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1856.



LONDON:
BEADSBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEPRIARS.



MR. PUNCH presents this, his THIRTIETH VOLUME, as a Peace-offering to the Nations. The Book is to be received as printed upon palm-leaves; carrying words of wisdom smooth as oil, wholesome as corn, and strong as wine.

MR. PUNCH has to acknowledge the courtesy of the EARL OF CLARENDON. That urbane and sagacious nobleman, with an alacrity charming to contemplate in the statesman nature, has charged himself with the pleasant (and henceforth historical) duty of forwarding to all English Ambassadors a special copy of this, MR. PUNCH'S, THIRTIETH VOLUME; to be by them duly presented to the Emperors, Kings, and Potentates upon whose Courts they cast the radiance of their delegated wisdom. The Ambassadors aforesaid are, moreover, charged to read the whole of the contents of the offered Book, from the first page to the last, to the imperial, royal, or otherwise governing individual; and further, to dwell upon the manifold beauties and significances dwelling in the abounding illustrations, like tints and odours in flowers, and pearls in shells,—to the end and purpose that the governing mind, haply to its own astonishment, may become uplifted and harmonised to the highest labours and the noblest utterances. MR. PUNCH has calculated that, two hours a day will, in a month, suffice to pour out the contents of the Volume into even the smallest and densest crowned head hitherto visible to the naked eye of the subject. In one month, if the HON. W. TEMPLE does true reader's duty, the KING OF NAPLES will be so improved, that the dearest of his Jazzaroni will not know him. Incontinently, a bomb-shell will have been mollified into a melon!

The EMPEROR ALEXANDER, seated under his own fir-tree, will give attentive ear to the written sayings of PUNCH; and bending his contemplative eye-balls on the sermons, graphic in wood, will become pacific as a stock-dove; to the end that he may ever after live well and die happy.

To the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, for the earliest reading of her son and France's present heir, MR. PUNCH sends a choice copy. If the good and beautiful Empress and Mother will only teach baby his letters from

the pages of MR. PUNCH; if she will but condescend to unfold his rose-bud mind, by awakening in the infant brain emotions of wonder, delight and merriment "from the pictures,"—future France may recognise a benefactress in EUGÉNIE, and something better than a PÉPIN in her little boy.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE will only too readily undertake the reading of PUNCH to the Sultan. His Lordship, it is said, is not a very punctual letter-writer; but he reads unflinchingly, sonorously as a Muezzin calls from the minaret. (*Note.* MR. PUNCH has to inform the Sultan, that he waives his right of translation into Turkish.)

SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR may, or may not, as he thinks best, read MR. PUNCH'S Volume to FRANCIS-JOSEPH. It is, however, to be feared that for the present the young man's ears are so full of lamb's-wool shorn by the nuns of ST. AGNES, and dyed a Roman scarlet from the Kalendar, that not even PUNCH can search LORD ABERDEEN'S "hope," and other men's hopelessness, of Austria.

Of course, a Volume has been specially bound for VICTOR-EMMANUEL, who will be pleased to receive with the Copy, MR. PUNCH'S distinguished consideration.

A Copy will remain with the EARL OF CLARENDON to be despatched by him with the new British Ambassador to the United States; always supposing that throughout Great Britain may be discovered that favoured individual in whose mind shall centre all that moral excellence, that intellectual delicacy, so rigorously demanded by the high standard set forth and exemplified by JONATHAN himself. It is to be hoped that our Ambassador will not have to read his PUNCH to MR. PIERCE; for MR. PUNCH would as soon endeavour to transform hickory into cinnamon, or talk JIM CROW into JOHN SWAN, as hope to move PIERCE a P from PIERCE. No: the President for the time being defies the influence of all humane letters. In the ferocity of his patriotism, PIERCE would grin the very bark off the Tree of Knowledge.

In a little month from the delivery of his Volumes, MR. PUNCH has a lively belief that the world will feel the benignant influence of his teaching through its civilised and regenerated rulers. In the meantime, the Briton will be pleased to feel duly proud with the conviction of the fact, that MR. PUNCH as the Schoolmaster, is Abroad, and that even crowned heads are made to listen to him. Every crowned head, too, like every medal, has its reverse. If MR. PUNCH can twine the bay, can he not also bind the birch?



PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1856.

THE CALENDAR

January xxxi Days.

Table listing days of the month with names and dates for January.

February xxix Days.

Table listing days of the month with names and dates for February.

March xxxi Days.

Table listing days of the month with names and dates for March.

April xxx Days.

Table listing days of the month with names and dates for April.

May xxxi Days.

Table listing days of the month with names and dates for May.

June xxx Days.

Table listing days of the month with names and dates for June.

July xxxi Days.

Table listing days of the month with names and dates for July.

August xxxi Days.

Table listing days of the month with names and dates for August.

September xxx Days.

Table listing days of the month with names and dates for September.

October xxxi Days.

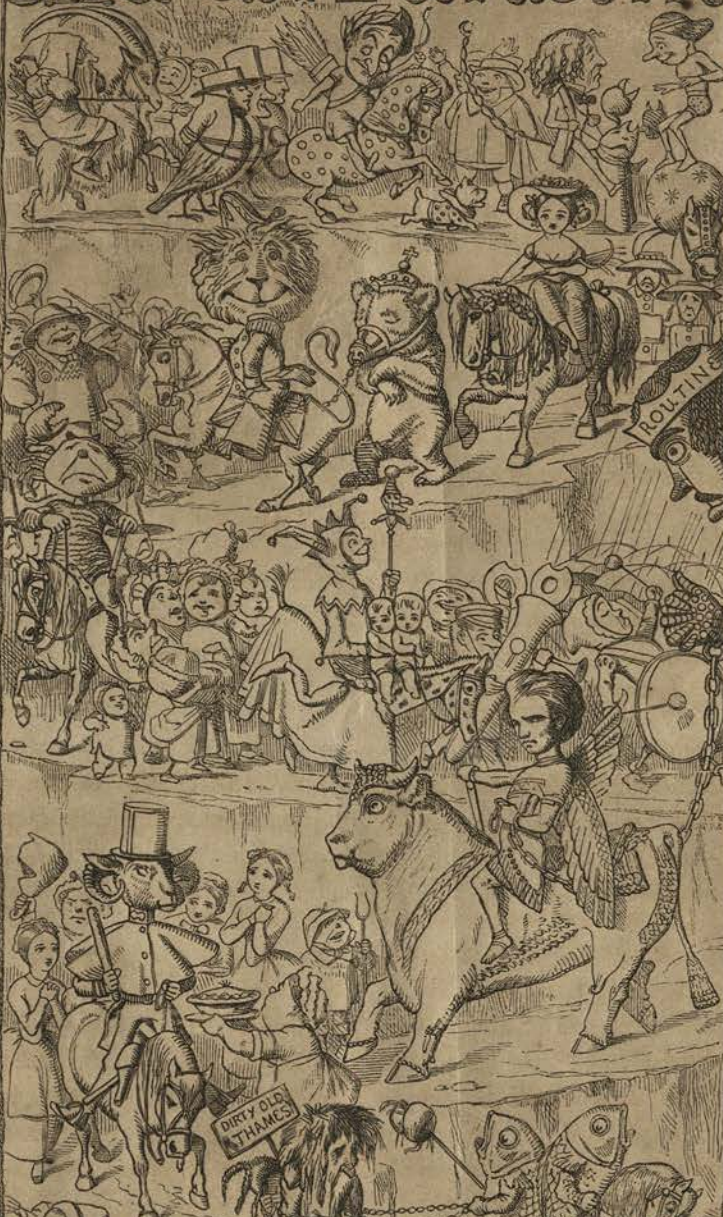
Table listing days of the month with names and dates for October.

November xxx Days.

Table listing days of the month with names and dates for November.

December xxxi Days.

Table listing days of the month with names and dates for December.



FACTS FOR JANUARY.

NATURAL HISTORY.

On the ninth of January 1844, a young English traveller in America had taken his gun and strayed into the backwoods in quest of sport. After some hours of wandering, he came upon a beaver pond, and beheld the sagacious animals that had reared the dam, swimming in all directions. He prepared to fire, but they instantly dived, and eluded his aim. The largest beaver lingered last, and stroking his own glossy skin with his ample tail, slyly remarked, as he sank, "How's your Hatter?"

15th. Furze blossoms open for the season.

Several birds issue in this month their first notes. The Wren's first note is due on the 5th, and the Marsh Titmouse is guilty of uttering on the 16th.

In the time of QUEEN ANNE a mad ass was baited on New Year's Day, in the presence of a number of insane donkeys.

MORAL FOR JANUARY.

Saxon or Welshman, Scot or Celt,
Name, by right name, this month so merry.

Pronounce it just as it is spelt,
And never call it Janniwerry.

HINT ON EVENING PARTIES.—A young lady, after dancing all night and several hours longer, will generally find, on consulting the looking-glass, that the evening's amusement will not bear the morning's reflection.

HILARY TERM is named from St. Hilary, a celebrated arguer, who has been adopted by the lawyers, because after proving black was white, he could still go on arguing "till all was blue."

WINTER ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Thin shoes lead to damp feet; damp feet bring on a cough; a cough may terminate in a coffin.

MORAL EFFECT OF SICKNESS.—During convalescence every patient is sure to be doing well.

SEVERITY OF THE SEASON.—Russia takes cold, and tallows her own nose.

ADVICE FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Never neglect the Present.



FOR A COLD IN THE HEAD, THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A STEAM BATH, AND THIS CAN BE HAD IN YOUR OWN BEDROOM WITH THE GREATEST EASE.—YOU HAVE ONLY TO—

FACTS FOR FEBRUARY.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

The third of the month is dedicated to St. BLAZIUS. He was greatly celebrated for his hospitality, and, as a bishop, excited some scandal by inviting persons who were going to church on a cold morning to come into his house on their way, and warm themselves. Hence came the phrases "going to BLAZIUS, or blazes," and the vulgar reply to the statement that one has been to church—"Yes, a church with a chimney in it."

On the 6th of February, 1756, the ships were shut up on account of recent earthquakes. A few Quakers, who refused to join the earthquakeers, were fined.

On the 13th of February, 1756, the fleet of the pirate ANGRIA was taken. He was much irritated by his loss, and among the prisoners was the wife of ANGRIA, which, although he lost his self-possession, made him ANGRIA still.

MORAL FOR FEBRUARY.

GET born upon Feb. 29,
For Leap years come but one in four;
A toast's a thing that spoils one's wine
You save three-fourths of birthday bore.

A MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—The "Speaking Machine," that made such a noise in London a few years back, has lost its voice from indiscreetly attempting to pronounce the names of the Russian commanders, whilst it had a cold in the head!

A TEMPERANCE NOTION.—Why is a sot so generally called a drunken dog? Is it not by reason of the habit which most dogs have, of getting under the table?

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKING.—Fast young men smoke a great deal, for it is the nature of a Rake to have a quantity of Weeds about him.

THE CHACE.—The season of 1856, being Leap year, will doubtless be memorable in the annals of fox-hunting.

THE WORLD'S OPINION.—A mean man is a person with a small income who lives within it.

IRISH DEVELOPEMENT.—Pat and his whiskey resemble each other; they come out to most advantage in "hot water."



TAKE CARE THAT YOU MANAGE THE APPARATUS PROPERLY.

FACT FOR MARCH.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

ON the eighteenth we commemorate EDWARD, King of the West Saxons. His character presented a singular compound, and he was himself fond of a singular compound of methlegin, woad, and mangel wozel, which he used to mingle in a bowl before all his court, facetiously declaring, that he liked to mix in company. To him is attributed a saying, now confined to the most stupid vulgar. At one of his orgies, there was but a single pine torch lighted, at which he was incensed. A courtier remarked, that though the guests were in the dark, there was light enough for the monarch. EDWARD imperiously replied, "Throw a little light upon the subject."

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.—A London Alderman was heard to remark, that he didn't so much mind living upon ashes during Lent, but that as for the sackcloth, he'd only take the first half of it.

The affectionate heart thinks it good to have two strings to its bow; the volatile, two beaux to its string. (*Punch to the fair reader. Affectionate or volatile?*)

It is not impossible that the Mormons may derive their name from the fact, that some of them have Mor(e)-mon-ey than wit.

THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH.—To order a Bath, and pay for it at the time of giving the Order.

Good luck will drive hedge-hogs to market, and when he gets 'em there, will find 'em all guinea-pigs.

GARDENING DIRECTIONS.—Put Venus's Looking-Glass into a Frame.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON was never married. He thought more of Saturn's ring than Hymen's.

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEM.—If electricity annihilates time, how about the electric clock?

A NOVEL CONUNDRUM.—Why is a vacant Episcopal See like a new Novel? Because "the right of Translation is reserved."

HINT ON HEALTH.—For air and exercise too many young ladies resort almost exclusively to the piano.



WHAT A TERRIBLE TURK!

"Oh! Here's a JOLLY SNOW BALL. LET'S TAKE AND PUT IT AGIN SOMEBODY'S DOOR!"

MORAL FOR MARCH.

A BUSHEL of March-winnow'd dust
Is worth, they say, a monarch's ransom;
Let Bomba save it—mobs don't trust;
For such a life such price wera handsome.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.—A veterinary surgeon, whose commission will bear date the First of April, is about to be appointed to every Regiment of Horse Marines.

HIGH ART.—The highest specimens of Art in London are undoubtedly SIR JAMES THORNHILL'S paintings in the dome of St. Paul's.

HAPPY LAND.—An ingenuous youth said, he should like to go to school in Scotland, because he understood it was the Land of Cakes.

CONTAGION.—Several young ladies who were accustomed to sit under a popular preacher, became, consequently, much affected.

MOORE'S MELODIES.—The cry of the grouse, the bark of the dogs, the crack of the guns.

CHEMISTRY FOR LADIES.—Beef contains nitrogen as well as oxygen.

A BRIEF ACQUAINTANCE.—That of the Barrister with his Client.

WHAT games could never be brought to sixes and sevens? All-Fours and Fives.

HOW TRADESMEN SHOULD SERVE THEIR CUSTOMERS.—With civility, without servility.

DEFINITION FOR THE BAND OF HOPE.—A Teetotaler is a person who eats his toast instead of drinking it.

MEN AND INSECTS.—The Ant subsists by its own industry; the Uncle by that of other people.

POLITICAL PARADOX.—Acts of Parliament will afford increased provisions, but not food.

BEWARE OF THE officious friend. He is the too well-meaning man, who in the pathway of the early bird would strew worm-lozenges.

THE EGLANTINE IN BLOOM.—A fox-hunter has remarked, that he should say the flower of all others with the finest scent was the dog-rose.



A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

First Whip (who is a little ruffled because the Fox won't break). "NOW, THEN, SIR! 'OUT O' THE WAY, UNLESS YOU 'LL GET INTO THE COVER. MAYHAP YOUR UGLY MUG MIGHT FRIGHTEN HIM OUT. COME UP 'OSS!"

A CLEVER DOG.

Much as has been recorded of the sagacity of the canine species, the remark has never hitherto been made, that the dog will often, with very little training, assume quite the character of an artist, for a terrier has often been known to draw a badger.

MORAL FOR APRIL.

The First's a day when folks are sold
By gamesome youth released from school;
Neither at that time, reader bold,
Nor any other, be a Fool.

AN EXQUISITE IDEA.
—How is it possible that anybody but a very low Irishman can ever think of wearing second-hand boots?

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
—A good housewife hearing Venice Preserved highly spoken of, asks for a receipt to make it.

SACK.—The wine that some people would like to give the Laureate.



QUITE A NEW SENSATION.

Swell (on top of Omnibus.) "LOOK HERE, GUS, MY BOY! SUCH A CAPITAL I—DEAW! I RIDE UP AND DOWN FROM BAYSWATER TO THE WHITE CHAPEL AND EAT PERIWINKLES WITH A PIN!"

MERCANTILE.

The principal London Market for Chaff is Billingsgate, and not, as might have been expected, in Mark Lane.

ADULTERATION OF FOOD.—A Cockney wag of uncultivated aspirations was heard to say, that bakers' bread reminded him of the Middle Ages; because he always associated the idea of it with HALLAM.

In this month nature begins to smile, and the buds to burst out laughing, after the dulness of winter. The birds once more present their bills, and their notes are renewed.

HERALDIC BOTANY.
—What is called a Genealogical Tree may often be better described as a Genealogical Plant.

A NAVAL QUESTION.—When the British sailor talks of Land marines, does he mean Railway navigators?

THE PORT OF TEETOTALLERS.—TAYLOR, the "Water poet."

FACT FOR APRIL—CONVENTUAL HISTORY.

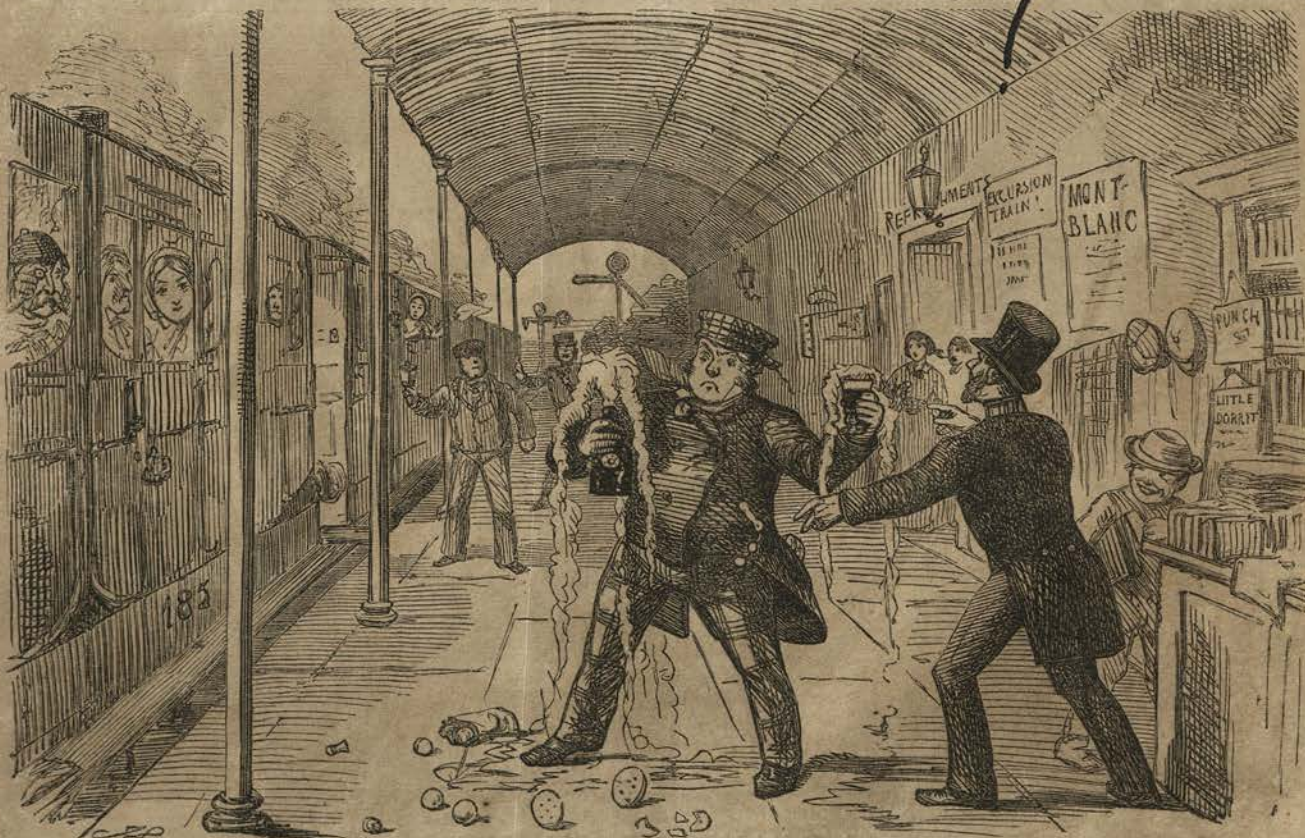
The nineteenth is the day of Archbishop ALPHEGE or ALLFUDGE. He was an exceedingly learned man, a scholar and a gentleman, and his intimate acquaintance with the classical languages enabled him, when only an archdeacon, to launch the most abusive execrations at his stupid superiors, while they thought he was reading some ancient author to them, at dinner-time, as usual in the convent. A very long thin, narrow, spoon, was once held up to him by his Abbot,

who asked him, what such things were good for? "*Propria que marrowbones,*" answered ALPHEGE, amid the roar of the monks.

EXTEMPORANEOUS COOKERY.—A policeman descended an area, was admitted into the kitchen, and finding nothing else there to allay his hunger, collared an eel.

HINT FOR THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—It is proposed to prepare a variety of Art-marbles for the use of street-boys.

SAINT GEORGE, the patron saint of England, began life, we are told, as a dealer in bacon; and this being the case, his name would be more appropriately associated with the hog in armour than with the green dragon. Having commenced business as a pork butcher, it is strange that he should have become a Bishop; but his destruction of a dragon was not incompatible with his labours in pursuit of sausage-meat. He may be said to have met his death after the manner of his own trade, for the people tore him to pieces.



AS THE TRAIN STOPS, MR. P. (A MOST ESTIMABLE MAN AND HUSBAND) ENDEAVOURS TO GET SOME STOUT FOR HIS WIFE, WHO, FROM CIRCUMSTANCES, IS OBLIGED TO DRINK THAT REFRESHING BEVERAGE FOUR OR FIVE TIMES A-DAY. UNFORTUNATELY, MR. P. CANNOT FIND HIS CARRIAGE, AND, AS THE TRAIN IS RATHER BEHIND TIME, THE OFFICIALS ARE IN SOME HURRY AND CONFUSION. (IT WILL BE OBSERVED THAT THE BEER IS MUCH "UP," AND THAT THIS AMIABLE GENTLEMAN IS SOMEWHAT PERPLEXED.)

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS IN 1856.

A GOVERNMENT CLERK IN 1854 (*reading a Newspaper*).—"Attend to you directly! Can't you see I'm busy?"

A GOVERNMENT CLERK IN 1856 (*hard at his desk*).—"I shall be happy, Sir, as soon as I have calculated the precise amount of the Legacy Duty for this good lady, to give you all the information you require. Will you be kind enough to take a seat?"

A CABMAN IN 1854.—"Call yourself a gentleman? If you can't afford to ride, why don't you walk?"

A CABMAN IN 1856.—"The fare is very low, Sir; but still, as every sixpence is an object, I am extremely obliged to you. Be careful of the step, Sir."

MORAL FOR MAY.

WELCOME are all its flowers and bowers,
As guests when one has bidden 'em;
But you're not welcome to the flowers,
Mind this, when down at Sydenham.

ECONOMY IN BEATING CARPETS.—When you purchase your Carpets, take care to buy one that is infinitely superior to all the rest; for such a Carpet will beat every other Carpet you have in the house.

CHUEL KINDNESS.—The parish would present Mr. DOBBS with a silver cake-basket, and Mrs. DOBBS, (it is the complaint of D.) will ruin him in giving parties to show it.—Beware of testimonials.

HOPE FOR YOUNG BEGINNERS.—All things are possible to perseverance. Mr. PUNCH once knew a spider that resolved to spin nothing short of whipcord, and the spider did it.

ASTRONOMICAL.—Venus is seen without a Coronet, and influenza attacks a foreign crowned head. Let the sister of KING BOMBA look to it.

WHAT AN IDEA!—A fashionable young lady, hearing of COLERIDGE'S *Autobiography*, wished to know if they were *toilette candles*?

CULINARY A PHORISM.—It is not the sweet pea that makes the soup.

DI MINORES.—The Policeman whose beat is in "the Minorities."

A COMING COURT CIRCULAR.—Yesterday OMAR PASHA attended at the fancy ball at Buckingham Palace, as Jack-in-the-Green, finding his own laurels.



OFFENDED DIGNITY.

Small Swell (who has just finished a Quadrille). "H'm, THANK GOODNESS, THAT'S OVER! DON'T GIVE ME YOUR BEER AND BUTTER MISSER TO DANCE WITH. I LIKE YOUR GROWN WOMEN OF THE WORLD!"—(N.B. The bread and butter Miss has asked him, how old he was, and when he went back to School.)

FACT FOR MAY.

TOPOGRAPHICAL HISTORY.

ST. DUNSTON is commemorated on the nineteenth. It is not generally known, that there were two saints of this name, so much alike that they were always tumbling over one another's miracles, and generally getting into muddles. At last the more intelligent of the two purchased for himself a very splendid waistcoat, in which he appeared upon all occasions, remarking, "There can be no mistake now, as everybody can see I am ST. DUNSTAN in the West."

REASONS FOR WEARING A MOUSTACHE.

We have been able to draw up a table of the different reasons for wearing a Moustache. We have questioned not less than 1000 persons so adorned, and their answers have helped us to the following result—

To avoid shaving	69
To avoid catching cold	32
To hide their teeth	5
To take away from a prominent nose	5
To avoid being taken as an Englishman abroad	7
Because they are in the army	6
Because they have been in the army	221
Because FRANK ALBERT does it	2
Because it is artistic	29
Because you are a singer	3
Because you travel a deal	17
Because you have lived long on the Continent	3
Because the wife likes it	8
Because you have weak lungs	5
Because it acts as a respirator	29
Because it is healthy	77
Because the young ladies admire it	471
Because it is considered "the thing"	10
Because he chooses	1

It will be seen from the above Table, that not one person confesses to "Vanity" being the motive. The majority of persons wear a moustache because they imagine in their conceit that it becomes them; but how rarely you meet with a person who has the courage to admit it?

TEMPERANCE AMONG THE WORKING CLASSES.—A strike amongst workmen who have taken the pledge may be regarded as a case of tea and turn out.

WHY IS THE tail of a Peacock like an autobiography?—Because it is a tail of 's (eyes).

A WISE SAW AND A MODERN INSTANCE.—Sparrows are not caught with sparrowgrass.



FLY-FISHING. A NICE RIPPLE ON THE WATER.—"NOW FOR A BIG ONE!"

A TABLE FOR CALCULATING THE INTEREST OF A PIECE IN FIVE ACTS.

Slamming of Doors, or a laugh in the wrong place	} means	But little or no interest.	A Cry of "Turn him out" at any noise, or unseemly interruption	} means	Favorable attention. The gallery is evidently listening on its elbows with all the power of its shirt-sleeves.
Coughing, sneezing . . .		"	Dangerous impatience.		"
Ditto, with scraping and stamping of feet . . .	"	Fatal Ennui.	General display of handkerchiefs and prodigal blowing of noses amongst the ladies	"	"
Ditto, ditto, with whistling, mixed up with playful allusions and familiar inquiries, addressed by the gentlemen of the gallery to the actors	"	Certain Condemnation.	* * * The interest of a piece runs on generally in proportion to the piece itself. In most instances it goes on increasing at the rate of compound interest up to fifty nights; but when the piece has been running so long as that, then the interest begins diminishing gradually, until at last it comes down to nothing. When the interest has been quite exhausted, it is a most difficult thing to get the bill renewed.		
Lord talking amongst the gentlemen	"	Number of friends sent in with orders.			

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

The treatment of a new-born child should be kind, but not cordial—and especially not Godfrey's Cordial. Children should be encouraged to rise with the lark—but the lark should not consist of a bolstering match, or any similar occupation.

MORAL FOR JUNE.

A RHYME the word suggests will suit,
No special moral 's taught by June:
If you 're an ass, and blow a flute,
Why, do not blow it out of tune.

BRITISH SCULPTURE.—It is understood that a distinguished cultivator of plastic art will contribute to the sculptural department of the ensuing Exhibition at the Royal Academy the statue of an Arcadian Shepherd with a short pipe.



MR. PEEWIT HAS A LITTLE ADDITION TO HIS FAMILY—
HE IS OBLIGED TO GET HIS MEALS ANYHOW—AND—



ABDICATES IN FAVOUR OF THE REAL MASTER OF
THE HOUSE.

FACT FOR JUNE.—FRENCH HISTORY.

On the eighth, PHILIP LE BEL, King of France, second son of CHARLEMAONE, and nephew of St. LOUIS, was besieging TOURS, then held by a Hungarian garrison for CHARLES THE FIFTH, Elector of Sicily. It was conjectured that LOUVOIS, with the celebrated engineer VAUBAN, was marching to the relief of the town, and the attack was therefore pressed. PHILIP himself worked an arblast or culverin, from which he discharged a maggonel into the counterscarp of the donjon. "C'est beau!" exclaimed a parasite, as the missile struck. "Say 'ho' to a goose, not to a king," said PHILIP, knocking the flatterer down with a *cul de soc*.

A ROUGH TRANSLATION BY A GENTLEMAN WHO WAS ALWAYS TOO LATE FOR THE KEW OMNIBUS:—
"Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit."
"One can never hit the time of those confounded Busses!"

NATURAL HISTORY.—The notes of the Goldfinch must, to every serious mind, be suggestive of the Bank of England's paper.

STANZAS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

On my declining to talk with ANGELINA at Mrs. FLIRTINGTON'S dance.

It may not be—at least not yet;
'Tis no slight cause that bids me own it
Think not my promise I'd forget,
But for awhile I must postpone it.

Think not I've ceased to love the whirl
Of giddy waltz, or polka mazy:
Nor that thy hair is out of curl,
Nor that thy EDWIN'S getting lazy.

Think not 'tis through some jealous qualms
That thus I'd have thee disappointed:
Nor that a prettier rival's charms
Thy nasal organ have disjoined.

Nay, teach not those sweet lips to pout,
Nor at my pleading make wry faces:
Can'st still thy faithful EDWIN doubt?—
Know then the truth: I've broke my braces

MARINE ZOOLOGY.

The sea-horse is a well-known animal to mythologists, if not to natural historians; but no mention has hitherto been made of the sea-donkey. A metropolitan friend, however, assures us, that there exists such a creature in that celebrated whirlpool, the Maelström, which he says is a Neddly

WHAT IS A BABY?—Why, a Baby is a living I. O. U., a "little Bill" drawn upon Manhood, that is only honoured when it arrives at maturity.

"WITH" not "By."—A sporting and sportive writer lately told us, that youthful partridges and pheasants are "brought up by ants." What nepotal affection in the Annts!

THE LONGEST DAY.—The day before that of your wedding will probably be the longest day of your life.

ANYTHING BUT A LEGAL FIAT.—The Fiat that Lawyers have the least to do with is decidedly "*Fiat Justitia*."

VIRTUE.—So rare a commodity with some people, that it might be considered as an article of *virtu*.

THE MODERN PRETENDER TO A CROWN.—A fashionable bonnet.

JOKES ON JUDGES.

There is an affinity between the ermine and the motley. Great Judges will often indulge in small jokes. Those who relish legal fun should repair to the Courts of Law in Hilary Term, when their Lordships may naturally be expected to be most hilarious.

MORAL FOR JULY.

Off to the Rhine, the Rhone, the Po; To Belgic flats, or Switzer hills, Off, but take off, before you go, Something, with cash, from tradesmen's bills.

LABOUR & WAGES.—During the rain of St. SWITHIN, which occurs about harvest time, it is in vain for the reaper to expect a fair day's wages for a fair day's work.

SICKNESS EXTRAORDINARY.—Last week a man bolted a door, and threw up a window!

CIVIC SALUTATION.—May your shadow never be greater!



THINGS ARE SO BAD IN THE CITY, THAT MR. SNAFFLE AND MR. FLUKER GO TO BOULOGNE FOR CHANGE AND AIR.

FACT FOR JULY.

MONKISH HISTORY.
The fifteenth is St. SWITHIN'S day. The vulgar error that connects this saint with bad weather, and confounds him with St. AQUARIUS, cannot be too generally refuted. If anything, the former saint was too dry; and the legend that much rain follows his appearance was founded on a saying prevalent in his convent. When it was his turn to be the butler, he was very liberal with the liquor, and the monks used to say, "Here comes SWITHIN the Soaker. Gramercy, I'fackins, by our Lady, anon we shall have much heavy wet."

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

The following question is from the Examination Papers of Cirencester College:—When HOMER spoke of Juno as "the ox-eyed" what oxide did he probably refer to?

It's a long lane that has no turning, was first said of Chancery Lane, and it has never turned yet.

GREAT NEWS FOR THE DRAMA.—MR. FITZBORN, under the illusion of the present month, buys a bottle of ink, takes off his coat, and goes to work on a new Central American play for the Aztecs: the distinguished antiquarian ODSBODLIKIN supplies the authorities.

The Russian Calendar adheres to what is called the Old Style, and is twelve days in arrear of all the rest of Europe. This accounts for Russia being so much behind the time.

PARADOX OF INSECT LIFE.—The habits of the spider are stationary. He seldom travels far from the locality in which he first saw the light. It is curious that the spider should travel so little, and yet be continually taking flies.

IDEAS OF ANIMATED NATURE.—"All is not gold that glitters," as the slug said to the shiny beetle. When the wild goose related this to the porpoise, the latter answered, "Neither are we fishes because we swim."

FOR BETTER AND FOR WORSE.—A Philosopher who had married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call his wife "Brown Sugar," because, he said, she was sweet but unrefined. Another, whose wife was affectionate and stout, was accustomed to denominate her, "Lump Sugar."

WHEN BACHELOR BROWN, at fifty-five, married his plain cook, is it the opinion of the unbiassed reader that he made a Virtue of Necessity?



OLD DIPPS DECLARES THEY MANAGE SEA-BATHING BETTER IN FRANCE, AND THAT WHEN HE IS AT BO-LONG, HE DOES AS BO-LONG DOES—WELL! THAT'S A MATTER OF TASTE!

FACT FOR AUGUST.

DRAMATIC HISTORY.

WHEN BEN JONSON was writing his comedy of *Bartholomew Fair* (the assemblage formerly took place on the twenty-fourth), he was a good deal bothered by the manager of the Globe Theatre, who had paid in advance, and was always pestering for the manuscript, and saying, that "his bill wanted strengthening," and that "business was bad," and using other frivolous reasons for hurrying genius over its work. One day, visiting Smithfield, he met Ben, himself, going into RICHARDSON'S, when he had promised to stick to his desk. "Is this right, Master Ben?" said the manager. "All Fair—and above board," added the wit, jumping on to the platform, and escaping.

UNMANLY OUTRAGE ON A LADY.

Why had OEDIPUS no need to take in *Punch*? Because his wife was a Joke-caster. (If will scarcely be credited that JOCASTA is here referred to.)

THE BLINDNESS OF FORTUNE.—It is just as well that Fortune is blind, for if she could only see some of the ugly, stupid, worthless persons on whom she showers her most precious gifts, the sight would so annoy her that she would immediately scratch her eyes out.

A QUERY FOR WAGNER.—Is "The Music of the Future" to be performed by "the Band of Hope?"

A THOUGHT BY A MOONER.—Even Mayors are mortal; but when they die, can we not sacrifice to their masses?

GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION.—The Nursery of Europe is Lapland.

REPORT OF INSPECTORS OF PRISONS.—The oldest offender is not always the most obstinate. Indeed, such a culprit may be said, in general, to be peculiarly open to conviction.

INFALLIBLE REMEDIES AGAINST THE GOUT.—Turn Post-man, or get a situation as Usher in a cheap school, or go into the Workhouse, or, better still, board with a Scotch family.

SAUCE FOR SOYER.—An individual whose pronunciation is on a par with his puns, says, that he looks upon the great *Chef* as the top *Sawyer* in Crimean good *ménagement*.



Sensitive Party "Who is that girl with the nez betroussé?"
Amiable Party (who has rather a prominent beak). "Nez betroussé! Do you mean that girl with the Poo Nose?"

THINGS OVER WHICH WE HAVE NO CONTROL!

AN inopportune sneeze; an asthmatic wheeze; a mother-in-law; an ostrich's maw; a Chancery suit; a wife-beating brute; a woman in tears; increasing years; a baby who cries; Commissariat supplies; oyster suppers; proverbs of TURPER'S; Irish novels; JAMES'S novels; combats fistie; BAILEY'S "Mystic"; Hyde-Park demonstrations; J. B. GOUGH'S orations; quacks' humming; DOCTOR CUMMING; a daguerreotype; a bullfinch's pipe; a love for dabbling in bricks and mortar; and an opened bottle of soda-water.

MORAL FOR AUGUST.

You may buy Grice, an need not say, Whether with lead or coin you got 'em;

But, if you buy them, do not pray, Tell naughty fibs, and say you shot 'em.

CON. FOR COUNTRY JUSTICES.—Why does a pig resemble the best kind of magistrate? Because he is a sty-pendiarist.

FAMILY ECONOMY.—Jack is good when in season; but no fish can be more expensive than a heavy Pike.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—Reason yourself out of as many desires as you can, and gratify as many of the rest as possible.

HOMELY WOETH.—Many flowers are expressive of the most delicate sentiment, but which of them has the heart of a cabbage?

THE BOARD OF TRADE.—The Shop-board.



FRENCH AS IT IS SPOKEN.—SCENE. PARIS, A TABLE D'HÔTE.

(Old Lady at Breakfast. The Garçon has been ordered to bring some fruit to Old Lady.)

Garçon. "VOILÀ, MADAME!"—Old Lady (who, in her daughter's absence, will let off her French). "OH! TRES BYANG, TRES BYANG, GARÇON! BONG! MARECEY, MARECEY—MAIS. THESE ARE CURRANTS—BYANG NAMPORT! CET EGAL—ONLY—JE N'AI PAS SO WELL AS GOOSEBERRIES YOU KNOW!" (Instructive rather!)

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

Milk is the best food for infants, but curd should be avoided, nor should the child have its whey.
Pie-crust is bad for children; and in the nursery neither pie-crusts nor promises should ever be broken.
If a child should swallow by accident anything poisonous, a good emetic may be obtained from the rust of old iron. Perhaps it would be safer to cram down the infant's throat "a wise saw," or a rusty proverb.

MOBIL FOR SEPTEMBER.

O COCKNEY, if with the Perdrix
"A day" is offered, Cockney O,
With fire-arms don't be playing tricks,
Don't shoot—*and*, better still, don't go.

GRASSHOPPER HUNT.—Dandies should remember, that when DIANA wished to punish AGRICULTORS in the most degrading manner, she turned him into a hawk.

FACT FOR SEPTEMBER.—ELEPHANTINE HISTORY.

The Church of Rome commemorates the Danish bishop, LAMBERT, on the seventeenth. He was an ancestor of the celebrated DANIEL LAMBERT and paroled in no small degree, of his descendant's preternatural pinguitude, inasmuch so, that at his enthronisation it was found impossible for any number of priests to heave him up to the episcopal chair. A savage Danish chief proposed to quarter him, and so elevate him as a bishop *in partibus*; but this proposal was over-ruled, and an elephant, then exhibiting in Copenhagen, was employed to lift the bishop to his throne. The animal was, of course, consecrated; and hence came the Danish order of the Elephant, the knights of which, it should be added, wear trunk-hose.



A NICE BRACING DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

PIERREAU COMPOSED BY A YOUTHFUL, KENDER OF "THE HAND OF HOPE."
Sham is the spirit of Nature, I'm told;
And Cape is the very best thing for a cold.

THE SEASON OF WINTER.—The term, Fall, is commonly applied to Autumn, but it is surely more applicable to Winter, when the thing is so common a consequence of the slides which the boys strike out on the pavements.

SEASONABLE PRESENT.—A hamper, containing six dozen of New River water, and three dozen of Thames ditto, drawn below London Bridge, with a hundred herrings, is a most delightful present, alike cheerful and seasonable, to send to a Terrestrial friend.
RARRUS FISUR.—Why does a bad eel give you but little to eat? Because it isn't a good eel.

A COCKNEY CON.—"What great composer did J. J. J. J.'s Monster Concerts produce?" They created A din (HAYDS).

SAVING ON THE FRESH OF SEPTIMAN.—An old sportsman remarked to a middle-aged matron, that young ladies are like guns of a certain age—they go off with locks, but without caps.
GASTROKOWY.—The man who would eat boiled goose is a cannibal.

THE AVARY.—Small birds, in the natural classification of young ladies, all come under the denomination of dickybirds. Yet it is surely a solecism to apply the diminutive Dicky to a Tom-Tit or a Robin.

FACT FOR OCTOBER.

COLLEGIATE HISTORY.

The Oxford and Cambridge terms begin on the tenth. It is on record, that a former Dean of Christchurch, walking by the side of the Isis in company with a newly-arrived fellow-commoner, remarked to him, "This, my dear lord, is Isis—may you be one to take away the Veil." He retired, and the puzzled aristocrat, who had not, of course, the faintest idea of his meaning, stood staring at the water. "Old cove gammonin' o' you, being fresh?" said a pensive barges. "There's carp here, but a *Phale*, Walker!" He was silent. "You be—hanged," said the undaunted nobleman, pursuing his walk.

THE JUDGMENT OF SALOMONS.—Giving in charity the £2000 that would have been expended on Lord Mayor's Show tomfooleries.

WHY IS A SUCCESSFUL TRADESMAN LIKE A LION? Because he carries on a roaring business.

WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.—In 1439 the people, on account of scarcity, made bread of fern roots, and perhaps a hungry law student may have swallowed the whole of *Fern's Reminders*; which, if it had been well digested, would have been bread for him when he commenced practice.

SERMONS IN STONES.—A Reverend Gent writes a series of sermons for other Reverend Gents to pass off as their own, and gets the manuscripts lithographed.

It is good always to pick a hole in your neighbour's coat; if it be understood that you can provide him with a better one.

PROGRESS.—Numerous convictions take place under the Game Act and Excise Laws, evincing the spread of Information.

In former times the only stage performances were mysteries. In the present day the performance of mysteries seems to be revived.

HOW TO WARM A CHURCH.—Differ with the Bishop of Exeter.

QUESTION FOR SPIRIT-RAPPERS.—Does a Medium ever get a rap over the knuckles?



Fiend in human shape. "DON'T FEEL WELL! TRY A CIGAR!"

PEDESTRIANISM.

OCTOBER 1st, the Hon. Miss BARCLAY, "the May Fair pet," accomplished the Herculean feat of walking 500 yards in two hours. She appeared somewhat distressed at the conclusion of her task; but by the evening had so far recovered, that she undertook to complete the same distance in fifteen minutes under the two hours. It is believed, that with proper training, she will be able to accomplish this unusual feat.

MORAL FOR OCTOBER.

The party who but drinketh *eau*,
And unto bed retireth sober,
Shall fall (a punch-fraught song doth show)
Like leaves, and leave us in October.

The greatest rise in corn that was ever known was in the year 1756, when wheat stacks were blown up into the air; and in one part of the country it was only when it fell upon an aged inhabitant that it was "down again to the old figure."

ARCHITECTURAL.—No doubt can be entertained by any enlightened mind, that the material out of which Englishmen ought to build their Temple of Liberty is free-stone.

THE HEIGHT OF PUFFERY.—A tailor advertises his superior Chancery suits—warranted everlasting.

INFLUENCE OF SUGGESTION.—What man is there who would purchase sausages, if he could get them anywhere else, in Cateaton Street?

AN INSANITARY CONUNDRUM.—Which part of the Thames smells the most? The centre.

PLAYERS AND PAWNBROKERS.—The last resource of the poor actor is to spout SHAKESPEARE.

SOMETHING FOR THE PEACE PARTY.—Where will you find a more melancholy individual than an Officer in the Blues?

ANIMAL CLOTHING.—The horse's coat is the gift of nature, but a tailor very often makes a coat for an ass.

BEST SECONDS.—"Second thoughts are best."



SOMETHING IN THAT!

"Now, Tom," said YOUNG JOE WAGLEY, "ONE OF US OUGHT TO GO ON THIS SIDE OF THE HEDGE, AND ONE ON THE OTHER; SO I'LL TAKE THIS, IF YOU WILL GET OVER THE STILE."—"OH YES," REPLIED TOM; "BUT HOW ABOUT THE BULL?"

NINE RATIONAL RECREATIONS.

For the Amusement and Instruction of the Young, and others, during Winter Evenings.

1. Take a tumbler, and fill it nearly full of water. Then insert a lump of sugar in the water, and continue to stir it. In a few minutes the sugar will become invisible.
2. Place a candlestick, with a lighted candle in it, in the middle of a table. Mahogany is best, but deal will answer the purpose. Place an extinguisher upon the candle, and the apartment will be left in darkness, unless there are other lights in it.
3. Take a kitten (one of a kindly disposition is preferable) and place it upon your lap. Stroke it gently for a few seconds, and the animal will be distinctly heard to purr. This experiment may be varied by pinching its tail, in which case it will spit, and jump down.
4. Let the cinders be thrown upon the fire, and then take a common hearth-broom, and carefully sweep every particle of ash and dust under the grate. Hang up the broom and sit down, and a pleasing display of tidiness will be made.
5. Take a pair of scissors, the size is immaterial. Obtain a piece of white or brown paper, six inches long and a yard and a half across. Snip it in two. You will find that no exertion of strength will join the severed parts together again.
6. Place the palms of your hands together crosswise, and holding them somewhat loosely, strike them on your knee. A sound will be produced somewhat resembling the clink of money. This is quite as good as having money itself, which only leads to outlay and extravagance.
7. Take a common ruled copy-book, and at the top of a page let a confederate inscribe *County Commands Eastern*, or some other moral sentiment. Copy this on every line of the page, and when you have done show it to the company. This experiment is not only interesting in itself, but leads to improve the handwriting.
8. Take the tumbler of water mentioned in the first experiment, and show the company that the glass is nearly full. Drink it off, and instantly make them observe that the glass is entirely empty. The success of this feat depends on its rapidity.
9. Go to bed.



A FRENCH FRIEND PAYS HIS FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND, AND IS SHOWN THE GREAT METROPOLIS. HE IS PROFOUNDLY IMPRESSED BY OUR NOBLE REGENT STREET.

FACT FOR NOVEMBER.

MAYORALTY HISTORY.

THE lamentable folly of the ninth still survives, and Mayors are even knighted, and, as nightmares, infest the beds of civilisation and enlightenment. It was a just though severe remark, made by EDWARD THE THIRD to PETER DE BUGGIE, who came up with an address, congratulating the Sovereign on the surrender of Calais:—"Gette ye to the Stable, Peter, get ye to the Stable, 'tis then the place for an old mare, and therein is another old buggy, whereto shall ye be harnesssed, an ye fork not out handsome."

WINE MEASURE.

One Glass	means	{ You are not particularly welcome.
Two Glasses	"	{ That the wine is not particularly good.
Three Glasses	"	{ That you are in the company of a man who is extremely careful either of his cellar or his health.
Half a Bottle	"	{ That the host thinks you have had enough to do you good.
One Bottle	"	{ That the wine is generous, and the host also.
Two Bottles	"	{ That the wine is more than usually excellent.
The Bottle	} "	{ That the Tea's getting empty in the drawing-room.

MORAL FOR NOVEMBER.

Or things that Civic magnates do,
As stuffing, spouting—O beware,
Or you may be degraded to
An Alderman; nay, down to Mayor.

ADVICE FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.
—Little boy! Never waste your money in buying penny crackers, when you might more judiciously expend it in the purchase of a twopenny buster.

THE LAST OF THE LORD MAYORS.—The next Lord Mayor will be FINNIS, with whom the Civic dynasty will, in all probability, be finished.



THE NEW PURCHASE.

Mr. Muff. "BUT—THEY SAID HE WAS WELL KNOWN IN THIS HUNT!
Farmer. "OH, YES—AND SO HE IS VERY WELL KNOWN. HE'S BROKE MORE COLLAR BONES THAN ALL THE 'OSSES IN ENGLAND!"

THE BEST DOOR-MAT.—The mat that, on his return home, cleans the husband's shoes of every bit of out-door care.— N.B. No family should be without one.

THE "Well of Pure English" has become terribly defiled lately from the fact that so many Teetotallers have been dipping their ugly mugs into it.

A WRETCH.—Old Mr. SINGLESTICK mystified a tea-party, by remarking that women were facts. When pressed to explain his meaning he said, "Facts are stubborn things."

A SCURF FOR THE BAR.—A fast youth, under examination in the science of Practical Geology, being asked to define the term scurif, answered, *scurif, scurif, scurif*; chalk and slate formation.

ASTRONOMICAL.—Fixed stars are stationary, but planets revolve round the sun; shooting stars, however, although they shoot, are not revolvers.

A COUSIN DISE.—Take a Jack; wash, scrape, clean, cut into slices, roll up in paper, and boil till thoroughly done, and you will have a capital Beef Pudding.



A CHRISTMAS PARTY.—GRANDPAPA DANCES "SIR ROGER"—AND MAY HE DANCE IT FOR MANY, MANY YEARS TO COME!

"Scurif's Braving."—but not necessarily so. For if CARLAIN SWANES had only whispered through a keyhole, MISS GRAMMAN TINDER would still have believe every word he said.

COMPARISONS are odious, especially on the Turf. For instance, he counts if you are a good and a sharp man, and have no miserable ambition to become a better or a sharper.

WAR is the Earth like the Clown at Astley's Because it moves in a circle. **THE HURR SEASON.**—Christmas.

FACT FOR DECEMBER.

FEMINE HISTORY.

The thirteenth is dedicated to the interesting SAINT LUCY. She was a Carthaginian by birth, and it is rather supposed that both AUGUSTINE and POLYCARP were driven into an ecclesiastical life by her rejection of their advances, and her jokes at their personal appearance. When the first sent her his Opera, she replied, that she wanted none of his overtures; and in return for a present of fish from the latter, she said, "As

much carp as you like, but no POLYCARP." From her height, she was sometimes called SAINT LUCY LONG; and thyme was laid at her shrine, and in a hymn she was implored to take it.

MORAL FOR DECEMBER.

With Christmas-tide the twelvemonth ends,
Give all unkindly thoughts the sack,
Embrace your foes, forgive your friends,
And buy your *Punch's Almanack*.

A CHRISTMAS LECTURE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

DEAR young Ladies, at this festive season of the year you may be called upon to observe the mistletoe, once sacred to the Druids. You will be pleased then to remember this curious fact—From the berries of the mistletoe men make birdlime.

THE CHRISTMAS BOX OF AFFECTION.—A handbox with a bonnet in it.

VOLUME THIRTY



THE ORDER OF THE NIGHTINGALE.



"Without the meed of some melodious tear,"

There have been many Orders for women, many, too, of pretty significance; but surely the Order of the Nightingale instituted by a QUEEN on her throne in honour of the Queen of Women at the bedside of the sick soldier, would go down, pure and lustrous as a star, to all time.

We say there have been many pretty Orders, but all are as nothing to the rewarding purpose, the continuing exhortation enshrined in the Order of the Nightingale. There has been the Order of the Bee,—buzzing a little saucily—*Je suis petite, mais mes piqueures sont profondes.* "A small thing, with deep sting." How poor is this to the jug-jug of our NIGHTINGALE!

The Order of the Ermine—*A Ma Vie*, is pretty, and significant of moral purity. "Be my life even as its ermine coat." But these and others we might name, however, felicitous their origin, however

pretty their device, never had the profound and beautiful story written for them—rather let us say, acted for them—as that of the Order of the Nightingale.

As in loyal duty bound, we took very great interest in the installation of LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, as Knight of the Garter; but, saving his imperial presence, we shall feel even a stronger emotion on the installation of FLORENCE of Scutari—the Order hung about her neck by VICTORIA—as the First Lady of the Nightingale.

We have no fear that the Order can ever want Lady Companions. For this soil of England is somewhat favourable to the production of such sweet sisterhood; witness our ELIZABETH FRYS, our GRACE DARLINGS, women whose names are musical even as the music of the NIGHTINGALE herself.

A PIPING-HOT NOVELTY.

PRELIMINARY puffs are beginning to herald the anticipated blowings of a "new musical phenomenon," on a penny whistle; and it is expected that the Londoners will in due season receive the phenomenon, and pay as liberally for his whistle as the Parisians have done already. The name of the gifted performer is PICCO; and his instrument is a wooden Piccolo; out of which he gets such wonderful effects, and such a large measure, that if he wants a few pounds he has nothing to do but to whistle for it. As "society" makes a point of going mad after something every year, there is a chance that the Sardinian Piper may become the subject of next season's insanity. We regret, for the sake of the artist, who is unfortunately blind, that the present are not "piping times;" but we dare say that his performances, if they are as clever as they have been represented to be, will abundantly pay the piper.

Europe's Stethoscope.

ROTSCHILD has just been examining the Chest of Spain, and he finds it extremely hollow; labouring under a dreadful oppression, which, if remedies are not instantly applied, may terminate fatally. The same medical financier reports, that the extreme tightness in Austria's Chest has greatly diminished since the cure he recommended for the complaint has been carried out. No sooner was the loan applied than the patient experienced the greatest relief! The Chest of Russia (says the same stethoscopic authority) is so very bad, in such a hopeless condition, that he hopes he shall be spared the pain of examining it.

A PANTOMIME NOTION FOR THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



HERE is a great amount of puffery in most of the Christmas Pantomimes. A commercial correspondent suggests that it would only be fair that on those scenes for which five pounds, ten pounds, or twenty pounds have been paid for the exhibition of some vulgar nostrum, there should be pasted a monster receipt stamp, signifying the precise sum paid, and with the manager's name scribbled at full length over it. This would make it quite a business transaction, and would give each scene

the character of an advertising supplement to the large Brobdingnagian sheet of advertisements at present exhibited as a curtain at Covent Garden Theatre.

A CHRISTMAS FABLE

OF JOHN BULL AND THE THIEVISH BEAR.

For Grown Children.

JOHN BULL was an orderly citizen,
Who lived in a quiet street,
With a force of Police to keep the peace,
And each warn rogues off his beat.
He hated strife; for a quiet life
Rates and taxes no end he paid;
Nor starved his servants, nor thrash'd his wife,
But stuck to his shop and his trade.

He was rather selfish it must be own'd,
In his hatred of beggars and noise;
'Gainst their woes he'd parade his thriving trade,
'Gainst their jars his family joys.
To foreign distress would have nought to say,
And when ask'd for relief would be bearish,—
With a "Heav'n helps those who help themselves,"
And "If they're hard up, there's the Parish."

He had moved on no end of Italian boys,
Snubb'd Hungarian minstrels sturdy;
All *Marseillaises* he had sent to blazes,
On French horn or hurdy-gurdy.
Not a penny he'd stand to a German band,
But bid them be hang'd with their jangle
Of drum and trombone, and Saxophone,
Cornet, ophicleide, and triangle.

In his own snug parlour, well-lit and warm,
He thought little of garret or vault;
"I made my own way," he was apt to say,—
"If they can't, it's their own fault."
Thirty years JOHN spent in this selfish content,
Thought nothing could trouble his quiet,
Till eighteen 'fifty-four to JOHN's peaceable door
Brought trouble and row and riot.

A rogue there was by the name of ROMANOFF,
Who went about with a bear,
A surly brute, but with scent so acute
He poked his nose everywhere.
That thing was not too heavy or hot,
For him to hug, and swallow.
Spite of muzzle and pole, he snapp'd and he stole,
Though owners might rage and helloa.

All sorts of meat the brute would eat,
Ne'er was burglary, but you'd find him in it.
And his appetite, inordinate quite,
Was perfectly indiscriminate,

The tallow-melter, would come helter-skelter,
For aid of the tardy police;
Pounds on pounds of his tallow the bear would swallow,
There was nothing he loved like Grease.

If got rid of thence, on his master's pretence,
That of theft the brute didn't dream,
The next moment he'd drop on the hairdresser's shop,
And bolt his Circassian cream.
The unhappy farriers couldn't find barriers
To keep him from nibbling their skins,
And e'en the fishmonger paid toll to his hunger,
He so doated on Sound and Fins.

In default of meat, even physic he'd eat,
When he'd nothing else to be arter;
And once on a chemist he made the grimmest
Assault, for some cream of Tartar.
But those who know what that drug will do,
Might have said with voice prophetic,
That however pleasant it seem'd at present,
At last 'twould prove Tartar-emetie.

Nay, rather than starve, the brute would carve
His way through stones and slabs
To a fruiterer's vault, and make assault
On a store of Siberian crabs.
And for want of a dish of flesh or fish,
In a drying-ground fence he'd make holes;
Where he'd frighten the women, and tear up the linen,
And then take to grinding the Poles.

All this JOHN BULL heard, without a word,
Still less an act of resistance;
"Twas no matter of his, if Bear took that or this,
He couldn't render assistance.
He was forced to stop and look after his shop,
Had no time to spare from his business;
The Bear *might* be about, he didn't doubt,
But it didn't cause him uneasiness."

'Till one fine day, Bear took his way
To John Bull's city-quarter,
Where a poulterer's board was temptingly stored
With fowls for Christmas slaughter.
There, flower of the flock, prime bird of the stock,
With red wattles, and plumage murky
Abroad display'd, was temptingly laid,
An old, but still toothsome Turkey!

On his way past the shop, JOHN ('tis whisper'd), would stop,
And his chops had been seen to be licking;
And folks have said, that what ran in his head,
Was: "Lord, there's bones for picking!"
However heroic, JOHN wasn't a Stoic;
He may have wish'd he own'd it;
But whatever he thought, he never bought
The Turkey, much less boned it.

Not so the Bear; since the bird lay there
O'er the shop he had stood sentry;
And JOHN BULL one day, as he pass'd that way,
Caught the brute in the act of entry.
The Bear detected, in JOHN suspected
Nothing else but a rival plunderer.
"We'll share," says he; "there'll be half for me;
And half for you, Old Thunderer!"

JOHN feeling a doubt, in a wrestling bout
Which demolish'd might be, which demolisher,
Ran off for a friend, his aid to lend—
One LOUIS, a skilful French-polisher.
The Bear look'd posed; to the two proposed
Dividing the Turkey in three.
"You take drum-sticks a-piece; there'll be only the grease,
Thighs, breast, and wings for me."

In wrath and derision of this cool proposition,
They warn'd the brute off the premises;
But he show'd his claws, and growl'd from his jaws,—
"If you ain't hungry, there's them as is:
Your threats I brave; the Turkey I'll have,
By foul means or by fair ones;
The Bird in the tussle we shall so tear and hustle,
Those who get bones will get bare ones."

The bystanders' aid JOHN and LOUIS pray'd;
 But in vain; not a man would budge.
 "You let him rob us: our complaints you call'd 'fuss.'
 When we shouted 'Stop thief!' you said 'fudge.'"
 Till an Oil and Italian Warehouseman,
 Who knew the brute's taste for Sardines,
 'Gainst the thievish whelp volunteer'd his help,
 To the limit of his small means.

They join'd with a rush; in that first brush,
 There were doubt's which would come off worse.
 JOHN made more than one blunder, but, on stag'ring asunder,
 'Twas bellows to mend with Ursa.
 JOHN was getting his wind, 'ere again he pinn'd
 The Bear, with purpose sure,
 When the German band, which stood close at hand,
 Proposed an overture!

"That be Double d!" says JOHN, says he,—
 "Your brass and wind, I know them!
 Help us, or help Bear,—which, I don't much care;
 But as for your overtures, blow them!
 Be off, vile pack, or"—the band drew back,
 For the weight of his fist they knew:
 And when our report left the scene of sport,
 They were squaring for round number two.



THE CAMPAIGN IN BELGRAVIA.

In reference to the case of WESTERTON v. LIDDELL the *Morning Herald* makes an observation calculated dreadfully to dishearten the CZAR OF RUSSIA; to wit:—

"And before a final judgment is obtained, there is little doubt that a sum of at least five thousand pounds will have been expended in a contest about tables, crosses, and altar-cloths."

When ALEXANDER comes to find that, in the midst of the expenditure entailed on England by the contest which she is compelled to maintain against himself, a single metropolitan parish can afford to throw five thousand pounds away on an ecclesiastical squabble, he must be overwhelmed by the conviction that the resources of this country are inexhaustible. That whilst having to fight on a Titanic scale in the Crimea and the Baltic, we are able to stand a religious war in Belgravia, is a fact which cannot but prostrate him in utter despair. It may at the same time, however, somewhat heighten his estimate of our piety, to discover that any of us care sufficiently about tables, crosses, and altar-cloths as to think such matters worth any discussion at all, not to say worth a controversy costing as much as five thousand pounds. He may conceive hopes that what his forces may be unable to accomplish with their mere bayonets, they may succeed in effecting by poking St. SERGIUS, St. ALEXANDER NEWSKI, and other idols at our men: and it would be a fine thing if, under such an expectation, he were to substitute canonised dummies for more troublesome artillery. At the same time, it is not impossible that the CZAR no more believes in St. SERGIUS than JULIUS CÆSAR believed in JUPITER, and whilst alarmed at seeing Englishmen still capable of expending money upon ecclesiastical trumpery, may be disposed by that circumstance to reflect that fools and their money are soon parted.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.—When any poor fellow is out of employment the best place he can go to is the Horse Guards; for there he is sure of a job.

A CHANCE FOR A GREAT YOUNG MAN.

FOR any Great Unknown, desirous of becoming known as the Author of a work of fiction equivalent to another *Waverley*, a splendid opening is afforded by a liberal anonymous publisher, who has inserted the proposition following among the advertisements in the *Athenæum*.

AUTHORS.—A PUBLISHER OF STANDING wants a GOOD NOVEL. He will pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS for the one he selects.

A good novel is a good thing, but the publisher who obtains one for £100 will make that good thing a somewhat better thing. "Happy man be his dole," as the subjects of QUEEN ELIZABETH used to say, if he gets a *Tom Jones* or a *Vanity Fair* for a hundred pounds. What an unlucky thing it is for this enterprising publisher that he did not promulgate this alluring offer of his a few months ago, before, perhaps, arrangements were concluded for the publication of *Little Dorrit*.

This publisher belongs to the past. What a big fish he might have hooked in that Elizabethan time and the succeeding reign, JACOB PRIMI, by advertising something under a hundred pounds, according to the then value of money for a good Tragedy—landed *Macbeth* perhaps, who knows?—or *Hamlet*? And had he happily lived to "wait a little longer," there would have been a "good time coming," wherein, fishing with the same golden hook, he might have caught a *Paradise Lost*; nay, a lighter hook for that matter would have served his turn, had he thought to bob or angle, not to say sniggle, for a good Epic Poem.

However, as there are, peradventure, among us mute inglorious MILTONS still,—though this hundred-pound snap-hook is not rigged for that sort of JACK, so there probably also are RICHARDSONS and FIELDINGS equally silent and unknown to fame, but desirous of making a noise and becoming famous, who for the advantage of a lift into publicity, and the additional consideration of one hundred pounds, may be glad enough to barter a production of genius, which, for the generous and discerning publisher, may realise at least the square of that figure. To the "publisher of standing" ready to stand a hundred pounds for a good novel, we can only say in addition, that we wish he may get it.

EXTRACTS FROM A PEACE DICTIONARY.

ARI	PEA	WOO
ARISTOCRACY. The only true aristocracy are the Cotton Lords of Lancashire.	ENGINEER. The worst of breeches-makers.	PLANT. Cotton is certainly the best plant now-a-days for making money.
ARMY. A Military Police that is always haunting the Area of civilisation.	GLADSTONE. One of the few men who are holding the Pale of Civilisation that France and England are trying all they can to upset.	POPE. The occupant of a French caserne.
AUSTRIA. The experienced Captain of the Jesuit's Craft.	GLORY. The Red Fire that lights up the Theatre of War.	PRUSSIA. The only throne of Sober Reason.
BALE. For keeping the Peace you can have no better Ball than the one Manchester would willingly give—a Bale of Cotton.	HERO. A Fool who dies for his country, when he could stop at home perfectly safe.	QUAKER. A Friend who doesn't fight but talk—one who, in the art of making inflammatory speeches, takes his hat off to no man.
BALLS. Ugly customers to meet.	HUMILIATION. What England deserves being brought to for going to War.	REPUTATION. The bubble a fool seeks in the cannon's mouth.
BILLS. See Balls.	MAN OF PEACE. A moral tourniquet that puts the screw on to stop the effusion of blood.	RUSSIA. The place that England gets its hiding from.
BLOODSHED. The red ink in which warriors write their despatches.	MILLENIUM. The period when the whole world will be covered with nothing but Cotton Mills.	SAILOR. The scum of the sea.
CANNON. A vulgar moulder and fiery spouter that is always stopping the way of Progress.	NAVY. A floating speculation, in which sailors embark their lives either to sink or swim.	SOLDIER. The dirt of the land.
COTTON. The material of which the Flag of Truth is composed.	NEUTRAL. The only true neutral colour is Drab.	SNOR. What nations that go to war cannot always pay for.
COTTON TREE. The Tree of Knowledge.	PEACE PARTY. In connection with the Quakers, it is Mr. COB-DEN'S Thousand-Theology.	SINews of WAR. Money—without which an Army cannot advance the value of a penny, or the distance of an inch.
CZAR. The poor Lamb that the English and French wolves wish to devour, because they declare he is disturbing the stream of events.		TRANSPORT. What a soldier goes out in, but seldom returns home with.
DRILL. A good thing for trowsers.		WOOL. What our wits are always gathering, when we say anything against the War; and what we stuff our ears with, when we hear anything said in favour of it.

A LIVERPOOL "LADY'S MAN."

THE beasts that recently made their *début* at Drury Lane Theatre have, it seems, been taken to Liverpool, where the Lady of the Lions does not appear to have been more attractive than in town. One of the critics, in expounding his views upon the subject, really gives such very cogent reasons for his disapprobation of the performance, that we cannot leave them to mere local circulation. Here they are:—

"We do not approve of the gentle sex permitting a bear, or any other beast, to eat out of their mouth: the performance is disgusting, and ought to be eschewed. Man only should encounter the disagreeable task of feeding with bears or lions; and man only should be privileged to approach the lips of woman."



THE LAST ALTERATION.

Small Boy. "OH, AIN'T IT A SHAME! THEY'RE A GOING TO TAKE OFF THEM POOR COVES'S BOOTS AND COATS, AND PUT 'EM ON FROCKS AND TROUSERS!"

"THE FRAUDULENT BANKERS."

MADAME TUSSAUD permits only two sorts of people to enjoy the fame and hospitality of her wax Valhalla. She, or her surviving deputy, has recently added to the scoundrel section of the exhibition (for there are only the very white and the very black) the "Fraudulent Bankers." We have no doubt that the exposure of these delinquents during the late holidays must have had a great moral effect upon those "lower orders" of society who, somehow, are especially low because they cannot make unto themselves a sufficient outside of respectability to cheat, for a time at least, upon a large scale. It is by no means unlikely that MADAME TUSSAUD will, in due time, have to remove Banker BATES from the group, the belief gaining ground—a belief, moreover, strengthened by the compassionate testimonial of the jury who tried him—that he has been sacrificed in the general verdict. If this be found a verity, we shall be very glad to welcome the removal of MR. BATES to the melting-pot, to reappear under other circumstances and under other

garments. To speak critically of Messrs. STRAHAN and PAUL, they are executed with a fine sense of the highest requirements of scoundrel art. There is one omission—SIR JOHN PAUL ought, a little fervently, to clasp a Bible to his bosom. Altogether, however, it was the opinion of the visitors, that the "Fraudulent Bankers" looked remarkably well in Baker Street wax; though, to our thinking, they must look infinitely better in Millbank stone.

HOMŒOPATHY. AT HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE Gov'nor, when a boy, he says,
Was precious apt to cram and stuff,
And, every Christmas holidays,
Would eat more good things than enough.
He tuck'd the beef and turkey in,
Plum-pudding then did father grub,
And next mince pie, till, to the chin,
He got as full as any tub.

Next day the Gov'nor he was sure
Always to be extremely ill,
And that complaint of his to cure,
He had to take a dose and pill;
Obliged to keep in-doors all day,
And out of windows sadly look,
With not a thing to pass away
The dreary time, except a book!

How much more jolly are we now,
Who also can at Christmas eat,
As much as parents will allow,
Or friends, that stand the plummy treat!
No physic will to-morrow bring,
However we may gorge to-day.
A tiny globule—that's the thing—
Oh, don't I wish it was! you'll say.

THE HOUSE OF HATS.

AN ingenious hatter at Paris has built himself a house with no other building materials than old hats. We can understand the propriety of using hats for the upper storey, and we can easily conceive that in the construction of the roof, a quantity of old hats might supply the place of tiles. We, however, doubt the wisdom of erecting an entire dwelling of an article so unsubstantial as felt, and we can only imagine that an individual who resorts to a residence consisting of old hats, must be satisfied with anything he can put his head into, by way of a home. The same high wind that would blow one's hat off would probably blow one's house down, if the latter were made of the same stuff as the former, and it would be necessary to live in a perpetual state of wide-awake, to guard against the probability of having one's hatty dwelling whisked about one's ears.

To persons whose freedom from high aspirations will not allow them to aspire, the 'at may be thought well suited for the construction of an Attic, to which the views of such persons may well be limited.

Men of Peace.

MESSIEURS COBDEN and BRIGHT
Disapprove of a fight,
But the greatest good-will
Entertain for a Mill.

TRUE, BUT UNGENEROUS.

It may seem rather ungracious to depreciate the good works of those who are in the habit of performing acts of benevolence, but justice compels us to make the assertion, that the man who sends a divided bank-note in two separate enclosures, is literally doing things by halves.



BOXING DAY.

The Reg'lar Peace Dustmen call upon the Emperor of All the Russias for a Christmas Box.



OUR VOX STELLARUM.

It will be—or, to write more grammatically—it is in the recollection of thousands upon thousands, numbers which inadequately describe the multitude of the fortunate possessors of *Punch's Pocket Book* for 1856, that a promise was therein given by its great author. In expounding the fulfilment of the prophecies he had put forth in 1854, *Mr. Punch* abstained from divulging the mode in which his auguries for November and December last had been fulfilled; and he did so, not from any inability on his part to complete his explanations, but simply because, when he published his world-famous annual, the events in question had not occurred. But he promised the remainder of his "fulfilments" in his first number for the new year. Punctual as clock-work, or as a princely Field-Marshal on salary day, *Mr. Punch* performs his engagement.

His Prophecy for November.

"The stars of November are silent, but over the dark tide comes a murmur, and spirits are wandering, with candles in their hands, along the now granulated Milky Way."

Its Fulfilment.

Stars are always silent. The murmur over the dark tide meant rumours of hostilities with America, which were prevented by *Mr. Punch's* wisdom. The visit of the KING OF SARDINIA was prefigured in the last passage, and the spirits with candles wandering along the granulated Milky Way meant the greasy-listed Citizens laying down gravel before Milk Street, Cheapside, and the neighbourhood, for the reception of the King.

His Prophecy for December.

"Lastly, December, scowling, but with his hands full of silver and gold, passes moodily over the expanse, his blue garment reinvigorated with styptics, and his belt sparkling with the promise of the effulgent horizon."

Its Fulfilment.

These first words foretold the great drain of bullion from this country to France, and the Bank's savagely raising the rate of discount, which was considered a styptic, that is, something that stops a "bleeding," when too free. The belt, sparkling with the promise of the effulgent horizon, was a mere prosaic way of announcing the dawn of *Mr. Punch's* Thirtieth Volume.

Mr. Punch has thus utterly beaten all the Prophets on their own ground, to their dismay and confusion, testified by their helpless vaticinations this year, RAPHAEL contradicting ZADKIEL, and URIEL impeaching the truth of ASTROPHEL. Fourteen months ago, *Mr. P.* put forth, with the most fearless frankness, a set of prophecies, whose boldness and precision nobly contrasted with the niggardly, sneaking, evasive generalities of the professional Prophets, and now, while the latter can hardly twist and shuffle their meanly-prepared predictions into anything like fulfilment, *Mr. Punch's* astrology is vindicated to the very letter. There is only one problem which yet baffles him, namely, when Fools, that is, the believers in the other Prophets, will cease to be the dupe of Quacks.

ECONOMY OF THE FIRST WATER.

We have observed, with considerable interest, an economical practice which prevails in the administration of the Woods and Forests; whose turncock is regularly employed every afternoon in turning off the water from the Fountain in the enclosure of St. James's Park. This piece of prudence is an earnest of a strong desire to save every pint of the public water; and if the same principle were only applied to the public money, the result would be still more satisfactory. We have often watched with intense curiosity the proceedings of the aquatic official, who, with the keys of his office, applies himself energetically to that plug-hole, through which the watery wealth of the country is allowed, for a limited period to flow. We presume that it is a similar spirit of economy that has recently reduced one of the Trafalgar Fountains from the exuberant gushiness of a ginger-beer bottle, to the slow, uncertain trickling of a watering-pot.

When we see the authorities intent on preventing any extravagance in that cheap and unwholesome liquid which limps along our mains and squirts up into our offended eyes at our public monuments, we may indulge a not altogether unreasonable hope, that economy may be applied to other departments of the public service. We should like to see the government turncock employed in turning off the supplies from some of those quarters towards which there has been hitherto an unwarrantable overflow. We are afraid that a good many worn-out pumps would be deprived of their usual resources by such an arrangement, but this fact ought not to stand in the way of a salutary measure.

THE STABLE AND THE TABLE.

THAT the horse is capable of supporting man is a fact which has long been recognised by foxhunters and most others, but certain persons in France are now asserting it in a sense entirely new. They are endeavouring to prove, both by theory and practice, that the horse is similarly capable of supporting man with the pig. MR. GEOFFROY DE ST. HILAIRE, the chemist, is the chief of these jippophagi, or horse-eaters, who, having divested themselves of unphilosophical prejudice in favour of beef and mutton, prefer another kind of meat in stead.

That horseflesh would probably go faster than any other is a consideration which may present itself to a superficial mind; but that such is not the case may be known to many persons who may have ventured on a plate of hashed venison at a cheap eating-house, and have experienced an amount of difficulty in getting through it sufficient to prove that horseflesh would go very slowly, although it might possess the economical advantage of going very far.

It is not unlikely that the flesh of the thoroughbred horse would be characterised by a peculiar raciness of flavour, less observable in the colt than in the full-grown animal, entered some time upon the turf—whereon horses, if destined to be eaten, would be entered for cups in a minor proportion than for plates, and not only for plates, but also for knives and forks and dishes.

Newmarket would supply a happily-named locality for the erection of shambles for the sale of horse; though it may not follow that the best courser would necessarily furnish the best material for one of three courses: and Dobbins, in a gastronomical point of view, may be preferable to Eclipse.

Should the use of horseflesh obtain in this country, attention would of course be directed to the improvement of the breed in a novel direction. The dray-horse, greatly exaggerated, would accompany the Hereford ox at the Fat Cattle Show; and the hunter and cob would be intermingled with Devons and short-horns, exhibiting flanks of enormous latitude, and huge mountains of fat on their withers.

How pony steaks would taste, what kind of thing would be a round of nag, a sirlon, or ribs, or breast of filly, whether horse would require horse-radish; may be matters of speculation: but in England, at least, will be matters of speculation only whilst the living horse fetches a price so much higher than would be given for his mere carcase. Eating horse would be eating money indeed; and the slaughter of an animal worth perhaps three thousand pounds would be an extravagance too prodigious for any table, inclusive of the Civic: it is not therefore to be expected that any Mayor will ever eat horse.

The "high-mettled racer," instead of being sent to the hounds, might certainly be consigned to M. de ST. HILAIRE and his disciples; but as it is impossible to have your horse and eat him too, most persons would prefer the possession to the meal, if the horse were good for anything, and few would be disposed to regale themselves on a good-for-nothing horse.

There may be a singular and extraordinary daintiness in the chief of the equine family, of which its inferior members do not partake; otherwise why confine horse-eating to the *Equus Caballus*? There is the *Equus Asinus* also—would not that humbler and cheaper individual of the genus content the hankers for horse? Even if there were the same relation between the noble and the inflexible animal as that of the rabbit to the hare, they might dine very well upon donkey. But their nature instinctively revolts, perhaps, at a banquet which, to them, may seem what that of a Carib appears to civilised people.

On the whole, it is probable that except by the dogs, and the crows, and the consumers of doubtful sausages, the horse will remain untouched as an article of food, and nothing be eaten more nearly related to it than the saddle—of mutton.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

- A Treasure of a Husband.*—Carries the baby.
- A Treasure of a Wife.*—Never asks for money.
- A Treasure of a Son.*—Has money in the funds.
- A Treasure of a Daughter.*—Looks the same age as her Mother—if anything, a trifle older.
- A Treasure of a Servant.*—Runs to the Post in less than half-an-hour.
- A Treasure of a Cook.*—Is not hysterical whenever there is company to dinner.
- A Treasure of a Baby.*—Doesn't disturb its dear Papa in the middle of the night.

Festivities at the Admiralty.

THE *Northern Bee* published lately, with the grandest flourish of words, "A grand Victory of the Russians on the Bug." On the news being communicated to BERNAL OSBORNE, he shook his head knowingly, and said most good-naturedly, "I don't believe a syllable of it. Now my word for it, you'll find this victory to be all a hum—in fact, a regular bit of the *Bea's* Ham-Bug." All the clerks went into convulsions that lasted half-an-hour.

SPARROWS, HEDGEHOGS, ETC.



WE are happy to find that good sense and humanity are taking up arms against the sanguinary parties who compose Sparrow-clubs; and, thus enrolled, slaughter without mercy tens of thousands of birds, otherwise usefully engaged "in the destruction of caterpillars." There is, it cannot be denied, a low and ignorant prejudice against attorneys as a body; and yet the good they do to society is unknown. Supposing now that higher intelligences—as superior for instance to the common run of sparrow-shooters, as the passericides are to the sparrows

—should resolve to shoot down all attorneys; should we not consider such a mode of sport as cruel, relentless, and socially mischievous? It is calculated that "the number of caterpillars a pair of sparrows will destroy in feeding their young amounts to about 4,000 weekly." Now, let us for a moment pause, and consider the amount of evil inflicted by these caterpillars, and then say—ought we not to be grateful to their destroyers?

Is not money the root of evil? When too much of it gets into a family, like a tree growing with its roots in masonry, is it not likely to disturb and separate what before was so symmetrical, so strong, so comely? How often, then, do we see very much of this root of evil otherwise diverted and consumed in the Court of Chancery? What, then, should we say of the ignorance of the superior intelligences above alluded to, if—regardless of this fact—they were ruthlessly to sport in Chancery Lane, shooting down all Chancery practitioners? What a pair of sparrows will consume in feeding their young has been pretty accurately made known,—but it has not yet been calculated, at its fullest extent, the amount of the root of evil that the attorney world may put away in the support of its families? Now, let this be tenderly considered, when the superficial and the spiteful rail at law.

We are happy to find that as there are hearts for sparrows, so there are bosoms for hedgehogs. MR. NASH STEPHENSON, of Shirley Parsonage—(he has *Punch's* heraldic permission henceforth to carry in his arms a hedgehog proper)—does gallant battle in the *Traes* for poor little prickles. The hedgehog is ruthlessly slaughtered, because accused that "he plunders the udders of the cows, and extracts the milk." Poor fellow! he is as innocent of cow's-milk as a London dairyman. "Owing to the smallness of his mouth," says the sagacious, observant MR. NASH, "the hedgehog is physically incapable of the crime alleged against him." But what of that? Does not the hedgehog carry about him, carry upon his back, the too prominent cause of slander? Is he not armed with points—covered with prickles; and is not every point formed and fashioned that it may bear upon its very point a wrong and a scandal? Because the hedgehog has not a smooth outside, therefore shall he be internally the ruggedest of monsters! He has a coat of thorns; and therefore his mouth, though in reality it can hardly take in a goosequill,—shall be big enough to rob a cow of her milk; even a cow from the herds of Bashan!

THE CONCORDAT ON THE STAGE.

ALREADY in Austria, by virtue of the Concordat, is the POPE among the players. On Sunday week, SCHILLER'S *Don Carlos* was played at the Court Theatre in Vienna; whereupon *Domingo*, the king's confessor, and, according to the poet, a most emphatic Churchman, appeared—"as a mailed knight." What a capital comment is this on the assuming and transforming power of a POPE'S Concordat! Nominal Religion bears the sword, and the robes of the Church of Peace become offensive plate iron! We suppose that every drama, every opera in which Church interests have hitherto been concerned or represented, will undergo a similar change and amendment. For, avers the ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN, in his late pastoral letter, "the Church, by reason of the Concordat, has the right to oppose all kinds of error and temptation as well on the stage as in the press." Who knows? We may have a letter from CARDINAL WISEMAN to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, suggesting, in deference to papal feeling—though there is as yet no Concordat with England—that CARDINAL WOLSEY should henceforth appear as a Beef-eater? In *Robert the Devil*, there is a dance of exhumed nuns. Henceforth, we presume, in obedience to the Concordat, for nuns will be substituted a company of Hussars.

A ROPE'S END.—A YANKEE YARN.

It has been decided by Boston authorities, and no doubt to the satisfaction of all Yankee sailors, that "whipping a seaman with a rope's end is not within the meaning of the act," however it may be, we presume, within the physical apprehension of the sailor's flesh. That to use a rope's end is not to flog is, certainly, to draw the line very fine somewhere. "Flogging," say the Boston authorities, "is a technical naval act;" just as hanging is merely a legal formality. Flogging must be "inflicted with an instrument known as a 'cat.'" Now, a rope's-end is not a cat; it is not—and any Philadelphian lawyer will prove it—it is not even a kitten.

Beginning the New Year Well.

IDA PFEIFFER (*spricht*). Here, MINNA, child, listen and attend to me. You must run directly, and get me fifteen reams of paper, one quire of blotting ditto, six quart bottles of black ink, and five hundred Magaun Bonum steel pens. To-morrow is New Year's Day, and I intend starting on a trip round the World for the third time. You must call me at five o'clock.

BEST PLACES FOR PLAYING VARIOUS INSTRUMENTS.

FLUTE. Under the same roof with a poet, or an accountant, or any person who gets his living by literature or figures.

ACCORDION. If you can find a room with a barrister on one side, and an actor on the other, you cannot do better than practise ten hours a day in it; especially if you select such hours for playing as when the former is reading his briefs, and the latter is studying his part.

PIANO. In any of the new houses in the Regent's Park that are built with brown-paper partitions.

CORNET-A-PISTON. Over the head of an irritable old gentleman who is laid up with the gout.

OPHICLEIDE. As near to a hospital as possible; or next door to a riding-school is not bad.

ORGAN (*Street*). Opposite a house with a gloved knocker, in a street that has straw recently laid down.

MONSTER ORGAN (*drawn by two horses*). Any respectable house, at the door of which a Doctor's Brougham is waiting. A mansion, where there is a wedding-breakfast going on, is also a capital plant. The address can always be learnt for sixpence of any of the servants in rose-leaf stockings that strew the steps of St. George's any fashionable morning.

P.S. The best hours for playing the above instruments are decidedly early in the morning and late in the evening. The middle of the night also is a very good opportunity, as there is then no other noise, and you are not likely to be interrupted in your studies.

An Empty Excuse.

It is stated that a considerable party of parochial patriots in Marylebone opposed the distribution of beef and pudding among the paupers on Christmas-Day. We understand that the liberal argument on which the proposed prohibition was founded, consisted of the suggestion, that every pauper has a right to express himself freely on the subject of his real or imaginary grievances; and that beef and pudding might have acted as a mode of stopping his mouth.

A SLAP ON THE FACE OF THE LEGISLATURE.—Great sensation has been created at Birmingham. Certain influential Electors have called upon MR. MUNTZ either to "shave, or resign."

INFORMATION FOR MR. BRIGHT.—If anybody wishes to know, what the object of the War is, he may be told, that it is to compel the CZAR to retrace his footsteps.

"KING JACKY."—POTTS v. KETTLES.

A CASE, involving at once the profoundest and the highest interests of the drama, came on last week before the worthy Magistrate of Bow Street; and was adjudicated by his worship with all his well-known acumen; namely, it was summarily dismissed. As, however, the merits or demerits, or both, of the matter must be of absorbing interest to all true lovers of the high drama in its present marked influence upon the refinements and happiness of existing society, *Mr. Punch* gives a report of the case.

It appeared that MESSRS. POTTS AND KETTLES were the joint claimants of one idea; an idea worked out, and drest and painted, and represented by a company of Omugaways in the Strand. The idea had been registered in the archives of Stationers' Hall as the sole property of Mr. POTTS; a fact that, in its gross monopoly, naturally enough, offended the very pardonable self-love of Mr. KETTLES; who, at least, had all lawful right, share, and proprietary in at least a clear half of the idea aforesaid. Perhaps, however, for the readier appreciation of the importance of the cause, we ought to make known in what specially the originality of the idea consisted; it was this.—It had struck POTTS that it would be emphatically instructive to a most thinking playhouse public to unbend the tragic dignity of *King John* into the loose burlesque of *King Jacky*. And this idea POTTS, with all the generosity of original genius, declared himself ready to share with KETTLES, if KETTLES, on his part, would merely supply the humour, wit, and fancy—the irony, the satire, and the sardonic qualities—necessary to insure the admiration and patronage of an enlightened British audience for the original adaptation of *King Jacky*. Now, contrary to the wish of POTTS, and in flagrant violation of the rights accruing to him from an original idea—and who is to calculate how many nights of severe thought it will take even the readiest genius, to lie awake and toss and tumble in bed, ere like a shooting-star, the bright idea shall descend upon him of changing *King John* into the mirth-compelling *King Jacky*?—in contempt, we say, of the rights of POTTS, KETTLES prints *King Jacky*; and thus, flings it open to the use and abuse of country managers. Hereupon, KETTLES makes an affidavit before a judge, and POTTS has to pay for the swearing. Upon which POTTS makes a charge of perjury against KETTLES, and KETTLES, attending before the worthy Magistrate, strengthened and assisted by his counsel, KETTLES laughs POTTS to scorn. Ha! ha!

The worthy Magistrate dismissed the case. He did not see how a charge of perjury could be maintained; although he had no doubt—could he see *King Jacky* as printed—he should be able to satisfy himself that a great deal of bad language had been used by both parties.

Poor little Creech, it wants to go to By-By!



FALSE ALARM OF FIRE.

IN Paris on Christmas-day there was great excitement outside LORD COWLEY'S official residence; a feeling that admirably displayed the interest felt for the English Ambassador by our amiable Allies. It was for a time believed that the mansion of the Embassy was on fire. All the practical authorities on fire hurried to the spot; the great fire-engine, exhibited at the Exhibition, was speedily upon the ground,—when, after due investigation, it was discovered that the alarm of fire at the mansion of HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S Ambassador at Paris arose from a very natural mistake on the part of the unsophisticated Parisians. The fact is, on Christmas-day LORD COWLEY had absolutely determined to give a dinner to a few of his countrymen; and, the false alarm naturally enough arose with the smoke, seen for the first time, from his Excellency's kitchen chimney.

TRUE MESSENGERS OF PEACE.

THERE was a time when anybody would have been laughed at for being so ignorant of warlike affairs, as to suppose that a twenty-four-pounder was a ball costing twenty-four pounds. That time was a happy time, that ignorance was indeed bliss. Shells are now in progress of manufacture for Government by the Lowmore Iron Company, of the value, even when unfilled, of from £20 to £25 each. This may be denominated shelling out with a vengeance; which, however, if thoroughly executed, the nation will not mind. These shells are 9 feet 5 inches in circumference, 36 inches in diameter, 1 ton 6 cwt. in weight, and have to be hoisted into the mortar by machinery. Pray let the greatest pains be taken in filling these shells, and adapting fuses to them. Make sure of the soundness and practicability of the mortars that are to hurl them upon Cronstadt—these thunderbolts are intended for the Baltic Fleet. Choose expert gunners, that twenty-five pounds sterling shot may not be thrown away. The expense of their production is awful; horrible; agonising to think of; anything that MR. BRIGHT may choose to call it—except unnecessary. But, if they only fly the required distance, and fall in the right place—hurrah for the expense, because it will preclude a vastly greater expense. Right in the centre of a dense mass of Russian troops; right into the most important works manned with the greatest possible number of the enemy—the enemy of freedom and civilisation; right into the powder magazine of the biggest man-of-war, containing as large a crew of Russian ruffians as it can hold; in any and each of these places a shell falling true, and punctually bursting, that is the right shell in the right place.

Every twenty-five pounds fired against the Muscovites will represent so much privation necessitated on our part by them. That it may scatter misery and destruction a hundredfold around it is the humanest thing that philanthropy herself could wish. Wholesale slaughter and devastation, when you are driven to it, is the only economy of slaughter and devastation. Alas, that we cannot exterminate as cheaply as noisome insects, that it is not in our power to bane at the rate of rats the vermin by whose infestation we are tormented! But the riddance must be managed, cheaply if possible—anyhow managed. The Russians have cost us a sea of our best and bravest blood. They are also costing us a high per-centage on our hard earnings, our food, and drink. But half allowance of sugar will sweeten the tea enough, the Income-Tax will be paid almost with enthusiasm, when it is considered that the cash wrung out of us goes in part to the manufacture of twenty-five pound shells. Provided always, that the shells prove really worth twenty-five pounds each; and that we have the money's worth of carcasses, ruins, and mischief to show for the money.

PSALMODY FOR THE STUPID.

THE attention of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY is respectfully invited to the subjoined portion of a recent advertisement:—

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—This Book will, it is hoped, be found to combine, with a high and holy tone, theological accuracy of expression, and a strict regard to sense and grammar, rhyme, and rhythm.

It is proper that the ARCHBISHOP should know that the foregoing is not the joke of some Roman Catholic or other dissenting buffoon. The advertisement, whence it is taken, appeared in the *Times*. Can it be necessary to advertise, for the use of the Church of England, hymns correct as to sense, construction, and metre? Are the hymns, commonly sung in churches, devoid, to any considerable extent, of meaning; deficient, also, in respect of syntax and prosody? That a demand might exist in the Mormon Society for rational and grammatical hymns is intelligible; but the supposition that the Established Church sings any other sort of hymns, is either a shocking libel, or a tremendous satire, on the Church.

CLEANLINESS AND CATHOLICISM.

ADVOCATING the establishment of Baths and Washhouses in the City of London, MR. W. HAWES says—

"These institutions are most catholic in their principles and applications."

Catholicity may, perhaps, be predicated of the principles and applications of baths and washhouses; but, to judge from the personal appearance of the low Irish, and the evidence of astonishing abstinence from soap and water recorded of certain personages in the Roman Calendar of high sanctity—sanctity which must have been very high indeed—we cannot but regard baths and washhouses as any but a Popish kind of institution.

CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE.—LORD COWLEY gave a large dinner-party on Christmas-day at the English Embassy in Paris. Covers were laid for three!



SHORT-SIGHTED PRIDE.

Lady with glasses. "Well, I'm sure! the impertinence of the Lower Classes is astonishing! It will be quite time to leave off our Round Hats, if they are to be worn by creatures like these."

POLICEMAN'S LOGIC.

A POLICEMAN may be a very fair witness when he limits himself to a mere matter of fact, but he is seldom to be relied upon when he attempts to go through a process of reasoning, and offers the result as evidence. How can we reason but from what we know? is a very natural question; but if the poet had asked, "What can we know, but from what we reason?" the query would never have been handed down to us, except as an instance of gross absurdity. We find, however, from a recent police case at Marylebone, that the reasoning powers of a metropolitan constable are occasionally used by himself to supply a want of actual knowledge, as may be seen in the following brief dialogue:—

"MAGISTRATE. Do you think the pork was stolen?"

"POLICEMAN. I have no doubt of it, or she would not have let it drop."

Upon this principle it would appear that no one can be supposed "to have" legally what he cannot "hold," and that, therefore, if any individual were to permit his watch, or his purse, or any other article to drop, he may be presumed to have stolen it. This species of circumstantial evidence must be received with considerable caution, for there are many articles that one might very innocently drop, such as a hot plate, a tea-kettle not supplied with an efficient holder, and a variety of other things which one would not like to be accused of stealing, unless one was prepared to burn one's fingers. The policeman who pronounced a leg of pork to be stolen because the accused "let it drop," should be careful to avoid such nonsense, and either "drop it" in the vulgar sense, or not let it drop from his mouth on any future occasion.

Tory Nursery Song.

(Slightly explanatory of certain Peacemongering.)

HUSH-A-BY, PALMY, on the tree-top,
PALMY's in office the Russians to wop;
Patch up a peace, and old PALMY will fall,
And up will go DARBY, and DIZZY, and all.

ANGLO-FRENCH.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?—Many to whom this question is put will answer, "Tray becauy, ge voo remercy," and if they are further asked, Comment vous portez-vous? will reply "Ung peu."

HEROES AT A DISCOUNT.

WE have seen in the shop windows a large engraving representing a number of military officers, and labelled with the words, "WATERLOO HEROES, ONE GUINEA; SOLD AT FOUR GUINEAS." We do not see why the Waterloo Heroes should have undergone such a terrible reduction as to have fallen no less than seventy-five per cent.; and, indeed, we cannot help thinking that some of the Crimean Heroes—if we take into account the treatment they have met with—are better adapted to be regarded in the light of an alarming sacrifice. The Waterloo Heroes have done nothing, and suffered nothing, recently which can account for their suddenly falling in public estimation to one-fourth of the price that was formerly set upon them. Military heroes, we know, are at all times liable to be "cleared off;" and there are many officers that "must go," whether they find it agreeable or otherwise; but the fame of the Waterloo Heroes might, we think, have sustained them at the price at which it seems they have been "regularly sold" up to the present period.

Cruel Kindness.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA's friends (if he has any) will probably try and make a point in his favour by pointing to the enfranchisement of the serfs. If we were not afraid of being accused of barbarism almost as great as that of the Northern Despot, we should be disposed to reply, that this assumed liberality to the serfs is all on the surface.

Severity of the Season.

(Extremely Unromantic.)

ALFRED, devotedly in love, asked MARIA for her hand. "You may have it, ALFRED, dear," the artless girl replied; "but I am afraid you will find it twice its usual size; for it's covered all over with chilblains."

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S OWN.

LIEUTENANT GENESTE, in his report of the Hango massacre, states that—

"The soldiers who perpetrated this most barbarous outrage were not irregular troops or militia, but belonged to one of the best Russian regiments, the grenadiers of FREDERICK WILLIAM of Prussia, as they are called; the King of Prussia being their Colonel."

So the KING OF PRUSSIA still retains his commission in the Russian army. It was stated, shortly after the commencement of the War, that NICHOLAS had dismissed him summarily from the service. In fairness it should be mentioned, that FREDERICK WILLIAM's dismissal was not ascribed at the time to any conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman. The EMPEROR, his late master, was supposed to have sent him about his business, simply for having presumed to express somewhat resembling an opinion of his own on the Eastern question. Even this supposition now appears to have been incorrect, FARTZ having all along "remained the same for Russia"—namely, a Colonel of Russian grenadiers.

Now, considering whose men these soldiers were who fired on LIEUTENANT GENESTE and his flag of truce; considering who their Colonel was; and how potent is the force of example in high places, there is something to be said for them which may at least divest that act of the character of a cold-blooded murder. What that is it is unnecessary more distinctly to specify. Of course it is no excuse for such a deed in point of law; still we feel that a crime committed under excitement, however occasioned, is a different thing from a deliberate act. "A soldier's a man, and man's life's but a span," &c., as is unhappily too strikingly instanced by our own soldiers in the Crimea; therefore we have no call to brag, as they say in the country: still, in whatever state our gallant fellows might be, we trust that they would always know better what they were about than to fire—a whole regiment of them at a time—upon a few unarmed and defenceless men bearing a flag of truce. Drunk or sober, they never could, we are persuaded, make such horrid beasts of themselves as to do that, like the Russian grenadiers, whose Colonel is the KING OF PRUSSIA.

Intelligence from Berlin.

THE intoxication which has been so rife among the British troops in the Crimea has of late formed the principal subject here of general conversation. The tide has turned again in a high quarter, and decided sympathy has been expressed for our brave but bosky fellows.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"*Trinculo*. I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an *Islander*."
Tempest, Act ii., Scene 2.

SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING.

CONSIDERING the scarcity of *Sinecures*, they ought to be at a premium just now, and there should consequently be a rather brisk demand for a thing we saw advertised the other day as "a *Sinecure* of £1,500 per annum." The candidate for this comfortable position must be prepared to "introduce £15,000," or rather to educe and pull out the sum in question, for which he will be allowed interest at the rate of five per cent., in addition to the salary attached to his *Sinecure*. This eligible opportunity is offered, with proportionate advantages, to the owner of ten, or even five, thousand pounds, but the advertiser candidly admits that to "the capitalist producing the full amount of £15,000 the preference will be given." It is natural that fifteen thousand pounds should be preferred to five, or even to ten, and we do not wonder that the owner of the first-named sum should be regarded with peculiar favour by the patrons of the *Sinecure*. The place, to which no duties attach, is said to be exactly suited to a Member of Parliament, a clergyman, or even a lady; and as there is nothing to do, but only somebody to be done, we have no doubt that parties will be found whose capacity of pocket and incapacity for work will fit them for the position.

A Jump to a Conclusion.

It being remarked at supper the other evening, that there had been a more than usual number of parties given upon New Year's Eve, for the annual purpose of dancing the old year out; a small wag, who unfortunately happened to be sitting within ear-shot, observed that he supposed the increase was chiefly to be attributed to the fact, that people thought it proper to enter Leap Year with a hop.

"SALTING" AN INVOICE.

WHEN the *Dictionary of Commercial Slang* comes to be written, we hope the lexicographer will not forget to give due prominence to the word "Salting," which is used to describe a peculiar operation that is sometimes performed on "the market." Perhaps the following dialogue taken from the report of a trial in the Court of Exchequer, will throw some light on the process:

"On mentioning one of the invoices the defendant alluded to the custom of 'salting' invoices as very prevalent at that time in the Australian trade.
 "MR. BRAMWELL. What do you mean by 'salting' an invoice?
 "Witness. The price inserted in the invoice is not the true price given for the goods; it is a larger one, and the goods in Australia are sold upon an advance upon the invoice price.
 "MR. BRAMWELL. The invoice, then, is shown to the customer, and he believes the sum mentioned in it to be the real price?
 "THE CHIEF BARON. Is that so?
 "A JURYMAN. Yes, my Lord; it was very common, I know.
 "THE CHIEF BARON. I think that in most criminal courts that I am acquainted with that would be called obtaining money under false pretences.
 "THE WITNESS. My Lord, the buyer has the goods to examine. It was the general custom.
 "THE CHIEF BARON. I think it my duty to say, that I think such a practice illegal and criminal, and I hope it will not be persisted in."

We quite agree with the CHIEF BARON in his view of the law, but when we find a juryman speaking coolly of the practice as "a very common one, he knows" we doubt whether that great palladium of our rights, familiarly described as "twelve men in a box" would find a fellow-tradesman guilty of a crime for following what the juryman would have us believe is a common commercial practice.

We strongly suspect that, according to the rules of morality—which, however, by common consent, are not supposed to apply to trade—half the business in the country is carried on upon the principle of obtaining money under false pretences. Every untrue announcement of a side "under cost price," every ticket describing an article as that which it is not, every label in a window attached to any piece of goods that is not to be had at the price affixed to it, any one of these tricks which meet one at every turn in every street, is an attempt to obtain money under false pretences. We do not wonder that when in old comedy we hear a clap-trap about "the honour of the British merchant," and the "integrity of the English tradesman," there is a supercilious sneer from the boxes, a gentle giggle from the pit, and a loud laugh from the gallery. We have been told occasionally, that commercial rognery is confined to the petty tradesmen, and that our "merchant princes" are quite above anything like fraud; but what are we to say to this "common practice" among wholesale houses of "Salting an Invoice?"

There is something really alarming in the excessive bluntness of the moral sense which seems to exist in some commercial quarters; and we recollect nothing much cooler than the apology made by the witness—a "highly respectable man," we dare say—who exclaimed in answer to the CHIEF BARON's rebuke of the system,—"*My Lord*, the buyer has the goods to examine. It was the general custom." It might as well be said, in answer to a charge of uttering a forged note,—"*My Lord*, the prosecutor had the note to examine; he ought to have found out that my pretence as to its value was a false one." If the custom of "Salting an Invoice" is really as common as we are led to believe, we can only say, that after the declaration of the CHIEF BARON, that the Act constitutes a false pretence, and the obtaining money by it is a crime. It is the duty of every customer to prosecute every tradesman who is guilty of the fraud in question.

BOOKS LYING ON MR. DUNUP'S TABLE.

THE Laundress' Book, with a request pinned on the outside, "Too Be Hat fended 2."
 THE Washing Book, with an intimation, anything but politely worded, that Mr. Duxup's linen will not be sent home, until the sum of 15s. 9d., which has been owing ever so long, is paid.
 THE Butcher's Book, the entries of which consist mostly of "One Chop," which have accumulated, in spite of several small sums paid on account, to an almost incredible number.
 A Red Book (1849).—A Blue Book (1837), and a Law Book (1850).
 THE Twenty-Ninth Volume of PRENDERGAST'S "Abridgement."
 An odd volume of a circulating library novel, the title-page torn out, but supposed to be one of MR. G. P. R. JAMES', as the opening-scene, is in Languedoc, and there is a description of two travellers on horseback.
 A Loan Book, belonging to the "Mutual Samaritan Office," in which there are two entries, of 2s. 6d. There is a lapse of six weeks between the two payments.
 A small parcel of writs, summonses, income-tax papers, and papers of every kind, public and private, but all of them, demanding payment in a very summary manner, and the majority of them additionally endorsed with a threat that "the Bearer will not call again." This miscellaneous collection is kept down in a state of abject submission by a large lion's-head knocker, that is doing duty in the character of an iron paper-weight.
 Two Volumes (V. and VI.) of the History of England, by HUME AND SMOLLETT, which on being opened are discovered to contain dice-boxes, and to be nothing more than the insidious cover for a backgammon-board.

A JUVENILE PARTY.

LORD JOHN MANNERS gave a grand Juvenile Party during the Christmas week, which some of the oldest members of Young England attended. There were not more than five of these youthful celebrities present, and yet their united ages amounted to upwards of 300.



Old Lady. "Oh, ah! yes, it's the Waits. I love to listen to 'em. It may be fancy, but somehow they don't seem to play so sweetly as they did when I was a girl. Perhaps it is that I'm getting old, and don't hear quite so well as I used to do."

SEX IN THE CHURCH.

ONE of the PUSEYS—whether a relative, or merely a namesake of the notorious Romanesque clergyman—or, for aught we know, the MAGNUS APOLLO of the pseudo-Roman-Catholic Priests himself, has lately indulged in a new vagary of Puseyism; at least, if credit is due to the *Building News*. That journal mentions that—

"A learned divine, the Rev. Mr. PUSEY, of Langley, more conversant with the practices of the dark ages than with the institutions of the country in which it has been his lot to be born, has, in building a new church for his parishioners, attempted to divide the families of his congregation, quartering them out, the males on one side and the females on the other, separating husbands and wives, mothers and sons, fathers and daughters, brothers and sisters, masters and maidens. To his great surprise and disgust the congregation has refused to be so parcelled out like sheep in a market; and this attempt to treat Englishmen after this ancient fashion has signally failed."

Our authority above quoted thereupon suggests, that the failure of the Reverend gentleman in that attempt of his was a great pity; and that had he succeeded in it, he might have been encouraged to carry out his idea by building unisexual churches; churches for men alone, and women alone, respectively. Mr. PUSEY, perhaps, considers that in church at least, it is good for man to be alone, and for woman to be alone also. The notion of an unisexual church may be pleasant to Mr. PUSEY, but would not be completely practicable. To be strictly unisexual, the church would have to be served by a clergywoman; and canonicals are incompatible with petticoats. It is true that Ceres had her priests, although women exclusively constituted her congregation; but let us hope that the mysteries of Ceres will never be celebrated in a British place of worship, whatever other mummeries may be practised there; and that no sound Anglican divine will ever be found to resemble the clergy of that heathen divinity.

We should be inclined to doubt the fact that the Rev. Mr. PUSEY derived his crotchet of separating his congregation into two genders from the dark ages. We should rather be inclined to conjecture, that he took it into his head from these present days of progress. Mr. PUSEY, in the course of his travels, must have often seen an inscription over the doors of railway waiting-rooms, which may reasonably be supposed to have furnished him with a hint for his masculine and feminine church-sittings. If so, a double church, with a party wall in the middle, if that arrangement is compatible with mediæval rules of building, would be the kind of sacred edifice for his fancy.

It is, however, but fair to Mr. PUSEY to remark, that he has a perfect right to try to get his congregation to adopt any arrangement, however absurd, which he may judge conducive to their spiritual

advantage. As he appears to have built the church himself, he may be presumed to have paid his money, and in regulating its sittings may plausibly expect to take his choice.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

Nobody will suspect *Punch* of being opposed to a really cheap press; but there seems to be a doubt, whether the principle of a cheap press is really advanced by the establishment of very low-priced Newspapers. The other day a cheap provincial print was put up for sale, and knocked down for one hundred pounds to the first and only bidder, who went away to look for the deposit (which he did not happen to have about him), and never came back again. Some of these Newspapers are said to have entailed enormous losses on their proprietors, so that the cheapness to the buyers has proved very dear indeed to the sellers, who in many cases have been glad to leave off, not exactly where they began, though they wish they could have done so.

For our own parts, we shall be really sorry if a cheap newspaper press will not pay; for we like to see plenty of everything—if it happens to be good or harmless—sold for as little money as possible. We, however, confess that we do not sympathise with the sufferings of those who fail in an attempt to produce a cheap article by taking to themselves for nothing what somebody else has produced at a considerable expense; and, indeed, we regard all speculations of the kind as little better than that of a pickpocket, who should set himself up as a dealer in cheap pocket-handkerchiefs.

We do not say that any of the low-priced papers that have failed, have attempted to flourish on the practice of literary plunder, but, we had much rather see half-a-dozen honest, though unwise, speculators break down in the attempt to establish a cheap newspaper press, than have to witness the pecuniary success of any one who might set at defiance all the distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*, and flourish by the sale of stolen articles. If a penny newspaper press is to be established by fair means, none will rejoice more sincerely than ourselves; but if it can only be accomplished by foul play, we shall hail every failure as a wholesome triumph of principle.

DIPLOMATIC WANT OF FORESIGHT.—The name of the Envoy sent from Paris to Dresden and St. Petersburg is M. DE SEEBACH. We hope this gentleman will not confide himself to the meaning expressed in his name; but that SEE-BACH will Look-forward.

CLAIRVOYANT CHRONOLOGY.

1857. Dissolution of the Peace Society, in consequence of Mr. BRIGHT's accepting office as Minister-at-War.

1866. A clean street seen in the City for an hour or two.

1869. Lodgers' Relief Act passed: containing clauses for the prevention of door-chains and street music; and the substitution of young and neat teetotal handmaidens for slatternly and old gin-smelling charwomen.

1870. The KING of PRUSSIA is induced to take the pledge.

1880. The Inhabitant of a "quiet" street goes quite out of his mind, in consequence of having passed a whole day without hearing a barrel-organ.

1888. Great activity in the Library of the British Museum. The catalogue advanced nearly half a column.

1899. The Rights of Charwomen investigated at the Home Office. (Very) cross-examination of above five hundred witnesses; and defeat of the Government in its endeavour to define, within a little, what the claimants mean by "puck-wisits."

Terms for Brutes.

STRANGE as it may seem, the only language which Russian diplomatists are capable of understanding is inarticulate. For it is that which proceeds from the cannon's mouth. Yet what can a Bear be expected to understand but a roar? We trust the Allies will make the Russian Bear understand their meaning clearly enough by the roar of artillery.

A PROSPECTUS OF A NEW PEACE JOURNAL.



HORTLY will be produced, to be continued weekly, a new paper, under the title of the *Thieves' Advocate*. The candour of this denomination will be no matter of surprise to those who consider the increasing numbers and respectability of the class of persons vulgarly termed Thieves. By the hostile testimony of SERJEANT ADAMS, it is established that the members of the community engaged in theft, including dishonesty, so called, in all its branches, constitute a peculiar, and in a certain sense a regular, Profession, with several departments, each having its special cultivators. Three bankers of the very highest standing have recently been sentenced to fourteen

years' transportation, for disposal of securities. Later still, transportation for life has been awarded to a clergyman, the next heir to a peerage, convicted of the fictitious endorsement of a bill of exchange. Railway embezzlement and speculation are almost universal. These facts, partly melancholy, partly cheering, sufficiently demonstrate the existence of a large and important body, whose sentiments are at variance with commonly-received notions of proprietary right. It is high time that they possessed an organ, and a supply of this want is offered in the *Thieves' Advocate*; a Newspaper expressly intended for Thieves, and to be devoted to the furtherance of their moral, material, and intellectual progress.

The stigma attached to theft is purely conventional. The least intelligent members of our Swell Mob can remind a Beak, that what is here punishable as felony, was legal in Sparta in as far as the mere act went; detection therein only being liable to a penalty. Names that were once infamous have since become respectable; and to these names, we doubt not, the onward social movement will, in due time, add that of Thief.

Theft is simply the operation of superior strength or superior cunning, reclaiming the wealth appropriated by superior intelligence, patience, economy, and industry. The primary object of the *Thieves' Advocate* will be the assertion of this doctrine, and of the corresponding principle of Unrestricted Action, which, from a Thief's point of view, is seen to be merely an extension of Free Trade.

No fear is entertained for the success of this Journal on the score of the alleged want of education prevalent among the predatory classes. Theft, in the large sense, includes forgery and swindling; an art and a science which exact no small acquaintance with letters, and, indeed, the very best writing.

In regard to the religious controversies of the day, this Journal will take a line at once moderate and decided. On the most important of all topics its Conductors have their own opinions, which, whilst the freedom of conscientious utterance is still restrained by some trammels, they think they had best perhaps keep to themselves. Suffice it to say, that they are actuated by no narrow spirit of bigotry. Their practical advocacy will be given to that great moral tenet, which is distinctive of the excellent Society of Friends, Non-Resistance to Aggression.

Were this wise and beautiful doctrine recognised as an axiom in legislation, the enormous expense entailed upon the country by a constabulary and gaols, penitentiaries, and misnamed reformatory institutions, would be precluded, and a vast reduction would be effected in the County Rates. The office of the policeman would be limited to remonstrance, as he would not be sanctioned in using his staff; thus his office would be practically useless; and JACK KETCH and the Gallows would be entirely superseded.

Conformably with this view, the object of the *Thieves' Advocate* will necessarily, be the restoration of Peace upon any terms. More money has already been spent in the War, than what, if quietly stolen, would have sufficed for the maintenance of all the Thieves in the country, many of whom are now costing it a prodigious sum for their maintenance in prison or in penal servitude, over and above the trifling amount abstracted from the national resources by their original operations.

The *Thieves' Advocate* contemplates without the least alarm the possible universality of the Russian Empire; in which the severity of the law is experienced chiefly by political offenders alone; and wherein, under a paternal government, the interests represented by this Journal enjoy considerable licence.

The support of the *Thieves' Advocate* will unhesitatingly be given to the present EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, whose perseverance in withstanding the demands of the Allies for the relinquishment of his designs on Turkey, has the warmest sympathy and approbation of its conductors. They feel, also, earnestly solicitous to vindicate the memory of his late father, the illustrious NICHOLAS, who so signally asserted their principles in taking material

guarantees, and who so highly merited their respect, and set them so encouraging an example in dying game. "Tell FRITZ to remember the words of Papa, and always to remain the same for Russia," was the memorable point of his last dying speech. With equal pluck, if less elegance, how many an intrepid fellow has said, under similar circumstances: "Tell BILL to mind the old un's advice, and stick fast to the set."

The *Thieves' Advocate* will be conducted by a staff of legal gentlemen, whose position and experience have rendered them intimately conversant with the wishes and feelings of their anticipated readers. It will be published at the small charge of One Penny. N.B. (particularly) Stumps Down!

VALENTINE FOR RUSSIA.

(Favoured by PRINCE VALENTINE ESTERHAZY.)

THE Danube made a river free;
No war-ships in the Euxine Sea;
No fortresses along its coasts
As dens for your marauding hosts;
The Principalities secured,
Against your burglary insured;
Abandonment of all your freaks
About protecting Abdul's Greeks;
And lastly, and to clench the whole,
You don't rebuild Sebastopol.

To these demands if you incline
Receive with smiles your VALENTINE.

ELOCUTION FOR CHEMISTS.

A CORRESPONDENT has directed our attention to some rather long and complex words, occurring in a volume recently published by the Cavendish Chemical Book Society, and being a translation of M. AUGUSTE LAURENT'S work on *Chemical Method*. In this treatise a certain organic compound is denominated.

"Hydrated nitrochloronaphthal-nitrobromanilate of methylethylamylonitroiodophenylum."

Whereby our Correspondent is put in mind of the similarly designated substance

"Methylethylamylphenylum."

Our Correspondent judiciously abstains from remarking on the absurdity of these odd technical terms, because, though odd, they are in fact not absurd. Big ideas, as DR. JOHNSON said in self-defence, must have big words to express them; and compound things, to be correctly described, require compound names of portionate intricacy. On the other hand, it is certainly true, that practically few persons can hear such words as the above pronounced without laughing; but that is chiefly because they are not pronounced in reality, but only have an attempt made at their pronunciation, which is a failure. Their utterance, to coin a word for the nonce, is rather a stammer— which incurs derision. This, as chemical conversation is getting prevalent just now, by reason of the very general rascality practised in the adulteration of food, is a case to be remedied. A course of lessons from MR. CHARLES MATHEWS in Chemical Elocution, is the only thing that appears capable of answering that purpose, and at least everybody who means to lecture on Chemistry, and talk about methylethyl, &c., should, if possible, put himself in training under that gentleman, who also, perhaps, might be engaged at the Royal Institution, if the Managers thereof are sufficiently discerning and liberal, to sing a number of songs introducing methylo and ethylo, and all the like chemical crackjaw terms in all their varieties of combination and complexity, at the Theatre.



TALK OF A MAD DOG, INDEED!—WHAT'S THAT TO A WET ISLE OF SKYE TERRIER UNDER THE BREAKFAST TABLE ON A HUNTING MORNING, AMONGST THE NICE CLEAN TOPS AND BUCKSKINS?

[A Favourite Lawn Meet—and not a moment to spare.]

MAKING THINGS PLEASANT IN CHINA.

AMONG a variety of miscellaneous news that arrived by the last Indian Mail, we received the following consolatory, but startling, intelligence:—

"China is tranquil. Three hundred persons are beheaded weekly."

Nobody can deny the pleasures of tranquillity; but the article seems to be dearly purchased just now in China, by what may be justly termed an "alarming sacrifice." Anything for a quiet life, is all very well to a certain extent; but it is purchasing peace at a somewhat unreasonable price, when tranquillity is only to be obtained by administering a permanent quietus in the course of every week to three hundred citizens. If we were to hear that any European city was tranquil, but that heads were falling at the rate of fifty per day, we should begin to be afraid that there was something very deadly in the quietude of the place; and we should not envy the peace of a capital which had grown so familiar with capital punishment. The relations between the government and the people of China are not in a very satisfactory state just now; and it was lately a toss-up which would get the upper-hand; but it seems to be, "heads we lose, and tails we can't win," with the unfortunate populace. We cannot admire the wisdom of any government which, in its search for a cure of social grievances, goes "axing about," and never finding out; though it is possible that some politicians of the old sanguinary school may be of opinion, that when rebellion comes to a head, decapitation is the appropriate remedy.

A Question of Suspension.

"SUSPEND your judgments!" cry all the officials of the Eastern Counties Railway involved in the Report of the Committee of Investigation.

"Suspend your officials," would be perhaps the better cry, or else the Eastern Counties Railway will be having more judgments suspended over its head than it will be able, with the help even of its fastest engine, to meet.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

With War prices in Mark Lane, and an average harvest, we certainly did not expect this year that we should have to head a paragraph with the "once familiar words" which we have placed at the top of this. But we think the following advertisement, taken from the *Suffolk Chronicle* a short time since, will be held as a sufficient reason for our doing so:—

THE Daughter of a Respectable Farmer wishes for a Situation as Housemaid, where the consideration of her respectability would exempt her from a few of the most menial offices.

If this be really "a case of real distress," we would be the last in any way to hold it up to ridicule. The farmer, though "respectable," may have been unfortunate; and, in his daughter being driven to seek a place as housemaid, we can see far less to laugh at than to pity.

But, in stipulating as she does, that "the consideration of her respectability" may exempt her from certain of a housemaid's duties, we fear that she will find she is imposing a condition, which would deter most people from answering her advertisement. We doubt, indeed, if her respectability would be held, in lawyer's phrase, a "valuable consideration" for any proviso of exemption from service, even were the "offices" required of her "most menial," a superlative we do not positively comprehend. And in laying such a stress upon her own, and also her paternal respectability, she seems to us as though implying that the quality is rather a scarce article now-a-days, and that housemaids in general are in particular deficient in it.

We would, therefore, certainly advise this young person, if she repeats her advertisement, to omit the latter part of it. While it stands as above, we apprehend that much as she may "wish for" a housemaid's situation, we shall vainly echo her a wish that she may get it.

A MONSTER PLURALIST.—DR. HALE, being present when the *Plurality of Worlds* formed the subject of conversation, is said to have shed tears, "because he hadn't a living in each."



THE AUSTRIAN THIMBLERIG.

Austria. "NOW THEN, I'LL BET ANY GENT A SOVEREIGN, HE DON'T TELL ME WHICH THIMBLE
THE PEACE IS UNDER!"

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

(Author's Protective Edition.)

You, who hold in grace and honour,
Hold, as one who did you kindness
When he publish'd former poems,
Sang EVANGELINE the noble,
Sang the golden Golden Legend,
Sang the songs the Voices utter
Crying in the Night and darkness.
Sang how unto the Red Planet
Mars, he gave the Night's First Watches,
HENRY WADSWORTH, whose *adnomen*
(Coming awkward, for the accents,
Into this his latest rhythm)
Write we as Protracted Fellow,
Or in Latin, *Longus Comes*,—
Buy the Song of Hiawatha.

Should you ask me, Is the poem
Worthy of its predecessors,
Worthy of the sweet conceptions,
Of the manly, nervous diction,
Of the phrase, concise or pliant,
Of the songs that sped the pulses,
Of the songs that gemm'd the eyelash,
Of the other works of HENRY?
I should answer, I should tell you,
You may wish that you may get it—
Don't you wish that you may get it?

Should you ask me, Is it worthless,
Is it bosh and is it bunkum,
Merely facile flowing nonsense,
Easy to a practised rhythmist,
F't to charm a private circle,
But not worth the print and paper
DAVID BOGUE hath here expended?
I should answer, I should tell you,
You're a fool and most presumptuous.
Hath not HENRY WADSWORTH writ it?
Hath not *Punch* commanded "Buy it?"

Should you ask me, What 's its nature?
Ask me, What 's the kind of poem?
Ask me in respectful language,
Touching your respectful beaver,
Kicking back your manly hind-leg,
Like to one who sees his betters;
I should answer, I should tell you,
'Tis a poem in this metre,
And embalming the traditions,
Fables, rites, and superstitions,
Legends, charms, and ceremonials
Of the various tribes of Indians,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gar,
Finds its sugar in the rushes:
From the fast-decaying nations,
Which our gentle Uncle SAMUEL
Is improving, very smartly,
From the face of all creation,
Off the face of all creation.

Should you ask me, By what story,
By what action, plot, or fiction,
All these matters are connected?
I should answer, I should tell you,
Go to BOGUE and buy the poem,
Publish'd, neatly, at one shilling,
Publish'd, sweetly, at five shillings.

Should you ask me, Is there music
In the structure of the verses,
In the names and in the phrases?
Pleading, that, like weaver Bottom,
You prefer your ears well tickled;
I should answer, I should tell you,
HENRY'S verse is very charming:
And for names, there 's Hiawatha,
Who 's the hero of the poem,
Mudjeekeewis, that 's the West Wind,

Hiawatha's graceless father,
There 's Nokomis, there 's Wenonah,
Ladies both, of various merit,
Puggawangun, that 's a war-club,
Pau-puk-keewis, he 's a dandy
"Barr'd with streaks of red and yellow,
And the women and the maidens
Love the handsome Pau-puk-keewis,"
Tracing in him *Punch's* likeness.
Then there 's lovely Minnehaha,—
Pretty name with pretty meaning,
It implies the Laughing-Water,—
And the darling Minnehaha
Married noble Hiawatha;
And her story 's far too touching
To be sport for you, you donkey,
With your ears like weaver Bottom's,
Ears like booby Bully Bottom.

Once upon a time in London,
In the days of the Lyceum,
Ages ere keen ARNOLD let it
To the dreadful Northern Wizard,
Ages ere the buoyant MATHEWS
Tripp'd upon its boards in briskness,—
I remember, I remember
How a scribe, with pen chivalrous,
Tried to save these Indian stories
From the fate of chill oblivion.
Out came sundry comic Indians
Of the tribe of Kut-an-hack-um.
With their Chief, the clean Efmattews,



With the growling Downy Beaver,
With the valiant Monkey's Uncle,
Came the gracious Mari-Kee-lee,
Firing off a pocket-pistol,
Singing too, that Mudjee-keewis
(Shorten'd in the song to "Wild Wind"),
Was a spirit very kindly.
Came her Sire, the joyous Kee-lee,
By the waning tribe adopted,
Named the Buffalo, and wedded
To the fairest of the maidens,
But repented of his bargain,
And his brother Kut-an-hack-ums
Very nearly chopp'd his toes off.
Serve him right, the fickle Kee-lee.

If you ask me, What this memory
Hath to do with Hiawatha,
And the poem which I speak of?
I should answer, I should tell you,
You're a fool, and most presumptuous;
'Tis not for such humble cattle
To inquire what links and unions
Join the thoughts, and mystic meanings,
Of their betters, mighty poets,
Mighty writers—*Punch* the mightiest.

I should answer, I should tell you,
Shut your mouth, and go to DAVID,
DAVID, *Mr. Punch's* neighbour,
Buy the Song of Hiawatha,
Read, and learn, and then be thankful
Unto *Punch* and HENRY WADSWORTH,
Punch, and noble HENRY WADSWORTH,
Truer poet, better fellow,
Than to be annoy'd at jesting
From his friend, great *Punch*, who loves him.

TORYISM IN THE WASHING-TUB.

AMONG the wants of the other day, as advertised in the *Times*, we met with an intimation that one H. F., of Wandsworth, requires a Mangle. There is nothing very remarkable in this yearning for an article of much utility on the part of one who may be desirous of making things as smooth as possible; but we confess we were rather struck by the intimation that "no new inventions are desired." Why an individual should want a mangle, and yet set his face obstinately against any improvement in mangles, is a problem we cannot solve; and when we reflect that in these days of progress mangles are particularly likely to take a turn, we find the objection to new inventions still more unaccountable. We presume that the advertisement proceeds from some old Tory laundress who lags in the rear of everything like reform, and who in her choice of a mangle would hang on to the old rope rather than adopt the patent chain and the wheel, which certainly has a tendency to revolution. It is, however, a pretty good sign of the times when the fear of innovation has sunk as low down in the social scale as the suburban washerwoman, who is perhaps as adverse to improvement in her orthography as in the implements of her trade, and who probably intimates by the words "MANGELIN DUN" her readiness to serve her customers.

COMMON THINGS.

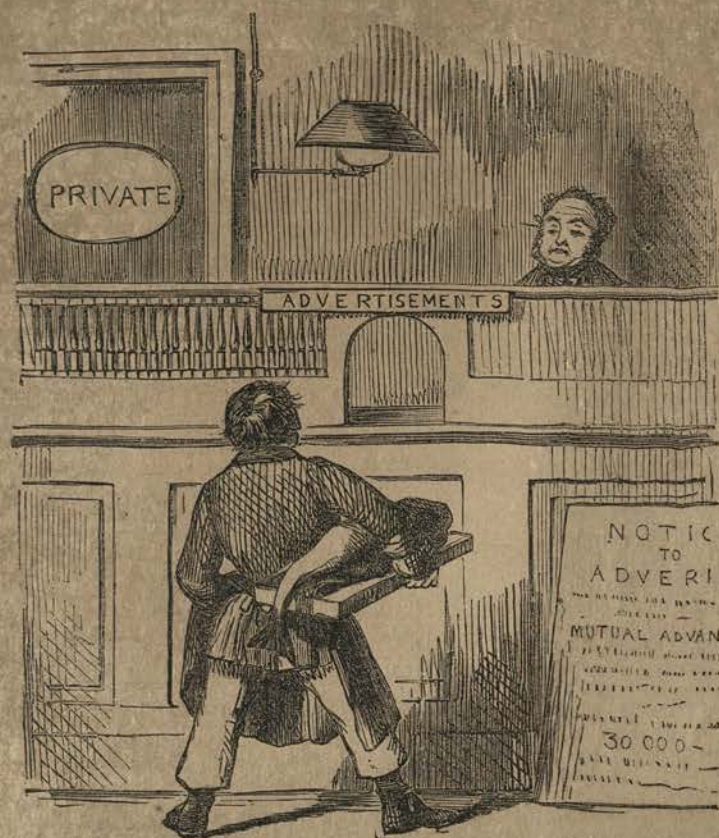
It is a common thing for the conductor of a Brompton omnibus to propose to put you down within "a heasy walk" of Brixton.
It is a common thing for a wife whose husband comes home late from a dinner-party to be told, "Myd-ear I shureyou porriounour I shefirstogerriway."
It is a common thing for men who "won't detain you a minute" to hold you by the button-hole for more than an hour.
It is a common thing for an undergraduate to discover after a wine-party that he has taken too much coffee.
It is a common thing upon one's entrance into what are advertised as "quiet lodgings," to find them tenanted already by a troop of squalling children and an amateur cornopean.

What Shall we Have for Dinner?

In answer to the above question, a Railway Porter says: "It depends a great deal upon what you can conveniently get out of the hampers, and also what particular game and fish happen to be in season. For instance, at this time of the year, (he modestly observes) a turbot, a few smelts, a small leg of Dartmoor mutton, a partridge, and a couple of teal, with a pine-apple, make a nice little dinner, that a Railway Director need not be ashamed of."

REAL BENEFACTORS OF THE CHURCH.

PUSEYITES, Newmanites, Liddellites, Oxford Tractarians, and all other Papists in disguise, who leave the Church, and carry themselves and their Roman doctrines over to Rome as soon as possible.



Fishmonger's Boy. "Master says you may repeat his Advertisement, if you'll take it out in oysters, as you did before."
 Publisher. "Very well."

LOOSE THOUGHTS.

BY A FAST MAN.

WHEN the maiden aunt comes in at the door, it is time for the cigar to fly out of the window.

We all have our troubles. But I doubt if anything be half so annoying as, when giving your address to a tailor whom you have never before done business with, accidentally letting a ticket from your pawnbroker drop out of your card-case.

The pursuit of knockers is sometimes under difficulties. But few things perhaps more completely damp one's ardour for it than the emptying of a water-jug from the first-floor window.

In my dealings with "knowing cards" I have found them pretty generally turn up knaves.

It is a waste of breath disputing with a cabman. The only reasoning to use with him is a knock-down argument.

Every rose has its thorn. I never helped to shawl the flower of a ball-room without being convinced, by painful evidence, that she had a pin about her.

The reflective mind may derive considerable entertainment from the train of thought induced by directing agriculturists from the Cattle-Show in Baker Street to proceed, *via* Charing Cross and Holborn to the Great Western Railway; or by showing a May-Meetingite the back passage to the Cider Cellars as being a short cut into Exeter Hall.

I have learnt by experience, that when one's head splits in the morning the best thing is to soda it.

Crossing-sweepers may talk of the difficulties of life; but, to my mind, there is nothing half so hard in it as to walk *straight* home to your rooms after a wine-party, and having found your latchkey, to ascertain, without dropping it, the whereabouts of the keyhole.

When a man intends to make a night of it, he will do well to leave his card-case behind him. The name of "SMITH" covers a multitude of sprees, and his address will be shown by his skill in concealing it.

Finally, my friend, there is folly in procrastination. Therefore, never put off till to-morrow the tradesman who can be done to-day.

NO MISTAKE ABOUT SHOOTING A PHEASANT.

A TENDENCY to sympathise with offenders against the majesty of the law is lamentably prevalent. Witness the deplorable and disgraceful fact recorded in the following extract from the *South Eastern Gazette*:

"THE CASE OF HENRY HOYLE.—A penny subscription has been entered into at the Prince of Orange, Canterbury, for the purpose of releasing HENRY HOYLE, who was sentenced to a month's hard labour on a charge of poaching, at the Wingham petty sessions, on Thursday last."

The penny subscription for the release of HOYLE, is simply a conspiracy for the purpose of defeating the ends, not only of justice, but of justices of the peace: those ends of course including, in the preservation of morals, the preservation of game. The justices in question are enumerated in the further paragraph following:

"PETTY SESSIONS, THURSDAY.—(Before M. BELL, Esq., chairman, SIR BROOK BRIDGES, BART., M. H. D'ARTH, E. C. H. WILKIE, G. GIFFS, W. O. HAMMOND, J. P., FLUMPTRE, and W. O. HAMMOND, JUN., Esqrs.)"

These English Country Gentlemen, County Magistrates, men of station and influence in their county, were assembled in solemn session to adjudicate on a case of slaying, second, in the view of many of the brightest ornaments of the Unpaid Bench, to no crime short of the wilful destruction of human life. The enormity is thus stated by our *South Eastern contemporary*:

"A DEAR PHEASANT TO THE COUNTY.—HENRY HOYLE, a foolish-looking youth, about 18 years of age, was charged with unlawfully killing a pheasant, on the estate of EDWARD RICE, Esq., M.P., on the 28th ult."

Let it be clearly understood that in the word pheasant, in the foregoing extract, there is no typographical error. The letter *h* is not a superfluity. It was no fellow-clown that perished by the hand of HOYLE. No; it was a veritable pheasant—a cock-pheasant—and there is every reason to believe that the miserable bumpkin would as readily have killed a hen. The detection of the culprit was effected by the resolute retainer of a British squire. We continue to cite the authority above quoted.

"A woodreeve in the service of MR. RICE stated, that about a quarter past two o'clock on Wednesday week he was in Mount Pleasant wood, Tilmanstone, when he heard the report of a gun. He went to the spot, and saw the defendant with a gun in his hand, standing on a footpath on MR. HARVEY'S land, which joined MR. RICE'S. Witness

asked, what he had been shooting, and the defendant said 'rooks.' Next morning witness went to the cover, exactly opposite to where he saw the defendant the previous day, and there, within ten rods of the footpath, he found a cock pheasant, not hid in any way."

Thus far, perhaps, strong as was the presumption against the prisoner, there was no positive legal proof of his guilt. But the voluntary confession of the wretch supplied the certainty which not only the vigilance but also the address and sagacity of the woodreeve were unable to obtain:—

"Witness hid himself up by the bird, and the defendant passed the place about 11 and 3 o'clock, but neither time did he interfere with the pheasant. Witness then got out of his hiding-place, and asked the defendant what he shot at the day before? He replied 'The rooks.' Witness said, 'No, but this bird' (at the same time holding up the pheasant). Defendant then admitted that he did shoot at the pheasants, but it was only 'to scare them away.' The defendant was employed as 'rook boy' by MR. HARVEY. He was on his master's land, and the pheasant was on MR. RICE'S."

Another witness substantiated—if corroboration could be requisite in such a case—the testimony of the keeper to the delinquent's self-conviction:—

"THOMAS DAWKINS, also in MR. RICE'S employ, heard the defendant tell the former witness that he only shot at the pheasant to frighten it away, and said he was very sorry for what he had done. The boy cried very much, and said it was the first time he had ever shot at the pheasants."

But if any doubt on the subject could possibly exist, the offender explicitly, with his own mouth, affirmed his guilt there and then.

"Defendant. I was sent there to keep things off the land, and I shot at the birds to frighten them, but not to kill them. I shot it with a stone. I had orders to shoot everything off the wheat."

Of course the penetration of English Justices of the Peace was too profound to be deluded by the affectation of rusticity and loutishness remarkable on the part of the criminal:—

"SIR BROOK BRIDGES. But your master only told you to shoot rooks.
 "Defendant. Yes, but there is a terrible many of them other birds, and I thought I was to drive away all birds I found went on to the land.
 "The Magistrates then consulted together for a few moments, when
 "The Chairman (addressing the defendant) said the Magistrates had decided on fining him £1 and 17s. 6d. costs, or one month's hard labour."

Indeed, a feeling as near to derisive indignation as the decorum of the awful tribunal of the Sessions vulgarly named Petty, could

permit, appears to have been evinced by the Bench towards the malefactor:—

"Defendant. I have no money but what I work for.
 "Sra B. BRIDGES. Then that will be a very good warning to you.
 "Defendant. Will you allow me a little time to pay the money in?
 "The Chairman. No, we will not allow you any time; if you can't pay it now, you must go to prison at once.
 "Mr. H. D'ARTH. Take this as a caution. Your father and brother have all been at it, and if they have not been taken, they ought to have been.
 "Defendant. I have got 10s.; will you take that, Sir?
 "The Chairman. No, that won't do; you must go to prison.
 "The defendant was accordingly taken to St. Augustine's prison at Canterbury."

MR. D'ARTH'S observation is worthy of note. The facts alleged by him concerning the prisoner's father and brother were not proved in evidence. They were, however, in his mind, clearly material to the issue, whether the prisoner had or had not shot the pheasant wilfully. No doubt those facts contributed to determine the judgment of the Bench. Here we have an instance of the peculiar efficiency of summary jurisdiction—of course exercised by unpaid magistrates—over that of the ordinary criminal courts, in which a too technical judge would not have admitted MR. D'ARTH'S evidence at all; and if such evidence could have been admissible, would have required it to be delivered on oath before he would have allowed it to go to a jury.

However, there was no need of any evidence as to intent. In cases of homicide the presumption is, that the act was murder, until the presumption is rebutted. Pheasant shooting (without leave) must, in like manner, be held to be poaching till proved otherwise. Such at least was doubtless the view of the law taken by MR. BELL and his brother magistrates. And who shall gainsay their decision?—the decision of gentlemen like them—gentlemen of intelligence and property, gentlemen who "have had losses" also—losses of pheasants, no doubt, particularly.

Deservedly, therefore, was the wretch HOYLE punished; consigned to the crank in the limbo of SAINT AUGUSTINE; and the attempt to subscribe him out of it is a gross and scandalous act of conspiracy and rebellion against the worshipful authorities.

In concluding the remarks, we have felt called upon to make on this shocking case, we may advert to the circumstance, that no post-mortem was ordered of the pheasant's body to ascertain whether it had been destroyed by a stone, as stated by the prisoner, or by shot. The investigation would have been superfluous, and the magistrates cannot be too much praised for sparing the county a considerable addition to the cost of keeping HOYLE in prison a month, and perhaps of converting him into a still more expensive felon, in order to avenge the death of a gentleman's cock pheasant.

A SCRAP FOR SPORTSMEN.



THE present frequency of horrid and barbarous murders is a very shocking circumstance. It appears to have a fearful tendency to habituate the public mind to acts at which the most savage nature might be expected to recoil. Every right-minded person must have been disgusted with the tone of levity and slang in which the Californian and Australian journals are continually relating the mutual outrages, shootings, stabbings, and gougings, of the ruffians congregated at the diggings. From this

offence, not only against taste, but against the moral sense, our English contemporaries have been in general comparatively free; but we are sorry to be obliged to notice an exception to this remark in the *Carlisle Patriot*, which narrates in quite a spirit of playfulness an act calculated to make well-constituted blood boil, and properly-organised ears tingle. It is not without a degree of repugnance amounting nearly to horror, that we quote the following paragraph from its otherwise unobjectionable columns.

"One day last week as MR. JOHN ROBINSON, of Thwaite, in Kinside, was attending to his sheep on an adjoining common, he observed a fox at no great distance, and despatched his sheep-dog after it. Reynard, being very closely pressed, took shelter in a hole on the banks of the Calder. By this time the loud 'tally-hos' of MR. ROBINSON had reached the ears of a neighbouring yeoman, MR. JOHN STEEL, of Gill, who was soon on the spot with a loaded gun. Foxy, being disturbed from his hiding-place, was immediately shot by the last-named gentleman."

That MR. ROBINSON should have set his sheep-dog at the Fox was a natural, and would doubtless have proved a perfectly innocent proceeding. But what words can describe the conduct of the butcher, appropriately named STEEL, who deliberately and in cold blood shot the interesting creature dead! Not such words, if anything like decency in language is to be maintained among us, as those employed by the Editor of the *Carlisle Newspaper*. To use the jocular designation of Foxy in recounting the fate of the slaughtered victim, is as morally reprehensible as it is in a social sense erroneous to speak of the wretched vulpicide as "the last-named gentleman."

How to Gain Prussia.

LET our Ambassador to the Court of Berlin represent to his MAJESTY, seriously, at the proper hour after dinner, that the Allies comprehend France, England, Sardinia, and Turkey. The KING will then see, that Russia has arrayed against her no less than eight Powers.

THE HEAVIEST PAPER-WEIGHT.—The Duty on Paper.

THE SQUADRON OF LOVE.

Suggested by the List of Gunboats announced as in preparation for the Baltic.

COME, on with white gloves, and away let us haste
 To the Emperor's Ball and the Admiral's Feast,
 For surely some kind of a Fête or a treat
 Must be all that is meant by so charming a fleet.

See, first come three Nymphs, who are dancing the waters,
 There's *Doris*, mamma of the fifty fair daughters,
Ariadne, untwisting her mystical line,
 And next a *Bacchante*, all radiant with wine.
 Then Flowers follow on, in a lovely bouquet,
Carnation and *Crocus*, *Rose*, *Blossom*, and *May*;
 And see, the white berries, the pearls for a King,
 What kind of Salutes will that *Mistletoe* bring?
 And dear little *Daisy* comes next into view,
 And with her the *Violet*, glistening with dew.

Then a flight of sweet Birds you behold on their way;
 The *Bullfinch's* whistle is boson's to-day.
 The *Nightingale* comes, with her gentle complaint,
 (Is it *JENNY* the singer, or *FLORENCE* the Saint?)
 The *Goldfinch* is jauntily perking his pate,
 And the *Ringdove* is cooing, and wanting her Mate;
 While the *Lapwing* flits round in deceptive career,
 And lures you away from the nest she holds dear:
 And, lastly, the *Robin*—though martial his suit,
 That *Robin* could never tell *Bobbin* to "shoot."
 Not lastly, O no! For more splendour make room,
 For the *Peacock* appears in a glory of plume;
 And what fluster of feathers is borne on the wind?
 The *Pheasant* comes whirring and whirling behind.
 And, kept out of sight by the *Pheasant's* long tail,
 Comes scudding in silence the good little *Quail*.

And now some more Ladies, so lovely and bright,
 Their harbinger who but the fairy, *Delight*.
 O *Julia*! O *Margaret*! O *Caroline*! O!
 And *Louisa*—what names to set hearts in a glow.
 And there's little *Saucy*—no, don't call her *Pert*,
 And *Tiny*, and *Pet*, and that sad naughty *Thirt*,
 And with them is *Cheerful*, whom all of us love;
 And what's this—an olive-branch—no, but a *Dove*.

Do you call this a fleet? What a question to ask!
 It's a *VESTRIS* procession—a ballet—a masque.
 We shall have what they said, we must never look for—
 A game at campaigning, a *Rose-water* war.
 The shot must be *bonbons*, of that you'll be sure,
 And the shells must be all charged with *parfait amour*.
 But, I say—wouldn't this be the best of all games—
 If this Squadron of Love should set *Cronstadt* in flames,
 And the Birds and the Flowers and the Girls should achieve

What Sea Monsters were forced unaccomplish'd to leave?
 Let us hope it—and this be the toast at each feast,
 May the Beauties make very short work with the
 Beast.



Highland Officer in the Crimea, according to the Romantic Ideas of Sentimental Young Ladies.



Ditto, according to the Actual Fact.

A SETTLEMENT FOR THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

If everybody could, consistently with the progress of the world and the welfare of society, employ the whole of every day in spiritual exercises and devout meditations, no doubt it would be a very good thing. This, however, not being the case, it is very desirable that the refusal, at least, of observing Sunday as a day of secular rest and religious exercise, should be afforded to as many people as possible.

That all persons should abstain wholly from work on the Sunday appears to be impossible. It seems not to be possible that the sumptuous and festive classes should universally walk to Church on that day. Some inexplicable necessity in the nature of things obliges many of them to ride. Certain mysterious exigences of dietetic laws compel them to eat hot dinners, or at least to have their tables served with cold. Sandwiches, or bread and cheese, cut on the previous day, will not suffice their bodily requirements. Hence, they stand in absolute need of the services of coachmen, footmen, cooks, and other servants; wherefore the labour of these domestics on Sunday is unfortunately indispensable.

It can hardly be considered unreasonable, to suppose that to the straitened and industrious classes relaxation and amusement are as needful on Sunday, as reeking viands, savoury sauces, and vehicular conveyance are to the festive and sumptuous. If, therefore, the latter have a right to enjoy their carriages and culinary delights, the latter may not unfairly be presumed to be entitled to their museums, picture-galleries, wild beasts, and Crystal Palaces; their salubrious excursions also into the country. Hence the employment of railway and steam-boat people, policemen, guards, and attendants, to a certain extent, on Sunday, must, on their account likewise, be inevitable. Inasmuch, too, as they require to eat and drink in their way, as well as the others, they must have publicans and waiters to attend to them, in default of butlers, footmen, cooks, and other domestic man-servants, and maid-servants.

Under these circumstances, in order to induce them to divide the whole of Sunday between attendance at Church and pious musings and aspirations, the most feasible plan is to diminish as much as may be practicable those bodily and mental cravings which occasion them to devote that day to other purposes.

The general establishment of a Saturday's half-holiday has been proposed to that desirable end, and offers apparently the most promising means of effecting it.

The involuntary abuse of Sunday is, by existing arrangements, an evil entailed in a very peculiar manner on common law and law stationers' Clerks. Those arrangements rest mainly with the Judges.

Their Lordships on Saturday are accustomed to keep late hours. They persist in this practice from a laudable anxiety to give the public as much time as they can for the public's money. Accordingly, the public have only to satisfy the scruples of their Lordships on this score, to secure for the Clerks the Saturday's half-holiday, and the consequent option of the desecration or observance of the Sunday. The desecration of it is compulsory upon most of them now.

The Law, personified in its chief officers, is manifestly the body pre-eminently called upon to set the example of providing for the due observance of the day of rest. If the Judges would shut up shop at a reasonable hour—say, two o'clock on Saturdays, the wholesale and other leading houses of commerce would soon follow their example; then work generally would close, and wages be paid early on the same day, and the Clergy co-operating towards the desired effect by insuring well-ordered services, good sacred music, and judicious and earnest sermons, we should have, not only the Churches filled with Clerks and Shopmen, but also large numbers of those persons turned away at the doors, and obliged to avail themselves of open-air preaching and services, pending the supply of the demand which, in the case put, would be created for enlarged Church-accommodation.

A REALLY RUM START.

THE Telegraph announced the other day, that the *Belgique*, a new steamer, had been detained at Southampton, in consequence of the discovery that "the tubes of two of her boilers had started." The circumstance seems to promise wonderfully for the speed of the vessel, and we are only surprised that the owners did not call attention to the remarkable fact, that so great is the aptitude of all the parts of the steamer for going a-head, that two of the tubes of the boiler actually started of themselves, before the ship herself was ready for starting. We hope the refractory tubes were safely brought back to their proper position, and we quite concur in the propriety of delaying the departure of the *Belgique*; for when she does start, we think that, instead of the tubes starting in advance, it would be much better for all the different parts of the ship to start at the same time, and keep together.

Insane Query.

A CORRESPONDENT, who, if he had any regard for the fitness of things, would have dated from Bedlam, asks us, "Why is a razor-strop in full canonicals like a bottled boot-jack?" To plagiarise HANSARD, we "pause for a reply."



SHARP SHOE-BLACK. "I say, Bill, what's the last Letter but one of the Alphabet?"

BILL. "Y."

SHARP SHOE BLACK. "Cos I wants to know, Stoopid."

SENTIMENT IN THE SEWERS.

We have heard a very good account of the Chairman of the Central Board of Works: and we were therefore rather disagreeably surprised at finding him "giving way to his feelings," at a meeting between MR. APSLEY PELLATT and his Constituents. This little affair came off a few days ago in the Borough, when MR. THWAITES presided, and began talking about paying "his last respects to his friend PELLATT;" as if the meeting had been convened for the purpose of burying that suburban patriot. The funereal idea was still further carried out by the exclamation of MR. THWAITES, that "he could not but feel strong emotions on such an occasion." Now, although the Central Board may have got "the right man in the right place," as Chairman, we hope he will remember that the right feelings may be manifested in the wrong place; and that "strong emotions" are a sad interruption to business of any kind. It is unquestionably premature to perform the rites of political sepulture over MR. PELLATT before he is politically defunct; and we cannot help thinking that MR. THWAITES mistook his own position for that of the Member for Southwark, who still remains a politician, though the Chairman of the Board of Works must cease to exist in that character.

MR. THWAITES could only be paying a last tribute of respect to himself, if he was at all funereally disposed; and he was, in fact, performing the part of chief mourner at his own political obsequies. If he must be sentimental on the subject, we trust he will get the thing over as fast as he can; and go about, if he likes, for a week or so, carrying his own pall, or decorated with a simple suit of funeral feathers; so that, by getting it all over at once, his "last respects" may be literally the last with which he will allow his spirits to be burdened.

If the new Chairman is going to mope over his past political life, and pine for the days when he might have talked political clap-trap by the hour—or to calculate it as so much printer's type, by the yard,—he will find his efficacy much impaired, and the expectations of the public much disappointed. We, however, hope better things of him, and we do not doubt that after his first gush of grief, and when he has enjoyed the luxury of a small barrel—say four gallons and a half—of tears, he will proceed to his important duties with all the freshness of a lark, and all the sparkle of a roseleaf that has been "washed, just washed, in a shower."

Next Spring in the Baltic.

It is said that the next command of the Baltic fleet will, in an especial manner, contradict the Russian sarcasm, touching asinine leaders of leonine heroes. Next spring, it is said, LYONS will lead lions.

AN APPEAL TO AN UNCLE.

TELL me, CLICQUOT, how came you so? Oh, too, too strong October! Let all of us from CLICQUOT thus appeal to CLICQUOT sober; From CLICQUOT queer, bemused in beer, no better than a gander, To CLICQUOT bright; his head all right—concerning ALEXANDER.

Not PHILIP's son, of Macedon, whose case they quote to fright us From gin and ale, in that old tale about his killing CLITUS. We mean him not, to every sot though he affords a warning; And yet they don't say he was wont to tippie of a morning.

CZAR ALEXANDER—he's the man—the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA— Young ROMANOFF the nephew of the glorious KING OF PRUSSIA; If you can hear, that kinsman dear, save, CLICQUOT, save from ruin, With the Allies, if you are wise, speak out to nephew Bruin.

Steep not your soul in liquor's bowl, nor cloud your wits with guzzle; Tell that young Bear that he must wear a reasonable muzzle— When he shall see that you and we for his restraint are banded, Then will he feel that he must deal with Europe single-handed.

His truest friend, you may depend, you'll prove by thus outspokening, Not standing still, behaving ill, and playing false, and sneaking; Then will his pride be satisfied, contented with retreating, Having to fight superior might, and cock-sure of a beating.

Think what bloodshed upon your head, KING CLICQUOT, rests already, It had been spared, had you but dared, to be resolved and steady. More blood will flow, unless you show more firm determination; But you may, Sire, stay sword and fire, and wrack, and devastation.

Shall heroes slain, the battle plain, in larger heaps encumber? And the wild-beast and vulture feast in yet a greater number? More cities blaze, which we must raze, for such is War's condition, Unless, O King, you do the thing that must compel submission?

We pause for breath, the work of death, with all our means preparing. Shall we proceed? we shall indeed, unflinching and unsparing, If you refuse, as you may choose, to strengthen our Alliance, And still abet the CZAR to set our thunder at defiance.

ATTACK UPON THE CROWN.

THAT the Crown should have the privilege of rewarding letters, art, and science, is no doubt held to be the greatest jewel in the diadem: if the reward come but rarely, the fact, of course, enhances the value of the gem. MR. PUNCH is, therefore, naturally indignant that any manifestation of benevolence, however small, towards literature in penury, should be treated with levity, nay, with disrespect, by any ungrateful and insolent member of the press. MR. JOSEPH HAYDN, author of the *Dictionary of Dates*—a familiar book, we believe, to all scholars: for has it not climbed its seventh edition?—has been graciously rewarded by the magnificence of the Crown with a pension of 1s. 4d. per diem, which in the annual concrete amounts to £25. Well, our otherwise much-respected contemporary, the *Sun*, arraigns this munificence; it is not enough, forsooth! And for a mere author! And what are the *Sun's* arguments? We must say, they are tainted with disaffection and vulgarity. The *Sun* implies that even "HERR RAUCHER, the keeper of H. R. H.'s cigar-case," might, in his old age, hope for as large a pension. And why not? As large and larger? Are not cigars more valuable than books? Is not the Havannah leaf more precious than any leaf of print? Besides, tobacco-smoke is made easy to any head; now it is otherwise with *Dates*. It would argue ill for the true dignity of the British Court, should a mere scholar in his claims be considered before the claims of a HERR RAUCHER, conservator of the "well-being of H. R. H.'s meerschaum!" But the British Court has not come to that yet; nor is there much fear that it ever will. So the *Sun* may blaze as it will. As well hope to touch, MEMNON-like, the statue of QUEEN ANNE into morning music, as to awaken generous impulses in the House of Hanover towards art, or science, or letters.

Do, PAPA, take me to St. STEPHEN'S, when Parliament Opens, to see the Fun between CHARLEY NAPIER and JIMMY GRAHAM.

REWARD OF GOOD BEHAVIOUR.—The EMPEROR ALEXANDER has promised FREDERICK WILLIAM, of Prussia, that if he only behaves himself, he shall have, on his next birthday, a nice little "Inexhaustible Bottle" full of nothing but the very best Champagne!

ROSSINIANA.



French, Belgian, and German papers are full of the sayings of ROSSINI. Since the "illustrious maestro" has given up music, he has taken to composing jokes. Most of his *bon-mots* are in the *Bouffe* style. Nothing is too extravagant for his humour, so long as he succeeds in making you laugh. We will endeavour from

memory to reproduce a few of his most brilliant sayings, as they have been reproduced lately by HILLER, LECOMTE, ESCUDIER, and others:—

He said of the celebrated MARQUISA DI Z. that she had "a mind that changed as often as a playbill; what she promised to-day she rarely performed to-morrow."

There was a petty German nobleman at Baden-Baden, who had kicked a beggar for daring to speak to him. "Do you know how that German upstart became such an aristocrat?" inquired ROSSINI. "Why, he had a piece of soap given him by an Englishman when he was young, and, as soap is as great a rarity as a good tenor in Germany, the luxury was too much for him! The poor fool has been proud ever since!"

ROSSINI defines BELLINI, HALÉVY, and WEBER as follows:—"The first is natural, the second unnatural, and the third supernatural."

He says COSTA is "honest and clever, but extremely conceited. The reason why he wears gloves when he conducts, is for fear of soiling his fingers with other composer's music."

He gives as his reason for not composing anything more, that the "musical market is overdone. What will you, when the Opera is turned into nothing better than a Stock-Exchange—overrun with the notes of Jews?" alluding principally to MEYERBEER and HALÉVY, who, to his musical mind, are no better than organ-grinders.

"The English go to the Opera to sleep—the French to talk—the Germans to dream—and the Italians to listen."—*Rossini.*

ROSSINI said of a Belgian, who had more than his fair share of national ugliness, "If that fellow had been in the Ark, we should not have had one of the *Singe* species left. All the monkeys on board would have died of envy."

A Lady, with whom he had been dining, was pressing him to favour the society with a song. "Really, Madame," exclaimed ROSSINI, "You treat us poor musicians as if we were so many starved-out robins—you throw us a few crumbs from your table, and then expect us to perch on your window-sill, and begin singing!"

WAGNER offered to play him a few specimens of his *Music of the Future*.—"No, no," eagerly ejaculated ROSSINI, "Let us rather enjoy the Music of the Present—it is wrong, you know, to anticipate the future. Besides, *mon cher Docteur*, I can tell you, I do not take the slightest pleasure in listening to Post-Obits."

He said of a stupid Musical Journal, that thought the public was like a Strasbourg goose that could not be crammed too much: "I declare when you open that journal, the flight of *canards* quite darkens the atmosphere."

Of a man, who was unusually tall, he observed: "it was a fact he never went to bed—he could not find a bed long enough for him—so he generally slept upright in the Column of the Place Vendôme—and, in London, he would get a few minutes' rest by throwing himself at full length on any one of the Fire-Escapes that happened to be disengaged!"

"Fashionable people dine—then have their café—then their *chasse-café*—and after that a little music; by way, I suppose, of *chassé-log* the guests. Be assured of it, the music is handed round as a kind of *Chasse-Société*?"—*Rossini.*

There was saying, one night behind the scenes at the Opera, that he had been to the *Jardin des Plantes*. "Pray, on which side of the bars?" asked ROSSINI.

DUPREZ was about to take a filbert, when ROSSINI prevented him by saying: "No, my dear DUPREZ, when a Tenor has a nut like you, he cannot be too careful what he does to crack it." It was in return for this that DUPREZ consented to sing in *Guillaume Tell*.

After hearing LABLACHE hold forth at St. Peter's, he went up to him, and said, "he was decidedly a musical canon of the Church—the thunders of the Vatican were as penny-trumpets compared to the thunders of his voice!"

Talking about the Incantation Scene in *Der Fieschiltz*, some one inquired, what key it was in? "A skeleton-key, I should think?" readily responded ROSSINI.

"A Dancer who has a knowledge of time, and an appreciation for tune is a marvel," declares ROSSINI, "that you decidedly do not meet with once in a hundred ears."

Seal for the Senate of Sewers.

"The Metropolitan Board for Cleansing the Metropolis has been greatly puzzled to invent a device for its common seal."

Puzzled for heraldry—who could imagine it?

Royalty offers a Scavenger's plume:

Want a device—why not take the PLANTAGENET—*Plantagenista*; in English—the Broom?

"THE COMPANION TO THE NEWSPAPER."—The name of this same Companion must be NAPIER; for strangely enough, you rarely take up a Newspaper without stumbling over one of the NAPIERS.

THE MANCHESTER CHINAMEN.

THE forces of HIS MAJESTY the EMPEROR OF CHINA were once accustomed to encounter His Majesty's enemies with shields whereon were carved and emblazoned monstrous faces, and with swords which they rattled fiercely upon those ugly shields. They may still be in the habit of charging their foes with these noisy accompaniments; but collision with British troops has probably taught them the inutility of bucklers employed as bugbears, and the wisdom of using swords solely for striking at antagonists, and not at all for striking mere terror into their minds—at any rate in case of the antagonists being those said British troops.

But, though His Majesty the Sovereign of the Celestial Empire may perhaps have ceased to rejoice in soldiers who fight his battles by means calculated only to frighten away crows, His Majesty the Autocrat of all the Russias—an empire which may be regarded as the reverse of celestial—has defenders in his service who do battle for his cause after precisely that manner. Ever and anon MR. BRIGHT springs his rattle with a view to drive the Allies out of the Crimea; and now MR. COBDEN holds forth, on behalf of ALEXANDER, the aegis with the hag's visage on it, and clatters it with his parlour fire-irons to scare the Allies from advancing upon Holy Russia.

When we say that BRIGHT and COBDEN are in ALEXANDER'S service, be it understood that we do not mean to assert that they are also in his pay. They serve him gratuitously, no doubt; but serve him they do, as faithfully as if they were his best paid flunkies. The speeches of B. and the pamphlet of C. circulated through Russia just at this time must be worth oceans of raki. It has been erroneously said, that ALEXANDER has no friends. He has B. and C., with whom he may, geometrically speaking, be described as forming the triangle A. B. C., and this combination is the A. B. C. of the Manchester School. This is as plain as the letters themselves to the meanest capacity.

However, B. and C. are befriending and serving A. only by the encouragement which they afford to his own subjects. As those Chinese champions failed to terrify the British troops, so are these Russians unsuccessful in the endeavour to dismay the British public.

A HEATED IMAGINATION.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph informs us of the fact—or we ought perhaps to say the fiction, for we don't believe it—that a man the other day committed suicide by swallowing a red hot poker. We suspect this is a variation on the old story arising out of the old worn-out trick of biting an inch off that popular fire-iron in a state of red heat, a process that must be familiar to every nursery. A man must be very tired indeed of life, and especially hard up for the means of getting rid of his burden, before he could sit down to deliberately eat the poker, after having first deliberately heated it. We are quite satisfied that the article would have stuck in his throat, and given sufficient time for any one present to have seized the tongs and drawn the red-hot poker out before the unhappy suicide could have found time to swallow it. We are strongly inclined to believe, that if there has been any suicide in the case, it has been by drink; and the constant gulping down of grog of the very hottest and stiffest description has suggested a red hot poker to the imagination of the writer of the paragraph. We are satisfied that nobody has ever forced anything of the sort down his throat, and we confess our own total inability to swallow it.

THE FRENCH ALLIANCE.

As a proof of the friendship existing between the French and English Courts, we are proud to mention that all the pieces lately performed before the Court at Windsor were taken from the French. In fact, it is more than probable that the compliment will be carried still further, and that the next time the pieces, instead of being performed in vulgar English, will be interpreted in their original French by the original French actors expressly brought over from Paris. And in truth we do not see any objection to this plan, for it would be not only highly flattering to our neighbours, but would also effectually put at rest the disputed question as to the precise amount of benefit that the English Drama derives from the QUEEN'S patronage, as exhibited to a few favoured actors before a few private friends at Windsor.

Short, if not Sweet.

"WHAT next?" and "What next?" are the questions of SHODDY, And *Punch* begs to answer the petulant body: First, give his friend Russia a merciless hiding, And, next, kick a Sneak out of Yorkshire's West Riding.

AGRICULTURAL HINT TO GOVERNMENT.—Cultivate your Swedes.

AN EASTERN COUNTIES LYRIC.

(As sung at the various Stations on the Line.)

"While History's Muse."—MOORE.



WHILE the vengeful Committee were
savagely heaping
Their stories of bankruptcy, jobbing,
and thieves,
Beside them there linger'd the Officers,
weeping,
For black was the record that blotted
the leaves.
But O how the tear on their eyelids
grew bright
When DAVID made signal for stop-
ping the game,
And they grin'd with delight
As they saw him indite
His "Answer," and sign it with
WADDINGTON'S name.
"Hail, DAVID our boy," cried the
Officers, sparkling
Like lottery investors who've just
drawn a prize,
"The case *did* look dismal, and dole-
ful, and darkling,
But now you've upset the Com-
mittee's sad lies.
The shares that you number'd you
righteously got,
And then very wisely allotted the
same,
And, O, there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles our
WADDINGTON'S name.

"But personal charges are met and
forgotten,
Let feats rather more to the purpose
be thine,

Remove the split piles and the viaducts rotten,
And lessen the danger of working the line.
For woe to the day should a smash have occur'd,
And the public and press have burst out in a flame,
And a jury be heard
To affix a bad word,
That begins with an "M." to our WADDINGTON'S name."

THE SPRING PARLIAMENTARY CAMPAIGN.

FREDERICK PEEL rehearses every day, before a cheval-glass. BERNAL OSBORNE has nearly finished sharpening a splendid quatern of Jokes, which he intends introducing early in the session as "His Four Points." LORD PALMERSTON has just returned from the East, whither he had been to see the morning performance of the pantomime at the City of London Theatre. HENRY DRUMMOND has a witticism on the stocks about the rise there would be in Swedes, supposing there was to be a Revolution in Sweden; and MR. BROTHERTON for the last month has been rigidly insisting upon having the doors closed, and seeing the House in bed regularly by twelve o'clock every night! It is also with peculiar pleasure we state that MR. WILLIAMS has bought a copy of *Lindley Murray*! In these days of testimonials, such zeal as MR. WILLIAMS'S should not go unrewarded.

FINE SCHIEDAM.

The *Adelaide Times* has the following paragraph:

"A correspondent, whose word we have no reason to doubt, assures us that a quantity of gin in which the body of a Dutch captain recently brought here, was preserved during a great part of a sea-voyage, has been sold out of bond and disposed of to the public as the very best Old Tom."

But Old Tom is a synonym of Gin. Should not the spirit, to which the Dutch captain imparted body, rather have been called Hollands?

THE GREAT PEACE QUESTION AND ITS MOST OBVIOUS ANSWER.

"WHAT NEXT? AND NEXT?" First Next—MR. COBDEN will be turned out of the West Riding; and Second Next—MR. BRIGHT will be turned out of Manchester.

PIETY AT A DISCOUNT.

