kilted Scotchman, has, of course, an instinctive sense of what makes the longitudinal propriety of a petticoat. He measures the muslin with his wand of office as rigidly as a linen-draper measures web by statute yard. This is very proper; hence Her Majesty's Theatre—the ballet being on—is the somewhat abode of all the proprieties. Prudery herself may be seen in stall or private-box, with an instructed Quakeress dotting the pit.

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN has, moreover, doubled his moral value as a conservator of public decency. His watchful spirit is ever manifested in the delicacy of the text of every new and every translated drama. Hence, the parable of the Prodigal Son is presented to us as—according to play-bill English—"a shrieking" burlesque, and Mr. SILSBEE—an excellent actor, if he were not too much encumbered by refinement; a little weighted by an over-sense of delicacy of gesture and expression—and Yankee SILSBEE permitted to invoke "Moses in the bulrushes" as a familiar acquaintance. Yes; the moral value of a Licensor of Plays is evident to the lowest capacity that pays its sixpence at the gallery.

However, heretofore pantomimes were not licensed by the CHAMBERLAIN; that is, no more than the fairy opening of the revel: for when *Harlequin* and *Cloven* started, they were tacitly sanctioned as chartered satirists. Tricks and transformations went free, and our easy, jocund CHAMBERLAIN took no heed of them. But it is very different now. BREADALBANE, like any weasel on the Grampian Hills—supposing that any one weasel can get a living there—BREADALBANE is awake. Yes; the CHAMBERLAIN goes through the pantomime; insists upon having every trick and change laid before his official eye, that he may duly consider whether there may not be some disaffected epigram hidden in the matter—and a Scotchman is sensitive to an epigram as to a thistle—some rebellious joke, potent on pit and gallery. But here is the official command, as issued from the CHAMBERLAIN'S Office:—

"Lord Chamberlain's Office.

"Sir,—I am directed by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to inform you, that in consequence of complaints having been made to him respecting the introduction of certain characters or allusions into various scenic representations, to which no reference is made in the manuscripts submitted for examination, his Lordship directs that in future all such additions, whether scenic or pantomimic, shall be noted in full on the manuscript as stage directions.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, N. H. MACDONALD, To _____, Manager of the _____.

It appears that last season MARSHAL HAYNAU was made the butt—the brewer's butt—of the pantomimists, and Austria talked of withdrawing her ambassador. With impunity, managers become more audacious; and we have before us—we shall not say how obtained, or from what theatre it emanated—the MS. of a Pantomime sent to be licensed by the Chamberlain, with the withering and indignant remarks of the censor BREADALBANE on the presumptuous production. The Pantomime was audaciously called—"Harlequin Property-Tax."

"I consider this title"—writes the Noble Official—"of a seditious tendency. The Property-Tax, I am assured of the fact, is to be considered an everlasting institution of the country. Change title for *The Satisfactory Sevenpence!*" BREADALBANE."

"SCENE I.—Street in Lambeth. Bull in a China Shop. Enter a little gentleman, dressed as a bull-fighter; he flourishes a paper knife—throws fireworks at the bull, that fizz, but won't burn; bull turns round, when little gentleman leaps through a door, which changes to door of house in Downing Street; large brass-plate, name RUSSELL.



"This scene must be cut out—out—out. It is very offensive; there can, I think, be no doubt of the parties intended. It must be DOCTOR WISEMAN and the Prime Minister! Or the scene may be changed, with a strict regard to truth, as thus—make the Bull a real English prize Bull, with DOCTOR WISEMAN on his back, reining the beast with scarlet reins passed through ring in his nose. B—"



"SCENE II.—Bond Street: Office for Protection of British Produce. Curly-headed Juggler from Bucks enters: lays down square of carpet; makes a speech—points to office; and declares that every Englishman must starve, absolutely famish, unless he can fill his belly by jumping down his own throat. If the gentlemen present will make up a trifle, he will show them how it may be done. Enter another juggler, in a robe, with a coronet, with which he goes round to collect the halfpence."



