

PUNCH



LONDON:



PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1869.

A P 10
P 8



PREFACE.

"I WAS obliged to ask you to meet me, MR. PUNCH," said the EMPEROR, "and this was about the only place where we could meet without fear of listeners. Deign to accept my apology for having asked you to pull out into mid-channel in such weather."

"Don't mention it, MAJESTY. I am the Old Salt of the Earth, and shan't melt in the sea. I am at your Majesty's service, so far as that is consistent with my devotion to Balmoral."

"Would I injure your admirable balmorality, my dear friend? You will confer a benefit on all Europe by advising me at this crisis."

• "I advise your MAJESTY to light up."

"I imitate you in this, and in much else, MR. PUNCH. And now to business. 'No man of many words am I,' as our friend DU MAURIER saith. You have noted and considered my Elections?"

"Habeo, Sire; which is Latin for, I have."

"And what do you deduce?"

"A Fact and a Lesson."

"The first?"

"One half of France, and that half which contains the Brain, has unmistakeably pronounced against Personal Government. You see, Sire, that some personalities cannot be tolerated by civilised society?"

"You put things pleasantly," grumbled the EMPEROR. "But the fellows on my side don't want cleverness."

"I should say that they did not, Sire. They must have a good stock in hand. For they never use any. Even the work of managing your elections with reasonable decency very few of them have done. Half your victories are moral defeats. But never mind that. You have out of the 290 men in the Chamber 213 of your own to 77 liberals, 42 real, 35 red. Are those the figures?"

"Are you ever wrong?"

"Never, Sire. I may take that slight credit. Well, your President can frown on the Opposition, and stop any mouth that is uttering disagreeable things, and a majority of 136, like a certain commination,

"Answers every doubt so eloquently well."

"Ce cher Byron."

"Wee, Sire. But there is another passage in the writings of that misguided party but meritorious poet, and though the splash of these infernal waves interferes with the effect of my elocution, I take leave to recite that passage.

"Still, FREEDOM, still, thy banner, torn but flying,
Streams like a thunder-cloud against the wind,
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest that the tempest leaves behind."

"I am not given to sentiment, Sire, but it is liked on the Continent. Will you extract my meaning in the above recitation?"

"I understand."

"Why then rejoice therefore, Sire, as the Divine WILLIAMS observes. For I credit you with meaning well. To understand where one is, and to intend to act rightly, be twain steps in the road to honour. I believe I am spoiling True THOMAS of Chelsea, but he loves me and will pardon."

"Have you visited the French Gallery in Pall Mall?"

"Aye, Sire, and with pleasure."

"On the East wall is a portrait of a Boy."

"A princely Boy, Sire, and you desire that years hence the catalogue that describes his portrait should call him what his father is now called. *Rem tetegi?*"

"*Acu.*"

"He will be Emperor over free men, Sire, or no Emperor at all."

"Bridge the space between fact and lesson, MR. PUNCH. You say half, and the half which ought to have Ascendency is my enemy. Am I to throw the gates open to him?"

"Do you prefer that he should batter them open?"

"Batter," said the EMPEROR, with a kindling war-glance that swept the Boulevards. "I had an Uncle."

"They say so at St. Helena," said MR. PUNCH, kindly. "Come, Sire, you are a better man than he, and too good for thoughts like those. If a nation cannot be governed without a constitution of cannon, it is not worth governing. Do you believe that of the France you have recently discovered to be noble?"

"I am bewildered," said the EMPEROR. "Holdfast is a good dog, as your proverb is."

"There was another dog, Sire, who wanted more than was good for him, and so lost all. Our WILLIAMS has said, 'Tis better using France than trusting France,' but on my honour, MAJESTY, I think you might act on the opposite rule."

"And trust France?"

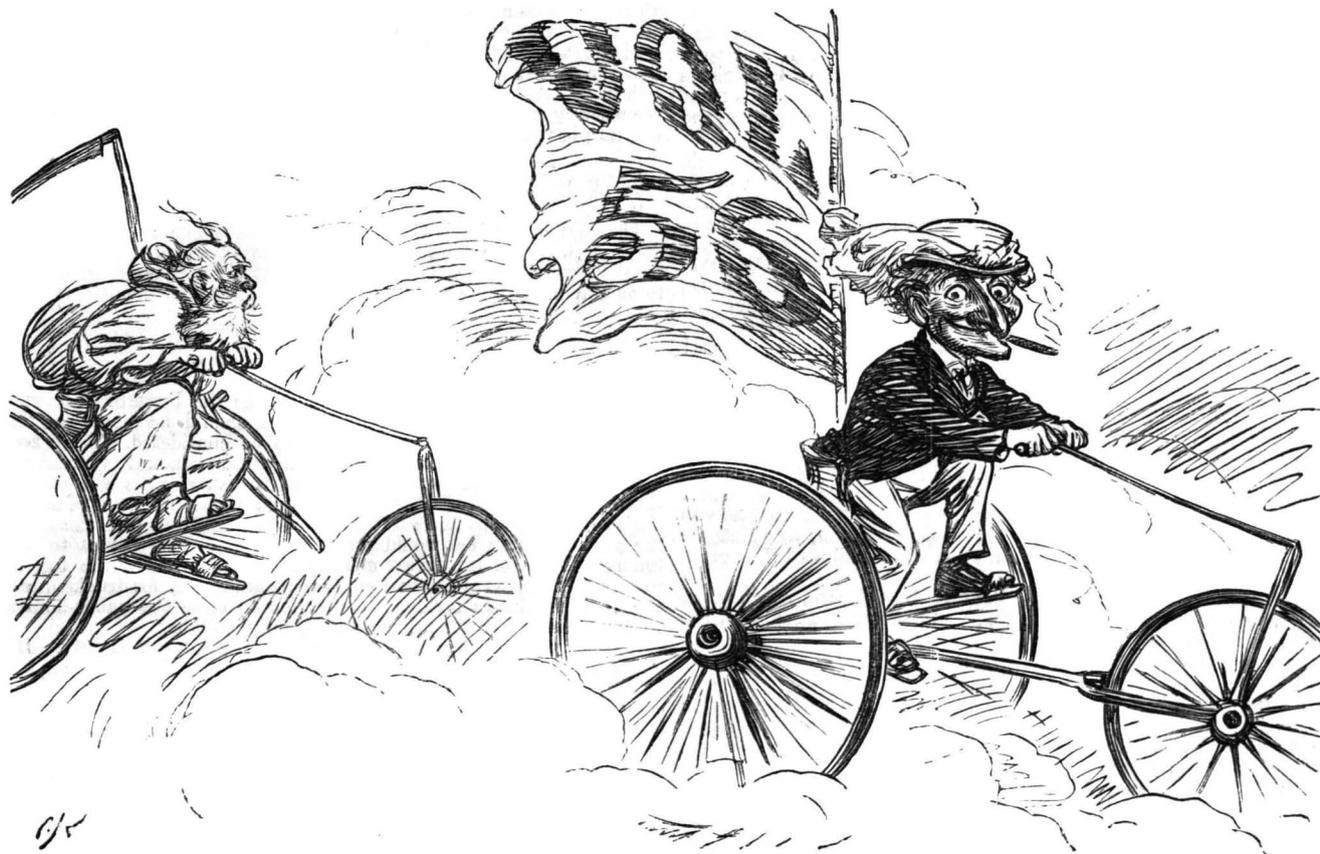
"Half of which—yes, Sire, in spite of that. Because France, which is generous, would then begin to trust you. Conquer France, Sire. Nobody else can do it. It will be a grander campaign than any of your Uncle's, and it will have neither a Moscow nor a Waterloo."

"I will think about it," said the EMPEROR, moodily, turning away his canoe and raising his hat.

"Don't think too long, Sire," cried MR. PUNCH as His Majesty departed. And read to your young Prince my

Fifty-Sixth Volume.





PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

TUESDAY, December 29. The House of Commons sat but for one golden hour, and did nothing but cheer the Ministers, and issue some writs. But mark you now how the hand of a great artist shall beat out that gold, and give you a longsome and important article. The fact is that the nation has set up such a clamour for "a lot of Essence," as the nation inelegantly puts it, that we cannot deny it such a New Year's Gift, the less that it will get no more until Wednesday the 24th February.

Fact is, *Mr. Punch* had some doubt whether it would be prudent in him, as the father of a family, to resume this Essence at all. For he had been so horribly frightened, ever since the Reform Act passed, at the terrific warnings of those who called it a Revolution, that he slept for weeks with revolvers under his pillow, and only discontinued the practice because they slipped down to his toes, and went off in the night to the discomfort of his household. Chaff the new Parliament, he thought. Never. And he beheld in his mind's eye furious mobs electing savage DANTONS, and MARATS, and ROBESPIERRES, who immediately formed themselves into a dreadful tribunal, erected a guillotine in Bride Court, and brought out *Mr. Punch* to look through the National Window. Doubtless he would have met his fate with decency, but to say nothing of his much preferring not to die at all, consider his life assurances, which would have been vitiated by his execution. He shuddered, and resolved that there should be no more Essence.

Then he hid himself, (as it is all over now, he doesn't mind saying that it was in the least likely place in all England to be searched, the abandoned lighthouse on the top of the hill in the enclosed gardens at Purfleet) and made calculations. He discovered that the Reform Act would add one Million to the electoral rolls. As this fact flashed upon him, he became so dreadfully ill that it required all the kindness and a great deal of the champagne of the excellent hotel at Purfleet to bring him to anything like a comfortable state.

But he held on somehow, until the elections began. Then, unable to behold any frantic mobs, except through the mind's eyes of some of his contemporaries, he gained a little courage, and abandoned his fears of the National Window. But he said to himself in a legible whisper, "They are going to elect men like the leaders of the Reform League, pretentious, stuck-up folk, of that detestable class that can neither give nor take chaff, or of that more detestable class that can

only give and can't take it." And then he thought of a majority of Forcible Feebles having him pulled up to the bar of the House of Commons, and asked how he dared smile at the Representatives of the Millions. "I will never go down on my knees and ask pardon," he said, with a revival of his gallant spirit. "I have too much pluck, and respect for my silk stockings for that." But whether the Essence should be written or not bothered him, and he asked counsel of friends, who talked to him the usual nonsense of Friends in Council—not *Mr. HELPS's*, who are the wisest and most delightful councillors he knows.

The Elections were over, and again he fled away to his lighthouse to consider the returns. You should have seen him come smiling down the hill, and along the road to order another banquet. He struck the stars with his sublime head. A Revolution. You be disestablished! A Revolution, you disendowed fool! Nothing like it. A Capital Good Parliament, whence he deplores sundry exclusions (as *MILL's*, *ROEBUCK's*, and *BRUCE's*) but composed for the most part of good men and true, of all parties, but with a great majority pledged to support his friend *PEELIDES*. Educated, wealthy, some titled, all vowing to be governed by no ignorant constituents, but by a resolution to do justice to all men. And the average age of a Parliament-man in 1869 is Fifty Two—just the age that a wise man ought to be—until he becomes fifty-three. That last fact settled him, and he swore that the Essence of Parliament should appear again, and, like old Vauxhall, with fifty thousand additional lights, every week. And he pledged himself to do it, too, and took the pledge in Burgundy.

Which pledge—the former, he now proceeds to redeem, and wishes a Happy New Year to the nation in pledge the latter.

As hath been said, the Commons met, and the newly re-elected *SPEAKER* took the Chair, which means, sat down in it. Took has various meanings, for which see *Tooke's Diversions of Purley*, and you will not find them.

The Ministerial benches were about half filled, but this must not be taken as ominous of ministerial half measures. With *Falstaff*, we hate an unfilled can. But what would have been the use of a large attendance? There was nothing to do. Why should men spoil their Christmas holidays? Echo answers with a profession of inability to make a satisfactory response. There were very few Opposition

Members. Why should they have come, when there was nothing to oppose, except a beestly driving small rain?

MR. DUNDAS took the oath (we've only one little oath now) and his seat for the Orkneys. These are islands of the north, and were called Orcades by the Romans, but they were known to the ancients before the circumnavigation of Britain by AGRICOLA, who, as his name implies, having been a husbandman, easily learnt to be a navigator, and might have made railways, if he had thought of it.

MR. GLADSTONE, Premier of England, and Member for Greenwich, was loudly cheered on his entrance. We shall always think the better of Greenwich for having made such good use of its new franchise, and shall be happy to show our satisfaction by accepting any invitations to meet pleasant people at either of the great fish-houses. By the way, there has been a plentiful lack of imagination in the Greenwich cooks lately, and we hereby order them to invent a Something *à la* Gladstone, and let it be an excellent good thing, and let us have no humbugging with old enemies under new names. Somebody says that *Punch* is a proclaimed Epicure. So he is, but where did EPICURUS place pleasure? In virtue. And is there no virtue in a good dinner? If not—why does it—or what is meant for it and never is—precede an appeal for a Charity? Away, and vex not thou great *Punch's* mind With thy shallow wit, Vex not thou that creature's mind, For thou canst not fathom it.

Various Ministers took the oath, but the Right Honourable JOHN BRIGHT made affirmation strong as kiss of Holy Writ. This reminds us of an American story, which has nothing whatever to do with MR. BRIGHT's case. A poll-clerk, fancying from a voter's hat that he was a Quaker, asked him whether he would swear or affirm, to which the voter, in a pleasant manner, replied, that he was disendowed if he cared which.

On a new writ being moved for the County of Louth, which is, we believe, somewhere in Ireland, but we should be louth to say we know where, up and spoke

The LORD BURY, son and heir of the EARL OF ALBEMARLE, the Lord of Quiddendam Hall. This frightful Revolutionist (mind you, we don't like it; read CARLYLE, and see how at the beginning of the French revolution certain young aristocrats who had been in America—and LORD BURY has been in America, and we dare say will declare that he is very happy indeed to have been there—began proposing to abolish old customs—Bury, too—that has a funereal kind of sound) this frightful Revolutionist, we say, inaugurated the destruction of all things by complaining of the inconvenience occasioned by the law which compels the re-election of those who take office under the Crown. He thought he should venture to move, hereafter, for the repeal of that law.

Between ourselves, the rule, very proper when Sovereigns were more despotic, and could force a Minister on the nation, has become simply a foolish nuisance, when Ministers can hold office only by permission of Parliament. But then it was made in the days of the good QUEEN ANNE, and it would be disrespectful to the sainted memory of MRS. TRUEMAN to repeat it. Besides, if you begin abolishing, when will you leave off? It is clear that the spirit that would abolish an old rule merely because it is useless and mischievous, would abolish the Throne and the Altar, nay, the very Precession of the Equinoxes. The House of Commons said nothing to the titled Revolutionist, but let us hope it thought the more, like the Welshman's Bubo, or Owl.

More new writs were issued, including one for South Derby, where the vacancy has been caused by the second demise since the general election. Eight more of the Administrators have got to issue addresses, take long journeys in vile weather, make speeches, and come home again, in obedience to the law of the good MRS. TRUEMAN. Her correspondent, DUCHESS FREEMAN, would tell her, if they lived now, that the law was nonsense, and if SARAH didn't put a strong word, such as disestablished, before the noun, her manners would be shown to have mended in Elysium.

Nextly, we had some Notices of Motion, but they were mostly given by new Members, whom the gentlemen in the gallery had not seen before, and of course were not bound to know. There is a vast lot of these in the Parliament, and it would be well if each new man would get his name legibly printed in large type, and paste (or gum) it upon the top of his hat. The outside of his hat, we mean, Irish Members. Then the reporters would notice him as he lifted his hat on rising (or he might hold it up towards them for a moment) and his fine oratory would not be set down to "an honourable Member," or to a wrong person. MESSRS. HANSARD would, no doubt, print such a thing on moderate terms, or an M.P. may come to Whitefriars, and sit in our office while the MS. is being set up—only he must bring his own cigars.

Of the notices, one was anent Local Taxation, one for the Legislation of Trades' Unions (ha! spirit of ROBESPIERRE!), one for making English and Scotch bankruptcies alike, one (this was for MR. TORRENS) about the asylums for the sick poor, and one (this was by MR. LYSER O'BEIRNE) for leave to bring in a Bill to facilitate the acquisition of small estates in Ireland. This is a very desirable object, and MR. O'BEIRNE may acquire a small one for us, if he will be so good. Or, on second thoughts, a large one. And—we are ashamed to trouble

him—but would he make it in England, as we are desirous to reside upon it, and do not care about crossing the Channel? He shall come and see us whenever he likes, nobody welcome.

MINISTER AYRTON, Joint Secretary of the Treasury, then moved that the House, at its rising, should adjourn until Tuesday the 16th February. And being interrogated (we mean asked) as to whether the meeting was for business, he made as brief reply as the American General, in that capital new poem, when told that

"*Dat Bummer der Breitmann ish holdin' der ford!*"

He replied,

"Yes."

Then did such of the Commons of the Kingdom as had attended disperse, without making any particular Revolution to speak of. But we shall watch them, and prepare to bolt at any appearance of danger to ourselves, or to the State.

SOBRIETY OF ELECTION.

THE suggestion of the Right Honourable the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, that the public-houses should be closed on the nomination day at elections, deserves to be considered. There are, perhaps, some constituencies in which a certain amount of drunkenness prevails, even amongst the class of British electors who cannot afford to spend any of their hard-earned wages in excess of drink. Certainly, it might be in a great measure prevented by the closure of the public-houses; but would not that be an ill compliment to the toiling millions of this great country? It is surely at the top of society, as much as at the bottom, that we are to look for drunkenness, and it would be an invidious distinction to close the public-houses without closing also the private cellars, and the clubs.

A voter, who gets drunk at Election time, gets drunk on duty. He unfits himself for the exercise of that exalted privilege which is the birthright of every Briton above the *residuum*. For an elector to be so drunk as not to be capable of giving the name of the candidate whom he means to vote for, is to be drunk and incapable indeed; certainly, to be incapable of performing his lofty constitutional function. Indeed it may be held that any elector so drunk as not to be able to say, distinctly, "British Constitution," is politically drunk and incapable. Suppose, then, gross drunkenness, apparent at the hustings, is subjected by the Legislature to disfranchisement, temporary, or final. On the one hand the public-houses might remain open, and the publicans suffer no injury. On the other, constituencies would be weeded of unworthy voters; of course to the sole detriment of a bigoted and stupid faction and to the unqualified advantage of the party of enlightenment and progress.

CHINS AND CHIGNONS.

Moustache and beard we did not wear
When I was young, days long ago;
But modern girls no longer care
If swells have bristly mouths or no.

Not only shave not fogies old,
No good by shaving who could gain,
But gallants, in an age less cold,
Who would have shaved, nor shaved in vain,

Moustaches only in the way
With soup a fellow now can find;
But if he will take soup he may:
At any rate the soup won't mind.

Sparkle on the Bench.

WE find, in the *Era*, the following piece of wit, emitted by the Chairman of the Petty Sessions for the Enfield district of the Duchy of Lancaster. A brace of rogues, male and female, had cheated a publican, and were sent for trial. The male requested that the female might be released on bail, as he would be bound for her.

"The CHAIRMAN. O yes. The prison walls will stand bail for both of you."

True wit on the bench is so rare that *Punch* at once immortalises this Chairman, and recommends him to MR. GLADSTONE for Chancellor of the Duchy.

A BSCONDED, on Tuesday evening last, between the hours of eight and ten, a Beautiful Big Baby, aged just eleven weeks. Had blue eyes and a pink sash, and answers to the name of Trotturns. Very learned for its age. Knows who stole the donkey, and what sugar plums are made for. Can recognise papa in the "Run with the Rantone."—(*Vide Punch's Almanack* for 1869.)

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

SOMETHING LIKE A PREFACE.



THE learned CHEILOPOTOS, of Kissos, has laid it down as an axiom, in his treatise upon the Science of Creative Duplication, that "No entity can ever be lost in Nature for want of its counterpart." Hence the Sage, logically working out his own premises in the course of five considerable volumes, establishes this as a fact beyond all question, namely, that "the collective idiosyncrasies of all the possible varieties of Human Individualities are to be found separately in the animal kingdom," which regal community he proceeds to divide into three Estates; and this division can be conveniently accepted as that of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes.

Therefore, the Greek slave, not the lovely ideal of Divested Beauty, but the crook-backed satirist Æsop, finding that he might stand all day in the market-place vainly holding up the mirror to his fellow-citizens, could hit upon no better plan for their instruction than that of exhibiting to them the ugliness of their moral defects, the mean character both of their social and domestic littlenesses, and of their boasted commercial acuteness under the form of what may be fairly termed, "Cock and Bull Stories."

Since his day, which was a little matter of half a century over two thousand years ago, teacher after teacher has taken up his parable with what great and marvellous success, the improved state of society in our own time presents sufficient proof.

So beneficial has been the effect of this Moral School that in this year of eighteen hundred and sixty-nine it will, as you are all aware, be a matter of some difficulty to show me where exists such a foolish dog as would drop the meaty bone from his jaws for the sake of grabbing at its image in the stream below? Is there anybody who having made a fortune uses it as a magnet to attract other metal to it, and finds the magnet drawn from his grasp? Of course not: thanks to two thousand five hundred years' worth of moral teaching, there is, there can be, no such person or dog.

Are there any Wolves who punish poor little Muttons for drinking in streams that don't belong to either of them, and then having fleeced and devoured the mutton aforesaid dress themselves up in their wool so cleverly as to make old birds, like you and I, not generally caught with chaff, believe in them for very sheep; aye, perhaps, even to the extent of sitting on their backs, giving them *our* advice, and serving *them* by allowing them to be seen in such respectable company.

Of course there are none such now-a-days. You couldn't find them, could you, if you tried your utmost?

No. At this present, sheep are sheep, and wolves are wolves, as truly as eggs are proverbially eggs, and naught else.

But for all this, wolves there are and wolfish natures unchanged.

Sheep, too, with sheepish natures unchanged, *Sicut erat in principio, est nunc, et semper.*

It is, then, this gratifying result, calmly considered, which has led me to seek for my illustrations of modern society in the air, on the land, and in the deep and shallow waters.

Thoroughly satisfied with the success achieved by my great predecessors in fable-teaching, among whom I may modestly rank Æsop, PHÆDRUS the Latin, ARISTOPHANES, and two or three others (whose names I will leave to your own industrious research), I, *nil expectans*, and blessed in that expectation, here, or rather in the next number of this periodical, am commencing a series of sketches upon the Æsopian idea, if not upon his principles or plan, for the benefit of this our modern society, which, as you and I so well know, only requires the last touch, the final polish, to make it absolutely perfect. The Ancients have done their work with the rough: I have to deal with the smooth. They cleared away the vices: there are no vicious now. I deal with the virtues and the virtuous. There are no others. It is mine to consolidate: I settle the virtues in their place by such doctrine as the three estates of the Animal Kingdom can afford.

Whether to succeed or fail is given me, is not within mortal prescience; but, SEMPRONIUS my friend, I will try and deserve what it is not in my power to command.

And so the next you'll see of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes is Chapter the First.

(To be continued.)

BARONESS VON WEASEL ON MODERN DIPLOMACY.

"No whispering allowed here." I really wonder that those words are not written in Roman capitals over the entrance to the Foreign Office. Then we could understand why such loud talking goes on, where solemn silence lately reigned supreme. I can remember when the door was listed, and to put an ear to the key-hole was love's labour lost. No doubt Ministers were sometimes caught napping, and even Plenipotentiaries would murmur in their sleep. But such infirmities those at least can pardon who profit by them. Scientific people tell us that all substances are porous, and the head of a department is not wanting in that quality, simply because it is very dense.

"Après moi le déluge," said an old friend of mine, and it has come in a flood of festive eloquence. Over their dessert Politicians descant on Peace, as if a pacific policy were nourished on olives. I fancy I see my poor TALLEYRAND with his proper detestation of zeal above all things, shivering as he reads some complimentary orations, "Oh, Lucifer! Lucifer!" he sighs, with tearful lids, "how art thou fallen!"

Is diplomatic finesse, I would ask, to be considered as a Fine Art lost? I had hoped that Woman, whose lawful ambition was repelled by a lofty Bench and a stubborn Bar, might be allowed to pass into the labyrinth of international differences unchallenged and alone. A sensitive hand was once needed to move along the silken clue in those umbrageous walks. Alas! the diplomatic maze is now illuminated by artificial lamps; and, by standing on a platform, any Member of a reformed legislature may overlook and expose its most sacred intricacies. This, to me, is particularly dreadful, but it is quite consistent with our daily experience of masculine audacity. No matter what may be the avenue to distinction. If Parliament were Paradise, Man would rush in where angels feared to tread. And if it were the reverse, which perhaps it is, I suppose it would make no difference.

I have only one or two further remarks to make. Diplomacy should be independent of Philology, resenting the *dicta* of JOHNSON, nor tolerating the impertinencies of WALKER. I would have "Publick" so spelt, because too much respect should not be shown to those bitter enemies of secrecy and order, the noisy Republic of Letters. Protocols are degraded by punctuation, and a Holy Alliance should be fortified with polysyllables.

OUR NATURAL EFFECT OF GRAVITY.

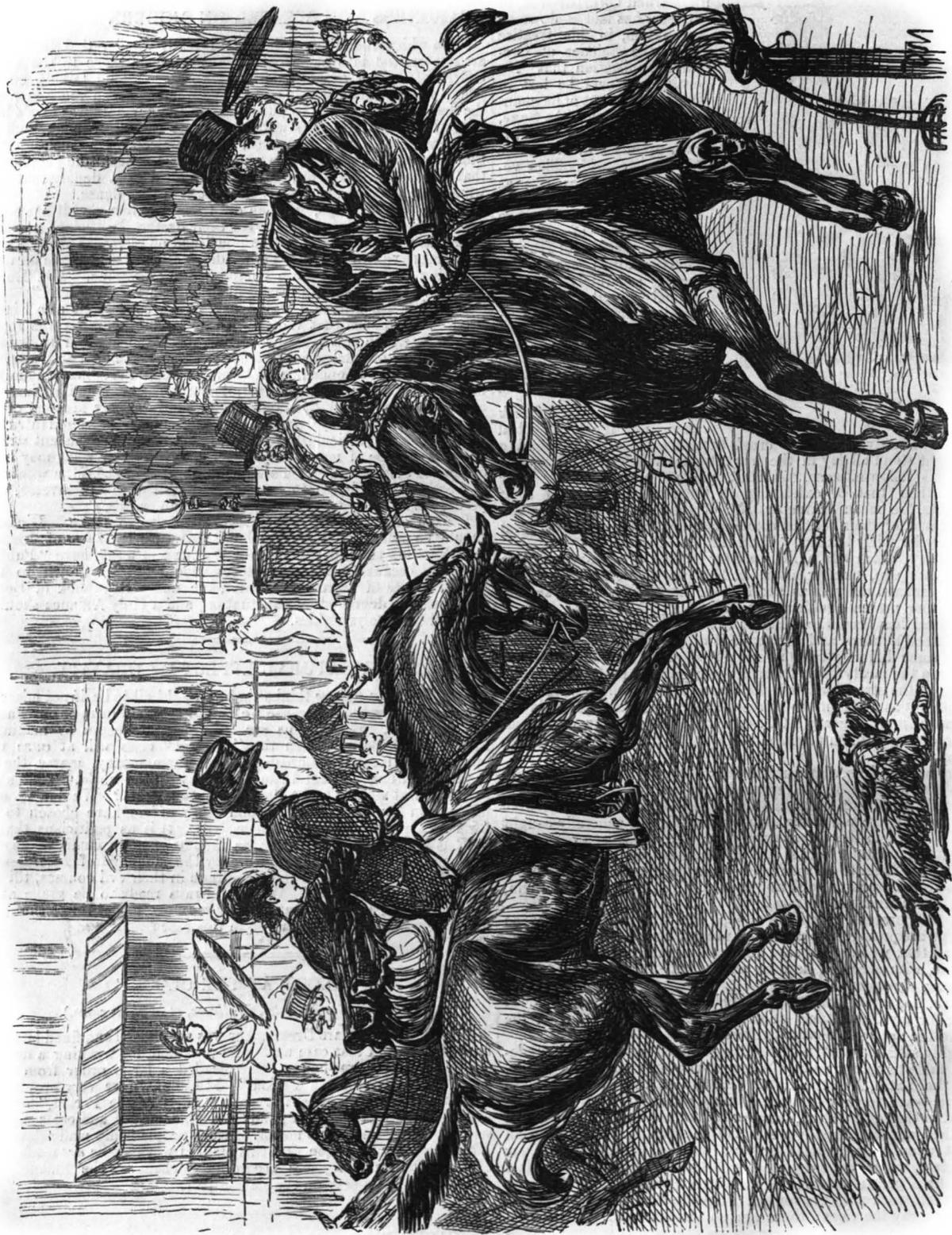
THE *Saturday Review* thinks that we ought all to be, if not miserable, grave, this Christmas, because we do not see the future of our Paupers and our Peers. Well, let us see. Suppose we begin by making all Paupers into Peers. Then the "genteel" class will at once make open house for their Lordships, lend them money, marry them to their daughters, and set them straight with the world. That's soon settled. But what's to be done with the Peers? We don't want to make them Paupers, though a good many of 'em have chosen to perform that transformation for themselves. It is as politicians that the *S. R.* is afraid for them. Come, as they have not committed any particular crime of late, suppose we copy the language of *Escalus* to an alleged sinner, "Even let them continue in their evil courses, till thou knowest what they are." We are always ready to be grave at the shortest notice, but only that we may see how to get rid of the reason for gravity! Haven't we done so in this case?

"LOOK AT THE CLOCK."

(Caution to Modistes, Milliners, et id genus omne.)

A LEICESTER Square Dressmaker was summoned and fined last week, under the Act in that case made and provided, for working a dozen of her young ladies over-hours. She pleaded a large order from Drury Lane for "Girls of the Period." MR. TYRWHITT very properly decided that employers must not work "Girls of the Period," over the period—fixed by the statute; and fined Madame 40s. and costs, with the remark that "he had no notion of work-people being made slaves of." *Mr. Punch* has a notion that this class of workpeople are made slaves of, very often, and rejoices accordingly whenever the Emancipation Act is brought to bear on the slave-driver.

A CAGED BIRD.—Ah, how I long to see thee! How I pant to clasp thee, dearest, to this wildly beating waistcoat! Fain would I call a cab, and rattle down to —. But Papa is cross and stingy, and I have no tin. *Eh bien? mon chère amie!* Buy *Punch's Almanack* at once, and read all the riddles in it. Then you may guess why adore is not a door, Yours fondly.—ANXIOUS TOMMY.



DELIGHTFUL FOR LOVERS.—A GOOD OLD CUSTOM REVIVED.



“A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!”

MUSIC HATH CHARMS. &c.

“THE PARISH WAITS.

“To the Ladies and Gentlemen residing in,” &c.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—With sensible recollection of by-gone patronage, your Wandering Melodists, the Christmas Waits, beg to offer their best compliments on the approaching Festival. The Band on this occasion, as heretofore, has been numerous and select, and trust to merit that liberal diffusion of your favours, which has enlivened our homes and cheered our hearts for a series of years. We hope our sprightly notes of Melody—awaking sweet Echo on the dull ear of Night—has stole on your gentle slumbers, and again lulled you to repose with the soothing candanza of the Lullaby. (*Here follow the names of the Band, ‘numerous and select,’ four in all, their instruments, and addresses.*)

“Having redeemed our pledge, we shall have the honour of paying our personal respects in the Holiday week.

“In respectfully taking our leave, we beg to remind you that as some, who are pretenders to the Magic Wand of Apollo would attempt to impose on your liberality, and defraud us of your favours, it may be necessary to say, that we will produce a Card containing our Names, Instruments, and Addresses as above; we therefore hope you will not give this Bill, or your Donation, to any persons unless they produce the Card above named.”