WE rather suspect that the market has been glutted lately with pious pieces of goods; and the result is, that the serious dodge is beginning to fail of its customary effect in obtaining good situations for serious butlers, evangelical cooks, and low church kitchen-maids. The tables seem to be turned upon the canting candidates for employment, who instead of commanding high wages, are now subjected to starvation salaries, and the other evils of fierce competition. The following advertisements evidently proceed from the same source, and they exhibit a determination to take advantage of the present depressed condition of the piety-mongers, who find the traffic in seriousness so thoroughly overdone, that they have been compelled to resort to some other species of imposture for a livelihood.

TO DISABLED PIOUS SOLDIERS.—WANTED in a gentleman's school, a truly pious soldier, to act as HOUSE-DOOR and HALL PORTER, and as General Inspector. He will receive only board and lodging, with livery, for his services. One who has lost a leg or an arm not objected to, as labour is not required, but principle. No smoker need apply. Address full particulars to A. B. C., Mr. OAKLEY'S, publisher, Warwick Lane, City.

TO TAILORESSES.—WANTED, in an educational establishment, near town, a first-rate TAILORESS, to repair and occasionally to make. She must be from the country, pious and conscientious, and middle-aged. Salary, with board, £16. No perquisites. Address full particulars to A. B. C., Mr. OAKLEY'S, publisher, Warwick Lane, City.

We agree with HER MAJESTY and MR. CAIRD in appreciating the religion of every-day life; but we must confess we doubt the sincerity of a demand for piety in a hall-porter, who will probably have to give all sorts of evasive answers, with every variety of "Not at home," when opening the door to unwelcome visitors. The real object of the advertiser seems to be economy; and "piety" being rather down in the market, he probably hopes to get a hall-porter cheap, if he is tainted with cant.

In order that the article may be obtained at the advertiser's very low price, mutilation is invited to compete for the vacant situation; and the double disadvantage of hypocrisy and a wooden leg is not objected to by A. B. C., who is as plain as his initials imply in the object he contemplates.

"MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCES."

THE world, that is that part of the world best worthy of homage and consideration, have become tired of "giving and taking in marriage." They very properly refine upon the act, and therefore redeem it from the vulgarity into which it has lapsed by its familiar treatment. JOHN JENKINS is about to take MARY JONES for his wife, THOMAS BROWN intends to marry SUSAN SMITH, and this is all very well; they are mere flesh of clay, and so may become flesh of flesh; they are made of framework of mere bones, and may therefore be bone of one another's bone. It is otherwise, however, as we ascend the primrose way of May Fair. There it ceases to be mere vulgar marriage; the chain is so beautifully wreathed with flowers (never mind if they are artificial) that it never rattles. Does LORD GRATESWELL take the HON. MISS WASPAINT for his wife? By no means. The fashionable world is never outraged by so rude, so vulgar an announcement of the coming event. The catastrophe is thus delicately hinted:—

"We understand that LORD GRATESWELL, is about to form a matrimonial alliance with the HON. MISS WASPAINT."

Were the parties engaged as partners at whist, the engagement could scarcely sound less ominous. A matrimonial alliance! Why, the words do not sound like the marriage-tie; but have a nobility, a slipperiness, that slides off like a running knot. And there is no doubt that the new phraseology is all to nothing the best. We think so well of it, that we are only anxious to improve it. Thus, wherefore should LORD GRATESWELL introduce his wife as "LADY GRATESWELL?" Why, rather, should he not present her as "My Matrimonial Ally?"

By the way, are these alliances to be considered offensive or defensive? Or both?

A Verse from "The Waterman."

Tom Tug by a GALLANT ADMIRAL.

THEN farewell, my *Lindley Murray*,
Johnson, Dilworth, Vyse, farewell;
Never more a Dictionary
Shall your CHARLEY take to spell!

ROLEY, POLEY, GAMMON.

No less than ten thousand Attorneys are said to be at the present moment on the Roll. It is, indeed, a marvel, when we consider that, although there is but one Roll, they all manage to get their Bread.

THE French have blown up one of the grand Sebastopol basins. What a pity that the criminal originators of the War were not then in their right place—the Dock.



SOLICITUDE.

Wife. "Now, PROMISE ME ONE THING, ADOLPHUS. YOU WON'T GO FLYING OVER ANY HEDGES OR FIVE-BARRED GATES?"

"WHAT NEXT?"

RICHARD COBDEN who as bold as a brazen Lion told us,
That to shatter the huge, ill-knit bulk of Russia to pieces,
Would cost JOHN BULL no more trouble than it cost him, there to
double,

By the clenching of his fist, a foolscap sheet in creases;
Lo, at length he hath uncrumpled the foolscap he then rumbled,
And upon it, or perhaps in it, a pamphlet he hath written,
To demonstrate how that Russia, to the wall if we should push
her,

Is sure, for reasons given at length, to crumple up Great Britain.
Considering which circumstance, *Punch* must repeat the text
Of RICHARD COBDEN'S pamphlet, by asking him—"WHAT NEXT?"

RICHARD COBDEN, the political economist so critical,
Who turn'd so often inside out Protection's famous reason,
That dependence of a nation upon foreign importation,
In War would bring that nation very soon its bended knees on;
To show that his old reasoning is of such perfect seasoning,
That its links won't break, not even if round about you twist 'em;
Now proves that Russ salvation 'gainst an enemy's invasion
Is based, and firmly based too, on a Protective system.
Considering which consequence, *Punch* must repeat the text
Of RICHARD COBDEN'S pamphlet, by asking him—"WHAT NEXT?"

RICHARD COBDEN, who calls "gammon" all rev'rence save of Mammon,
And blazons £ s. d. on his cotton flag unfurl'd,
With "in hoc signo vinces"—who millionnaires holds Princes,
And money the true sinews—the life-blood of the world,
Since a man with money in his purse is frighten'd for his guineas,
While a man with none can laugh though thieves the country
scour;

Now contends that England's treasure of her weakness is the measure,
And, *per contra*, that the poverty of Russia is her power—
Considering which syllogism, *Punch* must repeat the text
Of RICHARD COBDEN'S pamphlet, by asking him—"WHAT NEXT?"

RICHARD COBDEN, platform bouncer, and passionate denouncer
Of Austrian oppression and Austrian intrigue—

RICHARD COBDEN, far-seen traveller, and popular unraveller
Of Prussian short-sightedness in her commercial League,
Contends that as the German the Allies cannot determine
To join them by appeals to pride, or policy, or pelf;
Therefore, Austria and Prussia are sure to tackle Russia,
Magnanimous, single-handed, if but left each to herself;
Considering which "*sequitur*," *Punch* must repeat the text
Of RICHARD COBDEN'S pamphlet, by asking him—"WHAT NEXT?"

RICHARD COBDEN, Free Trade's prophet, contentedly can doff it
Aside, and gravely argue, to prove 'twill be no loss for us,
Though in the North and East, Protection's great High-priest,
Lay his left hand on the Sound and his right hand on the Bosphorus.
Freedom's friend unmoved can mark the Russ vulture's shadow dark,
Broaden slowly over Europe, from the White Sea to the Black,
And when to clip her pinion, and forbid her more dominion,
England's voice cries sternly "Forward"—RICHARD COBDEN dares
cry "Back!"

All which consider'd, *Punch* drops RICHARD COBDEN and his text,
And leaves to the West Riding to answer his "WHAT NEXT?"

An Entertainment that is on the Political Cards.

A PUBLIC BREAKFAST is to be given at Manchester to MR. BRIGHT
just before Parliament opens. The next entertainment in store for the
Honourable Russian Gentleman will be something more than a break-
fast—it will be, we prophecy, not less than—"Tea and Turn out."

"OH, YES! IT IS THE SPELL."

SIR CHARLES NAPIER is afflicted with the mania of letter-writing.
The brave old Admiral should not do it, for really upon reading over
his tortured English, we feel inclined to cry out, "Pray, SIR CHARLES,
mind your Letters."



THE CELEBRATED NO-CONJUROR.

The Wizard of the West Riding Performing the Great Extinguisher Trick.

ARGYLL'S LAST PROCLAMATION.



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL—the terrible lord and master of the Isle of Tirree, an island at least twice as large as Lincoln's Inn Fields—has been shaking the souls of his island subjects with the thunder of a proclamation. He has forbidden the use of whiskey under the pain of dispossession of all lands and tenements. The islanders—according to the insular historian "M. MARTIN, GENT."—were once upon a time rare boys for good ale, but that time is past. As WORDSWORTH says—
"It was a jolly place, but now 'tis curst."

ARGYLL's coronet, like a red star, rains baleful influence. In MARTIN's days, the ale measure "was a third part larger than any he could observe in any other part of Scotland." The awful Duke has caused the subjoined notice to be affixed to the church-doors. As the EMPEROR OF CHINA says—"Read and tremble!"

"Notice is hereby given, that, after this date, no tenant paying under £30 of rent is to be allowed to use whiskey, or any other spirits, at weddings, balls, funerals, or any other gatherings; and all offenders against the terms of this notice will be dispossessed of their lands at the next term.—By order.

(Signed) "LACHLAN MACQUARIE, Factor's Clerk.
"Island House, Nov. 16, 1855."

It will, however, be seen that the DUKE OF ARGYLL has a sympathetic respect for the rights and privileges of property. Whiskey is forbidden to the poor small tenant of £30 per annum; but is of course allowed to the tenant of thirty guineas: shillings make all the difference.

It is further observable that, although the DUKE OF ARGYLL takes due note of weddings, balls, and funerals, he makes no mention of christenings. This is supposed to be an oversight on the part of his vigilant Grace. Every day, therefore, it is expected that an amended proclamation will appear, in which the Duke will not only regulate what is, and what is not to be done, at weddings and funerals; but will also regulate the time of births, and the exact amount of infant population; that is, of course, in so far as applies to fathers and mothers being tenants "under £30 of rent."

"DATE OBOLUM"—FOR A DATE.

MAGNIFICENT (as usual where literature is concerned) has been the last act of Court liberality. A pension of £25 per annum has been granted to MR. JOSEPH HAYDN, author of the invaluable Dictionary of all conceivable Dates. The sum will perhaps pay his stationer's bill for the year—we hope it is insufficient to pay his Income Tax. But if every editor of a Sunday Newspaper who has fudged an answer to an imaginary correspondent—a real HAYDN's Creation—out of the Dictionary, would contribute one farthing *per fudge* paragraph, MR. HAYDN might be spared literary labour for the rest of his life. And therefore, grateful to him for what he has already done, we hope, (not without reason) that the Sunday Editors will not manifest any such vulgar honesty. He will get no dates out of those palms.

"And Fools rush in," &c.

THE Picture-Cleaners in the National Gallery profess to have been moved by a love of art in their very scrubby treatment of the paintings they have so cruelly scarified. Whoever looks at the effect of their work will at once see that the spoilers have not a colourable excuse to offer, and we cannot help saying (with a joke as barbarous as the conduct of the barbarians themselves), that if they have used soap and water in a spirit of admiration, they had no right to carry that admiration to the point of wash-up.

DESTITUTE SURREY.

MR. WYON has made it known to the Metropolitan Board of Works that the County of Surrey "has no armorial bearings." In this predicament, could not MR. DRUMMOND, (as Member for the Western Division), spare his cap and bells?

THE EFFECTS OF EATING HORSE-MEAT.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

THERE is a Professor in Berlin who has been a hippophagist for the last ten years. About two months ago he woke up his wife in the middle of the night by neighing loudly. The wife expressed her surprise, and the surprise made the Professor laugh; but such a laugh, it was a decided horse-laugh, that elicited a response from all the horses on a neighbouring cabstand! In the afternoon, his wife had the greatest difficulty in getting him past a seed-shop, where a quantity of oats in the window was spread out for sale. Soon afterwards his hair (which is of a rich auburn) began to grow to a tremendous length, and to assume more and more the shape of a mane. His face, too, became covered with hair, and he gave great amusement to the little boys of Berlin by appearing one day in the streets with a pair of blinkers.

Various other changes gradually came over him. He would start as if frightened at the crack of a whip—the scream of a railway whistle would set him off galloping at full speed—whilst the sound of a trumpet would make him prick up his ears and distend his nostrils in a most equine manner. It was noticed, also, that his ears of late had grown considerably longer, pointing upwards to some height above his head. One night he was missed, and after considerable search he was found stretched at full length upon the straw in the stable. When his poor wife approached him, he began rearing and plunging in such a violent manner that it was only by putting on the kicking-straps that he could be kept in the least still. Other curious symptoms soon declared themselves. He could not be induced to keep on his boots; and as it was found very uncomfortable to allow him to run about the drawing-room barefooted, he was removed, and permitted to indulge in his eccentricities only out of the house. He would spend whole afternoons in the different stable-yards; his favourite associates were ostlers and omnibus-conductors; his favourite haunts the offices of the *civvies* and the most fashionable beer-houses. Nothing pleased him so much as to sleep in a stall.

After awhile his feet began to harden, and it was observed that a hard substance, not unlike a horse's hoof, was forming over them. The same peculiarity became soon observable on his hands. From this time forth he refused to walk upright; and one frosty morning he was found on all fours outside a farrier's shop, stretching out one of his feet, as if he were anxious to be shod. Since that period he has been put under the care of a veterinary surgeon, who gives but faint hopes of his recovery. "His face" (he observes in a Memoir written on the subject) "is growing longer every month. The nose has fallen into a straight line with the forehead—the nostrils have expanded to an inordinate size, and the mouth has stretched itself to more than three times its former width. There is but little doubt that in time all trace of the 'human face divine' will be completely obliterated, and that the melancholy patient will be walking about a pitiable object with a veritable horse's head on his shoulders! At present his only delight is having a bit put into his mouth."

Whether the transformation will proceed further, it is impossible to say. One fact, however, is pretty certain—for all the most learned philosophers of Berlin are unanimous upon the point—that this singular absorption of the man in the animal is entirely owing to the practice, persevered in for so many years, of eating nothing but horse's-flesh. The Professor has been a *hippophage* to that extent, that at last he has all but become a horse himself! The phenomenon has created the greatest sensation in all the equestrian circles of the Prussian capital. Horseflesh, in consequence, has fallen full 50 per cent.

Clerical Testimonial.

A HANDSOMELY bound volume of Sermons, lithographed in imitation of manuscript, was yesterday presented to the REV. MR. PARROT by his parishioners, as an improvement on the usual testimonial of a silver teapot.

A QUESTION.

THE Wizard of the North advertises, as a new squib, PROFESSOR ANDERSON'S *Interview with an Impudent Puppy*. Is the Professor himself about to "hold the mirror up to nature?"

CONVERTIBLE TERMS.

SINCE the mockery of the Maine Law, it is no longer said in America of a drunken man, that "He is in a shocking state of liquor;" but "He is in a frightful State of Maine."

DO YOU SPEAK FRENCH?—M. THIERS ought to be ashamed of himself, if, on hearing that the Shah had taken Herat, he said, "*C'est très simple. C'est le Chat qui a pris le Rat.*"

THE VERY BEST GUN-TRICK.—Changing "Old Brown Bess" into a Minié Rifle.



After all, Canal Fishing is a very exciting amusement; for, though you never by accident catch anything, you have to exercise great ingenuity to avoid being caught yourself.

KING CLICQUOT'S TERMS OF PEACE.

HIS MAJESTY KING CLICQUOT, in answer to an official application from the Office, 85, Fleet Street, for the proposal of terms for the conclusion of peace satisfactorily to all parties, has drawn out the following articles:—

1. The Allies to evacuate the Crimea, leaving so much of Sebastopol as shall not have been blown up in *statu quo*.
2. The Russians to evacuate Asia.
3. The Black Sea to be declared half a Russian lake and half a Turkish, with a metaphysical line of distinction between the Turkish and Russian part.
4. The construction of gun-boats and other armaments for the Baltic Fleet to be discontinued on the part of the Allies.
5. The Russians to be at liberty to complete the fortifications of Cronstadt and St. Petersburg; but the French and English to be equally free to fortify Cherbourg and Portsmouth, London and Paris, Boulogne, Jersey, Guernsey, and the Isle of Dogs.
6. Prussia to be indemnified for the diminution in her export trade which will necessarily ensue on the cessation of the blockade of the Baltic.
7. The mutual understanding amongst the Allies to be symbolised by a performance of the play of *Antigone*, with MENDELSSOHN'S music; the chorus to consist, in equal proportions, of English, French, Sardinians, and Turks. The part of *Antigone* to be assigned by lot to QUEEN VICTORIA or the EMPRESS EUGENIE; and LOUIS NAPOLEON and ALEXANDER to go the odd man for *Creon*.
8. Pledges to be exchanged in champagne, beer, or any other liquor that shall be agreed on by the plenipotentiaries of the respective parties. The British Public to stand treat. The referee to participate.
9. Goes all round.

THE RIGHT RUFFIANS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

A PROVINCIAL paper says:—

"MR. JUSTICE CROMPTON was prevented from opening the last Maidstone Assizes with punctuality, because the train in which the QUEEN'S judge travelled from Croydon was 'shunted' on its route to make way for a special train conveying gentlemen of the prize-ring to a fight."

We do not share in the indignation expressed by our contemporary at this arrangement. The place for "gentlemen of the prize-ring" is before one of the QUEEN'S Judges, and we heartily hope that in due course every one of the scoundrels will be found there.

THE ESTERHAZY MISSION.—VALENTINE has been sent to St. Petersburg, to see if "Orson is endowed with reason?"

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

LAST night, a most important Meeting of the Administrative Reform Body was held at the Bottle of Smoke, Makebelieve Street. MR. FROTHAN took the chair; and briefly called the attention of the Meeting to the fact that Parliament ostensibly renewed its duties on the 31st inst. During the recess, administrative reformers had kept all their eyes upon the House of Commons; and the effect of such vigilance had been significantly shown even in the mildewed recesses of Downing Street. (*Cheers.*)

MR. BUMPTIOUS must congratulate the Meeting and the country on the many triumphs obtained—and no less obtained because achieved with the most perfect tranquillity—by Administrative Reform. For instance: what was the condition of CHARLES THE FIRST at Charing-Cross, when administrative reformers first took the field? KING CHARLES might be considered a national institution: nevertheless he was eaten-up with the King's-evil of verdigris. Again, the spurs of his Majesty were in a lamentable state of decay; whilst a bridle was wholly wanting. What was the condition of the statue at the present moment? A bran-new, beautiful pair of spurs had been affixed to the royal figure; and the long-desired bridle duly supplied. And did these things mean nothing? Were they typical of nothing? Let not their opponents think it. He (MR. B.) would tell them, that the new spurs denoted that Administrative Reform did not permit Routine to go on in its old jog-trot way; but, on the contrary, would compel it to mend its paces, to keep up with the pace of the people. (*Cheers.*) Did the bridle mean nothing, either? Why, yes; it meant that, when required, the aristocracy should be curbed, and brought up, and if necessary—not that he believed it would be necessary—thrown upon its haunches. (*Loud Cheers.*) To any carping, narrow-minded dissident who questioned the utility, the active beauty, he would say, of Administrative Reform, he would fearlessly point to KING CHARLES'S spurs, and KING CHARLES'S bridle.

MR. LINSEYWOLSEY begged to call the attention of Administrative Reformers to the condition of QUEEN ANNE'S attire. Approaching Her Majesty up Ludgate Hill, he thought her head-dress was susceptible of very great improvement. (The Hon. Gentleman, however, made no motion on the subject, and whereupon the matter dropped.)

MR. PEEWITT had lately been in Cockspur Street; and did not consider GEORGE THE THIRD'S pig-tail the right pig-tail in the right place; he would therefore move, that it be referred to a Committee; which, being agreed to, the Meeting in high spirits, broke up.

THE TRAVELS OF TRUTH.



THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE has thrown all the Naval Departments of Russia into a state of consternation, by demanding of their functionaries reports that "shall contain the naked Truth, without any attempt to gloss over defects and mismanagement." The naked Truth in Russia! Has the man no sense of the frightful severity of the climate? How long, in such a latitude, can naked Truth be expected to survive the exposure? Will not Truth, if sufficient strength remain to her, make for a milder atmosphere? Who knows? In her desperation, she may fly towards

Austria. Poor thing! What there awaits the nakedness of Truth? Why, no better covering than a petticoat of Concordat; a wretched, flimsy thing that all the winds of heaven hiss and whistle through. Perhaps, then, Truth will take to her heels, and fly to Prussia; and there she will, at least, find a refuge, a welcome, and a good wooden petticoat beside in a cask of Rhenish. In *vino veritas*; and there it is that KING CLICQUOT delights to honour her. But Russian Truth is not yet so put to it. She will still remain so thickly muffled up in bear-skin, that where Bruin begins and Truth ends, where Truth commences and Bruin finishes, will, for many a long day yet, puzzle the Casuists.

Very "Hollow" of Denmark.

HIS MAJESTY OF DENMARK has made it known by proclamation to his loving subjects, that his morganatic marriage with the COUNTESS DANNER shall for ever remain left-handed; a decree which clearly prevents the unfortunate wife from ever getting on the right side of her husband. (Very mean of Denmark.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DANCING.



R. FRANCIS MASON, author of a work on dancing and other exercises, which seems likely to afford information to those whom it may concern, asserts that—

“It may be said of dancing, as has been said of an exercise equally harmless, that the objectors to it are to be found only amongst those who have never been taught to dance.”

To this dogma may be opposed the interjection of Fiddlestick! or rather Broomstick! for it is too sweeping. Persons who may have been taught

dancing may object to it from the circumstance of being protuberant as to the stomach, or bandy-legged, or both; since these personal defects are rendered more conspicuous by galloping, waltzing, quadrilling, and polking. What object can be more pitiable than a fat cavalier seul? Dancing may contribute to harmless mirth; but the merriment is afforded at the fat dancing gentleman's expense.

These remarks apply to gentlemen only; for in the other sex *enbounpoint* and unwieldiness are almost always objective; seldom or never subjective.

Man, naturally a philosopher, objects to dancing in the abstract. He does not dance *per se*, nor yet with his fellow-man. He dances only with a partner of the opposite sex. Thus he forms a partnership of limited liability, which may become unlimited, however, if he does not mind what he is about, and that is dancing simply, without ulterior views; although these may be judicious in some cases.

Another position of our author is also open to objection:

“Man in a civilised state generally turns the feet outwards, as in an uncivilised state they are almost invariably turned inwards.”

The position here insisted upon may be said to be the first position. It is not altogether tenable. Turning the feet inwards is an especial indication of the stable mind, the mind peculiarly conversant with horses. The intending bridegroom may be apt to turn his feet out, but the accomplished groom, pure and simple, is accustomed to turn them in.

PRISON PEARLS AND PRISON SWINE.

A NICE question in prison discipline is likely to arise out of a late regulation of the Surrey Magistrates in Council assembled. At a recent meeting of their worships—

“It having been reported that many of the prisoners so misconducted themselves in Chapel, during the responses, by blasphemous and obscene words, instead of the proper forms, the Court resolved that for the future the responses should not be given by the prisoners.”

Now, what is to be done with a rogue of Puseyite principles conscientiously bent on obeying the Rubric? Is he to be punished for uttering the responses, which he feels bound to speak out, and, very likely, to intone? That will make a martyr of a convict, or a confessor rather, to speak by the canonical card.

We do not know, at present, where SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL may be in bonds—not for the faith, but for the breach of faith. He is liable to be sent over the water. If that water should be the River Thames, is SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL to be prevented from edifying his fellow-convicts and delighting the chaplain with his fervent and sonorous ejaculations? Is he to be limited to *sotto voce* and reverential grimace?

Would not the rational course on the part of their Surrey Worships have been, to render attendance at Chapel a privilege to the prisoners, accorded only to such as should seriously desire it and show themselves worthy of it? Is not the scandalous conduct of the rascals and trulls, driven into Chapel to be prayed before and preached at, a practical break-down of that ecclesiastical drill-system dignified with the denomination of “spiritual instruction?”

Escape of a Criminal.

MR. NARB. HUGHES D'AETH is mightily incensed with LORD LONDESBOROUGH, for having contributed to nullify the fine imposed by him and his brother Magistrates on HENRY HOYLE, by a donation of £5 to that poacher by misadventure. We hope that every such unfortunate poacher may obtain a similar reprieve from sentence of D'AETH.

MERRILY DANCED THE QUAKER BRIGHT.

Song for the Soirée given by Manchester to her Patriot Members.

MERRILY danced the Quaker BRIGHT,
And merrily danced that Quaker,
When he heard that Kars was in hopeless plight,
And MOURAVIEFF meant to take her.
He said he knew it was wrong to fight,
He'd help nor Devil nor Baker,
But to see that the battle was going right,
O! merrily danced the Quaker.

Merrily danced the Quaker BRIGHT,
And merrily danced the Quaker,
When the Generals lost the place that might
Have been made another JEAN D'ACRE.
He roar'd for joy to behold the sight,
And his sides he shook like a Shaker;
And merrily danced the Quaker BRIGHT,
O! merrily danced that Quaker!

Merrily danced the Quaker BRIGHT,
And merrily danced the Quaker,
When Kars was left without sup or bite,
And her heroes had to forsake her.
He dash'd his broadbrim down in delight,
(To the great content of its maker),
And merrily danced the Quaker BRIGHT,
O! merrily danced the Quaker.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN HOLYWELL STREET.

At about a quarter to twelve last night, an earthquake swallowed those two lines of ancient, picturesque buildings, lying due east from the New Church, Strand, known as Holywell Street. Since the great earthquake at Lisbon, no shock has been so sudden, no devastation so complete. What, however, is the most surprising, as the most gratifying part of the catastrophe, is the fact, that no lives have been sacrificed. Several cradles have been swallowed, but not even one baby is missing.

At about eleven o'clock, the house of MR. SHADRACK (Mr. S. was supping in the bosom of his family), underwent a slight shaking, which the philosophical dealer in cast raiments attributed to the vibration caused by cabs and carriages. He, therefore, went on with his supper, and, in his own memorable words, “thought nothing about it.”

MR. ABEDNEGO distinctly saw several objects oscillate upon his shop walls; and MR. MESHACK declares, that he heard a loud subterranean sound, as though all Houndsditch and the Minories put together were crying “*Old Clo!*” Ere these respectable tradesmen could give the alarm—had they intended to do so—the catastrophe took place; and what was, a few minutes before, Holywell Street, in all its picturesque and ancient beauty had sunk to the centre. That not a single soul was sacrificed may be considered as truly miraculous.

Of course, the greatest consternation prevailed throughout the neighbourhood. The houseless Holywellites, when they could be discovered from amidst the clouds of suffocating dust that arose on all sides, were received by the most respectable shopkeepers in the Strand, and, for the nonce, clothed and comforted. One venerable person seemed perfectly bewildered by the offer of clean linen; and another, a dealer in the light pictorial literature that once coquetishly peeped from the Holywell Street window, made a most vigorous resistance (his brain, no doubt, overwrought by the calamity) when an attempt was made to wash him. A third, in the aberration of the moment, ate the piece of yellow soap offered him, in the belief that it was gingerbread. Much, however, is to be allowed for the consternation of the time. Too high praise cannot be given to many of the inhabitants of the southern side of the Strand; they all vied with one another in proffers of assistance, and in the expression of sympathy for the houseless and destitute.

Collections are to be made next Saturday at all the synagogues.

We stop the press to announce, that the above—supplied by hitherto a most trustworthy correspondent and guinea-and-a-half-a-liner—is an unprincipled fabrication.

As yet Holywell Street has not been swallowed up by an earthquake. No: Holywell Street still stands, a proud monument of the vested rights of every sort of physical and moral filth and foulness. There the Fine Arts still flourish in their pruriency, defiant of the police; and there dirt and darkness meet and make mortal compact. Holywell Street still exists and festers. The ulcer still remains at the back of the Strand; with its fine shop-fronts. The abomination still reeks; yet, it is said SIR BENJAMIN HALL has a nose! However, let us hope, that the imagined earthquake of our reporter, may be prophetic; let us hope that the underground rumblings of his fancy are but as prefatory sounds issuing from the Metropolitan Board of Works.



CONSOLATION.

Young Snobley. "AH, JIM! NOBLE BIRTH MUST BE A GREAT ADVANTAGE TO A COVE!"

Jim (one of Nature's nobility). "H'M! P'RAIS!—BUT EGAD! PERSONAL BEAUTY AIN'T A BAD SUBSTITUTE!"

AN OFFICER OF THE "LINE."

It is rather a disagreeable sign of the times, that CALCRAFT, the Hangman, was compelled to postpone an execution, the other day, on account of what he was pleased to delicately call "a previous engagement." Society must be tainted by a great deal of crime, when we see the public hangman compelled to look carefully to his diary, lest he should find himself previously "engaged" on a day designed for the infliction of capital punishment. With a sort of instinctive politeness, CALCRAFT may, possibly, have offered an apology to the criminal whom he put off, in order that another might be "turned off" with due punctuality.

We had hoped that CALCRAFT would have been the last of his race, and that he would have outlived that institution—the gallows—with which his name will be always associated; but we are now beginning to fear that the fatal tree will demand some junior branch of the family tree of CALCRAFT, when the present head of the house shall have broken the thread—in his case we should rather say the rope—of his existence. If it should happen that CALCRAFT is the last of his line,—a line to which so many have been attached—we suspect it will be difficult to establish the hangmanship in any other family. Perhaps, however, he may have a few hangers-on who will consent to continue the deadly dealings with the halter, which can always be made to supply a loop-hole for the conscience under the plea of public duty or private necessity.

Thankful for Small Mercies.

A "TURF-MAN" writing to the press, professes great indignation against a contemporary, who, discussing the Rugeley case, says he "could have found consolation had a couple of dozen of betting-men been got rid of." All we can say is, that knowing how many of these worthies infest the country, our contemporary is more easily comforted than we should be.

GOOD RIDDANCE OF BAD RUBBISH.

An auctioneer has just enjoyed the privilege of "knocking down a prison." That well-known, but by no means favourite resort, the Borough Compter, has recently been brought to the hammer, or, rather, the hammer has been brought to it, and the whole has been knocked down in a variety of lots to the highest bidders. We do not quite understand the motives of the various purchasers at this sale; for we do not see what use can be made of a quantity of spikes, a parcel of iron bars, and a mass of miscellaneous prison properties. Perhaps to some people there would be a sort of excitement in fitting up a room as a prison, and undergoing a little voluntary incarceration, by way of giving a zest to liberty. That there must be some such feeling in existence, is proved by the fact stated in the reports, that "several persons took the opportunity of visiting the prison." We did not hear that some persons took the opportunity of getting out of the prison, which would have been in our eyes a far more sensible movement. We cannot think that much could have been realised by the sale; for handcuffs are out of date, spikes are of no use to anybody—not even excepting the owner—and, as to fetters, they are not in demand even for dancing hornpipes on the stage, which is the last use we ever heard of their having been put to.

AN END TO BEGGING.

(A Hint to SIR R. W. CARDEN.)

THERE would very soon be an end to begging, if the following penalties were strictly carried out:—

For the First Offence. A Fine of Five Shillings.

For the Second. A Fine of Five Pounds.

For the Third. Three Months' Imprisonment.

The above punishments we would have fall, not on the beggar, but on the man who relieves the beggar; for inasmuch as he encourages begging, he is in truth the real beggar, and he should be punished accordingly. Two or three fines of Five Pounds, or one powerful infliction of Three Months' Imprisonment on any Old Lady in Fashionable Life convicted of relieving a mendicant, and our word and circulation for it, there would soon be an End to Begging!

SUM FOR MR. COBDEN.—How many Russian Steppes are equal in politics to one English League?

FACT FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.

THE other day we heard a fine little boy, aged about three years, who was running about the house with a tin sword in one hand and a toy rifle in the other, express his young idea of the present state of things, by thus singing, to the tune of *Pop goes the Weasel*—

"Up and down Sebastopol,
In and out the ocean;
Every time a gun goes off,
Down falls a Russian!"

Rather another thing, this, than *Let Dogs delight*, my friends, isn't it? A better thing, too, just now, my calico friends. TYRTEUS for DR. WATTS at present!—if TYRTEUS were wanted, which he happily is not. See, my peace-makers, what a spirit your peace-breakers have excited among us, both old and young;—observe how young! They have not only aroused the British Lion—but the British Lion's cubs. Go on, friends; praise, excuse, defend your peace-breakers, and blow up the fire which they have kindled, if it wants blowing, which—now that babies are singing nursery rhymes about their slaughter and destruction—seems hardly necessary.

A LITERARY TRIUMPH.

SCENE—Chambers somewhere in the Temple.

Tom. I say, JIM, hand us down those two volumes of MACAULAY'S *History of England*.

Jim. Don't bother—I'm looking for the backgammon-board.

Tom. Well, you ignoramus, that's the very thing!

Jim. Why, it used to be HUME AND SMOLLETT?

Tom. Precisely; but don't you know that HUME AND SMOLLETT are out of date, and that MACAULAY is all the game now. That is why I have promoted the old trump to the backgammon board. It will never do to be behind-hand in one's history! Cut on (*throwing*) *Cinq-ace*!



HARD CASE.

A. B. Seaman. "HERE'S A GO, BILL! YER MIGHT KNOCK ME DOWN WITH THE BUTT-END OF A MUSKIT, A'MOST! BLOW'D IF THE GAME AIN'T OVER, AND WE AIN'T HAD NO INNINGS!"

"PURE AND SIMPLE."

Vox—præterea nihil Vox!
 Launch your gun-boats, blast his docks!
Pur et simple—pretty words,
 Deftly strewn to catch old birds;
 SIMON "PURE" is spreading lime on
 Twigs to trap a "SIMPLE" SIMON;
 Not so simple, MASTER PURE,
 As to jump at such a lure.
Vox—præterea nihil Vox!
 Launch your gun-boats, blast his docks!

Talk—that's what he wants to do—
 Let him talk, then, till all's blue.
 Let the humbug council meet,
 Bid each envoy take his seat,
 Let the tricky game begin
 Where the honest never win,
 And where England ever loses
 What she gains with blows and bruises,
 Always victor with the sword,
 Always cheated at the Board.

Talk—but while the tricksters chatter,
 We go on to storm and batter;
 Eye at sight-hole, touch on trigger,
 Push the War with doubled vigour;
 Work the mortars, till the echo
 Startles ev'n bemuddled CLICQUOR,
 Till a blazing Cronstadt tells
 Tales of England's Feast of Shells;
 Till on Kars the Moon once more
 Floats—beside the Tricolor.

If, while Freedom's sword is flashing,
 And the tyrant's dens are crashing,
 He, in downright earnest terror,
 Sees, at length, his ghastly error;
 Flings a truce-flag on the breeze,
 And himself upon his knees;
 Then we'll talk of Terms and Basis,
 And the Right Men in Right Places;
 But the Trap last April set
 Won't seduce again, just yet;
Vox—præterea nihil Vox—
 Launch your gunboats, blast his docks!

PUNCH.

PENNY-A-LINING IN FULL PLAY.

THERE has recently been a perfect glut of matter for the penny-a-liners, who have been enabled to make a series of rather satisfactory meals by helping the public to sup full of horrors during the last fortnight. The "Poisoning Cases" have been, of course, a delicious topic for the paragraph-mongers, who have been literally living upon poison for nearly a month, and who get a fresh dinner by every fresh discovery of a little arsenic. The taste of the penny-a-liners having been once tickled by the deadly mineral, they have been going about in all directions searching for poisons; and, not satisfied with the cases actually in hand, they have been ransacking the graves of those who have been long dead, and endeavouring to grub up from their remains a few grains of arsenic out of which a dinner may be concocted. Everyone who has died suddenly within the last five years is pronounced to have been the victim of poison, and it is probable that, if the penny-a-liners had their way, the Secretary of State would be fully employed in signing orders for exhumation in all cases that would admit of a series of paragraphs.

No sooner was the interest in the poisoning beginning to abate than the "gentlemen of the press" have had what they will call another "lucky hit" in the melancholy catastrophe at Bedford Row, which they are making the most of, as will be seen from the following paragraph:—

"The chambers of the deceased are not, as has been stated, within a few doors of Bedford Street, but are fully a street and a half off. The upper apartments of the house appear not to have been tenanted, for a board affixed outside announces that they are to let. Here again there has been a crowd of idlers assembled throughout the day, although there is nothing whatever to be seen, and the beadles of the district have had some trouble in persuading people to 'move on.'"

It is not very important to the public to know the exact geographical position of the chambers of the deceased; and though we may admire the scrupulous accuracy with which the reporter corrects an erroneous statement as to their being "within a few doors of Bedford Street," we

cannot forget that the false statement was made by the reporters themselves; who, after getting a penny a line for saying what is not true, are paid another penny a line for setting the public right again.

The reader will be much struck by the graphic powers of the writer, who describes the appearance of "the upper apartments of the house," which he shrewdly imagines to have been untenanted; an inference which has been acutely drawn by the keen-sighted observer, from the fact that, "a board affixed outside announces that they are to let." We wonder the writer did not go on to speculate on the possibility that the bill might have been allowed to remain in the window after the apartment had been taken. This would have given an opportunity for a few guesses at the terms on which the rooms might have been had, with a speculative glance at the fixtures, and a passing peep up the chimney; all of which would have been admissible under the attractive heading of "Further Particulars."

Some readers will admire the boldness and candour with which the reporter admits, that "there is nothing whatever to be seen;" and we can only wonder that where "there is nothing to be seen," there is so much to be written. The allusion to "the beadles of the district" gives to the concluding part of the report a degree of dignity, but not much force; for, if they "have had some trouble in persuading people to move on," the headdom of the district must be in a condition of feebleness bordering on incapacity. We hope "the beadles of the district" will pluck up the courage to make the penny-a-liner himself "move on," when he is next found prying about the premises.

A Subject for Sculptors.

A LETTER from Modena, in the *Monitore Toscano* states that MGR. GAETANO BALUFFI, Archbishop of Imola, apostolic delegate, is charged with the execution of a bull. This may suggest to Italian sculptors a notion for a new Mithraic group, in which the execution of the bull shall be symbolised by the sacrifice of the animal so named, MR. BALUFFI in full canonicals operating as the pontifical *carنيفex*.

A GOOD BEGINNING.



THE *Times* has set the example of printing the letters of epistolary Members precisely as they are written. This will doubtless have a salutary effect, as our legislative wiseacres, when they see their errors exposed, will not be so fond of writing long letters. However, we would not have the exposure stop here, for we should like to see the *Times* and the other morning papers, printing the speeches of Hon. Members

exactly as they are spoken. Put in undisguisedly all the "hems" and "has;" spare not a single "h" that was either superfluous or deficient; when a "w" has usurped the place of a "v," or vice versa, record by all means the bold usurpation; show no mercy to bad grammar, throw no kind of ornament over inelegant sentences; do not attempt, out of false kindness, to strengthen the weakness of any man's logic, and there will soon be an end to long speeches. Thus, when our Members are cured of the mania of letter-writing, and have been ridiculed out of the folly of speech-making, we may begin to have some little hope of the House of Commons.

THE MILKMAN AT THE TREASURY.

WE have been rather grieved at seeing, under the head of Bankruptcy, the case of a gentleman of an aristocratic family who has been dabbling in milk instead of being satisfied with official cream, and who has combined the calling of a cow-keeper with a clerkship in the Treasury. We do not hold with the ridiculous doctrine, that a man in the service of the Government ought to "do nothing else," that his brains should cease to work whenever he leaves his official stool, that his leisure hours ought to be wasted in a sort of intellectual stagnancy which would be enough to muddle the clearest head; but we do consider milk below, and very much below, the attention of a clerk in the Treasury.

A morning walk is desirable for every one who follows a sedentary occupation, but a milk walk is not exactly the walk of life in which we expect to meet with a man of aristocratic birth and official position. We have no objection to the monotony of a life at the desk being varied by some more pleasant and even profitable employment; for we had rather hear that a Government clerk is turning his spare time, if he has any, to account, instead of dancing at Casinos, or dissipating his earnings in any other way that the advocates of the do-nothing-else system may suggest; but we do protest against the combination of the milk business with an appointment in the Treasury. We are not surprised that the official milkman has found it impossible to serve his country and serve his customers with equal advantage. We have heard of a barrister who is said to have kept a public house, but even that arrangement may have been excused on the plea that it was all "practice at the bar;" but a milkman at the Treasury might occasionally have disturbed the office with one of those horrible cries supposed to signify "milk," but sounding like all the varieties of "Mieux" which might have burst involuntarily from his lips, while his heart was in his private business, far away among the cows, the cans, and the cow-sheds.

Thieves of the Russian Calendar.

Two new Russian Saints, new at least to Western hagiologists, have turned up, ST. BORIS and ST. GLEB. The Muscovite Thief's literary advocate, *Le Nord*, mentions a chapel constructed under the invocation of these two worthies in the north of Finland somewhere in the sixteenth century. The sacred edifice appears to have been used by Russia as a chapel of ease, or a *locus standi* for easing Sweden of her Finnish territory. BARABAS and GRAB are probably the real names of which BORIS and GLEB are corruptions.

FRUIT OF A FAMILY PEAR-TREE.

SOME very serious and equally comical letters on the "Dignity of Baronets," have of late appeared at intervals in the *Morning Post*. The writer is SIR R. BROUN; an enthusiastic vindicator of the privileges of his order. This gentleman informs us, that he has been at great pains to enforce the claim of the elder sons of baronets to the title of knight during their fathers' lives; having, before his own succession to the baronetcy, asserted it, personally, in the face of the Home Minister of the day, the Attorney and Solicitor-General, and the College of Heralds, by presenting himself as a knight at Court.

For this service, he says that the associated baronets presented him with the "insignia of an *Equus Auratus*;" which appear to have included a "golden collar of SS."

SIR R. BROUN calls this—justly no doubt—a splendid testimonial; "which," he adds,—

"I hope may be an heir-loom in my family as long as has been that of the 'Colstoun Pear'; enchanted six centuries ago by my maternal ancestor, the Wizard BARON HUGH GIFFORD, of Yest-r."

In some future communication to the *Post*, it is to be hoped that SIR R. BROUN will vouchsafe to throw a little necessary light on the rather dark and mysterious passage last quoted; which suggests several queries. What kind of a Pear is that enchanted one of Colstoun? Having been "enchanted" six hundred years ago, the fact that it is still in existence proves it to be a preserved Pear; but how preserved?—in syrup, or by sorcery? Has the Pear been kept green all that while by magic? Or in what else consists the enchantedness—to coin a word—of the Pear which SIR R. BROUN keeps, as if it were the apple of his eye?

The Wizard BARON HUGH GIFFORD appears to have been the original Wizard of the North; and if SIR R. BROUN can prove that BARON GIFFORD really enchanted a Pear, he will utterly refute the claim to that title which has been put forward by PROFESSOR ANDERSON. When a gentleman talks of possessing an enchanted Pear six centuries old, people are apt to suspect that, whatever any ancestor of his may have been, he himself is probably not amenable to the charge of being a conjuror. Without pretending to that denomination ourselves, we, however, conjure our worthy Baronet, and champion of baronets, to expound his mystification touching the Pear and the Wizard; as he values his collar of SS., and does not wish to have the initial letter of the alphabet prefixed to that double one.

AN EXETER HALL CONCORDAT.

THE kind support of all retailers of intoxicating liquors and pot-house keepers, especially those of the lowest description, is affectionately implored on behalf of a pious Association, which advertises itself as "formed for the accomplishment of the following definite objects:—

1. That the attendance of regimental bands for amusement on the Lord's Day in Kensington Gardens, or in garrison towns, or wherever else troops are stationed, may be discontinued.
2. That the British Museum, the National Gallery, and other similar public establishments, may not be opened during any part of the Lord's Day. And
3. That no alteration may be made in the law which prevents the opening of the Crystal Palace on that day."

This lovely society appeals to the public at large, but more particularly to publicans, under the title of the "Metropolitan Committee for Promoting the Observance of the Lord's Day." "It embraces," we are told, "more than 200 Ministers and Laymen of all denominations." But they all come under the denomination Saint—uncanonised Saint, of course. There is no "nimbus" about their heads—far from them is all such popery. Their presiding Saint, in a spirituous sense, is BONIFACE, but the EARL OF SHAFESBURY is their Chairman.

Already they have published a long list of subscriptions, headed by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, who contributes no less than twenty pounds towards the high moral object of silencing military drums and fifes, and preventing the band from playing in Kensington Gardens on a Sunday. No other prelate has followed his Grace's liberal example; which, therefore, the landlords of public-houses are the more earnestly besought to imitate; especially those gentlemen who occupy wine-vaults and gin-shops in the vicinity of Kensington. For it is impossible that anybody should stand listening to the music in Kensington Gardens, and simultaneously drinking at the bar; since no human being can be in two places at once, in spite of the contrary doctrine maintained by the idolatrous Church of Rome.

It is unnecessary to state, that the office of the Committee is at Exeter Hall; where the smallest contributions will be thankfully received. After having had to pay a compulsory double Income-Tax, and other taxes which are not optional, for the vain objects of Government, it must be felt quite refreshing to disburse a voluntary tribute in furtherance of the designs of a Society, which proposes to spend our money "in circulating tracts and papers, in correspondence and advertising."

THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.



How long will it take the existing race of hereditary legislators to die out? For it has evidently been determined that they shall. SIR JAMES PARKE is created BARON WENSLEYDALE "for the term of his natural life." That is to say, his barony is to be like the "barren sceptre" of MACBETH; "no son of his succeeding" to his title, in the somewhat improbable event of his having a son. As there are the best of reasons for making JUDGE PARKE a Peer, there can be no reason for barring his barely possible issue from succession, any more than for barring therefrom the issue, possible or actual, of anybody else who may hereafter be elevated to the Peerage. It is fair, therefore, to conclude, that hence

forth all those who may be made Peers will become Members of the House of Lords for the term of their natural lives only. To be sure, in departing this life, it would seem that an individual of that august assembly must necessarily vacate his seat in it; nor can any Peer well enjoy his peerage longer than for the term of his natural life. True, he may wear his coronet in his coffin; but when a Peer is no more, of course he can be no more a Peer.

But let that pass. His coronet will not necessarily be worn by his son; that is the practical point. If the wisdom is in the wig, then also it is in the coronet; then if BARON PARKE had a son, the son might rationally be allowed to succeed both to the paternal coronet and wig, and be not only a lord among lords, but a law lord among law lords. If, however, the wisdom is entirely in the head, then the succession cannot be entailed by any patent of nobility, and can only become patent by acts and deeds, which after the precedent created in creating BARON PARKE a Peer, can form the only possible ground of pretension to a Peerage. As the hereditary Peers die out, their places will be filled by meritorious Peers, and these, rapidly increasing, will very soon snuff out the inconsiderable remainder of the others. The House of Lords will then constitute a real Aristocracy, or governing body, composed of the best men, of men who have done something to be proud of, and will no longer include a large proportion of individuals who pride themselves chiefly on never having had anything to do.

WILD SPORT IN THE EAST.

AMONG other particulars of intelligence from the Crimea, the *Morning Post* mentions that several of our officers, who had gone out shooting too far from the advanced posts, had been carried off in the plain of Baidar; where

"It was ascertained that detachments of Cossacks scour the plain to pounce on isolated officers and soldiers; several of their principal ambuscades were also discovered, but their prudence was so great that it was not possible to surround one."

The shooting, therefore, in the Crimea, appears to be better than it is commonly supposed to be. There is game in it more worth powder and shot than wild ducks, or even deer. Cossacks roam its fields and lurk in its covers. The pursuit of these creatures is attended with the excitement of danger—as is also the chase of ferocious four-footed beasts, but that can only add additional zest to a sport which has for its object the destruction of monsters from the face of the earth. The precaution, however, should be taken of forming a sufficiently large party of sportsmen, all of them good shots, when Cossacks are to be beaten for; indeed, the *battue* system, so objectionable in ordinary shooting, is the best in this. The object in view is simply slaughter; to exterminate, in the greatest possible numbers, a race of noisome, repulsive, odious, truculent brutes, turned loose by their Arch-Yahoo, the CZAR, upon civilised mankind. Each one of them represents so much outrage, so much rapine, so much oppression, tyranny, and human misery at large, all saved by the shot that knocks him individually over, and terminates his mischievous and detestable existence. Cossack-shooting, in short, very much resembles tiger-hunting; only, as a Cossack is a more pernicious vermin than a tiger, more utility is combined with amusement in the former than in the latter sport.

RUNNING COUNTER.—With the strongly commercial views entertained by MR. COBDEN, that gentleman must, of course, approve of the Russian counter propositions.

PERMANENT WAYS.

In the reports of Railway Accidents that somehow *will* creep into the papers (which reports, by the way, to keep at all pace with the facts should be as frequent as those of squibs upon GUY FAWKES' day), we often see allusion to the "permanent way," which very commonly is found to be defective. Now, we have never been so fortunate as to be a Director, nor ever so unfortunate as to have become a Shareholder, and we have therefore had but small acquaintance with railway technicalities, and cannot say with any certainty to what "way" in particular the epithet "permanent" is meant to be applied. There are, however, to our certain knowledge, very many ways which it would appear are permanent in railroad management, and as each of these is more or less a fruitful source of accident, it is possible that in naming them we may hit upon the right one. We are convinced, then, that none of our intelligent readers (and of course every reader of *Punch* possesses *ipso facto* a title to that adjective), will dispute that there exists at present upon almost all our railroads—

A Way of starting fast trains on the heels—or wheels—of slow: so that passengers who know the time-table have the excitement of calculating the chances of collision, which they find pretty often becomes a dead certainty.

A Way of choosing for excursion trains that precise period when the line is fullest: and of then proving that "delays are dangerous" by detaining all the trains in front until they are run into.

A Way of penny-wisdom in "reducing the expenses" by employing signalmen of the age of eight or nine, and amalgamating station-master, pointsman, ticket-clerk, and porter in the person of one much over-worked official, whose uncertain whereabouts is certain to result soon or late in an accident.

A Way of sending off specials at the highest express speed, without letting the drivers know what is in front of them, or telegraphing to the trains which are on before to shunt; the result of which arrangement is generally an Inquest, where it is always highly satisfactory to learn that "it appeared from the evidence, that not the slightest blame attached to any of the company's servants" (and, of course, no one ever thinks of blaming the impeccable Directors).

A Way of managing the goods-traffic solely by the laws of eccentric motion: letting the trains start and stop themselves at any time—that which seems the safest being usually excepted.

A Way of postponing necessary repairs for the sake of selling as "old stores" the materials which have newly been provided for the purpose; the effect of which judicious system is to get the line so out of order that, however slow the trains may travel, the pace at which they go proves frequently a killing one.

We are sure such ways as these have long been the means of injury to our Railroads, as well as not infrequently to passengers who travel by them; and so long as any ways like these are suffered to be permanent, there will be little chance, we fear, for us to see the end of the railway chapter of accidents.

TEETOTAL HUMANITY.

On the 13th ult., a schooner was wrecked at the mouth of the Tay; a boy was washed overboard and perished, but the four other hands escaped, and, half dead with exhaustion, they crawled and staggered their way to an inn; but it was eleven at night, and in Carnoustie the people are so wholly teetotal that they have no time to be humane. It was three hours, says the local paper, "ere these half-drowned, perishing strangers" received shelter and assistance. But, then, as rational creatures, what could they want? As MR. GOUGH, the high-service orator, would spout, "What could they require? Drink? Why, was there not good water, and plenty of it, where they came from?"

An Emperor's "Mission."

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, according to the avowal of his Minister NESSELRODE, now acknowledges his "Mission" to be that of the teacher and the civiliser of his semi-civilised people. NESSELRODE further added, that "His Majesty was only anxious to begin the work." Henceforth, the Russian Bear, like GOLDSMITH'S, is only to dance to the most genteel of tunes. The EMPEROR, having laid down the trump of war, may follow out the old stage-direction: "Here he taketh up his fiddle, and fiddeth a little." The Bear, however, has no doubt to learn to retrace many very ugly steps.

A Plea for the System.

How can people complain of the supposed baleful influence of the cold shade of the aristocracy, in repressing military talent, when it is notorious that, in the British Army, the merit of rank does not receive any more encouragement than that of file?



THE CROSSING-SWEEPER NUISANCE.

To the Right Honourable the LORD PROTECTOR
THWAITES, and the Parliament of Purifiers.

The Humble Petition of Walker Traup Trottyboy, Esq.

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner is a man of business, and that his place of business is in the Strand, while his private residence, or Quiver, which is quite as full of Arrows in frocks and frilled trowsers as he desires, is at a distance of about a mile and a half from such place of business.

THAT your petitioner walks to his work in the morning, and walks to his home in the evening.

THAT in the course of each of such walks he has to go over Nineteen Crossings, wide or narrow.

THAT at each of such Crossings is one crossing-sweeper, at least.

THAT every morning as he goes to his work, and every evening as he returns from it, nearly every one of these Crossing-sweepers impertunes him for a pecuniary payment.

THAT these exactions are made under various pretences, in various tones, and in various language.

THAT at Crossing, No. 1, a decently-attired woman addresses your petitioner by the title of Your Honour, and requests him to please to remember the sweeper.

THAT at the Crossing, No. 2, your petitioner is assailed by a grinning boy, with an ejaculatory "Ah!" and is implored to spare a copper for poor JACK, who has swept it so nice.

THAT at Crossing, No. 3, an elderly female, who makes it evident to your petitioner's olfactory sense that her *déjeuner* has been à la fourchette, and has comprised onions and gin, confronts your petitioner, extends her hand, and makes it impossible for him to proceed without diverging.

THAT at Crossing, No. 4, three small boys with naked legs surround your petitioner, and run along with him, clamouring for a Brown, and turning head over heels in the mud.

THAT at Crossing, No. 5, a savage and unshorn man, of stalwart appearance, observes "Sweeper!" in a sharp and indignant tone, which only makes your petitioner wrath, but which terrifies and cows some persons, especially females.

THAT at Crossing, No. 6, a serious sweeper, of a sallow complexion, and in rusty black, looks up from a dirty hymn-book which he affects

to be always reading, smiles sneakingly, and reminds your petitioner that the labourer is worthy of his hire.

THAT at Crossing, No. 7, another elderly female, from the sister isle, begins to whine out very loudly, and before your petitioner comes up, that the marnin's mighty cowl, or mighty dirty, or something else of a mighty character, according to circumstances.

THAT at Crossing, No. 8, a Malay, or at all events a party with a brown face and grimy white turban, touches his forehead to your petitioner, and remarks *Salaam alaikoom*.

THAT at Crossing, No. 9, a little girl, with a broom much taller than herself, usually states to your petitioner that her mother has that morning had an addition to her family, and that neither she nor any of her eight brothers and sisters have eaten anything for three days; but sometimes she apprises your petitioner, that on the preceding night her father has fallen off the Victoria Tower, and been killed.

THAT at Crossing, No. 10, a fellow in an old militia coat and with ragged moustaches, states to your petitioner that he is a Crimean soldier, who was flogged and dismissed the army for protecting a female from the insults of his commanding officer.

THAT at Crossing, No. 11, a man with two wooden legs (which he takes off, letting down his own legs, when he goes home,) begs your petitioner, by the title of Glorious Lordship, to have mercy on a old sailor what has fought with RODNEY and NELSON.

THAT at Crossing, No. 12, your petitioner is not much troubled, because two boys, who are partners therein, are usually fighting; but if he is unfortunate enough to come up at a pacific interval, they beset him on each side, and follow him half-way down the next street.

THAT at Crossing, No. 13, a rather pretty girl, with an extremely unwashed face, makes complimentary reference to your petitioner's personal attractions, and, being pardonably unaware or culpably unmindful of the fact that your petitioner is a married man, adjures him for a trifle for the sake of his supposed sweetheart.

THAT at Crossing, No. 14, a real or pretended cripple, of a very malignant aspect, hops after your petitioner on one crutch, with loud outcries for tribute.

THAT at Crossing, No. 15, there is a whole nest of little sweepers, five at least, chiefly girls, who all assail your petitioner at once; and this being a long crossing, and the brats being most screamingly pertinacious, your petitioner regards this as the great struggle of the journey.

THAT at Crossing, No. 16, which is bounded by a public-house, the



NEGOTIATIONS.

PEACE IF YOU LIKE—BUT NO TRICKS THIS TIME.

THE JOLLY GENEALOGISTS.



THE world at large may not be aware of the fact, that there is a Society in existence, whose object is to trace out the antiquity of its own Members in particular, and to dig at the roots of family trees in general. This cheerful Association has just published its report; and, as some people who cannot appreciate old stocks and old coats—(of arms)—may inquire sneeringly of the Society, "What does it do?" we are happy to have an opportunity of answering the question. In the first place, the Committee of Research have had a thorough good grope among the "Icelandic MS.," and considerable additions have been made to the historical documents of several families. Among other distinguished tribes that have derived fresh lustre from the labours of the Society, we find the names of BROWN and INGHAM; a result that must be very satisfactory to all who have any BROWN blood in their veins, as well as to all the race of INGHAM; who, though not related to the excellent Magistrate of that name, may, perhaps, be found to be allied with the ancient INGHAMYS

of Brompton, or the still more antiquated THINGHAMYS of Old Chelsea.

Among other subjects of research among these gentlemen, whom we feel justified in alluding to as the Jolly Genealogists from the cheerful and genial tone of their address, we find that they have been studying the "War Songs of the Gaël," and we have no doubt that when

the Society begins to feel itself firmly on its legs, it may venture upon some of the "War Dances of the Ojibbeways." We beg leave to call the attention of the Committee to the Highland Fling, which may be studied with advantage by some of the younger "fellows;" and we are satisfied that a minute application to the Scotch Reel would lead to the unwinding of many family mysteries that seem to require unravelling. The confidence shown in the Society has been proved by the fact that "it is privileged by many families having ancient documents to inspect the same," and we have no doubt that our respectable friend, Mr. DUNN, who is chiefly famous for his descent, which is of such long standing that he now never hopes to rise, will cheerfully entrust the Association with all his numerous duplicates, which, from being out of date, may now be regarded as "ancient documents."

HALF-AND-HALF ADVICE.

AMONG other literary novelties we observe what is somewhat ambitiously, as we think, termed a "treatise" advertised, which, by its title-page, professes to explain *How to Save half your Coals?* As this has been rather a momentous question lately, with the thermometer at 26°, and the "Best Screened Wallsend" at an even higher figure, we hail as householders with proportionable gratitude any advice that may be offered us so seasonably on the subject. We object, however, upon principle to doing things by halves, and we would therefore feel exceedingly obliged if, in the next edition of his treatise, the author would endeavour to amend its title, and inform us, *How to Save all our Coals,* and get our dinners cooked without burning any fire at all.

PAROCHIAL PREFERMENT.—THWAITES is preferred to ROEBUCK.

ALMA MATER COLLEGE.

"WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY MONEY?" is a question which daily occurs to Newspaper readers. Among these are many old gentlemen and many old ladies who have known well enough what to do with their money in the way of investment—but what next? as MR. COBDEN asks. They have much money, and no relations; and what shall they do with their money in the way of legacy? There are many assiduous contributors to periodical literature who have afforded the public no little instruction in facetious and ephemeral writings, and who would instruct it more, though they might amuse it less, if only they were provided, by a liberal bequest, with the means of producing works more solemn, more ponderous, perhaps more profound, certainly comparatively unsaleable. It is needless to add, that any legacy for this purpose confided to *Mr. Punch* will be duly and discerningly administered according to the intent of the testator.

However, *Mr. Punch* is no legacy-hunter; his Roman nose reverses itself with disgust at the idea of being what the Roman humourist calls a *captator*; indeed when did he ever say anything *ad captandum*? Let the moneyed but relationless and friendless parties, to whom he has alluded, dispose of their property in the good old customary manner for such persons mentioned by MR. POPE—nearly, but not quite. Let them; some one of them at least,

"Die and endow a College, not a Cat."

Let somebody of that class found a College, a new College, for which there is not only an opening now, but an opening of large size. What do they whom these remarks may concern think of a Military College? A Military College, not of the Woolwich or Sandhurst kind, but an entirely new description of College for a Military one; a College to be incorporated with one of our great Universities. Cambridge—by reason of its mathematical speciality—would be the preferable University. A Royal Charter, we suppose, would have to be obtained; there could be no difficulty about that, for is not the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge a Field-Marshal on the one hand, and the Consort of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY on the other? A Grace would have to pass the Senate also, we presume, and doubtless would pass that liberal and judicious body with more acclamation than either AGLATA would, or

THALIA, or EUPHROSYNE, or all the three Graces, or Charites, put together. How nicely a Military College would dovetail in with the University system in a classical point of view! There is POLYBIUS; there is QUINTUS CURTIUS; there are CÆSAR'S *Commentaries*: what an amount of warlike science might be derived out of these works, studied in the light of modern tactics and strategy. There is the *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*: what an exercise for army students now, for instance, to make out how CODRINGTON should act under similar circumstances with XENOPHON!—wherein, it is to be hoped, he will never find himself.

Fellowships might be founded for the maintenance of gallant young fellows until marriage or appointment; scholarships which would diminish the want of scholarship to be deplored in some regiments; exhibitions which would lessen the number of officers who occasionally make an exhibition of themselves. Preference would, of course, be given to those candidates whose fathers had fallen for their country. A military Tripos might also be established, wherein men might take honours, which would be preliminary to other honours, yet more professional and more illustrious. A Senior Wrangler who could wrangle to the confutation of a TODDLER or a MOURAVIEFF would be a wrangler worth rearing.

To descend to minor matters, who, but MR. COBDEN or MR. BRIGHT, that has ever lately contemplated "PARKER'S Piece," can have failed to be struck with the capability of that spot for a drill or parade ground? Without reference to a certain edifice observable thereon in the distance, PARKER'S Piece is a locality whereof it may be said, that it is just the thing—"Quod erat demonstrandum."

Pursuing the way downward to things yet smaller, we may suggest, in reference to costume, that the academical gown might be worn over some sort of uniform. And as to the cap, if the standard one will not do, why, to be sure, the Royal Chancellor will be only too happy to devise one suitable to the purpose.

As to the name and designation of the Army College, it might be called WELLINGTON'S, should the Founder wish to commemorate a hero; should he rather prefer to gild his own humble name by the foundation, it might be denominated SNOOKS'S, or BROWN'S, or SMITH'S, as the case may be. Two associations, however, alike obvious, considered, perhaps the best title for this abode of martial learning would be ALMA Mater College.

THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME, FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF MODERN RUSSIA.

COUNT VALENTINE ESTERHAZY,
From his audience out hath bow'd,
And the CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS
Hath left the courtier crowd.
Tight uniform for dressing-gown
Hath changed, with thankful air,
Jack-boots for roomy slippers,
And throne for easy chair.
Is't o'er the Austrian offer
That he is brooding now,
With his elbow on the table,
And his hand upon his brow?
On a volume spread before him
He pores, in study deep—
What if we steal behind him,
And o'er his shoulder peep?

He reads the Tale of TARQUIN,
TARQUINIUS call'd the Proud,¹
How he tamed the Volscian peoples,
And the Sabine Cantons cow'd;
How here he gave protection,
There took a guarantee,
Till, town by town, all Latium
Was in his Empery—
How by force and fraud he ruled abroad,
By tyranny at home,
Till Rome was Lord of all around,
And he was Lord of Rome.

How Senate and Comitia
Were nought before his will—
How he was skill'd, by tax and toll,
His treasury to fill—
How by fine, and scourge, and banishment,
He spread his iron rule,
Till tyrants from far countries,
Came to Rome as to a school.

Beside the tyrant's palace,
A tall palmetto stood,
Where, favoured of TARQUINIUS,
Nestled a vulture brood;
Till one day three great eagles,
Came with a mighty cry,
And on that brood of vultures
Fell, swooping from the sky;
And claws were red and beaks were flesh'd
In that portentous fight,
And TARQUINIUS was troubled
As he watch'd the awful sight.

The while he watch'd the combat,
An aged crone drew nigh,
None knew her face, nor whence she came,
But all shrank from her eye:
She waved the lictors from her path,
She pierced the courtiers' ring,
And with port of pride, and scornful stride,
She strode up to the King.
Her cheek ne'er blench'd, nor her eye was
quench'd
For the monarch's angry looks,
As from her mantle's fold she drew
Three iron-clasped books.

Outspake the King, "How now, bold crone,
Thine errand, and thy name?"
"I am she men call the Sybil,
From Cumæ here I came;
And my errand is to thee, O King,
To tell thee that the hour
Is near at hand of woe to thee,
And downfall to thy power;
But if my books thou purchase,
Each for its weight in gold,
Therein is writ the secret,
That shall thy throne uphold."

"Ho, lictors!" cried TARQUINIUS,
"What ho, my men-at-arms!
Let your rods soon teach this Sybil
How I rate her and her charms!"
But one flash of the Sibyl's eye,
And one wave of her hand,
And the lictors all stood palsied,
Despite the King's command.
Then on the burning tripod,
That by TARQUIN's side blazed high,
One book she threw, the flame shot blue,
And she was gone—how, no one knew—
But each felt a wind go by.

And years pass'd on: an army
Lay at the gates of Rome:
For LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS
From Collatia was come,
Gloomily sat TARQUINIUS
Within his guarded hall,
But scant and seared the courtier-train
That gather'd at his call—
When sudden, in the twilight,
He saw a shadow stand
Betwixt him and the tripod
That burn'd at his right hand.
And TARQUINIUS felt a horror,
Cold creeping through his hair,
And he knew it was the Sibyl
Stood by his curule chair.
With skinny hand the books she show'd—
Behold, there were but two!
"These two for thee, at the price of three,
Or thy birth-hour thou'lt rue!"
Then pale wax'd proud TARQUINIUS,
And his limbs a trembling shook

* * * * *
But here the CZAR grows restless,
And thoughtfully shuts the book.

THE BRIDESMAIDS' "CHAMPION."



O PERSONS ABOUT
TO MARRY.—A
CARD.—HENRY
JOHN TEMPLE begs
leave jauntily to
notify, that he at-
tends weddings on
the shortest notice,
and on the most
liberal terms. As
the acknowledged
Bridesmaids'
"Champion," he
has always a ready
supply of the pret-
tiest things to be
said, in returning
thanks for the
health drunk of the
blushing darlings;
the part of roses,

which is, in fact, as though thanks should be returned on because they are odorous, pure, and beautiful.
It is not for HENRY JOHN TEMPLE to dwell upon his own happy and various powers of eloquence, as it has played, with fountain-like lightness over many tables; but he may be pardoned when he refers those ladies who may feel disposed to honour him with their patronage, to the *Morning Plush* of Thursday, January, 17, 1856. On that auspicious event, it fell to the happy lot of HENRY JOHN TEMPLE to present himself in his old character of "the Bridesmaids' Champion." On that occasion, it may be said, that laurels and free-corn were beautifully entwined together. A young and lovely maiden intertwined her human destiny with that of a young, gallant, high-spirited, and (I confess it, I do like pluck) chivalrous English gentleman. The sister of a lady, who rests under the shadow of Waterloo and other laurels, she became the bride of the son of a statesman whose memory will ever remain to England as green as spring-wheat. Bays and ears of corn were intermingled—who shall deny it?—with orange-blossoms.
HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, in reference to his speech on that occasion, has only further to remark that, this being Leap Year, he trusts that young ladies will take their hearts in their own hands, and settle them as they may best determine.

Although he has, on a former occasion, expressed a lingering regard for mediation and for protocols, he by no means counsels the adoption of such means in the affairs of the heart. On such points, principals had always better speak for themselves; for, the preliminaries settled, there was rarely any difficulty in signing the treaty (such a document as that signed in Whitehall vestry on the occasion in question) between the high contracting parties.
HENRY JOHN TEMPLE has only further to express himself to Bridesmaids in general, as ready to buckle on his armour as their Champion, and to do courteous fight for them over any mahogany.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

"A GENTLEMAN" advertises in the *Hampshire Chronicle*. He has at heart the interests of literature. He therefore "Gives Notice.—That a REWARD of £1 will be given for the best LATIN ELEGIACS, on the "Battle of Marathon;" averaging in number from 80 to 100 Verses."

Of course, the Latin required is merely dog-Latin, the cost to the "gentleman" being emphatically dog-cheap. We hear that the same liberal patron of literature intends to propose a further reward of five-and-twenty shillings for the "*Rat-Catcher's Daughter*" in the best Sanscrit.

Prussia Draws the Sword.

IMMEDIATELY it became known at Berlin that Russia was willing to accept the conditions of peace, KING CLICQUOT, in the jolliest humour, declared himself determined to draw the sword. He did so; and, with the weapon, cut the champagne string; the only "Gordian knot" of Prussian policy.

HOPE FOR THE HARD UP.—The insolvency of Russia is the only thing that renders her acceptance at all likely to be negotiated.



A CRIMEAN GRIEVANCE.

"I TELL YER WHAT, BILL! I DON'T HALF LIKE THESE HERE MOUSTARCHERS. THEY DO MOP UP SUCH A LOT OF GROG!"

THE CENTRAL BOARD IN DANGER.

THE Central Board of Metropolitan Works has been in imminent danger of self-destruction; for it has shown a tendency to commit a sort of official suicide, by making all its Members vacate their seats on their self-election to all the salaried offices. The business of the Board opened with the absorption of MR. THWAITES in the paid chairmanship; and this was followed up by the threatened swamping of MR. WILKINSON in the Chief Clerkship. If a check had not been put to the mania which seemed to have sprung up among the Board of electing itself to all paid offices in its own gift, the probability is, that there would not have been a Member of the original body left; but that the whole of those who had been elected to govern the Metropolis would have been found serving it at somewhat extravagant salaries. It has been said, with much truth, than the representative system is now put upon its trial; and we should very much lament to find that the representative system had been exemplified by every one representing his own interest and a general division of all the paid offices among those who are entrusted with the responsibility of finding proper persons to fill them. Allowing that when the Board looked round for a chairman at £1,500 a-year, it was impossible to find so fit a man for the post and the pay as MR. THWAITES, it is not very likely that the best clerks, architects, surveyors, and all the other recipients of the money at the disposal of the Board, would be found within the same narrow circle. The notice that has been taken of this disposition to appropriate to itself all the lucrative places in its own gift, will probably have the effect of checking the Board in its career of self-destruction; but, if it should be persevered in, we would propose as a design for a seal, the very appropriate subject of Saturn devouring his own children.

The Man of a Select Few.

MR. COBDEN's pamphlet, *What Next? and Next?* will certainly not procure him the suffrages of the million. Under these circumstances, perhaps, the honourable gentleman would be content with having recommended himself to a smaller number. May we suggest the Chiltern Hundreds?

LODGING FOR LITERARY TRAVELLERS.

ONE of our weekly contemporaries has taken to showing its impartiality in a very remarkable manner, by opening its columns to everybody—who will pay for them. Whenever a cause is not quite strong enough to support a journal of its own, the paper alluded to will allow itself to be converted into "an organ" at so much per week, according to the quantity of space that may be agreed upon.

The journal in question may be regarded as a sort of ready-furnished lodgings of the press, where every small party whose members have no place of their own in which they can lay their heads together, may find respectable accommodation without the expense and the risk of a separate (newspaper) establishment. All the little incipient movements that have neither house nor home, and would be driven ignominiously from the doors of every journal in London but the one to which we have referred, have been supplied with a local habitation and a name, at so much per week, in the hospitable columns of the paper, which rejoices in the name of a certain well-known line of omnibuses. Sometimes it is the Temperance movement which puts up, for a few months, in the ready-furnished columns of our respectable friend; sometimes it is Kossuth who takes a suite of apartments at this literary lodging-house; and, occasionally, the whole premises are to let—a fact we observe from their very vacant aspect. We presume the speculation succeeds, and we must confess we think the idea a very ingenious one; for it not only comprises the plan of getting a paper filled without the cost of editing, but it provides a source of income, by letting out to literary tenants the very space which, in ordinary cases, none but those who are well paid will occupy.

A Model Medal.

AS the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has distributed the English medal to the French troops who side by side fought with our brave fellows in the Crimea, of course, in due season, English soldiers will, in corresponding manner, be decorated by France. Let us hope that the medal—above all others—carried by both nations, will for ever remain the medal without a reverse!

AN EMPEROR'S RIGHT HAND.

OATHS are edged tools, apt to cut those very badly who rashly handle them. Do we not remember that, even ere NICHOLAS was consigned to the cathedral of Peter-and-Paul, his son, the EMPEROR ALEXANDER, in solemn council with his Russian statesmen and nobles, declared it to be his unalterable purpose to follow unshrinkingly the policy of CATHERINE and his father; and further, did he not "wish that his right hand might be withered, if that hand should ever sign any treaty of peace by which any portion of holy Russia should be ceded to an enemy?" Very certain we are, there is no gainsaying this. And now is ALEXANDER to sign this fatal piece of parchment. Let us, then, in his affliction,—with so terrible a calamity impending over him, provoked by his own rashness; let us then, as forgiving Christians, pray that the right hand of ALEXANDER may not be stricken; but, spared in its strength, may for all future time keep itself pure and sweet from blood.

HAYDN'S "REQUIEM."

JOSEPH HAYDN is dead; and the Government, writes a friend of the deceased, "will save the pension of the *ls. 4½d. per diem* which they had just granted him." Of course, the catastrophe is purely accidental; otherwise it would seem that an enlightened Government, in its patronage of art and letters, possessed in an extraordinary degree the faculty of exalting, estimating, and timing the sufferings of genius and learning, in order to come in just at the death. HAYDN's tomb-stone (he died on the 17th inst.) ought to bear the *Date* of the Government grant and the amount. These would comprise a very touching epitaph. Learning asks for bread, and death in its benevolence awards a tomb-stone.

The Evil that Men Do Lives after Them.

COMPLAINTS have been made against certain Railway Companies that their permanent way is not likely to last, but we are sorry to find on inquiry, that many of them are going on in the old way, which is a very bad way, and is likely to be only too permanent.



VERY INTERESTING, IF ONE DID BUT KNOW A LITTLE MORE.

"And so Missus says, Mary, she says, tell me all about it, she says—and so I says, me, Marm! I says—and with that, that's how it was, yer see."—"Lor!"

A MAID OF HONOUR ON SLAVERY.

THE HON. MISS MURRAY has sent forth a book—the fruit, or rather the leaves, of her experience in America—called *Letters from the United States*. The acute lady has discovered a social beauty in the use of slavery. In one part of her book, she gives a painstaking account—(she paints the negro with as much fervour and devotion as any fair Belgravian, given to the art, could paint a church window for St. Furbelow)—of a manumitted slave, who blesses the day that he was caught in an African slave-hunt and brought to America, because there he had been made a Christian, and thence might return to Guinea a missionary. What a shame and a folly that we should have put down the slave-trade, when we merely might have imported, not slaves, but missionaries in the rough, to be duly polished by the cow-hide into the future pastor and master of his benighted brother. Imagine the blessed change—an eloquent missionary for a Guinea slave! However, "we have thought ourselves wiser than our forefathers in all points, because we have advanced beyond them in others." Otherwise, the HON. MISS MURRAY might herself have property in an interesting little nigger, who, like the black boy in silks and satins in HOGARTH, might have borne the silver tea-kettle of the HON. MISS MURRAY.

The lady—and being a spinster, she is, of course, an excellent judge of the blessings of liberty—the lady says of the negroes—"They are devoted servants, and miserable free people." Like dogs, their best qualities are only brought out when in relation to their masters. The wild-dog, like MISS MURRAY's free negro, is a miserable dog indeed; but the dog, the human dog, carrying an owner's collar—the animal changeable for so many dollars—is a devoted creature. Upon this, MISS MURRAY is most emphatic.

"This fact it is impossible to state too often, or too decidedly. The Creator of men formed them for labour under guidance, and there is probably a providential intention of producing some good Christian men and women out of it in time. We have been blindly endeavouring to counteract this intention."

It is instructive to know the intimacy that the HON. MISS MURRAY has with the intention of "the Creator of men." When HE made men black, HE made them so that, out of this blackness, the partial brightness of Christianity might shine "in time." The black man is a dark lantern, out of which light may come!

We presume that the HON. MISS MURRAY preserves her rights as an English subject; otherwise, were she naturalised in the States, we should propose that certain grateful slave-dealers should make her a present of two or three blacks, as living testimonials of her wisdom—

A MAD WAG'S ADVERTISEMENT.

WE beg leave to call the attention of PROFESSOR OWEN to the very contradictory animal referred to in an extraordinary advertisement, relating to a Bath chair, which we are told "may be drawn by either a man or pony, painted maroon, lined with drab cloth and holland covers." We can understand the possibility of painting either a man or a pony "maroon," though we should question the good taste or the utility of applying such a mode of external decoration to either animal; but that either of them should be "lined with drab cloth and holland covers" is a phenomenon we at once pronounce incredible. It is true that a man's stomach has a coat, and so we presume has a pony's, which may account in some degree for the very whimsical notion of a man or pony "lined with cloth;" and we have a faint glimmering of an idea suggestive of "holland covers" arising out of the tendency of an inveterate gin-drinker to cover his inside with Hollands. Nevertheless, the advertisement is so odd, that if the advertiser were to take it into his head to poison half his relations, make away with himself, or steal a pound of pork sausages, we dare say that no intelligent British jury would find any difficulty in pronouncing him "Not Guilty," on the ground of insanity.

A Joke on Horseback.

WE are rather surprised to hear that the Police, about which MR. JONATHAN PEEL has been writing letters in the *Times*, is not a mounted force, though it is called the Police of the West Riding.

blacks, to be turned by the piety of the HON. MISS MURRAY, into good Christians, though still slaves, and the property of Christians. We know of a Testament in which it is written, "Love one another;" but in the very original Testament used by the HON. MISS MURRAY, the behest must clearly run, "Buy one another."

Parliamentary Notes and Queries.

WE wonder whether this Session MR. JOHN O'CONNELL will die upon the floor of the House? Whether MR. DISRAELI will suck as many oranges as usual? Whether LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR will dare to bring forward his Sunday Beer measure again? Whether SIR JAMES GRAHAM will cry at his veracity being impugned? Whether MR. BROTHERTON will forget to jump on his legs at the favourite hour, when it is well known that Members and "churchyards yawn," for the purpose of recommending the House to go to bed? And whether the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE will talk for rather less than three hours, when he rises merely to offer "a few brief observations?"

Boarded and Done For.

THERE is a saying, that a fool may ask a question which a wise man cannot answer. More often the case is reversed. Sometimes, however, a wise man may ask a question which a fool can answer. For instance, the late SIR ROBERT PEEL asked, "What is a Pound?" Any existing Alderman might reply, "The thing we Cits are keeping you in, at the end of Cheapside."

Extreme Intolerance of Light.

IT is said that KING BOMBA has forbidden the application of Photography in his dominions. Opposed as BOMBA is to the operation of intellectual light, it is hardly conceivable that he should be such a bat, such an owl, such an altogether nocturnal creature, such an adorer of absolute darkness, as to interfere with the agency of the actual rays of the Sun.

ANOMALY OF THE MONEY MARKET.

IN consequence of the Peace rumours, money is said to have been easier of late in the City. It is strange that the more easy money becomes the greater abundance there is of hard cash.

JURISPRUDENCE FOR REVEREND GENTS.



HY not enlarge the sphere of Clergymen's judicial functions? Why limit a reverend gentleman to the capability of being a mere Magistrate? Why not render him eligible to the office of Judge in HER MAJESTY'S Courts of Assize? There was a time when a Churchman could be a LORD CHANCELLOR. For the restoration of that time, of the potentiality of the Cloth to be combined with the Ermine, the Newspapers are continually showing abundant reasons. Here is one, if we may depend on the following extract from the *Darlington and Stockford Times* :—

“QUEER DECISION OF A CLERICAL MAGISTRATE.—At Castle Eden, the other day, in an assault case, the REV. MR. PARK, in announcing the decision of the Bench, addressed the

defendant in the following manner :—‘As the assault is not proved, we will dismiss the case on your paying the costs; but if you refuse to do so, then we shall fine you for the assault.’”

There are observable on the part of Clerical Magistrates, generally, two valuable peculiarities, perhaps amounting, however, to the same thing. They are prone to adjudicate irrespectively of forms, in the spirit of an Oriental potentate, and in that of an English schoolmaster. They are apt to assume a wholesome superiority over the law which they dispense. In awarding punishment they are not trammelled by the technical rules of evidence much more than a pedagogue necessarily is when he decides to flog a boy. A moral, almost

an intuitive kind of assurance, has much weight with them in determining their judgment. The Reverend Divines are persuaded of that guilt which, humanly, they yet know to have not been proved. Then they strike a nice balance between convicting on insufficient testimony and letting an evil-doer go unpunished. They dismiss him with half-punishment, or quasi-punishment; and a few of them presiding on the Judicial Bench would soon introduce a vast improvement on the administration of Justice as dispensed by Lay Judges. We might hear a Reverend MR. JUSTICE PARK, for instance, on a trial for murder, deliver a summing-up of this kind :—Gentlemen of the Jury.—You have listened to the evidence; and, perhaps, if it has produced the same impression on your mind that it has upon mine, you may be of opinion, that it is insufficient to establish the charge of murder against the prisoner. There is no conclusive evidence that his was the hand by which the unfortunate deceased fell. It is true, there are circumstances in the case which raise some grave suspicions against the man at the bar; but you will probably consider that these will not warrant you in pronouncing a verdict of Guilty. There being considerable doubt in the case, you will give the accused the benefit of that doubt to a certain extent; and, perhaps, you will best consult the ends of justice by returning a conditional verdict of Acquittal. You will ask the prisoner at the bar, whether he is willing to defray the expenses of the prosecution, provided you say that he is Not Guilty, which, if he chooses to consent to that arrangement, will be your verdict; but if he refuses to consent to that arrangement, why, then, gentlemen, you will have no alternative but to find the prisoner Guilty, and I need not tell you that the law will take its course.”

A LITERARY INQUIRY.—Properly and literally speaking, ought not LONGFELLOW'S publisher to be LONGMAN?

JENNY LIND.

AND have you not been to the PHILADELPHIEON?
That's Exeter Hall, if you please, in the Strand,
Where M'HOWL and M'BLARE keep a Protestant eye on
The Lady in Red, and the Pope's brazen band.
But don't go for that—go to JENNY LIND'S concerts—
A far better sight will be set for your view,
MRS. JENNY in white, and MISS DOLBY in lilac,
MISS MESSENT in pink, and MISS WILLIAMS in blue.

Our own darling JENNY, who comes on the platform
To warble the best of our MENDELSSOHN'S strains,
A trifle, it may be, more slight than she left us,
Worn down, let us hope, by the weight of her gains.
She comes, with *Amina's* old smile on her features,
And down sit four ladies—distinct in their hue—
MRS. JENNY in white, and MISS DOLBY in lilac,
MISS MESSENT in pink, and MISS WILLIAMS in blue.

And the marvellous voice, unclipped in its glory,
Comes forth, like a Spirit commission'd for good,
Whether sparkling in air like the spray of a fountain,
Or gushing in silver abroad like a flood.
To Sermons, like CAIRD'S, be all honour—yet JENNY
Can say to the stall what he says to the pew,
As she sings, all in white, with MISS DOLBY in lilac,
MISS MESSENT in pink, and MISS WILLIAMS in blue.

We don't quite forgive her, our darling *Amina*,
For quitting the stage where her triumph was won,
And never had patience to ascertain whether
Through bishop, or husband, or whim, it was done.
We hope she'll come back, and meantime we're delighted
To hear in *Elijah* what things she can do,
As she sings there in white, with MISS DOLBY in lilac,
MISS MESSENT in pink, and MISS WILLIAMS in blue.

She brought out our tears as she shudder'd in sorrow,
And dried them away with the flash of her joy,

As Zarephath's widow alternate lamented
The death, and rejoiced o'er the life of her boy.
And never was justice more amply accorded
To the exquisite strains of the wonderful Jew,
Than by JENNY in white, and MISS DOLBY in lilac,
MISS MESSENT in pink, and MISS WILLIAMS in blue.

But her place is the Stage, from whose art she still borrows
The glance, and the pathos, the gesture, the thrill;
And we'll bet MR. MITCHELL he opens the Opera
One day, with her fortunate name in his bill.
Yet still we shall have at the PHILADELPHIEON
A voice that's as liquid and clear as the dew,
MISS DOLBY'S, who sang in contralto and lilac,
With MISS MESSENT in pink, and MISS WILLIAMS in blue.

A WELCOME CHANGE.

At last we have a lull. The storm is rapidly clearing up. A whole week has passed—not less than seven clear days have expired—and yet not a single Testimonial has been presented to the EARL OF CARDIGAN! Never before has there been such a pelting shower of Testimonials all falling on one head; and it says a great deal for the noble Earl's courage to have supported it so long. But we are heartily glad the shower at length has come to an end; or else the gallant Earl, to shelter himself from it, might have been compelled to go again to the Crimea, where he would only have exposed himself to the danger—of receiving more Testimonials. For some Heroes there seems to be no possibility of escape.

A Dragon Son-in-Law.

AN Italian Prince, DRAGO, has just received a honeyed sop. He has married the second daughter of QUEEN CHRISTINA; who, in choosing a dragon for a son-in-law shows that her old affection still remains for the golden apples. We know nothing of the bridegroom; but with a full historical knowledge of his mamma-in-law, we cannot but exclaim, “Poor Dragon!”

SYMPATHY WITH A CELEBRITY.



HAT the days of enthusiasm have died out—that the ages of faith have departed—is an alleged fact, greatly and often lamented in certain quarters. If the BISHOP OF EXETER were going to be tried, and perhaps executed, on account, not only of his opinions in regard to the credence table, but for those which he holds in com-

mon with the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and DR. CUMMING; would the populace of his diocese—it may be demanded in those quarters—behave as the people of Carthage are thus related to have behaved by a great historian?

“Two officers of rank . . . placed Cyprian between them in a chariot; and as the proconsul was not then at leisure, they conducted him, not to a prison, but to a private house in Carthage, which belonged to one of them. An elegant supper was provided for the entertainment of the bishop, and his christian friends were permitted for the last time to enjoy his society, whilst the streets were filled with a multitude of the people, anxious and alarmed at the approaching fate of their spiritual father.”

Perhaps they would—perhaps they wouldn't. But the *Times* of one day last week records a demonstration on the part of some of the people of Westminster, which may be regarded as being, in its way, a parallel to that above described by the historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. A person—presumed to be in similar peril, if not quite in like case, with the BISHOP OF CARTHAGE—had to make his appearance in Westminster Hall, and says the reporter of our leading contemporary:—

“As early as 9 o'clock a crowd began to assemble outside opposite to the judges' private entrance to the court, and in front of the public entrance in Westminster Hall . . . A body of police was stationed at both the public and the private entrances of the Court to maintain order. By that time an immense crowd of persons had assembled in Westminster Hall, and the number was greatly augmented when, after the arrival of the prisoner, the crowd that had congregated outside, moved round into the Hall in the hope of gaining access to the Court.”

Here is sympathy, is there not? Here is interest, anyhow, on behalf of a distinguished personage in bonds: but mark how intense the interest, the sympathy how earnest!—

“There they stood, a dense mass—”

Materially dense—not, of course, spiritually or intellectually—

“There they stood, a dense mass, in front of the entrance to the Court for nearly an hour and a half, until 11 o'clock, when the doors were opened and a terrific struggle ensued.”

As when a well-graced actor—not to speak it profanely—is expected to appear on the scene. Well—

“The Police who guarded the door tried to admit two or three at a time, and in something like order; but the impatient crowd yelled and shouted in remonstrance at the delay, and an impatient rush for admission was made which overpowered all resistance.”

CYPRIAN never drew such a crush as that to his tragedy—it does not appear that his friends yelled and shouted to behold him; nor was any anxiety to obtain a glance at his saintly features exhibited by them at all equal to that of our enthusiasts, of whom

“Hundreds who had joined in the struggle for admission were excluded; and remained for some time in disappointed groups on the floor of the hall. Another large assemblage stood outside in Margaret Street for upwards of two hours, awaiting the return of PALMER from the Court, and eager to catch a glimpse of him as he was borne away from the door.”

They wanted to get a glimpse of the holy PALMER, our unsophisticated reader will perhaps surmise. Not so: the PALMER they were so eager to set eyes on was plain MR. PALMER, at whose door three murders have been laid—rightly or wrongly—by the verdict of a coroner's jury; who is suspected of having committed several more; who has to be tried for having poisoned his friend, his wife, and his brother; and who was then and there had up to prove that his deceased wife had forged an indorsement with intent to defraud his own mother.

ST. CYPRIAN was about to be tried for Christianity. SURGEON PALMER is going to be tried for murder. As the Saint had his sympathisers, so, it appears, has the Surgeon.

The crowd drawn by MR. PALMER to Westminster Hall was not a crowd of physiognomists, not a crowd of phrenologists. They did not want to see if his face bore out LAVATER, or whether he had ten times the destructiveness of an ordinary man, and the moral organs of a baboon. They only wished to gaze on the lineaments of a Great Man. What is fame?—what is popularity—in a great measure? What

sort of a compliment are the cheers of a large proportion of the multitude of Westminster to a LOUIS NAPOLEON or a VICTOR EMMANUEL?

How many ten-pound householders were there among that portion of the Westminster people who rushed together to get a look at MR. PALMER? Till this question is decided, who will be very ambitious to represent the Westminster constituency?

PANTOMIME AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

We hope that Parliament will open with a stronger company than usual this year. Like Drury Lane Theatre, we should like to see the principal parts in the annual pantomime supported with double strength. With our customary liberality, we propose the following list:—

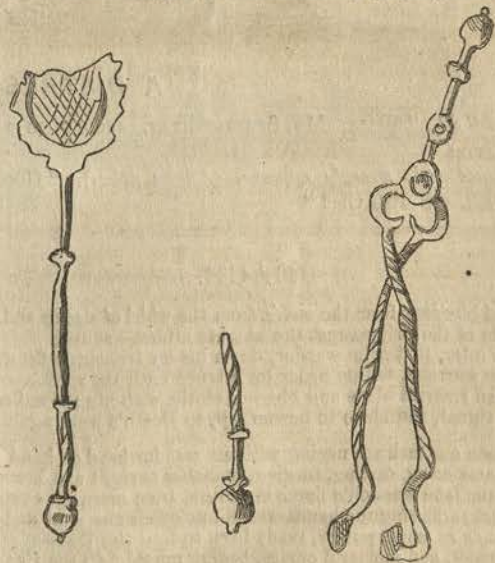
Two Clovens	H. DRUMMOND* and JOHN O'CONNELL.
Two Pantaloons	GRAHAM and NAPIER.
Two Harlequins	COBDEN and BRIGHT.
Two Sprites	DISSAELI and B. OSBORNE.
Two Columbines	SPOONER and NEWDEGATE.

It will be seen that two old women have been put into the usually juvenile character of *Columbine*; but this is unavoidable, from the weakness of the Company. It is a great pity, but we have no doubt that the two elderly ladies above mentioned will do it as well as their advanced age will permit them. The mob of noisy boys, fishfags, cads, costermongers, &c., will be supported to admiration by the Irish Brigade.

* The only successor to JOE GRIMALDI.

PRO ARIS ET FOCIS.

It is gratifying to *Mr. Punch* to know that, at Court at least, a stern example of salutary economy is set to the soldiery falsely supposed to be pampered at the expense of the nation. Recently visiting the Guard-Room at Windsor, *Mr. Punch* was delighted, to observe, that in lieu of the resplendent and elaborate Steel-ware which is too often to be found in the mansions of the opulent, those whose sacred duty it is to protect their Sovereign's person were very properly compelled to



tend the soldier's hearth, to stir the soldier's fire, to pick up the soldier's nobby bit of coal, and to throw up the soldier's ashes, with implements of a Spartan simplicity. He was so enchanted with this spectacle of primitive virtue, that he outed with his pocket photograph, and took a view of the Guard-Room Fire-Irons as they appeared upon the occasion of his visit, and he exhibits an engraving from his sketch, as a model for the aristocracy and the army. The feeble jauntiness of the Tongs may excite a ribald smile, the eclipsed proportions of the Shovel may divert those who do not respect its evident struggle to be straight; but the Soul of Wit apparent in the brevity of the Poker, the shortest ever seen in these islands, must shed a gilding and glorifying lustre on the triad. No wonder our army performs wonders—what must our martial fire be, when such are our soldiers' fire-irons?

SUCH IS LIFE.—A little school-girl makes the following pathetic inquiry: “Did you ever know a piece of bread and butter fall on the ground but it was sure to fall on the buttered side?”



A DISTRESSED AGRICULTURIST.

Landlord. "WELL, MR. SPRINGWHEAT, ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS, THERE SEEMS TO BE A PROBABILITY OF A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES."

Tenant (who strongly approves of War prices). "GOODNESS GRACIOUS! WHY YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT THERE'S ANY DANGER OF PEACE!"

PEACE.

BLIND and bleeding from the *mêlée*, from the whirl of stroke and thrust,
In the lists of the Crimea rest the knights athirst—adust;
See Sir Winter, that grim warder, down his icy truncheon fling
'Twixt the warriors, taking order for a truce until the spring.
Then, when emerald blade and blossom clothe with life the naked plain,
Hand on throat, and blade to bosom, up, to Death's work again!

We at home our task are urging without rest for head or hand;
We are hammering, casting, forging, pointing bayonet and brand;
Through the land war-toil's fierce clamours, from morn till even, swell,
In our dockyards ring the hammers, on our quays rise shot and shell;
Ready hands in ample purses, ready lives to feed the War—
Bended brows, and mutter'd curses, boding mischief to the CZAR!

We are free: our moods are many: but for this our wills are one;
Rich man's pound, and poor man's penny go, ungrudged, till this be done—
Till the Muscovite be stricken, stricken fairly to his knee,
England's peaceful pulse shall quicken with war-throb from sea to sea.
As in days when our forefathers bore the bill and bent the bow,
All her might old England gathers, like a flood, against the foe.

But across those Baltic waters, if our eye could pierce the night,
Wherewith Russia shrouds her Tartars, it would see another sight:
Hopeless Future, cheerless Present, Past of mighty memories bare,
Muled noble, fetter'd peasant, thin-sown town and hamlet rare;
'Mid a race of slaves, one Tyrant rearing up an anxious face,
With serf-soldiers all environ'd, or serf-courtiers more base.

Men are cheap: their lord is lavish of the life-blood of his swarms:
Brains are blank, and hearts are slavish, but he wields a million arms.
Lash them onwards—thick and thicker, to the insatiate jaws of war,
With their dull souls fired by liquor, to the cry of "Cross and CZAR."

Till in sunny Asian regions, and round Europe's land-lock'd sea,
Brooding battle, Russia's legions face the legions of the Free.

Who is this that calm and clement 'twixt the hosts by sea and land,
Moves in shining angel-raiment, with a green bough in her hand?
Smooth before her sinks the ocean, bright behind her breaks the cloud:
To such majesty of motion knees should bend and heads be bow'd.
Russ points sink at her entreating, at her voice pause Russian drums,
But from English lips no greeting or a doubtful greeting comes.

"I am Peace: respect my mission: drop your weapons, at my word:
Why, with looks of cold suspicion, lower, not sheathe the sword?"
"Peace we know, and Peace we treasure: love her calm brow, olive-
wreath'd:

But these swords not drawn for pleasure, may not be at pleasure
sheath'd.

Well we know the foe we fight with, more we fear his fraud than
force;

Swords we may hold the right with, but 'gainst goosequills what
resource?

"Peace for us is but forsaking strenuous war for strenuous work:
Peace for him is time for breaking faith of treaties with the Turk.
Peace for us is wealth's outpouring on all things that peaceful are:
Peace for him is secret storing of the means for treacherous War.
Peace for us will be dictated by those whose word is sooth:
Peace for him negotiated by those who live untruth.

"Then what wonder, thus believing, if thine advent find us cold?
Loath were we, and sorely grieving to take up the arms we hold.
But once taken, woe be to us, if like fools that hold we loose;
To let Russia enmesh us in her diplomatic noose.
Try your pens: but if the tangle mock unravelling by words,
That no time be spent in wrangle, to the knot, we'll take our swords."



PEACE ON THE CARDS.

THE DIARY OF LADY FIRE-EATER.



COME ONE—say LADY FIRE-EATER—has just published *The Diary* she kept during the Russian War. She and her horse "Bob," were in the thick of the fight in the Crimea. Of course, she was only there as an amateur. She went to Sebastopol as a lady at home goes out shopping, simply for the amusement of the thing. There was the excitement of the danger, too, that made the shopping all the more delightful. It would be like a military-minded lady, looking at some fifty cachemires at HOLMES'S, whilst the shop was in flames. Besides, there was nothing to gain. It was clear that LADY FIRE-EATER could not expect to bring home with her a diamond star, or a jewelled cross, or even as much as a piece

of ribbon that might dangle proudly from her sensitive breast. No; it was entirely a disinterested excursion, undertaken as a *passé-temps*, out of pure love for the sport—as something to talk about when the day's adventures were over.

We will endeavour to give a few extracts from LADY FIRE-EATER'S *Diary*. It will be seen that LADY SALE'S *Journal* was nothing but a bowl of milk and water by the side of her fiery mixture:—

Monday, 5th. Walked to Balaklava. Up to my ankles in mud. Left one of my shoes behind me. The number of dead horses strewed on each side of the road, reminded me forcibly of a knacker's yard.

Wednesday, 7th. Short of hands to-day, such numbers killed yesterday. Had to clean my own boots. GENERAL BOSQUET passing at the time, laughingly exclaimed "Ah, Madame, quelle main charmante vous avez là pour bien frotter les Russes!" I touched my hat quietly as he rode by—but on my word, the compliment, whenever I think of it, makes my blood tingle.

Saturday, 10th. Woke up by a loud explosion that made all the glasses in the tent rattle again, like the chandelier-drops during a maddening galopade. Sky burning red, just as on a Vauxhall night. The flames seemed so close that I fancied I could have lit my cigar by them.

Monday, 12th. Walked over the battle-field to collect "charms" for my watch-chain.

Tuesday, 13th. A French trumpeter being killed by my side, I seized his trumpet, and kept up with his regiment during the remainder of the *mêlée*. Played all the tunes every bit as well as VYLER. CANROBERT sent me the Legion of Honour, which I put round the neck of my dear old "BOBBY."

Thursday, 15th. There being no water, was obliged to wash my face and hands in Bass's Pale Ale.

Wednesday, 21st. Took my album into Sebastopol, and sketched the different ruins. Took a charming sketch of the church of St. Sergius.

Saturday, 24th. Rode a steeple-chace with the officers of the 159th. Cleared the walls in grand style. Should have won, if my horse (a villainous screw, only fit for dog's meat) hadn't taken it into his stupid noddle at the last half-mile to drop down dead. Cried with vexation, but soon recovered my usual spirits upon hearing the cry raised "The Cossacks are coming!" Disappointed, however, as we could not get nearer to them at any time than a couple of miles.

Saturday, 31st. Passed the night in the trenches. Feet very cold. Kept them warm by putting on two of our Grenadiers' schakos. Russians very troublesome. They wouldn't let me sleep. Nearly taken prisoner also—the schakos on my feet impeding my running.

Monday, 2nd. Dog-hunting in the morning—shooting Cossacks in the evening.

Tuesday, 3rd. Not a drop of brandy left!

Wednesday, Nov. 4th. During the whole day kept up by HARRY'S side, charging his gun, and handing him my pistols as soon as he had fired off his own. Rather astonished some Zouaves, I think, by singing "Partant pour la Syrie," as they rushed forward to annihilate the Harrielmoff Invincibles.

Friday, 6th. Passed a quiet afternoon teaching some raw recruits (mere charity-children, that start like rabbits at the crack of a gun) the proper range of the Minié Rifle.

Saturday, 7th. Left my "pocket-pistol" in the Rifle Pits, and sauntered out dauntlessly to fetch it. Thought no more of it than if I had been walking down Regent Street. Brought back two bullet-holes in my hat, and had the tortoise-shell comb in my back hair splintered into pieces—but secured my "pocket-pistol."

Wednesday, 13th. Messed with the Officers of the *Garde Impériale*. Capital fellows! Glorious amusement! No salt for dinner—made them laugh by calling for some Saltpetre. Gambling—singing—smoking till a late hour. Being some distance from the English lines, threw myself down in the middle of an open plain, and slept soundly on the hard ground, with my head resting on darling Bobby's. Dreamt I was planting the English Standard in the middle of the Redan. Awoke disappointed.

Thursday, 19th. Tent flooded. Slept inside an ammunition-wagon. So sound asleep that they carried me right into Balaklava before I could make them understand by bellowing there was some one inside. Tucked up my trousers, and walked back through the snow.

Sunday, 22nd. A French *Touleurou*, no higher than a muff, hearing we were short of provisions, gave me half of his *pain bis*. Enchanted with his gallantry, I exchanged ear-rings with *le jeune brave*.

Tuesday, 24th. Surrounded by six Russians—shot three—wounded the fourth—sliced the fifth like a lobster—and took prisoner the sixth, tying his hands with my veil. The coward trembled like a hen-pecked husband about to receive a Curtian Lecture. Carried him into camp amidst the laughter, hurrahs, and exclamations of our soldiers. Serenade in the evening outside my tent by thirty-nine corporals—"She's a jolly good fellow."

Friday 27th. Joined the storming party. Met a French colonel whom I had danced with at the Tuileries. "Charmé de vous revoir, Madame," he exclaimed, as he rushed by me like a flash of French lightning; "autrefois, c'était nous qui allions au Bal—mais ici, c'est la Balle qui vient à nous."

The above extracts only form part of a delightful book that has been published by the LONGMANS,—a book in which you meet with all the grace and refinement that a Lady would necessarily acquire by taking her share in military pursuits, and mixing gaily, as in a ball-room, in scenes of bloodshed. Decidedly, there is nothing like gunpowder for preserving the purity of the female mind!

PEACE EJACULATIONS.

"I CAN'T understand it," said ADMIRAL LYONS, when LOUIS NAPOLEON announced the news of peace.

"All I know is," said CAMBRIDGE, "I'm off for St. James's."

PRINCE NAPOLEON dropt two tears. "That," said he, as the first tear fell, "that is for Hungary; that for Poland."

"Peace!" cried MARK LANE. "Dreadful! Why corn 'll come down to nothin'."

"Peace!" said JOHN BRIGHT. "Heaven be thanked! No more bloodshed—no more double Income-Tax—every man's vine and every man's fig,—and what is more important than all, I'm safe for Manchester."

"Peace with Russia!" cried COBDEN. "Of course; didn't I always say we should crumple her?"

"Peace!" said SIR CHARLES NAPIER; "then it's no use a bully-ragging GRAHAM!"

"Peace!" cried SIR JAMES; "then that claps a muzzle upon NAPIER!"

"Peace!" says DISRAELI; "devilish provoking! And I wrote to support PAM in the War!"

"Peace!" cries GLADSTONE; "then I may yet be decorated with St. Vladimir."

"Peace!" sighed ADMIRAL DUNDAS; "then my dream's all moonshine, and I shan't fish a coronet out of the Baltic."

"Peace!" mused LORD DERBY; "then we must get rid of PAM. He can't now go to the country on any cry that we can't outcry him."

"Peace!" said LORD JOHN RUSSELL; "then I'll bring in my Reform Bill—kiss hands at Windsor—and, yes, perhaps I'll once more dine in the City."

"Peace!" said JOHN BULL, with a somewhat soured look. "Peace!

And all those beautiful gun-boats—and all that was to have been in the Baltic—Cronstadt that was to have gone with a crash—the Malachite gates I was to have had for my country-house from the pillage of Petersburg—the EMPEROR who was to have been brought in a cage and—Peace!" and again JOHN groaned; and then JOHN, with a flashing eye, and bringing down his fist, like a mallet on the mahogany, cried—"I tell you what; if it must be peace, that son of a bear, the Rooshian, shall and *must* pay the bill."

MRS. BULL said,—“Peace! Why, of course, JOHN, he'll pay the bill.” But MRS. BULL was always a discreet woman. She only said as much to mollify JOHN; for, as she afterwards owned to her neighbours, “they'd never get a penny of their Income-Tax back again; for the villains of Russians—she knew 'em!—would be let off without paying a farthing!”

A Knight of the Thistle.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL is to have the green ribbon; and should a yellow ribbon be at any time vacant, he will doubtless have that also. His Grace, however, is honoured with the Order of the Thistle because, in fact, there is a Scotchman who has already been so much honoured, that all further honour lavished on him would be wasteful superfluity. There was no room on the breast of SIR COLIN CAMPBELL for the Thistle, or it would doubtless have adorned that glorious Scotchman. Besides, such a Thistle is more easily plucked in the Court of St. James's, than on the heights of the Alma.

OFFICIAL INFORMATION.—We are requested to contradict in the strongest manner possible, that the small part of *Red Tape* in the Drury Lane Pantomime, is supported by MR. FREDERICK PEEL.—*Evening Paper.*



"Talk o' making £300 a-year by a Crossin' now-a-days, why it's impossible! Wot with the Shoe-blacks for the Gents, and the Ladies a holdin' up their gownds so as they can't git their 'ans in their pockets—why, it ain't hardly bread and cheese!"

CURIOUS LEGAL PHENOMENON.

MR. SERJEANT WILKINS, for his eloquent burst of indignation in the case of the much-abused WILLIAM PALMER, when that unfortunate gentleman meekly spat upon his wife's memory, by swearing to her act of forgery—(who believed him?)—MR. SERJEANT WILKINS earned a wreath, if not of laurel, at least of flowering hemp. SHERIDAN says—

"Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig
Of bays adorns his legal waste of wig."

At all events, a wreath of some sort, if not—"a leaf of laurel in a grove of curl"—a wreath of some kind, to the imaginative eye of a poetic public, encircles the Serjeant's coif. We have, however, to chronicle a very curious phenomenon. When the learned Serjeant had concluded his remarkable speech, it was discovered by the by-standers that the Serjeant's gown, before of silk, was become *all stuff*.

"Grave" Talent.

THE *Nord*, the Russian organ duly ground in Brussels, in its notice of MR. COBDEN'S *What Next?* cruelly alludes to the writer's "grave talent." Grave talent, as *Polonius* would say—is good. It is exactly the "grave talent" in which MR. COBDEN has buried the reputation of a whole life.

SUBJECT OF A MEDICAL REVIEW.—The draft of the Medical Staff Corps was inspected the other day at Chatham. The reader is advised to bear in mind that this draft was not a black dose.

THE PROPER CONGRESS IN THE PROPER PLACE.

THERE is to be a Congress—a Peace Congress! Good people all, take care of your pockets! But where shall the Congress be held? In Vienna? Certainly not; that is a little too far away from the influence of public opinion: public opinion having as much chance in Vienna as a mouse in an air-pump. In Berlin, then? By no means. We are, we know, threatened with the permitted interference of KING CLICQUOR, who will thrust his cork-screw into everything to be opened; nevertheless, we protest against Berlin. In Paris, then? Well, we think not. We have allowed the pop-gun war council to be held in Paris, a council blown to nothing by the moderation of Russia. The Congress must be held in London; and the place no other than the Office of Mr. Punch!

With the conviction that all England will heartily accept this proposition, Mr. Punch, with the energy of a true patriot, has already gone to work to prepare his Office as the future Council-chamber. Learning that STRAHAN, the banker, has been set to chair-making in the Penitentiary, Mr. Punch has given orders for a sufficient number of new chairs (without arms, for they are not to be slept in) to accommodate certain of the representatives of the crowned heads. As peace is to be treated on the broadest basis, measures will be taken for the chairs accordingly. In consideration of the patent piety of holy Russia, the chair provided for her plenipotentiary will be bottomed with rushes from the waters of Jordan. The Austrian chair will be seated with bank-paper typical of the foundation of the Austrian Government: further, in compliment to the support afforded to Austria by Roman Concordat, the legs of the chair will be painted a bright scarlet. The Turkish Plenipotentiary will of course squat upon a divan, very nicely covered with silver bear-skin. Did we live in days of sterner justice, we know not, if, after the manner of ZISKA, we would not also devote a portion of the skin of a certain Ambassador, who, it is said, continues to have very ugly dreams of Kars. We suppose there will be no keeping Prussia away; therefore her plenipotentiary will be duly provided for: MR. GLADSTONE will, no doubt, supply a cushion for the chair, composed of the softest Berlin wool; and MR. COBDEN, in his old admiration of Prussia as the "brain of Germany," is expected to subscribe a night-cap of the best Manchester cotton: not that Prussia is to be allowed to go to sleep, to which end it has been suggested that the seat of Berlin wool should be very thickly powdered with glass, ground from champagne bottles. The seat for the English Minister (PALMERSTON, of course) is already prepared, being no other than the chair of heart of English oak, the chair made out of timber of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S ship that had gone round the world, a chair duly

sung by the ingenuous ABRAHAM COWLEY, a relic chair worthy of the world-wide policy and universal genius of our HENRY, VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

The seats being provided, Mr. Punch will take due care that the floor shall every morning be beautifully chalked, (after designs by his own renowned artists) with a lovely allegory of Justice, not forgetting the letters *L. S. D.*, with the British Lion significantly pointing them out with his right paw, and looking very hard at the Russian Eagle, as though insisting upon the said Eagle's coming down with the Bill. Mr. Punch has a twofold reason for the employment of chalk. In the first place, the material is touchingly suggestive of the cost of the war, and the consequent addition made to the National Debt: in the next, it will the more readily show at the close of every Conference, which power has been guilty of the most shuffling on the subject in debate. The walls of Mr. Punch's Office will be significantly decorated. There, framed and glazed, will be hung a choice selection of Mr. Punch's heart-stirring, conscience-pricking, rib-shaking designs; designs that, in their time, have delighted and appalled the good and the naughty. There, too, will be hung up the many scalps taken in his sublime wrath by Mr. Punch from the heads of Humbug, Cant, Sleek Hypocrisy, and Brazen Wrong. Such scalps cannot do otherwise than very powerfully appeal to the sympathies of certain crowned heads.

Whilst, however, Mr. Punch as a patriot and an Englishman, resolutely determines to keep the Congress to its work; he will also not forget the courtesies required of him as a host and a gentleman. Mr. Punch will, therefore, charge himself with the duty of conducting the illustrious Councillors to various places of amusement, after Congress hours; the recreation to be meted out according to the progress made by the contracting parties. Thus, if they have been stupid and slow, they shall be relentlessly carried to undergo a tragedy—or, at least, four acts of a historical play; if quick and pleasant, they shall be rewarded with a fast-growing *Bean-Stalk*, or *Three Glass Distaffs*.

Mr. Punch has the profoundest conviction that at his Office only, 85, Fleet Street, can the settlement of Europe be effected with proper justice to the evil-doers and the sufferers. Mr. Punch is convinced that it is there only the voice of England can have sufficient power, speaking in thunder to the pockets of Russia. We do not wish to be hard upon her. If she cannot (and of course she can't) pay down the ready forty millions, we will take, as a part of the material guarantees, say the Ural Mountains. Further, we have no objection to make MR. RICHARD COBDEN Resident Director thereof.

Due notice will be given of the first Meeting of the Congress.

N. B. No smoking allowed; and hours of sitting from 10 to 4.

THE PREDICAMENTS OF PLUSH.



OUR friend JENKINS, of the *Morning Post*, will get himself into trouble if he does not mind what he is about. He boasts, not untruthfully, in his leading articles, that he receives information from very great people. But very great people will not continue to give him information, if he cannot remember a message when his fellow-footman gives it him. If he is allowed to ring the Servants' Bell, and to get JEAMES or CHAWLES to ask the valet or the lady's-maid to find out from my Lord or my Lady whether Prussia is friendly, or what milliner is to supply LADY EVANGELINE'S *trousseau*, JENKINS must really mind the answer that is sent down to him, and not joke with the under-servants, or *badiner* (as he would say) with the baker, until his mind is unfitted for the reception and retention of information. Of his millinery blunders we need say nothing, the way the poor fellow gets quizzed by the housemaids on these points is enough; but if LORD PALMERSTON or M. DE PERSIGNY sends him down a scrap of war news, JENKINS should attend to the words.

The scandal of his tremendous announcement in large letters, and as "Latest Intelligence," that "On the fall of Sebastopol, the Russian Fleet had left Nicoliev for Archangel and Astrakan," had scarcely ceased, when he recklessly terrified us again with the tidings that the Russian army had received a great reinforcement. Luckily he mentioned the name of the General whose Russian division he imagined had been thus strengthened, and as this personage happened to be a French General of Division, the funds were not perceptibly agitated. But this sort of thing cannot go on, and though JENKINS, in his jaunty way, alleges that the dowagers, milliners, and menials, who are his chief patrons, know no better, and that one word is as good as another for them, his "sources of information" will be stopped up if he does not recollect his position and his messages. Let this be a hint to him, as he swings his manly leg through the area rails, and chaffs the cook while CHAWLES tries to see master.

With our veneration for JENKINS'S general accuracy, we should hesitate to condemn any-

body on his unsupported testimony, and we therefore say at once that we have not collated the works, of which we are going to speak, with JENKINS'S quotations. But we happened to see that in the curious heap of commonplace twaddle, called *Snorts and Scratches*, by virtue of which the *Morning Post* is supposed to assume a literary character, JENKINS brings in the names of GOETHE and DR. WHEWELL, in order to introduce a splendid bit of servants' hall morality. GOETHE, (whom JENKINS in private life pardonably calls GOATY,) is taken to task for having treated woman's affection too lightly, and for having sacrificed hearts to his ambition. DR. WHEWELL is reprimanded for having written (according to JENKINS) that a promise of marriage may be fulfilled in an immoral manner, that is to say, when the feelings that induced the formation of the engagement have ceased, and when it is better that such a promise should be cancelled, and one party left to remorse, and the other to grief, than that a mocking union of mere hands should take place.

Of GOATY we need say nothing. A man has a right to remain unmarried, but if he indulge in vivisection, that is, JENKINS, lacerating hearts for whim or for experiment, he is simply a rascal. But DR. WHEWELL'S doctrine was evidently calculated to outrage the Servants' Hall. What—no marriage—when perhaps the chanev and plate is bought, and domestics is engaged, and the truceo hordered, and a ouse taken?—"What," says JENKINS, "a man cannot command his feelings, but he can keep his promise." "In course," replies the butler, "if a man's an honest man, let him act as such." "Ah! you speak like a gentleman, MR. JENKINS," sighs the lady's maid. "A man's word's his bond," says CHAWLES. "Take my life, take my honour," says JEAMES. "And no mistake," squeaks little Buttons. "What's a marriage," continues JENKINS, encouraged by the approbation of his fellow servants. "What's feelins to do with it? Is there settlements?—Is there a hincome?—Do the parties move in the same spear?—Is it, in fact, Heligible?" And if these questions can be answered in the affirmative, the union is a marriage; if not according to anything so Common as the Prayer Book, according to JENKINS and the *Morning Post*.

So now, young ladies, you know what the footman behind your carriage means by a Marriage.

THE NIGHTINGALE AT OXFORD.

SAMUEL, of Oxford has, very properly, been dropping words of oil into the locks of Oxford money-boxes. The Bishop's sentences had the required beauty, according to the Portuguese canon, of the sonnet, —beginning in a key of silver, and closing with a key of gold. Besides SAMUEL of Oxford, there is SAMUEL of Bolt Court, Fleet Street; namely, SAMUEL JOHNSON, who must be heard in advocacy of the Nightingale Fund. "Sir," said JOHNSON, the conversation running upon the young poets in his student-days at Oxford, "Sir," said JOHNSON, "we were a nest of singing-birds." We have no doubt that, in the present case, Oxford will keep up its repute, by sending to the Nightingale Fund a very numerous deputation of melodious goldfinches.

The Pen and the Sword.

THE people have given swords to the soldiers of the War,—wherefore should they not give testimonial pens to the chroniclers thereof? Why should not WILLIAM RUSSELL have his pen of diamonds,—no diamond brighter than his own pen's point? Why should he not have his testimonial standish of purest gold; for can the Euxine itself contain greater treasures than WILLIAM RUSSELL has drawn from his Crimean ink-bottle, his own Black Sea?

A TESTIMONIAL WANTED.

WHEN will LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, the English Ambassador at Constantinople, be presented by his Government with the good old Turkish testimonial of—the Sack?

FULNESS OF DRESS.

It was announced, the other day, that LORD PALMERSTON would give, on the 30th instant, a "full-dress" Parliamentary banquet. Our phrase, "full-dress banquet," must puzzle foreigners; especially Americans. Is full dress exceptional at an English dinner, and are the guests usually half-naked? Is the banquet in general only partially dressed and never thoroughly done but on great occasions? These are questions that must perplex the stranger; who may perhaps also wonder, whether a full-dress dinner does not mean that ample kind of meal the consumer whereof is, in a popular metaphor, described as "blowing his jacket out."

Noble Magnanimity on the Part of a British Nobleman.

It is said that LORD JOHN, the moment he heard the earliest rumour of the probability of a Peace Congress, rushed off in the greatest haste to LORD PALMERSTON, and, in the most generous spirit, offered his services to the Government as England's representative.

A PARLIAMENTARY PROSPECT.

LAST year LORD JOHN postponed his Reform Bill in consequence of the War.

This year you will see that he will postpone it in consequence of the Peace.

A PUFFING ADVERTISEMENT RATIONALLY ANSWERED.—"What Magazine shall we take this year?" The biggest in Cronstadt.



TRULY DELIGHTFUL!

GALLOPING DOWN THE SIDE OF A FIELD COVERED WITH MOLE-HILLS, ON A WEAK-NECKED HORSE, WITH A SNAFFLE BRIDLE, ONE FOOT OUT OF YOUR STIRRUP, AND A BIT OF MUD IN YOUR EYE!

MRS. DURDEN'S VIEW OF PEACE.

THEY say we're to have Peace: I hope it isn't mere imagination;
For candles, brushes, string, and soap, has risen up to ruination;
And what we've had to pay for bread! of War that gives one some idea,
Not to say nothing of the dead and wounded in that there Crimea.

Then there's that plaguy Income-Tax, that rides, as I may say, a-straddle,
And sticks upon our breaking backs just like a monkey in a saddle;
Which, if the War goes longer on, in course expenses will redouble,
And what we must depend upon is dearer things and further trouble.

But there; if I've a thing to do, my maxim always is to do it;
If I've a job for to go through, I makes my mind up to go through it.
'Tis all the same, I don't care what—washing, or ironing, or scrubbing,
And if so be as we have got to give them Rooshans there a drubbing.

I never leaves my work half done—a stocking or a gown'd half mended;
What has to be agin begun is twice the time afore 'tis ended;
And what I finds with needlework is found, I'm certain sure, with nations;
So don't be led away to quirk and quiddle with negotiations.

Up with your broom or rolling-pin, and put a stop to all discussions;
Don't let yourselves be wheeded in to shilly-shally by the Prussians,
Nor Austrians neither; mighty fine to offer now their interference!
Why didn't they—ah, drat 'em!—jine our side upon the first appearance?

Oh! I am up to all their tricks—to wait and see which was the stronger,
I say, confound their politics! I'd make 'em wait a little longer;
Deceit if any dares practise upon me I grows quite rampagious,
And that I hope you'll do likewise unless their terms is adwantageous.

Don't let the nick of time go by whilst you're a humming and a hawing,
And biggle haggle, all my eye! nor lose a precious hour in jawing;
Don't let such rogues as them amuse, and coax, and cozen you with
writin',
Backards and forards, whilst you lose whatever you have won by fightin'.

But if so be their terms is pure and simple, then the chance I'd seize on,
I'm quite agreeable, I'm sure, to anything in rhyme and reason;
I wouldn't wish at all to fight, if we can help it, one more battle,
No more than COBDEN or JOHN BRIGHT, or any of that sort of cattle.

Than me there's neither of the pair can wish less harm to anybody,
Although I own I can't abear your nasty divil's dust and shoddy.
Glad should I be of Peace restored, if 'twas on safe and sound conditions;
Poor me can very ill afford to pay for these here expeditions.

But there it says, what must be must, and that is what there's no
denying,
Which in the same I puts my trust, the POPE and all his works defying;
And though it seems, to throw away our preparations like, distressin',
Yet still for Peace I hope and pray, for arter all it is a blessin'.

"The City Purse."

THE *Times*, dealing with proposed oaths for Income-Tax payers,
—says "When there is a talk of oaths, it must be remembered that we
have to deal with the elasticity of the commercial conscience in its
most elastic direction." This sort of conscience is admirably illus-
trated in a novelty, called "The City Purse." It matters not how
much money you have in it, or how the money has been obtained;
for there is an elastic band, (or conscience) a loop of india-rubber,
that keeps the money all tight, and—wora in your breast-pocket—
where all money should be, "nearest your heart."

Scandal upon Louis Napoleon.

THERE runs a story, Russian of course, that when LOUIS NAPOLEON,
seated with the War Council, first learned the news of Russia's
acceptance of peace, he was so affected that he swooned! It is a com-
mon figure of speech to knock a man down with a feather; but here is
an EMPEROR of iron floored by a *canard*, a duck; and that, too, a
Russian duck. The EMPEROR, it may be certain, had no fit; at the
very most, it was only a feint.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE SPEECH from the Throne was not (as heretofore usual) given in outline to the daily press, for publication on the morning of the day on which Parliament assembled. Very pretty excuses were courteously assigned for this change; but the reason was, that it had been thought proper to consult *Mr. Punch*, and the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON, upon the phraseology. The former distinguished individual, with his habitual promptitude, had struck out a good deal of nonsense which the Ministers had stuck in, and had somewhat amended the grammar. The neat little antithesis about the War in the south and the Treaty in the north, and the happy

phrases by which the achievements of the English and French armies are acknowledged and distinguished, are *Mr. Punch's*; but he must add, that all his emendations have not been introduced into the Speech, as printed, and some stupid tautology has been retained. The excuse for this is, that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH detained the courier, so that the morning train from Paris was missed, and the Speech, jointly corrected and approved by the two great men, was not given to LORD CRANWORTH, to be copied fair, until Thursday morning, January 31st, and as he writes very slowly, and his fingers were very cold, the papers did not get it in time.

But for formality, the QUEEN'S Speech might have been comprised in a single sentence. "If, by negotiation, I can secure the objects of war, I will; but I will relax neither military nor naval preparations until those objects are secured." But custom dictated and PALMERSTON wrote a dozen or so of paragraphs, and indeed it would have been a pity, had the QUEEN remained no longer on the Throne than was necessary to deliver those words. For the ladies, who throng the House upon these state occasions, came pouring in for two hours—the dowagers looking a trifle less disagreeable than usual, and the young matrons and maidens appearing a great deal more rosy and healthy than they will look at the prorogation—after the season. A briefer address would have deprived the House of Ladies of an opportunity of appreciating the scene of which they were the, most charming constituents.

The Speech, therefore, recorded the fall of Sebastopol, the inter-meddling of Austria, her being allowed to employ her "good offices," the hopes that certain conditions would prove the foundation of a general treaty, the selection of Paris for the discussion, the undertaking not to relax preparations, the treaty with Sweden, and another treaty—one with Chili, the basis of which is supposed to be pickles. The Commons were told that the estimates were coming, and the QUEEN added, with becoming confidence, that she relied on the spirit and patriotism of her people for continued support. Several suggestions were made for domestic legislation, and as it may be convenient, at the prorogation, to see which of these have not been futile, *Mr. Punch* will just chalk them up. Assimilation of the Commercial law of England and Scotland. Improvement of the Law of Partnership. Relief of Merchant Shipping from local dues and passing tolls (could not the relief of London from belfry tolls, by drunken sextons, be included?), and finally, other important measures "for improving the law." This last ingeniously elastic phrase was *Mr. Punch's*—it will include anything, from the abolition of Holywell Street to a revision of the Constitution.

Lords and Commons, in the evening, of course took the Speech into consideration. The Echoes, in uniform, answered with more distinctness than usual. Then, in the Lords, the EARL OF DERBY proceeded to regret, that the Speech was "bald," which he thought hard when there were so many Whigs in the Cabinet. He found fault with it for not mentioning India and the Colonies, and professing warm interest therein; but there was a triumphant answer to this, which somehow LORD CLARENDON missed—namely, that it would have been a cruel insult to the Indians and Colonists, did a Ministry affect to care for them, after confiding their interests to two such people as VERNON SMITH and LABOUCHERE. The EARL thought enough had not been said about

the Army, an impertinence of which he would not have been guilty had he known that *Mr. Punch* had revised the Speech; and he complained that, while the Chili vinegar was mentioned, nothing was said of the Sardinian oil—including the anointed VICTOR. He also lamented that the fall of Kars had not been made a topic in a congratulatory address; and he was specially vexed that in the presence of the American representative, something calculated to rub a scratch into a wound was not introduced, in reference to MR. FRANKLAND PIERCE'S election dodges. The life-peerage to BARON PARKE also came into his Lordship's highly relevant harangue, but it is fair to say that he did not complain that the QUEEN had not mentioned it. Having carped at every point in an oration occupying four close columns, he urged that everybody should assent to the Address, which cordially concurs with every word in the Speech. LORD CLARENDON mentioned that he was going to Paris as our negotiator, complimented the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA on his "moral courage," and explained his own idea that the peace ought to be "honourable" to Russia. It is pleasant to see that the great care the ABERDEEN Cabinet professed for the "dignity" and "honour" of Russia is shared by the PALMERSTON Cabinet. Let us hope BRUNOW will not snub CLARENDON, and tell him to mind his own business, as *he, B.*, decidedly means to do. LORD GRANVILLE said that the PARKE peerage was not given for political reasons, a defence which had nothing to do with the matter; and LORD CAMPBELL, who has grabbed two hereditary peerages, grumbled about the "unlawfulness" of this small honour to a brother judge. The lawyer lords are to discuss the matter. The Address was agreed to.

In the Commons, MR. DISRAELI, in order to show the singular unanimity of Opposition, approved the Speech, both for what it said, and what it did not say, and especially lauded the part about the Army, selected for abuse by LORD DERBY. For the rest, DIZZY'S language could not have been more sensible, or creditable, had he been in the least in earnest. The PREMIER patted him on the head, and explained that he, PALMERSTON, was delighted to have Parliament at his back, so long as it kept there, and did not come forward to interfere with his negotiations. This way of looking at the matter did not exactly gratify either MR. ROEBUCK or GENERAL EVANS, who insisted that the House ought to know all about the negotiations as they proceeded, and to express its views thereon. However, difference of opinion does not alter friendship, in these days; and the unanimity of the Lords was anticipated by the Commons, who beat the aristocrats by half an hour, rising at 7.30.

So passed the first day of the Session. How much more will *Mr. Punch* be able to say has been "done" when he records the last?

Friday. The PARKE peerage has terribly discomposed the Hereditaries, and all the great lawyers are preparing enormous speeches to prove that the creation for life is a violation of the constitution. One fact, however, HER MAJESTY may take from LORD CHANCELLOR PUNCH,—namely, that her Royal ancestors have created similar dignities, and another fact, which is equally at his gracious Mistress's service, is, that such creations are wise, just, and popular. LORD LYNCHURST gave notice of his onslaught upon the WENSLEYDALE patent, but will probably withdraw it after reading this intimation that he is all wrong.

The Commons have sat but twice, and VINCENT SCULLY, from Ireland, has intruded himself thrice upon their attention. First, he snatched a subject with which he has no business whatever, and which his advocacy is enough to render unpopular, the Sunday opening of exhibitions. Secondly, he came in with the canting complaint that Ireland was wronged, because the Speech did not promise a law for transferring a landlord's property to a tenant. Thirdly, he appealed to LORD PALMERSTON to interrupt the important business now before Government, and to undertake to pass a bill for effecting the above object. This bill was the machine with which PAM so cleverly used the Irish to upset the Disraelites, and then threw the Irish themselves on their backs last session. This time, having no need of the Hibernian free lances, PAM burst out laughing in SCULLY'S face. Now VINCENT had better "shut up," for despite his awfully long tongue, he never did and never will convince the House of anything but that he, VINCENT SCULLY, is an abominable Bore.

A splendid and notable achievement followed. Nobody who notices effrontery can forget the Guards' Memorial, whereby the QUEEN was prayed to give back exclusive privileges to the Household Infantry. Nobody forgets what names were appended to that modest petition—F. M. the PRINCE CONSORT'S, GEORGE OF CAMBRIDGE'S, and other heroic signatures. PALMERSTON had the choice satisfaction of apprising the world, on Friday, through the red tape lips of MR. FREDERICK PEEL, that the distinguished warriors who had approached the Throne with this Beggar's Petition, were actually incapable of comprehending the real state of the case; that they did not understand the true working of the system they adorned, and finally, that there was no "prospect" of their request being granted. So awful a snub has seldom been given—and, administered through FRED PEEL too!

Government, with great frankness, announced that it did mean to do something with the Education Question; but that a measure which is to be introduced is to be "neither large nor comprehensive." Nobody

is disappointed. Rather more hopeful is the statement that we are to have a Minister of Education. LORD JOHN RUSSELL wants the place; but LORD PALMERSTON is understood to have asked him how, with his principles, he could set a charity-child DR. WATTS' Hymn *Against Deceiving and Telling Wicked Stories*. He mentioned, this evening, that he thought there ought to be a vote of thanks to the Army; forgetting, with his usual *sang-froid*, that it is no thanks to him and his confederates that we have any Army to thank. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON stated the gratifying fact, that Thirty Counties have established Juvenile Reformatories; though, unfortunately, not two are on the same principle. SIR GEORGE GREY could not see that this offered any reason for Government interference. MR. ROBERT LOWE in a masterly speech, introduced two really valuable measures on Partnership and Joint-Stock Associations; and they were approved by several Members, including MR. J. G. PHILLIMORE, who singularly omitted to quote either the Delectus, EUTROPIUS, or CORNELIUS NEPOS, in support of his argument. Perhaps some juvenile member of his family has taken the books to school.

THE HEALTH OF LONDON.



NE of the most distinguished and corpulent butlers in Belgrave Square has been dangerously ill. On Monday morning he was in possession of his usual rude health, but towards noon he was incautiously served with an Income-Tax paper! It was observed at the time that he changed colour—his fine ruddy countenance turning all at once from a rich fruity port to a delicate pale sherry. It soon became evident that the shock had been too much for his pampered frame. About seven o'clock (the respected gentleman's customary dinner-hour) he was seized with a shivering fit, which terminated about supper-time in an alarming attack of gout. SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE was immediately sent for,

and was unremitting in his attentions, though he gave the bereaved family plainly to understand that they must prepare themselves for the worst. The above melancholy event has cast a sad gloom over many an aristocratic area in Belgravia. The thoughtless tax-gatherer has been severely censured by his friends.

Puns for Parliament.

MR. BAXTER, who seconded the Address in the House of Commons, made a very earnest appeal to the waverers to give their support to the Government. The honourable Member's speech having been especially directed to the doubting portion of his hearers, may be aptly described as BAXTER'S *Call to the Unconverted*. A wag, who observed that a Member, who is rather notorious for his sanctity, had fallen asleep over the speech in question, compared it to BAXTER'S *Saint's Rest*.

"The Virgin of Sorrows."

THE Queen of Spain, touched by a sense of the cold weather, has just given a new cloak ornamented with garnets to the value of 200,000 reals, to "a statue of the Virgin of Sorrows." There are many sorrowful virgins in England, children and orphans of Spanish bondholders, who would feel obliged to her Majesty for a similar amount of reals to be bestowed upon sorrows, not in stone, but in flesh and blood.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

GÉNÉRAL JANVIER is to be sent to Siberia for having proved himself a traitor to the Emperor's cause. It is expected that GÉNÉRAL FÉVRIER will, for a similar act of treachery, soon share his captivity.

THE "LILY AND THE BEE" AT MIDHURST.

MR. WARREN proposes to stand for Midhurst; but hitherto the electors complain that they are ignorant of the decided principles he intends to stand upon. MR. WARREN has therefore become very categorical and distinct. He has just finished an address—in every way worthy of the gifted author of *The Lily and the Bee*: it is, by the way, in the like no measure to that world-wide production—that must satisfy the most punctilious constituent. *Mr. Punch* has been favoured with an early copy.

It was Walpole's seat! it seemed
but yesterday!
To-day is come—where's Walpole
now?
(But such is life!)
In Cambridge—not in Midhurst!
Mutable fact!
It was ten in the morning, and
I read the *Times*!
(I always do—but I'll not be
tedious)
Midhurst was vacant, Walpole was
not there!
A vacant seat—a seat that stamps
M.P. upon the sitter!
Mysterious thrillings shot through-
out my frame!
I'll sit upon that seat, M.P. for
Midhurst!
Thus, my friends and brethren—
Brethren all, of that red earth com-
posed,
That made primeval Adam,
Your votes I ask—ask like a man.
Not crouch for like a snake,—
A snake, bedropt with gold, whose
orient spots—
Too oft are typical of tin,
Of tin corrupt, corrupting!
Brethren all, my principles—
(How oft the election fiend hath
chuckled at the sound!)—
Are from the fount of purity,
whence stars

Look down, like winking, upon all;
Return'd to Parliament, those
stars—
(Such is the life of senator)
May often shine upon my home-
ward walk
To downy bed!
Those stars be then my silver wit-
nesses
Of every vote, its purity and weight,
As tested in angelic balance!
Attentive to your local interests,
Ever will be SAMUEL!
No Hamadryad that sigh'd forth
her life,
When fell the yew-tree
For your parish-pump,
(Tis thus utility defiles the woods!)
More constant than your WARREN,
Hull's Recorder!
Oxford's Doctor!!
Diarist of famed Physician's Diar-
rhea!!!
Coiner of "Ten Thousand per an-
num,"—
That is *A Year*, on paper!!!!—
And with full-toned diapason to
conclude,—
Of Lily and the Bee
The silver singer!!!!
Gentle constituents, Essay SAMUEL!
Brethren of Midhurst,—
TRY WARREN!

SEBASTOPOL' BLUE BOOK: ERRATA.

THE Sebastopol Blue Book of 230 pages has appeared. Since CAXTON'S first press first creaked in Westminster, there never has been printed a more terrible volume. (We hope the rumour is not true, but it is reported that MR. COBDEN has expressed his determination to translate the work into Russian; his knowledge of the language being at once so delicate and profound, that it is hard at times to detect the Member for the West Riding from a real Muscovite.) After reading this book—so shocking a comment on the administration of 1844-5—we feel that there are heads that ought to doff coronets for foolscaps. The *Times*, speaking of the Sebastopol Blue Pill, says:—

"The words 'delay,' 'deficiency,' 'want of' (something or other), 'unaccountable neglect,' and such like indices of censurable conduct, occur in almost every page."

Here, *Mr. Punch* begs to suggest the adoption of *errata* to be printed on a fly-leaf. Thus: for "delay," "deficiency," read "*red tape*;" for "want of" read "*routine*," and for "unaccountable neglect," emphatically read "*cold shade*."

A Saucy King the less.

THE last Indian mail announces our intention of annexing the Kingdom of Oude. The fact is, we can no longer put up with "The KING OF OUDE'S Sauce." That popular condiment will, henceforth, be sold as "Company's Relish."

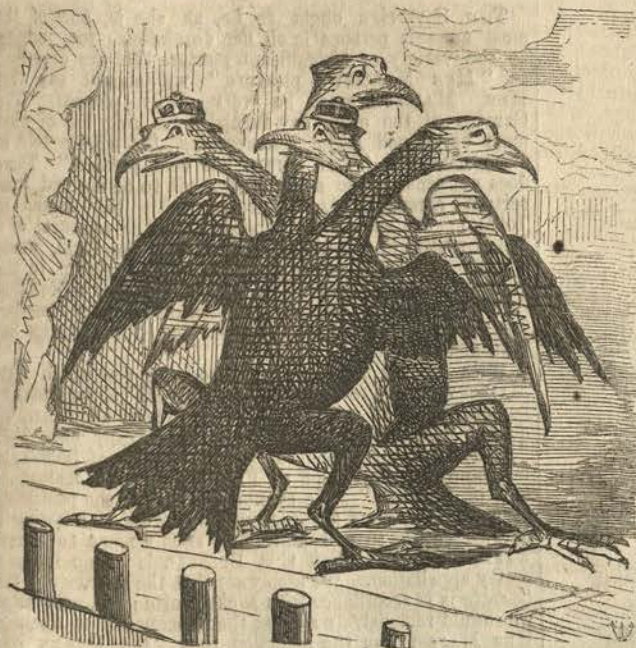
WHY NOT GAIN EVERY WAY?

(A Hint for Cambridge.)

WALPOLE, if beat, to Midhurst goes, no doubt.
You've him and DENMAN in—and WARREN out.

A HINT FOR PARLIAMENT.—We wonder that our Members, when they are anxious to have "no House," do not appoint a Woman to count it; for it is a well-known law in numbers, that no woman, let her be ever so old, can succeed in counting as far as forty.

A HORROR IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



THE appearance of a crow was once considered ominous. In the House of Lords, at the opening of Parliament, occurred a remarkable apparition of a bird of that feather. According to an eyewitness of the pageant:—

“The diplomatic corps had already mustered in considerable strength, and in every variety of official costume, when the American Minister ‘sloped in’ in plain evening dress.”

A gentleman in a plain black coat amid that variegated assembly must have exhibited very much the appearance of the bird above mentioned among a multitude of peacocks, pheasants, parrots, birds of paradise, and flamingos. No doubt the individual in question excited feelings of

disgust and contempt, if not horror, in the minds of many of those about him, and of his other beholders, by not appearing in embroidered, illuminated, laced, and gilt habiliments, and the report of the contempt which he thus manifested for our more intelligent taste will be perused with heartfelt indignation, not only by many a gentleman, but also by many a gentleman's gentleman, who prides himself upon his epaulette, and exults in his cockade, and rejoices in his plush.

Under existing circumstances the American minister must have looked particularly like a crow, and an unlucky bird. Was not the EARL OF DERBY especially struck with the coincidence between the spectacle of that horrid man and the case of LORD WENSLEYDALE? Did not the unadorned, uncoloured, unblazing, lacklustre American before him, foreshadow to him a shocking notion of the future House of Lords—the idea of what vulgar intellect regards as a rational peerage?

The resemblance of the American minister among the diplomatic personages to a crow surrounded by splendid fowls, is perceived by looking at him in the sensible point of view

and the higher light. Too probably, however, some low minds may exist, disposed rather to compare him, as he appeared in the House of Lords, to a well-dressed gentleman who had chanced to look in at a masquerade.

THE FROZEN-OUT PEACE-MONGERS.

KIND Christian friends, oh! lend an ear,
And also lend an ‘and,
To the poor froze-out Peace-mongers
As short of work do stand;
For the bread it’s took out of our mouths,
Wich it’s ‘ard in a Christian land.

Our hard ‘arn’d living we did get,
On platform and with pen,
By growing flowers of rhetoric
And a pamphlet now and then,
Upon the War—which we work’d the same
As honest labouring men.

We grubb’d up all the laurels—
Them warlike evergreens—
We planted holives everywhere
As thick as pease and beans,
And sow’d non-resistance broad-cast
To the best of our small means.

There’s RICHARD COBDEN and JOHN BRIGHT,
And JOSEPH STURGE also,
And there is MR. GILPIN
Of Paternoster Row;
We don’t know what to talk about,
Which is a grievous go!

We must sing small, that look’d so big,
And talk’d so wery stout,
For here’s the War has been and gone
And brought a Peace about,
And Rooshia! she has knuckled down,
Whereby we are froze out!

THE ENGLISH CLEARING-HOUSE SYSTEM.—
“Come, Gentlemen, you really must go. The Bar’s closed, and I’m going this very minute to turn off the gas!”

THE QUEEN’S SPEECH.

VERY SOON, no QUEEN’S Speech will be visible to the naked eye. It is the pathetic complaint of LORD DERBY, that every Session, the Speech grows smaller and smaller. Whole chapters have been written in the circumference of a silver penny: in a Session or two, LORD PALMERSTON may carry the QUEEN’S Speech on one of his shirt-studs. LORD DERBY further complained, that the Speech was mere water-gruel! If this be true, what a graceless compliment to the QUEEN; whose melodious voice, it is allowed by all hearers, is worthy, with the little girl in the fairy story, to utter pearls and diamonds; not that we can expect HER MAJESTY to drop pearls before Parliament. LORD DERBY, however, makes the QUEEN’S lips drop oatmeal. His Lordship, moreover, savagely criticises the style of the Speech. He says:—“We are not accustomed to look in documents of this kind for ornaments of style, or for any great elegance of diction or language.” We know that old COBBETT has, in his Grammar especially written for soldiers, sailors, ‘prentices, and plough-boys, many wicked examples of bad English in GEORGE THE FOURTH’S Speeches as boldly written for him by LORD CASTLEREAGH: we hoped, however, that we had improved a little in the literature of Royal orations since the time of the Six Acts. It appears, however, on the authority of the EARL OF DERBY, that if we are still to consider the Throne the Fountain of all honour, we are by no means to expect in it the pure well of English undefiled.

The European Ring.

JOHN BULL says he isn’t going to back out of the Fight with ALIC ROMANOFF. The latter may give in, and welcome, if he likes, and chooses to forfeit the stakes, but JOHNNY declares that he is quite game for another mill if called upon. It is all right between him and PAM the Judicious Bottle-holder, and his money is ready at CORNY LEWIS’S shop in Downing Street.

ETIQUETTE OF VISITING CARDS.

WHEN you drop your piece of pasteboard anywhere, even in the very genteel neighbourhood, let it be a piece of pasteboard, and nothing more, except in being engraven with your name and address. Do not, at any rate, let your card be enamelled. The enamel is prepared from lead; and the process of applying it is stated, on good authority, to produce paralysis of the hands, and other miserable complaints among the poor people engaged in this ridiculous manufacture. A shiny card imparts no lustre to the name upon it; but communicates an appearance of vulgar glitter to the table or shelf whereon it is deposited. If you rejoice in polish, concentrate that quality on your manners, conversation and boots. In case you feel it absolutely necessary to display your taste in your visiting-cards, have them embossed; and then it will be as well for you also to wear lace-collars, and shirt-cuffs of the same material. But eschew those cards that are enamelled; and which, to the enlightened eye, are glazed with what may be called a shine taken out of the health of unhappy victims afflicted with palsy and colic.

Important Resolution at the last Meeting of the “United Flunkeys’ Association.”

RESOLVED:—“That as many noblemen and gentlemen correspond now by the Electric Telegraph instead of committing their secrets to paper, and sending them as before through the Post, it is the opinion of the gentlemen of this Club that their salaries ought to be increased proportionately, inasmuch as they have lost the valuable privilege they formerly enjoyed of reading their masters’ letters, and that measures be taken accordingly in all distinguished establishments to enforce the same!”
Passed unanimously.

A WATER-GRUEL SPEECH.—LORD DERBY, at BROOKES’S, was very brilliant upon the QUEEN’S Speech. “It hadn’t even the smallest piece of Turkey or the slightest flavour of Sardine.”



PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

Grandmamma. "WELL, CHARLEY, AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN LEARNING, TO-DAY?"

Charley. "PNEUMATICS, GRAN'MA!—AND I CAN TELL YOU SUCH A DODGE!—IF I WAS TO PUT YOU UNDER A GLASS RECEIVER, AND EXHAUST THE AIR, ALL YOUR WRINKLES WOULD COME OUT AS SMOOTH AS GRANDPAPA'S HEAD!"

A PASSIONATE PARAGRAPH.

We sometimes wonder that the penny-a-liners are not blown away by the whirlwind of contending passions that occasionally alternate within the limits of a single short paragraph. We can imagine how the breast must have been torn and repaired, we can fancy how the bosom must have been lacerated and sewn up again, in the course of the concoction of the following brief article, in the course of which a couple of conflicting emotions alternately predominate.

"ILLNESS OF THE EARL OF LISTOWEL.—We (*Dublin Post*) announce with deep regret that the noble Earl, who dined on Saturday with his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, has since been seriously ill. Upon inquiry to-day (Tuesday), we learn with great satisfaction that his Lordship is improving."

The passage commences with a pathetic declaration of "deep regret," but no sooner are we prepared to mix our sympathising sighs with the despondent moans of the penny-a-liner, than we are startled with the wild ha! ha! of his boisterous mirth, and find ourselves suddenly sharing his "great satisfaction." We cannot but admire the Protean powers of the paragraph-monger who can box the entire compass of his passions in four lines, and experience all the depth of regret, and all the greatness of satisfaction within a space of time so limited that the most consummate actor on the stage could hardly show the same amount of versatility in the same period. There can be no doubt that if fate had not made the writer in question a penny-a-liner, genius would have fitted him for a tragedian. If he had not been doomed by circumstances to write paragraphs for paltry coppers, he might have been winning golden opinions on the boards of RICHARDSON'S Show, or some other of our Great "National" establishments.

THE GRAND EUROPEAN BATTLE.

We hope that, if a Truce is proclaimed, PALMERSTON in his old capacity of the "Judicious Bottle-holder," will take very good care to cry out at the proper moment:—"Time's up!"

HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE.

THE Sovereign ought to be, as she is, one of the most amiable persons in all her dominions; for, judging by the variety of insignificant matters that are described as "HER MAJESTY'S pleasure," we should say that HER MAJESTY must be very easily pleased. The Gazette of the other day furnishes a long list of what must be termed Royal Amusements, for we are told in every case that "THE QUEEN has been pleased." There does not seem to be much enjoyment to be derived from certain arrangements connected with the Island of Tobago; nor should we suppose that the approval of a MR. LEVISON of Birmingham as Consul for Chili, would be the source of much happiness or diversion to the mind of HER MAJESTY, but we are bound to believe that there is a sort of tranquil satisfaction about the matter, for we are told by the Gazette that "the QUEEN has been pleased."

With all the kindness of disposition for which HER MAJESTY may be remarkable, and with all her readiness to be delighted with everything and everybody about her, we do not believe that the QUEEN could really have been "pleased" to allow one "ROBERT BUSSELL, of Suffolk, to take and use the name of PETTIWARD only, instead of that of BUSSELL." We cannot understand the possibility of anybody having any pleasure whatever in allowing a fellow-creature to call himself by such a name as PETTIWARD, though we admit that BUSSELL is by no means a pretty appellation. We are aware that the language of the Gazette is in accordance with ancient form; but, otherwise, we should remonstrate against the impropriety of libelling HER MAJESTY by the assertion that "the QUEEN was pleased" at the fact of one of her subjects wanting to call himself by a very ugly cognomen.

Coincidences.

THE *Morning Herald* announces as "a singular coincidence in the history of literary statesmanship, that on the same day on which MR. MACAULAY took leave of political life, MR. SAMUEL WARREN announced his intention of commencing his political existence." Almost as singular a coincidence occurred on the very same day, in the world of zoology. A fine old lion in one of our menageries expired, just as birth was given, on an adjacent common, to an exceedingly fine young donkey. Eh, Grandmamma!

LEGAL LOGIC.

Lawyer (to his Client). The case is just this. Your conduct has obliged the plaintiffs to take proceedings to prevent your doing a great wrong, and having defended yourself until it seems pretty certain that, in the end, their right will overcome your supposed might, you now wish to withdraw from the contest, and settle with them.

Client. I wish to settle the thing, but they say it can only be done upon payment of costs.

Lawyer. Which is but just: you have occasioned the costs they have been put to, and, ergo, you must pay the piper.

Client. Why, you might as well say in the War squabble case, that the English and French governments ought not to settle with Russia without "payment of costs!"

Lawyer. In principle that case is directly in point, and on all fours with yours; ergo, according to legal logic, Russia certainly ought to pay the costs. I will thank you for six shillings and eightpence.

Constantine Pleas'd.—Very Ominous.

LETTERS from St. Petersburg report the fact, that the people are now only anxious to smoke the calumet of peace. "It is again affirmed," runs rumour, "that the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE is quite as much pleas'd as his brother, the EMPEROR." This ducal delight is a little suspicious. If CONSTANTINE is pleas'd with a prospect of peace, we incline to believe that the pleasure arises from the hidden perfidy that will somehow make the peace hollow as bomb-shell, to be exploded with the best mischief at the best opportunity. We suspect the truthfulness of such sudden conversion. How marvellously soon has the Constantine bear become the lamb—the Tartar lamb!

CASTING A STONE.—The prospect of Peace has occasioned MR. GLADSTONE to shorten his name by half, and call himself simply GLAD.



STAYING PROCEEDINGS.

Mr. Bull. "TELL RUSSIA, IF HE DOESN'T SETTLE AT ONCE, I SHALL GO ON WITH THE ACTION."

THE "AHABS" OF THE PRESS.



SHORT while since, and MR. BRIGHT avowed his great belief in the humanising, elevating influence of the press. It was, moreover, no secret that MR. BRIGHT himself had suffered his trading instincts to deal with printer's ink. Nevertheless, mark well the mud, bespattered by MR. BRIGHT upon all Newspaper men, writers on the War!

"I will undertake to say, that since the days when AHAB, at the bidding of 400 prophets, whose tongues Satan had glibbed with lies, went up to Ramoth Gilead to battle, there has been no greater imposition practised upon any people than that practised by the writers of the public press of England upon us."

Now MR. BRIGHT has done his best—and that no mean part—to multiply the number of Newspaper writers by removing the stamp from Newspapers. How is it, that he has thus heedlessly caused the increase of the race of Ahabs? How is it, that he should

have helped to darken the air, as with Egyptian locusts, with lies of the public press? But we presume MR. BRIGHT'S mistake upon this. He calculated upon an universal crop of penny Newspapers. Lying and corruption were inseparable from the larger price; the twopence, threepence, fourpence; but in a penny there would be the true ring of true Christianity. No Ahab would go to unjust battle for such poor pay; Satan refusing to "glib" a tongue with lies at the small cost of one penny!

TURKISH ANTIC-WITTY.

WE are sometimes told that folly is short-lived, but this theory has been refuted by the fact that a professional buffoon has just expired at Constantinople, at the age of upwards of one hundred and twenty. This very venerable wag had acted as fool in the Courts of four different Sultans, and, up to within a short time of his death, he was called upon to make jokes and perform antics. It must have been rather a melancholy spectacle to have witnessed the aged mountebank making feeble efforts to stand upon his head—a frightful pressure on his grey hairs—while his jokes must have been, if possible, still more distressing than his tumbling, for though the latter would have shown the prostration of his physical powers, the former must have exhibited the prostration of his intellect. If we had not received the fact on good authority, we should not have believed in the existence of the veteran buffoon; for though we often meet with a very old joke, we never yet encountered a very old joker. A professional wag would die of laughing at his own jokes, if he were not otherwise put out of the way, before the age of sixty.

The Advantages of a good Library.

ONE of the advantages is keeping a Circulating Library for the use of your friends. Some of your books are returned, but the majority are lost. Out of those that do find their way back, the greater number are enriched with a quantity of pencil marks, and most valuable marginal notes. However, you must not suppose you enjoy all the privileges of a Circulating Library; for although you let out books, understand clearly that the borrower is by no means answerable for the loss of them, any more than you yourself are entitled to charge twopence a day per volume as long as they are out.

A Hint for Mr. Drummond.

SAID EFFENDI, jester to the Sultan, is dead. Sealed tenders, with specimen jokes, are to be sent by the first of April, by persons desirous of contesting for the place of the droll deceased. N.B. Bow-strings abolished; and, in proof of the growing intelligence of the Porte, it is not indispensable that candidates should be of the Moslem persuasion.

THE FOGGY POGEYS.

ARCHÆOLOGY is making rapid strides, or, perhaps, we should rather call them hops, skips, and jumps, in different parts of the Metropolis. A few evenings ago, the friends of the Science mustered rather strongly at Crosby Hall, when several ladies were present, and the assembly was favoured with "An introduction to the objects of the Society, and to the antiquities of London and Middlesex." We presume the ladies formed no portion of the "objects" and "antiquities" alluded to; but the report is so vaguely worded, that we are left in doubt on that rather delicate question. One of the Members read a paper containing a conjecture that there had been an amphitheatre in Farringdon Street; but he had possibly got hold of the wrong end of the story, as well as the wrong end of the street, and was running his head against the Surrey, which was formerly an amphitheatre under the title of the Circus. Another gentleman took for his subject a piece of Monumental Brass, which he polished off in about an hour-and-a-half; and another got upon the ruins of Crosby Hall, where he revelled so enthusiastically among the old brickbats, that he seemed disposed at one time to make a night of it. We understand the Society is proceeding with so much zeal, as to contemplate the sending of a circular to all the great dust contractors, requesting that, if their regular dustmen should collect any of the dust of ages, it may be sent to be sifted on the Society's premises.

ASTONISHMENT OF REAL NATIVES.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph records the capture off the Isle of Arran of a cod-fish weighing eighteen pounds, in the gullet of which was found a spur with the strap attached. The reporter observes:

"This unusually strange circumstance has excited no little surprise, and even consternation among some of the natives."

There may be something surprising in the fact of a codfish swallowing a spur, and if the codfish had been as big as a whale, that circumstance would have been fearfully suggestive. But who can ever suppose that an eighteen-pound cod could swallow a man, until the POPE shall have declared the possibility of the thing *ex cathedra*, and have proposed it to the readers of the *Univers* and the *Tablet* as a new dogma?

We cannot think that the capture of a cod-fish with a spur in its gullet could have alarmed or appalled any of the inhabitants of Arran; although, if the faculty of rational prevision resides in a particular class of molluscous bivalves, we can quite understand that the capture of such a cod, with or without such a thing inside of it, may have excited very great consternation among such of the natives as might have anticipated the probability of being called upon to afford the sauce for the fish.

SLANG IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

THE other day LORD CAMPBELL, in his anxiety to save the time of the public, recommended Counsel to call a Brougham a "Broom," and MR. HAWKINS, with the same laudable view, suggested to LORD CAMPBELL to call Omnibuses "Busses." His Lordship immediately acted on the hint, and as there seems every disposition in the Court of Queen's Bench to carry out the novel idea of saving time by shortening words, we have much pleasure in referring the Bench and the Bar to the *Flash Dictionary*, from which many hints for curtailment may be adopted. Of course LORD CAMPBELL will never think of using the word gentleman in future, when "Gent" will answer all the purpose, and "Pal" will be an efficient substitute for learned brother. Perhaps a conference with the Lord Chief Baron—of the Coal Hole—might be the means of furnishing the Judges of the Queen's Bench with an appropriate vocabulary, which could be published under the head of *Regule Generales*, and indictments might be shortened by allowing the use of the word "fogle," instead of pocket-handkerchief. If the idea is to be carried out, we would recommend the appointment of an officer, to be called the "flash cove," in place of the present Judges' Associate.

Peace and Plenty.

LORD COWLEY, as her Britannic Majesty's representative in Paris, will of course be expected to give a banquet to the high contracting parties on the ratification of the articles of the peace. Query? Will such a peace be made at the Tuileries as shall ensure anything like plenty at the British Embassy?

England Cobdenised.

WHAT the condition of England would be, were the views of MR. COBDEN carried out, is pretty clearly expressed in the title of his Muscovite pamphlet:

"What Next?—ANNEXED!!!"



A PERFECT WRETCH.

Wife. "OH, DON'T SMOKE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, CHARLES!—YOU NEVER USED TO DO SUCH A THING!"

Perfect Wretch. "NO, MY DEAR—BUT THEN THE FURNITURE WAS QUITE NEW!"

THE DIRT PIE.

A Duet.

(BETWEEN JOHN AND JONATHAN.)

"JONATHAN, JONATHAN, tell me why
You rake that mud up in the street?"
"I guess I'm makin' A dirt pie,
And I reckon it's for you to eat.
Oh, Yes!"—"Oh, No!"
"But you shall, though."
"Nonsense, JONATHAN, nonsense! I?"
"Yes, you must eat that there dirt pie."

"Your invitation I regret
To say that I must quite decline;
I never have ate dirt as yet:
Nor shall that banquet now be mine."
"Oh, Yes!"—"Oh, No!"
"You shall do so;
That there dirt pie is meant for you;
Now that's a fact—so just turn to."

"JONATHAN, JONATHAN, pooh, pooh, pooh!
Your feelings if I ever hurt,
I'm very sorry."—"That won't do.
So lick up that there pie of dirt.
Oh, Yes!"—"Oh, No!"
"Your teeth why show?"
"I calculate that I shall grin,
Till you've tuck'd that there dirt pie in."

"JONATHAN, JONATHAN, come, Sir, come!
Carry this joke no farther, pray.
What? are you really quarrelsome,
Mean you in earnest what you say?"
"Oh, Yes!"—"Oh, No!"
"There, go, go, go!
And just don't touch me, whilst you try
To press upon me that dirt pie."

POLITICAL HYDROPHOBIA.

WE are afraid that some political Mad Dogs have got loose, and have been running about in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's Hall, where they were heard the other night snapping and snarling at everybody and everything. We do not consider them dangerous, for though they have abundance of jaw, they have no teeth, and it is therefore unnecessary to insist on their being muzzled, in conformity with the practice adopted towards rabid animals in the ordinary dog days. One of these hydrophobic individuals foamed away to the following effect: "Shall the people who once took a King into open court, tried him before his country, dragged him to the block, and rolled his head on the scaffold, shrink from doing justice on Ministers?" We presume that this mouthing maniac would propose to wheel the whole Cabinet off to the Tower of London, or perhaps pull up at the nearest block of new buildings and take possession of the scaffold. When a man begins to talk about rolling heads about as if they were mere skittle balls, we can well understand that his own head is of very little value. It says something for the good sense of the meeting to whom this rabid rubbish was addressed, that it was received with "derisive laughter." It is fortunate for the utterer that he excites no other feeling than contempt, for if any weight were attached to his words, they might take the form of a millstone that would affect his neck in a rather disagreeable manner.

Prussia Shut Out.

IF Prussia, past all debate, is to be finally shut out from the conference chamber in Paris, we trust that the Allies, in mere humanity, will permit Prussia to take a chair in the passage. Courtesy, too, may dictate the addition of a table, and thereupon a bottle of wine and a corkscrew.

OH, GEMINI!

In foreign politics though equals, quite,
Are BRIGHT and COBDEN, COBDEN isn't BRIGHT.

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER.—JOHN MITCHELL, Irish Patriot by trade, in a recent speech in America, "promised an army of 40,000 armed Irishmen to invade Ireland at their own expense!" They will be embodied as the "Ready-money Rangers."

RUSSIAN TRADE REPORT.

IT is confidently rumoured, that the present head of the House of ROMANOFF, intends no longer to carry on the business on the same principle as that which was pursued at such a ruinous loss by his late father. Report states that his foreign transactions, especially those with Turkey, will be arranged on an entirely new system, and that his attention will mainly be given to the domestic and internal affairs of the concern. Ample scope is offered to him for greatly extended operations in the export trade, particularly as regards the articles of corn, linseed, tallow, hemp, hides, bristles, and caviare. If ALEXANDER will really confine his aims to the cultivation and sale of Russian produce, there is no doubt whatever that he will find his profit infinitely greater than any that either his predecessors or himself have hitherto realised, besides being unattended with that frightful risk which he has had too good reason to see is incurred in the prosecution of more ambitious enterprises.

GOVERNMENT TENDERS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that with a view of properly promoting the interests of the nation, and of expediting beyond precedent its legislative progress, the Government are now prepared to receive Tenders for the supply, at intervals during the ensuing session, of Several Thousand Tons of strong Adhesive Plaister, such as may make all discursive and procrastinating members, in Opposition or otherwise, stick to public business. The Government are further prepared to receive with thankfulness any hints that may be given them as to the course to be adopted with long-winded orators, more especially Irishmen with (of course) a grievance, so as to bring them by degrees within the influence of the SPEAKER'S Early Closing Movement, and make them shut up sooner than has been their custom heretofore.

Extreme Fastidiousness.

THE Russian Minister was the cause of prohibiting at Berlin a piece called "Merely a Soul." We cannot understand this curious fastidiousness. Why, in England thousands and thousands of Souls are sold by auction almost every day at our Presentation sales, and yet you do not find our Ministers of the Church interfering in any way.

BANQUETS TO THE TENANTRY.



HE practice of entertaining tenantry to dinner, which prevails among the wealthy county families, has been imitated with only partial success by MR. JONES BROWNSMITH, of Bedford Street, who invited the whole of his lodgers, six in number, to a simple but abundant repast. The meal was served in the front parlour, and the table—a rather rickety one—groaned under a round of beef; two dishes of potatoes (one mashed, the other in the jackets), a market bunch of carrots, and a dumpling, familiarly known as “suet.” MR. JONES BROWNSMITH was supported on his right by the first-floor, while on his left we perceived the two-pair-front, the back-attic and the second-floor-front, opposite to whom were the two-pair-back,

and the occupant of a room whose position we could not learn. After the cloth had been removed, and the usual loyal toasts had been given, MR. JONES BROWNSMITH proposed the health and happiness of his tenantry, which was responded to by the first-floor with much feeling. MR. JONES BROWNSMITH, in acknowledging his own health, which was eloquently proposed by one of the attics, and seconded by the other, expressed his deep anxiety to adopt any plan that might be found conducive to the comfort of his tenantry. He had recently added a knocker to the street-door, and he left it to the tenantry themselves to arrange

the number of knocks that the friends of each should be requested to give, and he hoped that his efforts to promote their welfare would not be turned into a subject of discord. (*Loud cries of “hear!”*) After a few more speeches the party broke up, the conviviality having lasted till the liquor, of which the supply was limited, had been all consumed.