"There can be no doubt of the tendency of this scene. The Hon. Member for Bucks, with a Noble Duke, is pointed at. The scene must be omitted; unless any juggler can be obtained who will really and truly jump down his own throat: the thing may then stand with this deserved compliment to the powers of MR. DISRAELI. B—"

"SCENE III.—Exterior of the Crystal Palace. Enter Orson, the Wild Man of the Woods: he begins to lay about him with his club; when Harlequin appearing, the club rebounds from the glass as from adamant. Wild Man in the Woods flung on his back, foaming and raging."



"I must protest against the personality of this scene. In the Wild Man of the Woods, the vulgar and malignant might recognise a resemblance to LORD SEYMOUR (although the noble Lord is much more like a shepherd of Arcady; he is so gentle, and, withal, so courteous!) The scene must be suppressed, unless the Wild Man of the Woods is allowed to have his noble way, smashing the palace right and left, and then, to show at once his hardihood and triumph, dancing a hornpipe among the pieces. B—"

"I have further to object,"—writes the LORD CHAMBERLAIN—"to many of what are called tricks, as containing in them innuendoes dangerous to the Government. Why, for instance, should the CHAMBERLAIN'S wand be turned into a snake, and made to eat up Gold Stick and Silver Stick? Besides the profane impropriety of the allusion, I can only see in that trick a low and radical advocacy of retrenchment. B—"

"Again, wherefore should the noble Master of the Buckhounds be turned into a Windsor stag, to be hunted and worried by CORBEN, BRIGHT, and HUME, as Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart? This is an invidious blow at the post and salary of my distinguished friend. Must be omitted. B—"

"And the Maids-of-Honour! Are not they even sacred against the levelling spirit of Retrenchment? If not, why should they (in the Richmond scene) be turned into Maids-of-Honour cakes, and so be eaten up by SIR WHAT'S-HIS-NAME WALMSLEY? Cut it out. B—"

"That the Guards' mess should be changed into a Quakers' Meeting, is an insult to that gallant corps not to be endured. B—"

"I must also protest against the incident in which COL. S—r—f, in order to obtain a pure supply of water for the Metropolis, is about to set the Thames on fire. I believe such an insinuation to be wholly undeserved by that individual as a member of society, and altogether unworthy of him as an officer and a gentleman. B—"

"The last scene, I perceive, ends in the Garden of Hesperides, with a Shower of Fire. You will be pleased to change the scene to Downing Street, with all the Ministers upon marble pedestals; Peace and Plenty, with garlands, dancing round them; JOHN BULL, in grateful attitude; the whole saturated in a shower of sovereigns. BREADALBANE."

Parisian Fashions for December 1851.

At the beginning of the present month the favourite colour was a shot, which was met with almost everywhere in the promenades on the Boulevards. Steel has been almost universal in Paris, and a great deal of it has been seen in points by way of trimming to the jacket.

The material most in réputation has been Muzzlin', which has been much worn by members of the Assembly and the writers for the newspapers.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S PYRAMID.—"Soldiers, forty centuries of Champagne bottles are looking down upon you!"

BUT TOO TRUE.—LOUIS NAPOLEON has stopped the *Siccle*.



TAKING A LEAF OUT OF THE FRENCH BOOK.
THE LICENSER OF PLAYS INTERFERING WITH THE PANTOMIMES.

MRS. BAKER'S PET.

AN INTERVAL OF A WEEK OF CONTINUED ANNOYANCE, ARISING MORE OR LESS REMOTELY FROM THE PET, BETWEEN THIS SCENE AND THE LAST.

SCENE 4.—The BAKERS have hired a Page. The Pet breaks out in "ticks," and means are taken to remove them.

MR. and MRS. BAKER are discovered seated at breakfast, which has now become a joyless meal, from the grievances which the Pet has established in the family, and which are invariably paraded at breakfast time.