Is not this appeal irresistible? Could any one—could even the householder who has escaped to “gentle slumbers” from gout, indigestion, neuralgia, or a fractious teething infant at 2 a.m., and been awakened at 2:30 by cornet, harp, &c., playing the “soothing candanza” of the *Belgravia Waltz*, or *Kathleen Mavourneen*, or other appropriate Christmas melodies, be churl enough to refuse a donation to the “Wandering Melodists,” when they paid their “personal respects in the holiday week”? You, O resident, may have held aloof from plum-pudding, you may have forfeited all chance of happiness in the new-laid year by refusing mince-pies; you may have sung no song, told no ghost-story, propounded no riddle, pulled no cracker, and cracked no joke; you may have moped alone with the *Quarterly Review* on Christmas Eve, and dined in a tavern with no company but that of the superfluously civil waiter on Christmas Day; you may have shunned the mistletoe bough as you would the Upas-tree, and never wished one of your kind a merry this, or a happy that; but it is impossible that, if you have received and read this persuasive Bill, you can have withheld your modest Christmas gift from your Christmas Waits. If you have—mark, something dreadful will happen to you in the course of the festive season of 1869. An undesirable relation will drop in upon you just at dinner-time on Christmas Day, or the kitchen chimney will catch fire and the engines arrive at 6 p.m., or the Norfolk turkey will go astray to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, or Newark-upon-Trent, or the dressmaker will be faithless, and fail to send home your wife’s new silk, or—most signal retribution of all—the “Wandering Melodists,” the legitimate wielders of “the magic wand of Apollo,” will not play in front of your mansion between 12 and 2 a.m., for several successive nights in the month of December!

HAVE PITY ON THE UNLEARNED.

“MR. LOWE, perfectly aware of the ox on his tongue, justified his reticence on the broadest and most elementary grounds.”

REALLY, newspaper writers should remember that it is not everybody who has had the advantage of a classical education, and if they must deal in allusions which those who have small Latin and less Greek cannot be expected to understand, the least they can do is to add a word of explanation, or a foot-note. MR. LOWE, with an “ox on his tongue,” has proved a hopeless puzzle to numbers of painstaking readers who conscientiously try to make out the meaning of all they see in print. His admirers only hope that it is not some dreadful disease with which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is threatened.

Area of Force v. Force of Area.

THE falling off in the security of our streets is ascribed to the great extension of the area of Police-duty. This is very true, and may be put in another way. Not only is the Police too small for the area, but the area is too much for the Police; or to put it dynamically, “The action of the force is in an inverse ratio with the area.”

QUITE RIGHT, MY DEARS.

ALICE, CONSTANCE, DAISY, EVELYN, GEORGINA, SUSETTE, and a great many more most charming but slightly illegible correspondents, are perfectly right in the conjecture which, with that intuition peculiar to women, they have unanimously formed. BROWNING’S new poem, *The Ring and the Book*, is all about—a Wedding!

IN-DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.—The Burlesques and Pantomimes.

POETRY FOR GREEK PANTOMIME.

MOTHER ENGLAND *loq.*

Who dares at Christmas time break Europe’s peace?
Who dreams of doing so? What, little Greece?
You naughty good-for-nothing boy, get out!
Or else you’ll soon have me your house about.
You, that an infant are as yet, and not a man,
You, puny Power, think you can match the Ottoman.
Presume to tread on the Sublime Porte’s corns,
The Crescent hope to make draw in its horns,
The Sultan—the Grand Seigneur’s self you cheek?
There never was such impudence as Greek!

Aiding the insurrectionists in Crete!
What could you do against the Turkish fleet?
The Mussulmans would in a jiffy whack you,
For don’t suppose the Muscovites will back you.
I’ve a good mind to take you up and smack you.

You gosling, Oh, you silly goosey gander!
Have you one hero now, like ALEXANDER
THE GREAT, LYSANDER, CONON, PERICLES,
Or equal to an ALCIBIADES?

Not all of them would make you the Turk’s peer;
That is, at least, the British Grenadier
Upon his side suppose you had to tackle—
So put your arms away and cease your cackle.
Instead of raising land and naval forces
To work set, and develop your resources.
Discharge your mind of Philhellenic frets,
Turn it to industry, and pay your debts.
When you’ve grown up, and have got so much bigger
In Europe as to cut a serious figure,
Then there may be some chance for your audacity,
At present you are not of that capacity.
So now desist from your intrigues and robbery,
And let me hear no more of all this bobbery.

BEWARE OF TRAPBOIS.

Is there any sufficient reason why sending a money-lender’s circular to a minor should not be rendered punishable? And ought that act to be made less punishable than the offence of sending a threatening letter to anybody?

If, however, the paramount importance of Commerce requires that the liberty of advertising shall be unbounded, might not some protection against usurers be afforded to infants by a certain relaxation of the law of libel? If TRAPBOIS must needs be allowed to advertise himself without restriction, let it be lawful to advertise TRAPBOIS. Let parents, preceptors, guardians, clergymen, philanthropists, anybody and everybody, have a right to post TRAPBOIS all about the Universities and over camps and garrison towns, or any other places in which TRAPBOIS is likely to catch youth. “Beware of TRAPBOIS.” “Keep out of TRAPBOIS’S Clutches.” “Borrow not of TRAPBOIS, the Usurer.” “Who’s TRAPBOIS? A Bill Discounter—lends money at sixty per cent.” Such are the sort of legends with which it ought to be lawful to bill the hoardings, dead walls, and railway-stations, or to put the unwary and inexperienced on their guard by means of a watchman with a staff and a lamp displaying a nocturnal illumination.

THE CRIES OF THE SEASON.

A STRIKING illustration of the late extraordinary mildness of the season occurred, the other day, on the Basingstoke platform of the London and South-Western Railway. A boy ran along a train which stopped there, shouting, “Any apples, oranges, lemonade, soda-water, ginger-beer?”

If the weather shall have changed, will that boy and other boys, touting the trains, cry, “Any taters-all-hot, kidney-puddings, wine, negus, brandy, rum, gin, whiskey, spirits-and-water, punch?” They may add *Punch’s Almanack*. But both that and this periodical are to be cried at all seasons and decrined at none.

“A Bloated Aristocracy and a Bloater Church.”

“JOHN KNOX” confides to *Mr. Punch* his opinion that “Like all people between two stools,” Ritualists *must* come to the ground. They are neither Protestant nor Papist, “neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herrin’”

Neither fish nor flesh, perhaps. But *Punch* must demur to the rest of the description. Many Ritualists are “good,” a few are not only “read,” but “well-read,” and all, without exception, are “errin’.”



A COUNTRY-HOUSE STUDY.

Sister. "TOM, I THINK THIS MUST BE ONE OF YOUR GAITERS. I CAN'T GET IT ON!"

THE RITUALIST RAT.

(Sung in Character before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.)

PEOPLE talk of Church Mice,
And they call us Church Rats.
We, with subterfuge nice,
Dodge your dogs and your cats.
All your traps we defy,
We despise all your gins:
Ma'am, we don't want to pry,
But—confess us your sins.

No, you can't rout us out—
Legal ferrets are vain.
You go idly about
Rats of our sort to bane.
So we nibble your loaves,
And your fishes we gnaw,
To get rid of us coves,
You have too little law.

You behold your Church all
Undermined with our holes.
Well, suppose it should fall,
We'll take care of your souls.
We shall know when to flee,
From a tumbling-down home,
To the Fisherman's See,
Ratting over to Rome.

May be Seen any Day.

VISITORS to the New Metropolitan Meat Market in Smithfield are struck with the appropriateness of a name which appears over one of the stalls there—SILVERSIDE. KILBY, too, they think not out of place, and when they read at the foot of an announcement of the "Annual Dress Ball in aid of the Building Fund of the Butchers' Charitable Association," that the name of the Hon. Sec. is —BUTCHER, they go away happy.

RESIDENCE FOR THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.—"The Clearing-House."

THE DANGEROUS CLASSES IN DANGER.

SCENE—A Thieves' Public House.

WILLIAM. JAMES.

James. Well, BILL, wot's to come o' this here Re-formed Parliament?

William. We shall see. 'Tis pro-rogued.

James. Ah! Pro-rogued no doubt, but I'm afeard it's goin' to be anti-rogue.

William. In wot way, JIM?

James. Well, yer see, BILL, there's a precious cry the respectable beggars is now a gettin' up for wot they calls the pertection of Society agin the dangerous clarses. That's we.

William. Ho, ho, ho!

James. You was never whipped. It's no larfin matter, I can tell yer.

William. Who's a goin to be whipped, unless he uses wilence? and there ain't no downright needcessity for that.

James. 'Twouldn't surprise me one bit if Parliament was to order whippin for any fakement wotsomdever. Cause why? Cause it's 'ad sitch a effect upon garottin.

William. Cats is cheap, JIM.

James. That's jest it. And this here new Parliament is likely to be equonomical, partieler with that blessed BOB LOWE Chancellor of the Exchequer.

William. No doubt but wot a whippin and twenty-one days is wus than five years penial servitude alone.

James. A precious sight. I know I'd rayther be in for ten year than two dozen lashes. Werry likely Parliament's aware o' that fact, and may think it a good deal better and cheaper to whip me and send me back to my pals than to keep me in quod.

William. As I heard your namesake JEM the Penman once say, "PLATO, thou reasonest well."

James. Too well, I'm afeard. They won't need for to keep us in quod neither, if they does wot I expects they will.

William. Wot's that?

James. Wy pass a blessed lawr exposin' hevery bloke convicted of a fust offence to so many years sirvelliance of the blessed Police.

William. Wot will the Bobbies do, then?

James. Foller yer about wherever you goes, and if they suspects you 've are a little game on 'and, search ye, to see if yer carries any tools. If they finds any sitch thing as a jemmy about yer, or skellintons, they'll hike yer off to be tried for intendin' to commit a felony. Which, bein' convicted, praps you'll be whipped all the same as if yer had.

William. Wot a blessed shame! So this is 'ow you expects the new Parliament to serve we. Call that a Reformed Parliament?

James. We ain't represented, BILL.

William. And yet the Railway and Jinte Stock interest is.

James. That ain't no more than 'arf a representation of the minority.

William. They talks of doin' away with the disqualification of the Compound Householder. I tell yer wot it is, JIM. There won't be no reg'lar Reform until they enfranchises the Compound Housebreaker.

James. BILL, let's 'ave a demon-stration in 'Yde Park.

William. JIM, I'm yer man. Representation for the Residivum! But, in the meantime, I'm gallus afeard Parliament will anyhow put us under the sirvelliance of the Police.

James. Which in course must be the total destruction of our lively-wood, and then our only halternative will be industry or the workus.

William. Which is wus than the jale. Yah!

James. Yah! Ah!

[Scene closes.]

A Card.

BRITANNIA presents her compliments to *Punch*, and begs to observe, on the suggestion that she should give up Gibraltar for Ceuta, that Gibraltar does suit her, and Ceuta don't suit her.

ADA TO FRED.—Dinner forget—if you like. *Mais ne m'oubliez pas, mon petit chat.* If you do, by George! nothing earthly can console me, excepting *Punch's Almanack*, and that is really heavenly!

DR. P ****(?) ON MR. MACKONCHIE, &c.



r.—I don't often write to you, but having last week sent a letter to the *Times*, it occurs to me that the next best step to be taken is a communication on the same subject to you.

The Judgment, Sir, of the Privy Council is but an exposition of various Acts of Parliament, showing what is the Law on this matter of Rites and ceremonies in the Church of England. It is not binding upon the consciences of Churchmen. *It does not prevent them from believing whatever they choose to believe. Therefore they can hold all Roman Doctrine, even the supremacy of the POPE in a certain sense, as long as they do not outwardly demonstrate their*

inward convictions. This is what I mean by "the Loss of modes of outward expression of belief only drives pious souls more inward, and the inward devotion shines the more through."

Since writing the above I have been led to consider the full import and bearing of my argument, and I discover in it a new moral code for the benefit of society at large.

I have been accused of too great liberality towards schismatics, heretics and Dissenters by my own party, and I may again incur its displeasure by stating boldly, that I deeply sympathise with all those unhappy criminals hung or unhung, and with those no less unfortunate sufferers in civil actions, who have been unable to evade the legal penalties which they have severally incurred.

This is a legitimate conclusion from my own premises, and from it I do not shrink.

What, Sir, is any Judgment, Criminal or Civil, but "an Exposition of an Act or Acts of Parliament?"

And, as such, not binding upon the conscience of Englishmen.

The felon, unfortunately for him, being in the dock, and guarded by police, cannot walk out and snap his fingers at Judge and Jury, as can an Anglican Clergyman at LORD CAIRNS, the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, and all the Privy Council.

Now, Sir, I will conclude; and in conclusion will say this to all Ritualists—

No matter in what precise terms our belief is condemned; no matter that Bishops and Archbishops equally condemn all our distinctive tenets; no matter that the spirit and tone of the entire English Communion is against us, we can always meet a Judgment as we should a Temptation, and find a way to escape. Words may mean anything, everything, or nothing. Actions shall be valuable or worthless. But, with the exception of a few absurdly straightforward and honest men who are no longer with us, we have shuffled and shirked from the commencement, and, please Heaven, we will shuffle and shirk to the end.

And, dear Sir, who shall prepare the net out of which we Ritualistic Eels will not wriggle?

I am, Sir, yours,
(The signature is illegible. Ed.)

P.S. In effect, I would say, with old *Mr. Weller*, "Why warn't there an alleybi?" I mean (and I don't often say what I do mean) couldn't some clever lawyer, like LEWIS AND LEWIS, find out that the Judicial Committee had no right to sit unless the BISHOP OF LONDON (or some dignitary) was on the Bench all the time? Then the proceedings would have to be commenced *de novo*.

A Rubric Well Ruled.

DR. PUSEY complains that the Judicial Committee have not interpreted a certain Rubric, relative to the MACKONCHIE case, grammatically. They will be generally considered to have interpreted it according to its obviously intended meaning. DR. PUSEY must not expect worldly judges to interpret even Church law in a non-natural sense.

PETTUNGS, DARLING!—Be not sulky. Nini is a good boy. A loving lollipop awaits thee at the old, old tryst. *Souviens toi de Jeudi, et aussi de PUNCH*. Go and get his *Almanack*, if you still are in the sulks. It is a certain cure for jealousy as well as indigestion.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD BETS.

FOOLS who fling away their fortunes by betting upon horse-races would do well to take a leaf out of the betting-books where wagers like the following are registered. We quote them from a recent letter from America, inserted in the *Times*:—

"Ludicrous election bets are now being paid in many places. The losers are made to saw wood and do other menial things, while sometimes the loser wheels the winner through the streets in a barrow, preceded by a band of music, and followed by a gaping crowd. In New York one bet was paid by the loser wheeling a negro through the streets, and thus practically testifying his regard for the African race."

We heartily commend this novel style of betting to the noble race of plungers who now gambol on the turf. How much better to wheel your winner in a barrow, than to hand him over a handful of bank-notes! There really is no fun in emptying one's pockets, and the process of exhausting one's credit with one's banker can hardly be amusing, although done for sake of sport. Bets, however, of this kind reported from New York would afford both entertainment and pleasant occupation to men who find their time hang so heavy on their hands that they are forced to kill it by going on the turf. To the philosophic mind a pleasing theme for contemplation would be the sight of noble swells being wheeled about the streets, each preceded by a band of music and a banner, on which should be placarded the name of the loser, and the wager he had lost. Instead of betting "thou's" and "ponies," as young foolish plungers do, they might, by betting rides in wheelbarrows, effect the needful time-slaughter without hurting their estates. By way of a variety, perambulators might be used instead of wheelbarrows, and, in lieu of bands of music, a blast of penny trumpets might proclaim the conquering better in his passage through the streets. Other wagers too might follow, such as drives about Hyde Park in a costermonger's cart, or rides upon a donkey in the thick of Rotten Row, with the season at its height. Young GREEN may book a bet that if *Darkhorse* wins the Derby, he will have to black his face and play the banjo for an hour upon the doorstep of his club; or LORD TOM NODDY may record that in the like event, he will have to shave off one of his pet whiskers; and to go for a whole fortnight with a cabbage-leaf instead of a camellia in his button-hole. Bets too may be made that men must give up smoking sixpenny cigars, and for a given time must condescend to common "Pickwicks," and wagers will be laid that, if *Skyrocket* wins the Leger, LORD SWELLINGTON will have to carry a baked 'tatoe can twelve times along Pall Mall, or ENSIGN GUZZLER will have to drink mulled ginger-beer in lieu of iced champagne, and, instead of whitebait dinners, will be reduced to tea and shrimps upon his next six trips to Greenwich.

SMALL BEER CHRONICLES.

TWO EPITAPHS FOR A BIRD AND A CAT.

I.

A CAT of our household killed a pet bird. The victim was buried with as much pomp as a stable-boy for gravedigger, the cook and the housemaid as mourners, could give to the ceremonial. On the tombstone I inscribed

"*Rara Avis in Terris.*"

Neither the gravedigger nor the cook nor the housemaid understood it; the latter, indeed, objecting on the score that the canary wasn't laid in a *terrace* at all. If the lower classes had been educated, they would have understood this classic epitaph.

II.

Our large dog killed the cat that had killed the bird. We were indeed much grieved. Two of the softer sex wept. One of the sterner interred the remains of poor Pussy, and another of the same persuasion wrote o'er her silent tomb,

"*Requies-Cat.*"

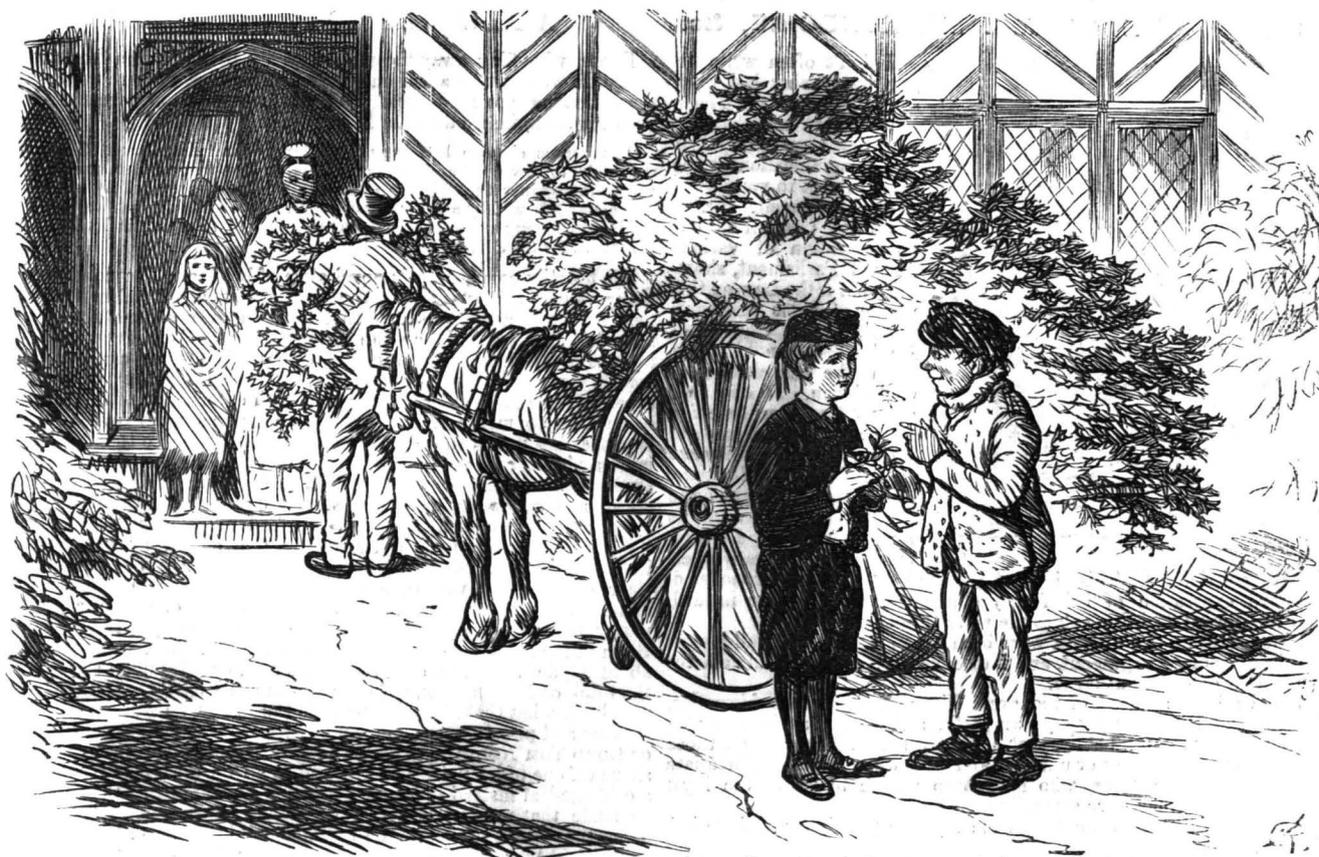
Then the mournful procession broke up, and all was gloomy regret.

Think of Your Health.

"PAINTING ON BISCUIT."—The opinion of the Medical Profession is earnestly requested as to the injury likely to be done to the coats of the stomach by such a mode of preparing an agreeable article of food, which has hitherto been looked upon as perfectly innocuous.

LOST THE TRAIN.

HARLEY WIMPOLE, in the Christmas holidays, wishing to get as soon as he could from Paddington to Shoreditch, unfortunately got hold of a cabman who did not know London well. The end of it was that poor HARLEY was driven—to distraction.



“OH, THE MISTLETOE BOUGH!” (OLD SONG.)

Greengrocer, Jun. (to whom our Little Friend in Velvet had applied for a piece of Mistletoe for his own private diversion). “I’VE GOT YER A BIT, MASTER GEORGE. IT AIN’T A VERY BIG PIECE, BUT THERE’S LOTS O’ BERRIES ON IT; AN’ IT’S THE BERRIES AS DOES IT!!!”

TELL THIS TO THE MARINES.

PUNCH never allows an empty bottle to be called “a Marine” at his table, without repeating the good old explanation of the image—“A good fellow who has done his duty, and is ready to do it again.”

He hates to hear the Marines chaffed, because he knows them to be about the least indulged, most devoted, hardest worked, best drilled, best set up, best officered, best disciplined, and best behaved corps in the Service: and because at the bottom of the chaff occasionally fired off at them by dandy and empty-headed officers of more “swell” branches, there lies nothing more respectable than snobbishness, conceit of caste, and pride of privilege, the natural enemies of unfavoured merit, continuous hard work, harassing service, and uncomplaining devotion to duty.

As for Jack’s half real, half affected antipathy to “sogers,” that is another matter. There is a natural antagonism between blue jackets and red coatees, white-duck and pipe-clay, loose order and drill, stocks and shirt-collars, schakos and straw-hats, buttons and lanyards. But that does not hinder each Service from respecting the other at bottom; and both from pulling, working, and fighting together on all occasions, like twins of the same bull-dog.

For the same reasons that *Punch* don’t like to have his Marines chaffed, he is sorry to hear that the Plymouth Manager has so far forgotten himself as to poke fun at the Marine Officers in his Pantomime. He is still sorrier, however, to learn that the Marine Officer in command of the corps at Plymouth has condescended to notice this piece of bad taste by forbidding the Marines the theatre.

COLONEL PENROSE should remember that the proverb, “*de minimis non curat*,” applies as well to military law as to civil.

After all, Pantomime impertinences should no more give offence than Pantomime red-hot pokers burn. We never heard that Policeman X was a less formidable guardian of the peace because of the bad time he has of it at the hands of *Clown* and *Pantaloone*; or that the butcher, baker, and greengrocer of private life were more liable to be taken sights at because of the gross insults perpetrated on their order

in the comic business, for which their shop-fronts usually furnish the background, and the proprietors the victims.

But, even if the stage were more likely to hurt, *noblesse oblige*: The Marine should be above bandying buffets with the Manager. If the Marines like to stay away from the theatre, let them, but don’t enforce their absence by pickets.

At the same time one cannot be sorry if the Plymouth Manager should suffer for his impertinence in insulting a body of men who are far more of an honour to their cloth than he is to his. We never heard of anything that was particularly to his credit. We never knew anything that was not pre-eminently to theirs.

Dead and Buried.

“LORD BURY signified his intention of moving to repeal the statute of ANNE, making necessary the re-election of Members accepting offices under the Crown.”—*Parliamentary Summary of Tuesday, December 29th.*

HOORAY! More Power to LORD BURY! It may be “no news” that “QUEEN ANNE’s dead;” but it will be decidedly good news that QUEEN ANNE’s Act’s buried.

A Great Curiosity.

FOR SALE.—A Printing Machine (perfecting) made by DRYDEN.

Is it known to his biographers that the great poet was of a mechanical turn? The South Kensington Museum should secure at any price this most interesting relic of “Glorious JOHN.”

THEATRICAL.

MR. BURNAND’s new Burlesque, now playing at the Haymarket, is called *The Frightful Hair*. Does this mean the Chignon?

COUNTRY SHAREHOLDERS.—Ploughmen.

A NOTION OF A CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



CHRISTMAS and its holidays are over, but the Christmas periodicals are still selling, at least to judge by the maxim, *ex uno disce omnes*. Modesty forbids the more particular mention of the *Almanack* to which this refers. Some say there are Christmas annuals more than enough, but there is room for one more, which, however, would not make them the more the merrier. Could not the conductors of a censorious journal, if such there be, come out, for once in the way at least, with a Christmas Number? The majority of Christmas publications gush, or are meant to gush, or to seem to gush, with the milk of human kindness. The one which any severe contemporary may be advised to issue, might, on the contrary, gush with the bile of critical acrimony. The principal stock subjects in connection with Christmas might all be treated in the spirit of *Smellfungus*, by way of a refreshing novelty. Holly and mistletoe might be shown up as paganism particularly inappropriate to the season, and instead of those emblems, cypress and yew might be recommended as being more ecclesiastical,

because of their relation to churchyards. Plum-pudding and mince-pie might be abused as conducive to heathenish and swinish gluttony, and very unwholesome besides. "Holly and Mistletoe," "Plum-pudding and Mince-pie," indeed, might be taken for the titles of articles written in the tone above indicated. The topic of "Pantomimes" might be treated in the same way with a pointed exposition of the particular contrariety to all that Christmas means of gross and riotous buffoonery. "Blind Man's Buff," and "Hunt the Slipper," might be decried as well, and denounced as imbecilities characteristic of the British middle-classes, alike customary and contemptible. "Snapdragon" would furnish a theme for similar comment, concluding with the expression of the wish that every idiot who played at that execrable game might burn his fingers.

A LADY'S PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM a very social girl, and also very scientific, so I always read the reports of the Social Science Meetings. I see that at one of them, mentioned in the *Standard* (I am a Tory girl) DR. STALLARD said,—

"If only one quarter more of the dirt of London could be swept away than now is, how great would be the gain."

Dear *Mr. Punch*, the gentlemen should be reasonable with us. I am sure we women do what we can. My dress is very long, and I never loop it up, not that my ankles are bad, but because it is absurd to care about saving the clothes other people pay for. And I never come in from a walk without bringing in more than my fair share of London dirt with me, to say nothing of cigar-ends, orange-peel, herrings'-tails, and other trifles, and the way my brothers go on at me for what they are pleased to call slatternliness, and how they name me DOROTHY DRAGGLETAIL, and sing stupid songs about me, would daunt anybody but a female who scorns to be dictated to about dress. Really, we cannot do more than we do, and I only wish you could see my stockings, and the state of my Mamma's new Turkey carpet.

Yours sincerely,

IMPROVIDA.

Our "Wag's Last."

It is said that there were disturbances at Ceuta, owing to the delight of the people at the idea of becoming English. But this was premature. They must not be too ambitious. *Ne Ceuta ultra crepidam*.

SUPPLEMENTARY TREASURY MINUTE.

To be appended to that composed by Mr. Ward Hunt, and published by Mr. Ayrton.

MY LORDS, adhering to all that has been set forth in the above Minute, in regard to the extravagant habits of certain Civil Servants (whereby, and by reason of the embarrassments into which they plunge, they are the less qualified to attend to the Business of the Nation) but holding also that prevention is better than cure, annex the following suggestions.

That young Civil Servants, on appointment, do privately take a piece of paper, of any size or colour they may prefer, and do write down thereupon the amount of their salary. That they sub-divide this, with the aid of a Ready Reckoner, into fractional parts, so that they may see how much hard cash they ought to spend daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, and yearly.

EXAMPLE. £100 a-year sounds largely to a youth who has previously had nothing but pocket-money from his parents, but let him look at it thus:—

Per Year. £100	Per Quarter. £25	Per Month. £8 6 8	Per Week. £1 18 5½	Per Day. 5s. 5½d.
-------------------	---------------------	----------------------	-----------------------	----------------------

Five shillings and fivepence three farthings a day. Very well, then let him do another sum. How does he propose to live?

Four cigars at sixpence each	2s. 0d.
Cab to the office (say)	1 0
Flower for button-hole	0 6
Lunch	1 6
Omnibus home	0 6
	5 6

He is already, he will observe, one farthing in excess of his income, and no provision has been made for rent, tailor, regular meals, boot-maker, glover, and haberdasher, and a few other matters which, in our present ill-regulated state of society, involve paying or owing for.

Now he may have £200, £300, or £400, but the highest of these sums will give him only £1 1s. 11d. daily.

Add to the above	5s. 6d.
Horse hire	7 6
Dinner and wine at Club	5 0
Two brandies and seltzers	2 0
	£1 0 0

Which leaves him the handsome, but scarcely adequate sum of one shilling and elevenpence for the expenses above enumerated, or for his wife, if he has fascinated a Girl of the Period into marrying him.

My Lords are aware that there are many other ways of muddling away an income, but they have no intention to be severe, and merely suggest that the first sum which a newly-appointed clerk should do, might well be the sum of his own happiness. Examination of income, on the above principles, will, they are satisfied, do more to produce the desirable effect in the mind of an honest young gentleman, than all the thunder which they have deemed it necessary to emit in the hopes of scaring the Service out of its extravagance.

By way of showing that while urging others to reform, they can amend their own customs, My Lords propose, at the beginning of the financial year, to pay all salaries monthly. Young wives will be glad to hear this.

Strange Goings On.

ONE of the most prominent of the spectacular Churches in London appears to be St. Paul's, at Walworth, the incumbent of which is the REV. JOHN GOING, and he certainly does seem to be going it. Indeed after reading a notice of his performances, it is pretty safe to predict that we shall soon hear GOING has gone—to Rome. The sooner he and all like him make the journey the better—

"Stand not upon the order of your GOING, but go at once."

ALL BUT ONE.

GOOD, kind VICTOR HUGO has been again feasting the young in Guernsey. Love of the little ones is such a passion with him that we fully expect him one of these days to forgive Somebody simply because the poet called him *Le Petit*.

Musical and Melancholy.

HAS the singular fact been remarked that all Operas have exactly the same number of pieces, for they all have—a score? A thoughtful observer is also puzzled by finding that for a Burlesque to be completely successful, it must have a Breakdown.

A FEELER ON FISCAL FREEDOM.

THE present season is that of Private Bills only, and those not Parliamentary. You can't get rid of them by reading them this day six months. But among these private bills there is one which suggests a public bill in store for the people. The grocer's bill reminds those who have been obliged, or have been stupid enough, to run one up, of the bill which is to give us untaxed tea, coffee, chocolate, sugar, and all the other elements of breakfast, including, of course, sardines and caviare; although that may still be "caviare to the general" as much as ever.

MR. GLADSTONE will first despatch the Irish Church Establishment. In its stead he will establish ecclesiastical liberty and equality, to result, doubtless, in secular fraternity. Having given Ireland a free clergy, Anglican and anti-English, as well as Nonconformist, he will make way for MR. LOWE to give the people of the truly United Kingdom a free breakfast-table, and thus carry out the original idea of MR. BRIGHT.

Of course the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will untax the breakfast-table through mere fiscal economy. He will do it without raising the Income-Tax by one farthing. He will not make a class pay for the free breakfast-table of the community. No, the present Government is not going to imitate the injustice of its Conservative predecessor, which did part of the nation the expensive honour of appointing them to defray the cost of a national war. But if a Liberal Ministry could stoop to adopt the mean policy of confiscation, under the mistaken idea of thereby conciliating the masses, who desire nothing but equality before the tax-gatherer, how many desirable things they could liberate from taxation besides the breakfast-table! For example, Armorial Bearings.

The duty at present levied on the last-named appurtenances is no longer a tax on aristocratic pride, but an invidious distinction, and a cause of fraudulent evasion to boot, but not the boot of the Treasury. Everybody almost now uses armorial bearings. If you have no crest and scutcheon that you know of, you have only to send your name to certain advertising stationers, and they will find you arms, and engrave

them on your note-paper for you, with no charge for stamping. Free armorial bearings, therefore, would afford a great relief, not so much to the purses of the bloated few, as to the consciences of the attenuated many, whose letters are emblazoned, but who omit to return their liability on that account in their assessed tax-papers. Perhaps MR. LOWE will, with his ingenious ability, manage to repeal so much of indirect taxation as that which weighs upon our coats of arms, without aggravating the Income-Tax.