FREE OPINION.

A SONG FOR MANCHESTER.

(MR. MILNER GIBSON perhaps will take an early opportunity of obliging his Constituents with this Song.)

FREE Opinion will subdue
All who attack it,
With the sword in stout and true
Men’s hands to back it;
But unarm’d, to overthrow
Barbarous dominion,
All attempt will prove no go
To Free Opinion.

Free Opinion block’d a pass
With bricks of Sparta,
Headed by LEONIDAS:
Won Magna Charta;
But by other means than prate:
So do our Sardinian
Friends, and French, and selves, debate
For Free Opinion.

If you’d preach Opinion Free,
Don’t merely utter
Platform twaddle over tea
And bread-and-butter.
To prevail o’er brutal force,
Tyrant, slave, and minion;
Thrashing them’s the only course
For Free Opinion.

A NEW ALLY FOR OLD ENGLAND.

It is all very well to criticise Royal Speeches, and say there is nothing in them; but we would just ask the British public, whether its bosom did not bound with satisfaction, and we would also ask the Metropolis, why it did not illuminate after the perusal of the following paragraph—

“I have also concluded a Treaty of Friendship, Commerce, and Navigation with the Republic of Chili.”

Whatever may be our difficulties with America, our differences with Russia, or our dilemmas with any of our Allies, we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the friendship of Chili has been secured to us. Though America may brag, bluster, and attempt to bully; though Russia may trick us; and though Austria may possibly play a cunning game; we are at least assured, on the faith of the speech from the Throne, that while turning disgusted from the treachery of pretended European friends, and from the hostility of openly-avowed enemies, we can look to Chili for consolation and sympathy. Whatever may have been the failures of diplomacy in relation to the Eastern question, a triumph has been achieved by those negotiators who have secured the friendship of Chili to our country and our cause. Hitherto we have regarded Chili in connection with nothing but acerbity, for its vinegar has been the source of its fame; but henceforward we shall be prepared to associate nothing but sweetness with the name of that little republic [with whom we are henceforth united by the triple ties of Friendship, Commerce, and Navigation.

THE TRUCE.

(A Placard to be hung outside a Barber’s Shop in a Pantomime.)

For a Few Days,
The Fine Russian Bear
Will NOT be Slaughtered!!!

CONFESSION OF AN UGLY MAN.—Women are fond of telling us, that “They hate handsome men;” but you may be sure that it is only to ugly men they say so.

PUSEYITES AGAINST PEWS.

The Puseyites greatly disapprove of pews, in common with many who partake in no other respect of their sentiments respecting ecclesiastical furniture. Their aversion to pews induces them to construct churches of their own, in which those pews for the separation of the superior from the inferior classes of the flock are not put up. Has it ever occurred to any of our fine young Tractarian men of rank and fashion, that one method of carrying out their principles in this particular might be that, not of absenting themselves from, but of resorting in moderate numbers to, those churches in which the pew-system is most stiffly upheld, and taking up their position in the free seats? They would, of course, be attired in the very first and the most faultless taste, and the severe perfection of their entire style of man would tell strikingly among the charity gaberdines of the almsmen, and their mouldy old ruinous wearers. Thus the free seats would become fashionable, and would have to be increased, the pews in a corresponding ratio being swept away, unless, indeed, a few of the latter should be left in a remote corner, whereinto the LAZARUS-kind of people might get to be elbowd out of the way by the more splendidly miserable sort of sinners.

A MANAGER AND A CAPITALIST.

We see that MR. SMITH has put forward a placard in the shape of a receipt stamp, acknowledging the receipt of £23,000 on account of the Drury Lane Pantomime. This is a dangerous avowal, for how would MR. SMITH like the Income-Tax Commissioners coming down upon him, and insisting upon assessing him according to the amount returned by himself? Double Income-Tax on £23,000 would form a most ugly item to discharge on “Treasury-day.” But perhaps MR. SMITH would not mind paying every farthing of the tax with the greatest glee upon one trifling condition—and that is, the Income-Tax Commissioners being able to prove he had ever received the sum boasted of! Having satisfied their demands, we have no doubt the Drury Lane manager would be perfectly well satisfied with the balance.

THE TENDENCY OF THE MAN’S MIND!

MR. COBDEN, upon being asked by his French cook for a name for his little girl, unhesitatingly proposed, “CHARLOTTE RUSSE.”



LIMITED LIABILITY.

WORTHY MAGISTRATE. "Prisoner, you hear what the Policeman says, that you, and some ten or twelve other boys not yet in custody, were seen in the Act of Demolishing a Street Lamp; now what have you to say for yourself?"

PRISONER. "So please yer Worship, as there was more nor ten of us engaged in the Transgation, why I pleads Limited Liability."

BRIGHT v. PUNCH.

MR. BRIGHT has appeared at Manchester with the olive branch in his pacific hand. This olive branch he flourished about him with an energy to be envied by the possessor of a shillelah at the fair of Donybrook. This olive branch moreover had been preparedly steeped in oil of vitriol, and thus the blistering, burning dew that fell therefrom, was hardly to be expected from the symbol of peace. MR. BRIGHT thus sprinkled *Punch* :—

"You have seen a publication which ministers to the fun and laughter-loving propensities of the people, making admirable jokes because the pale messenger struck not at a cottage but at a palace, and summoned to his everlasting account the greatest monarch on the face of the earth."

Verily, MR. BRIGHT, this is not the fact. *Punch* never made admirable jokes upon what seemed to him an awful stroke of retribution, dealt upon a man made monstrous by a blasphemous power that gave to his yea or nay the life or death of hundreds of thousands. When the pale messenger had laid low the sceptred ogre of Russia—"the greatest monarch on the face of the earth" says the courteous BRIGHT), *Punch* saw in the desolator made desolate the chastising stroke of an outraged Deity. *Punch* essayed no "admirable joke;" but such is the aspersion of MR. BRIGHT's olive branch—such the vitriol drops!

Was not that a theme (asks MR. BRIGHT) that should have made

"Men hold their peace; for what struck him down will strike us down, and no one knows how soon. (Hear, hear.)"

Very true: but who shall say that the death of NICHOLAS—stricken in the hey-day of his mischief—was not universally received with a solemn joy? When the pale messenger had summoned him, was it to be forgotten how many thousands of the brave and good, he, the giant homicide, had sent as witnesses before him?

"Look at the influence of your pulpit. (Hear.) Bishops, the supreme guardians of the religion revealed in that Book which contains the Sermon on the Mount, ministers of the Established Church, Dissenting ministers in great numbers (hear, hear) have been found among the advocates of the War."

Our wickedness has been in our stiff-neckedness. Why did we oppose the policy of NICHOLAS? Does not the Sermon on the Mount forbid it? With one cheek smitten, we ought to have turned the other. Doubtless, the daily life of MR. BRIGHT is in such beautiful harmony with the Sermon on the Mount that he, above any other man, is justified in testing the lives of others by the divine precepts of that divine preaching. No man would take a blow so meekly as MR. BRIGHT—no man so long and so successfully resist the fleshly impulse about to call for a policeman. It is well known, too, that he holds his Rochdale mills only in trust for the poor; and it is further notorious, that he cannot keep two coats in his possession two days together, he is always so determined to give away one of the garments to "him that has none."

May we venture meekly to advise MR. BRIGHT that, the next time he seeks to flourish the olive branch, he does not dip it in vitriol, but give it a good sousing in the well of truth?

A Very Odious Comparison.

LORD DERBY has compared a portion of the QUEEN'S Speech to "Water Gruel." If his Lordship spoke in a slang sense, we can understand that the firm tone taken on the War question may have been considered to have administered their "gruel" to those who hoped that some feebleness in the language from the Throne might have been taken advantage of for paltry party purposes. If we may be excused for making a comparison of the Derby school, we should say that the Speech instead of resembling Gruel, has so well hit the mark as to be entitled to the appellation of Arrow-root.

A DROP FOR PRUSSIA.

In consequence of his indecisive and unsteady dealings between Russia and the Allies, FREDERICK WILLIAM THE FOURTH has had his title altered into that of FREDERICK WILLIAM THE SECONDRATE.



Sweep. "Parties! I ain't quite sich a Greenhorn as to go to Parties in Leap-Year. Why, you'd be engaged, and the Banns put up, afore yer knowed wick Gal it vos as had nabbed yer."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

February 4th, Monday. The LORD CHANCELLOR stated that Government was going to introduce a bill upon the subject of fees in County Courts, but that he "could not at that moment bring his memory to bear," as to what it contained; the fact being, of course, that he had never seen the bill and knew nothing at all about it, and had much better have said so. LORD CLANRICARDE discovered a grievance in the condition of the great clock and bells for SIR C. BARRY'S beautiful Clock Tower, close by. What made LORD CLANRICARDE feel sympathy for the clock it is difficult to say, unless it be that it has more face than good works to show. Neither can one see, with LORD GRANVILLE, why it should reflect credit on SIR BENJAMIN HALL that the chimes will possibly be heard from the tower this year, as *Punch* never heard of his founding bells or anything else, except a baronet's family.

In the Commons, SIR GEORGE GREY announced, that he should not alter the ticket-of-leave system; that he would not say what he would do about church rates, and that he would not give new powers to magistrates to punish woman-beaters, because the present act had not succeeded; and (he happened to know) "no law could succeed" in extinguishing crimes of that kind. MR. ROBERT LOWE moved for leave to bring in a bill for abolishing the tolls which ships pay on passing certain harbours, although not using them, and for the regulation of local dues on shipping. This bill would be a great boon to commerce; but it will be opposed tooth and nail by Liverpool and other places, where the Corporation tax ships to build themselves town halls and organs, and to pay for dinners and portraits of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA. If the House stands by the Government in the matter, the shipping may be saved from this kind of robbery. SIR GEORGE GREY brought in a bill to place all the police of the Metropolis under one head instead of two, not thinking that two heads were better than one; and certainly if the two squabble and sulk, and business is neglected, the sooner one head is knocked off the better. The Irish Solicitor-General, MR. FITZGERALD, brought in a bill for improving the Court of Chancery in Ireland, and of course three Tory lawyers abused it with a good deal of brogue and vigour.

Tuesday. Look out—there is TOMMY WILSON about—look to Hampstead Heath. A bill with an innocent title, "Leases and Sales of Settled Estates Bill" has been read a second time by the Lords, and when the dodge was tried on last session, the Commons instantly stuck in a clause discomfiting TOMMY, and the bill was thereupon dropped by its promoters. Here it is again without that clause. LORD DERBY, who has a healthy liking for open air amusement, declared the clause to be "reasonable," and we hope somebody, Liberal or Tory, will take care that it is inserted. It will not do,

SIR TOM; for since the time when, as another Tom sings of the Armada signals,

"High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north,"

the people of London have shown themselves too far north to stand any such start as yours. Let that Heath alone.

VINCENT SCULLY persists in his mischievous interference with the Sunday Question, and like an illogical Irish blunderer, as he is, threatens to move that all the clubs be shut up on Sunday, unless the exhibitions are opened. Such blockheads ruin whatever cause they advocate. *Mr. Punch* means to get VINCENT the Royal licence to call himself, as other people call him, Num Scully. The Currency Question—one of the subjects which, were Representation a reality instead of a sham, it would take up earnestly and gravely, is to be burked, but Government has no objection to a committee to inquire into the circumstances of the Bank. LORD PALMERSTON stated that there was to be an Armistice, but would tell nothing more. Thanks were voted to a retiring clerk at the table, MR. LEY, who has endured the debates for forty-two years, and is as well as could be expected. *Mr. Punch, M.P.*, to whom MR. LEY has always been most polite, begs to congratulate him on his release. SIR GEORGE GREY introduced rather a good County Police Bill, which seemed generally acceptable to the country gentlemen, notwithstanding its apparently fair principle.

Our friend BROTHERTON brought in his usual Midnight motion, and it was opposed by LORD PALMERSTON; who unblushingly said, that Members must not mind late hours, for they were sent to do the business of the country, and must do it. This effrontery was almost too much even for the House, which, however, hurried to division, and rejected the motion by 111 to 50. MR. PACKE then brought in a Church-Rate Bill, which SIR W. CLAY declared to be far worse than the present law, and assented to its introduction; but later in the week brought in a Bill for the entire Abolition of the Rate.

Wednesday. Morning sitting of the Commons, chiefly for chatter; but the Knocking Off Head of Police Bill was read a second time. It was subsequently passed. And, MR. BULL—the Army, Navy, and Ordnance Estimates for the year ending March 1857 were produced. How do you feel, Sir, and how is your good lady?

Thursday. The House of Lords presented, from five in the afternoon to three in the morning, a scene, which may be dignified with the varnishing terms of "constitutional," "intellectual," and the like; but which people who do not use varnish consider very degrading to a rational nation. The PARKE Peerage was the text; and LORDS LYNTHURST, ST. LEONARDS, CAMPBELL, and, we are sorry to say, BROUGHAM, put forth their forensic skill, to show that the QUEEN had been advised to do an unconstitutional thing in making LORD WENSLEYDALE a Peer for life only. The *carte* and *tierce* work was very clever; but what was the real question these law-lords fought; or rather what was the real proposition affirmed by the division? By a majority of 138 to 105 (including proxies, or pocket-votes, given for men who had made up their minds before hearing the case), the Lords decided that it was right that a man who had successfully practised the Humbug called Law, the Humbug called Stock-jobbing, or the Humbug called Politics, should be rewarded, not only with the Humbug called Title, but with something which is no Humbug at all,—the giving his descendants, for ever, the right to legislate, irresponsibly, for the millions of England. That is the opinion of the Peers of this realm, solemnly delivered at three in the morning of the 8th February, 1856.

MR. COLLIER introduced an Ecclesiastical Courts Reform Bill in the Commons, and SIR RICHARD BETHELL, for Government, threatened one for the entire and utter Abolition of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction. Threatened abuses live long. A motion by CAPTAIN SCOBELL, for an inquiry into our System of Naval Promotion, was, of course, opposed by officials past and present, and rejected by 171 to 80. CHARLEY NAPIER spoke rather irrelevantly, and BERNAL OSBORNE answered him very impertinently.

Friday. Another case, prophetically described by *Desdemona*, when she said, "Alas—my Lord is not my Lord," occurs. Poor MR. ROCHE, an Irishman who, for no particular reason, was made BARON FERMOY last year, finds that his title is indeed barren. The process required by the Act of Union, for converting Irishmen into lords, seems not to have been strictly complied with. However, ROCHE is to petition, and all will be right—why, by the way, as his patent is for three lives, didn't he have himself called LORD COCKROCHE, and take the Shakspearian motto, "Fillip me with a Three-Man-Beetle."

Be it noted that a bill was brought in for appointing a Minister of Education. He is not to have a seat in the Lords, but in the Commons—the word education being derived from *e ducibus*—away from the dukes.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH objected to LORD CLARENDON cutting away to Paris until the Kars debate had come off, and evidently thought that the Government was keeping back the Kars papers to afford the Foreign Minister that escape. What we in England call taking the train, the Americans call taking the Cars, and it is not to LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S credit that he missed a neat taunt which he might have founded on that happy coincidence.

In the Commons, poor SIR CHARLES WOOD made a helpless exhibition of himself, in pretending to justify the ignorance of our naval commanders, who allowed the Russian squadron to escape us in the Chinese Seas. With the impertinence of mediocrity, WOOD said, that "he could not admit that it was the duty of HER MAJESTY'S Government to sift every story that might appear in the public papers;" and then tried to confuse the subject in a long description of the geographical features of the scene, "spoken," says the *Times*, "with even more than his customary indistinctness of utterance, so that the explanation could be heard neither by members nor reporters." As he was merely talking nonsense, and knew it, this was of no particular consequence, but such people as WOOD should not be insolent.

MR. COBDEN then brought up the American Question, stated that he did not know the condition of affairs, but hoped that, as we had been in error, we should make any reparation rather than quarrel. "If," he said, "you tread on a man's toes, what does it matter whether you beg his pardon, or beg him ten thousand pardons?" This is precisely the tone one would have expected from such a person. LORD PALMERSTON'S answer was that of an English gentleman. We had offered to refer the treaty difficulty to arbitration; this had not been accepted, and the House was welcome to the papers. On the Enlistment Question, we had made concessions which he should have thought satisfactory as between gentleman and gentleman, and with which, when offered to the American Minister here, he had expressed himself satisfied, and felt assured that his Government would be. The PREMIER promised that nothing should be wanting on the part of the Cabinet to prevent a collision; but that due regard must be paid to the honour and character of the nation. The House then joined in chorus with a version of the American anthem, as now sung by MR. JOHN BULL:—

"Yankee Doodle, do not frown,
Though you're brisk and bouy;
The jewels in VICTORIA'S crown
Ain't paste or macaroni,
London is a pretty town,
So is Philadelph'y;
You shall have a sugar-plum,
And I'll have one myself-y,"

PROFITABLE CRIMINALS.



NOTION used to be prevalent that a locality is rather degraded and injured by the presence of crime; but the modern idea seems to be that a neighbourhood is improved by criminal notoriety. Some place the other day complained bitterly of a suggestion that a murderer should be hanged in another town, and a memorial was actually forwarded to the authorities, claiming the right of the citizens to all the profits arising out of the execution of their own fellow townsman and murderer. Common humanity would probably wish to disown an assassin, but

it seems that if anything is to be got by the attraction of hanging him, he will be eagerly claimed as a neighbour. Surely this kind of feeling is likely to give a sort of encouragement to crime, and a man of loose morality may be made to believe that there is a species of patriotism in committing a very startling crime, which, if it leads to an interesting trial, and a subsequent death on the gallows, may be a source of considerable profit to his fellow-citizens. As gambling is encouraged by the Government of certain petty States for the profit it yields by the concourse of idlers it collects, we may, if we do not enter our protest, find grave offences countenanced on the ground of the income to be derived from the interest attending their trial, and the excitement caused by their punishment.

"For Valour."

THE Victoria Cross is given only to soldiers and sailors performing extraordinary acts of valour in presence of the enemy: the Cross is of bronze. There ought to be another Cross bestowable upon those heroes whose courage has been in defiance of all public opinion. This Cross should be of brass. Already we could name several heroes—peers, too!—worthy of the distinguishing metal, and of no other.

CAN a man be Shaved in his absence?—Certainly, if man and wife are one flesh, and the lady goes to a Linendraper's.

A FOOTMAN AND A POET.

WE have no scruples—save olfactory ones—in returning to the dissection of JENKINS of the *Morning Plush*. For as the wisdom and goodness of Nature may be demonstrated from the organisation of a beetle, so a lesson in decency and morality may be read from the wriggings of such a crawling thing as a "fashionable journalist."

JENKINS is again before us as a critic; and the Footmanly mind is once more revealed in all its flunkeyism. Recently CALVES JENKINS, Esq. has favoured the public—that is to say, the unfortunates who take in and are taken in by the *Plush*—with his objections to GÖTTE and DR. WHEWELL. Now, JENKINS discourseth of Poetry; and a copy of CHARLES MACKAY'S new and admirable poem, the *Lump of Gold*, having been inadvertently sent by MR. ROUTLEDGE to the *Plush*, (unless, indeed, JENKINS found the book on the carriage cushion, while he was waiting until my Lady should emerge from SWAN and EDGAR'S) the Flunkey breaketh loose upon it.

Of course, one would not dream of seriously examining a "criticism" in the *Morning Plush*. One would as soon, or sooner, comment upon its editorial puffs for tradesmen, wherein an allusion to the melancholy slaughter in a Crimean battle, and to the agonies of bereaved families, dexterously leads up to an announcement where fashionable mourning may be bought. Indeed, these are the best things the leading article-writers of the *Plush* turn out, for they understand their subjects. But literary criticism in the *Plush* is merely ludicrous. The JENKINS of the minute, whoever he may be, does not even comprehend the meaning of words. For example, he says that MR. MACKAY'S verse is "flexible and fluent;" and the next instant, not knowing what "fluent" means, says that "it flows along melodiously." He also goes on to say, that it is "intelligible" (we should like to see how this word was spelt in the "copy"—will a reader bet that it was not written "intelligible?"); but this is evidently an exaggeration. It is not intelligible to the meanest capacity, at any rate; for JENKINS proceeds to show that he does not understand it. But we do not bandy criticism with a JENKINS. It is rather the flunkey animus that prompted the *Plush*'s abuse of MR. MACKAY that we would point out; the mere Billingsgate itself is not worth notice. It is only vulgar and stupid; and some of the language is so low, that we should not wonder if notice were taken of it in the servants' hall.

But the "fashionable journalist" is disgusted with the poet because he has written songs which have made their way to the heart of the people—the dirty, rude, offensive people, that laugh at JENKINS'S pink stockings and nose-gay, the *beests*—songs which, because they speak of hope and fellowship and struggle and progress, embody the people's feelings, and become the people's utterances. This the philanthropist in plush cannot forgive, and so he abuses MR. MACKAY for having sung that a good time was coming; whereas we have had "one of the bloodiest wars on record," because murder is frequent, doctors poison patients, and PAUL and Co. were fraudulent. This is the sort of trash that passes for argument with the anile patrons of the *Plush*; and this is the enlightened and liberal spirit in which a "fashionable journalist" deals with a poet. The flunkey instinct is indestructible; it is a vile humour that breaks out in blains and blotches like these *Morning Plush* criticisms. An aristocrat, a gentleman, may not have two opinions in common with a man of the people; yet they can meet mutually respecting each other, and part wishing each other well. But the creature that comes between, the Flunkey, of whom the *Plush* is a type in journalism, a servile toady to one of the men, an insolent HECTOR to the other,—he, with his "genteel" ideas and his dirty nature, cannot a-bear a common low plebeian, derides his feelings and despises his songs. Hence the *Morning Plush*, thinking in its ignorant scophancy, that ladies and gentlemen share the mean instincts of flunkeyism, seeks to please its patrons by abusing one of the people's poets; a man who has written truthfully vigorously and nobly, and has therefore deserved—and long may he experience—the hostility of such crawling creatures as the writer in the *Morning Plush*.

Symptoms of Peace.

WE imagine that the CZAR is this time in earnest; for we have been told that he has ordered no less than 500 diamond Snuff-boxes. It is most curious the intimate connection between peace and snuff! Every treaty is concluded with a general distribution of *tabatières*, more or less diamond-dotted. The Freedom of Europe seems to lie in a snuff-box. However, we hope the plenipotentiaries will keep themselves wide awake, and not allow the EMPEROR ALEXANDER to throw snuff into their eyes.

The Premier of the Peace Movement.

STATE etiquette suggests a reason why HER MAJESTY had better have MR. COBDEN for her Premier than LORD PALMERSTON. She would find the hon. member for the West Riding a readier hand than the noble Lord, the member for Tiverton, at backing out.



TOO BAD, BY JOVE!

Heavy Swell. "DEUCED STUPEID—THESE NEWSPAPERS!"

Lady (with keen perception of the ludicrous). "YES, CHARLES!—ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY SAY THAT A DISMOUNTED DRAGOON IS ABOUT AS EFFECTIVE AS A SWAN ON A TURNPIKE ROAD!"

A PETT PARSON.

THERE appears to be a parish called Pett, which rejoices in a Pett Parson, whose peculiarities have recently been the subject of Newspaper comment. This gentleman seems to combine the nautical with the clerical in no ordinary degree; and indeed the Pastor appears to be almost sunk in the Tar, except when both are swamped in the brandy-bottle. Such a rollicking, roaring, reverend blade as this Pett Parson, has scarcely ever been met with in the annals—which are rather voluminous—of clerical eccentricity. So thoroughly imbued does he seem to have been with a love for the sea, and other liquids, that his gait has contracted all the unsteadiness of the quarter-deck, and the quartern. His chief delight was to assume the character of a captain in the Navy; a part he will now be able to play for two entire years, as he is to be relieved during that time from the care of the souls of his parishioners. ARCHDEACON ALLEN, who appears to have more respect for the Church than for the Navy, and who cannot appreciate the merits of a roystering Rector or a vinous Vicar, is rather scandalised at the idea of the pulpit being made a sort of chapel-of-ease to the public-house, which has been the general scene of the devotions of the reverend gentleman, for it is the spot to which he has usually devoted himself.

We are disposed to agree with ARCHDEACON ALLEN in thinking, that when a Parson has once fairly reeled out of his parish in a state of inebriety, it would be better that he should not be allowed to stagger back again under any circumstances whatever. We trust the ARCHDEACON will carry out the reform he has so courageously commenced; and, though he may expect to be met by all kinds of difficulties; though he may be tripped up with an old church canon at one moment, pelted with a bit of Rubric at the next, and half stunned with a volley of old statutes at almost every turn; we strongly recommend him to persevere in the excellent work he has undertaken.

COTTON VERY DULL.—The Russian Peace Party of Manchester has been called a faction. Its condition may be more fully and accurately described as that of stupefaction.

THE HOUSE OF STORKS.

BARON PARKE, hatched into LORD WENSLEYDALE, has been terribly pecked at. The aquiline LYNDBURST has come down upon him, beak and talons. Plain JOHN CAMPBELL crows defiantly as any black cock; and even BROUGHAM, unsoftened by the balmy airs of the Mediterranean, has a turn with the fledgling peer. In places where storks congregate and breed—in the pretty city of Lubeck for instance—it is not an uncommon joke among the practical wags of that hilarious, mercurial abiding-place to substitute in the nest of a stork the egg of a goose for the egg hereditary. The gosling is duly hatched, and full soon the scandal brought upon the House of Storks is discovered by that august, long-legged assembly. Well, the House of Storks immediately gather together, and make an attack upon the unhappy little gosling—he could, at the best, be but an honorary life-stork, no chance of issue being permitted him amidst the noble body into which he has been adroitly smuggled)—and, with very little to-do, rend the woolly intruder to pieces.

But the vengeance of the House of Storks does not stop here. By no means. The gosling shame, the counterfeit stork being disposed of, the putative parents of the misbegotten bird have also their punishment; being so beaten, harried, and harassed by the House of Storks in general, that the only safety for the oppressed is in sudden and distant flight. In this, the House of Storks has the advantage of the House of Lords. Gosling PARKE may, as a life-peer, be picked and nibbled to pieces, but the wicked wag who placed the goose's egg in the stork's nest—in fact, the ennobling parent of the goose—escapes all consequences. A PARKE (as peer) perishes; but PALMERSTON is safe.

Mr. Punch does Penance.

MISLED by erroneous reports and the blast of LORD CARDIGAN'S own trumpet, *Mr. Punch* once represented his Lordship as a hero. He begs to apologise for the blunder, and pledges himself never to stake anything upon that *card again*.



BONNETTING THE NEW BOY PARKE.

"POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES."

THERE once was an admiral—BYNG was his name—
At Minorca, 'twas said, on our flag he brought shame.
Those who studied the facts said it wasn't his fault,
That the Government grudged him the means of assault;
But the party in power BYNG's party was not,
So ADMIRAL BYNG was condemn'd to be shot.
And this view of the case VOLTAIRE's *bon-mot* exprest,
That the Admiral died "To encourage the rest."

SIMPSONS, CARDIGANS, LUCANS, and AIREYS, and all,
On whose backs our Crimean discredits must fall,—
Bless your stars, you have fallen on days when the *Times*,
Not Court-martials and Commons, judge you and your crimes.
You're tried and found guilty, but certainly not
Condemn'd ("to encourage the rest") to be shot;
With promotion rewarded, and orders and stars,
You show brows without blushes, and breasts without scars.

An incapable AIREY, whose apathy cost
Many thousands their lives from mud, fever, and frost,
Of England appears Quartermaster-in-Chief,
The same post that abroad in he came to such grief.
A LUCAN, o'er heel-ball and pipe-clay supreme;
A CARDIGAN, too, of Park heroes the cream,—
Whose blundering, display'd on the grandest of scales,
Reduced their troop-horses to gnaw their own tails—
One a crack hussar regiment as Colonel neglects,
Which the other, as General Inspector, inspects!

English Officers—mark—'tis a lesson for you:
Do nothing yourselves, and what's well done undo:
Be as sluggish, short-sighted, conceited, and dull,
As mighty in muddle, as monstrous in mull,
As inapt at the learning of all you should learn,
As devoid of wise forethought and generous concern;
Public wrath and contempt, as they've stemm'd you will stem,
And will reach, in the long-run, to honour like them.
We are soft now-a-days as our fathers were hard;
"To encourage the rest"—where they shot, we reward.

THE SWEEPINGS OF SCIENCE.

THE latest accounts from New South Wales include a list of donations to the Australian Museum; which seems to promise to comprise as large a bundle of miscellaneous rubbish, as some of the infant Museums in our provincial towns are found to contain. The first item of a startling nature that caught our attention is—

"A centipede presented by MASTER KEON."

and we cordially congratulate that young gentleman on having got the Centipede off his hands. How MASTER KEON became possessed of the Centipede is a puzzle to us; but that his Mamma should have exclaimed, "Take away the nasty creature," and that young KEON should have straightway carried it off to the Museum and presented it to the authorities, is all natural enough. The "next article," as the linendrapers say, when they insist on showing you the whole contents of a warehouse, when you want to purchase a quarter of a yard of "edging" or any other trifle; the "next article" is—

"A native dress from the Feejees. Presented by CAPTAIN W. LEE."

No description is given of the dress in question; but, judging, from our own experience of aboriginal costume, we should say that the "native dress" would probably consist of a bunch of feathers, a few beads, and an old door-mat, in which the forest chieftains are generally satisfied to make their appearance, when they think it worth while to attempt any *toilette* at all. Another contributor to the Museum has liberally placed "the portions of an egg-shell" at the disposal of the trustees. Some bits of egg-shell do not promise at first sight a very rich repast to the lovers of science; but the fragments in question derive some interest from the statement, that they formed a part of the habitation of some very strange bird, now said to be extinct. We must admit that the Australians are not very far behind us as "collectors" of rubbish with scientific names, and with a few black-beetles on pins, the Museum may be considered as almost complete.

Query for a Parliamentary Novice.

WOULD the fact of a person giving a box-keeper a shilling for a place in the dress-circle come under the head of bribery and corruption, and would such a person be liable to be turned out of the Theatre, as a member is out of Parliament, upon its being proved he had purchased his seat?

"COCK ROBIN" AT GUILDHALL.

MR. JAMES WHITEWOOD, the well-known publisher, appeared before SIR FRANCIS MOON, to answer an information laid by MR. PANIZZI, of the British Museum.

MR. PANIZZI appeared in person, and was in no way ashamed to do so. He had a duty to perform, and was always performing it. The defendant had failed to deliver into the Library of the British Museum, a copy of a new edition of *Cock Robin's Death and Funeral*. How was it possible for him (PANIZZI) to finish the much-desired catalogue, if books were sent in thus irregularly? To be sure, *Cock Robin's Death and Funeral* might be inserted either under the letter C, or D, or E, or F,—it didn't matter which; but the defendant had nothing to do with that.

The defendant pleaded guilty to the omission; but said, in extenuation, he really thought the visitors to the Library had suffered no injury from his neglect.

MR. PANIZZI requested to be allowed to beg the defendant's pardon. Within the last two or three months, the last edition of *Cock Robin* had been continually inquired for by gentlemen employed on pantomimes, and painfully conscientious as to the authority of their effects.

The defendant in the handsomest manner, presented MR. PANIZZI with three copies of *Cock Robin*; which MR. PANIZZI having consigned to his pocket, he was about to retire.

The defendant.—I beg your pardon, it will save time, if you also take with you a copy of *Jenny Wren*. It is not yet published, but will be out to-morrow. Further, *Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son*, will be ready for delivery in a day or two.

MR. PANIZZI, mildly but firmly, refused to take with him anything but *Cock Robin*. He, however, intimated to the defendant that if *Jenny Wren* and the *Piper's Son* were not forwarded to the Museum within a month, it would be his (Mr. P.'s) painful duty again to pull him (defendant) up before the Alderman. He had a duty to perform, and the interests of literature were not to be trifled with. He had already caused two publishers to be fined, who flying in the face of the statute, had not sent to the Museum their variorum editions of *The Ratcatcher's Daughter*.

DUNDERHEADS UNDER FIRE.

THE following profound query was—according to a writer in the *Times*, under the signature of "COSMOPOLITAN," addressed to SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS by COLONEL DUNNE:—

"Have not a great many of those men who have gone out without any previous practical knowledge of fortification, acquired practical knowledge under fire in the trenches?"

Whereunto the distinguished party under examination returned this simple, but satisfactory answer:—

"Yes; and many lives have been lost in consequence."

On reflection, COLONEL DUNNE will no doubt have perceived, that though it may be possible for a knowledge of practical fortification under fire in the trenches to be beaten into the head, yet it is equally if not more likely, that a shell or a cannon-shot should, however thick the head may be, beat all knowledge whatsoever out of it.

A QUERY FOR THE COMMONS?

"MR. WARREN will address the *Electors*."—*Midhurst Hand-bills*.

"MR. WALPOLE's Committee will pay the travelling expenses of Voters."—*Times*.

SAYS WALPOLE to WARREN, "the House being barren
Of *Copia Verborum*, you *must* sit for Midhurst."
SAYS WARREN to WALPOLE, "we certainly *shall* poll
Two thousand at Cambridge, if money we bid durst."

Of loose talk and corruption, our Commons among,
While there is what there is, which addition were worse—
A WARREN who gets there by length of the tongue,
Or a WALPOLE who gets there by length of the purse?

A Cradle for Baby.

THE city of Paris presents a most beautiful and ornate cradle to the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH for the expected baby. All well and good: still, we prefer a cradle of more primitive material. For instance, we should like to see in France another sort of cradle—namely, the cradle of liberty.

NEARER THE TRUTH.—Testimonials generally take the shape of salvers. Considering the hollowness of the professions that usually accompany such gifts, the better term for these conventional presentations would be, we think, "lip-salvers."

TURR, QUATERQUE BEATUS.



SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR, our new ambassador at Vienna, has already displayed there some of the perseverance which made him so offensive to NICHOLAS and ABERDEEN when he was at St. Petersburg. He has fairly bored the Austrians into saving the life of COLONEL TURR. SIR HAMILTON is stated "rarely to have had an interview with COUNT BUOL, without reminding him of a promise to intercede for this unlucky deserter." The latter is pardoned, in consideration of the fact that he has worn the English uniform. The circumstances and conditions of the pardon justify the Virgilian motto *Mr. Punch* prefixes to this record: First, The Colonel's life is spared. Secondly, He is to quit Austria. Thirdly, He is never to return

to it. And in addition to all this good luck, Fourthly—*quaterque*—he has the honour of being congratulated by *Mr. Punch* on his escape from the bloodthirsty savages of Austrian generals, who "insisted strongly on his being put to death."

"*Felix TURR, et amplius.*"

A CHIEF JUSTICE TERRIFIED.

We should not have suspected LORD CAMPBELL of nervousness, or of being frightened at a trifle, if we had not read in a recent report of a trial his assertion, that "he had been really alarmed at an expression that fell from the lips of a jurymen." The bugbear that had struck such terror into the heart, and had played such mischief with the pluck of the C. J. of the Q. B. was nothing more nor less than an exclamation from a jurymen that "he did not think much of a puffing advertisement." There had been an action between two bakers, one of whom had bought a business which the other had advertised as "doing six sacks a-week," when it had only "done four," and upon one of the jurymen saying he laid little stress on an advertisement, LORD CAMPBELL declared himself "alarmed" at the avowal. Surely his lordship has never had the simplicity to believe in all the wonderful cures of quack medicines, or the miraculous effect of hair-dyes; nor can he for a moment have supposed that if he had rubbed in a few bottles of anybody's Elixir into his almost bald head, he would have come out with a crop equal in luxuriance to the "real gentleman's head of hair—no parting visible"—in a week or two. At the risk of frightening his lordship out of his wits by exciting further alarm, we cannot help avowing that we also do not attach much importance to the statements made in Newspaper advertisements.

Something in a Name?

A VERY little while ago PATRICK MAC MURPHY—for private reasons of his own—quitted Ireland for London. It was necessary for PATRICK to change his name. By a lucky accident he took that of ELLIOTT; when, to his astonishment, but we think not to the astonishment of our readers, he found himself the very next day appointed to a place—and a good one, too,—under Government!

THE MORNING'S REFLECTION.

Old Gentleman (mumbling over his breakfast). "One of the drawbacks of this abominable spread of Education is, that your Servant, since the confounded fellow has learnt to read, insists upon looking at the Newspaper before you do! Bother your Civilisation, say I!"

IN THE MATTER OF TWO HALF-CROWNS.

MR. PUNCH to MESSRS. SOWERBY AND TATHAM, *Linendrapers, Regent-Circus.*

GENTLEMEN,—Believe me, I have read of your late trial with an emotion so strong that, like an agitated cuttle-fish, my feelings must come out in ink; I consider you not only ill-used men, looking upon you as members of the human family, but as outraged linendrapers, considering you in the impure gas-light of shopkeepers.

A young gentleman of handsome face, and frank, ingenuous bearing, enters your shop—repository is, I believe, a more courteous phrase—on a certain dark, dank night in October. The gentleman makes a purchase; tenders two half-crowns, which the cashier—a man, do doubt, of aquiline quickness of eye, of weasel-like delicacy of ear, for the false appearances and the flat ring of bad money—declares to be bad! Well, if the opinion of a cashier in a shop of Metropolitan magnitude is in a matter of money to be questioned, there is an end, as *Mr. Punch* considers, to all retail business. I have the greatest faith in the infallibility of cashiers in general. I am sure of it, there is hardly one of the gifted body who could not tell how much copper was in HIERO's crown, by merely smelling at the rim of the diadem. Well, on the authority of the cashier a policeman is, singularly enough, obtained, and the astounded young gentleman is given into his safe keeping; and, tightly gripped by the wrist, is taken through the streets to St. Giles's station-house, a circling crowd, with running comments and side-notes attending. I leave the culprit on her way.

Gentlemen,—Your cashier is a man of considerable powers of decision. Cherish that man. True it is—the young gentleman gave her own address. Further, she gave the address of the lady in whose employment she worked milliner's-work. Further still, she gave the address of her sister OLIVIA—(she dwelt no wider away than George Street, Hanover Square)—supplicating in her amazement and terror at the charge, that her sister might be sent for. The cashier was deaf to all this raving. All entreaties fell upon his practised ear like so many pocket-pieces: he, at once, detected their falsehood, and firmly bade the policeman secure his charge.

Well, by this time, ELLEN GREAVES has arrived, with tag-rag escort,

at St. Giles's station. Twirled into a stone cell, she is not kept waiting, for a searcher is in immediate attendance. The outrage is completed: the gentleman being stript for further discovery of counterfeit coin; of course, she having brought just as much base money into the station-house as new-born babies (even heirs of peerages) bring with them into the world of lawful coin.

Well, Gentlemen, it is very odd—very perplexing. How could the cashier have been mistaken? The two half-crowns, a little dimmed only by contact of quicksilver, are absolutely lawful, current metal!

MESSRS. SOWERBY AND TATHAM,—I, *Punch*, honour the emotion that induced you to apologise in the wide-world columns of the *Times*, in the thread-paper columns of the *Post*—apologise to the terrified, outraged young gentleman, whose wounded feelings you were further willing to stanch with a £5-note. What, then? Women, even the most gentle women, are now and then wayward, and flighty as rose-buds in a high wind. Five pounds were refused, though offered not so very long after notice of action had been served; when your magnanimity rose to ten pounds, and this must have been, in the language of your profession, at an alarming sacrifice of feeling, or of something. The ten pounds being rejected, of course, MESSRS. SOWERBY AND TATHAM, nothing remained to you but to throw yourselves upon twelve jurymen. You did so.

The trial came on; and, as a fearless censor of public men, I cannot sufficiently condemn the licence of the Bench, that permitted LORD CAMPBELL to indulge in very illiberal remarks, reflecting upon the house of SOWERBY AND TATHAM. LORD CAMPBELL, evidently to poison the minds of the jury, took the trouble to express himself in these very bitter words:

"He thought the defendants had conducted themselves very harshly and inconsiderately. The appearance of this young woman spoke for itself; he might say she brought a letter of recommendation with her. Never since he was a judge, or at the bar, had he seen a witness whose conduct in the box was more unexceptionable."

Now this may be very well for LORD CAMPBELL, who no doubt is very learned in the letter of the law; but if he knew anything of life—especially of life behind the London counter—he would know that, for the most part, tradesmen cannot read; that is, they cannot read letters written by nature and habit in human faces. Whether it is, that too close an application to figures and ledger-lines blunt the finer powers, otherwise perceptive, both of God's writing in faces of beauty and

goodness, as of the broad marks of Evil, slashed and grooved in the countenances of rogues and swindlers; whether it is this, or whether it is too continuous a study of crowned heads on Mint metal—I, *Mr. Punch*, will not decide; but I must declare my conviction that, for the most part, London tradesmen are so lamentably ignorant that they cannot read a word of two syllables, namely, the word "Newgate," though it be written in the whole oval of a face, from the scalp to the chin.

Otherwise, my dear Sirs, how could that transparent rascal—a swindler as visible as a policeman's bull's-eye—that CAPTAIN FITZMILLEFLEURS, have made such a razzia of the whole West End? How could COUNT TOPEMOFF have made such levies? How could the CHEVALIER DE BUNKEM, with a mouth as open to conviction as the Penitentiary Gate, how could he have sacked half Regent Street? No: London tradesmen cannot read faces: and it was, at the least, ungenerous in LORD CAMPBELL to taunt them with their ignorance.

Well, my dear Sirs, the jury gave the young gentlewoman for damages the sum of £20, and the virtuous public is indignant. "It ought to have been five, ten, twenty times twenty," cry the SMITHS, the BROWNS, the ROBINSONS. And here it is, Gentlemen, that *Mr. Punch* would—whilst condoling with you—rebuke these folks, so very thoughtless in the intense virtue of their profound indignation.

Mr. Punch, then, says to these public censors: Granted, twenty pounds are not much; nay, as a reparation to the outraged lady, it is very paltry. But, still consider the condition of MESSRS. SOWERBY AND TATHAM. Poor men! There are law expenses; no trifle: and further, there may be a loss, a daily loss, to their very elegant establishment in what may not be taken over the counter. Timid ladies may pause at the threshold, and nervously ask themselves, if they are quite sure their money is good? Their fluttering bosoms may be agitated by the idea of a policeman; and they may be almost ready to drop—as they often are—at a half-thought of the station-house and the searcher!

It is therefore, Gentlemen, that I, *Punch*, condole with you upon the aggregate misfortunes attending you, in the too prompt cashier, in the unkind, to say the least of it, aspersion of LORD CAMPBELL,—and in the probable timidity of the feminine public aforesaid. In the depths of my sympathy, I beg you to

Accept the assurance of my consideration,

PUNCH.

P.S. I would advise you—by way of memento—to have mailed to your counter two half-crowns. Perhaps you may obtain the identical two all too rashly condemned by BRUTUS, the cashier, as tendered by MISS ELLEN GREAVES, the gentlewoman, carrying in her face heaven's "letter of recommendation."

BORN PHYSICIANS OF THE STATE.

THE creation of MR. JUSTICE PARKE a peer for the term of his natural life will, it is expected, give rise to much discussion in the Upper House. It will be considered in the light of an attack on the principle of hereditary legislation, regarded by many hereditary legislators, and their tailors, and other dependents, as one of the bulwarks of the British constitution. By other noblemen it will be considered as a step towards rendering the Peerage a natural nobility. A compromise may be proposed between those who consider that the capacity of legislation has to be acquired, and those who deem it hereditary. As the son of a doctor is not recognised as a born physician, so neither let the son of a peer be, simply as such, accepted as a born lawmaker.

But, on the other hand, as in the medical profession, the seventh son of a seventh son is popularly esteemed a naturally qualified practitioner, so, not the eldest-son, but the seventh son of the seventh son of a peer, might be entitled, on the mere ground of birth, to a seat in the House of Lords; and if this plan were adopted, the hereditary element in that august assembly would, without being abolished, be reduced to that proportion, in which it would operate most advantageously for the national welfare.

A Bitter Plant.

SOME wicked wag of a friend has planted a beggar at the gates of the British Embassy at Paris. He is in attendance every evening after eight o'clock, and it is his business to offer, according to the Parisian custom, toothpicks for sale to every one who leaves the Embassy. It is quite clear that the beggar can only have been planted there from the mere love of sport and practical joking; for upon inquiry we have ascertained that, though he has been stationed at his post regularly every night for the last two months, he has not yet sold a single toothpick. In fact, every visitor, to whom he makes the offer, rejects it with the greatest derision and contumely. He has narrowly escaped being chastised for his impudence more than once.

"BEST SECONDS."—Quakers, or friends that give information to the Police, so that you are not allowed to fight.

RECTIFICATION OF THE BOUNDARY OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.



Now would be just SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON's time for getting a bill enabling him to enclose Hampstead Heath smuggled through Parliament. Everybody's attention being engrossed with matter so momentous as the Peace Negotiations and our relations with America, the interests of the Cockneys are little likely to obtain the slightest measure of consideration. Whether the mouth of the Danube shall be free, is a question which bids fair to exclude all solicitude as to the extent of range which shall be accorded to donkeys and their riders in and about the Vale of Health. The rectification of the CZAR'S

boundary will pre-occupy senators who would otherwise not be indifferent or unconcerned respecting the limits prescribed to WILSON by his father's will. Now, then, SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON may push his annual bill on with good hope of success. Nobody will be in the least alarmed, or even interested, by the information that a bill has accordingly been read a second time in the House of Lords under the name of the Leases and Sales of Settled Estates Bill, which, according to the LORD CHANCELLOR, is a similar measure to one which passed their Lordships' house last session; but which, having been altered by the House of Commons, "with reference to a particular case," did not become law. It is now going, or has gone, down to the lower House, minus the alteration in reference to "that particular case." The following remarks, which fell from LORD COLCHESTER on the second reading of the bill in question, will no doubt set the Metropolitan mind quite at rest with reference to the particular case in point:—

"LORD COLCHESTER said, that the effect of the bill which had been introduced on the part of SIR T. M. WILSON would not be, as was generally alleged, the Enclosure of Hampstead Heath, and would not be to deprive the public of any enjoyment they derived from that favourite place of resort."

The vexatious vigilance and jealousy of the London public and its representatives having been, as of course they will be, completely lulled by the above assurance, nobody of course will take the trouble to inquire, whether LORD COLCHESTER is mistaken or not in the view which he takes of the prospective operation of the bill that has been introduced on the part of SIR T. M. WILSON. SIR T. M., by the exercise of a little adroitness, will be in a position to reap the reward of his long-suffering, and slip any little clause which may suit his convenience under noses engaged upon another scent. The Heath will then no longer be trodden by an unprofitable public; trim villas, surrounded by green fences, and gleaming in the splendour of stucco and compo, will arrest the gaze of the genteel and the progress of the vulgar; the mob will be restricted to the premises of its own Jack Straw, and well-dressed children will pluck flowers on the site of the ponds where coarsely-clad urchins now catch sticklebacks.

Deterioration of the English Public.

IN something more than three-and-twenty nights, the Drury Lane Manager has, he tells us, taken £23,000. This is at about a thousand pounds a-night. When Drury Lane was at its highest prices, it was once made to hold £900. This was when GEORGE THE FOURTH, after a long retirement, appeared in the Royal box, and the loyal public were only too happy to pay to be allowed to stand in the lobbies or sit on the staircases. And now, it seems, the present proprietor of Drury Lane, at something less than half-prices, takes nearly a thousand pounds per night! What does this prove, but that Englishmen have undergone a frightful deterioration of bulk and stature since the reign of ELLIS-TON; it being very plain two Englishmen of our time hardly occupying the place of one in his day!

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SKYE-TERRIER PUPPY.



DROWSILY REFLECTS ON THINGS IN GENERAL.



DISCOVERS THAT HE STANDS IN NEED OF REFRESHMENT; AND SIGNIFIES THE SAME BY EATING THE HANDLE OF A HASSOCK.



HIS WISHES ARE ATTENDED TO.—"My sky shall not want." Henry V. Act iii. Sc. 7.



TAKES A SIESTA; PREFERRING TO LIE IN UNCOMFORTABLE, NOT TO SAY ABSURD, POSITIONS.



IS TAKEN A WALK. FOLLOWS, BEAUTIFULLY!



IS TROUBLED WITH FL**S.



ENDEAVOURS TO MAKE A JUGGERNAUT OF HIMSELF.



MAKES A COWARDLY AND UNPROVOKED ATTACK ON A LADY OF TENDER YEARS. "The persecutions of the sky." King Lear, Act ii. Sc. 3.



TESTIFIES HIS JOY BY ADOPTING A REMARKABLE GRIN, TOGETHER WITH A CRAB-LIKE METHOD OF PROGRESSION.



IS AGAIN TROUBLED WITH FL**S.—N.B. This interesting process is repeated every three minutes.



IS HUSTLED INTO A CORNER BY SOME PLAYFUL LAMBS, WHO "FLOUT THE SKY."



TAKES A BATH; A SANITARY PROCESS WHICH IS MORE USEFUL THAN ORNAMENTAL.



MAKES OVERTURES OF FRIENDSHIP, WHICH ARE REJECTED.



SITS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, AND DOGGELLY DETERMINES TO GO NO FURTHER.



RETURNS HOME, AND AMUSES HIMSELF WITH A BOOK.



Blanche. "OH, IS THERE NOT, DEAR EMILY, SOMETHING DELICIOUS ABOUT SPRING!—WE SHALL SOON HAVE ALL THE DEAR LITTLE BIRDS SINGING, AND THE BANKS AND THE GREEN FIELDS COVERED WITH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS!"

Emily. "OH, YES!—AND WITH IT WILL COME ALL THE NEW BONNET SHAPES FROM PARIS, AND THE LOVELY NEW PATTERNS FOR MORNING DRESSES!"

[Disgusting!]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Senators, hatted and coroneted, began the Session far too energetically to leave the least hope that they would keep on at so creditable a pace; and the past week was as nearly wasted as possible. Everybody has been rising to postpone everything.

February 11th, Monday. LORDS CARDIGAN and LUCAN signified their opinion, that they had not had justice done them; and the country thoroughly adopts this conviction. *Mr. Punch* has, however, tried to do them (and the system of which they, and SIR R. AIREY, and LORD ABERDEEN'S son, GORDON, and some other notorieties, are types) a little justice in his grand Cartoon this week. They pretend that the Crimean Commission has taken away their characters as professional soldiers; as if that was not the very best thing that could be done for them. They blustered about the decorations which the Fountain of Honour had been unfortunately advised to give them; and LORD HARDWICKE, who is an exceedingly silly ex-captain in the Navy, made a speech worthy of himself, or an officer on the quarter-deck of the Victoria Theatre, to the effect, that if he had been so insulted, he would have torn off his decorations from his breast, and dashed them at the feet of his Sovereign. Perhaps HARDWICKE will abstain from tearing off his honours until he earns some. According to the Peerage, his chief services have been to "wait" on KING CLICQUOT and EMPEROR NICHOLAS, when they came here; and for this, he is, very likely, fit enough. LORD PANMURE quietly told the blusterers to wear their decorations; for, though all the censure upon them would be shown to be just, the honours were not given to them as wise officers, but only as bold soldiers. Whereat the goose HARDWICKE declared himself comforted.

EARL GREY, with his usual good feeling, tried to embarrass Ministers in reference to an alleged discrepancy between some diplomatic reports furnished by COLONEL ROSE and LORD STRATFORD. For this he was rather well snubbed by LORD CLARENDON, who showed the unimportance of the affair, beyond its proving that PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF, when bullying the poor Turkish Ministers, had actually frightened them

WENSLEY-LE-DALE.

WENSLEY-LE-DALE hath no stain on his ermine,
WENSLEY-LE-DALE hath no feuds to determine,
WENSLEY-LE-DALE is wise, weighty, and winning,
Yet WENSLEY-LE-DALE 'gainst the Peerage is sinning—
Take a title for life—not to go to heirs male!
The Lords won't stand that, my bold WENSLEY-LE-DALE.

The BARON OF BAREACRES pockets his pride,
Begg, borrows, and sponges and shirks, far and wide,
He trades on his title, and discounts his name,
His conduct is wild, and his speeches are tame;
Yet peers, strictest park'd in propriety's pale,
Like BAREACRES better than WENSLEY-LE-DALE.

For WENSLEY-LE-DALE not a Law-Lord will fight,
Though his pleas were so sharp and his judgments so bright:
To WENSLEY-LE-DALE, as ex-judge, yet not Lord,
Neither woolsack nor peer's bench a seat will afford;
Like MAHOMET'S coffin, till CRANWORTH prevail,
In a sort of Lords' Limbo hangs WENSLEY-LE-DALE.

WENSLEY-LE-DALE with his summons is come.
"Who are you?" ask'd their Lordships, obstructive and glum;
"Though the QUEEN 'gainst the peers don't like setting her will,
There is," quoth bold PARKE, "a Prerogative still;
So 'tis no use to meet me with FERGUSON'S tale,
Of 'You cannot lodge here,'" said WENSLEY-LE-DALE.

LORD LYNDBURST was steel, and LORD CAMPBELL was stone,
They scoff'd at his patent and bade him begone;
An appeal to the Lords as 'tis idle to try,
Give their Priv'lege Committee and them the go-bye;
We want peers to judge causes, but not their heirs male,
And the Country will stand by bold WENSLEY-LE-DALE.

Sage worth Gathering.

SOMEBODY has said, and a great many people put faith in the saying, that "We ought always to believe less than we are told." This may be a safe maxim for general use, but when a woman entrusts you, in confidence of course, with her age, you may always believe a great deal more than you are told.

into telling stories. CLARENDON introduced a little puff for STRATFORD, who, he declared, was the best friend Turkey had in the whole world.

In the Commons, SIR CHARLES WOOD brought on the Navy Estimates, asking, in the first place, a trifle like £300,000 to meet a miscalculation, and then various millions, arranged in pleasing items of divers amounts, ranging as high as £6,000,000 and as low as a contemptible £2,000. The Committee talked a good deal, but forked out the money with an alacrity which gave great joy to the heart of MR. SAMUEL WARREN, M.P. He had naturally feared that he should be rather intolerable, but was delighted to find the Commons so willing to stand SAM.

Tuesday. The Lords got upon the PARKE Peerage again, and actually had out old patents of the time of RICHARD THE SECOND, in law Latin, to help them to a decision. LORD CAMPBELL grew very vulgar in his language, this Lord Chief Justice actually stating that he had threatened the LORD CHANCELLOR that "he would make a row about the matter." Really the CAMPBELLS are coming—coming it—in fact rather strong. The subject was adjourned, after much useless chat, until the following Monday.

MR. LAYARD obtained from LORD PALMERSTON the explanation that though Sardinia joins the Peace Congress, she is not to be admitted to that which is now sitting at Constantinople to confer equal rights upon all the subjects of the Porte, and in honour of which the Sultan went to the fancy ball at the English Ambassador's.

The Tory lawyers are coming out. This day MR. NAPIER tried to get a Minister of Justice appointed, who should see that Parliament did not pass laws that were nonsensical as well as unjust. The Government stoutly resisted such an innovation, but a resolution was agreed to, that provision ought to be made for having the laws properly prepared. And on a later day SIR FITZROY KELLY, in a very good speech, asked leave (which he obtained) to bring in a bill for consolidating the statute law relative to offences against the person. This is something, but nearly all the lawyers set themselves against codification—not seeing why the people should have laws they can understand?

A debate whether there should be a harbour in Cardigan Bay (the proposal was rejected by a large majority) simply brought out the deliberate assertion, and satisfactory proof, that SIR CHARLES WOOD, First Lord of the Admiralty, "possessed no nautical knowledge at all." But *quis vituperavit*—who ever said he had any?

A Select Committee was appointed on the adulteration of food, d'aks, and drugs; so now let the great British Merchant and the little British Retailer lookout for squalls.

Wednesday. A bill, introduced by LORD BLANDFORD, for amending our parochial system by constructing new parishes and making fresh provision for worship according to the rites of the Church of England, was read a second time, and sent to a Committee.

Thursday. In a squabble about poor BURKE ROCHE'S Peerage, it came out that no Irish Peer has any chance of being elected to the House of Lords, unless the EARL OF DERBY approves of him. Well, we cannot say that we object to this arrangement; for, though by no means followers of LORD DERBY, we deem it better that a decent English nobleman should look after the Irish Lords, and be responsible for their doings, than that such a body should be left to their own ways. At the same time, as these Irish Lords have voices in making our laws, a large power is given to LORD DERBY; and we hope he trains his aristocrats as carefully as he does his horses. LORD ELLENBOROUGH very properly brought forward the case of Merchant-Seamen, who complain of being compelled to go to sea in unseaworthy vessels. The Government stated that attention had been given to the subject; so, of course, nothing will be done.

In the Commons, after the Consolidation debate of which mention has been made, the first personal squabble of the Session took place. Some of the Irish judges, though in the full preservation of their intellects, are very old, and one of them, BARON PENNEFATHER, is blind. The Government, without liking to urge the latter to retire (they have not the audacity of the old Whigs, who actually hustled out the venerable PLUNKETT to give his place to the Scotchman, LORD CAMPBELL), would be glad to have the situation to give away. SIR JOHN SHELLEY, who is a rather empty party, and who likes to make a noise, got up the case, and, on division, his motion on the subject was carried by 132 to

121. MR. DISRAELI made a very poor speech; and one of his jokes about BARON PENNEFATHER'S infirmity, namely, that "blindness was a characteristic of justice," extorted an indignant "Oh!" "Oh!" He also referred to "blind old DANDOLO," who took Constantinople; as if this had anything to do with the case of a gentleman who had to take, not cities, but notes. BEN, in fact, was shockingly flat, and must do better than this, if he means to please his *Punch*.

Friday. The Clock Tower seems to make the Lords quite uncomfortable. Another of them came out with a grievance, touching the figures on the dial. LORD GRANVILLE in reply, read a letter from the architect, stating, in effect, that he knew what he was doing, and should manage it in his own way. The BISHOP OF EXETER, in reference to a complaint that certain grave-yards were not consecrated, explained that it was quite impossible to consecrate a piece of ground unless it was fenced off, with a wall and iron railings, from the last resting place of Dissenters and wicked people of that kind. The bill for appointing a Minister of Education was read a second time, several Lords expressing the most benign concern lest the humbler class should be over-taught, and induced to think that incessant "work" was not the object for which they were created. LORD LANSDOWNE was an honourable exception, and moreover urged that to teach the females of that class "how to cook" was even kinder than teaching them the three R's. The hint might be taken by classes of higher social standing. No woman who can't cook ought to be allowed to marry, and the seventh bad dinner a wife permits should be cause for divorce *a mensâ*.

In the Commons, MR. ROEBUCK opened fire again about America, and was rebuked for unstatesmanlike impatience by LORD PALMERSTON. MR. DISRAELI had not intended to speak—he never intends—but, *et cetera*. For anything good that he said, he had better have availed himself of the opportunity of holding his tongue. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER introduced a bill for altering the scale of Superannuations in the Civil Service, and by way of illustration quoted some Macaronic verses, which possibly showed that he had studied M. OCTAVE DELEPIERRE'S delightful book on such poems, but no more helped the matter than he would have done if he had imitated Y. DOODLE, stuck a feather in his crown, and called it Macaroni.

DECORATIONS FOR HEART AND HEAD.



REFERRING to two noble lords, accused by the Crimean Commissioners of gross incapacity and unfitness for command, but who nevertheless have received promotion and other marks of Royal favour for their conduct in the Crimea, the EARL OF HARDWICKE is reported to have made the following declaration in the House of Peers:

"My Lords, I do declare for myself as a British officer, that if I had first of all been honoured with decorations as these officers have been, and had afterwards been reflected upon as this report reflects upon them, I would tear those decorations from my breast and return them to my Sovereign."

LORD PANMURE having explained that the decorations in question had been conferred simply for gallant acts in the face of the enemy, the noble Earl is further reported to have expressed himself as rendered extremely happy by

this information; it being precisely what he "wished to hear;" namely, that

"Whatever reflection might be cast by the report on those gallant officers, it does not touch their honour as soldiers, and that they have received their decorations for their conduct in battle and for their eminent services in the field."

Now, the noble LORDS CARDIGAN and LUCAN, the decorated and accused officers, deny the impeachment of the Commissioners, and engage to refute it; in the meantime it remains a question to be tried, whether their Lordships are fools, or those who have represented them as such are mistaken. Even should the Commissioners be proved to have spoken the truth, still there will be no reason why the two gallant and noble officers should not continue to wear the decorations which they have merited by their personal courage. The demonstration of their folly will not, as LORD HARDWICKE says, touch their honour as soldiers—that is as dragoons. In that case it will be quite unnecessary that they should resign their present decorations, but it

will be very desirable that they should receive others. It will be just that their bosoms should continue to be decorated with stars; but at the same time it will be proper that the cap of each of them should be embellished with a pair of long ears.

HOW ARE YOU, MY BOY?

THE *Standard*, in giving an account of the first appearance of MR. SAMUEL WARREN in the House of Commons, says, that "the Honourable Member seemed to be in good health and spirits." Of course, as the *Standard* has thought it necessary to record this fact, there is something about it which our contemporary considers remarkable. Was it expected that MR. WARREN would have appeared depressed, dull, out of sorts, out of health, dismal, and despondent, on taking his seat in Parliament? Perhaps it was thought that the quizzing the learned gentleman had experienced might have told upon him; but it would take a great many bushels of chaff to extinguish our honourable friend, who is not likely to allow his light—such as it is—to be hidden under a single bushel. By the way, he has promised that he will never say an ill-natured thing of anybody, during the whole time that he is permitted to sit in the House of Commons. We shall be happy to witness his performance of the character of the *Good-Natured Man*, which, we suspect, he will find it rather difficult to preserve to the end of the Session.

Oxford in London.

THE Dons of Oxford have resolved that "it would not promote the morals and intellects of the working-classes" of London, to admit them to the Museum and National Galleries on Sundays. Ergo, the Red Bull beer-shop deals in better teaching than the Bulls of Nivech; and the Cat and Bagpipes tea-gardens, with gin and shag tobacco, are more moral and intellectual in their influence than the wonders of TURNER and the glories of CLAUDE. Such is the opinion of Oxford; and, doubtless, Oxford knows best.

LITERARY AND CLERICAL.

WE understand that ARCHDEACON HALE is preparing a little work as a Companion to the *Three Experiments of Living*. The Archdeacon's book is to be called the *Experiment of Three (or more) Livings*.

A FLOATING CAPITAL JOKE.

WHEN may a man be said to be literally immersed in business? When he's giving a swimming lesson.

THE SAVAGE AND THE MAIDEN.



THE Indian Intelligence of one of the papers informs us of a rumour that a young lady has fallen into the hands of the Santhals, who have given her the rather odd name of MABEL THE MILDEWED. It is said that the Santhals pay her every possible respect, but we should be inclined to fear that the attentions of this rather turbulent tribe would not be very delicate. Santbal ideas of politeness may differ very materially from

European notions of good manners, and we should imagine that the young lady would rather be treated with indifference and contempt than be made the object of any demonstration of what might be considered respect by her new and strange companions.

As the whole story seems to rest upon the alleged finding of a parasol, a white muslin dress, and a pair of satin slippers, it would appear that the "respectful treatment" the young lady has experienced, consists in having had her clothes torn off her back, by way of a commencement of the "delicate attentions," which the Santhals are said to be showing her. We are, however, happy to say, that we disbelieve the whole story; and we suspect that MABEL THE MILDEWED exists nowhere but in the misty imagination of some foggy paragraph-monger for the Indian Newspapers.

MEASURES, NOT MEN.

WE understand it is the intention of Government to issue a new Set of Tables, of Military Weights and Measures, calculated by the standard in use at the Horse Guards. We have obtained the following specimens:—

Measure of (In)capacity.

Three Boobies make	One FILDER.
Four FILDERS	One GORDON.
Six GORDONS	One AIREY.
Ten AIREYS	One HARDINGE.

(The last being the highest denomination of (In)capacity known at the Horse-Guards.)

Cavalry Weight.

Two Black-bottles make	One Row.
Ten Rows	One Scandal.
Twenty Scandals	One Command.
Two Commands	One Blunder.
Fifty Blunders	One Hero.

PALMERSTON ON AN "ARMISTICE."

MR. EWART begged to ask of LORD PALMERSTON—Would articles contraband of War, such as brimstone, saltpetre, &c., be permitted, during the "armistice," to be shipped to Russia.

LORD PALMERSTON recommended the commercial public generally, to wait to learn if there be an armistice, and if an armistice, what sort of "armistice!"

From which *Punch* draws this commercial and political moral. *Mem.*—Not to send at a venture saltpetre, sulphur, and other combustible components to sea, means that we had better put our trust in PAM and keep our powder dry.

A VERY SUSPICIOUS CASE.—A Violin-case, with a coronet, was seen last week amongst the railway-luggage on its way to Paris. It had engraved on it the name of "WESTMORELAND."

THE FACTION SONG.

SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM MAGINN,

And sung at the Opposition Parliamentary Dinners.

COME, DIZZY, my Jewel, says DABBY, come, let us be off to the Fair, For the Palmerstons, all in their glory, decidedly mean to be there; Says they, the whole Derbyite faction, we've banish'd 'em out clear and clane, But we'll see if the impident wretches their Treasury seats can retain.

We've HENLEY, and TROLLOPE, and WALFOLE, as civil a lad as e'er spoke, 'Twould make your eyes water to see him endeavour to make out a joke; And STANLEY, who knows what he's after, and GRANBY, O let him alone; An argument makes less impression on him than a kick on a stone.

There's long-winded PACK up from Droitwich, with all his statistics of gaol, And SPOONER the Beautiful Tory, so prompt at the Papists to rail; And leather-lung'd BALL, the ex-preacher, a boy of the right sort of stuff, Who'll drone, with a House in "confusion," and not comprehend the rebuff.

There's MALMESBURY, pleasing to look at, and ready to drop on his knees, And humbly implore that the Despots will do with him just as they please, And EGLINTOUN, Lord of the Tournay, as eager to go in and win As when, couching an innocent broomstick, he tilted in Drury Lane tin.

There's LUCAN, who won the Crimea, and CARDIGAN, hero and sage, And RODEN, who roars like a good one whenever he gets in a rage, And RICHMOND the modest and silent, in fact quite a ducalised Lacon, And VERULAM, who is—let's see—yes, who's not a descendant of BACON.

There's THESIGER, fluent as ever, I hope they won't make him a judge— We haven't a man on the benches so charmingly ready with fudge; Your weapon, I know, is Invective, which some of the Ministers fear, But I think that a statesman's more manly, who fights, as I do, with a Jeer.

We'll cut out some work for old HANSARD, spout three dozen columns or so, Then lustily bawl for divisions, and into the lobbies we'll go; And if we get lick'd, as is likely, we'll wait for the next merry night, When, mustering again in a body, we'll show my LORD PALMERSTON fight.

THE PUFF PARENTAL.

OUR eyes have lately been offended, and our "finer feelings" outraged by large placards on the walls commencing with the words, "DO MAMMA," and going off into a vulgar puff of some cheap mart for the sale of all sorts of articles. As this kind of thing is on the increase, we must protest at once against the mixing up of the assumed innocence of infancy with all the artful dodging of the oldest and most experienced adepts in the art of puffery. We are not admirers of the flogging system, but if any child deserves to be soundly whipped, it is the one who could assail the ears of its parent with a shrill shriek of, "Do Mamma, take me to MRS. ISRAEL'S, and buy me a four-and-tenpenny bonnet, which is thirty per cent. less than at any other house; and the address is No. 4, Gammon Row, the third turning on the left after you get past the end of Spinach Gardens." If a boy were to say such a thing in our hearing, we should be tempted to address ourselves at once to the brat's father, and v ciferate, "Do, Papa, go to Mr. BIRCH'S, and buy a rod, and lay it about the back of that precocious urchin at the earliest possible opportunity." If the objectionable kind of thing we are referring to is not put down, we don't know where it may end, and if urchins are to address impertinent observations to their Papas and Mammias, for the purpose of puffing, we may expect to see the walls of London placarded with the words, "Do, Grandmamma, purchase those eggs I am going to teach you to suck at the shop of MR. ADDLE, who sells them cheaper than any other house in the trade, and has such nice sausages at such a low figure."

The Double Dilemma.

POOR MR. CORNWALL LEWIS is perhaps in a worse plight than any other CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that has held office during the last twenty years; for he has not only got to contend against the National deficiency, but he has to struggle with his own.



OUR LITTLE FRIEND TOM NODDY DETERMINES TO HAVE A DAY'S HUNTING IN A FRESH COUNTRY.

T. N. (log.) "WELL NOW, OLD FELLOW, WHAT SORT O' COUNTRY IS IT WHERE WE ARE GOING TO-MORROW?"

His Friend. "OH BEAUTIFUL!—VERY EASY. BIGGISH BULLFINCHERS WITH A DITCH ON ONE SIDE. TIMBER OF COURSE, SUCH AS POSTS AND RAILS, AND THAT SORT OF THING; AND IF WE GO TO MUDBURY, NOTHING BUT RAZOR-BACKED BANKS AND—WATER!"

QUEEN TITANIA DECORATES BOTTOM.

(From SHAKSPEARE'S *Midsummer Night's Dream*.)

SCENE—Near Windsor.

QUEEN TITANIA is discovered asleep. Enter the bad Fairies, CORONET, ROUTINE, NEPOTIST, RED TAPE, SYSTEM, BACKSTAIRS, TWADDLE, and GOLDSTICK. They dance round her with sinister gestures. ROUTINE advances, with the flower Humbug.

Routine. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Do it for a Hero take,

[Squeezes the flower on the Queen's eyelids.

Honour it for England's sake.

If it be a Quarter-Master

Who hath wrought a host's disaster,

If it be a brainless Lord,

Vain of trappings, spurs, and sword,

In thine eye it shall appear

What a Monarch should hold dear.

Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[Exit Fairies.

Enter BOTTOM, with an Ass's head.

Bottom. Truly, I have come from the Crimea, which some say is in Russia. Why I was sent thither I know not, being but an ass; but, marry, they were greater asses that sent me. I went to feed and to lead lions, and truly I have fed and led them, and that in such sort that they need feeding and leading no more. Now for my reward, for I humbly hope a worshipful ass may be rewarded for his good service. What have we here? A Newspaper—faugh!

[Brays angrily and tramples on the Journal. The noise awakes TITANIA.

Titania. I pray thee, gallant creature, sing again.

Mine eyes are much enamour'd of thy shape,

And in thy look wisdom and courage show.

Such was the head that on the Russian shore
Took order for the victuals of my troops,
And for their winter blankets, and their hu's.
Such was the head that plann'd that fatal charge,
And such the head that made it, and that after
Provided for the horses, and did teach them
How good for dinner were their fellows' tails.

Bottom. Truly, mistress, 'twas even no better and no worse a man, that is to say, an ass, than myself. But a modest ass will not praise himself. Wilt ask WILL RUSSELL, or JOHN McNEILL, or DARB Y GRIFFITH, or NANTY CROOKSHANK what a right precious ass I was?

Titania. I know thy deeds. My Ministers have told me,
As has my dear old woman, MOTHER HARDINGE,
And all around me, on whose information
I must, perforce, rely, that thou hast done
That which should be rewarded. Therefore take
Orders, and rank, and pay, with our Court favour.

[Decorates him.

Bottom. Behold, what an excellent thing it is to be an Ass, in a wise country like unto England!

[Dances on the Newspaper, braying, until SCENE closes.

Justice in a Row.

IN the WENSLEYDALE debate upon the life peerage, LORD CAMPBELL in self-exculpation declared, that he had privately, but "distinctly stated to his noble and learned friend (the LORD CHANCELLOR) that he should be obliged to make a row about it when Parliament met." Who, out of the major circle of the peerage, could ever believe that a live, hereditary peer could—just like a policeman—talk of a "row?" What, then, will be the amazement of merely common people to learn that even the awful LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England has, in the security of private life, been heard to "dem his buttons," and to "dash his wig?"



SCENE FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

(As Performed at Windsor Castle.)

TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES HER M—J—STY.

BOTTOM BY GENERAL MISMANAGEMENT.

THE TRUE CORRUPTERS OF SOCIETY DETECTED.



OUR Scotch friends have solved one of the most perplexing problems that can embarrass a thirsty and pious people. They have demonstrated to the world the possibility of combining the maximum of psalm-singing with the maximum of drunkenness. In this good work Glasgow has taken the lead, what wonder therefore that out of Glasgow should come forth a prophet, a spiritual detective, able to point his pen at works, the offspring of choice humour wedded to sweet humanity, as the fountain heads of corruption?

Listen to our Spiritual Policeman, A. I., in the *Glasgow Commonwealth* of January 26th! He has read "the first class literature of the last twenty years," and declares that—

"This literature, as seen in the writings of CARLYLE and EMERSON, THACKERAY and DICKENS, eminently popular, splendid, and powerful, now stands in fronted defiance to the

Christian character, name, and hopes. At first these writers caught the popular ear by works at least innocent if not healthful, in design and temper; gradually a pantheistic mysticism crept out, and charmed with its syren song of beauty and witchery. But now the mask is thrown aside, and these names, of which we were once so proud, now symbolise the wickedest and foulest attempt to blast our hopes for time and for eternity!"

Chaplains are accustomed to make wretched culprits declare that they "owe it all to breaking the Sabbath," and hence conclude, not that good schools are too few, but that those trying to multiply them by making Crystal Palaces as accessible as gin-palaces, are children of Satan. Now, however, they have a new cue! Let them ask some fellow wishing a ticket of leave, whether he has not read DICKENS and THACKERAY? and by making the ticket dependent on his answer, an immense mass of evidence will be accumulated, which shall be a stumbling block in the path of poor *Little Dorrit*, and a gratification for ever to those who love their creed better than they love their neighbours!

But our policeman continues his evidence against our ill-chosen yet beloved friends.

"They have traduced our Bible; caricatured the ministers of religion; called our Sabbaths a weariness, and mocked our faith in Christ."

Chadband! O unctuous *Chadband!* O holy *Stiggins*, vessel of grace and liquor! ye have found a champion at last! Religion will vanish, if a *Stiggins* may not enjoy his social toddy without publicly staggering through the street! The faith of good men is mocked, if a *Chadband* love to breathe a prayer over buttered toast better than by the side of the fever stricken!

"Shut out from hope in futurity, these writers urge their dupes to enjoy the present!"

It is well MR. DICKENS and MR. THACKERAY should know that their fate is decided. EMERSON and CARLYLE are to be their companions, which is one consoling reflection. For the rest, let them make themselves easy, *Mr. Punch* will endeavour to be as near them as he can to cheer their spirits, and turn the worst folly into a smile.

M.P. for Midhurst.

THE electors of Midhurst have indicated their profound sense of the sublime and beautiful by electing SAMUEL WARREN, Q. C., as their representative. Very vainly should we search through all election literature from venerable Gatton to modern Finsbury, to find anything like a parallel to MR. WARREN'S thanksgiving speech. It is a thing of perfume and honey. So much so that it may be truly said of the gifted gentleman that he enters the House of Commons with *The Lily* (in his button-hole) and *the Bee* (in his bonnet).

THE CONFERENCE TABLE.

We learn that a handsome table has been prepared for the Plenipotentiaries at Paris. Whatever the table may be, above all things let it have no secret drawers.

THE LORD MAYOR'S TRUMPETER.—A distinguished literary alderman (need we name him?) has contributed to the memory of the late Trumpeter the following terse epitaph—"Blown out!"

BANES AND ANTIDOTES.

"MR. PUNCH,

"ARE you not dreadfully shocked, Sir, by the very numerous cases of poisoning, both accidental and wilful, which have lately happened? For my part, I shudder as often as the question occurs to me—what should I do if I were to eat a lot of acouite by mistake for horseradish with my sirloin, or swallow a large quantity of arsenic in my soup?

"Would you, in such case, advise me to send for the Surgeon, Sir? Do you think I should act prudently in submitting my interior to the stomach-pump, or taking fifteen grains or a scruple of ipecacuanha or sulphate of zinc? Or is it not rather your opinion, that my wiser plan would be, to take as an antidote to the deadly substance exerting its pernicious agency within me, say the millionth of a grain of some other poison of a similar nature?

"For you see, Sir—I presume you see—that, if like cures like, and cures it in infinitesimal quantities, the scientific and rational antidote to any poison in any quantity, must necessarily be simply a dose of a like poison in an infinitesimal quantity.

"Therefore suppose—what a supposition!—that myself, and Mrs. P., and all our little pledges of affection, should some day find ourselves poisoned at the conclusion of our family meal; would not the right and proper prescription for our complaint be that of homeopathic globules all round?

"Of course I am aware, Sir, that all globules must be round. I do not mean to imply that any are square, except in the sense of squaring accurately with physiology, pathology, therapeutics, and common sense. These are hard words, I know, and the last is, perhaps, the hardest.

"Pardon me, *Mr. Punch*, for having addressed you, on what I know is no laughing matter. And yet, Sir, I will venture to affirm, that the momentous inquiry, which I respectfully beg to submit to yourself and the public, will, by many of your readers, be considered hardly a serious question! I think otherwise, *Mr. Punch*. I regard it as not only a physician's question, a surgeon's question, an apothecary's question. Sir, I look upon it as being also an undertaker's question. If that is not a serious, I had rather not say a grave, question, I am a Dutchman, and not your obedient servant

"PATERFAMILIAS."

** By way of throwing some light on the question raised by our correspondent, we would suggest that a trial be made by Government at Woolwich of infinitesimal globular shells, to see whether they are likely to do more execution than those of 13-inch diameter.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE PEACE CONGRESS.

(As agreed upon amongst the different Plenipotentiaries.)*

- I. Not more than two Plenipotentiaries to speak at once.
- II. No letter-writing, or drawing caricatures on the blotting-pads, to be allowed whilst the Congress is going on.
- III. If there be any difference of opinion, those who are in the minority are to stand a dinner, until such time as all the Plenipotentiaries do agree.
- IV. Prussia to be allowed a seat in the hall, if it chooses, with as much Champagne as it can drink; but if it is caught listening at the keyhole, then the bottle instantly to be taken away from it.
- V. Austria to be reminded every time it attempts to say anything, that it has no mind or soul of its own, since it is now nothing more than a mere puppet in the hands of the Pope, and that the present is no Papal question.
- VI. The subject of Poland to be rigidly tabooed.
- VII. Any one daring to breathe the name of Turkey to be instantly put down as *mahonnête*, a snob, an *épicier*, a gent, a *rustre*, a Coger, a *parvenu*, who forgets his own position, and is forgetful of what is due to the position of others, and to be snubbed and cut accordingly by all his gentlemanly *confrères*.
- VIII. The Opéra, the *Bouffes Parisiens*, the *Bourse*, *Salle Cécile*, and *Mabille* to be perfectly neutral subjects.
- IX. Sardinia to hold its tongue.
- X. If England should so far forget herself as to mention one word about the expenses of the War, she is to be called to Order for the first offence; and for the second, to be requested to leave the room.
- XI. No Strangers to be admitted, with the exceptions of LORDS CLARENDON and COWLEY.
- XII. No Smoking allowed.
- XIII. In all matters of dispute as to the division of territory, the question to be decided by France and Russia tossing up.

* French and Russian?

AN EPHEMERAL POPULARITY.—The popularity of PRINCE ALBERT as a Field Marshal is decidedly of an F.M.eral nature!



"La! Mrs. Scraggles, what on earth do you do out such a day as this?"
 "Out!—Why, the Almanacks says there's to be a change o' weather to-morrow, and I've lived long enough to know that there's never a change but for the wuss!"

PRUSSIA'S THREE CLAIMS.

It is well known, in diplomatic circles, that Prussia rests her claim to be represented at the Paris Peace-Conference upon three grounds. We have been favoured, by authority, with a series of documents, wherein these three bases, upon which the Court of Berlin reposes its demand, are set forth; and we subjoin them, textually. It will be seen that they consist of despatches, addressed by M. DE MANTEUFFEL, the Prussian Minister, to the representatives of his Sovereign at the Courts of England, France, and Russia.

No. I.—M. DE MANTEUFFEL to the COUNT DE BERNSTROFF, London.

"MONSIEUR LE COMTE,—You will immediately, upon the receipt of this despatch, obtain an interview with the EARL OF CLARENDON, and will once more press upon his Lordship, with your utmost urgency, the demand of HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA, to accredit an Envoy to the Conference at Paris. His Majesty's Government, M. LE COMTE, desires nothing, but that a truthful representation of the position and conduct of Prussia should be made. You will rest our claim solely and solemnly upon the fact, that the KING has acted throughout the War with a single eye to the interests of England; whose former friendship he loves to remember; and with whom, he hopes, ere long, to form a yet more interesting and affectionate relation. He has rejoiced at the victories of QUEEN VICTORIA's arms; and has believed, that in partially softening the severities of her Baltic Blockade, by opening Prussia for the transit of Russian commerce, he was acting up to the wishes of her Government. So far from having been hostile or neutral, therefore, His Majesty has been the Ally of England; and on this ground alone, M. LE COMTE, you will entreat LORD CLARENDON to admit Prussia to the Conference. Receive, &c.

"Berlin, February 3rd.

"MANTEUFFEL."

No. II.—M. DE MANTEUFFEL to the COUNT DE HATZFELD, Paris.

"MONSIEUR LE COMTE,—Upon receiving this despatch, you will immediately obtain an interview with the COUNT COLONNA WALEWSKI, and will once more press upon his Excellency, with your utmost urgency, the demand of HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA to accredit an Envoy to the Conference at Paris. His Majesty's Government, M. LE COMTE, desires nothing, but that a truthful representation of the position and conduct of Prussia should be made. You will rest our claim solely and solemnly upon the fact, that the KING has acted throughout the War with a single eye to the most strict and implicit neutrality, swerving neither to the right hand nor the left; and, while weeping tears of blood at the desolation of Europe, has never in the slightest degree favoured either the arms or the interest of either

belligerent. But he has laboured and prayed for Peace; and, now that Peace has been accorded to his labours and prayers, he cannot brook the idea of not assisting at the solemnisation of the new hymn,—the Marriage of the East and West. On the ground of our spotless Neutrality, therefore, and on this ground alone, M. LE COMTE, you will implore the COUNT COLONNA WALEWSKI to admit Prussia to the Conference. Receive, &c.

"Berlin, February 4th.

"MANTEUFFEL."

No. III.—M. DE MANTEUFFEL to the BARON DE WERTHERN, St. Petersburg.

"MONSIEUR LE BARON,—Obtain, immediately upon receiving this despatch, an interview with the COUNT DE NESSELRODE, and press upon his Excellency, if necessary, the demand of HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA to accredit an Envoy to the Conference at Paris. His Majesty's Government, M. LE BARON, desires nothing but that a truthful representation of the position and conduct of Prussia should be made. We have no doubt that our claim is thoroughly appreciated by the Court of St. Petersburg, nevertheless it may be well to remind M. DE NESSELRODE that we rest it solely upon the fact that throughout the War, the King has acted with a single eye to the interests of Russia. He has baffled England, by rendering harmless her blockade in the Baltic, and he has intimidated France by opposing the bulk of Prussia to the godless march threatened upon Courland. Of the money raised for Russia among her faithful friends in Berlin, of the espionage carried on for her in both the hostile capitals, of the influence exercised in her behalf throughout the Confederation, you will not fail to speak; nor will you omit to glance at the services Prussia may render in the course of the negotiations. On the sole ground, therefore, that His Majesty has been the faithful Ally of Russia, you will petition the COUNT NESSELRODE to do his utmost to procure the admission of Prussia to the Conference. Receive, &c.

"Berlin, February 5th.

"MANTEUFFEL."

CONVOCATION.

SAM of Oxford, of late, to bamboozle the nation,
 Thus set forth the object of Church Convocation.
 "We don't want to legislate—why all this fuss?"
 All we want upon earth is to meet and discuss
 About short'ning the service, and criminal Clerks,
 How they may be kept from their shindies and larks.
 Upon matters like these, 'tis not reason or rhyme
 That the Lords and the Commons should take up their time.
 Just let Convocation discuss *pro* and *con*,—
 The State will or will it,—and matters jog on."
 So spake oily SAM: but HARRY of Exeter,
 As he heard the words drop, look'd sourer and vexeder.
 "Pack o' nonsense," he cried, "Don't humbug 'em, SAM!"
 What you can't do by logic, don't carry by flam.
 Not legislate! bless me! I think legislation
 The life and the soul of all true Convocation.
 New Canons to make I both wish and design,
 And with Article Fortieth would quash Thirty Nine.
 Though I doubt if we ever shall get it from PAM!"
 "Isn't that what I meant?" rejoined slippery SAM.
 "Would the QUEEN give consent none could legislate better;
 But to do it, my Chum, who the deuce is to get her.
 And hark ye, friend HARRY! what *are* you about,
 With the bag in your hand, thus to let the cat out.
 Slow and sure, my old Buck! *pedetentim*'s the plan—
Verbum sat—round the corner—and I am your man.
 Let me get my snout in,—what I'd have ye remark is,
 That old Scratch himself shouldn't keep out my carcase."

Capital Tenderness.

MR. MUNTZ and two or three other pocket philanthropists take great umbrage at the proposed partnership bills, by which men of small means may improvidently attempt to make their means a little greater. But this is all in tenderness to the humble capitalists, lest their ambition should lead to their ruin. How kind and gracious it is of the Golden Calf to have so much anxiety for small frogs, lest vainly trying to swell to the calf's dimensions, the poor things should burst themselves!

Hampstead Heath.

AT the last meeting, held at the Marylebone Vestry, for the protection of Hampstead Heath, a solicitor learned in the law did battle for the purity of SIR THOMAS WILSON's motives. The learned champion declared that "The whole cry for years past about Hampstead Heath being encroached upon, was a complete bug-bear." Be it so: any way, Mr. Attorney, it is a bug that's not to be borne.

THE BLACKING BRIGADE AND THE LIGHT BRIGADE.



—(he has evidently been a first-hand, and a first-head at his Ragged School)—that *Mr. Punch* instantly resolved to print the epistle; and here it is.

To MY LORD, THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

"May it please your Noble Lordship,—to forgive me, who is nothing more than a poor boy of the Blacking Brigade; one of them, most noble my Lord, upon the bosoms of which you, on a Thursday evening, placed medals for behaving themselves as good boys, as all boys if they only knowd what was for their own good always would do. Now, my Lord—and LORD bless you always!—when you put that medal on my breast, my heart beat and panted like any bird that is caught in your hand, and all the blood in my body seemed to come into my cheeks, and my knees went together, and I could have cried, but I choked a bit and didn't.

"Well, my Lord—may you have a long life for the poor boy's friend, for I was no more like a human boy when I first saw you than a mop o' rags—well, my lord, you told us that we had deserved them medals for our good manners and proper behaviour, and being sober and civil, and always ready for our work, and for eating the bread of honesty, which isn't a bit dirty if honestly got out of mud with a blacking-brush; and for this, you give us them medals, and told us to prize 'em and do nothing to forfeit 'em, but to think 'em marks of merit, and always to keep 'em by our own conduct bright and shiny.

"Now, my Lord,—and you won't be angry, we hope,—but we can't none of us, wear them medals any longer; that is, NOT YET. For we hear that medals have been put upon the breasts of mighty folks for doing what they ought to be ashamed on; starving poor dumb horses that can't ask for their corn, and not letting the soldiers—(oh! didn't they look beautiful when they went away, laughing and shouting, and the band playing "*Cheer boys, cheer,*" and "*Annie Laurie,*")—and not, if your good lordship will excuse my boldness, letting the soldiers have their comfortable clothes, but letting 'em die frost-bit and broken-hearted.

"Well, my Lord,—and if we should be wrong, do forgive us—but we've all on us determined not to wear our medals for good conduct, whilst fine officer-lords have THEIR MEDALS, which they will wear, for behaviour which no boy of the Blacking Brigade as knows himself would lower himself unto.

"And so, my Lord, be so good as to take charge of our medals until it is settled whether the soldier-officers of Bakalharvour gives up theirs or no. If medals is to be worn for starving poor horses, and perishing our fellow-creatures, *we don't want none of 'em.*

"With respect (and God bless you, my Lord! and so says all the Brigade), Your humble Servant, for myself and the other boys to command,

With three medals in paper.

"JOHN BRUSH."

THE MASTER OF THE HORSE.

THE *Times* reported that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON—in consequence of his adverse vote to the Ministry on the WENSLEYDALE case, the final object of which will no doubt be to make all chairmen of Life Insurances life peers—the men of the Sun and Pelican, for instance, being called up to the House as BARON PHEBUS and BARON SPOONBILL—the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, valorous for his Order, had resigned his post as Master of the Horse. This news was followed by a rumour that spread panic throughout the Royal Stables; the sagacious tenants thereof having heard that the Mastership of the Horse was, for his especial tenderness to the equine animal at Balaclava, to be conferred upon the EARL OF LUCAN! At the intelligence the magnificent black horses dropt their ears and hung their mouths in alarm for their wonted barley, and even the cream colours turned pale as milk-and-water with apprehension for all future hay.

THE ORDER OF VALOUR.

SOME talk of ALEXANDER,
And some of HERCULES,
And many a great commander
As glorious as these;
But if you want a hero
Of genuine pluck and pith,
It's perfectly clear there's none comes near
To full British PRIVATE SMITH.

Its easy to fight, with glory
At hand to gild your name,
And stick it up in story,
Among the sons of fame,
But SMITH, full British private,
Is expected to be brave,
With the cold "cold shade" above his head,
At his feet a nameless grave.

For Generals there's the peerage,
With grant of public tin;
There's regiments for Colonels,
For Captains steps to win.
But for PRIVATE SMITH the utmost
(If he avoided beer)
Was a Chelsea berth, and a pension worth
Some fifteen pounds a-year.

Till now the stars and garters,
Were for birth's or fortune's son,
And as oft in snug home-quarters,
As in fields of fight were won.
But at length a star arises,
Which as glorious will shine
On SMITH's red serge vest as upon the breast
Of SMYTH's scarlet superfine.

Though carpet-knights may grumble,
Routine turn up its nose,
Though CARDIGANS and LUCANS,
And AIREYS may oppose,
Yet shall the star of valour
Defy their scoffs and jeers—
As its bronze rays shine on plain SMITH of
the Line,
And plain SMITH of the Grenadiers.

Too long mere food for powder
We've deem'd our rank and file,
Now higher hopes and prouder,
Upon the soldier smile.
And if no Marshal's bâton
PRIVATE SMITH in his knapsack bears,
At least in the War, the chance of the star
With his General he shares.

THE SHADOW OF A SHADE.

A GENTLEMAN has recently died who held the office of "Clerk to the Insolvents in Chancery." As nobody is permitted to enter Chancery unless he has got abundance of property with which the Court may deal, we find it difficult to understand the necessity for a Clerk to the Insolvents, who are a body which Chancery never deigns to look upon. We can comprehend the possibility of a suitor becoming Insolvent, after having passed a few years or months in Chancery; but the fact of his Insolvency would at once put him out of Court,—for as far as the pocket is concerned, Chancery, like Nature, abhors a vacuum. We perceive that the office is not to be filled up, for in these days it will not do, to pay an officer, even a Chancery officer, £1,200 a-year for doing nothing.

Mr. Layard's Notice.

THE notice of MR. LAYARD that the House should express its regret that certain Crimean officers should have received marks of distinction, and still retain them; ought to act upon these conscience-smitten individuals, like the notice of the landlord when the waiter's in the room.—"Gentlemen, give your orders."



A NOTION OF PLEASURE.

Boy. "OH, COME HERE, TOMMY!—HERE'S SUCH A LOT O' GRAINS BIN SHOT DOWN HERE! LET'S TURN 'EAD OVER 'EELS IN 'EM!"

BRIEFLESS ON PEERAGES FOR LIFE.

WE understand that MR. BRIEFLESS has written a very elaborate opinion on the great Constitutional question of Peerages for Life; and he has arrived at the conclusion, that such Peerages are perfectly legal, and in accordance with precedent. It is rather strange that in the great debate of Thursday night the case of BARON NATHAN was not alluded to, for it is notorious that the Barony of NATHAN will become extinct on the demise of the present illustrious holder of the title. It is not generally known that though BARON NATHAN has never been called up to the House of Lords, he has been summoned to sit in Parliament (Street)—for his portrait—at the Daguerreotype artist's at the corner.

It is rather a remarkable circumstance, that MR. DUNUP has prepared a very learned and elaborate opinion on the great Peerage Question, and has come to a conclusion exactly opposed to that arrived at by MR. BRIEFLESS. MR. DUNUP maintains—though any maintenance from such a quarter is rather doubtful—that a Peerage ought to be hereditary; and he urges very powerfully, that a want of fortune is not a sufficient reason for refusing to ennoble a family, inasmuch as a nobleman being privileged from arrest for debt, is in the best possible position to live without an income. MR. DUNUP takes the high Constitutional view of the matter, and asks indignantly: "If we are to trifle with our Peerage, what is to become of our Throne and our Altar?"

The Head of Austria.

"How extremely flat-headed the EMPEROR seems to be!" exclaimed an Englishman to an Austrian at Vienna during a religious ceremony, in which young FRANCIS JOSEPH, bareheaded, was carrying a wax-taper as long as himself. "Hush!" nervously answered the Austrian, in a whisper, "The EMPEROR's flatness is easily accounted for—isn't he under the thumb of the POPE?"

Blowing Hot and Cold.

TALKING of Republicans, it is very strange, England now has her Chili, and France her Cayenne! England has just entered into a treaty of commerce with the one—but France holds not the smallest commerce with the other.

HEREDITARY HORSEHAIR.

THE almost unanimous opposition of the Law Lords to the creation of a life-peerage, arises, of course, out of the profound wisdom and knowledge of their learned Lordships. Versed, not only in the laws of the realm, but in those of nature, they know as a fact, that the natural law of hereditary descent is as invariable as the common or statutable law on the same point; nay that the former is more general than the latter, since virtues, abilities, and acquirements, are always entailed, but freehold property is so only in some cases.

It has been absurdly argued, that life-peerages, like that of WENSLEYDALE, are necessary in order to facilitate a sufficient infusion of legal talent into the Upper House. But if legal talent is hereditary, there will always be legal talent in the house as long as there are sons of law-lords—or even nephews, or any other heirs of law-lords, sitting there. They, of necessity, will be law-lords too—unless the Constitutional doctrine of hereditary descent, as held by the great majority of existing law-lords, is absurd.

Everybody is not fit to be a peer. Fitness for the peerage is something peculiar. If any man inherits fitness for the peerage, what can he inherit but that peculiar fitness for which his predecessor was raised to it? Of course, then, the successor of the venerable LORD LYNDRHURST will inherit all that noble and learned lord's judicial faculty, legal lore, clearness of head, and command of language.

An Airey Nobody.

THE chief obstacle to the preservation of the troops in the Crimea seems to have arisen from the obstinacy of the Generals. So determined was SIR RICHARD AIREY to oppose every recommendation proceeding from a regimental officer, that the gallant Quartermaster-General used to go by the name of AIREY, AIREY, Quite Contrary.

ONE BLESSING OF PEACE.—CLANRICARDE will be able to go to St. Petersburg as soon as he likes.

THE LORD MAYOR'S TRUMPETER.

IT will be seen that the City authorities have resolved not to fill up at present the vacant office of LORD MAYOR'S Trumpeter. It was suggested that a Committee should sit on the Trumpeter, or his Trumpet, to inquire into the nature, extent, and importance, or unimportance of the duties attached to the office. One of the Aldermen undertook to describe the amount of work required of the Trumpeter, which, it is said, is limited to three blasts—one to blow the Old LORD MAYOR out, another to blow the New LORD MAYOR in, and a third at some Banquet, by way of adding to the general blow-out of the assembled company. We think the Corporation have acted wisely in declining to appoint any individual to the now vacant Trumpet; for, as many of the old City privileges are about to be blown away, the authorities require no blast from a servant of their own, to be instrumental to the raising of that wind to which many Corporation abuses are about to be scattered. The present LORD MAYOR is, moreover, a sensible man, whose conduct will speak for itself and for himself, without the aid of a Trumpeter.

We have it on the authority of an old saying, that "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good;" and such no doubt was the effect of the wind expended by the LORD MAYOR'S Trumpeter; who, with all his blowing, could have blown no good to anyone.

A New Order of Friars.

THE unpleasant practice of kissing the POPE's toe, of which we have lately witnessed such shameful examples, suggests the notion of a new ecclesiastical order, which the Roman Pontiff may possibly think it expedient to establish. If the papal foot is holy, according to the theory of "Development" its very excrescences must also be holy. What therefore does the holy Father say to the institution of an Order of Bunionists?

THE FIGHT OF COTTON.—Peace has its battles as well as War: it engenders competition, and that gives rise to many a Mill.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE Peers met in the morning (Monday, February 18), and were apprised, by a letter from BARON WENSLEYDALE, that he should certainly not condescend to hire a barrister to persuade the Lords to sanction the act of their QUEEN. They then resolved themselves into a Committee of Privileges, in order to sit in judgment on the Sovereign for the exercise of her prerogative, but after about an hour's squabble as to the best way to begin, they adjourned until Friday. They met again, as a House, in the evening, and remarks were made upon the conduct of the Government in shirking the

production of the Kars papers. The evident impropriety of this course may be judged from the fact that even HARDWICKE and MALMESBURY comprehended that it was wrong, and contrived to say so with no particular clumsiness.

The Commons enjoyed an Irish debate on the Bill for abolishing the Encumbered Estates Court and transferring its duties to a reformed Court of Chancery. The discussion was chiefly left to the lawyers, each of whom completely refuted everybody else, and then the Bill was read a second time. MR. WHITESIDE, with his usual amiability, imputed jobbery to the authors of the measure, but the Irish Solicitor-General, MR. J. FITZGERALD, rose in arrums and rebuked him in sarcastic terrums.

Tuesday. The Lords passed the Bill creating a Minister of Education, with a recognition of SIR JOHN PAKINGTON's exertions in connection with the subject; a compliment which happens to be well deserved. The Minister of War mentioned that Fort St. Nicholas had been blown up by the French, and that he had no doubt SIR EDMUND LYONS would, if possible, blow up the ships at the bottom of Sebastopol harbour. Meantime he himself blew up LORD HARDWICKE for shaping his inquiry on the subject in an incorrect manner.

In the Commons, SIR CHARLES NAPIER fixed the 4th of March for the Bombardment of Fort GRAHAM. MR. MACKINNON procured the appointment of a Committee to consider whether some tribunal, analogous to the French *Conseils des Prud'hommes*, could not be created, in order to interpose between workmen and employers in case of disputes. SIR GEORGE GREY, true to his Whig instinct, treated the proposal as one which would produce no good; but he would not take the trouble of opposing it. MR. LOCKE KING then moved that there should be a New Edition of the Statutes. By leaving out all the trash, and obsolete and repealed matter, he showed that the existing Statute Law might be reduced, from a bulk of forty quarto volumes, into a nice edition for the waistcoat pocket,—“say, ten moderate-sized volumes.” The object is most desirable; but MR. KING's plan, which was to desire the Clerk of the Parliaments (who has already a great deal to do, and half of whom, moreover, belongs to the Lords, and would not be ordered about by the Commons) to codify the British Laws, by way of filling up his evenings, was considered a little cool, and the motion was rejected by 164 to 63. After some Irish squabbling, interesting chiefly to the parties concerned, the Adulterations of Food Committee was appointed. With two or three exceptions, its members do not seem a very sapient lot; but *Mr. Punch* will assist them with his advice and correction.

Wednesday. The Commons sat for an hour; and a Bill for Registering our Doctors was referred to a Committee. LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR burst out with a puff for the Homœopaths, in whom he is a believer; as might be inferred from his advocacy, last year, of a quack specific for the treatment of Sunday. MR. HENLEY, who often grumbles out a fair hit, said that he had no sympathy with homœopathy, unless upon the principle that the less you took of a bad thing the better. MR. WILSON, the Cabinet's Great Calculating Boy, was pulled up for a special blunder. In the matter of an Act, under which £3,000,000 had already been advanced, he had told the House that the rate of interest was five per cent. only, whereas it was six-and-a-half. Our youthful readers are invited to do the sum both ways, to show to what amount MR. WILSON's blunder would extend, taking three years as the time during which the money has been lent, to copy out the calculations very neatly, and to enclose them to the *Economist* Office, with their compliments to the Editor. The documents will be sure to reach MR. WILSON, and may improve his mind.

Thursday. There is a kind of effrontery at which decent people scarcely know whether to laugh or to be indignant. Did the intimation,

conveyed to both Houses this evening, connect itself with a less serious matter than the question, why our first Crimean army was martyred, we could afford to be amused at the new investigation. As it is, we will simply record that the officers, whose ignorance and blundering have been exposed by the Report of the Crimean Commissioners, have had sufficient influence in high quarters to procure the appointment of a board, of their own class, which is to re-investigate the statements in that report. The public may be tolerably certain as to what the result will be; but, to ensure the impossibility of this board of general officers going right, even by accident, no man is to be a member who can know anything of the real case—“the having served in the Crimea is to exclude.” And the Board is to sit with closed doors. And by this magic BOTTOM expects to get his Ass's head taken off, or “translated” into a likeness of ACHILLES. Poor BOTTOM!

LORD DERBY then professed great desire to obtain from Government an explanation of the respective positions and powers of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, and of the Minister of War. To the Earl everything seemed in a muddle. LORD PANMURE denied the muddle, and gave an explanation slightly more perplexing than LORD DERBY's previous impressions. He declared, however, that the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, and the Army, were responsible to the House of Commons, which paid them. This hint may be useful at no distant date. Then the poor, dear, old, gallant, helpless, pliant, courtly, mischievous COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—to whom all glory and honour for everything he did in Spain, France, and India, and all censure and castigation for almost everything he does, and does not do, at the Horse Guards and in the Palace—tried to justify what had been done for BOTTOM—a melancholy exhibition. Long may LORD HARDINGE enjoy his well-earned £5000 a-year, and his fifty crosses, and clasps, and orders, but *Mr. Punch* hereby offers him a second £5000 a-year, (which will be cheerfully contributed by a fraction of our readers, at sixpence a-head) if he will only solicit one order more—an order to walk into private life. Never had a chivalrous man, like HARDINGE, such a chance of serving—perhaps saving—his country.

In the Commons, the question of the Sunday opening of the British Museum and the National Gallery came on. Shoals of petitions, got up by the clergy of all denominations, and signed by their followers, had been pouring in against the proposition, and the mere list of those which were flung in as a last volley occupies nearly three closely-printed columns of the *Times* Newspaper. Against this demonstration let LORD STANLEY's well-put test be noted. Here was a question which a certain portion of the nation regarded as involving immortal interests. About 150,000 signatures are estimated to have been obtained, by theological influences, to the hostile petitions. When the church-rate agitation was astir, 600,000 signatures came in upon petitions against a mere tax. The debate to-night was brief, and chiefly left to men of small calibre. The principal exceptions were LORD STANLEY, who manfully stood out as an Anti-Sabbatarian; MR. NAPIER, who saw “poison” in seeing pictures on Sunday; MR. HEYWOOD, who denied the truth of the Jewish history of the Creation, but described the Sabbath as a divine ordinance, to be kept as a day of rejoicing; and LORD PALMERSTON, who thought there would be no harm in opening these exhibitions, but that there would be much if the House acted in defiance of the opinions which had been expressed against doing so. This eminently House-of-Commons logic and morality was too suited to the audience not to be successful. On division, 376—add four who were “shut out,” and say 380—gentlemen in comfortable circumstances, most of them with carriages and country houses, decided, against 48 opponents, that the only holiday Mammon has left to the poor man shall not be better spent than in a squalid house, a dirty drinking-yard, or a debauching public-house.

Friday. The Lords finally resumed the WENSLEYDALE question. After rejecting, by 142 to 111, LORD GLENELG's sensible proposal that the opinion of the Judges should be taken, they went once more into Committee, and after a debate, evincing research and eloquence “worthy of a better cause,” the Coronet pronounced the Crown to have acted unconstitutionally. The numbers were 92 to 57—no proxies being used in Committees. Now to see whether the Ministers have moral courage enough to stand by their Sovereign, or whether they will leave her in a false position.

In the Commons, MR. VERNON SMITH intimated that “large powers” had been given to LORD DALHOUSIE to do what he liked with the territories of the KING OF OUDE. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER went in for Ways and Means. He mentioned that he must have money, that twenty-two months of war had cost forty-three millions and a half, which would not have been spent in peace-time, and he obtained the sanction of the House to his loan of £5,000,000, and his turning a great heap of Exchequer bills into National Debt. An Ordinance vote of a million and a quarter was also taken. And another circumstance of the evening was worth note. In the year 1262 the Londoners arose, and killed seven hundred Jews, because one Jew had taken two shillings a-week interest on a pound. In 1274 Parliament enacted that every Jew lending money should wear a plate on his breast, signifying that he was an usurer. On Friday morning, a knot of Jews offered, for the above loan, terms so “advantageous”

to themselves that LORD PALMERSTON and SIR CORNEWALL refused the bargain, and made them bid something reasonable. On Friday night a Bill for repealing the Abjuration Oath, a measure intended to introduce the Jews into Parliament by a side door, was brought in by MR. GIBSON, and read a first time without opposition.

A NEW WAY TO GET MARRIED.

A YOUNG French lady has hit upon a novel expedient for getting herself off; and if the plan succeeds, we shall possibly have a number of British maidens, who are beginning to hang a little on hand, adopting the same experiment. The plan in question consists of a lottery, comprising three thousand shares (at 40 francs each), and the holder of the successful share is to become the husband of the lady, who will hand over herself and the whole proceeds of the speculation by way of dowry. This is a capital mode of securing a husband and a fortune at the same time, but we cannot help thinking that with so many chances against one, forty francs, even for the prettiest face in the world, is rather too high a figure. If the lady had divided herself into a larger number of shares, and issued tickets at one franc, she might have doubled her fortune, and added considerably to the number of speculators, for no gentleman would have objected to put down his tennance on the chance of securing such a really valuable prize. If it is not too late, we recommend the lady to amend her prospectus, and while reducing the price of tickets to a franc, she might make the number unlimited, if she will only add a promise that the fortunate winner shall be allowed the option of refusing the whole of his winnings and accepting a compromise in lieu of the lady's hand.



A SEVERE SACRIFICE.

"Do you know," asked a political hanger-on in one of the luncheon rooms at the Admiralty, "such is the general distress that many poor, and even rich persons are obliged to dispense with sugar in their tea."

"Yes; but I have heard of a far greater sacrifice than that," exclaimed BERNAL OSBORNE, with his usual impulsiveness; "for I have been told that PALMERSTON, anxious to be the first to set a noble example to the nation in cutting down all superfluous luxuries, actually intends depriving himself for the future of the services of FREDERICK PEEL!"

A Clever Trick.

AN Irishman, coming to London in search of a situation, and not being able to meet with one, hits upon the happy expedient of changing his name to ELLIOTT. He receives a government appointment the very next day. Seven of his brothers at Tipperary have re-christened themselves in a similar manner, and are now on their road, walking up to Dublin, on their way to London, as fast as haybands round their legs will allow them.

A NEW FORM OF HOMAGE.

A STUPID Income-Tax gatherer went to see MISS P. HORTON at the Gallery of Illustration. He was greatly taken with the various characters, but never for a moment supposed that they were all represented by the same person. On the contrary, he applied for a list of the Company the next morning. His illusion being humoured, he has actually sent in a printed paper to every one of the mimic persons, whose names had been furnished to him.

MISS P. HORTON has good-naturedly filled in the blanks, and returned the papers somewhat in the following form:—

INCOME TAX.

Name.	Residence.	Trade or Profession.	Amount of Income and how Derivable?
MRS. MYRTLE . . .	Holly Lodge, Holloway.	The Wife of a retired Cheesemonger.	£1,200 5s. 2½d. a-year, with expectations from a maiden Aunt, besides an Angora Cat, and the use of a Pew at Chatham Chapel, Clapham.
MISS SNOWBERRY .	Old Maida Hill.	Spinster.	Lives and Dines off her friends, and picks them to pieces afterwards.
MASTER PERRY PRIMROSE . . .	Queen Anne's Charity School.	Charity Boy.	Nothing, but a peg-top. (For further particulars, inquire of the Beadle.)
DAME CROCUS } DAME DAFFODIL }	Dublin.	In the Toy and Sweetstuff line.	A dead loss of £5 a-year on Buonaparte's ribs alone. If it were not for the detonating balls and crackers, they wouldn't be able to keep body and soul together.
MR. HONEY SUCKLE	Eaton Square.	Diner-Out.	No definite Income. Sleeps out, and borrows clean shirts and collars of his friends.
MISS FUCHSIA WILLOW	Wherever she can.	Wallflower at Evening Parties.	Lives (when not on a visit) with her dear Mamma, who has promised her all her jewellery when she dies. Doesn't know what an Income is.
SIR JOHN QUIL . . .	Albany.	Baronet.	£2,400 a-year, funded property. Perfectly Independent of all Lawyers, and Bill-Discounters.
MRS. QUILQUACKER	Taylor's Rents.	Landlady.	Varies greatly upon whether her house is full or not, and whether her lodgers dine at home, leave their tea-caddies open, have a cellar of their own coals, and a variety of other causes.
FRANCISCO VERGONI	Genoa.	Organ Grinder.	The Voluntary Contributions of the Public.
KEZIA WILCOX . . .	Back Kitchen.	Maid of All Work.	£5 a-year (uncertain), and finds her own pins, tea, and sugar.
MILLE CASSANDRE CHANTEURIE . . .	Académie, Paris.	Première Chanteuse du Monde.	100,000 francs de rente (Spanish Long Deferred Annuities) besides an annual engagement at the Grand Opéra of 50,000 francs a-month, in addition to her "feu," and a congé of two months at the best period of the year.

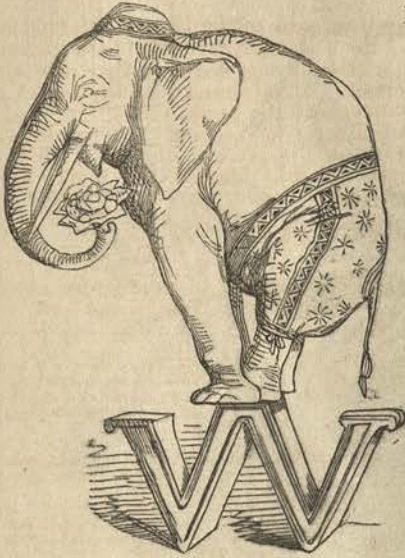
It would be rather awkward, however, if the joke was carried to its utmost limit, and the tax-gatherer, in the excess of his stupidity and zeal, made MISS P. HORTON pay Income-Tax on all the above sums. We are afraid that her receipts, strong as they apparently are, would be too weak to cope with so colossal a demand.

Notes and Queries.

WHAT is the meaning of "Gentleman-Usher to the QUEEN?" We should have thought that the word "Gentleman" might be omitted, as being fairly comprised within the latter part of the title. If the term Gentleman is at all necessary, it can only be in opposition to something that is not a Gentleman; but we cannot conceive the possibility that there could be anything but a "Gentleman" Usher to the QUEEN. The usual idea of the reverse is so shocking, that we can scarcely venture to hint at it; for our readers will agree with us in thinking, that a "Blackguard Usher to HER MAJESTY," is an individual whom it would be difficult to conceive.

A MODEL MAGISTRATE.—One who is slow in committing others, and still slower in committing himself.

THE SPORTS OF THE CIRCUS.



He dare say that HORACE was *nucens super se*—nuts upon himself—when he turned out his celebrated lines about the human caput and the equine cervix, and the hypothetical pictor who should join them. And the nuts were justifiable, for the lines are excellent. If there had been an Astley's Amphitheatre in Rome, in FLACIUS's day, they would have been used as a motto for the proscenium, a view of which our friend JOHN MURRAY would have had engraven for that rich and rare Horatian tome of his and "poet-priest MILLMAN'S." As it is, why does not MR. WILLIAM COOKE emblazon them on his curtain? They embody the very spirit of the drama, as set forth—

and exceeding well set forth—over against yon sawdust ring.

All the theatres are, just now, in a miraculous state of prosperity. The Managers have long since made their own fortunes, and are endowing churches, and hospitals, and almshouses. One of them has conscientiously put on his bills, as advice to the public, *Stay at Home*. Nobody can get into a theatre unless he takes an early breakfast, and joins the yet more eager crowd that has come without breakfast to be in time for the opening of the doors at night. A box given away—an order admitted—such a thing is inconceivable. The word "Order" was incautiously mentioned in the presence of a London Manager last week, and he fainted away, and was only revived by the Treasurer holding the banker's book to his nose. Rich playgoers, who can perfectly well afford to pay for admissions, and are therefore the most pertinacious in asking for gratis boxes and seats, are in despair. One wealthy stockbroker at Clapham, who had in vain written fourteen or fifteen beseeching letters to his theatrical friends, imploring them to get him a box for nothing, that his nine children, their mother, some country visitors, and the governess, might see a Pantomime, was actually compelled to pay a guinea and a half, and will never forget it. The reason for this rush upon the theatres is mysterious. It is not the attractions inside, because, although some of the entertainments now before the public are admirable, others are execrable, and yet all the houses are crowded. It is not the pieces—neither is it the Peace; the rush began before ALEXANDER cried craven. It is not the weather, for that varies seven times a-day, while the attendance every night is unvarying. Have the Managers been doing what *Abel Druggier*, in the *Alchemist*, proposes in order to obtain customers—have they buried loadstones under their thresholds to attract the steel spurs of the gallants? Alas, this solution is futile—our swells wear no spurs, though their late dinners almost send them to the theatre with bits in their mouths. We repeat—the problem has yet to be solved.

Mr. Punch had given up all idea of entering a theatre again until Easter, when luckily he remembered two very powerful friends to whom he had done kindnesses in days gone by, and from whom, as they had each four legs instead of two, he had no reason to expect the ingratitude usual in such cases. These were his friends, the Stupendous Elephants, who had accepted a short engagement with Mr. COOKE. Hastening over to Astley's, and making his way to the dressing-room of one of the performers in question, the Elephant shook his head, rather comically, declared that every corner of the house was full, but that sooner than *Mr. Punch* should be disappointed, he would lift somebody out of the front row in the pit, and substitute that gentleman. This *Mr. Punch* thought would hardly be fair, and finally he obtained a place in the orchestra, where, between the pieces, he composed the elegant and classical paragraph with which he commenced these observations.

His first duty is to return the civility of his friends the Elephants, and to remark that these artists acquitted themselves with even more than their usual intellectual ability. Their acting is decidedly mellow than it was, and subtler; and though they belong less to the Idealist than to the Realist school, there runs throughout their performance a poetic tone, in which MR. DISRAELI would detect their Asiatic blood. Their grand feat—the ascent from the ring to the stage, upon a single plank, nine inches wide—is in itself an epoch in the elephantine drama, uniting the Classic and the Romantic, the former typified in the rigid and unbending board, the latter in the wild majesty with which the

Parient of Combs traverses the Al-Sirat bridge—the Great Trunk line, as it might absurdly be called. But while doing justice to this singular achievement, which everybody should try to see, *Mr. Punch* must not forget those who tread the other boards of the establishment. Specially he would say that the history of *Dick Turpin*, (a strictly defensible crime-drama, for therein Highwaymanliness loses half its vice in losing all its probability) is given in the most dashing manner, and MR. JAMES HOLLOWAY, instead of hollaying away in the old equestrian style, acts gallantly, and delivers his speeches with discretion as well as energy. MISS EMILY COOKE, the Peri of the Ring, dives through her balloons like a sea-bird, and drops, with the daintiest precision, and in a model attitude, upon her cream-coloured steed, breaking a heart with every broken paper, and the high art of the *manège* is illustrated by the performance of a black mare, who in the good old days would assuredly have carried MR. COOKE to a magician's stake, as she now carries him, as the Americans are pleased to say, "first-chop." Finally, there is a pantomime, in which the performers are limited to two feet, or at most four; but in which the verses have no such limit, thanks to the generosity of MR. NELSON LEE. A very nice young lady pays well-deserved homage to our Gracious SOVEREIGN, for, after observing upon the QUEEN's general goodness, she remarks,

"Witness her own hand of the Crimean medals making distribution,
Besides to all our national charities sending an extremely handsome contribution."

It will be seen, therefore, that "Europe's National Theatre," as Astley's haughtily claims to be, keeps up its character for chivalry and cavalry, and as for the elephantine stars at present in the ascendant, (especially ascending about nine o'clock) we can only say, and it is a good deal to say, with our experience, that they are the greatest beasts of actors we ever saw.

WOMAN IN A NEW SPHERE.

HERE is a funny letter for you, Ladies—it appeared the other day in a contemporary—the *Morning Post*, of course:—

"SIR,—I have just read your article on the expediency of giving increased summary power to Magistrates in cases of ill-treatment of women and children. I would suggest that power should be given to the Magistrate to condemn such delinquents to stand in the pillory near the place where the outrage was committed; the enraged women of his neighbourhood would teach him future forbearance, and the dread of such punishment would strike terror into the hearts of his male associates.

"I remain, Sir, your Obedient Servant, PHILEGYMIST."

We should have solved the etymological puzzle comprised in the signature "PHILEGYMIST" by the supposition of a misprint, but for the coincidence of that strange pseudo-derivative with some equally strange grammar in the foregoing epistle: of which, however, the purport constitutes the chief absurdity. Fancy the elevation of female character in the poorer class which would result from the establishment of a pillory in the slums; the incidental punishment to be inflicted by the women of the neighbourhood! In what a delightful and desirable state of mind they would return to their homes after their exertion in pelting the exposed culprit with defunct kittens and unsound eggs. If the revival of the pillory is to be considered rather likely to brutalise mankind, what influence might it be expected to exert on womankind, regarded as the peculiar agents in the administration of that unpurifying discipline? Well: we should perhaps very soon see an assertion of the rights of women, which would amount to what may be considered as the height of Bloomerism. If anything should happen to MR. CALCRAFT, the Corporation of London would probably be applied to by candidates for the vacant office, including several individuals of the softer sex.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE CAMP.

AIREY, AIREY, quite contrary,
To what your rank d'y owe?
To my friends among swells, and the facts TULLOCH tells,
And SIR JOHN MACNEILL also.

CARDIGAN-hero, rode a horse tall;
CARDIGAN-zero, got a great fall:
Ten blunder'd charges, with all their dead men,
Can't set CARDIGAN-hero up again.

Punch's Gallantry.

It is simply to oblige a beautiful young lady that we print the following, and we hope our readers will excuse the weakness (of the conundrum, we mean) accordingly:

Supposing Venice were to be engulfed by the sea, or swallowed up by an Earthquake, why would it resemble the play of *Othello* with the principal character left out?

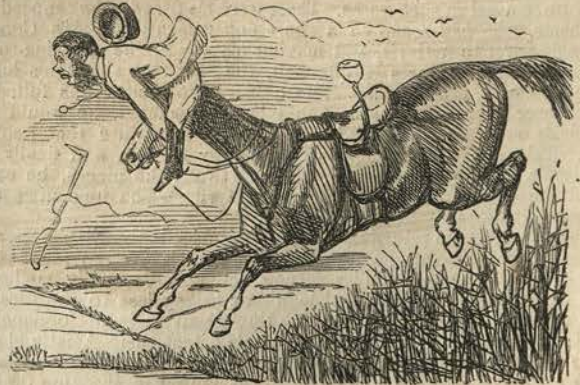
Because there would be no *Moor* of Venice! (Weak, very weak.)



TOM NODDY DOESN'T TAKE HIS OWN HORSE WITH HIM, AS HE THINKS IT IS BETTER TO HIRE A HORSE ACCUSTOMED TO THE COUNTRY. THE GROOM ASSURES HIM THAT HE COULDN'T BE BETTER MOUNTED, FOR THE HORSE IS VERY FAST, WITH TREMENDJUS JUMPING POWER.



*** IT IS A BEAUTIFUL FIND, AND T. N. GETS WELL AWAY WITH THE HOUNDS. THE FIRST FIELD IS A LARGE PASTURE, AND HE AND HIS HORSE AGREE WONDERFULLY. OUR LITTLE FRIEND THINKS THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GRASS COUNTRY—UNTIL HE COMES



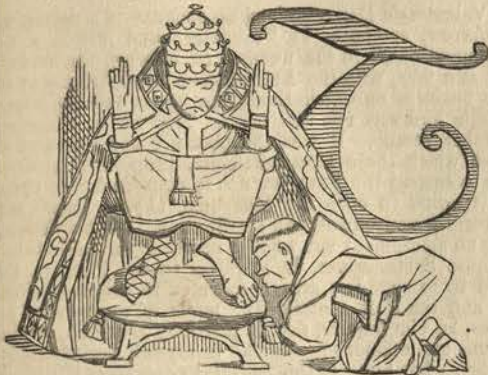
TO THIS PRETTY THING—OVER WHICH HE AND THE HORSE (WITH TREMENDJUS JUMPING POWER) GO, AND ENTER THE NEXT FIELD IN

THE FOLLOWING ORDER:—T. N. . . . 1
His Horse . . . 2



A GREAT SUNDAY EXAMPLE, BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANT—

THE LIP-SERVERS OF THE POPE.



THE *Univers*, relates the following absurd but nauseous particulars about the POPE and his worshippers:—

“After performing his devotions, the Pope proceeded to the sacristy, where a great number of the fathers of the company, from all countries of Europe, were assembled, and who were admitted to kiss his feet. . . . The Pope afterwards admitted to the honour of kissing

his feet the superiors and pupils of the two colleges, and different other persons, among whom were some who had belonged to the University of Oxford, but who have been recently converted to Catholicism.”

One never hears of this silly and sickening ceremony of kissing the POPE's feet without wondering what could ever have induced men to abase themselves by the performance of an act so entirely disgraceful. The company above alluded to consisted of Jesuits; and the rest of those who had the disgusting honour in question appear to have been for the most part ecclesiastical persons. Perhaps the celibacy imposed on the papal clergy, by denying them wives and children, renders them so hard up for any object to kiss, as to reduce them to the necessity of kissing the POPE's shoes; as hungry people are sometimes driven to eat their own boots. Among the degraded beings who did this extremely vile lip-service to the Roman Pontiff, it is lamentable to observe that there were some creatures who had once been Oxford men. However high a degree in the humane letters they may have taken at that University, it is quite clear that they have descended to a proportionally low one in the scale of humanity.

TAKE MADMEN IN TIME!

WHAT constitutes insanity? is a question which some of our contemporaries have been reviving lately, on account of certain recent escapes on that plea from CALCRAFT. We should say that insanity consists in being subject to other delusions than those which are popular—but this by the way. Yet, whether a man shall be confined as a madman, or hanged as a felon, is a doubt of some importance to society; of more importance, perhaps, to society than to the man; for the one doom and the other appear nearly equally enviable. The Judges have generally laid it down, that though an individual may be mad north-north-west, he may know a hawk from a handsaw, or a heronshaw, and deserve the gallows for an act done in the light and spite of that knowledge. Would any Judge, however, worthy of the name, trust any north-north-west madman in any other point of the mental compass? Would his lordship appoint as his executor anybody who, however right-minded he might appear in other respects, was wrong on the one point of believing himself to be JULIUS CAESAR?

As, whilst the grass grows the steed may starve, and whilst the stable door is open the steed may be stolen, so while the argument about insanity is going on, the maniac may be at large, and, being out of Bedlam, may slay somebody. Then sits a British jury to try him according to evidence, which proves him to have been crazy for some time, and the British jury acquits him on the plea of insanity. He is then shut up—wouldn't it have been better to shut him up before?

Now suppose an eccentric person—say a barrister—should have appeared times out of number in police and law courts, betraying a fixed idea, manifestly unfounded, that a certain rich and charitable lady had encouraged his ridiculous addresses. Suppose this same odd person also to have figured—only the other day too—before a Magistrate as behaving in a wild and frantic manner in his lodgings. Suppose, finally, that this whimsical gentleman were to shoot somebody through the heart. Would not his previous acts and deeds be regarded as entitling him to exemption from responsibility for that act, by any British jury?

Well, then: if any such mad person, whoever he may be, is still at large, would it not be advisable for those whom it may concern—and whom may it not concern?—to take the proper measures for the prevention of the act, which if he were to commit, he would not be punished for?

OUR LAZY CONTRIBUTOR'S REASON FOR ALWAYS TAKING A CAB. Life's a dream, and Somnambulism is dangerous.

THE DOCTOR OF DOCTORS.

A SHORT time ago all the quacks were in a frantic state of alarm. PROFESSOR GULLAWAY had been frightened almost to death by the ghost of MORISON the Hygeist, which appeared to him in consequence of a report that MR. HEADLAM was about to introduce a Medical Reform Bill into the House of Commons. The proprietors of several country papers meditated the commission of suicide, apprehensive of being ruined by the prohibition of those lying advertisements of pills, of ointment, of no more pills or any other ointment, of liver pills and life pills, of gout and rheumatism pills, of balsams, tinctures, and elixirs, all infallible, on the profits whereof they and their journals subsist.

MR. HEADLAM has introduced his Bill, and the quacks have ever since been dancing. It proposes to fine every medical man twenty shillings, by compelling him to pay that sum for the registration of his name before December next, and ten pounds in case of his postponing its registration till afterwards. Thus it rather tends to discourage the medical profession. It has no other material tendency. Nothing contained in MR. HEADLAM'S Bill will prevent quacks from publishing as many falsehoods as they please; from duping as many fools as they can; and from destroying as many lives as they may. It does not tend to discourage quacks. Their gains it will not diminish at all; it will lessen those of many a qualified practitioner by one pound in excess of his entire professional income. One pound (why does not MR. HEADLAM make it a guinea?) is the fee which the Doctor is to pay for MR. HEADLAM'S doctoring. The fee is to be ten pounds if the medical Doctor should be slow in availing himself of his parliamentary Doctor's advice. Why cannot MR. HEADLAM let the poor Doctors alone? Friend as he appears to be of the quacks, it would only be doing as he would be done by.

OUT BY HONOURS.

It seems that “age before honesty, or honour,” is not a maxim of Court policy; but that age instead of being honoured, is liable to be dishonoured, or deprived of its honours in some instances, where position at Court is concerned. We have been led, or rather pushed into these reflections, by the perusal of a paragraph, on the subject of MISS MURRAY'S discontinuance of her duties as one of the Maids-of-Honour. It appears that this lady has not been dismissed in consequence of her opinions on slavery; but she has been granted leave of absence, because, as a penny-a-liner has beautifully put it, she “has been eighteen years in attendance on HER MAJESTY, and cannot be said to be still in that bloom of youth, the idea of which is usually attached to a Maid-of-Honour to the QUEEN.” For our own parts, we do not see why the Maids-of-Honour should be necessarily youthful (we know they are not particularly useful) as well as ornamental; and we can find no objection to an old Maid-of-Honour, more than to an old maid of any other description. MISS MURRAY has proved herself to be a strong-minded woman; and is, perhaps, on that account considered unsuitable to the performance of those little nothings, which constitute the duties of a Maid-of-Honour; but it is too bad to throw her age in her face, which is the very last position in which any lady would wish it to appear.

A LATHERING FOR LAWYERS.

If we are to believe the News-papers, the Magistrates at Oldham have decided that shaving on Sunday is illegal, and they have fined a barber five shillings for the alleged offence. We have all of us heard that cleanliness has been regarded as next to godliness, but it would seem that the Magistrates of Oldham associate religion with dirt. The labourer who was fined by some provincial Sorons last summer for getting in some wheat on Sunday, and whose penalty was remitted by the Home Office on account of the illegality of the sentence, was assuredly as culpable as the barber; for there can be no more harm in giving a reap to a neighbour's chin than in reaping a little grain. It should assuredly be allowed for one man to shave if another may cut his corn.

They who will not permit the removal of the beard on Sunday, are among those who would put the darkest possible face upon the Sabbath, and would estimate religion by the blackness of its looks. If the law as laid down by the Magistrates of Oldham, is permitted to prevail, Sunday will henceforth be chiefly remarkable in that locality for the dirty faces of its inhabitants. We are somewhat surprised at this antipathy to a well-scraped chin on the part of the Sabbatarians, for hypocrisy is usually smooth-faced.

A NATURALIST WHO IS A BIT OF A NATURAL.

A NATURALIST, describing the Rook, says:—“He loves the blue empyrean, and he quits his lofty height, when he is brought to this dull earth by the mere force of caterpillary attraction.”



RATHER SEVERE.

Sarcastical Driver, loq. "Our Gov'nor says to me, says he, 'Ow d' yer like yer 'Osses?' Says I, 'Osses!—Well, I don't call 'em 'Osses,' says I; 'I calls 'em Trussles!'"

BANKRUPTCY AND BOOK-MAKING.

If we wished to get several thousand pounds into debt, and get rid of our liabilities by bankruptcy—if, in fact, we proposed to ourselves to go systematically into the swindling business, and engage in vast pecuniary transactions without a shilling of our own, the first thing we should take care to learn would be the whole art of book-keeping. From what we occasionally see of the reports of the proceedings in *Bankruptcy*, we find that well-kept books are regarded by the Commissioners as a test of honesty, and though assets may have disappeared, or never have existed, though large liabilities may have been incurred without any prospect of payment, the bankrupt will be complimented upon his honesty, if he has shown himself a good book-keeper. To our apprehension, it would seem that well-kept books would only help to show a reckless trader the ruinous result of his proceedings; and that while the man without books might flatter himself that all would come right at last, the man with exact accounts could only get into hot water with his eyes open. If a man may trade on the capital of others without any of his own, and get excused on the ground that he has kept his books accurately, we do not see why a thief who steals purses and pocket-handkerchiefs—being none of his own—may not plead in mitigation of punishment, that he has carefully booked the whole of his transactions.

We should like to see the effect of the production of a ledger at the Central Criminal Court on a trial for felony; and we should be curious to observe whether a burglar would be leniently dealt with, on the ground that his housebreaking accounts gave proof of his experience in the science of double entry. If the Old Bailey Judges should concur in the view of the Bankruptcy Commissioners, the dishonest classes will be advised to keep books in future, for the purpose of being produced at the criminal sessions. The distinctions between commercial frauds and ordinary robbery are already slender enough, but they will be almost altogether removed by the new practice that may be expected to prevail, if book-keeping is to be accepted at the criminal bar as some palliation of dishonesty.

General Ignorance.

"It is stated in quarters usually well informed,"—as the papers say when they are about to introduce a cracker, and we may therefore use the same terms in introducing a squib,—that one of the Crimean generals, hearing that the troops were being exposed to a heavy fire of shells, gave orders that the men should instantly provide against accidents by putting on their shell-jackets.

THE SABBATARIAN AT HOME.

THE *Times* of Valentine's Day contained an account of a deputation to Lord PALMERSTON, composed of "ministers and laymen of all Evangelical denominations," to the number of between one hundred and one hundred and fifty, with the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY at their head. The business on which these gentlemen thought proper to trouble the noble lord was not their own. Nor was it altogether the business of other people. It was the pleasure and recreation of other people, with which these kind gentlemen propose to interfere. Their object was to entreat the PREMIER not to countenance or assent to "any motion tending to open the Museums, Crystal Palace, and other places of worldly amusement," on the Sunday. Lambeth Palace, of course, affords no amusement but what is unworldly and celestial.

Forty-six of these Sabbatarians, in addition to the PRIMATE, the *Times* enumerates by name. Let everybody refer to this nominal list of the deputed, and see if it contains the name of anybody that he knows. If it does, let him inquire, and, if possible, ascertain, in what manner that serious and officious gentleman is himself accustomed to observe the Sunday. Let him—in the material guarantees of a suit of black and a white tie—present himself at the gentleman's area-gate, ring the bell, and obtain faithful answers to the following questions. On a Sunday morning,—

1. Is the gentleman in the habit of washing himself?

N.B. Diurnal ablution is not a work of necessity; many go unwashed for days; some never wash at all; and it appears that this was the case with several personages who, notwithstanding, died in the odour of sanctity. They, however, it must be admitted, mostly wore horsehair-shirts instead of cambric, and are claimed by the idolatrous Church of Rome. Besides, the Sabbatarian might blend consistency with cleanliness by establishing, and partaking in, a general Saturday night's family wash regularly at 11.30. By adopting this course, he would have the important advantage of being sure of not breaking any Sabbath, either that day so called in the Old and New Testament, or that different day so called in neither the one nor the other, but so called by Tradition, and the Puritans, and the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. For the Sabbath of the Jewish Nation ends at sunset on Saturday, and the Sabbath which the ARCHBISHOP well calls "national," does not begin till the clock has struck twelve. These remarks apply also to shaving.

2. Does the Sabbatarian gentleman indulge in a warm breakfast?

Warmth of breakfast is unnecessary; cold hard-boiled eggs are quite eatable; dry toast is very good; our ancestors did without tea and coffee altogether: and if Sunday is indeed the Sabbath, the Sabbatarian must know that he ought not, on that day, even to have a fire lighted in his dwelling.

3. Are any knives and forks and boots cleaned, any plates and dishes washed in the gentleman's establishment? If he dines on cold meat, does he, nevertheless, allow himself hot potatoes?

The page, the footman, the cook, and every other domestic of the Sabbatarian, ought to be exempted from rendering that gentleman any kind of service on Sunday; always supposing that day to be what he calls it.

It will be sufficient to get these questions answered. To inquire whether the master of the house rides to church, or frequents a club, on Sunday, is pretty much like asking if Mr. GOUGH is usually to be found of an evening at the Spotted Dog. Washing, shaving, hot breakfast, and dinner, polished boots, and operations in the scullery, are quite as unnecessary as recreation in the Crystal Palace, British Museum, or National Gallery. The Sabbatarian who eschews and disallows these things is sincere at least, and respectable. But the fellow who performs or permits any of them on a Sunday, whereas he goes pestering LORD PALMERSTON to withhold rational and sober amusement from the people, is an impudent hypocrite. He ought to be classed in the category of *Chadband* and *Stiggins*, and *Mawworm*; he may have "Rev." before his name, or "M.P." after it; he may be sleek and unctuous; but he is an impostor. At the best he can but be regarded as a knave; who, under the pretence of devotional zeal, attempts to maintain the pre-eminence of an idea. Avoid him; beware of him; trust him no more than you would SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL; no farther than you could throw a bull by the tail.

Barnum at Niagara.

THE ingenuous MR. BARNUM—as we learn from an American print—has invented a gutta-percha machine in which a safe passage may be made by the curious down the Falls of Niagara. The account further states "BARNUM is about to make the first experiment with a dog. If that animal arrives all right below, a Nigger or an Irishman will be engaged for the next experiment." Should the selection fall upon an Irishman, we trust that the patriotic JOHN MITCHELL will be the chosen. Such a fire-eater is only to be effectually cooled in a cataract.

'TWOULD PUZZLE A CONJUROR.



If a Conjuror can ever be puzzled, we think that the Wizard of the North must be mystified by his own advertisements. At all events, we confess ourselves to be fairly driven to the very limit of the powers of our wisdom teeth by the formidable nuts to crack which we have encountered in the following extracts from the announcements put forth in the name of PROFESSOR ANDERSON. In the advertisement of the Opera of the *Bohemian Girl* we find "Thaddeus, the new tenor, MR. HENRY HAIGH, his first appearance in London." This is the first time we ever heard that "Thaddeus, the new tenor" is a principal character in BALFE's most popular opera.

We are next informed that "the whole of the unlimited resources of this, the first theatre in the Metropolis, will be called into requisition on this occasion." If the resources are "unlimited," how can "the whole" of them be "called into requisition?" We may be told that they may

all be called, though being unlimited, they cannot all make their appearance; and perhaps, in this way, the difficulty may be got over. What, however, is the meaning of the following passage?—

"The *mise en scène* will be characteristic of all that has been produced on the boards of Covent Garden." If that be a fact, the *mise en scène* of the *Bohemian Girl* will be characteristic of *Le Prophète*, *My Neighbour's Wife*, *Mother Goose*, *Hamlet*, *I Puritani*, *Jonathan Bradford*, and several hundreds of other miscellaneous affairs, which are included in "all that has been produced on the boards of Covent Garden."

PROFESSOR ANDERSON has contributed much and successfully to the amusement and mystification of the public, but there is scarcely one of the ingenious tricks in his magical performances that have puzzled us so much as the meaning of some of his advertisements.

The Husband's Revenge.

A Warning to Wives who will keep bad Cooks.

PROVISIONS RAW
Long time he bore;
Remonstrance was in vain;
To escape the scrub
He join'd a club:
Nor dined at home again.

MISSING.—The Tremendous Coalition, which was threatened some few months ago. If any one, who has heard or seen anything of it, will give information at the Punch Office as to what has become of it, he will NOT be HANDSOMELY REWARDED, as it is evident he must be a great fool for his pains and trouble.

MAGNANIMITY OF THE MANCHESTER BENCH.

WHEN a prisoner has been found guilty of wilful murder, the Judge, as everybody knows, has no alternative but to put on the black cap and sentence him to be hanged. Recommendation to mercy, extenuating circumstances, he can only make a note of, and transmit to the proper quarter. For his own part, he has simply to send the man to the gallows. A similar necessity compels Magistrates to consign to the crank, irrespectively of excuse, a wretch convicted to their own satisfaction of deserting his wife and family, leaving them chargeable to the parish. The penalty may subsequently be remitted or mitigated by a higher power; but to the crank or the treadmill the unhappy man must in the meanwhile go. He must be put to the purgation of the prison bath; he must receive the prison tansure; accept the prison fare; and submit to the whole prison discipline of mortification and penance.

Everybody must deeply sympathise with two worthy Magistrates of Manchester, MR. WILLIAM ROSS and MR. G. R. CHAPPELL, who in the unavoidable performance of their painful duty, were obliged to inflict a month's imprisonment, with hard labour, on a poor man of excellent character, who had incautiously and almost unintentionally contracted the guilt of wife-desertion. A Manchester contemporary relates the case whereon it was the distressing task of these gentlemen to adjudicate. Sternly and sorrowfully was that task performed. This truly affecting case is described by that contemporary as having occurred at the Manchester City Police Court, whereat

"ROBERT MORGAN, a self-acting minder, one of the men now unfortunately out on strike, was brought up in custody, accused of leaving his wife and three children chargeable to the parish since the 1st of January last."

Of the legal criminality of MORGAN there could be no doubt. The Magistrates had the accused himself confessing; for

"The defendant did not deny the accusation, but said he was quite willing to repay back to the township whatever amount of relief his family had received, as soon as he obtained employment."

But the deed was done, and could no more be undone than assassination. The money might have been repaid, but the act was irrevocable. Yet it must have been trying to the feelings of the poor culprit's judges to hear him plead palliation, and offer atonement: that palliation being so strong, and that atonement being so feasible. We find that

"He stated that he had not deserted his family, but had gone into the country to look for work, his wife, when he left Manchester, being in employment. The relieving officer said the defendant might have work at CLARKE'S mill at 18s. per week. The defendant's wife appeared in the witness-box, and, with tears in her eyes, earnestly assured the bench that she knew her husband did not mean to desert her."

Too late did the unfortunate MORGAN perceive the scrape in which he had involved himself, and propose to make sufficient but unavailing amends. Too clear, too conclusive, was the evidence against him; and

"On this evidence MR. WILLIAM ROSS and MR. G. R. CHAPPELL, the sitting Magistrates, said the defendant must be committed for one month. The poor fellow was accordingly conveyed to prison, his wife weeping piteously as she left the court."

The spectacle of a wife's anguish under such circumstances must have been agonising to witness; but especially so to those who were obliged to cause it: and since MR. ROSS and MR. CHAPPELL are of course unpaid Magistrates, they ought instantly to be appointed stipendiaries with a large salary a-piece, to compensate them for the no doubt frequent laceration, to which, in unwillingly creating such harrowing scenes, they must be obliged to subject their tender feelings.

Vainly were these rigid but righteous justices invited by a MR. E. BENT to reconsider their decision. If that gentleman was BENT, they were inflexible. In vain did a friend of the criminal's tender an indemnification on his behalf:—

"The witness, who was at hand to speak to the man's character, offered to reimburse to the parish the amount of relief given to the defendant's wife, but MR. ROSS declined accepting the proposition, adding that, if men would strike and send their wives to the parish, it was very hard that other working men should have to maintain them."

Thus severely just, MR. ROSS nevertheless attempered his justice with all the mercy that was possible under the circumstances; inasmuch as

"MR. ROSS finally agreed that, 'if the man liked to get the relieving officer to attend on Monday, and if he (the relieving officer) consented to the proposal, probably some arrangement might be made!'"

As the Judge consents to submit his sentence of capital punishment to the Home Secretary's revision, so MR. ROSS agrees to subject his judgment to the clemency of the relieving officer. The parallel is complete. We all know that the relieving officer constitutionally exercises the delegated authority of the Crown.

We have felt it necessary to place this matter in its true light, because our Manchester contemporary has not hesitated to insinuate, that (under the pretence of being punished, with the punishment of a rogue, for having deserted his wife and children) ROBERT MORGAN was really punished for having been concerned in a strike. Incredible!

THE PUSEYITES' RITUAL.—It is composed of none but Roman character, with all the most orthodox passages strongly Italicised.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Oberon. I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference."

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii., Scene 2.

THE SULTAN AND HIS STEPS.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been occasioned in the serious world by the intelligence of the fact that on Thursday, the 31st ult., the SULTAN actually and in person attended a *bal costumé*, which was given at the English Embassy. It is known in serious society, that a *bal costumé* means a fancy dress-ball, the nature of which thing is also sufficiently well known; as many persons, now serious, have, in their mirthful days, had manifold experiences of such vanities.

The countenance of public and promiscuous dancing by the SULTAN, being dead against the principles of Mahometanism, looks very much as if he had renounced Islam. Can he then have become converted? This is the question now anxiously agitated amongst the straight-haired and glum-visaged portion of the community. That he was present at a dance has, by the worldly, been cited as evidence of his probable conversion; but the serious are painfully puzzled, not knowing what to make of it, since their opinion has hitherto been that nobody can attend a ball but an unconverted individual.

The SULTAN has a few timid apologists among the serious, who say that he cannot all at once be expected to become a professor. That is very true—his Imperial Majesty is doubtless taking a course of lessons under one. He, however, has now probably advanced beyond his first position—for of course he was very soon placed in that. Having recognised the principle of dancing, he will naturally have also proceeded to the practice: and is, at this moment, very likely, footing it down the middle and up again in an apartment of the Palace of Teheragan, to the tune of a kit, by means whereof that same professor is teaching him the *Schottische* and so forth with privacy and expedition.

It is to be expected that the SULTAN's patronage of the dance will introduce a complete change in the performances of the Dervishes mis-called dancing. Their insane antics will probably be exchanged for legitimate steps; and in good time we shall have all the Moslem who think it worth while to visit Mecca, executing polkas and waltzes around the Kaaba, with partners, too, emancipated from the Harem; the pilgrims concluding their graceful evolutions with "*Pop goes the Prophet!*"

A HEALTHY REFORMER.

WHILST Government was squandering our resources, and the lives of our men, in the Crimea, MISS NIGHTINGALE was nursing them.

LOOK INTO THE ENGINE-ROOM.

JOHN BULL was a calico-weaver and spinner,
Who loved his business more than his dinner;
He tried all markets, and still was a winner;
And his purse got fatter and he got thinner,
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

In competition the world to breast,
He rose up early and late took rest;
Turn'd his head to mechanics, till all confest,
That of spinning-machinery, his was the best,
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

'Twas a sight to see mule, jenny, and gin,
To scutch and to card, wind, slubber, and spin,
The marvels of strap-work, and rack and pin,
That made yarn come out where raw cotton went in,
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

With infinite pains JOHN polish'd and oil'd,
Saw each shaft box'd, and each strap well-coil'd;
Spliced all that was weak, clean'd all that was soil'd,
Renew'd what was old, and replaced what was spoil'd.
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

That in corner or nook dust nor cobweb should lurk,
No cost he would spare, and no trouble would shirk—
Till one day all Europe, including the Turk,
Came to see JOHN's wondrous machinery work,
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

JOHN show'd his visitors over the mill,
They were loud in praise of his pains and skill;
And now, MR. JOHN, perhaps you will
Put in motion what seems so perfect when still,
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

MR. BULL declares that proud he feels,
And off at a signal go straps and wheels,
With the whirr and the whizz of racks, bobbins, and reels,
You scarce knew if you stood on your head or your heels.
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

But the work had not continued long,
When here stopp'd a drum, and there slack'd a thong,
And wheel after wheel ceased its whirring song—
In short it was clear there was something wrong.
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

JOHN fretted and fumed, and with mortified air,
Shoved this cog here and that shaft there,
Set this wheel right, and that strap fair,
And all the while—oh, didn't he swear—
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

He blew up his workmen left and right,
Till winders and piecers were pale with fright,
But of all his frantic efforts in spite,
The perfect machinery wouldn't go right,
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

At last in his humiliation deep,
Poor JOHN from swearing felt ready to weep,
When into the Engine-room chancing to peep,
He found the stoker fast asleep!
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

JOHN kick'd the sleeper out in disgrace,
And put a new stoker to work in his place,
And—the steam-engine fed—at a famous pace,
Again went the wheels in their thundering race,
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

MORAL:

Let those who remember the War last year,
Read MACNELL'S Crimean Report so clear,
And they'll find why our war-machinery dear,
In the act of working got so out of gear,
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

After flaws in the wheels and straps ne'er creep;
Leave scratching the surface to probe more deep;
And in at the Horse-Guards' Engine-room peep,
Where sits Stoker LORD HARDINGE, fast asleep!
Ri too-ral, oo-ral, &c.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HE favourite article of pastry, known as Humble-Pie, was twice devoured by HER MAJESTY'S Ministers during the past week. This evening, (Monday, February 25, when the President of the Council begged for time to consider what should be done in the case of the WENSLEYDALE Peerage, and entreated, in his own words, that "by-gones might be by-gones," and on the following evening, when, awed by the threats and clamour of the jobbing Corporations, the PREMIER shelved the Local Dues Bill. Too frequent indulgence in this surfeiting comestible is to be deprecated by those who desire to see a Ministry in a healthy and vigorous condition. The Report of the Committee of

Privileges was received and recorded; and the victorious Lords no doubt think they have done a very clever thing. In the year 1556, a Life-Peer will, perhaps, quote to the House (all being Life-Peers) a sentence from the MACAULAY of the day, who, describing our time, may begin—"Tottering, yet sustained by prescription and by prejudice, Hereditary Nobility, anile and rash, staggered, this session, under a self-inflicted blow, which basted"—and so forth.

Mr. Punch apologises for alluding to so insignificant a thing as a Colony; but as Tasmania, formerly Van Diemen's Land, is at feud with its Governor, SIR H. YOUNG, who has been playing a Tasmanian CROMWELL to the Legislative Assembly, it must be mentioned that MR. LABOUCHERE "hopes the irritation will pass away." If the Colony passes away with it, MR. LABOUCHERE, or his successor, will have some sonorous platitudes for our consolation.

On the motion for the second reading of the Local Dues Bill, SIR FREDERICK THESIGER moved its rejection. He raised anew the old bug-bear, set up whenever it is sought to reform a system or abolish a nuisance—the sacredness of Vested Rights. Every rascality has, in its time, stood on its vested rights. The Slave-trade, Pocket Boroughs, Corn Laws, Chancery, Smithfield, each abomination has had its THESIGER to plead vested right. Perhaps the impudence of the plea in the case of Corporations is specially flagrant, because the property battled for is not a thing actually acquired—a nigger in one's possession, a bought Old Sarum, an inherited office, a subsisting muck-heap—but only authority to commit future extortions. CAPTAIN MACHEATH is not protesting his right to the purse, gold snuff-box, and diamond necklace which he took from the Bath mail last night, and has given to POLLY and LUCY, but his right to all the plunder which he may collect from all the coaches on the road, until he is hung. And MACHEATH has won the day. MR. LOWE fought gallantly for his reform bill, and the debate was adjourned until next day, when LORD PALMERSTON declared that the Government retained its opinion that the bill was just and politic, but that as a complication of interests was involved in its details, it should be sent to a select committee. There is an end of the matter for the present session. MR. DISRAELI, who has the faculty, common to himself, a leech, and a lawyer, of instinctively fastening on a sore place, exulted elaborately, and then abused Ministers for all sorts of "blunders, mistakes, defeats, and discomfitures." MR. LABOUCHERE'S answer was a good one, regarded as a Parliamentary blow, but Mr. Punch has no more interest in such battles than in any other prize-fights, and he regretfully records that Justice has been defeated by the Jobbing interests.

The question of the proposed road across St. James's Park was raised, and LORD PALMERSTON stated that the Government had no pet plan, but merely desired the convenience of the public. The affair goes before a Select Committee, chiefly of Swells, three lords, three barts, and two colonels included, but SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, also nominated, is not a bad referee on such a subject.

Tuesday. LORD STANHOPE wishes a National Portrait Gallery to be founded at Brompton, evidently desirous to get his own likeness painted at the expense of the British nation. Mr. Punch almost forgets the noble STANHOPE'S appearance, but will take an early opportunity of looking into the Lords, and seeing how far this ambition is justified. He will report the result. The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in two bills for amending the law of trade and commerce in England and in Scotland, and they were referred to a Committee. LORD CAMPBELL incidentally mentioned that "not one child in fifty, from Carlisle all round the coast of Scotland to the German Ocean, knew whether he was legitimate or not," and JOHN urged a reform of the Scotch marriage law. LORD GRANVILLE stated that Government had no intention of altering the ticket-of-leave system.

LORD PALMERSTON gave the names of the new Commissioners who are to revise M'NEILL and TULLOCH'S verdict on Bottom. The only one about whom the public knows anything is

LORD SEATON, a gallant soldier and a successful ex-governor, with a pension of £2000 a-year. The idea of keeping the proceedings secret is given up; but the Commission is to have discretion to close doors if it pleases. The abandonment of the Local Dues Bill disgraced the remainder of the evening.

Wednesday. The Commons did nothing, and then got off at two o'clock to attend the Levée. Much pleasanter than to record any nonsense of theirs, is to read that the

"QUEEN wore a train of white poplin, embroidered in gold and coloured flowers, and trimmed with fringe to correspond. The petticoat was white satin, trimmed with white satin ribband. HER MAJESTY'S head-dress was formed of emeralds and diamonds."

Thursday. The PARKE "row" (as LORD CAMPBELL says) has produced one good effect. The ridiculous Appeal system in the Lords will be overhauled, and on LORD DERBY'S motion, a Committee was appointed to inquire into the subject.

In the Commons a debate took place, which, as Mr. Punch has before hinted, would have commanded the gravest and most earnest consideration of a representative assembly—had we only the good fortune to possess one. The subject was the Currency Question; in the right understanding of which even MR. DISRAELI has recorded his conviction that the whole vitality of a civilised nation is involved. As it was, the principal speakers were MUNTZ, DRUMMOND, SPOONER, and CHARLES WOOD; and there seems to have been a good deal of fun. Wood facetiously offered to define a Pound; and answered the celebrated PEEL Problem thus—"A Pound is 125 grains of standard gold." It was a good Sell; and we wonder it did not provoke the retort that, if Ministers were insolvent, and put CHARLEY WOOD in his right place, they might proclaim a dividend of One Donkey in the Pound. However, if the House laughs at such subjects, let us all laugh also.

"Laymen have leave to dance, while parsons play."

MR. J. G. PHILLIMORE (N.B. Copy the address) then advertised his forensic talent very effectively, by delivering a long speech upon the details of a painful and disgusting case recently tried in Ireland. In these days, no mode of attracting notoriety can be called unworthy. The question of the guilt or innocence of an accused wife was involved in the motion. An Honourable Member certainly rose, and stated that "the father and brother of the unfortunate lady had been averse to the raising such a discussion; and that MR. PHILLIMORE had that afternoon received a letter from the brother, deprecating the step the Learned Gentleman was about to take;" but that did not stop him. He was induced, however, after a debate, to withdraw his motion.

Friday. The subject of torture in India was at last brought up in a manner which renders it impossible for the effrontery or the shuffling of the East India House champions to screen the Company much longer. LORD ALBEMARLE has manfully dragged the Indian Government to the Bar of the Lords, and the atrocious system which employs torture as a means of collecting taxation will now be understood by the country. The returns for which he moved will be delayed as long as possible, but they must be had at last.

MR. ROEBUCK brought forward a motion condemning the Bottom Commission; the folly and injustice of which he denounced in an effective harangue. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON would not support the motion; but was quite prepared to censure Government, both now, and when the Commission should report; no matter what it said. FRED PEEL delivered a long speech (which SIR DE LACY EVANS told him he had learned by heart), intended to be most bewildering, but which clumsily let the Government into a hole,

by the admission that it did not regard its own Commissioners' report as conclusive. For this he was pounced upon by MR. LAYARD, who laid it well into the Government, and by SIR DE LACY EVANS, who rebuked poor FKED severely for some impertinences touching the general officers in the Crimea. Even MR. GLADSTONE came down upon him, and upon the *Bottom* Commission; and, at last, PALMERSTON was obliged to make a large acknowledgment of the services of M'NEILL and TULLOCH, to declare that Government

was much obliged to them, and that they had put the Army right. It was a melancholy night for the unfortunate FREDERICK; but, if little men will shove themselves into important places, they must expect to be demolished when grave questions come up. The motion, having done its work, was withdrawn. As for the New Commission, PALMERSTON could make no defence of that; and had better have admitted that it was merely a concession to the clamour of *Bottom*, who is enraged at being written down an Ass.



DESTRUCTION OF FORT NICHOLAS.

"Immediately over the Eastern Explosion there hung for some seconds what seemed a mighty Lion, with head, mane, and body perfectly defined in shadowy delineation."—*Times' Correspondent.*

THE LYONS' SHARE.

THE City of London has made SIR EDMUND LYONS a freeman, presenting him with his diploma in a gold box. Very good. Had the box been as big as a lady's travelling-trunk, still *Mr. Punch* would have said—very good. MR. DEPUTY HARRISON made a very good speech; a speech worthy of Guildhall, worthy of Temple Bar; nevertheless *Mr. Punch* espies a fault in the oration; and this it is:—

"I will make a quotation from a work which we all know so well, and which originally appeared in *The Times*, by their correspondent,—*The War*, by W. H. RUSSELL—a work which we can all read now with gratification, not only on account of its graphic and literary merits, but also on account of that daring and true courage which could induce a correspondent at the time to step forward and point out those monstrous evils which we all have had to deplore."

Why should DEPUTY HARRISON make the above quotation, without at the same time, attempting to make a like testimonial to RUSSELL as to LYONS? Surely "Our Special Correspondent" showed quite as much daring courage as even a CARDIGAN. Nevertheless, although CARDIGAN has been honoured with offerings by a grateful country; England, recompensing England, has never bestowed upon RUSSELL so much as a toothpick. RUSSELL has been the means of putting titled culprits on their trial; RUSSELL has made public light shine upon official darkness, and WILLIAM RUSSELL has returned to his post in the

Crimea, with not so much as a lantern given to him for dark nights and miry roads.

LORD DERBY, in the plenitude of his admiration of science and literature, would have no life-peeraiges, lest they should be as glittering bribes to philosophers and poets, making them truck their independence for a life patent of nobility. LORD DERBY is, no doubt, right. Our "Special Correspondent" in pursuit of a life-peeraige, might have given the history of *The War* with a difference. Having told the truth, however; having been the means of putting earls, and knights, and honourables on their trial, he is rewarded for his "daring and true courage" by neglect.

It was very well of the Common Council to give the freedom in a gold box to ADMIRAL LYONS; but why not another box to CORRESPONDENT RUSSELL? But, perhaps, the City can in no way acknowledge the services of the pen, unless a pen of the ledger.

Cholera and Cant.

GIVEN: if Cant were as fatal to life as Cholera, what would have been the amount of mortality in the neighbourhood of the House of Commons, on the late division on the "Sunday bill?" Will the HON. MR. F. H. BERKELEY resolve the problem?

TODGERS'S TABLE-TALK.



LD TODGERS, if not one of the most remarkable men of a remarkable age, at least lived to an age that was remarkable. He filled a great space in the public eye, for his size was enormous, and if he, like the rest of us, had his weaker side, so great was his bulk that it was sometimes difficult to get to the weak side of him. If his waist was much beyond the ordinary span, his years were in proportion; for he was born before the mention of tail coats, in the days of the Spencers and before the clothes of the first quarter of the present century. He had talked with the wearer of the first surtout, he had watched with interest the earliest productions of MACINTOSH; he could recollect TETT and SHEGOAT at Covent Garden; he remembered there being "enough water in the bay" at the Adelphi "to take those out in safety who entered in confidence;" he had received

a bow from SIMPSON in Vauxhall Gardens, when BARON NATHAN was a boy; he had seen ballets supported by MRS. SEABLE and her pupils at Sadler's Wells, and he had played at cribbage with WIDDICOMBE. He had listened to the performance of BILLY WATERS on the violin; and had heard the first concert of the first batch of little Jew boys, who, under the title of Bohemian Brothers, led the way to the introduction of the Swiss, Italian, and other foreign fraternities, which have since tumbled and twisted themselves on tubs and tight-ropes into transient popularity. He was present when orator HENRY HUNT drove across the ice on the Serpentine in his blacking van, and he had seen the same patriot pirouetting in an open hackney-coach, twirling his white hat on the top of his stick, amid the cheers of a crowd of boys and pickpockets.

One who had lived in such times, and amid such scenes, whose toes had been trodden on by the horse of a life-guardian in the crowd at the coronation of GEORGE THE FOURTH, and whose fingers had been rapped from the park railings by a policeman at the Coronation of QUEEN VICTORIA, must have seen much and felt something during a career of long Continuance. If TODGERS was neither witty nor wise, he was always smart, and sometimes sensible, so that his Table-talk was quite as well worth preserving as much that mankind has agreed to preserve—we allude to onions, shrimps, and cabbages. If there were more BOSWELLS in the world, are we sure that more JOHNSONS might not be found? for, if one man is always talking and another man is always at his elbow with a note-book, it is hard indeed if an amusing volume cannot be got up between them. TODGERS had the good or bad fortune to be surrounded by eavesdroppers, who conscientiously picked up and put at once upon paper everything that fell from his mouth; a task that could not be performed with much nicety.

We will, however, proceed at once to lay before our readers some of our reminiscences of the "Table-Talk of TODGERS."

"I was always," said TODGERS, "kind to animals; and I recollect being much hurt by a flea that hopped away from me and avoided me. Once it hopped towards me, but when I was about to lay on it the hand of friendship, it gave a skip in a contrary direction. I lost sight of it, and we never met again."

"SHEARS, of Covent Garden, was not a good singer, and usually performed very trifling characters, such as the first rustic in *Rosina*, and *Toni's* messmate in the *Waterman*. On one occasion, SHEARS had a share of a benefit—a ticket night, I think it was called—and I went to hear him sing *Meet me by Moonlight*, which he was advertised to do in a sort of miscellaneous concert, between the play and the after-piece. When he came on in a blue dress coat and white trousers he was a good deal applauded, and when he commenced singing he was listened to rather attentively for the first bar or two, when his voice made a quack, and a few people began to laugh. He, however, went on till another quack came on a high note, when nearly the whole house laughed; but SHEARS continued till he got to a bit of *falsetto*, when the orchestra laughed too; and at last coming to a *roulade*, SHEARS himself burst out laughing, and ran off amid universal merriment."

"I recollect a Coburg tragedian who always fell down on the stage when he was drunk, and never could act when he was sober. When he was once down he could never get up, and I have heard him go through a whole scene on his back, and he has in that position apologised to the *Doge of Venice* for having married *Desdemona*."

"CARTLITCH had the loudest voice of any living actor. He used to play in a piece at Astley's, where he had to call for vengeance in the second act, and he always called for a pot of porter afterwards. I have sometimes heard him in the summer time, when the theatre windows were open, on the other side of the bridge. I do not say that I caught the exact word *vengeance*, or *beer*, but I knew it was CARTLITCH, calling for either one or the other."

COMPLIMENTARY.—LORD WENSLEYDALE has a small lake on his estate, which, out of compliment to the treatment he has received in the House of Lords, he has christened: "*Peerless Pool*."

ODE TO ST. PANCRAS.

O SAINT! whose nondescript abode
Adorns that dreary northern road,
Of London, called the New;
Whose tutelary care and name
The neighbouring parish dares to claim,
Uncheck'd by scruple or by shame,
With liberty undue.

SAINT PANCRAS, sure thou canst not know
How in thy district matters go,
Or thou wouldst be irate;
Thy under-guardians I regret
Exceedingly to say, have let
Their and thy parish-workhouse get
Into a shameful state.

There, steep'd in dirt, thy paupers lie,
Not quite like pigs—for, in a sty
There still is room and air:
But narrow wards those poor confine,
In holes and corners they recline,
Together closer cramm'd than swine:
Pigs would be stifled there.