Mr. Baker. By the way, MRS. BAKER, do you know, I think I noticed a flea last night.

Mrs. Baker. Oh, stuff! MR. BAKER. You are always fancying something or other.

Mr. Baker (aggravatingly). I don't fancy them, I can assure you, MRS. BAKER. You know how anything of the kind annoys me. There certainly was a flea—if not several—last night, MRS. BAKER. Indeed, I may say I didn't sleep a wink, in consequence.

Mrs. Baker (in the same pointedly offensive tone). You may say so, MR. BAKER, of course. But I hope you don't insist on my believing it. I'm sure you snored to that degree, the noise quite prevented me from sleeping.

Mr. Baker (pertinaciously). You are well aware I never do snore, MRS. BAKER. But of the existence of one, if not more fleas, in the house, I'm positive; so we may as well drop the subject.

Mrs. Baker (bitterly). Certainly. I'm sure it was not I introduced it, MR. BAKER. I'm sure I should never have imagined anything so absurd as fleas in the house.

Mr. Baker. There, MRS. BAKER! You won't drop the subject, you see.

Mrs. Baker. Because you know perfectly well there never has been such a thing in any house we have ever been in.

Mr. Baker (eagerly planting his hit at SCAMP). No, MRS. BAKER; I'm quite aware of that. But there never has been such a thing as a dog in any house we have been in, neither.

Mrs. Baker. Oh! of course it's the dog, as usual! (With intention). I suppose, next, it will be that poor dog that brings the smell of cigars into the house at night.

Mr. Baker (with peculiar irritation). Yes, you'd better blame me next, because those puppies of clerks on the outside of the omnibus, will smoke all the way from the Bank here; as if you didn't know that there's nothing I hate in the world so much as the smell of tobacco.

Mrs. Baker. Well, I'm sure I don't wish for any more words on the subject; but you seem to take a pleasure in making words about everything whatever, now. I'll tell SPRIGGLES to look for the flea to-day.

Mr. Baker (in whom the name of SPRIGGLES appears to wake painful

associations). Ah! there's that boy, too—that page, that I was fool enough to let you talk me into hiring—a lazy young vagabond!

Mrs. Baker (rising with dignity). Before you use language like that, MR. BAKER, you might remember that I am in the room—

Mr. Baker (rising fiercely). Oh, pray don't trouble yourself to go, Ma'am—I'm going. I'm glad to say, there's the omnibus.

Mrs. Baker. Make me feel that your home is distasteful to you, MR. BAKER—by all means. [Manifests intention of crying.]

Mr. Baker (rushing out). Ah! you'd better accuse me of making it so, next.

[Exit. He is seen to climb the omnibus with the air of one who escapes from a disagreeable situation.]

Mrs. Baker (looking out after the omnibus). I'm sure I can't think what has come over BAKER. He used to be so easy and good-natured, and now he's as snappish, and disagreeable, and peevish, and unpleasant in every way.—(A scratching is heard at the door, and a whine.) Ah! there's SCAMP. (MRS. BAKER opens the door. SCAMP, who is now excluded from meals by MR. BAKER's positive orders—obeyed after a domestic storm, which all but utterly shattered the fabric of the BAKERS' married happiness—rushes in, and testifies his delight at the sight of his mistress, who reciprocates the pleasure). Poor SCAMP! poor fellow!

Was it glad to see its mistress, then?—down, there's a good dog! It mustn't dirty its mistress's gown so; down, then! Fleas!—I'm sure he no more has fleas than MR. BAKER has himself—and he's particular enough, I'm sure. Did its master say that it had fleas? poor dog! but it hadn't—had it, then? (She feels that SCAMP is dearer than ever, under this unmerited accusation). However, SPRIGGLES may as well look. (She rings the bell.) MR. BAKER can't abide him, either; though I'm sure he waits very well at table, and is a great convenience in every way—and understands dogs so well.

Enter SPRIGGLES (the BAKERS' recently-hired Page).