A STUDY FROM THE PARLOUR-WINDOW.

SEUSAN, TAKING IN WHAT SHE NOT UNAPTLY CALLS THE "AREA-ATED BREAD."

PUNCH AT THE MONDAY POPS.

SOMEBODY has described the pleasures of Elysium as eating everlasting *foie gras* to the sound of trumpets. But trumpets seem to our thinking to smack of Lord Mayor's dinners, and the like coarse entertainments: and we think that far more exquisite than trumpets and fat livers were the bliss of hearing JOACHIM eternally play *Beethoven*. Orpheus with his lute made fleas Skip to him when he did sing: but Orpheus with his lute made never sweeter music than does JOACHIM with his fiddle; and nowhere else does JOACHIM play more charmingly than at the Monday Pops, for nowhere else is he more sure of an appreciative audience. Popular as these concerts very literally are, and though many hundreds of one shilling seats are always crowded by the public, such silence is preserved from the first note to the last as our opera *habitués* would do well to try to imitate. When the *Kreutzer* is performed by the fingers of HERR JOACHIM and ARABELLA GODDARD, you might even hear an H drop, if any one so far forgot himself as to exclaim, "Ow 'eavenly!"

Punch has often heard much nonsense talked by musical connoisseurs, who complain of the sad dearth of taste for music in this country; but, seeing how St. James's Hall is weekly crammed in this eleventh season of the glorious Monday Pops, *Punch* cannot quite agree with this complaint against his countrymen. In the belief that such performances have a civilising influence, and in the want of a good antidote against the poison of the music-halls, *Punch* wishes all success to the "Ops" and to the "Pops"; and he hopes that no good churchman, when he wants to hear good music, will think that, for his ticket, it is wrong to go to CHAPPELL.



A YOUNG PHILISTINE.

Sunday School Teacher (examining the Children from the Old Testament). "AND WHO WAS THE STRONGEST MAN?"
Pupil (addicted to Light Literature). "JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, TEACHER!!"

PRECOCIOUS PRINCES.

THE TUILERIES.

Prince of Asturia. I am so fond of you, my dear LOUIS, you can't think. I like you better than all my sisters put together.

Prince Imperial. I have neither brother nor sister, but I am sure if I had, I should prefer you to them. Do you like my Papa?

Prince of Asturia. Much better than the King, I can tell you.

Prince Imperial. I don't see—never mind. I hope you will live in Paris a long time, ALFONSO.

Prince of Asturia (laughing). Thank you. It seems likely, I believe. But if you were all to move, I think that my Mamma would follow you.

Prince Imperial. She is a dear, but we don't mean to move. My Papa's dynasty is secure.

Prince of Asturia. How do you know that, my dear LOUIS?

Prince Imperial. Whisper. He knows all about it. He gives the Marshals all they desire, and keeps them in the best temper with us.

Prince of Asturia. You are a year older than I am, Louis, and therefore I must not teach you. But I will only say that my Mamma did exactly the same, and here we are.

Prince Imperial. Ah?

Prince of Asturia. Yes, indeed.

[They meditate a little, poor children, and then luckily recollect the riding lesson.]

Good News for Shakspearians.

CHARMING MADEMOISELLE NILSSON has been prevailed upon by MR. MAPESON to undertake to sing *Ophelia* in London, and is now studying the part in Italian. We are "so glad." For she *can* sing. Also, her delightful performance may direct English tastes towards the play whence her opera is taken, and some day—who knows—we may witness a good performance of *Hamlet!* Thus sweetly doth music become a patron of poetry.

PHOSPHORUS ON BOSPHORUS.

GHOST of MAHOMET THE SECOND! "One of the Mosques of Constantinople (that of F'oundoukly) has, by the SULTAN's order, been lit up with gas, and the other Mahometan places of worship are to be similarly illuminated. *Punch* is quite too much dumfounded to do more than mis-quote a departed poet of *Blackwood* :—

"Stern shades of the proud Paleologi, come,
 And when moonlight is stone on the broad Hippodrome,
 There pledge to the shroudless Comneni the cup,
 For joy that the Mosques are all gas-lighted up."

Constantinople gas! We wonder whether it is better than London gas. It easily might be. *We* are the laggards in civilisation. Allah illa Allah!

Awful Warning to Wags.

A NEW literary journal has appeared at Bordeaux, called *L'Huitre*. The authorities interdict its sale in the streets. Various pleasing thoughts occurred to our Wag, hereon. He first asked why an oyster should not be sold in the streets of Bordeaux as well as in those of London. Then he was imbecile about an oyster being crossed in literature. Then he got upon pearls, but we couldn't stand him any longer, and told him that the second meaning of *L'Huitre* described himself. He ran out to get a dictionary, and came in much depressed, having discovered that such second meaning was *The Simpleton*. We sent him home in a cab, and hope that he is no better than could be expected.

CONUNDRUM BY DR. E. B. F—S—Y.

WHY is it probable that a Parish Clerk is always offending his Clergyman during the week?
 Because the congregation invariably hear him on Sunday making *Amens* to him.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND FISHES.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.—OF THE HAPPY FAMILY : THE FIRST BIRD OF THE LOT.

From the Preface which was honoured, I hope, by your perusal last week, you will have learnt the object of this present series. If you have not, I should be inclined to go over the same ground with you again, did I not recollect that at the end I should be no further advanced than I was at the beginning, and moreover I should be compelled, at the request of any who had seen neither this chapter nor the initial one, to accompany *them* also along the old path.

These two concessions would form precedents for a third, and then Heaven knows when the first Chapter would begin.

And besides the above considerations, there recurs to my mind the excellent advice given by the celebrated Mr. DUCROW to a dramatic author, "Cut the dialect, come to the *osses*—that's amooosin'."

No one knew better than that equestrian genius wherein lay his strength. Peasants might defy proud nobles behind the footlights, and be dragged off by the tyrant's "creatures" to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat, heroines might utter sentiments the most virtuous, and keep the double-dyed villain at bay with his, the double-dyed villain's own sword, but to "osses" it must come at last; and 'osses meant to Mr. DUCROW what the people had not only "come for to see," but *the* amusement of the evening, without which the audience would not go away satisfied, even if they left at all,—*the* attraction that drew the metal into the Manager's pocket.

Cut the dialect and come to the 'osses. Cut this sort of semi-preface and your apologies for not giving us another—for which nobody axed you, Sir, she said—and come to your beasts, or your birds, or your fishes, Mr. Showman; one by one, or two and two, in Noah's-arkical fashion; or all together, as they used to be when the Happy Family occupied "the finest site in the world" (I quote some celebrated person), between the Great Basilican Cruet-stand, commonly called the National Gallery on the one hand; and on the other, the Square of Trafalgar, with its terrace, and steps, and fountains, with its view of a black GEORGE THE FOURTH, riding nowhere, without stirrups; with its LORD NELSON, like an elevated DANIEL among the Lions, near a cable to sit down upon whenever he feels so inclined, but at present preferring to look over in the direction of Westminster, reminding Honourable Members what are England's expectations of every man in regard to his particular duty.

And the above description flows out of a space six feet or so, by three or thereabouts, occupied by the familiar cage of the Happy Family.

I wonder what has become of them? I seldom see them now—I had almost written "*never*," only that, being a logician, I knew that a "particular" would totally upset my "general;" and I have a dream-like notion of having met them once within the last ten years. Perhaps it *was* a dream. I think that even *then* the Cat and the Monkey had had a slight difference, not amounting to an actual rupture of the amicable relations hitherto existing between them. They shared, so to speak, a tail between them. This belonged to the Cat, but she could scarcely call it her own for two minutes together, as the Monkey was never tired of handling it, pulling it, admiring it, and evidently regarding the Cat with envy, as a being at once curiously and wonderfully made.

I fancy too, from a prophetic hint casually dropped by the Showman, that the Owl who had sat blinking on her perch for years, began to misuse her powers of observation. She made a deal of mischief inside, and outside too, by communicating her suspicions to the lookers-on, who up to that time had considered them as dwelling in a perfect Agapemone, or Abode of Love. She spread some scandal about the sleek black rabbit and the demure pretty little guinea-pig. Not that Mrs. Owl *said* much; she hardly uttered a sound; but if the delinquents' names were mentioned by outsiders, she'd wink portentously and shake her head so gravely and solemnly that you couldn't help murmuring, "Dear me! how shocking! I'm really very sorry to hear it," and would pass on without subscribing a penny for the support of such a hypocritical and profligate institution.

Thus it was, I believe that this Happy Family was broken up. Still Owls, you see, run very deep. I dare say the dissolution of this Happy Family is an exception. If the Owl had never winked and blinked at anybody outside the cage, that little matter between the Rev. Mr. Rabbit and Miss Guinea-pig might easily have been hushed up; and as no one beyond their own circle would have heard anything about it, folks would still be holding up their hands in admiring wonder at such blissful unity.

If the late estimable CHARLES WATERTON had not preferred stuffed to live animals, he was just the man to have collected a Happy Family on the above model, which he, doubtless, would have called "The English Establishment." MR. WATERTON didn't, however, and I won't; at least not at present, having quite enough on hand with my present exhibition.

I am rather among the birds, at first. It is not necessary to have

kept poultry in order to have frequently met with, or heard of, a Jolly Old Cock. The epithet "old" is loosely applied, and is more a term of endearment than a description of any very advanced age; indeed, *more loquendi*, it may be used of any one from fifteen to a hundred.

Nor, indeed, are the adjectives themselves so arranged as to bear too close an analysis of this meaning. "Jolly," by that licence which is conceded to poetry and slang, is often in the place of the superlative "very," and it might therefore appear as if the Cock in question was "very old."

As I have shown, such is not necessarily the case. If you take Jolly Old Cock to be "Old" (in an affectionate sense) "Jolly Cock," you will at once have before you a pretty clear idea of the bird in question.

Now for this and other birds.

Some time since I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a beautiful specimen; middle-aged, in full plumage, and quite Cock of his own walk.

I had known him by reputation for years before. Everyone said he was a "Jolly Old Cock." I think *as many* say so now; *though*, perhaps, *they are not the same people*.

The peculiar circumstances that interested me in this old Bird were these; namely, that he was a Jolly Old Cock, that his son was a Great Goose, who married a Little Duck.

And of these the story you shall hear forthwith.

(To be Continued.)

HONOURABLE AND RIGHT HONOURABLE.

"The Right Hon. JOHN BRIGHT arrived at Osborne on a visit to HER MAJESTY.

"The Right Hon. JOHN BRIGHT dined with HER MAJESTY.

"The Right Hon. JOHN BRIGHT took his leave of HER MAJESTY."—*Court Circular*.

AND so "the whirligig of time
Brings its revenges round"!
Is it the ground has changed for him?
Or has he changed his ground?

This sitter 'neath the gangway moved
Up to the Treasury Bench!
A Member of the Cabinet, he
Who erst made Cabinets blench!

And yet the Offices go on
In calm circumlocution:
In Whitehall and in Downing Street
No roar of revolution!

And he can boast, and truly boast,
The change is not in him.
He waited, as the years went by,
Rigid, resolved, and grim.

Thought out his thought and spoke it out,
Nor cared for howl or cheer:
Reckless what faith his speech might win,
What hate provoke, or fear.

Foresaw, foretold, derided off,
The current of the laws;
Nor steered his course for Office, more
Than shaped it for applause.

Till the great tide, whose forces deep
Nor men nor modes withstand,
Bore spoils of office to his feet,
And power into his hand.

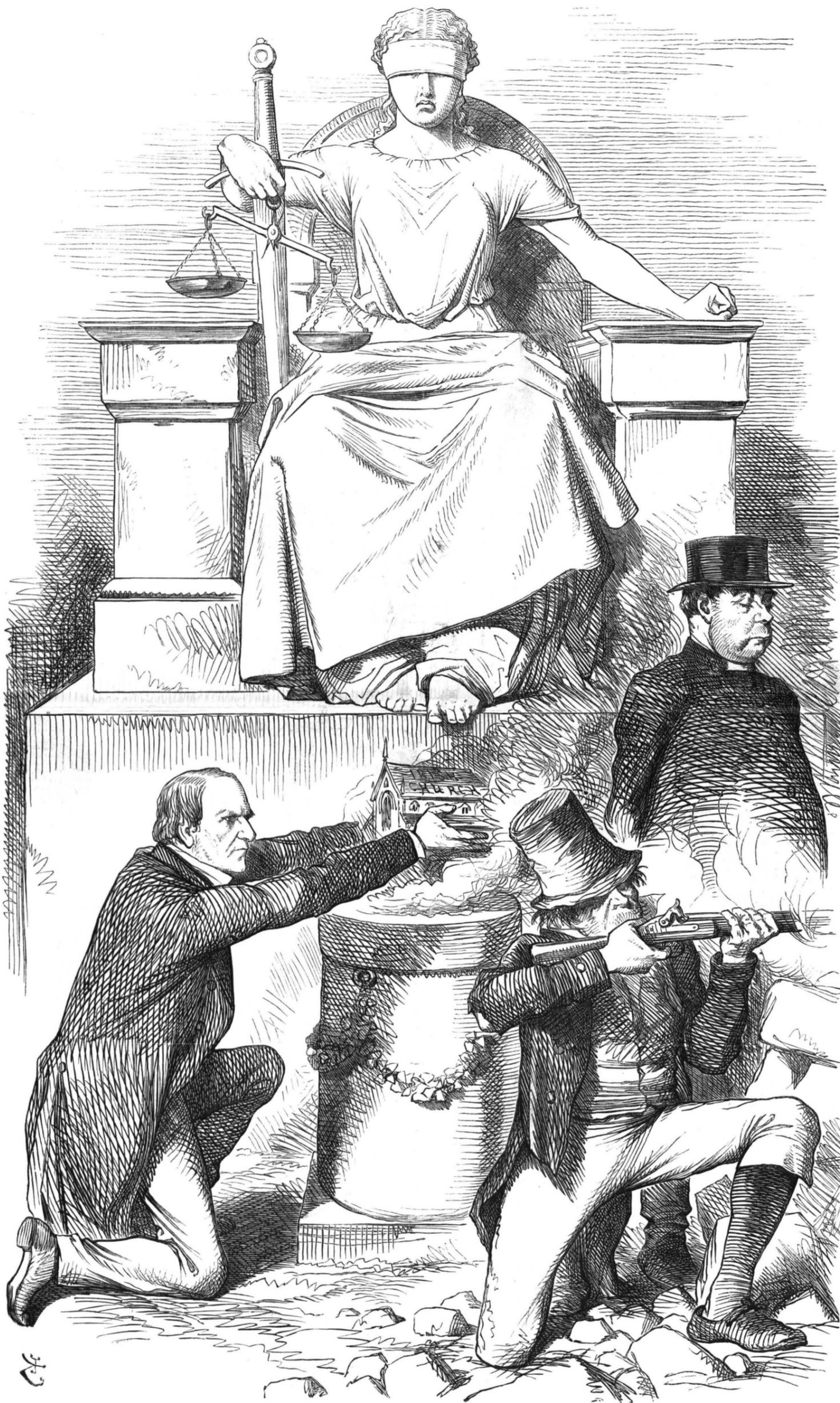
"I sought them not: they came to me,"
He says—and says what's true:
So *Punch* can vouch—whose *bâton* oft
Hath beat him black and blue.

A Comic Boon to Humanity.

CHLOROFORM appears likely to be superseded by the Protoxide of Nitrogen. This new anæsthetic is the old laughing gas. Operations will become mere jokes when the patients undergoing them laugh at them. Of course there will then be an end of all serious operations.

NEW TRAVELS.

MRS. MALAPROP, who took the greatest interest in the QUEEN'S Book, is eagerly looking forward to another treat of the same kind, having heard that "HER MAJESTY'S *Tower*" is about to appear.



JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

THE BRITISH MINISTER. "THIS IS A SACRIFICE TO JUSTICE, NOT TO PAPISTS OR ASSASSINS. AND IF THEY _____"

BETSY WARING.

(On Ecclesiastical Vestments and novel Ceremonies.)—AIR: "Jenny Jones."

YOU knows "BETSY WARING,
What goes out a-charing,"
Likewise for an airing
On Sunday I go.
To Church at eleven,
Or P.M. at seven,
To 'ear about 'caven

And—what's down below.
I likes when my teachers,
The reverend preachers,
Send tears down my features

A running: and, oh!
I'm sometimes a-weepin',
And sometimes a-sleepin',
But always a keepin'

Respectful: just so.

I've old fashioned notions
About my devotions,
Which I takes, like my lotions,
At the proper time.

I'm fond of a sermon,
And psalms about Hermon,
And hymns to a German
Tune; which it's sublime!

I likes the prayers said out,
The Colicks all read out,
With them we are fed out
Of Scripsher alone.

'Tis a block for my stumblin'
To hear parsons mumblin',
With the organ a-rumblin'
To give 'em a tone.

Years back, cast your eye up,
The pulpit was high up,
The reading-desk nigh up

To that: it was then.

His head just emergin'
And dressed gown of serge in,
Sat droning and dirgin'

The clerk his "Amen."

But now that's all knock'd down,
The Clerk's somewhere cock'd down,
And boys, whitely frock'd, down

The Church walk demure,
The "wersickles" singin',
The "innocence" a-swingin',
And sparks about flingin',

I hope they insure.

The Curate, a spooney 'un,
Sings the Communion;
His voice is a tuney 'un

At a slow rate;

They separate "the sexes,"
Which some people vexes,
And they sing all the *tezes*,

While handin' the plate.

They crosses and blesses,
Wears wonderful dresses,
Their names no one guesses;

I was told: so you see

They call 'em "dam-maticks,"
And that's like Rheumatics,
Which I wish them fanatics
Could feel 'stead o' me.

We don't have no hossacks;
The clergy wear "cossacks,"
Which fit as they *wos* sacks

Tied in with a band

They calls lessons, "lections";
They makes "Jennyflexions";
In various directions,

I don't understand.

They've one papist *Massy* bell,
They wear "cope" and "*chassy*bel,"
Which makes me *irascible*

As a Protestant taught

To call all this flummery

"Papistical mummery:"

They do—this my summary—

What they didn't ought.

If Bishops don't stop it,
The Clergy won't drop it,
The rich folks up prop it,
Well let 'em, I say.

I'll put my *golosh* up,
And Tom's *maggintosh* up,
Till I *and* where to *washup*

In the old fashion'd way.

They've "*chassy*bel" and "*cope*" too,

They'll soon have a *Pope* too,

I must say I *hope* to

See them go to Rome:

Oh drat them fanatics

As wears them *dammatic*s,

Yes, I'll stop, with *rheumatics*,

Next Sunday at home.

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.

PASS the Amontillado and touch upon Spain, glancing rapidly at its beggars, bull-fights, castanets, chestnuts, *Don Quixote*, fans, fandangoes, gipsies, Inquisition, LOPE DE VEGA, mantillas, mules, MURILLOS, olives, olive complexions, olla podrida, onions, priests, queens, revolutions and wines (including its CLARET); then, by an easy transition, glide from PRIM to Primogeniture, and entail upon your audience a brief *résumé* of the letters and articles that have lately been written on this fertile topic, so as to land them in a discussion embracing the descent of real property, wills, marriage settlements, eldest sons, intestacy, gavelkind, fee-simple, solicitors' charges, and — Borough English, which will remind you of the Election Petitions, and the pleasant Christmas seventy M.P.'s must have passed, thinking of those three terrible Judges, BLACKBURN, WILLES, and—MARTIN, whose name will naturally (or rather natural historically) introduce the untimely appearance of a swallow on a vicarage lawn in Somersetshire, as an indication of the mildness of the season, the swallow leading you on to dilate upon the cost, as lately stated, of the dinner on Lord Mayor's Day, an entertainment sure to put into your head the "Loving Cup" which gave you so much pleasure at the New Royalty Theatre, and the *Pantomimes*, and *Cyril's Success*, which deserves to be a great success at the Globe, and the new Gaiety, whose Manager, following the good example set years ago at the Adelphi, having abolished all fees, ought to be rewarded by finding his handsome house become in this cosmopolitan London—to quote MR. BURKE—"the Gaiety of Nations," a phrase which perhaps, at this present juncture, you will remark, does not make one at once think of Turkey and Greece, two nationalities certain to tempt you to serve up some of the fine old fruity jokes their names suggest; but you must resist your evil passions, and also your inclination to go into the Paris Conference, and guesses at its result, and other speculations, (including OVEREND, GURNEY & Co.), and instead be firm as a rock, and protest against Gibraltar being exchanged for Ceuta, and express your satisfaction at the decision come to touching another suitor—in the cause of MARTIN v. MACKONOCHE, always provided that you have previously made sure that there is not amongst the company an uncompromising member of the "English Church Union," or the Editor of a High Church paper, or a Curate blushing rubric red, or fiery young Acolyte—discontented listeners who might be the cause of an eruption, which would be undesirable just when you wished to join the ladies, and ascertain the exact shade of the new Colour—"flamme du Vésuve."

AGRICULTURAL.—The poorest farmer in the land, if unable to feed his calves, can always graze his shins.

LONG LIFE TO THE LIFE-BOATS!

"LIFE let us cherish," as an old song says, and therefore, as another old song says, let us "Man the Life-boat." Now, you Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, and sit cosily at dinner with your napkins on your knees, how many lives do you suppose have been saved in the last twelvemonth by the Lifeboat Institution? Just look at this account of its year's labours in life-saving:—

"This long list makes a total of 570 lives rescued by the life-boats of the Institution from the above-named disasters, in addition to twenty-four vessels saved from destruction. During the same period the Life-boat Institution granted rewards for saving 259 lives by fishing and other boats, making a grand total of 829 lives saved mainly through its instrumentality. In the same period the crews of the life-boats of the society, at a very large expense, have either assembled or put off in reply to signals of distress 150 times to ships not eventually requiring their services."

And look at this account of work done since its starting:—

"The number of lives saved either by the life-boats of the institution, or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards since its formation, is 17,800, for which services ninety gold medals, 792 silver medals, and £28,906 in cash, have been given as rewards. When we remember that nearly every life saved by life-boats has been rescued under perilous circumstances, it will at once be seen what great benefit has been conferred by the Life-boat Institution, not only on the poor men themselves and on the country, but also on their wives and children, who would otherwise be widows and orphans. Since the beginning of the present year the institution has spent £18,813 on its 194 life-boat stations on the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and since its first establishment in 1824 it has expended £212,820 on its life-boat stations."

Britons often brag about their British "institutions." Now, is not this an Institution which we may well be proud of? and should not every great Briton, and small Briton, who is rich enough, fork out like a Briton for the Life-boat Institution?

A Trifle from the Rock.

WE have rarely read a better thing than this, which we find in the *Home News for India*:—

"Whether we give up Gibraltar, or do not, there can be no hurry. We should like the Spaniards, in the first place, to show themselves mindful of two things; the Bonds from which England delivered Spain, and the Bonds which Spain has delivered to England."

If Indian readers are often treated to brilliancy like this, no wonder they don't think much of LORD MAYO.

A NOBLE PATTERN TO PUSEY AND CO.

OF course, *Mr. Punch*, you are aware that the MARQUIS OF BUTE, who was said to have arrived at years of discretion the other day, has gone over to Rome. You will probably consider that in so doing he set an example which the Ritualist parsons would do honestly to follow. One of these gentlemen, the REV. MR. GOING, is reported to have celebrated a mimic mass at St. Paul's, Walworth, last Sunday week.

Is it not high time, Sir, that this GOING was gone? And if he hesitate to go, about his business at any rate, and out of his Walworth incumbency, ought he not to be made, and can he not be? Are not these also questions to be asked concerning the REV. MR. ABBOTT, one of his assistant mimes, and likewise with respect to the REV. MR. RICHARDS, who is said, whilst MESSRS. GOING and ABBOTT were playing Popery at Walworth, to have been engaged in a similar performance at All Saints', Margaret Street? As to MR. MACKONOCHE, he appears not as yet to have made his mind up whether he will obey the law or no; the necessity, therefore, for his expulsion is not urgent.

In the preaching of PARSON RICHARDS, as reported in the *Times*, on the occasion above referred to, you may have been amused, Sir, by the passage following:—

"But now that the Church is in earnest it is persecuted; it is in the condition of the words of St. Paul, 'Troubled on every side,' and he doubted not that days of prosecution and persecution were in store, and that some would seal their confession with their blood."

Perhaps, Sir, MR. RICHARDS has a little serious doubt that the time is coming when Ritualists will be martyred, as he has of the reality of his power to perform invisible miracles. If so, then there is all the greater reason why he should take pattern from that conscientious young man, the MARQUIS OF BUTE. He may be quite sure that the Legislature, so far from ever venturing to persecute the genuine Roman Catholic Priests, will let them have everything entirely their own way, except, perhaps, that, should they insist, as ARCHBISHOP MANNING says, on either "mastery or martyrdom," it may be so judicious as to allow them neither the one nor the other. If Parson RICHARDS will only turn Romish Priest, he may profess to perform what miracles he pleases without molestation from the law or the Legislature. He will also enjoy the satisfaction of having his miraculous pretensions

not denied both by Protestants and Romanists too; and this is a consideration which all the other Ritualist parsons might put in their pipes, or rather their censers, and smoke. Parson GOING, for example, is held, by the priests whose practices he tries to imitate, a mere layman, disqualified from filling any pulpit above that of an auctioneer. He may knock himself down, then. Again I say, let GOING be gone.

The MARQUIS OF BUTE is reported to intend proceeding to Palestine. On this pilgrimage the patrons of the M. B. waistcoat may be farther advised to march after him. Anyhow they might go to Jericho.



'A BONNIE LASSIE OF "THE PERIOD."'

The version, not to say either conversion or perversion, of the MARQUIS OF BUTE is his own affair, and that of nobody else but the POPE, and the POPE's British subjects, for whom, probably, it will be a good thing. In getting a "vert" worth £300,000 a year, the Fisherman of the Tiber may be said to have hooked a considerable gold-fish. From this combination of "or" and "vert" will accrue, doubtless, Peter's Pence and their equivalent in many Zouaves and Chassepots, that will perform visible miracles, which nobody can deny; no, not even one who holds, in relation to the See of Peter, the place of the Member for PETERBOROUGH.

P.S. The Ritualist parsons cannot follow the MARQUIS OF BUTE without leaving their incomes behind them. But what is that to "pious souls" like P. and Co.?

A JARRING NOTE.

THE subject of "Musical Pitch" is too abstruse for us, quite out of our compass, as the whole tenor of this paragraph will show, indeed we have been obliged to look into "Knight" for the meaning of diapason; but as there are precluding symptoms of discord and disagreement on the question, we just note it, on this which is or ought to be the octave of St. Cecilia, to express a hope first that the conductors of the dis-

pute will not be such flats as to descend so low in the scale as to pitch into each other, and next that they will come to a harmonious conclusion, and be successful in attaining the pitch of perfection. Pitch suggests—toss, but perhaps this mode of deciding the point (not counterpoint, is it?) would be thought too low. We proposed it with a quaver, merely as a crotchet of our own, and hope very soon to have the pleasure of hearing MR. SIMS REEVES in Exeter Hall again.

"WATERLOO JUNCTION."—WELLINGTON and BLUCHER.



OLD NICK-OTIN STEALING "AWAY THE BRAINS" OF HIS DEVOTEES.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR, JUVENES DUM SUMUS ;
IN JUCUNDÂ JUVENUTE, NOS HABEBIT FUMUS !

THE CHEMISTRY OF QUACK HAIR-WASHES.

MR. PUNCH,

TRUTH is stated in the letter in the *Times* of the other day, headed "Poison for the Hair." My hair has got very grey—but I am not very old—so my hair is greyer than it ought to be, and I look older than I am. Hence I have people, on occasion, offering me their arms, as though I could not walk without assistance. Unless I take care to spring into an omnibus, my entrance is generally expedited with a helping hand by the RICHARD BAXTER of a conductor. Also people are apt to shout into my ears as though I were deaf, and to inform me that I must expect this, that, or the other at my time of life. All this is a bore, and if I could renovate my hair, at least to a shade that would not be ridiculously out of keeping with my visage, I shouldn't mind.

Sir, a bottle of wash fell in my way, purporting, by a statement with which it was labelled, to be a restorative of the hair to its pristine colour, but no dye. If I had believed this I should have used the wash, in order to put a stop to the civilities and incivilities with which people, according to their natures, are accustomed to annoy the aged-looking. But I suspected that it contained sugar-of-lead—the parent, by absorption, when rubbed into the system through the scalp, or anywhere else, of painters' colic and palsy. So I got a spoonful of it given me, not to buy a bottle for several shillings, and to this, Sir, I did add a few drops of iodide of potassium dissolved in water. Let any of your readers who flatter themselves that they are renovating but not dyeing their hair by the use of any such popularly advertised wash, go and do likewise. If, then, the wash thus tested is struck, as I found it, a rich yellow, the lotion is leaden, and their heads will be more so if they continue to use it.

Ah, Sir, the best thing to prevent the hair from turning grey, and without which nothing will ever restore its colour, is the blessed certainty of a sufficient income. It is the winter of anxiety that crests the head with snow, and makes a Mont Blanc of a man be he never so stumpy. If Nature has endowed him with reflective faculties, and

Fortune has not endowed him with an assured competence, no wash that is not a dye will avail to renew his hair, so as to improve it to any colour from that of mouldy, if not,

CANISSIMUS.

Twelfthcake Day, 1869.

FINNIS AND THE FARMER.

PUNCH has a propensity for praising Aldermen, and it is a shame that they do not more often give him the opportunity of indulging it. He pounces upon a case in which he has that happiness. A Norfolk farmer of substance (for he occupies 700 acres) was brought before MR. ALDERMAN FINNIS, last week, charged with sending up abominably unsound meat to the London market. When the charge had been proved, MR. ALDERMAN FINNIS observed that a fine would be no punishment, and therefore he favoured the substantial but unrighteous farmer with a sentence which probably involved some—he sent the farmer to the House of Correction for a month. The rich are in no danger from such rascality, they pay hideously extortionate prices, but they get good meat; but in the interest of the poor, who are poisoned with carrion food, *Mr. Punch* heartily thanks ALDERMAN FINNIS for the example made in the person of FARMER DODD, of Great Ryburgh, Norfolk. We imagine that it will be very safe indeed to deal with that bucolic personage, when he shall have returned into the peaceful groves of his county.

Never Despair.

MR. DREW, who has not succeeded in drawing MR. BRIGHT, as President of the Board of Trade, into approving his scheme for destroying bottle-nosed whales, should apply to the Teetotal Societies; they would be sure to join him in any plan for exterminating animals of such a dissipated appearance.

VOX STELLARUM.—It is reported from Greenwich Observatory that there is reason to believe that Berenice's Hair is false. Nothing surprises us now.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



THE Covent Garden Pantomime, or *Payne-tomime*, as it might be called but isn't, is brilliant and "gorgeously mounted," especially MR. STROYLE, the *basso*, on two ingeniously contrived crocodiles; but it is not, to my thinking, very funny. Funny, when the inimitable PAYNES are on, it can't help being, representing as they do *Robinson Crusoe* and *Man Friday*, but very funny it is not. Nor is MR. MORGAN'S Transformation Scene equal either to his last year's performance, or "the clock" one in *Cinderella*; nevertheless it is sure to be popular on account of the lavish display of foil, tinsel and bright colours. By the way, MR. HARRIS is a very clever man; but why does he always come forward to bow whenever great applause greets some scenic effect: surely he can't do everything at Covent Garden? Perhaps, though, he does, and I didn't know it; so lest I should make some

other egregious mistake, I will, with the kind permission of my friends in front, pass on to

Drury Lane.—Charmingly pretty: specially adapted for young children, and to old boys, it is brimful of real pantomime fun. The *Puss in Boots* is played by MR. IRVING, who sings and dances capitally. There is a good little bit of burlesque on the sensation scene in *After Dark*. The Cat is shut up in a basket, and breaks through to save his young master, whom villains as cruel as MESSRS. WALTER LACY and MURRAY at the Princess's have laid across the track of—of—no, not the train, but the *Miller's Wheelbarrow*, which is driven on with all the noise, shrieks, and steam-up music that announces the approach of the velocipede engine and third-class carriage in MR. BOUCICAULT'S piece. MR. CUMMINGS, as a Notary, sings a well written song, detailing the legacies in a will, which would be encored in a smaller house. The Comic business by MR. CLOWN & Co., (there are a double set), is full of "hits" of the past year, all more or less telling. Had I two hearts, I had left them both with Mademoiselles the Columbines; but not being so provided, I could only envy MR. HARLEQUIN, and console myself with a pinch of snuff, subsequently, at the house of everyone's esteemed friend and "dear boy," Paddy Ever-GREEN'S.