Then pigs with straw are mostly blest,
But some of these on bare forms rest,
Some on the naked floor.
Thus do the swine of guardians sleep?
Their hogs do any of them keep,
That they may grow their bacon cheap,
St. PANCRAS, as thy poor?

Yet there are beds, too, of a kind,
And children crowded you will find,
Their scanty sheets within:
A living mass—yet also rife
With something else than human life,
And finger-nails at constant strife
With raging tetter'd skin.

The little air they have, alas!
Foul with carbonic acid gas
Is even fouler still,
With gas which surges from beneath,
Where things unutterable seethe,
Gas yet more horrible to breathe,
And stronger yet to kill.

That paupers thus, in their own reek,
Plain, if unpleasant, truth I speak,
Lay sweltering cheek by jowl
St. PANCRAS, was it in thy ken?
Wert thou aware thy parish men
Had with thy name combined a den
Worse than Calcutta's hole?

If Saints between effect and cause
Can step, arresting Nature's laws,
Oh! stay the deadly pest;
(For it already counts its dead):
Fell Typhus that it shall not spread,
And let not Cholera be bred
Out of thy "Workhouse Test."

A Drawn Bet.

F. P. and B. O. were chatting familiarly over their little bit of luncheon at the Admiralty. "I'll wager you anything," exclaimed the enthusiastic FREDERICK, "that there is Peace in less than two months. Come now, if there is not, I'll forfeit my head." "Excuse me, my dear fellow," drily interposed the calculating BERNAL, "if I decline your wager; for I cannot for the life of me see what you will lose, much less what I am to gain by it."

ASSES IN LAW.—In the case of a stolen donkey at Bow Street, a solicitor confidently urged, in favour of the accused thief, that "a donkey was not a chattel." Hardly fair this; considering the value of asses in general to lawyers in particular.



PIOUS FRAUD.

MR. GEORGE JONES, a builder, at Bristol, has addressed a petition to Parliament, stating that certain signatures to the petition against opening the Museum and National Gallery, got up in that city, were obtained from infants of tender years, and paupers. MR. JONES prays that the House will prevent such practices.

As for paupers, they may have no legal right whatever, except to exist, but we cannot much object to their signing any petition which they deem a matter of religion and conscience. A pauper is supposed to have "a soul to be saved," and if he thinks he shall earn admittance

into Heaven by his signing a demand that other people shall be excluded from museums and picture galleries, it is cruel to hinder him in particular from making such a fool of himself.

With regard to children of tender years, the case is different. We knew that Sabbatarians were not accustomed to stick to truth in argument; but we were hardly prepared for the practical falsehood, on their part, of getting such infants to sign petitions. If the petition of MR. JONES tells the truth, that of the Bristol Sabbatarians should be directed to lie elsewhere than on the table.

A STREET STUDY IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE HORSE-GUARDS.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUME.

DICK (an Airey-sneak in an old uniform coat, very dirty).

ALICK (One of his pals, in an old pair of Gordon-tartan trousers, much the worse for wear).

LOOK-ON (An elderly street-lounger, shabby-genteel suit, fashionably cut, but very white in the seams).

THE HERO (A street-performer, fantastically dressed; tight braided jacket covered with gold lace, cherry-coloured inexpressibles, and a great deal of hair on his face).

BLIND FIDDLER (With a tendency to run his head against walls, and wander into gutters, and everywhere he ought not to go).

FOXLEY (Proprietor of the "Grand Commission Detergent," or "Universal Military Restorative"—a stout, middle-aged Scotchman, black stock, no collar, coat buttoned up tight to his throat).

SCENE—Opposite the Horse-Guards.

Blind Fiddler (running his head against the wall). My Ker—is—tian friends—Pity the Poor Blind! I am short of wittles, and in total darkness. (Sotto voce.) Where the blazes, am I a-goin' to now?

[Runs against DICK, the Airey-sneak, who is coming stealthily out of the Horse-Guards, with something under his coat.

Dick (the Airey-sneak). Now, stoopid! Where are you a-shovin' to? You're allus in a chap's way, you are!

Alick (aside to Dick). Vot 'a you got, DICK?

Dick (aside to Alick). Look 'ere (shows him an order of the Bath). Prigged it—in there—from an old covey—as was fast asleep. Keep it dark, Alick.

Alick. D'ye think I could get one, if I vos to try?

Dick. Yar! You ain't up to sneaking yet.

Alick. I ain't ekal to you, DICK. I knows that. But I'm a-learnin'.

Blind Fiddler. Pity the sorrows—(wanders into the gutter). Oh, blow my luck! All over my shoes!

Alick. Ollo, Fiddler! I'll put you straight. (Pretends to set him right, but places him opposite an open sewer.) That's your sort! Go ahead, old 'un.

Blind Fiddler. I am—short o' wittles—and in total—darkn—

[Disappears into the sewer.]

Enter "THE HERO," blowing his own trumpet.

The Hero. Tanta-ra-tara! Clear a ring, my lads! Here you are! The Star-tumbler!—The Hero of the ring!—The Bounding Brother of Balacava!—Who will balance himself on a black-bottle, with two swords in each hand, fire off a pistol with his mouth, and jump over sixteen thirty-two pounders set sideways! Stand back, you dirty little boys!—for the grand feats of dex-ter-ity, a-gility, and ground and lofty tumbling, as performed before HER MAJESTY and the Royal infants at Windsor, the No-bility's parties, and all the principal race-courses of the United Kingdom! Tantara-ta-ra-ta-ra!

[Executes a prolonged flourish.]

(The Public don't seem so much inclined to make a ring as usual.)

Look-on (to the bystanders). He's a regular humbug. Bless you, I'm up to him. He's no better than a rogue and vagabond, and ought to



PANMURE'S GENERAL RENOVATOR. —

“Now, my Noblemen, Gentlemen, and British Public—Here I am, from over the way—Sole Pro-p-e-rietary of ‘The Grand, General Military Renovator,’ or ‘New Commission Detergent.’ It is none of your two-penny-half-penny catch-penny compositions of rouge, plate-powder, salts-o’-lemon, soft-sawder, and rotten-stone; but an article of my own in-vention, prepared from a family receipt, and used with the ’ighest success by the No-bility in general, and the military Ha-ris-tocracy in particular. One application removes any grease-stain, ink-stain, dirt-stain, mud-spot, mould, or fungus.”

have a month at the treadmill, instead of being allowed to go about and expose himself, and impose on the public in this way.

Enter FOXEY (with a stand, containing a box labelled "Grand Commission Renovator," some trinkets, medals, soft brushes, and the usual stock-in-trade of a vendor of street detergents).

Foxy. Now, my Noblemen, Gentlemen, and British Public—Here I am, from over the way—Sole Proprietor of "The Grand, General, Military Renovator," or "New Commission Detergent." It is none of your two-penny-half-penny catch-penny compositions of rouge, plate-powder, salts-o'-lemon, soft-sawder, and rotten stone; but an article of my own invention, prepared from a family receipt, and used with the highest success by the Nobility in general, and the military Hierarchy in particular. One application removes any grease-stain, ink-stain, dirt-stain, mud-spot, mould, or fungus. It will make an old coat as good as new, and restore the gloss to any garment, however threadbare. I call it "The General Renovator." It is warranted by several general officers, and is recommended by many Commanders in the Crimea, whose uniforms suffered so much last winter. It is applied on a little paper, and any old woman may use it with perfect safety—and brilliant effect. Come here, my lad,—(*Catches hold of DICK the Airey-sneak, and brings him forward.*)—Now, here 's a dirty little boy—Observe the deplorable condition of this boy's coat—you can't tell it's a uniform coat—but I can detect the original scarlet—Observe this lot of ink-spots on the right side.

Dick (whiningly). It was two gents spurted on me the other day—and giv' me no end o' bad language—and said as 'ow I deserved it.

Foxy. Quite right, my dirty little boy. Observe—I take a cake of "The Grand Universal Commission Detergent." I spread it on a piece of foolscap paper. I apply it to these here disgusting ink-stains—I rub them gently—there is no deception—any gent is at liberty to inspect the process—the ink-spots have disappeared—and the original scarlet of the coat appears again, as bright as ever!

Alick (admiringly). Oh Crikey! Ain't it stunning! Here—Mister—try my trowsers—

Foxy. All right—come forward, young 'un. Observe this unfortunate boy's unmentionables. His father ought to be ashamed of himself to send out the lad in such a pair: Gordon-tartan, as you see, Gentlemen.

Alick. Father comes from Aberdeen, Sir, but he's out o' place now, and I'm forced to get my own livin', Sir.

Foxy. A melancholy case of destitution and dirt—now here 's a place.—Whatever has the boy been a-sitting in?—Here 's a most extraordinary combination of grease-spots, ink-spots, mud-spots, and I don't know what spots besides—I apply the Detergent—stand still, my lad—I won't hurt you—and you behold the pattern of the Gordon-tartan comes out again in all its pris-tine loveliness—now, cut away home, my chy-ild, and tell your father he ought to be ashamed of himself, and of you too.

Alick. Oh, Father don't mind dirt, bless you!

[*Exit, trying to catch a glimpse of the renovated portion of his unmentionables.*]

The Hero (who has been obliged to shut up for want of an audience. Aside). I don't think my cherry-coloured kickies would be the worse for a lick of that stuff. (*Aloud.*) Here, old 'un, hand us over a packet.

Look-on. Will the Detergent act on my coat, do you think?

Foxy (handing over packets). Will a duck swim? Two applications will turn you out like a Regent Street swell, fresh from MOSES'S, my old buck!

Old Gentleman (in Field-Marshal's uniform at a window of the Horse-Guards). Most extraordinary stuff, that—satisfactory, very satisfactory! Cleans 'em all. Couldn't have believed it! Gad, I'll lay in a stock of it! It may come useful any time. We've a deal of cleaning to do in here. Here, my man—step this way, will you?

[*FOXLEY winks to the spectators, shoulders his stand, and is going into the Horse-Guards.*]

(*The BLIND FIDDLER emerges from the sewer in an awful state of dirt.*)

Blind Fiddler. Oh dear! oh dear! Here's a pickle! (*To FOXLEY.*) I say, couldn't you give us a lick o' your cleaning stuff, Master?

Foxy (contemptuously). What! Me bemean myself to polish up a Blind Fiddler! Not if I knows it! I only renovates the quality. Go along with yer!

[*Exit FOXLEY into Horse-Guards. The BLIND FIDDLER retires crest-fallen. SCENE closes.*]

A Fall in the Peerage!

We see advertised "HARDWICKE'S Peerage for One Shilling." Can this be—and we ask in fear and trembling—the noble EARL HARDWICKE, who spoke the other evening so pluckily about the Crimean decorations? and what, we wonder, can be the reasons, public or private, that have induced the gallant Earl to part with his Peerage for the extremely low price of One Shilling? We refer the painful question to the "Committee of Privileges."

A HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

WHEN we announce that a Hospital for Incurables is in course of establishment, we shall perhaps be supposed to mean under that name a refuge for incorrigible Redtapists and inveterate Martinets. They, however, are in no want of a refuge, being too well cared for, having the snuggest retirements provided for their incapacity, wherein they can repose in the enjoyment of the honours and rewards which they have received, and safe from the indignation which they have merited. They have their Orders of the Bath; but no bath or any other comfort can be ordered for too many other incurables.

No; the institution to which we advert is an actual hospital for incurable patients, that is to say, patients pronounced incurable, which is not always the same thing with being so: as it will be one of the objects of this charity to prove. The title thereof is "The Royal Hospital for the Permanent Care and Comfort of those who by Disease, Accident, or Deformity, are Hopelessly Disqualified for the Duties of Life."

The unfortunate persons in question, discharged from the London Hospitals, are computed to amount to about six thousand annually. For so many of them as belong to the class pauper, the workhouse is provided. For the rest, by education, association, habits, conduct, howsoever highly elevated above the pauper class, there is provided no other asylum than the workhouse. Some other asylum than that penal receptacle of improvidence, idleness, and affliction, will be afforded, to the afflicted only, by the proposed Hospital.

This Royal Hospital is surely a concern which all those persons who have plenty of money and any benevolence will be delighted to hear of. The announcement of it, indeed, will gratify everybody who has the least benevolence and any money to spare. It is unnecessary to hint at the security, as SWIFER said, on which any sum contributed in aid of such a speculation will be lent. For a better idea of the value of the investment than can be communicated here, the reader is referred to the published Appeal in behalf of the undertaking; of which we subjoin the conclusion:—

"Of many, alas! it is proudly said that they died worth thousands; of whom, it may be feared, if translated into the language of Heaven, it would be said that THOUSANDS DIED FROM THE WANT OF WHAT THEY POSSESSED, BUT HAD NOT THE HEART TO USE, FOR THEIR PERISHING BROTHERS."

Now, dying worth thousands of pounds merely, is dying worth nothing after death—at least worth no more than your *corpus* may be negotiable for at the schools of anatomy. But if you die worth thousands of lives which you have afforded the means of saving, you depart this life worth something, and may hope to find yourself in possession of capital with which to begin the world before you.

N.B. Office at Poultry Chambers, 11, Poultry; not at 85, Fleet Street.

A STORY OF A CHEESE.

TOMKINS, with determined eye, considered a certain cheese; a cheese, ripe and palpitating with animal life; in fact, a lovely bit of compact corruption. TOMKINS strikes with his knife, when lo!—

The smallest mite becomes the biggest musquito, and threatens the eyes and nose and cheeks of TOMKINS. He lays down the knife, saying, "Lo! the mites in defence of the corruption of the cheese have become musquitos, and so are too much, even for TOMKINS!"

Gentle reader, and no less gentle moralist,—such was the fate of the Port Dues Bill. PALMERSTON counted upon mites, and he found musquitos. Mites might have been managed, but the unanimity of the musquitos was too much even for the Bottle-holder.

AN AIREY-PENSÉE.

THAT all the honours we've bestow'd
On AIREY were but justly owed,

If he's not guilty, we'll agree:

If otherwise, then let the laws

Be stern and just, nor leave him cause

For empty pride in case he be (K. C. B.)

St. Patrick to the Rescue!

It is written from Cincinnati that "in the event of a war between England and the United States, 160,000 Irish-American bayonets were promised." Now, even heretical *Punch* has faith in the powers of St. PATRICK. The Saint, having expelled all venomous reptiles from Ireland, is too much of a gentleman to permit their return.

FELLOW FEELING.

THE new law of partnership will at least find two zealous supporters in the House of Lords. Surely, the EARLS of LUCAN and CARDIGAN will be most strenuous advocates of the principle of Limited Liability.



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

Young Snobley (a regular Lady-killer). "HOW THE GALS DO STARE AT ONE'S BEARD! I SUPPOSE THEY THINK I'M A HORFICER JUST COME FROM THE CRIMEAR!"

JUSTICE THREATENED WITH CORRUPTION.

THE Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench scarcely ever sit at Guildhall without complaining of the horrible odour of the place; and the other day justice was literally turned out of doors, for Lord CAMPBELL, finding that the windows could not be opened, to allow the noxious vapours to escape, made his own escape by the nearest aperture. The Court was broken up for the purpose of ventilation, the Chief Justice making for his private room with precipitancy, whilst the bar rushed in a body towards the robing-room, and the almost asphyxiated usher found safety in hanging himself half out of a skylight.

Until the other day, nobody had the faintest idea how it was that the Judges should be in such very bad odour whenever they got into the City, but it has just been discovered that the Court of Queen's Bench in Guildhall, is exactly over a spot in which a lot of lord mayors, and a miscellaneous mob of aldermen have "claimed the privilege" of being buried. LORD CAMPBELL has, in fact, been sitting on the family vault of the Corporation of London, and the Bench is little better than a tombstone. The Court is a mere civic cemetery, and the Judges ought at once to be exonerated from the painful duty of dealing with the bones of contention of the living among the skeletons of the departed; and sitting over aldermanic remains to dispose of remnants. We do not see how the difficulty is to be got rid of, unless the Court issues at once a writ of *habeas corpus* to some undertaker in the neighbourhood, and the Judges refuse to sit in the obnoxious locality again, until a writ of inquiry has been executed, and a return of *nulla bona* shall satisfy their Lordships that a clearance has been effected.

City Intelligence.

It is rumoured, on we know not how credible authority, that LORDS CARDIGAN and LUCAN have announced that they intend competing for the recently vacated post of Lord Mayor's Trumpeter. By way of qualifying for the situation, their Lordships have been most assiduous of late in blowing their own trumpets, and their capacity in this respect is little to be doubted. It is understood that in offering themselves as candidates for the office, the noble Lords are mainly actuated by a desire to carry out the principle which has been so much ignored in their profession, namely, that of putting the right man into the right place.

FIRESHIP IN FRENCH SALOONS.

THE following questions may be worthy of consideration by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

Do the following ladies reside in Paris:—

The PRINCESS LIEVEN. And is she the reputed wife of M. GUIZOT? The BARONESS DE SEEBACH. Is this lady the daughter of COUNT NESSELRODE, and the better—not to say worse—half of the Saxon Minister?

Have these fashionable ladies for a correspondent at St. Petersburg MADAME ZOGRAPHOS, *née* SOUTZO, wife of the Greek Ambassador, and have they under their orders a certain MADAME KALERGI, niece of NESSELRODE, MADAME MARAZZI, MADAME MEYENDORF, and PRINCESS YPSILANTI, Greek Panariote, together with two ladies of the OBRESKOF family? These things are averred by a contemporary, with the addition that the females in question are on the Parisian police-list as Russian spies, who frequent political saloons in the French capital for the purpose of eaves-dropping, and picking up all the information they can in order to forward it to the enemy.

If these assertions are true, it may be suggested to NAPOLEON THE THIRD, not perhaps whether it would be advisable to take the peppery step of deporting the above-named ladies to Cayenne, but whether it would not be well to give them some lesson in becoming deportment. We would propose a decree or ordinance compelling them all either to quit France, or to appear in Bloomer costume, as appropriate to their unfeminine and unladylike vocation, and by way of a distinction, which they have merited, and which might serve as a warning to those whom their intrigues may concern.

Tight, but not Right.

We see that money is "tight" again, and we should rather like to know the period when money does not happen to be "tight." But this tightness we should say was principally owing to the fact of persons, who hold money, or in whose hands money is deposited for security, being as a class extremely close-fisted.

PARAGRAPH FOR AN IRISH PAPER.

It appears that the wrongs of poor old Ireland are not escaped by acquiring the rights of a citizen of the United States. The emigrant from the isle of Erin to the continent of America finds himself where he was. He flies the land of cold Saxon tyranny to a climate that proves too hot to hold him; which comes to the same thing. The Irish Exodus is therefore retracing itself, and returning from the fire into the comparatively tolerable position of the frying-pan. The liberty for which the Irishman crossed the Atlantic proves to be chains. His howl is unattended to, his shriek disregarded, his yell is treated with contempt and indifference, and his struggles for emancipation from the thralldom of Saxon order are restrained by force. Under these maddening and infuriating circumstances, our Hibernian patriots are pursuing two courses which practically resolve themselves into one. Some, as has already been stated, are returning to their unhappy misgoverned country, and others, combined in a harmonious body of discontented people, are proceeding to the desert wilds, therein to form a separate state connected with the Union, in the hope of reproducing by that means the land of their birth.

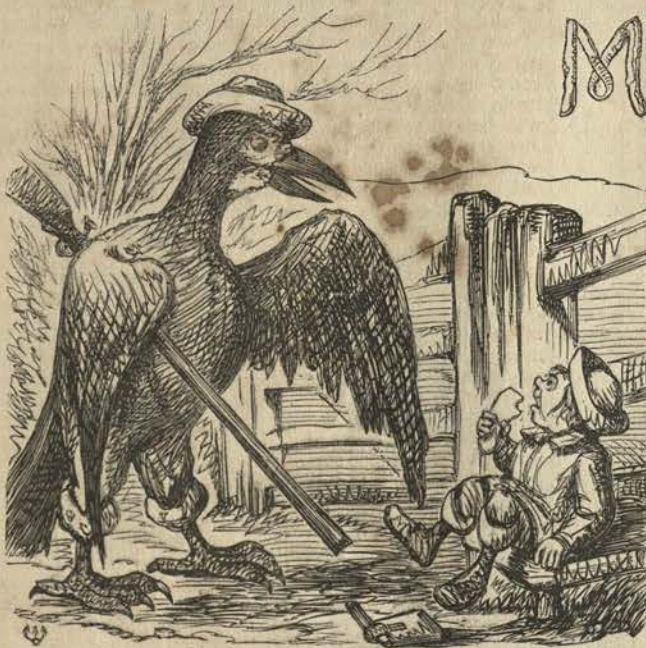
THE MORNING TRUMPETER.—The readers of the *Morning Trumpeter* are respectfully informed that in future the *Trumpeter* will not be published on Mondays until noon. The proprietors of the *M. T.* are remorsefully induced to make this change, so that the compositors employed upon that most pious journal, may no longer desecrate any part of the Sabbath, by attending to work as hitherto on Sunday evenings, that in order to meet a most unchristianlike competition, the *Trumpeter* might be published on the Mondays at the same early hour with other morning papers.

The proprietors of the *Trumpeter* feel that as consistent, conscientious men, they can no longer open their office for labour on the Sunday evenings, whilst the *Trumpeter* so powerfully vindicates the whole sanctity of the whole Sunday. The *Trumpeter* can no longer denounce the sinners of Kensington Gardens who "march to the judgment to Sunday music," whilst, at the same hour, from 6 or 7 P.M., the *Trumpeter's* compositors take their places to do ungodly work for the early edition of the Monday morning.

Henceforth, the *Morning Trumpeter* will not appear until noon on Mondays, and the office of the *M. T.* will not be opened to any compositor, engine-man, or any other person soever, until after Sabbath midnight.

Morning Trumpeter Office, Pooch-Pooch Lane.

MYSTIFICATION OF THE RURAL MIND.



M

R. PUNCH.—Sir, Darned if you can believe half the things you reads in the newspapers. Looker here, now. This here declarashun appeared tother day in one on em:—

“THE FARMERS’ CLUB.—The Members of this Club held their first meeting this season last night at the Thatched House, St. James’s Street.”

“What, I zays to DICK HOLLOWAY, I zays to un, ‘what ha they got a Farmers’ Club up in town here, and do um meet at a Thatched House, and be that a Thatched House they meets at in St. James’s Street? Well, now, I got a fancy to zee un. Let’s goo.’ ‘I’m agreeable,’ zays DICK, and zays he, ‘If a be a Thatched House, I shou’n’t wonder if so be as how they’d got zum good

whoam brew’d beer at un.’ ‘Ees,’ I zays, ‘and in that case we’ll ha a pipe.’ And zo we goes, DICK and I, havun no bizaun afore the Comitty that marnun, and we marches up and down St. James’s Street a matter of an hour. Deuce a bit of a house we zee wi any thatch atop of un. At last we axed the way to the Farmers’ Club, and a whipper-snapper young son of a gun pinted out to’s the Consarvative, where, stead of gettun beer and pipes on axun vor ‘em, we got turned out. DICK zays, ‘We’ve come on this here arrand a month too zoon?’ ‘Why?’ I zays. ‘Why?’ zays DICK; ‘why, to-day ought to ha bin the fust of Yearlul, oughtn’t a’?’ I thinks he was about right there. But what sort of thatch is the thatch o’ this here Thatched House, Mr. Punch? ‘Tis my belief and opinion, as that are thatch is no better nor chaff. I doan’t approve, not I, o’ sitch tricks beun played on travellers, like I be.

“Your most abaigent sarvant,

“SIMON THISTLES.”

“Hampshire Hog, March, 1856.

“P.S. I wish you’d show up them there vagabond boys likewise that runs arter a feller gwine along the street, and zings out, ‘Do yer bruise yer wuts yet?’ What’s that to they?”

A GALAXY OF GREAT MEN.

Ah! we have now no great men, cry
A little melancholy crew,
An obsolete and mouldy few,
With solemn sigh and shake of head,
And so in every age they’ve said:
Applauders of the time gone by.

We are not, in great statesmen, quite
As rich as we could wish, indeed;
Neither doth the supply exceed
Of first-rate warriors the demand;
Of artists, and the authors’ band,
Few measure full six feet in height.

Yet greatness still among us towers,
Extinct not yet the giants’ line;
The worthies of each era shine
With their peculiar kind of light;
Thence is their special period bright,
Like every season with its flowers.

Bards, heroes, sages, such as they
Are not the planets of our sky;
There comets blaze, there meteors fly,
There shooting stars sublimely flash;
Great gentlemen who grandly smash,
These are our great ones of to-day.

And as all greatness to extremes
In nature tends, great saints all round,
No fewer than great rogues, abound;
Extremes still meet, and he turns out
The greatest rogue who most devout
By every outward symptom seems.

So we may judge of heart from face,
Read Humbug’s mild decorous mien,
And Cant’s complacency serene,
Combined with Sabbatarian zeal;
These are the tokens that reveal
Our most notorious great—the base.

A QUESTION FOR THE LORDS.

How can those who are such sticklers for the maintenance of the Peerage be so anxious to insure its descent?

PAROCHIAL PATRIOTS.

ST. PANCRAS has been terribly brought to shame by its parochial patriots. We all recollect the debating days of the old vestry, when the Hampstead Road HAMPDENs and Cromer Street CROMWELLs were foaming away against centralisation and taking credit for the success of Pancrastian self-government. St. Pancras is one of the few places exempted from the operation of the Poor Law, and a recent official inquiry has shown the result of the freedom the parish patriots have enjoyed from the control of the Government. Eight children have been thrust into one bed—according to the official report—men have been sleeping in cellars without chimneys or windows; a relieving officer has been sacrificed by the poisonous atmosphere, and all sorts of noxious effluvia have been circulating about the Union House, while the parish patriots have been putting into circulation their scarcely less offensive vapouring.

We hope the exposure of this Pancras job will open the eyes of the public to the real nature of the opposition to the County and Borough Police Bill of SIR GEORGE GREY, which is threatened with being hooted down by the cry of self-government. The truth is, that the local patriots protest against that being done by the Government which they, the local patriots, claim the privilege of leaving undone, or doing only for the purposes of jobbery. The same cry was raised against SIR ROBERT PEELE’s Police Bill, when so much was heard about the virtues of those sleepy, impotent, and generally intoxicated old humbugs, the night watchmen, who were fit for nothing but to be bribed and bullied, or submitted to the once popular operation of “boxing a Charley.” We don’t know what the present police system may be in counties and boroughs, but we hope it is nothing like what it used to be in London before the introduction of a Government Police; for there were not a set of greater rogues in the kingdom than those, who, on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief, might have been fit for the position they occupied.

THE CURRENCY A MYSTERY.

The principle of money seems like the principle of life; both equally necessary to men, and both equally mysterious and subtle. “What is the soul?” is a question not to be readily answered. “What is a pound?” is a query hardly more easy to respond to. MR. MUNTZ, like DESCARTES, may be just as knowing as to the earthly abiding-place of the soul; and, moreover, may know, as only MUNTZ can know, and as only MUNTZ cannot define—“What is a pound?” MR. MUNTZ brought on his annual currency motion on Thursday, and again reminded us of a rotatory dog whose only definite object of pursuit is his own tail, which he industriously goes round and round to catch, and never catches. However, even the most rotatory of dogs must at some time lie down, and so was it with MR. MUNTZ; he resumed his seat, but his currency tale remained, like the tale of CAMBUSCAN, untold. When LUTHER was a little disturbed by his favourite dog, dreaming at the fire, the jolly old Reformer said to the uneasy cur, “Be quiet, hunchen, and at the resurrection you, too, shall have a golden tail.” MR. PUNCH would almost borrow the words of Luther, saying, “Be tranquil, dearest MUNTZ, and when the Bank of England stops gold payments, you, too, shall have an unlimited queue of paper.”

Hereditary Descent.

YOUNG JOE-KING (of the Parthenon) says he knows a Scotch Lord, whose ancestors have, for centuries past, transmitted down from generation to generation—so at least, it runs in the family—a beautiful head of red hair; and he thinks any of our legal big-wigs would accept this as a *prima facie* proof of Hair-red-itory Descent!!!

SCIENTIFIC DIFFICULTY.—The great problem of political chemists now is, the neutralisation of the Black Sea.



|| PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"*Atcibiades*. And I will use the olive with my sword ;
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech."

Timon of Athens, Act v., Scene 5.

AN IM-MATERIAL GUARANTEE.

DURING a railway trial the other day in the Court of Queen's Bench, one of the Counsel imputed "unworthy motives" to some of the parties concerned ; when the other Counsel replied that, "the names of the parties were a guarantee, that their being actuated by unworthy motives was utterly impossible." This is the old conventional mode of meeting an accusation ; but, after the PAUL AND STRAHAN affair, the SADLEIR business, and a few others we could mention, it will not do to talk about anybody's name being a guarantee for anything. For our own parts, we are constantly expecting, whenever we hear of any "particularly respectable man," that we are on the eve of some frightful disclosure, or some awful smash ; and, when the piety of any particular person is being puffed into prominence, we always watch the Police reports with a sort of nervous interest. The old proverb of "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," is likely to get reversed ; and we shall begin to feel that, if any unlucky dog gets a very good name—or a name for being very good—he will be thought worthy of capital punishment. SHAKSPEARE has not yet become obsolete ; but the passage in *Othello*, where the "purse" is compared to "trash," and the good name in man or woman is spoken of as "an immediate jewel," will, we fear, soon lose its point ; and cries of "PAUL AND Co.," mingled with allusions to other nominal paragons of perfection, will possibly salute the ears of the actor from the tongues in the gallery.

The New Life Cravat—A Real Necessary.

FOR THE PREVENTION OF GAROTTE ROBBERIES the STEEL SPIKED STOCK, which has just been patented by *Mr. Punch*, is strongly recommended to the Pedestrians of the Metropolis. It has been constructed with a view to Lightness and Comfort, as well as to efficiency in affording that Protection against the HAND OF THE FOOTPAD, which, owing to the INATTENTION and WANT OF VIGILANCE of the POLICE, has now become so necessary to all PERSONS who venture after NIGHTFALL to WALK the STREETS of LONDON.

PRAISE BETTER THAN PUDDING.

THE authors of the various pieces performed at Windsor Castle, do not probably expect, and certainly do not receive, any remuneration for the acting of their productions, beyond the priceless pleasure, which they (of course) experience at having contributed to the amusement of their SOVEREIGN. It would probably be an insult to a dramatist to offer him the usual rate of pay for playing his piece, and indeed as the average price for an old production is five shillings an act, he could not very well receive the usual fee from the QUEEN ; for his doing so would involve the anomaly of a subject receiving a Crown from the SOVEREIGN.

While, however, everything is done to spare the feelings of genius, or rather everything is omitted that might hurt them, it is customary for the Secretary of HER MAJESTY, to write and express the gratification the QUEEN has experienced from witnessing the author's production, and it is generally felt that this note of COLONEL PHIPPS is equivalent to a Phipp-en-(or five pun-) note in the estimation of all who have the honour of receiving it.

A GOOD (DOW)-BEGIN-ING.

EVERYBODY has heard of the illustrious house of DOWBEGIN, the great Upholstery firm, whose name has not only been a "household word," but it has travelled from cornice to cornice, and from pole to pole. The name, however, is associated essentially with our commerce, and its relations with the aristocracy have been those of a purely business nature ; so that nothing like nepotism can possibly be mixed up with the promotion of a DOWBEGIN in the ranks of the British Army. It seems, however, that there is a young man of this name, who, at an early age, has become a full major, and who, of course, cannot have received his rapid promotion because he may have been a scion of any noble or influential family. This is one of the appointments which even by the most vigilant caviller against nepotism, is not liable to be Mauled.



OUTRAGE UPON THE SULTAN.

WE owe to our gifted contemporary—who, without putting on spectacles, can see further into a lap-stone than anybody—*The Morning Tiser*, the subjoined harrowing account of the treatment of the SULTAN by the ruthless LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE. Here it is, hot from Constantinople:—

“It is said that when LORD STRATFORD announced to the Sultan that his presence would be required at a ball, his Majesty protested, with tears, against such an infringement of his dignity; but the Ambassador was inexorable, and, after many threats and much coercion—”

The SULTAN went! But the indignities committed upon the PADISHAH by the tyranny of the English Ambassador are not all narrated. It is well known (at least to the *Tiser*) that once at the Ball LORD STRATFORD insisted upon the SULTAN’s dancing a polka with LADY S. At first, he refused, and again with tears; whereupon the inexorable REDCLIFFE took the SULTAN by the arm, led him to a window, and there with a significance not to be misunderstood pointed

out to him a company of the British Horse-Marines, drawn up—as for some sinister and deadly purpose—with loaded muskets. The SULTAN, swallowing “his tears,” stroked as much beard as he has, softly murmured, “There is but one VICTORIA, and REDCLIFFE is her Ambassador!” and recklessly as any whirling dervish, dashed into a polka with her Excellency LADY S.

A further outrage awaited the PADISHAH on his return to the Palace. A supper was prepared for him of pork chops and port wine. The SULTAN, having vainly remonstrated, under the coercion of LORD STRATFORD, ate the chops; and, again, swallowing “his tears,” swallowed the wine. Up to the last letter of the *Tiser’s* correspondent, the SULTAN remained, under the circumstances, as well as could be expected. Nevertheless, let not the outrage be forgotten. Will not MR. LAYARD, as a friend to the Turks, rise and say something? The PADISHAH—pork chops—port wine! BUSHE’S theme of the outraged Nabobs was as nothing to it.

NEW BANKS IN CONTEMPLATION.

The Northern, Southern, Eastern, and Western Suburban Bank; or, Ponder’s End, Pimlico, Poplar, and Putney Union.

The Royal Imperial and Republican Bank of England, Chili, Westminster, Hayti, and Hampstead, with a branch at the Land’s End.

The London and Westminster, City, London and County, Union, Joint Stock Bank of London; established for the purpose of giving banking facilities to Lothbury, Threadneedle Street, Lombard Street, Princes Street, Mansion House, and other localities.

The West Mariposa, Agua Fria, Royal Santiago, Swedish Frontier, and Belgian Eastern Junction Bank; established with a view to the Union of Continental, British, and American interests.

The Ragged School, Nightly Refuge, and Central Soup-Kitchen Bank of England; intended to afford banking accommodation to the Homeless, the Blacking Brigade, and other portions of the public who have been hitherto unprovided with similar facilities.

CE N’EST QUE LE PREMIER PAS QUI COÛTE.

“THE reform of our army,” should PANMURE ask, “how begin?”
 “By not taking,” says *Punch*, “quite so much care of DOWBIGIN.”

GLUT OF SINCERITY.

WE often hear of the hollowness of the world, and the rarity of true friendship, but this must be a gloomy libel on human nature, for sincere friends, if not as plentiful as blackberries, are at least as numerous as Newspapers. We put it to the experience of all readers of the public journals—either daily or weekly, metropolitan or provincial—whether one can be brought to mind, which has not the advantage of a correspondent “who has never deceived us, and is always to be relied upon.” Newspaper reporters are not always remarkable for their superiority over the rest of mankind in point of truthfulness or sincerity; and if there are so many of this class, as to furnish one at least to every journal, we may infer that human nature generally is more to be relied upon than we are disposed to believe.

Property Saved from being Wrecked.

A LAWYER’S Clerk naïvely inquires whether, instead of destroying the sunken ships at Sebastopol, it would not be possible to send out a Commission to sit upon them, and see if they could not be turned into floating capital of some sort, by bringing to bear upon them all the powers of the Winding-up Act?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE LORD BROUGHAM (*Monday, March 3rd*) introduced some resolutions, the object of which was to have the public periodically supplied with complete information as to what goes on in our Law Courts; how long a lawyer is permitted to fatten on a particular suit, and what is the amount of such fattening; and also to obtain such criminal statistics as will enable our legislators to comprehend the causes

of the increase or diminution of offences. The propositions are very reasonable and just, and will, of course, be opposed by the profession.

In the Commons, a Bill for turning the National Gallery into an Hotel was read a second time, MR. DRUMMOND remarking that a jobbing architect and a lawyer were at the bottom of all such schemes. SIR DE LACY EVANS deemed it necessary to offer a most elaborate apology for everything he had said against everybody in the last Crimean debate, and poor LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON, who wished to enlarge upon the subject, was shouted down, despite the most energetic gesticulations ever witnessed in the House. LORD PALMERSTON stated that we were not at war with Persia, but that a couple of small vessels had been sent into the Persian gulf, to be ready to remonstrate, at need; and that as regarded Russia, no preliminary treaty had been signed, but the diplomatists had recorded a Document, comprising a Protocol, containing the Articles, prepared as Conditions, to furnish a Basis, for a Treaty. Some Army Estimates were then discussed, and the bill for trying PALMER, of Rugeley, at the Central Criminal Court, was read a second time.

Tuesday. LORD STANHOPE brought in his plan for a National Portrait Gallery, and with a very excellent speech. LORD ELLENBOROUGH, in observing upon the importance of confining the collection to meritorious subjects, justly remarked that literary men were of a modest and retiring character, and did not habitually sit for their portraits; while sheriffs, grocers, Regent Street tailors, and that class of people, were always getting themselves painted. *Mr. Punch* may add that the plan has been devised with a revengeful intention of excluding himself from the gallery, into which the likeness of nobody who has not been dead twenty-five years is to come. However, he consoles himself with the immortality which will always shut him out. Late in the week the QUEEN sent word that she would see how the affair could be managed.

In the Commons, the subject of Army Promotion by Purchase was brought up by SIR DE LACY EVANS, who wished for a select committee. His arguments were met in the old way—the system was not the best in the world, nor one which we should adopt were we establishing an army for the first time, but it was now so involved with all military interests that it could not be altered. A mixed Commission, of civilians and military men, to consider the subject, was, however, promised by LORD PALMERSTON. In the course of the night there was some conversation about Oude, which LORD DALHOUSIE'S "large powers" have enabled him to add to the dominions of HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY. The annexation could hardly be avoided, and moreover is not a bad thing for the Oudites, and that is about all that can be said for the operation.

The House, having risen some hours before Covent Garden Theatre was in flames, had not the opportunity of paying an honourable and gallant member, who is understood to have been interested in that extinct establishment, the compliment paid to MR. SHERIDAN when Drury Lane was burned, namely of proposing to adjourn; but if the occasion had served, and the suggestion been made, we are quite sure that the honourable and gallant Colonel would have rejected it as patriotically as MR. SHERIDAN did, and equally certain that all the members except the Speaker would have sneaked off, on some pretence or other, to see the bonfire.

Wednesday. SIR WILLIAM CLAY moved the second reading of a Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates. LORD JOHN MANNERS opposed it, declaring that the rates were no grievance, and if they were one, it ought to be borne. SIR GEORGE GREY, for the Government, took just

the wretchedly trimming course that might have been expected. He would not legislate upon any principle, but proposed that where people would not pay the rates they should not be compelled to pay them, but while they were willing to do so, they should. He also thought that though a man ought to be exempt from paying on declaring that he was a Dissenter, still he should be allowed the use of the church he would not support. Even LORD JOHN RUSSELL was roused to ridicule such a helpless proposition, and to declare, with all the valour of a gentleman not in office, that Government ought to deal with the subject manfully. LORD PALMERSTON pitifully pleaded that the subject was a difficult one. The second reading was carried by 221 to 178, and the Government proposal will be embodied in amendments. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANT—, and our friend HENRY OF EXETER took opportunities of making an outcry against the bill; but the Right Reverend Fathers really cried out, not only before they were hurt, but before there was any danger of their being hurt; for what on earth does Government propose, except that matters shall remain exactly as they stand at present?

Thursday. LORD GREY complained that the taxes were not heavy enough, that the Militia were of no use, and that our new coast fortifications were ridiculous. LORD PANMURE denied the last two propositions, and other speakers justified the mode in which our war expenses have been raised as that "most convenient" to the people.

In the Commons, LORD JOHN RUSSELL moved a series of resolutions on the subject of Education, and afterwards withdrew them. What they were, therefore, does not seem to be a matter of any very overwhelming interest; especially as he threatens them again on the 10th of April. His plan, however, comprised a sort of timid notion of a rate not to be altogether voluntary; but the fact, disclosed by the Census of 1851, that of four millions of our children, between five and fifteen years of age, two millions are proved to be on no school-list at all, while a great mass of the other two millions are receiving the most miserable tuition, did not excite either LORD JOHN, or our Blessed House of Representatives, into an indignant declaration that the children *should* be taught; that the nation should pay for the teaching; and, that the parents who hindered or neglected the work, should be punished. On the contrary, they chattered, and talked commonplaces, and complimented one another, and an old Dissenting Attorney, called HADFIELD, said that the people were taught as well as any other people, which he proved from the fact that they wrote and posted a great many letters; and he opposed all further interference. Having thus got rid of the Education of the Poor, the House went on to the Education of the Rich; and had a discussion on the Oxford Reforms, but it, also, ended in nothing.

Friday. The little that passed in the Lords has been mentioned. In the Commons, the report of the Committee on the Road across the Park was received, and the plan seems satisfactory; for it proposes to let people in at all corners. The free passage thus to be obtained will be a great advantage; but *Mr. Punch* hopes that it is to be restricted to passenger traffic; that the Park is not to be blocked up with brewers' drays, waggons, and carts; and that the great Metropolitan nuisance and terror, the Railway Van, with its Juggernaut of an edifice, and Moloch of a driver, is not to crush, smash, and grind to pieces the feminine basket-chair, the infantine Perambulator, the Bath-chair of the convalescent, and all the other defenceless vehicles of civilised life. That Eden must not be a Van Demon's Land.

There was nothing else of much interest, if we except a promise obtained from LORD PALMERSTON, that due precautions should be taken for securing the graves of our soldiers from desecration, in the event of our evacuating the Crimea. MR. LAYARD asked for a correct translation of the SULTAN'S Firman, which, of course, LORD PALMERSTON had not got, but made a vaunt of his personal strength, saying that when he obtained the document "he should have no difficulty in laying it on the table." His Lordship is upwards of seventy, certainly, but a document which can hardly weigh four ounces is no great thing to carry from the bar to the table. Lastly, MR. BOWYER gave a little specimen of the mental vigour of one of the chief advocates of Popery. He had a proposal about Appellate Jurisdiction—he made a speech—sat down without making a motion—then jumped up and made it—and had secured no seconder—and so, after a ludicrous pause, the affair dropped to the ground, amid the roars of the House.

A Man of Very Few Letters.

THE rumoured promotion of MR. PANIZZI would lead one to suppose that he was the most learned man and the highest literary character in England; and yet, judged by his great work, the *Catalogue of the British Museum*, there is evidence to prove that at his time of life he has scarcely got beyond his A B C.

"ADMIT TWO FITS."

In the past War, Belgium was called the "Cock-pit of Europe;" and, during the present War, the Crimea has been its "Bear-Pit."

A TALE OF AN ARMY TAILOR.

(See *United Service Gazette*.)

WHAT wonderful things are our officers' skirts,
Corresponding in length to the tails of their shirts!
The Artist who ventured their tunics to clip,
You perceive, at a mere glance, was no common Snip.

A right gallant Colonel of late went to Court;
For his name see the recent Crimean Report,
Where his evidence figures—not quite, it is said,
To the pleasure of Quarters call'd, commonly, Head.

To HER MAJESTY'S levee went he in the rig
In vernacular language described as full fig;
Of his rank in the uniform strictly attired,
Not forgetting the tunic so vastly admired.

Now this Colonel was tall, and a journal relates—
—But who can depend upon what the Press states?
That his height did an optical error impose
On the two eyes that flank a particular nose.

That the skirts of his tunic in length did appear
To exceed by some inches the measure severe
Prescribed by the Genius of Thimble and Goose,
Whose glory that garment it was to produce.

For the witness this Colonel to bear had presumed,
The report is, that he to those rations was doom'd,
By the name of "cold shoulder" to officers known:
A joint which affords less of meat than of bone.

On the following day, says the story we quote,
The Adjutant-General sent him a note
The long-skirted Colonel of sin to apprise,
Which he had committed in those sublime eyes.

Forthwith to the Horse Guards this officer fared,
With the Tailor's own pattern the garment, compared,
To the splendid original, close as one pea
To another, was found to conform to a T.

At famed Balaclava when this Colonel led
His troops in the charge 'mid the dying and dead,
It was never complain'd, hints our author, behind,
That his coat tails were flying too far in the wind.

Conjecture will ask, When the tunic was tried,
Was the Tailor in waiting—his measure applied?
With his shears was he ready to shorten the skirt?
When he found its proportions correct—was he hurt?

Nay, cease speculation; the tale is a myth;
'Twas invented by JONES, 'twas reported by SMITH.
Could those eyes so exalted—so practised—mistake?
Would the commonest tailor misjudge his own make?

No—the finest of figures would seem too absurd,
Too like a great long legg'd and little wing'd bird,
In that tunic array'd, with those skirts sticking out
At the scarce covered hips, to admit of a doubt.

TOPSY TURVY TALENT.

OUR Melbourne papers furnish us with some singular instances of talent turned Topsy Turvy—or as the prim purists of the press will probably point out to us—Topsidother way—at the Antipodes. We have seen all sorts of odd combinations of character on the stage in England, when the hero of the heavy tragedy has finished the evening as the light comedian of the farce; but at the Melbourne theatre we find the operatic basso, after embodying the terrible brother in *Lucia*, "kindly consents to appear as *Cox*," in the afterpiece. This condescension appears to pervade the whole company, for we find the impassioned *Edgardo* of the evening coming forward, and obligingly undertaking the part of *Box*, and the prima donna casting aside her muslin and her madness to sustain the character of *Mrs. Bouncer* (for this night only), an assertion suggestive of another *Bouncer* by the Manager.

The Rule of Contrary.

OUR Military and Naval rulers seem to be appointed to their offices by the great Rule of Contrary; for instance, at the Admiralty there are Lords who have spent their whole lives on Land; and at the Horse Guards, there are Generals who are always at Sea.

BOBADIL AT BALACLAVA.

(Slightly altered from BEN JONSON.)

Bobadil L—D C—RD—G—N.
Old Knowall MR. P—SCH.

Bobadil. I WILL tell you, Sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a nobleman, and live here—a poor Inspector-General; but an I held a command in the field for HER MAJESTY—and the Lords—observe me—I would undertake, upon this poor head, for the public benefit of the State, to save to HER MAJESTY and the country, the one-half, nay, three-parts of the yearly charge for horses in war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Old Knowall. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.
Bobadil. Why, thus, Sir. I would select nineteen colonels, to myself, throughout the land. Gentlemen, they should be of good birth, comely whiskers and ample fortune. I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as—"Never do for yourself what another can do for you:" "Stay not to shiver and starve on shore, when you can sleep comfortably on board ship:" "Self-preservation is the law of nature:" "Listen not to reason when temper speaks:" "Away with black bottles:" "Mustachios make the man,"—and so forth, till they could all command, very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say our cavalry were twenty-five thousand strong; we twenty would come into the field the tenth of November, or thereabouts, and we could picket each a hundred of our horses, on a hill, under the canopy of the sky, with little barley, and less hay. They could not, as horses, live upon each other's tails.

Well, we would kill them; picket a hundred more—kill them; a hundred more—kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his five-score horses a-week; twenty hundreds is two thousand; two thousand a-week is eight thousand a-month; three times eight—eight times three—marry, I am no great arithmetician; but, methinks, three months kills them all up by computation.

And thus save we to HER MAJESTY and the nation, the keep, shelter, and entire cost of some twenty thousand horses. And this will I venture my poor, gentlemanlike carcass to perform, provided there be no Commissioners set upon us, by fair and discreet generalship,—that is, gradually, by starvation!

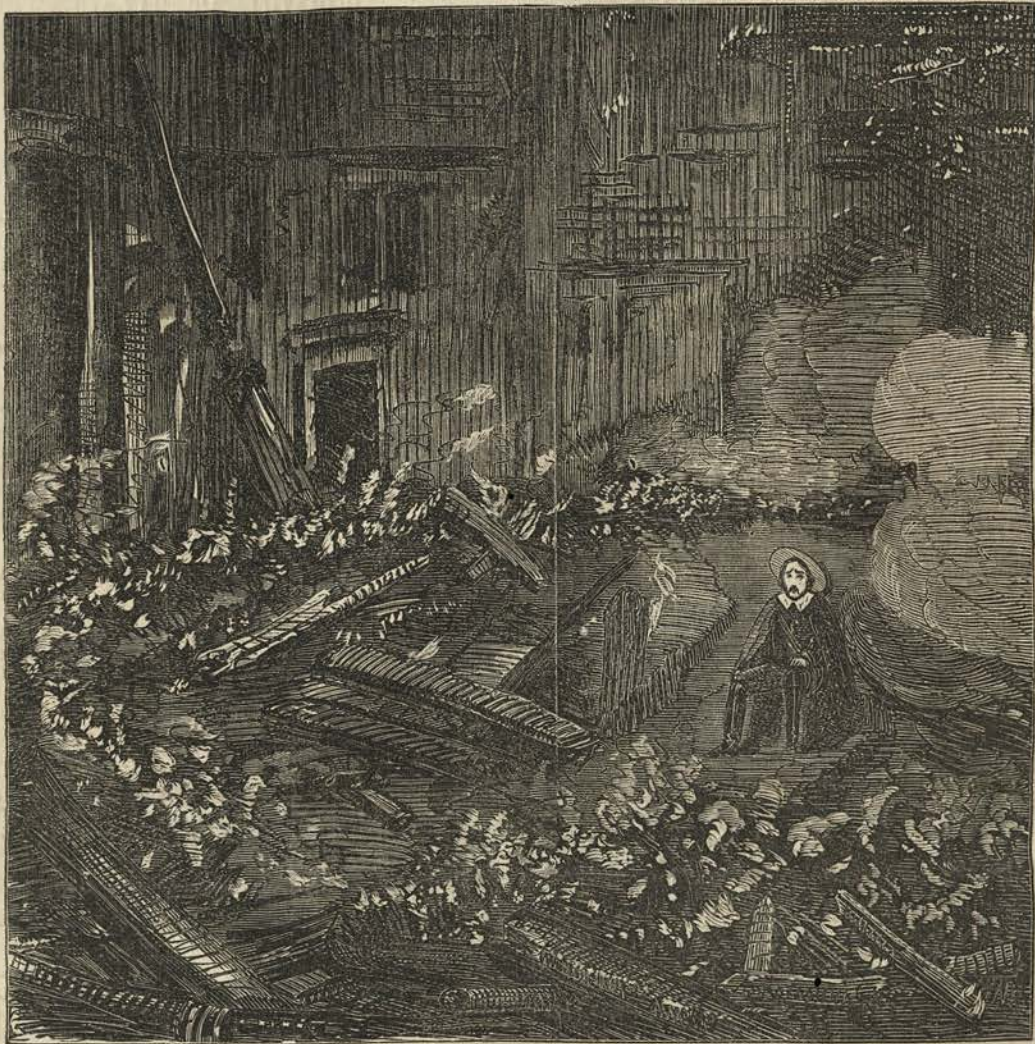
"THE HEAD AND FRONT" OF THEIR OFFENDING.

WE thought that strong-minded women only were in the habit of shaving their foreheads for the purpose of getting up an artificial intellectuality. But a bad example is sure to find plenty of imitators; for we have noticed of late that several maid-servants (of a strong-minded turn of mind, we presume) have actually been resorting to the same barbarous practice. You see the large blue triangular patches on their foreheads just where the parting of the hair is, that are most unsightly, anything but intellectual, and which give one the idea that the discoloured parts had been badly tattooed in order to imitate some Caribbean style of head-dress. The effect is most detestable; and of the two villainous practices, we would much sooner that the ladies had their heads shaved altogether, and wore an intellectual-looking wig.

By the bye, do ladies shave themselves; or are there "Intellectual Shavers" who do the business for them? We wish to know if these strong-minded Bloomers, with the bloom of an old Stilton on their foreheads, have a regular set of "shaving tackle;" or do they borrow their husbands', when the latter are away on business? In the meantime, till this saponaceous mystery is cleared up, we recommend all fathers, husbands, and brothers, to lock up their razors. It is time that a stop should be put to this unsightly spread of superficial intellect, before it has fairly turned the heads of all our cooks and nursery-maids.

CALUMNY ON THE CLERGY.

A FELLOW who describes himself as "M.R.C.S. (1835), and L.A.C. (1834)," in an advertisement addressed "TO THE ARISTOCRACY AND MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT," puffs off some stuff, which he terms his "NERVO-ARTERIAL ESSENCE," as a specific "to counteract the evils of nervous exhaustion and debility, arising from the late hours of fashionable and parliamentary life. He offers to send, free, testimonials to the efficacy of this ridiculously-named compound "from clergymen and others." Is it then true, that clergymen are particularly accustomed to suffer in consequence of keeping late hours? That such is the case with "others" everybody knows; but we, at least, are not aware that it is so with clergymen. Some of the Puseyite parsons, however, may have adopted the practice of keeping vigils; and, perhaps, as Puseyism is rampant in Belgravia, these late hours may be correctly styled fashionable.



MARIO WEeping OVER THE RUINS OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

WILL NOBODY GIVE US A 'BUS?]

BRITISH ingenuity, which has never yet been at fault in reference to anything else, has fallen down in a state of pitiable helplessness, before an ordinary omnibus. Every other demand meets with a prompt supply; but the public call in vain, and capitalists offer prizes in vain, for a convenient omnibus. We can see the thing we want in Paris; but, those who are capable of building an omnibus, forget all they have seen in the French capital, directly they are invited to make something like a comfortable public vehicle for the accommodation of their own countrymen. Invention does its best to put forward all sorts of complicated machines, which are difficult to get into, unpleasant to occupy, and almost impossible to get out of; but all the skill of the country cannot produce, a simple, roomy, and properly ventilated omnibus. The ingenious editor of the *Builder* has consented with two others to test the qualities of every vehicle that has been hitherto devised; and these gentlemen, having been jolted about in one, stifled in another, having knocked their heads against the roof of a third, endured the tortures of cramp in a fourth, caught rheumatism in a fifth, and gone through a series of calamities in some hundred others, have come to the resolution that a convenient omnibus,—like perpetual motion, the squaring of the circle, and two or three other problems, which have hitherto perplexed the world,—remains to be discovered.

A NEWLY-DEVELOPED TALENT FOR SILENCE.

A. How very quiet COBDEN has been. B. It is the Peace that has done it. A. Then, one good object the Peace Conferences have already accomplished, has been to make the Peace-Party hold its tongue.

THE GUY FAWKES OF GLENMORE.

THE Highlanders are a thin-skinned race; peculiarly irritable as to moral integument—to say no more. Some of the Gaël of Glenmore have been evincing this peculiarity by burning MR. MACAULAY in effigy for having, in his last volume of the *History of England*, made certain charges against their forefathers. As he had blown their progenitors up, they devoted him to the doom of GUY FAWKES. In this proceeding they may be considered to have shown some sense of the damage inflicted on the shades of their trowserless ancestors, and not much sense of any other kind. They appear, however, to have also shown a very discerning sense of their own quality. They are described as having proceeded, bearing the effigy of the distinguished Historian, to Black Rock, near Glenmore House, with a piper at their head playing the *Rogues' March*. Now, whereas it was the effigy that was carried, and the bearers of it who were marching, the air which the Glenmore laddies caused their minstrel to perform, must be regarded as a proof that they entertained as correct an idea of themselves as of their predecessors.

Puzzles touching Property.

If the rights of property are to be respected, why is a Corporation permitted to tax a man's ship? Has property a right to be taxed, or only a liability? If Mayors and Aldermen have a right to tax, and the right to tax is a right of property, are Mayors and Aldermen property? If so, what property can they be but public? If they are public property, has not the public a right to do what it likes with its own?



THE BRITISH LION SMELLS A RAT.

A SELL" UNDER THE SIGN MANUAL.



Is it not too bad to couch a Royal Warrant in the language of a recruiting sergeant—to assimilate the SOVEREIGN'S promise to piercest and the parole of *Sergeant Kite*? Under the QUEEN'S hand it was declared that the purchase-money of the commissions of officers who fell in battle should be returned to their surviving relatives. Officers do fall in battle, and their surviving relatives do not get sixpence of that purchase-money returned. Why? They are in "wealthy circumstances." They have £300 a-year. The Royal Warrant excluded from its benefit surviving relatives in "wealthy circumstances." According to LORD PANMURE "wealthy circumstances" are £300 a-

year; that is to say, £300 a-year to an individual's own cheek. Surely LORD PANMURE'S own circumstances must be much narrower than his cheek. A noble lord who considers £300 a-year to be "wealthy circumstances" must be a very indigent nobleman. Schoolboys qualify their own engagements which they mean to break with the conditions

of "all but," "with a hook," and "over the left." LORD PANMURE'S "wealthy circumstances" appear to be equivalent to the "all but," the "hook," the "over the left," of the schoolboy. "Wealthy circumstances" are, in short, a loophole for shirking out of a promise. LORD PANMURE might allege them in almost any case as an excuse for breaking that of the Royal Warrant. He needed not have drawn the line between wealth and poverty at £300 *per annum*. GOLDSMITH'S parson was "passing rich with forty pounds a-year" only. Wealthy circumstances are circumstances that supply all wants. The smallest income that will do that for anybody is wealthy circumstances. How easy for LORD PANMURE to widen his shirking loophole to the dimensions of a church-door! How many bereaved mothers or widows of slain officers applying for repayment under the Royal Warrant might he not answer by expressing a wish that they may get it, and "taking a sight" at them! By the way, how about the circumstances of Dowd's next of kin?—if he has any nearer relation than his needy uncle. Is that person in "wealthy circumstances?" Has that person as much as £300 a-year? If Dowd, in spite of being taken the very best care of, were to die the death of a hero, would the purchase-money of Dowd's commission be repaid to that person? Unable any longer to take care of Dowd, the War Minister would perhaps contrive somehow to take care of DOWD'S surviving relative.

THE RURAL POLICE.—THE Policemen, disgusted at the accusation that has so long been hurled at them, that they are never to be found when wanted in the Metropolis, are about to throw themselves on the Country.

THE POPE'S EYE ON THE SABBATARIANS.

PIUS IX. PAPA.

To our Venerable Brethren the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP and BISHOPS of England, health and benediction. When first, Venerable Brethren, the news of the late commotion which has so violently agitated the English Sabbatarians, and of the great victory and triumph which they have gained in the House of Commons came to Our ears, Our heart expanded, and Our sides were shaken, being convulsed by an almost immoderate affection of hilarity. For though those nations which submit to Our authority, and bend their necks under Our paternal yoke, are chiefly remarkable for celebrating the Dominical day by festive sports, yet these sectaries, in insisting on the bitter observance of it, do scarcely less, albeit unknowingly, acknowledge and recognise Our dominion. For in the first place, they admit the doctrine of Tradition. True and lamentable it is that the Tradition which they follow is not the tradition of the Holy and Apostolic See, but the tradition of the execrable BAREBONES, and that most impious, detestable, and wicked wretch, OLIVER CROMWELL. Nevertheless, in thus obeying even this spurious tradition, they evince a mind and inclination towards that genuine doctrine whereon, as a foundation, Our Chair principally rests. Next, We have noted with singular delight, that whilst they in reality base their tenet concerning the Sabbath upon Tradition, they at the same time profess to derive it from the Canonical Books, wherein it is by no means, according to the simple and natural rules of construction, to be found. For herein they recognise and imitate another most signal principle and well known practice of Our predecessors, and other most illustrious Doctors and Fathers, as well as Councils, who, for an adequate purpose, interpret those same Books after a certain manner, without regard to the opposing rules of grammar, or the repugnant maxims of reason and common sense. We cannot, Venerable Brethren, express the joy with which our paternal heart is affected by the circumstance that these Sabbatarians so strenuously maintain that to be written in black and white which cannot be perceived to be so written at all by the eyes or the understanding of critics. But what transports Us beyond all bounds is the delightful fact that they boldly and firmly declare and assert that the First Day of the Week is the same as the Seventh. Not, Venerable Brethren, that this dogma is as yet of the faith; but if they are capable of believing this, they are in a state most favourable for the reception of those yet more wonderful things whereof it is your office to persuade them. So that, although they are now wallowing in the unspeakable slough, filth, mire, mud, slush, and sewage of the Protestant heresy, We entertain a sweet hope that they

will soon be gathered into the flowery pastures of the Roman fold. And how great a gain this will be you can well understand, as knowing that the Sabbatarians constitute a very large portion of the opulent portion of the British Vulgar called respectable.

In anticipation of, and with a view to accelerate, the arrival of this happy event, We hereby proclaim a plenary indulgence for the First Day of April next; to be obtained on the usual conditions, by invoking the name of St. SIMON SIMPLEX, and thrice declining the noun-substantive *Dominus*, and the pronoun, *hic, hęc, hoc*.

We cannot conclude without recording Our satisfaction at a most auspicious augury, which is afforded by the Sabbatarian Protestants. This is, not only the rigour with which they themselves observe their own doctrine, but the vehemence and resolution wherewith they persist in enforcing its observance upon others: thus indicating a zeal than which, when burning on behalf of the Faith, nothing can be more agreeable to the sentiments of this Holy See.

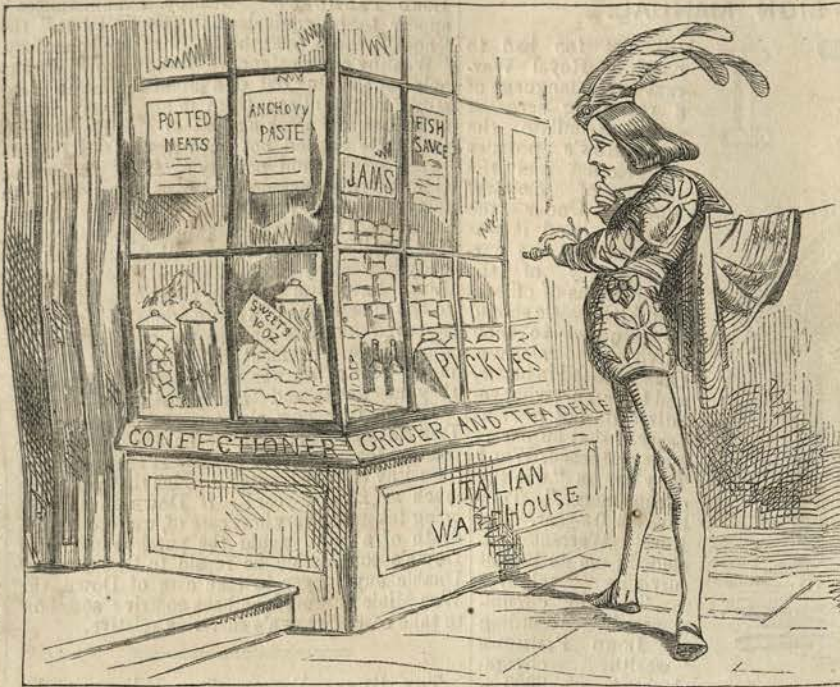
Given from Our Billiard Room in the Vatican, on the Calends of March, in the Tenth Year of our Pontificate.

FALL OF THE TURKS AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

We regret to find that the Turkish Collection at Knightsbridge is about to undergo the common lot, or series of lots, at the hands of the auctioneer; and the SULTAN, with many of his people who have stood firm before the sword of the CZAR, will soon fall under the hammer. We have not heard the cause of a catastrophe which will probably scatter the Turkish population of Hyde Park Corner over the whole of London, and place a wax figure dressed after the fashion of the East in the windows of half the cigar-shops of the Metropolis. We are sorry that our respectable ally should be subjected to the humiliation of a sale by auction, and that the high officers of the SULTAN'S Court, who have been for several months sitting in state at Knightsbridge, should be dispersed at the popular bidding. We shall probably attend the sale, when we will endeavour to enhance the price of the SULTAN by running him up, and so prevent him from falling into the hands of those who would run him down into wax candles, or make some other ignoble use of him.

A Change of Name.

LORD CLARENDON, in consideration of the profound secrecy required at the Conferences, no less than the general system of mystery followed by the Foreign Office, is about to take the family name of his great predecessor in the Title—"HYDE."



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"And if a man did need a poison now,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 1.

A SONG FOR F. PEEL.

AIREY is a gentleman,
LUCAN is a nob,
GORDON is an Earl's son,
FILDER is a snob.

All alike have blunder'd,
It is plain to see;
There must be a scape-goat—
Which the goat shall be?

The Lord has got a regiment,
We've given the other two
Office at the Horse-Guards,
FILDER waits his due.

The nation call for justice:
Give it them and more:
Lay the Four's disgraces,
All at FILDER's door.

Recall him, snub him, scout him;
And if he complains,
Tell him he atones for
All Four's lack of brains.

French and English Speakers.

THE French Senate held its first meeting the other day, under the presidency of M. TROPLONG. That assembly has a great advantage over the British Parliament. In the former there is one TROPLONG, who does not say much; in the latter almost every speaker is too long.

AN UNCONSTITUTIONAL SYSTEM.

A PROVINCIAL Mayor has raised a powerful objection against the generally received theory of the solar system. His worship says that it involves the principle of Centralization.

A BUTTER-BOAT IN FULL SAIL.

FORMERLY, there existed a considerable gulf between trade and literature, but in these days the merchant often aspires to the honours of authorship, and the "trade circular" has taken its place among the periodical publications of the age. A love of letters is not limited to our merchant princes, for while poets and historians are to be found in the list of London Bankers, we find authorship behind the humble hogshead of the Metropolitan butterman. We have just risen from the perusal of a production dated from Rood Lane, London, which deals statistically, historically, politically, and prophetically with lard, butter, and bacon.

We have been really astonished to find what can be done with bacon in experienced hands, and we have been still more surprised at the tact with which butter may be spread over some ten or a dozen paragraphs. The following extract will show, how such a common-place article as butter may be invested with a mystery worthy of a Radcliffe romance or a modern act of Parliament:—

"BUTTER.—FRIESLAND has reached the unprecedented price of 130s.; choies dairies of STUBBLE KIEL readily obtained 120s. to 124s. CLONMEL AND MILD KINDS OF IRISH have been sold in large quantities this week, and especially those kinds and qualities rated at about 98s. to 100s. Good Butter for retail 10d. is wanted, and we beg your notice of good FRENCH at 84s. to 86s. for that purpose, and of which there is no equal in this market. Some DEALERS have advised their CUSTOMERS not to buy Butter at all, some to Buy only CLONMELS, and so forth, leaving us in doubt which to admire most. Their peculiar and expensive 'Hobby,' the adroitness of placing obstacles in the industrial paths of their competitors, or their high estimation of the judgment of their customers."

The first thing that strikes us in the above paragraph is the extremely slippery condition of butter, which we are told readily obtained 120s. to 124s., and in the next breath we are informed, that "good butter for retail 10d. is wanted, and we beg your notice of good French at 84s. to 86s. for that purpose (what purpose?), and of which there is no equal in this market."

What on earth are we to understand from the statement, that "some dealers have advised their customers not to buy butter at all;" and why do they call themselves "dealers" if they advise people not to buy their butter? What is the meaning of the words "leaving us in doubt which to admire most;" and what are the proposed objects of admiration?—the "dealers" who won't deal, the "customers" who are advised not to "buy," or the "butter" which is recommended "not" to be purchased?

The following paragraph, which predicts an early butter-famine, will strike terror into the bosoms of those who are peculiarly anxious as to the side on which their bread is buttered.

"By facts and figures it is now clear that all eatable BUTTER will be consumed long before New can come in, and also that any reasonable advance may be obtained by anybody who chooses to hold stock.

"The feature of the Butter trade this season is, all that have bought as they wanted till the hopes and disappointments of the Sugar trade caused Butter to be almost entirely neglected, and now wants are more urgent and buyers more numerous and more eager than have been in any month since the 1st of May last."

We have not heard of the "facts," nor seen the "figures" by which "all eatable butter will be consumed long before New can come in," and we shall watch with some curiosity for the approach of that period when a total dearth of butter will at one fell swoop banish bread-and-butter from every breakfast-table, annihilate buttered biscuits, throw all the butter-boats in England out of commission, and render melted butter a myth, till the "New" comes to spread its influence over our bread, lubricate our fish, and palliate the dry harshness of our pastry.

After a passing glance at lard, a familiar look at ham, and a wink at bacon, the circular submits to us the following abstruse, political, social, and porcine problem:—

"We submit the real question to you, will the importation of RUSSIAN WHEAT (if any) so lessen MARK LANE quotations, that all markets and all Grain are so to be reduced in price, that ENGLISH Pig feeding and curing may be profitably cultivated, and at what period of next Summer or Autumn can be effected."

This is undoubtedly a "real question," but it is one to which anything but a most imaginary answer is utterly impossible. Before attempting a reply we would ask, "Does English pig feeding depend on the importation of Russian wheat; and are English pigs to starve if Mark Lane quotations are not lessened; and is a person who keeps pigs to inquire into the state of the markets before he gives his pigs their dinner?"

We would pause for a reply; but as a reply is not likely to arrive within the next five years, we shall not stay our hand, but will keep our pause off till we have notice that an answer will be forwarded.

The Unacknowledged Ambassador.

WE are astounded at the ingratitude shown by both Houses of Parliament to our Ambassador at Constantinople. Will no noble Lord or honourable gentleman propose a vote of thanks to LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE for the fall of Kars?

A PLEA AS GOOD AS A PLAY.



S Language is said to have been given to man to conceal his thoughts, so Pleas appear to have been given to lawyers to conceal their meaning. We had hoped that sham pleading had been long ago abolished; but something very like it is still found to exist; for, the other day, in a cause before LORD CAMPBELL, there were no less than thirty-nine Pleas; which his Lordship, with a little deviation from orthodoxy, for which his brother Peers, the Bishops, may, perhaps, call him to account, compared to the "Thirty-nine Articles." The Chief-Justice very properly protested against the practice of multiplying Pleas for the purpose of concealing the point at issue; which is like inundating a needle with bottles of hay, in order to keep the needle out of sight, and entangle the thread of it. SIR FITZROY

KELLY, who is coming out rather powerfully as a Law Reformer, "hopes to see the day when there will be no Pleas at all;" and we cannot more effectually wish him a very long life, than to echo his desire; for, if he survives the practice of Pleading, he will become not only the father, but the Old PARR—or Grand-Pa of the profession. It is fortunate that the parties in this cause of Thirty-Nine Plea-power happened to be Railway Companies; for nobody pities a railway; and it will therefore distress nobody to hear that, after all the Pleading, and the eloquence of Counsel, the cause came to nothing; the Jury were discharged; the whole affair was turned into a farce; and the Judge kept up the dramatic allegory, by jocosely exclaiming *Plaudite* at the termination of the performance.

Thus ended the great railway cause, in which on one side was the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, with whom was MR. SMITH, Q.C., with whom was MR. QUAIN; while on the other side was SIR F. KELLY, with whom was MR. EDWIN JAMES, Q.C., with whom was MR. BOVILL, Q.C., with whom was MR. PHIPSON.

As all the talk was between the two leaders, the farce might have been played without such an array of what the play-bills call "additional talent," or (where mere supernumeraries are concerned, as in the present case) "a powerful band of auxiliaries." Any of the extra learned gentlemen, from MR. EDWIN JAMES to MR. PHIPSON, would have been a host in himself, sufficient to sustain a regular *legal pas seul*, with all its remarkable capers, its single and double shuffles, its *pirouettes* and *entrechats*; but it was very expensive work to introduce such costly forensic stars in the position of *figurantes*. If a mere *corps de ballet* had been required to dress the stage for the grand *pas de deux* between SIR FITZROY KELLY and SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, our friends BRIEFLESS and DUNUP would have jumped—quite as actively and much more cheerfully—at the opportunity.

ADULTERATION'S WITNESS TO CHARACTER.

THERE exists—somewhere in this Town, we suppose—a certain wonderful person, who has the strangest tastes, and entertains the most extraordinary opinions. He does not think that bread is any the worse for having had admixed with it a quantity of alum. To a certain extent he considers the addition of alum to bread to be beneficial. To be sure, he can imagine some cases in which it may be otherwise—a powerful flight of imagination. He considers that there would be no objection to a baker putting up in his shop, "White bread mixed with alum;" but it is not quite clear whether he means to say that the baker would have no objection to proclaim his bread aluminized; or that the public would not object to know that such was the case. From his own experience in the manufacture of beer, he believes that the adulteration of that liquid is impossible. Not uncommon merely—impossible is the word. The only case he had ever met with, was that of the addition of coarse sugar. What trust in the integrity of Entire! what confidence in the purity of Porter! In some ales, indeed, he had found bitter orange-peel. Candid—that admission! Instances of the adulteration of beer must have been exceptional. Ah!—yes—as humbugs are amongst medical men. He cannot conceive the motive for introducing *Cocculus indicus* into beer. Unsophisticated innocence! He believes that "ALL THE BEER SOLD AT THE RETAIL ESTABLISHMENTS IS QUITE AS PURE AS THAT OBTAINED FROM THE BREWERS." Prodigy of faith! Can belief transcend this? Yes. This chemical gentleman's creed, in respect of pothouse beer, has another clause,—“AND, INDEED, AGREES BETTER WITH THE STOMACH!”

He declares that he is not aware, as a chemist, "of any fair or honest purpose to which *Cocculus indicus* can be properly applied,"—which is probable. He thinks that articles generally are sold in so pure a state as not to be injurious to the public health.

The name of this gentleman is THOMPSON. MR. THOMPSON is described as a Member of the College of Surgeons, and an analytical chemist. MR. THOMPSON was examined the other day on MR. SCHOLEFIELD'S Committee on the Adulteration of Food; and is reported by the *Times* to have made the above statements and avowals. Of course, MR. THOMPSON can have

no particular reason for giving evidence in the interest of the publicans and bakers. However, we seriously hope that MR. THOMPSON was not examined upon oath.

THE BURNING OF THE PLAYHOUSE.

(IMPROVED FROM CAMPBELL.)

Of the Wizard of the North,
Sing the Tuesday night's renown,
When he let the gas break forth,
And burned the Playhouse down,
And illuminated London brightly shone,
While a masquerading band,
Almost too drunk to stand,
But all holding hand in hand,
Revelled on.

Detesting every note,
(They'd been playing there from nine.)
The orchestra scarce kept
From kicking up a shine:
It was five of Wednesday morn by the chime;
And as each fiddler saith,
Tobacco choked his breath,
And he played, fatigued to death,
Out of time.

Any decent folks had blushed
To assist at such a scene—
But, sudden, firemen rushed
Where, before, they should have been;
And "Fire! Fire!" the Wizard cried, and the fun
Stopped upon pallid lips,
For the ceiling and the slaps
Glowed like a mountain's tips
In the Sun.

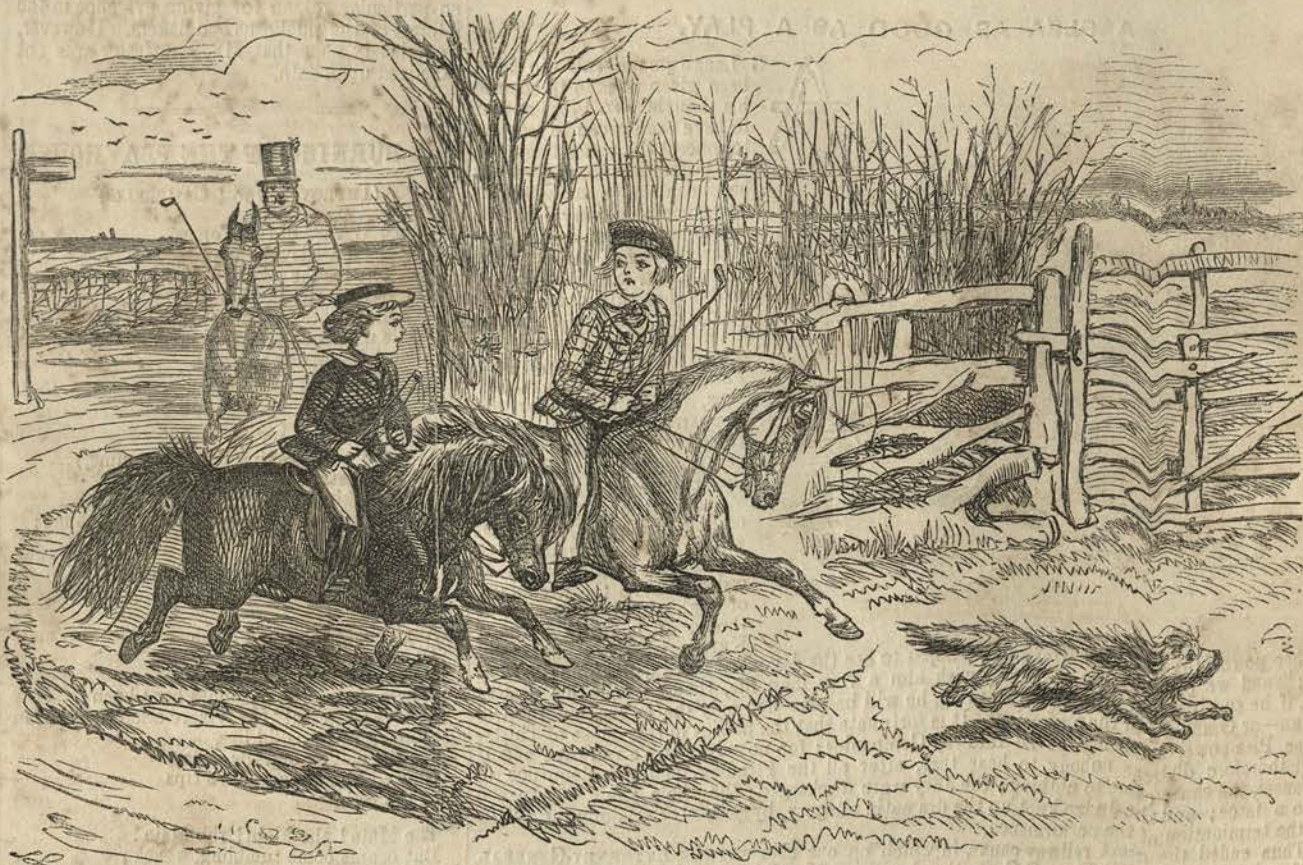
The Main! the Main! the Main!
But beams come tumbling, whack;
And a shower of fiery rain
Falls on the frightened pack;
And each hurries from the menaced doom;
And gents with terror pale
Pay no heed to woman's wail;
And the flames at once prevail,
And consume.

Down went Covent Garden then,
Vain was the engine's wave,
Vainly the gallant men
Struggled the wealth to save—
The clock, twice-saved, away indeed they bring;
But the Muse's ancient seat
Is a ruin most complete,—
Ashes, where Song's *élite*
Used to sing.

And London's blame was chief
For the stupid heads of those
Who have doubtless come to grief
Through the Wizard's vulgar shows.
A Playhouse is intended for a Play;
If you let it, for a night,
To a Quack, you but invite
A fate that serves you right,
One may say.

Now joy, Old Opera, raise
For the tidings of the night;
Once more thy gas will blaze,
Once more thy songs delight;
And though losing our fine house is a bore,
Let us think of those who weep—
Their tools—by no means cheap—
A charred and melted heap,
On its floor.

"THE MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT."—LORD WENSLEYDALE being present when "The Mirror of Parliament" was mentioned, he remarked good-humouredly,—“The Lords would not allow me a 'Mirror,' for they even begrudge me a *Pier-Glass*.”



A WEIGHTY MATTER.

Frederic (a very big boy). "THAT'S A NICEISH PONY OF YOURS, CHARLEY.—BY THE BYE, HOW HEAVY ARE YOU?"

Charley. "WELL, WITHIN A POUND OF THREE STONE, I'M SORRY TO SAY."

Frederic. "OH! I CALL THAT A NICE WEIGHT. NOW, I'M OBLIGED TO HAVE VERY EXPENSIVE PONIES, FOR, WITH SADDLE AND BRIDLE, I DON'T RIDE LESS THAN FOUR STONE TWO!"

COMMEMORATION OF SCAMPS.

IN agreeing to EARL STANHOPE'S proposal for the formation of a National Portrait Gallery, the House of Lords found it necessary to alter the terms of the noble Earl's motion materially. The report states that—

"The resolution was then agreed to, the words 'such portraits to consist as far as possible of the most eminent persons in British history' being substituted for 'those persons who are most honourably commemorated in British history:'"

This remarkable variation was suggested by the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, who pointed out to their Lordships that the word "honourably" would have a very awkward effect. By it, the resolution would exclude WOLSEY, BACON, the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH:—it would also, the noble Lord said, exclude CROMWELL. Whether he was right or wrong in this particular instance, matters not: many of our most eminent men have been eminent rascals, and the word would exclude them. It would equally exclude GUY FAWKES, for example, and JAMES THE FIRST—if not also that cruel, cowardly, pedantic old knave, fool, and tyrant's successor and son.

What do noble lords and honourable gentlemen think of having two portrait galleries of eminent persons; one for such as have been eminent principally for their virtues, the other for those whose eminence has been most conspicuous in villany? Let there be a National Gallery of Horrors; let it contain the portraits of our greatest historical miscreants; of HENRY THE EIGHTH; of Judge JEFFERIES; of TITUS OATES.

But this is not all that the nation wants in respect of commemorative art. Really there are so many scoundrels: such a number and variety of base and scandalous crimes—of frauds, embezzlements, breaches of trust, forgeries, dishonest bankruptcies, and other basenesses, occur continually, that it has become necessary to try some new means of deterring rogues from their practices. To this end, we propose the infliction of posthumous disgrace. Portraits of the rogues will not

suffice. Let statues be erected in dishonour of eminent scoundrels. Our various prison-exterior might be decorated with such works. For distinction's sake, the figures might be represented handcuffed, in irons, or having the broad R. carved on their drapery. Or some of them might be inverted, so as to stand on the head, or on the palms of the hands, like mountebanks. Erected in the place of obelisks and similar monuments, they would serve to support lamps on the soles of their feet, and thus afford beacons to passengers, physical as well as moral.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum? Pooh! Of what use is a dead scoundrel, but that to which a gamekeeper applies a dead kite? The keeper nails the defunct "varmint" up. We cannot, in like manner, hang malefactors in chains; it is a loathsome thing to do, and too ghastly: it frightens women and children as well as rogues. The alternative is to gibbet their memories.

Infamy cannot hurt the dead rascal—but is feared by the living. Perpetuate, therefore, the bad name of blackguards in marble and suitable brass. No reasonable objection to this scheme can be offered, but that of its expense. That, however, is an evil which would—if the plan answered—cure itself. The money, indeed, would be well laid out if it succeeded in preventing only a little of the ruin and misery which is inflicted by our many and enormous scoundrels upon Society.

But there! of course our advice will never be taken. Instead of that, to the end of the chapter, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* will be canted by moralizers not as yet in existence over rogues at present unborn.

Official.

A MESSAGE and reply by telegraph to the Crimea costs about £140! We shall expect, therefore, to see a paragraph to the following effect soon:—

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received the sum of £140 on the public account, from "Take Care of Dowb."



VAULTING AMBITION.

"NOW, THEN, CHARITY—HIGHER! YOU DON'T CALL THAT A BACK!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

March 8, Monday. LORD MALMESBURY gave notice that as soon as LORD CLARENDON came back from Paris, the Kars Crow should be plucked. It is not a bad dodge of stronger men, like ELLENBOROUGH and DERBY, to let a weak man, like MALMESBURY, begin the fight; because Government must bring out its whole case in reply, and then they can be down upon Government. The Foreign Office, and not the War department was, curiously, entrusted with the care of Kars. LORD ST. LEONARD's made a long speech against the little Ministerial Law Reforms; and was told by the CHANCELLOR that the greatest part of his address was utterly inapplicable to the matter before the House; namely, the TOMMY WILSON of Hampstead Bill, which was advanced a stage.

LORD PALMERSTON had to produce a copy of the "Take Care of DOWB" message from PANMURE to the Crimean Commander. He would not lay it on the table, but let GENERAL EVANS look at it; a piece of caution which people may interpret as they please. It seems only fair to say, that DOWB can fight, and did; but this is no excuse for the nepotical PAN. MR. LABOUCHERE announced the birth of a new Colony, to be christened Bay Islands; but, as he did not say where it was, the House refrained from congratulations until it should have had time to consult Gazetteers. The Counties and Boroughs Police Bill then came on for second reading. As its object was to establish a general, uniform, and rational system of police, the "localities" opposed it, and it might have shared the fate of the Local Dues Bill, but that in the first place Government made some not unreasonable concessions to provincial feeling, and secondly, stood manfully by the measure, and so carried it by 259 to 106. The Bill for trying PALMER in London went through Committee. The Partnership Amendment Bill has been so botched as to become informal, and is withdrawn, that a less clumsy attempt may be made on the subject hereafter.

Tuesday. A pleasant illustration of mercantile honour and honesty came up in the Lords. Five mortars, supplied to Government by MESSRS. GRISSEL, of the Regent's Canal Iron Works—who publish a letter begging that public judgment may be "suspended"—have been found to have been "tampered with." In order to conceal defects in the casting, pieces of iron had been so cunningly screwed in as to be difficult of detection; only, in the test, the first mortar burst, and the fraud was discovered, and examination of the other four showed that they had also been pieced or were bad. Had the requirements of war hurried these guns away untried, the lives of the brave men who worked them might have been sacrificed, in which case an English jury might have recommended another suspension instead of that of judgment.

A Bill was read a second time for compelling the British Farmer to make a complete annual disclosure of his affairs—to tell how many acres he cultivates, what crops he gets off them, what stock he keeps and breeds, and so forth. It is "most desirable," it seems, to have this information. Very likely; but we should not desire to be entrusted

with the job of asking for it. At this moment the British Farmer, who has begun to understand the proposal, is supposed to be boiling over with an indignation which has not, as yet, got beyond incongruous comminations, but which will probably take the form of cudgel and kitchen-poker by the time the forms are delivered at his door. By a curious poetical justice, too, the authorities of the Poor Law, of which our friend the B. F. has been a most grinding administrator, are to work him for these returns. And LORD DERBY says, that the B. F. ought to give them.

The Commons saw a threatening notice on the paper about Killebegnel and Ballynakil and an Irish grievance, so wisely abstained from making a House.

Wednesday. A Bill for Founding Reformatory Schools in Scotland (for, despite the Scotch authors, it seems that there are a few naughty people among the angelic race north of Tweed) was opposed by MR. MAGUIRE, as a Roman Catholic who was afraid of "base proselytism." MR. DRUMMOND immediately declared that all Catholic priests were spies and intruders, and that Catholic children were brought up to practise the most odious espionage upon each other. This little charitable spurt sent the Bill on pleasantly, and, after some discussion, it was read a second time. A Compulsory Vaccination Bill was furiously opposed by MR. MITCHELL, as one for legalising murder, and was postponed; and MR. DILLWYN, member for Swansea, brought in a Bill for enabling Magistrates to flog the ruffians who ill-treat women and children. He was supported by MR. MIALL and MR. W. WILLIAMS, and Government did not oppose the introduction, but MR. BOUVERIE intimated future resistance. It was remarked that the merely enacting that such punishment should follow an assault on the QUEEN had put an end to that outrage, and that the other women of England deserved similar protection. As the creature who can commit such a crime is simply a brute beast, there can be no objection to experimenting upon him with a punishment fit only for brutes; but a Divorce law, that is not a mockery, would be a greater boon to those who are the victims to the brutality of so-called husbands. A measure upon this subject is promised by the LORD CHANCELLOR.

Thursday. LORD ALBEMARLE sticks to his Torture text, and has fixed a day for putting the East India Company on the rack, which it is to be hoped he will ply mercilessly. LORD ST. GERMAN'S brought in another Bill for allowing you to marry your wife's sister, but, out of respect to the priests of all denominations, he proposes that such a marriage shall not take place in a church, chapel, or Ebenezer, but only before a registrar. LORD GRANVILLE made an earnest speech on Education, affirming that it was impossible to allow the matter to remain in its present condition—and, as a *sequitur*, postponed the small Governmental measure recently introduced.

In the Commons it was elicited that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has found an omission in the Metropolis Local Management Act which renders all Vestries unlawful. The parochial spouters are frantic. LORD PALMERSTON snubbed poor MR. BOWYER for asking whether the Conference would consider the affairs of Italy, and tried to snub MR. DISRAELI in the same way, but BENJAMIN insisted upon being more respectfully treated, and was. Next night he repeated his inquiry, which referred to the admission of Prussia to the Conference, and PALMERSTON gave him a complete reply, which might as well have been given at once. Prussia is to come in, not to join in the negotiations for Peace, but to assist in the revision of treaties in which she is interested. She is only too happy to wriggle in on any terms.

The great duel, long promised, then took place between SIR CHARLES NAPIER and SIR JAMES GRAHAM. The Admiral spoke five columns and a-half, and then only got his motion for a Committee seconded out of the charity of a brother officer, who said he could not see him adrift without throwing him a tow-rop. The ex-First Lord spoke at nearly the same length. The Kilkenny Cats did not make a cleaner end of each other. SIR CHARLES proved, incontestably, that SIR JAMES had no business to send him to the Baltic, and had otherwise neglected his duty to the British Fleet. SIR JAMES proved, equally satisfactorily, that SIR CHARLES was loquacious, arrogant, and timid; that he declared he could not take Sweaborg, when he had never been to look at it; and that he insulted the French and English engineers who reported that it could be taken. No end of personalities were exchanged, SIR CHARLES abusing point-blank, and SIR JAMES vituperating more adroitly, and by implication. The feeling of the House was, that NAPIER had been all wrong, both at sea and on shore, and had wound up a not very creditable campaign with a still less creditable brawl. He had to withdraw his motion, but the Hero of the Baltic—as GRAHAM cruelly called him—is no true NAPIER if he does not go on bawling and scribbling for a long time to come.

Friday. LORD BROUGHAM presented a petition from a large number of married women, including MRS. JAMESON and MRS. MARY HOWITT, praying for an alteration of the law which gives a husband, no matter whether he be idle, profligate, or actually separated from his wife, a right to all her earnings. A virtuous woman is a perpetual crown to her husband, but that is no reason why he should take every five shillings she earns. Lawyers and priests will, however, adduce legal and theological reasons against any modification of their idea of the matri-

monial relation. LORD SHAFTESBURY having exposed the disgraceful state of many of our prisons; LADY TRURO having presented the House with her late Lord's law books; and LORD OVERSTONE having vented a great capitalist's prejudices against a Limited Liability, which might enrich small capitalists, the Lords took holiday until the first day of April.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON described the Redan operation as one which covered the British with glory, and materially conduced to the French success on that day. The Persian question again came up, and it really does not seem clear whether we are at war with the SHAH or not, but the odds are that, if not, we shall be. Army-Estimates were discussed, and MR. LAYARD tried to get the "distinguished service" pension, which has been granted to SIR RICHARD BOTTOM AIREY, suspended, until the final verdict on SIR BOTTOM is obtained. It was alleged, however, that the pension was not specially given him for starving the Crimean army, but for other deeds, so the House voted by 82 to 9 that SIR BOTTOM might have his money. The Local Dues Committee was appointed, and Government was deservedly taunted for its cowardly conduct in regard to the Bill. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL brought in a Bill for reforming the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the Commons took holiday until the last day of March.

"THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN."



HAT industrious writer, MR. TIMBS has compiled a remarkably pleasant and instructive little book; a book as full of information as a pomegranate is full of seed: nevertheless, we detect some omissions, and supply them, that MR. T. may, in a future edition, incorporate the following as "*Things not Generally Known.*"

It is not generally known that the names of ELLIOTT, GREY, and WOOD, are in England names of such fatal import, that no man bearing either of them was ever known to have any success in this world, whatever may be hopefully expected from him in the next.

Not generally known that, even after the Crimean Commission, the EARL OF CARDIGAN is about to appear in paint at the Somerset House Exhibition: subject,

his Lordship narrating how he led the Balaclava charge, and how he galloped out of it, to the PRINCE OF WALES and the rest of the Royal children.

Not generally known that "to take care of DOWB" is, at the same time, to take the best possible care of SIMPSON.

Not generally known—until very lately—that the best fire-conductor is a *bat masqué*.

Not generally known, according to MR. MUNTZ, "what is a pound;" but that a sovereign is very cheerfully taken in interpretation of the riddle.

Not generally known, that on the expected visit of the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA in May next, at Windsor, there will be got up, regardless of expense (on our side at least,) MR. BUCKSTONE'S celebrated farce of *Popping the Question*.

Not generally known what SIR CHARLES BARRY expects to receive for the Houses of Parliament, SIR CHARLES himself having made up his own mind to an unlimited amount.

Not generally known that, on the consummation of peace, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, as Knight of the Thistle, resolves to repose himself upon his own peculiar laurels.

Not generally known what may become of the Duke of York's bronze statue, Waterloo Place; but privately and earnestly recommended that it be sent to the melting-pot in liquidation of debts for the Duke's creditors.

Not generally known when LORD JOHN RUSSELL will be appointed the national "schoolmaster;" his Lordship, of late, having been so very much "abroad" in other duties.

Not generally known when MR. WARREN will quote *The Lily and the Bee* in the House of Commons; but expected by the intimate friends of the honourable gentleman, the earliest day in April; "a day before or a day after."

'WARE OF THE BULL.

In our home-field we've got an old Bull,
When his blood isn't up, and his belly is full,
His horns you may handle, his tail you may pull,
His sides with a stick you may thrash on:
You may bully and bait him for hour after hour,
Not a hoof will he lift, not a horn will he lower,—
You would think to see him he hadn't the power
So much as to get in a passion.

But if you had seen our old Bull last year,
When Crimean reports fired off in his ear,
Made him ramp, and bellow, and stamp, and tear,
You wouldn't have dared to come near him:
Old GORDON he gored; bailiff PAM, so clever,
Got nearly toss'd, in the vain endeavour
To cajole the animal out of his fever,
And into the stable to steer him.

Little ROEBUCK, the cow-leech, sharp and 'cute,
Look'd over the hedge at the angry brute,
"There's but one thing to tame him," quoth he, "To do't,
Don't try hood-winking or ringing—
Give the Bull his head: down with gates and spikes;
Let him roar as he pleases and run where he likes;
Never mind whom he charges, or how he strikes,
Or through whose fields he goes flinging."

No choice had PAM: gave the Bull his head,
And a mighty rumpus and row he made,
Assaulted old women, old soldiers dismay'd,
And PAM, ROEBUCK'S hint developing;
Every here and there, in the turnips and clover,
Set up men of straw for the Bull to knock over,
Which he toss'd and tore, and began to recover,
By demolishing scarecrows and galloping.

Till he grew again that Bull, on whose brows
The horns have no power in 'em, more than a cow's,
Who goes in the cart, and harrows and ploughs,
And lets any booby guide him—
Thus ROEBUCK'S prescription work'd like a charm,
The Bull all the summer toil'd on the farm,
And neither ran rusty nor did any harm,
Though they never so much as tied him.

So PAM and PANMURE and all of 'em said—
"What fools we were, to have e'er been afraid
Of a Brute whose wrath is so easily laid,
And whose eyes there's no danger in blinding;
The next report that goes off in his ear,
If he kick up his heels, as he did last year,
We'll show how little his rage we fear,
By going on never minding."

A report in Bull's ear has gone off again,
The report that M'NEILL and TULLOCH did pen,
(Two Scots, who respect neither manners nor men,
Whatever their rank or connection.)
And our AIREYS and GORDONS by HARDINGE'S good grace
Dare shake their red coats, and their stars, and gold lace,
Right in the Bull's round, ruminant face,
Who stands chewing the cud of reflection.

Have a care—there is something I fancy I spy—
A reddening spark in that cavernous eye,
A nerve in that neck, swelling more and more high,
A hoof-twitch, the Bull scarce can stifle,
Have a care—or in spite of your sneers and your scorn
Come one stroke of that hoof, or one plunge of that horn,
And 'twere better for you you had never been born,
Than have dared with that same Bull to trifle!

A Voluminous Expurgator.

ENGLAND can boast of its *Index Expurgatorius* as well as Rome; and this great Index is the Catalogue of the British Museum; for, in its present incomplete state, it expunges all those books which do not commence with the two or three first letters of the Alphabet.

LOST ITS APPETITE.

THE Russian Bear began the War by attempting to seize on the whole of Turkey—and now it is begging for a Peace!

DUNNE ON DUELLING.



LETTER, my dear Colonel, which that deuced fellow, SERGEANT BRODIE, has had the impudence to write about you has appeared in the *Daily News*? Have you seen it? I suppose not: for perhaps you never condescend to look at such a low Radical paper. Well, Colonel, this fellow, in that paper, tells what you may call a long story to the following purport: That, having understood that you, on your legs in the House, had declared that he was not fit to be trusted as Inspector of Saddlery at Weedon Barracks, he had waited on you to ask why you had said so, when all the reply he could get out of you was, "You had no business to interfere with officers in a duel."

Of course, I cannot take the Sergeant's word for the fact that you made that speech to him. As you are reported to have said, "the

man is not to be trusted." Why? Because he isn't. But I am inclined to think he tells the truth in this instance; for I cannot believe that—although he is a correct letter-writer and a lawyer—by Jove, Sir, the fellow writes better than CODRINGTON!—he could have invented so splendid a remark. No, Colonel, it would have taken one of the cleverest of those dramatic author-fellows to do that. The observation is so military. It is just the saying that a farce-writer would put into the mouth of an officer of the good bluff old school: a personage whom he would probably call *Colonel Bullet*, or *General Bang*.

SERGEANT BRODIE is evidently that troublesome kind of fellow in a regiment called a lawyer, as aforesaid: a confounded intelligent man, a deuced individual who can argue; by Jove, Sir, and not only write, dash him, but also spell. As a lawyer, no doubt, he holds the argument that to kill a man in a duel is murder; that to fight a duel is to attempt to commit murder; that to know of a duel without interfering to prevent it, is to have a guilty knowledge of it, and to be an accessory before the fact. Yes, Sir, this lawyer of a sergeant—and indeed, my dear Colonel, I am afraid every other lawyer—will maintain, that in telling him he had no business to interfere with officers in a duel, you in effect informed him that he was to blame for not having constituted himself a party to murder, or attempt to murder. Such a lawyer, of course, deserves to be horsewhipped, by Jove, Sir; but as that would involve an action for assault and battery, egad, my dear Colonel, between you and me, the best and safest plan is to attack the man's character under privilege of Parliament.

I am, my dear Colonel, your most obedient servant,

By Jove, Sir,

85, Fleet Street, March 1856.

PUNCH.

THE PARLIAMENT CLOCK.

MR. BROTHERTON is about to move that the Clock do hold its tongue after 12 o'clock P.M.

LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR will propose that its hands be sent to Church, and a stop be put to all its works every Sunday.

LORD PALMERSTON will recommend that the Clerk of the House receive an addition of £1000 a-year to his income, for the purpose of attending every night, and settling the minutes.

LORD JOHN will move an amendment, that as the above is an appointment of great moment, an ELLIOTT do receive it.

A DOLOROUS QUESTION FOR AMERICANS.

SHOULD your Government succeed in the attempt to fasten a quarrel upon us, do you expect to win dollars, or do you calculate that it is more likely you will come to grief?

ONE REASON.—Q. How did PANIZZI get his recent appointment? A. Why, he prosecuted his way by summoning all the poor book-sellers.

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN WHITEHALL.

SOMEBODY has written a book with the title of *Our Tent in the Crimea*. We beg to recommend to our readers a similar work, viz., *Our Second-Floor-Front in Whitehall*. The following short extract will be sufficiently descriptive of its merits:—"Let the Horse Guards represent Sebastopol; the trenches, and tremendous ones they have been, are situate in the vehicular thoroughfare; the Sappers and Miners are encamped up Whitehall Yard, where an engine, of something terrible in the way of horse power, is puffing and blowing all day long; dismounted cannon, or condemned water-pipes, we can't undertake to say which, are laying about in all directions; men of this Army Works Corps, with the Exeter-Hall-like admonition on them, 'we are all clay,' smoke defiant pipes and drink tempestuous beer; wrong-headed arabas, or Marquis of Westminsters, with facete conductors, insist upon reviling elderly gentlemen in four-wheeled chaises, who are utterly unable to 'hit 'em up;' and the last charge of the Blues every morning to get into their stables is something truly grand and Astleyan, and affords a convincing proof that this noble regiment has not been subjected to those 'AIREY nothings' which so discomposed our cavalry brigades abroad."

No one need go to the Gallery of Illustration or Burford's Panorama to get an idea of the War. It is only necessary to obtain our description, and then endeavour to force a passage from Charing Cross to Parliament Street. The resemblance is minute, down even to the much-talked-of Crimean mud. Having reached the grand centre of operations, the Horse Guards, let the intrepid expeditionist endeavour to get to the other side of the road; and if he is alive when he gets across, he will have some faint notion of a charge of cavalry, with the novel addition of wheels.

The great advantage of this exhibition consists in the entertaining fact that the sewers, or the water, or the gas, or some other of those underground complaints which cause an eruption on the face of the healthiest streets, have been taking their "innings" for the last two months, with every prospect of holding out for as much longer; so that there is a performance all day long, every day except Sundays,—free, gratis, and for nothing.

OUR OWN PECULIAR LINE.

OUR own little Railway at Kensington has had its little annual meeting, and has published its little Report, just as if it were one of the great Companies that snub it and will have nothing to do with it. The financial statement is extremely satisfactory as a piece of unpretending arithmetic; but while it does credit to the proficiency of the Directors in their sums—displaying, as it does, a familiarity with the first four rules in *Walkinggame*—it promises little in the way of wealth to the shareholders. There has been, it seems, "a slight falling-off in the tonnage;" but we object to the word "tonnage," as too large a term to apply to the affairs of the concern; and we think that "hundredweightage," or even "poundage," would have been a fitter expression to use in reference to the Goods Department or Parcels Delivery of the Company. It is true that "hundredweightage" could not have been spoken of without coining a word; but as no money seems to be made, a little verbal coinage might have been allowable. The Directors proceed to state that, "there has been an increase of traffic from the Railway, but that the traffic to the Railway has decreased"—a state of things which looks as if even the friends of the poor little concern were deserting it, and running away from it. When more customers go away and fewer customers come than have been in the habit of going and coming in the previous year, the aspect of affairs is not very encouraging. It is a pity that the poor little Company does not wind itself up, and we feel sure that we have done our best to give it rope enough.

Smith O'Brien in Ireland.

THE *Times* very properly argues for a free pardon of SMITH O'BRIEN, that he may be allowed to return to Ireland. Why not? We think his presence there would be of enduring good; he would be, like a bankrupt linen-draper, a living memento of an alarming failure; an old musket barrel without a lock; a firework case, with the combustibles quenched in a gutter.

THE IMPERIAL LINE.

THERE was a current belief that LOUIS NAPOLEON's child—a boy, of course, according to the *Moniteur*—would be immediately crowned KING OF ALGIERS. This dignity, however, has not yet been determined upon. The first son is to be Prince-Imperial; the second son Prince de Strasbourg; the third son Duc de Boulogne; and the fourth son Comte d'Ham.

"ROTTEN ROW."—The Committee on the Adulteration of Food.



FOLLY AND INNOCENCE.

Charles. "I say, CLARA, AIN'T IT JOLLY? I'VE MADE SUCH A CAPITAL BOOK ON THE DERBY!"

Clara. "I AM SURE, CHARLES, I AM DELIGHTED TO HEAR IT. ANY LITERARY PURSUIT MUST BE BETTER THAN THE HORRID PRACTICE YOU WERE GETTING INTO OF BETTING AT RACES!"

THE CONSTABLE OVERRUNNING HIMSELF.

AMONG the objections raised to SIR GEORGE GREY'S measure for establishing an efficient Police in boroughs and counties, was a suggestion from SIR G. PECHELL that, if the Bill should pass, "the Chief Constable of East Sussex would be able to walk into the town of Brighton, which would be very objectionable." We see no reasonable prospect of inconvenience to the people of Brighton in the possible entrance of an additional individual, whose presence would certainly not uncomfortably crowd a place which has abundant accommodation for all its visitors. The Chief Constable of East Sussex has, *primâ facie*, as good a right as any one else to walk into the town of Brighton, and it says little for the good sense of the opposition to the Bill, that its antagonists should assign all sorts of absurd reasons for rejecting it.

It is certainly better that a constable from an adjacent place should walk into a town, than that a thief should be allowed to walk not only into a town, but out of it again at the other end, because there is no policeman authorised to go after him for the purpose of apprehending him. The inhabitants of Brighton generally will prefer to see a neighbouring officer occasionally in their streets to the more disagreeable prospect of a set of culprits at large, hanging about their shop-doors, sneaking down their areas, and infesting their thoroughfares. It is to obviate this inconvenience that a Chief Constable of one place will be permitted to walk into another place—an intrusion to which we hope SIR G. PECHELL and others will soon become reconciled.

Covent Garden Relics.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, on his visit to Covent Garden ruins, carried away with him some pieces of crystal, drops from the chandelier, as mementos of the conflagration. Considering the effect of high example upon the low, MR. GIBBS, the Royal preceptor, has expressed his opinion to the effect that, under the circumstances, His Royal Highness certainly took a drop too much.

BAD MONEY AND BAD MORTARS.

THE EARL OF DERBY asked LORD PANMURE, if certain frauds had not been committed by certain contractors in the matter of mortars?

LORD PANMURE replied to the EARL OF DERBY, like the celebrated echo, "in the affirmative." He said, "these mortars were supplied by MESSRS. GRISSEL. In one that burst under the test, a piece of iron had been inserted behind the breech, so skilfully screwed, that the fraud was difficult to detect." On examining four other mortars, all of them were found breeched alike. LORD PANMURE did not know whether there was a law enabling Government to proceed against the MESSRS. GRISSEL.

Thus, the law against bad money is clear enough, but not against counterfeit mortars. If GUBBINS attempts to pass a bad shilling, the law is plain as the hulks upon that offence; if GUBBINS were to pass a bad mortar, why, the law to meet *that* peccadillo is uncertain. And this is very proper. A bad shilling in operation smashes property; whereas, a bad mortar, bursting, may only destroy life: and who—out of Bedlam and in England—would think of setting up life over property?

A Flight of Fancy.

To look at the Ladies' bonnets, you would imagine that the March winds had blown them all off, but it is no such thing; it is only an air the bonnets, in their conceit, give themselves. They fly off of their own accord, and we believe so stiff-necked are they in their generation, that not all the blowing upon in the world would be able to give them a different turn.

LIABILITY AND RELIABILITY.

How desirable it is, that liability should be really limited! What fun it would be, if all the various speculative Joint Stock Companies which are springing into existence every day were not liable to smash!



GRAND MILL BETWEEN CHARLEY POT AND JAMIE KETTLE.

Which took Place before an Enlightened Public on Thursday, 13th of March in the House of Commons.

FIRST-RATE "COMEDY."



Brave fellow, named LLOYD, otherwise known as "Comedy" in the establishment, was the means of saving the lives of three women at the Covent Garden conflagration. Is not the fine fellow, by the calamity of the fire, burnt out of employment? If so, *Mr. Punch* begs leave to recommend a consideration of his case to London managers generally; quite convinced that no theatre can be the worse, but all the better, for the acceptance of such a "Comedy."

COMMENDABLE PRECAUTION.

It is understood, from the ill-luck that has pursued the Wizard of the North in the matter of fire, that, in future, he has resolved not even to appear as *Rob Roy* without having first "laid on the hose."

THAT BLESSED BABY-LINEN.

MRS. SMITH to MRS. JONES.

"Paris, March 14.—My dear MRS. JONES, take my word for it, babies will be all the fashion for a month, at least amongst what SMITH calls 'our lively allies.' It can't be otherwise; for the show of the baby-linen—the sweet EMPRESS's things for the darling child!—will make babies, as one may say, quite catching.

"Well, I've just come from MADemoiselle FELICIE's, in the Vivienne. A ticket was brought to SMITH by the COUNT—(SMITH tells me I mustn't trust names to the post) who always beats SMITH at billiards out of more than SMITH likes to own, in the handsomest way for two for the baby-linen; which, as SMITH always grumbled at the expense, I wouldn't, for that reason, take with me. So, myself and young MRS. FLOWER—who wished more than I can mention, but which you'll quite understand, to see the patterns—we both of us went to MDLLE. FELICIE's, where we had to form what is called here a *queue*, but which, in English, may be called a termination,—there was such a crowd to see the blessed children's things; for the EMPEROR, who is the greatest man in Europe—and this would be enough to prove it if nothing else did—the EMPEROR has had two sets of things made up, one for a darling Prince, and one for a sweet Princess, so that he mightn't be taken by surprise, if Providence was ever so bountiful. A feeling that does him honour as a husband, and immortal glory as a crowned head, as I said to young MR. FLOWER, who I'm sorry to say is what is called a liberal, which means anything but manly generosity to the wife of his affections and the dear children that may at some time bless him.

"After we had followed the movements of the *queue*—which twisted in and out like any snake; but all, like the French, in the best politeness, and with no pushing whatever—it came to our turn to enter the rooms, several officers—Colonels or Generals at least, I'm sure of it—in the handsomest manner attending us. Oh, my dear MRS. JONES, it is something to be born a Prince in France! I thought MRS. FLOWER would have fainted,—the things were quite too much for her. And even for myself, I must say, I felt as if it would have been a pleasure to weep ever so little, the scene was so moving. Indeed, everybody was affected; and I'm proud to say it, my own countrywomen—and there was a swarm of 'em—showed as much interest in the things as if they'd been made up upon their own account—and who, with any heart, can wonder?"

"As I told you, there's two sets, for boy and girl—the boy's trimmed with red, and the girl's with blue; which, on the white, quite makes up the line of the beautiful song for which MR. HENRY RUSSELL has been made a full colonel of the legion of honour, with permission in the decline of his life to sell out for the advantage of his family; a favour, as I am told, never before heard of in France, and by no means likely to be heard of again.

"Well, my dear, if I was to try to tell you what we saw, you'd take me for one of the Arabian Nights! There was one partic'lar set, frock, under things, and all besides, you might have drawn through the EMPRESS's wedding-ring. And then the heaps of articles! Why,

allowing the babies—for I'm speaking, as one may say, both for the red and the blue—allowing 'em not to grow a bit, and there was more than a full change a-day, without one going to the wash, for a twelvemonth! Take and turn all the Foundling Hospital into new-born babies, and there is clothes enough—if it isn't improper to name such a thing in the same breath with foundlings—clothes enough to shift 'em every day for three months, boys and girls into the bargain.

"But what struck me and MRS. FLOWER with astonishment, was the quantity and the fineness of the lace. The EMPRESS, as I said to MRS. F., who quite agreed with me, the EMPRESS must be a happy woman! And then the work! Well, I don't like to think small of my own country—specially in needlework and embroidery; but the work does take away one's breath. The worst of it was, our *queue* was made to move so fast through the rooms, that we couldn't examine even with the naked eye anything like what we wished,—and as for touching a single thread, you might as well have tried, as MRS. FLOWER said, to lay your hand upon a white cloud in Heaven. However, you may take my word for it, there never was such needlework before; such embroidered roses and violets, it isn't a bit too much to say, you might fairly have smelt 'em. Besides this, I'm told—not that we saw it—that out of compliment to the English alliance, the EMPEROR has had the British lion woven as a pattern in some of the things, which is, you will allow, very handsome.

"I've always stood up for the EMPEROR; because what I always admire in men—I'm not speaking of SMITH, understand—what I admire is, *determination, will, my dear; power!* Now all this baby-linen convinces me that LOUIS NAPOLEON is the best man for France; knowing, as it's plain he does, how much can be done with muslin.

"There was a report that the Conference—as they're called—were all coming over to MDLLE. FELICIE's to look at the baby-linen; but that an electric telegraph from St. Petersburg to COUNT ORLOFF, for state reasons, and on pain of the knout, which must be dreadful, forbid him.

"If I can, I'll bring you home, from MDLLE. FELICIE herself, a pattern of one of the Princess's blue bonnets; and also a pattern of a Talma, which, I'm told, is called after a French tragedy-player, just as you might name a muff after an English one; and am, dear MRS. JONES,

"Your's, Sincerely,

"SUSAN SMITH.

"P.S. We're to have a hundred guns when the Prince is born. You know what SMITH is! There's no rousing him to any pitch of admiration. For three nights I could have vowed I heard the beginning of the guns; and woke him accordingly; but of course, he wouldn't hear anything of the sort, and I couldn't make him. The Pope is coming to christen the Prince, which, I hear upon *good authority*, will be christened NAPOLEON PIUS."

Legal Intelligence.

MR. DUNUP held his first levee of Creditors on the doormat outside the closed door of his Chambers on Monday last. The representatives of all the different trades in London were present. The levee began at ten o'clock in the morning, and continued all the day. It must have been full ten o'clock in the evening before the last Creditor took his departure. The levee was enlivened at certain intervals with several variations played in a most vigorous manner with walking-sticks upon the oak that was "sporting" on the occasion. We are informed that it is the intention of MR. DUNUP to continue these levees, which are extremely popular amongst the boys of the Court in which he lives, every day throughout the Session.

Physic for the Forces.

"Be sure to ask for DALBY's CARMINATIVE," says a quack's puff, adding, "the same as supplied to HER MAJESTY's troops in the Crimea." As old women are in the habit of giving DALBY to children, we suppose it must have been the British infantry that were chiefly dosed with that specific by the prescription of some official MRS. GAME.

EFFECTS WITHOUT A CAUSE.

THOUGH sages swear, "Without a cause
There's no effect,"—it's mockery.
There are exceptions to all laws:
What breaks domestic Crockerly?

Amende Honorable.

WE were startled at reading in the *Hamburgh Gazette*, "The relation of SIMONY with the Ministry continues." We were going to ask, what business a Hamburgh man had with the affairs of our own beloved Church? But, luckily, we discovered that MR. SIMONY was a Hanseatic statesman, and we retracted our indignation.

LOVE AND LIQUOR.



In a collection of those remarkable curiosities of literature, Matrimonial Advertisements, the following would be a curiosity:—

MATRIMONY.—A gentleman of independence, age 23, who has been travelling for the last two years through the Southern States, wishes to form a **MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE** with an Amiable Partner. Money no object. Has had recourse to an advertisement, his circle of acquaintance in England being limited. Now residing at the Court House Inn, 10, Commutation Row. No questions to be asked at the bar, but communications received either by post or hand. To be seen in the bar from Six till Twelve each evening for the next ten days.—Address ———.

We pass over the high-minded indifference to money, though we confess we should like to glance at the balance-sheet of this gentleman to whom "money is no object," and we should also be happy to inspect

the visiting book, if any, of this individual whose "acquaintance in England" is "limited." Possibly he may be better known at Botany Bay, or his friends may be numerous in Boulogne, but at present his society appears to be "limited" to the company frequenting the bar of the Inn, where he is now visible. The bar in question will be rather an interesting spot for the next ten days, if the above advertisement is responded to, for the place will be adorned by the presence of all the ladies who are desirous of seeing the gentleman who is on the look-out for an "amiable partner." We should have thought that the bar of a public-house between six and twelve at night, was hardly a fit place for an assignation; but as a man's true character is likely to come out when he is taking his ease at his inn, the ladies will be able to form a correct estimate of the candidate's social qualities. As the ladies cannot very well occupy the landlord's bar without calling for something "for the good of the house," the ten matrimonial evenings may be expected to be rather convivial. As names will probably not be announced, the advertiser will be obliged to designate his fair companions by the liquors they have selected, and to offer his hand to "cold without," or make modified proposals to "little toddy," if his choice should fall on a lady luxuriating in either of the potatoes alluded to.

COCKNEY RHYMES FOR YANKEE STATESMEN.

PRESIDENT PIERCE, Why so fierce? MR. MARCY, Don't be "sarcy." MR. CUSHING, Where are you pushing? MR. CASS, Don't be an ass; No more blustering, Filibustering, Ballyragging, Bullying, bragging, Peppery prattle, Touching battle, Threats to lick us,	Whip us, kick us; No more jaw, That you will chaw Us up, and swamp us, Catawampus, Scuttle our island, (As yet 'tis dry land), Be pacific, Not terrific; Count the figures, War of waging, And your niggers, Ere engaging, By some trick—too bad to try on Any old hoss—the British Lion.
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Amenities of War.

AMONG the new gun-boats, there is one vessel mounting two guns of tremendous power, called the *Carnation*. It is, moreover, rumoured that a new shell is about to be produced at Woolwich, to be named the *Heartsease*. We may soon expect a new style of bayonet—in itself a pretty thing for a button-hole—to be christened the *Forget-me-not*.

DOG AND CAT.

MR. DILLWYN has brought in a bill for the more effectual punishment of brutes who outrage women: they are to be flogged. Thus the miserable dog of a husband will have to settle the matter with the cat.

PHARISEES AND FLOWERS AT MANCHESTER.

We are bidden to consider the lilies of the field. This advice is often repeated on a Sunday. But, according to certain highly sanctified persons, we ought to put off the consideration of the lilies till the next day. For lilies are flowers—and flowers are unlawful objects of contemplation on a Sunday in the judgment of those persons. Witness the following extract from the *Times*:—

"OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.—The annual meeting of the Manchester Botanical Society was held yesterday at the Manchester Town Hall, MR. JAMES WATTS, the Mayor, presiding. MR. JAMES HEYWOOD, M.P., moved 'That the society's gardens at Old Trafford should be open to the proprietors and subscribers from 2:30 p.m. until dusk every Sunday.' The motion was seconded by MR. R. N. PHILLIPS, and opposed by the REV. J. BARDSLEY, PROFESSOR WILLIAMSON, and others. A poll resulted in 293 votes for and 262 against the motion."

Flowers, which neither toil nor spin, are nevertheless clothed in beauty. This fact—though important to perpend, especially at Manchester—is not to be recognised, nor thought upon, in the Manchester Botanical Gardens, on a Sunday. This irreligious exercise of the mind is to be postponed, by the decision of the Manchester Saints, with the REV. (RABBI?) J. BARDSLEY at their head, to a working day. The sermons to be found in flowers are not to be attended on the British Sabbath; no such discourses are tolerable on that sacred day. If any Manchester Christian is in need of preaching, let him be content to sit under the REVEREND BARDSLEY, and other gentlemen similarly to be revered.

We shall next, probably, have the Manchester Bardsleyites resolving that no person or persons shall—if Bardsleyites can help it—extricate an ox or an ass from any pit into which it shall have fallen on the Sabbath day. Ass is a term of wide significance; but then Sabbatarians are inconsistent, or else, if that accident should befall any Bardsleyite, in case of his brethren having agreed to such a resolution, he would necessarily have to remain braying in trouble until Monday morning.



POSITION IS EVERYTHING.

Betsy Jane (in confidence). "I shan't play no more with that Matilda Jenkins.—Er doll ain't got no Pevambylatur—and I don't mean mine to 'sociate with none but carriage cumpny!"

How to Raise a Fleet.

INSTEAD of going to the trouble and expense of demolishing the sunken ships in the harbour at Sebastopol, we think we can recommend an expedient, that will be much more efficacious, and by no means so troublesome or expensive. Get any old weatherbeaten tub (the Admiralty has got plenty of them) that is no longer of any use, and quietly sink it at Sebastopol. You may depend upon it that all the Russian ships, at the mere sight of an English vessel, will be so frightened that they will all, every man-of-war of them, immediately rise to the surface; and, once on the surface, there will be no difficulty in capturing or destroying the whole fleet just as you think proper.

TRUMPING THE ELEPHANT.

"Peccavi—I've Scinde," wrote LORD ELLEN, so proud.
More briefly DALHOUSIE wrote—"Vovi—I've Oude."

THE BENCH AND THE BULLYING SYSTEM.



THE judicial body bears deservedly a very high character as a whole; but some of our most eminent Judges are not always the best judges of a joke, or of the fitness of an occasion for making one. The system of bullying in public or private schools (and when we talk of bullying we do not mean "fagging," which may be all very well within proper limits; but the system under which one or more bigger and stronger boys will make a cowardly, and often brutal attack on a smaller and weaker boy) is one that ought not to be treated with judicial jocularity. An action was tried the other day on the Home Circuit, in which two boys, said to be of the ages of seventeen and fourteen, inflicted on a boy—described in the report as "apparently a weak, and far from robust lad," of the age of four-

teen—severe chastisement: because, being in bad health, he had been ordered by his father not to go and "fag" for the bigger boys in the cricket-ground. BARON ALDERSON, who presided at the trial, is described in the report as having interposed, and said "He thought that they really had heard quite enough of the case. The assault was clearly illegal and unjustifiable. There was nothing to justify the beating." So far, so good; but the judicial observations did not end here; for BARON ALDERSON is reported to have said, "It is not in my opinion a case that should be tried here. If these sort of actions were encouraged, I am

sure we might have five hundred similar actions from Eton alone in the course of the year (a laugh). It is a pity he did not bear the beating as other boys generally do, and without crying out."

We presume that as the Judge's remark elicited a "laugh," it was thought by the audience a very good joke, that weak boys should be illegally and unjustifiably beaten by stronger and older boys, five hundred times annually, at Eton. The pluck of our aristocratically educated youth must be in a rather hopeless case, if at Eton the big and the strong are continually using their size and strength to illuse the weak; whose spirit, if they have any, is being beaten out of them in conformity with BARON ALDERSON'S doctrine, that they ought to "bear the beating." We do not concur in the dictum of the learned Judge, that ill-treatment is to be quietly submitted to, and that brute force is to be allowed to indulge itself at the expense of physical feebleness. Both parties to the transaction are degraded by the course which the learned Baron would seem, by the report, to have recommended. We quite agree with him in thinking such cases are not fit cases for trial; nor would they ever become the subject of legal proceedings, if it were the practice for the masters of schools to protect the weaker and younger boys against the brutality of the stronger; or, what would be better still, if there were a high moral tone among the boys themselves, which would check the disgusting cowardice involved in the too common system of bullying. Our protest is not against "fagging" within proper limits; nor do we advocate a system of whining complaint about trifling inconveniences; but we do denounce most earnestly the degrading doctrine, that little boys should be made to bear without calling out, and tamely submit to the brutality of their older and stronger school-fellows.

THE UNIVERSAL JENKINS.

WE are sorry to find that JENKINS is becoming almost ubiquitous as far as the Morning Papers are concerned; for we trace his livery in the columns of several of our daily contemporaries. He has long ceased to limit his lacqueyship to the *Morning Post*; and indeed it seems to us that the establishment alluded to being no longer one "where a footman is kept," the unfortunate JENKINS is compelled to go out by the job, either to wait upon his old masters, or upon any one else that will give him occasional employment. We trace his napkin-covered hand in the serving up of some of the delicious morsels that have been placed before the public in reference to the recent destruction of Covent Garden Theatre.

In speaking of the QUEEN'S visit to the scene of the calamity, JENKINS says, "It is gratifying to know that while the spot was still warm"—or words to that effect—"HER MAJESTY condescended to inspect the ruins." We wonder that JENKINS did not provide a piece of sackcloth to throw over the ashes in order that the ruins might assume a sufficiently humble aspect, in the presence of their SOVEREIGN. We are afraid, however, that the ruins scarcely behaved themselves with that reverence which JENKINS expected from them during a Royal visit, for they continued to smoke under HER MAJESTY'S eyes, and threw off the water which had been poured on to them without regard to the sanctity of the person of Royalty.

There is something rather dreary in the attempt of poor JENKINS to invest his account of the affair with all the fine writing that is usually lavished on a state visit. The placing a few boards and some old druggot over the pools made by the water thrown from the engines is converted into "a performance by MR. GYE of the last melancholy honours of the house; by ushering HER MAJESTY to the door immediately next to the Royal entrance." We protest against this mode of speaking of MR. GYE, as if he had been conducting a funeral. We happen to know that if he has anything of the undertaker about him, it is not the lugubrious part of the character; but notwithstanding the extent of his loss, he will be prepared to continue his great national undertaking with his wonted energy.

Though unhappily burnt out of Covent Garden, MR. GYE does not intend to sit down and mourn in the funeral spirit that JENKINS has attributed to him; but he will at once provide another spot, which he will animate with the genius which has hitherto given life to the now fallen fabric. The Italian Opera is not Covent Garden, but Covent

Garden was the Italian Opera, because circumstances had made it so. Fresh circumstances have now arisen, which will transfer the Italian Opera to another scene, and perhaps give life to the too long tenantless walls of MR. LUMLEY'S magnificent establishment.

HANDEL AND HANGING.

A WRETCHED man—a private soldier—having to be hanged the other day in the Crimea, for an uncommonly atrocious and cowardly murder, a band, as we are informed, preceded the prisoner to the place of execution, playing "the *Dead March!*" No doubt this was the *Dead March in Saul*, that sublime composition of HANDEL; so grand, so solemn, so funereal, yet so triumphal. This is just the glorious measure whereunto you would bear a hero in honour to his grave; but is it precisely the tune to which you would lead a criminal to the gallows? Those who selected it for that purpose would probably, with similar taste in music and appreciation of HANDEL, drum a rogue out of a regiment to *See, the Conquering Hero Comes!*

One of the Peel School.

"LOOK at young STUMBLE," said a Whig to a Tory, as that distinguished budding Peelite was scrambling through a briary speech, "That makes the tenth orange he's got through in less than ten sentences." "Come, don't be hard upon him," said the generous-minded Tory, "recollect, he's only a sucking orator."

Bare Wine.

A WINE has been lately advertised under the name of NAKED SHERRY. If naked sherry is like naked truth, there can be no objection to its nudity. We dare say it is very good tittle; and one thing seems clear, which is, that if a wine is really naked, it must, at least, have some body.

ECONOMY IN DRESS.

A LADY'S Dress is becoming wonderfully simplified—for instance, putting on her bonnet and taking it off her head again are done now by one and the same movement.



A PEACE CONFERENCE.

Flora. "OH, I AM SO GLAD—DEAR HARRIET—THERE IS A CHANCE OF PEACE.—I AM MAKING THESE SLIPPERS AGAINST DEAR ALFRED COMES BACK!"

Cousin Tom. "HAH, WELL!—I AIN'T QUITE SO ANXIOUS ABOUT PEACE—FOR YOU SEE, SINCE THOSE SOLDIER CHAPS HAVE BEEN ABROAD, WE CIVILIANS HAVE HAD IT PRETTY MUCH OUR OWN WAY WITH THE GURLS!"

BUBBLES THAT WON'T BURST.

THERE is often wonderful vitality about concerns that "don't pay," and we hear of Newspapers by which the proprietors are understood to be losing a hundred a-week, coming out as punctually every morning as if daily loss were a luxury not easily to be dispensed with. Some people who are notoriously "not worth a shilling," may be seen living sumptuously in splendid establishments, others are getting large commercial reputations by "extensive failures" occurring at almost regular intervals; and no tradesman seems to be much better off than he whose windows are periodically bespattered with intimations of an "alarming sacrifice." We sometimes feel much curiosity as to the secret of the success of so much failure—a species of prosperity which is rather characteristic of our country; for we are often told by professed political economists, that our national debt is a sign of our national prosperity. Credit, we are assured, is the very basis of business; and this theory is accepted so energetically by some persons, that getting as deeply as possible into debt seems to be the grand object of all their transactions. An occasional crash appears to produce little or no effect in checking confidence, for fools are even more plentiful than knaves; and as only one of the latter is required to a great many of the former, the beautiful commercial principle of supply and demand is being continually exemplified. Of course the wholesale debtors themselves are not deterred by the fate of the few who are found out; for successful swindling makes all the profit its own, while the loss, in the event of failure, falls exclusively on the creditors.

"A Look at Mary."

ON a case of breach of promise tried at York, it was proved that the false *Lothario*, the defendant, "called 'to look at MARY' as he 'was taking a bit o' 'bacca.'" A touching illustration of the truth that "sweet's the love that meets returns."

THE PHARISEES AT THE CROWN.

THE Sabbatarians are—to use a familiar form of speech—"going it." By that phrase we do not mean that Sunday drunkenness is greatly on the increase, but merely that the fanatics in question are becoming intoxicated with triumph. Not satisfied with dominating the people, they are now proceeding to dictate to the SOVEREIGN. The *Watchman* states that a parcel of these sectarians, calling themselves the "Lord's Day Observance Society," have issued a form of memorial to HER MAJESTY. After a certain amount of preliminary impertinence, this cool petition prefers the modest request thus described by our schismatical contemporary:—

"It then touches on the 'National Sunday League' and the bands at Kensington Gardens and Windsor Castle, praying especially for the discontinuance of the latter."

These persons not only presume to preach, uninvited, to the QUEEN, but also to supersede the functions of their own *Corypheus*, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANT—himself, whose duty it would have long ago been to remonstrate with his Royal Mistress, if she had been involved in the error of sanctioning the breach of a Commandment.

Would it not have sufficed this Sabbatarian Society to beseech the QUEEN to command that the bands at Windsor and Kensington shall in future confine their performances to sacred music? Why, yes, it would, if their motives had been pure; if they had been earnest and sincere, instead of being actuated by the lust of sectarian predominance alone. But sacred music!—what do they know about sacred music? Such creatures have no music in their souls, and no doubt the QUEEN, who has the advantage of them there, and knows SHAKESPEARE also, will understand what they are fit for.

A very "Strong" Compliment.

COUNT ORLOFF, the Russian diplomatist, has the reputation of tremendous strength of muscle. A few days since—the story must be true, for it comes from *L'Indépendance Belge*—a lady at a grand dinner admired a handsome bouquet. The Comte took the bouquet from the centre-piece, and being a little wet, he immediately rolled up, like a sheet of paper, one of the silver-gilt plates with his fingers, and so placing the bouquet, handed it to the fair one! We really tremble for the safety of LORD COWLEY. If COUNT ORLOFF can thus roll up a silver-gilt platter, how very soon will he double up a copper-gilt ambassador?

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.

IN the Old Commercial Inn, somewhere at Exeter, in the room that gentlemen frequent for the purpose of washing their hands previous to dinner, there is a piece of soap which is so excessively old, that the oldest chambermaid cannot recollect when it was first launched into the soap-boat! It is of a hard substance, and of a whitish colour, and in shape is not unlike a parallelogram. It measures about three-quarters of an inch in thickness; and it is said that its constitution is of such an iron nature, that it has not lost a quarter-of-an-ounce in weight since it was originally palmed upon the public. Its strength is such, that it defies with impunity any quantity of lathering, and yet so smooth is it in its disposition, that its sweetness has never been known to curdle once under the greatest amount of heat, or most trying pressure. It is supposed to have passed through the hands of not less than two generations! Of course, the extraordinary longevity of this wonderful bit of soap has been, through its manual dexterity, the happy source of large sums of money to the different owners whom it has served. The calculation has been made by no less an authority than MR. BIDDER (who once tried very hard to make an impression upon it, and failed) that, at the rate of sixpence only for every gentleman whose patience it has tried, this long-lived parallelogram of *Savon* has brought into the house, to which for so many years it has been faithfully attached, as much as £1462 15s. 6d.; and the beauty is that, with the little waste its system undergoes, there is every reason to anticipate that there are at least fifty years more of life in this saponaceous Old PARR!

Trial for a Double Tongue.

ONE objection to the admission of KING CLICQUOT into the Peace Conferences has been removed. An armistice has been agreed upon. There is no occasion now for CLICQUOT to mention *armistice*; but it was feared that he would be unable to pronounce the word.



THRILLING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

Master Alfred. "DON'T BABY! YOU'LL SPOIL IT. LEAVE GO, SIR! HERE, NURSE! HE'S SWALLOWING MY NEW WATCH."

A COMMITTEE COMMITTING ITSELF.

THE Committee of Council on Education seem to have been indulging in a bit of a lark, by proposing all sorts of absurd questions to the pupils at the Training Schools. If the answers should be given in the same rollicking spirit of fun in which the questions appear to be proposed, the result will be quite worthy of our own columns.

"Who were the Popes during the first quarter of the fourteenth century?" is one of the questions asked; as if it signified a jot who they were, where they came from, and where they ultimately went, so that the world has got effectually rid of them. Another question asks, "What is the method of bringing a Private Bill into the House of Commons, and what is the mode of bringing in a Public Bill?"—a query which, as none of the pupils at the Training School have been in the habit of watching at the doors of the House to see how the Members bring in their Bills, will probably lead to guesses and conjectures of the boldest character. The most natural reply will be, that the Private Bills are brought in under the Members' cloaks, while the Public Bills are carried in openly.

The questions we have seen quoted terminate with a frightful poser, in which the pupil is requested to imagine that A and B are a foot apart, and he is then called upon to say, how much further A will go than B in an hour, and he is to finish his work by "applying the resulting formula to explain BOURCICAULT'S pendulum experiment." As he probably will never have heard of BOURCICAULT, and will not have the faintest notion of what he did with his pendulum (any experiment on which would certainly interfere with his clock, and perhaps stop it altogether) the answer to the query we have quoted will, of necessity, be unsatisfactory. We hope the Committee of Council on Education will henceforth be a little more practical in their questions, and less practical in their jokes, when dealing with Training Schools.

VERY WELL FOR A BEGINNING.

FRANCE cannot grow "a special correspondent." A WILLIAM RUSSELL is, in no way, indigenous to the soil; and, were it not so, there can be little doubt that he would be so pruned by the scissors—we mean by the sword, for in Gaul the sword does everything—of the censor, that he would never survive the clipping. Blissful is the ignorance of France as to France's losses in the Crimea! In England, it is said, we have known too much: this evil is balanced by our opposite neighbours, who are allowed to know nothing. Strong, however, and persistent is truth, and will prevail. Like the flower *Picciola*, it will struggle into light, forcing its way between the stone slabs of even a prison. Thus, it now comes out that during the last seven months the French have lost in the Crimea by battle, wounds, and sickness, no less than a hundred and five thousand men. France, however, through the *Moniteur* reports a loss of only twenty thousand. Now, this is very encouraging. It is almost one-fifth of the truth; and, all things considered, one-fifth must be considered as a very fair composition.

THE MOST PERMANENT WAY.—"That's the way the money goes."—*Mr. John Bull.*

PRO BONO PIMLICO.

To the Chairman of the Metropolitan Central Board.

THWAITES, of every Nuisance foe,
Hear the Cries of Pimlico,
Listen with judicial frown—
Hear the Cries—and put them down.

Why should each Belgravian dwelling
Echo with such awful yelling,
Why, from rise to set of sun,
Should a Roaring trade be done;
Why should folks of every calling
Stun us with their hideous bawling;
Why should streets mischristened Quiet
Ring with one protracted riot,
Where the costermonger touts
For support with frantic shouts,
Where hearth-stones and Brick of Bath
Slay the peace of every hearth;
Where the squalling milkman tells
Of the chalky slop he sells,
And the fishman shrieks his wishes
That we'd buy his flaccid fishes,
And a cry that never ceases,
Tells of dirty water-creecees;
And a scream through Eaton Square
Begg the skin of eaten hare;
While the raving poulterer howls
Frenzied praise of flabby fowls?
THWAITES, to thwart and thwack begin,
Make them stop that maddening din.
THWAITES, our Lord Protector, O!
Give us peace in Pimlico.

Not unfairly we apply,
CURBITT'S rents are very high,
And to furnish in the fashion
We have laid no end of cash on,
And we're under heavy rating;
Therefore, THWAITES, it's aggravating
That we can't have peace and comfort,
When we pay so large a sum for't,
You, of every Nuisance foe,
Stop the Cries of Pimlico.

Organs' roar long time we bore,
Hurdygurdies by the score,
(For the ladies won't refuse
Payment of the vile Sound dues),
Strings of beggars, bawling, whining,
At their Christian Friends repining,
Matches, muffins, mackerel, mats,
Grunting Jews with triple hats,
Images, for Proud Alcoves,
Ornaments for fireless stoves,
And the periwinkle black
Which the Peerage loves to crack,
Bore the fifty various sreeches
Touching walnuts, plums, and peaches,
And the thundering German band,
(Dirtier youths were never scanned,)
And the ballad's croaking bard,
By whose howl the sense is jarred,
Bore it all, yet sometimes thought
Our Police was dearly bought,
If that costly thing, Police,
Could not keep our streets in peace.
But to this there's added, now,
All the other tradesmen's row,
And we cry, O THWAITES, despairing,
Such a riot's past all bearing,
Lord Protector, hear us, O!
Stop these Cries in Pimlico.

The System of the Squirrel's Cage.

EVERYBODY sees that Routine is like the squirrel's cage; but perhaps certain persons may not see that it is particularly so, because it keeps Ability at work, and at the same time hinders it from climbing and getting on.

FRAUDS IN TURKEY.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Constantinople, March 3.



HE SULTAN is very earnest in the prosecution of still further reforms. The Tanzimat is the aversion of all the good old Mussulman school, who do not stroke their beards, but, like the Turk in the phantasmagoria, roll their eyes in horror of all change. It was to be supposed that the alliance of Turkey with England, still further secured and prized under the amiable influence of LORD STRATFORD, would have the best effect on the councils of the SULTAN; you will therefore not be surprised to learn that in emulation of the noblest institutions and the most moral people upon the earth (need I hesitate as an Englishman to claim for my beloved country and my much respected countrymen these distinctions?) the SULTAN has resolved to visit all frauds, all adulterations, with the severest punishment. He has expressed himself determined to root the false con-

tractor and the adulterator out of the land. He has, of late, made two or three terrible examples of delinquents that will, I trust, strike an instructive terror into the bosoms of all traders, manufacturers, and contractors. I may instance a few cases that have occurred during the last week.

SADI GREASELDI contracted for twenty long brass guns to be mounted on the Golden Horn. The brass was found to be of the basest sort and worst alloy: two burst on the first discharge. Whereupon, SADI was taken into custody, and to relieve him of all suspense, was immediately tried and condemned. He was sentenced to be fired from one of his own guns. The unfortunate man was first horribly compressed to reduce his figure to the bore of the piece of ordnance, and was then fired off into infinite space, the military band of the SULTAN playing the national music. The widows of the unfortunate man have, with considerable difficulty and praiseworthy fortitude, collected his scattered remains in their work-baskets.

MUSAD EL-CHALKI, a miller of opulence, was found guilty of adulterating his flour with gypsum. He was therefore sentenced to be walled up. That is, he was fastened by chains to a wall, and his mouth covered with mortar four inches thick. Before him was set a dish of mutton kabobs and other savoury food; the pleasant smell of which ascended to his nostrils, whilst in due season famine fed upon his vitals. On the tenth day he had eaten all the mortar, and was then permitted to squat and take fifty grains of rice.

ABDERRHAMAN PLANKI was found guilty of mixing sawdust with rhubarb, to the injury of the sick who should swallow the adulterated drug, and to the scandal of Turkey, whose national character rests upon its rhubarb. The culprit was sentenced to receive the bastinado; he underwent five hundred blows on the soles of his feet, that were then dressed with a hot poultice of sawdust, his own sawdust sorted from his own rhubarb, that he was graciously allowed, or rather compelled, to swallow in his purified state. His dose was a quarter of a pound a-day; and at the end of a week he was going on—what remained of him—quite as well as could be expected.

I might add to these instances of summary justice, but have, perhaps, given a sufficient number. As I have said, the old bigoted school of Turks complain bitterly of them; wholly attributing them to the example of England, whose world-wide reputation for commercial purity, from the British contractor to the British greengrocer, has excited in the breast of the Sultan a spirit of emulation.

LOOSE SILVER AT THE PALACE.

THE robbery of HER MAJESTY'S plate from the Carrier's cart, to which the idle flunkeys of Royalty had consigned it, has caused the greatest consternation in the Royal Nursery. The juvenile breakfast party at the Palace has been reduced to Queen's Metal by the abstraction of the QUEEN'S silver; and the infant Princes and Princesses have deplored the loss of their favourite articles. The PRINCE OF WALES changed countenance at the news of the loss of his mug; and the PRINCESS ROYAL, who is waggishly disposed, confessed her surprise, that, with so many spoons about the Royal household, the teaspoons should not have been more efficiently looked after. It is to be hoped that, after the proof that has been given of the uselessness of some at least of the Royal flunkeys, a few of them may be dismissed, and, to adopt the figure of the PRINCESS ROYAL, the spoons still remaining may be despatched to look after the spoons that are missing.

AN ODE TO SIR BENJAMIN HALL.

MEMBER for Mary'bone!

Of the applause of marrow-bone and cleaver,
Thou in old times had'st shone
The honoured and ingenuous receiver;
But marrow-bones and cleavers have their day,
They ring, they rattle, and they pass away!
A more enduring triumph greets thee—
Punch with his Pipes Pandean meets thee—
His Pipes Pandean, and his double drum—
To greet his BENJAMIN, Lo, Punch is here!
To greet his BENJAMIN, in Ode sincere;
All lesser praise be dumb!

In Chaos London long had weltering lain,
Flound'ring in mud and mire,
Unswept, ill-watered, crying for a drain,
Like thirsty cabman 'neath July's hot fire;
Outspread o'er many a rood,
This GULLIVER of cities lay,
While round a Lilliputian brood,
Fettered it to the day;
Trustees, Commissioners, and Paving Boards,
Each with its hangers-on—rapacious hordes—
Upon the prostrate city worked their will;
Firing, each, his little arrow
Of Rates into the Giant's marrow,

Who groaned and grumbled, but could do no more,
Fettered head, foot, and hand,
By thick laid strand on strand
Of Local Acts, which none might understand—
So fine the mesh of quibble, quip, and quirk,
That English Law, and English Parliaments can work;
Then came SIR BENJAMIN, to work he went,
And with his Bill for Better Management,
This set of Local Acts to kingdom come he sent!

So have I seen,
Upon some sluttish village-green,
An aged dog untended lie,
While, o'er his mangy hide and rib-bones high,
The ticks in lively revel held their sway,
Without one kindly hand the torment to allay.
Such was the state of London, as it lay
To Local Boards innumerable a prey,
When BENJAMIN arose and swept the swarms away.

Nor this his only deed that doth demand
Acclaim of pipes and drum at Punch's hand,
To him, O Kensington, thy gardens owe
The Sunday sight they now can show—
A decent crowd, that hears
With pleased and not irreverent ears,
The thrilling music of a good brass band!
And this in spite of Sabbatarians' groan,
Who no religiousness in music own,
(Forgetting sack-but, psaltery, and shawm,
And DAVID'S Heaven-ward harp, and psalm)
Who hold the rest of Sunday goddess rest,
If taken on the green earth's balmy breast,
Or anywhere, save on the perch
Of some stern, straight-backed pew in chapel or in church,—
Who, if they had their way,
Would stop the lambs from Sunday play,
Forbid the trees from growing,
And check the streams from flowing,
Nor let Heaven's own sun shine on their dark Sabbath
day:

Whom innocent mirth on Sunday sends in twitters;
And who appear to think,
Our only Sunday drink,
Should be their private tap of theologic bitters.
These sour and straight-laced saints thou hast despised,
And therefore shall thy name by Punch be praised and
prized!
Still shall our breezes as they fall,
O'er Thames made pure, from Chelsea to Blackwall,
Keep sweet to after-times the memory of BEN. HALL

IN THE CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT.

The First Light Chariot. The Chariot of the Sun.
The First One-Horse Fly. Pegasus.

SOUTHAMPTON AND SPRING-WATER.



HY is the Town of Southampton like a drop of spring-water?

The drop of water is a small matter; Southampton is a great place. You must put the drop of water under a strong oxyhydrogen microscope to compare it with Southampton. Then you discover that the waterdrop has some nasty creatures in it. That is why the drop of water resembles Southampton.

But, to establish the resemblance, it has to be proved that Southampton contains nasty creatures. This circumstance is not obviously

apparent—is far from being so. For proof of it you are referred to the Southampton Newspapers; to the *Hampshire Advertiser*, and the *Hampshire Independent*. It is verified by a police-case reported by these journals. They relate that MR. BONNEY, a respectable news-vendor of East Street, Southampton, was summoned the other day before JOSEPH LOBB and PETER DICKSON, Esqs., and by those administrators of justice, fined five shillings with costs, for having sold goods on the preceding Sunday. The existence of the nasty creatures will be manifest on examination of the manner in which the charge was got up. According to the former of the journals above-named, the accusation was preferred by a policeman, one P. C. FORD; and

"It appeared that the constable, who had been 'planted,' as the phrase is, a few doors below MR. BONNEY'S shop, the shutters of which were closed up, saw a person go into the house, upon which he went to the door, heard the sound of money rattling, and then saw the person come out with a newspaper in his hand, which he believed to be *Lloyd's Paper* or the *Weekly Times*. The information was laid by some 'Great Unknown,' under a clause in the Local Improvement Act, which is copied from that in the Act of the merry and moral monarch, CHARLES THE SECOND."

The baseness of "planting" a police-spy in order to convict a neighbour of an offence under an obsolete statute, is too great to have been engrossed by one single sneak; the "Great Unknown," therefore, must be concluded to have been a party in the plural sense, a confederacy, a conspiracy; shall we say a gang of several sneaks?

What might the Magistrates have said to this imperfect information?

They might have said that since the spy was not certain which of two papers he saw in the hands of the presumed purchaser, it was not clear that he had seen any paper at all, so that the jingle of the money might have been, for aught that appeared to the contrary, the clink of a contribution to a Sabbath Rest Society. They did not say so. MR. PETER DICKSON was mute as an unstrung fiddle; but

"MR. LOBB said, that under the Acts of CHARLES THE SECOND and WILLIAM THE THIRD, the only goods that could be sold on a Sunday were milk and mackerel, and as a Newspaper came not under the category, the defendant was guilty, and fined 5s. He pronounced this decision without any reference to the Sabbatarian question."

Yes; and, as it seems, without reference to the question, whether any newspaper in particular had, like *Jockey* in *Richard III.*, been "bought and sold."

The *Hampshire Independent* states, that MR. LANE, another news-vendor, was also amerced in the like sum on the same occasion; whether or not on the same kind of evidence of the same spy, or on that of some other, equally conclusive, our contemporary saith not—had not, apparently, room to say. Our other contemporary makes the following sensible remark on this dirty business:—

"How contemptible, then, are the proceedings of these people, who dare not show their faces as informers against one of their fellow-townsmen who distributes a paper sanctioned by the fiscal stamp of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER!"

These same "informers" are the nasty creatures who constitute the resemblance between the large town of Southampton, and a little drop of spring-water.

The object of these nasty creatures plainly is to put down the *Weekly Press*. If the working-man cannot read his paper on Sunday, he will not have time to read it on Monday. It will be, to him, as milk or mackerel; though it may not, like the latter, get stale, or, as the former, sour; and sour, perhaps, the sooner for the vinegar of Sabbatarianism rampant. What are weekly newspaper proprietors, what is MR. BONNEY to do, to evade obsolete legislation, and escape the mandibles of the LOBB description of beak? Perhaps an alteration in the names of the offending journals might answer the purpose. Nasty creatures like those at Southampton abound elsewhere; and, to baffle their spite, and frustrate their inquisitorial espionage, such periodicals might be supplied on Sunday, under the titles, for instance, of the *Weekly Mackerel* and *Lloyd's Milk*.

AN INCORPOREAL CORPS.

COBRINGTON is not the only Commander whose literary acquirements would scarcely place him at the head of a charity-school class, however efficient he may be at the head of a regiment. The following Manifesto from the Commandant of the Essex Rifles must puzzle the heads of those to whom it is addressed, who would startle the Colonel himself if his directions were to be complied with:—

V.



R.

"THE ESSEX RIFLES" MILITIA.

NOTICE is hereby given to all men belonging to the above Regiment who are in a disembodied state, that they will be required to join their Regiment, for 21 days' Training and Exercise, by 10 o'clock, A.M. on **Wednesday, March 19th, 1856**, at the CAMP, Colchester. Any man failing to obey this Notice is liable to be dealt with as a Deserter, and although Printed Notices will be sent by Post to each man at the place of his original enrolment, it will not afford any excuse for absence if such notice should fail to reach him.

Our only notion of a man in a "disembodied state" suggests to us the spirit of some departed being who cannot be expected to join his regiment at Colchester. It seems rather idle work to threaten a shade, but the "disembodied" are warned that if they do not appear on a certain day, or in other words, if a number of ghosts do not assemble for "training and exercise," they will be dealt with as deserters, and the non-receipt of the printed notice will not be allowed as an excuse for their absence.

We should like to know how the Colonel of the Essex Rifles proposes to put the law in force against a parcel of spectres, and how he expects to be able to get hold of them if they do not appear to him (or even if they do) in their disembodied condition? Should the disembodied attend to his summons, the Colonel will have the satisfaction of meeting the skeleton of his regiment.

THE SAINTS AT EXETER HALL.

LAST Sunday night there was a private meeting with closed doors at Exeter Hall of the different living things that derive their support from the establishment. Amongst several other respectable members of the animated kingdom, we noticed on the platform several Cats, a considerable quantity of Rats and Mice, a Canary from one of the Secretaries' rooms, a Spider from a religious money-bag of which the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER has the especial care, besides two or three Bluebottles and Flies, who were enabled to attend owing to the extreme mildness of the Season.

The Canary opened the proceedings by singing a hymn, the composition of MR. SPOONER.

A Cat, whose name, we are informed, was "Tox," was about to move the first resolution to the effect that "It was most desirable all work should cease on the Sabbath, and that all living creatures should assemble in peace and harmony together," when a young Mouse happening imprudently to go too near one of the whiskers of the honourable mover, was instantly gobbled up, and there was an end to all further proceedings.

The meeting adjourned in the greatest confusion, during which it is feared several lives were lost. The reverend Canary is missing.

THE EMPEROR A PATRON OF THE PRESS.

AMONG the numerous acts of beneficence performed by LOUIS NAPOLEON on the birth of an heir, we remark a liberal donation to the Society of Men of Letters. The EMPEROR certainly owes something to men of letters, not for what they have done to serve him, but for what he has prevented them doing in the contrary direction. As half the men of letters in France used to earn their living by abusing the Government, and as the present Ruler of France has naturally objected to their continuing such an occupation, he may be said, in one sense, to have deprived them of their means of livelihood. In contributing a very handsome sum to their necessities—which are partly owing to his having put a stop to their usual trade—he may be said to have been just, and at the same time generous. If he has taken the bread out of their mouths with one hand, he has just offered them a lump of sugar with the other; and, as *eau sucrée* is an important element of French festivity, we congratulate the French authors on the EMPEROR'S benevolence.



TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Gentleman. "WELL, TOM, THERE'S NO SCENT AGAIN!"

Huntsman (who looks upon Spring time with profound melancholy). "SCENT, SIR! NO, SIR! NOR I DON'T SEE HOW THERE CAN BE ANY SCENT NOW THEM STINKING VIOLETS IS ALL IN BLOOM."

WHO'LL MIND THE BABY?

WE really think some benevolent old woman—a class in which England abounds—should interfere on behalf of "that blessed Baby," which has recently been given as an heir to LOUIS NAPOLEON. The infant, it is to be hoped, will one day come to the throne; but we wonder the authorities did not give it a dreadful cold or otherwise damage it before it got to the cradle. The account of the proceedings at its birth informs us that—

"The newly-born PRINCE was first presented by MRS. BRUAT to the EMPEROR, then to the EMPRESS, and afterwards to the Minister of State and to the Keeper of the Seals."

Imagine a little morsel of mortality which had only just come into existence being tossed about from one to another after the fashion described in the above paragraph. We can understand the presentation of the child to its father and its mother, but the idea of handing it over to the Minister of State is so ludicrous that we do not wonder at the evident embarrassment of that functionary, who seems to have transferred it at once to the Keeper of the Seals in order to get rid of it. Had the Baby been three months instead of three hours old, the Keeper of the Seals might have amused the little fellow by rattling the bunch of seals in his princely ear; but as the child was "too young to notice," or indeed, to do anything but alternately sleep and scream, the Keeper of the Seals must have been in a pretty fix while holding the infant. Had he been of sufficient age to appreciate a toy, we should not have objected to the act described in the following paragraph:—

"After the mass the Grand Chancellor proceeded to the apartment of the PRINCE, and carried to him the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour and the military medal."

As it was quite impossible that the PRINCE could have been expected to do anything whatever with the medal or the cordon, unless, perhaps to dab the former into his own eye, if he happened to get hold of the string,—we cannot approve the conduct of those who have exposed the precious PRINCE to the risk of such an accident. They might as

well have put a drawn sword between his little fingers, under the plea of conferring on him the military rank he will probably receive; or have encased his poor little head in a quantity of metal, by way of investing him with the crown of Algeria. We hope, for the sake of France, and of the child's Imperial parents, that no more risks will be run of giving him cold, or scratching his tender little face by all sorts of gewgaws being prematurely handed over to him. Surely there ought to have been some old woman about the Imperial Court who would have known enough about the treatment of babies to have prompted her to call out, "Take away that nasty medal!" directly the Chancellor of the Order was seen to approach the new-born PRINCE with such a dangerous article.

RUNNING FOR THE QUEEN'S PLATE.

HER MAJESTY'S Plate, worth Five Hundred Sovereigns, was effectually run for the other day, and won by some individuals who appear to have entered for it in a very extraordinary manner. The sport was not of a very exciting nature; for as the two leaders got away cleverly together, and kept together to the last, it might have been called a dead heat, but for the remarkable coolness of the whole transaction. The winners seem to have had it all to themselves; for, though the prize might have been contested, with some chance of success, by Policeman (got by Difficulty out of Station-house), he did not even start, and the others made all the running.

Female Innocence.

MANY young ladies find a difficulty in understanding what kind of business that can be which is transacted in the "Money Market." They want to know how you sell money, and say they cannot conceive that anybody would give more, or would take less, than two-and-sixpence for half-a-crown.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—March 29, 1866.



PLEASE MAY I BE GODMOTHER ?

MY SISTER-IN-LAW.



Y Sister-in-Law,
they're trying
again
The Consanguinity
Table to
flaw,
And LORD ST.
GERMANS de-
clares it's plain
That men should
marry their
Sisters-in-Law.
Now what say
you, for a
sweeter girl
As bridesmaid
never a bride-
groom saw,

And if he carries his point—that Earl—
Why, I might marry my Sister-in-Law?

When my late lamented MRS. JOHN BROWN
Invited you to reside with us,
You took up your quarters at Camden Town,
Without an atom of bother or fuss.
You taught my children, you aired my *Times*,
You fed my wife's infernal macaw,
And even my crabby old uncle GHRIMES
Had a word of praise for my Sister-in-Law.

When SARAH sulked, (which was once or twice)
And paid small heed to her dress or hair,
At breakfast you, with your braids so nice,
Of my toast and coffee took cheerful care.
And when that excellent woman gave way,
To what GHRIMES so vulgarly called her jaw,
You interposed, to obtain fair play
For the scolded husband, my Sister-in-Law.

If I brought home a picture or book,
And SARAH scoffed, or upbraided "waste,"
A far more lady-like view you took,
And praised the cheapness, and praised the taste.
And when I took you both to the play,
"Twas a piece you liked, and how well you saw,
While she nagged on in a murmuring way,
Unlike to your's, my Sister-in-Law.

When we gave a party, you kindly danced
With any client I wished to please,
Though my late lamented had scarcely glanced;
At folks who paid me enormous fees.
And then that row—and the bonnet blue—
And the scandal spread by old MOTHER SHAW,
How stoutly you declared it untrue,
(As indeed it was) my Sister-in-Law.

You wrote my letters, you paid my bills,
And took receipts (which you never lost)
I smoked—you twisted the nicest spills,
And you always knew what the coals had cost.
You saw that my slippers were near my chair,
You saw that my study-fire would draw,
And you did it all with a cheerful air.
(Not that of a martyr) my Sister-in-Law.

My promise the late lamented took
That I'd not re-marry, except to you,
And a wicked page in the Statute-Book
Is now, I hope, to be torn in two.
The Commons, you know, have closed the strife,
No Jew tradition the Lords should awe;
And you, in the name of my Lawful Wife,
Shall merge the name of my Sister-in-Law.

A NEW APPOINTMENT AT THE PALACE.

IN consequence of the loss of the Royal Plate, notwithstanding the number of servants employed, and well paid to look after it, it has been suggested that the Groom of the Silver-pantry, should henceforward take the title of Groom of the Stole.

A PIPING-HOT NOVELTY.

THERE is no end to musical phenomena; and indeed, there seems to be nothing out of which music may not be extracted by the hand—or the mouth—of genius. We recollect the Rock Harmonicon, which consisted of a series of stones, from which melody was extracted by means of a mallet; and thus music was literally hammered out of a most unpromising material. Most of us remember a gentleman who used to perform on his own chin, which was made to give out musical sounds, when assaulted with considerable violence. But if the individual alluded to may be said to have beaten himself, he is now beaten again by Picco, the blind Sardinian shepherd, who plays the most difficult pieces of music on a penny whistle. After what we have heard, we shall not be surprised to find the kitchen poker superseding the flute, and the harp displaced by the gridiron.

We have no doubt that if a musician with the natural genius of Picco had been cast on a desert island with nothing in his pocket but a silk handkerchief, he would have learned to use it in such a manner that he would have been found blowing his nose in A flat, and performing elaborate overtures, with startling variations, on an ordinary *mouchoir*. Some of Picco's patrons are confident that he would be equally successful with anything else he took in hand; and we would venture to suggest that a greater breadth might be obtained if he were to adopt the boot-jack as his instrument. We have heard some pretty musical effects produced on the comb; but we fully believe that the hair-brush in Picco's mouth, would afford a treat of no common order.

INCORRECT ALLEY-GATION.

We have reason to think that our friend MR. BUCKSTONE had not been put in possession of all the facts of the case, when he stated (and so far with his usual accuracy), that the Exeter Hall Directors refused to allow the "objectionable" verse of *Sally in our Alley*—the verse describing the singer's enjoyment of Sunday—to be sung in that consecrated concert room. We are apprised that they sent word that they would offer no objection, provided the verse were given with the following alterations, from the pen of the REVEREND HOWLING BLAZES, of Clapham:—

"Of all the days that's in the week,
I humbly love but one day,
To which I give a Jewish name,
But heathens call a Sunday;
For then between three sermon-times,
I sit in my dark alley,
And think upon the wickedness
Of this here worldly walley."

But this adaptation of an English song to the views and principles of the un-English Sabbatarians was not deemed a desirable thing to offer to an audience, and so DIEDIN was left un-Claphamised.

CANINE SAGACITY AND SYMPATHY.

A PARAGRAPH has been circulating in the papers describing a certain DR. RECLAM as having met with an unpleasant, if not exactly an unmerited accident in lecturing on toxicology at Leipsic. The particular subject of the doctor's discourse was Nicotine, and in order to demonstrate the poisonous properties of that substance, he administered some of it to a large dog. Dogs are not accustomed to take poison, or any other affront, quietly; and this one, lying on his back, and having been thrown into convulsions by the Nicotine, cast back some of that offending substance into the doctor's mouth. Nicotine is the active principle of tobacco, and this canine retaliation may perhaps be represented as a *quid pro quo*. It was now the doctor's turn to go into convulsions, and personally illustrate the other symptoms of poisoning by Nicotine—except the last of them. He did not die; but by dint of antidotes and attention recovered—however, he had to be taken home.

Our own dog, having turned out this piece of news in a paper which was lying in his way on the floor, began barking so furiously that we thought he smelt a rat, but the decided point which he made at the paragraph convinced us that he was expressing his sentiments in regard to DR. RECLAM; sentiments in which we quite coincide, at least if we have correctly translated the sagacious animal's bark. We understood him to intimate that he was glad of that gentleman's escape, but also rejoiced in the hope that he had had a "sickener" of trying poison on the canine species.

A FAIR QUESTION FOR A FOREIGNER.

ARE those young men galley-slaves, whom one sees of an evening between Putney Bridge and Mortlake, stripped to their shirts, in long narrow boats, and pulling so violently on the river?



"So, CHARLEY, I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN TO A JUVENILE PARTY?"
Precocious Boy. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CALL JUVENILE. THERE WAS NO ONE THERE UNDER FIVE YEARS OLD!"

TESTIMONIALS!

Two or three well-meaning people have proposed the gift of a testimonial to JENNY-LIND GOLDSCHMIDT, for her magnificent contribution to the Fund of her sister NIGHTINGALE, of Scutari. JENNY has coined from that Mint, her warbling throat, no less than eighteen hundred pounds and upwards, in aid of the glorious purpose of FLORENCE. Never was the religion of the heart set to holier music than when the Nightingale of Sweden sang for the Nightingale of England. And is it to be supposed that *Punch*, without protest, will listen to the idea of a testimonial to the noble JENNY? Let mere gingerbread be gilt, or Dutch-metalled, inch-thick,—but let no vulgar testimonial offend the purity of JENNY'S goodness. As well subscribe a testimonial to the lark for singing "at heaven's gate;" as well testify to the violets that scent the west wind. The only testimonial worthy of JENNY LIND in the bounteous goodness of her spirit, is the throbbing of the national heart at the music of her name, and the recollection of the sweetness of her womanly nature.