[JAMES SPRIGGLES is the son of a livery-stable helper; was bred in a Mews, and educated as a Tiger, till too big for a cab-driver; has every variety of sporting turn, including several very crooked ones. He professes to understand dogs, and was hired by MRS. BAKER principally on the strength of an instinctive attachment manifested towards him by SCAMP. He is a lad of fifteen, with a precociously wicked face, short hair; and an accurate observer may detect the Tiger's skin under the Page's buttons.]

Mrs. Baker. Oh, SPRIGGLES! your master thought there was a flea last night. I wish you'd look when the servants go to make the beds.

Springles (respectfully). Yes, 'm.

Mrs. Baker. Your master says it's the dog, of course.

Springles. Yes, 'm; in course, they will catch 'em this time o' year.

Mrs. Baker. Why, do you mean that SCAMP has fleas, SPRIGGLES?

Springles. Leastways ticks, 'm—fleas they ain't. But he's got a jolly lot of ticks. I see him a-scratchin' hisself dreadful.

Mrs. Baker (alarmed). Good gracious! SPRIGGLES.

Springles. Look here! 'm.

[Catches SCAMP, who is nuzzling affectionately about SPRIGGLES'S legs, and dexterously dividing the hair on his back, shows to the afflicted MRS. BAKER, that SCAMP has an allowance of ticks that would do credit to an Oxford Freshman at the end of his third term.]

Mrs. Baker (in agony). Oh! I declare there are quantities of them.

Springles (cracking one). Yes, there's a jolly lot—wappers, too!

Mrs. Baker (anxiously). What is to be done, SPRIGGLES?

Springles. Well, 'm, there's different ways. There's turpentine, 'm, rubbed in with a bit of flanning; or there's white arsenic, wich they says it's dangerous is arsenic, and gets into the bones and kills 'em.

Mrs. Baker (eagerly). Oh! we won't try that, SPRIGGLES.

Springles. But our guv'nor he always used bakker-water—two ounces of bakker to a quart o' water, 'ot, and let it stand; and wash 'em twice well over, and don't wash it orf till about an hour arter—that's wot we always used at the guv'nor's, and that always settled 'em, I know, 'm.

Mrs. Baker. Oh! well—you're sure you can make it, SPRIGGLES?

Springles. Oh yes, 'm.

Mrs. Baker. And you know where to get the right sort of tobacco?

Springles (grinning involuntarily). Well, 'm, I rather think so.

Mrs. Baker. Then, if you will, SPRIGGLES—and have it done to-day.

Springles. Yes, 'm; I've got to go to the Liberty, 'm; and I've the knives and things, and the 'ouse, 'm; but then I will—

Mrs. Baker. Do, SPRIGGLES. I'm sure I hadn't the least idea the poor thing had fleas. [Exit SPRIGGLES.]—(With deep compassion.) Poor SCAMP! poor dog! Had it nasty fleas, then?

[A lapse of several hours, during which MASTER SPRIGGLES has been employed more or less actively in his various avocations. His visit to the Liberty, in particular, has taken him a long time, as he prefers a circuitous route, which takes him a mile out of his road, but enables him to gratify his filial feelings by a call at the paternal Mews, where there are generally rat-hunts, badger-baits, or other interesting exhibitions in Natural History, going on. His visit to the Tobacconist has also occupied some time, as he has taken the opportunity of trying several varieties of tobacco, no doubt to find out which is fittest for SCAMP'S purification.]

MRS. BAKER rings. Enter MARY.

Mrs. Baker. Has that boy come back with that tobacco yet, MARY?

Mary. Yes, 'm; he's a makin' on it, 'm.

[At this moment olfactory evidence of the fact is afforded, by an overpowering scent of tobacco-water that comes through the open door.

Enter SCAMP, bounding along before JAMES SPRIGGLES, who bears with much solemnity a large bowl of tobacco-water, the scent of which nearly overpowers Mrs. BAKER.