The Lyceum is also a capital boys' and girls' Pantomime, and is remarkable among other matters as containing only one allusion to somebody of the name of SMITH. We shall return to this subject next week, as the legs, or corkscrews on which MR. VOLES dances deserve an especial notice, and the Transformation Scene is one of the prettiest and most tasteful of any we have witnessed.

By the way, among the signs of these Theatrical times is the fact, that at four Theatres in London are now singing and acting four young ladies from the *Music Halls*. The Gaiety has one in MISS CONSTANCE LOSEBY: Covent Garden one in MISS NELLIE (why not ELLEN? was she christened NELLIE?) POWER: the Queen's one in MISS KATE (Catherine surely, not KATE, sweet KATE) SANTLEY, and Drury Lane possesses MISS HARRIET COVENEY.

Perhaps the Music Halls are not doing so particularly well just now: certainly I see that no spirited Proprietor has yet got the Oxford.

The Gaiety, in MR. GILBERT'S Operatic-burlesque of *Roberto*, presents good Christmas fare; and MR. WIGAN'S personification of the *Mountebank* is the salvation of a crude piece. This theatre, I suppose, is going to take up the *Opéra bouffe* line, and I hope its management will bring forward some English talent which is only waiting such a chance. The lobbies of this house being still, of course, rather damp, are fumigated by "RIMMEL'S vaporisers." This is not mentioned as a puff—far from it: but if MR. RIMMEL will only put some of his delicious perfumes (and he has got some) into these machines, I will mention him again with pleasure. The Gaiety stalls are comfortable, and the house is brilliant. Here Venus and Mars wait upon the worshippers of the Comic Muse—that is, amiable young ladies take your coat, if you'll let 'em (and you can't refuse), and *commissionnaires* take your tickets; amiable young ladies offer you books and refreshments, *commissionnaires* briefly, but politely, tell you where to go; and more amiable young

ladies curtesy you to your seat. These nymphs were, I was informed by a sly dog who knew all about it, trained behind the counters and stalls of the Alhambra. Perhaps so; but no matter: they are very nice, and here's a health to all good lasses, merrily take your opera-glasses, sweep the stalls and boxes round.

What can I say of the Haymarket? MR. SOTHERN is back: with him the *Hero of Romance* as Jumpy as ever. After this piece is ended, you will see MR. KENDAL'S performance of *Vyryan the Frightful Hair*; and if you've not seen HERR BANDMANN, you'll see MR. KENDAL in a travestie on his part which is better than the original: if you haven't seen BANDMANN, never mind, see KENDAL. Any author of travestie receives his reward from MR. COMPTON, who plays burlesque in its true spirit, *seriously*, and makes every line tell, when it has got anything to tell in it; and when it hasn't, why his delivery makes you think it has. MISS IONE BURKE sings and plays well throughout, and comes out very strong in the last scene as a barrister. By the way, talking of good music (I wasn't, I know, but suppose we suppose I was), MR. KENDAL gives MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S *Figaro* sort of song from his *Contrabandista* admirably. Not a note or a word is lost.

This was only intended as a sort of prelude to one of the usual dramatic sketches made in the front of the house, which, Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall, with your *keyind* permission, call the Man in the Box, and which I will give you next week; or, not to be too particular as to dates, as soon as possible.

*** Why do actors ordinarily say "Skee-y" for sky, "key-ind" for kind, "Leeccew-cy" for Lucy, "Ha-aven" for Heaven? &c. This is not new; but no explanation has ever been given. A Pronouncing Dictionary for the Stage would be useful.

AN USURER'S THRENODY.

FROM the news in my paper I gathered my doom,
I beheld the announcement with 'orror and gloom;
'Twas the cruel minute on my eye as did fall,
Of the Treasury Board wot they made at Whitehall.

And the thought to my 'art like a dagger went 'ome,
As I thought of the ruin of bis'nis to come;
And I felt pretty nearly to tear my clothes fain,
But thought that would be wastin' my own things in vain.

I remembered how fondly on them bills I gazed,
That I 'eld of young clerks for the money they raised;
Bills at sixty per cent. vilst they now must decline,
At the risk of their berths, all temptations of mine.

I'm afraid of sitch profits I've seen the last day,
And best part of my custom shall 'ave took away;
And I wishes an earthquake 'ad appened instead,
And the Treasury fell on the Government's 'cad.

The 'Oss Guards may the same regulation ordain,
And the 'Varsities likewise, preventin' my gain;
Then us poor bill-discounters all ruined vil be,
And 'ave vurk, or the vurkus left only for ve.

PUNCH'S REVIEW.

Kelly's Directory for 1869.

This notice is simply apologetic. We have laid down one rule for ourselves, from which we will not depart. We never review a book which we have not gone through from beginning to end, making such notes, for reference, as may occur to us. Christmas has somewhat interfered with our examination of this Directory, and we have as yet got only to the north end of *Bouverie Street, E.C.* Thus far, we have found no fault, and we may say that the gigantic work appears to us to contain everything that anybody can by possibility want, and a great deal more. But we are approaching a most interesting and exciting part of the composition, and we will spoil neither the pleasure of our readers nor our own by forestalling. We are rejoiced to see that the author is unflagging as ever, and that his stores seem to be inexhaustible.

Music and Patriotism.

MR. SIMS REEVES is carrying the point for which, with true artistic feeling, he has long been struggling, in his own interest, no doubt, but not less in that of the singing world. MR. HALLÉ, among other celebrities, has given in his adhesion to the proposed reform. The English Pitch is to be lowered to the French standard. But never shall the English Tar bow before the standard of France. Jammy, Mounseer. That, we are adamant about.

FAR FROM IT.—The woman who is bent on marrying a man because he is a Lion, should remember that it does not necessarily follow that she will become a Lioness.

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.



ALWAYS adapt your conversation to your company. If you find yourself seated at dinner by the side of the wife of a dignitary of the Church of Ireland, eulogise MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT, and ask her whether it is true that the average attendance at Divine Service in Protestant Churches in the Catholic Provinces is eleven, including the clergyman's family and the officials. If your next-chair neighbour chances to be a lady who is of the Evangelical way of thinking, lament the unpleasant consequences that seem to result in China and elsewhere from the injudicious zeal of Missionaries, and tell her, if you happen to be an M.P., who has not been petitioned against, that you mean to bring the matter before Parliament. References, amusing but slightly irritating, to MR. BENNETT or MR. MACKONOCHE, and a positive assertion that ARCHDEACON D—N in early life held Pelagian opinions, and that DR. P—Y was inclined to adopt the tenets of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, will make the after-dinner hour pass pleasantly, if the clergyman near you shows by his vestments and conversation that he would prefer the stake to having his candles put out by that extinguishing LORD CAIRNS. You can have no hesitation as to what you should say to the foolish young creature whose hair, now of golden lustre, you remember was shabby colour when you met her twelve months ago at the LUMLEY GILLSONS: remarks on the destructive character of dyes and washes and the 'diseases their use brings on, including hydrocephalus, malaria, madness, and impecuniosity, from all of which several of your own friends and relatives have had hair-breadth escapes, will fill up the intervals between the quadrilles agreeably, and if you are of a jocular turn, as you go round the room, and the room goes round with you in the waltz, whisper that you suppose women always were, and always will be, dying for men. Your popularity with boys in the holidays will be unbounded, if you can encourage them to give you the date of the foundation of ancient Rome, or the leading events in the life of NUMA POMPILIUS, with a translation off hand of "*Mea mater sus est mala*," or any other scrap of catch Latin you can think of over dessert; while, if you desire to make yourself agreeable to their sisters' governess, the readiest way will be to invite her opinion as to the best manuals of geography, chronology and calisthenics.

Pass the bottle and get upon bottle-nosed whales; and the PRINCE'S visit to Egypt, and the reception he will have from the Viceroy; and LORD SPENCER'S public entry into Dublin; and GLADSTONE'S intentions on the land question; and threatening letters; and letters in the papers about primogeniture, hair-dyes, young men, criminalism and pauperism; and poor outcasts in rags looking into fruiterers' shop windows at pears a guinea a-piece; and the first-fruits of Ministerial economy, as shown in reductions in Commissionerships, Dockyards, and Public Departments; and the Department of Science and Art, and the Meyrick Collection of Armour at South Kensington; and the new Parish Church it is proposed to build in that quarter of London; and the Ritualists and their meetings in Freemasons' Hall; and the PRINCE OF WALES having become a Freemason while in Denmark;

and the KING OF GREECE; and the Paris Conference; and the Velocipedes in that city, and the probability of their becoming the fashion in London; and the dirt and danger of our streets; and the Police; and the organs; and the musical pitch; and the destruction of sea-birds on the Bass Rock; and Gibraltar; and the settlement of the difficulty with China, and—"Tea, Sir, is in the Drawing-room."

HERE HE IS AGAIN!

WHO? WHY, OUR OLD POET OF THE PHILHARMONIC. DON'T YOU REMEMBER HIS DIVINE STYLE IN BYE-GONE YEARS OF MUSICAL STRIFE? YOU WILL DIRECTLY.

WELL, I declare! If Music, which means the same as Harmony, And if there are any Savage Breasts professes to be quite equal to charm any, Isn't again causing Able Conductors and Pleasing Vocalists to fly at each other, When every true Musician should regard the rest as a Man and a Brother.

(Of course I don't mean when he's a Sister, that's different conditions, Instance GRISI, PATTI, LUCCA, NILSSON, ARABELLA GODDARD, and TITIENS)

Instead of letting Passions rise because Pitch is to be let fall, Surely such Sentiments don't become Philadelphieion, namely, Exeter Hall.

Highly tighty, goody me, I say, Come you know, Bless me, My word! Considering the Matter in unfriendly Spirits is a good deal worse than absurd.

Why, you know, if Brazen instruments gets rusty, a Sensible Man oils 'em,

But if Human Voices grow rusty, the rust takes and Spoils 'em, Because you can't oil voices, though you can the inside of a throat, As salads, Cod Liver, Olives, Castor, Sardines, and others useless to Quote.

Brilliant no doubt, Conductors are, like the lightning which runs down them,

(Not them, but the iron ones) and ought to have Noble Laurels to crown them,

And I'm sure to hear a great orchestra go off Simultaneous Impresses with the highest idea of Instrumental genius, But voices before instruments, MIRIAM before TUBAL CAIN, (At least she came after him, but my Allegorical meaning is plain)

What is made by Nature can only be mended by her, and she won't mend it,

Whereas Most Respectable makers will mend your Pipe whenever you please to send it.

And if SIMS REEVES, and HALLÉ, and MANNS, and the rest say Down with Pitch,

(As if laying Bitumen pavement) the Conductors should behave as sich, That is, conduct themselves, namely, with Suavity, Conciliation, and leave off sulking,

Pitch ill feeling to the deuce, and Toss discord clean out of the Welkin.

NOT AT ALL PHARISAICAL.

A FRENCH gentleman, writing on French theatres, informs us that as soon as a Parisian young lady is married, she demands to be taken to a playhouse, where it is supposed that she is more likely to see and hear "*th it* she should not" than in any other edifice of the kind. We are sorry to hear such an account of the mothers of Young France. On the whole, we are glad that no such marriage right exists in England, and that if there did, we have no theatre for its exercise. Flippant, stupid, sensational, our theatrical presentations may be, but they are nearly harmless, and would be quite so if managers were aware how very inexpensive, thanks to free trade and improved machinery, feminine garments are. The misplaced economy which deprives the ballet of clothing may be creditable to the honesty of managers, but is otherwise objectionable. But we have no Palais-Royal for the demoralisation of brides.

Parliamentary Thought.

ONE of the Windsor election witnesses described somebody as the very man that was wanted as an agent, "because he looked exactly like a fool, but wasn't one." Curious, that many electors should employ precisely the opposite rule when selecting the very man wanted as an M.P.

WELL DONE.

SENDING a donation the other day, anonymously, to the Metropolitan Free Drinking Fountains' Association (a deserving society), WATERFORD LAKE signed himself, not inappropriately—"A Well-Wisher."



PLEASANT REFLECTION.

Servant. "OH, MISSIS SAY, YOU'RE TO ASK WHY CANDLES IS DEARER, AS THEY DON'T GIVE NO BETTER LIGHT."

Grocer's Boy. "WELL, YOU KNOW, THEY TAKES ALL THE BEST TALLOW NOW, TO MAKE BUTTER WITH."

GIBRALTAR.

SAYS *Punch* unto GLADSTONE,
 "The Rock's not a bad stone."
 "We won't let it go,"
 Says the fiery BOB LOWE.
 "Hold it tight, hold it tight,"
 Says the stalwart JOHN BRIGHT.
 "It was hard work to win,"
 Says the sensible GLYN.
 "Red hot balls from the anvil,"
 Says elegant GRANVILLE.
 "It's a place we should guard well,"
 Says moderate CARDWELL.
 "Yes, that's clear enough,"
 Says the well-informed DUFF.
 "Who'd yield it be hung,"
 Says the Scots lawyer, YOUNG.
 "The thought were too grovelling,"
 Says Irish O'LOGHLEN.
 "One's brain it bewilders,"
 Says chivalrous CHILDERS.
 "And stirs up one's bile,"
 Says the valiant ARGYLL.
 "Sooner fight every swearing Don,"
 Says smoke-loving CLARENDON.
 "Who'd yield it's a Pagan,"
 Says Catholic O'HAGAN.
 "And we won't to the Don sell,"
 Says gold-scorning MONSELL.
 "He ought to be taught his cue,"
 Says spirited FORTESCUE.
 "We let the old buffer in!"
 Says dignified DUFFERIN.
 "Because donkeys will bray hard?"
 Says plain-spoken LAYARD.
 "And talk Mrs. Partington?"
 Says valiantest HARTINGTON.
 "Such appeals are no use,"
 Says the true-hearted BRUCE.
 "And make a man toss chin,"
 Says lofty J. GOSCHEN.
 "We don't give things that way,"
 Says mirthfullest OTWAY.
 "British flag on that old ridge,"
 Says classical COLERIDGE.
 "Good boys," say quite fatherly
 LORD PUNCH and LORD HATHERLEY.

OUR POLICE.

SIR,

Two subjects have lately been prominently before the public in the *Times*—our Criminals and our Theatricals. The galleries of our large theatres when pantomime is played are crowded, and in the crowd must necessarily be a large proportion of pickpockets, from the professor to the graduate, from him to the undergraduate, and so to the pupils at *Fagin's* preparatory school for young gentlemen. Well, Sir, what do they see? Sir, the object which most excites their laughter is the *Policeman ill used by Clown*, and treated with contumely and indignity by that speckled ruffian.

Now, Sir, as long as we permit the representative of law and order to be thus assailed and exposed to public ridicule, how can we expect minds, naturally leaning towards evil, to be imbued with the majesty of those principles which are embodied—or *embobbed*—in the persons of our protective force? I used the word "BOBBY" just now. At this time, when it is proposed to erect a new statue to that eminent legislator, SIR ROBERT PEEL, can we find no better way of sustaining his fame in the Metropolis than by calling the beings of his creation "Bobbies," and occasionally "Peelers"?

There is only one thing in which we ought to imitate *Clown*; that is, in calling him "*Mister Policeman*." This is a step in the *right* direction; but to call out, "I say, BOBBY," and then lie down before the station door, &c., in order that seven constables, one after the other, may fall over you and hurt themselves, is *not* a model for imitation.

I remain, Sir,

Yours,
EDUCATION.

VERY INDUSTRIOUS.

FOLLOW the little shoeblack home, who has been brightening your boots in these dirty streets, and you will find that his work is not yet done, for you will see him busily polishing off his supper.

THE OVEREND AND GURNEY AFFAIR.

MR. PUNCH is certainly not going to forestal the decision in the OVEREND AND GURNEY case. It is before a Mayor and an Alderman, and until they shall have said their say, he reserves his. But he wants to protest against the case being called "great," in compliance with the foolish habit of the day, which takes bigness for greatness. It is only great because a great deal of money was lost and a great many people were ruined. And the fate of MESSRS. GURNEY, BIRKBECK, BARCLAY, GORDON, and RENNIE, ought not to be affected by anything except justice. They are accused of a specific offence, and they declare that they can refute the accusation. The allegation is that they fraudulently constructed a Company, whose assets largely consisted of bad debts, that the men who sold these debts to the Company were insolvent, and that those who bought those debts knew the circumstances. It happens that the old firm of OVEREND AND GURNEY is charged with having owed Twenty Three Millions, and with having had to set against this only Twenty Millions of doubtful assets. The charge may be disproved, as may other charges raised by the prosecutor, DR. THOM, and his solicitor, MR. LEWIS. But the case should be argued apart from the magnitude of figures, and as if a firm of Tripesellers in a back street behind Holborn had owed £23, and set over £20 to a Trotter Company, Limited. Let right be done, and let us have no false moral perspective.

Playing upon a Word.

AN acquaintance of ours, an incessant flute-player, who is fond of fine words, but has had a somewhat imperfect education, will talk about his Tootle-ary Genius!

MOTTO FOR THE WISEACRES WHO PARALYSE THEMSELVES BY RUBBING SUGAR OF LEAD INTO THEIR SCALPS TO DARKEN THEIR HAIR.—
 "We never say 'die,' but we do it."



“SOUR GRAPES.”

Old Bachelor Friend (to Paterfamilias, who was disposed to chaff him on his single cursedness). “YOU SEE, JACK, YOU’VE GONE IN FOR THE OLIVE-BRANCHES; I STICK TO THE OLIVES, MY BOY!!”

THE RITUALISM OF TERPSICHORE.

A CERTAIN man went the other night to a ball at past ten o’clock, and he did not come away till three. He believes he left the whole of the dancers behind him, except two young ladies and their Mamma, whom he took away—he is bound to add, at their own time. Nobody else, that he knows of, had gone but a gentleman who did not dance, and who did not care to stay because he could only get claret-cup and not any brandy-and-water. The gentleman might have danced if he had remained, but then again he might not, for there is no affirming the converse of *Nemo saltat sobrius*. Indeed that aphorism itself is not altogether undeniable. The companion of those three ladies danced, and he was never drunk in his life—on duty. He danced attendance, to be sure—that was all.

By the way, he would fain remind the numerous girls whose education has enabled them to construe Latin, that the insobriety pronounced by Cicerō conditional to dancing, does not necessarily imply brandy-and-water, or anything like it, or even so much as claret-cup. It is quite compatible with nothing stronger than Adam’s ale; as tectotallers often demonstrate by their demonstrations.

He has heard serious people object to dancing. If they would but go to a ball and see any, they would find it no laughing matter. He can assure them that the most part of dancers go through the amusement of spinning round and round, and wheeling in prescribed directions, with perfect gravity. In one dance, indeed, named “The Lancers,” this man, who had never for many years witnessed any dancing out of a theatre, where it was incidental to some otherwise rational performance, beheld a sort of gesticulation ceremonious to the degree of absolute solemnity. The parties concerned in this action stood facing each other and bowed half-way to the ground. An idea then struck him. He thought it would answer the purpose of a composer of dance-music to publish a Ritualist Quadrille, with a coloured portrait of MR. МАСКОНОЧИЕ in full pontificals on the face of it. It occurred to him that a dance illustrative of Ritualism would afford ample scope for the display of grace and elegance in congees and genu-

flections, and that the Terpsichorean rubric of *chassez-croissez*, especially *croissez*, might be executed in characteristic style. Also that occasion would be afforded by a Ritualist Quadrille for wearing the most magnificent vestments, liable to no possibility of prohibition by the Privy Council, that flowers might be exhibited in profusion, candles burnt by gas-light, and eau-de-Cologne or kiss-me-quick could do duty for incense.

[The writer of this article has a wooden leg, and a tendency to bunions on his remaining natural foot.—ED.]

“GIB.”

WHEN gentle France gives up Algiers,
Prussia the kingdoms lately gripped,
Off from Circassia Russia sheers,
And SAM’S Red Indians prowl unwhipped:
When Italy surrenders Naples,
Spain’s fangs on Cuba’s neck unlock,
We’ll think about Gibraltar’s ape hills,
And then we’ll—keep the grand Old Rock!

The Logic of Bribery.

It is the opinion of a good many free and independent British electors that bribery is not only in nowise wrong; but, on the contrary, quite right and proper. They argue that liberty to barter their votes for a sovereign, or any number of sovereigns, is a prerogative of the sovereignty inherent in the Sovereign People, and that there is not one of all our most cherished institutions more valuable than Sovereign Alley.

A THOUGHT IN THE GRILL ROOM.

SMITHFIELD was once notorious for its stake, but now, with the great meat market there, it will become famous for its steaks.

"HOME."

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

NOT having written any beautiful plays for the last forty or fifty years, may I write a word in the way of a theatrical notice? You see that I cannot be suspected of wishing to please anybody except myself, yourself, and the rest of the population of the world.

Get a stall at the Haymarket. I like those stalls, because there is room to pass other people without making women frown and men scowl. Also there are only three rows, so that you can catch the feeling of a real pit, and I am old-fashioned enough to like to see how a play works with the groundlings. Go and see *Home*, the new Comedy by Mr. ROBERTSON, a gentleman who writes plays which are very much to the taste of yours truly. He makes real men and women, and lets them talk as men and women do, but elevates and points their talk, giving it dramatic purpose, and I suppose this to be true art, distinguishing dramatist from playwright.

There may be some French in the pedigree of *Home*. I don't know, and I don't care. There is some in my own pedigree, but I am English enough, and so is the play.

Having told you to go and see it, of course I am not going to tell you the plot. It is a very pretty one, however, and the main business is the deliverance of a father, by a son, from a marriage which would certainly have had its disadvantages, though the lady turns out much better than we expected, and the scene in which she does so is charming, and charmingly played by Miss CAVENDISH. The effect, upon the other characters, of her touching revelation of a history of trial, and their change from dislike to sympathy is in the spirit of high-class Comedy.

Mr. SOTHERN plays the son, an Englishman who has served in the American army. It suits his quiet, observant, incisive style, and it is creditable to him that so far from taking lion's share in a play produced for his sake, he has been content with a part which, though it is the pivot of the piece, is anything but showy. His self-possession, and never-flagging attention to his own business and everybody else's give great finish to the performance, but an actor gets little credit for this with most folk, who do not hold with the doctrine that it is art to conceal art. They like to see points worked up to and made vigorously. I do not. Mr. SOTHERN's scene with Miss HILL, when both, being earnestly in love, are awkward and embarrassed, is another bit of real comedy. And when Miss CAVENDISH's true nature is seen, and Mr. SOTHERN who has previously shown bitter contempt for her, suddenly bids his pure and pretty little sister shake hands with her, the touch of generous atonement hit the house hard. [I use the curt old phrases, *Mr. Punch*, Sir, because I am writing to you. Believe me, dear Sir, I have the amplest assortment of polysyllables for my genteeler lucubrations whence I sedulously eliminate all conventionalisms and colloquialisms.] Finally, Mr. SOTHERN showed much humour, especially when grumbling at himself.

Mr. COMPTON's part is the one which stands out. He is a sordid, cowardly, drunken ruffian, with a red face, and moustache. That sounds disagreeable, doesn't it? And the part would be disagreeable in the hands of anybody but this Master in his art. By Jove, Sir, though *Aloutraffe* is such a rascal, you are never angry with him. He is so cool, so satisfied with his debasement, so good-naturedly unconscious that he ought to be hanged, that—I really won't say that I didn't almost wish he had got a certain £20, which he had calculated on "for himself." Mr. COMPTON never showed a richer humour, or more of what an artist can do than in somehow redeeming this scoundrel from hate. But you have not to learn my opinion of Mr. COMPTON. He and I worked together towards the end of the last century. Ha! Sir, there was a character called *Beeswing*—but the present generation knows not what COMPTON and EPICURUS can do in conjunction.

A word for Miss BURKE, who had to be very young indeed to suit her little young lover (very intelligent and modest, Mr. ASTLEY, I think you'll do), and who looked daintily, and frisked joyously, Mr. CHIPPENDALE was the Old English Gentleman of 56 (I say, Mr. ROBERTSON, that's not so old, come), about to marry a young wife, and who had persuaded himself that he was going to do a wise thing—the actor had quite got hold of the nature of the old fool. He adopted quite a Parliamentary manner. I mean, of course, that he showed he knew he was a humbug.

The audience stormed applause, and called author and performers. That's nothing, of course, in these days; but I applauded, and that is a great deal. The comedy is a success.

O, by the way, the author. Just so. But why shouldn't I imitate the fashion, dismiss with a couple of words the author, who has spent weeks in conceiving all the situations, and polishing all the dialogue, and devote myself to praising the performers, the scene-painters, the carpenters, the prompter, and the call-boy, Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH fashion? But I shan't. I have been an author myself, and I tell you we have really something to do with the success of a piece, though you may not think so. Mr. ROBERTSON has written ever so many capital plays; and this one, though not one of his strongest, is as

agreeable as any of them. I have to thank him for many pleasant evenings, and Thursday's was one. I don't know what he was saying to himself when he went on the second time—probably remarking that he was glad to see EPICURUS ROTUNDUS in the last stall, second row, P.S.

The Café de l'Europe is a most respectable and convenient chapel of ease to the Haymarket Theatre, and, as has been proved before Mr. KNOX, is the resort of very eminent characters. But I should be false to my mission, if I said that my Seltzer water was sufficiently iced. I have no doubt that it will be, next time.

Returning to my stall, I beheld the *Frightful Hair*. Somebody has told me that its author contributes to your paper, therefore, of course, I can say nothing about it, except that I laughed from the beginning to a point at which duty to my family dictated my leaving off, but a judicious friend kindly took up the laughing for me, and went on until the fall of the curtain.

There were a great many pretty women—I mean handsome ladies—in the house. I talked to several, between the acts. I wonder whether it is overlapping the barriers to say that two fair faces looked, and had a right to look, radiant at the respective triumphs of two husbands. When I have added that a lady gave me two bonbons, I have completed my criticism, and I remain

Your old (I mean that I have written a long time for you) correspondent,

Malcontent Lodge,
Grumbleton, N.W.

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

IRELAND'S DOUBLE GRIEVANCE.

MR. PUNCH,

Fiat justitia, ruat cælum, as LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN, when Recorder of Southampton, said to a barrister in the Sessions House, who wanted the Court adjourned because the rain came in through a hole in the roof, and wetted his wig. Be just and fear not. Do justice to Ireland, for instance, in respect of the Irish Church Establishment, regardless of consequences.

However, the consequences of doing Ireland justice in that particular will probably be good. The excessive endowment of the Irish Church is a substantial grievance. The redress of such a grievance will doubtless prove, in a measure, conciliatory. For a nation to have to pay for a clergy whom it disowns is an injury as well as an insult.

Disendow and disestablish the Irish Church, however, say some who nevertheless regard it as a sentimental grievance merely. If it were no more than that, *Mr. Punch*, your friend GLADSTONE would do best to leave it alone. He would not, by abolishing it, abate the grievance of which it is merely one exemplification. That grievance is the Protestantism of the United Kingdom. The POPE's Irish subjects will not cease to feel sentimentally aggrieved whilst they are precluded from the possibility of having a Popish Sovereign, and Lord Lieutenant, or rather a Viceroy and a Subviceroys of the POPE's, to reign over them.

A sentimental grievance, regarded as an insult, is a sentimental grievance, absolutely, as an insult is an insult. A substantial grievance may be great or small. If you had ever been kicked much, Sir, you would know, and as it is you can conceive, that there is a difference, as to a kick, between boots and boots. A kick hurts, or may hurt, more or less, accordingly as one is kicked with a light or heavy boot. Whereas, a horsewhip, flourished over one's head, does not hurt at all if one is a philosopher; but, if it does hurt sentimentally, a little horsewhip hurts as much as a big one. Of course nobody but a fool will consider himself horsewhipped when he is only told to. Still less will he insist on considering himself horsewhipped when he is entreated to think no such thing; but you won't persuade Ultramontane PADDY that you have redressed his sentimental grievance whilst you maintain the Act of Settlement. Of course that consideration will not prevent you and GLADSTONE from dealing thoroughly on your friend COCKBURN's maxim with Ireland; only you will do it with your four eyes open, like the hundred of your most vigilant humble servant,

ARGUS.

JOB AND A JOBATION.

WE have not the least idea what a meat salesman's man is, but he must be a kind of JOB. We read in the *City Press* (a very good paper, by the way, and full of news about London, new and old) that the individual in question has been described, at a public meeting, as "filthy, depraved, gin-drinking, insolent, ignorant, licentious, and abandoned." Come, that is a nice derangement of epitaphs. And the representative of the class merely asks, meekly, "Why should this be said of us? It is not true." *Prima facie*, people who can meet such a shower of compliment with so mild a remonstrance, must be good people, and worth knowing, and we mean to take a lounge through the noble New Market, and have a look at them.



PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

AN APOLOGY FOR PLAYGOERS.



CRITIC has been animadverting on the British Public for thronging to see sensation-plays, burlesques, and pantomimes, in preference to the ideal and rational drama. This predilection is unphilosophically ascribed to dulness and depraved taste. On reflection, however, it will be seen to be really owing to the high intellectual and moral endowments of the majority of playgoers. Their daily life of business consists in the laborious exertion of the higher mental faculties, and the arduous exercise of the nobler sentiments. In their hours of idleness they fly, for the recreation of change, to scenes and exhibitions which afford a temporary excitement to their sensuous proclivities and animal natures. Suppose a man is living in inactive luxury, or is habitually engaged in some frivolous avocation, such, for example, as that of writing levity without ever trying to make it the

vehicle of any truth which may be worth considering, it is all very well for such a fellow, when he wants amusement, to go to one of SHAKESPEARE'S plays, or an opera by MOZART or BEETHOVEN, or an oratorio by HANDEL. His mind, whose lower powers are those which he employs as a rule, is refreshed by the exceptional stimulation which it derives from musical and dramatic performances of an elevating tendency. Very naturally, therefore, this kind of man resorts to the legitimate drama, or the lyric theatre, and frequents the Philharmonic or the Monday Pops; whilst the multitude, accustomed to graver pursuits, repair, for that variety which is restorative as well as charming to the temple of buffoonery and nonsense, and to the music-hall.

NAIRN AND LAPUTA.

THERE is some reason to suppose that the Public has not seen a genuine copy of the answer returned by the Right Honourable the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE to the letter sent him by MR. ALEXANDER DREW, of Nairn, inviting him to encourage officially, by a Royal bounty, a company to be formed for the purpose of clearing the seas of porpoises and bottle-nosed whales. It will be clear to every person of any discernment that the following transcript of the reply which MR. DREW'S suggestion was honoured withal, is stamped with authenticity:—

Sir,—It is impossible for me to express, in suitable terms, the opinion I entertain of your proposal that the Government in which I have the honour to serve should grant pecuniary aid to a commercial association for exterminating bottle-nosed whales and porpoises. But, unfortunately, Her Majesty's Ministers have not at their disposal any public money which they could devote to the furtherance of an enterprise even so practicable and promising as that which you propose. In order to obtain the necessary funds, they would have to apply to Parliament. I regret to say that the House of Commons is not yet sufficiently advanced to be likely to view your project in any other light than that in which Legislatures in all times have been wont to regard the great ideas of projectors whose conceptions, afterwards realised, have proved blessings to mankind. This consideration alone, however, would not deter me from urging your grand and original scheme on their attention; but I fear that, if I ventured to do so, I should incur the risk which attends the advocacy, no less than the invention, of designs too vast for comprehension by minds of the existing age. In short, I am afraid that were I to move in the House of Commons for a grant of money to be expended in promoting the capture of those monsters of the deep, the bottle-nosed and other cetaceans whose enormities you so justly denounce, the only effect of my motion would be that the House would vote forthwith my own immediate removal from the post which I have the honour of occupying to a lunatic asylum. I am, Sir, with the profoundest respect and the highest esteem, your faithful friend,

J. B.

SONG OF THE BOTTLE-NOSED WHALE.