At the same time, *Punch* has no objection to other testimonials, that, as he hears, are in active state of preparation; and he further believes that he will in no way offend, perhaps quite otherwise, the parties, whose virtues are about to receive the Hall-mark in some appropriate piece of plate, by briefly adverting to them.

Chief among the most interesting objects is MR. ANDERSON, late of Covent Garden. A few admirers, in commemoration of the result of the late *Bal Masqué*, have sternly resolved to present the Wizard with—an extinguisher.

MR. MANAGER DAGGERWOOD, of the Royal Nankypanky Theatre, is about to receive his fifteenth testimonial since the commencement of his season. The fruit-women of his establishment having been somewhat rudely repulsed in their energetic attempts to subscribe to all previous gifts, have resolved to testify to the vigour of the Manager by presenting him with a lemon-squeezer. COOLCREAM—the inimitable COOLCREAM—has promised to write an appropriate inscription.

And, *appropos* of COOLCREAM himself, a few gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion—from a very natural impulse born of many old attachments—have determined to present him with an exquisitely bound copy of *Fenn on the Funds*, together with a WEDGWOOD Money-box. May it become full as an oyster; but, unlike an oyster, never be opened!

THE CHILD OF FRANCE.—LOUIS NAPOLEON has, at once, constituted himself the schoolmaster of his son. Will he "teach the young idea how to shoot—and what?"

THE KENSINGTON SONG-BIRDS' PETITION.

To SIR BENJAMIN HALL.

FROM our perches amid the budding tree,
From the nests of our mates, the shrubs among,
SIR BENJAMIN HALL, we come to thee,
Appealing in mingled voice of song.

We come from the Gardens of Kensington,
Where every day we are wont to sing,
Because we are somewhat afraid there's One
When thou may'st forbid us to do that thing.

Oh, list to the Blackbird! oh, hark to the Thrush!
Hear the Robin Redbreast's imploring wail!
And imagine thou hearest entreaty gush
From the throat of the absent Nightingale.

To the warbler that sings the new year in,
The Hedge-Sparrow, listen, with heart benign;
Let the Chaffinch, too, thy attention win;
To the Jenny Wren thine ear incline.

The Linnet and Goldfinch are both away,
The Lark, too, is singing in rural skies;
But they both of them beg of us to say
In our song that they heartily sympathise.

Oh! do not compel our tuneful throats
To be silent on any one day in seven;
Oh! be not persuaded to stop those notes
Which we were ordained to trill by Heaven.

Sweet Sir, if thou silence the Sunday band,
At a hypocritical crew's desire,
Thou surely wilt next stretch forth thy hand!
To put down, if thou canst, our feathered quire.

In music, on any day, where's the wrong?
SIR BENJAMIN, let not our foes prevail,
And persuade thee to try to prevent the song
By the putting of salt on the songster's tail.

They speak without truth—without the Book,
Oft confuted in many a learned discourse,
By our orthodox clergyman, Parson Rook,
Who has preached on the subject until he's hoarse.

They will take an ell if you yield an inch;
Let our song still gladden the sacred day;
And your humble petitioners, Warbler, Finch,
And Titmouse, and all, will ever pray.

A FACT FOR MR. SPOONER.

Crowds of sinners were admitted to the Crystal Palace on Good Friday. What was the consequence? Why, an awful visitation of Providence that, there can be no doubt of it, will have a most wholesome warning; if anything can warn a depraved generation intent on holiday and Sunday cheerfulness. A family, composed of a father, mother, and four children, visited the Palace, and, under the crystal roof, profanely partook of what to them appeared cross-buns. They were all seized with the most alarming symptoms; and, the stomach-pump being promptly called in, that most useful instrument was the means of recovering from all the sufferers (a child of six months included) no less than two bushels of cinders. The hot-cross-buns were, in fact, even as Dead Sea apples; beauty to the eye, but ashes to the mouth!

A Few Plate Questions.

WHY was the PRINCE OF WALES'S goblet—(the sagacious reader will at once divine that we treat of the robbery of the Royal Plate)—why was his Royal Highness's goblet "stuffed with a nurse's stocking?" Because the nurse was determined not to put her foot in it.

Why were PRINCE ALFRED'S knives and forks (see the *Times*) "wrapped up in a housemaid's chemise?" Because the housemaid wished to convey this loyal truth,—that little princes are not to be left to shift for themselves.

PHYSICAL ENJOYMENT.



OUR respectable contemporary, the *Inverness Courier*, has afforded us much gratification by a graphic account of some doings at the opening of a sort of local Apothecaries' Hall—a proceeding in which physic seems to have been curiously—we can scarcely say happily—blended with festivity. We should have thought that the celebration of an institution for bringing medicine home to every man's door, and putting a cheap pill into the mouth of every member

of a family, would scarcely be a subject for jollity; but our Scotch friends are evidently such rollicking humourists, and such very "mad wags," that they could not allow any opportunity to pass for making a jovial day of it. Before proceeding further, we request the reader's perusal of the following racy paragraph:—

"CELEBRATING THE OPENING OF A DISPENSARY.—A medical dispensary has been opened at Canisbay. A large party of ladies and gentlemen were invited to witness the opening, and after the ceremony they resolved themselves into a pic-nic party. A number of the gentlemen having brought their hounds with them, a spirited coursing match came off on the ground. Hares were abundant and strong, affording some excellent sport, and the dogs being in good condition, there took place several beautiful runs. Eleven hares were killed. The new Dispensary will be of much service in the district."

We wish our contemporary had given us rather fuller particulars, for we should like to have known whether the opening of the great medicine establishment was marked by dealing out a dose on the spot, and whether there was a *déjeuner*, of which ingeniously prepared drugs formed an ingredient. Why some gentlemen "brought their hounds with them" we cannot easily imagine, unless it was expected that physic would be thrown to the dogs by way of inaugurating the dispensary. Several hares were, it seems, killed, but whether by medical treatment or by any other process does not appear, though the "beautiful runs" that are said to have taken place must have been got up in honour of the salts which invite reminiscences of Epsom Races. We wonder that the programme did not include a race between a couple of leeches, and the application of a blister to the sporting operation of drawing a badger.

A DOSE OF CANT.

We hesitate in copying from a contemporary the following advertisement. Words have no substance; yet they can produce a physical effect, and that of these ensuing may be antimonial:—

TO PIOUS FAMILIES.—Within a walk of Russell Square:—A respectable lady, who has Christian business to transact in town, WANTS a FURNISHED FLOOR, with plain Board sent from the family table. Offers from £50 a year, payable quarterly. Particulars requested.—H. S., care of H—, &c.

What can this woman mean by Christian business? The business of a chandler—a dealer in tea, coffee, tobacco, snuff, vinegar, and pepper, is a Christian business, provided it is honestly conducted, and that the person who carries it on does not adulterate his commodities before summoning his establishment to prayers. A linen-draper's business is a Christian one, if he does not overwork his shopmen and cheat his customers. An attorney's or even a barrister's may be a Christian business for that matter—a solicitor need not necessarily seek undue costs, a counsel is not obliged to bully and lie.

The advertiser's requirement of plain board from the family table might seem to indicate that her Christian business was that of a cabinet-maker; but this is an odd occupation for a female, and what a strange fancy does that seem of deriving its material from the domestic mahogany—but some sage will suggest that the board she wants is not raw material.

But seriously, who will answer such an advertisement as the above? Who will dare to say—Mine is a pious family. We are pious people. I am a pious man. Hardly anybody, we should think, but some sanctimonious swindler and member of a Sabbatarian Anti-Recreation Society.

A New Source of Taxation.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has determined to put a Tax of One Pound per Annum on Perambulators. As, upon an average, one house in every three is in possession of a Perambulator, it is expected that this new Tax will bring into the Revenue an increase of not less than £200,000 a-year in London alone.

THE BIRDS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Deputation from the *Whited-Sepulchre Sunday Rest Association*.

"SIR,—I beg to transmit you a report, which may not otherwise reach you, of another deputation to SIR BENJAMIN HALL on the Sabbath-breaking question. The complainants in the case were the members of the Sunday-Rest-Association which meets at the Whited Sepulchre in the Old Jewry, and the subject of remonstrance was the systematic desecration of the Lord's Day by the singing of the thrushes and blackbirds in Kensington Gardens and the Parks.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"M. W. S."

The deputation waited on SIR BENJAMIN HALL last Thursday, being Holy Thursday, and MR. TARTUFFE, the mouth-piece of the Society, opened the business by stating, that the birds in question were even a greater nuisance than the band, which other associations had so properly protested against. The band only played on the evening of the Sabbath, whereas these blackbirds, larks, and thrushes commenced their desecration of that holy day at an early hour in the morning, as he could prove by the lips of credible witnesses. The birds were subject to the department over which SIR BENJAMIN HALL presided; and the Society therefore held him responsible, and called upon him to interpose his authority.

Sir Benjamin Hall. The birds are in my department, but I do not see how their singing is a violation of the Sabbath. It has been the practice from time immemorial. Have these thrushes and blackbirds been heard singing profane tunes? I very much doubt it.

Mr. Mawworm. The birds sing on the Lord's Day. Singing is singing. The birds break the Sabbath, and a Christian government ought to silence them.

Sir Benjamin. I ask again, do they sing profane tunes?

Mr. Tartuffe. They sing lively tunes.

Sir Benjamin. You consider cheerfulness and profaneness identical?

Mr. Tartuffe. We do.

Sir Benjamin. No complaint against the owls, I perceive. No objection to screeching on the Lord's Day, or to moping, eh?

Mr. Grim, of Old Jewry. We only testify against the singing birds.

Sir Benjamin Hall. To be frank with you, I think the Government ought to silence the blackbirds if they discontinue the band. There is a great multitude of birds in Kensington gardens, and I have always heard until now that their conduct has been decorous and inoffensive. Even on Valentine's Day there were no complaints. Have these birds (who, by the bye, are tenants of the Crown) been guilty of any other impropriety? Any bird misconducting himself ought to be put in the cage.

Mr. Tartuffe. The birds, like the band, are an attraction to the inhabitants of London. They are nothing but pipers.

Sir Benjamin. The only pipers whom the nation does not pay.

Mr. Mawworm. But, singing is not the only offence they commit. The thrushes have been seen picking up worms on the Lord's Day. It can be proved against them.

Sir Benjamin. That was for their dinner. Do you never, MR. MAW-WORM, pick a bit for yourself now on a Sunday? Or you, MR. TARTUFFE?

Mr. Mawworm. We do not come here to answer questions; besides, to the pure all things are pure.

Here SIR BENJAMIN HALL promised, as usual, to give the subject his best consideration, and bowed the deputation out.

"GENTLEMEN AND CHRISTIANS."

MR. STAFFORD reports of MISS NIGHTINGALE that she avowed, of the private soldiers, "they have been to us, and to all the ladies, gentlemen and Christians." Is it not a pity that such gentility should pine in the cold shade, that such Christianity should, too often, have no other decoration save that worn inside the breast? Very beautiful, very eloquent, was the wish of one of the brave fellows, asked by MR. STAFFORD, "what he thought" of MISS NIGHTINGALE? "Well," said he, "I hope she will go up to Heaven *before* she dies." The coffin and the grave—thought the noble fellow—should have nothing of that angelic nature that, in his mind, Elijah-like, should be at once translated from earth to skies.

Legal Advice Gratis.

OUR friend MR. DUNUP was recently consulted by an attorney (who gave him the brief without intending to give him the fee) on the subject of "carrying out the trusts of a voluntary settlement." MR. DUNUP has written an opinion to the effect that he never heard of any settlement being voluntary, that he never settles anything until he is compelled, and that the best way of carrying out a trust is to take the longest credit possible.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. * * * * he has such a confirmed countenance.
 * * * * Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child." Coriolanus, Act 1., Scene 3.

OUDE HAVE THOUGHT IT.

IN times gone by we were familiar with the name of OUDE, by reason of its connection with a certain sauce, which bore the title of the KING OF OUDE'S, and which was a rather popular condiment. The name has been revived in popularity, or rather in notoriety, by the news that the KING OF OUDE'S territory has been taken away from him, and "annexed" to the possessions of the East India Company. It is true there is an old treaty, dated 1801, by which the British Government undertook to protect the KING OF OUDE, on condition that he should rule his kingdom well, and pay a subsidy of a million-and-a-quarter, which was punctually handed over. It is now alleged that he has broken his contract by governing corruptly; and the KING OF OUDE is accordingly looked upon as a bad Sovereign. A certain GENERAL OUTRAM was appropriately selected to expel, or ram out the Monarch, who was sojourning at Lucknow, but who must be considered as out of luck now; inasmuch, as, on the approach of the invaders, he "dismantled his guns, disarmed his garrison, and shut up the palace." Having made these arrangements (which looked like a serious intention to shut up shop as a King, and go into some other line of business) he caused much surprise by refusing to sign a deed of abdication, which had been already prepared for him. His Oudian Majesty prefers appealing to England; but we fear that he will utterly fail in getting up the cry of "Justice for Oude," in this apathetic country.

It does not seem that there is much chance of success in case of appeal; for in India the authorities seem to do not only just as they like with their own, but just as they like with what happens to be anybody else's property. One of the "reasons" for appropriating the KING OF OUDE'S dominions is the alleged fact, that his Majesty is rather a dissipated character. If the irregularities of a Sovereign were a sufficient pretext for taking away his kingdom, we are afraid that our own Crown might have changed hands, or rather heads, some three reigns back; for it is not always that even the Throne of England has been the site of so much true morality, and personal worth, as at present add to its dignity. It may be all very well to depose the KING OF OUDE; but we do not hear that the subjects of the Royal outcast have been consulted on the point of who is to govern them. The East India Company has promised to all who acquiesce in the arrangement,

"the fullest assurance of countenance;" and, if by "countenance" is meant "cheek," we have no doubt that faith will be fully kept with the subjects of his Ex-Majesty.

IMPERIAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

THE French EMPEROR and EMPRESS have undertaken a somewhat serious responsibility, for they have offered to become sponsors for all the children born in France on the 18th of March. A Sovereign is sometimes called the father of his people, but LOUIS NAPOLEON is destined to become not only the father but the god-father of a large proportion of them. Considering that the relationship usually involves a gift of some little article of plate, it may be said with some truth, that a great number of infants came into the world on the 18th of March with a silver spoon in their mouths. We trust the EMPEROR has laid in a stock of handsome mugs to compensate for those on whom Nature has bestowed comparatively ugly ones.

Sunday Music—Sunday Flowers.

SIR BENJAMIN HALL will not, at the pressing instigation of certain saints, stop the trumpets and trombones on the Sabbath; but, we are sure it will give great delight to the particularly pious to learn, that all the daisies (now in bud in Kensington Gardens) have had a meeting, and, out of pure religion and in holy condemnation of the profane Sabbath trumpets aforesaid, the daisies, to a flower, have resolved not to blow on Sundays.

The Covent-Garden Fire.

MR. BRAIDWOOD, in his evidence before the jury, gave it as his opinion that the origin of the fire was referable to "spontaneous ignition of some kind or other." He added: "Masses of stuff get about these places." It is therefore wonderful that the fire did not occur before by spontaneous ignition, seeing what a "mass of stuff" was in the Wizard himself.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty."

Henry VI., Part 3, Act i., Scene 4.

THE QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

WHAT may be called the Questions of the Day are not always those that are discussed in the leading columns of the press, but we may often find what may be termed the Question of the Day in the Newspaper advertisements. For some years we were almost daily bored with the inquiry, "Do you bruise your Oats?" and indeed we were so tired with the impertinence of the demand that, if we had a propensity to bruise anything, we might have been half inclined to bruise the individual who was always wanting to know whether we submitted our oats to the pugilistic process. Subsequently, we have had an insulting slur cast upon our polyglot powers, by the absurd question, "Do you speak French?" and we are now being daily irritated by having the words, "DO YOU LIKE A DRY, HOT, MEALY POTATO?" thrust before our eyes whenever we take up a Newspaper.

We do not feel at all bound to answer a question of this kind, more especially as a reply in the affirmative would seem to entail upon us the necessity of running off to some place in the Strand to buy a saucepan. We have no right to be asked the state of our affections with regard to any particular vegetable, and we have therefore determined to preserve the secret of our love—supposing the potato to be the "loved one"—rather than place ourselves under a sort of moral obligation to run out and purchase a pot in which to boil the presumed object of our attachment.

SENTIMENT FOR SABBATARIANS.

WET weather on Sunday to the Excursionist—but let him be recompensed with a Monday fine!

BRASS-BAND TRACTS.

WE have been favoured with an early copy of the *Report of Phineas Wychoker*, as made and delivered to the Sabbath Patent Safety Association. It appears that MR. WYCHOKER is an ardent distributor of tracts among the forlorn people gathered together in Kensington Gardens on Sundays to hear the band play—a band that, according to the musical judgment of MR. W., does not number among its instruments the sackbut and psaltery of DAVID. However, the evil of all this it is very clear, lies with SIR BENJAMIN HALL; and if SIR BENJAMIN is in the least doubt as to his future destination; that is, if he is ignorant of the place he must inevitably go to, MR. WYCHOKER will give him the readiest and the most authentic intelligence.

Report of Phineas Wychoker to the Sabbath Patent Safety.

Respected Gentlemen and Beloved Employers,—Your reporter has to make known the blessed seed that has fallen upon his poor endeavours in the Vineyard of Kensington, at the time when the sons of Baal blow through the brass of Tophet. Your reporter has to make it known that for many weeks past he has remarked a considerable falling off in the numbers of the unrighteous gathered together to hear of *Annie Laurie*, and other creatures not to be written down without defilement of paper. The malignant enemy would insinuate, with serpentine subtlety, that to the prevailing east-wind may be attributed the falling off of the gathering of the sons and daughters of the unrighteous; but the humility of your reporter cannot hide it from himself that to the blessed teaching of the tracts he has delivered amongst the multitude, he acknowledges the conversion of backsliders. Many comforting testimonies have strengthened his heart and girded his loins anew to the fight; and it is his faith that he shall finally prevail, breaking with his hands the instruments of brass, even as SAMSON snapped the brazen manacles of the Philistines.

A Mustard-Seed for John Bull's Beef has worked healingly as medicine. One copy only delivered in the bosom of a family has kept that family at its Sunday fire-side; as I am told in love and purity and quiet,—for I do not believe the scandal that printed the name of the head of the house in a court of police; the wife of the head refusing to appear against him.

The Burning Coal in the Sinner's Breast I delivered with affectionate counsel to a straying sheep, by trade a shoemaker. The tract so worked in him, that he kicked the kettle off the fire for singing on Sunday. His wife, slightly scalded with the baby in her lap, looks

upon the affliction as a chastising comfort, and has resolved henceforth to drink "cold pig" upon the Sabbath.

The Sunday Trumpet: or, Who's Trumps now? has proved a tract of blessed treasure. It has already converted the black cymbal-player; and is by degrees growing precious fruit in one of the triangle boys.

A Dead Sea Pippin; or Cinders for the Million has not only converted hundreds as I may say from the abomination of Sunday music; but has shut up three Sunday ovens. A Sunday baked potato is a thing unknown in I won't say how many families. A tinman, who had hitherto led a disorderly life, always being amongst the Sunday loungers, marching to music along the downward path,—that tinman a Sunday or two ago wrung the neck of a magpie, given to sing on the Sabbath.

Indeed, I have no doubt that with the present spring the tracts will blossom and bear fruit ten thousand-fold. Three trumpeters, since the tracts were delivered, are gone off with confirmed asthma,—and the flute is hardly equal to a penny whistle. I need not say that these things are very properly considered in the light of a judgment by the more serious; and have lively hopes that, long before the summer is out, a man who blows in Sunday brass will not be had for sin or money.

I have thrown *A Double-knock at a Stony Heart, Benjamin's Sunday Mess*, and other tracts down SIR BENJAMIN'S area, but am bound to declare that it's so much print and paper thrown away. Nothing short of an earthquake can convert him.

Shameful!

WE beg most reverential attention to the subjoined, from the *'Tiser*:

"THE KING OF THE BELGIANS still continues to draw £50,000 per annum, the dower of the beloved and lamented PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES."

And what is more extraordinary, and will still further disgust the patriotic Briton, when he learns it; his Majesty absolutely draws every penny of the money from Aldgate Pump! We know it may be urged that Aldgate Pump no longer exists; but that fact—as we doubt not the *'Tiser* is ready to propound or corroborate—only makes the proceeding the more indefensible.

ADHESIVE ENVELOPES.—The most adhesive Envelopes are those which are delivered by Tax-gatherers, and have printed outside "*On Her Majesty's Service*;" for we find that such letters generally lie a long time on a gentleman's table before they are opened.

DON'T "GIVE ME ANOTHER HORSE."



which, more than any other movement we know of—not even excepting that of a steam-boat in a rough sea—makes the heart sick at the very thought of it. We do not believe that even SOYER, with all his arts, could render horse-flesh palatable, or that a *tricanneau de cab-horse*, or *cotelettes de Shetland pony*, will ever become an acceptable dish, at a dinner of even moderate pretensions. We do not know whether a little wholesome ridicule will nip the Society in its bud, but if this is not the case, we can only look forward to the time when, from eating horses, the members will proceed to eating asses, and thus by an easy and natural step, arrive at the point when they will begin eating each other. In this way the Society may possibly be extinguished, if it does not previously poison itself quite out, by the trash it feeds upon.

AN UNMANLY ASSAULT ON BONNETS.

MR. PUNCH, as the acknowledged champion of the rights of women—(bless 'em, however right and however wrong!)—has to denounce a mean and cowardly attack, made by a medical practitioner in the human form, upon that delicate, and fairy-like fabric, the female bonnet. The dastard affects to "lament the great increase of tic-douloureux in the forehead!" He moreover bewails the predominance of "great suffering in the ear," induced, as he firmly believes, "from the present absurd fashion of dressing the neck instead of the head." And why not? The fact is, poor women have been put too much aback, too much on one side; and *Mr. Punch* cannot but look at the heroic attempt made by the dear creatures to thrust the bonnet on the shoulders, as a noble resolution to appear as barefaced as possible. We yet hope to see a woman as far out of her bonnet as a snail can come out of her shell; and, as for tic-douloureux, ear-ache, head-ache, and so forth, why, what are such calamities other than glorious? Even as soldiers carry scars in honour and memory of their valour, so may women have ear-ache, head-ache, and tic-douloureux, as glorious life-long records of the courage that faced all weathers without a bonnet.

Mr. Punch hardly knows a more touching sight—a sight so convincing of the inherent energy and devotion of the sex—than to behold a beautiful fragile creature facing the east wind that, at this moment (*Mr. Punch* does not disdain to confess the weakness), makes him rejoice at the fire-side like a cricket. It is, we say, a beautiful and a touching spectacle to contemplate the young creature, with a face relentlessly mottled by the east wind, her nose as just dabbed with a blue-bag, and the wind, like winding invisible steel, cutting at the very roots of the loved one's hair, twisting like corkscrews into the hollows of her all-credulous ears, and subtly entering into the beloved anatomy, making of the nerves so many death-watches that shall *tic* and *tic*, it may be for the term of her natural life. The life may be blighted. But what of that? Can the beloved one be less precious? Quite the reverse. Even as we pay additional honour to the hero without arms or legs, so are we prepared to render deeper homage to the woman whose whole existence goes upon such *tic*. Indeed, for a woman to be truly adorable, she cannot be too rheumatic. We believe that real affection towards an object to be idolised inevitably commences with a cold. It was all very well for Venus in her own mild and balmy climate to take conserve of roses,—but the woman who would inevitably fix a man's affections in this country must begin with a mustard poultice. We have inquired of the registrars of marriage, and find that nuptials have increased in number as bonnets have lessened in size. Proceed, ladies; and may the shadows of your bonnets never be greater!

A Waste of Powder.

AMONG the dignitaries whose names we have recently seen mentioned as mixed up in the affairs of diplomacy, is a certain BARON SEDDLITZ. We dare say the gentleman alluded to is quiet enough, but if we are to judge by his name, we should be afraid that SEDDLITZ may give rise to some effervescence.

THE DEATH OF THE SEAL.

Two losses have occurred of late
That touch the commonweal;
HER MAJESTY has lost her Plate,
And we have lost our Seal.
Ah, yes! the poor old Seal is dead,
With none to ring his knell.
What fun it was to see him fed!
I knew and loved him well.

A droller fellow there was not
Of all live things that share
A jolly, comfortable lot,
Assured by MITCHELL'S care.
'Twas rare to hear him snort and blow,
To see him dive and swim,
But now grim Death has laid him low,
And there's an end of him!

How odd it seemed he ne'er was drowned,
So often as he sank;
How queerly wriggled he, aground,
To get about his tank.
His trunk unwieldy was, and fat;
But what a head it bore!
How large a brain there was in that!
And now he is no more.

That head how boldly would he raise
And in your visage pry.
Who could, unmoved, behold that gaze,
That full, black, speaking eye?
Let the gazelle's make others glad,
Thee, child of a sea-cow,
To nurse I rather would have had,
For thine—lack lustre now!

Thou didst in wit to man approach
More nearly than an ape.
I'd follow thee in mourning coach;
For thy sake put on crape.
But this is but all round, my hat,
And that is just as vain,
For thee, whom busy worms are at,
Who wilt not come again.

Thou never more wilt flap and flop,
And dash about the spray;
No more wilt flounder, drip, and drop,
And chase thy finny prey;
No longer to the circling crowd
Wilt furnish daily game;
Hence thou hast vanished, like a cloud,
The Seal is but a name.

Ye little boys, if you can feel
Aught save the rod or cane,
Weep for our ancient friend, the Seal,
By treacherous fish-hooks slain,
Through fish-hooks swallowed in his food;
Then go and moralize,
And think, in meditative mood,
What mischief lurks in pies.

My dog, thou playest monkey-tricks,
Thou gamboll'st on the floor,
Intent thy master's eye to fix.
Thou go'st and shutt'st the door.
The Seal was frolicsome as thou:
He now is still and dumb.
To that, for all your bow-wow-wow,
All dogs, alas! must come.

The Maniacs of Holywell Street.

A Few poor wretches—they have at any time for the past twenty years been in gaol for the offence—have been seized and carried from their pestilential holes in Holywell-street. Evidently these poor creatures must be mad. Thus, we would not shut them up for a few months in Coldbath-fields, but for their natural lives in Bedlam. In default of prints, we would exercise them with oakum.

PHYSICIANS IN MUSLIN.



CONTEMPORARY states that an English lady has just completed her medical studies at Paris, and obtained a diploma to practise as a physician; so that she has now become Dr. EMILY. The surname of the lady is immaterial, and, moreover, it may be hoped, will speedily be exchanged for another; since if to be cherished in sickness is an important object in marriage, a wife who in her own person combines the physician with the nurse must be a treasure indeed. The difficulty, not to say impossibility, of getting the ordinary nurse to act in concert with the rational and honest physician is too well known to all who have experienced the blessings of a nursery, and have ever paid any attention to its affairs as well as paying its expenses. A consort, uniting the two characters in her single and at the same time her married person, would insure reasonable conduct, and

expenditure to match, in that department of the household. She would also maintain, without DAFY or MRS. JOHNSON, comparative quiet in that same region whence although it is mostly situated at the top of the house, continually proceed the very same kind of noises with those described by the poet as first saluting the ears of the Trojan hero upon the threshold of another and a lower place.

A medical wife, moreover, would not need, on her own account, that enormous amount of cherishing in sickness which some ladies require, and which, though in itself a duty which is also a pleasure to gentlemen of independent property, is yet somewhat of an embarrassment

for men whose duty it is to attend, at the same time, to the business whereby they have to support themselves and their families. She would save her husband all the cost of those continual doctors who beset the house of that man who has an ignorant hypochondriacal wife, continually in want, not of medicine, but of medical consolation and condolence.

She would likewise, through her sanitary knowledge—her learning in the laws of health—be enabled to dispense with much of that travelling and change of scene, which, whilst they are gratifying to the inclinations of so many, are suitable to the circumstances of so few. She, although in a station of some gentility, would manage to exist without those sumptuous indulgences, for the want of which it is wonderful that almost all women of the working classes do not perish.

The above considerations cause us to rejoice in the embellishment of the Faculty by the fair sex. Dr. EMILY has a sister, Dr. ELIZABETH, who preceded her in walking the Parisian hospitals, and who is now practising at New York. May we venture to hope that they will prove ornaments to the fee-male sex? We shall be glad to see the gold-handled parasol extensively sported in Old England too; and trust that a clause will be introduced into Mr. HEADLAM'S Medical Bill, providing every facility for British ladies desirous of following the praiseworthy example which has been set them by these two daughters of *Æsculapius*.

THE EAST WIND!

LAST week, when the east wind was at its sharpest, a nursery maid, walking with her charge in the Regent's Park, had a remarkably fine baby cut into twins!

THE MORAL BEER ENGINE.

A NEW reformatory agent of a physical nature has been discovered in Bavaria, and described in a letter from the REV. CHAUNGY HARE TOWNSHEND to DR. ELLIOTSON. It is applied as a corrective in a House of Correction—the Great Prison at Munich. What will the Beaks and the Beadles of England say when they are told what it is? It is Beer!

The Beadles and Beaks are dumb. They gulp, they gasp—their cheeks swell, redden, get purple—their eyes protrude—they puff, blow, struggle for utterance, at length articulate broken words, and say:—

“Beer—eh?—why!—what?—bless me!—beer!—the very thing that—pooh!—cause of two-thirds of the offences in the country—beer-shops nurseries of crime—curse of the rural districts—introduce beer in prisons?—beer reform agent!—here we've been erecting model prisons—instead of which introduce beer? Pooh, Sir! Pooh, pooh, Sir! Beer!” &c. &c.

Nevertheless, this paradox in penal discipline has been adopted at Munich. The Governor of the Prison—a gentleman bearing the title of Colonel—made this astonishing statement to MR. TOWNSHEND:—

“We give our prisoners (when they behave well) beer.”

However, it appears that the Bavarian Prison Beer is a malt liquor of a quality somewhat less potent than that desiderated by *Christopher Sly*, when he had already had too much of a more stimulating beverage. The Colonel added:

“Not, indeed, the heady *bock beer*—no, that might undo the good which we strive to effect.”

Probably, therefore, the Bavarian Corrective Beer approximates more to the fluid here commonly called Swipes than to that which goes by the name of Stingo. It must, however, have some virtue in it, or it could not be made available for the correction of vice. Of the method of its employment to this end, the Colonel gave the following particulars:—

“But to return to our beer. Not being exactly a necessity of life, we can make use of it as a stimulus, physical and moral, useful in its place, which can be given or withheld according to circumstances. We find that to cut a man off from his modicum of beer, however small, is the most dreaded punishment we can inflict. Thus in beer we possess a mighty engine.”

Publicans will learn with delight, and teetotallers with disgust, that the Beer Engine is capable of being used as a moral engine. The mode of working it is thus described by the engineer:—

“Small things become great by comparison. Is a man steadily improving in his condition? From time to time we give him a small extra of the little beer (*kleine Bier*)

which we use in the prison. Is a man deteriorating? We lessen, or wholly withdraw his allowance of beer.”

The abstract philosophical remark that “small things become great by comparison,” applied to beer, means, of course, that *kleine Bier* becomes *bock beer*; small beer treble-X-ale in comparison with pump-water; so that we can readily believe the Colonel's observation that

“To be struck-off from the beer-list for a long period is felt bitterly by the men.”

Doubtless, any beer in a prison is as important an object as any port in a storm. From the foregoing description of the mode of “exhibiting” beer as a moral medicine, it is evident that it acts, in moderate quantities, as a stimulant of the moral sentiments; but, like other stimulants, has sometimes to be diminished or discontinued.

A thousand years will, of course, elapse before this discovery of the moral efficacy of beer (even although it should be substantiated by the most overwhelming proofs) will be adopted and applied by the British Legislature. Still we may, in the meanwhile, refute one argument by which the suggested introduction of beer into Bridewells and Gaols will certainly be opposed. That measure—the Prison Beer measure—will be decried as a step in the wrong direction, tending to render prisons, which are places of punishment, still more comfortable than workhouses. The answer to this sophism is, that workhouses are simply places of punishment, whereas prisons are partly places of reformation. Prison-discipline attempts to render criminals useful members of Society; workhouse discipline aims solely at making an example of those members of Society who can be of no other use: superannuated, infirm, destitute wretches, who have been guilty of not taking sufficient thought for the morrow, and have failed to lay up for their old age treasures in the savings' banks out of from 9s. to 12s. a-week.

Cobden for the Hospital.

SURELY we are overlooking the character, the claims of an old and most distinguished servant. It appears that the east wind having been so very savage—it was only on Wednesday last that it bit a piece out of the shoulder of one veteran general, and snapped off the remaining calves of another—there has been much difficulty in the meeting of the Chelsea Hospital Commission. Why, therefore, in such a strait are the words of RICHARD COBDEN forgotten? Is it not to be remembered that the honourable member, whilst he denounced the late war, nevertheless professed to act in case of an invasion? “Let the enemy land,” said COBDEN, “and I shall be found—in the hospital?” Why, in the present crisis, is not Chelsea thrown open to him?



A HINT TO MAMMAS.

First Nursemaid. "LAWK, MARIER! WHAT A BEE-UTIFLE GOWND!"

Second Do. "MY! JANE! HAIN'T IT?"

[They contemplate the Gownd for about a quarter of an hour, and the Children have the full benefit of the delicious North-East wind.]

THE SONG OF THE BUMBLE BEE.

To be Chaunted at all Vestries, Town-Councils, and places where they job.

You may chatter of reason and duty, d'ye see,
Philanthropy, justice, and stuff,
A jolly good cry for the Vestry give me,
And against all improvement I'm tough.
If you've jobs to be masked, vested rights to defend—
How rotten soe'er their foundation,
To keep your game snug, for your rights to contend,
There's no cry like Centralisation.
Centralisation! Centralisation!!
There's no cry like Centralisation!!!

With that scare-crow to frighten off Government chaps,
Their inspectors and blue-books high-flown,
You may laugh at Reformers, defy their clap-traps,
And do what you like with your own;
For Local self-government fling up your hats,
Swear inspection's the curse of the nation—
Don't you know how it is that mice suffer from cats?
They're victims to Centralisation!
Centralisation! Centralisation!!
They're victims to Centralisation!!!

If St. Pancras's workhouse be rather too full;
If a few pauper children get smothered;
If a casual's found dead; if there's itch in the school;
For such trifles must Vestries be bothered?
Of four boys here and there in a bed to complain!
Of day-wards to ask ventilation!
To give "in-doors" fresh air, "out-doors" shelter from rain!
But this is your Centralisation!
Centralisation! Centralisation!!
But this is your Centralisation!!!

Our Vestries insulted, on Boroughs they fall;
They won't leave Town-Councils at peace;
Each mortgage and loan they demand to o'erhaul,
And inspect even Borough police!
Local jobs, Local crime—upon both they lay hands,
As if these were concerns of the nation:
But rally round BUMBLE—self-interest commands,—
And cry Down with such Centralisation!
Centralisation! Centralisation!!
Cry, Down with such Centralisation!!!

PUFFING AT THE ANTIPODES.



SOME rather rampant specimens of Australian Puffs have recently appeared in the Melbourne Newspapers, a sample of which we insert:—

GRAND MORNING CONCERT,
for one Morning only. A great treat!
MDLLE. T. C. I. TISCROUX (pupil of that great Professor of Singing, SIGNOR SCHEPENS), from the King's Theatre and Hanover Square Concert Rooms, will shortly appear. The celebrity of MDLLE. C. T. I. TISCROUX has caused her to be called in other countries the great rival of Miss HAYES. Her voice being much more musical, has by many professionals been considered much superior to hers, and little

(if any) inferior to the renowned JENNY LIND. Her voice being lofty, and clear, and of great flexibility.

The musical world of this country will be taken by surprise at the announcement of the name of SIGNOR SCHEPENS, "that great professor of singing," who must have been all profession and no practice during the few last years; for although we have a tolerably accurate knowledge of all musical celebrities, SCHEPENS is a name that is quite new to us. His pupil, MDLLE. T. C. I. TISCROUX, has it seems been "called in other countries the great rival of Miss HAYES," but those must be "undiscovered countries," as far as our knowledge goes concerning them. It seems that this lady has reminded the public of Miss HAYES by superiority rather than by equality, and indeed LA

TISCROUX is somewhat disposed to relinquish her rivalry with the HAYES for the purpose of assuming an equality with JENNY LIND as a more appropriate competitor. We can only express a hope, that if SIGNOR SCHEPENS and his pupil are all that they profess to be, they will, after fulfilling their one night's engagement at Port Phillip, give the British public an opportunity of hearing her.

CASS WITHOUT THE C.

MR. CASS has said a thing which must injure, if it does not altogether destroy, his own good name. In the American Senate, according to the American news in the *Times*,

"MR. CASS said England had suffered so much in the War with Russia, that it was not at all unlikely that she might try to retrieve her reputation by a War on the Western Hemisphere."

If MR. CASS is so ignorant of the English character, as really to believe that England is capable of such idiotic as well as infamous policy as he insinuates, he must be content to lose the first letter of his name, and be written down the remainder. If he does not believe it, and has said it, the name of CASS ought to be superseded by four asterisks. As a man of honour and a gentleman he may be said to exist no more; and to have for his epitaph the schoolboy's rendering of "*Hic jacet.*"

Judicial Reforms!

THERE is now in course of formation a society of the gentry of a certain county, the object of which association is to provide justice to the community at the very cheapest cost to the sheriffs. To this effect, the judge of Assize will be conveyed to the Court-house in a wheelbarrow, and the scales of justice will be borrowed at so much *per diem* from a contracting greengrocer.



PIPING TIME OF PEACE.

MELANCHOLY FATE OF AN OFFICER IN THE FUSILIER GUARDS, WHO AFTER PASSING THROUGH ALL THE PERILS OF THE CRIMEA, IS PUT HORS-DE-COMBAT, BY SIX BAG-PIPERS GOING OFF AT ONCE.

A LENTEN WASH.



AUSTRIA has just got through his annual Lenten wash; having soaked, soaped and towelled the feet of twelve old men and women. Up to the hour of our going to press, all the sufferers were even better than could be expected, considering the severity and the novelty of the ordeal endured. Austria having been so successful in the matter of clean feet, it is said, offered his best services to clean Prussia's hands.

Taking it Literally.

We now and then see in the papers the name of an individual who is described as Ex-M.P. for such a place. We have occasionally thought that it could be hardly worth while to continue to keep alive the recollections of what a man has been, for society will estimate him generally by what he is, but perhaps the title of Ex-M.P. may be supposed to indicate an Ex-M.P.-lary character.

WHERE ARE THE WATER-CARTS?

NEXT to the questions of Promotion by Merit and Administrative Reform, the query we have placed above has been of late, *par excellence*, the question of the day. The month of March has been as dry as a financial debate, and if the proverb be believable, we have been daily swallowing pecks enough of dust to ransom all the kings that ever reigned, the KING OF OUDÉ incl-oude-d. Our eyes too have been turned into temporary dust-bins, and we have ascertained, by careful notes and calculation, that it has taken us of late just seven minutes and three-quarters longer than our usual average to walk down to our office, by reason of the frequent stoppages we have had to make to wipe our eyelids. If it had not been indeed that as the father of a family we felt it was incumbent to maintain a dignified appearance, we should certainly have added to our walking costume a pair of green spectacles and a respirator, and perhaps also the blue veil which we have hitherto only ventured to be seen in upon Derby days.

That we, as well as other paterfamilias of the Metropolis, may be saved from making such a street exhibition of ourselves, we trust that as soon as our complaint is brought before the House (as it will be on the publishing of this our present number), a motion will at once be made for a Committee of Inquiry into the whereabouts of the Water-Carts, coupled with a demand that they be ordered out forthwith on active service. Dust even in our hands is rather a dry matter, and we are reluctant therefore to admit it to our pages. But unless the nuisance is put down, or rather laid, we shall be compelled on public grounds to kick it up again: and in return for all the dust which has been lately on our coats, we shall endeavour, when we find out whom we have to thank for it, to "dust their jackets" well for them.

ALL IN BAD TIME.

We have had the potato disease in England; we have heard of the vine disease in France and Italy; the carrots were taken rather badly in Scotland; the parsley was a severe sufferer last year in the vicinity of Fulham; and for some few years past we have had an epidemic among the clocks of the Metropolis. St. Clements gave the first symptoms of a sort of chronic disease, which subsequently seized in succession the clocks of St. Paul's, the Horse Guards, St. James's, and some other time-pieces of minor celebrity, whose names we have been unable to learn. The worst and most alarming case, however, is that of the new gigantic clock at the Houses of Parliament, which has already suffered so severely from indisposition that it has not yet appeared in public; though, if proper care had been taken, it might have long ago occupied with advantage the high position for which it is designed. This unfortunate clock has been the victim of gross mismanagement; and in consequence of some neglect, there has been considerable derangement of its inside. The Government doctors appear to have left its case to

chance; but it is now said to be convalescent; and the patient is expected to be able to use its tongue, as well as to move its hands, before the end of the present Session. We shall occasionally pay the Clock a visit; and we hope, that whatever it may have to say for itself, will be at allevents well-timed.

CANINE FANCY PREACHERS AT CLAPHAM.

THE following is the commencement of a handbill which we have received from a correspondent:—

"JEHOVAH HONOURED.
THE REDEMPITORIST FATHERS MUZZLED.
CLAPHAM PROTECTED.

SIX SERMONS will (D.V.) be Preached during Lent in
ST. LUKE'S CHURCH,
OLD TOWN, CLAPHAM."

The subjects are then specified; and the document concludes with the intimation that

"ROMAN CATHOLICS ARE AFFECTIONATELY INVITED TO ATTEND."

Very affectionately, no doubt; but we fear that the affectionate invitation was not accepted by a rather large majority of those to whom it was addressed. A few very illiterate Irish labourers may, perhaps, have attended with their shillelachs for the purpose of rescuing their priests, whom they might have supposed that the Protestants of Clapham had got hold of, and were intending to maltreat, from the indignity of being used, by the Claphamite heretics, like large dogs in hot weather. They could hardly suppose that an attempt would be made to muzzle the Redemptorist Fathers in their absence; an idea more Hibernian than any ever yet entertained by Hibernians themselves. The endeavour to perform so absurdly impossible an operation can hardly have been conducive to the protection of Clapham; still less to the other object alluded to, with so little sense both of reverence and of absurdity, by the polemical and puffing authors of the announcement. Their talk of muzzling the Redemptorist Fathers, would seem to imply that some of the Clapham people have been bitten by those ecclesiastics. Instead of being muzzled, the Redemptorists are likely to bite many more of the Claphamite flock, if its shepherds are such fools as to think of hooting them from the fold in terms of profane vulgarity and sanctified slang.

SOLEMNITIES OF THE COURT CIRCULAR.

THE *Court Circular*, in narrating an event wherein HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL was particularly concerned, informs the British Public and Europe that

"The PRINCESS ROYAL wore a rich silk glacé gown, with five flounces pinked, the body richly trimmed with white riband and Mechlin lace."

If the event in question had been the performance of the Polka, or some other fashionable dance, the above information, of course, would have been hailed by young ladies with enthusiasm, and received by the rest of the world with acquiescence. A Court Ball, however, was not the occasion on which the PRINCESS is described as having appeared in the silk glacé, flounces, riband, and lace. The ceremony was that of her ROYAL HIGHNESS'S Confirmation.

What, it may be asked, had the pretty dress of our PRINCESS to do with the solemn rite of which her ROYAL HIGHNESS was the recipient? Was there anything symbolical in the silk glacé gown, aught emblematical in the five pinked flounces? In the rich trimmings of the body was there any hint at analogous interior ornaments?

If not, what a noodle the Court Newsman must be to publish the particulars of the Royal young lady's Confirmation costume to Christendom! What ideas of reverence can the creature entertain when he is capable of descending to chronicle the clothes in which the daughter of HER MAJESTY was confirmed? How can he thus mix up fiddle-faddle with things sacred? Well; perhaps because Fashion is the Court Newsman's Religion. Really, in this remarkable instance of flunkeyism, the journalist of the Court betrays such vile taste that one must not take for granted his accuracy even in describing the particulars of the PRINCESS'S attire. Considering what Confirmation means, one cannot help asking whether for "rich" he ought not to have written "plain."

Royal Nursery Rhyme.

HEY-diddle diddle,
The pattern was fiddle,
The metal as bright as the Moon:
The idle dogs left their charge for sport,
And the thief ran away with the Spoon.



Boy. "Oh, my! isn't that a beauty, neither?"

Lady (who appropriates the speech to herself). "Well, really, these country lads have more taste than the Londoners. I might have walked from Kensington to Whitechapel without having such a compliment paid me."

BETTY MARTIN'S HALL.

A FEW regenerators of their country met the other day at St. Martin's Hall, when the Bill of Fare before them was declared to be "spicy" by the Chairman—the High Bailiff of Westminster. What was the object of the meeting nobody seemed to know, and this ignorance was particularly prevalent among those who formed the assembly. Somebody proposed a resolution, upon which somebody else proposed an amendment, to which somebody else proposed an addition by way of "rider." The last individual who proposed "the rider" had a peculiar hobby of his own, but the hobby and the rider were equally at fault, for nobody gave a helping hand on the occasion. A MR. ROBINSON declared that "corruption prevailed in all classes, from the throne to the cottage," but this comprehensive libel on the whole of the population did not seem to please, for it was received with hoots and hisses. We should be unwilling to convict the whole community of corruption on the assertion of ROBINSON, and we should be glad to know how far BROWN and JONES may be prepared to agree with him.

The Meeting went off as meetings of this class generally do, amidst a variety of emotions, in which a tendency to what is termed "chaff" seemed to predominate. The Chairman, who seemed to take a delight in quizzing the whole affair, wound up with a declaration that the Meeting had carried nothing, for the resolution and the amendment were both negatived. After a little more laughing, a little more hooting, a hiss or two, and an occasional whistle, the Assembly dispersed.

HONEST ADVICE TO MR. MACAULAY.—"Mend your PENN."

ARREST OF NEMESIS.



ARK! heard ye not that sullen grunt of doubt combined with discontent?
And marked ye not that surly front in stern and serious furrows bent?
It was JOHN BULL who made that noise when told that cruel War should cease:
That look expressed how he enjoys the prospect of returning Peace.

Loath as he was to undertake this job so cruel and so sad,
Should not the peaceful tidings make our stout old gentleman more glad?
How earnest was his Worship's grief—compelled to sink, burn, kill, destroy.
Should not the promise of relief from such work give him equal joy?

He cannot yet rejoice, at least. He cannot dance above the dead.
And fearfully has he been fleeced—profusely have his children bled.
And this is what he wants to know; this is what he would understand,
Have we subdued the robber foe; have we put down the lawless band?

Czars and their armies! how on them does JOHN, a thinking person, look,
But as on pirates, whom you stem, or if you needs must, crush like BROOKE?

Thinks JOHN, is Russia stemmed? Again is she on Europe like to rush;
And shall we yet be forced to strain our every nerve her hordes to crush?

Our armaments, our mighty guns, for nothing have we brought to bear?
And all our powder, tons on tons, stored magazines of fatal air;
Shall they not turn to scorching breath to wither and to blast the foe,
Who forced on us the work of death, no matter if we would or no?

It is not vengeance we require—but should not they who war provoke,
Repent in towns laid waste with fire; in palaces whose ruins smoke?
Should not the criminals afford a dread example for the crime
Of drawing the accursed sword, against the spirit of the time?

Yet welcome Peace, if Peace is meant; no honest proffer we may spurn;
We must relinquish our intent to slaughter, and destroy, and burn;
Meanwhile we can our hands but wring for lavished treasure and brave men,
And pray we may not have this thing, this horrid work, to do again.

A TRAINING SCHOOL THAT IS WANTED.

WE see Training Schools for Schoolmasters, Governesses, Sempstresses, Shoeblocks, and almost every class of persons. We now propose "A Training School for Railway Directors and Railway Trains." At this School the Directors might be taught the art of "cooking accounts" so as to make them palatable to the public taste, as well as the no less useful art of "making things pleasant," by which means the unpleasantness of those scandalous stormy meetings might be considerably mollified, and a vast deal of vituperation and ill-temper saved on the part of the shareholders. The Trains, also, might be made to feel the policy of avoiding everything like an unfriendly collision, and a small sense of the advantages to be gained from a constant habit of punctuality and honour in keeping all their engagements might, likewise, be advantageously drilled into them. We are confident such an establishment might be so skilfully worked so as to effect an immensity of public good; and we should be rejoiced to hear that, by way of a good start, the Eastern Counties' Railway had been sent to some such Training School for the general benefit of its health, manners, and education.

ALARMING STATE OF ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

YESTERDAY, as we are informed, a bulletin was posted at the door of the Administrative premises, King William Street, City.

"Alarming symptoms of speedy dissolution have shown themselves. Extremities cold, pulse feeble, brain wandering. Should any alteration for the better take place in the patient, an anxious public shall receive the earliest intelligence." (Signed.)

The knocker has been muffled, MR. TITE, M.P. for Bath and parliamentary offspring of the patient, having, with filial tenderness, supplied an old pair of kid gloves for the purpose. Tan refuse, after some contention between the professional authorities, has been laid down before; saw-dust having been vehemently prescribed instead. Indeed, it is said, that the only hope of saving the life of the patient is by somebody coming down with the dust.

A STRAY CHAPTER ON HEADACHES.



LITTLE Book on *Headaches* has just been published by DR. WRIGHT. It contains every possible variety of *mal de tête*, excepting perhaps, the splitting headache, which was the cause of *Minerva* springing into the world.

However, there are one or two omissions in the book, and they surprise us, on the part of a physician who seems to have devoted his head so thoroughly to the subject as DR. WRIGHT. The Headaches omitted are of such frequent occurrence that we shall make no apology for alluding to them. They may be divided into "Male Headaches," and "Female Headaches."

Amongst the MALE HEADACHES may be specified:—

THE SALMON HEADACHE. Any one who has frequented public dinners, or dined much at Greenwich or Blackwall, must know what this Headache is. It is exceedingly severe of its kind. It is said to arise the next morning after a person has been "drinking like a fish;" but this is a gastronomic fiction, for it is perfectly well known that the "Salmon Headache" never results from any particular excess. It is a singular fact that the most abstemious are invariably the most subject to this ichthyological disorder. Those persons who "scarcely touched a thing" are afflicted with it to the most agonising extent. It is imagined that there is some secret intoxicating property in the Salmon that affects the brain like a strong stimulant, in spite of the various antidotes (such as two or three small glasses of brandy, and other liquids) that a person generally takes afterwards to counteract it. Hence, persons, who are constitutionally subject to "Headaches" after dining out, cannot be too careful in refraining from that too-exciting fish. One slice of Salmon has been pronounced to be as dangerous, in its way, as a bottle of British Brandy.

There is, also, the "DERBY HEADACHE," which attacks clerks the day before the Derby, and is so trying that the poor sufferer is compelled to beg the indulgence of a day's rest at home. It rarely lasts longer than a day, and invariably disappears after the first game of "Knock-'em-downs" on the race-course.

The "MUSEUM HEADACHE" is the consequence of the thickening effluvia which arises from poring over musty old books in a badly-ventilated room. Several officers, since the recent appointment of MR. PANIZZI, have had a violent attack of the "Museum Headache;" in fact, the appointment itself—a foreigner being put at the head of our great National Library—may be instanced as an insufferable specimen of the Museum complaint. The heads of those intelligent Englishmen, over whom this lucky Italian has been carried by favour, must ache terribly with mortification at the blow cruelly visited upon them.

THE FEMALE HEADACHES are innumerable, but they arise principally from vexation and disappointment. They may be divided into "Nervous" and "Sick" Headaches. The Nervous is irritable, and cannot bear being spoken to; the Sick is despondent, or sulky, and bursts into tears at the least contradiction. When a lady cannot have her own way, a Headache is the painful consequence. An unpopular visitor, brought home accidentally to dinner, will produce an alarming attack of Headache, and the symptoms that successively follow are— instant loss of appetite, deafness, peevishness, hysteria, and finally a precipitate retreat to the bedroom. The poor servants feel the effects of the Headache as much as any one, and do not stop in the room longer than they can help. These unfortunate Headaches are very frequent about that time of the year when every one is, or is supposed to be, out of town, and do not cease until the patient has been carried to the sea-side for change of air. The milder forms will vanish upon the application of a piece of jewellery; or if the forehead is wrapped up in a new shawl, it is astonishing with what rapidity the pain disappears. Sometimes a shifting of the scene is requisite, and thus a box at the Opera has been known to produce an instantaneous cure, even when the Headache in question has been of the most stunning description, and the Opera played has been one of VERDI'S!

But, after all, Headaches touch men much more intimately than women. If DR. WRIGHT would publish a companion little book, as agreeable as the one he has already written, upon the subject of *Heartaches*—taking care to give prescriptions and cures for every phase of that terrible disorder—we prophesy that he would soon become the most courted and popular physician of the day amongst the fair sex. With widows alone, he would be sure to reap a fortune.

To young men, this little book of *Headaches* is invaluable. No bottle of soda-water is complete without it!

MINISTERS' MONEY IN AUSTRALIA.

THE people of Victoria have just obtained what is called Responsible Government; the first effect of which has been the turning out of the whole of the Ministers of the Colony. These gentlemen may have served the public well, and they no doubt think themselves well entitled to pensions; but their correspondence with the Governor, in which they all make their retiring allowances the most prominent point in their letters, has a look about it, which is by no means dignified or agreeable. We subjoin the letters of the dismissed Ministers:—

"Colonial Secretary's Office, November 28th, 1855.
"Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Excellency's letter of this date, in which you state that, &c. &c., it is your Excellency's duty to inform me that I must consider myself released, on political grounds, from the office I now hold.
"As under the provisions of the Constitutional Act, I become entitled to a retiring allowance on being released from the office of Colonial Secretary on political grounds, I have the honour to request that your Excellency will be pleased to authorise the payments to be made to me, which are sanctioned by the Act.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,
"(Signed) W. C. HAINES."
"His Excellency SIR CHARLES HOTHAM, K.C.B."

"Attorney-General's Chambers, 28th November, 1855.
"Sir,—I have the honour, &c. &c., and request that the necessary instructions may be given respecting the retiring allowance, to which, under the New Constitution Act, I am entitled.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,
"(Signed) WILLIAM F. STAWELL."
"His Excellency SIR CHARLES HOTHAM, K.C.B."

"Custom House, Melbourne, 26th November, 1855.
"Sir,—I have had the honour, &c. &c., and make formal application for authority to draw from the Colonial Treasury the retiring allowance of eight hundred and sixty-six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence, to which I am now entitled, and I have very respectfully to request that instructions may issue accordingly.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,
"(Signed) HUGH C. H. CHILDERS."
"His Excellency SIR CHARLES HOTHAM, K.C.B."

"Surveyor-General's Office, Melbourne, 26th November, 1855.
"Sir,—I have the honour, &c. &c., your Excellency will be pleased to assign to me the pension to which, under the provisions of the abovementioned Act, I am now entitled.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,
"(Signed) ANDREW CLARKE,
Captain, R.E."
"His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief."

The gist of the above letters appears to be, that the writers, one and all, "have the honour" to want as much as they can get out of the public treasury. We may be told that this is the object of public men at home, as well as in the Colonies; but we do not remember any instance in which the fact has been so unpleasantly put forth, as in the string of communications from which we have quoted. There may be plenty of patriotism at Port Philip; but it is rather awkward that all its principal public servants should, in a body, make a claim to be pensioned, the moment an opportunity offers. Irresponsible Government is now defunct, and it has left a sort of legacy in the shape of retiring allowances to those who belonged to it; but it is rather disgusting to find them clamouring for their due before the deceased is cold in the grave, to which it has been consigned by the general consent of the whole community.

MORE "THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN."

By MR. JOHN TIMES, or any one else.

- That FRED PEEL is a greater man than his father.
- That LORD CARDIGAN is a Hero.
- That MR. DRUMMOND knows his own mind.
- That MR. BARRY is in a hurry to complete the Houses of Parliament.
- That SIR JAMES GRAHAM and SIR CHARLES NAPIER love one another.
- That BERNAL OSBORNE has got the Mantle of GRIMALDI.
- That the DUKE OF YORK'S debts have been paid.
- That LORD LUCAN is an injured individual; and
- That FREDERICK WILLIAM of Prussia is the GOUGH of Kings.

The Indian Difficulty.

It appears that the East India Company experience great difficulty in making up their revenue; inasmuch that they are annually £2,000,000 in excess of expenditure over income, and two years in arrear to boot, or rather to the reverse. Under these circumstances, it is perfectly intelligible that Government should experience corresponding difficulty in producing, before the House of Lords, the papers relative to the collection of that revenue by means of torture.



A REAL SOLDIER.

Friend. "MY GOOD ALFRED! WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU ABOUT?"

Alfred (in the Fusilier Guards). "WHY YOU SEE, OLD FELLOW, WE ARE TO HAVE A CORPS OF SCOTCH BAGPIPERS ATTACHED TO THE REGIMENT.—SO, I'M TRYING TO ACCOMMODATE MYSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, AND GET ACCUSTOMED TO THE NOISE!"

THERE'S MANY A SLIP.

SOME of the American Papers are trying to get up a sensation, and to fasten the charge of repudiation on this country, by reason of there being some disagreement between the underwriters and the Transatlantic Telegraph Company, who let their cable fall into the sea. The business was certainly an unfortunate one, but we can imagine that there may be a misunderstanding on the part of the Company, whose agents have already shown some stupidity; for instead of establishing telegraphic communication between the two countries, they merely dropped a line. As the American Company has lost the old rope, we suppose the plan must now be carried out by a n-Ew-ropean instead of an American concern.

APPEAL TO THE BISHOP OF BANGOR.

Oh! why at your age,
Fly into a rage,
My good Lord BISHOP OF BANGOR?
Because people pray
That your diocese may
Resound with the weekly clangour
Of Church-going bells?
Ask BATH and WELLS
If that's any ground for anger.

Leger-de-main!

WE see that a Stationer in Oxford Street has patented a "Spring-Back Ledger." Not knowing anything about Ledgers, we feel competent to offer an unbiassed and practical opinion on the subject, and candidly confess that for the life of us, we cannot see how an account can be "carried forward," when every page of it is bound to "spring back."

THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S MARRIAGE.

OUR friend the *Tiser*, through a confidential correspondent from Windsor Castle—(whether a mouse in the wall, or a flea in the bed-clothes, it matters not)—astonishes *Mr. Punch* with the intelligence that the PRINCESS ROYAL about to be married to the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA is to be enhanced, made very dear, indeed, to her husband by a dowry of only seventy thousand pounds a-year! Considering that her Royal father is permitted by a penurious nation—(JOHN BULL always was and always will be so very mean in these matters)—to vegetate on the limited income of thirty thousand per annum, the allowance already voted to PRINCESS VICTORIA by the mouse or flea aforesaid, must be considered as especially liberal. Other presents, other delicate compliments, are in preparation to be bestowed at the proper time; and as the *Tiser* religiously endeavours, once a-day at least, to make his readers open their eyes and mouths to stare at and swallow anything, *Mr. Punch* (private and confidentially) submits the following exclusive intelligence to the service of his most truthful and most dispassionate contemporary.

In addition to a dowry of £70,000 per annum (to be paid out of a new tax to be levied upon the exportation of Welsh rabbits), Her Royal Highness will also receive, as a trifling *souvenir*, the Crown of England.

A fac-simile of Windsor Castle, modelled in iron, will precede Her Royal Highness abroad, and will be duly put up (the screws are already in a very forward state of preparation) on the banks of the Rhine between Bonn and Coblenz.

A real piece of the National Debt to be magnificently set in diamonds, is now in the hands of HER MAJESTY'S jewellers, and will be among the most precious of the bridal ornaments.

The *trousseau* is not yet completed; but all the hands of the celebrated modiste, MADAME DE CRINOLINE, are busily employed thereon; and the *Tiser* may depend upon an early ticket for a private view.

N.B. Please to ring the area-bill.

THE CONCORDAT LIBRARY.

WE agree to differ with his HOLINESS THE POPE; but if CARDINAL WISEMAN were ever to succeed in persuading the British Government and people to embrace the blessing of that agreement with the Roman Pontiff termed a Concordat, it is to be feared that by far the greater part of our country's literature would be very soon consigned to oblivion. According to Voss's *Gazette*, the Austrian Concordat is beginning to produce rare fruit in an uncommon way—by devastating the tree of human knowledge. The books in use in the schools have been submitted to the examination of the censorship, a sort of ship which the vessel that the POPE calls the "Bark of PETER" appears to have constantly in tow. Among them is the *Elementary Geography* of RANKE—a name rather likely to be displeasing to infallible authority. This book, Voss says, is on the point of being interdicted. One of RANKE's passages that especially rankles in the minds of the papal censors is an observation to the effect that the religious creeds of nations differ according to their degree of civilisation and the state of their intellectual development. Another rank offence given by RANKE consists in the statement, that the Christian Church has divided itself, in the course of ages, into several fractions, of which the principal are the Greek and Roman Churches. It further appears that RANKE is to be ranked with the tabooed for having spoken of subdivisions of Western Christendom formed by the Catholics, Lutherans, and others—in short, as it were, for speaking of Papists and Lutherans in the same breath.

He that is not prepared to kiss the POPE's corns will scarcely be able to write any book whatever on any subject, except—and the exception is not quite clear—on that of pure mathematics, without treading on those callosities, which have not been removed by MR. REISENBERG. Then, what a clearance the POPE's Concordat and Censorship would make here of our school library-shelves! What writings would escape proscription, serious or comic? What Protestant books would they spare, from the authorised version of the Bible to DR. WATTS, and thence down to *Punch* and the *Standard Evening Paper*?

Geography, geology, astronomy, the use of the globes, history, national and natural, anatomy, physiology, chemistry—every existing kind of knowledge and science would have to be remodelled and, so to speak, edited by Roman Catholic parsons; so that the mental food of the rising generation would have to undergo a process of Italian cookery.

THE FOUNTAINS OF ELOQUENCE will play at the PALACES OF PARLIAMENT, on grand occasions only, between the hours of 9 P.M. and 3 A.M. On the other evenings the small pumps, known under the names of F. PEEL, SCULLY, SPOONER, WILLIAMS, NAPIER, WILSON, and others, will spout much the same as usual.

(By Order) HON. C. S. LEFEBVRE, *Speaker*.

A VOICE FROM THE CHURN.



ONCEBT—or self-complacency aside, *Mr. Punch* is—or, were he a weaker individual, would be—overwhelmed with the grateful acknowledgments showered upon him by Housewives, Careful Managers, and Heads of Families generally, for the various economic suggestions by which he assists them to defeat the cupidity and dishonesty of trade, to make both ends meet, and to enable them to face the tax-gatherer with an unshrinking eye. His advice on the great Sugar question, when the price was abominably and unfairly raised, was taken by thousands, it appears; and the simple course he recommended—one day's abstinence in the week—impressed greedy grocers with the conviction that “the public” could “help itself” (which they had denied) by not helping itself out of the sugar-basin. Down came Sugar.

He is now implored by a legion of Mothers and other Managers, to do for another luxury what he did for Sugar. He is entreated to be down upon the Butterman, whose prices just now are extortionate.

What shall he say about Butter? It was an article known to the ancients.

Such are some of the historical associations prompted by the name. Other interesting facts encircle the butter-tub. Butter-fingers is a term of reproach, especially at cricket; parsnips are not supposed to be buttered by elegance of language; and it is as proverbially difficult as apparently undesirable to recover the article from the throat of a black dog. The tact which prevents one from losing advantages in one's possession, is symbolised by acquaintance with the side of the bread on which this substance is found. But all these reminiscences have nothing whatever to do with the matter in hand; and this, indeed, is *Mr. Punch's* chief reason for inserting them, after the manner of other essayists.

Butter is dear, is it? Well, ladies, you will soon have it cheaper, if you can compel or induce your households to do as was done in the Sugar case. Abstain from the article one day in the week. Any day will do, only stick to it. Take Friday, the day named after FRIGGA (the Venus of the North), to whom Butter was offered in sacrifice. Eat no Butter on Friday. There is a lot of substitutes; one of our lady correspondents suggests “cold boiled bacon, pork, or salt-fish.” We are not violating a State secret in disclosing, that at the private table of Royalty, Treacle is no unwelcome guest. We prefer Marmalade, with the turnips left out. But anyhow here is the remedy for the Butter grievance. Forward! The Butterfly was a Gentleman, but the Butterman is—the other thing. Why submit? You have conquered before. New victories await you. Let Butter go down, as sugar did, and bread will; and then an exulting nation shall triumphantly enjoy Sugared Bread-and-Butter. Let us all sail in the same Butter-Boat, and stand no sauce.

PLINY mentions it. The Romans used it as a medicine, and probably, when they had colds, anointed their Roman noses therewith. The Egyptian Christians used it for lamp-oil, and CLEOPATRA may have greased her needle with it, to enable her to work the faster. Its Latin name is *Butyrum*, derived from two Greek words which it would be a bother to print, but which imply cow and coagulation. It is alluded to in the Hebrew records, as having been brought up to SISERA in “a lordly dish.” In 1675 there was, it is said, a shower of it; but this was in Ireland, and the butter-raia was very yellow.

A PILL FOR PARLIAMENT.

THE Medical Bill seems to be such a very disagreeable dose that the House of Commons cannot swallow it; and, by way of throwing physic to the dogs, they have pitched the measure to a Select Committee, where the bone of contention will be picked to pieces, and there will be an end of it. The alleged intention of the measure is to put down quacks; but, even if the Bill were to limit the profession to what are called legally-qualified practitioners, there would still be an abundance of quackery. We can see no difference between the vendor of a patent pill for curing every disease, and the family doctor, who continues to send medicine which he knows will do no good, for the mere purpose of running up a bill, in which “Mixture—MASTER JOHN,” shall be repeated some twenty or thirty times, at three shillings a bottle; and “Pill and Draught—MISS ELIZA,” shall run through a page-and-a-half of foolscap, at eighteenpence per item. There is surely a large amount of quackery about the learned practitioners—so abundant in the suburbs of London—who are always powdering and pilling the families into which they gain admission; who address childish inquiries to the baby as to its little “tonguey pungy;” and promise to send the unhappy infant some “nicey picey,” for which they intend to “chargey pargey,” to a tremendous “summy pummy.”

We are quite sure that legislation would be as well employed in guarding against the more specious quacks, who get into one's house under the guise of regularly-qualified medical men, as in attempting to protect those simpletons who will go on swallowing cures for every disease, and rubbing in ointment by the half-hundred weight on the faith of some miraculous restoration of some mythic leg of some imaginary Guardsman. Everybody knows, that in the medical, as in every other profession, he is always called a quack who makes the first bold step out of the ruts of routine; and the most rapid advances in any science are due to the men, who, in their own days, were always denominated

quacks by those who were being left in the background. We would support any measure of medical reform which should really be calculated to put down quackery; but, in trying to first “catch your quack,” it is as reasonable to look for him in the ranks of the regularly-qualified practitioners, as among the advertisers in the Newspapers. Examinations are very proper things to regulate admission to the medical profession; but such precautions will not guard against quacks; who become so, not on account of what they know, or what they do not know, but on account of their pretending to knowledge they do not possess, or making an improper use of such knowledge as they can really boast of.

THE EAGLE QUILL.

THE eagle pen that signed the treaty of peace was—as certified by M. FEUILLET DE CONCHES, an official, “pulled from the Imperial eagle of the Jardin des Plantes.” *Mr. Punch*, in the name of humanity, has to ask—was chloroform first administered? It is said that the EMPRESS EUGENIE has claimed the quill as a precious *souvenir* of peace. HER MAJESTY may not be aware of the fact, duly certified, if we remember rightly, by PLINY, that even as the eagle preys upon other birds, so do the feathers of the eagle eat up, on contact, all other feathers. *Mr. Punch*, in pure admiration of the gentle and beautiful EMPRESS, makes known this truth, in order that she may keep the devouring eagle feather safe apart from her marabouts, her ostriches, and birds of paradise.

THE FORCE OF ADULTERATION.—One of our most fashionable bakers, upon being shown a specimen of the Bread Tree, rejected it with scorn, saying contemptuously, “Call that Bread? Psha! Why, there's no Alum in it!”



PARIS, 1856.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Sunday night (March 30th), the guns briefly stated that peace was signed, and on the following night the PREMIER echoed their report, the House of Commons meeting after the Easter recess. LORD PALMERSTON, with his usual sense of the fitness of things, introduced the subject to the British Senate with a few intentional jokes, and proceeded unconsciously to some others, as when he told the House that the treaty would be "satisfactory to the nation." The week was not out before we were apprised that the Conference had left a large part of its most important work unsettled. But when the Treaty is produced—which should now be in less than a fortnight—we shall see about the national satisfaction. The House discussed the Civil Service Estimates, with the usual amount of miscellaneous inquiry and grumbling. SIR B. HALL announced five admirable acts by HER MAJESTY: the giving sets of rooms, in Hampton Court Palace, to as many ladies, the widows of men who had served their country. The case of SIR CHARLES BARRY came up, and MR. DRUMMOND abused the Government for trying to cheat that suffering and discouraged architect, who, up to the end of 1852, had received but £59,000 for himself, in payment for what he had done towards building the New Houses. MR. BOWYER ridiculed the frescoes in the House of Lords, and MR. WALPOLE objected to the great waste of money for Blue Books; but MR. DISRAELI, who is a great rummager and quoter of such documents, dissented from his friend. The Compulsory Vaccination Bill was read a second time, after a declaration by DR. MICHELL (a doctor from Bodmin) that vaccination was the real reason why we have small-pox; but he could not inoculate the House with his notion.

Tuesday. The Lords met, and LORD MALMESBURY asked LORD LANSDOWNE when LORD CLARENDON would return to England, to which inquiry by LORD MALMESBURY on the subject of LORD CLARENDON'S return to England, LORD LANSDOWNE replied that he did not know.

In the Commons, MR. MALINS brought up the GRISSELL mortar case, and the Government stated that it was still waiting for an official report, without which it was unfair to come to a conclusion. MR. JOHN BULL will please to observe that this is what a Clerk of Ordnance is ordered to say in the Commons, after the War Minister in the Lords has deliberately imputed fraud in a way which made the country believe MESSRS. GRISSELL ought to be blown from one of their own guns. MR. ROEBUCK moved that all County Court Judges should have £1,500 a-year. Into the debate a good deal of personality was imported, MR. ROEBUCK especially assailing MR. WILSON, and im-

plying that he easily found out what his superiors desired, and was always ready to do their dirty work. The motion was withdrawn. MR. BOUVERIE introduced a wise and humane measure for amending the mode of treating Irish and Scotch paupers in England. SIR GEORGE GREY then brought in his plan for reforming the Corporation of London. It need not terrify the most nervous turtle that ever flapped his fins in agitation on MESSRS. BIRCH'S counter. There is still to be a LORD MAYOR, there are still to be ALDERMEN, COMMON COUNCILMEN, GOG and MAGOG, Coal Duties, Temple-Bar, Men in Armour, Remembrancers, Chaplains, Loving-Cups, CIPRIANI'S State Coach, Green Fat, and MR. TOOLE. The chief points in the bill are, that the under-fed and over-worked ALDERMEN are to be relieved of some of their fatiguing duties. Their criminal jurisdiction is to be taken by stipendiary magistrates, and they are not to be hurried from their breakfasts to come and sit in the Central Criminal Court. The governing Council of the City is to be reduced from 232 members to 96, and a decent franchise is enacted for its constituents. The Aldermen are to be elected for six years only, not for life; and the Council is to be chosen yearly; and any member of the Council may be made a Mayor. Some useless City Courts are to be abolished or consolidated; the City restrictions on trade are to be done away, as are the street tolls. Father Thames is to be taken away from the Fathers of the City, who have so shamefully neglected him. Government is afraid to enact a uniform police system, so the City Police are still to be independent of the West-end chief. As has been intimated, the coal-duties are still to be exacted; but it ought to be understood, though SIR GEORGE actually did not know it (such are statesmen and legislators), that the City takes but fourpence of the thirteen pence levied—the Government grabbing the rest. This is the bill; and if the City people are donkeys enough to refuse such a gentle emulsion, they will deserve the strong dose of reform that will be administered when a liberal Government comes into office.

Fire insurance is to receive a further check, a paternal Government imposing a new duty, to prevent our having recourse to foreign offices. The blundering mode in which it is being laid on may, however, defeat the object. In France, a speaker of authority stated, seven-eighths of the people's property is insured, in England only one-third.

Wednesday. MR. HEADLAM'S Medical Bill, for registering our doctors, was discussed. Everybody had a different opinion from everybody else upon the subject of medical reform, and it is not a matter to be dealt with off-hand. It is no easy business to legislate in such a way as to counteract the effects of bigotry and pedantry on one side, and vulgar quackery on the other. While *Mr. Punch* distinctly states his belief that the great body of the medical profession in this country is composed of honourable and kind-hearted men, sincerely desirous to do their best for science and for humanity, he declares with equal frankness, that there are two gangs whom he would with pleasure see expatriated at the expense of the nation—the old jobbers who, in official positions, oppose the advances of enlightenment; and the advertising quacks, from whose shameless puffs the Government derived a profit the other day, and is still not ashamed to take it from stamps which give a sanction to the lying "testimonials" that wrap up the foul dose. The present Bill will affect neither nuisance. Its consideration was postponed for a week. The next debate was on the second reading of the Bill for making more definite the law that factory machinery shall be fenced off, in order to prevent accidents (of which COL. DUNNE stated there had been 33,000 in 9 years), but nothing came of it, owing to a technical rule which turned the House out, despite itself, at 6 o'clock. The Bill was read a second time next day. It was announced that MR. WILLIAM KEOGH, Attorney-General for Ireland, is promoted to the Bench. MR. FITZGERALD, the Irish Solicitor-General, takes his place, and is succeeded by MR. CHRISTIAN, a very learned, non-political, Irish equity lawyer.

Thursday. LORD ALBEMARLE moved for documents respecting Torture in India, and Government gave an ungracious assent.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON announced that the Blockade of the Russian Ports was over. The Transportation Question, and that of Tickets-of-Leave were discussed, and a Committee was appointed to consider the whole subject of Secondary Punishment. A good bill, for improving the Law of Trusts, and getting rid of some absurdities, was brought in.

Friday. The Bill for making the British Farmer reveal his Secrets went through Committee in the Lords.

In the Commons, SIR GEORGE GREY stated that he was taking measures to put down a certain atrocious traffic between miscreants here and on the Continent; wretches in whose case good men might almost withdraw their perpetual protest against violence and Lynch-law. The Attorney-General renounced all intention of trying to make the Metropolis Local Management Act intelligible; an unworthy position for a real Government to take up, but quite in keeping with the conduct of such Governments as those which bless our land. LORD PALMERSTON promised the American Correspondence as soon as the Foreign Office gentlemen (who, he amusingly stated, were good enough for ordinary work, but of no use in a hurry) could recover from the

fatigue of preparing the Kars papers. SIR CHARLES NAPIER, as we predicted would be the case, gave SIR JAMES GRAHAM the "he direct," in the *Times*. To-night SIR JAMES retorted, and the Acre Affair was again raked up, ADMIRAL WALCOTT blaspheming in the most approved quarter-deck fashion, swearing that SIR CHARLES "should not have cared for all the Admirals in England." More money in Supply, with some Disraelitish petulance, met by a really sensible and kindly-toned speech from LORD PALMERSTON about the domestic condition of Ireland (*sigh sick omnibus*, as the *Advertiser* would say); and the week was ended pleasantly with a motion by MR. DEASLY, implying that the Irish Encumbered Estates Court dealt with the late JOHN SADDLEIR more favourably—because of his official position—than it would have done with a stranger. But Irishmen have a recognised gift for inventing the direst charges against one another.

GREAT A. B. C. MEETING.



THE influential hamlet of Fool's-cap-cum-Birch was on Tuesday last the scene of prodigious excitement in consequence of a meeting held to defeat the tyrannous measure of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who, in the words of an eloquent speaker, "with Cossack-like despotism, would ride his hobby on the hearth of the free-born Briton; and, with a tyranny truly Russian, compel free-born British infants to swallow, whether they would or no, the A. B. C. to the utter subversion of Magna Charta, as signed in a meadow called Runnymede, between Windsor and Staines; and in defiance and contempt of the Bill of Rights that secured the right to learn nothing to every

Englishman." Resolutions were agreed to, and the meeting separated in the greatest state of rapture, from the conviction that they had defeated SIR JOHN, utterly crushed beneath the following—

1. That the meeting acknowledge the truth that the Schoolmaster is abroad, and are resolved, to do all in their power, to keep him there.
 2. That education, at the cost of the State, is no other than an organised attempt to deprive the people of their vested rights of ignorance.
 3. That the object of LORD RUSSELL'S bill is to kindle the fires of religious feuds,—whereas it is much better and more peaceable to live in comfortable darkness.
- In the evening, the effigy of LORD JOHN was burnt in the market-place; and the felons of the county gaol regaled with beef and beer.

RACK REVENUE IN INDIA.

RACK RENT is defined by DR. JOHNSON to be "rent raised to the uttermost." The instrument whereby it is thus raised is, in this country, the legal screw. In India—in the Presidency of Madras, at least—rack revenue is levied nearly in its etymological sense. According to the EARL OF ALBEMARLE, defaulters are liable to a process which his Lordship thus describes:—

"One part of this restraint was a punishment almost universally practised in Madras, and consisted in making the victim stand in the sun with the body bent towards the knees. The placing of the muscles in this unnatural posture was in itself a cruel torture, but it was generally heightened by a stone of about 12 pounds weight being put upon the back near the neck."

The effects of this process are described as including injury to the spinal cord and congestion of the brain; and through it an old man is stated to have been killed for the sake of extorting from him a sum amounting to fivepence-halfpenny. Many of the cases of torture occurred so lately as last July. It appears that the collection of revenue by the rack is slightly illegal in India, so that, by the account of the noble Lord, a MR. C. J. SHUBRICK, one of the Company's magistrates at Chingleput, inflicted, in August last, on an official who had practised tax-gathering by torture on fourteen weavers, the moderate penalty of ten shillings.

The cry of question is often raised in Parliament. It is one which we hope will not be silenced so long as the question is question extraordinary in India.

A FITTING TRUTH.—Woman's partiality for thin shoes is to be accounted for by her insuperable dislike to a thick understanding.

THE SHOT WE HAVE TO PAY.

FOR Peace I heard the cannon bang,
I counted till a hundred rang,
At each of those explosive sounds,
Thought I—so went one million pounds.

The bells, too, and the cheering boys,
Together made a merry noise,
Their mingled uproar seemed to say
One hundred million pounds—hooray!

That two years' war has cost; and what
For all that money have we got?
Experience, chiefly, I surmise,
And hope that it may make us wise.

Wiseacres we have been, alas!
Forming one great collective Ass,
And penny-wise, at last we've found,
Is foolish something o'er a pound.

Obliged to spend those millions—could
We but have spent them as we would,
A little we should have, I trow,
Besides experience now to show.

In widened streets we should rejoice,
Could we have been allowed that choice,
Some architecture would replace
Our edifices mean and base.

Oh! what might not the Board of Health
Have done with part of that vast wealth
Divided into many sums?
For one thing, cleared off all the slums.

The Thames might now be drained—or near
To ebbing bright and flowing clear,
With salmon soon as gudgeon thick
At least as high as Hampton Wick.

We might have founded many schools,
That people might not grow up fools,
We might—what might we not have done
That mortals do beneath the sun?

Oh! what a stress, oh! what a strain
On thew and muscle, heart and brain,
To work that debt out so immense,
Will be required for ages hence!

Compelled in strife to interpose,
We've had to wipe a bleeding nose,
And through that nose condemned to pay,
Must grin and bear it as we may.

In future we, perhaps, shall keep
Up, both on land and on the deep,
A proper force of armed Police,
Whereby we may preserve the Peace.

KEEN SENSE OF PROPRIETY.

MR. PUNCH inserts the following piece of information, on account of its connection with a very great person, but has not the least idea of its meaning:—

"Princess's Theatre, Saturday.
"The favourite Cat, accustomed to frequent the Green Room here, forgot itself yesterday, so far as to Swear audibly. It was immediately fined ten skewers of cat's meat, and is not to be spoken to, for the present, by the Manager or the Company."

An Embarrassing Demand.

We see there is a new song by BALFE called *The First Kiss*. Is there not some degree of danger in such a title? For instance, what would a shopman think, and how would he behave, if a pretty young lady went up to him, and smilingly said, "If you please, Sir, I want you to give me *The First Kiss*?"



DISCOMFITURE OF OLD MR. J—N—S, WHO, ON VISITING A PRIVATE COLLECTION, MISTAKES "PETER," THE GREAT HORNED OWL, FOR A STUFFED CAT.

A ROARING BUSINESS.

A RECENT writer, MR. GERARD, who says, "I have long studied the roar of the lion," proceeds to give the following interesting particulars:—

"The roar is composed of some dozen sounds, beginning with subdued moans, which go on *crescendo* until they at length diminish, and finish as they began. There is an interval of some seconds between each sound."

We are told that the lion generally "continues to roar for a quarter of an hour," and, "when he is by himself, he also roars on getting up in the morning." This practice on the part of the lion may furnish some useful hints to those members of Parliament who evince an anxiety to perfect themselves in the imitation of the noises made by various more or less noble animals. It is true that the lion is not such a popular beast in the House of Commons as the donkey, whose bray has been brought in some cases to such perfection that there are some members whom it would be almost impossible to distinguish from the brute they imitate. Perhaps the hints furnished in the above extracts will encourage the adoption of the lion as a model, in preference to the jackass who has hitherto been the Parliamentary favourite. If honourable gentlemen who delight in braying would exercise themselves for a quarter of an hour every morning in a good roar, the character of the noises by which the Legislature is sometimes disturbed would become somewhat more dignified.

Look at Home.

THE Treaty of Peace provides, it is said, for the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, but that Empire includes so many rogues in the shape of dishonest Pachas, that the fact of its integrity seems questionable. Whilst endeavouring to secure the integrity of Turkey, we might also take measures for the preservation of our own, which will soon come to be more than doubted, if fraud and embezzlement continue to occur among us at their present rate.

PERSEVERANCE.—"Put a Scotchman at the bottom of Vesuvius, Sir, and he will work his way out with the help of Old Scratch!"—DR. JOHNSON.

THE NURSE AND THE BABY.



INDSOR CASTLE was thrown into a bit of a flutter last week on receipt of the following telegraphic despatches from the Tuileries:—

"The EMPEROR has forbidden the wet-nurse to kiss the baby!"

Scarcely had the emotion of the Castle subsided than a second despatch was flashed on lightning wings to the following effect:—

"The EMPEROR has forbidden the nurse to say *catchy-catchy* to the Imperial infant."

A third despatch followed with all possible rapidity.

"The EMPEROR has forbidden the nurse to tickle the Child of France, on pain of instant dismissal."

A fourth:—

"The EMPEROR has forbidden the nurse, at any period, to *ride a cock-horse* to the Prince Imperial under pain of banishment to Cayenne."

A fifth despatch:—

"The ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS has been sent for to administer the oath to the wet-nurse; who vows she will not kiss the book *not* to kiss the baby."

A sixth despatch:—

"The woman remains obdurate. A detachment of Chasseurs is drawn up in the court-yard, but they fail to shake her."

A seventh despatch:—

"His Imperial Highness is crying for the breast. His nurse weeps, but is inflexible."

"His Imperial Highness clenches his fists, and his face grows as blue as the violets of *La belle France*."

"The EMPEROR commands the nurse to give the breast to the Imperial infant."

"The nurse refuses, and folding her arms, throws up her situation, unless allowed to salute his Imperial Highness, who grows bluer and bluer."

"The father falters, and the EMPEROR melts!!! The baby is given to the nurse, and one kiss *per diem* is graciously permitted."

THE EAGLE'S PEN-FEATHER.

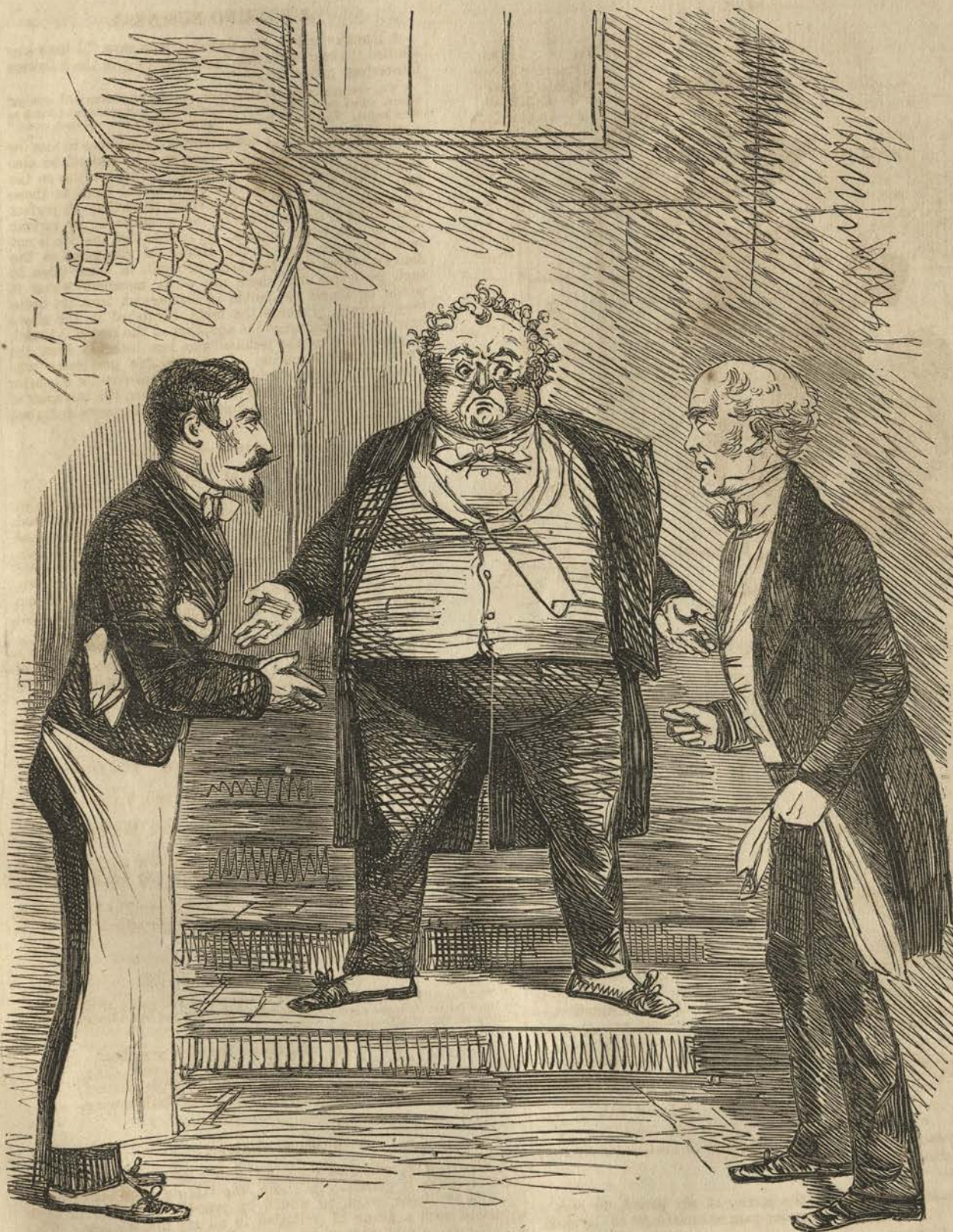
"The Pen with which the Treaty of Peace was signed was pulled from the wing of an Imperial Eagle in the Jardin des Plantes, by M. FEUILLET DES CONCHES, Chef du Bureau des Protocols."—*Globe*.

As the arrow that brings down the eagle may bear
That eagle's own feather to guide its barbed sting,
So the pen that now stops the French Eagle's career,
Is properly plucked from the French Eagle's wing.

A Rare Shower.

A GENTLEMAN, who had been in the City at four o'clock, when a flood of clerks is generally let loose, was talking upon the subject to his wife at dinner, when he wound up grandly by saying, "I never witnessed such a scene of confusion in all my life, my dear. What with the clerks, and what with the rain, I never shall forget it! Only imagine, my darling, that not only was it raining cats and dogs, but hailing omnibuses also at the same time."

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—We understand that there is every prospect of our having two Operas this season under the spirited management of The Kilkenny Cats.



SWINDLING THE CLARENDON.

(By a Distinguished Russian.)

Mr. Bull (Landlord of the British Lion). "WHAT! QUITE THE GENTLEMAN! WHY, HE HAS LEFT NOTHING BUT A PORTMANTEL FULL OF BRICKS AND STONES, AND GONE OFF WITHOUT PAYING THE BILL!"

A WARM SEAT FOR A CORONER.



OME of us occasionally clean our own boots, and perform for ourselves other little menial offices. One of these is that of making a fire, and everybody knows that this is not an altogether easy job. Unless we dispose the sticks rightly, pile them lightly upon the substratum of crumpled paper, or shavings, and so adjust the knobs of coal upon the sticks that a draught of air shall freely circulate through their interstices, we shall fail, or experience great difficulty, in the attempt to establish combustion in the mass of fuel. We shall have, at least, to perform a great deal of puffing and blowing by mouth or by bellows, or to effect the laborious derivation of a current of air from under the grate by overspreading the front of it with the broad sheet of a newspaper, before we can convert our aggregate of inert materials into a working fire.

The circumstance which has called forth these observations on a little practical point in the natural philosophy of domestic life, is that of the frequency with which fires have occurred of late here in London. We should think it must be a hard matter to set a house on fire if one tried—judging from the trouble which we have had in setting a common fire in action. The beams of a house are mostly imbedded in brick and

plaster. Doors, floors, shutters, and stairs, present plain surfaces of wood, which it is difficult to ignite. The persevering application of even a red-hot poker will simply burn a hole in a block of wood. Lucifer-matches are often dropped about, but let anybody endeavour to set fire to a board with a lucifer match; and he will probably find the experiment unsuccessful. Linen, curtains, and other appurtenances of a dwelling are easily combustible; but they no sooner burn than they warn our noses of that fact. How, therefore, it is that houses are set on fire, is a great wonder; but a wonder of which the explanation is very desirable, with special view to precaution against accidents. Inquests are held on great fires in order to discover their causes, which are scarcely ever apparent. When we read in the papers that an edifice was enveloped in flames, we are nearly always sure likewise to read that the cause of the conflagration is enveloped in mystery. Why not hold an inquest on every fire, small or great, of which the origin is doubtful? It is customary to hold inquests on children as well as adults; on bodies of all sizes. Ought the cause of a fire to remain uninvestigated because the fire was only a little one? Nothing is farther from our wish than to impose a painful service upon any public officer, but whenever any premises are burnt down, otherwise than by manifest accident, we think the Coroner ought to sit upon the fire.

Corresponding Minds.

We cannot refrain from giving publicity to the following most singular instance of electric sympathy between two great minds. HERR MÜNDLER, the travelling agent for the National Gallery, when he had purchased the *Paul Veronese* at present in the National Gallery, telegraphed the intelligence to SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, pretty much in the same way as PANMURE did to SIMPSON about his lucky relative: His inspired words were "Take care of the Daub!"

All of a Piece.

We cannot help feeling that in the conduct of the War, and in the conclusion of the Peace, we have not had much reason to boast; for we have been wasteful in the former, and easily led in the latter business. In our use of the diplomatic pen we have not proved ourselves to be pennywise; while in our waste of the material of war, we have been more than pound foolish.

One of the Miseries of Public Life.

THE Member of Parliament, who, thirty-three years ago, concluded a brilliant speech of six lines abruptly by telling the Prime Minister that he "paused for a reply," has become so deaf in the meantime that if the reply was to come now he would not be able to hear it.

The Reply of

THE RIGHT HON. SIR B. HALL, BART., M.P.

TO THE

SINGING BIRDS OF KENSINGTON GARDENS.

DEAR birds, in reply to the lines you addressed me
In the columns of *Punch*, thus invoking my aid
Against Sabbatarians, who often have blessed me
For denouncing their cant, I say—Be not afraid.

You shall pour forth your notes at "the top of the morning,"
Make Kensington Gardens all joyous and gay,
Till the voice of the nightingale bids us take warning
That "*The gates will be closed at the sunset each day.*"

You pray that I will not on one day in seven,
At Hypocrisy's nod put a stop to those notes
Which you say were ordained by command of High Heaven
To gladden the world as they flow from your throats.

You ask me, your guardian, to give you protection,
And protect you from that hypocritical crew,
Who would put down the Band and their Sunday selection,
* And close up the gardens of Hampton and Kew.

The Colonel loud swears (but I do not believe him),
No Band of the Blues shall on Sunday be seen—
If the Colonel's turned Saint, let the Horse-Guards relieve him,
And an order despatch "*By Command of the Queen.*"

The Band shall play on, and the scene of enjoyment
Which you witnessed last year you shall witness again,
And the hard working class after six days employment,
Shall have proof that your prayer is not offered in vain.

We shall read in the *Post* amongst those who were present,
Dukes, Duchesses, Lords and their Ladies were seen,
That the crowd was immense, and that all went off pleasant,
And SIR B. was observed arm-in-arm with a Dean.*

So be not afraid, and cease not to amuse us
With your voices so sweet, and whate'er may befall,
Though the friends of "*The Bitter observance*" abuse us,
I'll remain, my dear Birds, yours sincerely, B. HALL.

* The Band played in Kensington Gardens on Sunday.

SMITHFIELD A "GRACEFUL GIFT."

MR. JOHN LILWALL, earnest Secretary of the Early Closing Association, in a Summary—printed pamphletwise—of the doings of the body, makes a happy suggestion to the Corporation of London, for which, we doubt not, the Corporation would make him free of the City, if the freedom were, under impending reform, worth a brass farthing. MR. LILWALL, with an eye to "sinew-bracing recreation for the young men of the City," says:—

"I refer to the site of *Smithfield*. Being in the very heart and centre of London, how admirably suited is this spot for gymnastic exercises, quoits, and other manly, health-imparting games! All being enclosed, certain portions might with great advantage be appropriated to these purposes, and the remainder turned into green sward, or tastefully laid out into flower-gardens, to be decked here and there by evergreens, these particular sections to be again subdivided by gravel walks, more particularly for the convenience of females, invalids, elderly persons, and children."

Besides this, just to keep up the old recollections of *Smithfield*, there might be two or three cows constantly supplying curds-and-why; with sheep and lambs, to exercise the civic mind on speculations of capers, currant-jelly, and mint-sauce. Once upon a time, according to old *Stowe*, there was a vineyard in *Smithfield*: we trust that MR. LILWALL will not find his *Smithfield* grapes sour. We should much like to see the clerks and 'prentices of London throwing the quoit; whilst members of the Stock Exchange might, just to keep their hands in, continue to draw the long-bow. Proceed, MR. LILWALL, and may you meet with your exceeding great reward! We yet hope to see *Smithfield* enclosed, and further to behold SIR PETER LAURIE blithely assisting at the inauguration of the place of sports. SIR PETER may not be equal to the sinewy exercise of quoits; but he could not be otherwise than great at nine-pins, seeing the genius born within him for putting everything "down."

ENVY.—The Boy upon foot cannot bear to see the Boy who is riding. And so it is with Envy of a larger growth. We are always crying out "Whip behind!" in the miserable hope of seeing some hanger-on more fortunate than ourselves, knocked off his perch.—*A Philosopher in the Streets.*



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
 After the slaughter of so many peers,
 So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
 That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
 And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?"

Henry VI., Part 1, Act v., Scene 4.

ASTLEY'S REVISITED.

WE hope the hippophagi of Paris will not extend their appetites to this side of the Channel, for we should be sorry to see them casting their voracious eyes on the stud at Astley's, which has the advantage of several of the most skilful COOKS that ever employed their talents on horseflesh. We looked in the other night at the Amphitheatre, and had the satisfaction of witnessing "a New Grand Equestrian and Oriental Spectacle, written expressly to introduce MR. WILLIAM COOK's highly-trained Milk White Horse, *Reindeer*."

We have heard of dramatists writing especially to introduce some particular actor, but the idea of an author sitting down to fit a horse with a suitable part, and invent a character which shall give an opportunity for the display of the peculiar kicks and plunges of a given animal, has at least the charm of novelty. We do not know if the horse is as difficult to please as the human performer, but if a quadruped has the privilege of throwing up, or rather kicking up, his part, if it does not suit him, the writer for the equestrian stage must have a difficult, not to say a dangerous, time of it.

The author of the new piece called the *Arab of the Desert and his Faithful Steed*, seems to have taken the measure of *Reindeer* with considerable skill; for that clever and accomplished beast threw himself with great gusto into the character, and played with a degree of earnestness, relieved by a flow of animal spirits, which made a deep impression on the audience. His scenes of tenderness with his master were extremely touching, and though the fondling and caressing were rather too evidently the result of oats stuffed about the dress of the Arab, there was a heartiness and a relish in the affectionate demonstrations of *Reindeer*, which won the admiration of the audience.

When the four-footed performer brought a sword to his exhausted master, there was perhaps a little too much eagerness shown to drop the weapon, and snap the beans from the Arab's belt; but on the

whole, we must admit that *Reindeer* gave a very effective rendering of the faithful steed, whose fidelity was none the less graphic for being united with an appreciation of provender. Of course all the other characters were quite subordinate to the horse, and when the *Pasha* received what may be called a Pasha-lick on the head, nobody was sorry to find that he was not merely Pashally, but wholly done for.

There was, of course, a heroine and a brother, the latter of whom hailed with frantic delight the return of the former to what he was pleased to call his "long lost arms," and though the expression at first struck us with wonder that any man, even in an Astley's melodrama, could recover his "long lost arms," we remembered to have seen seal engravers' shops, where anybody can have his "arms found," and we remained perfectly satisfied.

The *Arab of the Desert* is altogether a splendid spectacle, and it seems to have embraced all the talents of all the family of the COOKS; who, though numerous, never appear to "spoil the broth," but every fresh COOK adds some attraction to the bill of fare which is constantly provided for the entertainment of the public.

Liberty in France.

It has been ruled in a recent trial in France, that electors are only to know such names of constituents as may be vouchsafed by the government. To give a piece of paper with a name upon it to an elector is—a penal offence. In France, Liberty must be like Justice,—blind.

A CAMBRIDGE TO THE RESCUE.—THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE—the fact is positively stated in the *Morning Post*—is about to preside at the dinner of the Literary Fund. It would be difficult to make a better selection of any man to lead a forlorn hope.

LATEST SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Prophetic Correspondent.)

Newmarket, Friday Evening.

It is now beyond doubt ascertained that *Spitfire* threw a shoe on Wednesday. I have just ascertained from IRWIN, the Stable-Boy, and who has been the winner in his day of nineteen cups and six saucers, a bit of the most important information. He assures me that *Ratcatcher* coughed and sneezed three times distinctly rather less than a month ago! This is genuine; for he was listening at the keyhole at the time and heard it himself. The affair soon got wind; and the consequence has been that the Odds have gone down as much as two-sixteenths of a Point. BARON ROTHSCHILD was at TATTERSALLS a few days since. He looked at *Polly*, but didn't say a word. LORD HENRY BENTINCK has taken a Stall for the season at Her Majesty's Theatre. The greatest excitement prevails here respecting the Two Million Match on Wednesday next, between *Flatcatcher* and *The-Devil-amongst-the-Lawyers*. After much mental exertion, I venture to prophesy as follows, staking my reputation as usual upon the result:—

<i>Flatcatcher</i>	1
<i>The-Devil-amongst-the-Lawyers</i>	2

Unless, by some extraordinary accident, the result should turn out to be:

<i>The-Devil-amongst-the-Lawyers</i>	1
<i>Flatcatcher</i>	2

However, we strongly advise our readers to back *Flatcatcher* for a heavy amount; and, if they take the precaution of doing the same by *The-Devil-amongst-the-Lawyers*, success is morally certain.

(By Electric Telegraph—This Day;) *Saturday.*

Chrononhotontologos was observed at Two o'clock this morning to wink at the groom; but it was with only the left eye fortunately.

(By Electric Telegraph—This Afternoon.)

One o'clock, P.M. The public excitement never was known to be so high! *Chrononhotontologos* has just winked with his right eye! The matter is undergoing investigation. A certain Nobleman is supposed to be implicated in the affair.

MERELY AN OPINION.—It has been remarked that GENERAL AIREY might be judiciously named for the command of a Light Division.

DRAMATIC REVELATIONS.



A VERY respectable attempt has been made at Drury Lane to introduce *Il Trovatore* in an English dress; though by the way, the dress is not English after all, for the costume is Spanish and appropriate. The principals, the band, the chorus, and the general getting up, are all first rate—for the money. Though we were greatly pleased by the performance of the opera, we derived some amusement from the playbill, and especially from the following part of it:—

“The Evening’s Entertainment will conclude with a
**GRAND BACCHANALIAN
 REVEL**

By Miss LEES, Mr. TANNER, and the CORPS DE BALLET.”

We did not remain to see the result, and we cannot imagine that any very rampant revelry could be got out of the combined jollity of Miss LEES and Mr. TANNER, though the *Corps de Ballet* may have chancunumeraries are always prepared

tributed the usual amount of boisterous mirth in which supernumeraries are always prepared to indulge at the bidding of the stage manager. An ordinary dinner party requires at least six or eight persons to achieve a reasonable amount of cheerfulness, but we cannot conceive how a Bacchanalian Revel could possibly be got up by a solitary couple, even though they be such energetic roysterers as MISS LEES and MR. TANNER.

A DECEASED DIGNITARY.

THE following paragraph will, we trust, lead to a Coroner’s inquest.

“No Court Leet of the Hundred of Whalesbone and Half-Hundred of Dean will be held this Easter for the election of a High Constable. That officer may, therefore, be definitively pronounced to be defunct.”

Of course it is quite competent to the hundred and half-hundred above mentioned to sacrifice their hundred weight—or at all events a few pounds of it—by refusing to proceed to the election of a High Constable; but why the officer should be pronounced to be “defunct,” because he is not re-elected, or another appointed in his place, is a riddle we have no solution of. We have not searched our map for the Hundred of Whalesbone, which is possibly somewhere in Wales, and we therefore cannot name the county whose Coroner we now invoke, but we trust the defunct High Constable will be properly sat upon by an intelligent jury of his countrymen.

French Automata!

THERE are some odd individuals, human and brutal, now on exhibition at the Egyptian Hall. You would swear they were all things of flesh and blood, and some of human speech: they come direct from Paris. Having seen them, we are quite willing to believe that the same mechanician who produced them is also the father of every Member of the French Senate; individuals who, like the automata in Piccadilly, do really move and speak, and who, like them, you would almost take for real men!

THE CRY OF THE WOMEN.

In the year of light 1848, the wisdom of the Egyptian government manifested itself by rebuking its women. The women had become noisy, and they were to be silenced. They, in their ignorance and effrontery—for the boldness of women, where women hide all of their faces but their eyes, is not to be thought of without a flesh-quake—they had “made lamentations,” and “lifted their voices,” and the upshot was, the paternal and affectionate Egyptian government could no longer endure the hubbub. If the women lamented, they should have still greater cause to lament: if they continued to lift their voices, they should be made to pitch them still higher and higher! “Any woman,” said the edict, “making lamentations for a dead person belonging to her, ALLAH will certainly make her tongue the length of seventy cubits:” a punishment, it might be thought, held to be no punishment whatever by the lamenting female. Further, such a woman would “be raised from the dead with a black face, blue eyes, and the locks of her hair stretched out to her feet.” Finally: “It is better for women to sit at home than to go and pray at the mosque.”

Now, at the present time, our liberal and otherwise peaceful country is much disturbed by women who make lamentations—by women who lift up their voices, even to the altitude of Parliament. They lament their wrongs, and lift up their voices for what they call their rights! What shall be done unto such women? It avails not in our land of light to threaten to visit the offenders with a longitude of tongue of seventy cubits. What then, we say, should be done unto them?

A woman marries a man; for there can be no doubt of the fact that for every man who marries a woman, no less than twenty women marry men; therefore, we say, a woman marries a man, and becomes his property. She is the bone of his bone, the flesh of his flesh; and it proves how little the heroic man often thinks of his own bone or own flesh, seeing how often he fractures the one and bruises the other in the body of his wife. Bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, she is, nevertheless, but not pocket of his pocket. Now these lamenting women lift their voices up to Parliament, and pray that a very little pocket, even the smallest of separate pouches may, under certain conditions, be permitted them.

“Our husbands beat us,” they lament; “our husbands,” lifting up their voices, they cry, “desert us; yet desert not the property they hold and do not maintain in us. Oh! ye wise men of Parliament, ye sages of St. Stephen’s, help us, and vouchsafe to us the allowance of a little pocket! We are deserted by the husbands of our bosoms; and when we labour with our fingers, or think with our heads (if it be not

too presumptuous in us to think at all), the savage and the sot whom we are chained to, carrying the link of the manacle on our third finger, returns and takes unto himself all that we have worked for, and have gained; and taking it, leaves us, we preventing it not.

“We, therefore, Oh, St. Stephens! lift up our voices, and pray that you will step between the wicked and the weak; that you will assure to the wife the wages of her toil, nor suffer them to be taken by the hand of the deserting, but awhile returning husband, the savage and the drunkard.

“Lift us from the dust, Oh, ye wise men! and, with your horse-hair, Oh, ye sages, wipe the tear-drops from our eyes!”

Now, this petition or lamentation—in which *Mr. Punch* gives willing ear to the cry of weakness and unjust suffering—has been rebuked, pooh-poohed, pished and fiddle-de-dee’d; but in these scoffings *Mr. Punch* joineth not. He cannot, for the life of him, say, with certain editorial porcupines of the male gender, “Of what avail these lamentations of lamenting women, whose cries are foolishness? Wherefore should women at any time lift up their voices; when, is it not manifest from the beginning, that women were created to sing small? And finally, if women be beaten by savages, and robbed by sots, what of it? It is better that women should be beaten and crouch in the dust—it is better they should be robbed and sit at home, than go and petition Parliament.”

A Martyr!

CURTIS jumped into a gulf: DRUMMOND, it is plain, is ready for self-sacrifice! For he informed SIR B. HALL that he, SIR B., intended to fill up a hole opposite Devonshire House, at a cost of 1400*l.* “When,” said MR. DRUMMOND, crossing his arms, and looking upward with a self-sacrificing air, “when all SIR BENJAMIN had to do was to write up—‘Rubbish may be shot here!’”

The King of Oude’s Dose.

ACCOUNTS from India state that on the 4th instant, GENERAL OUTRAM submitted to the KING OF OUDE the draught of a treaty. His Majesty doubtless found the draught rather distasteful; but the disorders of his reign will probably be cured by that physic.

THE FAVOURITE TRIP WITH PUSEYITES.

WHEN a man (says DR. C * * * * *) talks of going to Rome, it is a painful sign that his mind is beginning to wander.



DRILLING THE DRIVERS.

THE New Omnibus Company is going to work in a way which entitles it to the loudest applause. Disbanding the present exceedingly Irregular Corps of Drivers, it has organised a Driving Contingent, composed of veterans from the Crimea, who, from the decorations they have earned, may be supposed well fitted to handle the Ribbons, and who will, we hope, make their horses fly before them as fast as their enemies did. Furthermore, INSPECTOR and ADJUTANT PIERCE, also from the seat of war, has undertaken to drill the Omnibus Contingent, and under his eye all their manœuvres are already executed with a precision highly creditable.

Instead of the vulgar "Get on, BILL!" of the reviling conductor, and his not less irritating "Old 'ard, carn't yer!" the firm but mild "Forward!" and the impressive but unobtrusive "Halt!" are substituted—and all "chaff" between him and the driver is forbidden, as is sarcastic criticism upon the personal appearance or other peculiarity of a passenger. For "Full inside!" the intimation is "Loaded!" and for "All on 'em out!" the single word is "Discharged!" All is to be order, celerity, and courtesy, and it is gratifying to think that by the introduction of what is military, we shall have at last attained to what is civil.

SAYINGS OF ENGLISH SAGES.

HENRY DRUMMOND, Esq., M.P.—The English, wherever they travel, leave either a soda-water bottle, or a beer-bottle, or a physic-bottle behind them.—My experience, since I have been a man, amounts simply to this: I have learnt to take physic without sugar.—No ugly woman knows that she is ugly, until some brute of a man tells her.—Prejudices are the spiders of the mind, choosing generally the darkest corners to spin their cobwebs in.—An Irishman is indifferent what whiskey he drinks, so long as it is whiskey; or what nonsense he talks, so long that he is talking!—What a suspicious monster the man must have been, who first invented a lock; but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch-key!—Leave your grievances, as NAPOLEON did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them by that time will require answering!—France is a country of excesses; everything is overdone. Both their government and cuisine would be all the better for a few "plain cooks."—England is a land of liberty, and yet nowhere are there such tyrants known and tolerated as our cabmen, government clerks, undertakers, omnibus-conductors, domestic servants, and monthly nurses!—Lucky the door-scraper that has never tried the heavy soul of a Poor Relation!—It is doubtful which of the two talks the most scandal about men: an Englishwoman who is an old maid, or a German woman who has been divorced from her husband.—We go abroad for pleasure, but are glad to come home again for comfort.—Members make speeches, not to convince, but simply to let us see what a deal the speech-maker knows.—You may take Public Opinion to the Well of Truth, but you cannot make it drink!

INOCULATION IN CABS.

INOCULATION for smallpox is illegal; nevertheless a door is open for the evasion of the statute in that case made and provided. According to DR. LETHBY it is customary to convey variolous patients to the Fever Hospital in hack cabs; and anybody who wants to be inoculated may find a way through the cab-door. He should station himself near the Hospital gate, mark down a cab there, see that the fare lifted out of it has the smallpox, instantly step in, and get himself driven home. Only let him make sure that the previous occupant of the seat was really the subject of smallpox, and not of typhus or scarlatina, either of which two last-named diseases any person affected with it would be as likely to leave behind him in the vehicle as he would the former one; and of course his successor would as probably get the benefit of it. Those who desire to get themselves inoculated in this way had better make haste in so doing, because it is to be apprehended that the legislature will interfere, and provide for the removal of smallpox patients to public hospitals by some other means of conveyance than a carriage which somebody else may enter immediately afterwards, and contract the disease involuntarily.

A Greater and a Greater Still!

THE Worcester Chronicle tells a story of a very unseemly woman, who, taking her children with her, ran away from her husband, and embarked for America, to join the Mormons! The woman was, no doubt, something of a fool; but what shall we say for the husband who, following the fair one bound for the Salt Lake, brought her back again?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PRIL 7, Monday. THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, Post-Master-General, offered a series of excuses to show why Government had hitherto neglected, and intended for some time longer to neglect, the making any satisfactory arrangement for the transmission of letters to and from Australia. The reasons were all red-tape ones, and we leave them and the Duke to our promising Colonial child, the *Melbourne Punch*, for dissection and scarification, operations which we are happy to see he performs with hereditary skill.

LORD EGLINTON, of all people, then began to talk about the Currency, and really let off a great many figures with much fluency. It is difficult to say what put the whim of learning them into his head, but the Lords listened with good-nature, and as he did not detain them after dinner-hour, there could be no possible objection to the display.

In the Commons, MR. WILSON announced that any Birmingham or other patriots who wish to refurnish the Russian arsenals may begin to do so in a few days. SIR B. HALL promised Chelsea her new Bridge this year, and Battersea Park next summer, and then came a debate on a motion condemnatory of the billeting system in Scotland. It appears that soldiers are billeted in private houses, and that three bawbees, per night, is the remuneration. PALMERSTON promised to consider whether he could not alter the system, but the Scotchmen were not going to accept any such amiability, and were backed up by MR. DISRAELI, who has hated the words "billet" and "faggot" since LORD JOHN scornfully told him that

"He faggoted his notions as they fell
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well."

Eventually the House divided, and Government was severely beaten, 139 to 116, and the motion was carried, whereat BENJAMIN danced a victorious little waltz, and taunted the Ministers. Then the House went into Supply, and on the vote for the National Gallery, SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE caught it for his last picture purchase, the PAUL VERONESE, which is the *Adoration of the Magi* and of nobody else.

Tuesday. LORD HARDWICKE humanely suggested that at the approaching grand naval review, when the British fleet will do something more like fighting than it has achieved since the War broke out, some dangerous experiments should be tried with the new vessels, to see whether they will sink, and whether balls will go through them. LORD HARDWICKE considers that they will roll awfully, and as he is *custos Rotulorum* of Cambridgeshire, his opinion is valuable. The Farmers' Secrets Bill was passed, the DUKE OF RICHMOND graciously promising to advise the rustics to obey it. LORD CLANRICARDE, envious of LORD EGLINTON, got up a speech on Indian finances, and we share LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S satisfaction that he did so, as any exposure of the Company's rotten system is desirable.

In the Commons, Government stated that a French war-medal is to be conferred on the British Crimean army. *Mr. Punch* hopes that the design will be less ludicrous than that of our own medal, which the men in camp irreverently suppose to represent something which it certainly was not intended to represent. MR. MUNTZ moved that there should be an equitable adjustment of the Income and Property Tax, but the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER did not think that this was a good time to take up the question. Chancellors of the Exchequer have a very bigoted theory of chronology, and never allow that anybody knows what's o'clock. The "previous question" was carried—the Parliamentary, slang for shirking a decision. Two Government Bills for promoting Education in Scotland were brought in. Last year the Scotch clergy successfully resisted all attempts to increase education in their country, and though some concessions have been made to them, the LORD ADVOCATE did not seem to speak very hopefully. On nominating the Local Dues Committee, the eternal VINCENT NUMSKULLY complained that Irishmen were habitually excluded from Committees. There is no doubt that such is the case, for the simple reason, that with several admirable exceptions, the men returned by Ireland are not, as a class, up to the mark of the English and Scotch members, and there is a hesitation in confiding very important interests to their discretion. But as MR. JOHN MACGREGOR said, "Irish members, when placed in positions in which they could be of use, performed their duties remarkably well," and we do not know why the House roared. Ministers again got into a minority,

in the selection of one of this Committee. Some discussion on the alleged inefficiency of our system of auditing the public accounts finished the evening. The fate of our money is neatly described by a classic party—*Visus abii, fugit Auditus*.

Wednesday. To-day's morning sitting was devoted to the Jews, and the proceedings naturally claimed a large amount of interest for what was advanced. MR. MILNER GIBSON moved the second reading of a Bill for abolishing the Oath of Abjuration, which a Member of Parliament must take, and which a Jew cannot take. SIR F. THESIGER opposed the Bill, being afraid that if the oath is abolished we shall seat some Papist descendant of CHARLES THE SECOND on the Throne; though why we should do that, while we have that excellent King's Protestant descendants among us, in the persons of SIR FREDERIC'S friends, the DUKE OF RICHMOND, the DUKE OF SAINT ALBANS, and others, one does not see. Also he thought the Jews were aliens. This is a word that seems to mystify some people. LORD LYNTHURST has a clear head, yet he said the Irish were aliens. Perhaps it is used as a mere term of contempt, as one calls a man a goose, or a MALMESBURY. Unless impertinence, it is sheer nonsense—an alien is one who owes allegiance to another Sovereign than our own—to whom does SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE owe allegiance except to the Royal Lady who made him a Baronet of the United Kingdom, and THESIGER only a Knight? There was the ordinary exchange of arguments by the usual combatants on the question, but MR. DISRAELI'S speech was noticeable—he was for admitting the Jews, not for the logical reasons which satisfy a thinker, but for a sentimental reason—gratitude for their having been the means whereby we became Christians, and he means to propose a new oath, of his own invention. He voted right, however, as did LORD STANLEY. MR. NEWDEGATE said he could not understand his chief, MR. DISRAELI, which the latter must have taken as a compliment. The second reading was carried in a House of 425 by a majority of 35.

Thursday. The Lords discussed the subject of the proposed Roads through the Park, and several of them assigned reasons why the column that lifts the DUKE OF YORK out of the reach of his creditors should not be removed. The tributes to the Duke's memory may be pardoned in his friends, but poor LORD ABERDEEN'S plea for the pillar, namely, that it is just as big as Trajan's Column, reminds one of the dramatist who bespoke managerial favour for his play, because it contained exactly as many lines as *Othello*. SIR BENJAMIN has been personally measuring the localities, and thinks that the column may stand. LORD MALMESBURY, who affects to be shocked at all the personalities of the Press, made a very vulgar allusion to the personal appearance of a gentleman who writes in the *Times*, and sneered at the children of "small tradesmen and persons of that class swarming, like ants, on the Horse Guards' Parade." One does not remonstrate with a MALMESBURY, and we do not believe that there was another Lord in the Chamber who did not think it matter of satisfaction that children with squalid homes can be sent to breathe the fresh air of the parks. All we hope is, that the Park will be kept as a Park, and that all conveyances, except those containing passengers, will be rigidly excluded from the People's Garden. The only excuse for tolerating the dangerous Railway Van and its ruffianly Jehu in our streets, is that goods have to be deposited at certain shops. There are no shops in the Parks, and *Punch* trusts that this nuisance, and all similar ones, will be kept out—there was some foolish wavering in the Committee on this subject.

The House of Commons was occupied during this night and the next with discussing LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S Education resolutions. They were opposed, of course, by representatives of the Church, of Dissent, and of the Manchester school. The first think that their religion only should be taught by the State; the second that their religion only should be taught, but not by the State; and the third, that no religion should be taught at all. It is needless to say, that Government has no practical views on the subject; but like all half-hearted people, contrived to get the worst in the fray. The debility of most of the arguments defies analysis; but LORD JOHN fought spiritedly for his plan, and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON spoke out like a statesman who comprehended the subject. SIR JAMES GRAHAM, rattling for the sixth time, recanted his old views on education; and is manifestly touting for alliance with the Manchester people, in case they should attain office.

MR. SAMUEL WARREN'S maiden speech was in good taste, and contained truths. MR. EDWARD BALL opposed the education of Agricultural children, because they were wanted "to weed and pick up stones:"—we wonder, should a wicked peasant lad, in an ignorant rage, fire a barn of MR. BALL'S, whether the latter will recommend him to mercy, on account of his lack of a withheld education, which might have taught him better things. MR. GLADSTONE opposed the plan, as hostile to religion. MR. DRUMMOND considered that the State had no right to educate; but that it might deal with criminals, "sending those who had offended least, out of the kingdom, and those who had offended most, out of the world." SIR GEORGE GREY, for Government, supported the plan "to a certain extent," and yet "would not undertake to legislate upon its basis," and, MR. DISRAELI having come in, as he usually does, at the end of a debate, with a sort of snappishness (like that of a small attorney when the counsel have sat down), the division took place, and a Coalition of Opposition, of the Secretaries, and of the Manchester men, rejected the plan by 260 to 158, majority 102 against Education. For the third time this week the Ministers were on the beaten side.

A Divorce Bill was introduced, but not explained, in the Lords, and the poor old BISHOP OF BANGOR was allowed to make some observations, luckily "totally inaudible," upon the Church Discipline Bill, the title of which naturally alarmed him. The trade of Bangor is chit-fly slates, which may account for its Bishop's slating propensities—at least we know no better excuse for the ire of his celestial bosom.

ALL IS NOT BRIGHT IN FLUNKEYDOM.



time, a few of their Johnnys iced before they are allowed to come

HE rich are occasionally punished for their egregious folly in dressing up their servants in such hideous gaudy liveries. For instance, who would like, now that the hot weather is coming, to have his eyes scorched out by the blazing colours of his Johnny's flaming uniform. Such a fiery apparition, whirling round one at dinner, with the sun bringing out in dazzling brilliancy the full warmth of the most blinding plush and broadcloth, must be almost more than a poor mortal's vision could contemplate.

Jupiter, as he appeared to Semele, we should say, was a cool cucumber compared to it! We wonder that the rich do not have, in summer-

A SCHOOL FOR SPECULATORS.

THE Schoolmaster must be in a precious hurry to be abroad, or at all events, he must have been extremely anxious to be "not at home," when he inserted the following advertisement:—

SCHOLASTIC TRANSFER.—For immediate DISPOSAL a respectable DAY SCHOOL for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, nett profits, £250 per annum. To effect an immediate transfer, the low sum of £100 will be accepted, which is considerably below its value. Satisfactory reasons for leaving will be given. This will bear the strictest investigation, and is an opportunity seldom to be met with. Rent low, house convenient, school-room detached. Apply, with real name and address, &c. &c.

This "scholastic transfer," as it is mildly termed, looks like a rather precipitate retreat from the cares and responsibilities of the life of a pedagogue. We were not aware that a number of pupils could be handed over like a parcel of sheep, and we always thought that education was a matter of choice, in which the qualities of the tutor have to be considered. Even at Oxford it is bad enough to be assigned to one who, though he may be A. 1 on *Lloyd's List*—that is to say, in his own conceit—is most objectionable to the student on whom he is imposed, but it is hardly to be expected that the pupils of a day-school will permit themselves to be sold for one hundred pounds without their consent, to anybody who is desirous of getting 250 per cent. for his money out of them. It is quite a new doctrine, that schoolboys are fixtures like the grates, or "that they run with the land,"—a condition they can easily defeat by walking out of the playground.

The Charivari takes Orders!

THE papers tell us that the *Charivari* has received orders "to cease to publish caricatures of Russia."

Upon this *Punch* begs leave to suggest to his Parisian brother the following subject in illustration of the command.

SCENE.—*Jardin des Plantes. Charivari trimming his pencil. Sergeant de police interposing.*—"Monsieur, you are forbidden by his Imperial Majesty to tease the bear."

EPISCOPAL.—Our readers, we are certain, will be very happy to hear that the health of the BISHOP OF LONDON is so much improved as to enable him to support a visit from the BISHOP OF BANGOR.

ROYALTY "KEEPING COMPANY."

JOHN BULL will shortly be expected to play the part of the benevolent old father in a comedy; who joins the hands of the young couple, and accompanies his blessing with a liberal, not to say an extravagant, dowry. We shall soon be under the necessity of saying to the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, "Take her, you young dog—be happy;" and the young dog will, no doubt, be as happy as an amiable—though rather infantine—wife can possibly make him. We do not wish to be stingy in the matter of dowry; but, we really think the best way of settling the rather delicate question of the amount, would be to say to Prussia,—"We will double whatever sum you are willing to give your son, to settle on our daughter." Not knowing what may happen in Prussia, we think that everything we give should be settled on the young lady, for her own separate use; and we should like some arrangement to be made with some respectable insurance office in England, for insuring the Prussian Monarchy.

A set of questions could easily be framed for the occasion; and we would suggest, that the ordinary inquiries as to small-pox and other maladies might be replaced, by asking whether there had been any symptoms of "democratic fever," "republican rash," "popular eruption," or "revolutionary outbreak." With proper precaution, these symptoms are easily to be avoided, and there may be no danger to apprehend; but, nevertheless, we should be glad for the sake of a Royal daughter of England, that a perfect assurance could be effected for the Prussian Monarchy.

EBENEZER AND EDUCATION.

It appears that the great obstacle to general education is the liberty of the subject, which is supposed to be inconsistent with any law compelling parents to send their children to school. This difficulty is insuperable, if every Englishman is to be permitted to do what he likes with his own, including under that head his own children. But then, he ought to be allowed to starve his offspring if he thinks fit, for it is quite as reasonable that he should deny them material food as that he should withhold from them mental nourishment. Moreover, by famishing their bodies, he puts an end to them, whereas, in merely starving their minds, he causes them to grow up thieves and ruffians, and rears nuisances to Society. EBENEZER, therefore, when he opposes national education under the pretence of a zeal for liberty, should also advocate the right of parents to dispose of their children in whatever manner they please. This would deprive JACK KETCH of some work—of all the employment which he gets by infanticide; and would in some degree diminish the force of the argument for general education, derived from the fact that the want of it fills our prisons.

If EBENEZER would take this line, he would make a show, at least, of consistency, and might succeed in disguising the contemptible sectarian spirit whereby it is manifest that, in opposing every scheme for the education of the people, the cavilling little-minded bigot is really actuated.

THE RISING GENERATION.—Young Italy.

A SIMONIDES IN LONDON.

WELL-INFORMED readers very likely require to be apprised that a gentleman of the name of SIMONIDES has been going about England and elsewhere, vending to College Librarians, Curators of Museums, and the like, most remarkable ancient manuscripts and other documents, of great interest and beauty. The only deduction from the value of these articles is, that they turn out to have been the production of M. SIMONIDES himself, a peculiarity which would seem to have been detected, in this country, by a keen-sighted Oxford Librarian. M. SIMONIDES appears, by the last advices, to have been misunderstood on the Continent, and to have been arrested and tried in Prussia for "literary forgeries." These facts, and the general suspicion which everybody now-a-days entertains about everything, induce *Mr. Punch* to publish, with more misgivings than he would otherwise have felt, the following singular document, which he has purchased at an entirely fabulous price, and which was proffered to him as a hitherto unpublished number of MR. ADDISON'S *Spectator*. He puts it forth dubiously—perhaps M. SIMONIDES has been at work here—but he must say that if so, the imitation of ADDISON is so admirable, the general *vraisemblance* so remarkable, and the whole affair so ingenious, that for his own part he would rather have it, than a veritable number of the work. However—*caveat emptor*—after he has paid his threepence.

THE SPECTATOR.

No 187.

Tuesday, April 1, 1856.

— *Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera
Gatulifve leo, frangere persequor.*—Hor.

— *Each bird and beast behold,
Approaching, two and two.*—Paradise Lost.

THERE are few Things more tending to the Instruction of a Cultured Mind, than a Comparison of the Works of Nature with the Types and Emblems thereof formed in the Imagination from Reading and Pictures. By this Method inadequate Conceptions are expanded, Errors are Corrected, and a Thousand ingenious Beauties, beyond the Writer's and Limner's Art, are discovered by the Observer. My Friend Sir ROGER, being in Town on Law Business, waited upon me with the *Templar*, this Morning, and said he had a Mind, my Leisure serving, to pay a Visit to the Lions in the Tower. *Will Honeycomb*, who was with me, burst into his Jaunty Laugh, and ask'd the *Knight* where he had been Buried, not to know that the Beasts had been Banish'd that Stronghold in the time of his late Majesty. Rallying him further, *Will* demanded whether Sir ROGER believed, like my Friend the *Tory Fox-Hunter*, that the Royal Beasts were a kind of Weather-glass, as it were, of the State of the Royal Health, and sickened when a King or Prince (of the Right Line) were indispos'd. The worthy *Knight* bore the Railery well, and I said that his Mind should not be Baulk'd; for, if he pleased, I would carry him, and the Company, to the Spot whither the Lions from the Tower had been Conveyed, and where their Descendants flourish'd; which, being readily agreed upon, we drove in two *Hansoms* to the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park. The *Knight* insisted on paying both Fares; and I fancied, from the Smiles of each *Jehu*, forgot not his old Generosity.

Entering, I bade Sir ROGER observe the Noble Area before him, laid out with so Happy a Design, and Variegated with Wood and Water in a charming Manner. The Graces of the Spring had not yet deck'd the Boughs; but Nature is Beautiful in every Season; and methought, those Delightful Gardens, in the Simplicity of their Winter Garb, possessed an Attraction not unequal to that of Summer. The Ground was hard, and sparkled in the Sun, the Trees looked healthful, and the fresh Breezes were invigorating. The *Knight* was enchanted, and smiled kindly upon *Will Honeycomb*, who asked him if there were better Air in his own County. The *Templar* justly remarked that there was Time and Place for Everything.

We then traversed the Gardens, Sir ROGER stopping at each Point of Interest, and remarking thereupon. At the Bear's Den he expressed some desire to see the Dam lick her Cubs into Shape, but was told that was an Error. He said, then a Byword was Spoil'd, and that henceforth none should call another Unlick'd Cub. At the Pelican Lawn he demanded whether the Mother Bird really tore her

Breast to feed her Young, and he was answered that it was a Fable. Finally, coming to the Elephant, now mourning the Demise of its Relation, who died of *Hysterica Passio* in a Thunder-Storm, he said it was the Emblem of an Irreligious Man, for that it had no Knees. But the Keeper coming in, speedily show'd him this also was a Fiction; for the Gentle Beast, at command, knelt down presently before the *Knight*, and so took Cakes from his Hand.

The Lions greatly delighted our Friend; and he enlarged with some Emphasis upon their Happy and Healthy Condition, breathing wholesome Air, instead of being mew'd in a close Chamber. At the Dog, which lives with one of the Royal Beasts, he shook his Head, and said A Perilous Honour; whereat the *Templar* made a just citation from *Shakspeare*, concerning the Danger of him who is the Companion of a King.

— *Oh! how wretched
Is that poor Man that hangs on Princes' Favours.* —

Will Honeycomb added that *Will Shakspeare* was a *Stunner*. The Reptiles did not seem much to the *Knight's* Taste; and he was in some haste to leave the House; but not until he had applauded the observant way in which *Milton* describes the Serpent:—

— *Him fast sleeping soon he found
In Labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,
His Head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles.* —

We afterwards came to the Otter, at whom, as the wanton Slayer of good Fishes, the *Knight* discharged a good-natured Execration; but added that the Beast, though no Beast, as *Falstaff* says, and neither Fish, Flesh, nor good Red-herring, had a right to live as well as the Best of us. *Will Honeycomb* said, that when a young Man, he had played *Tom Otter* in *Bartholomew Fair*, by *Ben Jonson*, but utterly refused to tell us in what Year.

As we approached the Exit, we met the ingenious *Mr. Dav. Mitchell*, of whom Sir ROGER desired knowledge; and, being presented to that Gentleman, thanked him cordially for a Rational and Happy Morning; and, hearing *Mr. Mitchell's* Assiduity and Perseverance had mainly rendered those Gardens thus complete and instructive, the *Knight* declared that the *Metropolis* was his Debtor; and that it was a National Duty to support and maintain so noble an Institution. The *Templar* added, *Quæ mille parit dives natura colores*, and so we returned to Dine. C.



SCENE IN A MODERN STUDIO.

JACK ARMSTRONG HAS PAINTED A MODERN SUBJECT, FROM REAL LIFE, AND PAINTED IT UNCOMMONLY WELL.—STRANGE TO SAY, HE HAS SOLD HIS PICTURE.

MESSRS. FEEBLE AND POTTER (*very high-art men, who can't get on without mediæval costume, and all the rest of it*) THINK IT A MISTAKE.—CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, *THEIR* PICTURES ARE UNSOLD.

AN EXAMPLE TO YOUNG LADIES.

My face is round and fat, my nose snub, my hair sandy,
I am corpulent and clumsy, my short legs are bandy,
And my hands and feet are broad, my expression is stupid;
So except in being plump, I'm by no means a Cupid.

Yet like a goose I hoped Her affection to waken,
That She'd love me for my mind—oh, how I was mistaken!
There came a handsome Swell—your derision don't smother—
She became another's bride, and the Swell was that other.

In his figure, in his style, at every point, in each feature,
He was opposite to me, poor absurd-looking creature;
Then he dressed so very well—at the same time so neatly,
And of course he cut me out—by his tailor—completely.

I was spooney in those days, I was soft, green, and sappy,
And I cried, Oh don't I wish she may ever be happy!
They say that of her choice she has sorely repented.
She may now with some one else wish that she'd been contented.

I'm told the handsome Swell whose attractions had caught her,
Very soon ran through the money for which he had sought her;
At her side he's never seen; but is constant at races,
Is found in billiard-rooms and all those sort of places.

In music they declare that she lessons is giving,
Because he has reduced her to work for her living,
And he pockets all she earns, which he squanders in folly,
So I shouldn't think he makes her what one may call jolly.

All that's hers is his by law; and to change that condition
I hope the House won't listen to any petition;
If girls will marry Swells, honest plain young men scorning,
When they are taken in, let their fate prove a warning.

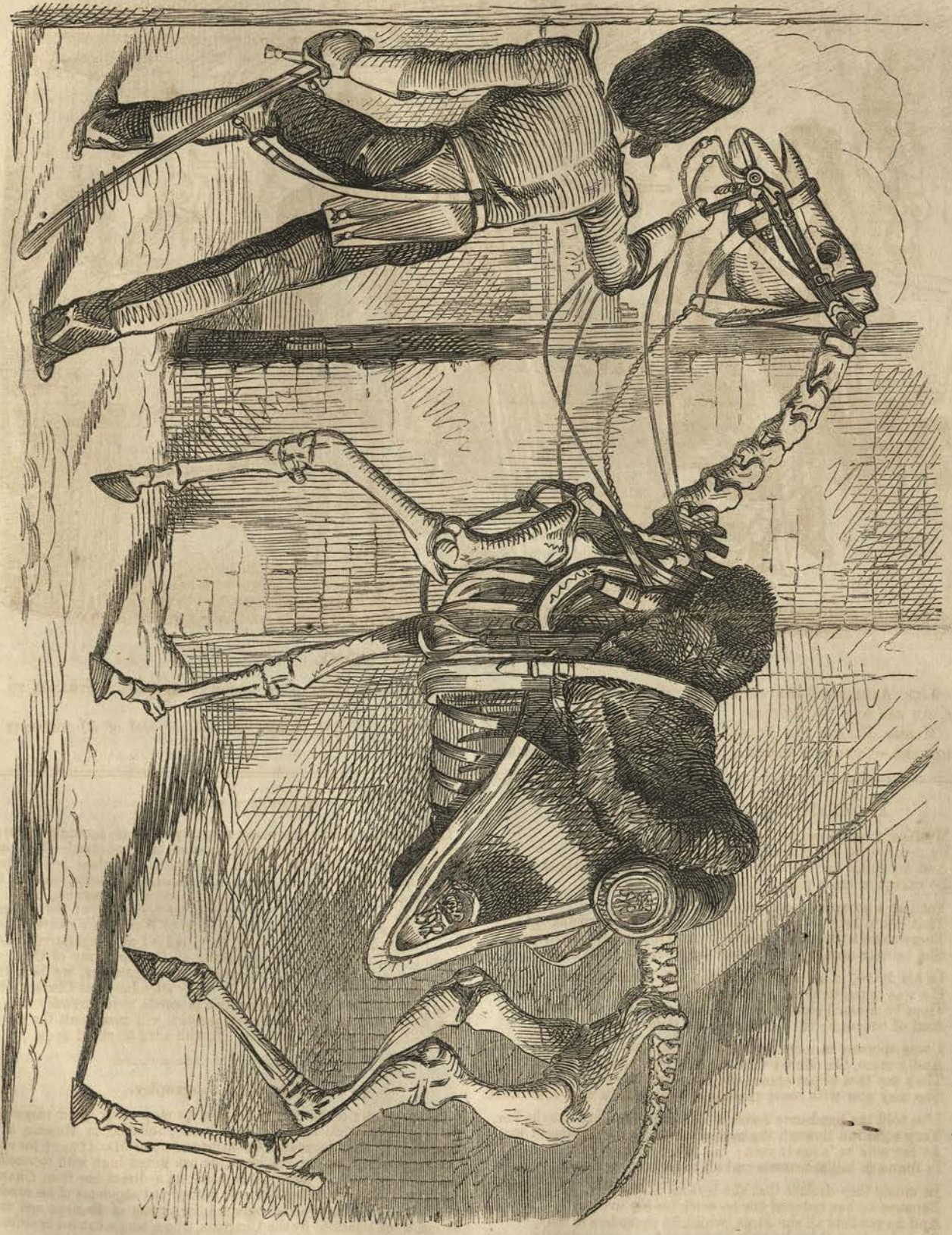
MILITARY MEMBERS.

THE QUEEN, among her many womanly ways of showing her sympathy for the sufferers crippled by Russian ball and steel—(*they must be especially grateful that Russia is in no way humbled!*)—has given orders for sundry legs and arms, and spinal instruments, made by the cunning of MR. HEATHER BIGG, the anatomical mechanic, who, it is averred by capable authorities, would at the beginning of the struggle have made a much more efficient Minister of War than we were blessed with; made him arms, legs, head, body, and all at comparatively insignificant cost, and warranted to perform all the functions of the place with all the unerring fidelity of mathematics. However, we hear that Mr. BIGG has been summoned for daily attendance at Chelsea Hospital; for, as the military examination proceeds, it is shrewdly thought that more than one officer under question will now want the mechanic's best assistance, not being left with a leg to stand upon.

A Russian Biography.

A BIOGRAPHY OF LOUIS NAPOLEON, printed with great elegance, a veritable *édition de luxe*, has just been published in Russian at St. Petersburg. The biographer has improved upon MACAULAY; for where he might have laid in the black, he has tinted high with rose-colour. LOUIS NAPOLEON is made to descend in a direct line from CHARLEMAGNE; and among other hitherto unreported accidents of his eventful life, he is said to have stood between the throne of England and revolution, when attacked by the Chartists, whom single-handed he defeated on the historic 10th of April.

WHAT JOHN BULL FELT OF THE TREATY OF PEACE.—Humph!
More ratification than gratification!



THE WITNESS THAT OUGHT TO BE EXAMINED.



HONOURS NOT HONORARY.



THE Newspapers inform us that SIR R. MACLURE has been reimbursed the fees amounting to £104 2s. for making him a Knight, and that the fees for making the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH a Knight of the Garter are to be paid out of the public funds, "which will suffer to the tune of £479 13s. 4d. by the transaction." We have not heard the circumstances under which Sir R. MACLURE has had his "money returned;" and we are therefore at a loss to know, whether he took his Knighthood upon trial, and whether he gave it back on finding it not worth the sum he had

paid for it. We have heard of nuts being offered for sale, with permission to "crack and try before you buy," but we do not remember a Knighthood to have been obtainable on the same convenient conditions. If a nut on being cracked, turns out to be hollow, there is nothing to pay; but we were not aware that the hollowness of a Knighthood would enable the recipient to get back the cost of the unsatisfactory article.

We do not exactly see why SIR R. MACLURE, unless he has returned his Knighthood, should be more favourably dealt with than the British public, who, if a precedent has been made, have a right to ask for the return of the fees paid for knighting LOUIS NAPOLEON. If the recipients of these fees will make an offer, by way of compromise, we think we can undertake, on behalf of the British public, that the odd fourpence may be retained, if the £479 13s. are handed over within a reasonable period.

PALMER AND PILGRIM.

THE Popish public, in countries where the public is Popish, is wont to make pilgrimages to certain remarkable places—to places remarkable for having been the residence or the haunt of this or that Saint. They do not, however, usually pay a Saint these honours before his canonization, and that we believe seldom takes place until a century or two after his death; when his sanctity is decreed on the strength, mainly, of the miracles which he performed, and which are strictly authenticated. A portion, at least, of the British public is rather more ardent and eager than the Popish in making its pilgrimages—which, moreover, are of a peculiar sort. One of them is thus described by the *Birmingham Mercury*—

"PALMER'S HOUSE AT RUGELEY.—During Easter week a vast number of persons visited Rugeley from all parts of the country, to inspect the house of WM. PALMER."

Our Birmingham contemporary adds—with an evident appreciation of the feeling manifested by these pilgrims,

"We are informed on credible authority, that the late residence of PALMER is about to be opened as an inn, with the sign of the Strychnine Arms."

Our British pilgrims are, however, a little premature in ascribing to this locality the sanctity of strychnine. This has not yet been rendered *de fide* by the infallibility of twelve men in a box. Cannot such devotees find sufficiently numerous scenes of unquestionable murder, whereof the perpetrator has been actually tried, convicted, and hanged, by visiting which unhallowed spots they might indulge their enthusiasm?

A HEARTLESS HOAX.

SEVERAL roads of Oxford-street were last week thrown into a most painful degree of excitement by a rumour that MR. CHARLES KEAN had signed an engagement for the Antipodes, and was about to take ship for Melbourne! FIELD, the well-known officer, has been employed to discover the author of this heartless hoax, and we are sure that we only speak the sense of the whole breadth and length of the country (to say nothing of its depth) when we express the liveliest wish that the culprit may be brought to condign punishment. We believe we have sufficient authority to add, that when the rumour was at its loudest, and the excitement at its highest, HER MAJESTY did not send through COLONEL PHIPPS to know the truth or falsehood of the story.

[FURTHER PARTICULARS.]

Since the above was written, we have been given to understand that the rumour of MR. KEAN'S contemplated voyage to Australia arose from the fact that MR. HICKS had signed and sealed for that region. Oxford-street has subsided into its usual tranquillity.

THAT'S THE WAY THE LINEN GOES.

PEOPLE are often puzzled at the remarkable reduction in their stock of linen, and it is generally a subject of surprise that sheets and shirts, table-cloths and towels, make what may be called their "mysterious disappearance" from houses which seem to be haunted by some dishonest spirits whom it is impossible either to lay or to lay hold of. Perhaps some light may be thrown on the subject by the following Circular, a printed copy of which was found, addressed to the nurse in the letter-box of a house in Belgravia. It proves that there are "marine store dealers" to suit servants of every class, and that there are purchasers for the pilferings from the nursery, as well as from the pickings and stealings known by the convertible terms of perquisites and kitchen-stuff.

MRS. C.—,

Purchaser of Wardrobes.

Mrs. C. begs to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that she continues to purchase Ladies' and Children's Left-off Wearing Apparel of every description, including Household Linen, Silks, Satins, Velvets, Lace, Brocades, &c., for which the very best price will be given.

Stamped Letters will meet with prompt Attention.

Mrs. C. is, no doubt, perfectly aware that "the Nobility," or even "the Gentry" are not likely to present themselves at her receiving house with bundles of left-off clothes, and she therefore directs her Circular to "the Nurse," who is thus invited to appropriate what does not belong to her. The introduction of the word "left off" is probably intended to quiet the conscience of those over-scrupulous servants who may feel some slight compunction, and perhaps a wholesome terror of the law, when contemplating the sale of the property of their employers. With such an invitation before them, Nurses are easily induced to look upon clothing as "left off" at any moment when it does not happen to have been "put on," and as a small portion only of a wardrobe can be worn at once, the larger the stock, the greater the facility for dipping into it. "Left-off" is very liberally construed by nurses, who wish to respond to such Circulars as those of Mrs. C.; and a dress, which was here to-day, may be gone to-morrow, if the owner does not keep it in constant wear, to prevent its falling under the head of "left-off" clothing.

Another instance of the largeness of the terms used by Mrs. C. and her tribe, may be found in the fact that she speaks of "wearing apparel" as including household linen, &c., &c., so that table-cloths, sheets, pillow-cases, or anything else, may be carried away and sold as "left-off clothing" when the family do not happen to be playing at ghosts (a game not popular with the nobility and gentry), by walking about the house in the bed-clothes, or the breakfast and dinner linen. It is not much to be wondered at that robberies by servants are frequent, when such facilities exist for disposing of stolen property, and when pains are taken by sending round Circulars to intimate to nurses and others where they may sell whatever they can lay their hands upon. If the marine-store dealers are denounced as pests to society, for affording facilities for the sale of all kinds of trumpery articles that are the subject of petty offences; how much greater pests are they who demoralise those who are confidentially employed in our homes, and who are tempted to rob us every hour of the day in proportion to the trust we repose in them. We can take our precautions against the thief out-of-doors, but it is difficult to guard against a knave who is one of the family. Such are the thieves manufactured by Circulars like that we have copied into our pages this day, for the purpose of opening the eyes of many masters and mistresses who find a diminution in the contents of their wardrobe, and who may by a little vigilance find out that "that's the way the linen goes."

Killing Two Birds with One Stone.

THE Bill of Abjuration—that bulwark of the nation, (Into whose guardian dyke of oaths JOHN BRIGHT, affirming Quaker, bites) Must be kept up for exclusion of Judaical intrusion, Though built at first for shutting out not Israel- (but Jacob-) ites.

FURTHER DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

We mention it only as a curious proof how the Drama is gradually declining, that MR. BUCKSTONE began his Haymarket season by asking the Public to *Lend me Five Shillings*, and now he has got down to *Only a Halfpenny*.



WHAT IS IT?

First Boy (*log.*). "I TELL YER ITS 'ED'S HERE!—I SEEN IT MOVE!"

Second Do. "I SAY IT'S AT THIS END, YER STOOPID!—I CAN SEE 'IS EARS!"

LAMBETH AT HAMPTON COURT?

THE mellifluous MR. W. WILLIAMS, eloquent Member for Lambeth, has attempted chivalrous service in aid of certain ladies, the stricken widows of Crimean heroes, to whom has been awarded the asylum of Hampton Court. Now, MR. WILLIAMS, with all the fervour of a Paladin—(we much doubt if any of the gentlemen of the houses of SWAN AND EDGAR, SEWELL AND CROSS, ever leapt a counter with nimbler haste)—reproached HER MAJESTY for placing these sorrowing, lonely gentlewomen where they were "exposed to the insults of the poor but haughty members of the aristocracy;" MR. W. WILLIAMS knowing, from personal experience of ladies of high life, but decayed fortunes, that their best alleviation of their own discomfort is to make faces and to curl noses at all other gentlewomen, no matter how consecrated by their sorrows, who have no connection with the peerage. The instinctive delicacy of MR. W. WILLIAMS immediately arrived at this truth, so pitiful to human nature, and in its discovery so very honourable to MR. W. WILLIAMS.

We understand that it is the intention of the high-born ladies of Hampton Court to invite MR. W. WILLIAMS down to their retreat to a small and select tea-party. Hot water will be in full supply for him; and the pressing hospitality of a blanket has been whispered. However scurvy the fare, MR. W. WILLIAMS may, at least, be attended with this consolation; he can eat nothing dirtier than his own words. There is another cowardly way of blackening women besides beating them.

Samuel's Virgin Speech.

MIDHURST, in the strength of its admiration and the depth of its purity, resolved to "try WARREN" as its Member. Well, MR. WARREN has spoken so wisely and so well upon the Education Hubbub, that we doubt not the House of Commons will be glad to try WARREN again and again. We always knew he had a good deal of "stuff" in him; but truly his maiden speech was a far different article than we had expected. There are times when *Punch* cannot be better pleased than when disappointed. With the gabble spluttered upon the Education Measure, we shall be happy to hear MR. WARREN even oftener than *Now and Then*.

SCARLET AND BLUE, OR THE DISGUSTED OFFICER.

THE bells are ringing throughout the land,
The cannon are booming on either hand,
The bonfires are blazing on every height,
And the cities are bathed in the gay gas-light.
The fiery serpent whizzes by,
And many a rocket climbs the sky,
The trumpet and drum in triumph sound,
And whose is the heart that doth not bound?
The people are shouting for Peace restored,
Whilst Britain sheathes her conquering sword.

The boys rejoice, and well they may,
For in every school 'tis holiday,
The child that toddles on the floor
Is glad to be told that the War is o'er,
And his sire's knee merrily mounts to ride,
With his little tin sabre by his side,
Whithersoever I turn, I see
Faces that sparkle joyously,
And eyes that are beaming with tender light
For the heroes that soon shall return from the fight,
To fill, at the board—in the festive throng—
The places that vacant have been so long.

But who is he, in savage mood,
And sternly musing attitude,
That, against yon mansion's iron-grate,
Inclineth his stalwart figure's weight?
His arms upon his breast are crossed;
In gloomy meditation lost,
His angry brows he closely knits,
And grinds his fast-set teeth by fits;
Dark is the gaze of his eye severe,
And his lip is curled with a scornful sneer.
If aright I read that visage grim,
Small joy are the tidings of Peace to him!

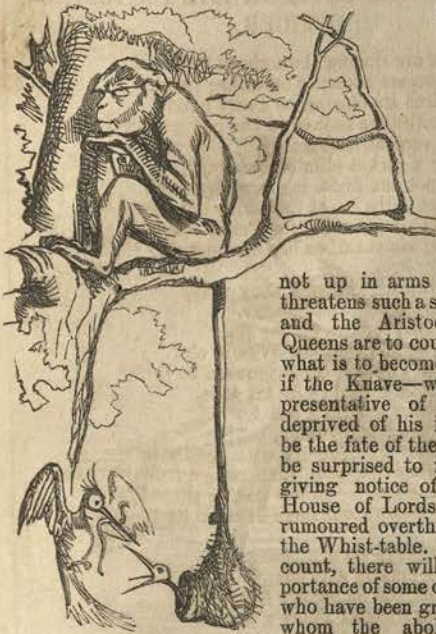
He is thinking on some who are far away,
Where fain he would that they still might stay,
'Tis evil news for him to hear
Of the speedy return of the Grenadier,
For the thought of a rival he cannot brook,
Who will cut him out with every Cook,
For he knoweth that, on the Scarlet Coat,
The servant-maids so madly dote,
That when it comes back they 'll prove untrue,
Each girl of them all, to the Coat of Blue.
And blue is the coat of broadcloth fair,
And the uniform, that himself doth wear,
A blue and white striped band of list
He also weareth about his wrist;
And figures of white on his collar are set,
And a letter of the alphabet;
And he thinketh that the view of Peace
Is a bad look-out for the Police.

DAILY BREAD OF PARIS.

THE paternal Government of LOUIS NAPOLEON has made itself known in the bake-house. Hitherto there have been four sorts of bread for four orders of stomach and pocket; four sorts of flours, bolted and unbolted. Henceforth, however, there is to be only one sort of bread. The like roll that enters even into the pap of the Imperial Child of France shall give nourishment to ACHILLE, HERCULE, and ALEXANDRE, the children of JEAN BONHOMME, *ouvrier*. We have here, at least, in the vital article of bread, Fraternity and Equality. Who knows? As LOUIS NAPOLEON does nothing that does not bear a political significance, Fraternity and Equality having been thoroughly digested in the common matter of common wheat, who knows if Liberty may not in this instance follow? How beautiful is the Government that, making all disaffection—as boys cry at leapfrog—"tuck in its twopenny," converts the paternal sceptre into the staff of life!

A YAWN BY A READER.—A Scotch paper states that the Booksellers have "entertained" MR. ADAM BLACK, M.P. It is a long time since they have entertained anybody else.

REPUBLICANISM ON THE CARDS.



CORRESPONDENT of one of the daily papers, writing in reference to a suggested revision of the laws of Whist, proposes to do away altogether with the scoring of honours. We wonder that all the old women of England, who are generally nervous about the "Altar and the Throne," are not up in arms against a project that threatens such a serious blow to the Court and the Aristocracy. If Kings and Queens are to count for nothing at Whist, what is to become of the Monarchy? and if the Knave—who is the accepted representative of the Court—should be deprived of his influence, what may not be the fate of the nobility? We shall not be surprised to find some worthy Peer giving notice of a "question" in the House of Lords on the subject of the rumoured overthrow of the Monarchy of the Whist-table. If honours are not to count, there will be an end to the importance of some of those titled individuals who have been great cards at Court, but whom the abolition of Court Cards would reduce to utter insignificance.

NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.

MRS. REBECCA JACOBS, of Portsea, to MRS. RACHEL MOSES, of Houndsditch.

"MY DEAR RACHEL,—In course we shall be glad to see you, as you'll come. What's *ourn* is *yourn*. But lor, my dear! Portsea as it is, isn't fit to hold a candle to Portsea as it *was*. There was a time, as grandfather says, in the last war—he wasn't no bigger than my SHADRACH, and begun life with nothin but a copper-gilt watch, which he sold one pay-day aboard the *Bellyruffin* (grandfather says they don't make ships of that sort now), and what he got was like blessed manner to him; everything went up so in the world with him after that—as I was sayin', there was a time when Portsea was to the *people* the next place arter the Holy Land; a place flowin' with rolling sailors full of prize-money, and a fiddle in every Tap. But Portsea, as grandfather says, folded her hands and went to sleep at the peace; and all the noise talk about the war has never rightly wakened her sense. Like the sluggard in SOLOMON, she's overgrowd with weeds, and sewed up with nettels.

"Howsomever, dear RACHEL, as you write, that you'd like to come and see the review, wich, if they don't change their mines agin, will be on the twenty-third of their April,—we'll find a welcome for you ear, tho' the war has well-nigh, if we hadn't put by summit, well-nigh starved us out. A war! Why it's been all along vickedness to call it a war! It wexes grandfather to hear it talked about; and that brings on his terribl assma, which he first counteracted fifty years ago, when he was shamefully tarred and fethered by a ship's cru which he despised, as afore that he'd got half their vills and powrs, but, swallowing many of the fethers which never come away, lade the foundation of that assma wich always comes on when his feelins is aggerawated.

"But only think of a war, with never a penny of prize-money! When the last war broke out why all Portsea was full of life, says grandfather, as a sea-bisket's full of weevens. And now having made a shindy, says grandfather, with sending out a fleet to do everything, we're to have a review and a sham-fight, and to make a greater shindy, all acause we've done nothin'! But all this, says grandfather, comes of steam. The slop-trade has never been what it was since steam come in; and the British sailor, never a good customer to the *people* since pressing went out. When NELSON horled up his flag, says grandfather, there wasn't a slop-seller or a bumboat man or 'oman as didn't roll in gold! There was no getting away from the money; it would so run arter you. Every-day was a pay-day; and in one week, grandfather has bought and sold the same watch twenty times, because sailors then *was* sailors; but, as he says, sense sailors have been steamd like tatars, their blew jackets have never been the same.

"In grandfather's days, my dear, what creturs the sailors was for the blessed state of matrimony! You couldn't keep 'em out of it. Many of 'em never come ashore but they went to church. There was a

roarin trade then in weddin-rings! Grandfather says, in one day, he's counted twenty coaches full of brides and bridegrooms—with bridesmaids on the roof—all agoing to be for better or worse, with a dinner and hornpipes at the King's Arms arterwards. That was somethin' like war,—but I'm a sinner, RACHEL, if I've seed anything like it all through this Rooshin bisness. Then, as for pay-days, if a man, as grandfather says, was now and then ducked—he never of himself 'ludes to his assma,—well, he was no true slopseller as couldn't put his hands in his pocket and forgive his enemies. But pay-day now is duller than a burying. Sense pressin's gone out there's been no weddins, and when the sailors come on shore, why there as serous as undertakers. And why? you will ask, REBECCA. Why, acause now they gets liberty oftener and oftener, and so they don't go so mad and genrous, and take wives, and make vills and powrs, and care no more for money, as true eroes as bleed for their country shouldn't.

"And that's why, my dear, as grandfather says, Rooshia has got the best on us; that's why, as we couldn't make prizes, we've been forced to make a hignominyus peace. Grandfather once saw LORD NELSON, and says he only hopes that his Lordship—it was something to be a slop-seller when "England Expected;" only hopes that his Lordship can rest where he is. If, howsomever, NELSON had been spared us now, wouldn't the Portsea women have been a marvin, and wouldn't fiddlers' elbows—says grandfather—bin a jerkin in all the Taps? There was a time, when grandfather knowd twenty sailors settin in the galley—acause they wouldn't let 'em go ashore—out of spite putting their waches in a saucepan, and makin' what they call'd time and soup of em; but since steam and no pressin's come in, the navy's son is set, our grandfather sobs, (for he loves his Portsea, which is no wonder), England's nuckled down to a 4th powr.

"Dear RACHEL, if you bring more than three of the childern with you, they must—I was going to say pig, that is, do as they can. Howsomever, tho' you take us in the ruff, you'll take us with all our art,

"Yourn, Sinsereley,

"REBECCA JACOBS."

"P.S. We've took seats in the *Rose of Sharon* steamer, and shall be very comfortabel. Grandfather stops at home with the shettlers shet, and to keep out the firm, cotton in his ears. Howsomever, after all, it is said that the Fight will be the Greatest Sham in all navel Hammals."

THE JEWISH QUESTION SETTLED.

Do you think, MR. MILNER GIBSON, that there is any real occasion, after all, for abolishing the Oath of Abjuration, in order to let the Jews into Parliament? Are they necessarily excluded by the words "On the true faith of a Christian?" Certainly not. One of the most eminent of the original Professors of Christianity declared, on a particular occasion, that he was a Jew of Tarsus. He believed that the true faith of a Jew was the Christian religion. Surely, any one holding that belief, could quite consistently pledge himself on the true faith of a Jew. Conversely, a Jew thinks that all that is true in Christianity, is just so much of it as is retained from the Law of MOSES. Would not MR. SOLOMONS, then, or MR. ISAACS, be perfectly justified in making an affidavit on the true faith of a Christian; intending thereby Christianity in so far as it coincides with Judaism? This is Jesuitry, is it? We should like to know what DR. PUSEY thinks about that. How many exemplary and zealous parsons are there who have subscribed the Thirty-Nine Articles in a sense very considerably more unnatural than in which ABRAHAMS may be supposed to vow, that he would be loyal to QUEEN VICTORIA on the true faith of a Christian?

The Winner of the Rubber.

WE see that it is the fashion now with many authors, to give for prizes, copies of their own works. The Recorder of Hull even has recently adopted this liberal plan. He has expressed his intention of giving away all his works at the next distribution of prizes to the youthful members of the Shoe-Black Brigade. Thus, to the Boy who, in the course of the twelvemonth, has cleaned the greatest number of boots will be appropriately awarded the prize of: "WARREN'S *Ten Thousand a Year*."

A Foursome Reel.

THE reel of Tulloch-gore'em will be danced daily at Chelsea Hospital by the celebrated Crimean Troupe—LUCAN, CARDIGAN, AIRBY, and GORDON.

LORD HARDINGE At the *Fiano*,
JACOB OMNIUM At the *Borte*.

INSCRIPTION FOR SMOKY CHIMNEYS.—The Commissioners under the "Smoke Prevention Act" have the following motto burnt into all their new chimnies: "PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE."



FELLOW FEELING.

Cabby. "NOT GOT NO MONEY?—NEVER MIND, SIR,—JUMP IN! I CAN'T STAND SUCH AN OSSEY-LOOKING GENT AS YOU TO GO ABOUT A-WALKING!"

A BRUMMAGEM COLLEGE.

WHILE the education of the people is a subject that employs the attention of the Legislature, and the mind of the public, we may presume that any existing arrangements for the spread of information among the masses will be regarded with peculiar interest. If we want the children of the community to be trained in the way they should go, we naturally require a rather high standard of qualification on the part of those who are employed to train the trainers. There is at Saltley, near Birmingham, an Institution, called the Worcester Diocesan Training College, of which the REVEREND W. GOVER is principal. This gentleman has fallen in love with a certain stove, which we have no doubt responds with much warmth to his advances; and he has avowed his partiality in a letter to the Inventor, who is permitted to make use of the communication for the purpose of extending the use of the stove; or, in other words, for advertising the article.

Some people may be of opinion that the letter of the Reverend principal of a college, ought rather to have been used to light a fire, than to puff a fire-place; but, when we find Bishops sending testimonials to corn-cutters, and Peers testifying to the merits of all kinds of pills, we see no great objection to the REVEREND W. GOVER having joined the number of those who have derived a benefit, and are desirous that others may obtain a similar advantage. The Reverend Gent has done no more than ELIZA JOLLY—that celebrated victim to forty years of flatulency—a jolly companion she must have been, by the way, for the best part of her life—who is continually thanking PROFESSOR SOMEBODY for having stopped the almost incessant eructations of nearly half a century.

While giving every due praise to the taste of the Reverend Gentleman, who composes a letter to be used as an advertisement, we must be allowed to question the grammar; and, though we should be happy to put the very best construction on the composition, we cannot help calling attention to the rather odd construction which the writer himself has made use of. After a couple of introductory paragraphs, the second of which brings us to the virtues of the Pyro-Pneumatic Stove, the Reverend Gentleman proceeds to say:—

"The Lecture Room of this College was formerly intolerable by its closeness, and it was impossible to lecture in it for an hour without producing nausea."

This result says more for the quality of the lectures than for the condition of the air, and we are not surprised that some experiments in ventilation should have failed to deprive the lectures of their sickening influence. The result of one experiment is described by the Reverend Principal to have been that

"All the officers and several of the students were successively attacked with Bronchitis, the Vice-Principal being obliged to resign his situation, which he did by his medical adviser as he would not answer for his life."

Whether the Vice-Principal was "obliged by his medical adviser" to resign his situation, or whether the V. P. resigned "by his medical adviser,"—the latter being the medium through which the resignation was conveyed—and whether the medical adviser would not answer for his own life, or "if not, why not, or how otherwise," are interrogatories which the violation of certain grammatical rules in the passage we have quoted renders us quite incapable of answering.

After a paragraph of panegyric on the stove and its wonderful power of introducing air which "neither affects the head or the chest,"—and may be supposed, therefore, to abstain from entering the lungs, we have rather an odd picture of the domestic habits of the Reverend Principal of the Worcester Diocesan Training School.

If the last paragraph of his letter means what it says, we must infer that the REVEREND W. GOVER, when sick, sits in the hall of his own house, and derives comfort during sickness from the very stove that has made him sick, for such is the only construction we can put on the words, "in the hall of my own house I have experienced equal comfort (equal to what?), more particularly during sickness, from the one erected there." In this position we will leave him, and accede to his request by "allowing him to remain" the manufacturer's "very faithfully, W. GOVER, Principal."