Mrs. Baker. Good gracious me! how very strong it is!

Spriggles. It ain't no use if it ain't stiffish, 'm.

Mrs. Baker. But how ever are we to hold him? I suppose he won't like it?

Spriggles. 'Aes it like pison, 'm. I'll 'old him, 'm, if you'll rub it in, and MARY can 'old the bowl.

Mrs. Baker. Very well; but it really almost makes me sick.



[The operation begins. SCAMP is caught and secured by SPRIGGLES, while Mrs. BAKER begins to wash him with the powerful detergent, and MARY assists. The reader is requested to imagine the odour which pervades the house.

Mr. Baker (in the passage). Eh!—well, I have brought a strong smell in with me from those nasty fellows' cigars. It seems stronger in the house, too.

[Enters the parlor.

Mrs. Baker (starting up). Oh, it's Mr. BAKER!

Mr. Baker. Good gracious! what's this horrid smell?

Mrs. Baker. Oh, it's only a little tobacco-water, my dear. You were quite right; SCAMP had a few fleas, and we're killing 'em.

[MR. BAKER glares wildly for a moment—is about to speak—checks himself, and rushes out of the house. SCAMP howls for pity. MRS. BAKER, SPRIGGLES, and MARY gaze upon each other with a guilty sense that this is rather too strong.

Oh, Name Him Not!

VARIOUS titles have been given to LOUIS NAPOLEON, and some people have called him all manner of names. By some he is termed the Prince President; by others, the Dictator; but perhaps the best title to give him, in allusion to the game he has been playing, would be that of Unlimited Loo.

REVIEW OF "A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS."—Very good fuel.

A BIT OF REAL ACTING.

READER—in these days of bald burlesque and fast farce—do you enjoy a bit of genuine acting? A touch of art, that is not dealt with a rolling-pin—a point, not made by the elbow of one actor in the stomach of his brother wag? You do? Then go and see CHARLES MATHEWS in *Mr. Affable Hawk*. It is the triumph of effrontery: the alchemy of impudence, turning brass to gold. *Hawk* has the cool purpose, the subtlety of self-assured genius. The swindler is enlarged into a great moral presence. His sophistry makes his black quite as candid as his neighbour's white. The heart-strings of his victims—scamps like himself—are their purse-strings; and with fingers so light, they would not brush the meal from wing of butterfly, *Hawk* twitches and draws them. You almost pity his creditors—rascals though they be—they are such babes and sucklings in the presence of the irresistible borrower. He would, beguiling the snake, coax a rabbit from the folds of a boa. A creditor enters, a coarse abusive rascal. *Hawk* presents to him that serene face, that ample brow brazen as a door-plate; and, at a word, the brute is the most obsequious of lenders. Another whining creditor appeals to *Hawk's* compassion; and, dropping upon the hypocrite with the softest swoop, *Hawk's* bill is again among his feathers. Nothing is safe from *Mr. Affable Hawk*, impressed by the genius and fine art of the actor. The goose that had already laid her one daily golden egg, beguiled by *Affable*, could not have refused to retreat to her nest and lay him a second.

A BATCH OF INSULTS.

Nobody does know, nobody can know, and nobody ever will know, what we are obliged to suffer from the hands of a set of persons who are always stabbing us in the dark through our letter-box. For example: we have been asked, at this festive season of the year—and we confess it has "a little dashed our spirits" to have the question put to us—"What is the antithesis to good natured?—Good art-ed."

We had scarcely recovered from the shock offered to our feelings by the above outrage, when we were laid prostrate by the following:—

"Why are persons born blind unfit to be carpenters?—Because they never saw."

We do not know what we have done to deserve all this; but we lay it before the public, that it may be seen what we have to endure in the service of our country.

Solo for a Civic Festival.

Flow on, thou tidal River!
But ere thou reach the sea,
Turn back to Town, and give her
Back all she casts in thee.

Along thine oozy borders,
Corrupt and taint her blood,
Diffusing dire disorders
From foul malarious mud!