(Dedicated to the RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN BRIGHT, by the Colwell Hatchney Poet.)

OH, who would not be a Bottle-Nosed Whale,
To sit on a moonbeam and weave a flail?
JOHN BRIGHT! JOHN BRIGHT!
'Tis I would be the Bottle-Nosed Whale! (*Softissimo.*)
Oh come with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
On earth below or sea above,
Sliding about in a peaceful groove.
But say, JOHN BRIGHT, my love, my life,
Why don't you dare the stormy seas,
And cast your nets
Where the salmon frets
Lonely beside such rocks as these? (*Tenderoso.*)
Put a tax (*Fiercely.*)
Upon our backs,
Crown us or drown us, no matter which,
For we'll eat the fish
With a scrunch and a squish,
And the shells of the oysters to you we'll pitch.
For oh,
For oh,
JOHN BRIGHT must know
That I am the Bottle-Nosed Whale below!
(*Ironically, with trombones.*)
You're safe, you think, in your chair of state,
Oh! JOHN BRIGHT! But wait! wait! wait!
There's a net, a net,
A cabinet,
Where you and your Privy Councillors met.
Don't tell me!
Fiddlededee!
I am the Bottle-Nosed Whale of the Sea!
(*Werrysoftissimo.*)
Up the silvery Thames (*Drums.*)
Slink the slimy trout (*Flutes.*)
Their conduct who condemns?
JOHN BRIGHT is out. (*Harmonium.*)
The little creatures play
Regardless of their doom, (*Combs.*)
While fishes die away
In the silent gloom,
And go to the tomb (*Slowly and solemnly.*)
In a mourning broom
With a livery groom.
(*Suddenly and gaily.*)
But hey, ho, ho! (*Symphony of Bootjacks.*)
The Bottle-Nosed Whale
May dance on a housetop,
Or sit on his tail! (*Solo on Shohorn.*)
Then mind what I say, (*Organ in the distance.*)
Or you'll rue the day.
Oh yes, JOHN BRIGHT,
You'll rue the night
When you wouldn't attend,
And you wouldn't lend
A sixpence to me in a gale,
JOHN BRIGHT:
To me the Bottle-Nosed Whale,
JOHN BRIGHT,
To me the Bottle-Nosed Whale.
Then say, All hail,
And come on my trail,
While out on bail,
You'll take the veil,
Pinn'd on with a nail
To the top of my tail,
And away we'll sail (*Crescendo.*)
For a glass of ale.
But snub me or rub me or hurt my scales,
JOHN BRIGHT don't try,
I'll tell you why,
I'm King of the Bottle-Nosed Whales, ha! ha!
I'm King of the Bottle-Nosed Whales!
(*Crash of all the Instruments, and the Sleeper's awakened.*)

Railway Intelligence.

THE approved Method of Communication between Passenger and Guard—A Shilling.



A PERFECT CURE.

Town Man. "HOW JOLLY IT MUST BE, LIVING DOWN HERE IN THE COUNTRY!"

Country Gentleman. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. IT'S RATHER A TORPID SORT OF LIFE; TIME PASSES VERY SLOWLY."

Town Man. "TIME PASSES SLOWLY? YOU SHOULD GET SOMEBODY TO DRAW ON YOU AT THREE MONTHS!!"

ADVICE GRATIS.

OLD woman, do not dye thy hair;
Old foggy, from thine hoary head,
Repel the darkening wash; a snare
Contrived with deleterious lead.
Ye who are prematurely gray,
Use dyes, and know not what you do,
May brush in mercury, and may
Be prematurely toothless too.

It may not harm the blood of man
If liquid iron the scalp's pores drink,
And then the head with juice of tan
Be washed, and so renewed with ink.
Or say that you blanched locks restore
To something near their pristine hue
Like faded clothes; upon them pour
The old reviver black and blue.

But mind that all the salts of Mars
On linen leave a rusty stain:
A bosom's front, adorned with stars
Of reddish brown, there may remain.
The walnut's liquor will afford
To grizzled hair a safe disguise,
With that from time to time restored
It might be, rather than with dyes.

And there are mushrooms which do yield
A ketchup that would serve as well;
Go, seek them in the pasture field,
Along the borders of the dell.
But better will you leave the pate
To grow, as Nature wills it, white,
Your aged face, that doth not mate
With raven fringe's a sorry sight,

Which if you don't, old fools, discern,
Whilst you betray yourselves unwise,
All who behold you thence will learn
How much have likewise failed your eyes.
Attention to the head's inside
With more good will repay your pains;
Philosophy of health, applied,
May help you to preserve your brains.

PRESENTS FOR A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.—A bottle of olives, and a box of cigars.

THE NAPIER AND THE LADY.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

PUNCH does like you so, you can't think. You have all the true NAPIER impulse, which ninety times brings your family into glory, and ten times into grief.

You sent to the *Times* a letter from a Lady, who described what she saw, and told what she had heard, during the late fighting in Malaga. It was essentially "a woman's letter," and whether that phrase be praise or censure depends upon whether the employer likes women or not. Some people don't like them. *Punch* adores them.

Then somebody told you that the *Pall Mall Gazette* had been rude to the lady. And then came out the NAPIER characteristic which *Punch* does admire so, you can't think. You scorn to get the Journal and see whether the accusation be true, but you write a letter of magnificent abuse, and add that you will never again expose a lady to such treatment. Probably, by this time, you have seen the paper, and may think that beyond the liberty of daring to make any remark on anything which a NAPIER has endorsed, there was no great harm in what the Critic said.

Bless you, stick to this way of doing things. We (and others) find it so convenient. When we read a sensation story of some grievance or wrong, we instantly hurry out an indignant article upon it. For as the story is nearly sure to be a wild exaggeration, or an unfair statement, we should be done out of our gush if we waited for the facts. Accept, brother-in-arms, best compliments, and believe us,

Your devoted,
PUNCH.

WHAT CAN YOU SAY?—Name any celebrated English humorist you please to an American, and he will tell you, by way of reply, that in his country they have a WHITTIER.

WELSH NANNYGOAT—ANECDOTE, WE MEAN.

"At the Montgomeryshire quarter session at Welshpool last week a tramp was proved to have stolen clothes. After a lengthy consultation the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and, to the surprise of every one in court, accompanied the verdict with a recommendation to mercy. The Chairman.—On what ground, may I ask? The Foreman (evidently puzzled).—I do not know (*laughter*). The foreman then turned round to his colleagues in the box, and another lengthy consultation ensued, and after the lapse of a few minutes the foreman suddenly started up, and explained the recommendation by saying—'We recommend him to mercy because no one see'd him commit the crime'—an explanation which elicited a loud burst of laughter from a crowded court."

To laugh at a Welsh jury is as natural a thing as it used to be to ridicule an Alderman for being rotund and liking his dinner. Nobody, except LORD DALKEITH, ridicules Aldermen now, seeing that for the most part they are active intelligent gentlemen, who think less of dinners than do the languid Swells at the clubs. But we must go on laughing at the Welsh jurors, until they stand up on their hind legs and try to imitate humanity. The above story is good, but how much more advanced is the London constable than the Welsh clown? If the former does not see a crime committed, he will do nothing for you. So though we laugh at the Welshers, they have a laugh against the Londoners.

Good News from the Tagus.

SPAIN has found a Sovereign at last, one all who wish well to that country must earnestly desire may have a long rule, for we are informed that "Tranquillity reigns throughout the Peninsula."

POINTED ARCHITECTURE.—The Cathedral of Spires.



A HOME STUDY.

Tiny Mite, No. 1 (female). "NOT SPELL WINDOW! 'COURSE I CAN! W—I—N, WIN, D—O, DO, WINDOW!"
Tiny Mite, No. 2 (male). "AH! BUT THOO CAN'T SPELL THE OTHER WINDOW, NOW CAN THOO?"

A GOOD WORD FOR A GOOD WORK.

PUNCH is clearly not the place for medical discussions. People who read *Punch* wish to be enlightened, instructed or amused, but do not want to see a word which may shock their tender feelings. A description of a hospital is not the sort of article that one expects in *Punch*, any more than an account of a painful operation. Still, every now and then, a word about a hospital is admissible in *Punch*, as is a charitable word for any other work of charity.

The Royal Free Hospital is not more free than welcome as a charitable helping-place to thousands of our poor. When it first was started, not a hospital in London was ever freely open, as in charity all should be, to such sick folk as the Royal Free was founded specially to succour. In this really useful hospital, so long as there are funds unspent, and sleeping wards unfilled, any poor sick persons may come to them and fill them; and they need not lose their little strength by hunting up subscribers to send them "Open Sesame," in an admission ticket.

Now, like most of us good people, the directors of this Hospital very urgently want money; for, like most of us good people, they don't get half enough for the work they wish to do. See here what they say as to what they have to do—

"It must not be forgotten that the present medical practice is to 'build up' patients, and the resulting increase in the consumption of food and stimulants, coupled with high prices, renders the item for food, wine, and spirits a very serious one. The arrangements of the dispensary are being remodelled with a view to greater economy, but when it is considered that we have frequently to make up 3000 prescriptions in the course of one week, and that the cost of one year's drugs alone (purchased under the most favourable circumstances open to the Board) amounts to more than £1700, we need not point out how great is the expenditure connected with the relief to out-patients. They crowd to the hospital, but must be turned away unless the public supply us with funds."

And see here what they say as to what they want to get—

"In no spirit of self-laudation, but merely to show that the managers are not unmindful of their responsibilities, we may mention that within the last

year four members of the committee have between them contributed more than £500 towards the hospital funds, but such efforts of course cannot be continuous. Our annual subscriptions do not much exceed £1400, and the total amount received from donations and legacies during the current year is little more than £4770.

"And, now, what is our position? We have no property beyond the hospital buildings, and some legacies payable on future contingencies. We owe nearly £5600. We have a very slender balance at our bankers, and our expenditure (irrespective of salaries) is more than £110 per week. What are we to do? We have room in the wards for 200 beds, and we can only fill about 70. We have beds and bedding, and are willing to work if the public will help us; if not, we must close the hospital."

Please to fork 'out, therefore, Gentlemen. You surely would not wish to see the Hospital shut up. Think what suffering is succoured by a charity like this! Think that but, for Heaven's mercy, you yourself, O Croesus! might haply there become a supplicant! Remember, there's no shamming in the sick ward of a hospital. Shut your fists against sham sick folk as close as you can clench; their gin-distilling breath tells where your coin will go to. But be royally free-handed to the Royal Free, and be sure that you do good with every shilling that you give to it.

Butyrum.

THOU, Alma Mater, know'st the trick
 To put in principles that stick,
 And Gentlemen thou shapest:
 We make no doubt that BUTE'S a brick,
 And though he be a Catholic,
 Will never be a Papist.

EASY OF APPREHENSION.

If you had the misfortune to be hauled off to the Station by two policemen, both seizing you by the uppermost part of your coat, what eminent pianoforte makers' names might you mutter to yourself?—
 COLLAR'D and COLLAR'D.

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—A WORD TO THE WISE; PRINCIPALLY OF A JOLLY OLD COCK; ALSO OF MR. KOCK ROBBINS, THE PROFESSIONAL CRUMB-EATER, AND THE MACAWS.

I AM perfectly aware that other Social Zoologists have from time to time exhibited *their* specimens; and so much indeed you may have already gathered from the prefatory remarks to these Papers. If, therefore, I do not originate the idea itself of such an Exhibition, at all events I shall be able to show you new species of the old genus, and even the genera themselves, under novel aspects. I show them all under one roof, and will point them out as they come and go, hopping backwards and forwards.

The Jolly Old Cock. *First Specimen*—Often described by his friends and acquaintances as a Rare Old Bird. He is apparently the essence of hospitality. He is a widower without encumbrances, living an easy bachelor life. His home, a compact snugger, with all the appliances of comfort and luxury within reach of his arm; and, for what is beyond this distance, there is a butler attached to a bell, who will get it for you, whatever or wherever it is. So excellent are this Jolly Old Cock's dinners, that, strange to say, other birds are perpetually pressing him to come away from them and dine at *their* nests, where neither food, drink, nor serving, are half so good as at the table of the Jolly Old Cock himself. Yet he is not without at least four invitations for every night in the week, including Sunday; and he would be really welcome were he to "drop in" on *some* families suddenly at dinner-time, only that he is much too old a bird to run such a fearful risk as that.

Young KOCK ROBBINS, who has recently gone on the Stock Exchange, with a view to doing something somewhere (or, perhaps, somebody), looks in upon me one morning about breakfast-time, and complains of headache. KOCK ROBBINS even refuses the crumbs, he is so poorly. Knowingly, I offer him soda-water.

"Yes," he says; "I was dining with old BARNDOR last night. Jolly old Cock—old BARNDOR. By Jingo! he *has* got wine. You don't want to smoke when you get such wine as *that*."

I observe that it's a great treat to get really fine wine. "I should think so!" says ROBBINS, gulping down his soda-water. "It was foolishly taking *one* glass of Champagne at dinner that gave me my headache. I didn't know we were going in for Port afterwards."

Having relieved his mind on this score—(he tries to believe in his own theory about the *one* glass of Champagne; but knows that he can't impose it upon others)—he reiterates his conviction that "Old BARNDOR is the jolliest old Cock going. You must *know* him!" cries ROBBINS to me, enthusiastically. "I'll introduce you to him. He'll be delighted to see you at any time. Quite an accident my meeting him yesterday as he was walking home from the City; he asked me to dine without ceremony, and I was delighted at the chance."

Little KOCK ROBBINS is, by the way, a bird who is always coming in for crumbs. When first Kocky came to town, he was in want of a dinner, and hopped about piteously until something was thrown to him.

Now, bless you, crumbs are spread out before him. He is a Professional Diner-out. Not that he is asked out for his beautiful notes, or his brilliant chattering powers; no, he is simply asked, "*to make one*." ROBBINS is the small weight thrown in to adjust the dinner-party scales. Time was when little Kocky would have flown for a dinner from the Strand to Bayswater. Now, he says, "Notting Hill is really too far to go," and he chooses the nearest out of three equally good invitations. But wherever there is a dinner difficulty, ROBBINS is called in.

The MACAWS of Macaw (whose plumage made such a sensation some seasons ago) expect a party of fourteen to dinner.

On the morning of the day itself, MRS. MACAW receives an apology. *One* can't come.

"Well," says MR. MACAW, who is in his slippers examining the *Mining Journal*, and is not fully alive to the difficulty.

"Well, my dear," returns his wife, "we shall be *thirteen*!"

"Shall we?" answers MR. MACAW, who has just ascertained that one of his numerous speculations is looking up—"Well, it can't be helped."

Thereupon MRS. MACAW demonstrates the utter impossibility of sitting down thirteen to dinner, and presses (not for the first time, of course) her superstition upon her husband so pertinaciously as to make him feel a little uncomfortable about that codicil which he has been going to add to his will any day this last two years.

"You can ask some one at the Club, dear, can't you?" suggests MRS. MACAW. Cunning woman; she knows that this, at most times, would be a grateful concession on her part; but unfortunately he can't go near the Club to-day—in fact, *must* be in the City almost up to the moment of returning to dress for dinner. This means that he can't think of anyone at the Club, just now, whom he would be certain

to find there, and he doesn't want to run the chance of a refusal. He knows how men talk.

"Oh, send to Mr. ROBBINS," cries MRS. MACAW. "He'll be *glad* to come, I'm sure."

"But at such short notice," says her husband, with some sort of regard for ROBBINS' feelings, who, he should think, would not always like being asked merely at the last moment to make an even number.

MRS. MACAW poohpoohs ROBBINS' feelings. *She* knows he'll be *too* delighted to come, and she rather prides herself upon having performed a charitable action.

"I'm glad," she says subsequently, "I thought of Mr. KOCK ROBBINS. He hasn't got much money, and it's quite a kindness to ask him out." So this estimable lady spreads this account of poor ROBBINS among her friends and acquaintances, and consequently ROBBINS, for pity's sake, is the gayest man I know. He is, in fact, a Professional Dinner-Eater. He is less engaged in the Regular Season than he is in the Off-Seasons; but at all times he has as much as he can do, and in the Winter, especially, KOCK ROBBINS comes out in great force.

(To be Continued.)

THE SONG OF THE STREET RUFFIAN.

I'm a Rough! I'm a Rough! I'm a cowardly thief!
Yet the way men endure me is past all belief.
I deserve to be hanged, but from JACK KETCH I'm free,
Coves ain't got the pluck now to 'ang cufs like me!

I live as I like, and I fear not the law,
On *me* ne'er a Crusher his truncheon dare draw:
For I'm strong as a bull, and no mercy I feel
While my fist carries weight, and my boot bears a heel!

If you ask where I work, well, garotting's my trade,
And a good bit o' money at times I have made:
But it soon goes in lush when I'm out on the spree,
For the molls like a man with his shiners who's free.

I'm a brute to my wife, and, when'er I gets riled,
Her wisage it somehow is apt to get spiled;
She's seldom without two black eyes in her 'ead,
And when drunk lor' I kick 'er, and leave 'er for dead.

'Ave we children? Why, yes, we've at present got three,
And them brats, if they live, will all grow brutes like me:
Their unnatural father ne'er guv 'em a meal,
They've been bred up from babbies to beg or to steal.

Will I emigrate? thank'ee, I've no taste to roam,
I prefers to live idle and vicious at home;
And, besides, what's the good of my crossing the sea?
I'm a Rough! where's the land as 'ud like to have *me*?

OUR NEW DISSENTERS.

WELL, the Ritualists have held a meeting to consider whether they ought to obey the law of the land, and they are good enough to think that, on the whole, they may as well do so. But not the Reform League itself, headed by the great BEALES, could have made it more clear that in deciding not to defy the law, it was doing society an unmerited favour. They declared that they did not recognise the authority of the Court that announced the law, and as for the sentence itself it was utterly absurd, as it did not allow the Ritualist the right of going back to early days, and inquiring whether JUSTIN MARTYR, IRENEUS, ATHENAGORAS, ORIGEN, TERTULLIAN, CYPRIAN, EUSEBIUS, ATHANASIUS, CYRIL (in the days of his Success), CHRYSOSTOM, AMBROSE, JEROME, and AUGUSTINE, or any of them, mentioned candles. The meeting, indeed, was inclined to refuse to admit the duty of submission, and at first knocked out of a resolution words recognising that duty; but ARCHDEACON DENISON, however tolerant of Ritualistic nonsense, had too much respect for scholarship to sanction nonsense in composition, and threatened to leave the chair if the sentence were not completed. So the duty was owned, but it was also declared that the degree in which it was to be performed must be left to individual judgment; that is, priests are to be ritualistic where they may, and to obey the law where they must. And then they bound themselves to spread to the utmost of their power the doctrine which they say can only be properly taught by the aid of a yard of best wax. However, it is something that they did not imitate the Scotch clergy, and leave the Church for a reason of conscience. They were too much men of the world for that. Now, we would not persecute, even with a smile, a sincere fanatic, while he does no harm, but as many of these gentlemen are clearly not sincere, and as they all do much harm, preaching that which their vows distinctly forbid them to preach, *Punch* continues to hope that the bishops will look after them, or he will have to look after the bishops.



SANCTA NICOTINA CONSOLATRIX. THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.



CONCLUDE you have a prejudice against that most useful topic of all work, the weather, and care not to know whether the lady to whom MRS. BURTON JOYCE, your hostess, is introducing you, has taken her ordinary daily exercise since luncheon. If you long to distinguish yourself in some other arena than the Theatres, the Monday Popular Concerts, the Balls or Private Theatricals in your respective suburbs, do not scruple, if the lady consigned to you is single, to ask her at once whether she is engaged, and what

fortune she will have on marriage, whether she has any poor relations, whether she dyes her hair or uses stimulants to her complexion, and what the amount of her allowance is from Papa; not forgetting, if you observe the slightest indication of a dawning pimple, to notice its intrusion with profuse regrets. If you have charge of a married lady, begin by making a guess at her age, or picking holes in her dress, or finding some flaw in her jewellery, adding a little light pleasantry about the skilful arrangement of the millinery on her head to hide that dubious place in the parting, until, when you see that your remarks are taken in good part, you feel secure enough to inquire how much the weekly housekeeping expenses are, and whether she allows her servants fresh butter, and how often they give her warning, and whether her husband, whom you will not fail to point out laughing and talking with pretty MRS. GAYLEIGH DASHWOOD at the other end of the table, is the same smiling amiable being in his own home, when tested by servants getting up late in the morning, by indifferent vegetables, and unexpected bills.

Try this style of conversation when next you are dining or dancing out: if it succeeds, you will go home a happier man than you have felt for a long time, if it fails, you can but fall back on your reserve of ROBERTSON'S Plays and BURNAND'S Burlesques; and the Ballet in the Pantomimes and the Ballot at Elections; and the Election Petitions, which fill the papers to weariness, and the new halfpenny paper, the *Echo*, (mind you quote what DIAMOND DE WITT so neatly said, that it is sure to pay, because *Echo* always answers); and *The Ring and the Book*, and the Report of the Marriage Law Commission; and the Convention with America, and REVERDY JOHNSON, and the Alabama claims; and the Christy Minstrels; and JOACHIM'S playings; and DICKENS'S Readings; and the new edition of CARLYLE'S Writings; and the Derby Course, and the course DISRAELI will take; and Government cutting down the clerks in the public departments, and requesting (see Circular from the Controller of H. M. Stationery Office) that the Government quill pens may also be cut down; and the reduction in the establishment at Greenwich Hospital; and the Beggars in Belgravia; and the First Commissionership of Police; and Carbohc Acid, &c.

PRISON MINISTERS.

MR. SERGEANT PAYNE, celebrated no less for his admirable decisions and his marvellous wisdom at the Clerkenwell Sessions than for his recitations of poetry at second-rate tea-pot meetings, argues that Roman Catholic priests should not be paid for their prison-work, because two out of three criminals, professedly Roman Catholics, would rather *not* see the priest. And, MR. PAYNE, perhaps two out of three criminals would rather not see the policeman, or even your Worship: or, to carry the argument somewhat further, they would rather that there were not any moral law at all.

Is not a diseased man an idiot who will not call in the physician? How do you deal with idiots? Would you not be lacking in your duty to a friend who so acted, if you did not do all in your power to force medical advice upon him?

Were there a chance of his disease being contagious, would you listen to an obstinate man who refuses the doctor's aid?

You would regret, MR. SERGEANT PAYNE, that you could not force the ministrations of the physician upon your friend, and you would rather *pay the fee yourself* than allow a man to die of his disease, or linger out his days, a pest to society.

Your Irish Roman Catholic, or your English criminal of that faith, *fears* and *respects* the priest; but he flatters himself that he can blarney the Chaplain, for whom he entertains no respect, nor of whom has he any fear.

You *must* admit the Priest: you *need* not pay him; but MR. PUNCH, who recognises Catholic and Protestant on an equality as *Ratepayers*, tells you that you *will* have to act fairly, you Board of Injustices, in spite of yourselves.

DON JUAN AND THE LADIES.

"Fifteen thousand Spanish ladies have addressed GENERAL PRIM, begging him on no account to permit religious toleration in Spain."—*Correspondence*.

FIFTEEN thousand Spanish ladies
Yielding to a pious whim,
Gather'd 'twixt the Bay and Cadiz,
And besieged the gallant PRIM.

Saying "COUNT DE REUS or RE-US,
(Which it's called we know nor care)
"Prostrate at your feet you see us,
Begging you to grant our prayer.

"Count, you offer toleration
To religions each and all;
Do you wish the Spanish nation
From its ancient faith to fall?

"Please reverse your resolution,
Penal make all creeds but one,
Or your blessed revolution
Ends by leaving Spain undone.

"Better do a little burning,
Roast some Protestants or Jews,
For an *Auto* priests are yearning,
Meet the holy creatures' views.

"But if what you've written's written,
And you must not burn a soul,
Send all heretics to Britain,
Island somewhere near the Pole."

Tolerantly smiles DON JUAN,
Smiles upon the kneeling dames.
"Ladies, it would be my ruin,
Did I send one Jew to flames.

"There's a thing your lords call discount,
With the Jews it comes and goes,
And 'twere worth the place of this Count
Did he singe one hooky nose.

"As for Protestants, their altar
Must not now be overturned,
Certain folks who hold Gibraltar
Much object to being burned.

"Sweetest ladies, stick to flirting,
Roll dark eyes, wave jewelled fans,
Praise the bull-fight's strife diverting,
Leave to man the work that's man's.

"Tell the priests who gave your mission,
They're a gang of nincompoops;
If I see the least sedition,
Priests have necks and cords have loops.

"If my forehead wears a frown, 'tis
Not for you, but them. I've done:
And (leave granted by my Countess)
I would kiss you every one.

"And I'll send your priests to Hades,
Dare they such sweet eyes to dim."
Fifteen thousand Spanish ladies
Smiled, and left DON JUAN PRIM.

The Boys' Own Beak.

A GOOD deal has lately been said about a sentence by which a Justice at Petty Sessions sent a lot of little boys, manacled like felons, to gaol for "tossing and obstructing the streets." Several letters about it have appeared in the *Times*, under the heading of "Untempered Zeal." Would not "Ill-tempered Zeal" have been the more accurate superscription?

THE CONFERENCE.

Foreign Office, Paris. Present, for France: MARQUIS DE LAVALETTE, Minister of Foreign Affairs, President. For England: LORD LYONS. For Russia: COUNT STACKELBURG. For Austria: PRINCE METTERNICH. For Prussia: COUNT DE SOLMS. For Turkey: DJEMIL PASHA. For Italy: M. NIGRA.

"This Conference was sadly borne."—Benedick.

M. de Lavalette. Pray be seated, Gentlemen. The cigarettes are in that box, the cigars in this, and our friend the Pasha has his pipe.

Lord Lyons. The Pipe of Peace, we'll hope. (Laughter.)

Pasha. That depends on yourselves, Gentlemen. Put that in your pipes, and smoke it.

M. de Lavalette. Ha! ha! We begin pleasantly—a good omen.

Pasha. Inshallah!

Lord Lyons. But where is M. RANGABÉ, our friend from Greece. Will you not direct his admission, M. le Président?

Pasha. I have no objection to the son of a burnt father coming in and sitting down. But he must have no vote.

Count Stackelburg. It is needless to say that my Government is greatly displeased with Greece for agitating against the Sublime Porte—

Pasha. Quite. (Winks.)

Count Stackelburg. But will Greece accept the proposed insult?

M. de Lavalette. You have reason to think she will not?

Count Stackelburg. I didn't say that.

M. de Lavalette. Well, we'll see. (Rings.) Invite the Greek gentleman to come in.

Enter M. RANGABÉ.

[All bow, except the PASHA, who grunts.]

M. de Lavalette. There, M. RANGABÉ, is your chair, and the Conference will feel indebted to you for the valuable information (markedly) with which you will favour them in reply to any inquiries that may be addressed to you.

Pasha (aside). His face is blackened already.

M. Rangabé (pertly). Any information I may give will be limited to the informing the Conference which way I intend to vote.

M. de Lavalette. I reply, Sir, with an intimation, on behalf of the Conference, that such information will be needless, inasmuch as we shall not trouble you to vote.

M. Rangabé. Ah, two words to that bargain.

Pasha. These sons of Sheitan are always thinking of bargains. The Powers bought an unclean beast in a poke when they took up Greece. May his grandmother's grave be defiled!

M. Rangabé. What is that Turk muttering? Gentlemen, I must hear what my Government says to this outrageous proposal.

Pasha. His Government! A pack of brigands plotting in a back shop.

M. de Lavalette. You must see, M. RANGABÉ, that you cannot vote. Your Government was no party to the Treaty of Paris.

M. Rangabé. No; nor to the Treaty of Utrecht, which has as much to do with the question as the other. (Looks guardedly at the COUNT STACKELBURG, who winks at him to hold out.) In the name of the Hellenic people, I protest against injustice, and I shall telegraph for instructions.

M. de Lavalette. Then, M. DE RANGABÉ, I reluctantly invite you to take a cigar and your leave.

Pasha (aside). Fine tobacco is wasted on a fellow like that. A weed at a sou is good enough for him, and he would prefer it.

M. de Rangabé. EUROPE SHALL REPENT THIS! [Exit.]

Count Stackelburg. I did myself the honour to hint to the Conference what would happen.

M. de Lavalette. Nobody could speak with more authority, Count. (All laugh.)

Count Stackelburg (laughing). On my honour I never said a word to him about his conduct here.

Lord Lyons. Never mind—we can do just as well without him. I am sure that the Count is quite as well qualified as RANGABÉ to look after the interests of Greece.

Pasha. Ha! ha! Very well spoken. By the Prophet, your face shines like the sun, Lord of the Lions.

Count Stackelburg. My English friend and I understand one another.

Pasha. Yes, since Sebastopol.

M. de Lavalette. Pray—pray—memories are, at times, brutalities. Well, suppose we do something. Of course when I say do, I mean say. We must spoil some paper besides what is round the cigarettes. Will the representatives that have not yet spoken oblige us with some conversation? Remember, we are bound to nothing that we agree upon.

M. Nigra. I think the Musical Pitch is a much more interesting subject than politics, and I hear, my Lord, that it is being agitated again in England. Musical Europe decides that the Pitch must be lowered before all the singers' voices are ruined.

Pasha (aside). These Italians are good for nothing but music.

Prince Metternich. I agree with the President that we must say something, and our principal business seems to be to make that something mean as much like nothing as possible. My Government, of course, can have no sympathy with a Power, large or small, which seeks to aggrandise itself at the expense of a neighbour.

Count de Solms. There are neighbours and neighbours. Moreover, though this is an inopportune moment for disturbing the peace of Europe, which peace, M. le Président, you and I know is so dear to our Governments, there are questions affecting Greece which—

Pasha. I stand upon my ultimatum. If those questions are raised, I can but retire to my hotel, where I hope to see you all at dinner at 8.

M. de Lavalette. We should be getting into business if we raised questions. We are here to avoid business. But I think that if we saw a way to recognise the justice of the Sublime Porte's ultimatum, and such recognition were embodied in form, it might be for the Sublime Porte to consider whether that would justify Turkey in withdrawing the ultimatum, and expecting the submission of Greece.

Pasha. You had better let us lick her into submission. Be chesm—on my eyes be it, we should make short work.

Lord Lyons. I have no doubt of the power and the valour of Turkey, but I do not see that we can quite allow the work of 1828-9 to be undone by her.

Pasha. Well, by the Beard, I don't care. Well you lick Greece for us, if she does not mend her manners?

Lord Lyons. As you well put it, Pasha, it is a case of manners, so we must deal with it morally. The President's suggestion seems admirable.

Pasha. Inshallah, it will come to about the same thing. Comprehend, Gentlemen, that Turkey may be going to collapse, or not, that is with Allah. But she is not going to be punctured by a Greek poniard. If the sons of burnt fathers take your hints—well. If not, they will have to take ours, which will be conveyed to them in the form of bombshells. Make me happy, all of you, at 8. [Exit.]

M. de Lavalette. That is what you call, in London, plucky, my Lord.

Count Stackelburg. Especially as he knows that he will not be allowed to fire a shot.

Lord Lyons. Then he has supernatural knowledge. Nobody else knows that, COUNT STACKELBURG. England has a fleet in the Mediterranean, COUNT STACKELBURG, and I do not believe that there is anybody on board, from Admiral to powder-monkey, who knows that Turkey would be interfered with, if, after all warnings, Greece persists.

Count Stackelburg. Let us hope that she will be better advised.

M. de Lavalette. Some more tobacco, Gentlemen?

Lord Lyons. Well, I think not. Don't give MM. the journalists a right to say that the Conference ended in smoke.

M. de Lavalette. My dear friend, when did journalists speak the truth? [Exit.]

WANTED AN ISLAND.

DEPUTY-CORONER RICHARDS the other day put the following question to the husband of a she-drunkard, and then a Juror made a remark.

"CORONER. Why did you give her the money to get drunk? In old times when a husband found his wife getting drunk he locked her up in a room, and fed her on bread and water until she got sober. In Scotland there is, it is said, an island where drunken wives are landed, and all that they are left by their husbands is a loaf of bread and a pitcher of cold water.