UKASE OF SOAP.—One of the earliest Russian exports re-introduced into France since the conclusion of the Peace has been soap. A choice sample of that species of the article commonly called soft has been made up by the special command of ALEXANDER for LOUIS NAPOLEON.



EXHAUSTED CONDITION OF POOR HENRY VIII. AFTER HIS
"UNPRECEDENTED RUN OF 150 NIGHTS."

PILGRIMS TO ROME.

ON the Maynooth debate, when the brows of SPOONER were wreathed with a chaplet of Protestant potato-blossoms—(since the days of *Bottom* no head has been so unexpectedly decorated)—MR. KENNEDY thought that the Catholic Church was going up, seeing the number of educated and distinguished persons who had "gone over." Why, odds-bodikins! there were no fewer than three duchesses, one marchioness, two countesses, six viscountesses, and eight right honourable ladies! We own it; this is a formidable list of converts; but then, it must be confessed, certain ladies—for all the primitive fashion set by innocent Eve—are mightily given to fine clothes; moreover, they are great church florists, and have most delicate nostrils for the saving sweetness of incense and the glitter and the glory of painted windows. When a church can be made a little like an Opera-house it must, to certain pious minds, be made the more attractive. Jacob's Ladder may be well enough for plain folks; but tasty people prefer a flight of stairs, velvet under feet, flowers and painted lamps at the side, and music all the way.

THE LIVERY AT A NON-PLUSH.

THERE is a perfect panic among the members of the Corporation at the prospect of the Reform of the abuses of the City. Some of the Liverymen appear to have taken leave of their senses, but as such kind of parting has not been unfrequent, the separation will not be a very painful one. The following among other outbursts of passionate distress has been put forth at a sacrifice of common sense and half-a-crown, in the advertising columns of the Newspapers:—

COMMON HALL.—LIVERYMEN OF LONDON.—Now or Never! If the present atrocious Bill is carried, you are done for ever!! ATTEND at Guildhall To-morrow, at Twelve o'clock.
A BROTHER LIVERYMAN.

What is the meaning of this rhapsody? What are we to understand from "Now or Never?" What Now? and Never What? and why should not the Liverymen of London just as well be "done for ever" as for ever doing the rest of the Community? Echo answers, Y.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

April 14th, Monday. After another eccentricity on the part of poor DR. CHRISTOPHER BETHELL, of Bangor, LORD ALBEMARLE fulfilled his promise to bring the subject of Torture in India fully before the Lords. The exposure of the system was painful and humiliating, and scarcely less so were the extenuations offered on behalf of our Indian authorities. It was suggested that torture was a kind of institution of the East, and that we had inherited, not originated, the practice. And it was actually urged that the British servants of the India Company were not aware that torture was used—those shrewd, vigilant, enterprising officials, who make it their business to know everything. *Credat Hoggus!* LORD ELLENBOROUGH, who speaks with authority upon this point, places the following opinion on record:—"I must say that I do not think the officers of that service have shown that sensitiveness, upon the subject of the existence of so dreadful a crime, which might have been expected from the feelings of English gentlemen." *Punch* commends this sentence to his friend, the *Friend of India*, and is happy to add, that the Peers of England unanimously passed strongly-worded resolutions, denouncing the atrocious system, and demanding its extirpation; and that, later in the week, they received with satisfaction the news, that one brutal Torturer had been sentenced, in Bengal, to five years of labour in irons.

In the Commons, MR. WHITESIDE explained that when he brings on the question of Kars, he means distinctly to charge its fall upon the English Government. LORD PALMERSTON stated that LORD CLARENDON, though in Paris, was concocting a most elaborate reply to the American Government, and that he designed neither to envenom the discussion, nor to surrender a point in our case. The House then went into Supply, and MR. W. WILLIAMS displayed a good deal of vulgar and useless pertinacity, raising, for instance, on a mere item of salaries, a question which involved our entire colonial system of administration, and this with the whole House against him, the numbers being 266 to 3. "Laughter" followed the snobbish demonstration, but some people are too pachydermatous to comprehend what they ought to feel when under the contemptuous notice of a society of gentlemen. The Consular System came under discussion, and the

PREMIER promised that next year it should be thoroughly investigated before a Committee,—that is, of course, if his own Consulship should endure, and we should still date, *H. Templo Palmerstonio Consule*. The House kept at these votes for seven hours, when MR. HADFIELD declared that even the tough "human nature" of a dissenting attorney "could bear it no longer," and though the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER thought the Committee was "not yet exhausted," he gave in. SIR CORNWALL might not have been tired, for the members vote the money, while the CHANCELLOR receives it, and we know that exhausting a receiver is not an easy process, especially with such a weak Pump as MR. W. WILLIAMS at work. MR. HEADLAM's Medical Bill, and another of LORD ELCHO's, have been sent to a select committee.

Tuesday. The BISHOP OF OXFORD, with his usual politeness, gave notice that on another night he should take the liberty of asking Government to be so kind as to favour him with information whether they intended to proceed with their little Education Bill. Later in the week, he acquitted himself of his promise with the fidelity of a Christian prelate, and received for reply that the Bill was to be thrown over.

Our Foreign Levies, according to MR. F. PEEL, are to be disbanded as soon as circumstances will permit. He also said that the French War Medal will be given to ten of our men in each thousand, the best soldiers being selected to receive the medal—the others the reverse.

Then fierce old SPOONER, shouting to the skies, On vile Maynooth with boundless fury flies, And moves that Papists shall no longer sack Our Tin for teaching morals base and black, The priests abuses, quotes foul LIGUORI, And plays the honest but most foolish Tory. Then various champions hurry to the van. First, an indignant Irishman, M'CANN, Who swears the doctrines that the priesthood teach Make Papists valiant in the field and breach. To him succeeds Edina's Member, BLACK, Who doth all grants for teaching creeds attack: Him HADFIELD follows, and in ADAM's aid, Waveth on high his rusty Sheffield blade. Rusheth on SPOONER young LORD CASTLEROSSE; Had he been silent that were no great loss. LORD BERNARD whined at Rome, and FAGAN thought A trumpery Saving would be dearly bought. What boots to name the meaner rank and file? Yet DRUMMOND's antics may excite the smile, Who read some bits to justify belief That every Papist is a cheat and thief. One DEASY threatened, should

Maynooth go down, A French Maynooth, no friend to England's Crown. The solemn NEWDEGATE his sermon said, And ROEBUCK hit the right nail on the head. No man of sense would judge another's creed, But keep your teachers of an English breed. To close the combat strode into the field The jaunty AJAX of the sevenfold shield: With some contempt he spoke of SPOONER's zeal, And much preferred the course of PITT and PEEL. He felt no reverence for the Church of Rome, But deemed our priesthoods should be taught at home. A brief reply from SPOONER, and 'tis done, BLACK can but find of followers twenty-one; But on fierce SPOONER's motion, the array Is much more equal, and he wins the day. A hundred and a-half and nine he boasts; By twenty-six he beats the Papal hosts; Who twice again the conflict's rage renew, And twice retire, their numbers still too few. Triumphant SPOONER's ordered to produce His bill for Cooking the Maynoothian Goose. And goes home bawling that he's done the job, And punched the Scarlet Lady's wicked Nob.

Nothing short of the epic style would do justice to the terrible work of Tuesday, and that justice having been done, *Mr. Punch* relapses into his ordinary graceful prose, and proceeds to record that, on MR. STAFFORD's motion, a Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the state of the medical department of the Army.

Wednesday. Another question of the Maynooth character came up. Certain towns in Ireland are charged with a house-tax for the support of Protestant Ministers, the impost being called Minister's Money. The fight to-day was on a Bill for abolishing this tax, which now falls chiefly upon the Catholics. The Government intimated that the law, recently altered, must be tried before further modification, and the Bill was rejected by a majority of 80.

Thursday. The Lords indulged in some reasonable alarms in reference to a notable change in their Fire Brigade system. The experienced firemen have been discharged, and the duty of putting the Lords out, if they catch fire, has been confided to the police. Considering how invariably a policeman is always to be found when wanted, and how intelligently and systematically he discharges any task not of the merest routine, the new arrangement is worthy of the wisdom of our administrative authorities.

LORD PANMURE said that though several of the Crimean regiments were going to British North America, it was only to replace those taken away from thence at the beginning of the War. This is an unimpeachable reason, and yet we shall not wonder if the non-British American press finds something to say about it.

A signal snub was inflicted upon a very pretentious clique in the Commons. SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY, member for Leicester, had taken upon himself to reform the Constitution, and had prepared a Reform Bill for that purpose, to the discussion of which the House of Commons had been for several days rather dictatorially summoned, by sound of Penny Trumpet, by WALMSLEY's admirers. There was to be a great night, the Government was supposed to be in doubt and agitation as to the course it would adopt, but was certainly to assent to the introduction of the Bill, and JOSHUA was "in a position to force from all parties a definite expression of opinion." The evening came, and so did SIR JOSHUA, MR. APSLEY PELLATT, MR. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, and some other illustrious statesmen of the same calibre—but where was the House? Actually, the Commons of England did not think it worth while to form a House of forty members to see a picture of the Constitution after SIR JOSHUA. The disgusted patriots were "counted out." This circumstance goes for nothing against Reform, but is only a hint to third-rate men not to raise important questions at improper times.

Friday. The Lords discussed the Ticket-of-Leave system, and the facts elicited seem to show that though that system is anything but excellent, its working is more satisfactory than the alarmists would have us believe. Out of from 5000 to 6000 convicts who have been liberated with tickets, little more than 8 per cent. have again fallen into the hands of the law.

In the Commons, WALMSLEY, to show that he was not quite extinct, got up with a petition against Protecting Women from Ruffianism. The Peace is, it seems, to be celebrated with tremendous displays of fireworks in the Parks, as in 1814, but the Commons did not seem much enchanted when MR. MONSELL explained this. Perhaps their heads were full of their Spithead holiday, for which the Lords, by the way, are to take their Ladies, but the Commons are not to take their Wives; though ADMIRAL WALCOT pleaded, with great moderation, "that he only wanted to take one wife." SIR B. HALL explained his intended Park improvements, which have, from difficulties in his way, diminished to the making a foot-bridge over the ornamental water, and an entrance across the site of the German Chapel. Another exposure of the finance system of the East India Company, by SIR E. PERRY—an authority—showed that the Managers of that enormous and magnificent region get into debt at the rate of two millions a-year. "Supply" brought the week to a close.



"Well now, mother allus said 'Fine feathers makes fine birds.' Wouldn't she been proud if she'd ha' lived to see me like this?"

The next Military Order.

WITH the termination of the War all hopes of Military Reform are at an end. The little good even that has been done, we suppose, will be undone, and every day we may expect to hear at the Horse Guards the cry, echoing through all its aristocratic offices, of "As you were!"

A COUPLE OF INTERESTING COUPLES.

THE foreign intelligence of the *Times* was enriched a few days ago by the following singularly—or perhaps we should rather say dually—important announcement which appeared among the marriages.

"On Friday, the 11th inst., at Zierow, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, BARON DETLEV DE BÜLOW, eldest son of His Excellency the late BARON DE BÜLOW, of Güdow, Hereditary Earl Marshal of Lauenburg, to MARY, eldest daughter of BARON DE BIEL, of Zierow; and, at the same time and place, BARON ALBRECHT DE MALTZAHN, eldest son of BARON CHARLES DE MALTZAHN, of Vollrathsuh, in Mecklenburg, to CAROLINE, second daughter of BARON DE BIEL, of Zierow."

The British public ought to feel extremely grateful to the families of BÜLOW and BIEL, for having gone to the expense of advertising a piece of news, which but for the liberal outlay of the BÜLOWS and the BIELS, the aforesaid British public would never have been made acquainted with. We really think the compliment ought to be returned to the public of Mecklenburg-Schwerin by the insertion in the *Gazette* or *Zeitung* of that diminutive duchy an advertisement somewhat like the following, which seems to correspond in importance with the one we have above quoted:—

"MARRIAGE.—On the 1st of April, at the Hill of Notting, in the Bay of Bayswater, POLICEMAN THOMAS THOMASON, eldest son of his grand high figness the Beadle of Kensington, Hereditary Successor to all the orders of his late father, the fishmonger, to MARIA MATILDA MIFF, eldest daughter of his nervousness, the High Street Keeper of Pentonville; and, at the same time and place, ARTHUR HORACE, eldest son of HENRY DE HAMMERSMITH perpetual Turncock of Turnham Green, to SARAH ANN, second daughter of High Street Keeper MIFF, of Pentonville aforesaid."

We are quite satisfied that the foregoing intelligence will be received at Mecklenburg-Schwerin with quite as much excitement as will be occasioned in London by the intelligence of the unions that have taken place between the BIELS and the BÜLOWS of Güdow and Zierow.

Not at Home.

THIRTY-SIX gentlemen being invited on the 17th inst. to an entertainment at a certain House in Westminster found, in effect, the following notice affixed to the door:—

"Reform—gone out—will not return this Session!"

It is due to the thirty-six visitors to confess that they bore their disappointment with the best good-humour. In fact, not one of them seemed to feel it.

OWLS FROM A NALDERMAN.



ANSWERED the Ancient Alderman,
Crunching the White-Bait,
caught in narrow net,
Cursing the Bill of GREY,
the Baronet,
"This ear's a precious plan,
Reform the Corporation!
It's like his impidence,
upon my word,
And if it warn't for hindignation,
I'd say the caper were down-right absurd.
A fine diskivery,
That London's Livery,
Is to be treated as if they was flunkies,
Or with more kicks than ha'pence,
like the monks:
And that the Common Council
Should be cut down, like groundsel,
Which ain't cut down, but plucked up by the roots,
Just as the centralising Brutes
Would serve our wested rights,
and say, like Toors,
It ain't no consequence, none whatsumever!
They're mighty clever;
But Aldermen ain't beetles, toads,
and newts,
To have their lives scrunched out by Barnets, never,

Or squeezed out, as I'm squeezing this ear Lemon
On this ear Bait,
Or be done brown by an official gemman,
Like that there bread and butter on that plate.
No! For this plan,
GREY will nap pepper, as I naps ki-Ann.

"My nevvv, what's a young cadet,
A going to Calcutta,
A smart young feller as you ever met,
(Give us that bread and butter);
He says that down at Haddy's Comb, their college, he
Read in some Indian Hindoostan Theology,
That them poor Pagan fools, bunnighted savages,
As wshuups Mahomet and Brammer,
(I see done at the Surrey once, then DAVIDGE's,
A piece as showed 'em up—I tell a crammer,
'Twas one of Cogent Garden's biggest bangs,
And called, I think, the Cataract of the Gangs),
He says that they believe—the stupid asses—
Not only low folks, but the upper classes,
That this ear world don't go upon its axes,
(Whereby the wind chops, as we're all aware)
But held up on two Beasts' enormous backs is,
The big un on the small un, which ain't fair.
Fust, there's a Nelephant, as holds this ball,
And next, he stands upon a wopping Tortoise,
That's all my eye, in course he'd have a fall,
And smash our Munden spere, and its five Quarters,
But I'll say this,
That this ear story mightn't be amiss,
If a chap told it joking-like, and witty,
And said—what's true though said in sport—
THE TURTLE LENDS THE ALDERMAN SUPPORT,
AND HE SUPPORTS THE CITY.
Hang SIR GEORGE GREY!
Take his Bill away,
A mass of impious impident impiety!
I've done my lunch,
Give us some Punch."

SPRING MOVEMENTS.—We are happy to inform our readers that every Sunday in Kensington Gardens SIR B. HALL's wind-instruments, like the buttercups and daisies, will be all a-blowing!

KING COLE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

"TRUSTY AND WELLBELOVED PUNCH,
"THANKS to the firmness and resolution of SIR BENJAMIN HALL, we have Our Band again playing at Kensington Gardens on Sundays, in spite of the Sabbatarians—but We hope they will not play into the Sabbatarian's hands. They will though, if, as was the case last Sunday, their performances are to consist principally of quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas. Not to keep Sunday as a Pharisic Sabbath is one thing; to make a common holiday of it is another. Sunday has a character; a meaning; and it means something precisely the reverse of all that is meant by polkas, waltzes, and quadrilles. Sunday and Kensington Gardens, Sunday and budding leaves, Sunday and flowers, Sunday and the song of birds, Sunday and human music congruous with these things, We consider suitable ideas. But We do not consider Sunday a suitable idea to music suggestive of the *casino*, the *bat masqué*, fashion, and fiddlefaddle.

"When SHAKESPEARE says that the man that hath no music in his soul is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, he says what some people greatly misunderstand. He does not say that worthy old BROWN, who cannot tell 'Rule Britannia' from 'God Save the Queen,' is a traitor and a villain at heart. He does not denounce the want of musical ear. The want of musical soul is what he condemns, the want of that element in the soul which answers to music and is effected by music; the want of heartstrings capable of vibrating to music—to tender, plaintive, joyful, grand, unearthly, glorious music—the deficiency, in short of those sentiments which distinguish man from the jackass and other brutes. A man may be wholly destitute of these sentiments, and be able to fiddle a brilliant fantasia; he may possess all of them, and yet be quite deaf; music must get to them to excite them: but in that degree wherein it has power to excite them, it is good music. Now, polkas and quadrilles excite them in no degree, neither do waltzes, save in exceptional cases, which prove the rule. Compare, for instance, WEBER's last waltz—no matter whether rightly called WEBER's or not—with the last new ditto of MONSIEUR ROCH-ALBERT. Compare BETHOVEN, as to waltzes, with STRAUSS, *passim*.

"Music, in short, corresponds to poetry; the best music of all to SHAKESPEARE and MILTON, and so on downwards to CATNACH. Polkas, quadrilles, and ball-room waltzes are below the par of CATNACH—they correspond simply to fal-de-ral and tiddity-iddity. We often hear this kind of tunes called 'light music.' Light, indeed, it is in the sense of weighing nothing in significance; but to Us such levity is very ponderous; a quadrille, a waltz, a polka, is the heaviest of all music: and what makes it the more tiresome is, that the performance is the constant repetition of one silly idea. Talk of a fugue being mere reiteration—what is that to musical tautology, which is at the same time nonsense?

"Exhausted, fatigued, disgusted, with the dull and sordid labour of six days, the mind, on the seventh, craves the recreation of having its nobler faculties awakened, and any music wherein there is aught of ideality, appeals more or less to these, and is good Sunday music. Let no sprightly gent imagine that We want Our band in Kensington Gardens to confine themselves to playing 'Portugal,' 'Camberwell,' and other devotional airs, on Sunday. Let 'Camberwell,' indeed, be left to the parish clerk, parochial children, and beadle. But leave dance-music also to dancing-schoolmasters, dancing saloon-keepers, and evening parties. Quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas, are good enough in their way, namely, to dance to—however fast such music may be considered by fast gentlemen, it is the music of pumps. And what We fear is, that the Sabbatarians will take the handle afforded them by this pump-music, and work it against Our Sunday concerts. From these, therefore, We wish that music banished; let them include lively music by all means, but in its liveliness let there be something spiritual: let it tend to move the heart in some measure, and not merely to move the toe and heel. We hope you will agree with Us, *Mr. Punch*, on this subject. We know what manner of people will differ with us. The majority of the gentlemen and ladies who figured at the last masquerade, and all the youths who rejoice in being 'lark,' will doubtless disagree with your ancient,

"Colebrook Palace, April 17, 1856."

"COLE, R."

House Wanted.

THERE was no House of Commons on Thursday the 17th of April. This sort of thing happens so frequently that a political Costermonger reading his Penny Daily Paper, was heard to exclaim that as long as the Commons went on making No House, the public business could not be expected to go on No-hows.

A MONSTER IN HUMAN FORM.

WE know (but shall drop his acquaintance as soon as we get married) a blighted old Bachelor, who says, "that he supposes, the natural diet of an infant being milk will account for its (s)cream!"



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities.
Forgive them what they have committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reform'd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord."

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act v., Scene 4.

"EVEN IN ITS ASHES LIVE ITS WONTED FIRES."

THE Royal Italian Opera having been burnt out of its own splendid establishment has taken a very elegant but small furnished house for the season, where, though it is impossible to accommodate all its friends, those who can be received will find all that can be desired. The QUEEN has set the good example of paying the earliest possible visit, and the entertainment provided by the host is quite equal to that which he has always been in the habit of offering. The company of some people is often less desirable than their room, but the Manager of the Royal Italian Opera has never permitted us to feel, even when we visited him in his magnificent and spacious abode at Covent Garden, that we preferred his room to his company.

We could hardly have blamed him if he had declined the attempt to entertain his friends at all this year; but we ought to appreciate his efforts to prevent, as far as he can, the loss of Covent Garden being felt by any but himself, and this he has achieved by giving us in another place all that made Covent Garden agreeable. His *major domo* has so completely set the house in order that we are now once more admiring all those splendours, the destruction of which we were not long ago deploring; but everything seems to have merely passed through the fire, and come out with additional brilliancy. As far as the stage and all its appointments are concerned, the Royal Italian Opera has realised the fable of the Phoenix, and has risen triumphantly from its ashes. We have a right to look upon all the pleasure we derive from the Italian Opera as "so much out of the fire," but we believe the Director has still a great many irons in the fire, among which the great Italian iron, MADAME RISTORI, is likely to create a very warm feeling, and make matters smooth for the season.

PERAMBULATOR TRAFFIC IN LONDON.—During the last week there have been 15,633 Perambulators dragged through the streets of London, containing not less than 22,633 children, the majority of whom were babies. This shows an increase on the previous week of as many as 1,252 Perambulators, and 2,749 Babies!

JONATHAN AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

MR. DALLAS, the new American Minister, has, at the Mansion House, drunk of the loving-cup with LORD MAYOR SALOMONS. MR. DALLAS's health was given, when, there can be no doubt of it, the worthy gentleman spoke with an olive in his mouth; olives, on such occasion, producing far better eloquence than the historic pebbles of DEMOSTHENES. MR. DALLAS said plainly—he was here for peace.

"Animated by this spirit, and aiming at such a purpose, if I fail—and I may fail—it will be because of some inexorable, overruling State policy, or some foregone conclusion, not to be undone by uniform, steady, persevering, frank, and honourable conciliation."

or, in other words—

"If JONATHAN and JOHN BULL do not keep fast friends, why it will only be because JONATHAN is a pig-headed donkey, and JOHN BULL a donkey-headed pig; two such critters that would not only lick one another, but would lick Creation."

A fight, as Mr. Punch opines, not at all likely to come off, even though MR. BRIGHT, with all his eloquence, should condemn the skirmish.

An Appeal to Mr. Labouchere.

Two or three nights ago, MR. LABOUCHERE imprudently observed in the House—

"It was a common but a great mistake to suppose that the possession of brilliant and rare genius was inconsistent with the discharge of practical duties."

Punch entreats MR. LABOUCHERE henceforth not to deliver any such mischievous opinion: for should it become generally adopted, the dunces—a very numerous and very influential body—would be deprived of their strongest means of self-assertion. As well muzzle a donkey, and expect him to bray.

LADIES' MEASUREMENT.—We are curious to know how many feet in female arithmetic go to a mile, because we never met with a lady's foot yet whose shoe was not, to say the very least, "a mile too big for her."



THE END OF GOG AND MAGOG, OR THINGS VERY BAD IN THE CITY.

THE "SICK MAN" AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.



THE Conclusion of Peace has realised the prediction of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS with regard to the Turk, at least as far as his representative at Knightsbridge is concerned, for the sick man, after dragging out a rather wretched existence, is at length "defunct." The Sultan and all his Court have been cruelly knocked down by the hammer of the auctioneer. We shall probably meet some of our old friends from Knightsbridge as "magnificent additions" in Baker Street; or we may possibly encounter the Turk in some of the salons of the season in the shape of a wax-candle. The latter is the more reasonable surmise, for it has always been felt that the Turk must be sacrificed in the cause of enlightenment.

MR. PUNCH'S MEDICAL REFORM BILL.

LORD ELCHO and others have introduced a Medical Bill No. 2, which, like MR. HEADLAM'S Medical Bill No. 1, has been referred to a Select Committee. Essentially LORD ELCHO'S Bill is much the same as MR. HEADLAM'S; it proposes to fine every medical man £5, by compelling him to get registered at that price, for which it promises him not any advantage worth a halfpenny, and affords no more promise to anybody else. Under these circumstances Mr. Punch has also introduced a Medical Bill No. 3, an abstract of which has been printed and laid on the table, in the present pages. It will be seen that the Medical Bill of Mr. Punch is based on a principle diametrically opposite to that on which the other two Medical Bills have been founded. The following is the substance of its principal clauses:—

CLAUSE 1. Repeals all existing laws relative to the Medical profession, except those exempting practitioners from certain civil and military liabilities.

CLAUSE 2. Abolishes the whole of the privileges of existing Medical corporations, saving the right to confer degrees, hold property, sue and be sued.

CLAUSE 3. Empowers a certain number of legally qualified Medical practitioners of any grade to constitute and establish any new Medical corporation, possessing the same privileges as other existing Medical corporations—provided that the title of such new corporation shall differ from that of every existing one in respect of its initial letters.

CLAUSE 4. Provides for the registration of members and licentiates of Medical corporations as legally qualified practitioners on payment of one shilling.

CLAUSE 5. Renders the false assumption of the title of a legally qualified practitioner punishable by fine and committal to the House of Correction.

CLAUSE 6. DEPRIVES EVERY LEGALLY QUALIFIED PRACTITIONER OF power to RECOVER CHARGES for medicine and medical or surgical attendance.

CLAUSE 7. ENABLES ANY PERSON, NOT BEING A LEGALLY QUALIFIED PRACTITIONER TO RECOVER reasonable CHARGES for attendance, medical or surgical.

CLAUSE 8. Abolishes and disallows all actions of damages for malpractice, and all verdicts of manslaughter for ignorance and carelessness against all and any persons whomsoever.

From the operation of this Medical Bill, should it become law, Mr. Punch expects the following beneficial consequences; which are demonstrable, if not obvious.

The Medical corporations will devote their whole attention to the promotion of Medical science, as they will have no other interest to promote apart from that. The value of their diplomas being entirely moral, they will endeavour to render them as valuable in that respect as possible; and they will be kept up to the mark by liability to competition.

Quacks will be punishable for tangible and palpable quackery—practising under a false pretence.

As to remuneration, all Medical men will be placed on the same footing with the old physician, whose fee was an *honorarium*—which he

always got, however. The result would be an agreement on the part of the profession to make payment per visit, stumpy down, a condition of attendance. Thus they would have a practical surety of being paid, instead of a legal remedy for not being paid; a remedy worse than the disease. A medical man cannot afford to "County Court" one of his patients—and lose the rest.

Quacks, by being enabled to exact payment, as well as to make mistakes with impunity, would soon, in every sense of the word, sicken those who might resort to them for cure. The lives lost, and the injuries sustained through ignorance and incompetence would be, in a very short time, much more than made up for by the increased multitude of cures and successful cases which would result from the more general exercise of judgment on the part of the public in the choice of Medical advisers.

At the same time Medical liberty of conscience would be consulted, and everybody would be enabled freely to get physicked or to physic others, with infinitesimal doses, pigeons' milk, mahogany sawdust, or any other remedy, repudiated by the Faculty, in the virtues and efficacy of which he might believe, or pretend belief.

THE TRIUMPH OF IGNORANCE.

WHAT on earth is the cause of such hearty hurrahs,
Why and wherefore so much jubilation
For the fact that LORD JOHN managed not to get on
With his scheme to promote education?
One can quite understand, such a scheme, badly planned,
A crude and inadequate measure,
Such a fate having met, would excite no regret;
But whence this extravagant pleasure?

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S defeat than the Russians' retreat
At the Alma has raised, in some quarters,
Cheers of deeper delight, or than Inkermann's fight,
Also won in the land of Crim Tartars:
For Sebastopol's fall certain folks didn't bawl
In the triumph of victory louder.
Of the battle thus won, than of all the deeds done
By their countrymen's arms, they seem prouder.

Some great end sure they've gained that their throats should
be strained
In crowing so strongly exerted?
With one heart and one voice they so greatly rejoice
On account of some grand point asserted?
Yes; for Liberty's sake, all that hubbub they make,
For that freedom which Britons so cherish;
If he hadn't been stopped, which LORD JOHN would have
cropped,
And the old British oak doomed to perish.

On account of the Poor this tremendous uproar
Is so feelingly raised by their betters:
All because LORD JOHN'S plan would have forced the poor man
Into letting his children learn letters.
All the louts and the clowns, and the rabble of towns,
'Gainst their best inclinations, compelling,
All their little ones dear, by a statute severe,
To have taught reading, writing, and spelling.

With a stout voice and strong, sing, "Live Liberty long!"
And in ignorance hopeless and utter
May her ragged sons play with their sisters all day,
In the street, on the brink of the gutter.
EBENEZER, my boy, may it give your heart joy,
That they'll grow up with minds merely fallows,
And that some will be brought, just by being untaught,
Thank yourself, to the hulks and the gallows.

Military.

FIELD MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT has inspected all the troops in camp at Colchester. After the inspection His Royal Highness passed the highest encomiums on the condition of the men. He was pleased to say that, "in all his military experience he had never beheld troops who stood so beautifully—at ease."

Music in Austria.

AN Austrian political economist has calculated that with the annual money paid in salaries to the *prime donnés* of Vienna, "a hundred square miles of marsh-land might be turned into fruitful corn-fields." The professor forgets that, nevertheless, the singers by their sweet voices, do their best to cultivate the finest ears.

THE WEDDING-RING QUESTION.



HERE has been a meeting of women at Leicester. About two hundred wives and matrons assembled to consider the present conditions of marriage; in fact, to resolve the great wedding-ring question. After a debate, from which the House of Commons might have learned point and brevity, a petition to Parliament was agreed to; the petition praying that married women might at least have their fair half of the apple; at least, the moiety of the blanket. As the law at present rules, the wife—it was thought—is a little too much the property of the husband. He may leave her to labour in desolate singleness; and then, even as a bear rifles the wild bees of their honey, come back, and, with his ugly paws, rob and despoil his helpmate.

Further, the women, taking into consideration the domestic effect of the prison cat at the

future hearth, resolved not to support MR. DILLWYN's measure of reform; such being a measure of hangman's whipcord, to be applied to husbands addicted to beat and bruise their wives. These thoughtful, philosophic women, denounced the peculiar cat-of-nine-tails; the very thought of it would disturb the peace of the domestic kitten. We think this resolution was as worthy of their womanly wisdom as of their womanly tenderness. Nevertheless, the savage ADAM, the brutal husband whose acquaintance would be spurned by a decent baboon, must somehow feel, that in breaking and bruising his wife's flesh, he has caused the mortification of his own. Now, CAPTAIN MACONOCHE, in his *Prison Discipline* new from the press, suggests a cure for the wife-beaters, worthy of respectful thought. The wife-beater, having made his mark or marks upon the wife of his bosom, should, by means of marks, work his own redemption from imprisonment and hard labour. In nineteen cases out of twenty the wife-beater is a drunkard. Well, he is committed to gaol and, under the MACONOCHE system, he is set so much task-work, which is rated at so many marks, each mark scoring off a portion of his sentence. But hear the CAPTAIN:—

"It has often occurred to him (the writer of *Prison Discipline*) that the Mark system in its perfection would peculiarly apply to wife-beaters, habitual drunkards, and such other noxious small fry, whose crimes against the State would scarcely warrant the imposition of a long time-sentence, yet who are little affected, and never cured, by a short one, their families almost alone suffering, either by their incarceration or discharge."

But, as the means of redemption, CAPTAIN MACONOCHE would essay the power of temptation. The drunkard, if it so pleased him, should still have his dram; a dram to be bought at a very high price with marks; with every mark his certainty of freedom lessening and becoming more remote.

"Were they committed under heavy Mark sentences, with access to liquor FOR LIBERTY, but for nothing else, either they would never come out, but remain for life where alone they can be kept out of mischief, or, if at length discharged, it would be only after such a course of voluntary abstinence as, combined with reluctance to incur another such penalty, would probably cure them for life of their infirmity."

Let the cat be set aside for awhile, and let the bottle have a trial: we have little doubt that gin would in effect be found a sharper master than whipcord. The wife-beater would have a dram to console him, a dram that is, in fact, a bitter sup of further captivity. Well, he tosses off the liquor, and pays for it a swingeing price in ready marks: now, these marks being the coin wherewith he should buy his freedom at the prison-door, liberty is all the further off with every gin-drop swallowed. If he would be free to return to his wife, he must, he cannot help it, return a sober, industrious, self-denying man. With the bottle before him, and the possession of Marks to purchase it, he must put the demon drink aside, and devote his better nature to the domestic gods.

Surely, the MACONOCHE discipline is worth a trial. The worthy women of Leicester will not have even the woman-beater flogged. And, with the CAPTAIN's system carried out, who can doubt but that the influence of self-denial would work a more enduring change upon the "wife-beaters, habitual drunkards, and other such noxious small fry," than any intimacy, however close, with the prison cat?

Dunup on Debt.

"It must be confessed that my creditors are singularly unfortunate. They invariably apply the day after I have spent all my money. I always say to them, 'Now, this is very provoking. Why didn't you come yesterday, and I could have paid you in full?' But no, they never will. They seem to take a perverse pleasure in arriving always too late. It's my belief the rascals do it on purpose."

LIFE IN THE HAYMARKET!—A Policeman on night duty sends us the following observation: "It seems to me that with many young men, the most approved method of winding up the night is reeling it home!"

ALEXANDER TO HIS PEOPLE.

AFTER a war as just as glorious,
My Russians, here we are, victorious,
A war our Sire did not commence,
Religion being his pretence.

He dreamt not that expostulation
Would kindle such a conflagration,
When he those provinces did seize,
To form material guarantees.

He show'd the strongest wish for peace
Up to the time of his decease;
But, with the mildest dispositions,
Could not agree to the conditions.

Hostilities did then continue:
We knew you'd show what stuff was in you.
You justified our expectations,
And single-handed beat three nations.

The Baltic, the Pacific Ocean,
The Black Sea witnessed your devotion,
And famous deeds, both new and striking,
None of you served against their liking.

Both from Siberia and the Sea
Named White, you drove the Enemy,
From Sweaborg made them fast retire,
Not having set the place on fire.

Then of Sebastopol the South,
Eleven months beneath the mouth
Of cannon, bravely you defended,
'Twas not its fall the war that ended.

In Asia too, like sons of Mars,
You conquer'd the stronghold of Kars,
The Turks did not to famine yield,
They having thrash'd you in the field.

Howe'er, a providential fact,
Not this, that you are soundly whack'd,
A fact fulfilling our desire,
Permits us nicely to retire.

The Christians' rights are guaranteed,
Now, by the SULTAN's act and deed;
The cause, for which your blood you've spent,
Is won: so we may rest content.

Of peace to hasten the conclusion,
And quite dispel the wild illusion
That by ambition we are swayed,
A few concessions we have made;

In the Black Sea a slight provision
With Turkish ships to bar collision;
And near the Danube some mutation
In Bessarabia's demarcation.

By these small changes nought is lost,
Compared with a prolong'd war's cost,
And what the land, o'er which I reign,
By peace and quietness will gain.

Sing hey! then, for the reformation
Of holy Russia's mighty nation,
Let us develop her resources,
In future, by pacific courses.

Come on, and Strike!

SEVERAL inquiries have been made after the Clock for the New Houses of Parliament, which we are told has been "going for some time." We confess we are not satisfied with this information, for any Clock can be made to "go" after a certain fashion, but our objection to the Parliament Clock is that it don't come.

YORK IN DANGER!—The MARQUIS OF CLARICARDE has constituted himself a "trustee" for the immovability of the York Pillar! His Royal Highness had better look about him.

A FIGURE OF FUN.



THE BISHOP OF BANGOR presents his compliments to Mr. Punch,
and I beg to send you my Portrait,

Yours sincerely, BANGOR.

ENOUGH TO PUT ANYBODY OUT.

WHETHER it is true that "it never rains but it pours," there can be no denying that one extensive fire seldom happens without a shower of conflagrations coming immediately afterwards. Fire is proverbially catching, and it has sometimes been observed that an epidemic prevails on the approach of quarter-day, when there is frequently a breaking out in several places at once, and a sort of burning fever becomes extremely prevalent. In spite of every precaution, there has been lately among the theatres a tendency to catch fire, and while no less than two have miserably perished within the last few months, there have been some comparatively mild cases of incipient combustion at other theatrical establishments. Drury Lane has been in peril once or twice, and on a recent occasion appears to have been brought into danger by an experiment to provide for its safety.

We often hear of remedies that are worse than the [disease], but in the instance to which we allude, the disease appears to have been occasioned solely by the remedy. Some clever fellow has we find invented an affair called a Fire Annihilator, which is intended, we presume, as its name implies, to annihilate a fire, but by mismanagement or mistake, the article, instead of putting out a fire which exists, may create a fire where none is expected.

The following extracts from a report headed ALARMING OCCURRENCE AT DRURY LANE THEATRE, will throw light on a subject, which was very nearly being illuminated in a most disastrous manner:

"At the conclusion of the performances on Saturday night, the committee of the theatre, according to previous arrangement, arrived upon the stage for the purpose of witnessing some experiments with PHILLIPS'S patent Fire Annihilator, in order to test their applicability in case of fire occurring within the building."

So far so good, but what was better still—and most fortunate, as the result proved—a number of genuine firemen were in attendance to assist or counteract the annihilating gentlemen "in case anything should arise," to demand the services of the former:

"The performances commenced with a trial between the patent hand pumps such as is used by the fire brigade, and one or two small annihilators, to see which would extinguish the lights burning in the battens over the stage the quickest."

This amusing little match between the pumps, and the annihilators was going on very pleasantly, and the Committee, who were very fitting judges of the matter, were inclining favourably to the pumps, when

"It was proposed by MR. CURRIS, the secretary, that one of the large machines drawn upon two wheels, should be tried. This was accordingly being done, and the carriage having been placed near the centre of the stage, a large iron funnel fifteen feet in length was attached, for the purpose of assisting the vapour to reach the gas burning in the battens."

All this was satisfactory enough, and the pumps and the annihilators had their respective backers among the Committee, some of whom were

mentally exclaiming "Go it, pumps!" "Go it annihilator!" when the following thoroughly dramatic incident occurred, and an effect of a strangely serio-comic nature was the immediate consequence:

"The signal having been given, the man in charge of the annihilator broke the bottle containing the acid, which ignited the composition, and the vapour commenced to escape; but in a few seconds the funnel, through which the gas generated in the machine was passing, blew off, and was projected up to the flies, and lodged under the bridge of the stage in a heated state. At the same time, the cap or lid of the annihilator was blown off with a noise resembling the discharge of cannon, which knocked down the man having charge of the apparatus, and passing by him to a distance of thirty-five feet. The machine then threw up such a vast body of fire that every one in the theatre apprehended nothing short of its entire destruction!"

This must have been indeed a "surprise" for the assembled company, who had come to see an annihilator put an imaginary fire out; when, by some astonishing eccentricity, it blew a real fire in; tossed its own funnel high into the air; twirled its own cap, as if it would "huzza" its own exploit; and performed this feat with such fearful energy, as to knock down the man who had got it in charge; and, by way of finishing off with a "blaze of triumph," "threw up such a vast body of fire," that the "noblemen and gentlemen of the Committee rushed out into the street;" which, as the only way of effecting their own insurance, was undoubtedly their best policy. Happily, there chanced to be in the house a few adherents of the old notion, that water is better than gas for extinguishing flame; and

"Fortunately the firemen had taken the precaution to have their engines placed upon the stage, and charged with water, and they were therefore enabled without the least delay to render assistance."

The conduct of the large annihilator on two wheels had such an effect on the sympathies of the other minor annihilators, that

"Another annihilator standing on the stage rolled away, and having broken the iron and glass of five of the floats, it fell into the orchestra, demolishing one of the music stands and upsetting the seats."

It is clear that the little annihilator would not stand idly by, while its bigger brother was having one of its "games;" and, having broken five lamp-glasses, demolished a music-stand, and upset a seat, the small machine may be said to have contributed a fair share, for its size, to the evening's excitement. Of course, when it was all over, nobody on earth knew how it was done; and the usual amount of surmise has been actively engaged in making all sorts of ridiculous guesses at the cause of the accident. At length, that sagacious conjuror, commonly known as "general opinion," has come to the sapient conclusion, that the "cap came off, because the lid, or top, could not have been properly riveted on;" and the account of the affair finishes as usual with the remark, that "too much praise cannot be given to everyone employed;" from which we infer that no blame attaches to anyone.

A JUBILEE CHANT.

If your Members attend less to duties than pleasures,
Till all must find fault both with men and with measures—
If at scamped and botched work in your laws you all scoff—
If the seams come unsewed, and the buttons drop off—
If you wish (as you must) to see coats turned more neatly,
And the thread of each argument drawn more completely,
It's clear that there's only one thing to be done,—
Admit into Parliament AARON AND SON.

We who first of your Tailor's Bills called for reform,
In reforming your Parliaments' Bills will be warm:
Skilful sweaters, we'll quicken the Cabinet's sloth,
And teach them to cut out their coats by their cloth;
Pennywise, make each sixpence go far as a bob,
And of what we amend, at least make a good job;
If you want many a WILLIAMS of Lambeth for one,
Admit into Parliament AARON AND SON.

If you 'll visit our Mammoth emporium you 'll see
The style of our business just fits the M.P.:
We've the knack on the Public our merits of thrusting,
In a style of profession that quite suits the husting.
With plate-glass and gas-lights we make such a flare,
That fustian for broad-cloth will pass in the glare.
With "Great cry, little wool," we the Public have done,
Then what Members you 'd have in B. AARON AND SON!

A Strange Blade.

AN American Rough, whose name is WALT WHITMAN, and who calls himself a "Kosmos," has been publishing a mad book under the title of *Leaves of Grass*. We can only say that these *Leaves of Grass* are fully worthy to be put on a level with that heap of rubbish called *Fern Leaves*, by FANNY FERN, and similar "green stuff." The fields of American literature want weeding dreadfully.

NEW WORK NOW PUBLISHING AT CHURCH LANE HOSPITAL IN DAILY NUMBERS.—LUCAN'S *Parce-alia*.



TOUCHING SIMPLICITY.

Little Wife (eagerly opening the door for dear Edwin). "OH, SEE, DEAR, WHAT I HAVE FOR YOU!—I'M SURE UNCLE HAS GOT YOU AN APPOINTMENT UNDER GOVERNMENT AT LAST—FOR HERE'S A LETTER MARKED IMMEDIATE, AND 'ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE!'"

(Poor little soul! what does she know about Rates and Taxes?)

DUNUP OUTDONE.



THE following is a *bona fide* advertisement, and is extracted from a daily Newspaper:

LAW, Equity, Conveyancing, &c.—MR. SMYTH, Barrister, informs his friends and the public, that from this date he will act in all cases for his clients without the intervention of an attorney or solicitor.

Mr. S. may be consulted personally, or by letter (p. p.), addressed to his Chambers, 16th November, 1855. 79, Chancery Lane. 14 b 12 mar 1

Our readers may perhaps doubt the fact of a Member of the Bar having resorted to the means usually adopted by cheap tailors, quack medicine vendors, and others, to get rid of their wares, but here we have a veritable instance of the step having been taken. We are accustomed to advertising Attorneys, who address themselves to the "embarrassed" and others who are likely enough to be at their wits' ends before they go to a lawyer who solicits business—and is thus worthy of the name of Solicitor—but a Barrister who publicly asks for briefs without the intervention of an attorney is as yet a novelty. We do not recollect any previous instance (save that desperate one of BRIEFLESS a few years ago), in which a Member of the Bar has advertised for business in the manner above described. We are not prepared to say that the attorney is a desirable medium between the client and the barrister, but he has hitherto been considered so, and at

all events the step is rather a bold one on the part of the learned gentleman who has taken the initiative in a proceeding which may or may not become a precedent.

Perhaps it is quite as reputable to advertise for a client as to drink gin-and-water with a low attorney, or fraternise with some touting scamp who is recognised as clerk-in-general to a certain bevy of barristers, who are prepared to acknowledge him in the clerical character, whenever he can present himself with a fee—or a portion of a fee—that he has extracted from the pocket of some unfortunate prosecutor or prisoner at a Criminal Court. We confess that we prefer the more straightforward course of an undisguised advertisement to the indirect arts by which the "business" of certain barristers is obtained. It is only fair to add, that the above advertisement is from an Australian paper, and that Melbourne, as well as London, is blessed with a Chancery Lane.

A Singular Discovery.

"Do you know (said OSBORNE to a large circle of admirers) I have made a singular discovery? I've actually found out that FRED. PEEL thinks—and not only thinks, but is a profound thinker! None of you will believe me, but I can assure you that night or day—awake or asleep—there is scarcely a moment but what MASTER FRED. thinks a great deal—of himself!"

Compulsory Vaccination.

We hope the medical men to be appointed under the "Compulsory Vaccination Act" will call at convenient hours; for it would be extremely unpleasant, just as one has sat down to dinner, for the servant to come in and say, "If you please, Sir, the Doctor has called, and he hopes you will come and be vaccinated immediately, for he hain't a minute to spare, and can't wait?"

SAYINGS OF ENGLISH SAGES.

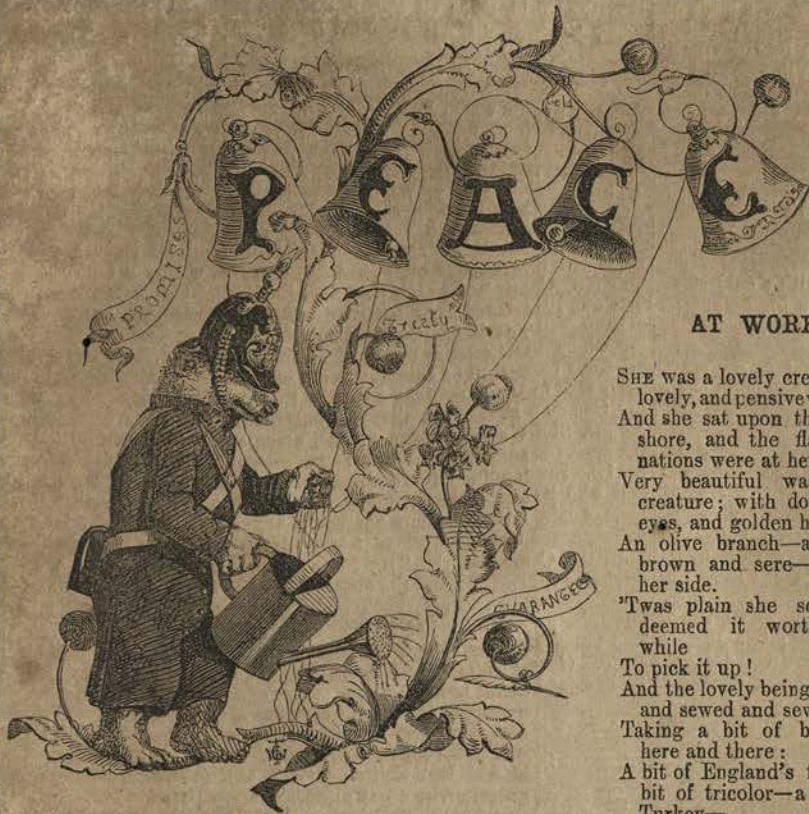
LORD PALMERSTON, Prime Minister.—With many mothers, education seems to consist in elevating their children—up to the skies!—Supposing we all of us had windows in our breasts to-morrow, do you think we should not take good care to keep the blinds down?—In an aristocratic government, the choicest fruits of political life are carried away in a Strawberry-leaf.—But very few women know how to eat!—After all, the most absorbing of all English questions is, "Where do you dine to-day?"—We should not be so hard upon an Irishman who turns his coat, because in many cases it is the only one the poor fellow has got to his back!—A minister that is dull should be treated like a lamp: to ensure his becoming bright again, give him a good trimming.—The few arrows that Cupid has left are tipped with gold.—Of the ladder of European civilisation, the Cossack, it must be confessed, occupies the lowest Steppe.—Many men think they are distinguishing themselves when they are only making themselves singular.—We call Vanity a small thing, and yet in most people it is so large that it has the greatest difficulty in containing itself.—Put the strongest-minded woman in a bonnet-shop, and instantly it will turn her head!—Communism would wish to reduce the world to nothing but a large common, and mankind to a set of geese all feeding in common upon it!

KING LEOPOLD'S ABDICATION.

THE *Tiser's* last discovery will astonish a certain family at Windsor: it is no less than this. KING LEOPOLD is about to abdicate the throne of Belgium! This is startling news for one day; but there is more behind, which *Mr. Punch* presents to his inventive contemporary. No sooner will LEOPOLD have descended the throne of Belgium, than he will take ship at Ostend, and proceed direct to Madagascar; where he will immediately marry the Queen, who, at this happy juncture,—so have the fates determined it!—is now a widow. There wanted but this, as the *Tiser* must allow, to complete the romantic married history of LEOPOLD.

Turn Him Out!

A WRETCHED Bachelor, who has been lately revising BRILLAT SAVARIN'S *Physiologie du Goût*, writes, in the usual unfeeling manner of all bachelors, "It is impossible that any family dinner can be perfect, since it admits of one *entree* that is always objectionable—the *entree* of children!!"



Sardinia gave a bit, and Russia too!
And Punch serenely to the sewer said—
"Your name is Peace, and so you do peace-work."
And then the maiden sigh'd, and answer'd
"Not peace-work, Punch; but patch-work."

AT WORK.

SHE was a lovely creature;
lovely, and pensive withal.
And she sat upon the sea-shore,
and the flags of nations were at her feet.
Very beautiful was the creature;
with dove-like eyes, and golden hair.
An olive branch—a little brown and sere—
lay at her side.
'Twas plain she scarcely deemed it worth her while
To pick it up!
And the lovely being sewed
and sewed and sewed;
Taking a bit of bunting here
and there:
A bit of England's flag—a bit of tricolor—
a bit of Turkey—

THE LAST OF THE CABMEN.

THE Cab-owners contemplate a sort of suicide, or rather a kind of transmigration into another body, which is to be a body of stage-coach proprietors. Anything for a change seems to be desirable, as far as the cabs are concerned, for a cabman is never satisfied. Whether he will be more complacent and courteous when he has five or six passengers instead of one, is a point that may be open to argument; but if he divides his abuse among half-a-dozen, it may fall more lightly on the public than it has done hitherto. We perceive that a resolution has been passed to call the new concern the "London Minibus Association." We do not profess to be sufficiently up in our Classics to be able to translate the word *minibus*, which we suppose is intended as a companion to the Latin word, *omnibus*. Perhaps, however, as the Cabmen have generally a very peculiar language of their own, *minibus* may be a term in their vocabulary, which may be perfectly understood by themselves, though the public may be not yet acquainted with its meaning. Possibly it may be a misprint for the word *minimis*, and the Cabmen may be so far relying on the maxim *de minimis non curat lex*, as to hope that the law will not be able to lay hold of them in their new character.

Shakespeare in France.

LET GEORGE SAND write *Consuelo*—beautiful, passionate, eloquent *Consuelo*!—but let her keep her white hands off SHAKESPEARE, the "divine WILLIAMS." She has made sad work of *As You Like It*, which she calls *Comme il vous Plaira*; so very sad that, far from doing honour to the Swan of Avon, she has done nothing more than cook his goose.

A WOMAN'S WILL—Won't!!!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

April 21st, Monday. LORD ALBEMARLE continues to work the Honourable East India Company, and to-night exposed its blunderings upon the subject of coinage, showing that a recent experiment upon the money of the Singapore people was at once absurd, costly, and oppressive. His Lordship made a neat typographical joke, to which Mr. Punch, in testimony of his respect for LORD ALBEMARLE's character, will allot the singular honour of Apotheosis. He said that he held in his hand a tabular statement, published by the Indian Government, being an attempt to adapt the fractional parts of a rupee to the fractional parts of a dollar. In this he found the word "pie," with which as applied to finance he was previously unacquainted, but which was, he supposed, used in the sense in which it was employed in a printing-office—to describe the confusion of the whole matter.

The Government Church Discipline Bill was then brought on for second reading. The principal object of this measure was very desirable—the providing better means than at present exist for keeping erratic parsons in order; but the plan, which was to take away the authority of the bishops, and give it to the archbishop, was not so satisfactory. Without entering, with one of the speakers—need BISHOP PUNCH name his friend BISHOP EXETER—into the question of the divine authority of bishops, the former hierarch respectfully protests against relieving his brethren from the duties which they are paid—not very meanly—to discharge; and he is not displeased that the measure was rejected, and the Government defeated by 41 to 33. The English episcopals opposed the bill, even poor DR. BANGOR thinking that he ought to do his duty; but the Irish bishops supported it, which was a course consistent and honourable in them, the vital principle and essence of the Church of Ireland being her receiving a large income for doing exceedingly little.

In the Commons, there was much talk about the Peace Fireworks, which really find very little favour now, though, of course, if they are let off, everybody will desire to see them. People are in no humour to rejoice about a Peace which they cannot help regarding as premature, and of the patchwork order. Some Members deemed it necessary to extort from Government the assurance that the House was not to be bound by the fireworks, and that the abstaining from throwing water

upon the squibs did not pledge Parliament to approve the Treaty. Another curious intimation came from SIR GEORGE GREY, namely, that though we might arrange for our Fireworks before the Treaty was ratified, it would not be right as yet to appoint a day of Thanksgiving. How very subtle must be the process of theological and pyrotechnical logic by which SIR GEORGE discovers the date when it is right to send up rockets, but not thanksgivings.

The Commons could not help talking about the delightful holiday they were to have on the Wednesday; and MR. STAFFORD was quite ecstatic with Government for selecting so admirable a ship as the *Perseverance* for the Members. He knew the Commander—had been with him on the raging ocean—he was the noblest Captain that ever lived, and all would go charmingly.

MESSRS. GRISSELL and their mortars then came up, and the final statement of MR. MONSELL, for Government, is, that the GRISSELLS "inserted plugs for the purpose of concealing defects in the material, and had not acted as respectable persons would have done." They are rich men, and of course found apologists, MALINS, the barrister, who therefore counts for—a barrister, and others; but LORD LOVAINE complained that Government should be censured for laying its finger on contractors who attempted to deceive them. MR. TITE, speaking for Administrative Reform, appeared to think that as the casting-mortars was "a matter of doubt and difficulty," people who cast unworthy mortars should not be blamed, a deduction every way worthy of the body which says it returned him, and is quite welcome to the glory of the exploit.

There was rather an interesting debate, in Supply, on the British Museum vote, and MR. MILNES, by a general attack on the management of the Museum, brought up the SPEAKER himself, as one of its Trustees, to defend the appointment of MR. PANIZZI, against whom MR. MILNES had raised the somewhat unworthy objection that he was a foreigner. The SPEAKER emphatically declared that MR. PANIZZI was appointed Chief Librarian because he was the very best man for the post, and adduced various documentary evidence in support of his statement, to which MR. LAYARD gave the strongest confirmation, and MR. DISRAELI bore similar testimony. Several excellent suggestions for rendering the Museum and Library more available for public use were offered, especially one for opening an Evening Reading-room for those whose

occupation precludes study by day. After this an attack was made on the Board of Health by the Bodmin SOLOMON, DR. MICHELL, but defeated by a large majority, and the House refused to let the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER hurry on his Bill for taxing foreign Fire Assurance. The Commons then adjourned, as the Lords had done, until Thursday, that they might have ample time for enjoying the charming holiday they anticipated.



Thursday, Mr. Punch cannot trust himself to deal with a subject so painful as that which is set forth in the above cuneiform hieroglyphics. He must borrow two sentences from the *Times*.—

In the Lords—

"LORD RAVENSWORTH called the attention of the Government to the TOTAL FAILURE of the arrangements made by the Admiralty for the accommodation of the Peers at the Naval Review."

In the Commons—

"At the first opportunity permitted by the rules of the House, A TORRENT OF COMPLAINTS respecting the arrangements and derangements, so far as affected the Members of the two Houses of Parliament, at the Naval Review, on the preceding day, BURST FORTH FROM ALL PARTS OF THE HOUSE."

May Mr. Punch be permitted, for the moment, to drop a veil over scenes which are almost too harrowing for description? Each legislative chamber has been a Chamber of Horrors on each night since the Spithead catastrophes, but let him be spared the recital. Three events of that awful Wednesday will enable posterity to judge of its other terrors. A Bishop was shoved into a third-class carriage; two Judges had to work at a capstan; and the PREMIER of England was dragged away in the custody of a policeman. There can be no doubt whatever

that the world is at an end, if we only knew it. Let us pass on. LORD CLARENDON has returned from Paris, and gave some explanation of Austria's interference with Parma, which his Lordship considered to be entirely warranted.

LORD PALMERSTON "elsewhere" produced the Correspondence with America; after which LORD GODERICH moved an address in favour of open competition for Appointments to the Civil Service. The Government, of course, opposed it; and the House, being in a preternatural ill-temper, defeated the Government by 108 to 87, and carried the Address. A demand of Justice to Ireland was made in regard to fire-works, and Dublin is to have them.

Friday, LORD ST. GERMANs brought in his Bill for legalising Marriage with one's Wife's Sister, and was defeated, chiefly by four priests; OXFORD, CASHEL, ST. DAVID's and EXETER. The majority against him was 19. He was supported by LORD ELLESMERE, LORD RAVENSWORTH, and LORD ALBEMARLE; and the latter made an observation, for which the Clergy will be very grateful to him. "The opinions generally expressed by ladies upon this subject were attributable to the Ignorance of their Spiritual Advisers, and to their undue reverence for the Common Prayer-Book." This speech, ladies, comes from no low, radical, ill-dressed, atheistic, vulgar, plebeian Snob; but from one of the most accomplished of English noblemen, descended from the LORDS DE CLIFFORD, and, moreover, himself one of the Heroes of Waterloo, and who has been Groom-in-Waiting to the QUEEN; not that these facts would influence your habitually unbiassed reasoning,—they are merely given as matter of information.

In the Commons, the "torrent of complaints" rushed with undiminished vehemence, and the members for the South Western Railway condescended to express some regret at what had occurred on the line, but took great credit to the Company for not having killed anybody. The Police Bill was then debated in committee, and some progress was made. Government has been beaten but twice this week, but then Parliament has sat but three times.



"Young Lady. "If you think you're a-going out with me that figgur, you're very much mistook. Where's your Gloves?"

M.P.'s Moved with Ease and Despatch.

On the event of another Naval Review taking place that shall require the presence of the House of Commons, it will be proposed that all the Members, to insure punctuality, will be carried to their destination by the Parcels Delivery Company. A great improvement this upon the Admiralty.

SHORTLY WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM. This celebrated production has only been some fifteen or twenty years in preparation, so therefore it cannot be reasonably expected that a work that has taken so long to prepare can possibly be completed in a day or two.

THE "MÉMOIRES DE BARRY." These must not be confounded with the "Mémoires" of the notorious MADAME DU BARRI, since they refer particularly to the Mémoires that SIR CHARLES BARRY will have to send in in the shape of his "little Bill," when he completes the New Houses of Parliament.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT. Being the Narrative of an Elderly Gentleman who had to go from Charing Cross to Pelham Crescent, and got there much quicker by walking than by taking the Omnibus—which pleased him mightily, as the Turbot was just ready for dinner.

ON BREAKING THE HORSE. The joint work of LORD LUCAN and the EARL OF CARDIGAN, from experience learnt in the Crimea.

THE INCOMPLETE LETTER-WRITER. By one of the NAPIERS.

MEN AFTER THEIR TIME. Containing free and extremely familiar sketches of the Members of Parliament, who were too late on board the *Perseverance* to see the Naval Review.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF WORDS—High as well as Low. By SIR JAMES GRAHAM, assisted by SIR CHARLES NAPIER, with a few hints from a classic Bishop, who, in the choice of expletives, has acquired the reputation of almost "hanging BANGOR."

THE POLITICAL LIFE OF FREDERICK PEEL, as far as it goes. By a Singular Admirer, who has appointed himself his Literary Executor; in one small volume, intended as a companion (by way of contrast) to the "Life of SIR ROBERT PEEL."

THE INITIALS. By W.B. Being the Revelations of a certain Election under the DERBY Administration.
"These revelations are full of the most valuable matter. Every page is worth, at least, a Bank Note."—*Morning Herald*.

THE RAILWAY COOKERY BOOK. Teaching the Young Director how to "Cook Railway Accounts" so as to "make things pleasant" to the taste of the most fastidious shareholder. With cuts and directions for carving a Dividend. By the Aide-de-Camp to the late Railway King.

Not one of the above works may be had at the *Punch* Office, 85, Fleet Street, nor anywhere else.

A LEGAL SYNONYM.—CHIEF-JUSTICE LORD CAMPBELL, we understand, always refers to the Lords' Visit to the Naval Review, as "The leading case of stoppage in *Transit-u*."

A SNOB'S DAY AT THE NAVAL REVIEW.



UT out of bed and dressed
like bricks,
To catch the train at a quarter
past six :
Party, myself and Mrs. BROWN,
And two friends of hers on a
visit to town.
By dint of humiliation and
prayer,
I have got four cards for the
Himalaya,
Through a friend of mine, in a
Government office :
(5 A.M.) Down - stairs and
swallowed our scalding-hot
coffees.
(Overnight I had ordered the
cab),
(5½ A.M.) Off for the station—
trab—trab—trab !

Just as we reached the Birdcage-walk wickets,
Found Mrs. BROWN had forgotten the tickets.

- (5:35 A.M.) Luckily there is a Hansom near,
I take it and bowl back to Brompton Square.
Oh that drive ! I shall never forget
The double fare and the fever and fret :
- (6¼ A.M.) Dejoin Mrs. B. in a state of vexation,
Waiting outside the Waterloo Station :
Push our way in, disagreeably blown,
And find the six-fifteen train just gone.
Get a place in the one that starts six-thirty ;
N.B. First-class fares—carriage second class, dirty.
- (7 A.M.) Engine seems weak, and is audibly wheezy,
(7¼ A.M.) Mrs. BROWN and the girls are becoming uneasy ;
- (8 A.M.) An hour and a half, and we are only at Woking ;
Mrs. BROWN declares it's extremely provoking :
- (8½ A.M.) At Winchfield Station, alarming rather,
The Engine refuses to go any farther :
- (9 A.M.) Still standing—informed an express is behind us :
Mrs. B. declares into powder 'twill grind us :
Our cards say " To Embark before Nine,"
And here we are fixed half-way down the line ;
- (9¼ A.M.) They're shunting us off the rails, down a siding,
Mrs. B. from wrath in despair is subsiding.
- (9¾ A.M.) Huzza ! Huzza ! We're in motion again,
They've hooked us on to the six-forty train.
- (10 A.M.) Basingstoke—(Engine stops for water)
Joined by a bewildered M.P. and daughter.
- (10¼ A.M.) The Engine is proving visibly weaker,
(M.P. concerned for the House and Speaker.)
- (11 A.M.) Bishopstoke : M.P. jumps out ; quite wild :
Train starts, and leaves us with M.P.'s child.
- (11¼ A.M.) Southampton at last : Mrs. B. broken-hearted :
Convinced that the *Himalaya* has started.
- (11¾ A.M.) Docks : a crowd on the wharf ; swells of every variety,
Mrs. B. delighted to meet such society.
- (12 A.M.) Have seen several Lords, and a real Earl
With his eldest daughter—a lovely girl !
- (12¼ P.M.) Universal grumbling and great disgust :
SIR C. WOOD and the Admiralty gen'rally cust. !
- (12½ P.M.) Two Tenders at last have come to the pier :
But nobody knows which goes to where. •
- (1 P.M.) On board the *Monkey* : delighted to find
The *Himalaya*'s not left us behind.
- (1¼ P.M.) *Himalaya* : after a fearful struggle
Mrs. B. through the main-deck port to smuggle :
Ascertain that some brute has knocked my hat crown in.
Returned thanks for a narrow escape from drowning.
- (2 P.M.) Magnificent boat ! magnificent weather !
Magnificent prospect altogether !

- (2¼ P.M.) Informed that breakfast is ready on board ;
Tried to push in : Mrs. B. got floored.
- (2½ P.M.) Make our way to the cabin ; a scene of bustling,
Bolting, elbowing, thrusting, hauling, and hustling.
Milk all gone : take our coffee without it :
Politely requested to look sharp about it.
Mrs. B. replies, " We ain't going to be done ;
That the first thing to think of is Number One."
- (3 P.M.) Had what I call a jolly blow out :
And a laugh at the folks that went without.
- (4 P.M.) Saw the Review : a lot of steamers,
Rigged out with all manner of flags and streamers.
(N.B. Can't say I saw much to see ;
And so, by the way, thinks Mrs. B.)
- (5 P.M.) Dinner announced : fought my way to a seat.
Lost Mrs. B., but got lots to eat.
- (6 P.M.) When I'd done, found Mrs. B., and brought her
To grub : went in at the brandy-and-water.
- (6 to 8 P.M.) What I call uncommon jolly, and hearty—
Ditto Mrs. B. and the rest of our party.

* * * * *

Who says I'm a snob ?—I'll punch his head ;
Here you Sir, come out ! I ain't afraid.
I'm invited here as a Gavment guest ;
I've a right to eat and drink of the best.
Drunk ! I scorn your words. Stand back, Mrs. B. !
I won't be insulted by such as he !

- (12 P.M.) What's this ? Southampton station-door ?
I wonder how I came ashore.
Where's Mrs. B. ? Why ain't I abed ?
What can have given me this pain in the head ?
- (6 A.M.) Waterloo Station ! I'm out of the train.
Holloa ! there's Mrs. B. again !
- (7 A.M.) Returned to Brompton, sick and sore :
Swore I'd never do so any more.

You, BROWN, who read this plain unvarnish'd tale,
Blush if you can, and own yourself a snob.
Punch has his eye upon you without fail,
Where'er you turn each meeting to a mob.

Aboard the *Himalaya* he beheld
Your crowding, and carousing, coarse and rude ;
His courteous heart with indignation swelled,
And scarce his itching *baldon* he subdued.

He saw you taking care of Number One ;
He saw you thrusting women to the wall ;
He saw your reeling mirth and tipsy fun ;
And one BROWN'S back he scarifies for all.

A Heavy Infliction.

MR. BAILLIE moved that the "American Papers" relating to some abstruse question or other, be "laid upon the table." Now, as in America there are about as many Editors as readers, and nearly more Newspapers than subscribers, we certainly do not envy the poor table, when all the American Papers, some millions in number, are placed upon it. How its unfortunate legs will tremble under the infliction ! If ever a table did "groan under the delicacies of the season," we should say it would be the table of the House of Commons, when it feels itself so fearfully "put upon !"

A CARD.—GUY FAWKES.

GUIDO FAWKES, otherwise GUY FAWKES, presents his compliments to DEAN MILMAN and all members of Convocation, and begs to observe, that he cannot but resent as a slight attempted to be put upon his memory, the motion of the Dean (however well-intentioned) to deprive him of a notoriety that for upwards of two hundred years he has enjoyed in the memory of the people of England. GUIDO FAWKES does not object to the discontinuance of the anniversaries (as moved for by the worthy Dean) of CHARLES THE MARTYR and the Restoration ; but considers that any attempt to deprive a certain historical dark lantern, tinder-box, and matches, of time-honoured disanneciation, as an interference with the vested rights of bigotry time out of mind ceded and granted. GUIDO FAWKES has already communicated his feelings on the subject to his best friend, (although he knows it not,) MR. SPEAKER, who will, there is no doubt, take the earliest opportunity of arriving at the house of the House on the subject in question.



GRAND CHARGE OF PERAMBULATORS, AND DEFEAT OF THE SWELLS.

BRITANNIA'S LATE BROOD.

ON the twenty-third of April it was a glorious day,
When her ducks BRITANNIA counted at Spithead as they lay;
Some sixty, first, as gallant birds as ever spread the wing,
In lines to port and starboard with the heaving tide did swing.
Oh, very proud BRITANNIA felt as she looked along the sea,
And, "Who can show such ducks and drakes as mine?" she says,
says she.

"There's *Royal George*, and *Wellington* and *Conqueror* also,
Three Drakes for size and weight unmatched at any poultry show,
Down to pretty little *Hecla*, and *Merlin* smart and spry;
I'll back them to do anything that birds can do, but fly.
Folks talk about *Muscovy* ducks, in *Baltic* and *Euxine*,
And *Canvas-backs* in *Yankee-land*, they say, are very fine:
But, 'gainst *Muscovy*, *Canvas-back*, or any duck that's known
To take a prize, at any odds," says she, "I'll back my own."
With that the old lady tossed her head, and heaved her fork on high,
And a little further westward she turned her weather-eye,
Where, under wing of four old Drakes, there floated on the flood,
Low and little in the water, BRITANNIA'S latest brood—
Five score and fifty ducklings now, where six months since was not one!
Yet, though scarce fledged, they move like birds that feel the sea their
own;

Dashing the foam to left and right, defying wind and tide;
With keen heads prying all about, black-bodied, falcon-eyed.
BRITANNIA sighed—"You darlings! Had you been but sooner hatched,
From those *Muscovies*, by your aid, what prizes I'd have snatched!
Had I had you, a year ago, among the *Baltic swells*,
Oh! wouldn't I have found a use for you—and for your shells!"

A Joke for Runaway Husbands.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S new Divorce and Matrimonial Bill provides that desertion of a wife for three years without reasonable excuse is to entitle her to alimony. If the wife should have nothing but alimony to live upon, does the LORD CHANCELLOR think that she would not starve considerably before the end of the three years?

MARTYRDOM OF A MODERN BISHOP.

EVERYBODY is familiar with SYDNEY SMITH'S declaration, that nothing effectual would be done in the way of Railway Reform, until a sacrifice had been offered up in the shape of the burning of a Bishop. The public exigences have not yet been met in this respect, and we hope they never may be; for we think we ought to be quite contented with such a mitigated form of episcopal combustion, as may be witnessed in the voluntary explosion of the BISHOP OF BANGOR; and other cases, in which prelates have proved themselves inflammable. We may, however, hope for some amendment in the Railway System, after the sufferings endured by a Bishop the other day on the South-Western; who is pathetically described by LORD RAVENSWORTH, as having been exposed on the day of the Naval Review, to all the horrors of travelling in an open third-class carriage! The misery of the Right Reverend Prelate was shared by the scarcely less sacred person of a Privy Councillor; and, what must have been doubly shocking to the feelings of these two superior beings, they were obliged to bear the calamity in the company of "several attendants," who were allowed to aggravate, by their society, the evils endured by the Bishop and his Right Honourable friend, in travelling in a third-class carriage. Surely, a cattle-pen might have been found for the attendants, to prevent the Prelate and the Privy-Councillor from a contact, which may be said to have added insult to injury.

Primrose Hill Fireworks.

WE understand that a humane old lady has written to MR. MITCHELL, of the Zoological Gardens, to know if on the coming exhibition of pyrotechnics, the lynx is to be allowed to see the fireworks?

"WHAT CAN WE DO FOR ITALY?"—LOUIS NAPOLEON puts this question, and *Punch* makes this answer.—Take your leg out of the Boot!

LITERARY FACT.—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has proved herself the most distinguished Reviewer, and extensive proprietor of Magazines in her dominions.



THE GUN-BOATS.

If you'd been only Hatched a Year ago, what might have come out of your Shells!

A FEW INFALLIBILITIES.



Let there be a railway accident, still no blame is to be attached to any one. Let the bricklayers or carpenters into the house, and it is a precious long time before you get them out again!

LET a man be ruined, he has been the victim of some treachery, or the dupe of some designing friend, or else it is the result of circumstances over which he had no control; it is never by any chance his own fault!

Let glass or crockery be broken in your household, or a few spoons absent without leave, not one of the servants knows anything about it.

Let an umbrella be missing, no one has ever seen it.

Let the dinner be late, to believe the Cook, it is always the fault of the kitchen clock.

Let a horse turn out queerly or badly, it is very strange, there never was anything the matter with it whilst in the possession of the previous owner, when the latter innocent is told of it!

Let there be a railway accident, still no blame is to be attached to any one. Let the bricklayers or carpenters into the house, and it is a precious long time before you get them out again!

JUDICIAL DISINTERESTEDNESS.

NOBODY can refrain from admiring the disinterestedness of LORD CAMPBELL and the other Judges of the Courts of Law in sacrificing their feelings of duty to the general desire to give the bar a holiday. On the suggestion of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE—

"SIR F. KELLY said, he believed that such was the universal wish of the bar, though he had not felt himself at liberty to address their lordships on the subject. He (SIR F. KELLY) hoped their lordships would indulge themselves, the bar, and the public with an opportunity of attending this great naval spectacle.

"MR. JUSTICE ERLE said that, on a question of public interest like the one in question, the bar had the same duty as the judges themselves."

Nothing can be more delicate than the reluctance of the bar to propose an indulgence, to which it was only ready to submit on the understanding that the Judges and the public should participate in the holiday. We greatly admire the consideration shown by MR. JUSTICE ERLE, and the gentle pressure he exercised upon the bar in pointing out that they had a duty to perform—namely, the duty to enjoy themselves. The only omission that strikes us as being rather remarkable is, the absence of all allusion to the suitors, to whom the protracted anxieties of postponed litigation would of necessity interfere with the enjoyment of a holiday.

A DANGEROUS GOVERNMENT.

REALLY, after the great hash that Government made of its arrangements for witnessing the Review at Spithead, one feels that they cannot be safely trusted with anything more serious than the mere affairs of the nation. Their mismanagement of the Review, fortunately, involved no very great mischief; but, the same amount of blundering committed in some other undertaking which they may attempt, may entail the most disastrous consequences. Above all things, fire is a power which one would be disinclined to allow such a Government to play with; and every thinking person must look forward to the pyrotechnic display which they propose to make, with feelings of serious alarm. If they don't take care—and there is the greatest reason to fear that they will not take care—what they are about with their exhibition of fireworks, they may burn down half London. It is not to be apprehended that they will destroy the whole of the Metropolis; simply because the greatest conflagration which it will be possible for them to kindle, will be limited by the Thames. We expect that, until the fireworks are over, the Insurance Offices will decline granting policies on this side of the river.

Exhausted Bishops.

MR. STAFFORD declared that, so shameful were the accommodations aloft at the Review, that "some of the Bishops were exhausted." This comes of travelling out of their own sees; for in their own, there they are never exhausted; at least not exhausted receivers.

REJOICINGS FOR PEACE.

THANK Heaven the War is ended!

That is the general voice,
But let us feign no splendour
Endeavours to rejoice.
To cease from lamentation
We may contrive—but—pooh!
Can't rise to exultation,
And cock-a-doodle-doo!

Not glad that War is over? Yes, my boy,
But ours is a peculiar kind of joy,
A sort of joy sedate and rather sage,
As when a fever, or a pest,
Has in your dwelling ceased to rage,
Killed half your family, and left the rest.

It is not now as in those days,
When waists were short, and men wore stays,
We are not so enthusiastic;
We cannot raise a halloo so uproarious,
We're not exactly so vainglorious;
We are not quite so plastic.
Then, indeed, each of us, oftsoons,
Had donned his tightest pantaloons,
And pumps with monstrous ties,
And capered to the skies,
In wild abandonment of mind,
With swallow coat-tails flying out behind,
And collars reaching to his eyes.

We can't pass now direct from grief to laughter,
Like supernumeraries on the stage,
To smiling happiness from settled rage;
We look before and after.
Before, to all those skeletons and corpses
Of gallant men and noble horses;
After—though sordid the consideration—
Unto a certain bill to pay,
Which we shall have for many a day,
By unrepealable taxation.

Yet never fought we in a better cause,
Nor conquered yet a nobler peace.
We stood in battle for the eternal laws;
'Twas an affair of high Police,
Our arms enforced a great arrest of State;
And now remains—the Rate.

But, what is a reflection
More fertile of dejection,
This question we have still to ask:
How many thieves yet are there in this world,
Whom to subdue may be again our task,
With our constabulary flag unfurled
Against marauding tyrants and their hordes?
Who will compel us next to draw our swords,
Who next excite War's horrid pudder,
And force us to inflict, and to endure
The devilish outrages, which evil cure,
But make all good men shudder.

Enough!—be we prepared—
In time of need our good sword shall be bared;
Dry let us keep our powder,
And trust—our cannon yet shall bellow louder;
And vengeance yet more crushing,
On all who for the Right,
Dare summon us to fight,
Hurl in the death-bolt on their fire-breath rushing.
Fixed thus in grim resolve,
We're hardly in the mood for jubilation;
Oh, that brute Force Man's squabbles still must solve!
Oh, Civilisation!

A Parliamentary Pace.

So the Lords and Commons were about five hours, on the Review day in travelling from the Waterloo Station to Southampton. So much the better. A capital lesson for them. Now they know what a Parliamentary train is.

SECTARIAN VIRUS.—The cause of popular education has an enemy in BAINES—are there no antidotes to BAINES?



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

SIR F. THESIGER, in the character of Portia.

"It must not be; * * * * *
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state; it cannot be."

Merchant of Venice, Act iv., Scene 1.

DANCING WITHOUT A MASTER.

SOMEBODY advertises a Resilient Boot, which is said to include the double advantage of an evening *chaussure* and a dancing lesson. The Resilient qualities of the boot are declared to be perceptible immediately on entering the ball-room; and we are to presume therefore that the wearer will either bound into the apartment in a gallop, or glide forwards in a sort of double shuffle, amidst the assembled company. There may be some advantages about a boot that sets one dancing directly it is drawn on, but there must also be certain inconveniences attached to it; and we therefore recommend that parties wearing the article in question should carry their Resilient Boots like a pair of gloves, for the purpose of drawing them on at the commencement of a Polka or Quadrille and cleverly kicking them off when the dance is concluded. Of course, if the contrivance answers its purpose, the bootmaker will supersede the dancing-master, and we shall have dancing taught in one easy pair of boots instead of in six easy lessons. We should be glad to know if the Resilient Boots are calculated for all ages as well as all sizes, and whether they will revive the Terpsichorean powers of those who had supposed that their dancing days were over.

ACCOMPLICES IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES.

We should like to know the meaning of the following paragraph, with reference to a criminal not in custody at the date when the paragraph appeared in the Newspapers:—

"He is so closely watched both by day and night that the slightest movement on his part would tend to his capture; and it is hinted that the offer of a reward will lead to his immediate apprehension."

We should be glad to be informed who it is by whom the culprit is "so closely watched day and night;" and we are also anxious for an explanation why it is, that those who are watching his movements day and night do not proceed to take him into custody. It seems, however, that the very vigilant parties in question are waiting for "the offer of a reward," and refuse to lay their hands on the suspected assassin until they can also lay their hands on some money for doing so. If they have him continually in their eye without causing him to be arrested, it is not quite clear that they do not become accessories after the fact, by virtually aiding and abetting him in eluding the grasp of justice.

CANDID AND COMPLIMENTARY.—We understand that, with a just appreciation of the value of the House of Commons, the Lords of the Admiralty endeavoured, on the 23rd, to insure the *Perseverance*; but there was not any member or members of LLOYDS' who would underwrite her.

THE NAVAL REVIEW.

Of Commons and of Peers
 Sing the terrible break-down,
 When on Southampton's piers,
 Though invited by the Crown,
 They were left, all to fume, fret, and frown:
 To accommodate the band,
 Not a tender was at hand,
 And the noblest of the land
 Were done brown!

Three miles off aloft
 Lay the steamers on the brine—
 The hour to sail for the Review,
 The tickets said was nine.
 But 'twas twelve that April morn by the
 chime
 Ere they drifted on their path,
 Dusty and tired to death,
 And ROEBUCK in his wrath
 Was sublime!

Even Wood himself had blushed
 To have looked upon the scene:
 In the *Harlequin* were crushed
 Bishop, and Duke, and Dean!
 "It's a joke," LORD GRANVILLE cried—
 when each gun
 Heard afar, with "hip, hip, hips,"
 Told the QUEEN had passed the ships,
 And LORD CAMPBELL'S solemn lips
 Said "We're done!"

Again,—again,—again!
 And the *Transit's* pace grew slack:
 She can't go on, 'tis plain,
 'Tis a doubt, if she'll go back:
 Even GRANVILLE'S mirth is changing into
 gloom.
 He a boat contrives to hail,
 Lest his brother Peers assail,
 And consign him to the pale
 Stoker's doom!

A hail the *Transiteers*
 The *Perseverance* gave;
 "We are Commons, ye are Peers;
 But all privilege we'll waive:
 WOOD to grief to-morrow night let us bring:
 The thing's a sell complete,
 We've seen neither QUEEN nor fleet,
 And we've nothing fit to eat—
 Not a thing!"

On the Admiralty's chief
 What blessings then arose!
 Round tough chickens and hard beef
 As Peers and Commons close.
 And so they cursed their fates, and made no
 way:
 While folks, with no invite
 From the Government, delight
 In the sunshine and the sight
 Of the day!

Now the railway let us praise—
 Tell how, that day and night,
 The trains went wrong all ways,
 And the engines stopped outright.
 How from Southampton's, Portsmouth's
 shore,
 Through the station gates there sweep
 Of nobs and snobs a heap,
 While some, more luckless, sleep
 Round the door.

Brave hearts! 'Tis Britain's pride,
 When she bungles, to outdo
 All the bunglers that have tried
 What mismanagement can do.
 There's some excuse for all who misbehave:
 LUCAN, AIREY—injured souls—
 Called unjustly o'er the coals,
 Each with bullied WOOD condoles—
 Let them rave!

CURIOSITIES OF NAVAL NOMENCLATURE.



HE tender which was in waiting at Southampton on the day of the Naval Review, to convey the members of Parliament on board their steamers, was inappropriately named the *Harlequin*. The noble and honourable passengers were an hour in getting on board of her, and then her crowded state occasioned a further loss of time in reaching the *Transit* and *Perseverance*. Presenting such a scene of confusion, awkwardness, and bungling, the tender would have had a much more suitable name if she had been denominated the *Pantaloön*.

The conjunction of the *Transit* with the *Perseverance* for the conveyance of the Lords and Commons was a curious if not a happy coincidence. The Review was half over by the time those vessels arrived at their destination, and a *Transit* of such difficulty and duration could not have been accomplished without *Perseverance*!

THE COMMONS AT SEA.

On Board the *Perseverance*, Solent, April 23.

MR. W. WILLIAMS (turning a little pale) moved for the Steward.—

SIR CHARLES WOOD, in reply, observed that no Steward was in attendance; that estimable officer, with his wife and family, having joined in the festivities of the day in a private ship off the Nab. He trusted, however, that the Hon. Member for Lambeth would find whatever he might require down-stairs; he meant below.

MR. SPOONER begged to move for a return of the religion of the man at the helm.

MR. NEWDEGATE had great pleasure in seconding the motion.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, as a friend of civil and religious liberty ashore and afloat, would strenuously oppose that return. Suppose the man was a Mugglestonian, was that any reason he should not know larboard from starboard—or, in other words, his right hand from his left? He (LORD JOHN) had had some little practice of nautical affairs when, *incog*, he commanded the Channel Fleet; and he must say that religion had nothing to do with seamanship.

MR. NAPIER expressed himself as much scandalised by the deistic—he would call them so—deistic principles of the noble lord; and if he could only hail a boat, he certainly would leave the ship.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM trusted that, having at length got under weigh, no difference of opinion would ripple the current of the hour. Nevertheless, he did think it essential to the harmony of the company to know the religion of the steersman. He might be a Catholic.

MR. ROEBUCK asked, a little contemptuously—what if he were? Was not COLUMBUS a Catholic; and did he not discover America?

MR. DRUMMOND, for his part, didn't think that made much for COLUMBUS. America had been purposely created to be left in the dark; and it was only the presumption of man that had interfered with the original design.

MR. W. WILLIAMS must again move for the Steward.

SIR CHARLES WOOD regretted to be compelled again to assure the Hon. Member for Lambeth that no Steward was aboard. In fact, as First Lord of the Admiralty, he could take it upon himself to say that nothing was aboard.

MR. F. PEEL observed that he already felt the appetising influence of the salacious ocean. He thought they might, without any neglect of the public service, in fact quite the contrary, resolve themselves into a Committee, to consider the propriety of ordering for themselves, individually and collectively, a Captain's biscuit.

MR. W. WILLIAMS begged to observe that he had called twice for the Steward, but could not eat a morsel: he should therefore move as an amendment, that for "a Captain's biscuit" be substituted the words "a half-pay Lieutenant's."

SIR ROBERT PEEL, in the gayest good-humour, assured Hon. Members that there wasn't a crumb afloat. As a junior Lord of the Admiralty, he knew how the whole concern would turn out; and had, on his own responsibility, brought some sandwiches. In doing this he must express his obligations to a hint from OSBORNE (Cries of *Shame!*), who was on

duty in HER MAJESTY'S Yacht; and, of course, rolling in prog. He (SIR ROBERT) should have been happy to present a sandwich to the Hon. Member for North Warwickshire (MR. SPOONER); only, the pig having been reared by a Papist, and the ham cooked by a Catholic, he could not venture with the Hon. Member to go *that* whole hog. (*Cheers*.)

MR. SPOONER begged to remark that all this was wandering beside the question. His motion had been made and seconded. He would repeat it—once again moving for a return of the religion of the man at the helm.

MR. T. DUNCOMBE said, he heard that the man was of the same religion as PETER the fisherman.

MR. NEWDEGATE must rise to protest against any levity. They were within a few inches of eternity; the engines were in an alarming state of complexity; and considering the admitted insecurity of the vessel—

A MEMBER (whose name we could not learn). All the rats have left it. (*Sensation*.)

MR. DISRAELI Not *all*. (*Laughter*.)

MR. NEWDEGATE asked, what would be the condition of Hon. Members if the vessel were to be driven upon a rock?

MR. DISRAELI Yes—and, with a Catholic steersman, the Rock of Rome?

SIR ROBERT PEEL begged to assure Hon. Members that for his part, as he had already shown, he could swim. And, for those who couldn't, he didn't wish to use strong language, but he thought them a pack of precious fools—(*Order!*)—a pack of precious fools—(*Cries of MR. SPEAKER!*)—a pack of precious fools, if, knowing that they had nothing to trust to but the providence of the Admiralty, they hadn't all of 'em brought cork jackets. (*Hear, hear, from SIR JAMES GRAHAM*.)

MR. SPOONER would not be diverted from the solemnity of his motion (*ironical cheers*)—he would repeat it—from the solemnity of his motion—by any ribaldry. (*Order!*) It was not unknown to the public that the Hon. Baronet had swum for his life in the Mediterranean; and he (MR. SPOONER), from the depths of his charity, could do no otherwise than beg the Hon. Baronet seriously to consider the fact that there was such a place as the Dead Sea. They were now upon the ocean, the illimitable ocean, and not upon a duck-pond, not upon a mere basin—

Here MR. W. WILLIAMS vehemently repeated his call for steward, and was kindly attended to by a philanthropic cabin-boy.

MR. NEWDEGATE strongly condemned these interruptions. He trusted that Hon. Members would have, if he might use the term, the decency seriously to entertain the motion; otherwise, with so much desultory talk, they might perform the voyage, return to port, and get back into their beds again, without knowing the particular religion of the steersman, or in fact—and he shuddered even at such a probability—without knowing whether the benighted man had any religion at all!

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON thought there was little chance of that. The ship, as it appeared to him, didn't make above four knots an hour; and he should think those knots were knots in red tape, they were so precious long and precious slow. (*Cheers*.)

An HON. MEMBER (whose name we did not catch) observed with much impatience, that he *did* feel infernally hungry, and didn't care who knew it.

MR. GLADSTONE and MR. HERBERT INGRAM rose together (*cries of "New Member!"* when MR. GLADSTONE gave way). MR. INGRAM then proceeded to remark that, having a tolerable strong suspicion, from the conduct of the late War, what the Admiralty would that day turn out for their comfort and accommodation, he had brought with him a pretty good supply of Boston sausages: Boston was famous for them. (*Cheers*.) Sausages, as he could assure the Hon. Member (MR. SPOONER), made upon Protestant principles. For his own part, he thought sausage-making, like arithmetic, was of no religion; nevertheless one sausage was quite at the service of the two Hon. Members for North Warwickshire. (*Cries of "Divide!"*)

MR. SPOONER begged leave to thank the Hon. Member for Boston for his generous and hospitable offer; at any other time, he might have accepted it, but his stern sense of duty called him back to the man at the helm. (*A laugh*.) He was not aware that he had said anything to laugh at. He should despise himself if he could. The motion had been made and seconded—

MR. R. M. MILNES moved as an amendment, that a glass of sherry should be served all round. He trusted that the First Lord of the Admiralty would have no objection to that?

SIR CHARLES WOOD replied that nothing would give him greater pleasure, if he had only the wine on board. But the fact was—there was nothing of the sort. However, he had caused a most minute investigation to be made of the ship's stores, and he had some satisfaction in stating that things looked better than they first appeared. (*Cheers*.) They had discovered six dozen of ginger-beer and a basket of periwinkles.

MR. SPOONER couldn't understand how Hon. Members could think of their belly-gods, and the religion of the steersman yet unknown. He contended that—

[At this minute there was a cry of "Water in the hold!" and as the "*Perseverance*" approached the "*Victoria and Albert*," HER MAJESTY'S Faithful Commons were at work at the pumps.]



JUDICIOUS.

Little Boy. "STAND ON MY HEAD FOR A HA'PENNY, MARM!"

Old Lady. "NO, LITTLE BOY.—HERE IS A PENNY FOR KEEPING RIGHT END UPWARDS!"

HUMBUG IS DEAD!

PAN is dead!—The Pan of the New World!

"What, and Hermes? Time enthralleth
All thy cunning, Hermes, thus,—
And the ivy blindly crawlleth
Round thy brave caduceus?"

Even so. We know how the news, according to PLUTARCH, came to the ship driving towards "the isles of Paxes," and that, too, when the passengers were taking a cup after supper; a voice that called unto one THAMUS and that with so loud a voice as made all the company amazed. Then the voice said aloud to him, "When you are arrived at Palodes, take care to make it known that the great God Pan is dead." The coincidence is strange! But when the *Persia* quitted New York, a voice followed her, calling upon CAPTAIN JUDKINS, and saying, "Oh, JUDKINS! when you arrive at Liverpool, take care to make it known that BARNUM, by a speculation in clocks, has gone to almighty smash: Humbug is dead!"

THE MEMBERS' PARODY.

Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what shall we do?
No vessel ready to carry us
On to the Naval Review!

Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
There go the guns, I declare!
They promised to take us to see the fine doings,
But we are too late for the fair.

Un-Common Hard of Portsmouth.

"THE Courts of Law were utterly deserted on the day of the Spithead Review," say the papers. To adapt a celebrated *mot*, we may remark that upon that day London was busily spelling Knavy without the K.

A COMPLIMENT TO SCOTLAND.—It is very delicate of the Government, very; and so the dispassionate reader will admit when he learns that the fireworks to be awarded to Scotland are to be made without sulphur.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

LORD RAVENSWORTH stated on Thursday night, that he saw a Bishop going to the Naval Review in a Third-Class Carriage. It is such a wonderful thing to see a Bishop not riding in his own carriage, that, far from laughing at the noble Lord's surprise, we are disposed to share in it. We only regret not having seen the Bishop in question. Fancy the meekness and resignation of the Reverend Prelate's countenance, as he sits upright on the hard wooden Bench of a Third-Class Carriage! What a beautiful picture it would make for one of our episcopal palaces; and you might call it, with the greatest justice, "HUMILITY." But it was ungenerous not to have given us the name of this self-sacrificing Bishop! Is it too late? for he certainly deserves to be handed down to posterity as one of the MARTYRS OF THE CHURCH.

WHAT WAS LOST AT THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

THERE were terrible losses at the South-Western Station on the momentous 23rd. Among others, The Directors lost all sense of decency in a hunger for lucre, or they had provided better accommodation.

LORD CAMPBELL, in a fit of indignation, lost his Scotch accent; and, arriving at his home at four in the morning, was refused admittance by the footman. (As yet, his lordship has offered no reward for the missing property.) The BISHOP OF BANGOR lost his temper. There are, however, lively hopes that it will be returned to him, it being of no use to anybody but the owner.

A CASE OF VERTIGO.—"What a giddy girl you are, JENNY! your head has been turned by reading novels." "No, Papa, by reading the letters about the moon's rotation."

SHIP INTELLIGENCE.—The *Perseverance*, on the suggestion of Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE, will be re-christened *The Chiltern Hundreds*.

A LESSON FOR THE ERMINE.

"HON^D. PUNCH,
"LORR CAMBEL sed in the ouse of lords consernin of the mul as guvment made of the navel revu Hat southamton, i cobby is wurds from the *tims*.

"The *Transit* at last weighed anchor, but it was necessary for two learned judges who were on board to work at the capstan."

"yes but the nobil And lerned lord forgot to menshun the remark as was made by Wun of the judges. Sez wun judge to the other he sez, Warm work i say bruther this gives you and mee sum ideer of the Crank. Witch opin the Party vil eaceforth bare in mind in sendin a unfortunate coav to the gugg, i remane your

"Ragg lane, april, 1856."

"P.S. they Nose now wot Hit His dash thare Wiggs."

"Afekshuit pal
"CLYFAKER."

Margery Daw on the Papacy.

A LETTER from Rome, quoted in the *Times*, says—

"If the temporal affairs of the Holy See are not in a flourishing condition, the same cannot be said of its spiritual affairs."

What extraordinary ups and downs the Ho'y See is subject to! Seeing this—by leave of our genteel Puseyite friends—we will venture to suggest that a better title for the Roman diocess would be the Holy See-saw. ••

A Cradle Peace.

MARSHAL PELISSIER tells his soldiers that peace has been "signed at the cradle of an imperial infant." How long does this allow, ere peace shall be weaned? Signed at a cradle, peace may have all sorts of nursery vicissitudes. Peace may have the measles—the hooping-cough, and the scarlet-fever. Any way, in France for some time, the peace will be very like the infant aforesaid; namely, a peace in arms.



A BAD TIME FOR JOHN THOMAS.

Rude Boy. "I SAY, JACK, AIN'T HE A FINE UN?—D' YE THINK HE'S REAL, OR ONLY STUFFED?"

PIUS AND BOMBA.

A Duet.

B. HOLY Father, holy Father,
Are you glad the War is o'er?
Don't you rather—don't you rather
Think this peace will prove a bore?
P. Well son, truly, well son, truly,
I have doubts upon the point;
Our dominions are unruly,
And our noses out of joint.

B. O, Successor of St. PETER,
Now the Western Powers are free,
And in order somewhat neater
They will put the Holy See.
P. Yes, my son, I should not wonder,
Such a sin were they to do,
And their wings if they took under
The affairs of Naples, too.

B. Do you think your fulminations
Will their bold proceedings check?
Of your excommunications
Do you fancy they will reck?
P. Ah! son BOMBA, of my bluster,
They will take as small account,
As of all the men you muster,
And of all the guns you mount.

B. Shall I try the liquefaction
Of GENNARO's wondrous blood?

P. If 'tis any satisfaction,
Yes my son, I think I would.

B. Of St. PETER's chain a filing
Might avail us, I suppose?

P. Well, perhaps—excuse my smiling—
Can't you file POERIO's?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

A LARGE portion of the Parliamentary week has been devoted to the performance of a Farce, to understand which *Mr. Punch's* friends will step behind the scenes.

The Fall of Kars was at once an unfortunate and a disgraceful event; and people who affect to make light of it, have only to look into the Treaty, and see that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA returns Kars, as "consideration" for the return to him of half-a-dozen captures by the Allies. There is no sense in mincing anything except veal. Everybody who might have helped to save Kars, and did not, ought to be utterly ashamed of himself. LORD PALMERSTON knows this perfectly well; and, when it was announced in Lords and Commons that an onslaught was to be made upon the Cabinet, in connection with this subject, he took measures for averting the storm. From "a high quarter" LORD DERBY received a hint, which induced that good-natured Nobleman to Wink at LORD PALMERSTON, in the most unhesitating manner, the first time they met. The PREMIER understood that explicit, if vulgar demonstration to mean, that political decency demanded a Kars row—but that the battle should not be a party one; that is, the Conservatives were not to be in earnest. On Monday, just before the combat, PAM called his men together into his dining-room in Piccadilly, and gave them a good blowing-up for the way in which they had been allowing the Government to be beaten of late. He explained the Kars affair in an off-hand way; the Generals had no men to spare; STRATFORD had behaved ill; but "Ambassadors," said PAM, "were not Angels." But this was nothing to the purpose. If they called themselves Liberals, they must vote for a Liberal Government. By a curious coincidence, DERBY called his men together in his drawing-room in St. James's Square at the same time, and he explained to them that the Government must not be beaten, for that his party was not in a condition to take office. He did not use these words, but urged that the Kars question was too grave to be used for a factious quarrel; but he was perfectly well understood. Some of the men grumbled, being hungry for office; but DERBY was peremptory. Now come into the front of the house—the curtain goes up on

Monday, April 28th. MR. WHITESIDE, an Irish lawyer (perhaps he would like to know what part of the Conservative country gentlemen prefix to their habitual mention of "those Irish lawyers") jumped about the table, bumping and bawling for four hours, and abusing the Government for losing Kars. He proposed a motion in accordance with his speech. An English lawyer, SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN,

defended the Government (of which he is a member), and abused LORD STRATFORD. LORD JOHN MANNERS defended LORD STRATFORD, and abused the Government. A Scotch lawyer, the LORD ADVOCATE, did not abuse anybody, but defended the Government. Then the House adjourned, but renewed the performance on

Tuesday. MR. J. G. PHILLIMORE, another lawyer who wants office, abused MR. WHITESIDE. MR. KER SEYMER then moved an amendment to the effect that the House knew nothing about the matter, and ought to wait for further information. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER pooh-pooh'd Kars, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON rebuked the LORD ADVOCATE for audacity, and MR. LAYARD apologised for LORD STRATFORD, and laid all the blame on LORD ABERDEEN's Government. MR. MAGUIRE abused the Turkish officers; SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE was for escaping a decision; MR. WARNER called LORD STRATFORD inhuman; and SERJEANT SHEE was too happy to be able to abuse his fellow-countryman and fellow-lawyer, WHITESIDE. Then there was talk of another adjournment, and LORD PALMERSTON, knowing that he was quite safe, taunted the Opposition, and defied them to divide. On the question of Adjournment, it was seen that LORD DERBY had not Winked to blind horses—the numbers were 243 to 173, majority for Government 70. PAM then laughed, and said they might talk for another night if they liked, but the question was settled. The debate stood over until

Thursday. When SIR BULWER LYTTON neatly abused LORD PANMURE, laying the fall of Kars at his door, and MR. VERNON SMITH tried to clear the noble Lord's doorstep. Several nobodies chattered to a House of thirty members, but afterwards the House filled, and the great guns came in for a finish. SIR JAMES GRAHAM did not know what to do, but on the whole, "would do as he would be done by," so supported a Government he "could not acquit." DISRAELI declared that it was every honest man's duty to vote against Ministers without regard to consequences, and said it as imposingly as if he and LORD DERBY had not given the party their orders. LORD JOHN BROUGH thought the motion ill-timed, and took the opportunity of explaining that he himself was a misunderstood man, but a first-rate patriot, and then LORD PALMERSTON made some good fun of WHITESIDE's gymnastic performances, and puffed the Treaty as the best answer to all objections. The House divided, got rid of KER SEYMER by 451 to 52, and then divided on the WHITESIDE motion, when a curious spectacle was presented. The Tories are kept in good order, and only three more voted than on Tuesday; their number being 176. But the outsiders, the folks who call themselves independent, and all the rest of the lot who

wait to see how things are going, came up wonderfully, and instead of 243, Ministers had 303, flooring WHITESIDE by 127.

And so ended the great Kars debate. LORD DERBY'S Wink did it all, and the entire story might be summed up—indeed shall be—in two little lines:

"The Debate on Kars,
Was humbug and farce."

For the sake of our friend BENJAMIN, however, we must note one trifling matter. The Tories had been taunted, rather ungenerously, considering all things, with not coming unitedly into this fight. DIZZY declared that the Opposition was united and meant to do its duty. This would be to its credit, but its union presented only 176 men, little more than a Quarter of the House of Commons. Our smart friend the *Globe* rather adroitly inquires, whether this is the force with which MR. DISRAELI would like to tell the QUEEN that he was prepared to take office. Rather a *lapsus* of DIZZY'S.

We have disposed of Kars *en masse*, and must deal in similar fashion with the other talk of the week.

In the Lords, LORD BROUGHAM has introduced a Bill to improve the law of marriage and divorce in certain respects. To make a Scotch marriage valid, his Lordship proposes that the parties shall have lived in Scotland for three weeks previously; and he would give validity in England to the Scotch law of divorce, legitimatising the children of a subsequent marriage. The Treaty of Peace has been laid on the tables in both Houses. A new Peer, LORD AVELAND, *olim* SIR GILBERT HEATHCOTE, has taken his seat, which reminds us to ask, "Where's PARKE?" The BISHOP OF EXETER has proposed more churches, as a testimonial of our thankfulness for the Peace; and LORD

MALMESBURY has withdrawn his Kars motion, for fear lest it might be carried.

The following Sunday, May the 4th, was appointed as the day for Thanksgiving, and the blundering haste with which the day was named—in the case of Scotland a Sunday's notice of it was ordered in a proclamation issued on the Monday before the day itself—contrasted with the previous dawdling on the subject. It was wise, however, to fix Sunday, as the working-classes will not lose a day's wages, and those who see nothing to rejoice at will be prevented from any very ostentatious parade of their discontent. Similar tactics have fixed the Fireworks for the Queen's Birthday on the 29th of May.

In the Commons, on the Wednesday, a Bill for Improving the Dwellings of the Irish Peasantry was opposed by some of the tools of the Irish priests, but made progress. On the Friday, LORD PALMERSTON let out two facts touching our arrangement with Russia; one being that she may have as many fortresses on the Eastern Coast of the Black Sea as she likes; and the other, that she may raise her sunken ships, if she can. There was also some discussion about the Sunday Music in Kensington Gardens; but the Sabbatarians made a poor show; and even MR. DRUMMOND declared that it was the business of Government to supply, if not the *panem*, the *Circenses*, for the people. He ridiculed LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR'S hypothetical soldier, whose conscience might forbid his playing on Sunday; and trusted that soldiers would recollect that they were mere machines, and that we should hear no nonsense about "officers' consciences." LORD PALMERSTON made a worthier speech in vindication of the arrangement which enables thousands of quiet, orderly people to participate, on Sunday, in the rational and elevating recreation which, at the same time, is being enjoyed by their QUEEN.



HARD UPON THE OLD LIEUTENANTS OF 1812, OR THEREABOUTS.

"Confound the Peace, I say! If we'd had but a slap at 'em this year in the Baltic, I might have got a command—and now I may stick as I am for the next forty years!"

THE DANGERS OF TRANSLATION.

ONE of our most eminent translators has been busy during the last three weeks in translating GEORGES SAND'S *Comme il vous Plaira*. He never discovered, until he had nearly completed his task, that it was nothing more than a version, liberally Frenchified, of *As You Like It*. He has been vehemently inveighing against all French dramatists ever since; and declares that they have no right to play Englishmen such tricks! If such a system of shameless appropriation continues, what translator, he indignantly asks, is safe?

A PAPER TO MAKE PEOPLE SMART.—A Gardener has succeeded in making "paper out of common broom." We should say it would be a capital paper for schoolmasters, satirical writers, and political antagonists, if the broom in question is a birch-broom.

A SIGN OF THE SEASON.

THE First of this lovely month of May
Was, in sooth, a pretty day;
A keen cold wind from the North-East blew,
Fahrenheit stood at forty-two;
Had it been ten degrees more low,
The purling brooks had ceased to flow.

The daisy and the buttercup,
The young horsechestnut leaves, shrunk up.
The nightingale was mute and mum,
The cuckoo was completely dumb,
Few chimney-swallows skimmed the lake,
And they had found out their mistake.

Now, what I am about to say,
I saw on this last First of May;
True is the fact which I relate,
I do not chronicle a dream,
On honour bright the thing I state,
Incredible as it may seem:

Across Hyde Park my way I took,
A friend was in my company,
He called to me, and bade me look
At a strange marvel in the sky—
I saw four sea-gulls scudding there,
They drifted on the blast aloft,
I was not gulled—but gulls they were—
On ocean I have seen them oft.
My friend a sportsman was, and he
Those four great sea-gulls saw with me.

There must have been a bitter storm
Upon the coast—I quote his words—
At least the weather can't be warm
When inland we behold such birds;
We know that all have cause to shiver,
When fowls like those come up the river;
I guess his augury was sooth,
But I declare the simple truth,
That in Hyde Park I did behold
Four sea-gulls—wondrous to be told!
Upon that melancholy day,
Which ushered in the month of May.

Army Intelligence.

THE Imperial Prince has been promoted to the 1st Grenadier regiment of the Imperial Guard. He could hardly have achieved earlier military distinction had he been born—a son of a gun!

THE PROCLAMATION OF PEACE.

(BY OUR PROSAIC CORRESPONDENT.)



TUESDAY, the 29th of April, 1856, will long be confounded with the first of the month, in the memory of those who were made April-fools of, by looking at a ceremony in which several persons made fools of themselves, in conformity with ancient custom. The occasion of all this stultification was the formal proclamation of peace,—a proceeding which is supposed to impart, in sounds which nobody hears, the news which everybody knows, to anybody who likes to listen. At about half-past ten the Stable-yard of

St. James's Palace was enlivened, or, perhaps, we should rather say, saddened, by the presence of a number of nervous individuals who had met for the purpose of being pushed on to the backs of horses they could not ride, and encased in trappings they could not conveniently manage. The Heralds in their splendidly-embroidered pinafores, Garter in his elaborately-embroidered Bib, and Portcullis in a hat too big for him, were soon upon the ground, and on being mounted, it was feared that they might be soon upon the ground a second time, in spite of the efforts of the principal riding-master from ASTLEY'S, who was expressly engaged to superintend this rather slow, and far from "rapid act" of official horsemanship.

Outside the palace-gates a troop of Life-Guards had assembled in full force, and the British public had also assembled in rather unusual feebleness. The military were armed to the teeth, or rather to the shoulder-blades, and wore their rather superfluous cuirasses; for as their ordinary service consists in their stopping at home, they seem hardly to require the process of being "locked up in steel" for their further security. The gallant fellows were under the able command of a Lieutenant-Colonel, who set his men a noble example of endurance, by waiting patiently until the procession issued from the Stable-yard, when it was greeted with three distinct blasts from the mouth of a trumpeter. When the Westminster Beadles issued from under the archway, in their very richly bedizened cocked hats, their crimson capes contemptuously blown upon by the wind, and their staves trembling with nervousness which might have been mistaken for emotion—by any one who knew no better—the effect was electrical. It is a mistake to say that a large crowd is incapable of strong feeling, for no sooner were the Westminster Beadles fairly in sight of the assembled multitude, than they were received with one heartfelt, sympathetic and all but universal burst of truly British—Laughter.

The impression made on the objects—and precious objects they were—of this merriment, was rather curious, and *Quot Beadles tot sententia* might have been the exclamation of any one who witnessed the various emotions that tore the bosoms, agitated the capes, and heaved up the frilled shirt-fronts of Westminster's united Beadledom. The Beadle of one parish convulsively grasped his staff as if he would have nailed to the pavement a small boy, who would have had a blow "in his laughing eye" if the fierce passions of excited beadledom had been allowed their full swing and ample elbow-room. Another milder Beadle who seemed to have been mellowed about equally by age and liquor, gave a feeble wink, but he rapidly relapsed into the conventional stolidity of beadledom.

"His thin lips parted with a ghastly smile,
He tried to please, yet felt he fail'd the while."

Another, by his lofty demeanour, seemed to be clinging still to the old days, when the reign of beadledom was a reign of terror to the boys, when the cocked-hat was a power, the red cape an institution, and the staff an idea in the minds, as well as a reality on the heads, of refractory urbindom.

Notwithstanding the "medley of passions" that fluttered the Beadles as they ran the gauntlet of general ridicule, they behaved on the whole with much forbearance, and excited less admiration by the trappings or "odious comparisons" they wore, than by the patience they exhibited. Many of them had reached a period of life at which they might have expected to have reaped a better harvest than the mere "chaff" which was abundantly bestowed on them by the populace.

The Beadles were followed by the High Constable, who rode a very high horse, which had been hired expressly for the occasion. He looked remarkably well, and acknowledged with a smile a recommendation to him to "keep his pecker up," from a young gentleman in the undress uniform of the ragged regiment of volunteer Black-Guards.

Next came the High Bailiff and Deputy Steward of Westminster: the former from his familiarity with Westminster meetings, is prepared to receive anything that may be offered by the independent citizens, from a joke to a cabbage-stalk. He has presided at the hustings in Covent Garden when greens have been abundant at twopence a market-bunch, and he knows the pressure to the square inch of every kind of vegetable (when thrown by the hand), from the pea to the parsnip. The High Bailiff seemed to relish the mirth of the multitude, and evinced much appreciation of anything like a new remark; but when advised by a would-be wag in fustian "to get down and get inside," the High Bailiff sneered with undisguised contempt at the effete witticism.

Next in order, or rather in disorder, came the Knight-Marshal's men, who should have been two and two, but who were really at sixes and sevens. Their rear was "bumped"—to use an aquatic term—by the drums, with their Drum Major, the trumpets and the Sergeant Trumpeter. The latter appeared to be rather put out of temper by an inquiry addressed by the public to a very little Trumpeter, with a very large trumpet; who was asked more than once, "Don't you wish that would be blown?" as he passed along with his comparatively gigantic instrument.

Perhaps the Sergeant may have been irritated by a successful attempt to make one of the Trumpeters laugh in the middle of the first blast, when an exclamation of "Here they are, all a-blowing!" excited the risibility of one of the executants, and caused the opening flourish to be not so "conscientiously rendered" as a classical critic of this very interesting performance of Op. 1. might have desired. It must, however, be allowed that the mistake was corrected in Op. 2, which was gone through with a severity of mouthing and a musician-like adherence to the composer's meaning, which would have satisfied the most rigid member of the BACH Society. Perhaps, however, the full value of a blast was never thoroughly developed till the execution of Op. 3, in which every performer handled his trumpet with a delicacy and blew into it with a force, a roundness, and a continuity which was only impaired by a want of finish, for it appeared as if it would never leave off.

When, however, it came to a close, the criticism of a bystander was appropriate, if not very learned, for he exclaimed, "Well, I hardly know which must be the most thoroughly blown by this time, the trumpeters or the trumpets." Following the musicians, came Garter, who looked about him with such a lofty expression of indifference, such an air of vacancy, that he might have been mistaken for one of the vacant Garters we have lately heard about. Then came three uncomfortable-looking individuals described in the programme as Pursuivants, followed by the popular dramatist, MR. J. R. PLANCHÉ, in his celebrated character of *Rouge-Croix*, which, as its name implies, is "taken from the French," and in which, therefore, he must have felt himself as much at home as any gentleman who sometimes looks abroad for his materials may be supposed to do. After MR. PLANCHÉ, came MR. H. M. LANE as *Blue-Mantle*, accompanied by the gentleman already alluded to as *Portcullis*, and who, from the vastness of his hat, which he with difficulty prevented from crossing the bridge of his nose, was subjected to the constant inquiry of "Who's your hatter?" This uncomfortable party "was flanked" by three Sergeants-at-Arms, who carried each a gold mace, and had an otherwise spicy appearance.

After these came four Heralds, the *Somerset Herald*, the *Windsor Herald*, the *York Herald*, and the *Lancaster Herald*; but after a vain attempt to read them all, we came to the conclusion in each case that the Herald was not remarkable for intelligence. The rear was brought up by another troop of Life-Guards, and the procession was finally closed—not to say shut up—by a laughing and chaffing, jeering and cheering multitude.

The whole party made its way to Charing Cross, where there was a "pull up," and *Norroy King-of-Arms* in the person of MR. R. LAURIE, read the Proclamation of Peace, which was probably heard by some twenty or thirty individuals, among whom we counted the baked potato-dealer and a pieman, and the attendant from the neighbouring cab-stand. The pieman exhibited an indecent contempt to the great national solemnity by drowning Norroy's voice with the cry of "Pies an Puddins"—by some corrupted into "Poison Puddings,"—which was heard above the gentlemanly tones in which the proclamation was uttered.

The procession at length reached Temple Bar, which ought to have been already shut, but as this part of the business was entrusted to official hands, the gates were left open. Routine was thus regularly brought to a stand-still, for "ancient usage" required that Junior Pursuivant should proceed to knock, but there was nothing to knock at. Common Sense finding the expected difficulty of entrance removed, would have quietly walked in, but Official Usage of course waited expressly for the difficulty to be put in its way, and after a characteristic waste of time, the gates were shut on purpose that the form might be gone through of demanding that they should be opened.

At this point of the affair the equestrian powers of one of the officials—whom we will not mention, lest we should hurt him more than he is already hurt by the saddle—fairly broke down, and he in pitiable accents requested that a cab might be sent for. In vain was he assured that it was "not much further," in vain were promises made to "hold him on." The functionary alluded to regularly gave in, and a cab was hailed, into which he was attempting to creep when it was found that by reason of the hugeness of his hat, his head was too large for the cab's body. With some difficulty he was uncovered, and having been squeezed into the vehicle, his hat—which the driver of course regarded

as luggage—was pushed in after him, and he drove off amidst a general demand on the part of the public to know one of the tradesmen of the unhappy individual, in the form of an almost universal cry of "Who's your Hatter?"

Such are the leading features of an event that follows the serious business of the War, like a very poor pantomime scene at the conclusion of a tragedy. When the "authorities" continue to do seriously with all the intense solemnity of stolid stupidity what the whole public look upon with ridicule and contempt, it is a proof that the one is a long way behind the other. There must be very little sense of humour in the public departments, or they would have laughed outright in each other's faces as they gave and received instructions for the mixture of mountebankism and masquerade that came off on Tuesday last amid the ridicule of the whole Metropolis. If *Blue-Manile* had any doubt as to the absurdity of his own position, he had only to look at *Portcullis* to be convinced of the fact; and if *Windsor Herald* had conceived that he was engaged in a dignified pursuit, a glance at either *York*, *Somerset*, or *Lancaster* might have caused the whole four, if their eyes had met, to burst out into a loud roar, expressive of the idea, "What fools we are going to make of ourselves!"



THE GREAT HARDSHIP ON WIDOWERS.

NOTHING can be clearer than that a man is forbidden by the Mosaic constitutions from wearing a white hat, except the fact that he is also prohibited by them from marrying his wife's sister after the decease of his wife. However, we shall make no attempt to prove this point, because that would involve a theological question, which has not been raised by any bishop or other clerical dignitary in insisting, contrarily, perhaps, to the opinion of many of his less honest brethren, on the plain, but non-natural, sense of the text which interdicts white hats. Nor is it probable that this question will ever be raised if we let it alone, since white hats have not been condemned by our ecclesiastical canons, and our spiritual magnates do not conceive themselves at all interested in maintaining the denunciation of those hats as a part of their system. We will not even express any opinion on marriage with a sister-in-law, considered in a social or sentimental point of view: we will only just observe, that the strongest argument for legalising it has been strangely overlooked. By being debarred from marrying the sister of his deceased wife, the widower who re-marries is often subjected to the obligation of taking upon himself a second father-in-law, and, worse still, a second mother-in-law. A man who marries twice is not necessarily an ass, that he should be made liable to be thus saddled.

A HEAVY BLOW FOR HEAVY PEOPLE.

ALDERMAN CUBITT is reported to have decided, that an omnibus-driver is not compelled to take a passenger of more than the usual size; and dismissed the summons of a rather ponderous gentleman, on the ground that his fat was a fatal objection. To us it appears that a man who is too heavy to carry himself, is especially in need of the accommodation of a public conveyance. It is rather surprising that such a decision should proceed from one of the London Aldermen,—a body whose weight and size are proverbial; and whose members are not unlikely to exceed the dimensions to which the right of passage by an omnibus ought, according to ALDERMAN CUBITT, to be limited. If this law is to stand, we do not know how it is to be carried out; for it will be most inconvenient to allow the busmen to reject passengers *ad libitum*, without proper evidence of their being over-weight, or beyond the allowed number of Cubic—in this case we may, perhaps, call them CUBITT—inches. It will be, perhaps, advisable for the Police Commissioners to keep a weighing-machine, for the convenience of riders who might demand to be weighed, and who should be privileged to wear a ticket as a sort of licence to enter an omnibus. Coats would, perhaps, come into fashion with an embroidered V.R. on the back; and ladies under a certain weight might hoist a parasol, worked with the letters V.R., when hailing an omnibus.



MR. BULL DOESN'T QUITE SEE IT.

Mr. Bull. "WELL, BUT YOU KNOW, MARM, I DON'T—THAT IS—A—I—"

His Ally. "AHA! YOU NOT QUITE COMPREHEND! NEVER MIND! ALL RIGHT! YOU SALL PUT ZIS IN YOUR BUTTON-HOLE, AND COME AN ZEE ZE FIREWORK."

THE OXFORD SCHOOL IN AN UPROAR.



IGNOR PUNCH.—You ought to have been here the other day to have witnessed a splendid assertion of Anglo-Catholic principles on the part of the University men—that is to say, the undergraduates, you know. That heretic and incendiary, GAVAZZI, came here to lecture in the Town-hall against Popery and Puseyism, as he calls the Roman and Anglican Churches; so we went and confuted him. I assure you no theological discussion ever occasioned greater noise at Oxford than the one we had with that fellow. Most of us are still quite hoarse with bawling and screaming for the faith, so that we can hardly speak, and are going into no end of black-currant jelly.

have no idea what religious men we are here, 'Things isn't now as they used to was,' as Mr. WRIGHT, the comedian, observes. Then, almost every man who troubled his head about theology at all was a Low Churchman and a spoon. A man was ashamed of being thought pious. Now, men pride themselves on obeying the Church. This is the fruit of what you call Puseyism. You see, Puseyism is a crack religion. It is a sort of thing that a man can profess. It is opposed to snuffling and moaning preachers, to beadles, parish clerks, [methodistical psalmody, and maudlin sentiment. A man can be a Puseyite, without making any demonstration of personal fervour, and that sort of thing. He need

not be 'serious.' He performs his devotions according to ecclesiastical regulation. Being a Puseyite also shows a man's taste for church architecture, music, decorations, and costumes, and you see that his faith proceeds from his learning and refinement, principally. He is the opposite style of man to a low Dissenter.

"Lots of men fast. Indeed I may, without a joke, say that Puseyism is a fast creed. We never hear of tea and bible now. I expect that men will take to breviary and pipes instead. Some men macerate the flesh and get regularly weighed every day to see how much of it they have lost; but one man has carried his abstinence to the extent of wasting his muscles; so that he cannot pull. He used to row in a horse-hair shirt. There is a talk of getting up penance meetings, and some have proposed to substitute for the 'discipline,' sparring, without the gloves; but we are afraid that pugilism is uncanonical.

"So I dare say you can imagine what sort of a reception a mountebank, or, in fact, anybody else would meet with, coming among us to abuse the Roman Church, even if he were to confine his remarks to that subject. We look upon Popery, indeed, as rather too much of a good thing; but still we do consider the thing good in itself, and will neither listen ourselves to a word that any one has to say against it, nor let others, whom we can prevent from so doing by kicking up such an Anglo-Catholic row as we did the other day against old GAVAZZI.

"Believe me, dear SIGNOR PUNCH,

"ALB. CUTAWAY.

"Oxford, Feast of the Invention, 1856.

"P.S.—A capital notion. Yesterday I saw in a man's rooms a little image of St. SWITHUN, Bp.; made, partly for worship, partly for a tobacco-stopper, and serving both as an instrument for smoking, and also as an object of veneration to the man.—A. C."

MUSICAL CANT.

We are indebted to our philosophic contemporary, the *Musical World*, for a quotation from another musical critic, who disports himself in a fashion of which the *World* speaks with well-directed derision. The writer is described as a German rhodomontader, but we confess to a recollection of having from time to time read, in English Newspapers, matter somewhat cognate, and the excuse we used to find was, that the critics had become aesthetic and hysteric, in their desire to get away from the stereotyped commonplace of enthusiasm with which every trumpety paragraph-monger pays for free admissions and private boxes. The cold-blooded, deliberate nonsense of the German, however, seems to have no extenuation. We give an abridged specimen:—

"CHARACTERISTICS OF FOUR PIANOFORTE PLAYERS.

"Liszt is distinguished for the most passionate declamation. Thalberg for the most refined voluptuousness; Clara Wieck the most ardent enthusiasm; Henselt the most delicate lyrical taste. Thalberg pleases us in the highest degree, and often enraptures; Liszt gives us the idea of supernatural power; Clara transports us to the higher regions; Henselt beautifully excites and gratifies the imagination. In purity of playing we would place them in the following order:—Thalberg, Clara, Henselt, Liszt. In extempore ability, Liszt, Clara. In depth and warmth of feeling, Liszt, Henselt, Clara, Thalberg. In thorough acquaintance with the principles of the art, Thalberg, Henselt, Clara, Liszt. In elevation of spirit, Liszt; in knowledge of the world, Thalberg; in somewhat of affectation of manner, Henselt; in self-respect, Clara. In beauty of design, Thalberg, Henselt, Clara, Liszt. Boldness, Liszt, Clara. Egotism, Liszt, Henselt. Acknowledging the merit of others, Thalberg and Clara. In aptitude to study, Liszt, Thalberg, Clara. Playing without grimaces, Thalberg and Clara."

"Reading the above with grimaces, *Punch*, and everybody else," the writer, understood to be "CLARA'S" husband, might have added. But there is more of the same kind, and as the *Musical World* seems to have become too disgusted to go on quoting, *Punch* will heroically take up the work. The writer proceeds:—

"CHARACTERISTICS OF FOUR ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTORS.

"In the van of the orchestra we analyse specialité as follows:—Jules Benedict is distinguished for the line of beauty in the wave of his bâton, Costa for his arduousness of blow, Balfe for an Hibernico-Austrian gaiety of flourish, and Alfred Mellon for a Pre-Raphaelite precision of stroke. Jules banishes all fear of error, Costa endows us with a portion of his own temerity, Balfe intoxicates us with a Comus-wand, and Mellon guides us as with the field-marshal's staff. In energy of whack we would rank them thus, Balfe, Costa, Jules, Mellon. In resonance upon the music-stand, Costa, Mellon, Jules, Balfe. In safety for the nearest bald-head, Benedict, Mellon, Costa, Balfe. In

indication of subsequent oysterophagy and beerishness, Balfe, Costa, Mellon, Jules. In addition to pickled salmon for supper, Benedict, Costa, Mellon, Balfe. In the faculty of remembering one's umbrella, Benedict, Costa, Balfe. In acknowledging the applause of the audience, Costa, Benedict. In white-kid glove spitting, Mellon, Benedict, Balfe. In inaptitude to eat post-prandial periwinkles, nearly equal. In contempt for the German 'Characteristics' writer, exactly equal."

If the *Musical World* hears of anything else from the same source, we hope he will not be so selfishly reticent as upon the present occasion; but give it—at large—to the world at large.

A NEW MILKY WAY.

A COMPANY has been started to supply London with pure Milk, and if it carries out its intention, London will enjoy one of the greatest novelties that has ever been offered to its notice. We have so often been deceived by carts painted cream colour, and supposed to come from the country, as well as by men dressed in smock frocks, to give an idea of rural simplicity—but both of them conveying a mixture, which, if used in a dairy, might render it difficult to distinguish chalk from cheese—we have, in fact, been so frequently taken in by the most rustic appearances, that we have begun to look upon the promise of pure milk as pure humbug. We, however, do believe in the possibility of a cow's yielding something better than the stuff which leaves a sediment of chalk in our jugs, and we shall be prepared to hope for real milk from a *bonâ fide* Company. That it may be sold at a good profit we do not doubt, and unless the Shareholders want to take all the cream to themselves, the milk they supply may be genuine.

Different Phases of Feeling.

Wife (very indignantly). "Ah! there's the Doctor's boy at last, my dear, with your physic. It's too bad! Keeping the house up to this hour of the night! What right has he to come as late as ten o'clock?"

Servant (who has answered the door). "If you please, mum, the milliner has called with your new dress, and wishes to know if you will try it on?"

Wife (in quite another tone). "Certainly, SUSAN. Show her into the dining-room, and say I will come to her directly."



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Pandarus. What music is this?
Servant. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.
Pan. Know you the musicians?
Serv. Wholly, sir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the hearers, sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music."

Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Scene i.

THE OLD SHOP AT WHITEHALL.

(After MR. LONGFELLOW.)

SOMEWHAT back from the noisy street
 Stands Jobbery's old-fashioned seat.
 Across its antique portico
 Tall sentinels their shadows throw;
 And from the rooms within all day
 The stiff officials seem to say,
 "For ever—never—
 Never—for ever!"

Within an ancient porter stands,
 "Who points and beckons with his hands,"
 And shows the way discreet and sure
 To those who come to seek PANMURE.
 If they to right a grievance came,
 One answer still they get, (the same,)*
 "For ever—never—
 Never—for ever!"

Though merit wither all unknown,
 While rank and glittering show alone
 Are recognised in that old seat
 Of smothered wrongs and jobs complete.
 One job exposed—ten more are soon
 Concocted to the same old tune—
 "Never—for ever—
 For ever—never!"

The *Times* may daily thunder forth
 Its leader with indignant wrath;
 Through all the country it may go,
 But what can a civilian know?
 'Tis read, but seldom heeded long,
 So still they sing the ancient song.
 "For ever—never—
 Never—for ever!"

"Take care of DOWB," despise the groans
 Of ROBINSON, and BROWN and JONES,
 And should some jobbing come to light,
 Let PAM stand up with all his might;
 Let EVANS own he must be wrong,
 And all agree to sing the song—
 "For ever—never—
 Never—for ever!"

Never wake up—for ever keep
 In dull Routine's official sleep;
 Perish reforms, let Red Tape live,
 And still the same old answer give
 To all the meddling fools who try
 To know the Horse-Guards' reason why:
 "For ever—never—
 Never—for ever!"

OUR OWN PASHA AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THAT British Pasha—a Pasha worthy of more than three tails—
 LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, still remains at Constantinople; at
 least, such is the presumption, allowing that Constantinople still
 remains big enough to hold him. A cucumber grown in a bottle has
 been known to grow so rapidly and to such a size, that it has cracked
 and broken the vessel that contained it. In like manner, it has been
 feared that Byzantium might burst with a REDCLIFFE. Be this as it
 may, it is encouraging to all ambassadors, present and to come, who
 treat heroes with contempt, giving no more attention to letters that
 tell of starving troops and a dying cause, than JEREMY DIDDLEE gives
 attention to the claims of his washerwoman,—it is, we say, very
 encouraging to such sublime functionaries that, so long as LORD PAM
 is Premier, LORD PAM will defend, solace, and retain them. The more
 the Ambassador's monstrous arrogance was exposed, the more did the
 Premier warm towards him. *Deborah Woodcock* vainly endeavours
 to arouse the indignation of *Justice Woodcock* to the bad character of
 her niece's suitor. "I tell you, brother, he's a vagabond!" "All the
 better," cries the *Justice*, "I like a vagabond, I like a vagabond!"
 "There is no man," is the plea, "so thoroughly Turkish, and there-
 fore so fit to deal with Turks, as LORD STRATFORD." It is a pity that,
 with his great Turkish merits, and Turkish sympathies, his Lordship,
 ere Kars became a shame and a calamity, had not been treated with a
 Turkish reward—the sack.

STURGEON'S ROE.—Some say that the Treaty of Peace is a Russian
 product. At all events it appears to be "caviare to the million."

BLACKAMOORS OF HOLYWELL STREET.

ANOTHER batch of these moral negroes, fellows that, like bottles of
 DAY and MARTIN, are filled with blackness, have been again arraigned
 at the Middlesex Sessions, and sentenced to imprisonment and hard
 labour. A fellow of the name of DUNCOMBE has grown hoary in his
 atrocities; so has another blackamoor called DUGDALE. Again and
 again have their presences so contaminated the cells of Whitecross
 Street that it has been needful to whitewash and fumigate them ere
 they were even fit for the reception of average felony. Thinking of the
 means by which these fellows "clothe the back and feed the maw,"
 recognising in them the moral ogres that batten upon the purity of the
 young and the depravity of the old, we put it to SIR JACOB HALL to
 consider whether the clearness and sweetness of day-light should not
 at once be let into Holywell Street; whether every house, or den,
 should not be razed, and the ground sown with saltpetre? Unhappily,
 —we sometimes cannot do otherwise than deplore the fact—we live in
 a constitutional country; otherwise, were the Thames like unto the
 Seine, its waters might be directed through the Gomorrah that backs
 the Strand, and cleanse this moral London of its foulest abomination.

Spain Acknowledged.

THERE are great hopes for Spain. In a little while ISABELLA will
 be represented at St. Petersburg, and ALEXANDER at Madrid. Spain
 is to be "acknowledged" by Russia. May we hope that, in thank-
 fulness for this providential blessing, Spain will acknowledge her
 creditors?

THE PROCLAMATION. (A POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.)

Canto I.—The Mounting.

OUTSIDE St. James's Stable-yard,
Is mustering for the show—
Inside St. James's Stable-yard,
Is hurrying to and fro;
There 's pomp of war, in large Horse-Guards,
Those stars of nursemads' eye,
There 's pomp of state in Westminster's
Beadles and Bailiff High!

There are heralds in those garments,
Which described by me and you,
Would be Talmas à la Tom-fool,
Half of red and half of blue—
But which, in *langue de blazon*,
Wear a different title quite,
As the Heraldic *Tabard*,
Gules, and *azure*, parted right;

There are Drums, and their Drum-major,
A tall man and severe,
Knight-marshal men and Trumpets,
And a Serjeant Trumpetere,
Not last nor least, there 's Garter King-
At-Arms, SIR CHARLES DE YOUNG,
With new-gilt collar of SS,
Over his shoulders flung.

"Bring forth the steeds!" cried Garter-King,
They brought four steeds of bone,
Troop-horses sleek and sable—
Each up to twenty stone;
"And now bring forth the Pursuivants,
For they must up and ride;
If they can't sit on their horses,
Tell them, they can be tied."

Oh pale, pale grew those Pursuivants,
Those horses when they saw—
Rouge-Dragon and *Blue-Mantle*,
Portcullis and *Rouge-Croix*
(Such are their names on blazon's page,
But the names got from their sires
Are simpler; Collen, Dendy,
Planché, and Lane, Esquires).

Forth step four stalwart troopers,
And up to saddle height,
Portcullis and *Blue-Mantle*,
And *Rouge-Dragon* they have pight;
But the fourth saddle 's empty,
That to *Rouge-Croix* should belong,
Rouge-Croix resisteth mounting—
That rampant Pursuivant!

"Now mount, now mount, bold *Rouge-Croix*!"
Cried Garter King-at-Arms:
"I will not mount," said *Rouge-Croix*:
"See these cheeks *guty-de-larmes*.
"See these hands *issuant-priaire*:
Let me not ride to-day—
The twenty-ninth of April
Is too near the first of May.

"When by the small boys riding
In these garments we are seen,
They 'll chaff us, and they 'll shout 'Hooray!
And ask, 'Where 's Jack-i-the-Green?'
Methinks I hear the withering cry,
As we go by Charing Cross,
'Lor, if here ain't the May-day show
Got outside of an oss!"

"Now, let me have no nonsense,"
Said Garter-King. "We 'll see—"
And with a wink two troopers
Had *Rouge-Croix* in saddle-tree.
And forth out of the stable yard
The cortège issues slow,
While the Beadles rear their wands of white,
Drums beat and trumpets blow!

Canto II.—The Ride to Whitehall.

PROUDLY along Pall Mall they rode,
Stately the black troop-horses strode,
While many a glance the troopers throw
At area-railing clustered low,
And garret-window, crowded high,
With cooks and housemaids on the sly.
Behind the troopers come in view
The awful Beadles, two and two,
Portly of paunch and fiery-faced,
With hats y-cocked, and golden-laced;
Next on unwonted steed doth fare
The Constable with truncheon bare,
And, two and two, Knight-Marshal's men,
Riding, as who'd not ride again.
Next struts the Major of the Drum,
Twirling his staff with dextrous thumb,
Then drums, and trumpets sounding clear,
And last, the Sergeant-Trumpetere.
In tabards next, and over that
The cheese-cutter—incongruous hat!
With trowser and familiar boot
Peeping beneath heraldic suit,
With faces in whose lifelines prevail
Shame and importance, party-pale,
Sergeant-at-Arms on either side—
The Pursuivants and Heralds ride:
So guarded, the spectators say,
Lest from the honours of the day,
For fear of chaff, they run away,
Their motley garb to doff;
But from such comment I refrain,
And hold the sergeant at each rein
Is meant to set them on again,
If they should tumble off.

So pass they on, and as they ride
The small boy's scoff is freely plied;
The sober passer-by perplexed,
Mutters between his teeth, "What next!"
Gazes from club-room windows high
Many a high-bred dame,
And wonders as the train sweeps by,
At Beadledom and Heraldry
Mixed up so higgledy-piggledy,
And deems it quite a shame
That such respectable old gents
With money in the Three per Cents,
Should play the mummies' game.
Out of Pall-Mall they slowly wind,
Leave the THIRD GEORGE'S tail behind,
Till, where thy squirting fountains play,
Trafalgar, near thy Square, they stay.
Then with his face towards Whitehall,
In voice extremely shy and small,
As if he didn't like at all,
The task upon him laid,
An Officer-at-Arms reads through
The Proclamation, though if true
Or false he read it no one knew,
For none heard aught he said;
His reading done, a faint hooray,
Three small but loyal boys essay,
But no one taking up the cheer,
A stern policeman standing near,
Takes up the boys instead!

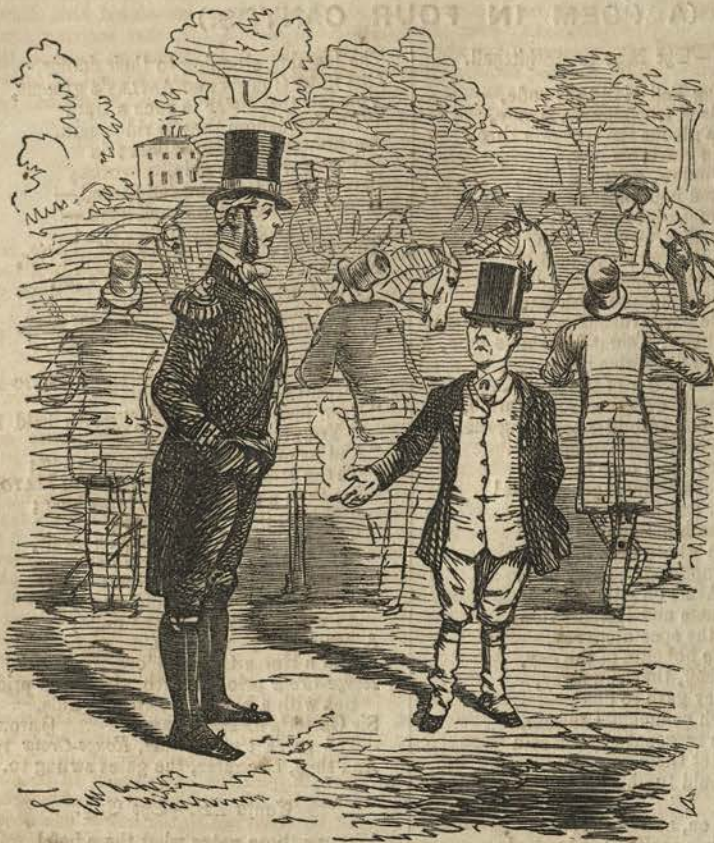
Canto III.—The Gates of Temple Bar.

"Now room, now room, ye rabble rout;
Policemen clear the road!"
Midst mock, and jeer, and scoff, and shout,
Of "Does your mother know you 're out?"
The blushing train faced half about,
And towards the City flowed.
No more *Rouge-Croix* his crossness rules,
Rouge-Dragon blushes deeper gules,
More azure grows *Blue-Mantle*'s frown,
Portcullis feels himself let down;
But sternly still SIR CHARLES DE YOUNG
To jeers and sneers defiance flung.

The Heralds, stooping to their dooms,
Girt in by Guards and ASTLEY'S grooms,
Vow low that ne'er in such a train
With Beadledom they 'll ride again,
As through their SS-collars fain
Sour-souriant to grin,
Slowly along the crowded Strand,—
A wall of laughter on each hand.—
St. Clements Church they win!
Thence the closed gates of Temple Bar,
Mark time of Court's and City's jar,
And sternly bar the way;
While from his lettered shop-door near,
With well-oiled tresses curling clear,
And ready comb behind his ear,
Looks Temple-Bar's proud hair-dressere
Upon the quaint array.
"Now forth, *Rouge-Croix*," quoth bold DE
YOUNG,
"And be our trumpet-summons rung;
To the RIGHT HON'BLE LORD MAYOR
Do thou a courteous greeting bear;
Tell him, in Garter's name,
That the Earl Marshal's men await,
Within the City's famous gate,
His leave Peace to Proclaim."
The beadles file to left and right,
As with a look disgusted quite,
A trumpet upon either side,
And a Horse-Guard before,
Rouge-Croix pricked forth, and not in pride,
But with a blush he strove to hide,
Sir Garter's message bore. [through,
The gates swung wide, *Rouge-Croix* rode
And then, of course, the gates swung to.

Canto IV.—The City.

WITHIN those gates what there befel,
I may not pause at length to tell:
Enough, that gallant *Rouge-Croix*'s prayer
Prevailed with SALOMONS, Lord Mayor,
Who bade the gates unspar;
And on Guards, Guys, and Beadles fare
Eastward of Temple Bar!
But if the Strand was rude and rough,
Fleet Street was ruder still,
And deeper grew the Heralds' huff—
Louder the cries of "Tailor!" "Muff!"
More frequent the Policeman's cuff
Of boys, on Ludgate Hill!
Till in Cheapside not e'en the Law
In the High Constable, could awe
The desperate City crowd;
So bitterly the ribalds mocked
The Man, the Mace, the Hat y-cock,
That though no Constable could try
Harder than he did to be "High"—
The Constable was cowed—
And from his milk-white steed—the same
That bore *Mazeyppa* to his shame,
When COOKE revived that work of fame—
Shame-stricken he descends;
Then to the beadles next behind,
With faltering hands the mace resigned,
"Take hence this bauble, friends!"
They called a cab, and to its shade
Both mace and constable conveyed,
And bade the driver "Home!"—
But though his lash the driver plies,
Still faster on the ear the cries
Of "Who's your Hatter?" come.
But laugh and chaff must have their end,
E'en though the Heralds' College lend
Their aid to find them food;
So pause we at the New Exchange,
Where the last time in motley range,
The hapless Heralds stood—
While playful, pitying, *Punch* took stand,
Sharp pencil and sharp pen in hand,
To tell in rhyme their progress grand,
And draw them on the wood!



A MONSTROUS LIBERTY.

Flunkey. "HALLO, WILLIAM, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Groom. "MATTER!—WHY, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT NEXT?—HERE'S MASTER, WITHOUT SAYING NO THUN TO ME, 'AS BIN AND LENT MY 'OSS TO A FRIEND—AND I'M DONE OUT OF MY AFTERNON'S RIDE!"

A "KNIGHT" REHEARSAL.

It was stated in the *Post*, reviewing the performance at the Princess's of the *Winter's Tale*, that—

"As a historian, MR. KEAN may not unfitly be classed with ALISON, MACAULAY, and GROTE. . . . Assuredly he merits some higher tribute to his genius. . . . Some special mark of distinction and respect should declare that the master of the drama, like him of the pencil, the pen, and the chisel, is held in esteem by a people from amongst whom the world-renowned SHAKESPEARE sprung, and who should unite to honour his ablest exponent!"

This justifies the rumour which has reached us, that one actor—and one only at present—is to receive from the Crown the honour of knighthood. When we consider the moral courage that is sometimes shown in attacking the difficulties of SHAKESPEARE, we think the new bronze cross for valour would have been sufficient. However, it is not for us to question the bounty of the Crown—the source of all honour—whatever may be its abundance. Well, the universal opinion of the call-boy and the property-man having elected a very distinguished tragedian as the actor whom HER MAJESTY must delight to honour with knighthood—we have the satisfaction to state that the consent of the actor himself has long since been obtained,—the tragedian aforesaid is now busily employed in rehearsing the ceremony. We hear it upon the authority of a first-rate critic that the manner in which the actor subsides upon his knee is the perfection of grace, whilst the pathetic mode in which he gradually draws his right hand up to his heart is the truest eloquence of action. You at once see from the pressure of the outstretched fingers over the breast, that it is the happiest moment of the actor's life. The grand climax, however, is when the sword gently descends upon the shoulder, the point of the blade, just as it were, touching the spinal chord, and with the sense of knighthood electrifying the brain. A few friends, with two or three near and dear bosom critics, have alone been permitted to view the rehearsals. (Cold collation to follow.) Some of the critics

EX ANNIHILATORE NIHIL UN-FIT.

WE lately noticed the outrageous conduct of a Fire Annihilator at Drury Lane Theatre, which indulged in some freaks that we are told ought to be regarded as the mere eccentricities of genius. We are assured that the Fire Annihilator can really extinguish a fire with admirable effect, which we are quite willing to believe; and that it only requires to be brought fairly into play—or rather fully into work, for its recent failure was the result of a sort of playfulness of an exceptional and accidental character. It does not usually blow its own lid into the air, and injure its attendants, or eject "burning material" like a miniature Vesuvius, burn a foreman, scorch a master carpenter, and lay a gasman prostrate. It seems nobody would have been hurt at all if nobody had laid hands on the rather rollicking Annihilator; for the Secretary writes to say, "The injury occurred, not from the flame or material ejected, but from touching the heated machine," which ought to be called the *Noli me Tangere*, as a hint to bystanders.

Accidents will happen with the best regulated inventions, and it is quite true that until steam is banished because it sometimes bursts a boiler, or gas cut off from every human abode until it gives ample security that it will never explode, the Fire Annihilator ought not to be discarded for having once blown its own lid off. We feel that persons who exercise their ingenuity in trying to perfect an invention for the purpose of baffling such a fearful evil as a fire may become, deserve encouragement rather than ridicule; but laughing at their failures will tend to accelerate their success by putting themselves and their Annihilators on their best behaviour for the future.

We cannot help thinking that the Annihilators take a somewhat unfeeling view of the gasman's position, for he is declared to have been "more frightened than hurt," though it is added, "his hands were duly treated at the hospital." If he was not hurt, but only frightened, his "hands" would not have required any "treatment" at the hospital, beyond a hearty shake to congratulate him on his safety.

Plain Men for a Small Party.

"WE are plain men," says MR. DISRAELI of himself and party. If this be true; if MESSRS. DISRAELI and friends be really plain, we should like, as a change, a little subtlety. "I am a plain mole," says the weasel; "very plain and very fond of forty winks!"

have declared these rehearsals to be by no means rehearsals, but solemnities.

When the act of Knighthood has been graciously performed by the Sovereign, it will be duly represented at the theatre. Already the scenery is in an active state of preparation. There will be, among other effects, *A Moving Panorama from Oxford Street to Windsor Castle*; with every incident of the ceremony faithfully followed; the whole to conclude with a copy of the account of *Heralds' Fees in Fire-Works*. The profession at large are so delighted at the prospect of the honour to be vouchsafed upon the best patron of the drama, and the greatest friend of himself as an actor and a man, that subscriptions are already commenced (even barns have contributed) to purchase for the knight a pair of illustrative spurs—namely, spurs of copper thinly washed.

Restitution.

OMAR PASHA, an excellent English scholar, has sent to the SULTAN an adaptation of LORD BYRON'S version of SUWARROW'S celebrated distich on the fall of the fortress now restored to Turkey. OMAR writes:—

"Thanks to the French and to the English Powers'
Infernal feu, commingled, ISMAEL'S OURS."

Theatrical.

MR. PUNCH has it upon authority to state that the Bear at present running in Oxford Street in the *Winter's Tale* is an archaeological copy from the original bear of Noah's Ark. Anything more modern would have been at variance with the ancient traditions reproduced in the drama. Further, by one of those curious coincidences that too rarely repay the industry of genius, we hear that among the engagements of scene-shifters newly made at the Princess's, there are three individuals named HAM, SHEM, and JAPHET.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ALEWSKI'S Treaty of Peace having been laid before Parliament, by command of the QUEEN, it was etiquette for Parliament to give its opinion upon the document, although, the various bargains having been already completed by Secret Diplomacy, our Lords and Commons were perfectly powerless. The Ministers therefore prepared an Address to HER MAJESTY, and gave a copy to two members of each House, selecting persons who are popular, from their personal character, but are not eager party politicians, to suggest its adoption in their respective chambers. The Address was, in substance, this:—

"Parliament presents its resp. Comps. to HER MAJESTY: is much obliged for the copy of the Treaty: would have stuck by its Sovereign like bricks had war gone on, but feels Joy and Satisfaction that the Objects of the War have been obtained: is glad the neutral powers have joined in the Peace: rejoices that we have plenty of men and tin left: and hopes the Peace will be durable.

"Palace of Westminster, May 5th, 1856."

In the Lords, on the above date, LORD ELLESMERE, in an elegant speech with two quotations, one Latin, one English, moved the adoption of this Address; and LORD GLENELG, in an eloquent speech, without any quotations, seconded the motion. LORD MALMESBURY replied, and though LORD PUNCH'S admiration for his brother peer is not uniform, he begs to say that upon this occasion MALMESBURY spoke out sensibly and manfully. He ridiculed the writing of the Address, which put Satisfaction after Joy, instead of merging the weaker feeling in the stronger; he urged that No Guarantees had been taken from a Power which past experience had not taught us to trust; he commented upon our accepting Kars, which we ought never to have lost, in exchange for Sebastopol, Balaklava, Kamiesch, Eupatoria, Kertch, Yenikale, Kinburn, and all the other places we had conquered; he alleged that we had left Russia free to build even a stronger Sebastopol upon the North side; he was furious that we had deserted the Circassians; and he directly imputed the fall of Kars to the conduct of our Government. LORD CLARENDON answered but lamely, for there was no answer—Government had blown up LORD STRATFORD, France was quite as much in fault as we were, the Circassians had not helped us much in the War, and COUNT ORLOFF had promised that Russia would behave most honourably. LORD DERBY, of course, as a practised debater, pounced mercilessly upon so feeble a reply, and made indignant protest against that part of the Treaty which gives up the Maritime Supremacy of England, prescribing that neutral ships shall make neutral goods; waiving, in other words, the "right of search," which England has so long held against the whole world. LORD GRANVILLE could only say that everything was for the best; and LORD ABERDEEN crawled out like an old slug, now that the war-storm is over, and expressed general approbation of the Treaty, but wanted to know what we were to do if Turkey built war-ships in the Sea of Marmora, and attacked Russia. ABERDEEN'S preposterous love for Russia is so intense, that we could really forgive it, had it not cost us thousands of lives. LORD COWLEY—the hospitable man from Paris, the "Véritable Amphytrion," with whom "on ne dine pas;" the man "with the good old porter to insult the English at his gate"—let out, if not the cat, her leg and her tail. "Had we been independent, we should have been in a better condition, but we were in alliance with France." EARL GREY, who has a patent for going disagreeably wrong, approved the surrender of our sea-supremacy, and so did LORD CAMPBELL, who also thought England ought to be like a judge, and have no Private-Ears. Then the sincerity of the Opposition was tested—the Joy and Satisfaction Address being carried unanimously.

In the Commons, the same business went on, to the same result, but two nights instead of one were occupied. MR. EVELYN DENISON, a "moderate reformer," moved the Address, and MR. HENRY HERBERT, who dwells on the banks of Killarney, (and thinks of the comfort of the stranger—*Mr. Punch*, grateful, hangs up this votive tablet to his unknown friend, the LORD OF MUCKROSS) seconded it. About twenty speeches were delivered, but there was not much worth note, except MR. ROBERT PHILLIMORE'S manly speech against England's sacrifice of her maritime rights. The Manchester men and the Peelites approved this sacrifice, as might be expected, but MR. GLADSTONE, spoke up creditably against any interference with the liberty of the Belgian Press, and, throughout the debate, there were mani-

festations in favour of Italy. The leader of the Opposition deserted his post; on the grandest subject, all things considered, that BENJAMIN DISRAELI ever heard debated in all his life, that aspiring statesman preserved ignominious silence. LORD PALMERSTON finished the discussion, assuring the nation, that not only had we got all we wanted, but more, and the Address was agreed to. The QUEEN has acknowledged the note of the Parliament,—

And there's an end of the Russian War,
With all its dreadful deeds and dire works;
We'll think we've got what we battled for,
And at least we'll go and see the Fireworks.

LORD PANMURE announced, on Monday, that the Militia is to be disbanded as soon as possible; but LORD PALMERSTON promised that the convenience of the nation should be consulted in some degree. He also stated that SUWARROW'S and DON JUAN'S conquest, Ismail, was not to be razed, but to be restored to the Turks in its present condition.

Tuesday. The CHANCELLOR moved the second reading of a Bill for Amending the County Courts, by knocking off half the fees now levied on Suitors—nearly £300,000—and paying for Judges and Courts out of the Consolidated Fund. This is contrary to the Manchester notion—that "nobody should pay for what he does not use;" but is in conformity with a higher principle—namely, that justice should be easily attainable by every citizen. One real improvement projected is, that a defendant who considers his case to be a little over the heads of such juries as are got into a County Court box, may take it where it is more likely to be comprehended. LORD ST. LEONARD'S made a very long speech to show that it was he, and not LORD TRURO, who abolished Masters in Chancery. If a Law-Lord had posted a letter, and wished to tell the House so, he would say that "inasmuch as the Legislature of the country had provided, whether wisely or not, it was not desirable or decorous for him at that time to decide, that the transmission of epistolary correspondence should be regulated by the Post-Master General, and that official having deputed a respectable tradesman, a baker by profession, to conduct a receiving-house at the corner of a neighbouring street, known to their Lordships; he (the noble Lord) had inserted the letter to which reference had been made, through the office which the tradesman in question had caused to be cut in his shutter, and by which means, he (the noble Lord) had no reason to doubt, the document would be conveyed to the box or basket in which letters were contained until the time specified for their removal to the central establishment."

A Gravesend Improvement Bill passed the Commons. We have not had an opportunity of reading it, but we believe that it is intended to restrain the unlawful practices of parties who vend flabby and *rococo* shrimps, and declare that they "was biled that mornin," but this interference with two-thirds of the commerce of Gravesend must be jealously looked into in the Lords. SIR GEORGE GREY did not know, he said, when the Dulwich College Reform Bill would be introduced.

Wednesday. A Bill for dealing with the Tithe grievance was sent to a select committee, and the Bill for Flogging Husbands who ill-treat their wives was rejected, 97 voting for it, and 135 against it. The experiment might as well be tried upon the brutes for whom alone it was intended, but MR. MUNTZ quoted *Mr. Punch's* exact words on a former occasion, and said that "the best remedy for wife-beating was a cheap divorce law." We are glad that he studies sound politics at the fountain-head.

Thursday. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were given to our Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, Militia, and Foreign Legion, for their conduct during the War. LORD PANMURE in the Lords, and LORD PALMERSTON in the Commons, moved the vote, which in each House was seconded by the leaders of Opposition. All that was proper to be said was said, but not one of the speeches was great, the merits of the theme being too substantial for mere orators. What WALLER said, falsely, of the poet, may be said, truly, of the debater—"he succeeds better with fiction than with truth." Certain figures, given on official authority, tell the whole story of the two years' War with a grim succinctness. We have lost 22,467 men, of whom but 3532 died in battle, or from wounds. The Russians are understood to have lost 500,000 men, of whom 90,000 lie buried around Sebastopol. Be the more cheerful fact added, that whereas we sent out, first, an army of 10,000 men, it is now one of 100,000 men, in perfect health, discipline, and spirits, and that we began the War with 212 ships, and that we have now 590.

The QUEEN creates the Hero of Kars a Baronet, by the title of SIR WILLIAM FENWICK WILLIAMS, of Kars, and grants him a pension of £1000 a-year for his life. *Mr. Punch* takes off his hat, and hoorays at the very top of his Achillean lungs.

The ablest Governor-General the East India Company have had for years returns home, and the Company grant him a pension of £5000 a-year. LORD ALBEMARLE made some caustic remarks on the subject, and hinted at the cleverness of the Company in so applying a portion of their torture-raised funds to secure the services of a "salaried advocate," when they are put upon trial in the Lords. All the defence was

that the matter was not yet finally settled, and we know what that sort of answer means.

The Commons were counted out, while one of the Irish Catholic Members was complaining that Reformatory Schools have a tendency to cure people of Popery, as well as of secular ignorance.

Friday. The BISHOP OF OXFORD obtained a Select Committee upon the present mode of executing criminals. He appeared to advocate private execution; to which LORD CAMPBELL saw objections that could, and LORD LANSDOWNE objections that could not, be obviated. LORD REDESDALE was for public execution, more decorously conducted; and he regretted the custom which has grown up, of not hanging women. One of MISS HINDS's convicted murderers, who has an objection to being hanged at all, has petitioned both Houses against an alleged irregularity in his case; but all the Judges in the Lords, and the leading lawyers in the Commons, have pronounced against him.

In the Commons LORD PALMERSTON announced, that in consideration of the Peace, the QUEEN pardons FROST, SMITH O'BRIEN, and all other political exiles, except the contemptible scoundrels who broke their parole, and who are to be retained, and welcome, by whatever nation has a taste for harbouring such creatures. MR. JAMES M'GREGOR tried to get some explanations about Greece, and what was to be done for her, but MR. GLADSTONE objected to the question being raised, and LORD PALMERSTON was dumb. The Police bill went through Committee, and the next Maynooth battle was fixed for the 25th of June.

Parliament has risen for the Whitsuntide Holidays, namely, until the 19th May, St. Dunstan's Day; when it is to be hoped the legislature will grapple with business as manfully as that saint laid hold of the Nose of the Evil Principle.

THE RED-TAPIR.



THIS curious animal is so called, we believe, from its peculiar colour. It is of a dingy dirty vermilion, as though its existence were bound up in Red Tape. It is only to be met with in certain districts. Its favourite haunt is Downing Street. It loves to ensconce itself in some snug Government berth, where it will lie quite torpid for years. For instance, there is scarcely an office at the Admiralty, or the War Office, or Somerset House, without its Red Tapir. When once it has introduced itself into a good situation, it is almost impossible to get it out again. Administrative Reformers have tried repeatedly, and failed most ridiculously.

Nothing but a trap, baited with a good fat Pension, will tempt it to abandon its lucrative post.

The habits of the Red Tapir are slow and sluggish to a most exasperating degree. It will go its own way, and at its own pace. There is no driving, nor leading, nor coaxing it. Attempt to move it, and it only stands still. Try to hurry it, and the chances are that in its ill-temper it will begin to kick! It will follow but one route, and that is Routine. The progress on this road is never at any time particularly quick, but the Red Tapir delights in making it still slower by thrusting as many forms as it can in the way! If irritated, it will stand on one of these stupid old forms, until everybody is tired of waiting. If it were not for the obstruction which its malice causes to business, it would be almost comical to watch the antics of this spiteful little creature.

At the best, the speed of the Red Tapir never exceeds a jog-trot. Every little movement it makes with its small mind and body is balanced with the most careful nicety, and all its steps are methodical and measured, as though it were ascending a mental tight-rope some hundred feet above the level of common sense, and it trembled lest every step it took should be its last!

The food of the Red Tapir consists principally of government paper and sealing-wax. It wastes, however, a great deal more than it consumes. At times, it is with difficulty to be seen from the tremendous litter of papers in which it is fairly buried. The above, with a glass of sherry and a sandwich, carry it on to four o'clock, at which hour the Red Tapir sallies forth from Downing Street, and saunters westwards, in order, as it is supposed, to pick up its dinner. This is always a long operation, as the lazy animal never makes its appearance until ten or eleven the next morning!

In form, the Red Tapir belongs to the class of Bores. It is uncouth, and is given much to grunting. It is extremely pig-headed, which may

account for the large share of obstinacy with which it is gifted. Its ears are decidedly long, and stick upwards, not unlike those of a mule. Its scent, especially for the good things of this world, is wonderfully acute. It is never known to turn up its nose at anything that promises to improve its condition. From inactivity of mind and body, the Red Tapir soon gets sleek and fat, and lives mostly to a comfortable old age. However, as it is neither useful nor ornamental, but on the contrary, is not less objectionable than destructive, it would be probably a great blessing for England if the entire race of Red Tapirs could be exterminated to-morrow!

NO PLACE LIKE ROME.

(SONG FOR MR. BOWYER.)

Of kingdoms and commonwealths more blest than home,
For small cause to grumble, there's no place like Rome.
You've a state both of order and liberty there,
On the face of the earth which you won't find elsewhere.
Rome, Rome, freemen's home!
Wherever you wander there's no place like Rome.

Believe not the word of heretical beasts
That the Romans detest their dear POPE and his priests.
Wherever you go, if you search Europe o'er,
You won't find a Prince than the Pontiff loved more.
Rome, Rome, &c.

Without e'er a guard 'mongst his people he goes,
And they get in his way but to fall at his toes,
Where they scramble to snatch at his instep a kiss,
Can you name any Monarch who's worshipped like this?
Rome, Rome, &c.

To say of French bayonets that he stands in need,
From them to protect him, is funny indeed.
But refugee demagogues threaten his throne,
'Gainst whom his meek subjects could not hold their own.
Rome, Rome, &c.

The Vatican's open, and you may walk through,
And no one will stop, or put questions to you.
And through such a building to roam if you're free,
What freedom more perfect can possibly be?
Rome, Rome, &c.

THE LITERARY FUND FESTIVAL.

THIS solemnity has been graced and elevated by the chairmanship of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, who, after his own manner, unfolded the purposes of the Institution. Nothing could be more delicate, nothing could be so delicate, as the manner in which alms were bestowed upon literary distress, the suffering author only requiring two substantial householders to testify to his state of starvation. Again, nobody but the members of the Committee and the householders aforesaid, knew of the relief so tenderly awarded. On the Committee were distinguished publishers; and as they were, of course, possessed of the knowledge of the poverty of the author, such knowledge—was it not human nature?—would only induce them to offer the largest and not the smallest price to the writer so relieved, should he wait upon them for the sale and conveyance of a new book.

CHATEAUBRIAND was, of course, served upon the table. Once a-year he is always called up from his sad sea-tomb to bear witness to the fact that, once upon a time, he was enabled to buy an omelette from the relief vouchsafed him by the Literary Fund. Even in his grave, the author of the *Genius of Christianity* is not permitted to forget that fact. It is very fortunate that PRINCE LEE BOO, who was ravenously given to the cultivation of letters in gingerbread, was never relieved by the Literary Fund; otherwise, there would be an annual call made upon him in Rotherhithe churchyard. With a CHATEAUBRIAND and a LEE BOO both relieved, there would have been touching proofs of benevolence in black and white.

Let us not forget to state that £100 was sent from the proceeds of the first portion of the *Peel Papers*—a legacy "of one of the most distinguished statesmen of the age." From the tomb of SIR ROBERT speaks the spirit that, when in the flesh and bated by the dogs of party, still beneficently thought of the wants of spasmodic HAYDN; still, by sympathy in word and act, smoothed the dying pillow of poor TOM HOOD.

THE TIGHT BOOT.—There is little doubt in Europe as to where the shoe pinches. At least, there is no doubt that the boot pinches in two places—which are Rome and Naples.

THE FIST AND THE FEMALE SEX.



that particular had their deserts, some highly respectable gentlemen would not escape whipping?

MR. DILLWYN'S motion for the enactment of a law to flog the brutes who beat their wives, has been rejected by a majority of 38. Now would be the time to move for the total abolition of military flogging, if that were advisable; for surely the House cannot but consider that punishment too degrading for the Army, which it regards as too degrading for the Ruffianry.

The strongest argument that can be urged against flogging the wife-beater is specious, but sophistical. It is, that the savage is, perhaps, tormented by a cat of a wife.

Is it possible that the real cause of the rejection of MR. DILLWYN'S Bill, was the fact that wife-beating is not confined to the slums; and that if all offenders in

CRITICAL GREEN-STUFF.

ONE of the Newspaper critics, speaking of a picture by a lady, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, says, "the delicacy of the greens is brought out with great effect." This reads to us more like a passage from a cookery-book than an extract from a criticism on the Fine Arts. The best method of bringing out "the delicacy of the greens" would seem, as a general rule, to consist of some peculiar knack of boiling them. We confess that, in our opinion, the word "delicacy" does not seem very appropriate to "greens," which are no particular "delicacy" at any period of the year; and we do not see how it would be possible to "bring out" much of the quality in question by the very ablest treatment. It is all very well to talk of the "delicacy of the greens," but there is no denying the fact that cabbage is cabbage.