Louis Napoleon's new Legion.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, following, after a fashion, in the steps of his uncle, has instituted a Legion of Dishonour. This is the regiment which so gallantly fired at the windows of unarmed citizens. As yet, however, this new order of chivalry is unprovided with a cordon, as there is only one that would be suitable to it; and they manage these things differently in France, where the reward of wilful and deliberate murder is not a balter.

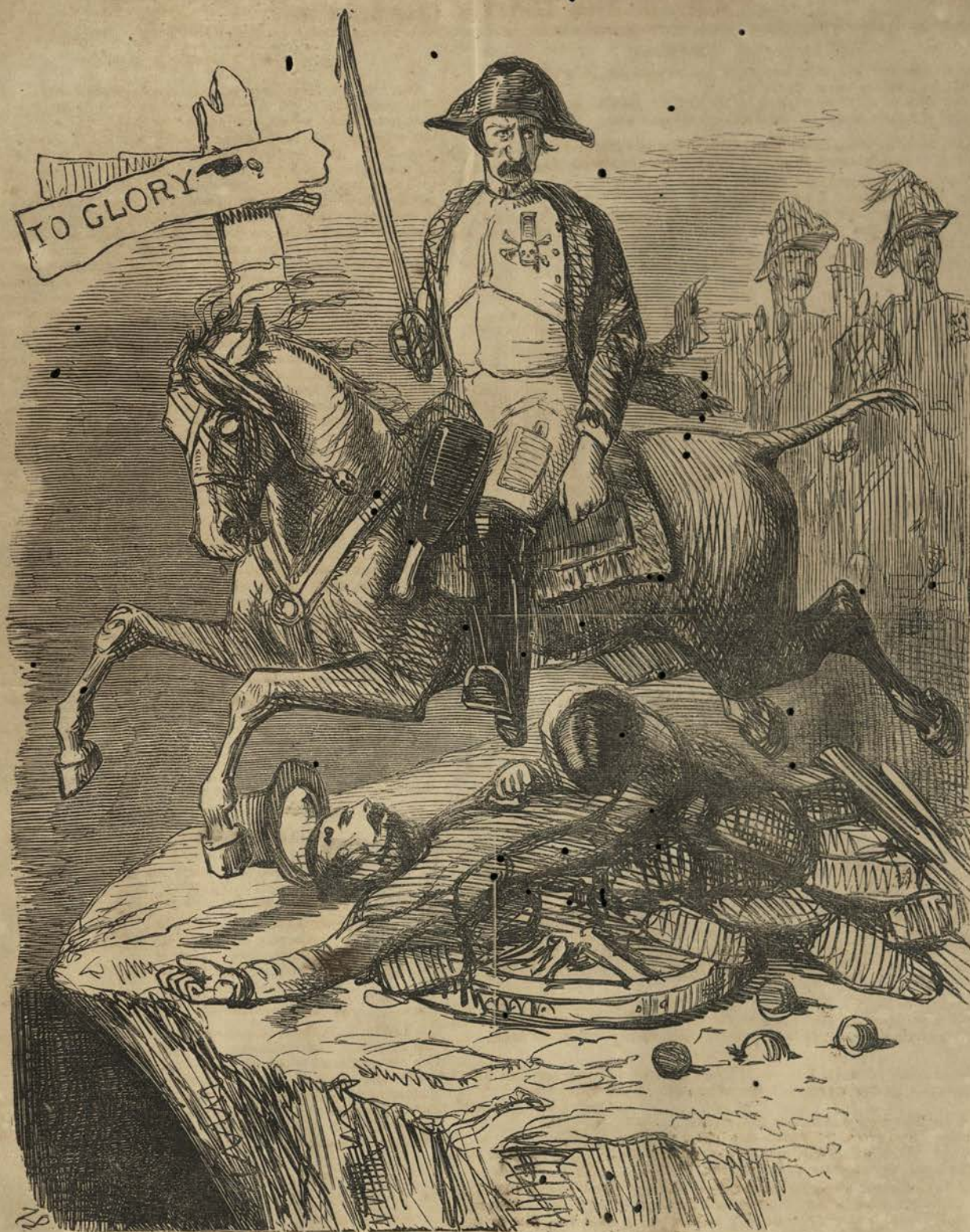
The Light of all Nations.