"A JUROR. If that island was near London, it would be thickly populated."

May be so, MR. JUROR. But we thirst for geographical information, and hereby inquire of all Scottish friends (3,096,808 at the last census, but we imagine a baby or two may have been born since) where this Sober Island is? What is its name? Is it Rum? The statement is.

What Brown Said.

SCENE—Hall of the Elysium Club.

Enter SMITH, F.R.S., meeting BROWN, Q.C.

Smith. Raw day, eh?

Brown. Very raw. Glad when it's done.

[Exit BROWN, Q.C. Exit SMITH, F.R.S. into Smoking-room, where he tells a good thing that BROWN said.]

SEEING INTO THE FUTURE.

THE forthcoming Ecumenical Council at Rome will, it appears, be called "The First Council of the Vatican." Is it venturesome to prophesy perhaps we ought to say, to Vatican-ate, that it will also be the last?

VERY LIKELY.—An American travelled friend says that of all the mountains he has ever seen he is sure his countrymen would prefer the Dolomite, or, as he humorously calls them, the Dollar-might.



SOFT!

TOM USED OFTEN TO SAY HE LOVED THE VERY GROUND SHE TROD ON, AND REALLY IT LOOKED LIKE IT THIS SEASON.

S. THOMAS SECUNDUS.

"Church Courts for Church Causes," MACKONOCHE cries—
 "Law Courts in all Cases," BRITANNIA replies.
 "The Law of the Land, by the Judges laid down,
 And the will of the Clergy controlled by the Crown."

Your Parson would fain culprits try by the rule
 Which pedagogues practise on children at school;
 Make laws for the nonce, as occasions require,
 As they did who heretics sent to the fire.

No, Parsons, to do legal justice we find
 As simply unable the clerical mind,
 As that of the Jury, more famous than bright,
 Who, asked for their verdict, returned "Serve him right."

Construction of words the judicial mind needs,
 Alike in a question of statutes or creeds.
 Just fancy a Judge who defined an offence,
 Expounding plain law in non-natural sense!

"Church Courts for Church Causes?" O Reverend Divine,
 That cry, long ago, was another's than thine,
 Of one who did seal with his blood that same cause
 As thine, the Church Courts set above the Realm's laws.

Art thou, too, prepared to encounter the fate
 Of THOMAS A BECKETT, and brave a cleft pate?
 First let it be shaved, get thyself taken home,
 Or go, where consistency calls thee, to Rome.

The Popular Minister.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON ran a terrible risk when he went the other day to Luton, where they make miles and miles of straw plait; for, suppose he had been "bonneted"? In connection with this subject, we should be glad to know what and where "The MILES PLATTING Institute" is, at which MR. JACOB BRIGHT has lately been speaking on education.

AINSI SOIT-IL:

OR, as we believe the Freemasons say, "So mote it be." But what imports the nomination of those gentlemen, and why is reference made to that mote in the brothers' eyes? This is why. Because we read that before leaving Stockholm (which is the capital of Sweden) the PRINCE OF WALES was made a Knight of the Freemasons of CHARLES THE THIRTEENTH, after having successively received the six inferior orders. Now the *Oswestry Advertiser*, in which *Punch* found this information, objects to the proceeding, because the Grand Lodge of England recognises no six inferior orders, and holds the knightship of CHARLES THE THIRTEENTH to be spurious Masonry. It further invites the PRINCE OF WALES, after he shall have shown to his Princess that noble exploit of Freemasons which is called the Pyramid, to come to Wales, and be made into a right sort of Mason there, under the auspices of Provincial Grand Master SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, in Carnarvon Castle. Further, it is suggested that the Prince do become the Archmason of all, the Head of the craft, *vice* the EARL OF ZETLAND, who would be happy to retire. To this latter arrangement *Punch* has no objection, if his Prince have none, but Grand Master PUNCH protests against the Welsh business, nor does he propose to substitute a ceremony in the Hall in the street called after HENRIETTA MARIA. If the Prince is to be made, it must be in no less noble a place than the Punch Lodge, all the brothers of which are of the most profound and appalling learning in Masonry, and proceed to refreshment in a way which is more imposing than can be imagined by the profane. We will hold a Lodge of Emergency whenever the Prince likes, and rattle him through the degrees before he can smoke a quarter of one of the unequalled cigars that shall be presented to him. And instead of one secret, we will impart to him at least a hundred. Moreover, he shall see a Cartoon made, and other wonderful things. We take a base advantage of the *Oswestry Advertiser*, which may not be much read in Vienna, by forwarding to the Prince an early proof of this invitation. But if H.R.H. should prefer to say with COWPER—

"O for a Lodge in some vast wilderness,"

we shall be happy to join him, our friend DR. RUSSELL, and our friend SIR SAMUEL BAKER at Cairo, and hold our Lodge in the desert, while the Princess looks smiling down from the top of the Great Pyramid.



THE CHAMBERMAID OF THE VATICAN.

"I'VE WARMED THEIR BEDS FOR 'EM; WHY DON'T THEY LIGHT THEIR CANDLES, AND FOLLOW ME?"

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—OF MR. KOCK ROBBINS, THE PROFESSIONAL CRUMB-EATER, THE MACAWS, JACK SPRATT, AND THE JOLLY OLD COCK. (CONTINUED.)

THERE are some days when there is a perfect rush for ROBBINS. If he were the last stall left on an old Jenny Lind night, he couldn't be in greater demand. ROBBINS' presence would be bought, if it could, at dinner, in hard cash—and handsomely paid for, too. What was once undoubtedly a favour to ROBBINS, is now a favour from ROBBINS to his entertainers. Ten families, for instance, have all fixed the same day for their dinner-parties, and every family receives, on the very same morning, one refusal from one guest. All the parties are now uneven numbers. At this crisis, what is to be done? Send for ROBBINS. So they all send for ROBBINS. ROBBINS receives the invitations by word of mouth, or by letter. But a call *in propria persona*, from host or hostess, if not too late, does the trick, and wins ROBBINS for his, or her, table. This is the only way to catch him, while, like the Cit in *Bombastes*, he is, "Pondering which to take and which refuse."

ROBBINS has the power, you see, of making many people happy. For it is a fearful cry that goes up from despairing matrons on such a morning as that described above, of which the burden is, "MR. KOCK ROBBINS; or, *Thirteen at Dinner!*" I have heard of a party of twelve ultimately reduced to KOCK ROBBINS *alone*; that is, to him and his host, for the lady of the house had neither the face nor the heart to meet her husband's guest, even to reward that faithful henchman, and decorate him with the blue Riband of the Almonds and Raisins.

ROBBINS *now* thinks that he is in such request, on account of his gallant bearing, his polished manners, and his unexceptionable costume. Presuming upon this, he was very nearly being kicked out by an indignant husband, but that affair has been hushed up, (in fact, I only heard it from MAGEE PYE, and took it for what it was worth, in the smoking-room,) and little Kock Robbins is at the top of his profession.

His card bears upon it simply "MR. KOCK ROBBINS," with the address, which you may be certain is central; for, like a doctor, he must live where he can be got at soonest, and with the least possible trouble.

I do not care who the professional man is, or to what profession he belongs, he can't afford to despise the humblest client.

If KOCKY were to refuse *my* crumbs, as I hear he has done *some* people's, at whose doorstep he would, at one time, have timidly scraped his boots, I shouldn't let him have the chance of refusing a second time, *that's all*.

KOCKY ROBBINS is a privileged man. A professional dinner-eater is not expected to *give* dinners, only to *eat* them. But, great as is his immunity, the obligations of his state are heavy, and, sometimes, oppressive. He is expected to eat of *everything* at table. He is expected to know his host's and hostess's taste, and should anything of which they are fond be running short, he would forfeit their confidence for ever, were he to take the last bit, just before it was being brought (by particular direction given to the waiter) to the lady of the house. He is even to suffer her to say sweetly, "I know you don't care for *this*," as the supercilious Plush passes him over. It would be an act of ingratitude, for instance, if ROBBINS, after dinner, backed up somebody's suggestion about another bottle of claret, or if he didn't meet such a proposal by at once saying, "No more for *me*, thank you; I shan't touch a drop, I *assure* you."

ROBBINS is becoming, however, so well known that this last trick is getting somewhat stale, and graceless fellows, who have no households of their own, will inquire after ROBBINS' appetite, and drinkatite, in a way which would make any amateur in the art of dining-out blush first, and throw decanters afterwards. Not so ROBBINS, he considers their vulgar banter as a professional joke, and knows well enough that they'll pour in oil and wine on his wounds by asking him to a bachelor dinner at the Club, where there'll be the best salad, and with the bird, the finest Burgundy that you can get anywhere in London.

KOCKY ROBBINS consequently is a great ally of Old BARNDOR'S. As Old BARNDOR being a Jolly Old Cock, *gives* dinners, he likes to have always some one ready to whom to give 'em.

I have heard that Acting Managers of Theatres know exactly where to pounce down upon enough people sufficiently presentable to make a fair show in his stalls, dress-circle, and private boxes, when the business is horribly below par.

It is a tradition, I believe, that there are rooms full of these people of all sizes, looks, shapes and ages, always in evening dress, with cleaned gloves from six till nine, sitting as mute as wax-works till the messenger from the Theatre arrives to say they are wanted, and takes off so many of them as suit his purpose. I should like to come suddenly into a family of "Orders," just before seven o'clock. At half-past nine (they are never sent for later than this, and as a rule they needn't be in waiting after eight) they lay aside their festive costumes, not to be resumed until six the next evening.

Well, the Jolly Old Cock has dependents of this kind. Should it ever happen that there is a chance of his dining alone, a thing the Jolly

Old Fellow abominates, he sends off, or goes himself to KOCK ROBBINS as the head of the professional diners-out. Failing him and his kind, he goes down the scale, and knows where to find those who will be *precious glad to come*, and who think they are doing *themselves* a turn (the simple slybooters!) when in reality they are actually conferring a favour on *him*.

"But, Lor bless you," as Little JACK SPRATT, a very respectable teacher of the piano, with, I fear, very few pupils except a protégée, I believe, of Old BARNDOR'S—as poor little JACK said to me, "we don't confer no benefit on Mr. BARNDOR, Lor no." JACK SPRATT calls BARNDOR "Sir," and he and his wife, whose platter is clean and bare, are with protégée aforesaid, always ready to dine with the Jolly Old Cock. It would be as much as little SPRATT'S professional existence is worth to refuse; nay, both Mrs. and Mr. S. call to apologise for being out when Mr. B. came to ask them to come to dinner the other day. Old BARNDOR was kind to them when there was a man in possession, and since that, SPRATT, or his wife, would lay down their lives for such a generous noble-hearted man. JACK SPRATT has told me as much with tears in his eyes. MRS. SPRATT had some objections to JACK'S giving music lessons to the protégée (a very pretty young lady, named Miss GALENE,) and subsequently receiving her at the house. But the Jolly Old Cock invited them to dinner, gave MRS. SPRATT a beautiful gold watch and chain, and arranged with them that *they* should be at no expense if they would take this young lady—in whom he professed a fatherly interest, and whom he wished to see brought out as a pianiste, under her husband's able instruction,—if she, Mrs. SPRATT, would, he said, take the young lady as a lodger, she should be at no loss, she might be sure.

So MRS. SPRATT (who was a clergyman's daughter, and one of sixteen) saw at once that there could be no harm in such an arrangement, and severely blamed herself for allowing a shade of suspicion to cross her mind concerning the conduct of such a kind, generous, good creature as Mr. BARNDOR.

The Jolly Old Cock prefers his own table to anyone's. "I like," he says, jovially, "my friends to come to *me*. Let *me* entertain *them*," and so dining out is to him more a nuisance than a pleasure. He is very rich, but is still connected with some business, without which occupation his day would be a blank.

(To be Continued.)

LIVINGS v. LIGHTS;

OR THE REVEREND RITUALISTS' DILEMMA.

To leave Rites in the lurch, or secede from the Church?

Our lights or our livings to drop?

The Law (shame and woe!) says, "Obey me, or go!"

But the Profits advise us to stop.

The Law and the Prophets we're bound to obey;

As they differ, *our* duty's to doubt:

So we think, on the whole, in our livings we'll stay,

Until we are forced to turn out.

ORDERS OF THE DAY.

MR. PUNCH to ask—

1. What is the Ritual Commission doing now?
2. Whether one part of the Thames Embankment won't be worn away before the other is completed?
3. When there is going to be easy communication between Guard and Passenger on every Railway?
4. When Improved Fire Escapes will be made and used?
5. When the Police Force will be improved?
6. When known and suspected thieves can be dealt with preventively, and their nests destroyed?
7. Whether as to subjects of questions 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, we must wait for some tremendous accident or fearful crisis to hurry us into active measures?

Odd Things in the Papers.

"ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.—The following gentlemen passed their primary examinations in anatomy and physiology . . . LORD TATTERSALL, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital."

"NORWICH ELECTION PETITION.—MR. SERGEANT BALLANTYNE, MR. D. D. KEANE, Q.C., and MR. SIMS REEVES appeared for the Petitioner."

"There is some slightly better news from"—the anxious reader is on the tip-toe of expectation, hoping at least that the East End of London is meant—"the saline works at Wieliczka."

"PRINCE NAPOLEON appears to be mending." (What?)

"When the Judges are *in itinere*."

"A WINDING-UP CASE."—A Watch's.



“WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE!”

Extract of Letter from Edith to Clara:—“And then we had *such* fun, last week. Our part of the town was flooded, and HARRY (who is so clever), with the aid of some canvas, &c., converted a punt into a miniature Gondola, and he and CHARLES rowed us about, quite like Venice,” &c., &c., &c.

IS IT ONE ?

A GENTLEMAN who has lost his seat in Parliament through bribery by his agents declared in Court that he Never told a Lie in his Life.

We have no doubt that he believed what he said, and that he is a highly honourable gentleman.

When *True Thomas* was informed by the *Queen of Faëry* that she meant to give him a tongue that could not lie, he vehemently remonstrated against a present which he said would make him unfit for lordlings' feast and lady's bower.

What is a lie ?

Is it One, when you are courting, to tell the lady that you never before saw any girl whom you could love, and that if she will wed you, every hour, every moment of your life shall be devoted to efforts to make her happy ?

Is it One, when a worthy and kind-hearted utter bore calls upon you, interrupting your work, or preventing your walk, to say that you are glad to see him ?

Is it One, when you get two invitations, to choose the pleasanter, though you opened it after the other, and write to the sender of the other that you regret that a previous engagement, &c. ?

Is it One, when the author of a book which he has sent you asks you how you like it, to say that you think it is admirable. Or to say that you saw it was too good to read hastily, and that you are reserving it for quiet perusal during your holiday ?

Is it One, when you are being bored beyond bearing at a dinner-party, to say that you must join your wife at another house, and thus to excuse your slipping away early ?

Is it One, when a well meaning, but ignorant host asks you point-blank whether that is not a fine glass of wine, to make him think you think the abomination nectar ?

Is it One when a rich and religious aunt asks you whether you have been to church, to express a hope that she does not think you have forgotten the habits taught you by her when you were a boy ?

Is it One, when a friend who never repays loans asks you for a

cheque, to be returned on Tuesday, to be sorry that your balance is so very low just now, &c. !

Is it One to say something of the same kind when your wife, in the course of a walk, shows a marked propensity for examining the windows of silk-mercers or jewellers ?

Is it One when the Whip wants you particularly, and you can't get an answer about the place you want for a voter's son, to say that you hope to be down for the division, but that you are afraid of bronchitis, these disagreeable nights.

Is it One to misdirect a letter, so as to cause its delay, when you particularly desire to stand well with your correspondent, and yet that your answer shall be too late for his purpose ?

Is it One to oblige an incompetent person with a testimonial to his fitness for office, in terms that will help him, but which, if examined, commit you to nothing ?

Is it One, when your friends are talking of their swell acquaintance, to ask, in a casual way, whether anybody has heard of LORD HYPHEN, as you did not see him at LADY ASTERISK'S on Saturday—the fact being that you were not there, and don't know her or him ?

Is it One, when A tells you that he knows you heard that story against him from B, to give him your solemn word of honour that B never spoke to you on the subject, the fact being that B wrote you the story ?

Is it One when a painter shows you a bad work, and demands your opinion, to tell him, in an important and final sort of way, that such a picture as *that* requires no praise, and he knows much better than you do what he has done *there* ?

We shall be happy to receive replies from Jesuits, moralists, people of the world, clergymen, Philistines, Quakers, humbugs, women, and anybody else who likes to answer all or any of the above conundrums.

Fact.

A GENTLEMAN who has just furnished his house writes to us to say, that he finds dumb waiters don't answer.

BRUCE AND BISGROVE.

It seems barely conceivable that in a case where the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* are on one side, and the HOME SECRETARY on the other, anybody should dare to express an opinion that the Official is in the right, and his critics in the wrong. But *Mr. Punch* must venture on this daring step, in the case of BRUCE v. BISGROVE.

Here is the case as summed up by *Mr. Bruce*. BISGROVE, a cobbler, had been drinking, but was not too drunk to know what he was doing.

In this state, at a late hour of the night, he comes upon a stranger lying asleep in a field.

A devilish desire (as he himself confesses) seizes him to kill this man. From the bed of a neighbouring brook he picks a stone of 30 lbs. weight, dashes it on the sleeper's head, and kills him.

He then lies down by the side of the murdered man, and is found there quietly sleeping by those who discover the body.

It is proved he had never seen the man, and that he had not robbed him.

A strange case, surely, on the face of it, but there is no evidence tendered at the trial to show that the murderer is in other than his right mind.

The jury find him guilty, with another man who was found in the neighbourhood at the time, and the Judge passes sentence of death on both.

BISGROVE subsequently confesses the deed, and exonerates the man who has been sentenced with him.

A clergyman who had been present at the trial, struck with the strangeness of the case, sets about inquiring into the prisoner's antecedents.

He finds that he had been an illegitimate child, deserted by his parents, and brought up by charity.

That he had become a collier, was quiet, inoffensive, and a general favourite.

That a few years ago, while at work in a pit, he received a shock from seeing a man killed close beside him by a fall of a stone from the roof of the colliery.

That, ever since, he had been subject to epileptic fits, which had led to his being discharged by his employers.

That it was the general impression among his neighbours that these fits had weakened his mind (as epileptic fits, after a time, usually do).

These facts were communicated to the HOME SECRETARY.

He desired the Chief Constable of the county to go to the spot, and carefully sift the evidence as to these facts.

The Chief Constable took the evidence of ten or twelve trustworthy witnesses, which fully corroborated the clergyman's statement.

On this, *Mr. Bruce* commuted the sentence.

For this he was roundly taken to task by the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, before his explanation of the circumstances under which he stayed the execution was made public.

Unexplained, the commutation was startling.

But as explained, it seems to *Mr. Punch* not only that the HOME SECRETARY did his duty in commuting the sentence, but that the method he took of satisfying himself as to the grounds for doing so was sufficient, and, under the circumstances, not open to objection.

The *Pall Mall* would have found no fault with him "if he had sent down a physician of skill and experience in diseases of the brain, had ordered him to examine BISGROVE personally, had laid before him the evidence as to his past history carefully sifted, had received a report from the doctor that BISGROVE was certainly insane, had taken counsel with the Judge who tried the case as to the weight to be attached to this report, and had then, as the result of this investigation, given orders for the prisoner's removal to a lunatic asylum."

How does the *Pall Mall* know that *Mr. Bruce* did not consult with the Judge who tried the case? We would venture to assume that he did. If so, the head and front of *Mr. Bruce's* offending, even on the *Pall Mall's* showing, is, that he substituted his own judgment and the Chief Constable's for that of "the physician of skill and experience in diseases of the brain."

We should be glad to know the physician whose judgment in such a matter is *prima facie* so much better than that of a Home Secretary of long experience at the bar, and a Chief Constable, that the acting on the one would have been altogether right, while the acting on the other was "altogether wrong."

The *Pall Mall* assumes that the evidence collected by the Chief Constable was not subjected to the test of cross-examination, was not borne out by the opinion of impartial experts, did not, perhaps, even clearly distinguish between the fits which were matters of fact and the mental weakness which was matter of inference. Is not this rather a large assumption?

It strikes us that the Chief Constable was in all probability just as capable of such cross-examination and distinction and of taking opinions of impartial experts, as the "physician of skill and experience in diseases of the brain," would have been likely to be. Judging by

what *Mr. Punch* has seen of such physicians in the witness-box, he is not inclined to rate their average judicial faculty very highly; and would in any case that concerned himself decidedly rather trust the judgment of a Home Secretary and Chief Constable than that of any M.D. he has ever watched under cross-examination.

Nor can we see the *navielé* that so "astonishes" the *Pall Mall*, in *Mr. Bruce's* adding, (as evidence that he has acted rightly in the case,) that the Visiting Justices at Taunton had ordered a medical inquiry; that the man had been pronounced insane; and that application had been made at the Home Office to have him removed to a lunatic asylum.

What right has the *Pall Mall* to assume that either the Somersetshire justices, or the Somersetshire doctors have come to this conclusion, as a matter of course, and merely or mainly because the Secretary of State had come to it before them?

We really do not see what the latter have done to deserve the *Pall Mall's* sneer that they would have carried independence to an absurd pitch, if they had refused to enable the Visiting Justices to support what *Mr. Bruce* had done, not because it was just and right, but because he had done it.

Mr. Punch is glad to own to a better opinion of both Somersetshire justices and Somersetshire doctors, and takes the liberty—*pace* the *Pall Mall*—to express his opinion that the HOME SECRETARY has done his duty in this case, and has not laid himself open to fair animadversion by the way in which he has done it.

ΠΥΝΧΗ ΦΙΛ'ΕΛΛΗΝ ΦΙΛΟΙΣΙΝ 'ΕΛΛΗΣΙΝ.

My dear little Hellenes, pet no more rebellings :

Get up no more rows under auspices Russ :
There's a fable of which you should need no more tellings,
Touching certain hot chestnuts, a pug and a puss.
Touching certain hot chestnuts, a pug and a puss.
Already by dabbling in Eastern hot waters,
Your poor little fingers you've burnt to the bone.
Leave Russia in future to catch her own Tartars,
Fight shy of the CZAR, and let Turkey alone.

Need I tell you the tale how, when once dwarf and giant
Went to make joint-stock war on the world, the big gun
Thrust the small one in front, till the dwarf, too compliant,
Found that he dropp'd a limb every battle they won.
If the Great Eastern question so presses for oping,
Let those who will profit by 't stand the expense.
Don't you play in the hand of an ally who's hoping
That you'll take the kicks, while he pockets the pence.

Trust Bulgaria and Bosnia, Wallachia, Moldavia,
With their Suzerain Sultan to clear their own scores :
Let the Turk bind Crete over to better behaviour ;
Leave Albania still Moslem, though close at your doors.
"Grande idée" though it be to make Hellas commander
Of all the Turk rules on this side Helle's sea,
There's an *idée* I venture to call even grander—
Let Hellas make Hellas all Hellas should be.

Instead of declaiming about her old glories,
Let her kick drones and demagogues both off her back :
Open roads, pay off debts, and give up telling stories,
Get rid of her brigands, her army bid pack :
Make her peasants secure of the fruits of their tillage ;
Find the right men and in the right place set them fast :
Keep her judges from bribes, her officials from pillage,
Turn her face to the future, her back to the past.

Till the star of her youth through her dark present flashes,
And the dead bones around stir and draw to its light ;
And a nobler Byzantium arise from Time's ashes,
And Hellas's rule is the rule of the Right.
Then beneath her broad ægis the nations shall gather,
While the glories of old re-emblazon her name,
And the shades of her heroes exultingly father
The Hellas they now from Olympus disclaim.

A Sainly Garment.

"An evening paper states that every seventh day QUEEN ISABELLA receives a small packet containing the chemise which Sister PATROCINIO has worn during the preceding week; her Majesty, in her turn, dons this garment for a similar period."—*Pall Mall Gazette* (Paris Correspondence).

POOR DONNA ISABELLA ! What shifts she is put to !

"LIBERAL TO THE BACKBONE."—The Gaoler who Flogs the Ga-rotters.



THE DOCTOR'S BILL.

Our Stout Cook. "WHAT'S THIS? 'MEDICAL ATTENDANCE, TWO-AN'-SIX!' WELL, THAT'S A GOOD 'UN! WHY, I ATTENDED ON 'IM! AN' 'AD TO WAIT TWO HOURS IN THAT THERE SURGERY!!"

TWO-LEGGED VERMIN.

ALL you who have ever been accustomed to recreate your minds and bodies by rural rambles, are familiar with a certain exhibition of natural history frequently presented on the skirts of coppices. You recollect the spectacle of sundry specimens of the sylvan *fauna*, in a state of more or less perfect preservation, affixed to the trees. Stoats, to wit, weasels, jays, magpies, carrion crows, owls, sparrowhawks, and kestrels; the kestrels owing their position to certain outward belongings which they share with the sparrowhawks, namely, a crooked beak and talons. Now, your kestrel uses these appliances principally, and almost entirely, for the purpose of catching and devouring mice and insects; and it, at any rate, ought not to be found where you find it gibbeted by stupid keepers, who, if they knew their craft, would leave it alone to fly at large, and fan the wind over the fallows. The external attributes of a hawk do not necessarily bespeak a member of the dangerous feathered classes. Your honey-buzzard is as harmless as your kestrel, destroying no creature of more consequence than a dumbledore. Now, is it possible that what is thus true of the *falconidae*, may be equally true of the human species? A useful bird may be mistaken for a bird of prey; but can any reasonable doubt be entertained as to the predatory character of the plumeless biped named in the subjoined extract from the *Post* :—

"THE CONTENTS OF A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN'S POCKET.—A man, named JAMES GOLLAGHER, was apprehended at Hull on Tuesday, and charged with being a suspected person. He was remanded for further inquiries for seven days. In his pockets were found two pistols loaded and capped, a black mask, several wax-tapers and knives, such as are used by burglars, matches, and gunpowder."

Few, probably, will question the individual, whose capture is announced as above, to be a really pernicious member of the raptorial order. Not many would hesitate to bet a round sum, that the result of any inquiries which may have been effectually made was the discovery that the possessor of the articles enumerated in the foregoing statement is a character well known to the police, and most likely also to

the governors of a great variety of gaols, metropolitan and provincial. What is to be done with such an obvious person of prey—such an unmistakable instance of human vermin? What is he fit for but a place equivalent to that assigned by the keeper to the local *carnivora*? Humanity, however, forbids the cheapest way of dealing with him. It will be for the wisdom of an enlightened Ministry and a Reformed Parliament to devise the most economical way of making society safe from the depredations and outrages of him and his like, whilst keeping them alive.

WELCOME TO A POET.

MR. PUNCH observes that MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, a poet of the right sort, reads publicly in London. Ha! Sirs! We could well like to hear him in his own bold talk between *Silenus* and *Polypheme*,

"That great sad Mountain, in whose depths doth roam
His small soul, wandering like a gentle lamb."

Mr. Punch wishes him every success, and by way of pointing a paragraph avowedly written to serve a gentleman for whom he has a regard, adds that he has no doubt that MR. BUCHANAN speaks up, for delightful as are his *Undertones* in print, they won't do on a platform.

Pauca Verba.

A NOODLE writes to ask *Punch* if there is any truth in the old saying that "pigs see the wind," and if so what wind is it they see. *Punch* is not to be done. He has his reply ready. Why of course they can, and the particular wind in question is a "Sow-wester."

A JUDGE MADE FOR THE ACTION.

A WATCHMAKER has lately got damages for injuries arising from an accident on a Railway platform: appropriately enough, the case was heard before—the Secondary.

OVEREND AND GURNEY.

(A Promoter's Protest.)

Is't a fact, or hideous vision?
Is it mockery or derision?—
SIX DIRECTORS OF CONDITION—
THREATENED WITH THEMIS' ROD!
DOCTOR THOM and his attorney
Pray that OVEREND and GURNEY
May be sent the swindlers' journey—
Via Guildhall Dock to Quod!

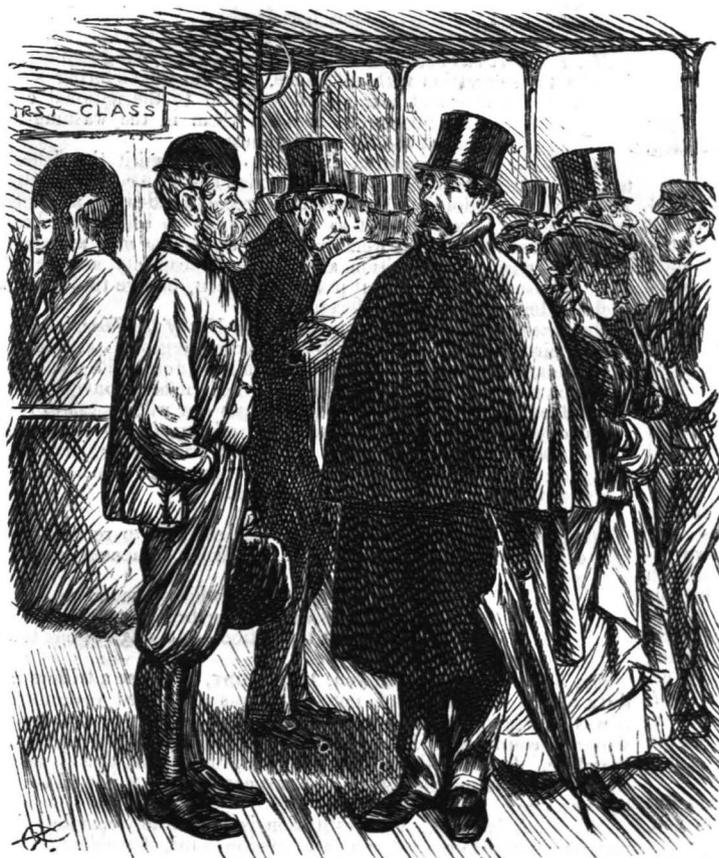
Two faiths I had—abiding ones—
That Themis' scales were sliding ones;
That shareholders, confiding ones,
Would bleed, yet stand at ease:
That law kept its fangs and feelers
For small cheats and petty stealers,
And not for daring dealers
With millions—like these.

But this hideous innovation
Scouts the recognised relation
Of *pec* and *spec*-ulation,
Financiering treats as fraud:
To narrow morals panders,
And raises City danders,
Sauce for geese makes sauce for ganders,
Leaves Promoters all abroad!

Rudely calls their facts in question,
On their figures throws reflection,
Mars their programmes in conception,
Closely clips their fancy's wings;
Judges big *coups* like little ones,
Makes promoters' pathways kittle ones,
Proves Mammon's pillars brittle ones,
And big bubbles risky things!

A March Hare.

At a recent *de lunatico* inquiry, there was some difficulty in proving the insanity, when a witness casually said that he remembered hearing the alleged madman "argue with his wife." The jury, without even turning round, instantly gave the verdict of hopeless lunacy.



LOOK HERE, LOYD LINDSAY.

Brisk Volunteer (to languid ditto). "YOU'LL BE AT DRILL NEXT SATURDAY, WON'T YOU?"

Languid One. "EH, AH, IT'S THE FIRST THIS SEASON, ISN'T IT? YA-AS, I THINK I SHALL. THERE'S SURE TO BE MORE TALK THAN DWILL; SO IT'LL BE A GOOD NIGHT TO GO!"

BLACKHEATH AND THE BEGGARS.

BRAVO, Blackheath! What a blessing it would be if all the towns in England were to follow its example, and set on foot a Men-and-women-dicity Society! This is how all beggars are treated at Blackheath:—

"Tickets are supplied to every house in the neighbourhood; one of these is to be given to the beggar in answer to his application. The ticket merely gives him the right to be attended to by the society's officer, at the Alexandra Rooms, Blackheath, and has, therefore, no marketable value.

"The officer listens to his tale; if he be resident in the neighbourhood, he will receive a printed form, in which his statements are inserted, enclosed in an envelope, to the relieving officer of his district. Very few of these letters will ever be delivered, the impostor well knowing the reception which awaits him; and, being unable to procure anything but the society's tickets in the whole of the neighbourhood, he will go elsewhere.

"The committee is quite ready to admit that there occasionally may be a worthy case. In this instance the letter will reach the relieving officer. By him a form will be filled up, stating what the guardians have been able to allow, and expressing his opinion if any further assistance might be advantageously given. The applicant is thereupon referred to the clergyman or minister near whom he resides; and the society hopes to be able to forward a donation for his relief, to be applied through authorised local channels."