Music in the Regent's Park.

WE understand that the beasts of the Zoological Gardens are about to send a petition to Parliament against the Sabbath music in their neighbourhood. They complain of the innovation, as being calculated to lessen the number of visitors—members of the Established Church, Lords and Commons—to themselves. It is said, that MR. CARDWELL, a very constant Sunday attendant, will present and speak, of course, eloquently, on the merits of the petition.

THE BATTLE OF THE FLAGS.

It is a great pity, a very great pity; just, too, as the "fusion" was about to be so complete, the BOURBON and the ORLEANS, like oil and vinegar after much beating, mixing so admirably together.

All preliminaries, moreover, were so amicably settled; and then to fall out, like girls, on bonnet-strings, all about colours!

BOURBON comes on a visit of sympathy to Genoa, and BOURBON and ORLEANS tightly embrace. And now, and quite *en ami*, to dispose of France:

What's-his-name—LOUIS NAPOLEON—the present tenant of the Tuileries, is to be permitted to make up a small carpet-bag, and depart. He may go to a modest *chambré* in Cayenne; or, since he has been such a faithful ally, and is so very idolatrous of English institutions, he may settle at Herne Bay. It matters not; he is off our hands, penitent France makes the best amends to her master by divine right, and once more the white flag—

What did you say—the white flag? At this time, that can't be.—

Can't be? The white flag of France! The flag pure and candid as her lilies! The flag that waved over the Grand Monarque—the flag that—

Yes; exactly. But all that is *rococo*—quite—

Dear Cousin, it is to be hoped that to the descendant, in the elder line, direct from St. Louis,—it is, I say, to be expected that—

To be sure, *mon ami*; of course. But, as for the white flag, France won't have it.

Not have it? When the Faubourg St. Germain—

As for the old-women men of St. Germain, of course, they would to-morrow put their heads into LOUIS QUATORZE perukes, and hobble on red-heeled shoes, as the very pink of the *mode*. But France cares no more for the white flag than for the *mouchoir*—if he ever had such an article—of KING PEPIN. And why have any perverseness about trifles? "France loves a mass," said HENRI QUATRE, and straightway did he not become *bon Catholique*, and kiss the toe of Infallibility?

There is an air of *persiflage*, a lightness of treatment of sacred subjects, that it must be confessed—

Well, to be serious. France has won all her glory under the tricolor.

All?—*Mon Cousin!*

That is, all she cares about remembering. Besides under the tricolor has not the House of Orleans gathered all its laurels? At Jemappes, and at—

Spare me. Jemappes, it was to be hoped, was buried in that English family vault, where—but proceed.

And in Algiers; yes, at Constantine! *Mon Cousin* has, *malheureusement*, never been to Versailles since those days. The tricolor, painted by the excellent HORACE VERNET, floats over acres of canvas. Yes;

there can be, must be, no two opinions on the matter. The white flag is gone out with the lilies of the last century. *Vive le tricolor!*

Vive le drapeau blanc!

And so raged the dispute, until BOURBON, with a new thought of St. LOUIS, drew himself, eyebrows and all, very much up, and ended the matter; declaring that even in his winding-sheet, he would not give up the white flag.

And ORLEANS, in his inflexibility, and with an audacity, it must be confessed, very unbecoming in presence of the elder line, again cried *Vive le tricolor!*

It was a very great pity; when everything was settled, to enter upon and take possession of France, then to fall out, merely upon a choice of flags!

What is the sad result? LOUIS NAPOLEON still lodges at the Tuileries!

HUM-DRUM.

The following paragraph has appeared in the papers.

"CHILDISH HONOURS.—The Emperor has decided that the same military honours shall be paid to the Prince Imperial as to himself or the Empress; that is to say, that when his Imperial Highness shall pass before a corps, a post, or a picket of troops, the drums or bugles shall beat or play the usual salute, and the soldiers present arms. The Minister of War has issued orders that this decision shall be duly carried out."

It is to be hoped that the nerves of the Prince Imperial are pretty strong, or he may be alarmed by the drums and bugles beating and squeaking in his little ears, whenever he gets into a military neighbourhood. Perhaps it would be more desirable to place—

"Rings on his fingers, and bells on his toes,"

If it is thought advisable or necessary that—

"He should have music wherever he goes."

For that is the usual nursery notion of making a perpetual concert. It is gratifying to know that "the Minister of War has issued orders that this decision shall be duly carried out," wherever the imperial baby is "duly carried out;" and we can only hope that the drums of its little ears will not be injured by the drums of the soldiers. That arms should be presented at the approach of the infant is natural enough, and when the little fellow is two or three years older, it will be equally natural that when he sees any lady's arms presented, he will playfully spring into them.

A SENSIBLE PRECAUTION.—Every Policeman should take with him some carrier-pigeons, and should liberate one every half-hour. A few words, giving longitude and latitude of where he is, and what he is doing, might serve as a guide to those who, when they want a Policeman, never know where to find one.



Boy. "I SAY, SIR—HEAVE US UP TO HAVE A LOOK AT THEM PICTURES!"

THE FUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

A TOUCHING scene is described in the Foreign Correspondence of the *Times*, as having recently occurred between the Orleanist family and the COUNT OF CHAMBOARD, near Genoa. The Count called to see his aunt, and in disposing of the destinies of France, a question arose as to whether "white or tricolor should be the banner of the future King of France and Navarre." On this important point a difference of opinion arose which it was found impossible to reconcile, and the interview terminated by the Count "returning to his dignified isolation," while the COUNTESS OF NEULLY retired probably to her dressing-room.

It is not perhaps generally known that a similar scene has recently been enacted among ourselves, in consequence of a proposed "fusion" between the beadlehoods of Brompton and Kensington. Ever since the passing of the new Act for the Government of the Metropolis, by which Kensington and Brompton are placed under a single vestry, the beadlehoods of the respective localities have ceased to be absolute, and both have been obliged to bow—or at all events to touch their hats—to a central authority. A jealousy which had long existed, might now, it was hoped, be healed, and an endeavour was made to induce the beadlehoods to bury their uncommon animosities in their common calamities.

Several meetings have taken place, and the fusion was almost complete, when the cocked-hat and gold-laced hat question came to be settled. The Beadlehood of Brompton had adopted the ordinary hat, as more in accordance with the present times; but the Beadlehood of Kensington had handed down a long series of cocked-hats, which had descended from head to head, and which the last representative of the race had sworn—in an oath made by himself to himself—to preserve inviolate. He was reminded that the cocked-hat was a type of a bygone age; but he replied that he had never seen his father in anything else, and that his son should never see him in the round hat, which was calculated to lower the dignity of Beadlehood to the level of domestic servitude. The "fusion" is therefore for the present at an end, and while the Brompton Beadle maintains his original attitude, the Kensington Beadle has resumed the dignified isolation in which he has hitherto lived in his little Court—leading out of High Street.

STALE PROVERB.—The old proverb says "As sure as eggs is eggs." This cannot refer to London eggs, for they are anything but sure—unless the surety is, that out of every three two are sure to be bad. With all possible respect for old proverbs, we must say the above one appears to us particularly musty.

FIREWORKS IN PREPARATION.

ILLUMINE your windows from Stromness to Stamboul,
Fling up hats, caps, and fezzes with whirligig will's;
Welcome Peace, bred of protocol, point and preamble,
With ringing of changes, and settling of bills.
That the voice of your jubilant joy may be louder,
And War ushered out in right sulphurous way,
Let your Governments all spend their overplus powder,
With fireworks at night, to crown feasting by day.

Nor alone to the soot-laden lungs of huge London
Shall the Ordnance superfluous carbon supply;
Not alone shall thy hill, vernal Primrose, at sundown,
A Cockney Vesuvius, redden the sky;
Not alone to the monster resources of Woolwich,
Shall Cremorne and Vauxhall farthing candle-like show,
And the veteran CHEVALIER MORTRAM acknowledge
Himself by an amateur Boxer laid low.

There are Fireworks preparing in Europe, more glorious—
Of combustibles, look where you will, there's *de quoi*;
Not so harmless as ours, but by far more uproarious,
And more properly called *feux de haine*, than *de joie*;
The East will contribute a glorious explosion,
When at new Christian rights Moslim bigots shall
kick,
And the firman, LORD STRATFORD'S last claim to pro-
motion,
That rose like a rocket, shall fall like its stick.

In the bands of her new ALEXANDER, there's Russia
Preparing a grand, anti-CATHERINE wheel,
From War round to Peace; while bemuddled old
Prussia
Objects to all Fireworks, but votes for a reel:
And shows a transparency—sword, cross, and bottle,
With a crown set awry and, beneath, *sans souci*;
'Tis not yet lighted up, but once light it and what'll
Be our English display to the blaze we shall see!

There's France has her stores with explosives so crowded,
To bring light within miles of the door no one dares;
So darkling she sits, while in mystery shrouded
Her One Will its subtle devices prepares.
Punch himself may not enter, lest firebrands he scatters;
Private squibs are forbid under *peine forte et dure*;
Rejoicings and Fireworks are Government matters;
But that France will have Fireworks, the world may
be sure.

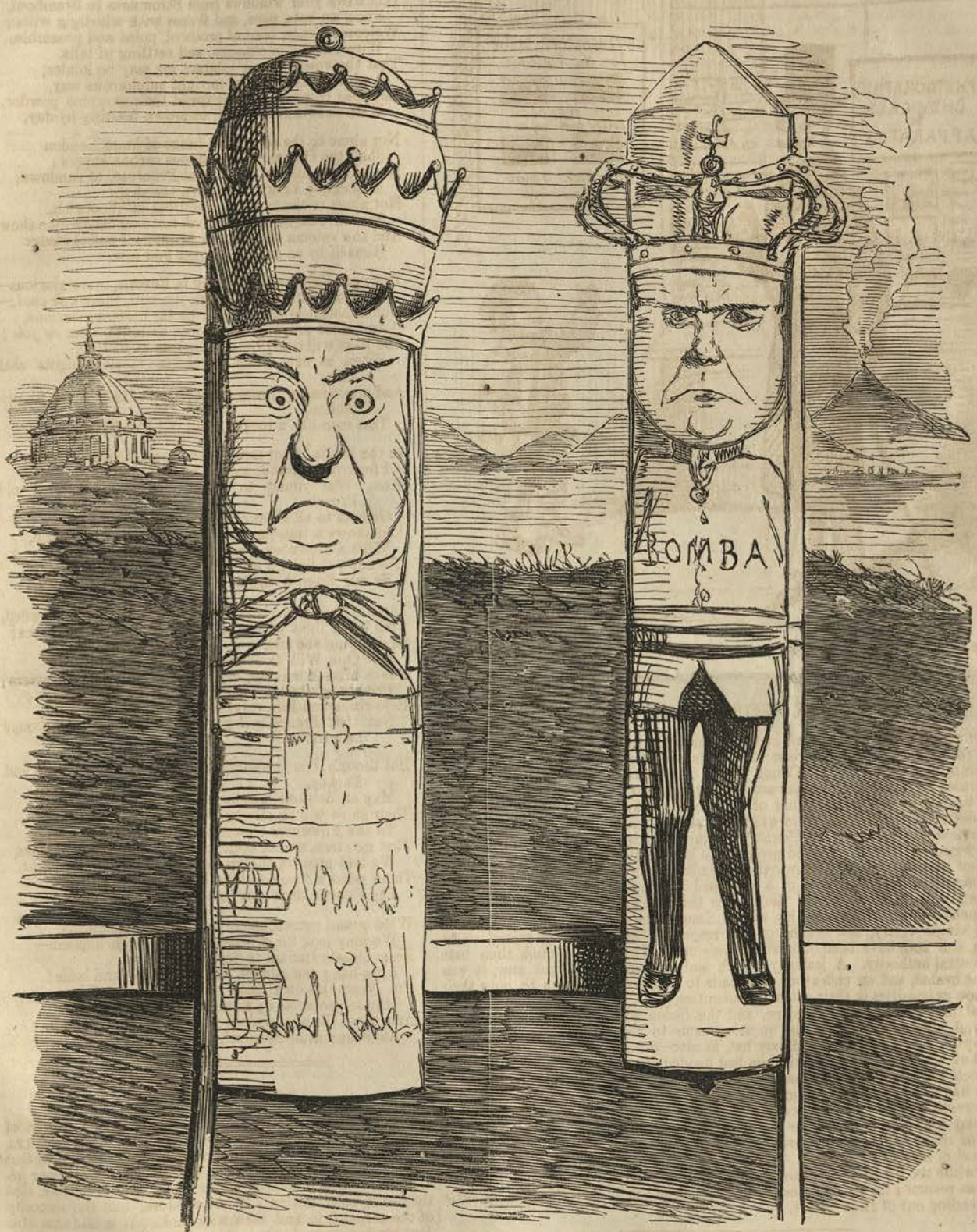
But though France and though Prussia, and Russia and
Turkey,
May all do their best to set Europe a-blaze,
Their show will be shabby, their light will be murky,
To the Fireworks that Austria is destined to raise.
That no state, on her scale, things combustible handles,
We had proof in the Fireworks of famed forty-eight.
Think what a bouquet of the best Roman candles,
The Concordat is sure to send out, soon or late!

What grand pyrotechnics, Lombardic, Hungarian,
We may look for, whenever the match is applied—
From classic Italian, to Slavick barbarian,
All a-bang and a-burst, and a-blaze far and wide!
PIO NONO, his own Easter Fireworks out-doing,
May *en girandole* up from ST. ANGELO rise,
And KING BOMBA explode in such blaze of red ruin,
As Vesuvius or Etna ne'er shot to the skies!

Literature.

MR. DRUMMOND, very much to the virtuous disgust of MR. BOWYER, the dutiful admirer of the KING OF NAPLES, has denounced the whole Roman hierarchy, contending that all priests should return "to first principles." Poor fellows, they have wandered so far from the direct line, that they have need, not only of the wisdom, but the sinuosity of the serpent, to find their way back. It is said that MR. DRUMMOND has a book in the press, in exposure of the household doings of the Jesuits. It is to be called *The Black Beetle on the Hearth*.

KING CLICQUOT'S PET-PUZZLE.—A Reel in a Bottle.



FIREWORKS IN PREPARATION.

THE TREATY EXPLAINED.

"PAPA, you came up to my bed,
And called me Little Sleepy-Head,
About a month ago,
And made me wake, and hear the guns
Telling all London-town at once,
That there was Peace, you know."

My Angel Child, I did by thee
That which my father did to me,
You fancied it unkind;
But no, my love—some day you'll tell
Your children you remember well
When this new Peace was signed.

"It was quite kind of you to take
The trouble, Pa, to make me wake,
Upon that Sunday night;
But, Pa, I wish you'd tell me what
To tell my children, that we got
By all this dreadful fight?"

My darling, yes, I'm very glad
That, like a prudent little lad,
You ask such questions, dear;
We've got a TREATY—that is, mind,
A Paper, which great folks have signed,
To put things straight and clear.

"A Paper—one that I can read?"
No, love, I think you'd not succeed,
Although it's a translation,
It's made in Chapters, thirty-four,
With twenty Protocols, or more,
Besides a Declaration.

"But tell me, Pa, what it's about:
Some one, you know, must make it out,
Or nobody's the better."
Well, dear, I'll try, if you'll attend,
The spirit you can comprehend,
So never mind the letter.

All that we've taken from the CZAR,
From the beginning of the War,
We are to give him back:
Sebastopol, and six more towns,
And the Crimean hills and downs,
We must surrender, whack.

All the strong forts he had before,
Along the Black Sea's Asian shore,
He is to have again,
That he may bring his armies there,
And make the brave Circassian bear
His long-resisted chain.

If he can raise and take away
The ships he sank, my dear, he may,
And to the Baltic steer 'em;
To have them ready there at need.
One of these days the Dane or Swede
May find them much too near him.

He's not to pay one single sou
Of all the cost he's put us to,
That forty millions, blow him;
Nor give one single guarantee
That what he promises shall be
Performed—and yet we know him.

And we ourselves are so polite
That we resign the ancient Right
We held against the world.
'Twas the old Sea-King's gallant brag;
The homage paid by every flag,
When England's flag unfurled.

"But, Pa, you've only told me, yet,
What these fine Russians are to Get,
Tell me what they're to Do:
I hoped our men, who fought so brave,
Had punished them, and they'd behave
Much better, didn't you?"

My love, that's what we're Thankful for,
We've gained the Objects of the War,
Hearing, from Russian lips,
The CZAR will let the Turks alone,
Will not rebuild some forts, of stone,
Or build big Black Sea ships.

And (years to come, though, I'm afraid)
The Danube will be free for trade—
That's all the gain we reap.
"My own Papa, mine Honoured Sire,
When those Park guns began to fire,
You might have let me sleep."

A MODERN SHERIDAN.

THE mantle of SHERIDAN, after having been suspended, like the tomb of MAHOMET, in mid-air, since the death of the celebrated wit, has at last fallen (or blown or been puffed) upon the shoulders of MR. COWAN. This gentleman was, for some time, the colleague of MACAULAY in the representation of Edinburgh; but while the brilliant historian stood at his side, the minor light of COWAN seemed to suffer an eclipse which has now passed away, and the Scotch luminary stands revealed as the wit of the House of Commons. The following paragraph, which we hope has been inserted by proper "authority," has been "going the round" of the Newspapers:—

"MR. COWAN'S PUN.—In the adjourned debate on Mr. WHITESIDE'S motion relative to the Fall of Kars, Mr. COWAN spoke on behalf of the Government. He wound up his speech thus:—'Let the House look not to the WHITESIDE but to the brightside of events (a laugh), and having rejected this useless resolution, proceed to the discharge of their legitimate functions in considering what would be the most useful legislation for the country.'"

Lest the ill-natured or sceptical reader should overlook the scorching brilliance of this witicism, we beg most emphatically to point out that "WHITESIDE" and "brightside" are to be understood as applying to the proposer of the motion, whose name (be it specially observed) is WHITESIDE, and that the BRIGHTSIDE has reference to MR. BRIGHT'S politics, of which MR. COWAN is a supporter. That the House of Commons is quite prepared to recognise MR. COWAN as the modern SHERIDAN may be seen from the "laugh" with which his joke was welcomed. As a piece of Scotch humour, the whole affair is the most complete we ever met with. "Bravo, COWAN!"

POWIS AND THE ILLUMINATIONS.—Mr. Punch has been requested to put this question. "When MAJOR POWIS proposed his own assurance for the safety of all men's windows on the night of the fireworks, was not the Major himself a little light-headed?"

AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

SOME Marine Store Dealers, in one of the suburbs, have formed themselves into a Company, issued a prospectus, "by order of the directors" and invited people to bring the usual articles, including brass, lead, linen, kitchen-stuff, bones, and horsehair, for which the very highest prices are tendered. We do not know whether the Company is "registered," or whether it is under the "limited liability" act, but we may as well suggest to all persons entering into the dangerous business of Marine Store Dealing, that in prosecutions for receiving stolen goods the "liability" is quite "unlimited." Marine Store Dealers are, according to their own account, a very honest and respectable class; and, indeed, so very little are they acquainted with the world, that in their simplicity they imagine that every child who offers for sale a piece of leaden-pipe (recently cut off) has been just despatched on the mission of obtaining a few pence by the proprietor of the article.

So touching is the inexperience of the Marine Store Dealer, that he fancies housekeepers are in the constant habit of tearing the lead from their gutters and sending it for sale by ragged boys or rough men, and the same guileless tradesman—we mean of course the Marine Store Dealer—is under the pleasing impression that ladies are continually throwing candles into a grease-pot, and sending a whole mass of tallow, suet, or anything else, to be sold by their cooks as kitchen-stuff. It is the same playful fancy that causes the Marine Store Dealer to think that housekeepers send away their linen by their servants to be sold as "rags," that they pull out the horsehair from the bottoms of their chairs to get six-pence a pound for it as "old horsehair," and indulge in other freaks of a kindred character. While admiring the marvellous simplicity of this portion of the mercantile world, we think it as well to repeat to the Marine Store Dealers, whether as companies or individuals, that, for the receivers of stolen goods, the "liability" to prosecution is not "limited."

SPEECHES FROM THE CIVIC CHAIR.

LORD MAYORS will be LORD MAYORS. Credit for being a considerably clever man is generally given to LORD MAYOR SALOMONS; but the wisdom of SALOMONS himself appears not to have prevented him from making a regular Lord-Mayorish mistake at the Mansion House the other night—when he fed the Ministers—at least if the following words put into his mouth by the *Morning Post* reporter really came out of it:—

"It was at first thought, judging from the last War, that Peace ought to be preceded by some glorious events and victories which had moved the minds and raised the spirits of the people."

If this truly civic remark was in fact uttered, it was uttered in the presence of M. DE PERSIGNY. Who but a Chief Magistrate of the City of London, or one of the subordinate magistrates of that city, could have thought of alluding to the glorious events and victories of the last War before the French ambassador? The civic chair appears to resemble the ancient Greek tripod, inasmuch as a sort of inspiration seems to ascend from it; only the oracles delivered through its occupant are not those of supernatural intelligence. Mr. Punch is afraid that if he himself ever were to sit for any length of time in that seat, he should say something stupid. Or perhaps it is that the green fat gets into the Lord-Mayoral and Aldermanic head, and issues from it in blunders, which may be called turtleisms. If this is the case, one ought to take care how one dines at the Mansion House or Guildhall, lest in partaking of that delicious marine reptile, for which those temples of gastronomy are so widely celebrated, we should find, through having blurted out some gross absurdity, that we had eaten of the insane fat that takes the reason prisoner.

A "NOTICE" FOR FASHIONABLE SHOPPERS.—"Ladies, not intending to purchase anything, are requested not to keep any one article longer than ten minutes!"



Cook. "So, that's Master's Sonabulism, is it? Well, if he belonged to me, I'd sooner keep 'im a week than a fortnight!"

VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE New Houses of Parliament remind me exceedingly of a Spanish comedy—all doors, windows, and cupboards.—*Bernal Osborne.*

A vacant mind indulges in the greatest noise, reminding one of the conductor of an empty omnibus.—*Daniel Whittle Harvey.*

Every opera should be heard twice—the first time for the sound, the second for the sense; but, with VERDI'S operas, once is generally enough; and, frequently, too much.—*Westmoreland.*

NAPOLÉON called the BOURBONS "hereditary asses;" and what are the Whigs I should like to know, but the BOURBONS of England?—*Disraeli.*

It wasn't thread at all that conducted THESEUS out of the labyrinth—I'm confident it was Red Tape.—*Fred. Peel.*

To the disappointed man, Life like the lungs, is nothing but a heap of "sells."—*Serjeant Murphy.*

The less weight a racehorse carries, the quicker it runs; and the same speed holds good with the human tongue.—*Whitely.*

A Printer has this in common with a Postman—he picks up letters, and distributes them.—*Lowce.*

Modesty is but the art of hiding one's vanity.—*H. Drummond.*

Political Economy is at best a singular study. It ends where it begins—impressing upon us the high value we should attach to, and the great care we should always take of, Number One.—*Wilson.*

A HOME PROVERB.—One Ticket-of-Leave Man in hand is worth two in the Bush.

MR. KEAN'S WINTER'S TALE.

AN exceedingly splendid Ballet-Spectacle, partly suggested by an old play of SHAKESPEARE, and partly by a fiction of SIR THOMAS HANMER, has been produced by MR. KEAN with a success to which *Mr. Punch* hastens to bear testimony. It is called the *Winter's Tale*, and one only regrets that the usual custom of affixing a French name to a ballet has been departed from, as *Le Conte d'Hiver* would perhaps have been more appropriate. This, however, is a trifle. The production does the utmost credit to all concerned, and independently of the mechanical, decorative, and other triumphs, the skill with which a species of Shakspearian *aroma* has been preserved to the ballet, while the personages, incidents, and purpose of the original have been dexterously subordinated to, and indeed fused into, the Terpsichorean element, deserves the highest praise.

The old play, bookworms may perhaps remember, turns upon the unjust suspicions entertained by *Leontes*, King of Sicily, in regard to *Polyxenes*, King of Bohemia, whom the former supposes to be the lover of *Hermione*, Queen to *Leontes*. The latter attempts to poison his royal friend, throws his wife into prison, separates her son from her, and casts out her newly-born daughter; and when the oracle of APOLLO, which he has sent to consult on the subject, declares him a jealous tyrant, and the others innocent, the queen and her son die, and the infant is lost. Sixteen years elapse, *Leontes* has repented in sorrow, and the dramatist contrives to restore to him his queen, who is exhibited to him as a statue, and his daughter, who has gone into Bohemia, and grown up to beauty, and who becomes the wife of *Florizel*, son to his old friend, *Polyxenes*. There are some good materials here for spectacle, but SHAKESPEARE, talented as he undoubtedly was, had little stage resource, and MR. KEAN, in dealing with his predecessor's crude conceptions, and bringing them into a harmonious and effective whole, merits, for his power of arrangement, praise scarcely inferior to that of originality. HANMER, who improved the old play some years ago, was not slow to perceive the absurdity of changing the scene to Bohemia, which is described as on the sea-coast, but which he and MR. KEAN agree in considering to be an inland country, and they have transferred the scene to Bithynia, which is in Asia, and about eight hundred miles from the region selected by SHAKESPEARE. The boldness of this expedient is justified by its success, for the spectator is conducted among an entirely new race of people, of whom SHAKESPEARE had no idea, and whose manners, and customs, and costumes are in the strongest and most artistic contrast to any comprised within the comparatively limited range of his conception.

The thread of the story, however, which is meritorious, has been

cleverly retained, and it serves to connect the beautiful effects for which this theatre is celebrated. These are several, and are chiefly, though not entirely, of the ballet class. The Pyrrhic Dance in the first act is admirably managed, a vast number of young ladies, in the costume of Greek warriors, performing martial yet joyous manœuvres, clashing their bright swords and shields, and forming groups which remind us of the frieze of the Parthenon. The second act is mainly devoted to a pictorial illustration of a lady's apartment in classic times, and the furniture and accessories, down to a child's toy, are literally copied. The third act reproduces a Greek theatre, with processions and military music, and the feature of the fourth, which contains a charmingly painted scene, worthy of CLAUDE, is a Bacchanalian revel, with the wine-skin, the pipe, the leaping nymphs, the boisterous satyrs, the wreaths, the shouts, and the frantic orgy. This part of the spectacle is most exciting. The last act is of a more stately character, and is rather akin to the ballets of the earlier part of the century than to those of the present time. A splendid procession enters a hall, in the centre of which is a classic temple, and groups being formed, the temple curtains are drawn, and disclose the Statue, on which a powerful Bude light is thrown. This scene, though not so striking as one to which we have yet to allude, is fine, and we wonder that MR. KEAN'S invention should have permitted him to let the ballet end in comparative darkness, which has a sombre impression. Why did not APOLLO, whose oracle has just been vindicated, burst out from above the temple in a blaze of sun-light, and assert his divinity? This would have been dramatic and appropriate.

But the gem of the spectacle is an Allegory, for which MR. KEAN is in no way indebted to SHAKESPEARE. To typify the lapse of sixteen years, we have first *Luna*, and then *Phœbus*, ascending the Heavens, the first at night, with magnificent wings, on which the electric light is thrown with intensity, and the second driving the car of day, with four white horses, all bathed in the brightest sunshine. These two effects are those for which the ballet will be popular, and, indeed, were it not for the orgy, spectators might leave, and most probably will, at the close of this display. It has never been equalled on the British stage, and is a proud and complete answer to those who talk of the deterioration of the drama.

The justice which *Mr. Punch* always endeavours to do, would be incomplete, did he not add, that MR. KEAN has never lost sight, throughout the whole spectacle, of the requirements of this class of production. He has preserved—perhaps with a little pardonable archæologic hankering—some of the language of the old poet, but has not done so offensively; the so-called poetry being cut down to the scantiest dimensions, and delivered with the utmost rapidity, and with no intrusive

attempt at acting, except where the necessities of the stage require carpenter's scenes. Indeed there never was a piece from which what is called acting was so carefully excluded. The only exception is in the case of MRS. KEAN, whose delivery of the part of *Hermione* belongs to the old days, but the services which this lady has done to the drama, in times when it was differently understood, prevent us commenting unfavourably upon her persisting in giving an intellectual and touching rendering of the part, in spite of her perception that such a version was out of keeping. No such blame attaches to any other artist concerned, and least of all to MR. KEAN, whose determination to avoid "points" is almost carried to excess in his honourably scrupulous avoidance of punctuation, in which respect he is carefully imitated by his excellent assistants. The giving the part of *Florizel*, the King's son, to a lady, and that of *Perdita* to one of the prettiest and cleverest *dansuses* of the day, are additional proofs of the desire of the management to adhere to the spirit which has dictated the production, and after recording its perfect success, (crowned, on the first night, by HER MAJESTY'S presence,) we have but to say that, promising as is MR. LUMLEY'S ballet programme, he will find no mean rival in MR. KEAN, whose series of Shakspearian ballet-spectacles has been thus enriched by what we cannot help calling *Le Conte d'Hiver*.

KEEPING UP THE BALL.



FACE is restored, and, therefore we are launching gun-boats, and trying new howitzers with remarkable activity. Possibly the departments by which these things are being done are not yet "officially informed" of the conclusion of Peace; and until the fact gets thoroughly round by way of the Circumlocution Office, and other indirect roads, the "departments" will probably go on with all sorts of expensive arrangements for continuing hostilities. At a recent trial of a new howitzer at Liverpool, one of the balls appears to have behaved in such a truly ludicrous manner, as to have justified a suspicion that the

missile must have been aware of the absurdity of the experiment. We are told that the lively affair—

"After being discharged out of the gun, struck the ground, and bounded off in another direction, and continued alighting and rebounding from the shore until it came near the residence of Mr. JAMES Houghton, timber-merchant, a short distance beyond the Marine Terrace, Waterloo, where it cut down a tree, and, proceeding on its course entered the window of the parlour."

The reporter then puts us in possession of the important fact, that "the window" (through which the ball passed) "was broken," and "a card-table in front shared the same fate." We hope the window and the card-table got each a fair "share" of the "fate" that it was their destiny to participate. The ball did not, however, confine its attentions to the card-table, for it took a "chair," which was "smashed," and extended its intrusive curiosity to some "workboxes close at hand," which were "strewn about the room in all directions." After all these vagaries, the uninvited visitor had

"Become exhausted, and in a very short time a number of artillerymen and two or three police-officers entered the house, and took charge of the destructive missile."

We like the idea of a policeman running after a cannon-ball, for the purpose of taking it into custody; and we dare say the active officer considered himself a very great gun when he entered the "charge" at the station-house.

A Drawing-room Ditty.

Air.—"Little Bopsey?"

LADY CONNAUGHT
Has gone to Court,
In the "Pen" at noon you will find her:
By half-past four
She'll have reach'd the door,
And left her train behind her.

THE FIREWORKS.—Among the many new pyrotechnic devices intended to delight us on the 29th, it is said there will be sent up, to explode very brilliantly, models of the orders granted to LORDS LUCAN and CARDIGAN: they will, doubtless, be very fleeting; and of course, like the Chelsea Inquiry, will end in smoke.

SUNDAY BRASS.

LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR—may the fame of his Hyde Park campaigns continue to brighten in the memories of Middlesex voters, even as the hour of a Middlesex election draws near!—LORD ROBERT has had another brass fight in the House of Commons for the Sunday brass band in Kensington Gardens. It avails him not; indeed, it sorely hurts his cause, that thousands and thousands of listeners quietly congregate every week, to give attentive ear to Sunday music, and then, at once subdued and elevated by what they have heard, leave the place without plucking a flower, or breaking a twig. If the people would only comport themselves to the music like satyrs to Pan pipes, there would be some hope for LORD GROSVENOR in his tribulation. As it was *Polly's* lawful marriage with *Macheath*, that "made the blot" in the maternal mind of *Mrs. Peacham*, so do SIR BENJAMIN HALL'S Sunday statistics, with further revelations of respected shrub and flower, confound the pious calculations of LORD GROSVENOR; a well-meaning man, no doubt, resolved to discover in the blowers of brass and the drubbers of parchment any uneasy conscience bound by Sunday thralldom. He, therefore, wished to ask the PREMIER if, he would communicate with the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, in order that any non-conforming musician might be relieved from Sabbath music? LORD PALMERSTON—as LORD GROSVENOR must have thought—very cruelly answered—he would not. Further, his Lordship, flying in the face of LORD GROSVENOR, gave it as his opinion that—

"Anything that gave the labouring classes of this great Metropolis an additional value to their means of intellectual enjoyment together with air and exercise in those open spaces which Parliament, as the guardians of the public purse, had provided for their recreation, deserved neither censure nor disapprobation. (*Hear, Hear!*)"

LORD GROSVENOR fared no better when he fell foul of SIR BENJAMIN HALL for having provided a place whereat miserable sinners might buy refreshment. Ginger-beer was hot in the mouth of the thirsty, and children were accustomed to suck Sunday oranges without a thought of where they would afterwards go to.

All this is very shocking; very deteriorating of the morals of what Vanity Fair calls from its carriage, the common people. The more especially as Belgravia never walks in a park, or flower-garden of a Sunday; and, the Sunday dinner over, never gives ear or finger to a Sunday piano. However, we would not coerce the conscience of LORD GROSVENOR; he may take his own cinder in his own cup of water, and much good may they do him!

THE AMNESTY.

CONCLUDING Peace, our Monarch pardons all
State convicts, whose offences to efface
Just now, a fitting act of Royal grace,
Save BOMBA, the whole world will, doubtless, call.
She, with great enemies, forgives the small.
No more is SMITH O'BRIEN in disgrace,
FROST, WILLIAMS, JONES, your fetters from you fall.
Shout for the QUEEN, applauding populace,
Who grants those erring patriots release!
They will return unto their native shore,
Their wives embrace, their children clasp once more,
Redeemed from exile but with life to cease.
And oh! my people, don't forget to roar
For CUFFY to his land restored with Peace!

THE MORALS OF EQUITY.

GREAT lawyers are not always great moralists, but they are seldom hypocrites, and we are therefore not surprised at the following burst of sincerity from one of our Lords Justices:—

"LORD JUSTICE KNIGHT BRUCE: The question is whether, when a commissioner declines to adjudicate, this court can adjudicate. We must have that question argued if necessary, because it is quite clear that what Mr. De Jex's client desires—and I do not blame him for it—is to have the appearance of candour and concession without conceding anything (*laughter*)."

We do not know MR. DE JEX'S client, and we cannot say whether the Lord Justice was guilty of an injustice in imputing a deceitful intention to one who may have wished to act openly and fairly; but it is quite clear that a moral fraud "a desire to have the appearance of candour and concession without conceding anything," is not blameable in the eyes of a Judge in Equity. If imposture is not to be censured by the judicial bench, we cannot be surprised that the bar does not take a high moral tone, and that attorneys adopt a still lower school of ethics.

Two Heads Better than One.

WE are requested to state that the Portraits of MR. CHARLES DICKENS—one in the French Exhibition in Pall Mall, the other in the Royal Academy Exhibition—are not painted by one SCHEFFER, but by two SCHEFFERS—Young 'ENRY and Old 'ARRY.



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CRIMEA, BY AN AMATEUR.

A VERY PRECISE DIRECTION.

Strange-Looking Soldier (to Gent who has just arrived). "Ensign Stubbs, Sir?—You'll find him in one of them 'ere Tents, Sir."

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

Who does not remember GUY'S *Spelling-Book*? If, now and then, it has caused us to be visited with, what the EARL OF ELLESMERE calls a bunch of myrrh, or some other sort of bunch, the visitation may have been, as his Lordship said a night or two since, "bitter, but wholesome." Well, the author of the *Spelling-Book* having scattered his leaves about the world—leaves thick as those of Vallombrosa—fell, an over-ripe apple from the tree of knowledge into the dust, at the age of ninety. He leaves a son, a younger GUY, now more than threescore and ten; a son, who from youth upwards, has sat at the school-desk, teaching generations, and obtaining the common reward of teachers, poverty and grey hairs. The GUYS have written very many school-books that have somehow helped to enrich certain vendors thereof; but, at the present time, the younger GUY of seventy has scarcely the strength to wrestle with the exuberant spirits of schoolboys, commonly not too docile to the teacher's hand. Some twelvemonths since, an appeal was made to the givers of good, in the shape of small pensions, to scholars who have deserved well of their country: but, up to the present time, authority has shown no more interest for MR. GUY than did *Jack Cade*, of illiterate memory, for all humane letters. Hitherto, the Treasury has remained close as the rock to ALI BABA, ere ALI BABA had stumbled upon the aperient *Sesame*! It is, therefore, a great pleasure to *Mr. Punch* humbly to call the attention of an accomplished Prime Minister—who, in his time, must have been the very prince of schoolboys, seeing how much of the fun of the playground he can at this day conserve for the House of Commons—to the case of MR. GUY. *Mr. Punch* is convinced that LORD PALMERSTON has only to know the honest claims of the old, hardworked, outworked scholar, to paternal relief, to grant it. And to grant it quickly. For LORD PALMERSTON is not one of those state patrons of learning, who, with the very best intentions to reward deserving letters with the merest crust, are somehow prone to dally so long in its bestowal, that when at length the crust is given, the man so comforted has left him but a few months' life to chew it.

That was a fine saying of LORD BROUGHAM'S—"The schoolmaster is abroad!" Like VIRGIL'S arrow, it kindled as it flew. LORD PALMERSTON, we have heard, with the generosity of a liberal nature, was loud in his praise of that bright saying. May, then, *Mr. Punch* beg his Lordship's early attention to MR. GUY, the Schoolmaster at Home?

A CAUTION.

"The gallant defender of Kars is to be made a Baronet, by the name of SIR WILLIAM FENWICK WILLIAMS."—*Times*, May 9.

HERO of Kars, when home at ease,
Be called SIR FENWICK WILLIAMS, please;
For we, who love you, hold in fear
Another WILLIAM WILLIAMS, here;
A dreary, dogged, dull M.P.,
Whose cheek and pertinacity
May, one day—it would serve him right—
Degrade him to the rank of Knight:
'Twould trouble us, 'twould likewise trouble you,
Were you supposed that W. W.!

An Imperial Testimonial.

THERE is to be a household subscription throughout the second *arrondissement* of Paris to the amount of five centimes, and no more, to purchase a testimonial for the EMPRESS and the Baby-Prince Imperial. Measures are so admirably taken to call forth the loyalty of copper that, when the subscription is closed, it is confidently expected that the *Moniteur* will publish the following bulletin:—"Mother and Child have both done as well as could be expected."

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO A YOUNG LADY who rode ST. JOHN'S WOOD WAY in an "ATLAS" Omnibus, on Tuesday Evening, May 6th, before 10 o'clock.

"SONG OF THE DESERTED."

"Oh, give me music! on mine ear
Let the soft cadence swell;
Songs of the past, how doubly dear,
Since he hath said farewell!"

MISS.—Does the above affecting verse, (the beginning of a sweet poem,) taken in connection with a paper of needles, bring any reminiscence to your mind? If so, describe that reminiscence in a pretty letter to me, and it may be to your advantage.

85, Fleet Street. Yours paternally, PUNCH.
P.S. I sincerely hope you are pretty by daylight. You would not—no, you would not be so UNGRATEFUL as to reply, if you are not.

COMIC ILLUMINATIONS.



CERTAINLY there is something to be said for, as well as against, the illumination of the 29th inst. Grant that the display is folly—but folly has been glorified with somewhat more than Dutch gilt by a famous Hollander, and is, at least, as the Roman poet intimates, the right thing when in the right place. If the illumination can be regarded as foolishness of this kind, it may deserve to be voted for. Serious folly is seriously objectionable, and if the illumination is to come off, we hope it will not prove such folly as that—will not resemble all previous illuminations. They have always been dull affairs; for what is physical light without moral and intellectual brilliancy? What diversion or amusement is to be derived from stars and crowns, shamrock and thistle, "V. A.," "N. E.," and such-like custom-

her be depicted applying it to the use of pitch-forking her enemies. Let JOHN BULL do duty for the personification of England as well as BRITANNIA. The Russian Bear, also, muzzled, dancing, and otherwise ridiculously acting and circumstanced, might afford a store of subjects for illustration. Many pictorial pleasantries might also be designed at the expense of the Peace Party; comic doves for instance, if doves there are to be; doves in drab-coats and broad-brimmed hats. To these, caricatures of the Aberdeen ministry might be added, no doubt to the extreme delight of the assembled multitude.

The mottoes, also, might be based on a novel and facetious principle. Discard all constitutional and patriotic bombast. Let us express our national sentiments in that figurative style which accords with our national propensity to "chaff." Suppose, for instance, you arrange your gaslights and variegated lamps, so as to embody, in letters of fire, maxims and aspirations of this kind—"Ignorance and Superstition," "Bigotry and Intolerance," "Slavery and Inequality," "Civil and Religious Despotism," "Censorship of the Press," "Absolute Monarchy," "Foreign Yoke," and so forth; guided, in your selection of principles for assertion, by the rule of what is popularly termed "over the left" and "very like a whale." If this plan were to be adopted, the illumination would be a success. It will be a failure, if we aim at magnificence and splendour. We can do no ostentation gracefully. Any pageant of any sort that we may attempt is sure to be ridiculous, whether with or against our will. Perhaps this is a fine national peculiarity. Perhaps it springs from an interior sense of the littleness of the greatest of human affairs. Perhaps it doesn't arise from simple want of taste. But it is a fact. We had better, therefore, go in designedly for buffoonery and tomfoolery, and get up a good instead of a bad burlesque; such a burlesque as we always make of any parade; such a burlesque as we made the other day of the Proclamation of Peace, by our mock-heroic jumble and commixture of heraldry with beadedom.

mary and stale devices, and mottoes and legends, equally stale and customary, which people have got so familiar with as to regard them with contempt? Olive-branches and doves in addition, for the nonce, will make the matter but little livelier. Now, why not, this time, try and introduce the element of fun into the demonstration of fire? Why not exhibit comic instead of pompous transparencies? No more allegories, unless laughably absurd. No Peace and Plenty. No wreaths and garlands. No swords twined with laurel. BRITANNIA with her trident will do; but, instead of ruling the waves with that venerable instrument, let

THE ABOMINABLE PRESS.

A STATEMENT of the character and literary direction of the Belgian Press has already been made to the French Government; but *Mr. Punch*, from private sources, is enabled to give another document in illustration of the system, with the men whose object it is to confound all order, and to make of the whole civilised world one universal empire, under the Dictatorship of Chaos; a worthy well-known to most of the authorities. We subjoin the names of the papers with their politics.

The Vampyre.—Circulation unknown; politics sanguinary; has expressed a determination to draw blood out of Belgian turnips. Has hinted that "after all, a Second of December may turn out a First of April." Edited by a disaffected drummer, who has seen the galleys.

The Goose.—A libellous journal, hissing at all that adorns and beautifies life. For instance—has been known to insinuate that the nose of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is not descended in a right line from the Roman emperors.

The Hedgehog.—A satirical paper, all its points steeped in vitriol. Gives essays on the climate and productions of Cayenne; especially recommending the place to Emperors and Kings in want of a constitution.

The Brown Bear.—A Russian organ; started to claw England and France; but of late given to hug the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

The Pole-Cat.—A public insulter. Has even raised its back up against the Pope, and sometimes spits at the KING OF NAPLES. Is supposed to be in the pay of CUFFY, a refugee English Chartist.

The Death-Watch.—A rallying paper for all the demagogues of Europe. A late essay entitled "A certain Flea for a certain Ear," even through the thick gauze of allegory, exhibited its diabolical intentions. Is edited by MARIUS BROWNRIGG, a lineal descendant of MARY BROWNRIGG executed at Tyburn for the ill-usage of QUEEN ANNE's children.

The Earwig.—A journal of great ability: has brilliant articles from the pen of CANTILLON, grocer; the patriot rewarded by Uncle

NAPOLEON in his will, and paid by Nephew NAPOLEON in hard cash for having attempted the assassination of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

With the exception of this last journal, it is expected that the French Government will demand their immediate suppression; and it is not as generally expected that COUNT VILAIN THE FOURTEENTH will exclaim "Never!"

Real Irish Patriots.

THE principal object of the "Know-Nothings" in America, is to oppose the Irish as much as possible. Great alarm has been spread, therefore, amongst all the respectable classes in Ireland, at the probable return to that country of all the Irishmen who have left it. There is a talk of an "Anti-Know-Nothing" party being organised, the national duty of which will be to provide funds and other acceptable forms of persuasion, to induce the Irishmen in America by no means to leave it. If they love their country, they will be implored to remain where they are.

The Tale of a Taptub.

THE *Morning Advertiser* objects to the Sunday Bands. There is one piece of music, however, which it would doubtless be glad to countenance—especially if its countenance at the time was framed in a public-house window—and that is, *The Ruler of the Spirits*. The overture to be played to give notice to all the sots and drunkards of the neighbourhood that the publican was about to open his doors.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

THERE is a talk of the Prussian Fleet visiting this country. Orders have been issued by the Admiralty to MESSRS. SEARLES, the boat-builders of Lambeth, to provide for it every possible accommodation.

ONE REASON.—Our Puritans object to Sunday music, because it jars painfully with their habitual love of Discord.

BRADSHAW. A MYSTERY.

A FARCE is being performed at the Hay-market under the title of *Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw*; but if the first two were omitted, *Bradshaw* alone would form an excellent subject for a tragedy. We have much pleasure in making a present of the following frightful plot to any dramatist who will just take the trifling trouble to supply the dialogue.

Act One opens with a scene in a house in London, where *Orlando* is discovered earnestly perusing the Second Column of the *Times* Newspaper. He utters a soliloquy something like the following:—



Sweet Second Column of the friendly *Times*,
'Tis by thine aid, the broken-hearted J.
Entreats the truant C. to hasten home.
To thee the *Lady Eleanor* repairs
To find her bracelet dropp'd at last night's ball.
To thee the pining and deserted wife
Turns anxiously to meet her absent lord.
Thou sweet restorer of lost property,
Rings, wives, keys, money, husbands, brooches,
dogs;
All are recovered by thine agency.
To thee *Orlando* is indebted now
For finding where to write to *Leonora*.
But stay—I will not write—I'll go at once.

The Act concludes with a bustling scene, in which *Orlando* packs up his carpet-bag, and sends for a *Bradshaw*.



Act Two begins with the opening of the *Bradshaw*, which has just arrived, and *Orlando* eagerly turns over the pages to find the train for Liverpool. After some dialogue of a hurried nature with his servant, and a display of

some irritation, the following passionate burst might be introduced with considerable effect.



Why, what is this? I'll to the Index turn,
And see if that can help me. Ha, ha, ha!
There's no such place as Liverpool set down.
It don't exist! Liverpool is a myth.
Its Commerce, Shipping, Public buildings,
Docks,
Are all a dream—There is no Liverpool!
Servant. Be calm, good Master—turn to Birkenhead.
Orlando. My head—not Birken—'tis enough to turn.
Servant (finding a place in the book, and handing it to his Master).
See, Sir, I have discovered Birkenhead.
Orlando (snatching the *Bradshaw*, and looking at it). Why so it is—there's comfort for me yet.

What does it say? I've got it right at last (reads)—
"Birkenhead, Lancashire, and Cheshire. J."
What's J.? Who's J.? Why J.? What does J. mean?
But to the page—I see 'tis seventy-eight.
[Turns furiously to page 78.]
Ha, ha! I thought as much! Here's "Landing stage."
Where's "Landing stage?" Ho, ho! I shall go mad!
Let me read further. Ah! Here's Liverpool. The place I fain would reach—but by the book I'm there already. How to get there, though? I'll try the Down Train. Horror! worse and worse!
That starts from Chester—how to get to Chester?
Will no one tell me—how to get to Chester? Or why to Chester need I go at all?
[Collars his Servant.]



Slave, tell me! Wherefore didst thou bring this book—
Was it to torture me with?—
Servant. Sir—'Tis *Bradshaw*—

The Second Act being concluded, the Third Act opens at Liverpool, where *Leonora* is discovered anxiously expecting *Orlando*. She is intently gazing on a *Bradshaw*, which she



throws away from her, with a speech to the following effect:—

Away! away! thou torturer of hearts,
Breaker of heads—thou brain-perplexer go!
I cannot spell thee out with all my pains.
Can'st tell me when *Orlando* should be here?
Thou can'st not—tantaliser—mocking fiend!
For now thou seem'st to bring him to my arms,
And now thou rudely hurl'st him back again;
Referring me to some far distant page,
Prating of junctions or some other jargon.
I shall go mad!—I'm going mad!—I'm mad!



The Fourth Act shows *Orlando* more calm, with the *Bradshaw* still open before him. After



some quiet dialogue with his faithful domestic,

a speech like the following might naturally ensue :—

We've got it now at last, 'tis the North Western; Yes, that's the line that leads to *Leonora*, I mean to Liverpool—what's the first train? There's one that starts at nine-fifteen—that's good!

But when does it arrive—never, by jingo! It stops at Stafford. Come, let's try again, One at nine-thirty—that will do as well; It reaches Liverpool at—ha, ha, ha! It never gets to Liverpool at all; But I'll be patient.—Now to try the next: It starts at eight, the third before the first, The cart before the horse. But never mind! When does it reach? This is beyond a joke: This sticks at Dunstable. Where's Dunstable? Who wants to go to Dunstable? Do you? Or you, Sir? all my brains are dancing reels; Dunstable bonnets whirl about my head.

Servant (catching him in his arms). Poor fellow! well, his wits are gone at last.



The Fourth Act being thus ended, the Fifth opens with *Leonora* at the Railway Station, at

Chester. After making numerous inquiries in a state of great agitation, she goes off into the following rhapsody :—



What junction? Where's the Up and where's the Down? What train meets which? When is the other due? What's the express? Is this the proper platform? Or that?—or neither?

Guard (rings bell). Now! The train from London—

[*A train arrives, and ORLANDO looks out of a window of a carriage.*

Orlando. Where am I? Is this Liverpool—or London—or Wolverhampton?

Leonora. Ah! it is his voice! [*ORLANDO leaps out of the carriage, and the Lovers are immediately locked in each other's arms.*

Orlando. How came you here? I know you cannot tell, For I can't say at all how I got here. I looked at *Bradshaw*.

Leonora. Oh, don't talk of *Bradshaw*! *Bradshaw* has nearly maddened me.

Orlando. And me. He talks of trains arriving that ne'er start; Of trains that seem to start, and ne'er arrive; Of junctions where no union is effected; Of coaches meeting trains that never come; Of trains to catch a coach that never goes; Of trains that start after they have arrived; Of trains arriving long before they leave? He bids us "see" some page that can't be found;

Or if 'tis found, it speaks of spots remote From those we seek to reach! By *Bradshaw's* aid

You've tried to get to London—I attempted To get to Liverpool—and here we are, At Chester—'Tis a junction—I'm content Our union—at this junction—to cement. And let us hope, nor you nor I again May be attacked with *Bradshaw* on the Brain.



Leonora. I'm happy now! My Husband! *Orlando.* Ah! My Bride! Henceforth take me—not *Bradshaw*—for your guide. [The curtain falls.]

CANT ON MORAL BLINDNESS.

An interesting and edifying lecture was yesterday delivered at Stiggins's Rooms, by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANT, on the subject of Moral Blindness. His Grace described this disease of the mind's eye as an obscuration of the sense of right and wrong; it was, as he took it, an immaterial cataract, a metaphysical amaurosis, or *gutta serena*; a kind of spiritual dimness. It was an infirmity under which, he would sorrowfully confess, he was himself a sufferer. However, the disease having occurred in his own person afforded him the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with its nature, enabling him to expound it for an example to others, which was a sweet consolation; and in fact, the course he was about to pursue would be that of describing the malady as one of his personal experiences. His own case was this. Many, many years ago, that excellent King and pious good man, his late MAJESTY GEORGE THE THIRD, of blessed memory, appointed a military band to perform music at Windsor, on the Castle Terrace. Inconsistent as it might seem with the character of that religious monarch, the fact, alas! was, that the band was commanded to play on the Sabbath. But, one moment's reflection would exonerate the exemplary Sovereign's memory from the charge of Sabbath-breaking. The heart was right—but the head—(here his Grace sobbed)—he would not further pursue a topic so very painful. Nay, rather he would insist, enlarge, and improve on the subject of his own weakness—to which he would come in due season.

Well, the Sunday performances of music at Windsor, commenced by reason of unhappy circumstances, had continued, from the time of the Father of his People, through the reigns of three successive rulers, including that of our present Most Gracious QUEEN; and now to the point. Why had not he (the ARCHBISHOP OF CANT) uplifted his voice, and borne testimony against them? why had he not remonstrated with his Royal Mistress against the continuance of those desecrations of the Sabbath. Alas, alas! it was by reason of that mental blindness, which formed the subject of his present discourse. Woe was him that the eyes of his soul were shut, and the eyelids of his spirit not open!

As long as a Sunday band played beneath the windows of his QUEEN, he wist not—for he saw not—that Sunday bands were sinful. But when the bands were set to play before HER MAJESTY'S subjects—then the mist departed from his sight. When the People began to have their ears regaled with music on the Sabbath, his eyes were opened, and he beheld that it was wickedness. Albeit, instruments of wood, and instruments of brass, and vellum, were sounded on Sunday after Sunday before the Palace, he perceived not the iniquity; but as soon as the flute and the flageolet, and the fife and the drum, and the bugle and the bassoon, and the trumpet and the triangle, and the clarinet and the cymbals and the ophicleide did violence in the Parks to that sacred day in the ears of the multitude—then was the film removed, then was the cloud lifted—and lo! he discerned that the thing was evil. And he had straightway written a letter to the Chief Minister and entreated him immediately to stay that public sin. He took shame to himself that he had not discovered the sinfulness of that sin long, long before; but this was owing to the disease of moral blindness. The affliction whereof he spoke was one with which they who waited in Courts and attended on Princes, were very subject to be visited. He knew that his conduct in this matter would be painfully misinterpreted—that many would affirm it to have been that of a miserable hypocrite; but he would heed them not; yea, rather he would rejoice in being reviled by the irreligious and profane. He liked to be despised. We were all subject to the disease of moral blindness, and this consideration should teach us humility. We should endeavour to keep our eyes open always; but we should also endeavour to open those of the millions, who, such is the depravity of the human heart, do not perceive that there is the slightest harm in playing, or in hearing, music on a Sunday. The Most Reverend Prelate, who wept frequently during his discourse, sat down amid much moaning and blowing of noses.

HINT FOR ILLUMINATIONS.—FOR THE BEST SQUibs go to 85, Fleet Street. Genuine Roman Candles, of the most brilliant quality, are supplied by WISEMAN AND CO., Golden Square. Sold also by BOWYER, Temple, and all Agents for Italian Fireworks.

A BAGPIPE BLOW.



dance, we know who is the musician, and whence the music. *Tam O'Shanter* once had a glimpse of the minstrel; once caught the "skirl" of his instrument:—

"A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast;
A towsie tyke, black, grim and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
'Till roof and rafters a' did dirl."

When healthful, wholesome music is silenced by fanaticism, we know who it is that blows out his bags in windy exultation of the victory. Is JOHN BULL to be sent to sleep by the drone of the conventicle? We believe not: even steel pens shall prick holes big enough to let the wind out of that bagpipe.

AMONG THE PICTURES.

(At the Old Water Colour Society's Exhibition. A group before JOHN LEWIS'S "Mount Sinai," and DAVID COX'S "Peat Gatherers." Newspaper Critics on the prowl for enlightened opinions.)

1st Travelled Man (who has done his "Holy Land" to admiring lady, looking at Catalogue). Eh? JOHN LEWIS. "Frank Encampment in the Desert of Mount Sinai—Convent of St. Catherine in the distance. Picture comprises portrait of an English nobleman and his suite, &c. &c. &c." Yes—by Jove—magnificent—1842. I remember—it's LORD CASTLEREAGH—that is, the present MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY—we came across him that year at the Second Cataract. Capital! And that's MAHMOUD the Dragoman—a great rogue—keeps a shop in Cairo, and near the Bab-el-Luk—Ah—what fun the desert was—Look at the gazelle, and the ducks—They've been shooting—And all his comforts about him, you see—*The Quarterly* and everything—and a Skye-terrier—By Jove—how he has worked everything out.

(Critic listens eagerly, booking the facts.)

Lady. Oh—wonderful—do look at that cane-backed chair, dear!—and the pattern on the table-cloth!—But how light it all looks!

1st Travelled Man. Exactly the atmosphere of the place. I know every inch of it. Just that kind of red rock—sandstone—you know. And those camels—the very brutes—and the Convent yonder, with its light green vegetable-patches. I remember how civil the monks were to us—gave us lots of lettuces. It's just the greyish—pea-greenish sky you have there, and the violet-blue shadows—what there is of them. By Jove, it's astonishing! A regular Daguerreotype! [They pass on.]

1st Critic's Friend (to 1st Critic). Ah—BROWN! Anything good hereabout?

1st Critic. Capital drawing this of LEWIS'S. That's the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY—LORD CASTLEREAGH he was then—wonderfully true to the real thing—especially the sky and the shadows—and how beautifully everything's made out.

Critic's Friend. A little hard, isn't it?

1st Critic. Oh no—precisely the effect of that atmosphere—so I'm told by people who've been there.

2nd Travelled Man (with reverential lady, dogged by 2nd Critic). "D. Cox. *Peat-Gatherers*." Blotchy stuff! Did you ever see such slapdash? I wonder how they dare hang such a thing! [Passes contemptuously] "JOHN LEWIS—*Frank Encampment, Mount Sinai*." (reading from Catalogue.) Eh? Absurd! Why there's no distance in the

drawing! And who ever saw such a pea-green sky? and just look at the shadows—you know, my dear, the desert-light is intense, and of course the shadows must be strong.

2nd Lady. Do you know the scene?

2nd Traveller. Perfectly. I was there in 1843. Not a bit of truth in the whole thing. Not the least like the colour of the mountains, or the general effect. (Critic No. 1 looks puzzled, but listens respectfully—Critic No. 2 books everything believingly)—and those pea-greens in the Convent-garden—quite ridiculous!

1st Bystander. I understood MR. LEWIS had lived long in the East. 2nd Traveller. Well, if he has, he doesn't paint as if he had. The drawing is false to nature from beginning to end. [He passes on.]

Critic's Friend (to 1st Critic). I thought you said people who'd been there considered it true. He doesn't at all events.

1st Critic (bewildered). No!

1st Amateur Sketcher. "DAVID COX. *Peat-Gatherers*." (To Trustful Friend.) Now, I call that a fine drawing. How broad and solemn! And what a grand sky, with its lumps of rain-cloud, and those women struggling up over the boulders, and turf-hassoeks, with their peat-baskets—It's near Bettws-y-coed. Cox has gone there now for fifty years—Lives at "the Oak;" he painted the sign, and a fresco in the room where the artists live. There's quite a colony of them. Grand old fellow, DAVID!

Trustful Friend (2nd Critic books everything). Isn't it rather—rather—splashy—splodgy—you know?

1st Amateur. That's DAVID'S manner. He gives you the general character, you see. But there's not one of the splashes, as you call them, put on without knowledge and meaning. Just come here. (Goes back) and see how everything falls into its place! [They retire.]

2nd Critic's Friend to 2nd Critic. Queer thing this of Old Cox's?

2nd Critic (who has been soaking in Amateur's remarks). Ah—looks slight—but a wonderful drawing for all that—full of breadth and solemnity. Look at the lumps of rain-cloud and those women struggling up with their turf-baskets. And then it's precisely the North Wales effect.

2nd Critic's Friend. Have you been in Wales?

2nd Critic (evasively). Oh—its near Bettws—DAVID COX'S country. He's been there every year these fifty years. Lives at "the Oak," with a colony of artists. He painted the sign—The landlord sold it the other day to a Manchester man for a hundred guineas.

2nd Critic's Friend. Well, I can't help thinking it's rather—slapdash.

2nd Critic. My dear fellow, you can't see a thing if you poke your nose right into it in that way. Come back here, if you want to have an idea of the wonderful knowledge and truth of DAVID'S work.

[They go back and admire.]

2nd Amateur Sketcher (to Friend). "D. Cox. *Peat-Gatherers*." Only look at that—All scrawl, smudge, and splash. They say Cox is nearly blind. I suppose when he has quite lost his eyesight, he'll be perfect. Now just look at those RICHARDSONS, and compare this dirty daub with their beautiful and brilliant execution. That will show you what I mean by a good drawing. RICHARDSON I call a painter: Cox is an impudent old smudger. [Critic and Critic's Friend listen.]

2nd Amateur's Friend. Certainly. There's nothing made out in this drawing.

2nd Amateur. All I can say is, if that's nature, I can't see. What a mud-bath of a sky! Clouds like sooty wool-packs! and what does he mean by these shapeless bits of light?—figures I suppose. Oh, don't waste any more time on such trash. Look at this—LEWIS. Pity LEWIS is so hard, and can't see shadow. There's a deal of good work in it too. But that sky, you know, is out of all reason. Why, it's pea-green! And only fancy wasting so much time over all these details of chairs, and tables, and coffee-pots, and books and dogs—so out of keeping with the solemnity of the desert! (1st Critic listens.)

[They pass on.]

3rd Amateur and Friend (referring to Catalogue). "LEWIS—*Mount Sinai*!" Beautiful! What finish!—A Frank nobleman, you see. All his comforts about him. Capital idea to bring out the contrast of that awful sterile mountain region, and that naked Arab life, with the artificial wants and ingenious contrivances of the Frank traveller. (2nd Critic listens.)

[They pass on.]

2nd Critic's Friend (to 2nd Critic). What can LEWIS be about—a clever fellow like him—putting all this labour into so much rubbishing detail?

2nd Critic. Why, you see, he wants to contrast Arab Desert life with Frank luxury. I call that the great point of the drawing.

1st Critic (to Friend, en passant). Yes—if LEWIS had only had the good sense to keep all that detail of the tent and furniture down, and had tried to bring out the awful desert character of the scene!—

[They pass on.]

(From Newspaper article on Old Water Colour Society's Exhibition, No. 1.)

"184. *Frank Encampment in the Desert of Mount Sinai*. LEWIS.—A marvellous work, full of exquisite truth to desert nature. The tone of the mountains and sky is particularly worthy of admiration. The

whole work is flooded with Eastern light. The details representing the camp equipage, &c. of the English nobleman, who is smoking his chibouque in the foreground, (the present MARQUIS OF LONDON-DERRY, we believe,) are made out with a finish that cannot be exceeded. We might quarrel with the labour bestowed on mere accessories, were they not of importance as marking the contrast of Arab life in its naked simplicity, with the artificial wants, and ingenious appliances of Frank civilisation, in its highest form."

"140. *Peat-Gatherers, North Wales.* D. COX.—A work we are sorry to see, as it shows utter carelessness, if we should not rather say, incapacity of execution. It is all smudge, and scrawl, and blotch, and daub—not a form made out, not a passage, either of the landscape or figures, intelligibly and accurately rendered. Such a style as this can only exercise the most pernicious influence on our rising artists, to whom our earnest advice is, Eschew DAVID COX."

(From Newspaper article on Old Water Colour Society's Exhibition, No. 2.)

"134. *Frank Encampment near Mount Sinai, &c. &c.*, JOHN LEWIS.—A hard, Preraphaelite work, with all that ignoring of distance and pretentious exaggeration of detail characteristic of the School. Where does MR. LEWIS find nature without shadows—with a red ground and a green sky? The character of the subject renders the gross bad-taste of this style of work more glaring, even, than usual. How can we call up to ourselves the awfulness of desert-nature, and the simplicity of desert-life, amidst this idle parade of cane-backed chairs, and guns, and coffee-pots, and dressing-cases, and pickles and Skye-terriers? Imagine the *Quarterly Review* under the shadow—(no—MR. LEWIS has no shadow), in the light of Mount Sinai! The work is in every way vicious and untrue."

"140. *Peat-Gatherers, North Wales.* DAVID COX.—A noble work of a grand old master—one of those dark, heather-purple moors, which Old Cox loves so well, and paints so lovingly. Seen near, all is confusion and hap-hazard of lines and colours. But go to a little distance, and every blotch becomes a boulder, or a heather-patch, or a sullen glimmer of bog-water—every random sweep of brush a lump of rain-cloud, or a woman, laden with peat, struggling up over stone and turf-hassock. In such scenes DAVID COX reigns supreme. In them we see the fruits of his fifty years familiarity with the scenery that lies round the romantic region of Bettws—where Cox has pitched his tent any summer of the last half-century. Our advice to the young artist is—'Avoid the liny minuteness of JOHN LEWIS, and seek the masterly breadth of DAVID COX.'"
[And poor Public reads and is bewildered.]

And this is the way Pictures are judged now-a-days.

A NOTE TO SIR PETER LAURIE.

MR. PUNCH has been requested to publish the following note to SIR PETER LAURIE; and although the writer is hardly of a class to be much considered by *Punch*, nevertheless, as the epistle may impart a peculiar pleasure to SIR PETER, *Punch* cannot, in his admiration of the auricular wisdom of the Alderman, suppress it.

"SIR PETER, *Fogle Court, May 18.*
"YOU'RE a brick, and no mistake. I've been these three Sundays to the Parks to hear the music; going there, as I may say, professionally to pick pockets. Somehow or the other, the music raised me above my business, and I don't know how it was, but I didn't prig a single wipe. To-day, all music being put down in the Parks, I went to Hyssop Chapel, and can't have cleared less than thirty shillings.

"Your grateful Servant, CHARLES BATES, Jun."

HARD LINES FOR JOHN BULL.

I AM one hundred million out of pocket,
And therefore I am glad the Fight is o'er,
So glad that I shall let off squib and rocket,
And blaze away about eight thousand more.

At Doomsday I suppose I shall get rid
Of Income-Tax which War has fixed upon me;
And to illuminate I'm also bid:
Oh, VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, have mercy on me!

A Dead Letter.

SEVERAL persons have been confounding MR. BAINES, the letter-writer against Sunday music, with MR. BAINES, the Cabinet Minister, and late President of the Poor-Law Board. We are authorised (by the facts) to state that the Minister is the RIGHT HON. M. T. BAINES, while the other party is not exactly M. T., but empty BAINES of Leeds.

A CRITICAL POSITION.

A COLONIAL critic makes a very extraordinary revelation in an Australian Paper, from which we quote the following:—

"It has been our good fortune to have witnessed some of the greatest successes which have been achieved in the history of music and the drama. We have seen ladies carried from a theatre after MARIO's terrible rendering of the death-scene in '*Lucrezia Borgia*;' and we have heard an uninterrupted ovation of ten minutes' duration greet ALBONI for the magnificent recklessness she has thrown into the *brandisi*."

We confess that with all our experience, which however seems to be less extensive than that of the Antipodean JENKINS, we never were present at any performance where it was necessary to carry out some of the female part of the audience, except perhaps on Boxing Night at the Victoria. We have heard ALBONI pretty frequently, but we never recollect a performance being interrupted for ten minutes by an "ovation," which we are quite sure would have been cut short by a general cry on the part of everybody to "turn out" everybody else, which is the invariable climax of a long protracted theatrical clamour. The enthusiasm of an Australian audience seems, however, to surpass anything that has ever been witnessed in the New World, and the production of an opera by FLOROW appears to have astonished even the critic, who had seen ladies dragged out of the house after listening to MARIO.

If this sort of thing was really surpassed in Australia, we can only conceive that both sexes were equally upset by the performance, and that the lobbies were strewn with fainting men as well as with hysterical women. What became of the Critic himself does not appear, but it would be on the whole, advantageous to Society, if his enthusiasm would run away with him and never bring him back again.

A LETTERED POLICE.



THE Police, by recommendation of the Hyde-Park Commission, and under the auspices of SIR RICHARD MAYNE, are henceforth to be legible. Hitherto A. 1, and B. 2, have been so freaked about by scroll-work that, when a young lady has been violently smitten on her neck and bosom by a policeman, she has not, in the agitation of the moment, been able to pick out, even though blest with the brightest and quickest eye, the public functionary who has otherwise made so alarming an impression upon her. And now all this is remedied. The letters and figures remain pure and simple as their bearers; all the "outward flourishes thereof," as politic *Polonius* would say, being removed; doubtless a great comfort to the men themselves, whose flourishes of truncheons may now, without mistake, be set down to the immediate credit of their owners. When young ladies are liable to be so shamefully cuffed by the police, it is very desirable that the police themselves should be properly collared.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

We see it gravely stated by the Paris Correspondent of a weekly contemporary that—

"The principal theatrical news of the day here is, that CERITO is studying singing, and is to *débuter* at the Opera in London in the capacity of *cantatrice*."

As a pendant to this statement we are in a position to announce, that the opera in which CERITO will appear as *prima donna* will be followed by the screaming farce of *Binks the Bagman*, in which HERR! FORMES will sustain the principal part. We are also informed, upon as credible authority, that a pantomime is now being rehearsed at the Lyceum, in which MADAME GRISI is expected to *débuter* as *Columbine*, and SIGNOR LABLACHE to display his agility as *Harlequin*.

Similar novelties may be looked for on our English boards. MR. BUCKSTONE, it is rumoured, intends in future to devote himself to tragedy; and will shortly make his first appearance in *Othello*, supported by MR. KEEBLEY as *Iago*; MR. CHARLES KEAN having in the kindest manner volunteered his services to sing a comic song between the acts. We believe, however, it is as yet a little doubtful whether he will choose *Villikins* or the *Ratcatcher's Daughter*.

HOW TO CONVERSE.—The thread of conversation is sustained amongst several persons by each knowing when to take a stitch in time.



GRAND PEACE DEMONSTRATION IN OUR NURSERY!

SUNDAY FINERY.

MR. BAINES, who has kindly taken the naughty population of London under his spiritual protection, having resolved to make them go to heaven his own way; that is, to mount his Edward's Ladder, or rather his Neddy's Ladder (can we forget the twopenny association?)—MR. BAINES did not, as was expected, appear in either of the Parks on Sunday last to preach a Sermon to the Backsliders of the Metropolis upon the iniquity of Sunday Music that, in a manner like the trumpets of Jericho, had made tremble the tall chimneys of Leeds, drawing forth MR. BAINES in pen and ink. MR. BAINES, it would seem, chose a "more retired ground;" and did not, in the Regent's Park, bray against the trumpets. However, a grateful people are, we understand, about to show their sense of MR. BAINES's services. Inasmuch, as he has eloquently discoursed upon the Sunday "strains of martial music, that cause the pulse to bound, and fire the imagination;" and further, as he has condemned the "Sunday finery" in which Sunday sinners listen to Sabbath airs, his admirers have resolved to present him with testimonials fittingly illustrative of his labours,—namely, with a jew's-harp for music, and a Sabbath suit of sackcloth for Sunday finery. However, even MR. BAINES is not exempt from the persecuting effects of envy. Since his letter was printed, there has been a great commotion among the chimneys of Leeds, it being the general Leeds opinion that, in comparison with BAINES, no chimney, however tall and however capacious, ever vomited forth so much black smoke.

Homage to France.

At the present writing there are no less than ten editors of Madrid in the gaol of the Saladero; besides editors not numbered in outlying fortresses. Very small was the legendary pie that held the four-and-twenty-blackbirds, their melody wrung out of their dead necks, compared to the Spanish stone-walls that hold our melodious Spanish editors; poor birds! cruelly caged, and with their pen-feathers plucked from their living flesh. It is said that LOUIS NAPOLEON has forwarded to ESPARTERO, in recognition of this his wholesome chastisement of the rebels of the ink-bottle, the Order of the Cuttle-Fish.

LAURIE LOCUTUS EST!

It may comfort and encourage the ARCHBISHOP OF CANT to know, that though wise men may differ with him on the subject of Sunday concerts, SIR PETER LAURIE agrees with him. A fellow was brought before the Knight—who, having put aside his harness, was sitting in the chair of Justice at Guildhall—for the crime of stealing prayerbooks and bibles out of Finsbury Chapel. His Worship decided on sending him for trial. Whereupon—we quote a police report:—

"The prisoner begged to be dealt with summarily.
"SIR PETER LAURIE said, 'No; you are a very clever man. I shall send you for trial. With your abilities, I am surprised you did not go to Hyde Park, or Kensington Gardens on Sundays. There would have been plenty of work for you there, for since the nuisance of SIR BENJAMIN HALL's, in having the bands to play there every Sunday, it is quite a fair. People who went in that neighbourhood to live, did so on account of living private, but the place is so thronged that it is a complete nuisance; and I hope LORD PALMERSTON will soon see the expediency of countermanding SIR BENJAMIN HALL's order.'"

His Grace of CANT will thus see that the Sunday concerts are amongst the various things which SIR PETER is bent upon putting down. The Judaizing Archbishop will no doubt rejoice in the concurrence in his Sabbatarian views, which has been expressed from the chair of the civic PETER, and which PETER went entirely out of his way to pronounce *ex cathedra*. The judgment of PETER on a musical question must be regarded as more decisive than the judgment of MIDAS. Oh, tremendous JUSTICE LAURIE! Oh, tremendous PRELATE SUMNER!

Don't Say Neigh!

WE understand that some check has been given to the horse-eating mania by the fear that the too frequent eating of *osses* will bring on a tendency to ossification of the heart.—N.B. The reader is requested to respond to the above with a horse-laugh!

FAITHFUL EVEN IN AFFLICTION.—Your true woman will never acknowledge she is beaten! Even in cases of proved brutality on the part of the husband, you see that Magistrates have the greatest difficulty in getting the wife to admit the fact!



HYPOCRISY DENOUNCING MUSIC AND SUNDAY FINERY?

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF THE HAYMARKET.

THE story of the *Sleeping Beauty* has just been revived at Her Majesty's Theatre, with all its startling and brilliant effects. The following is a brief sketch of the plot. Once upon a time there lived a King of Music and a Queen of Dance, who were blessed with a lovely daughter named Italian Opera. They occupied a splendid palace in the Haymarket, and invited all the taste, and all the talent, all the wealth, rank, and fashion of the land to their abode. Nothing could be more brilliant and successful than the entertainment provided, but somehow or other an unpleasant old hag, named Discord, managed to creep in, and being filled with envy at the harmony that prevailed, disturbed it by prophesying that "Opera should get wounded in her right hand, and fall dead." It happened that *Punch*, who had always loved Opera, and often been to see her in her beautiful home, was among the guests, and though he could not entirely remove the evil that had been predicted, he was able to apply some remedy against the decree of Discord, and said, "It shall not prove death, but only sleep, that shall fall upon our favourite."

Every care was taken, and everything that liberality or ingenuity could suggest was adopted to preserve Opera in her splendid abode; but one day some of those to whom she had always been very kind, and who had made their names and their fortunes in her service, went away from her, and left her to take care of herself as best she could. She was a little hurt by what she thought the ingratitude of those who had run away from her, but she kept up her spirits bravely for a long time. One day, however, Discord paid another visit, carrying with her an instrument of a strange kind, which seemed to be a sort of spinning machine, capable of spinning the very longest yarns. "What is that?" said Opera, innocently. "It's a very powerful instrument," said Discord; "would you like to try what you can do with it?" "I don't much like the look of it," said Opera. "But," said Discord, "it used to be a machine employed a great deal in this palace, though it's not been used now for many years." "But what is it?" said Opera; and, taking it up as she spoke, she found she had caught hold of a dangerous instrument called Litigation, which cuts, not only both ways, but all ways together. She had no sooner touched it than she cut her fingers, and she instantly dropped into a sleep so deep that she was to all appearance dead. This sleep gradually extended itself to all the establishment. The ladies, some of whom had been singing, and others dancing, the musicians who had been playing, and all the numerous officers of the magnificent household, became entranced. A thorny hedge, planted by the hands of Discord, sprung up around the palace, which became the centre of all sorts of intricate brambles, in which the deadly tree called Chancery, with its bitter fruits, was a conspicuous object.

The story of the *Sleeping Beauty* was reported with all kinds of exaggerations; and many people were anxious to penetrate into the mysteries of the palace, to see whether what they had heard was true. Some said that the charming Opera had been eaten up by rats; others declared she had been drowned by the water coming in at the ceiling; but this was contradicted by an odd Fish who had always been kept near the spot, and who said that no more water was about the place than he required for himself. While some said that everything was ruined by wet, others declared it was tumbling to pieces from being too dry; and some maintained stoutly that a party of moths had taken possession, and swallowed several thousand yards of satin damask, together with a few hundred chair-cushions, and other articles of upholstery which the palace was known to have contained. After a few years, a gallant Knight who had been waiting patiently for a turn of fortune, determined to throw open the enclosure, for he felt that the time had arrived for Opera to awaken. He first cut away the thorny hedge that surrounded the palace, and going quietly about his great task, he touched the Sleeping Opera with his talisman, which he always carries about with him, and which contains the secret of success. Opera at once opened her eyes, and the gallant Knight then unbarred the doors of the palace.

An eager crowd rushed in on every side, who to their delight and astonishment found everything stirring with activity, just as it had been in operation when the sleep fell upon it years ago. Not only was Opera herself as delightful and attractive as ever, but her younger sister, Ballet, who had been almost forgotten, was more charming, if possible, than she had ever been before. Not only were all the attendants, and all the officers and servants restored to animation, as if by the hand of an enchanter; but, all the elegant draperies which were said to have been swallowed by the moths, and all the rich decorations of the Palace of Opera which were declared to have become food for imaginary rats, were found as fresh and beautiful as they had been when they were first displayed. Of course, everybody congratulated everybody else, and especially the gallant Knight, who has fairly won Opera as his own. He is now preparing a series of brilliant entertainments in celebration of the happy event, which his skill and courage have brought about; and we hope that some future chronicler will have to finish this story in the usual fairy-tale fashion, by intimating that "Opera and her Champion were permanently united, and lived happily and prosperously together for many years."

INVITATION TO THE MAY MEETING.

Am.—"Spanish Dance."

'Tis the sweet month of May, love; the Saints are all gay, love,
Though they flee from the play, love, the opera, and ball;
Then, as this is our season, dost thou know any reason
That should hinder our meeting at Exeter Hall?
Be thou sure to be there, love, and I will repair, love,
To the portals right early thy coming to bide,
In order to find thee, and sit close behind thee,
If I may not attain to a seat by thy side.

How sweet it will be, love, together with thee, love,
To hear our MCGHEE, love, and list our M'NEILL;
When SROWELL shall charm us, and TRESHAM GREGG warm us,
What joyful emotions will over us steal!
Oh! I would far sooner with Thee, and with SPOONER,
Enjoy one May morning of heartfelt delight,
Than have my ears ringing with all the fine singing
Of Popish performers a whole summer's night.

Ah! say thou'lt comply, love, nay, do not deny, love!
For grief I shall cry, love, in case thou refuse.
What day shall we go love? there are many, you know, love:
City Missions, or Pastoral Aid, or the Jews?
All alike will be pleasant, if thou art but present;
Each in turn will afford something certain to please,
From a tale of excursion for Irish conversion,
To a preacher's experience among the Feejees.

There'll be plenty of fun, love, the serious pun, love,
The joke against WISEMAN, the fling at the POPE;
For good imitations the poor heathen nations,
In pious orations, will furnish great scope.
Then about Ragged Schools, love, some speakers, no fools, love,
Be thou sure will have much that's amusing to say.
The Suppression of Vice, love, will also be nice, love,
And the playful Teetotalers talking away.

Scripture Readers will make, love, our sides also shake, love,
With the stories they'll tell of their tours in the slums;
And the Soup Institution, and Tract Distribution,
By light elocution collect heavy sums.
There's many a joker that wears a white choker,
There's many a wag in apparel of black;
There are some missionaries as frolic as fairies,
In sportive vagaries, neat jests who can crack.

We shall hear much of pathos, and somewhat of bathos,
But whatever the speech, it will tickle our ears;
We shall now be affrighted, and then be delighted,
Now in concert shall smile, and then mingle our tears.
Say yea, then, say yea, love; remember 'tis May, love,
'Tis the month to his mate when the cuckoo doth call;
'Tis the season for cooing and billing and wooing:
'Tis the season for meetings in Exeter Hall.

POEM BY A PERFECTLY FURIOUS ACADEMICIAN.

I TAKES and paints,
Hears no complaints,
And sells before I'm dry;
Till savage RUSKIN
He sticks his tusk in,
Then nobody will buy.

N.B. Confound RUSKIN; only that won't come into the poetry—but it's true.

The Dispensing Power.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to MR. BOWYER, and having been much interested by the discussion which MR. BOWYER has been carrying on with MR. DRUMMOND with respect to the dispensing power of the POPE, begs to ask him, whether he is of opinion that His Holiness can dispense with the services of the French and Austrian troops?

MR. OWEN'S MILLENNIUM.

We have been requested to state, that MR. OWEN'S Millennium commenced, according to the proceedings at St. Martin's Hall, on Monday week. Henceforth, bad money will be taken all over the world, and no questions asked.

MUSICAL.—AN ORPHEUS WANTED to repeat his celebrated music to MR. BAINES. His expenses will be paid to Leeds.



THE GREAT EXETER HALL TRIUMPH.

First Publican. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, BILL—THEY'VE BIN AN' STOPPED THE BANDS PLAYING IN THE PARKS!"

Second Do. "WELL DONE OUR SIDE—WE WIN—WE SHOULD HAVE SHUT UP SHOP ELSE. SO 'ERE'S THE HARCHBISHOP'S JOLLY GOOD 'ELTH!"

A WINDOW TAX AGAIN!

THE following rather odd suggestion was lately made by MAJOR POWYS in a letter to the *Times* :—

"SIR,—A gentleman in a large way of business at the West End has promised to give a donation of ten guineas to the 'Soldiers' Infant Home,' instead of illuminating his house on the 29th instant, on condition that his windows are left unilluminated.

"Many other persons in London have also consented to give liberally to some Military charity rather than throw away their money in illuminations. I beg to inform all such kind and sensible persons, that if they thus intend to help the poor daughters of the army, the office of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home is at No. 9, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, where, on application, they will be supplied, gratis, with large placards, to be placed in their windows on the night of the illuminations.

"These placards will effectually prevent all molestation, by stating the amount promised for the soldiers' families, with the signature of the Chairman of the Home."

Let everybody who has sixpence to give away bestow the coin on the Soldiers' Daughters' Home. That will be all very well—the good deed will be repaid by the pleasure which ever attends a benevolent action—the charity will perhaps cover a multitude of sins. The benefaction may tend to the salvation of the benefactor's soul; but what assurance can MAJOR POWYS give, that the placard avouching it will save that party's windows?

The fellows who break the windows of those who do not illuminate are merely the blackguards, who simply take advantage of the omission as an excuse for doing other persons an injury. They are solely actuated by love of mischief, unless, perhaps, they are also actuated by a spirit of mob-tyranny, and an idea of asserting the prerogative of rascaldom. Their villainous majesty may, indeed, vouchsafe to accept of a composition for the sacrifice in oil and tallow which he regards as his due—but then, perhaps, he may not. In which case their victim will be out of pocket by charitable donation *plus* breakage of windows.

To render the adoption of his proposal a little more practicable than it seems at present, MAJOR POWYS should engage to pay for the mending of all those windows which may be broken in spite of the placards which he mentions. He should also get a notice issued from

ITHURIEL HASSALL.

DOCTOR HASSALL, the man who has done his best to hunt Death out of the Pot, has received a testimonial at the hands of his friends and admirers: a testimonial that has no little salt and savour in it, seeing how very felicitously it embodies the property and direction of DOCTOR HASSALL's genius. The Testimonial is the happy design of the Rev. G. M. BRANNE; and represents ITHURIEL, clad in armour, with his spear touching the toad, in which reptile "sitting squat," sits SATAN, "close at the ear of EVE."

"Him thus intent ITHURIEL with his spear
Touch'd lightly."

We know, as JONES would say, the immediate consequence of that touch—

"—As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the fun some magazin to store,
Against a rumoured war, the smuttie grain
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:
So started up in his own shape the fiend!"

And in this manner ITHURIEL HASSALL has touched the publican, detecting in his beer the grains of Paradise not grown in Eden: in this fashion has he touched the grocer in his tea, proving the commodity by no means gunpowder; and showing what seemed the smuttie grain of coffee to be beans of horse. In this way has our ITHURIEL shown poison in pastry, making ARABELLA, the comely young woman in cherry-coloured ribands who served the tart, to seem no better than a plebeian COUNTESS DE BRINVILLIERS. In this manner has the Doctor touched the dark abomination into the light of day, a light that, we hope he will long enjoy, with not a cloud to darken it.

When, following up the Doctor's work, any Member of Parliament shall advocate and pass a law that makes adultery not a cash-payable offence but a felony, then will *Punch* subscribe to a testimonial to such a senator, unquestionably worth his weight in a silver treadmill.

The Sabbatarian's Progress.

NOW that the ARCHBISHOP OF CANT has begun Judaizing, where will he stop? Will he introduce a Bill in the House of Lords prohibiting rashers of bacon, and imposing a penalty on the consumption of ham and pork, including sausages, and rendering it unlawful for anybody to eat roast pig?

the Home Office, warning all whom it might concern, that the police were ordered to take up all persons detected in breaking any of the placarded windows. But this would involve the co-operation of the Government; it would likewise intimate that the boys and the rabble were at liberty to break any other windows not placarded or not illuminated. Now, Government might doubt the propriety, if not the legality, of that intimation.

The respectable British Public has not shown much backwardness in responding to any appeal to its patriotism on behalf of our brave army, and perhaps MAJOR POWYS, on second thought, may consider that its liberality does not require to be further stimulated by an additional appeal to its fears for its plate-glass.

Can't we leave illuminations, and fireworks, and all such displays to our Allies, and other Continental peoples, who understand them so much better than we do? Who will be the better to-morrow night for the illumination of this? Who derives sixpenn'orth of even temporary pleasure from a demonstration which costs thousands of pounds? To all tradesmen, except oilmen and tallow-chandlers, an illumination is a monstrous bore, especially to chemists; who, if they comprehend chemistry, must look upon the thing as the simple conversion of so much substance, the equivalent of so much money, into so much unprofitable carbonic acid and useless watery vapour, attended with the evolution of so much unnecessary light.

The New Sheriff—Bad News.

MR. MECHI is chosen next Sheriff for the City of London. This is bad news. MR. MECHI has so world-wide a reputation for causing ten ears to grow instead of one—ears, too, of such prodigious weight and alarming length—that, in the matter of ears, even the Alderman, who "puts down" all things, may meet more than his match.

Q. WHY is the D'Orley, at table, like a lady's bonnet?

A. Because it ought always to be put on before the Glass.



MR. DUNUP'S PROPOSALS FOR A LOAN OF TEN POUNDS.

MR. DUNUP has circulated in the City the following proposals for a Loan of Ten Pounds:—

The sum lent to be repaid when and how I please or can.

Ample security will be given for the sum advanced.

The security consists of a Barrister's Gown and Wig, not much the worse for wear, considering they have been worn for the last twenty years.

There is, also, a Blue Bag, which will be thrown in.

In addition to the above, there is likewise a handsome Bust of LORD ELDON, the nose of which only is missing, and a Coffee-pot of the best Britannia-metal, which is almost as good as new, with the exception of the spout and handle, which are temporarily absent.

The security may be inspected after the Ten Pounds have been paid into MR. DUNUP'S hands.

If satisfactory references are expected, they will not be given. Such regulations always imply a degree of suspicion, which, to the one party, is most galling and irritating, and to the other party is only productive of trouble, expense, annoyance, and disappointment. It is to save the latter, that the form in this instance is dispensed with.

A Bill, to be accepted by MR. DUNUP, will be given for the full amount, without any deductions whatever.

The Stamp to be at the expense of the person negotiating the Loan.

The Loan, must be in bank-notes, or else in sovereigns. No blacking, or port wine, or

bootjacks, or sedan-chairs, or Southwark Bridge shares, or white mice, will be received in part payment.

All Tenders to be left with the Porter of the Lodge of the New Inn, addressed, under seal, to "A. DUNUP, Esq.," and those only will be considered which demand the smallest possible rate of interest, and allow the very longest period for the repayment of the Loan. No Tender, requiring personal service, will be in the least attended to.

(Signed) ADAM DUNUP, *Capitalist*.
Clarendon Hotel, Bond Street, May 23rd, 1856.

THE SMILES OF PEACE.

(*The Isles of Greece.*)

THE Smiles of Peace, the Smiles of Peace,
By Foreign need from England wrung,
Have bid the cannon's war-shout cease,
The Thanks be said, the Anthem sung:
But there is that (besides our Debt)
Which English hearts should not forget.

It was not, surely, to amuse
The gossip's hour of Club dispute,
We sat down daily to peruse
Those tales from Camp, where man and brute
Alike endured the sternest test
That ever crushed our brave, our best.

DISRAELI looks on PALMERSTON,
And PALMERSTON on MR. D.,
And in debates that last till one
They taunt each other skilfully;
But there be questions far too grave
To edge a mere debater's glaive.

Ten thousand men, of fearless brow,
On lips they loved laid parting kiss—
O, titled soldiers! answer how
A needless Death has claimed them his.
They went, one well-remembered day—
Some few brief months, and where were they?

What! silent still, and silent all?
O no, the damning charge is read—
Even now, in Chelsea's trophied Hall,
The judges sit, the scrolls are spread,
And haughty blunders blustering come—
Unknown the shame that makes men dumb.

In vain, in vain accuse those Lords,
All Lords are right, by right divine,
No, gild anew their tarnished swords,
And let bereft plebeians whine:
You ask for proof of soldier skill—
How vaunts each bungling Bobadil!

You've LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S lectures yet,
Where's WILLIAM RUSSELL'S teaching gone:
Of two such lessons, why forget
The bolder and the manlier one?
You have the Letters WILLIAM gave
Think you he meant them for a Shave?

Trust not to men who lodge in banks
The price of swords your System sells;
Seek in the people's healthier ranks
The fire that no disaster quells:
But slang Routine, and jobbing Fraud
Will break your back, however broad.

Along Pall Mall a martial line!
Our Life-Guards ride with helm and blade.
I see each glittering cuirass shine,
But, gazing on the gay parade,
I own a wish to bite my nails,
To think such horses ate their tails.

Her lofty place would England keep
In Europe's none too loving eye,
She'd make one grand and final sweep
Of all her System's pedantry.
But no—she bows to right divine.
Dash dumb that *Punch's* impious Shine!

OUTRAGE ON OLIVER GOLDSMITH;

A COMMUNICATION BY DR. JOHNSON.

(From our Spiritual Telegraph.)



HAVING seated ourselves, ten in number, at a round table, we naturally formed a circle, and on inquiring whether any spirits were at hand, an attendant fetched gin and brandy, after which a rap or thump of unusual loudness resounded on the board, and, the alphabet having been called for, the raps spelled out the name of SAM. JOHNSON.

To the question, "Are you happy?" a series of violent thumps returned the startling reply of "No, Sir!" Before, however, we could recover from the astonishment occasioned by so unexpected an answer, the knocks were resumed, and rapped out the following communication explanatory of that surprising statement:—

"Sir, I am as unhappy as it is possible for an inhabitant

of the higher spheres to be rendered by a sublunary blockhead. We, Sir, constitute a society of which all the members are united by a bond of perfect sympathy. It is sometimes in the power of an earthly fool to vex us by inflicting an outrage or an indignity on our literary remains, and, Sir, we all participate in the vexation of any one of our club. Now, Sir, a certain fool upon earth has greatly vexed poor GOLDY. You know GOLDY's poem of the *Deserted Village*. Your Government has printed an edition of that poem for the use of schools; but, Sir, they should have selected a fit person to superintend the text. Instead of that, Sir, they chose a booby; and what do you think this fellow has done? Sir, you remember the two elegant lines:

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

"Sir, this simpleton has had the folly and the vulgarity, as well as the presumption, to alter 'whispering lovers' into 'youthful converse.' He has thus made nonsense of the line. Seats beneath the shade may be regarded naturally enough, as adapted to afford facilities for conversation alike to garrulous old age and to enamoured youth. But, Sir, what will you make out of seats constructed for the especial accommodation of loquacious dotage on the one hand, and in subservience to youthful converse in general on the other? Surely, nothing, Sir, but the absurdity of supposing that the seats were intended for all manner of persons except those of middle-age. Why, Sir, GOLDY himself never in all his life said anything so foolish as this numskull has falsely represented him to have written. Sir, the creature is a coarse dog. His spurious delicacy was shocked by 'whispering lovers.' He could not imagine lovers whispering anything but what it would be indecorous to utter. Whereas, Sir, lovers have many things to tell each other which might be whispered anywhere without imp propriety, but cannot be spoken aloud everywhere without impertinence. For instance, Sir, a lover might, innocently enough, tell his sweetheart, 'Madam, I am captivated by your beauty and charmed with your wit; but if, instead of thus addressing her in a whisper, he were to direct such a speech to her across a dinner-table, Sir, he would get laughed at. He would incur derision. But this pseudo-purifier of GOLDSMITH has no notion of the possibility of whispered effusions of virtuous tenderness. Sir, he is a noisome fellow. Sir, he is a male prude and a hypocrite. Sir, he is a dunce."

The communication ceased with a volley of ponderous raps, which were heard in every part of the room. It may be submitted as expressing what may be conceived to be the sentiments of the great Moralist and Lexicographer on the shameful corruption of GOLDSMITH to which it relates. If the style of BOSWELL's hero be less discernible, let it be considered that the messages of great spirits are generally much modified by the mediocrity of the medium.

THE FESTIVITIES OF THE SEASON.

ONE of the largest Hotels at Greenwich has put out a placard with the following notice:—"Mayors and Aldermen White-Baited Here."

ROGERS' STABLE TALK.

ALREADY more horses are prophesied to win the Derby than are intended to start. This makes the event to be looked forward to with the greatest anxiety.

Fly-by-Night has been sold—which event happened to its owner also, but a short time back!

An instance of extraordinary talent on the part of MR. FRAIL is recorded in a Sporting Journal, which states the fact of that gentleman's having "extended the course at Shrewsbury, and widened the betting-ring." The latter improvement is, we presume, for the purpose of affording easier exits to the gentlemen who pursue their avocations there?

The steeple-chace on the Prater at Vienna was a dead failure. A trough had been laid across the road so as to represent a river, but the horses, instead of clearing it, drew up, and began in the coolest manner to drink out of it!

As a proof of French luxuriousness, we may as well mention, that the young COMTE DE CARAMBOUGE has his stables at Chantilly sprinkled with Eau-de-Cologne regularly three times a-day. A bottle of *Fleur d'Orange* is also emptied into every pail of water before the horses are allowed to take a single drop.

Bonnie Bess, the well-known mare, was measured yesterday for a new pair of shoes. The last pair she had pinched her to that extent that *Dusty Bob*, who is little better than a cab-horse, beat her easily in a canter.

Poor Mary Anne cut another tooth on Friday last.

LORD LEVANT has disposed of his diamond-stud. He has nothing on his hands now but a plain carbuncle-ring, and it is supposed, that his necessities will soon compel him to part with even that!

Wednesday fortnight is to be the grand christening day for the two-years-olds in all BILL CHAFFNEY'S stables; when the Mammoth of the Ring has kindly promised to attend. For the last two days BILL has not been seen. The fact is he has shut himself up to study closely all the numbers published of SAM COWELL'S *Songster*, with the view of picking out some good names for the Lot.

A most tremendous sensation was produced this year at Longchamps by that fashionable *Lion*, the handsome DUC JULIO DI FROMAGGIO. The manes and tails of every one of the six horses in the Duc's carriage had stuck in them enormous diamond and tortoiseshell-combs! The carriage itself was in the form of a lobster, made to stand upright, the claws above protruding, so as to form a hood, the effect of which was as striking as it was ingenious. From the prevailing colour of this elegant vehicle being a violent red—the inference may, perhaps, be fairly drawn, that the lobster intended to be represented was a boiled one. The servants' liveries were *couleur de shrimp sauce*. Nothing could be in better keeping.

MEETINGS AT EXETER HALL NEXT WEEK.

- Monday**.—Society for the closing of the Crystal Palace, and all Theatres and Places of Public Amusement, at 11.
The Wash-the-Blackamoor-White Association, at 1.
The Balloon Tract Distribution Society, at 3.
Tuesday.—Society for the Conversion of all Hebrew and Roman Noses, at 10.
The Ladies' Religious-Piping Bullfinch and Psalm-singing-Canary Association, at 12.
Wednesday.—The Visiting Matrons' Society for teaching Members of Parliament to sing hymns during the Debates, at 1.
The Universal Humbug Mawworm Association. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANT—in the chair, at 8.
Thursday.—The Alliance League for veiling the Sun and putting all the shutters to and pulling the blinds down on the Sunday, at 11½.
The Teach-your-Grandmother-to-suck-eggs Association, LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR in the Chair, at 2.
Friday.—The Society for Painting all Public Statues and Monuments black, at 10.
The Association for the Stoppage of all Trains, Cabs, Omnibuses, and Perambulators during the Sabbath, at 3.
Saturday.—The League for the Abolition of all Excise Laws, and general suppression of all wine-merchants, distillers, and public-houses, at 11.
The Visiting Committee into Private Dwellings for the locking up of all fiddles, flutes, Jew's-harps, violins, and cornets, and the closing of all pianos on the Sunday, at 12.
The Ashes-and-Sackcloth Distributing Committee, at 2. SIR PETER LAURIE is expected to attend.
The Grand Brotherhood of Saints for forcing all the Italian Boys to grind psalms on their organs, and compelling the itinerant Bands to play nothing but sacred music, at 7.
The Sunday, No-Shaving and Cold Meat for Dinner Association, at 8.
The Band of Hopeless Old Women for the gradual suppression of every kind of recreation, at 9.

A Free Pardon.

IN consequence of the Treaty of Peace, SIR JAMES GRAHAM has been graciously pleased to grant unto SIR CHARLES NAPIER a free and full pardon, with leave to return immediately to his affections.

SELF-MEASUREMENT.—The best thing for 'it, beyond all measure, is Red Tape.—*Fred. Peel.*

THE HOLY STATE IN THE HIGHEST LIFE.



HE *Morning Herald* prints the subjoined handsome offer from a nobleman to any lady, "not necessarily above the middle class." We think we can trace the aristocratic hand of a marquis in every line.

MATRIMONY IN HIGH LIFE.—From £2000 to £3000 will be paid to any person who can INTRODUCE A LADY, from 25 to 35 years, to a MATRIMONIAL CONNECTION with a NOBLEMAN, of distinguished appearance, able to raise her with an alliance with the first families in England and on the Continent. The lady must be fair, attractive, not necessarily above the middle class, and possess a fortune adequate to the title she will receive. As this advertisement is genuine, the strictest investigation will be afforded, the fullest particulars treated with honourable confidence, and a contract entered into to pay the sum stated for commission upon the marriage being completed. References will be given to the most detailed answers, which are to be addressed to—

(but for further particulars, says *Mr. Punch*, see his respected contemporary, the *M.H.*)

With one or two hard conditions excepted, the nobleman of distinguished appearance offers

liberal terms. "The lady must be fair;" and this is rather hard upon the brunettes. Had black eyes not been objectionable, *Mr. Punch*—but purely as a matter of disinterested benevolence—could have introduced a young lady of the Hebrew prejudice, a budding rose of Sharon to the nobleman, whilst at the same time *Mr. Punch* would have handed over the sum "from £2,000 to £3,000" to that invaluable body, the Society for the Conversion of Houndsditch and Holywell-street. Again, what will be considered adequate in the way of fortune? If a marquis, must the lady bring £10,000 per annum; if an earl, may she be happy yet, if she can only muster £8,000? These are really hard times, when rank has fallen so low that, without sinking the offal, aristocracy is so ready to sell itself at so much in the pound.

THE TEMPLE OF HUMBUG.

A PASTORAL.

TELL me, shepherds, tell me, pray,
Unto HUMBUG's Fane the way;
Shepherd swains, this pilgrim tell,
Whereabouts doth HUMBUG dwell?

Gentle stranger, take thy way,
On a morn in jocund May,
Walking Eastward up the Strand;
HUMBUG dwells on thy left hand.

Yea, but shepherds, what may I
Know the dome of HUMBUG by?
Shepherds, kindly tell me what
Signs denote the hallowed spot?

Crowds of votaries who wait,
Thronging round the Temple gate,
Over whom sleek HUMBUG reigns,
Serious nymphs and solemn swains.

Are they, then, so clearly seen
By their countenance and mien?
May they be so surely known,
By their garb, for HUMBUG's own?

By their visages severe
Nymphs and swains revealed appear;
These in black with ties of white,
Those in saddest hues bedight.

Thanks, kind shepherds—now I'll go
Where CANT's tumid rivers flow,
Floods which *Mawworm* poureth out,
And the Sabbatarians spout.

Go where wild fanatics stray;
If, like them, thou lose thy way,
Ask for guidance to the HALL
EXETER which shepherds call.

ENGLAND IN A LINE.—PALMERSTON rules,
but CANT governs.

A TENDER TOPIC.

So the LORD CHANCELLOR's Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Bill is shelved, referred to a Select Committee, on account of the defects and absurdities with which it abounds. Lawyers appear to be very bad hands at making laws—if the LORD CHANCELLOR is a lawyer. We were going to say that lawyers can no more make laws than actors can write plays; but MR. BUCKSTONE is an actor, and has written some very good plays; MR. WEBSTER is both an actor and a dramatist; so was MR. SHAKESPEARE. To be sure we are told that the last-named gentleman was not much of an actor, how eminent soever he may be considered as a dramatist, but we believe him to have been the greatest actor, as well as to be the greatest dramatist, that ever lived, only that his acting was not appreciated (much more than his dramas were) by his audiences, who were doubtless many times as stupid and ignorant as those that fill the lowest pit at the present day. The fact seems to be, that an actor has the advantage of a lawyer in possessing some amount of common sense, an endowment of which there is nothing in his profession peculiarly calculated to deprive him—when his vanity is not concerned. Without, then, attempting to draw a comparison which would be incorrect as well as odious, we will be content with stating the plain unvarnished truism, that lawyers are bad legislators.

If the law-officers of the Crown are incompetent to frame those enactments which the Crown's advisers propose to Parliament, it is quite clear that somebody else should be employed in that business. We think that proper persons for the work could be procured by throwing it open to competition. When the Government wants to legislate upon a given subject, let it advertise itself as ready to receive tenders of legislative schemes on that subject, embodied in the forms of Acts of Parliament. In determining its preference, of tenders we would not have it make mere cheapness the sole or even the principal consideration; and then it will be likely to get a sound and serviceable article, and not a miserable, imperfect, and rotten parcel of stuff.

REJOICING AT LEEDS.—On the night of the Peace fireworks, we understand, a desperate attempt will be made to illuminate MR. BAINES.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S STAINED WINDOW.

LAMBETH PALACE was not attacked, although there was no Sunday music in the Parks. Nevertheless, it is not possible to overpraise the vigilance of the police, who, upon their own responsibility, had assured SIR RICHARD MAYNE, who had confided the story to SIR GEORGE GREY, who had lost no time in imparting the intelligence to his GRACE OF CANTERBURY that, on the Sunday, when the music ceased, the populace proposed to attack and sack Lambeth Palace, and afterwards blow up the Established Church. Will the reader be surprised, when he learns that—his Grace, the Archbishop, went out of town? However, absent and safe in the flesh, his Grace was present in the spirit.

Now, it so happens that Lambeth Palace is enriched with "a stained glass window of considerable beauty and richness;" the radiant legacy of meek and mild ARCHBISHOP HOWLEY. "A mob in the Bishop's-walk armed with stones could demolish this beautiful specimen of modern art." Whereupon were plac'd "a strong tarpaulin, in front of the window, at such a distance, and with strong pieces of timber behind, as to ward off any missile that might be thrown." But all was quiet: no pebble was thrown.

Unconsciously has the Archbishop illustrated the bigotry that has hushed Sunday music. Music, even as the stained window aforesaid, is a thing of beauty; and being so, it is allowed, a joy for ever. Now this thing of beauty—out of the very weakness of fear that it may excite the evil passions of mankind, provoking envy, and thereupon violence—this very piece of loveliness the Archbishop shrouds in tarpaulin and buttresses with timber. Is not the tarpaulin the darkening bigotry of the over-righteous; and the timber the wooden heads of the saints?

Philosophy and Fireworks.

It is all very well to call the 29th instant a day of rejoicing, but in celebrating our deliverance from the misery and horrors of war by letting off squibs, and burning unnecessary candles, in order to show the delight, which, if we felt it, we might be content with feeling, we exhibit a spectacle, which will probably cause some philosophers to regard that day, for themselves, considering that the authors of this tomfoolery are their fellow-creatures, as a day of humiliation.



May, 19, Monday. Parliament re-assembled; and LORD CLARENDON, in answer to an inquiry whether it was true that we had been in any communication with the Costa Rica people, relative to the supplying them with arms, for defence against the buccaneering ruffian WALKER, replied, that notwithstanding the statement had appeared in an American Paper, it was true, but that nothing beyond exchange of letters had taken place. He next amply justified our leaving the Circassians unprotected, on the ground that one Circassian to whom he adverted had not shown himself adverse to Russia. LORD ALBEMARLE then moved for a Select Committee on the Government of India, but withdrew the motion after his own speech and addresses by LORDS CLANRICARDE and ELLENBOROUGH had proved more clearly than ever that such an inquiry was needed. LORD BROUGHAM then pushed his proposed Scotch Marriage Law through Committee, having altered the Bill so as to make it apply to England only; the Scotch being unwilling to modify the system by which, if a boy at a Twelfth-Night party, or in a dance, calls a little girl his wife, before witnesses, the little girl may, when she has grown up, claim him as her lawful husband, even though he has, in the meantime, married somebody else. If Mr. Punch did not know that the Scottish girls are among the dearest creatures in the world, he might think that they were wonderfully eager to secure husbands; however, that is the business of the Scotch gentlemen; and, if they would mind their own business instead of ours, it would not be amiss.

In the Commons LORD PALMERSTON stated that he retained his opinion as to the propriety of having Sunday music in the parks, but that such "representations" had been made to him that he had felt it his duty to give way. Representations is Parliamentary slang for a threat to carry a hostile motion, and this is what the Sabbatarian party menaced, and would have done. MR. ROEBUCK asked, whether a Scotch "deputation" had waited upon PAM to give him the above intimation, and as the threat was conveyed in a less formal manner, the PREMIER, like a frank and honourable man, was able to answer, No.

Touching the Illuminations, both LORD PALMERSTON and SIR GEORGE GREY have assured the public that nobody need light up unless he likes. SIR GEORGE, on Friday, added a curiously-worded assurance worth extract. "He assured the House that it would be the duty of the police to give all the protection in their power to private property, and to prevent injury as far as they could; and he hoped, from the amusement of the fireworks, that the great bulk of the people would be less disposed than usual to commit any injury upon property." As the great bulk of the people are really so much disposed, usually, to injure property, it is to be hoped they will feel grateful for SIR GEORGE'S belief that as they are to be amused with fireworks, they will be comparatively merciful.

Then came the Budget, usually a grand affair, but this time a very small one. These are its heads.

1. No taxes to be taken off.
2. No taxes to be laid on.
3. What money wanted is to be raised by loan.

That is really all that SIR G. C. LEWIS had to say, except that our financial condition is very good. MR. DISRAELI took the appropriate opportunity of a money debate to inquire into the affairs of Italy, which he could not do in the Treaty debate, and LORD PALMERSTON disclaimed any intention of revolutionising the Boot.

Tuesday. The Divorce Question came up in the Senate, and the Law Lords were either comic or pathetic on the subject. Everybody agreed that woman is more or less ill-treated under the present system, but LORD REDSDALE thought that, on the whole, it was rather for her good. He reasoned with the usual logic of a peer in observing that divorce was so dear that

only the very rich could afford it, and that the fact that there were so few divorces showed that the people were satisfied with the existing state of things. LORD BROUGHAM was piteously eloquent upon the misery of a young Duke who might be entrapped into wedlock by a lady of objectionable morals, and LORD ABERDEEN retorted that objectionable morals were more frequently found in young Dukes—it may be supposed that he knows his order better than a *parvenu* does. LORD LYNDHURST shed edifying tears of compassion over virtuous and injured wives; and finally the CHANCELLOR'S Bill, which was the mildest thing in the world, its chief feature being the constituting a new Court to sit in divorce matters (not the least relief being given to the wife—not even the allowing her a hearing before condemning her) was referred to a select committee. Scotch eagerness to catch wives may be deemed balanced by English reluctance to let them go when caught.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON stated that no Secret Treaty had been "concluded." Interpreting the word by the light of certain other PALMERSTONIAN answers, we may infer that perhaps such Treaty, which is believed to exist, is not copied out fair, or signed, or tied up, or put into a tin box.

The Ballot Question then came on, but, inasmuch as no practical result could, at such a period as this, follow the discussion, the House showed less interest than usual in the matter, endured but two speeches, one on each side, and both bad, and then voted, the supporters of the Ballot being 111, and its opponents 151. The Commons then warmed up into a little more life, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, indignant at the little progress made with one of his Bills, giving members an exceedingly good and well-deserved Blowing-Up for wasting hours upon hours in "unprofitable talk;" and MR. GLADSTONE, who is the champion of the Long-Winders, assailing MR. SOLICITOR for his impertinence.

Wednesday. A bill of MR. PACKE'S, which could by no means have settled the Church-rate question, was squashed.

Thursday. The new DUKE OF NORFOLK, formerly Lord Arundel and Surrey, and still one of the most obedient children of the Church of Rome, took his seat in the Lords. It is improbable that their Lordships will be dazzled by any painfully brilliant display of intellect from his Grace.

LORD COLCHESTER then brought up the question of England's recent surrender of her Right of Supremacy. As the thing is done, it is "unprofitable talk," as SIR BETHEL would say, to discuss it. That we have often deemed it humane, or politic, or courteous to waive our Right of Search was true, and that we could always do so, when desirable, was a reason against its ridiculous surrender at the bidding of others, to say nothing of the extreme probability of there being occasions when it may be the most effective weapon in our hands. The debate was rather interesting, and, for once, the Opposition uttered more English feeling than the Liberals, but would it be ungenerous to ask, how much of the Derbyite fervour was pumped up to serve a party? LORD HARDWICKE drew a series of amusing, but highly unfavourable, sketches of members of the Government, and Mr. Punch has some thought of offering him an engagement. The division gave Ministers a majority of 156 to 102, including proxies, and the numbers show that the Conservatives were not the least in earnest.

In the Commons, a useful Bill for Preventing Accidents from Unfenced Machinery was forwarded, as was the Bill for Promoting Reformatory Schools, to which Mr. Punch wishes the heartiest good speed.

Friday. LORD RAVENSWORTH (he was the HON. MR. LIDDELL in the Commons the other day, and rather a windy Conservative orator) made some very just remarks upon the ugliness of St. James's Palace, the inconvenience of its

arrangements for Drawing-rooms, the bad sites of our statues, and the wickedness of stowing away MR. TURNER'S pictures in a cellar. Apropos of these subjects, LORD ST. LEONARDS stated that the occupation of years of his life had been to take down two red chimneys on Somerset House, but they were still standing. LORD MALMESBURY abused the public offices generally; and LORD STANHOPE complained that our statues bore no inscriptions. His Lordship quoted a neat Latin line from the pedestal of the statue of JOSEPH THE SECOND, at Vienna, (which affirms that the original lived entirely for the public good,) but did not mention one which was devised for that King's Lunatic Asylum, "*Josephus, ubique Secundus, hic Primus.*" One may mention, too,

that we are unlucky with inscriptions. All the Aldermen laid their heads together to invent an inscription for the PEEL statue, and after fierce debate could think of nothing better than the word "PEEL," with the date of birth and death;—and one of these dates is alleged to be wrong.

In the Commons it was stated that Government is considering how to deal with the poor BISHOP OF BANGOR. The Jew Bill went into Committee, and the final fight is to be taken on the third reading, by which time BARON ROTHSCHILD will have raised the money required by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Finally the Bill against Foreign Fire Insurance was passed—the worst of all the Fire Works recently taken in hand by Government.



GRAND ILLUMINATION OF LAMBETH PALACE.

SAYINGS OF ENGLISH SAGES.

SIR PETER LAURIE, Alderman.—The Tortoise beat the Hare in the fable; but what of that? In the race for soup at our City feasts, I have seen the Turtle beat the Hare a thousand times.—It is impossible to say which is the most troublesome to lay, poverty or the dust; but still our great Metropolis will never be what it should be until both are effectually "put down."—I would have the Music of the Spheres stopped even on a Sunday; and if a flower attempted to blow ever so faintly on that day, I would have it instantly pulled up before a Magistrate.—If the poor are so precious fond of music on the Sunday, why don't they buy pianos, and practise it at home? The Million is a term that applies to the People apparently as well as pounds; but in the City, when we talk about "raising the million," it invariably applies to Pounds.—The boundary of civilisation is Temple Bar.—The Seat of Reason is on the Magisterial Bench.—Let Government annihilate the City Corporation as it will, there is one thing, which, thank Heaven, it never can suppress, and that is the "Alderman's Walk" in a haunch of venison!—For lightness of touch in whipping a cream, give me a BIRCH.—All amusements are bad. They only dissatisfy the people for returning to their work.—One of the greatest engines of destruction is the Beer-engine.—Juvenile Depravity lies at the door of the parents, and I would have all such doors turned into prison-doors.—Education has a deal to answer for; but between you and me and the Pos, it is a question whether Education in this

country ever will answer.—The Reins of Government would be easy enough, if we only took the common precaution in driving the people, of always putting on the kicking-strap!—A subscription for Baths and Washhouses, or a donation for Public Libraries, are about the last things I should ever think of "putting down."—Often and often such a simple thing as an appetite is more difficult to raise in the City than a loan of ten millions!—Happy the man who lives on "the fat of the land;" but twice happy the Alderman who lives all the days of his life on the "green fat of the land."—The "feast of reason" is a turtle feast; and the "flow of soul" is the iced punch that follows it.—I hate the Rabble, and all the writers who write about them, from THOMAS CARLYLE down to RABELAIS.

Scotch Members and Sunday Music.

SCOTCH Members, if not in deputation, at least individually declared to PALMERSTON, that they would oppose him in every measure until he silenced the Sunday music. So long as he played through the trumpets, so long would they sing through their "Noes."

THE FORCE OF HABIT—LOUIS NAPOLEON has the credit, whether justly or not, of having concluded the present Treaty. It would seem as if, at the "Theatre of War," as at all our other Theatres, the English could not avoid taking their "Peace" from the French.

THE DERBY DAY.

A Grand Opera.



YOU hear continually of native composers who want nothing but a good *libretto* to compose an Opera worthy of immortality, if a Manager could only be found to accept it, singers to sing in it, and a theatre where it could be brought out. We have much pleasure therefore in placing a plot at the service of any would-be MOZART, might-be BELLINI, or could or should-be BEETHOVEN. We confess our predilection for subjects of every-day life, which, if they do not appeal to every woman's heart, may be said to come home to every man's bosom,—a point of arrival, which, as it includes the passage of the waistcoat-pocket, where the money is usually kept, may be supposed to answer the purpose of the Manager. We would propose to open the Opera with a busy scene on a cab-rank,

Grand Chorus of CABMEN.

Revenge! Revenge! 'Tis the Cabman's cry.

Let the shout for vengeance rend the air;
For the Derby Day is getting nigh.
We'll make the public pay precious high,
In revenge for the paltry sixpenny fare.

First Cabman (pointing to his Horse). I charge three guineas for that old screw.

Second Cabman. That spavined jade shall bring me two.

All. We'll make the public pay.

Third Cabman (pointing to his Cab). That crazy concern shall fetch I'll have, for the day, its value twice.

All. Hurrah for the Derby Day!

At the end of the chorus the *Cabmen* will disappear into the public-house opposite the Rank, and *Brown* and *Jones* will enter. When in a trio with a conscientious *Cabman*—a Baritone—an arrangement may be come to for the hire of the Baritone's cab by the first and second Tenors. There will now be an opportunity for the introduction of a grand moving diorama of the road, introducing several scenic and mechanical effects, comprising the turnpike-gate, with the mysterious ceremony of taking the toll, which will admit of a bar's rest for the orchestra. When the panorama arrives at the suburbs, a great *coup de théâtre* may be obtained by a view of MR. WHIPPETMUR'S Classical and Commercial Academy, with the pupils drawn up in the front garden, with faces of a high polish and hair of a smoothness for which the bear was worried into a perspiration in the barber's back-yard, and the grease was caught in the frying-pan. Here would be an opportunity for a

Chorus of SCHOOLBOYS.

Happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy boys,
WHIPPETMUR'S establishment's the scene of constant joys.
Here they never think at all of snubbing us or beating us,
But as their own family for ever they are treating us.
So by our appearances we are supposed to say,
When we are exhibited upon the Derby Day.

Jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly hours,
Schoolboy days are happiest at such a school as ours.
Parents all and guardians—bring your charges here,
To be boarded and instructed for forty pounds a-year.
So by our appearances we are supposed to say,
When we are exhibited upon the Derby Day.

As the panorama moves onwards, the following touching duett, which speaks for itself, might take place in the cab between *Brown* and *Jones*, the two Tenors.

Brown. Be still my heart, my bosom's fiercely bounding,
As this much cherished corner we are rounding.

Jones. Why does thine heart such strange emotions prove?

Brown. Behold yon Villa—there resides my love.
(*Andantino affettuoso.*) Ah! happy ivy, that dost fondly twine
Round the green palings where my *Laura* dwells
Ah! happy grotto, 'tis my *Laura's* shrine,
'Tis there she sits enthroned on oyster-shells.

But, oh, my heart! what anguish now I feel,
For Fathers' bosoms are of coldest steel.

Jones. Excuse my friendship, if I now inquire,
How does parental steel clash with love's fire?

BROWN. *Allegro.*

To Leadenhall Market the tyrant repairs
Each morning, when quitting my *Laura's* retreat;
And there the oppressor—the cause of love's cares—
Pursues the low craft of a salesman of meat.
Oh! how by the wretch who in carcasses deals,
Can all love's delightful emotions be known?
His bosom no softness of sentiment feels;
His heart, like his meat, must be weighed by the stone.

JONES. *Allegro.*

To Somerset House the poor lover repairs
Each morning, when quitting his garret's retreat.
No wonder a father with natural cares,
Thinks how 's a poor husband to purchase his meat;
And how by the clerk who in sentiment deals,
Can domestic felicity ever be known.
When the butcher in vain for his money appeals,
Meat fails—and contention will furnish a bone.

Brown. But see! behold! through yonder tree,
'Tis—yes—no—no—it cannot be,
My wits I feel that I shall lose,
That 's *Laura's* form—the other's—

Jones.

Whose?

Brown (con strepito). Fury and madness, confusion and shame,
Bring me an engine—extinguish the flame;
Lay on the water, be prompt with the hose;
Blest be the hand which the cold liquid throws
Over the fire that burns in my frame,
Fury and madness, confusion and shame.

Jones. Don't talk such nonsense—'tis trash that you speak,
Gammon and spinach, and bubble and squeak;
Why should you care for a light-hearted flirt;
Don't talk of engines, but call for a squirt;
You'll have forgotten the jade in a week,
Gammon and spinach, and bubble and squeak.

Brown (subdued). Alas! you little know! that form which stands
By *Laura's* side, and clasps her faithless hands;
Is my detested rival—once my friend,
Augustus Robinson of Ponder's End.

Jones. What if it is? We cannot all be blest,
Let *Laura* have him if she likes him best—
And you at once, send every care away,
In the enjoyment of this Derby Day.

Together.

Brown. Fury and madness, &c. *Jones.* Don't talk such nonsense, &c.

A considerable amount of concerted music, with a *canon* for six policemen, and a *scherso* for a turnpike-man, in a running accompaniment after a cart that had driven through without paying the toll, would make an appropriate finish to the First Act.

The Second Act would open with a view of the race-course and all its numerous appointments, when a novel and characteristic trio might be introduced after the following fashion, between *Thimblerrigger* (a Bass) and *Brown* and *Jones* (the two Tenors):

Thimblerrigger. Here I be, with my innocent pea;
Where I put it, you all can see,
From thimble to thimble my fingers nimble,

Shift the simple pea about;
Now 'tis here—'twill disappear;
If I win, I win 'tis clear—

But if I'm losing, I'm not refusing,
To lay my money boldly out.

Brown (aside to JONES). If to make money one cared a pin,
There's a fine opportunity here to win;
If *Laura* were banished quite from my mind,
Some amusement, I think, I here could find.

Jones. Don't think of *Laura*. There! there! did you see?
'Tis clear enough where he put the pea.

Thimblerrigger. Here I be, with my innocent pea, &c. &c.

Brown. Friend, if it were not cheating you,
I'd wager a pound—

Thimblerrigger. You may make it two;

Sometimes I lose—I sometimes win,

It matters not to me a pin;

Here I be, with my innocent pea,

Where I put it you all can see—

[Looking round about him and working the thimbles.]

Brown (to the THIMBLERIGGER). Well, really, friend, I'm rather averse
To take your money out of your purse;
But if you will insist in saying
You don't object to a wager laying—
Thimblerrigger (interrupting). Here I be, with my innocent pea;
Where I put it you all can see.
Sometimes winning, sometimes losing,
Ne'er to pay my debts refusing.
Brown (throwing down two Sovereigns). Well, if he's obstinate, let
it be. [Pulls up a thimble.
Brown and Jones (together). Why, why! My eye! What's become
of the pea?

Harried music, during which a policeman appears in the distance, and the *Thimblerrigger*, having snatched up the two sovereigns, disappears with a clergyman-like looking gentleman, who has been losing a few pounds while *Brown* and *Jones* were looking on. The finale to the Second Act would admit of some very elaborate scoring, descriptive of the betting, and might wind up with a frantic chorus of winners and losers, preceded by some *tremolo* passages during the Race itself. The intense excitement of the situation might be relieved by a sentimental ballad from a Pickpocket, who might come down to the front of the stage while the business of weighing, saddling, and completing the arrangements for a start are being quietly effected in the distance.

Ballad.—SENTIMENTAL PICKPOCKET.

With heavy heart and fingers light
I wander midst the thoughtless throng;
And empty pockets, left and right,
As mournfully I pass along.
But little do the gay ones know,
(The giddy slaves of wealth and rank).
How memory brings its weight of woe,
With recollections of the crank.

The Third and concluding Act would be one of bustle, as far as grouping of the general masses would be concerned, brought out into powerful contrast by the exhaustion of the principal characters. The return home might be made a scene of almost mad excitement, giving occasion for wild choruses, bacchanalian rounds, and frantic ballets, in the midst of which *Brown* might be leaning helplessly on the arm of his friend *Jones*, who would be leaning equally helplessly on any and every object that seemed to offer support. In the midst of the boisterous music the plaintive sounds of the voices of the two Tenors might be heard occasionally mingling with the louder melodies of the mass, and a delicious *morceau*, like the following, would give a lively relief to this part of the Opera.

Brown (languidly and very staccato). Where—can—our—cab—have—
got—to—where—be—found?
Jones. Steady boy—steady.
Brown. Don't keep turning round.
Our's was a Hansom (to several Cab-drivers).
We don't want the bus.
For Hansom is—my boys—as Hansom does.
Brown (to JONES). Don't be a fool—my friends (to Cabmen). Oh tell
me pray!
Is there a Hansom cab, gone by this way?
Jones (to CABMEN). Don't mind him—he's been drinking. Let's
discuss
This point. As Hansom is as Hansom does?
[The CABMEN all laugh, and point in different directions, and BROWN
drags JONES away.

After this "situation" the choruses would be heard now following each other, now blending together, and ultimately retiring into the distance, where a beautiful scenic effect could be arranged by a vision representing *Jones's* dream. He might be seen lying in the middle of the race-course, with *Laura* smiling over him, *Brown* reeling before him, the *Sentimental Pickpocket* busy behind him, and to very soft music, indicative of the supposed state of his head—
The Curtain falls.

The Cold Tea Movement.

THERE is getting up in Scotland a great tea-spoon stir in the cause of public morality. An association is about to be formed, to be called "The Universal Sabbath Cold Tea Brotherhood and Sisterhood;" the benign object of which is to compel everybody to drink cold tea on the seventh day, in order to abolish the public scandal manifested in the singing of the tea-kettle on Sundays!

THE GREATEST NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.—Easter has passed, Whitsuntide is o'er,—and we have not had one Balloon Ascent this season.

WHAT AN ENGLISHMAN LIKES.



N Englishman likes a variety of things. For instance, nothing is more to his liking than:

To talk largely about Art, and to have the worst statues and monuments that ever disgraced a metropolis!

To inveigh against the grinding tyrannies practised upon poor needlewomen and slop-tailors, and yet to patronise the shops where cheap shirts and clothes are sold!

To purchase a bargain, no matter whether he is in want of it or not!

To reward native talent, with which view he supports Italian operas, French plays, German singers, and in fact gives gold to the foreigners in exchange for the brass they bring him!

To talk sneeringly against tuft-hunting and all tuft-hunters, and yet next to running after a Lord, nothing delights him more than to be seen in the company of one!

To rave about his public spirit and independence, and with the greatest submission, to endure perpetually a tax that was only put on for three years!

To brag about his politeness and courteous demeanour in public, and to scamper after the QUEEN whenever there is an opportunity of staring at her!

To boast of his cleanliness, and to leave uncovered (as in the Thames) the biggest sewer in the world!

To pretend to like music, and to tolerate the Italian organs and the discordant musicians that infest his streets!

To inveigh against bad legislation, and to refrain in many instances from exercising the franchise he pays so dearly for!

To admit the utility of education, and yet to exclude from its benefits every one who is not of the same creed as himself!

To make a pretence of rewarding purity and honesty, and at the same time to deal at the cheap shops that have a notorious character for adulteration and a dangerous reputation for short weights and measures!

To plunge into raptures about SHAKESPEARE and the national Drama, and to leave them any night to run after DUMAS, SCRIBE, a dancing dog, a jumping elephant, or a gentleman who walks like a fly with his legs on the ceiling!

To swagger about his tremendous love of comfort, and to ride in the most uncomfortable omnibuses, the dirtiest cabs, and the shabbiest railways of any civilised state in Europe,—besides encouraging a system of hotels, where every species of discomfort is vended at the very highest possible prices!

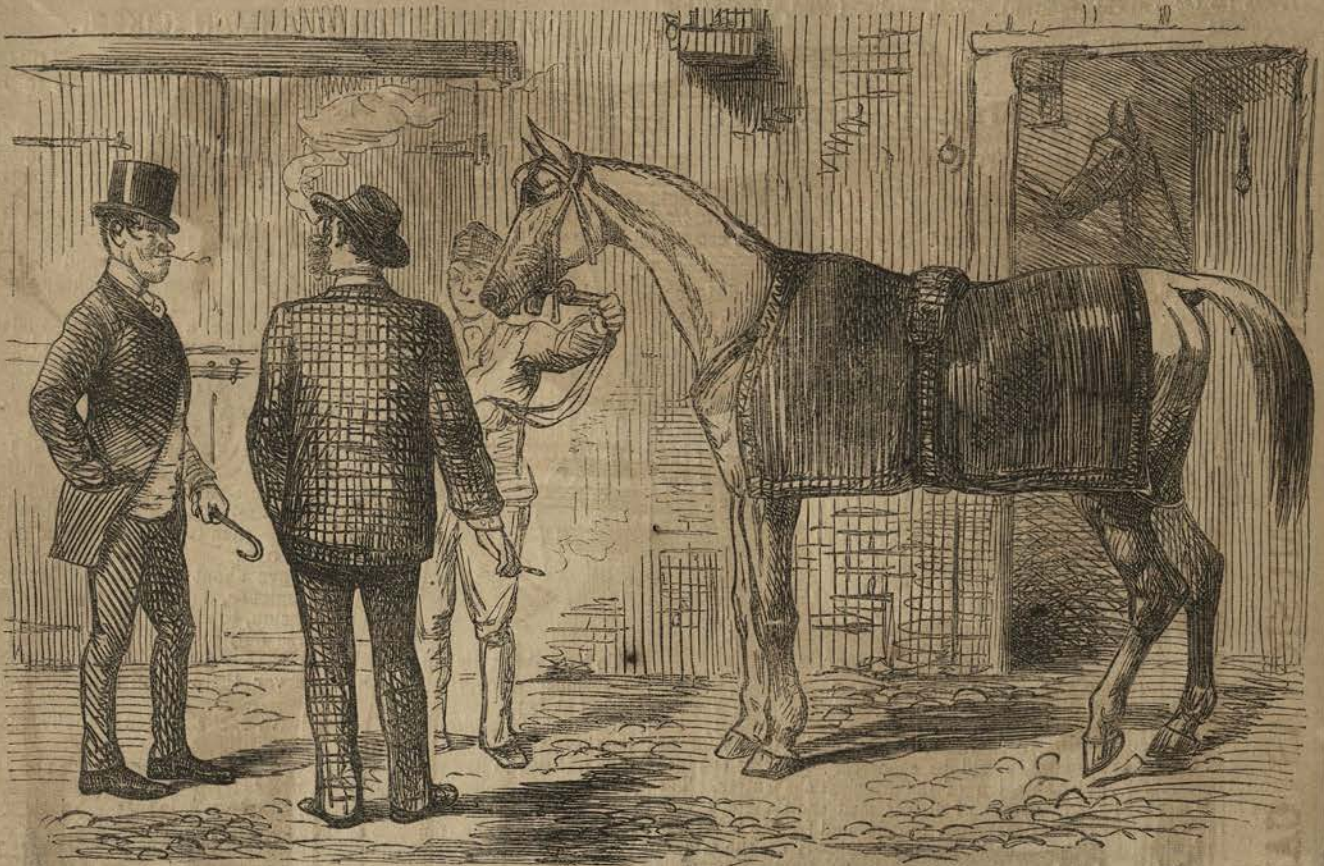
And lastly, an Englishman dearly likes:
To grumble, no matter whether he is right or wrong, crying or laughing, working or playing, gaining a victory or smarting under a national humiliation, paying or being paid—still he must grumble, and in fact he is never so happy as when he is grumbling; and, supposing everything was to his satisfaction (though it says a great deal for our power of assumption to assume any such absurd impossibilities), still he would grumble at the fact of there being nothing for him to grumble about!

A CANINE QUERY.

"MR. PUNCH,—You know everything, you therefore know that, once upon a time, a dog, a terrier I believe, dwelling in Edinburgh, was profanely whistled to by his master on Sunday. The dog took the offence so much to heart, that tucking his tail between his legs, he ran away and has never been heard of since. Do you, knowing everything, know what has become of that dog? Has he, upon the principle preached by PYTHAGORAS, been reproduced upon two legs; and is that original Scotch terrier to be found in any one of the Scotch members who, in the matter of the Sunday music, have howled and barked, and some say, bitten PALMERSTON?"

"Yours, Mr. Punch, Bow-Wow."

A CHILDISH THOUGHT.—We learn toleration from children: for no man can have his whiskers pulled by a young Brat, without feeling what an intolerable nuisance he must have been as a child himself.—*A Surly Old Bachelor.*



A CONSULTATION.

Veterinary Surgeon. "LEGS QUEER, SIR! DO YOU 'ACK 'IM OR 'UNT 'IM?"

Proprietor of Quadruped. "I HUNT HIM SOMETIMES, BUT I MOSTLY USE HIM AS A HACK."

Veterinary Surgeon. "AH, SIR, THAT'S WHERE IT IS. IT AIN'T THE 'UNTING AS 'URTS 'IM, IT'S THE 'AMMER, 'AMMER, 'AMMER ALONG THE 'ARD 'IGH ROAD!"

THE GREAT DUNUP-LOAN.

A NUMEROUS meeting of very small capitalists attended at the Chambers of MR. DUNUP, to take part in the biddings for the new loan on that gentleman's wardrobe. Holywell Street was represented rather powerfully by the MESSRS. SMOUCHEY, and Rag Fair was present in the persons of NOSES BROTHERS, and other well-known characters.

Mr. Smouchey, Senior, observed, There was one query he wished to put. What were MR. DUNUP's intentions with regard to the moveable buttons on the waistcoat?

Mr. Dunup. I stated on a previous occasion, that I have no intention of removing those buttons at present. I presume you allude to the probability of their being taken out and pawned.

Mr. Smouchey. No, not exactly that.

Mr. Dunup. I am afraid I can give no information just now—but I have no intention of funding—that is to say, pawning—the buttons at present.

Mr. Smouchey. The question is, as to the rate of interest; for the coat in its present condition can scarcely be called capital.

Mr. Dunup. But the trowsers?

Mr. Smouchey. If they were thrown into the market to-morrow, it is doubtful whether there would be much anxiety to pick them up.

Mr. Dunup. Well: is any gentleman present ready to make an offer for the new Loan?

Mr. Smouchey handed in a paper containing his terms.

No other offer being tendered, MR. DUNUP opened the paper, and read as follows:—

"Sir, We beg to offer for the proposed Loan on the suit two pounds four and eightpence farthing.

Mr. Dunup. No: that is not equal to my terms. How much is that equal to in shillings?

Mr. Smouchey. It is 44, and something more than 8.

Mr. Noses. Or 44½.

Mr. Smouchey. It is within 4d. of 45.

Mr. Dunup. Will the laundress be good enough to open the paper which I have placed in her hands?

The laundress having opened the paper, read the minimum terms of MR. DUNUP; 45.

Mr. Dunup. There is therefore a difference of 8½.

Mr. Smouchey. Will you allow us to retire for a few moments?

The parties then retired. On their return,

Mr. Smouchey, addressing MR. DUNUP, said, We have decided on accepting your terms.

Mr. Dunup. Very good. Then you will please to give me the usual duplicate.

Mr. Smouchey. Yes, your terms are 45?

The Laundress. Precisely so.

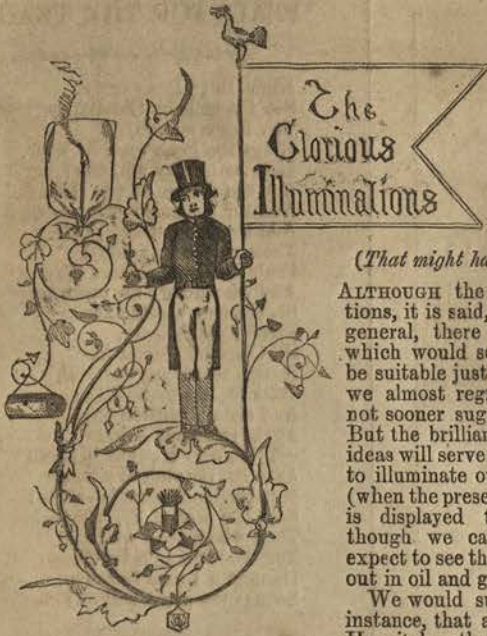
The Duplicate was then filled up and signed, and handed to MR. DUNUP, and the parties immediately withdrew with the suit.

THE EMPEROR AND THE JEWS.

NICHOLAS played with his loving subjects the Jews, as hilarious schoolboys are apt to play with maybugs and cockchafers. His last ukase ordered the Jews to crop their coats close to the knees, and farther, commanded the Jewesses "to wear their own hair, and discontinue the use of artificial topknots." To the disgust of the Hebrew mind ALEXANDER has resolved to enforce the wise decree of his father; and Jews' coats are still to be cropped, and Jewesses still to lament their topknots. It is said, that in commemoration of this event, a meeting, will be held at Exeter Hall, and a vote of thanks passed to the CZAR, in recognition of his Christian care of this nation. How beautifully does an Emperor show himself the father of his people, when he vouchsafes to superintend the little coats, and condescends to look into the heads of his children.



SUNDAY MUSIC AS CANT WOULD HAVE IT.



(That might have been).

ALTHOUGH the Illuminations, it is said, are to be general, there are some which would so specially be suitable just now, that we almost regret we did not sooner suggest them. But the brilliancy of our ideas will serve at any rate to illuminate our window (when the present number is displayed there) although we cannot now expect to see them carried out in oil and gas.

We would suggest, for instance, that at Chelsea Hospital the display should be significant of

the late investigation. At the back, say, a dissolving view of a brigade of cavalry, gradually melting to the skeleton of a horse. In the foreground, Fame (in epaulets and a blaze of triumph) blowing his own trumpet, and pointing proudly to the motto—"LUCAN à non lucendo."

At the Horse-Guards there might be displayed an allegorical device, representing BRITANNIA in the character of SINBAD, with GENERAL ROUTINE as her Old Man of the Sea. BRITANNIA should be shown as having her hands tied with red tape, the end of which is held by a figure in the background, supposed to represent MR. FREDERICK PEEL.

The PREMIER might show at his official residence an illumination that would throw some light upon his Sunday recantation. We should suggest a JANUS-head, to represent the Head of the Government: on the one side smiling favourably upon what appears to be a deputation of English workpeople, but showing on the other an ear which seems to be most "seriously inclined" to a party in Scotch caps, who, by their attitudes, evidently mean mischief. Being a transparency, the device (a very stale one) of course will easily be seen through.

The Admiralty might show, as a type of their arrangements, an illuminated view of Balaklava Harbour, which might with but little alteration change to that of the Southampton Docks, as they appeared upon a late most melancholy occasion. In another part should be shown a broken-down steam-ship, with the words, *Sic Transit gloria mundi*.

In mercy to the public, we should hope the National Gallery will be suffered to remain in total darkness. Moreover, it would be really posterous to attempt to make light such a heavy style of architecture. There might, however, with some fitness be shown, one or two of the rejuvenated "Old Masters," which have been made transparencies by over-scraping.

At the British Museum we would have displayed a figure of the Librarian, teaching the young idea how to find a book by the Catalogue.

As we always like to see things put in their true light, we would suggest that wherever the word "Peace" is shown, it should be exhibited in somewhat doubtful colours; and if it were arranged as a dissolving view, with "Russia" breaking through it, our conception of the matter would be more nearly realised.

We have but faint hope of ever finding any brilliancy at Exeter Hall; but should it be deemed prudent, for the sake of the windows, not to make it an exception to the rule of general illumination, which will doubtless be observed with all our other public buildings, we would suggest, as an appropriate device, a sombre-looking figure in the robes of an Archbishop, represented in the act of stamping through a drum, and thereby, it may be thought, rather putting his foot in it.

A Jew to Canterbury.

A LITTLE while ago there prevailed among the clergy of the Church of England a mania for going over to Rome. The Sabbatarian ARCHBISHOP OF CANT appears to be travelling in quite another direction. His GRACE has adopted the views of the Judaizing fanatics, and we expect every day to hear that our Primate has gone over to Jerusalem.

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECIES.

In conformity with the practice of his sporting contemporaries, Mr. Punch publishes, this week, his prophecies as to the result of the race for the Derby; and having, in imitation of the journals referred to, engaged a large staff of prophets, he has no doubt that he will have the same right to compliment himself, next week, upon his sagacity, as they are in the habit of claiming after any important turf event.

From our Regular Prophet.

"Well, old boy, the time has come, *tempus fugit*, as they say on the sundials. Now comes the tug of war, and Greek meets Greek. *Timeo Danaos*, but now to stand the bazard of the die. I am to put a name to the winner. What's in a name, as old BILL SHAKESPEARE says? A Derby favourite by any other name would run as fair. But here goes, and Old Scratch take the hindmost. *Occupat extremum scabies*. We can't all win, that's certain. There are some good horses before me, and also some rum 'uns. The race is not always to the swift, and I may be mistaken. But I should say that what the favourite *Wentworth* is nothing, the question is what he'll go worth. As for *Artillery*, he is more honoured in the breach than the observance. The *Coroner* may sit on himself, I shan't lay on him, and *Fuzzoletto's* fat so let him pass. I should say that the first to go by the Judge's chair will be *Vandermeulin*, or *Fly-by-Night*, but there will be 'racing and chasing on *Cannobie* tea.' In choice, however, I place them thus:

<i>Fly-by-Night</i>	1
<i>Cannobie</i>	2
<i>Vandermeulin</i>	3

"And so no more from yours devotedly,—YOUNG MUMPS."

From our Irregular Prophet.

"PUNCH, my fine fellow, I don't want to prophesy, but a word in your ear. Advice gratis, yet not to be sneezed at. Try *Prince's* mixture. "BOFFS."

From the Stable Boy.

"MR. PUNCH.—I was clinging up to the wall, last evening, among the cobwebs in my accustomed place, before going out after the flies, when I heard somebody, who shall be nameless, say to somebody, who shall be strictly anonymous, that something with an Italian name, *Falso* something, was to do the trick. Put on your tin accordingly. "Yours ever,—VAMPIRE SUCKEY."

A Squeak from the Bin.

"MR. PUNCH.—Tell your readers that the little mouse under the bin has every confidence in *Wentworth* for the D. *Verbus satienti*. "A WEEK-AWEEK."

The Old 'Oman's Notion.

"DEAR SIR.—Whether it was a notion, or a bit of a dream, or an old 'oman's nonsense, never you mind. But says my wife to me, as she were frying the sassengers this morning—says she, '*Distillery* wins,' says she. 'No such a horse,' says I, 'but you're always thinking of your drop o' comfort. There's *Artillery*, you old fool.' 'Him's the boy,' says she. The old 'oman's been right once or twice, *Punch*. "THE OLD 'OMAN'S OLD MAN."

From a Well-Informed Correspondent.

"I have looked over all the lot carefully, and you may take my opinion for what it is worth, when I tell you that the winner will either be *Verdant Green* or the *Field*. Tell your readers to put on in the right quarter, and make no mistakes. In that case they will come off with flying colours. "SAPIENS."

From the Small Boy.

"'The Boy' presents his dutiful compliments, and being encouraged to let out his little mind, lets it out at once, and would do the same if it was twice as little. In answer to the *Ink* which as to which will win, 'The Boy' says *Crowner*, and no more at present from "THE BOY."

Mr. Punch has thus laid his prophecies before the public, and has little reason to dread the result. At the same time, the Derby for 1856 offers peculiar difficulties to a vaticinator, from the circumstance that it is impossible to ascertain with any accuracy what are the comparative merits of the horses which are to run, or indeed which horses will run at all. The fact that *Wild Dayrell* won last year, with *Kingston* second, and *Lord of the Isles* third, does not materially assist us in forming a judgment; nor are we appreciably aided by the consideration that the Derby immediately precedes the day appointed for the Peace rejoicings. But we have done our best to satisfy our patrons, and have no doubt that we shall conduct them to the goal in triumph. If we were to add our own belief, we should be inclined to say that the winner of the Derby, *judicio nostro*, will be a HORSE WHOSE INITIAL LETTER DISTINCTLY POINTS TO THAT UPON WHICH THE INTEREST OF ALL ENGLAND IS NOW CONCENTRATED. This is all but naming the animal, and Mr. Punch earnestly recommends his friends to make up their books accordingly. And so hurrah for the Delightful Derby, not forgetting nine cheers for the Owdacious Oaks!

PUNCH.

'An Elysium for Exeter Hall.

WE read in the papers that—

"The town of Dunse, which contains a population of between 3,000 and 4,000 souls, does not possess a single public-house."

We should say that, in spite of its name, no Sabbatarians lived in that same town of Dunse; or else they would long before this, by the stoppage of all national recreation on the Sunday, have driven the poor people, in sheer despair and *ennui*, to have opened a public-house.

"BANDS OF HOPE."—That the bands will, before many Sunday's are over, play again in our public Parks and Gardens.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?"

Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii, Scene 3.

PEALS FOR THE PEACE!

By the Bells about London.

JOHN BULL looks scaly,
Say the bells by Old Bailey:
The Peace is a do,
Rings the Peace-peal at Kew.
Is it worth fifty millions?
Ask the chimes of St. Helen's;
And the thousands who've died?
Add the bells of St. Bride.
Them gunboats a pity!
Peals the grammarless City:
And who'd care for more taxes?
St. Clement's peal axes.
But fighting's a sin,
St. Clapham chimes in.
Russia *should* pay the bill,
Tolls St. Mary-at-Hill:
And cede Nicolaieff too,
Again rings out Kew.
—Pray, who brought it about?
Asks St. Botolph Without:
Not England—that's sartin:
Says the peal of St. Martin.
Then whom shall we hang?
The St. Pancras bells clang;
Hanged if I care to know,
Swings the great bell of Bow.

Removal.

THE Government Offices, it is generally reported, are to be transferred from Downing Street to Exeter Hall. The PREMIER'S Department, for the future, is to be held in the rooms in which the business of the "Bitter Observance of the Sabbath" is transacted.

THE ILLUMINATIONS.

(As they were—not.)

Among the more particularly remarkable and appropriate devices for the Illumination, we may notice the following:—

Treasury Office.—The Knave of Clubs—a beautifully-coloured transparency. Motto—in letters composed of brilliant variegated lamps, "Trumps Follow Tricks."

Office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—A fine transparency representing JOHN BULL exhibiting a joyous countenance through the aperture of a horse-collar, that piece of harness having inscribed on it, in gold letters, the legend, "Income Tax for Ever!" The whole surmounted with a glory, consisting of gas-lights, so arranged as to form the figure of "£100,000,000."

Horse-Guards.—A transparency exhibiting Justice with her bandage over one eye. Beneath the figure the proverb, illuminated, "Kissing goes by Favour."

Admiralty.—An allegorical transparency—Paralysis presenting Gout with an Admiral's flag. Motto—"Seniores Priores."

Exeter Hall.—A transparency forming a beautiful illustration of transparent humbug—CANT fraternising with Hypocrisy: CANT represented as crowned with an archbishop's mitre, and Hypocrisy depicted in the character of *Mawworm*. Motto—"Here We Are!"

Somerset House.—A transparent *tableau* representing Industry and her sons resting from their labours at 4 o'clock. Motto—"The Early Bird picks up the Worm."

The Court of Chancery.—Equity swallowing an oyster, and dividing the shell between JARNDYCE and JARNDYCE. The transparency forming this touching picture surmounted by the maxim, set forth in lamps of various colours, "Equity doth follow Law."

Mansion House.—A grand naval transparency of Abstinence presenting the Loving Cup to Sobriety on the occasion of Peace—the figure of Peace represented with attendant turtles. Motto, in very large jets of brilliant gas, the word, "Reform."

Homœopathic Globules.

A LITTLE Medical learning is a dangerous thing. The billionth part of a grain of sense is worth a whole pound of phisic. The art is not to dispense medicine, but to dispense with it. In bodily repairs, the least given the soonest mended. Doctors make more diseases than they ever cure.

MACHINERY FOR TAXATION.

To prevent the evasion of the Fire Insurance Duty by insuring property in Paris, our Government proposes to compel all persons so insuring their property to take out a licence and pay the English duty, under a penalty of £100. This is a very clever trick so far as it goes, but not quite clever enough. How are "Stamps and Taxes" to know whether JOHN STYLES has contracted a French insurance or not? By putting him to the question? It must be the question-extraordinary, then; for MR. STYLES will not probably feel himself bound to answer to his own prejudice the ordinary question touching his private affairs. The boot, the thumbscrew, the scavenger's daughter, must be employed to extract the truth from MR. STYLES; and British as well as Indian revenue will have to be raised by torture.

THAT BIRD AGAIN.

AGAIN, the bird has built itself in a letter-box. The bird, at least once in three years, always does. This season, the bird has built in a box—(we have the fact on the assurance of the *Yorkshireman*)—near Thorpe Hall, between Bridlington and Thwing. The bird, this year, is a blue tit-mouse. It was at first resolved to destroy MR. and MRS. TITMOUSE—(Mrs. T. had already laid some eggs)—lest they should imitate SIR JAMES GRAHAM, and from "their propensity to peck and nibble" everything, should poke their bills into other people's letters: however, more merciful counsels prevailed; and the tit-mouse will, it is expected, beautifully illustrate the influence of letters by good breeding.

The Plague of the Pavements.

WE are requested to get a Bill enacted by Parliament providing that all Perambulators shall, under a severe penalty, be furnished with buffers, in part to soften the collision with the legs of persons who are looking at print-shop windows, and against whose lower limbs those vehicles are propelled by nursemaids who do not mind where they are going, probably by reason of being absorbed in thinking about soldiers.

LOVERS' STAKES.—A Sporting young Lady says, "If 'the course of true love never does run smooth,' why don't they water it, and roll it regularly so many hours a-day, until they get the course so smooth that any donkey could run upon it?"



GRAND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS AT ST. STEPHENS.

BY LORD PAM.

MORE DERBY PROPHECIES.

First of all, I beg to prophesy that the Derby will be run for on Wednesday, the 28th instant. Your readers can stake their money with the greatest confidence on that fact.

Secondly, I prophesy that either *more or fewer than nine horses* will start; unless, perchance, it should turn out to be that very identical number itself. In any case, it will be *one of the three*.

Thirdly, as a proof of my good faith, I intend carefully to abstain from prophesying what kind of weather it will be. Incredulous fools may probably sneer at my vaunted power of vaticination, and inquire contemptuously, how the same gift which enables me to give for weeks in advance the name of the winning horse does not equally qualify me for telling beforehand the nature of the weather? But, in reply, I venture to state, that the English climate would puzzle the greatest Prophet living, and that racing is reduced to a positive science of betting, and that meteorology is not. However, this much I do not mind predicting,—that, in the event of its raining, it will be all the better for those who over-speculate, for it will make their fall upon the turf so much the softer and easier.

An reste, I prophesy, with my usual fearlessness, that early on Wednesday morning many a bedroom window will be opened to see whether it rains. The costume for the day will depend mainly upon the result of this inquiry. However, umbrellas (and, it may be, a bottle or two of brandy also) will be put into the carriage to guard against the worst. Veils, likewise, will be taken as a protection against the dust, and great coats would be advisable, to prevent those who have been fleeced from catching cold.

There will be the usual impetuous dog, who will dart down the course after it has been cleared; and there will be the same number of

Berlin-gloved Policemen, who will rush madly after him with their drawn truncheons, but taking very good care not to go too near for fear he should bite.

There will be a few fortunes told, and a few fortunes lost. There will be a few chickens picked, and not a few pockets also. The winners will stand champagne to commemorate their gains, and the losers will drink to forget their losses. The young gentleman, who has consented to act as paymaster during the day, will find, after he has collected all the subscriptions, that he is a couple of sovereigns short; and out of the number of crested spoons that left so bright in the morning, it will be discovered that one or two are missing in the evening. Carrier-pigeons will fly up after each race; and the next day it will be found that a variety of other pigeons have taken flight also.

The chances are that, before we reach home, we shall meet with a postilion in an advanced stage of drunkenness; and that at the "Cock" at Sutton, you will hear a frantic cry of "Soda-and-Water!" The losses will be, as usual, considerably greater than the winnings. The fun, however, will not stop with the Derby; for, before the night is over, thousands will have changed hands in the Quadrille, both at Vauxhall and Cremorne.

I now proceed to give you the probable winners. It will be either:

"Soft Soap, Stick-in-the-Mud, Bobtail, Four-and-Nine, or Silly Billy."

Though I am in honesty bound to confess, that the chances run fully as strong in favour of—

"Hannah-Mariah, Swifts, Fred, Peel, Hot Potato, and The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street."

The reader can take his choice; though my advice is, if he backs them all equally, that he will find by the issue the money as safe in his pocket as the Rest is in the Bank. In any event, the Race, you may depend upon it, will be to the Swift.

P.S. Should anything fresh occur, I will send you it up in time for your next Saturday's Paper—which will give your readers a good opportunity for corroborating the veracity of my prognostications, as the winner of the Derby will then have been known to them all a full week.

(Signed)

BONA FIDES,
(MEYERDEEN'S, and PUNCH'S, Real Prophet.)

A SONG AGAINST CANT.

BY A LITTLE BIRD. FACT!

As I was walking through suburban lanes,
Floral and verdant with refreshing rains,
I heard the songbirds pour their mingled strains.

And, as I listened to their tuneful chant,
I thought upon the Sunday Band—*HALL's* grant—
Abolished by the influence of CANT.

I thought how foolish CANT was, and absurd:
Then, true as I am now alive, I heard
A sentence uttered by a little bird.

A thrush, that highest in his pipe did soar,
Distinctly spoke three words, which, evermore,
His song, repeating as a burden, bore.

He sang of CANT—those words, which proved he knew him,
And the privation we have suffered through him,
Were "Pitch into him! Pitch into him! Pitch into him!"

Morality "all one way."

SIR CULLING EARDLEY, angelic unit of the Evangelical Alliance, hopes that the question of Sunday music is "now at rest." And why not, seeing that, the "moral feeling of the community, without distinction of sects or parties, is all one way?" So that the QUEEN and the quarter of a million of Londoners who list to Sunday harmonies have no "moral feelings;" none, "without distinction." SIR CULLING may say with certain dervishes—"Glory to ourselves, we are above everything!"

Curious Treasure-Trove.

LOSING must be much easier than finding; for where you meet on the Derby Day with one man "who has picked up his money," you will come in contact with at least ten who have dropped theirs. By the bye, the Lord of the Manor must make a good thing of it, if he claims all the money that is dropped on those occasions.

COLONIAL.—It is not true that the Governorship of Victoria was offered to PRINCE ALBERT; and, in the handsomest manner, refused.

THE FRIENDS OF FOREIGNERS IN A BAD WAY.



MEMBERS of the benevolent members of this admirable institution solemnised, last week, their yearly banquet in furtherance of their philanthropic purpose; namely to counsel, assist, and comfort distinguished foreigners, notoriously known to be in a bad way. The chair was taken by LORD GLADVILLE, who was supported by many illustrious benefactors of the great family of man, of all creeds and of divers colours. MR. BOWYER sent a letter of apology for his absence, on account of ill-temper; the apology was readily received.

The Secretary read the report. It appeared that the condition of his HOLINESS THE POPE continued to give great cause of uneasiness to the Committee; who could not but come to the conclusion, that a change of air—Brighton, Newhaven, Twickenham were mentioned—would be of great benefit to the Pontiff himself; and would further relieve the subjects of his Holiness of much anxiety and no little distress. DOCTOR CUMMING—continued the report—had in the handsomest manner offered his services, should the POPE'S journey be determined upon; but, the Committee, with many thanks to the Doctor, declined his offer, considering that the removal should be effected with as little violence as possible. A letter had been received from SIGNOR MAZZINI relative to the government of Rome during the POPE'S prolonged absence, and remains under consideration.

The alarming state of the KING OF NAPLES had engaged the anxious attention of the Committee. Evidence had been heard, and opinions consulted. The Committee had felt some hesitation in coming to a fixed determination, but they were fain to consider the case of his Majesty as altogether hopeless. His malady had assumed a very dangerous phasis. A morbid delight in the sufferings and protracted pains of wise, amiable, and aged gentlemen, bound in irons, lodged in vaults, and nurtured upon mouldy bread, was among the worst symptoms of the patient. With more hope than expectation of a beneficial result, the Committee would propose that DOCTORS CONOLLY and WILLIS be sent to Naples with full accredited powers to bleed, blister and physic to the best of their ability. The Committee, however, could not suppress the opinion, that retirement would be found most beneficial to the patient and his well-wishers.

The report stated that the KING OF PORTUGAL, whose visits to England had had the best effect upon his constitution, continued to improve. His advance in the elements of arithmetic was most satisfactory. He had already arrived at a knowledge of the amount of Portuguese money owed to English bondholders; and lively hopes might be entertained that, some day, using his influence and authority, his Majesty would pay it.

The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA still remained very poorly; with an increasing weakness of the hams, that made him liable to drop down upon his knees whenever he came within sight of a red hat, or red stockings. He had been recommended a course of mud-baths, as a strong detensive of Roman cement.

The DUKE OF CHAMBORD, said the report, enjoyed his usual mild health and spirits. His delusions continued, but were of a very harmless character. He still occupied himself in making crowns of straw; holding a bulrush for a sceptre, and occasionally blowing a soap-and-water bubble for the ball descended from CHARLEMAGNE.

OTHO OF GREECE, it was lamented, had caused the Committee considerable anxiety: as a forlorn hope, the Committee recommended another quarter's trial of the Bavarian; when, should no improvement manifest itself, it would be advisable to bind him apprentice to some honest trade; though it is much to be feared that the near proximity of so many brigands has not tended to strengthen his Majesty's moral convictions. The Queen would make an excellent *vivandière*. The report was agreed to, and after many admirable speeches were delivered—speeches, by the way, more easily conceived than expressed—the meeting separated.

French and English Management.

Of all things that are decidedly managed better in France, we must not forget to mention the Theatres. The French manage their theatres in such a way as to get original pieces; but it would seem that the English Managers either cannot, or will not.

DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.

THE Moon controversy has been removed from the columns of the *Times* to the hall of the Polytechnic Institution. We understand that considerable anxiety prevails in the neighbourhood of Regent Street, and inquiries are constantly made of the money-takers at the doors, as to the identity between the Moon which MR. JELINGER SYMONS has made his own, and the luminary which MR. PEPPER has "secured" for his scientific purposes. Several elderly females have expressed much curiosity as to whether the Moon inside is "complete with mountains, and an entire set of hills and dales," or merely a dramatic Moon, consisting of canvas and candle, as in the celebrated Druidical grove at the Opera. We have much pleasure in stating from ocular, as well as lunar observation, that MR. PEPPER'S Moon is a perfectly legitimate luminary, which revolves regularly not only on its own axis, but which can be rolled entirely out of the way when required by the other arrangements of the institution. Some absurd applications have, we believe, been made to MR. PEPPER on the subject of his Moon, and, among others, a notification has reached him from a respectable cow-keeper, who was prepared to supply a moon-calf for the Polytechnic Moon, on condition of his having a free admission to the whole of the interesting lectures and experiments that are being now given.

THE HANDSOME YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

A trifle for the Record.

OH! did you not hear of a handsome young clergyman,
Who in his pulpit was wont for to cry?
He handled his text with such seeming sincerity,
Melting each heart and suffusing each eye.
He sighed so hard and groaned so steadily,
The ladies all flocked to his church so readily;
And he turned up his eyes with so saintly an air,
That this clergyman greatly was liked by the fair.

His features were fine, and his views Sabbatarian,
So by both young and old he was made a great pet;
What teapots and slippers this predestinarian
Young disciple of CALVIN did constantly get!
He had won such credit and fame for piety,
That he had the run of the best society;
And a girl with lots of tin did pair
With this parson esteemed such a duck by the fair.

A SEARCHING NARRATIVE.

WE see there is a publication called *A Gentleman in Search of a Tailor*. We think a much more interesting narrative would be, *A Tailor in Search of a Gentleman*. The incidents would furnish materials for three good Vols. of the most exciting description, more especially if they were founded upon the well-known fiction, that every gentleman owes, and is excused in owing, money to his tailor. The concluding chapter would be the settlement of the tailor's account, for according to the time-honoured jokes upon the subject, a tailor is always about the last person a gentleman ever thinks of paying. But, of course, the pith of the fun would be in the tailor first finding his gentleman.

I'll be Your Leader.

Is it possible to forget the consummate skill with which, but a little while ago, LORD PALMERSTON told the story of WAT TYLER and RICHARD THE SECOND?—How when the mob clamoured for somebody to head them, the king himself stepped forward and said, "I'll be your leader!" Now the people call for the Sunday band, and wherefore did his Lordship forsake them? Why, rather, careless of CANT and contemptuous of over-the-Tweed piety, why, when the people asked for the Sunday band, did not PALMERSTON cry, "You shall have it, and if you like, I'll be your leader?"

America and Her Honour.

MR. BUCHANAN, according to the *New York Daily Times*, has just made a speech in Philadelphia, in the course of which occurred the following remark:—

"But there is an interest superior to all these considerations, and that is our National Honour."

A very proper observation for a Citizen of the United States to make—particularly in the capital of Pennsylvania. How many of the other repudiating States have paid up?

A FOOT-NOTE.—EISENBERG'S BILL.



(GREAT PEACE REJOICINGS AND PRIVATE ILLUMINATION AT BERLIN.)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 26, Monday. LORD ALBEMARLE, the East India Company's relentless foe, made an onslaught upon its system of salaries, pensions, and annuities, which he proposed to reduce, for the relief of India. LORD ELLENBOROUGH did not think the salaries to Civil Servants too high; and Mr. Punch agrees with him, in this instance, as it is of incalculable importance that first-rate men should be secured for the internal administration of India. LORD DENMAN took the opportunity of explaining that LORD METCALFE and other Governors of India had not, upon the whole, thought it desirable to repress the spread of Christianity there; indeed, they rather approved that religious persuasion. The CHANCELLOR brought in a Bill for Improving the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords. The measure was not discussed until Friday; but it may as well be explained at once. The Lords would not endure LORD WENSLEYDALE'S Life-Peerage; but agree that life-peerage shall be conferred upon two Judges, of six years sitting, who are to be called Deputy-Speakers, and to hear appeals to the Lords. They are to receive £6000 a-year each for their trouble.