FRANCE is like the Sun. Her brilliancy is Glory. She resembles the Sun, because she is the centre of the European system. All the States of the Continent move around her, as planets round the solar luminary.

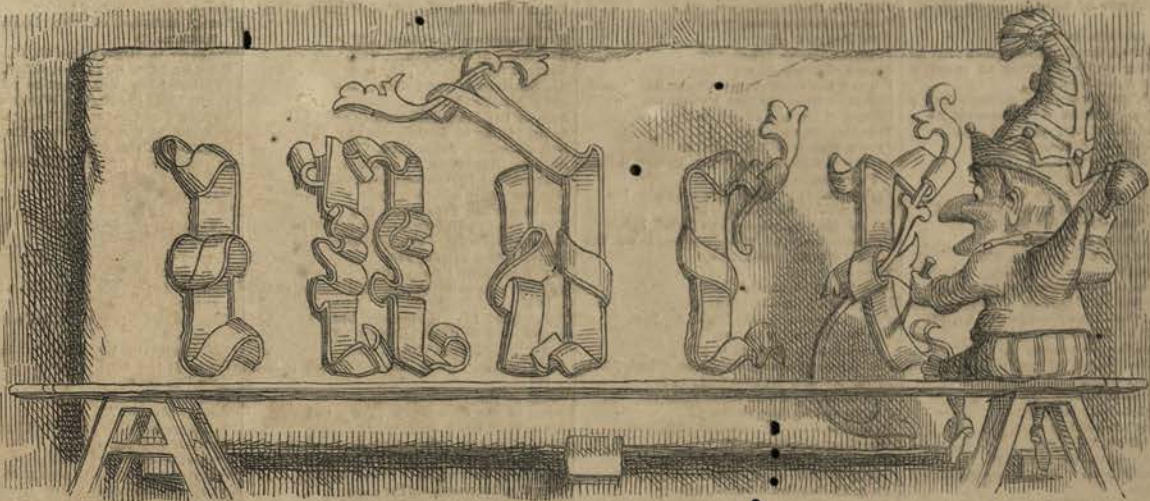
In the mean time France, fixed in her splendid position, yet rotating on her own axis, exists in a continual state of revolution, without ever getting on.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT'S DRILL.

So completely is France a military nation, that bodies of its private citizens even, have been drilled by LOUIS NAPOLEON—with bullets.

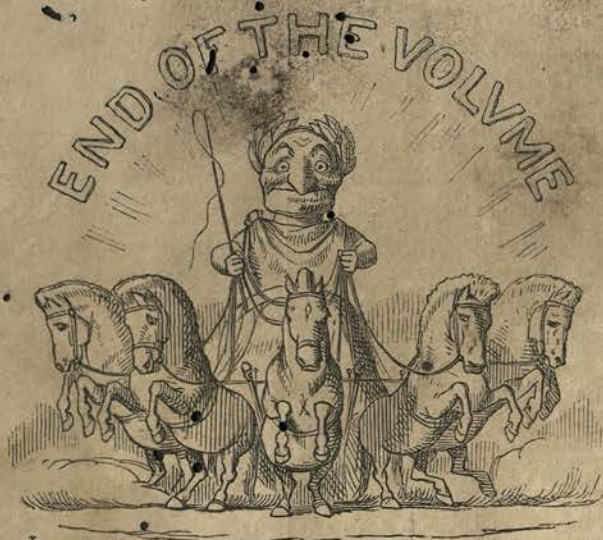


A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK;
Or, the Brummagem Bonaparte out for a Ride.



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