If the beggar be deserving, he will be relieved; if he be an impostor, he will be detected. How many beggars in a hundred are worthy to be helped, the bulletin which is displayed at Blackheath every week may indicate:—

"BLACKHEATH MENDICITY SOCIETY.—Cases attended to—last week, 98; ditto last month, 410. Professed mendicants and distressed labourers sent from the neighbourhood—last week, 69; ditto, last month, 241. Deserving cases—last week, 6; ditto last month, 20."

Honest workmen out of work, and wanting to get home, have a railway ticket given them to do so. Beggars who declare that they are absolutely starving get a bit of bread, which they must eat in the presence of the officer who gives it. Worthy cases are endorsed by the parish authorities, and charity flows in abundantly to help them. But scamps are scared away, and tramps go tramping off from the village of Blackheath, and on this account it surely may be called the Happy Village.

RETRENCHMENT: A SOLILOQUY.

(BY A SENTIMENTALIST IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.)

Old fogies say, old stories show,
That fellows, fools though far above;
For girls half mad went years ago,
Fell, as they used to say, in love.
So frantic as those fellows flew,
Never in these days you see men;
Some seniors this attribute to
Tobacco, which they smoked not then.

They melancholy got, and pale,
In various books, the fact we read;
Became indifferent to ale,
And actually off their feed!
A state of mind one scarcely can
One's self imagine being in;
Except, supposing that a man
Were terribly hard up for tin.

Yet when I look into the face
Of somebody that I could name;
It is undoubtedly the case
That something like a gentle flame
Communicated from her eyes,
A slight sensation does impart,
Which, if a fellow were unwise,
He might encourage in his heart.

Her smile such happiness beams through,
That, if she were a fellow's wife,
He fancies he'd be happy too,
Being the partner of her life.
But when he estimates her dress,
And counts the cost of being wed,
Of course this dream of happiness
He then dismisses from his head.

But now economy's the cry
In public service; so it may
Become the fashion by-and-by
Likewise in the domestic way.
Impressions one might then allow
To have upon him those effects,
Which prudence will not suffer, now,
Them to produce, if he reflects.

Once, on two hundred pounds a-year,
I've heard, a couple could commence;
Now it requires a thousand, clear—
So great is married life's expense.
Perhaps Retrenchment will recall
The cheaper times of which we're told,
And fellows, if they choose, may fall
In love, and marry as of old.

THE ASTRONOMY OF THE STAGE.

STUDENTS of theatrical astronomy who are desirous of learning all about the movements of the Stars in the dramatic firmament, should provide themselves forthwith with MR. ANSON'S Almanack, wherein abundant information is furnished on such matters. Here they will find recorded the times and places of the rising and the setting of all the stars of any magnitude that have appeared since wellnigh SHAKSPERE'S time until the present. Here they may learn the orbits of the planets who go starring in the provinces, and the positions of the fixed stars that prefer to keep in town; and they may find recorded very interesting tales of many of the comets, or eccentric bodies, that from time to time have blazed upon the stage. Here they will learn when *Harlequin*, that "bright, particular star," first shone before the footlights; and they will hear who first discovered the constellation *Pantomime*, at which so many telescopes, in the shape of opera-glasses, are nightly now directed.

THE PRESIDING GENIUS OF THE PUBLIC OFFICES,
(ACCORDING TO MR. AYRTON).—High-pay-tia.

TO BE REVIVED (SINCE THE ALARM ABOUT POISONOUS
WASHES).—The Rightful Hair.

THE PERFECT CLERKS.

A Drama of a Government Office in 1870.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. GREG.

SCENE—A Government Office. TIME—Fifteen minutes before the hour for attendance. But all the gentlemen have arrived, and all their coats and hats are duly hung up. SEASON—Winter.



GOODY. This is a most excellent plan, Gentlemen, this arriving a quarter of an hour before the time prescribed. It not only insures the commencement of the nation's business at the proper moment, but it enables us to enjoy that social converse which would be improper during the hours for which we are paid.

Mr. De Coram. If I could add anything to so delightful a remark, it would be that we are also able, in what I may facetiously term an Economic Parliament, to discuss any little ideas that may have occurred to us for the promotion of the reforms desired by our respected chiefs.

Mr. Docile. Happily said. May I take the liberty of asking each gentleman present to accept from me (opens a small parcel) one of these Penwipers,

which I think will be found useful. Nothing tends to the conservation of a pen so much as carefully wiping it when done with, or in the intervals of business.

Mr. Goody. Speaking, I am sure, not only my own sentiments but those of our friends here, I may say that we are much obliged to you, DOCILE. Your own handiwork, might we ask?

Mr. Docile. Well—yes—that is, with the assistance (blushes) of a fair friend or two.

Mr. Arch. Ah, DOCILE! (Lays his hand on his heart.)

Mr. De Coram. Nay, spare the banter. He said "or two." We will assume sisters—or shall we say cousins?

Mr. Docile. Not so; but aunts, who are deeply interested in our little economic reforms, and favour me with many hints in that direction.

Mr. Amenable. I shall ever regret that I was not taught to write with steel pens; but it is no affectation to say that I cannot discharge the required amount of duty without quill pens. But I feel so strongly that the nation ought not to lose by the inadvertence of my parents (of whom, however, I would speak with all reverence), that I have calculated the difference in cost between steel and quill, and it is my intention to supply myself, at my own expense, with the latter, so far as its cost is in excess of the former.

Mr. Goody. Our friend needs no praise but that of his conscience, or I should say that I hardly know whether to admire most, his exact habit or his sense of justice.

Mr. Amenable. Praise from Mr. GOODY is praise to be received with out hesitation, and to be remembered without vanity.

Mr. Milde. I hear with regret that there has been cause for displeasure in the next room. I will abstain from using names, but I am told that a gentleman, having the misfortune to overturn his inkstand (general shudder), was thoughtless enough, instead of wiping up the ink with his coat, or his handkerchief, or some other article of his own, to use the national blotting-paper. (Sensation.)

Mr. Docile. The painful report had reached me, but I thought it best to be silent, in the hope that there might be exaggeration. But I deplore the fact that the case was even worse than our friend MR. MILDE has forbearingly put it. The blotting-pad was a new one. (Renewed sensation.)

Mr. Goody. I trust that the Heads will take a lenient course, but I doubt whether they will consider it justifiable. Was it a first offence, do you know, DOCILE?

Mr. Docile. Alas, no. The same misguided person had been already admonished for cutting his nails with a national penknife.

Mr. Goody. Thus imperilling the edge; for the nail, unless saturated with water, is exceedingly hard. Yet I can feel for the offender, for (smiles) I had nearly been led astray in the same manner.

All. You!

Mr. Goody. Indeed, yes. For though, of course, I carry a knife of my own, for use on such occasions, in a moment of abstraction I was on the point—

Mr. Arch. Of the knife?

Mr. Goody. Ever playful—but harmlessly so. No, but of using the wrong one. Providentially, I noted my mistake in time.

Mr. Prim. It has occurred to me, but, as a very young employé here, I make the suggestion with diffidence, that did we all bring slippers with us, much wear and tear might be saved to the national carpet. We could change our boots or shoes for them in the washing-room, resuming the former at the close of business.

Mr. Goody. The suggestion evinces so good a spirit that I hesitate to damp it, but I may mention that the idea has been considered by the Heads, and its adoption has not been recommended. I am without information as to reasons, but as we are bound to believe the best (as indeed it is a pleasure as well as a duty to do), we may assume that cold feet, whence indisposition, and of course incapacity, may be feared from the use of slippers. But pray, MR. PRIM, believe that your zeal excites admiration in your colleagues.

Mr. Gentle. Friday next, I observe from *Men of the Time*, is our own Chief's birthday. Do not think that I would suggest a testimonial of the ordinary kind—he would dislike, if his kindness did not prevent him from refusing it. But suppose we marked the occasion by tendering him a document in which we should express our willingness to remain at our desks for an additional hour? (Partial applause.)

Mr. Goody. I think, my dear MR. GENTLE, you have the happiness of being a bachelor, by which very imperfect expression I mean that you have not the happiness of being a husband?

Mr. Gentle. I am indeed a solitary one.

Mr. Goody. Then I will, with all respect, ask you to reconsider that idea of yours at a date when other than official influences have sway with you.

Mr. Arch. There are circumstances over which some of us have no control—some of those circumstances have bright eyes and ready tongues,—and they consider that the nation has enough of our time.

Mr. Gentle. I am answered.

Mr. Softroe. I could wish you, MR. GOODY, to notice a trifling act of duty. My private stock of note-paper was exhausted yesterday, and it was necessary for me to write two notes in time to save post. I wrote, of course, after four o'clock, but I borrowed two sheets from the office. I replace them, adding a third, for I think that I tore one sheet about two months ago. I am not certain, but it is well to be on the safe side.

Mr. Goody (gravely). The restitution is honourably complete, but I may be allowed to remind you that London is full of accident, and that had anything happened to you between taking the nation's note-paper and replacing it, your recovery might have been retarded by the promptings of conscience.

Mr. Softroe. That thought came upon me so strongly to-day, that I nearly fell off the omnibus, and thus might have incurred the peril against which you kindly warn me. The matter shall not occur again.

Mr. Goody. So best. Our fire is but low this morning, and the weather is chilly. I will ring and order a better blaze.

All. Not so, dear Sir.

Mr. Goody. No?

Mr. Docile. No. We have all brought our railway rugs, or other wraps, and with these over our legs, any present appeal to the national coal-skuttle will be needless.

Mr. Goody (visibly affected). Gentlemen, I am proud to be associated with men of such devoted patriotism. You are all far above the pettiness of desiring plaudit, but it would be unfair to me, to yourselves, and to the nation, if I did not say, MR. GREG SHALL HEAR OF THIS!

[Clock strikes X., and the next instant all are hard at work.]

A CURE FOR THE STREET ORGAN PLAGUE.

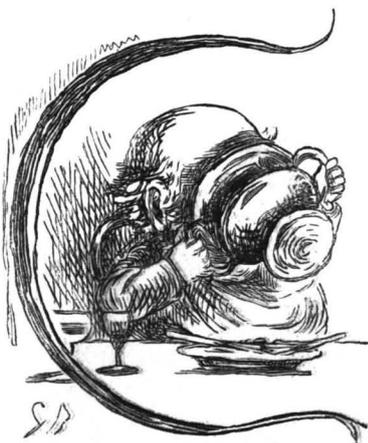
THANKS to the exertions of benevolent *Mr. Punch*, street organs may be silenced now more easily than formerly. Still it is not always pleasant to rush out of one's study, and get a big thick stick, and strut into the street, some half score of times a day, to send away the miscreants who get pennies from your neighbours for worrying your life out. So we are very glad to see this scrap of news from Florence:—

"A Bill has been brought into the Italian Chamber to prevent the exportation of boys for organ-grinding."

What to do with our street criminals? This is one of the momentous questions of the day. Well then, why not "export" them, in exchange for the Italian organ-fiends imported here? If Italy persists in sending us street-brigands, who rob us of our comfort, to say nothing of our coppers, why should we not retaliate by shipping her a cargo of our scoundrelly garotters? A hint to this effect would surely expedite the Bill to which we have alluded; and perhaps our Foreign Secretary will be so good as to convey the hint by the next post to Florence.

OUT OF HER ELEMENT.—The last place which you would expect a woman to like is—a Still-room.

EPICURUS AS GYMNAST.



UNCOMFORTABLE PUNCH,—I have been very much exercised by MR. MACLAREN'S new book on Exercise. You read everything, so of course you have read that book, and are aware that it is a masterly exposition of a sound system of physical education. It appears to me that anybody who has any youths belonging to him, or has the charge of anybody else's youths, and who omits to study the admirable preliminary essay, is morally responsible for the consequences of neglect of the invaluable rules laid down by the Principal of the Oxford Gymnasium.

MR. MACLAREN makes it so perfectly clear to me that I am injuring one of the

finest bodies and one of the noblest minds in the world, by not taking sufficient exercise, that I feel it my imperative duty to write to you on the subject.

Sir, I hate exercise, and the sight of MR. MACLAREN'S pictures, which represent graceful youths bedewed with liquid odours (I may quote this to show that I am a gentleman) flying with apparent ease over all sorts of bars and things, excites in me admiration, but no envy. I am not the figure for that kind of part. Study, chiefly devoted to your service, has altered me from a *gracilis puer* into a *vir totus teres atque rotundus*.

But, Sir, he says that if I do not take exercise, my brilliant intellect will become impaired, and the doctors will be of no use.

It occurs to me, Sir, that now is the time for you to come forward in that generous character for which you have always taken credit. I know that you have long languished to present me with a testimonial. Now, Sir, is your chance. I want no watches, teapots, salvers, brooches, chains, or ouches. I want exercise. Behind my house are stables. Hire one, and guarantee the rent. Grooms are to be had; engage one, there is an excellent sleeping chamber for him, now vacant. Then, Sir, put a Horse into the stable. For your own sake you will take care that he is one who will take care of me. I enclose you, in confidence and not for publication, my weight.

Sir, in the increased and continuous brilliancy of my work for you, and in the applause of a satisfied conscience, and of MR. MACLAREN, you will find your triple reward. I remain,

Your obedient Contributor,

Malcontent Lodge.

EPICURUS.

P.S. I am told that I shall look very well on horseback, and I have a beautiful pair of long riding boots. I will be photographed as *Eques*, and send you a picture.

A LEAF FROM A FRENCH PLAY.

Of course it never could occur to any English dramatist that it might be worth his while at sundry times to borrow an idea from the French. But we really feel inclined to wish that, just for this once, a notion could be taken, and transplanted into England, from a play which has been brought out at the Ambigu Comique. In a street-scene, laid in Paris, this incident occurs:—

"A horse is seen on the stage vainly endeavouring to drag a load which is too heavy for him. When he stops, exhausted, a brutal carter beats him ferociously with the butt-end of the whip; a crowd collects; a generous *ouvrier* remonstrates; carter threatens *ouvrier*; *ouvrier* knocks down carter; tableau; situation; and tremendous cheering."

In London, as in Paris, there are brutes who beat their beasts; and in London, as in Paris, a lesson such as this might be given with effect. Here too, "tremendous cheering" would probably arise when the ruffian was flogged; although an English audience is rarely so intelligent as an audience in France. But we doubt if our Society for Protecting Animals would act like their French brethren in the manner here described:—

"At a recent meeting, the Société Protectrice des Animaux, recognising the daring of the author in risking the fate of his piece for the sake of humane ideas, congratulates M. BARRERE on his success, and thanks him for his courage."

Fancy any English dramatist being ever thanked by any one for his courage in attacking the vices of the day! Fancy anyone in England

caring so much for the drama as to think it worth his while to go and say a "thank you" to an author who had done the State some service by his pen! We fear that such a notion is one that never will be adapted from the French." We should as soon expect to hear that, in the interests of humanity, and as a trifling recognition of his civilising influence, a Peerage and a pension were conferred on Mr. Punch.

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.

START, selecting a pause, with something startling. Have they heard—let your tone be deep and distinct—of the latest London terror, one which will probably hasten the appointment of a new Commissioner of Police, and may come before Parliament? No—for questions will follow fast and thick—you do not mean the beggars, or the garotters, or the Directors, but you do mean that within a few minutes' walk of a crowded thoroughfare, a police station, a fire-escape, a telegraph office, and all the other conveniences of modern civilisation, in the advanced life of the nineteenth century, contemporary with breech-loaders, *cartes-de-visite*, perambulators, sewing-machines, and matches that ignite only on the top of the head, HIGHWAYMEN have re-appeared, and are at this moment (9'30 P.M.) following their calling and their victims, not on the lonely heaths of Hounslow and Bagshot, not on Wimbledon Common or Shooters' Hill, but here in very London, in the centre of a densely-populated district, where night after night they rifle pockets and lighten purses, unchecked by the police, who indeed look on and laugh, loudly applauded by the spectators, and encouraged by the approval of the public press. At this point in the narrative raise your voice and drop your mystery, and refer your excited hearers not to the HOME SECRETARY, or SIR THOMAS HENRY, but to MISS M. OLIVER, who will introduce them, in her very best manner, to—*Claude du Val*, "the Ladies' Highwayman," and his dexterous associates, any night at the Royalty Theatre, and will cause them to go about London telling everybody that the new piece, *Claude's* piece, went off well, with its ammunition of good scenery, charming singing, grotesque dancing, bright sayings, and one scene, "On the Tiles," which, with its burlesque sensations, ought to cram the house from floor to roof for months to come. Talking of *Claude du Val*, you will be reminded of the Claudes and all the other pictures in the National Gallery, where, by the emigration of the Royal Academy to their new Pinacothek in Piccadilly, MR. BOXALL and MR. WORNUM will soon have room for the proper display of their precious possessions new and old; and the old masters will make you think of the new masters and the Winter Exhibitions; and, catching at winter, a knowing hand like you, who always has his weather-eye open, will slide into remarks on the changes in the temperature, and the disappointed hopes of the skaters, who will bring to your recollection the following riddle—and we all know that there is no more popular being in society than the man who asks, "Why are the Three Per Cents. like stewed celery?" or, "What is the difference between a fixed star and a corkscrew?"—"Why is a man learning to skate like a phrenologist?" with its answer, to be administered immediately, "Because he becomes acquainted with bumps," which last word must bring up the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, and those remarkable members of the human race, with their strong attachment to each other, the Siamese Twins, announced to appear at the Egyptian Hall, and the Royal party on their way to the Pyramids and the Nile, and NILSSON, whom you hope to hear again this season, and PATTI'S triumphs at St. Petersburg, and Russia's views about Greece (be prepared to explain to MRS. DAWSON DANVERS what a protocol is), and the book STEPHANOS XENOS is bringing out, and the result of the OVEREND and GURNEY investigation, and the Election Trials, and "the Man in the Moon," and the Eclipse, and the Adelphi drama we are promised, to be built on "The Moonstone," and the two capital plays we have got in *School* and *Home*, and the hopes we have of the HOME SECRETARY, and the employment of women in the Civil Service, and the new Club for Women, and the Lectures for Ladies, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S speech at Gloucester, and the rumour that he will take the duty off coffee, and the universal thirst there appears to be for cocoa, if the placards may be believed, and the advertisements of Besique, and the close of the game season, and any other light and airy topic, such as EARL RUSSELL on the Irish Church, or the MARQUIS OF BUTE in the Romish Church, adapted for home consumption and exportation to the colonies.

Logic for Ladies.

THE Madrid Correspondent of the *Times* quotes, in connection with Spanish affairs, the saying of somebody that "no religion is better than the best." Who originated this aphorism? The Delphic Pytho-ness, one would think. In the same way we might say, "No costume is better than the best," a proposition which might have been affirmed by the Gymnosophists, and would not be denied by the readers of the *Queen*. But then, you see, dears, that there is a very considerable difference between no particular costume and no costume at all.



THE OTTOMAN.

BEHOLD three gallant gentlemen
Beside their true loves three!
There's TOM, the bearded Englishman,
On DORA doateth he:
There's MAT, the whisker'd Welshman bold,
And ETHEL is his queen;
And SANDY BOB, the Scotsman, loves
Fair MAUD (in velvet)een.

And DORA doats upon the beard
That decks that English face;
And ETHEL loves the whiskers which
Those bold Welsh cheeks do grace;
And MAUD adores that Scottish man,
And, if the truth be told,
His Caledonian sandiness.
Doth seem to her like gold!

Now, some would be that Welshman fain,
And some that sandy Scot,
And some that bearded Englishman,
With DORA for his lot:
But as for me, I'd sooner be
Of all the men I've known,
That fond and foolish Ottoman,
For reasons of mine own!

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

"THE LORD MAYOR said that, after much anxious consideration, he and his colleague had determined to commit the defendants for trial. A cheer rang through the Court at this announcement, which was taken up in Cheapside."—*Report of the proceedings on the charge of conspiracy to defraud, of the Directors of OVEREND, GURNEY, & Co. Limited.*

"COMMITTED for trial!" A cheer, long and loud,
From Guildhall and its court, to Cheapside and its crowd!
Pour, virtuous JOHN BULL, pour wrath's bitterest vial;
But let's be quite sure *who's* committed for trial!

On the bench, a Lord Mayor: in the dock, six Directors,
Looking pale in the light of a host of reflectors—
A crowd their committal to Newgate who'd hail,
But for smug *millionaires'* and M.P.'s eager bail.

Let us own we've sat through an instructive dissection;
Had a "Great House" laid out, by the knife, for inspection:
Neither lens has been stinted, nor scalpel been spared;
All its depths we've had probed, all its nakedness bared,

Watched each gangrene bisected, and handled each sore,
Until the poor "subject" could teach us no more.
Enough! Cover up the dishonoured remains:
Bear a hand with a bucket to wash down the stains.

For if 'twas instructive, 'twas sickening too,
When one thinks that the subject might be *I* or *you*,
The shout of the crowd seems to jar on my ear:
And, do what I will, I can't echo the cheer.

Are they cheering that pride should have come to a fall?
Or that "great" men are made to rub shoulders with small?
Or rejoicing that Justice has one set of weights
For penniless pickers and squires with estates?

Then better were silence of sorrow and shame,
At the thought Justice *could* have had weights not the same:
That 'twas cause for exulting to have it made sure
That the law for the rich was the law for the poor.

Rose the cheer from the victims, their ruin that owe
To blind faith in these names, once so high, now so low?
Then silence were better, and veiling the face:
Theirs the loss, but all England's, methinks, the disgrace.

If they're guilty, no cheer: why insult the bowed head?
Why pour bitter scorn where foul ashes are spread?
If they're guiltless, no cheer: they but went with the throng,
Blind, blundering o'er landmarks between right and wrong.

In no issue a cheer, but a groan and a cry
For the soil'd name of England, that once stood so high—
Stood so high, has so fallen, through gold's abject lust,
That they who would seek it must look in the dust.

A Handsome Commission Expected.

A HINT for an enterprising Art Publisher. Bring out views of a well-known watering-place on the Norfolk Coast in *Cromer*-lithography.



COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

RUINED SHAREHOLDER. "YES, THEY ARE COMMITTED FOR TRIAL; BUT WE, MY CHILD, TO *HARD LABOUR FOR LIFE!*"

DEAD OR ALIVE.



OWE, the Academic Antipodean (behold him) has been making a speech at Gloucester, and has given considerable offence to the Tories. He stated that they were Dead—to all intents and purposes extinct. What does he mean? asks the *Standard*, with some acerbity. Dead! Why, we are two hundred and eighty, a firm and compact phalanx, as the Government shall have the pleasure of seeing in about a fortnight. Surely we ought to know whether we are dead or not. We represent the aristocracy, the wealth, the intellect, and the respectability of the nation, and half a million more of the people than we represented before the Reform Act. Dead be hanged. And we think that MR. LOWE is as bad as ISHMAEL and worse than BRIGHT. We don't know what to say. It is a delicate question. Certainly

it is hard upon a Party, in the singular, to be told that he is dead, (as PARTRIDGE, the almanack-maker was told,) when he has every reason to believe the contrary, and the hardship is multiplied when Party is in the plural. But then MR. LOWE is a very clever man, and when he made his grand anti-reform speeches, the *Standard* regarded him as almost, if not quite, inspired. We repeat that the situation is delicate. But we are glad to think that the knot will soon be cut. It is manifestly a case for a Coroner's Inquest. And the Grand Inquest of the Nation is about to be held. If the Party is alive, we presume that it will feel it a duty to look so, but if it be only two hundred and eighty ghosts, MR. GLADSTONE knows Latin enough (and to spare) to lay them in the Red Sea. *Pendente lite*, we will "stand and mark," as the Laureate hath sung.

LEGAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

FROM time to time questions as to the legality of certain entertainments arise which, after a vast deal of expense, time, labour, and trouble, are disposed of with a certain amount of satisfaction to the parties engaged, and to the public in general. Entertainments then are to be thus divided—Legal, illegal, undecided.

Setting aside entirely the last class, and of course refusing to have anything to do with the second, a suggestion occurs to me, with regard to the first, which would lead to the announcement of Legal Entertainments for the People.

But Legal Entertainments under a novel aspect, combining instruction with amusement. Permit me to explain.

The study of the Law is dry—let us moisten it. It is heavy—I will lighten it. How? By adopting the entertainer's plan, and adapting it to the Law-Students' and Law-Lecturers' requirements.

I mean the plan of such an entertainer as MR. WOODIN used to be, or any of those gentry who dive behind a table and come up as somebody else with a wig on.

Instead of our Law Lectures at the Temple being heavy and uninviting, they would become most attractive, and many a youth, now deterred, at the very commencement of his legal career, by the character of the studies, would throw himself into them with an energy which would soon hoist him on to the top of the first vacant woolstack.

I will at once give an example of my meaning, and will then leave the matter in the hands of those whom it chiefly concerns.

SCENE.—A Lecture Room, or Hall, in the Temple. On the Dais at the end stands a piano and a table with two lamps on it. N.B. Evening would be the fittest time—but this is for future consideration. Students arranged facing the Dais. While they are assembling and inscribing their names in the attendance-book, a Pianist performs various airs, e.g., "Law ci darem," "The Jura Waltzes," &c., &c.

Enter the Law Lecturer through a private door on to the Dais. Great applause. He bows and commences.

Gentlemen,—I shall treat of various subjects in this evening's entertainment, and I must ask the kind indulgence of my good friends in front—if they will allow me to call them so (*applause*)—should I be compelled by the disorder under which I still labour (*coughs and dissembles; applause*)—to omit some of the imitations, recitations, and musical illustrations, with which it has hitherto been my wont to enliven the

passing hour. In accordance, I say, with what I term my *wont*, the present exception is far from being agreeable to my *will*.

[*Laughter and applause. Lecturer smiles good-humouredly, coughs, and continues.*]

You have, no doubt, Gentlemen, heard, or read of, or in some way met with, the expression *Corporeal Hereditaments*. I will try and convey to you some notion of its meaning, by explaining what it *doesn't* mean. I will now appear, Gentlemen, as a Corporeal Hereditament.

[*Lecturer disappears behind table. Music, "Scots wha whee." Buzz of expectation. Chord. Lecturer re-appears in large white wig, green spectacles, false ruddy cheeks, and generally giving the idea of a fat man. Great applause.*]

Lecturer (*imitating an old man's querulous tone*). Don't talk to me of Corporeal Hereditaments. I say, don't. I recollect when your great grandmother was alive—ah, let me see, that was in 11 Geo. I., c. 65, when the Trustee Act was amended—Lor' bless you—don't tell me—

[*Music—sings.*]

AIR:—"Rob Roy M'Gregor, oh!"

"Oh, yes, Sir, I have heard of Corporeal Hereditaments.

Which it is a term of Law,
Shewing a wit immense," &c., &c.

[*Of course this is only a sketchy outline, which any Lecturer can fill up for himself. After the laughter has subsided, he will disappear again, and reappear as himself.*]

Lecturer (*continues*). Having shown you what is and what is not a Corporeal Hereditament, I will now explain how it is that neither *Idiots, Lunatics, nor Infants*, are legally capable of making any binding disposition of any estate in them.

By "estate in them," I do not mean that any of the above-mentioned characters could have swallowed Hyde Park, or any other estate, (*laughter*), though the attempt would only go to prove the man an idiot, and, therefore, as I have said, incapacitated. I will now appear as a Lunatic.

[*Music: "Hush! 'tis the Maniac!"*]

Lecturer (*re-appears singing*)—

I've seen him dancing in the Hall,
He cannot bind himself at all," &c., &c.!

[*Great applause. He disappears and pops up again as the Infant, then as the Idiot; finally in his own character.*]

Lecturer. So now you see Richard is himself again. (*Applause.*) We will next consider the Mortmain Act. Some people think it necessary in order to perform this, to have at least two bare-backed steeds and a circus. Not so, I assure you.

[*Music. He goes through the Mortmain Act. Terrific applause.*]

The Second Part of the entertainment will consist of the story of *The Descent of an Estate in Fee Simple*, when I shall have the honour of assuming the following characters:—*Susannah Brown* and *John Smith* (without issue), then *Joseph Brown*, the father of the Purchaser; *Bridget*, his sister, from the country; *Timothy*, her half-brother, with a song. The climax will be the Failure of the Heirs of the Purchaser, and the sudden but triumphant appearance upon the scene of *Harriet Tibbs*, who is entitled to the estate of her Maternal Grandmother and Her Heirs after her. (*Much applause.*)

The Third Part is very brief, and will consist of a series of beautiful Dissolving Views, showing the practice of the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Court (*applause*), which will conclude with a dance of Reversionary Interests and a military review of the Contingent Remainders. And for the present, Gentlemen, there are *ten minutes allowed for Refreshment*. (*Great applause, during which the Lecturer bows and retires.*)

Of course, this scheme is only here presented in its germ to the public.

A STRANGER TAKEN IN.

In a letter to the *Times*, "Re OVEREND, GURNEY, & Co.," MR. STEPHANOS XENOS speaks in very dyslogistic terms of that wonderful money-maker, the now famous MR. EDWARDS. He says that MR. EDWARDS compelled him to pay him £500 a year, and also to give him a steam yacht worth £2000, "much in the same way as the dove gives herself to the hawk." One would have thought that XENOS was a guest, or stranger among us, not to be taken in by anybody but XENOS a host; Greek thus meeting Greek with reciprocal hospitality. MR. XENOS is going to give an account of himself in a book. May he succeed in proving that XENOS did not take in XENOS.

DIFFERENT MEASURES OF VALUE.

THE Spanish ideal—Millions!
THE Spanish real—Two-pence halfpenny!

A BLUNDER-BUSS.—Kissing the Wrong Girl.



DELICACY.

Young Swell. "WE WON'T GO DOWN CONDUIT STREET, FOR I HAVEN'T PAID MY TAILOR HIS CHRISTMAS BILL YET, AND IF HE SHOULD SEE ME HE MIGHT FEEL EMBARRASSED!"

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER THIRD.—THE JOLLY OLD COCK; A PARTY AT HIS HOUSE; THE HENS, THE WRENS, AND THE SKYLARK; THE GOOSE AND THE DUCK.

As a married couple the BARNDORS were not, I believe, singularly happy, though he was as Jolly an Old Cock *then* as he is now. MRS. BARNDOR was a quiet little woman, who tried to force a sympathy with her husband's jollity. She brought him a large fortune, which will, one of these days, go to his son (the young Goose), with whom I do not think the widower is on the best of terms. Goosey BARNDOR married the dearest little Duck in the world, as poor as a church mouse 'tis true, but every one thought that Old BARNDOR was too Jolly an Old Cock not to give them something handsome, and help 'em along.

The Jolly Old Cock, however, talks of Goosey with the utmost kindness, regrets his step, pardons him (over the wine), complains of his conduct as a son towards *him*, a kind indulgent father, "who had spent enormous sums upon that boy, Sir—are you taking Madeira or Port?—and that boy, Sir, that young rascal, has repaid me by—but there I won't bother you with *my* affairs—your health. Now let me ring for another bottle of that '20."

Of course such a good hospitable old Cock as this *must* have been in the right, and his son consequently in the wrong.

Old BARNDOR's table groans under a profusion.

You are expected to take something of everything: you, as an independent guest, needn't—KOCK ROBBINS *must*—so must SPRATT, or perish in the attempt. The Jolly Old Cock wants to know, (though I am only this instant introduced to him, and have been just invited,) whether there is "anything I particularly fancy for dinner?" Of course I leave it to him.

"And," says he, jovially, "I leave it to the Cook; ha! ha! ha!"

Whereat KOCK ROBBINS, and SPRATT, and I, all laugh: SPRATT in convulsions: he overdoes it.

ADVICE TO AN EMPEROR.

SIRE, my good Brother, you do make,
Excuse me, an immense mistake
In doing things by halves—a way
That never yet was found to pay.

You, in Crimea's war, 'twas thought,
Fought off when you should on have fought;
Did scarce with foe relations mend,
Mistrust whilst you inspired in friend.

In Italy you went not through
The work you undertook to do;
Let Prussia your default supply,
And win from you your sole ally.

O'er Mexico a Prince you place,
And hold him on his throne a space;
But by-and-by your troops recall,
And let your MAXIMILIAN fall.