The Commons discussed the Joint Stock Companies Bill in committee, after a protest from our friend SPOONER, who has a faculty for seeing Bugbears, and discovered a wopping large one, an Engine of Oppression, in this useful measure for enabling small capitalists to invest advantageously. He drew, from imagination, a terrible picture of a smashed grocer, pounded up by a combination of other supposititious grocers uniting to demolish him, but the Committee was not frightened, and the Bill made good progress, MALINS, the Chancery barrister, introducing a great puff of the Court of Chancery, at which his hearers laughed "derisively." There is no doubt that a Chancery suit is shorter and cheaper than it was, and some few absurdities of practice are removed, but allowing all this, it is still the longest, the dearest, and the most absurd thing in the world, and therefore a very proper subject for eulogy by barristers who grow rich upon it. The Partnership Amendment Bill next came on, the BARINGS, and MASTERMANS, and great capitalists generally, continuing hostile to it, but they were defeated on two divisions, and the Bill was read a second time. MR. HINDLEY said a thing worthy of note,—MR. ROBERT LOWE explained and defended the Bill, and HINDLEY stated that he had listened to MR. LOWE'S speech, and could not understand it, and therefore thought the debate should be adjourned. The House did not assent to this singular proposition. If MR. HINDLEY by accident forgets to bring his brains with him (perhaps he left them on his toilet-table when he dressed for dinner) he should send his servant, or one of the House of Commons messengers, to fetch them—he should not interrupt the business of the country.

Tuesday. A letter from LORD BROUGHAM, begging that on account of his illness and a domestic affliction, certain matters might be attended to in his absence, was heard by the Lords with a regret which every-

one will share. It was explained that the Danubian Hospodars are to be removed before the affairs of the Principalities are taken in hand, but it was not stated whether they are to be equally in the way by being made Kaimakans. The Discouragement of Fire Insurance Bill was brought up, and even LORD MALMESBURY could see its absurdity. Some discussion followed on the state of our relations with America. LORD ELGIN, who deserves to be listened to with respect, said that we were wrong in supposing the Americans hostile to us, that our real enemies in the States were disreputable Irishmen, and that kind of exported article, and that we ought to be careful not to excite ill-feeling on the part of the real Americans. LORD CLARENDON assured the House that the English Government had acted towards that of America in the most gentlemanly manner, and that we could get no answer to its offer to refer the Central American question to arbitration.

In the Commons there was discussion respecting a MR. ALLAN POLLOK, a rich proprietor of Irish estates, who has been clearing away a mass of his tenantry, for the purpose of adopting a new system of cultivation. There was the usual "conflicting evidence," as there always is in disputes between sailors, Jews, and members of Parliament, one side asserting that MR. POLLOK was a wise and humane man, who was successfully aiming at the improvement of his estates and his tenants, and the other contending that he was an oppressive ejector and that his system would ruin both himself and his dependants. MR. MIALL, the Dissenting member for Rochdale, and editor of the *Nonconformist*, then opened the return match with Exeter Hall, in payment for Maynooth. He brought on a motion for taking away the whole property of the Irish Church. The debate was brief, but animated, and the motion was rejected by 163 to 93. The Reverend MR. NEWDEGATE spoke, but not the Reverend MR. SPOONER, who was perhaps busy making up his book for next day's Derby.

Wednesday. Both Houses met at Epsom. Petitions were presented from the Female Gipsies of Norwood and the vicinity, praying for leave to examine the hands of Honourable Members; from the United Mendicants of all Denominations, praying for an issue of Copper-Coinage; from the Peripatetic Philharmonic Societies of the Downs, praying to be heard by themselves and their advocates; from the Piratical Publishers' Association, praying that Purchases might be made of Incorrect Racing-Cards; from the Hibernian Widows' Society praying for Relief, on the ground that their husbands were sick; from the Hibernian Orphans' Association, on the ground that their parents were in similar condition; and from certain Immigrants from Ethiopia, praying for Recognition of their rights of Representation. Many Notices of Motion were given; among them one by Policeman Z, 136, to a young gentleman with a cap and short hair, who was hanging about a lady's carriage; one by PATER FAMILIAS, M.P., who ordered the horses long before his girls wished to leave the course; one by a member of the ring, to another member of the ring, name and address unknown, who had not paid up his bets; and a great number by about 500 constables, when a bell began to ring at half-past two o'clock. Several questions were put, some of them highly impertinent, and others having reference to the probability of rain, and of the favourite's winning, and a slightly-intoxicated gentleman, who insisted upon climbing on the wrong coach, was advanced a stage. A Rider was added to the horsepond under the hill, but was afterwards withdrawn. An honourable member trying to scramble up the slippery side of the bank, at once took the oaths and his seat in the mud. The whippers-in were unusually busy shortly after three o'clock, when the *Ellington Acceleration Bill* (BILL AIDCROFT) passed, amid loud cheers. Many cases, chiefly of private interest, were then opened, and the consequent discussions lasted for nearly two hours, amid a good deal of excitement, which in several instances terminated in smoke. The House adjourned about five o'clock.

Thursday. Parliament made way for Pyrotechnics.

Friday. The Lords considered the Jurisdiction Bill, introduced on Monday, and seemed to think well of it, an opinion in which their Lordships will be singular. In the Commons a question was asked about a monument to the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON, but from the Government reply, it would seem that there is not artistic talent enough in the country to devise a worthy memorial of his Grace. Somebody had the hardihood to ask for compensation to the Militia, on the termination of their military holiday, but this was deemed a little too good. Finally, the Bill for Reforming the University of Cambridge was discussed, and MR. WALPOLE, its member, duly catalogued the good and great men who have been educated there, including "the prudent WALPOLE" whom he so mentioned to prevent mistakes. Some amusing small talk followed, and it was arranged that certain receptacles for students should be termed Hostels, and that their heads should be called Principals, and not, as had been proposed, Licensed Masters, because, said an honourable member, that would resemble the name Licensed Victuallers. Imagine a Don taken for a Bung!

EX-MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL is about to travel abroad. He is going to treat himself to a long holiday, and he is quite right. "All work and no play makes JACK a dull boy."

SPIRITUALISM IN THE CITY OF LONDON.



THE City of London Corporation Reform Bill threatens to deprive the judges of the honour and advantage of the company of Aldermen on the Bench in the Central Criminal Court. An idea has got about that the Aldermen do no good there; that they are mere assessors, simply occupying seats by the sides of the judges: and that it would be a good thing if fresh eggs were

placed under them, that they might sit to some kind of practical purpose. This notion may be plausible, but it is shallow.

The great poet and philosopher, GOETHE, has noticed a peculiar power, exerted by certain individuals over others, which he has termed "dæmonic influence." The greater poet and philosopher, SHAKESPEARE, had previously instanced and illustrated the same power in the control which he represented OCTAVIUS CÆSAR as exerting over MARC ANTONY, and which he ascribed to the predominance of the attendant spirit or dæmon of the former over that of the latter. Almost everybody knows somebody by whom he is sensible of being impressed with an inexplicable influence. It does not arise from mere mental superiority. The producer of the impression may possibly even be a small child. On this kind of spiritual force see a pleasant paper amongst *Notes and Sketches* in the *Morning Post*.

That is, no doubt, dæmonic influence, which the Aldermen of London, seated on the judicial bench, are accustomed to exercise over HER MAJESTY'S judges, to the augmentation of their gravity, composure of their feelings, support of their minds, strengthening of their judgments, and enlightenment of their understandings.

The worshipful Aldermen are entreated not to suppose, for one moment, that the least disrespect is intended them in ascribing to them the influence in question. They are respectfully cautioned not to confound dæmonic with diabolical; and to understand that by dæmon is simply meant the spiritual attendant, allotted by the belief of antiquity to each individual.

The Aldermen cannot orally advise the judges on doubtful points of law. Their worships can hardly afford much help to their lordships in weighing evidence. The benefit which the civic dignitaries impart to the legal by their proximity to them must be something extraordinary. What can this extraordinary something be but that same dæmonic influence—that mysterious agency which, irrespectively of moral character or intellectual ability, some individuals appear to be endowed with?

The dæmonic power of Aldermen, however, is peculiar to them, not as being connate, but in being acquired by virtue of their office; and the spirit whence it emanates is no common spirit. The most refined products of the richest vintages, the choicest Cognac, Hollands, and Jamaica rum, the aroma of the Loving Cup, the sublimated punch which has been superinfused upon turtle, combined and blended in one ethereal compound, impregnated with the essential principle of green fat, and the osmazome of venison, constitute the spirit which, developed in the aldermanic organisation, diffuses itself around his portly person as an atmosphere imbued with moral qualities which are derived from all manner of good things.

Hence is obvious the necessity for the presence of the Aldermen to corroborate, establish, and sustain the judges at the City Sessions.

And that their presence—their worshipful presence—may always be sufficient for that purpose—hence is also obvious the necessity—the indispensable necessity—that the LORD MAYOR'S Feast and the banquets at Guildhall and the Mansion House should endure for ever!

FASHIONABLE MENDICITY.

AMONG the begging-letter "dodges" of the present season is a form of application for contributions, of articles to be sold at Fancy Fairs for charitable purposes. We have been solicited by a circular to send all sorts of miscellaneous effects, for some of which it would be necessary to refer to our regular dustman, as we should certainly include them in the category of rubbish. It is possible that when put upon a stall, with a fashionable lady behind it, who would "tont" with all the energy that a fashionable lady can throw into the task, the rubbish might fetch high prices, and in obedience therefore to the request that we will furnish a "coin," a "bird," or an "insect," we beg to offer a bad sixpence, a lady-bird, and a flea, to the attention of the Committee. As we find that original poetry and flowers are taken in, we shall have much pleasure in presenting the parties with a distich, and a daisy, if a regularly-authorised individual will call with a receipt for the same at the Committee's earliest convenience. Perhaps on some other occasion, if we are favoured with a long notice of the intended Fancy Fair, at which "Poetry" and "Flowers" will be acceptable, we shall have the honour of offering to the fête a ballad and a butter-cup.

PUNCH AND PEACE IN THE CLOCK-TOWER.

LIKE an Eagle on his rock-tower,
In dignified contemplation,
I sat in the Westminster Clock-tower,
On the night of the Peace celebration,
And now make bold in rhyme to unfold
The result of my observation.

The East wind cut through the niches,
And in scaffold and cordage whistled;
I had put on light summer breeches,
And my skin into goose-skin bristled;
And cold to my bones was my seat on the stones,
To my feet, the asphalt of STRYSELT.

Far above street-bustle and hurry,
And the sea of sooty roof-ridges,
I saw the crowds that from Surrey
Swarmed, bee-like, over the bridges;
Black as flies that strive in a "catch-'em-alive,"
With a buzz as of Midsummer midges.

Like the scalpel of a dissector,
My eye plunged into Whitehall,
And, a Government-Office Inspector—
Overlooking great and small—
On Treasury played, and Board of Trade,
Foreign Office, Home Office, and all.

As a Giant sleeping passive,
In a dungeon, squalid and sallow,
Lay London, murky and massive,
With flashes of lurid yellow,
From the sky-ward glare of the gas-jets' flare,
Or oil, or humbler tallow.

Gas-light and oil grew stronger
As the light of day kept dwindling,
But the Government lamps were longer
Than all the rest in kindling;
And their wicks, when fired, more quickly expired,
Or burned, when they burned, more spindling.

To the Treasury PEACE I had given
Attention undiminished;
They began to light it at seven,
And at twelve it was still unfinished;
'Ere the last lamp of E was lit, of P
The first had to be replenished.

Few lamps and far showed the sad V.R.
On the Foreign Office gable;
To heave up their Anchor, with stay and spar,
The Admiralty was able,
But above it glared down only half a Crown,
With the other half left sable.

Our officials had seized the occasion
To display their talent for blundering;
And I, like the rest of the nation,
On "the reason why" got pondering,
Away from Whitehall to Sebastopol
In bitter retrospect wandering.

When a rustle of wings swept o'er me,
And broke on my bitter dreaming,
And the night was lit before me,
By the sudden glance and gleaming
Of white dove-plumes, that through the glooms,
Bore a form in radiance beaming.

I knew her as she lighted,
Folding her opal pinions,
'Twas PEACE, the long-invited,
Regaining her dominions,
To witness the rout that ushered out
WAR and his bloody minions.

Side by side we gazed, as the rockets
Shed gold and silver showers,
"Emblem," sighed Peace, "of the pockets,
That Double Income-Tax scours;"
But she smiled not, nor spoke, when the wide
Heavens broke
In gerbs and fiery flowers. ●

Quoth she, "Offer me gunpowder!
 Unsavoury devotion!"
 And as the fires roared louder,
 And the smoke-clouds surged like an ocean,
 With hasty grace from before her face,
 She swept them with angry motion.

"The Heavens where I hold sitting
 Should be purer, and calmer, and brighter;
 Perfumes for me unfitting
 Are sulphur and charcoal, and nitre.
Sans fireworks your glee had been sweeter to me,
 And the bill to pay the lighter!"

And with an impatient gesture
 She shot up from the tower,
 And the gleam of her silvery vesture
 Was brighter than the shower
 Of rocket, and wheel, and gerb, and shell,
 Which, that night, blazed their little hour.



Apprehension of a Cherubim taken in the fact, perched on a Tombstone, and blowing his Horn on a Sunday.

ANOTHER FRIEND OF POLAND.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, visiting Warsaw, has made a most comforting speech to the Poles. He has told them to consider their chains as garlands, and take pride in them accordingly. "As for liberty, no more reveries, no more illusions," says the CZAR. "As for rappiness, my dear," we once overheard a maïron say to a young wife, "as for rappiness in the married state, never think on it." Any way, the CZAR speaks out. May we not, therefore, recommend him to that energetic and impassioned body, the Friends of Poland, who lately held a meeting whereat they enthusiastically determined to do nothing? an heroic line of conduct that from the beginning of the war until the consummation of peace, from the first shot to the last firework, they have firmly and undeviatingly pursued. Of this society, certes ALEXANDER THE SECOND should be immediately voted a member. Plain-speaking, especially in kings, ought to have its reward.

The American Hookey Walker.

It is reported that PRESIDENT PIERCE intends to recognise the government set up by WALKER and his filibusters in Nicaragua. By this act he will hitch Nicaragua on to the United States, the respectable WALKER serving him as a hook. Herein we see the Yankees going a-head, as in everything else, and stumping us Britishers. They, too, have a WALKER, who is greater than our own, and they intend to make him also a greater HOOKEY.

A BRASS BAND OF HEROES.

THE MONS. JULLIEN has been at his labours, and the result of his labour may be told in the words *Nascitur ridiculus music*. The following paragraph from a provincial paper tells its own story, and a precious story it must be considered:—

"JULLIEN'S FESTIVAL CONCERT.—In introducing the Trumpeters of the Second Regiment of Zouaves, rendered so illustrious by their heroic deeds of daring courage in Africa and the Crimea, M. JULLIEN feels assured that their performances will be attended with far greater interest than attaches itself to the efforts of any band, however numerous and well organ-ed. Trained in hardship, and under the sun of an African sky, their aspect, combining the ferocity of the savage with the lofty bearing of the soldier, defies description. The shrill sound of the clarions harmonises fitly with the peculiar character of the tribe. The notes produced from their trumpets number but four, nevertheless their magic influence excels all that imagination could realise. These men are now enrolled under the *bâton* of MONSIEUR JULLIEN, who will present them glowing with the laurels gathered at Alma and on the ramparts of Sebastopol."

The above announcement is the first that has reached us of those heroic deeds of daring courage in Africa and the Crimea, which these musicians are alleged to have performed. We cannot exactly understand how a trumpet can be made the medium of anything like a decisive blow on the field of battle; nor do we see the necessity of an extra puff for gentlemen who are no doubt quite capable of blowing their own trumpet with sufficient vigour. We doubt whether their attraction will be enhanced by the fact, that their "aspect" combines "the ferocity of the savage," with "the lofty bearing of the soldier." The ferocity of a band at a concert is almost as much out of place as the fierceness sometimes imputed to a blind horse in a dust-cart. If "the shrill sound of the clarions harmonises fitly with the peculiar character of the tribe," we should say that the disagreeable quality called "screeching" must be the "characteristic" of those musical barbarians. The promise of the MONS. JULLIEN to "present these men, glowing with the laurels gathered at Alma, and on the ramparts of Sebastopol," can only be fulfilled by smothering the trumpeters with ever-greens, when they take their places in the orchestra. As they are now "enrolled under the *bâton* of MONS. JULLIEN," who is a musical Field-Marshal in his own right, and assumes the *bâton* by virtue of his rank, we presume that the Second Regiment of Zouaves can dispense with the heroes in question. We hope they will play appropriate airs, and we recommend *Suave imagine* as a piece which the Zouaves may succeed in "conscientiously rendering."

MOST INTERESTING CEREMONY.

THE PET-PARSON of St. Lavender-cum-Musk has had presented to him by the female portion of his elegant congregation, a most handsome Testimonial. It consisted of six pots of the best Bear's-grease, three bottles of the *Bouquet des Soupirs de Veuves*, a small tortoiseshell-box of the *Pâte de Fleur-de-Lis* for whitening the hands, two dozen of the best French dove-coloured gloves, and six cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, trimmed with Valenciennes two inches deep, and with his initials worked in the corner with the hair of six young countesses, whose united incomes, it is said, amount to not less than £343,000 a-year. The whole of the *cadeaux* (most delicately perfumed) were enclosed in a most sumptuous *corbeille*, lined with cherry-coloured satin, and decorated with Brussels point, and a profusion of white ribbons.

A handsome *déjeuner Gunteresque* was provided on the occasion at the mansion of the lovely LADY LUCIA ANGELINA BARNABAS. The Reverend gentleman, upon being presented with these "flattering proofs" (as he called them) "of the great admiration and affection in which he was held by the more titled of his fair congregation," was so deeply affected as to be visibly moved to tears. The intensity of his emotion lasted for several hours; as with the tenderest pressing he could not be persuaded to touch a morsel of breakfast, beyond a plover's egg and a bishop's-thumb, with just a sip of Constantia. It was a subject of proud observation, that there were as many as three-and-twenty men-servants, and everyone of them six feet high, and in livery and powder, ranged round the breakfast-table. The effect, as they all had on their new dinner uniforms, was not only aristocratic, but beautiful; and was, moreover, a pleasing token of the very high estimation in which the PET PARSON (of St. Lavender-cum-Musk) is held by the superior classes, of which he is so great an ornament.

A DARK PASSAGE.

THE following motto has, since the Crimean Inquiry, been recommended to a celebrated Earl, but for the life of him he says he cannot see his way through it: "*Ex Fumo dare* LUCAN."

AN UNIFORM CRY.—Our clerical dignitaries are loud in shrieking "No Bands in the Park!" What if the People were to side for once with the Puseyites, and join in the absurd cry of "No Bands in the Pulpit?"



A SCENE AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Groom. "BEG PARDON, SIR,—BUT WOS YOUR NAME TOMKINS?"

Tomkins. "YES!"

Groom. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER SAYS HE WOS WERRY SORRY AS HE COULDN'T SEND THE FEEATON—BUT, AS HIS YOUNG 'OSS WANTED EXERCISE, HE THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T MIND RIDIN' OF 'IM!"

[Tomkins bursts into a cold perspiration.]

NATURE IN SUNDAY'S BEST.

THE patronage of our readers is affectionately requested for a most meritorious association, calling itself "The Society for Promoting the Due Observance of the Lord's Day," a body whose unobtrusive benevolence reflects a mild lustre upon Exeter Hall.

Humility is the principal thing which limits the sphere of its usefulness—the humility of its members, and especially of its Secretary, a MR. BAYLEE—unkindly termed by certain scoffers, unfortunate MR. BAYLEE. The Society has addressed a memorial to the QUEEN, complaining of the Sunday band at Windsor Terrace, and requesting HER MAJESTY to command her Ambassadors and Consuls abroad to enforce on their households that observance of Sunday, the first day of the week, which is so clearly prescribed by the Eleventh Commandment.

MR. BAYLEE, we understand, has taken it upon himself, to compel every clergyman in London to affix his signature to this pious petition.

But what stands in the way of this excellent Society at least as much as Humility, is the kindred and analogous condition of Poverty; so that it is at the same time humble and hard-up. It is especially in want of funds for one important object, which the present appeal will, it is hoped, procure it the means of carrying out.

Its loyal memorial deprecates, among other wickednesses, "every artifice adopted to allure the people from their homes" on the Sabbath. Now it is obvious that to leave the gates of Kew Gardens, for instance, open on a Sunday, is to adopt an artifice calculated to allure people on that day from their homes.

But it is equally clear that the flowers of the field, the woods, and groves, if they are to be seen on Sunday, must also operate to the allurement of mankind from their homes on the day of rest. The Society for Promoting the Due Observance of the Lord's Day, therefore, proposes to purchase an unlimited quantity of drugget, to lay down on Sundays over the carpet of the meadows, the hills, and dales;

and as much black crape as may be needful, to be made into veils for the trees, and other beauties of nature. They say that if the horse-chestnut trees in Bushy Park were thus veiled on Sunday, it would prevent much of the desecration of that day which they now cause by being out in bloom.

They design to effect their purpose by respectful dictation to the SOVEREIGN, and by the mild coercion, and gentle intimidation of landlords, farmers, and other persons, whose consent is necessary to the execution of their scheme; the adoption of which, however, they have hopes of getting rendered compulsory by our present Parliament.

We sincerely trust that all those of our readers who feel the necessity of retaining the poor man on Sundays in the sanctity of his domestic sphere, and in his atmosphere of carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen, will afford this truly philanthropic Society all the encouragement they can, in its endeavours to confine him within those bare walls, to which, when tired of Sabbatarian exercises, they are anxious to limit his Sunday contemplations.

Vain Glory.

AMONG the illuminations one of the most popular devices was a combination of the initials of the QUEEN, PRINCE ALBERT, LOUIS NAPOLEON, and the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE. The result of this arrangement was a display of the letters V. A. N. E. which suggested to the philosophic mind a connection between popularity and the weathercock.

An Unreported Illumination.

THE Newspapers have grossly neglected to report the illumination that was in front of MR. COBDEN'S house. It was in the form of a "PEACE MOTTO:—O-live and let live." It was surrounded with branches, beautifully lit up with gas, and the effect was as happy as it was luminous.



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Her M—j—s—y. "WELL, MY LORD—THEN I SUPPOSE MY SUNDAY BAND MUST BE GIVEN UP, TOO!"

Cant. "OH DE—AR NO, YOUR MAJESTY! THAT'S QUITE A DIFFERENT THING!"

SOME UNREPORTED ILLUMINATIONS.

(By our own Correspondent.)



HE Knightsbridge Pie Shop.—BRITANNIA offering an eel-pie to LOUIS NAPOLEON, and a small Peace to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Jones and Company.—The British Lion in oil lamps, with his eye blown out by the wind, and his tail knocked off by an accident in fixing it.

Mr. Dunup's Chambers.—Transparency. A brown-holland blind, with a PALMER'S candle at the back of it.

The Kensington Beadle.—A cocked-hat—in the window—surrounded with CHILD'S night-lights, with the words—"Pax—and forwards light goods" on a card over the centre.

Finns, Fish Shop.—A transparency of BRITANNIA holding a label inscribed with the words, "Shrimps fresh from Gravesend every day," and above it a gun-barrel filled with oysters.

The Wine Company.—The British Standard blended with the Natural Standard of Sherry.

The Honourable Seedy Nogo.—A paper lantern painted green to represent the Baltic Sea, and a kitchen candle inside it, to carry out the idea of a "dip" in the Baltic.

At the Government Offices in Downing Street preparations had been made to display the word Peace in very large letters, but by some characteristic mismanagement, the work was not more than half lighted, and the authorities were at C when we left them.

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE PROVINCIAL PAPERS.

THE statement that MR. FREDERICK PEEL went up as Stick to the largest rocket has been denied. It is only just to the high qualifications of this rising young statesman to inform our readers that his failing to go up was not attributable to any want of fitness on his part, nor to any expressed desire on the part of anybody that he would stay on earth.

There is a student at the University College, who reads a page of ALISON regularly every day. He began at first with half-a-page, but now he can manage an entire page. By persevering unremittingly at this praiseworthy pursuit, the young enthusiast calculates that, with good health, he shall be able to get through all ALISON'S works easily in less than forty years.

MR. GLADSTONE has no intention of going to Rome this year.

A VERY HARD PLACE.

HERE is rather an unreasonable requisition advertised in the *Times*:—**BOYS' REFORMATORY.**—WANTED, an ASSISTANT, unmarried: He will be required to sleep in the house, and take the oversight of the boys during the hours of rest. Also to impart the usual instruction given in such an institution, and afford such other aid as the governor may require.

How will he be able to sleep in the house and take the oversight of the boys at the same time? Or, if he is to sleep in the day, and oversee the boys at night, during what time will it be possible for him to impart instruction to them, and afford other aid to the governor?

Country Innocence.

A FAT old lady from the country was reading out the various inscriptions of the devices and transparencies on the night of the illuminations, when she came to "*Vive la Reine*." She hammered her umbrella on the pavement, and exclaimed, quite indignantly—"Vive la Reine! well, I hope to goodness it won't, for we have had Rain more than enough lately!"

BLIGHTED AMBITION.—It is said that all the four infants who took the leading prizes in the Boston Baby Show have all since died. We understand that henceforth the undertakers in general are about to get up another infantine exhibition.

THE NOBLEMAN ON THE TURF.

I'm a man on the Turf—and of England a Peer,
A stern moralist there, I a gambler am here;
With every low blackguard I'm ready to bet,
If I think I am likely his money to get.

In my zeal for Religion, I firmly refuse
To allow the political claims of the Jews,
And I think if a Hebrew now sat in my place,
To my Order and House he would be a disgrace.

I consider the Jews as contemptible brutes,
Devoted to lucre's most sordid pursuits,
Ever bent on acquiring, without earning, pelf;
Yet that's just on the racecourse what I do myself.

In the City on 'Change I should scorn to be seen,
For the stockjobber's craft I think dirty and mean,
But the Turf I frequent without scruple or shame,
To win other men's money by cunning my aim.

But the Turf is the Turf; it is Swell, it is Crack,
There nothing—except a mere blackleg—is black;
There is avarice genteel—by nobility's grace,
And high station low cunning exalts at a race.

I suspect that the Turf was devised, with intent,
To afford aristocracy's bosom a vent
For the wealth-getting instinct—wherewith the heart throbs,
In the bosoms of nobles as well as of snobs.

We of course cannot practise what's called honest trade;
'Twould debase us, defile and pollute, and degrade:
But a gentleman takes an allowable course,
Trying money to make by a bet on a horse.

Yet 'tis strange on a racecourse ourselves we should find
Ever mixed up along with the scum of mankind:
Thus our fellows appear—I confess it with grief—
To be pickpocket, thimbleric—scoundrel and thief.

HOMŒOPATHIC GLOBULES. (SECOND DOSE.)

THE louder the Quack the longer will be the Bill.
Macbeth's observation, "Throw physic to the dogs" is an insult to the intelligence of those animals.

Patent medicines derive their name from PATENT—to lie openly.
The Constitution that goes too often to the Bottle is sure to be broken at last.
The man who doctors himself has a fool for his patient.

An officious friend may be compared to a Doctor who gives "Advice gratis" in order to make you swallow the intolerable quantity of physic he generally prescribes with it.

A Shilling is the ordinary gratuity for recruiting, but when you wish to have your health recruited, you must put a sovereign to it to make up the full compliment of a physician's fee.

The repairs of one's body are about as endless as the repairs of any other tenement. When once you get the bricklayer, or the Doctor in the house, you never can tell when you will get him out again.

An Innocent Question.

"MR. PUNCH,—I see that at the firework Drawing-room the QUEEN wore a train of light blue silk, embroidered all over with a palm pattern." I say that the palm was in allusion to peace, but Pa, who is such a politician, says it was in compliment to PALM-ERSTON. Please, which is right?
"Yours, EMMA."

Winslow, You're Wanted.

SOMETHING has been said, but nothing has been done, about the danger of devoting public cabs to the purpose of removing patients to and from the hospitals. The evil is certainly one that ought to be checked, but it is difficult to leave it to the discretion of the cabman to refuse a passenger on account of ill-health, for a driver would be sure to look upon all sixpenny fares as cases of tizzies (phthisis).

PATERNAL LOVE.

"I LOVE the Poles," says the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, "as my own children." The CZAR has a very ancient authority for the peculiarity of his affection. After such fashion, did not Saturn love his little ones?

IF "THE SOCIETY FOR THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS" will only spend the same amount of money annually upon the suppression of Holywell Street, and the conversion of its dirty inhabitants to the ways of cleanliness and respectability, Mr. Punch will be happy to subscribe to its Funds until so desirable an object is carried out to the great improvement of the Metropolis and the unequivocal gratification of every civilised member of the community.



MRS. POTTELES SEES NO REASON WHY SHE SHOULDN'T GO OUT ON THE ROOF OF HER HOUSE TO SEE THE FIREWORKS.

**PUNCH RIGHT FOR THE DERBY!
PUNCH RIGHT AGAIN!!
PUNCH ALWAYS RIGHT!!!**

HURRAH—hooray! Right again! There is but one *Ellington*, and *Punch* was his Prophet! Hurrah! Hooray!

Having thus relieved his mind, in some degree, and being slightly better, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to congratulate his friends upon the success they must have had on the Derby Day. He foretold the Winner, and every one of the other Prophets foretold everything but the Winner. The *Sunday Times* gave you *Fazzoletto* and *Artillery* against the Field; *Bell's Life* gave you *Cannobie* or *Coroner*; the *Era* gave you *Fazzoletto*, positively, which at all events showed pluck; the *Advertiser* gave you *Fazzoletto* or *Vandermoulin*; and Wednesday afternoon showed you that none of them knew anything about the matter. They had "fancies," and "stable secrets," and "vaticinations," and all the rest of the jargon, but did they tell you, as *Mr. Punch* did, the name of the horse that won? No!

Mr. Punch stated, the week before the Derby, that it would be won by *Ellington*.

He did not insult the understanding of *his* readers by blurring out the fact in a bald and unseemly manner, but he nobly remarked that the INITIAL LETTER OF THE WINNER'S NAME POINTED TO SOMETHING UPON WHICH THE INTEREST OF ALL ENGLAND WAS TURNED. This, as he sweetly added, was all but naming the animal.

What was that "initial?"

Echo answers E, for *Ellington*.

And what was that "something?"

Why—EPSOM—you idiot.

Sold again, and a new paletot bought with the money; the old one having been spoiled in that abominable walk from the Hill to the Rail all in the rain.

Another time, perhaps, you will trust *Mr. Punch*, instead of the humbug prophets.

A MORAL LESSON AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

LAST week, the LORD MAYOR in the exercise of a hospitality that will long make the flesh-pots of SALOMONS famous in the City, invited the Judges to dine with him. Nothing could be more seemly: nothing could be better. We like to contemplate the Bench at dinner: the exercise of eating and drinking makes us for a time almost upon a level with a LORD CHANCELLOR. Our awe is lessened with every mouthful, and a new sense of familiarity glows within and warms us with every new glass of wine. Law is stript of all its terrors; the sword of Justice is laid aside, and we expand at the knife and fork.

Well, at this feast of horse-hair and reason, the LORD MAYOR gave the health of the Lord Chief Justice of England, and other lights of the Bench; and with singular felicity of taste, managed to associate the Mansion House with Newgate. In our most social hours, let us not, as good citizens, forget that there is such a place as the Old Bailey. Beautiful are the flowers that deck the banquet-table; but are they not the better recommended to our senses, coming as they do with a wholesome bitterness, when they are associated with the felon herbs, the rue and wormwood of the dock? We take a deep draught, a warring bosomful, from the loving cup; but let us chastise the glowing, bounding pulse with some thought of the black cap. Therefore, wisely and well did LORD MAYOR SALOMONS by the flourish of his eloquent tongue, take his guests awhile from the absorbing pleasures of the banquet-table to the dead cold stones of Newgate.

"He need scarcely remind those whom he addressed of a trial, involving most important public interests, which had just been concluded, and which had been conducted under the presidency of the Lord Chief Justice, assisted by two other learned judges."

The LORD MAYOR needed not to have reminded his readers; and therefore, he did remind them. The very needlessness of the goodness was only the greater proof of its gushing exuberance.

"He thought he might venture to congratulate the Lord Chief Justice on the patience, learning, and impartiality exhibited in the course of that trial, which he felt assured had been conducted in a manner most satisfactory to the public."

LORD CAMPBELL received the congratulation modestly, but with due fortitude. Like *Tom Thumb*, his lordship "had done his duty, and he had done no more."

We have touched upon this incident as it proves how, under the direction of a master-mind, morality may be associated with the diges-

tion of good things; how deep thinking may be the handmaid to pleasant drinking. The Egyptians had an instructive skeleton at their banquets; and the LORD MAYOR, in his philosophic, contemplative nature, conjures to the board the memories of Newgate, and, as a corrective of festal levity, a thought of the ghastly creature in the Stafford cell. Life, says the poet, is a mingled yarn: therefore, let us intertwine the suffocating hemp with the Bacchanal ivy!

THE BEAR AND THE FIREWORKS.



THE Russian Bear, as an interested party, was kindly permitted by MR. SECRETARY MITCHELL, of the Zoological Gardens, to become a spectator, from the top of his pole, of the Primrose Hill fireworks. Although it was but too evident that the noble and hirsute animal had suffered much from the War, he nevertheless maintained a look of diplomatic serenity; a look, it will be remembered, that ever distinguished his illustrious contemporary, the BARON BRUNOW. The Bear wore a shade over his left eye, and his right paw in a sling; one of his legs, we think the sinister, was also in splints. Otherwise, the animal seemed in good health and spirits.

A supper was handsomely provided for him; but somehow his stomach refused a remarkably fine turkey, and he contemptuously smelt, and nothing more, at some German sausages, imported from Vienna.

We may as well add that the Austrian Eagle, after being well washed with Naples' soap, was regaled upon an Italian greyhound. The French Eagle had a bellyfull of English beef; we cannot but regret to say, the very primest cut of the Bull.

ASSES AND DONKEYS.—If PRESIDENT PIERCE should succeed in attempting to set England and America by the ears, surely the ears of both America and England must be very long.

THE HAPPY FAMILY CLUB.



THE motion of LORD CREMORNE for the purgation of the Happy Family Club has been set aside; though not by the eloquence of MR. ABRAHAMS. LORD CREMORNE, in his vivacious and descriptive address, lamented that certain opposing instincts, or principles, or whatever they might be called, of the members of the Happy Family Club had of late asserted themselves to a most distressing, and he would add, mischievous degree: bringing great scandal upon the ostensible unanimity of the body aforesaid. Thus, when the owls were introduced with the mice, the cat with the goldfinch, and the spiders with the blue-bottles, it was upon the faith, or at least upon the supposition,

that they were all animated by the same motives; namely, to eat and drink in harmony together, without preying upon the limbs or lives of one another. He had regretted to find—and the fact had become a crying shame—that certain owls whom he could name, had used their curved beaks in antagonism to the mice; that the cat had on one occasion been found with the goldfinch in her mouth, that albeit not killed, had sung very small ever since; and that the spiders had eviscerated themselves for the destruction of the blue-bottles. He wanted to know among other things, and they were by no means a few, how the Happy Family Club could exist with such principles in action? They must in the end destroy one another, instead of combining to teach the world what might be done by a certain degree of self-compromise in respectful deference to self-interest. LORD CREMORNE is himself an owl that has been very much hidden in the ivy, but it is plain that the greatness of the evil to be remedied overcame his judicious sense of obscurity. Hence, he had ventured to hoot a little, all other voices being silent.

The debate took a very desultory, but withal a very placable turn. All the arguments ran to the general conclusion that, call a club whatever you would, preach and publish unanimity and self-denial as much as you might, cats would be cats, and owls would be owls. With this inevitable but no less sensible conviction, it was resolved that, as things could not be mended, they had better remain as they were.

Before the meeting broke up, MR. ABRAHAMS begged leave to explain that he had never shrunk from the responsibility of his opinions entertained, written, and—strange to add—published. He had castigated certain owls for the meanness with which, behind their backs, they had attacked the mice; he had denounced a well-known cat for treachery towards the goldfinch; and had not hesitated to condemn a certain spider as desirous of spinning his own theories to the damage of blue-bottledom. He was there to avow and answer for his opinions—

But (we must close with the painful remark) as nobody seemed to question or care what those opinions might be, the meeting broke up, and MR. ABRAHAMS, putting on his hat, took his opinions away with him.

OUR WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

THE recent attack on the Belgian Press is but an illustration of the old adage, that the weakest goes to the WALL-EWSKI.

We have a friend with so high an appreciation of the ludicrous, that he has been known to turn a mangle to ridicule.

The Mother-in-law is the person in the household who attends to the preserves and the pickles, and sees that the matrimonial jars are put carefully away to be opened as they are wanted.

The man who is fond of puddings and pies places himself fearfully in the power of his wife.

It is a great pity that a woman's pet should so frequently be everybody else's nuisance.

The man who would wait for an omnibus that was "just coming" is capable of stopping for a shower when it was threatening to rain. The wise man walks on smartly at once, and the consequence is, he reaches his home long before he is overtaken by one.

Of all "Suits that are down for hearing," we should say that the lovesuit with a rich widow that was deaf of both ears, was about as difficult as any to win.

MUSICAL MOVEMENTS.—The Sunday Puritans may join trumpets with the "POPE'S Brass Band," for it is very evident that they are playing the POPE'S game by rendering, by their harsh measures, the Protestant religion as distasteful as possible to the people.

THE SPIRITS OF THE WISE

AND THE FIREWORKS.

THE Spirits of the Wise
Were sitting in the clouds:
They cast approving eyes
On London's eager crowds;
On London's crowded Parks,
And London bathed in fire,
Which here and there burst into sparks
That shot a little higher.

The vault of heaven towards,
They saw some sparks ascend,
In trains of several yards,
Whose flight there made an end;
Faint pops they heard below,
Slight crack and gentle whizz;
The Spirits of the Wise said, "Oh!
How sensible this is!"

The cause whence this ado
And hubbub did arise,
Of course was known unto
The Spirits of the Wise;
They knew we made this fuss,
For Peace, by battle won,
Which, had not War befallen us,
We never should have done.

Had we no heroes lost,
Had we no treasure spent,
Which loggerheads have cost,
We should have been content
With customary light,
Which common gas supplies,
And not amazed, the other night,
The Spirits of the Wise.

When Pestilence, at length,
From ravage came to stop,
We did not, on the strength
Of that, bid squibs to pop.
Nor bade we crackers bang
When Famine's blight did cease:
No lamps we lit, no bells we rang,
As we have done for Peace.

All that, another time,
We shall not fail to do;
Our gas shall flare, bells chime,
Stars burn red, green and blue.
At any trouble's end,
Rejoicing we shall fall,
But, whilst a happy time we spend,
Shall not rejoice at all.

Long be it, then, before
Our walls shall blaze again,
Our rockets whistling soar,
And fire our serpents ram!
Sublime, to mortal eyes,
Although the sight appear,
And give the Spirits of the Wise
Diversion in their sphere.

THE DERBY STEAKS.

AT Epsom, on the Derby day, there was a vast attendance of connoisseurs in horseflesh. Most of them were Britons to whom horseflesh is meat and drink; but there were also a few Frenchmen, of like taste with M. DE ST. HILAIRE, to whom horseflesh is meat only. They took the greatest interest in the race, which to them was suggestive of the most racy fare, and it was remarked by many, that they looked at the winner as if they wished to eat him. Many of them were overheard talking most enthusiastically about "swip-steks," whereby they were supposed to mean those equine steaks with which the shambles would be supplied, if the butchers' business were conjoined with that of the knacker.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"Sir John. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.
Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier; let them wag; trot, trot."

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i, Scene 3.

JENNY LIND'S LAST NOTES.

JENNY LIND—for we can no more find another name for her than we can re-christen the rose or the nightingale—JENNY LIND is about to warble her last notes to London ears. JENNY has declared it; and assuredly her last notes they will be. There are singers who sing farewells; who weep passionate adieus; who are buried alive under bouquets, from whence with difficulty they are dug out by the sympathetic Manager, and borne off the stage fainting, to conclude in the green-room with a sustained shake of hysterics: we have witnessed such flesh-quakes, and have ourselves wept, as the reader will be kind enough to suppose we ought to have wept, on such an occasion. Vain waste of tears! Even as at a finger-touch the dumb musical snuff-box will trill into life, even so, at the finger-touch of Plutus, will that *prima donna*, whom only a few months before we sobbed over from the boxes; even will that exanimate songstress, fresh as a skylark washed with morning-dew, burst into mercenary song. We have been so tricked of our emotion, that we believe ourselves upon any future stage occasion ensured against all tears, even though the *prima donna* should sing to us from an onion-bed. As well hope to get a drop of sympathetic dew from SIXTY PER CENT, Esq. on an unredeemed acceptance: no, our eyes are henceforth dry as nutmegs.

But it is otherwise when JENNY LIND avows her purposed farewell. Thrice more will she warble; and on June the 30th, in England, sing no more. In that England, prizing as it does the genius, and loving the woman for the soul of goodness that, in divine harmony with the songstress, breathes from her. JENNY LIND departs, but she leaves behind her monuments and records of her goodness, enduring as the soul of charity. Her healing voice has comforted the sick, and given instruction to little children. English hospitals and English schools are and will be melodious with the benevolence of JENNY LIND; and admiration of the artist is deepened into affection for the creature.

On June the 30th, JENNY LIND will sing for the last time at—yes, at Exeter Hall. If any sweetening process could purify the building from the past and for the future, it would be such singing. But no; Exeter Hall and the bishops—it is the vaunt of the last bran-new bishop, the

crozier of CARLISLE, and not the vaunt of Punch—are too strong for it. The original odour will remain. EVLIA EFFENDI (on the authority of SOUTHEY) tells us that, "in Kaza-Amed, the capital of Diabekr, there is a mosque called Iparie, built by a merchant, and so called because the builders mingled with the chalk seventy *Jak* of musk, so as always to perfume the building." Even so when Exeter Hall was in course of construction, even so were seventy *Jak* (whatever measure that may be) of cant mingled with the lime, so as always to perfume the edifice.

HIGH-PRICED HONOURS.

WHATEVER may be the other improvements effected at the Horse-Guards, the grammar of the department is as loose as usual. In a circular addressed to officers commanding regiments, it is intimated that they "will cause all matches to be fired at the appointed place of practice"—an instruction which, if literally acted on, will render the "appointed place" which is to be "fired at" a rather dangerous locality. The object of the circular is to confer on soldiers the privilege of practising for prizes "granted by the officers, or made up by the soldiers themselves;" and it is held out as a grand inducement to voluntary practice, that they may "gain the prizes" which they have themselves purchased, or, in other words, they may compete for their own property. They are also at liberty to obtain "badges of distinction, which it is proposed by regulations to bestow upon the shots," a proceeding which will render the "shots" more ornamental than useful, for a bullet with a badge attached to it will be rather a difficult matter to deal with.

A Regular Democracy.

It is to be feared that the orderly conduct of the British crowd in London on the night of the 29th ult. will not conduce to better our relations with America. The citizens of the Model Republic, so called, will be vexed and envious to find that our democracy is a more perfect one than their own, inasmuch as it is formed of a people who are able to govern themselves.



A NICE PATIENT.

"You are ill?"
 "Of course I'm not, but Aunt comes to put on a Blister, for which she stands £10. She'll be here presently, and find me suffering under a quarter of a yard of Chamois Leather and two pennyworth of Fresh Butter."

MAWKISH SENTIMENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,—You like a bit of nonsense, I believe. What do you think of this?"
 "A man told me that he didn't consider that a criminal ought to be hanged for a foul murder, because we do not hang a scoundrel for a ruinous fraud."
 "I demolished this preposterous opinion by observing that loss of property is nothing to loss of human life."
 "This booby then asked, why we were ready at any time to go to war on a question of property? So ridiculous a question required no reply; but I remarked that war is a different thing from murder. He demanded, in what respect? Well, I said, war is fair killing; murder is unfair. So then, concluded my stupid friend, you hang for the unfairness, not for the killing? On this principle you have as much right to hang a rogue, as to execute an assassin. I said, 'I don't see that;' which shut him up, and left the best of the argument with yours sincerely, &c."
 "COMMON SENSE."

"P.S. I hate sophistry."

Mysteries made Easy.

THE *Morning Post* states that a MONSIGNOR CAPALTI, Secretary of the *Congregazione dei Riti*, will accompany to Paris CARDINAL PATRIZZI, who is to represent the POPE at the baptism of little NAPOLEON. MONSIGNOR CAPALTI has a quite peculiar mission. According to the *Post*, "He is to explain certain difficulties to the French clergy." Are the difficulties of Popery, the difficulties which MONSIGNOR CAPALTI is to explain? He will be a very clever fellow if he contrives to do that.

A JUDICIAL OPTICAL ILLUSION.

IN a case tried the other day before BARON ALDERSON, that facetious Judge is reported to have said to the Plaintiff, "Now you have proved your case, you will get about as much damages as you could put in your eye, and see none the worse for it."
 We presume this *obiter dictum* will find its way into "the Books," and that the Law Reports will do full justice to the celebrated case, in which it will have been laid down as decided that "Plaintiff's vision is not impaired by amount of damages." We must, however, venture the suggestion, in our character of *amicus curiæ*, that Plaintiff's eyes must have been very capacious, for the jury awarded him £10, in spite of the Judge's observation; and *semble*, therefore, that a £10 note crammed into a Plaintiff's eye, will not prevent him from seeing out of it.

EPIGRAM.

BY AN OXFORD PRIZE POET.

LEADENHALL butchers, STUBBING AND LEA,
 Sold some meat, as bad as could be.
 LORD MAYOR SALOMONS giv a drubbing
 Well deserved to LEA AND STUBBING,
 "You fork out, you STUBBING AND LEA,
 "Twenty pounds," says the MAYOR, says he,
 "I'll teach you to set folks grubbing
 On meat that's bad, you LEA AND STUBBING."

Pure Iron-y.

It is frequently said that a criminal can't escape in this country, because the police have so many irons in the fire as to render the evasion of their vigilance impossible. We don't know what sort of irons they have in the fire, but there appear to be some Italian irons among them, or FOSCHINI would not have remained so long at liberty.

THE HOSTILE BANDS.—The Sunday Band controversy is a mere question of shop. It is the Bands in the Pulpits against the Bands in the Parks.

A PRINCE IN PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.



THE PRINCE REGENT OF BADEN, last week, in the laudable pursuit of knowledge through London, paid a visit to the printing-office of the *Times* newspaper. His Royal Highness expressed himself as particularly struck with the steam-press, so admirably constructed as to strike off both sides of a question at the same time. The PRINCE desired that the editors and contributors generally to the *Times* might be shown him; but was soon given to understand that he was not for one moment to entertain the hope that any such condescension would be vouchsafed him. He was ultimately allowed to inspect two or three of the devils, to whom His Royal Highness offered the Baden Order of the Tom-Tit, which was respectfully but firmly declined. His Royal Highness further wished

to be shown the process by which a "leader," a real thunder-bolt, was produced; but was informed that such articles were never manufactured under the shadow of a crowned, or even a half-crowned head. His Royal Highness made many minute inquiries, especially as regarded the printing-ink employed upon the journal. He observed it in no way seemed to him the same sort of ink as that used upon the Continent; and was informed that His Royal Highness was perfectly right, inasmuch as the ink in use abroad was, for the most part, a royal monopoly, and supplied by Government manufacturers. In England, however, the people put their thoughts in their own black and white, independent of the state. Foreign ink had, for the most part, a very close, suffocating sort of smell, very apt to take honest people by the nose; now, English ink contained a highly sanative principle, and, properly administered, was a most universal and most popular medicine. His Royal Highness and suite left the office, several of the natives being very much astonished.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AY came in for the notice of the Lords on Monday, June 2nd. A Petition, signed by a thousand dealers in and consumers of that article, prayed for the suppression of frauds in the trade. Their Lordships got over their work at a snapping pace that evening. They passed nine Bills, read a tenth a second time, sent an eleventh through Committee, and had some talk about Lights at Sea (a matter on which poor LORD ALFRED PAGET should be heard), and they did it all between five and twenty minutes to six o'clock. In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON explained that nothing could be done yet towards settling the Danubian Principalities. * He took a

subsequent opportunity of abusing the unfortunate little King and kingdom of Greece, implying and almost stating, that OTHO was a cheat, and his people were brigands. In Committee of Supply, the Statute Law Commission, which professes to be consolidating the Statutes, and has certainly sacked about £14,000, caught a good deal of unfavourable criticism, but the year's salary was voted. A Bill for improving Parochial Schools in Scotland was opposed on the usual "religious" grounds, but read a second time.

Tuesday. SHIPTON'S Disabilities Removal Bill was passed by the Lords, but who SHIPTON is, and whether he is a lineal descendant of MOTHER SHIPTON, and what his abilities and disabilities are, and where he wants to remove to, Mr. Punch, not having received a copy of the Bill, is unable to say. The Bill for Evading the Wensleydale Difficulty went through Committee, LORD ABERDEEN declaring, incidentally, that the Scotch were great blockheads for sending appeals to the English lawyers, who knew nothing of Scotch law, and LORD DERBY and others intimating their belief that an appeal was an appeal, whether it were understood or not, and that the Scotch were quite satisfied with the glory of sending their grievances to "sic an elustrious assembly as the Hoose o' Lords."

The House of Commons had taken such awful fright at two notices on the paper, signifying the intentions of MESSRS. ISAAC, BATT, and FAGAN, to bring up the whole case of Ireland, and all her wrongs, regarded, moreover, from opposite sides in politics, that there were not members enough to make a House. The list of those who did attend has been published, and it comprises a splendid assortment of bores, who are always in the way of a holiday. Here are some of them, and the nation can hardly condemn its representatives for getting away from anything in which such afflicting parties proposed to figure. There were "Counted" MESSRS. BROTHERTON, MOORE, M'CANN, F. FRENCH, DEASY, ED. MIALL, JAMES SCULLY, DR. MICHELL, HADFIELD, WALMSLEY, PELLATT, THOMPSON, MUNTZ, FAGAN, MEAGHAR, and POLLARD-URQUHART. And Tuesday was a beautiful day—the second of the season—imagine deserting the sunshine to sit down in such Company.

Wednesday. MR. DRUMMOND gave a curious notice of motion. He considers that the Home Secretary is often pestered into relieving people whom, if he were let alone, he would hang, and MR. DRUMMOND, who believes hanging to be a very excellent punishment, objects to this interference, and proposes "to relieve the Secretary therefrom." MR. GEORGE MOORE, who writes his speeches very neatly, and recites them very accurately, then let off an enormous harangue upon Irish Tenant Right. He moved the second reading of a bill for establishing it. Nobody answered him, but the House went to division, and the second reading was carried by 88 to 59. It will probably be rejected at the next stage, and will certainly capsize somewhere. A bill, which proposes to alter the way in which publication is made of intending Dissenting Marriages, went through Committee. MR. R. PHILLIMORE said that clandestine marriages were increasing frightfully, and that everything ought to be done to prevent them. He saw no hardship in the publication of banns, and had heard his own published. *Miss Lydia Languish* felt differently, "O that I should live to hear myself called Spinster."

Thursday. The new BISHOP OF SALISBURY was "trotted out" by the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, for refusing to consecrate a burial-ground at Blandford unless a Communion Table were placed in the Cemetery Chapel. The Bishop considers that a Church of England Chapel ought to be complete, for the performance of Divine Service. His lordship

defended himself with neatness and meekness, but LORD PORTMAN, who had bestirred himself in the country upon the question, followed with some amusing criticisms upon a charge of the Bishop's, in which he had figuratively described himself as having in his veins "the blood of the Apostles." SAMUEL OF OXFORD then opened upon LORD PORTMAN, and in noticing an interruption said that, "if his noble friend would have but one grain of that inestimable quality, patience, a quality so peculiarly necessary to the judicial mind and to the just settlement of all controverted questions, he would endeavour to state, as briefly and clearly as he could, the argument he meant to adduce, and his noble friend would, perhaps, then be better able to comprehend it." Finally, the petition against the BISHOP OF SALISBURY was ordered to lie upon the table. LORD CLARENDON, who is just now always deprecating discussion upon the affairs of Italy, deprecated it again this evening.

LORD PALMERSTON stated that MR. CRAMPTON, our Minister at WASHINGTON, has been dismissed by the American Government. It may also be convenient to mention here, that GENERAL PIERCE has, in order to promote his own interests at the next Presidential election, recognised WALKER, the "buccaneer," as a legitimate Governor; and, has done so in such a clumsily, transparent way, that the American Press—even journalists who approve the act—pour merciless ridicule on their awkward Sovereign. Whether we are going to "drift" into another war remains to be seen. MR. SIDNEY HERBERT, in Supply, brought up the subject of the Education of Officers in the Army. The proposals he makes are so audacious that, if they had not proceeded from a wealthy aristocratic gentleman, whose social status made the Hee-haw Officers discreetly silent, the zoological noises for which they are famous would have burst forth in full fury. But the RIGHT HONOURABLE SIDNEY HERBERT, an accomplished debater, a gentleman with a great many thousands a-year, and who, moreover, is heir-presumptive to an Earl, is not a man for the bold Hee-haws to insult. So he calmly pointed out the dreadful ignorance of the officer-class; and proposed that there should be a Board for examining for Commissions,—yes, and on Promotion. That the Staff should have been obliged to attend a Staff-School, and also have served one year, in each arm of the Service, Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry. This was pretty plain, and pretty practical, and the sense of the House was with the proposer; and even FREDERICK PEEL could not crawl over the plan, so as to do much damage to it; while PALMERSTON thanked MR. HERBERT outright, and promised the best consideration of Government for the plan. In the course of the evening it was announced, that the Monument at Scutari, the fac-simile of which is in the Crystal Palace, is to cost £17,500. Certainly, the nation can grudge nothing, in doing honour to the brave whom we have lost; but, the sum seems enormous, considering that the Monument, though not wanting in a simple dignity and nobleness, is by no means the imposing memorial, which a quarter of such an outlay would erect in England. Does the carriage of such a work to Constantinople cost £12,000?

Friday. In the Lords, after a somewhat irregular Philippic, by LORD DENMAN, against the reporters who, he alleged, had strung his orient pearls at random, LORD ST. LEONARD'S sarcastically demanded, whether it was the intention of Government to bring in a bill exempting women from the punishment of death, an exemption to which he is much opposed. LORD CAMPBELL also complained against the mercy extended to female murderers, and gave himself much credit for having sent a sort of she-PALMER to the gallows, whereby, according to his Lordship, a whole county was deterred from the particular crime for which she was hanged. The President of the Council disclaimed any such intention as that suggested by LORD ST. LEONARDS, and vindicated the lenity which had been shown in recent cases. The Wensleydale Dodge Difficulty Bill was passed.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON said, that the news on which he based his statement as to MR. CRAMPTON'S dismissal had not been confirmed; but he could give no other information as to the American difficulty, and deprecated discussion. In Supply, the vote for a National Picture-Gallery was opposed by two wise and large-minded men, MR. SPOONER, and MR. W. WILLIAMS, but was carried; and the vote for the proposed Road across the Park was refused; so after all the fuss, inquiry, and report, things are just where they were at starting. "Trouble and woe for him who would Cross the *Parca*."

BRITISH AND FOREIGN FOXES.

THE following concise but obscure announcement appeared the other day in the advertising columns of the *Times* :—

CUB FOXES (not Parleyvous), wild as tigers—At BROOKE'S, 8, Leadenhall Market.

Parleyvous, or Parleyvoo as the word may be more generally spelt, perhaps means French in sporting phraseology, and, we suppose, is applied above in that sense to cub foxes. What the objection to Parleyvous foxes may be we do not know, but conceive that not being used to be hunted by the Parleyvous, they do not know how to conduct themselves when the hounds are after them.

TURPENTINE AND TURPITUDE.



HAT conscientious contemporary, the *Musical World*, furnishes us with a short account of what might have been a very serious result of the careless rendering of one of the Ops. of a property-man, by a clumsy executant. We quote the paragraph recording the incident:—

"PESTH.—A very serious accident was nearly occasioned here, a short time since, through the negligence of the 'property man' at the theatre. It appears that he furnished HERR DRAXLER, for the drinking duet in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, with a bottle containing spirits of turpentine instead of wine. In the excitement of acting, HERR DRAXLER took a small draught, but, luckily, found out his mistake in time, and merely burnt his lips a little. The public remarked nothing wrong, and the opera was not interrupted."

We have heard of all sorts of theatrical beverages; we have seen confusion drunk to the traitor in "tow;" we have known a cup quaffed to the con-

queror in "wool;" and we have even witnessed the pledging of the health of the Prince in toast-and-water; but we never recollect either "confusion," "success," "salubrity," or anything else, being drunk on the stage in spirits of turpentine. It is most fortunate that HERR DRAXLER was not in an "over-conscientious" mood; for if he had been resolved on rendering the passage with scrupulous accuracy,

he might have drained the turpentine to the dregs, with a result too horrible to contemplate. We must give the vocalist credit for his powers of self-command, in showing nothing more than a slight sense of burning about the lips, which the audience might attribute to the fire he was throwing into the words he was singing. If the accident had occurred in a Ballet instead of an Opera, we should have fancied the property-man might have been actuated by a sort of feeling of "conscientiousness," in introducing real Turps into a Terpsichorean entertainment.

Dr. Williams of Kars and Oxford.

OXFORD, on that distinguished son of Mars, SIR WILLIAM FENWICK WILLIAMS, named of Kars, The title has conferred of D. C. L., And has, in doing so, done very well. A great strategic doctor it was fit, Among the civil doctors to admit; Honour, the learned University Thereby bestowed, and gained in that degree.

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

We should be glad to know what has become of the "eyes" that were said to be "upon FOSCHINI" a month ago at least, and which were described by the penny-a-liners to be "watching him with such vigilance as to render his escape impossible." We presume that the offer of a reward of £100 has been regarded as an insult by those whose "eyes" were upon the suspected assassin, for the appeal to the mercenary feelings of humanity has not been responded to! We have heard it said that, "None are so blind as those who won't see;" and we can only imagine that such is the case with those who wink at the escape of FOSCHINI.

A RECENT CORRESPONDENCE.

(NON-OFFICIAL.)

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANT to the RIGHT HON. THE LORD P—LM—RST—N.

MY LORD,—Let me hope you'll excuse this intrusion On your occupied time, but the Bishops declare— "If the Bands are not stopt, that the utmost confusion Must arise"—so they wish me to bid you beware.

To Lambeth LORDS BLEANDFORD and SHAFESBURY hurried, Declaring that Exeter Hall was in arms; In short, my dear Lord, I can't say how I'm worried, Since such proof has been given that "Music has charms."

They tell me "the Church is in danger of falling," To my ears LORD R. GROSVENOR no respite will grant; Whilst the threats of Dissenters are really appalling; So pray, stop the music, Yours, ever, J. CANT.

THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD P—LM—RST—N to HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANT.

MY LORD,—In reply to your Grace's last letter, So full of distress, I must beg to remark, That I cannot conceive any anodyne better To quiet the Town than a Band in the Park.

I cannot agree that such sweet recreation Can "endanger the Church," and you'll argue in vain If you try to persuade me the whole British nation Can be turned from their Church by a musical strain.

Look at home, my dear Lord! and observe every morning, At your own Palace-gates on the all-hallowed day, How the gin-shops are thronged—yet you bid me take warning, When I try with a Band to draw drinkers away!

"The New Cut" in Lambeth is open all Sunday, And buyers and sellers resort to its fair; No distinction is drawn between that day and Monday— Why so silent, my Lord, on the wickedness there?

When the Band of the Blues for the Parks is provided, Your Grace writes me word that "this cannot be borne;" But the QUEEN'S band at Windsor may play on unchided, And you wink when the Coldstreams are hired at Cremorne.

To that Cockney Elysium, its gates open throwing, On each Sunday night scores of revellers come; While the music flows on with the tap ever flowing, Yet your Grace and Right Reverend Brethren are dumb.

When the people observe such strange twists in your teaching, I fear they may think your religion a sham, By the light of your practice interpret your preaching, And deem it all "Cant," so believe me, Yours, PAM.

A PEOPLE SINGULAR AND PLURAL.

ACCORDING to M. UBICINI, persons of the Roumanic race, when asked, What country they belong to? are accustomed to reply, "*Sunt Roman*." This answer, being interpreted, is "I am a Roman;" but would not "I am a Roman" be the more accurate translation? Perhaps an ancient Roman of the lower orders was sometimes guilty of saying *Civis Romanus sunt*, and the vulgarism in question may have descended from the ancient Romans to the modern Romans. We apprehend that in countries inhabited by a Roumanic population, the birch-tree does not flourish, or if it does, that the schoolmaster is not abroad in those regions. We suspect accident to be unknown even in the best regulated Roumanic families. Certainly these Romans appear to have very confused ideas of Latin Grammar; and they have so corrupted the Roman tongue as to have converted it into a dialect which our own inferior classes would be justified in denominating a Rummish lingo.

A Diplomatic Note.—Immediate.

MR. JOHN BULL presents his compliments to MR. DALLAS, and begs to say that, although MR. CRAMPTON may have packed up his things from Washington, that is no reason why MR. DALLAS should be in any hurry to send for his Things from the Wash.

A NOVEL SITE FOR LONDON.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has introduced a Bill to provide a site for a new National Gallery. We hope the site will be such as will allow the building to be seen.



Cabby. "Now, JOHN! WHEN YOU'VE DONE CLEANING THEM KNIVES BEHIND, JUST CLEAN THAT OLD SPOON ON THE BOX, AND LET'S COME BY!"

A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA.

LET us quarrel, American kinsmen. Let us plunge into war. We have been friends too long. We have too highly promoted each other's wealth and prosperity. We are too plethoric, we want depletion—to which end let us cut one another's throats.

Let us sink, burn, kill, and destroy—with mutual energy—sink each other's shipping, burn each other's arsenals, destroy each other's property at large. We will bombard your towns, and you shall bombard ours—if you can. Let us ruin each other's commerce as much as possible, and that will be a considerable some.

Let our banks break whilst we smite and slay one another; let our commercial houses smash right and left in the United States and the United Kingdom. Let us maim and mutilate one another; let us make of each other miserable objects, cripples, halt, and blind, adapted for the town's end, to beg during life.

Come, let us render the wives of each other widows, and the mothers childless, and cause them to weep rivers of tears, amounting to an important quantity of water privilege.

The bowl of wrath, the devil's punch-bowl, filled high, filled high as possible, share we with one another. This, with shot and bayonets, will be good in your insides and in my inside—in the insides of all of us brethren.

Oh, how good it is—oh, how pleasant it is, for brethren to engage in internecine strife! What a glorious spectacle we Christian Anglo-Saxons, engaged in the work of mutual destruction—in the reciprocation of savage outrages—shall present to the despots and the fiends.

How many dollars will you spend; how many pounds sterling shall we? How much capital we shall sink on either side—on land as well as in the sea! How much we shall have to show for it in corpses and wooden legs!—never ask what other return we may expect for the investment.

So then, American kinsmen, let us fight; let us murder and ruin each other to suit the purposes of MR. PRESIDENT PIERCE. Let PIERCE, with CUSHING by his side, come hot from their conclave of evil spirits, cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war, and do you be mad enough to be those mad dogs, and permit yourselves to be hounded upon us by MR. PIERCE.

THE WRIGHT MAN AT BRIGHTON.

WRIGHT, the Music-seller at Brighton, has published a list of his customers in several columns, headed with the titles under which those who have dealt at his shop are respectively classed. The Catalogue commences with a file of Duchesses, then comes a row of Marchionesses, followed by a string of Countesses, succeeded by a bevy of Viscountesses, and winding up with what may be considered the tag-rag of WRIGHT's connection, under the general appellation of "the Ladies." We do not exactly understand the object of a shopkeeper in parading a printed list of his customers, nor do we see why it should be done by our Music-sellers more than by our Washerwomen, who could get up quite as aristocratic a list perhaps as any one else we are in the habit of dealing with. As the practice is a new one, we may as well put a stop to it at once, or we shall be unable to make a purchase without the fear of our name getting into print in some advertising tradesman's circular.

English Hospitality in France.

AMONG the items for the British Embassy voted in "supply" were some that will be found very satisfactory to English subjects visiting Paris, and liable to the hospitality of the English Ambassador. Even MR. WILLIAMS did not challenge the two following votes—"Two-and-sixpence for a new knife-board, inclusive of a year's Bath-brick;" and "one-and-sixpence for a corkscrew." *Mr. Punch* can only trust that the money voted in these promising articles will not be suffered to sleep.

A D. C. L. Wanted.

WHEN the brave, the glorious SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS, of Kars, was made a D. C. L., why was not the generous MOURAVIEFF alike distinguished? for the two men are as alike as two laurel-leaves. The name of the besieger of Kars will always supply a musical note to the history of the Russian war; for when memory is outraged by Sinope, and jarred by Hango, it will ever be soothed by the sound of MOURAVIEFF.



PLEASE RETURN A FAVOURABLE ANSWER.

Mr. John Bull. "COME, JONATHAN, WHY SHOULD WE FIGHT—'AM I NOT A MAN, AND A BROTHER?'"

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

"Rhododendron Academy, Pentonville,
"May 14, 1856.



R. PUNCH, SIR,—It has occurred to me that the questions propounded by the Examiners for the admission of Candidates into the Civil Service are hardly sufficiently comprehensive.

"Something beyond a mere mechanical repetition of dates or a barren catalogue of events may surely be expected from youth emulous of figuring in the Civil and Diplomatic services of the Crown.

"The more poetical and characteristic anecdotes of great men, the wise and witty sayings of philosophers and divines, the more striking episodes of history, ought surely to be stored in the minds and memories of our future Managing Clerks and Under Secretaries.

"With this conviction, I have gleaned from our old chroniclers and other ancient

authors a few *excerpta*, of which I beg to inclose an extract, and which may serve for the nucleus of a more extended work, should you be able and willing, by publishing these anecdotes in your pages, to procure me the patronage of the Civil Service Examiners.

"Awaiting a propitious response, I subscribe myself, with great respect and profound anticipatory gratitude,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"FROISSART JONES,

"Professor of Belles Lettres at St. Blaise's College."

Anecdotes connected with History and the Belles Lettres, culled for the use of Candidates for the Civil Service.

"*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*" was the stern but pathetic ejaculation of SIR THOMAS MORE as he spurred furiously across the plains of Picardy, in the *Santissima Trinidad*, three-decker, after the disastrous fight of Rocroi.

MRS. HANNAH MORE is well known to have greatly assisted CRÉBILLON, in the composition of his celebrated *Esprit des Lois*. Hence she is generally styled "the Mother of the modern GRACCHI."

HAROLD THE GREAT, at the battle of Zutphen, seeing SIR PHILIP SIDNEY spit in the face of MARSHAL SAXE, who was borne by wounded in a litter, exclaimed, "Poor fools, they would do the same to their own generals for sixpence."

CHARLES THE FIFTH, of Germany, at the siege of Leyden, observing the women assist in making ammunition, serving the Dutch cannon, and even converting their luxuriant tresses into percussion caps for the pikemen, exclaimed, with a terrible oath, "*Non Angli sed Angeli forent si essent Christiani.*"

On few subjects are so many absurd stories told as about the origin of the Order of the Garter. The facts are really these:—

MRS. BARBAULD was supposed to have made a deep impression on the susceptible heart of JAMES THE FIRST, so much so that his sainted wife, DIANA, of Poitiers, suffered the most cruel pangs of jealousy on account of her husband's coldness to herself. At a Ball given to the Spitalfields Weavers by the Great DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, at his Princely mansion in Shoreditch, the King was waltzing with the fair Soemian, when DUGUESCLIN, then a prisoner in England on parole, observing the lady's garter fall to the ground, picked it up, and presented it to her with a significant smile. The monarch snatched it from the grinning Frenchman, observing, quite loud enough for the Queen to hear, *Semper eadem*, (or *it's all the same*), words which have become the motto of the proudest badge of Chivalry in Europe.

NELSON had a great contempt for TITUS OATES, who was his commanding officer at Lepanto. "Fool!" he said when his Admiral's timid orders were conveyed to him, "Did he never snuff a candle with his fingers?"

"It hath always seemed to me that there is no foolisher conceit than that of one of whom you have borrowed a tester, who shall say on payment being tendered, 'Tush, I had forgot the debt'—his palm

itching the while for the coin. If this be meant for good manners, methinks it is but shallow courtesy."—BACON'S *Apothegms*.

BOADICEA, at Bunker's Hill, was unhelmed by one of the Pope's Swiss Guards. BISHOP PORTEOUS picked up her casque, and offered it to her on the point of his sword—for which act of courtesy she only bestowed a buffet on the Prelate's cheek, while she swore that "a DOUGLAS (of which proud house she was a scion) ever loved better to hear a bird sing than a mouse squeak."

"The worshipful SIR DIGBY SOMERVILLE did keep a bountiful house full ever of brave company at his seat in Suffolk. At one time among his guests did happen a young gentleman from the Court, whose apparel was more garnished with lacings and gold than his brain with modesty or wit. One time going into the fields with his host, they did espy a comely milk maiden with her pail. 'Prythee, PHILLIS,' quoth the courtier, leering the while at the girl, 'an I give thee a kiss, wilt thou give me a draught of thy ware.' In the meadow, quoth she, 'thou wilt find one ready to give thee milk, and glad of thy kiss, for she is of thy kin.' The Court gallant looked in the mead, and espied a she-ass. 'So sharp, fair rustic,' quoth he, angrily, 'thou lookest as if thou couldest barely say, Bo to a goose.' 'Yea, that can I, and to a gander also.' Whereat she cried out lustily, 'Bo!' The young man hastened away, and the worshipful SIR DIGBY did laugh heartily, and entertain his guests with the tale?"—*Book of Merrie Jests*, 1609.

RICHARD THE SECOND was very popular with the London citizens on account of his abolishing the window-tax. On one occasion, as the Monarch was proceeding to the Opera in a Hansom Cab, the Aldermen, preceded by their Mace Bearer, surrounded their King, exclaiming, "God bless your Majesty and the Church. We hope your Majesty is for DR. SACHEVERELL." These happy shouts disturbed the vindictive mind of COLONEL BLOOD, who was in attendance on his Royal Master. He swore vengeance at the slight offered to his own faith (for he was a bigoted Baptist), and at the Battle of Sherriffmuir he slew KING RICHARD as the chivalrous monarch was in the act of lighting his cigar from the fusee of an unexploded bombshell. Not in vain did WALLER sing that

"A favourite has no friends."

HENRY THE SEVENTH was well known to have been a sad scapegrace in his youth. On one occasion his father, JOHN OF GAUNT, locked him in the buttery hatch as a punishment for some wild freak. The *étourdi* young Prince resolved to annoy his Royal Sire, and availing himself of "time-honoured LANCASTER'S" well-known and bitter hatred of JOHN WILKES, then in the zenith of his popularity with the disaffected Londoners, he screamed down a call-pipe which communicated with the Banqueting Hall of the Palace, "WILKES and 45 for ever!" alluding to the number of that demagogue's Journal, which contained the most scurrilous attack upon the Court.

For this offence JUDGE GASCOIGNE committed the Prince to the Tower. On hearing his sentence the hot-headed heir-apparent smote the aged Judge on the eye. "Happy," said the King, "thrice happy am I to have a judge so fearless as to send my son to prison, and a son so wise as to black my Chief Justice's eye for his pains."

This famous episode gave rise to MILTON'S screaming farce of *Il Penseroso*, in which GARRICK won such laurels as *Dr. Pangloss*.

It was not CLEOPATRA, as erroneously stated by NIEBUHR, but SCIPIO AFRICANUS, who on crossing the Rubicon to attack BRENNUS, addressed his troops in the well-known words, "*Perdidi diem.*"

"Of all vulgar errors I know none so great as that which hath passed into a proverb of the hardness of a board—'Hard as a board,' quotha, Go to, fool! Is aught so soft as that Board which did send an old woman to knock down stone walls, and then marvelled that man's work was not done by a beldame."—SIR THOMAS BROWNE, (SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S edition).

When CROMWELL'S daughter, LADY RACHEL RUSSELL, was on her death-bed, she bitterly reproached her father with the massacre of ST. BARTHOLOMEW. He replied with this heartless jest, "*Si j'avance, suivez moi; si je recule, tuez moi; si je meurs, vengez moi!*"

CROMWELL never used the royal arms, nor any modification of them, as his signet. His favourite seal was a tri-coloured cornelian presented to him by CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI. The device was the head of WASHINGTON trampling on a serpent, and the motto was, "*Stat nominis umbra.*"

An Artistic Question.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to LORD PALMERSTON, and desires to know, in the event of his Lordship or any other Minister speaking of any individual, military or civil, as having achieved "a monumental reputation," whether it is thereupon to be understood that, past all competition, BARON MAROCHETTI is to execute the monument aforesaid?

STATE OF THE AMERICAN QUESTION.—LORD CLARENDON will have it that CRAMPTON is CRAMPTON; MR. PIERCE insists that he is CRIMPTON.



John Thomas always was very particular about his Hair; but somehow or another, to-day, he cannot get the "Back Parting" to his satisfaction.

A PLACE FOR THE POPE.

WHAT is to be done with the POPE? appears to be a question with the Great Powers. Nothing can be clearer. Let him follow the example of other insufferable foreign monarchs, and quietly come over here. The see of PETER is as transferable as an Opera stall-ticket, and his Holiness might remove it to-morrow, if he chose, from Rome to Richmond; which would be a happy removal, since Richmond is close to Petersham.

The Ecclesiastical Titles Act would not be violated by this step; for as the POPE never styles himself BISHOP OF ROME, so neither would he assume the title of BISHOP OF RICHMOND, but continue to put simply "Papa" and "Pontifex Maximus" after his name.

The fear that, if the Roman Pontiff were to set up his chair of Infallibility in this country, he would occasion a No-Popery agitation, is quite groundless. He would cease to be a foreign potentate, which is the only political objection to him on the part of the British public; and so long as he contented himself with preaching against the British faith, we should be satisfied, on our parts, with leaving our different British clergymen to preach against his. He would live amongst us on the same terms with any other Dissenting Minister, and instead of being hooted, would, as a distinguished foreigner, most likely be cheered by the multitude and the boys whenever he turned out. In fact, the cry of "No Popery" is very much less popular in London than it is at Rome.

Moreover, a papal bull which, dated at the Vatican, could not, perhaps, be published here without running the publisher into a *premiere*, might be circulated with perfect safety if it were promulgated from the Star and Garter.

As to the maintenance of the POPE—that would be no doubt amply provided for by the liberality of his British flock, who are quite as ready to shell out for the support of their pastors as their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The Popery of England would support its own Pope, and there would be no necessity for sending the triple hat round the Roman Catholic world.

Napier's Explanation.

THE only cause assigned for the absence of SIR CHARLES NAPIER from Oxford was, "He wouldn't meet SIR JAMES GRAHAM there; and, what was more, didn't know he was invited."

AUSTRIA CONTENTED.—We learn, with a shiver, that Austria expresses herself contented with the future intentions of France and England towards Italy. When the vulture is contented, it must fare hard with the lambs.

THE BRITISH FARMER AT THE FRENCH CATTLE SHOW.

'Tis over there in Parrus as I've a ben to zee,
The Cattle Show in what they calls their Pally Dangdoostree;
They French be clever fellers, of that there bain't no doubt,
In tittivatun up a plice and zettun of it out.

'Tis in the Shongseleasy, their public pleasure grounds,
Where company, refreshment, and all sarts o' games abounds,
And well it is wuth zeeun, the truth I'll own to you,
Not only for the beastices but the beauty on it too.

Wi' flags o' differ'nt colours upon his outer part,
They've stuck their Pally woaver and made un gay and smart,
Likewise wi' shrubs and vlowers, adornun' the way in,
The purtiest shrubs and vlowers as I thinks I ever zin.

Inside wi' turf and gravel walks they'd got the ground laid out,
And trees, and shrubs, and fountains, which was summat like to spout,
And fruits, and blooms, and blossoms, that smelt so sweet and strong,
That I thought o' Cupid's Garden as you hears of in the zong.

Then there was molten imidges and statchies for to zee,
And now I s'pose you wonders where the beastices could be;
To the bullocks, cows, and oxen, the stations as was gave,
They was underneath the galleries and round about the nave.

Their nations, names, and breeds, weren't wrote on papers like to ours,
But on shields adorned wi' flags, and trimmed wi' imitation vlowers,
And lots more flags hung woaver 'em, and garlands, likewise, more;
I never zee sich cattle-stalls in all my life afore.

There was Yorkshire, there was Durham, Sussex, Jersey, Guernsey too;
There was Hereford, and Devonshire, as fine as e'er was grew;
And also Scotch, and Alderney, Swiss, Jarman, Danish, Dutch,
And French; zum on 'em pretty good: zum wasn't good for much.

The pigs and ship and poultry was lodged in pens outside,
I never thought a Frenchman in his pig could take a pride;
I vanced nobody could breed a good fat hog but we,
But here was zome as purty pigs as ever I did zee.

And there was purty creetur too—another kind and sort,
They poked the pigs wi' parasols to make 'em squeak and snort:
How they did giggle, to be sure, and laugh to hear the row!
'Tis rum to zee a purty gal a playun wi' a zow.

To zee the voreign herdsmen and shepherds drest so gay,
'Twas raly quite as good, mun, as gwinn to a play;
How differ'nt to our drovers, and gaapun shepherd-boys,
And carter-chaps, 'longzide 'em in smock-frocks and corduroys!

The talkun and the babble was wuss than any mill,
Them Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, their tongues is never still.
They gabbles, screams, and chatters, till your head is in a maze,
Like a lot of noisy magpies and jackdaws, and rooks, and jays.

I missed one sort of animal I reckoned I should vind,
Which I thought as how a Frenchman ate as often as he dined,
There was no lack of ox and cow, nor yet of sheep and hog,
And goats they had, and rabbits—but they hadn't got ne'er a frog.

In purtiness, and all that there, our Zmithfield club they beat,
But I thinks we got the best on 'em, a purty sight, in meat:
They be better hands at ornymnt, their trimmuns is the chief,
But the leg o' mutton we grows best and rears the primest beef.

WIT AND HUMOUR AT WASHINGTON.

SHARP enough in commercial transactions, the Americans are considered to be, nevertheless, as to wit and humour, a dull people. MR. PRESIDENT PIERCE, however, and his Cabinet have, amongst them, contrived to make a joke which, at least, beats anything that has ever appeared in the columns of a publication, called by Yankee journalists the *London Punch*. The joke of the American Government consists in the recognition of the marauder WALKER's authority in Nicaragua. The fun of it, which is not obvious, lies in the entire disregard of honour and justice which it exhibits. The extreme of shameless immorality, as displayed by MR. MERRYMAN in a pantomime, and MR. PIERCE in politics, is ludicrous, and the only difference between the Clown and the President, is that the comical depravity of the latter gentleman may lead to serious consequences.

NEWS FROM NAPLES.—Vesuvius does not smoke particularly, but an eruption is feared.

A YOUNG LADY'S LAMENT.

(BY HERSELF.)



SURELY the Almanack makers
Have played us a mischievous trick,
We shall soon have the
Waits for our wakers,
And ice on the Serpentine
thick.
My dears, shake the moths
from each wrapper
Of ermine, chinchilla, ra-
coon;
And pull down that silly fly-
trapper,
Is *this* the beginning of
June?
My flowers had just peeped
up, and hinted,
But were cruelly nipped
in the bud,
And Spring's Fairy Foot-
steps are printed
With a well-clogged kid
boot on the mud.
"Is there any stove-orna-
ment wanted?"
O child, you may scream
for a buyer,
But gilt shavings have long
been supplanted
By the best of grate-orna-
ments—fire.

Papa took us girls to the Races,
(The Oaks, not the Derby, of course)
And there, as we sat with blue faces,
We picked out our favourite horse.
Poor *Mermaid*, to think, with that breeze on,
Of grottoes, and waves washing by:
The horse for that Christmas-like season
Was the very fit winner, *Mincee Pie*.

Then that night in the Park, how we trembled,
The turf was so damp to the feet;
I fancied the fire-rain resembled
A species of glorified sleet.
Cousin FRANK stuck both hands in his pockets,
(What rude selfish creatures men are),
And declared he would give all the rockets
For a single full-flavoured cigar.

One can't take a walk in the garden,
There's nothing but drip from the trees,
The paths have no leisure to harden,
I really do wish they would freeze.
Then dear MR. MITCHELL'S Vivarium,
The pleasantest refuge I know,
While we're kept in this constant Aquarium,
(As FRANK says) how is one to go?

O, when shall we put on light dresses,
The darling new pets of the spring,
And when will my Round Hat, and JESSY'S,
Be—what is it?—"voted the thing?"
And when will the season, advancing,
Let picnics and yachting prevail;
And a *Midsummer Night's Dream* (and dancing)
Succeed to the dull *Winter's Tale*?

Regent's Park.

P.S. Dear *Mr. Punch*, A few fine days seemed to come on purpose to put my complaint out of date, but I am certain it will rain again before you publish; and, besides, what do you say to this East Wind?

Cardigan at Oxford.

"MR. PUNCH,—We see down here that they've been and made the EARL OF CARDIGAN a D.C.L. What does that mean? There's a good many 'pinions about it here in the camp, but I say D.C.L. is meant to mean Decent Cavalry Leader; and if it is, isn't it too bad? Why wasn't LORD LUCAN, to make things even, D—d, and C—d, and L—d, too?"

"Yours, ALDERSHOTT."

A SHOCKING PLAYHOUSE CASE.

Is there no philanthropic, no sanitary asylum at Stirling? A poor creature who, stark, staring in green posters, signs himself "P. DRUMMOND," is an object that demands immediate, compassionate aid of the humane and gentle. He cannot abide a show of any sort, and foams at the mouth like ginger-beer in July at the sight of a playbill. Hence, on a late theatrical visit—"the Theatre is to visit our town," he writes)—P. DRUMMOND called upon "every master and every head of a household" to forbid holidays, and refuse customary pocket-money to the young and thoughtless, in order to keep them from a playhouse; which upon his own authority he denounced, in very large letters complimentary to the great fiend, as "The Synagogue of Satan." After this fashion, the leading tragedy-man must be BEELZEBUB'S chief rabbi. Further, P. DRUMMOND is much comforted with hope for the future, by what has been wrought for the past: for he says—

"When SIR BENJAMIN HALL was so determined to continue his Sabbath desecrating Bands—at the performance of which not fewer than a quarter of a million attended last Lord's-day in London—the Lord God brought his plans to nought by listening to his people's prayers, and blessing their efforts: So let us pray and act against the impending evil, and will God not bless our efforts, and rid our town very soon of the Theatre-abominations?"

Men like P. DRUMMOND are always very intimate with Providence; and therefore speak of its behests with all the familiarity of personal acquaintance. Unhappily, however, for P. D., the "people's prayers" have not prayed down the Sunday Music, any more we take it than the prayer of DRUMMOND AND Co. will cause the earth to yawn and swallow up the Stirling playhouse, the players, with all their scenery and decorations. In the meantime what is to be done with the poor man—with the hapless DRUMMOND himself? For ourselves we would advise a long and patient course of sedatives. Let him be immediately conveyed to town by easy stages. When arrived in London, let there be taken for him a small private box at the Princess's Theatre, but sufficiently large to accommodate himself and two keepers. Let him every night for not less than a whole week take two hours of MR. CHARLES KEAN'S SHAKESPEARE—allowing it is to be had—his SHAKESPEARE pure and simple, unadulterated by scenery, dress, and decoration—and if the man ever speaks or writes of a theatre again we give him up as altogether hopeless. We have, however, great faith in the efficacy of what we have advisedly prescribed.

The Benefit of the Sea Air.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph informs us, that MR. BRAHAM, the vocalist, on his passage from Spain, in crossing the Bay of Biscay, sang the *Bay of Biscay* on the spot for the amusement of his fellow-passengers. We have no doubt that the song was capitally sung; but, had there been a sudden lurch, and had the vocalist been affected in the usual way by rough weather, there might have been a variation of a rather novel character. We think an air from *Maria Stuarda* would have been appropriate to the situation; or, perhaps, the beautiful morceau of *Bella Siccome* would have come from the mouth of the singer with much force and finish.

Sensible Peculiarity.

MR. BLANDOWSKI, in a paper in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society at Victoria (for the colonies are growing philosophical, bad news as it is for the Colonial Office) says that he met with a camp of the Goulburn Aborigines at Seymour, and found among them some "peculiar customs." One of these is a law that a Bridegroom "must never see his wife's mother after the espousals, and if she should approach him, he must cover up his eyes." And we dare to call these people ignorant savages!

LINES TO J. B. CANTUAR.

J. B. CANTUAR, CANT you ever will be,
And CANT you always were, most Reverend J. B.

FRENCH COST OF SPEECH.

A MAN has been found guilty in France, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, for having in a public carriage spoken against the EMPEROR! After this, who will be bold enough to speak for him?

GOING IT ON SUNDAY.—The Sabbatarians do not object to fiding on Sundays, provided that the pace is a canter.

WANTED A SITUATION.—A person who has moved (a little irregularly) in good society, that is as good as could be made available, is induced by circumstances to advertise for a new place. With a lively recollection of the sagacity of the canine quadruped that walked down-stairs, when the window was about to be opened to fling him into the street, ORHO of Athens offers himself to any Kingdom or State in want of a father to the country. Has no objection to Madagascar if with a compensating civil list. Letters to be addressed to King's Court, Munich. LORD PALMERSTON is not to be applied to for testimonials, o character.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

"The bier at door, and a demand—"

Cymbeline, Act iv., Scene 2.

EAU, EAU, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

In imitation of the Wine Congress recently held in France, it is proposed that a Water Congress should be celebrated by the Tee-totallers in London. The object would naturally be to decide on the quality of the various waters supplied by the different Companies to the aquatic amateurs of the Metropolis. There are several water-drinkers in London, who have cultivated their taste to such a nicety, that they can recognise the peculiar smack of a particular cistern, and there are connoisseurs who can, after imbibing a few pints of fluid, give the date of the water-butt from which it has been extracted.

There is no mistaking the rare old odour of genuine Thames, but there are some rivers which can only be recognised by a highly educated connoisseurship, and indeed, there are instances in which mere ordinary ditch-water has been confounded with the produce of a popular reservoir. Some amateurs object to the woody taste of water from the butt, and there are some who are such regular *fanatici per la acqua*, that they would run a mile for a pull at a particular pump, and some have been known to drink their gallon at a foreign *table d'hôte* when the water has been supplied from a fountain they have taken a liking to.

BRITISH EXCLUSIVES AT ROME.

THE Roman correspondent of the *Morning Post*, in allusion to a certain artist who has quitted painting for diplomacy, makes the following remark:—

"It is now a question here, whether Mr. TOERNER's official position will make him eligible as a Member of the English club in the Via Condotti, where English gentlemen exclude artists as unworthy the honour of their presence."

We wonder if these gentlemen would have excluded MR. R. S. D'URBINO, or MR. M. ANGELO, "as unworthy the honour of their presence;" and, if so, whether the exclusion would have been dictated by a vulgar pride, or suggested by a refined humility. For, perhaps, the gentlemen exclude artists as being too good company for such common fellows in respect of intellect as themselves, and consider, not the artists to be unworthy of the honour of their presence, but themselves to be unworthy of the honour of the presence of the artists.

APOLOGY FOR AUSTRIA.—Why should we surrender Italy? To somebody or other Italy will always be a boot!

BISHOPS' COMMISSIONS.

A BISHOP'S commission must, in a low earthly point of view, be all to nothing a better thing than any commission out of the army of martyrs; the commissions do take such tender care of bishops! We had a new evidence of this affectionateness towards themselves only last week, when another £3,461 was voted for petty expenses. The reverend brethren would seem constantly to bear in mind the old church adage that, "shining lights deserve golden candlesticks;" hence, that they may be well-bestowed, cost is no object. Below are some pretty items for palaces, items that, it is our honest belief, were never dreamt of in Galilee:—

DR. MONK	£10,000
DR. WILBERFORCE, for repair of his palace	4,800
DR. LANGLEY, for Ripon Palace	13,689
Estate and house for the BISHOP OF LINCOLN	39,406
Alterations of house for him	13,302
House for BISHOP OF ROCHESTER	25,557
Alteration of residence for BISHOP OF WINCHESTER	7,000

However, if much be expended upon the purple and fine linen of the bishops, something at least is saved in the coarse broad cloth and thick shoe-leather of curates. We give the total of the separate expenses:—

For eight new palaces	£143,014
Augmentation of bishops' incomes	106,888
.....	249,402
Augmentation of 502 poor livings	5,259
Total	£254,661

When palaces cost so much, and curates get so little, it is plain religion is rather worshipped in stones than venerated in men. A night or two since it was quoted, shall we say against the BISHOP OF SALISBURY out of his place in the Lords, that, in a certain charge, he had declared that "such maxims, indeed, carried him up to our Lord's commission to the Apostles, and made him feel that the blood of the Apostles (so to speak) were in his veins, and that by it he had been

ennobled." But what nobility had the Apostles? Have their household expenses, the bills of their coachmakers, come down to us? We should mightily like to have a peep at them, duly audited and receipted. The blood of the Apostles in the veins of a living bishop! What says the POPE to this? For surely, His Holiness puts in a claim to all the blood by descent of ST. PETER, although as it was alleged by LORD PORTMAN against the BISHOP OF SALISBURY that he might, haply, wish to introduce the picture of that apostle into a church, as being—upon the ruddy testimony within his veins—the family portrait of one of the bishop's ancestors.

No doubt many of our bishops are pearls of great price. It would be well, however, if they somewhat imitated the pearl in the humility of its dwelling-place.

America's Hero.

GENERAL WASHINGTON was one man; GENERAL WALKER is another, Yet the Cabinet of WASHINGTON owns WALKER for a brother. Talk of WASHINGTON forsooth! Ah, JONATHAN! you're but a talker, What is WASHINGTON to you?—your WASHINGTON is now all WALKER.

A Question for the Country.

THE other night, in the House of Lords, LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY moved the second reading of a "Hay and Straw Bill." Have the hay and straw to which this Bill relates, anything to do with the Militia Drill?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILL an English Mother trust Mr. Punch—who is also a Father—with her name and address in the strictest confidence?

A SUBSCRIBER.—Of course *Punch* is registered for transmission to the Colonies, or how long do you think, would they remain connected with the Mother Country?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



USUALLY miscellaneous was the character of the Parliamentary playbill for the past week, among the pieces being the *Jew*, the *Yankee*, the *Gibbet of Death*, the *Wife*, the *School for Crown Children*, *Fish Out of Water*, and the *Nabob for an Hour*.

In the Lords on Monday (June 9), LORD PANMURE stated that our Swiss and Italian legions would shortly be disembodied, and that most of our German recruits would, at their own request, be sent to the Cape. Another Bishopric, that of Gloucester and Bristol, being vacant, LORD ELLENBOROUGH expressed his extreme desire that the diocese should be split. A Bill is being discussed for repealing the 17th Clause in the Statute of Frauds, which enacts that all contracts in respect of articles worth more than £10 shall be in writing. The

world has grown so excessively honest that it is thought this law, useful in the wicked times of the Merry Monarch, when it was made, can now be dispensed with. The mercantile interest, however, is opposed to the change, but the lawyers support it, on the ground that the existing system promotes litigation, a piece of Arcadianism quite refreshing. In the Commons Government announced that next session they would bring in a Bill for relieving *Mr. Punch* of some of his duties, by appointing a Public Prosecutor. The Jewish Question was then discussed once more, and SIR FREDERICK THESIGER satisfied his conscience by a long speech against admitting the Jews to Parliament. LORD JOHN RUSSELL replied, and then our friend SAMUEL WARREN argued against unChristianising the House of Commons. Even the implied compliment—the calling the present assembly one of Christians—did not delight the House much, for there were cries for a division, and SAMUEL obtained a hearing only by promising not to speak again this Session. Something, therefore, has been gained by the debate, besides a new recognition of the rights of the Jews, which was voted by 159 to 110, and the Bill passed. The Cambridge University Bill was discussed in Committee, and MR. WIGRAM tried to insert words binding the Governors of the Colleges to have regard to “the intentions of the founders.” Among these “intentions” was the repressing the spread of Protestant doctrines, scarcely the work for the seminaries of the Clergy of the Church of England. The most loyal way of dealing with such institutions is to regard the founders as wise and benevolent men who sought to do the very best thing they knew of, and would desire that we should do the same. So the Committee thought.

Tuesday. There was another little squabble in the Lords about the altars in cemetery chapels, and the BISHOP OF CASHEL, whose name is ROBERT DALY, reminded one of our contemporaries of a capital joke by the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, who said that the Irish bishops were apostolically poor, for they had but one Bob daily, among them. If DR. WHATELY has any more such *mots*, he had better send them to 85 Fleet Street; they would do him more credit than his last book. In the Commons, LORD JOHN RUSSELL presented a petition from 4000 inhabitant householders of London, in favour of the Bill for Reforming the Corporation, on which MR. DISRAELI popped up with a still stronger argument for the measure, namely, a petition from the Liverymen against it. MR. EWART brought forward a motion for an inquiry into the operation of the law imposing the punishment of death. He passed over the theological question, and confined himself to contending that the punishment was inexpedient, as it does not, he urged, repress crime, fall equally, fall certainly, nor is it revocable in case of error. SIR GEORGE GREY, for the Government (after words which made it evident that the doom of the poisoner, WILLIAM PALMER, who died on Saturday last, was fixed) stated, in reply, that the punishment does repress crime, being regarded with the utmost terror; that second class felonies have increased since the death penalty was removed, whereas murders have not (the increase of population being duly regarded) that he had no intention to exempt women from the scaffold, fourteen having been hanged in ten years, and ten of these during his own tenure of office—that there was no uncertainty, though discrimination was used, and, finally, that death was never inflicted unless guilt were certain. MR. DRUMMOND displayed his usual pleasing levity on a subject so calculated to provoke fun, and for

one thing which he said he received next day a smart back-hander from a son of SIR FOWELL BUXTON, whose exertions to save forgers from the gallows used to offend MR. DRUMMOND, who combined the callings of Angel and Banker. There was but little more discussion; and MR. EWART's motion was rejected by 158 to 64. MR. HEYWOOD moved for a Committee to inquire, whether any and what measures could be adopted for the Advancement of Science; and no fewer than four attempts were made to Count the House out, but Members ran in, got Counted, saved the House, and ran out again. The motion came to nothing. SIR ERSKINE PERRY then moved resolutions in favour of the married woman, proposing that the law should give her a title to her own earnings, irrespective of the control of her husband. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, like a gallant man, gave the proposition his cordial concurrence, and promised a bill on the subject; but the SOLICITOR-GENERAL did not seem by any means so much pleased with it, and several members growled about “two interests in the same house,” and took other masculine objections to a feminine possessive case. The claim is founded in right, but—or shall we write therefore—it will scarcely make its way. But if a reasonable Divorce system were devised, there would be no need for this patchwork reform. If a wife has a good husband she wants no separate control over anything, and if she has a bad one, she ought to be able to get rid of the Brute. A discussion about an alleged job and injustice relative to the invention of the machine that pricks those useful little holes round postage stamps, and prevents you from sending half a Queen to one friend and a Queen and a half to another, came next. The inventor, MR. ARCHER, unless he draws a long bow, has been ill-treated. MR. M'MAHON then dashed into Irish fish, and the House took the hint and “hooked it,” in a fifth and successful count.

Wednesday. The House of Commons had to listen to the complaint of MEER JAFFIER ALI KHAN, an unfortunate Asiatic Nobleman, whom the East India Company have done out of a pension of a hundred and fifty thousand rupees. Even SIR JAMES HOGG, the Company's man, admitted that he had an “uphill case;” but he vituperated with some neatness. The story is short, and may be interesting. The Company, with the aid of a strong British force, took away the territories of the Nabob of Surat some years ago, but engaged to pay the above pension, some £15,000 to him and his heirs. There is honour among Leadenhall merchants, and they paid the annuity to the Nabob and to his son; but, on the death of the latter, MEER JAFFIER claimed to succeed—and the Company did not seem to see it in that light. So JAFFIER, with SIR F. KELLY for his PIERRE, comes to the House and says—

“Not hear me? By my sufferings, but you shall.”

The decision as to the KHAN that has been thus kicked over, was reserved until the next Wednesday.

Thursday. The Lords were not inclined to do much business. The Commons, for a wonder, did good business; for they went into Supply, heard excellent speeches from SIR GEORGE GREY and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON on the whole Education Question; and, despite some of the Dissenters, who are very obstinate against teaching the poor, they voted £151,000, in addition to £300,000 previously voted, for the expenses of schools throughout the country. A Bill for Preserving the Peace in Ireland was very properly resisted by Irish Members, but carried by 77 to 10.

Friday. LORD PANMURE is not afraid that the Irish Militia, if disbanded, will join the army with which GENERAL PIERCE intends to invade England; and means to disband them, even at that frightful risk.

In both Houses it was formally announced that the American Government profess to be quite satisfied with our apologies in the Enlistment matter, but cannot bear poor CRAMPTON, and our three Consuls, so this party is turned out of the States. LORD PALMERSTON had not, he said, made up his mind whether he would turn out MR. DALLAS, or not, or what he would do, and it seems pretty clear that MR. PIERCE, in ejecting CRAMPTON, has simply done a bit of impertinent clap-trap for the Elections, and has no really pugilistic intentions, for MR. DALLAS has evidently (though Old PAM would hardly let the fact be screwed out of him), the instructions of his Government to discuss our Central American dispute, and even to refer it to arbitration. *Mr. Punch* thinks that England is quite strong enough to be able to allow MR. PIERCE to let off his election squib, and if MR. DALLAS has the powers in question, we had better hear what he has to say.

In Supply, the eternal Park question came up again, and it is now settled that a road is to be made from the iron gates, near Marlborough House, to the Mall, and a suspension bridge thrown over the water. And LORD PALMERSTON announced that, in compliance with *Mr. Punch's* suggestion, the Park is to be for the People, and not for PICKFORD & Co.; and the Van Demons are to be excluded, with carts, and everything but passenger traffic. The Navy Estimates—56,000 men, and £2,000,000 of money—were voted, and the Oxford University Bill was passed. The week has been rather a good one, both for talk and work.



THE ITALIAN QUESTION—WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH THE BOOT?

A STRIKING NOVELTY IN MEDICINE.

A New scheme has recently been put forward, under the title of the "Movement Cure," for dealing with the ills of humanity. Rejecting the theory that people may be drugged and drenched into a state of health, the Movement Cure proposes to get rid of disease by pushing the patient about, pommeling him, and in fact regularly pitching into him. The doctors who adopt the Movement Cure propose to deal with the public by beating the new system into them on the one hand, and, when afflicted with disease, beating it out of them on the other. Humanity is to be treated like an old carpet, which is to be revived by a thorough good beating. The new mode differs from the old one, inasmuch as in the former the gymnastics were purely active, while in the latter the patient is passive; and he receives what may be technically termed his "whack" from his medical attendant. The passive movements are described as those "executed by the assistant only on the patient," who is liable to be "kneaded" and "pressed," or is made to "vibrate" under the hands of the attendant, who is occasionally engaged, as we are told by the "notes on the movement," (see page 6), in the agreeable process of "sawing" him.

Another class of "movements" designed for curative purposes consists of those in which "the patient resists the gymnast's effort of making a certain and determined form of movement," or, in other words, a struggle takes place between doctor and patient, in which the stronger of the two would naturally get the best of it. In such a curative process the Tipton Slasher would probably be found useful, or the Birmingham Chicken might be called in with every hope of a favourable result to the sufferer. An invalid would probably be a little startled by a prescription, involving a "set-to" with the "Knobby One," or a mode of treatment in which he would stand a chance of getting "slashed" by the Tipton gentleman, or laid prostrate by the "Chicken" already alluded to. We do not wish to be understood as at all depreciating the virtues of the "Movement Cure," as described in the "notes" we have received, but we can only say that our nerves are scarcely in a state to give it a fair trial.

LIBERTY IN THE DOCK.

CONSTITUTIONAL Government is now on its trial. If the English and American peoples murder each other, Constitutional Government will be found guilty.

DOMESTIC NOTICES OF MOTION.

Laburnum Lodge, Little Chelsea, Wednesday, June 18th.

MR. GRUNDY.—To ask whether any and what expedients will be resorted to, in order to get Mrs. GRUNDY's respected mother-in-law out of the house, and at whose expense so desirable an end is to be carried out.

MRS. GRUNDY.—Bill for the crimson velvet dress that was granted to commemorate the peace rejoicings upon Mrs. GRUNDY's return to health after the long protracted Tiff last Spring, between her and her husband.

THE MONTHLY NURSE.—To take into consideration the Petition of Mrs. WESSEL, the Monthly Nurse, in which she mildly represents that a glass of hot rum-and-water the last thing at night is absolutely necessary for her constitution, and that she will not answer for the consequences to the dear child, unless the same is immediately granted to her with something nice for supper.

MISS LETITIA GRUNDY.—To inquire whether she is to be taken out this year, or next, or when, or whether she is always to be kept in the background until her elder sister is married, and in such a case, what is to become of her?

MASTER ROBERT GRUNDY.—To present an address, respectfully stating a full length his age, independence, the state of his whiskers, and his general position in society, and wishing to know why at his next birthday, when he will be entering upon his sixteenth birthday, he should not be allowed the honourable privilege of a latch-key; and asking to be heard at the bar of the dinner-table in support of the same.

MRS. GRUNDY.—Bill for Servants' Beer and Tea Money.

SALLY PERKS.—To apply for a settlement of her wages, two quarters of which, amounting to the sum of £5 19s. 4d., are still due to her in her capacity of Upper Housemaid; or else to intimate pretty strongly her intention of giving a month's warning, and to open her mind generally thereon.

DR. FRUMPY.—To bring forward a statement, supported by strong medical testimony, as to the urgent necessity of Mrs. GRUNDY taking the children down to the sea-side for the benefit of their health.

BILLY STAMMERS.—To present a petition for a new livery, as his present Page's suit is getting much too tight for him, and it is as much as he can do to button the same.

MRS. GRUNDY.—To move for a return of the twelve silver forks, cut-glass champagne-dish, and old china punch-bowl, which were lent to the FLINTS on the occasion of their last evening party.

Similar return of the silk umbrella, plaid shawl, and india-rubber goloshes which Miss SNAPP carried off with her the night it rained so, and which she promised to send back the following morning, and which she never did, and to ask her the reason why?

MR. GRUNDY.—To make inquiries into the circumstance of a policeman being found in the kitchen last Friday, and to ascertain, if possible, whether the area-gate was left open on that evening or not, and how, and also whether, instead of the policeman walking down into the kitchen to apprise the Cook of the fact, and disturbing the servants at supper, it would not have been much easier for him to have rung the kitchen-bell?

MRS. ARABELLA GRUNDY.—To move for copies of the correspondence that papa says he has had with the Editors of various Newspapers as well as with Mr. LUMLEY and Mr. GYE with the view of obtaining an Opera-box, and to beg of him to write again and again, until he succeeds in obtaining one before the season is fairly over, and those stupid SMYTHES (who have been there and can talk of nothing else), go out of town.

MRS. KNAGGS.—To complain of the indigity that is put upon her dear suffering daughter, inasmuch as she has nothing better to go to the Crystal Palace Flower-Show, in than the old bonnet she had all last year, and which would disgrace the head of any washerwoman at Cremorne, and moreover is a shame to a gentleman of Mr GRUNDY's means, who allows himself never less than three hats a-year, and would do well to spend a little of the money he squanders in filthy dinners at Greenwich and Richmond, on his wife's dress.

MRS. GRUNDY.—To bring forward estimates for the purchase of a Perambulator as every other house in the Row has got one, and the Nurse says that she's sure the Baby feels it acutely, for it does nothing but cry all the time it's being carried in her arms.

A NUT TO CRACK BY ONE ALREADY CRACKED.

I've got a joke, a most tremendous joke,
One of no less than forty horse-laugh power.
Reader, your ribs I vigorously poke,
My joke's a joke about a well-known flower.
It's a conundrum: guess it if you may?
You can't! I'll bet a ham fresh from Westphalia.
What can be published more than once a-day?
Oftener than daily papers? Ha! The Dahlia!

* * * * *
Put feathers in my cap! Deck me with streamers!
That joke may rank amid the Adelphi "screamers."

COLLAR-DAY AT COURT.

WHAT did the LORD CHAMBERLAIN mean by the following odd announcement, which he published the other day in the *London Gazette*—

"N.B. The Knights of the several Orders are to appear in their collars at the Drawing Room, it being a collar-day."

Imagination wanders in endeavouring to form an idea of the different appearances presented by the various Knights appearing in their collars. If not horse-collars, through which the Knights are to grin for the Court's amusement, what collars are those in which the Knights will appear? Common shirt-collars? Are the Knights of the several Orders, then, Knights of certain orders of fishes that are such odd fishes as to be accustomed, when left to themselves, to venture into the presence of Majesty without their gills? Another question which suggests itself in connection with this important subject, is whether COUNT COLLOREDO will appear at Court in his collar on collar-day.

CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.



One will venture to say that the days of torture are at an end, when he has noticed the agonising amount of twisting to which the QUEEN'S English has been exposed, in a recent Circular from the War Office. It is dated, Pall Mall, April 10, is signed H. R. DREWRY, Principal Clerk, and runs as follows:—

"A person in the employment of the War Department having recently, in bringing forward a certain invention, represented the difficulty he experienced in ascertaining the right Officers to apply to respecting his project, LORD PANMURE has, in consequence,

desired that it may be pointed out to the several Departments, that any suggestion of a practical character emanating from a servant of the War Department, should be considered by the Head of his Department; and if to the business of a collateral Department, be referred through his own Head of Department, if he thinks it of sufficient importance to the Head of the Department concerned."

Here is a bit of circumlocution which is quite worthy of the office, and which requires all the agility of a sort of literary harlequin, to follow the ins-and-outs of a sentence, which among other things directs a servant that a matter must be "referred through his own head," if he wishes it to meet with attention. The process of a reference "through one's own head," seems somewhat analogous to the operation of jumping out of one's own skin,—a figure suggestive of a feat more frequently spoken of than performed; or, in other words, more popular than

practical. It seems that a man may refer a matter "through his own head," if he thinks it of sufficient importance; as if everybody does not attach considerable importance to "his own head," no matter what may be the real insignificance of the burden he carries on his shoulders.

If the Circular is intended to assist anybody in any object of any kind, we can only say, that the "department" which issued it, has dismally failed; for, however difficult a "person" may have found it to bring forward an "invention" before reading the above announcement, we are satisfied that after reading it, he would feel himself more perplexed and puzzled how to act than ever. The mere circumstance of anything being "referred through his own head," is enough to turn his wits inside out to begin with; and the doubt expressed as to the "sufficient importance" of his own head, would naturally disturb his intellectual balance in a very painful manner.

Execution Without Design.

ONE of our daily contemporaries (a penny one) talks about "the christening of the Imperial Infant in Paris, now on the eve of execution." What can have put such a horrid idea into the writer's head, as to induce him to suggest the possibility of the execution of the Imperial little innocent? No doubt the "literary gent" who wrote the paragraph intended to intimate that the christening (not the infant) is on the eve of execution. Grammar in these days don't cost much; and we cannot help thinking that the proprietors of even a penny newspaper could afford to purchase, or at all events to hire, a LINDLEY MURRAY for the use of contributors.

ANGLO-AMERICAN HOUSEWIFERY.

ENGLAND and America are bound together by various ties, but the strongest, next to those of a family nature, are cotton.

THE CRUSH AT THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

SCENE.—A passage in St. James's Palace leading to a flight of stairs, both crowded with Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, Foreigners of Distinction, and Female Aristocracy.

Countess (screams): A... h! Pray be more careful, Sir—do you know that you are running your spur into my ankle?

General Officer. Beg ten thousand pardons, Ma'am—but really the crowd is so—Oh! oh my corn!

Judge. Stop, Sir!—my wig!—stop, Sir; I say—you've hitched that star of your's in the curls of my wig.

Ambassador. Pardon, milor, je vous demande mille pardons!—but ze kraoude—impossible—s'arrêter.

Bishop. My Lady—my Lady—oh, dear, my Lady!—your Ladyship's brooch has caught me by the sleeves!

Country Gentleman. Hallo, my Lord!—my Lord, I say!—make a little room, can't you?—you are squeezing this lady to death.

Earl. It's not I that's pushing—it's this gentleman—

Baronet. No, it isn't!

Earl. Yes, it is!

Marchioness. Oh! oh!—I've lost my diamonds.

Viscountess. Ah!—my lace—my lace!

Dowager. Ah, drat it! there goes my lappets!

Alderman. The hilt of your sword is in my stomach, Sir—which is not pleasant, Sir.

Sheriff. It is your own fault, Sir! I'm not to blame, Sir, because your stomach's in the way, Sir.

American Gentleman. Go a-head, now, you!

Duke. To whom are you speaking, Sir?

American Gent. Wal, I guess I'm talkin' to a man in the way.

Liberal Member. Will you have the kindness to move on, Sir?

Conservative Member. Confound your politics!

Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen. Oh, oh!

Omnes. Oh, oh!—ah!—ah!—oh!—oh dear!—oh my!—mind—don't now then! Go on!—go on there! Hoi! Hai! Ho!

[SCENE closes.]

"Whichever you like, my Little Dears."

ROYAL GARDENS, CREMORNE.—The Band in these gardens will perform on Sunday evenings.—Vivat Regina!

ROYAL GARDENS, KENSINGTON.—The Band in these gardens is forbidden to perform on Sunday afternoons.—Vivat Cant!

ECCLESIASTICAL CHEMISTRY.

WHAT a bigoted set of people are the Roman Catholic clergy: at least in Austria! Take the following specimen of their doings from the Morning Post:—

"According to advices from Vienna, the Austrian Government has, as might be expected, entirely given way to the pretensions of Rome concerning the interpretations of the Concordat. Protestants dying when they have not any pastors of their own cannot be buried by Catholic priests, as before—a portion of ground is to be dedicated to non-Catholics. We shall hear more of Papal pretensions, from time to time, throughout Germany."

Fancy clergymen refusing to bury Dissenters! Could such bigotry possibly be evinced in any but a Popery-ridden land? Where else would you find a distinction made between the different bodies of different Christians in a Cemetery? Who but a popish parson could be so uninformed, or so wilfully ignorant, as not to know, or to ignore, the fact, that, even if it were desirable, it would be impossible, to separate the remains of one class from the adjoining remains of another class? Does not every enlightened Protestant divine, that is every Protestant divine, know that the products of animal decomposition are chiefly gaseous, ascend into the atmosphere, and, if arising from contiguous sources, mingle? Is he not aware of the truth that a denominational distinction in a burying-ground comes, ultimately, to a distinction between the phosphate of lime and the phosphate of lime of one denomination of corpses and that of another?

Whatever progress these Papal pretensions may make throughout any other country, we may safely trust that we shall hear no more of any such—of pretensions indicating such un instructed and unreasoning bigotry—in our own.

Shocking Reciprocity!

THE oddest of all oddities
Would, JONATHAN, be—what?
Why, if the sole commodities
We interchanged, were Shot.

Accident in the Highlands.

AN unfortunate Tourist lately met with a deplorable accident in Glencatcham. He was foolish enough to write a few lines in a young lady's album, wherein ignorantly or imprudently, he described himself as "her own." He was instantly claimed by the "bonnie wee thing" as her husband, and found, when it was too late, that he had got himself married to her.



THE STREET ACROBAT NUISANCE.

UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE IS UNOBSERVED, MR. PUDDLE OFFERS HIS HAND AND HEART TO THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS.

* MR. PIERCE TO BUNCOMBE.

With the purest of motives—the best of intentions
That could pave a location which nobody mentions,
I have stirred and fomented our present dissensions,
(May they not end in bloodshed by land and by sea!)
With the Britishers' insolent Administration,
In defence of the honour and rights of our nation;
From my heart do I make this sincere declaration,
As a Christian and Patriot, BUNCOMBE, to thee.

'Twas from high moral feeling alone I objected,
In recruiting, for England, to CRAMPTON, detected,
It was no-ways from wishing to get re-elected.
O BUNCOMBE, my hand on my bosom I lay.
The path of ambition I never would follow
A goblet of poison I rather would swallow,
As I slap my heart, hark! dost thou hear it sound hollow?
Illustrious BUNCOMBE, stand forth, Sir, and say.

No; neutrality honestly bent on preserving,
In the straight path of justice persistent, unswerving,
No base purpose of party intent upon serving,
I have taken the course I thought proper to take.
Of the name of my country I'm jealous and tender;
An account, MR. BUNCOMBE, I've one day to render;
As to CRAMPTON, the man was a signal offender;
And of him I felt bound an example to make.

What, to hire our free swords and republican rifles!
Such insults as these, Sir, who dares to call trifles?
Indignation and scorn he amongst us who stifles,
Is a miscreant, loafer, a scoundrel, and slave!
To enlist in a foreign war what is unjust,
Excepting recruits for such service to muster?
I forbear now to mention the word filibuster;
Discussion on that subject, BUNCOMBE, we'll waive.

Of our manifest destiny, Sir, my conviction
Might betray me perhaps into unadvised diction,
And to you, touching WALKER, I could not state fiction.
At a rupture with England I truly should grieve.
In religion and blood on each side of the water
United, how sad one another to slaughter,
It would be like a battle of mother and daughter.
What I've spoken to BUNCOMBE may BUNCOMBE believe.

SHOCKING BAD.

WE are continually meeting with some pleasant bit of gossip in the columns of our melodious contemporary, the *Musical World*, which last week treated us with the following bit of anything but "dry" reading:

"STOCKHOLM.—A short time since, as HERR A. DREYSCHOCK was landing from a steamboat, he had the misfortune to miss his footing, and fall into the water. Luckily, however, he was promptly extricated from his dangerous position without any serious results further than the shock, and a thorough wetting."

We congratulate the HERR upon having got off without any further inconvenience than the "shock;" though it is probable that DREYSCHOCK must have found the wet-shock rather disagreeable. We should not be so unfeeling as to attempt a joke upon the subject, had the accident been attended with serious results; but, under the circumstances, we may be excused for hinting to the HERR—who is an accomplished musician—the necessity for being more careful in future; to avoid all superfluous cadences; and to be sure, that in a descending passage, he clearly sees his way up again.

Not at Home.

WE have had *The Englishwoman in Russia*, *The Englishwoman in Thibet*, *The Englishwoman in America*, and the Englishwoman in almost every hole and corner of the globe. If our beautiful countrywomen carry out this mania for travelling much further, the greatest novelty our publishers could give us will be,—*The Englishwoman in England*.



EFFECT OF PERSEVERANCE.

The Frog who Made Himself a Bull.

A POOR LITTLE BEGGAR.

We rather pity the unhappy little muff whose friends have thought it necessary to insert the following advertisement:

MATRIMONIAL.—The ASSISTANCE of a LADY or GENTLEMAN is REQUIRED to NEGOTIATE a MARRIAGE for a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, a member of an ancient and highly respectable family, of irreproachable character, and benevolent disposition. The most honourable secrecy observed. Apply, by letter, with real name, to R. S. T., Post Office, 42, Long Acre.

We wonder if the young gentleman is out of frocks, or whether he has passed into the stage of "stick-ups," or whether his parents wish him placed under a wife as under a species of restraint of a mild, but considering the circumstances, of a sufficient character. It is evident that the relatives of the poor little fellow must be almost as helpless as himself, for assistance is required even to "negotiate" the marriage of which it is proposed to make him the victim. We hope the advertisement will be answered by some strong-minded woman, who will take the whole family in hand, and begin by soundly whipping the lad, and thus causing R. S. T. to mind his P's and Q's for the future.

A FORTUNE FOR HALF-A-CROWN.

We ought not to wonder at the wealth of this country, with its long lines of magnificent residences, and its rows of splendid equipages; for, in fact, the only surprising thing in England, is its poverty, if we are to believe one MR. ALFRED ROY, who tells us that a fortune is to be had for two-and-sixpence. We have seen a circular issued in the name of this individual, and as publicity is doubtless his object, we are happy, in a double sense of the words, to give it him. We feel some reluctance to afford much of our space to such a subject, but we can only show the length to which certain things can be carried by printing the whole of the following:—

TO THOSE
REQUIRING EMPLOYMENT.

MR. ALFRED ROY

Has great pleasure in announcing to those in want of Employment, that he has succeeded in making some very valuable discoveries, by means of which, he is now enabled to place the means of earning a handsome income within the reach of all. The discoveries made by A. R. have these advantages over all others, viz: that they can be acted upon by every one, no matter what their station in life; the capital required to start with is so small, that it can be raised by almost any one; the employment is suitable for either male or female, and can be carried on either during the day-time or in the evening, in town or country. Now comes the most extraordinary part of the business; any one having a capital of ONE SOVEREIGN to start with, can, by adopting A. R.'s method, make an income of from £2 to £4 weekly, this will seem absolutely impossible to most people, but when they read the printed instructions which A. R. is ready to forward, they will be immediately convinced not only of the PROBABILITY of wealth being within their reach, but also of the CERTAINTY of such being the case. The plan is alike remarkable for its simplicity and the ease with which it can be adopted. All in want of money, no matter whether the ignorant or well informed, should immediately make application for this valuable and extraordinary information,—information which can only be obtained from one person, and that person ALFRED ROY, who feels assured that all who act upon his advice, will congratulate themselves upon their good fortune, and consider their adviser as their best friend, and entitled to their everlasting gratitude. A. R., in conclusion, begs again to call attention to the fact, that the employment is suitable either for the poor man or woman, or the polished gentleman or lady.

The Following are A. R.'s Terms.

Each person requiring his information, must forward the sum of 2s. 6d. either by money order or postage stamps (money order preferred) and at the same time, must faithfully promise to send him at least one-half of the first week's profits. A. R. trusts that no one will forget the latter part of the engagement, as all must be well aware that the small sum of 2s. 6d. will scarcely repay him for his trouble; but his object being to place his plan within the reach of every one, he feels compelled merely to make a small charge in the first instance, and depend on the generosity of his friends for his future reward. Those persons who wish to avail themselves of the present splendid opportunity of making money, can address (enclosing a fee of 2s. 6d.) to MR. ALFRED ROY, Orchard House, Clapton, London.

Each applicant is requested to enclose a directed envelope, with two postage stamps on it. Money orders to be made payable at Hackney Post Office.

Of course we have a right to guess for ourselves what the plan of MR. ALFRED ROY may be, and if our guess is thought to be the correct solution of the mystery, many a half-crown may be saved "to those requiring employment."

Suppose the "valuable discovery" of MR. ALFRED ROY should

consist in his having ascertained the fact that baked potatoes are sold with profit in the thoroughfares. This view of the case is consistent with the statement that the idea "can be acted upon by every one, no matter what their station in life;" for it is quite clear that no social position is necessary to give a *locus standi* to a gentleman in "the baked tatur" line. "The employment is suitable for either male or female, and can be carried on either during the day-time or in the evening, in town or country." This information tallies perfectly well with our hypothesis, for the "tatur" is equally acceptable from a male or female hand, and the public appetite is prepared at all hours of the day or night for the smoking esculent. If our idea is correct, "those in want of employment" may save their half-crowns, of which they are likely to be quite as much in need as of the occupation that is promised them.



A GOLDEN LEGEND.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has gained lately an accession of popularity by visiting the scenes of the recent inundations in France, and distributing money to the sufferers. This is all very right, and flattery must needs put in its word of fulsome exaggeration, and has cast ridicule on a proceeding that would otherwise have been perfectly respectable. One of the Imperial adulators states that "the French EMPEROR, seeing one woman more clamorous than the rest," put several pieces of gold into her hand, exclaiming, "There, my good woman, that will buy you bread;" just as the old benevolent barons used to do in the old British melodramas.

It is a libel on LOUIS NAPOLEON to impute to him such a piece of indiscriminating profusion as would have been practised if he really went about placing "gold" in the hands of the foremost and the most clamorous of those who could by main force get the nearest to him in his progress. Such conduct would be worthy of the foolish old father in the farce, who exclaims, "Take her, you rogue, with my blessing, and thirty thousand pounds," to the "gent" who has been practising all sorts of fraud to win his daughter; or the alleged act of unmeaning lavishness might be compared to that of the dramatic noble who throws guilders broad-cast among the chorus-singers who hail his return to his estate with a loud la la la, and a ballet. We think the *Moniteur* should be instructed to deny the charge contained in the report to which we have alluded.

New Title.

It is currently reported at Exeter Hall that it is LORD PALMERSTON'S intention to recommend HER MAJESTY to create the RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR BENJAMIN HALL a Peer of the Realm by the name, style, and dignity of BARON MUSIC HALL of Marylebone.

A DOUBT ABOUT DOLLARS.—What advantage will the American Dollar derive from any increase of its difference with the British Crown?



ALWAYS BE POLITE WHEN TRAVELLING.

Affable young Gent (who is never distant to strangers). "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE *Bell's Life*, SIR? THERE'S AN OUT-AND-OUT STUNNING MILL BETWEEN CONKEY JIM AND THE PORKY ONE!"

EVANS'S SUPPER-ROOMS.



ANY Gentleman who approves of the converse of the venerable principle, "No song no supper," will do well to look in some evening at this abode of Supper and of Song. Any gentleman, observe, because blackguards, if known, are not admitted; and the fair sex, as in the House of Commons, are excluded from the floor of the house, although there is no ground of objection to the presence of ladies in the gallery.

Mention of this place of rational entertainment has already been made in these columns. The present notice of it is due to the circumstance that its interior has undergone a process of very elegant decoration—architecture, painting, carving, gilding, and MR. FINCH HILL having conspired to produce a banqueting-hall worthy of the palace of KING COLE. The walls of a certain ancient city were built at the

sound of a lyre, to what air we do not know, but that to which those of the apartment in question have been adorned and beautified is, we believe, the tune of five thousand pounds.

For the information of youth, we may, perhaps, be excused for stating, that the entrance to this musical refectory is effected by a descent from the western extremity of the Piazza, Covent Garden, and

MORAL FOR THE TOILET.

At the banquets of the old Egyptians there was one constant guest; namely, that remainder of humanity which some of our venerable women who minister in sick chambers are accustomed to denominate an Ottomis. This word is a modification of "Anatomy," understood in the sense of skeleton—and the skeleton, or mummy, a model of which, at least, was present at Egyptian festivals, was intended as a *memento mori*—to remind beholders of the brevity of life, and suggest the propriety of improving the present occasion, by eating and drinking as much as possible.

We do not introduce skeletons at a Lord Mayor's feast—or even at a hospital dinner; but, in a certain sense, the idea of the old Egyptian skeleton has been adopted in our fashionable society; for an advertisement in the *Post* announces that

"LES JUPONS CLOCHETTE ET SQUELETTE"

are to be obtained at a certain "*Magazin pour Broderie, Lingerie, et Articles Confectionnés.*" So now, young ladies—some of them at least—carry about them two skeletons instead of one. The *jupon squelette* was, of course, designed by the *modiste* who invented it to remind the fair wearer of the fact of the existence of the osseous ditto, which the loveliest organisation contains, &c., and to impress her with a sense of the importance of wearing as many pretty dresses, and going to as many evening-parties as possible, during the brief season of existence.

As the *jupon* is an under-garment, the moral which it intimates can only benefit the individual whom it invests. The *squelette* pattern might be extended to the robe, or outer-dress, with much advantage; it would then constitute a practical invitation to the unthinking Swell to waltz while he can.

A Fair Exchange.

WE want French wine at a fair price; France wants cheap pottery. Why not serve each other? The *Post* says—

"The quays of Liverpool groan with the crockery of Staffordshire, whilst the Parisian epicure is denied the luxury of a hot plate at dinner, because French porcelain will not stand the fire."

Thus, the French had better test our crockery by means of their own grape.

is gratuitous. If you want simply supper, or supper with conversation, you had better seat yourself, alone or with your companions, at one of the little round marble tables, near the door, where you will hear the singing mellowed by distance, which will also mellow your discourse, so as to prevent it from annoying the listeners and putting the singers out.

But, music as well as refreshment being your object, you take a higher position, and get as near as you like, or can, to the performers; who stand on a raised platform, whereupon they emerge from the centre of a curtained door, in what answers to the backflap of a theatre. A civil waiter is instantly at your side, and politely inquires what refreshment you desire? Your order is obeyed with expedition; in a few moments your kidneys, your sausage, your poached eggs, your chop, your steak, and baked potatoes, or your toasted cheese, are smoking before you. Or you are smoking yourself, having accepted a cigar at the hands of HERR VON JOEL. Who will not remember HERR VON JOEL? particularly when VON JOEL gives him a cigar. HERR VON JOEL, we are told, will always be retained upon this establishment, in consideration of many years of zealous assistance, which he used to render, not only in warbling his own native German wood-notes wild, but also in imitating those of certain feathered vocalists, which he called *de trosh*, *de plackbird*, *de lark*, and *de nachtingall*. He appears to have relinquished his pipe, and to have taken to cigars instead. One of which cigars you can take for your supper if you like, and are disinclined for anything more substantial.

To the speedy and diligent execution of your order, your assiduous waiter adds the careful attention of placing before you a book of the songs, which are numbered; and the number of each song about to be sung is given out, according to the practice customary in other congregations.

Your ears are then regaled, perhaps, with a good old madrigal or glee—perhaps with a good modern song or chorus, or with both, from a favourite opera—perhaps with a sentimental ballad—perhaps with a comic song. You may be enraptured by a selection from *Euryanthe*—or you may be transported with the *Athiopian serenaders*. A variety

is provided for different tastes; and the combination of music with supper has this advantage, that one can attend to the one or the other, as one chooses. The fast man, bored with WEBER, can occupy himself with his chop; the dull slow man, who is incapable of appreciating the Ethiopian serenaders, may, if he pleases, concentrate his entire attention on his poached eggs, during their popular performance. Some people rejoice in sentiment, others prefer wit and humour. The Villanelle from *Marie Stuart* will charm the former; the burlesque song of the *Ghost in Hamlet* will delight the latter. It is sung and danced by a gentleman half in scale armour, half in appropriate mourning—half *Hamlet* and half *Ghost*.

If you hear the Ethiopians at all, you will probably hear them twice, for they are generally encoired. They throw a considerable portion of the audience into convulsions—by sympathy, perhaps, with those into which they throw themselves, and which are supposed to constitute their national comedy, but which the stupid philosopher will possibly mistake for the gesticulations of epileptic idiotism. One of them, more-

over, dances with much grace, and makes a more diverting, because a more ludicrous, exhibition of himself than any ballet-dancer.

Anybody wanting to hear a little good music, sup, and get to bed betimes, will be precisely suited at this place. Singing commences at eight. Any country curate, now, or indeed, rector, being in town under those circumstances, would find it just answer his purpose. To a serious young man, disapproving of the Opera, and tired of Exeter Hall, it would be a pleasant change from the last-named institution. Moreover it has the advantage of cheapness—so important to all who are truly serious. Even a bishop might give it an occasional inspection, without derogation from the decorum of his shovel hat and gaiters. A resort whereat unobjectionable amusement is provided for the youthful bachelor—the student of law—of medicine—nay, of divinity—offers an attraction in the right direction which is powerful to counteract a tendency towards the wrong: and a glass of grog, with the accompaniment of good singing, may have a moral value superior to that of a teetotal harangue and a cup of Twankay.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THEM?



WE regret to state that, in spite of all our protests, the offence of bad joke-making seems still upon the increase. If we thought it would produce a salutary effect, we should not hesitate from publishing, from time to time, a sort of *Newgate Calendar of Puns*, for which we have always the most ample materials in the many thousands of bad jokes which we commit annually to the condemned cell at our buttermen's.

It is clear to us that the attention of Parliament must before long be directed to the matter; and we would hope the present Session will not pass without leave being moved for by some patriotic Member to bring in a Bill for the Prevention of Punning. We are satisfied that unless some such course as this be followed,

it will soon be hardly safe for anyone with ordinary nerves to venture out into society. Even as it is, one can scarcely ever now go out of an evening without having a pun put like a pistol to one's ear, in a manner that implies your laughter or your life. We ourselves the other night, while we were assisting our partner to refreshment, were most brutally assaulted in the execution of our duty by one of a gang [of funny ruffians that were present, who observed to us with a chuckle, that the glass of wine we were carrying, put him in mind of what the *Times* had said that morning of the Turkish stock, because (with an emphatic poke into our ribs) he saw it was Made-dearer? And we had scarcely recovered from the effects of this attack, when a person, bearing the garb and appearance of a gentleman, but in whom the eye of the experienced penny-liner would doubtless have detected a fiend in human form, caught on a sudden our unguarded ear and button-hole, and in a bland and most insinuating whisper asked us: "Why does the river Thames, when the tide is in, more resemble LONGFELLOW's last poem than it can be said to do when the tide is out?" Speechless with fright, we made an ineffectual attempt to answer him. Upon which the monster, who had been speaking English previously with the purest accent, suddenly burst into the broadest Irish brogue as he exclaimed,—“Arrah! sure, because it's *Higher-wather!*”

A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE.

ACCORDING to a Spanish paper called the *Discussion*, M. BARBÈS the French Red Republican Refugee, has been conducted out of Barcelona and conveyed—against his own wish—in a corvette to Cadiz. M. BARBÈS has published a letter to the DUKE DE LA VICTORIA, in which he pronounces the following judgment on the Spanish ministry:—

“In leaving Spain I am satisfied with the conduct of the Spanish people, whom I do not render responsible for the injustice done me, but I carry with me a very poor opinion of the men who govern them.”

The Spanish people must receive with much gratification the assurance that it has satisfied M. BARBÈS. The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH will also rejoice to find that M. BARBÈS is satisfied with the Spanish people, having heretofore probably

supposed that the advocates of community of property, and the sanguinary republic were the only people capable of giving satisfaction to M. BARBÈS. Ejection from Spain will be, for M. BARBÈS, restoration to his native land. The Spanish Government, of course, will soon expire under the withering consciousness of the poor opinion of them which the important M. BARBÈS says that he carries away with him.

THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

By a Long Fellow running after a Short Young Lady.

TELL me not in mournful numbers
Opera is all a dream,
PICCOLOMINI wakes its slumbers;
She does more than merely seem.

She is real, she's in earnest,
She has reached at once the height,
If thou goest, thou returnest,
To those Voices of the Night.

First enjoyment, and then sorrow,
She with equal truth portrays,
Does she act—to-night—to-morrow?
All are asking when she plays.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
But of genius the soul,
Ordinary talent beating,
Reaches at one stride the goal.

In the operatic battle,
In the *Prima Donna's* life
Quit the herd—the vocal cattle,
Be a GRISI in the strife.

Trust no promise, howe'er pleasant,
Not who may be, but who are;
PICCOLOMINI at present,
Is the bright particular star.

Great successes all remind us,
When attraction's at its prime,
We must leave the crowd behind us,
If we wish to be in time.

We must struggle with each other,
Pushing with our might and main;
If we lose our weaker brother,
In the pit we meet again.

Let us then be up and doing,
Opera begins at eight,
At the door your course pursuing—
Learn to labour—and to wait.

Spiders in Ink.

TAKE a spider—the recipe is an old one—dip it in ink, then let it crawl upon a sheet of paper, and it will write its name quite as legibly as many folks write theirs. There have been certain signatures to petitions against the Sunday Music, and for Sunday sack-cloth in general, obtained by almost a similar process. The difference is only this; instead of spiders, take black-beetles.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.

“Touchstone. Wast ever in court, shepherd?
Corin. No, truly.
Touchstone. Then thou art damn'd.

Corin. For not being at court! Your reason?
Touchstone. Why if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.”

As You Like It, Act iii., Scene 2.

THE LITERATURE OF FLUNKEYISM.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

You don't quite agree with everybody on all subjects—but do you not coincide with me in considering the piece of fine writing hereinafter quoted an example of something more than Able-Editorship?

“When it is remembered that 32 ladies of surpassing loveliness costumed in the exquisite manner we have described, and 32 gentlemen of distinguished appearance, many of [them] wearing the very handsomest fancy costumes, were now standing in presence of Royalty, backed by about seven hundred others, all in gay costumes, it can readily be imagined that any hastily written description must fall far short of the reality. Suffice it to say, that the scene was one of transcendent interest and animation.”

Is not this a powerful paragraph—powerful as the strongest Rondeletia or Macassar-oil? Peradventure you will not need to be told what Newspaper it comes from. Did you ever meet with a much more splendid instance of word-painting and figure-painting? Fancy 32 ladies of surpassing loveliness costumed in an exquisite manner. Imagine 32 gentlemen to match, of distinguished appearance—distinguished, many of them, by wearing the very handsomest of fancy costumes: these 64 variegated persons of quality—backed by about seven hundred others, all in costumes which were at least gay—standing in the presence of Royalty; not only standing, however, but dancing. With your imaginative powers, doubtless, you will be able readily to imagine that any description written hastily—written without sufficient thought and deliberation—must necessarily fall short of the reality, namely, of a quadrille at the Royal Academy of Music's Ball; and you are well enough versed in transcendentalism to be aware that the scene must, indeed, have been one of interest and animation, both sublimely transcendental. Mere Able-Editorship can

A ROYAL ROUNDABOUT.

THERE are some people who can do nothing in a straightforward manner, and who can ask you to dinner one day, put you off the next, give you a half invitation a month afterwards, and then drop the affair altogether, as if they never intended to give you any dinner at all. This is generally considered shabby enough in private life, or rather unceremonious treatment, to say the least of it, but we hardly expect to find such a practice adopted on the part of one sovereign towards another.

That such has been the case, however, appears by an extract from a recent letter of the *Times'* correspondent at Berlin, who writes as follows:—

“It is whispered that the King has sent to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, through PRINCE WINDISCHGRATZ, an invitation, or something amounting to one, to come to the autumn manoeuvres here.”

If we were the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA we would see the KING OF PRUSSIA and his “manoeuvres” further, or rather we would not see him at all, if he could not tell us in an open, honest manner that he would be glad to see us, instead of dropping a hint of an “invitation,” or “something amounting to one,” which would have left us in a state of ambiguity as to whether we had been asked or not asked to give the honour of our company. We almost wonder that WINDISCHGRATZ, who ought in future to be called SIDE WINDISCHGRATZ, did not get a flea in his ear when he had the temerity to attempt the dirty work of hinting a half-invitation to an Emperor. AUSTRIA might well say, “If your master really wants me, why don't he say so, instead of dropping his vague hints, which will enable him to get out of it if he should change his mind, and wish to put me off again.”

It seems, however, that the Royal family of Prussia, cannot for the life of them, avoid an underhand mode of going to work; for the following extract from the correspondence we have already quoted, gives another instance of ambiguity:—

“The PRINCE and PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA will quietly meet together at Ostend in the first week of July, as if for the purpose of sea-bathing, and when there will unobservedly cross the Straits and pay our gracious QUEEN a visit.”

Why should they meet “as if” for one purpose, when they contemplate another; and why attempt to “cross the straits unobservedly,” when everything ought to be done on the sea, at any rate—in a fair and above-board manner.

REFLECTION FOR MR. PIERCE.—The man who could pick a quarrel would also pick a pocket.—JOHNSON *the Little*.

show nothing to match the above quotation, which, as a specimen of Fashion-able Editorship, is commended to your critical consideration by your friend,

PUNCH.

THE GREAT AMERICAN QUESTION.

THE following address to the American People has been issued from 85, Fleet Street:—

AMERICAN BROTHERN: In the present momentous condition of our mutual relations, when it seems awfully probable that our respective Misgovernments will, unless we object to the collision, knock our heads together, as if our brain-pans were pans without brains, the result of which will necessarily be, on both sides, what you expressively denominate an immortal smash—allow me earnestly to entreat you most sincerely to reflect on the following important question:

Why are the Britishers and the Yankees like the “Derby” at Epsom and the “Cap” at Ascot?

I will not call this a conundrum, brethren. The answer is too obvious.

Surely I shall not have to pause a moment for a reply. Your immediate and unanimous response will be,

Because they are the two great Anglo-Saxon Races. If, then, we suffer our heads to be knocked together by our Misgovernments, shall we not be everlasting blockheads?

MANCHESTER TO THE RESCUE.—Where are the men of peace? Are the ears of Manchester so stuffed with cotton, that nothing can PIERCE them?



STUNNING POLITENESS.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 16, Monday. MR. PUNCH having privately favoured the Government with his view of what should be done on the American question, and LORD PALMERSTON having, of course, gladly but respectfully assented, it was not extraordinary that Mr. Punch should have been able, writing long before the announcement on Monday night, to mark out the policy to be adopted by England. He mentions this in answer to scores of letters, demanding whether he is "in the confidence of LORD PALMERSTON," and arguing, that to have been enabled to write, that we were not to dismiss MR. DALLAS, but to hear what he had to say,—precisely what LORDS CLARENDON and PALMERSTON subsequently stated would be our course,—he "must be very much behind the scenes." There was neither confidence nor scene in the matter. He gives no unqualified support to this or any conceivable Government; but, like a patriot, he steps forward on occasion to put any Cabinet in the right course, and therefore is quite able to print on a Monday morning what a Cabinet will say on a Monday night. We do not dismiss DALLAS; and we intend to hear what his arbitration proposals are. Meantime, it appears that all MR. PIERCE's election dodges have come to nought, and he has come to grief. The Democratic Convention, meeting at Cincinnati, is understood to have settled that MR. JAMES BUCHANAN, lately the American representative here, shall be the new President, whereby it is calculated that PIERCE is chewed up like thunder, yes, Siree.

The Joint Stock Companies' Bill was read a second time, LORD OVERSTONE enacting the part of SISYPHUS, from whose legend he takes his title. He rolled up a very heavy argumentative Stone, with great success, as he thought, when Over it went, and he took nothing by his trouble, except commendation from LORD MONTEAGLE, which is not exactly the highest reward a great and good man can achieve in this life. Five lords divided against this useful, though by no means perfect measure—eighteen in its favour.

In the Commons another million was instantly and unanimously advanced to Sardinia. Mr. Punch desires to keep his readers well instructed in the signs of the times; and calls their attention to the fact, that the Manchester Peace-mongers have now taken to sneering at Sardinia, and the cause of Italian liberty. They horribly fear lest a blow, struck anywhere for freedom, should cause the countermand of a trade order. But they had not courage to say a word against this new advance. The American explanations followed, and another expla-

FRED. PEEL'S MEMORANDUM BOOK.

- Mem.—To commit to memory the *Handbook of Latin Quotations*.
- Mem.—To file washing-bills for the last ten years, and make Index and *résumé* of same.
- Mem.—To have a new set of pigeon-holes fitted up in drawing-room.
- Mem.—To prepare list of all celebrated men of the name of FREDERICK, including FREDERICK THE GREAT, FREDERICK LEMAITRE, FREDERICK LABLACHE, or any other that may have the most remote point of resemblance with myself.
- Mem.—To order 92,000 yards of Red Tape (Government Pattern) for the Circumlocution Office.
- Mem.—To study the properties of *Babbage's Calculating Machine*, and see how far they are adaptable to oneself.
- Mem.—To practise shaving in two minutes and seventeen seconds.
- Mem.—To take lessons of JOHN COOPER in the art of speaking, and what to do with one's hands.
- Mem.—To go to Wormwood Scrubs the first holiday, and enjoy without being disturbed the pure luxury of reading by myself the *Dictionary of Dates*.
- Mem.—To prepare *impromptu* against next sarcasm of BERNAL OSBORNE'S.
- Mem.—To draw up a table showing the comparative expense per Ann. of wearing shirts with or without collars.
- Mem.—To read *Magna Charta*, or the Reform Bill, or an Act of Parliament of high political instructive importance, to the servants every evening during the recess.
- Mem.—To reflect upon the chances that intervene between my present position and my future elevation to the Premiership of England, and to consider how the same may be daily diminished and hourly improved by long study, discipline, abstinence, economy, and sleepless application.
- Mem.—To write to MADAME TUSSAUD (anonymously) about not finding in her illustrious collection of great men the statue of MR. FREDERICK PEEL, and demonstrating to her in passionate but conclusive terms, how very incomplete it is without that addition.
- Mem.—To teach the Parrot the Multiplication table.

nation. Some weeks back the Government said that the fortifications of Ismail were not to be destroyed by the Russians before giving it up. Now, the Government states that they are. One statement must have been an inexactitude, and the conflict of statements is discreditable; but we might be quite sure that Russia would do what was best for herself. There was discussion on the system of Army Promotion, and the unfairness with which the family of a deceased officer is treated in regard to the price of his commission; and the Army Estimates were taken, the first being the rather ludicrous proposal, "that a sum of £10, in addition to £7,000,000 already voted," should be granted. The St. James's Park Road and Bridge, were finally decided on, by 119 to 93.

Tuesday. LORD CAMPBELL warned the nation that Hampstead Heath would soon become the property of a person who could do as he liked with it; so that if it were to be preserved to the nation, now was the time to buy.

In the Commons, a bit of real religious mischief was done. The SPOONER and NEWGATE party, led by MR. WALPOLE, and, we are ashamed to say, supported by MR. DISRAELI, took advantage of the absence of members at the QUEEN'S Ball, to carry, by a small majority (113 to 103) a motion tending to overturn the system of National Education in Ireland, for the sake of gratifying Exeter Hall and the Irish parsons. The character of the victory may be estimated from the fact that the parson party exult in it as a similar triumph to that of SPOONER over Maynooth. However, active mischief cannot be permitted to bigotry, and the motion will have been contemptuously rescinded before these lines are in the hands of many myriads of readers. Its nature is not worth more words than suffice to say that under pretext of love for The Book, the bigots struggle for a renewal of Protestant Ascendancy.

Wednesday. The case of the poor heir to the Nabobs of Surat came on again, and despite the struggles of the East India Company's men, a Bill for doing him justice was read a third time. LORD PALMERSTON very properly lost no time before intimating that the foolish work of the preceding night must be effaced as soon as possible.

Thursday. A curious Petition was presented from the Mayor and Aldermen of Reading, in favour of a Bill for enabling people to sell property that does not belong to them—that is, for enabling tenants in tail to sell. We could pardon the KING OF OUDE'S sauce upon the subject of property, seeing that his own has been rather unceremoniously DUGALD DAL-HOUSED, but this Reading sauce will not do.

LORD DERRY announced his intention of not accepting the Jew Bill. On the third reading of the Bill for the annuity to SIR FENWICK WILLIAMS, of Kars, a very fitting appeal was made by LORD MALMESBURY on behalf of the mother of the gallant CAPTAIN THOMPSON, one of WILLIAMS'S trusty companions in the heroic defence. Her brave son has not long survived his return to his native country, and her circumstances are such that a little of the gold so profusely lavished for all objects connected with the War would be a substantial benefit to her. Surely, we owe a debt to the mother of a hero. LORD LANSDOWNE promised attention in terms that imply further promise.

The Commons went on with the Army Estimates. DR. MICHELL, the Bodmin SOLOMON, expressed a hope, that next time we had fireworks the Clerk of the Ordnance would go up into the air with every rocket, or take some other measures "to prevent its falling on the heads of persons who did not expect it." A sensible discussion on the lodging of our soldiers followed, and SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, in wisely recommending a general investigation into the Barrack system, and its reform upon a comprehensive plan, stated that every prisoner in our gaols costs us £150 a-year, while the soldier was the worst-lodged person in the QUEEN'S dominions. That eternal Scotch Ordnance map brought on another row—about the fiftieth *Mr. Punch* has had to commemorate. It is a cross between a blunder and a job.

Friday. The Lords, having no work set them by the Commons, did not sit. In the Commons LORD PALMERSTON announced that the Guards, now returning from the scene of their suffering and glory, will enter London at an hour when all the inhabitants can welcome them. He added, "And I am sure it will be interesting to those who heard the drum sounding before daybreak for their departure, to see them 'all' return." The "sensation" which followed was a comment upon a word unhappily inappropriate.

MR. BOWYER, who worthily represents the foolish Governments of Naples, and of the Papal States, then demanded why FOSCHINI (an Italian who lately committed a series of atrocious assaults in an eating house near Leicester Square) had been allowed to escape. The *animus* of the inquiry was shown by MR. BOWYER'S adding that FOSCHINI was a friend of PIANORI, who tried to murder LOUIS NAPOLEON, and that both were connected with MAZZINI, who was on intimate terms with Mount Vesuvius. SIR GEORGE GREY said that every means had been used to catch FOSCHINI, and that if he had gone to a state with which we were on extradition terms, we should have him yet. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON incidentally pronounced a strong censure on Government for "irritating, deceiving, and offending" the Americans—the Cambridge University Bill went through Committee—Ireland was insulted by the passing of the Peace Preservation Bill—and the Bill for making the B. F. reveal the secrets of his farm and his books was withdrawn.

N.B. Morning sittings have commenced this week, a symptom which enables *Mr. Punch* to congratulate the nation upon the approaching termination of the Session, and commencement of the Bathing season.



THE PLACE FOR BLACKLEGS.—What a blessed change for Society it would be, if all the numerous rascals now upon the Turf were under it instead!

GOOD KNIGHT, SWEETHEART.



HERE has been a proposition made by a portion of the Press to confer the honour of Knighthood on MR. CHARLES KEAN; or rather, according to his flatterers, to confer the honour of MR. CHARLES KEAN on Knighthood. The claims put forward in support of this arrangement, consist of the alleged elevation of the Stage by the Manager of the Princess's Theatre. To do him justice, we believe that he has elevated the Stage at least three inches; for we understand it is a quarter of a foot higher than it used to be. It must be admitted that he has done much to uphold the Drama; but, if this constitutes a claim to a title,

MADAME VESTRIS should long ago have been a Peeress in her own right; for she has done more towards upholding the Drama—by means of upholstery, which she always applied with the most consummate taste to the purposes of the Stage,—than any other Manager.

We do not wish to dispute the claims of MR. CHARLES KEAN to an immediate Knighthood; but we hope the merits of other theatrical celebrities will be considered, and that each one who is illustrious in his own department may receive appropriate honour. We do not see why tragedy—or rather burlesque—should monopolise the favour of the Sovereign; and we would suggest, therefore, that the names of SIR HARRY ROBSON, SIR N. T. HICKS, and SIR THOMAS MATTHEWS, may infuse into the Knightage of the United Kingdom, a flavour of pantomime and melodrama, which might prove acceptable to the taste of the community. If mere management is to be regarded as giving a sort of right to rank, there are, to say nothing of MESSRS. WEBSTER and BUCKSTONE, a variety of individuals whose claims are older than those of MR. CHARLES KEAN, who must give place in point of precedence to LADY VINCENT of the New Cut, or the HONOURABLE SIR NELSON LEE of Shoreditch. It is probable that, should any theatrical titles be conferred, an attempt will be made to obtain a step in the Peerage, for the old representative of the Barony of NATHAN; who, as far as the antiquity of his house is concerned, puts to shame the mushroom management of Oxford Street.

DOGGED DETERMINATION.

THE Court of Queen's Bench was occupied during a whole day last week, in trying the right to a Ferry between the Isle of Dogs and Greenwich. An immense amount of documentary evidence was read, including a quantity of the old law, with its usual amount of "dog Latin," which was supposed to bear special reference to the Isle alluded to. It is difficult to understand the value of a Ferry between the two places named; for, though many wish to visit Greenwich, few desire to go to the Dogs, for even the most temporary purposes. We are not learned in the antiquities of the Isle; but archaeology might probably discover some pretext for the name of the place in the remains of some old Dogano, of which the Isle of Dogs may have been the site at some remote period.

All's (s)Well that Ends (s)Well.

THE term "Swell" has generally been applied to over-dressed gentlemen; but, if the ladies' dresses go on expanding at their present rate to ballooningness, we shall soon see the little boys running after a lady, who may be as broad as an omnibus, and hear them crying out lustily "There goes a Swell!"

JONATHAN THE MAGNANIMOUS.

THOUGH the States of all nations on airth quite the fust is,
We'll forgive them there Britishers, savage and sarcy,
If they'll waive their demands on United States' Justice,
And throw themselves all on United States MARRY.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

We are requested to state that the cards, sent out for the Dinner at the English Embassy at Paris to commemorate HER MAJESTY'S Coronation, were vile forgeries. The English Ambassador trusts that from internal evidence there was more than sufficient in the invitation to convince his friends that he had no hand in it.

THE MODEL LEGISLATURE.

(From the New York Herald of June 11th.)



THE proceedings in the Senate of the United States yesterday were of rather an animated character, as will be seen in the Washington report, which we subjoin, and we heartily congratulate this free and enlightened nation thereon. Hail Columbia, say we, and long may her Representatives continue to debate upon her interests with that glorious fervour and energy which throws into sickening contrast the feeble and bloodless pulses of the legislative assemblies of the old world. If our statesmen speak and act strongly, it is because they feel strongly, and well may they do so with the illimitable destinies of the universe in their hands, and themselves entrusted with the

glowing mission of development, incarnate in our noble institutions.

Tuesday, June 10th.

On the motion for the second reading of the Old Hoss and Bunkum Railway Extension Bill, Mr. GLAGGS, (G^a), stated that he should consider it a personal insult to himself and his colleague if the motion were put. The Bill was the audacious spawn of a crawling sycophancy, which ought to be indignantly kicked to bottomless blazes.

MR. BINCKES (S. C^a) concurred in what had fallen from the honourable speaker, and wished he had the same commanding eloquence in which to embody the unutterable disgust which he felt for the framers of the Bill, and for all the despicable wretches who had dared to speak in its favour.

MR. SAMUEL X. SLODDY (F^a) had not thought much of the Bill, but was now convinced of its goodness when two such contemptible snags as GLAGGS and BINCKES howled against it. Senator BINCKES here crossed the floor, and taking off his coat, and throwing it on the table, began to whip Senator SLODDY some, but was felled to the dust by a ruler in the hand of that patriot, OWKINS of Mass. He was at first stunned, but having liquored, resumed his coat and seat.

MR. LEGUME (V^a) hoped the debate might be procrastinated until more specific information was before them. It was unworthy of the majestic genius of America to slogdologize.

A VOICE. Who's slogdologizing?

ANOTHER VOICE. Greased snakes! Je-rusalem! (Sensation.)

MR. HACTARIS. (Penn.) The Bill had been carefully discussed on a previous occasion, and there was no excuse for delay. He would not impute motives to its opponents, but would like to know where the honourable senator GLAGGS obtained the dollars that paid his extravagant hotel-bill yesterday.

MR. GLAGGS. You are a mean, dastardly spy.

MR. HACTARIS. You are a liar.

The senator from Georgia here fired four shots at the honourable speaker, without any other casualty than killing PISKANG, the silent senator from Columbia, who, being asleep, was unaware of the circumstance. MR. HACTARIS loudly protested against MR. GLAGGS' shooting at him on a second reading, as being out of order, which, strictly speaking, may have been the case.

MR. WACKLINGBUG (V^a) thought that they were discussing the Bill with almost too much heat. The Railway was wanted.

MR. BINCKES would be darned if it was.

MR. WACKLINGBUG wanted it himself (laughter). But, as it seemed to him, the only objection to the Bill was, that the undertakers of the Railroad were a parcel of beggarly bankrupt loafers, who would never edify a pile or a rail.

MR. BRANDING (Ohio) was happy to be able to inform the honourable member that he was an infernal falsehood-monger, and that among the promoters were men of the most impassioned intellect, and who sighed for the good of their great and glorious country with the most ardent aspiration.

A VOICE. He means perspiration.

MR. BRANDING knew that ribald throat, and dared its owner to stand up.

The gigantic LUKE V. BLACK, of Delaware, here heaved his ponderous proportions into the air, but SENATOR BRANDING seemed to discover that he had something very engrossing to whisper to his next neighbour, and managed not to see the Delaware Hercules, who finally sat down, not much the worse for having accepted the defiance.

MR. SPITTLE (V^a) said that although it was as patent as the sun in the blue hemisphere, that their debate was worthy of an enlightened nation, and a pattern to the corrupt and

bigoted British Parliament, he thought they lost time. He was for business, and would clench the matter by registering his solemn oath, which he did in the face of eternal creation, that whoever tried to get that Bill passed he would kick through yonder mahogany.

MR. SLODDY was not to be bullied by a lopsided crawfish from the Green Mountains. He begged to move, with unmitigated disdain, that the Old Hoss and Bunkum Bill be read a second time.

MR. SPITTLE here drew a life-preserver, and rushed towards MR. SLODDY, but finding the latter prepared with one of our friend LARKINS' first-chop bowie-knives, the honourable senator turned aside and struck MR. HACTARIS, who had his back towards him, a tremendous blow from behind, and beat him handsome while on the floor. Several senators might have stopped this, but, as they said, "their motives might be misconstrued by their constituents," and JACK HACTARIS got about as grand a licking as five foot eight of Pennsylvania human nature has ever taken. At the request of several ladies who were present, the debate was then adjourned, for a chivalric deference to feminine influence has ever been the characteristic of our noble and impulsive patriots.

In the evening we hear that BRANDING and WACKLINGBUG fought a duel, and that BRANDING was killed, but the report has not been verified by the last telegraphs, and it certainly does not much matter. If true, however, we trust MAJOR BILLY F. LOGGER will jump about and look after the empty place.

Since the above was written we find that it is WACKLINGBUG who has caught it. Virginia has lost a good son, and has got many a gooder.

THE DISCARDED CARDINALS.

It seems that six Cardinals, who had been invited to the Baptismal Banquet at the Hôtel de Ville, found on their arrival no places assigned to them. The greatest difficulty occurred in squeezing them in; for they had declined to take their seats at a side-table, which had been suggested as a makeshift. There was, of course, a great deal of room required for their Eminences; who are as remarkable for the outrageous, or rather the umbrageous size of their hats, as the ladies are conspicuous for the size—or want of size—of their bonnets. Two or three of the Cardinals are understood to have been extremely angry at the slight passed upon them, by their being forgotten in the arrangements of the table. It might have been remarked by a looker-on, that whatever may be the catalogue of Cardinal virtues, patience was not on this occasion among the number.

Sad Accident in High Life.

WE regret to state that LADY MONTPELLIER BROMPTON PELHAM was prevented attending HER MAJESTY'S last Drawing Room by the fact of her Ladyship's dress having been, by the fearful pressure of the crowd, pulled completely off her back, which necessitated a rapid retreat homewards. This calamity occurred fortunately in the first crush-room of St. James's Palace, so that there was less difficulty than was anticipated in finding her Ladyship's carriage. The value of the dress destroyed is estimated at not less than £123. It is with extreme pain we add, that LADY PELHAM has been confined to her bed ever since.

What are we Driving at?

It is gratifying to perceive that SIR WILLIAMS FENWICK WILLIAMS is receiving every mark of attention wherever he goes, and that his gallant conduct is appreciated equally by the Court and the people, who seem to understand that Kars would not have fallen had it not been for the Government slow coaches.



LIFE IN AN AMERICAN HOTEL?

A GOOD DRESSING FOR THE LADIES.

PUBLIC attention is being painfully called to the state of isolation in which fashionable females are placed by the extraordinary amount of crinoline which they wear about them, and which renders it impossible for any one to approach within some feet of them. If a lady in the full dress of the period were to faint, it would be quite out of the power of any benevolent being to get sufficiently near to her to catch her, or tender his support. We cannot understand the cause which induces the ladies of the present day to raise up such a barrier around them as to compel everybody to keep at a respectful distance, and to place themselves in, as it were, a state of blockade. Everybody knows the fair sex to be rather encroaching, but the mode in which ladies encroach on the space which ought to be equally free to all is becoming so great an evil that a gentleman taking a stall between two ladies at the Opera is sure to find his place occupied by a quantity of tulle or other material, in the recesses of which his seat is so completely buried that he seeks for it in vain.

Really, if this system of over-dressing continues, we shall call upon SIR RICHARD MAYNE to issue police regulations for the prevention of obstructions in the thoroughfares by means of crinoline. We should like to see an intimation to ladies visiting Her Majesty's Theatre that "Petticoats must be turned towards Pall Mall, and that crinoline going to the boxes must draw off in the direction of Charles Street, and form in double line along the Opera Arcade." The Commissioners of Police would at any rate do good service if they would give directions as to the sort of "setting-down" that would be most appropriate.

WANTED A BISHOP.

ATTEMPTS are being made to cause a sort of disunion on the Episcopal Bench, by dividing the Bishopric of Gloucester and Bristol into a couple of prelacies. It is true that they were formerly separate sees; but having been once united, it seems a pity to separate them; for a Bishopric divided against itself, if it follows the law applicable to houses, may get into a shaky condition. We should have thought that Gloucester and Bristol might have got on tolerably well together, but it seems to be feared that they cannot agree, and a separation is therefore said to be advisable. Surely, the country cannot be said to have been so much under-bishoped during the last few years that an extra pair of lawn sleeves should be found necessary for the spiritual welfare of the country. We know that with some people the cry is always for "more bishops," as the only mode of "saving the country" (though nobody knows what from); but we are still disposed to believe that Mitres are sufficiently numerous for all religious, moral, social, and political purposes.

Professors of Foreign Politics.

It would be advisable that no person should be suffered to practise diplomacy without having taken out a diploma. Hitherto our foreign relations have been at the mercy of irregular practitioners, and the diplomatist may be said to have been called such by reason of having no diploma, and being, therefore, a quack.

THE AMERICAN MISUNDERSTANDING.

How can you think, you Yankee fellows,
That of your progress we are jealous?
Why, Middlesex as well might worry
Herself because of thriving Surrey.

We know the spread of your dominion
Is likewise that of free opinion,
Which bowie-knife, revolver, rifle,
And Lynch-law but in small part still.

Your growth alarms us not, like Russian,
Which threatens stoppage of discussion,
Thralldom, restriction, prohibition,
And ignorance and superstition.

Your destiny the Anglo-Saxon
Name, SMITH, JONES, JEFFERSON, and JACKSON,
Is to diffuse—JOHN BULL well knows it;
'Tis manifest—we don't oppose it.

We plot no bounds to your expansion,
As that of feeders in our Mansion-
House, at the civic monarch's table;
We know it is inevitable.

Wherever you enlarge your border,
There advance Liberty and Order,
Extend Arts, Sciences, and Letters,
We fear not these—but whips and fetters.

Against us why are you so bitter?
Because we sometimes grin and titter
A little at your speech and manners?
Therefore must ours be hostile banners?

Don't we ourselves laugh at each other?
Consider, JONATHAN, my brother,
Laugh at our headles and our flankies,
Caparisoned like fools and monkeys?

Don't we deride our dolts and asses,
The snobs of our superior classes;
And those of an inferior station,
Our Cockneys by denomination?

Are you enraged with us for joking?
Are you indeed for bayonets poking
Against our fun in sober sadness?
Or have we bantered you to madness?

Say is it your intent to wallop
Us on account of MRS. TROLLOPE?
Or are we by you to be smitten
For something DICKENS may have written?

For you we have the kindest feeling;
Add Stars on Stars—by honest dealing—
To those which now your striped flag spangle;
'Twill be no cause why we should jangle.

Great Nation!—still keep getting bigger,
All of you, saying what is Nigger,
We shall rejoice—not envy nourish—
The more you go a-head and flourish.

Establish drinks and institutions
Wherever wholesale revolutions
Afford a market for the potions
Inseparable from your notions.

Gin-sling, Enlightenment's resplendence,
Mint-julep, cocktail, independence,
We shall consider it a blessing
Around us to behold progressing.

Juvenile Party.

At a grand Juvenile Party given recently in the neighbourhood of London, the following rules to enforce order were issued by the Master of the establishment:—

"Servants to be ordered at eight o'clock. Nurses to turn their Perambulators' heads towards Kensington Gate."



THE SPOILT CHILD.

Parent. "I DON'T LIKE TO CORRECT HIM JUST NOW, BECAUSE HE'S ABOUT HIS TEETH, AND SICKENING FOR HIS MEASLES—BUT HE CERTAINLY DESERVES A CLOUT ON THE HEAD."



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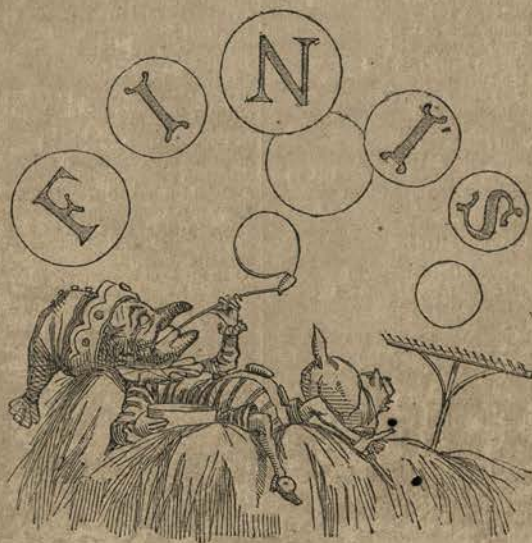
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