Yet do French soldiers still maintain
The poor remainder of a reign;
Conserve the Triple Hat cut down,
With your consent, to Half a Crown.

This half-and-half work, Sire, my Brother,
Offends both one side and the other;
So now you stand alone, you see,
Without another friend than me.

Go the right animal entire—
No longer halve the creature, Sire.
Your stand the whole hog boldly take on,
Do that, and then you 'll save your bacon.

Popular Progress.

THE following passage in *Le Follet's* "Fashions for February" is significant:—

"The fanchon bonnet is disappearing gradually; the diadem gaining favour month by month."

This fact evidences the growing sovereignty of the people. The diadem is getting to be worn by all the world—and his wife.

At table the Jolly Old Cock is full of stories; and I never heard stories obtain such a hearing, or such receptions as these.

The dependents know them, and can laugh in the right places, without being off their feed. SPRATT will point out the joke, or pun, to a guest, or will repeat the story in part, with a note of admiration upon it.

To BARNDOR's house come singers, players, artists, and ladies and gentlemen, patrons of the arts. Ladies love going to MR. BARNDOR's, they say. I have been astonished to see to what extent these Ducks and Hens will flatter and smile, and laugh, behind their fans, at a slightly naughty story from the Jolly Old Cock, for the sake of gloves, or scents, or an opera-box, or fashionable concert tickets, which are sure to reward their attempts to fascinate.

Goosey and the little Duck are, never seen at such parties, and no opera boxes, or gifts, go to *them*. But then we hear from the Jolly Old Cock that "his dear boy Goosey is making a lot of money at the bar, and getting on capitally;" so, of course, he doesn't want it.

In fact, *everyone* says that Goosey has behaved badly, that though there are two sides to every question, there is only one to *this*, and that Old BARNDOR is the Jolliest Old Cock; while the ladies flatter themselves that they can get *anything* out of him.

And how disgusted are MRS. WREN, and MISS WREN, and MISS COOBIDDY, and several more, if any preference is shown by the Jolly Old Cock to one pretty little hen in particular—say, Miss AUGUSTA DORKING. The WRENS and COOBIDDIES would peck her to pieces, if they dared, there and then, in the presence of the Jolly Old Cock himself, only they know better, and tolerate Miss DORKING as being uncertain about the next holder of Old BARNDOR's handkerchief. Meanwhile, they will peck her to pieces behind her back as they drive home to-night.

"Upon my word," says MRS. WREN, throwing herself back in the double brougham, "it's disgusting to see AUGUSTA DORKING really *faunting* on MR. BARNDOR."

"Did you see what a beautiful watch he gave her on her birthday?" cries MISS WREN, whose Papa has promised her a similar present 'one of these days.'

"Well," says MRS. WREN, with asperity, "I hope no daughter of mine will ever fawn and grovel as that girl does."

"Indeed not!" replies her daughter, wrapping herself more closely up in her opera-cloak, and considering to herself what she can do to put AUGUSTA DORKING out of the field.

Old WREN (a direct descendant of SIR CHRISTOPHER'S) feigns sleep, and wonders to himself how women (including MRS. WREN) can be such confounded humbugs. Then his thoughts return to Old BARNDOR, and he wishes that he could get the Jolly Old Cock to "go into" a rather extensive building speculation into which he has recently entered. An idea just crosses his mind that his womenkind *might* somehow manage it for him; for he has a shrewd suspicion that the Old Cock is not to be caught with salt sprinkled by a male hand on his jolly old tail.

MISS SKYLARK, however, and not MISS WREN, is destined to overcome *La belle DORKING*, for a time. MISS SKYLARK has the piano, so to speak, at her fingers' ends, and can warble deliciously.

"Will MISS AUGUSTA sing?" asks the Jolly Old Cock.

She will not—so sorry—not brought any music.

A difficulty soon provided for. MISS SKYLARK has brought a *quantity*, and, no doubt, there is some little piece among her collection which MISS DORKING can sing.

MISS DORKING inspects the *répertoire*. There are several pieces she knows by heart, but this fact she keeps to herself, and pretends that MISS SKYLARK has nothing there with which she is acquainted.

MISS SKYLARK suggests various songs, to which she will be *delighted* to play the accompaniment for AUGUSTA. AUGUSTA, *not to be taken in*, declines with profusion of thanks. Perhaps she calculates, to herself, that Old BARNDOR will sit with her on the sofa (there is an opera-box question trembling in the balance), while MISS SKYLARK performs on the piano.

He does. He sits by her side. Delight of AUGUSTA: consciousness of future victory exhibited in the SKYLARK'S eyes. AUGUSTA'S mother sits herself down: by MISS SKYLARK'S mother. Admirable tactics. When MISS SKYLARK sings and plays, AUGUSTA'S mother will talk to MRS. SKYLARK, and ask questions as to her daughter's musical acquirements, her studies, her masters. MRS. SKYLARK, don't you see, won't like to say, "Hush, Ma'am! can't you be quiet when my child is singing?" *That* wouldn't be polite. But she returns, smilingly, the shortest possible answers, and generally tries to substitute a nod for a monosyllable.

Tactics all in vain. *La SKYLARK'S* voice rising above the chandelier, piercing through the cunningly concealed ventilator, enters the bedroom above, where the housemaid catches it and takes it down-stairs with her for imitation. Old BARNDOR hushes AUGUSTA, and *will* listen to the SKYLARK. When she has finished, the Jolly Old Cock heartily congratulates the young lady on her voice, the mother on having such a daughter, himself for knowing where to obtain such a pleasure, and then praises her to AUGUSTA and AUGUSTA'S mother, who, of course, perfectly agree with MR. BARNDOR, and would, were it not for the pains and penalties attached, do her to death with hair-pins, or back combs, or suspend her without her chignon, Absolom fashion, from the highest branch in Hyde Park.

Tactics are necessary again. So they join Old BARNDOR in pressing her to sing once more, in pressing her to sing once more after *that*, and ever so many times after *that*. *For are not the chances in favour of one failure!* But MAMMA SKYLARK'S wing is at hand to shelter her child. The carriage is at the door. The retreat is an admirably contrived triumph.

"Oh, pray don't come down, MR. BARNDOR!" entreats the young lady, pressing the arm of the gallant host, who insists upon her taking something, and being well wrapped up before he sees her into the carriage.

How sweet, how sympathetic, are the exchanges of "good nights" among the ladies! How full of a secret sub-understanding—with a sort of Masonic significance—are the farewell nods and shakes of the husbands!

They all know what they're going to hear as they drive home, and will be prepared to recline, doze, and avoid conversation.

So *La SKYLARK* flies home, and next day calls Old BARNDOR with kind inquiries, a box for the theatre, a bouquet, gloves, scents, and an invitation to his next dinner-party.

The other Sultanas nowhere.

Somehow, the Jolly Old Cock's caprices affect neither JACK SPRATT nor his wife, nor the BARNDOR'S artistic *protégée*, who, learning the art of singing and playing in public, is domesticated at SPRATT'S, and makes one of an apparently very happy family.

Coming out of the house, and crossing the road after lighting a cigar, I stumble on a lady and gentleman, not in evening dress, who are regarding the lights in the windows, and remarking upon the shadows within.

"We are just as happy without all these parties," the girl's voice is saying softly, and somewhat pleadingly. The tone of the answer is impatient.

"Hush, GEORGE," returns the first voice sadly, "Remember he is your father."

"Let *him* remember it," is the bitter rejoinder. "Let *him* remember it first. Look at these people—confound them! and we who should be there by right."

Here little KOCK ROBBINS joins me.

"Wasn't it an excellent dinner, eh? First-rate," he asks, taking my arm with somewhat unnecessary hurry, and bringing me out of the gaslight. "Pardon!" says he. "I want you to come a little way off—see those two?" He indicates the pair whose voices had forced themselves upon me, and then adds in a clear emphatic undertone, "BARNDOR'S son and his wife. Fact—come on!"

Is it possible that the bird we call a Jolly Old Cock is not infrequently a selfish, worldly, cruel, wicked old cock, after all?

(To be Continued.)

NO WORK TO DO FOR THE NATION.



HAT news! Hooray! Oh! Hooray! Woolwich and Deptford Dockyards are to be closed. They were very expensive and of very little use. The order for their abolition has gone forth from MR. CHILDERS. Well done, CHILDERS—that's the thing to do now. Cut down all useless establishments—retrench right and left. Clip and shear in every direction—pare all round. Try if you can't effect some little reduction of the national expenditure, and take off a corresponding amount of taxation. Well: there! we shall get rid of Woolwich and Deptford at any rate, and with them of between 3000 and 4000 workpeople, earning wages, which we had to pay. Good tidings—laudable administration! But if those 3000 and more workpeople suddenly thrown out

of employment do not, most of them, starve, will they not have to go into the workhouse? Very likely. Then the charge of their maintenance will fall upon local unions, and cost the nation nothing. To a deputation of the artificers about to be deprived of their means of subsistence, MR. CHILDERS truly replied that the measure which would ruin them was adopted solely for the good of the public. Of course; without any consideration for individuals. Perish individuals, so that the public save a little money. He held out to them not the slightest prospect of relief. To be sure not: and who knows but that a good many of them may relieve themselves, and what is of more consequence, relieve the ratepayers—by suicide?

But is not this alternative of suicide or starvation, or else the workhouse, rather hard lines? Economy be praised above almost everything; but is the public so poor that you must needs turn its humble servants adrift all at once without any compensation? Give work people compensation! Nobody gets compensation now but ex-Chancellors, and such. Nor would ex-Chancellors get it, but that, if they didn't we shouldn't get Chancellors. There is not any sentiment in the case. No sentiment, now-a-days! No mercy! May we never have to howl for it ourselves.

Apologia pro Vestitu Suo.

BY INORNATUS.

WHY do you wear that ancient hat,
And in those timeworn slops go dight?
The reason is exactly that
Which tiles a miller's crown with white.
I, forced to pinch, appearance pare;
That thrift affects but outward form:
And therefore I mine old clothes wear
As long as they will keep me warm.

INTERNATIONAL SEDATIVE.—MR. REVERDY JOHNSON'S American Soothing Syrup.

"AN ESCUTCHEON OF PRETENCE."—A *Parvenu's* Coat of Arms.



A HOLIDAY TASK FOR AN M.F.H.

TO KEEP IN GOOD TEMPER WITH A LARGE FIELD, WHILE MR. TITUPS AMUSES HIMSELF BY HEADING THE FOX, AND RIDING OVER THE BEST HOUNDS.

A PUZZLING PERFORMANCE.

Of all bewildering advertisements, none perplex us more than those relating to the Stage and to theatrical engagements. Here, for instance, is a specimen:—

WANTED, a WALKING SINGING LADY, stating her lowest Terms.

A lady walking and singing and stating her lowest terms! What a curious combination of simultaneous performances! What a queer jumble a songstress would make of any ballad, if, while singing it, she kept on stating what her terms were, and bargaining about them! Into some such stuff as this would a sentimental ballad be reduced by such a process:—

I'm leaving thee in sorrow, ANNIE,
See the tear upon my cheek:
[Terms? You'll find them less than many:
Only one pound ten per week.]
When I gaze upon thy photo,
With grief my brain goes whirling round;
[What? And wear my dresses low, too?
No, I could not say a pound!]

Lo, my eyes again are filling,
See the dew upon their lids;
[One pound five? Well, yes, I'm willing,
If you'll keep me in white kids.]
Daily am I growing thinner,
Nightly for my love I sob:
[Come then, if you'll stand a dinner,
We'll say five-and-twenty bob!]

Advice to Youth.

TAKE aim to live worth money, timely got
For men, when they die worth it, have it not.

THA MI 'G RADH!

OUR dear friend PROFESSOR BLACKIE, whom *Punch* loves, and who loves *Punch*, has been speaking as followeth, the occasion being the anniversary of the birth of a Scottish poet of the name of BURNS:—

"There was not a greater bore in the whole creation than an untravell'd Scot—he was generally a most bumptious, cantankerous, disagreeable creature, and required to go abroad and get rid of half of his Scottishism before he could be admitted into good society."

Then thus again:—

"He would not on any account give a dinner-party on a Sunday, but it seemed odd that people should not be allowed to play the piano on Sunday in Scotland, or that a minister should be considered wrong in going to the kirk on Sunday with a rose in his coat button-hole. That, he believed, was a piece of gross and degrading superstition, which all Scotchmen would unlearn as soon as they travelled abroad from the narrow triangle within which they were born. Another remarkable characteristic of the untravell'd Scot was his immense self-conceit—his high estimate of his own learning. But when such a person went three months to Berlin, or some such place, he found his notions outtailed—he began to feel that he knew almost nothing."

The Professor, being a Scot, knoweth, and moreover, being a Scot, may speak *impune*. Such is not *Mr. Punch's* experience of Scotsmen, whose weakness is that, thanks to the facilities afforded in Scotland for learning things, they know a deal too much to enjoy healthy nonsense, that sovereign remedy for many evils. They don't (habitually) admire the Unfitness of Things, and he who doth not this is an incomplete party. For the rest *Mr. Punch* can but express, in Northern Scotch, his surprise at the Professor's boldness, and hath done so at the top of this paragraph. I say! He would add, "Come, you know," only his Gaelic young man is gone out.

A Good Reasoner.

A TEETOTALLER's arguments are pretty sure to be sound, for he is certain to make use of nothing which will not hold water.



HYGIENE.

Hearty Old Gentleman (to dyspeptic Friend). "DOESN'T AGREE WITH YOU?! OH, I NEVER LET ANYTHING OF THAT SORT BOTHER ME! I ALWAYS EAT WHAT I LIKE, AND DRINK WHAT I LIKE, AND FINISH OFF WITH A GOOD STIFF GLASS O' GROG AT BED-TIME, AND GO FAST ASLEEP, AN' LET 'M FIGHT 'T OUT 'MONG 'EMSELVES!!!"

THE BRIDES OF PARIS.

WHAT a pleasant thing it must be, for a man of moderate means, to be so lucky as to fall over head and ears in love in the charming city of Paris!—at least, supposing he be forced to marry in that capital, and furnish for his wedding-day some trifle like the following:—

"A very interesting bride has entered married life in white satin and Alençon, for which latter trimming (a flounce) the sum of 50,000 francs was paid by her happy husband."

An agreeable rule of three sum is suggested by this anecdote. If the flounce of a girl's wedding-dress costs fifty thousand francs, how much is it likely that the rest of it will cost? A bride who spends two thousand pounds upon the trimming of her flounce, would probably require a fifty pound bouquet and a hundred guinea handkerchief. The other items in her toilette would be costly in proportion, and not the Koh-i-Noor itself would satisfy her wants in the matter of her jewellery. Judging from the lace expended on her wedding-dress, it is difficult to guess what amount of yearly income would be needful for her pin-money; but when one thinks of bonnets, gloves, shawls, parasols, and shoes, and other little trifles, one would fancy that a husband had need to be a Cæsar to support a wife in Paris.

To unsophisticated folks it may seem well-nigh preposterous to talk of such a thing as a hundred guinea handkerchief; but there is little doubt such articles may be procured in Paris, or we should hardly find recorded there an incident like this:—

"Another bride has had her pocket-handkerchiefs exhibited in a large store of the Rue de la Paix. They amount to the small item of 80,000 francs."

"*Grande Exposition des Mouchoirs de Mademoiselle Dépensière.*" What a pretty notice to put in a Paris newspaper! What a sight for a father! and for a fiancé! Why, a girl must be afflicted with chronic influenza, to require upon her marriage eighty thousand francs' worth of bridal pocket-handkerchiefs! Even if they cost her but a ten-pound note a-piece, she would for eighty thousand francs obtain some six-and-twenty dozens of them. Whatever be the uses to which they may

be put, clearly hundred guinea handkerchiefs are not things to be sneezed at. But imagine the expense of a bride's entire *trousseau*, if above three thousand pounds be expended on her handkerchiefs! How many new bonnets would be needful for her honeymoon, and what would be her wants and wishes in the way of pearls and diamonds?

Well, *Punch* thanks goodness he is married, and so he runs no risk now of having to fork out for a *trousseau à la Parisienne*. In the judgment of *Punch*, no such foolish luxury ever can be needful to make a happy bride, however much it may be deemed so in the Judgment of Paris.

FINE TIMES AND FINANCING.

(As Connected by a Clodhopper.)

HOW OVEREND AND GURNEYS
Have rooun spread around!
But counsel and attorneys
Thereby has bisnus found.
The pardners stands committed
Their trial for to abide;
Them fellers wun't be pitied
Whats'ever med betide.

But 'tain't sitch deeperydators
Alwoan as is to blame,
The tribe o' speckilators
Is all a'most the same.
Wus they to goo revealun'
All their accounts, you'd find
Best part on 'un was sailun'
Owdacious nigh the wind.

Your shareholders, as trustys
Them harum-scarum Doos,
And, when the bubble bustes,
Their little all do lose,
Could they but make assessments
Theirselves to blame they'd zee:
Wants more for their investments,
Nor safe consarns can gie.

I tell 'ee what 'tis, neighbour,
Folks now lives all too high
Above their means that labour
Or fortune, can supply.
Plain livun' and high thinkun',
As some un said, 's no moor;
But atun', dress, and drinkun',
And style unknown afoor.

They tries to gain as much as
They needs, with all their might;
Wi' their left hands they clutches,
And squanders wi' their right.
Their property they chances,
In pomp and state to dwell:
And them rogues as finances
Risks other folks' as well.

I knows that I bain't clever;
But my plan is to run
No hazard whatsomedever
I possible can shun,
And try to bide contented;
Misfartuns there must be:
But most 'ood be perwented
If you'd all live like me.

Surprising Zeal.

THERE has lately been a struggle between the two great ecclesiastical parties as to who should fill vacancies in the Standing Committee of one of the leading Church Societies. Is it not astonishing that there should be any contention for a situation which must necessarily be of a very fatiguing nature?

GOOD NEWS FOR ENGLAND.

It is announced that *Land and Water* is permanently enlarged. It turns out to be our good friend, MR. BUCKLAND and Water who is permanently enlarged.



STARTLING EFFECT.

ONLY TO BE PRODUCED BY LONG HAIR PINS AND EQUESTRIAN EXERCISE.

WHALLEY'S NEWS.

MR. PUNCH,

HAVE you heard of, or do you suspect, the existence of any Secret Society, in connection with Exeter Hall, which is employing agents to get fictitious paragraphs and passages inserted in Continental papers, to the end that, being translated, they may excite and awaken British fanaticism?

For instance, *Le Sport*, in its sporting news, too, contains the following announcement:—

“During the last year there were two thousand conversions to the Roman Catholic faith in England.”

Hereupon a contemporary remarks, “Two to one there will be more this year—taken.” It is all very well to make a joke of obvious fudge. But are there not stolid Protestants by whom *Le Sport*, in publishing the above-quoted statement, will be taken in earnest, as of course it was meant to be by the parties who smuggled that statement into it under the pretence of fun? I don't say that they are connected with Exeter Hall—but I suspect it, Sir.

Then we have the *Osservatore Romano*, expatiating in a leader on “Joyful events in the history of England!” namely, on the conversion to Popery of the MARQUIS OF BUTE, and the spread of Ritualism. Protestantism has its Jesuits, and did not one of them write this article, in the assumed character of perhaps a genuine disciple of LOYOLA? Judge you from its conclusion:—

“The joyful events, then, which have been, are being, and will be fulfilled in England are the conversion of the Anglicans, and the return of that Island of Saints, as it was formerly called, to the Catholic religion. Meanwhile we have a gauge of this happy future in the frequent conversions of so many virtuous, learned, noble, and rich persons, not the least of which is the joyful event of the conversion of the young MARQUIS OF BUTE, which excites such a noise now, and agitates so profoundly all the English.”

Nobody with eyes in his head can fail to see the drift of all this. It is very cleverly calculated to frighten the British Public with the idea that we are rapidly drifting into Popery. The Editor of the *Unità Cattolica* was taken in. Some people cannot reflect. He did not see that any controvertist who knew what he was talking of would know better than to boast of conversions on the ground that the converts

were, not only many and virtuous, but, besides, many learned, many noble, and many rich. But his treacherous contributor knew well what importance the common British mind attaches to nobility and riches, as well as to learning. He knew how likely it was to be alarmed by the announcement that the wealth and intelligence of the country were going over to Rome. He also knew that, as to learning, it would never consider what was really the case, and ask itself what learning had gone thither but that of mere scholars: how many men accustomed to sift evidence and investigate truth: how many natural philosophers: how many lawyers: whether any such fish had come to the Fisherman's net as a PROFESSOR OWEN, or TYNDALL, or HUXLEY, or a LORD CAIRNS.

Finally, the *Unità Cattolica* asserts that the principal object of the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER's visit to Rome this winter is to execute a mission intrusted to him by MR. GLADSTONE; namely, to prepare the way for a re-establishment of official diplomatic relations between the British and Pontifical Governments. Now, if this assertion had been found in the *Record* or the *Rock*, everybody would know what to think of it. We should all say it was a weak invention of MURPHY or WHALLEY. The *Unità Cattolica*, doubtless, publishes it in good faith, but has evidently been hoaxed. You must see that the thing is an insidious canard, devised for a base purpose by Protestant bigotry. It is too bad, Sir, it is unworthy of Britons, it is mean, it is low, to practise this kind of humbug on the simplicity of unsuspecting Italian Ultramontanes. But the ridicule of educated Englishmen will defeat the endeavour to create an absurd impression amongst the vulgar that, in this land of liberty, this land of enlightenment, this land of political and intellectual progress, Popery is gaining ground.

But even if it were, what would that be to you, and GALLIO?
P.S. I shall now—smoke a cigar.

FROM ROME.

(From our Exclusive Correspondent. News warranted not to be in any other Paper.)

THE POPE is very well. He has had several games of billiards lately with CARDINAL ANTONELLI and the young MARQUIS OF BUTE.

I record some *jeux de mots* made by His Holiness and His Eminence on the estimable young Convert's name. The Marquis made nine at one stroke.

“You play,” exclaimed ANTONELLI, in his best English, “BUTE-fully!”

The CARDINAL, at pool, held the POPE twice in the middle pocket. His Holiness had only one life left; this the Marquis took.

“Et Tu BUTE!” cried his Holiness, in a tone of mock reproach, “then I give up the game.” On second thoughts he starred two, and won.

“Italy is like you, Marquis,” said ANTONELLI, at supper.

“Why?” asked the generous young nobleman, determined to give his jocund Eminence a chance.

“Because,” returned the Cardinal, “It is a Boot, and so are you.”

This answer threw a gloom over the party; which soon after broke up. The Marquis has gone to Egypt, where he and MONSIGNORE CAPEL (whose name some clever English papers have given as “BISHOP KEPPEL”—so well-informed are these Correspondents, forsooth!) will probably join H.R.H. the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND and EARL RUSSELL of the *Times* and Chelsea (*in posse*), with whom no doubt they will go

Up and down the River Nile,

In and out the Desert,

That's the way the money goes—

And “pop goes the weasel” is the proper—or popper—finish, but it won't come in.

There is a Reaction in Rome, but which way it goes, I don't know. There are Reactions all over the place; it's very puzzling. It only wants two equal Reactions to be going on at the same time for Italy to be perfectly quiet. Isn't that the doctrine of Mechanical forces? Rather. And as the Italians say, in one of their best proverbs, “Mio.” But I will send it you in full on hearing from you that you will understand it in the original, as it will not bear either translation or the sea-voyage.

You telegraphed to inquire after my health; thank you; and to say, generally, “How d'ye do?” Thank you again. I “do” at Rome as they do at Rome, and am ever your faithful Correspondent.

Suicidal.

THE most ludicrously inconsistent thing *Punch* has heard of for a good while was the attempt of the Ritualists to get into the Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. What on earth have they to do with *Christian Knowledge*? The more they keep out of its way the better for them. We shall hear next of blackbeetles insisting upon getting into scalding water.

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.



So you may choose something odd, something out of the common way, for a beginning, instead of enlarging at length on the notorious fact that the days are growing longer, ask everybody who is conversable, including LORD CLARENDON, if you can get hold of him, whether they saw the advertisement in which a Lecturer on "Women Doctors" announced that he would "exhibit a foreign body six inches down his own throat," and what they thought of it. Or read aloud, with a proper attention to elocution and stops, the following tempting invitation:—

BOARD and RESIDENCE for WORK.—An old literary gentleman invites some lady, about 40, to assist him in doing without servants, excepting the best general servant that the highest rate of wages can obtain and the kindest treatment can secure. The lady must undertake *entrées*, soups, and jellies. She must be too strong to feel the slightest fatigue, as all the work of the house will be mainly directed by her own taste to her own comfort. Company (at luncheon only) once a month. Large bed-room, private sitting-room, laundry free. The gentleman and lady dining together at 7 o'clock. References of mercantile exactness required. Address A. B., &c., stating age, and very full particulars of antecedent position, &c.

If you think it safer to stick to the ordinary necessities of conversation, the weather will be all the fresher if you plunge at once into the Gulf Stream, by which it is supposed to be unduly influenced and intimidated; and you will derive much quiet amusement, if, taking the precaution first to read up all about this notorious old offender in the usual standard works of reference, you probe your victims' knowledge on the subject, and ask, just for information, what the Gulf Stream is, where the Gulf Stream is (venture as far as latitude and longitude), and how it comes to pass that the Gulf Stream should have the power of interfering with the temperature and the consumption of coals in Belgravia or Bloomsbury. You, who have carefully prepared yourself for examination, will be shocked at the ignorance of Society about this one of the great Meteorological Powers, the wicked partner, as it may be called, of the weather.

Do not forget what the fourteenth of this month is. Just as people want to know the connection of goose with Michaelmas, or, at Christmas, cannot rest until they are told the meaning of mince-pies and the origin of kissing under the mistletoe, so now you will find that they seek information about BISHOP VALENTINE and his family connections and ecclesiastical preferment, and the way in which he, a great dignitary of the Church, came to be mixed up with fancy stationery, and the postman, and Hymen, and Cupid, and affectionate couples and couplets. Always be prepared for these emergencies. Go to your *Notes and Queries*, or your *Hone*, or your *Chambers*, or the recesses of your own imagination, and have ready for immediate use at the dinner-table or on the drawing-room ottoman, just the sort of neat little obituary notice the papers would have put in, if S. Valentine had lived and died in this country and century. A few Post-office statistics as to the yearly increasing number of Valentines would not be amiss, with a calculation that if all those distributed in the year 1868 could have been heaped one upon the other, they would have exceeded in height the Monument piled upon the Great Pyramid, with the Duke of York's Column thrown in. If you can add a romantic little story of a youthful painter who had for more than six weeks worshipped in secret a beautiful girl, with chestnut hair threaded with gold, living with an aged aunt in the second floor front opposite his studio, and at last made known his passion by a lovely Valentine, his own design, in the flamboyant style, and was married to her after some opposition on the part of her friends, and became prosperous, and a Royal Academician, and had his will quoted in the *Illustrated London News*, you will not regret the result of your efforts to please.

Other topics suggest themselves, such as the enthronement of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the Hull convent case, pricking Sheriffs and (can it be true?) flogging girls; but the one which you will probably find most in vogue is the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Circular to the Managers of the Theatres, and his laudable attempt at petticoat government. Talk to MRS. DE COLTY on this subject. You will have no more gloomy forebodings about the decay and decline of Old England, you will forget your apprehensions that we are going the way of Ancient Rome, and Assyria, and Babylon, and all those other wicked kingdoms, when you hear how warmly, how properly, she expresses herself concerning the shockingly indelicate dresses worn by ladies—on the stage. But say everywhere and to everybody that "a thorough good hissing," as one of the papers sensibly recommends, would be the most effectual way of abating the shame.

THE CANINE FANCY.—Too often the calf of one's leg.

SEWAGE IRRIGATION A LA FRANCAISE, IN EGYPT.

THE PASHA OF EGYPT seems to be knitting himself by all his three tails at once to the *Péchés mignons* of the West. He has granted a concession to the administration of one of the Hells, which Berlin has voted too hot for Homburg and Wiesbaden, to set the ball rolling and spread the board of green cloth at Cairo. He has engaged *Grande Duchesse SCHNEIDER*, and a Parisian *corps de ballet*; has set his Foreign Office clerks translating into Arabic the liveliest librettos of OFFENBACH and the spiciest of the Palais Royal vaudevilles, and has given the ladies of his harem private boxes to look on at their performance!

The man who has done this deserves to be called a *Vice-roy* in the richest sense of the word.

The purveyors of *opera-bouffe*, *ballet*, *roulette*, and *rouge-et-noir*, at least, will be able to disprove the old proverb, "*ex Nilo nil fit*," and prove that a good deal is to be made out of the Nile.

Who says Egypt is not advancing, and that the tide of civilisation is not even now beginning to flow into her bosom from France, *viâ* Port Said, through the Suez Canal?

ODE TO FEBRUARY.

Oh, February, month of chill and change,
My AMY shallow hearted, mine no more;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
The powders and the mixture as before
For MARIANNA in the moated grange,
That's how the water comes down at Lodore,
So drop the Shop and heaven will bless your Store.

A Call to Conversion.

WE hear a great deal about conversions such as that of the MARQUIS OF BUTE, and in the meantime our Volunteers are armed with unconverted Enfield rifles. If we were invaded by troops fighting with breechloaders, what would become of our national defenders? Mr. CARDWELL, pray have the Enfields instantly converted to Sniders. Let not conversion be delayed until it is enforced by the wonders wrought on our Volunteers by the Chassepôt rifle.

HOW SIMPLE.

SPAIN has been for months trying to find a King. This shows the unpractical character of the nation. The instant the Spaniards search in the right place, the King's name is discovered. They have found it in the Directory.

Literary Anecdote.

"How came you to insert that story?" said the *spiritual* X . . . to the sparkling Z . . . (editor of the brilliant *****) "You couldn't believe it." "My dear fellow," said Z . . . "don't confuse matters. Editing's one thing, and Crediting's another." "Ah!" said X . . .

UNREASONABLE.

THOSE who think the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Circular about the dresses worn by actresses and dancers does not go far enough, should remember that he could hardly be expected to do more than skirt the subject.

From an Excited Goldfinder.

A VAGABOND stole some gold from a digger on the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S fields. What was his punishment? I don't know, but he ought to have been condemned at the Old Bailey, and then sent to *Nugget*. (Is *Newgate* meant? Yes.)

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"A CIVIL Service Clerk a Fortnight Old" is assured that the Controller of the Stationery office signed his real name to the circular about the quill pens, and did not assume a *nom de plume*.

An Evident Oversight.

A POOR fellow brought up a week or so back at Marlborough Street Police Court, told the Magistrate he had been "often murdered." It is strange that the astute MR. KNOX should not have thought of asking him if he was a Dramatic Author.

CRIMINAL QUERY.—Can a prisoner who commits himself, also form his own conviction?



"ARE YOU AWARE, MADAM, THAT THIS IS A SMOKING COMPARTMENT?"

"YES, YES, I KNOW! PRAY GO ON! WE ALWAYS TRAVEL IN SMOKING COMPARTMENTS—TO AVOID CONTAGION."

SAURIN v. STAR.

ATR—"I won't be a Nun."

THOUGH a soarin' ambition it mayn't appear to be
To sweep floors and empty dust-bins for a lady born like me;

Yet, if such work must be done,

I'll do 't, to be a nun,

Yes—though kicked, cuffed, trod, and spit upon—I will be a nun.

I'm sure I cannot tell what's the mischief I have done,

That dear reverend mother says I'm not fit to be a nun—

But I will be a nun,

Yes, I will be a nun,

Though she whip me, starve and strip me, yet I will be a nun.

Though I'm kept for hours *en deshabelle* at reverend mother's door,

Made to sleep on the bare boards, and to sit on the bare floor,

Yet I will be a nun!

Yes, I will be a nun!

Though 'mong sisters of no mercy, I will be a nun!

I'll stand until I drop, I'll eat mutton 'gainst the grain,

Wear a duster on my head, scrub my hands to chap and blain,

But I will be a nun,

Yes, I will be a nun,

And the more that they don't want me, the more I'll be a nun.

So take care, dear reverend mother, and let your daughter be,

For I mean to bring my action for assault and batteriè;

Though I want to be a nun,

Yes, and mean to be a nun,

If they give me swingeing damages, my STAR, won't you be done!

NAUTICAL NOTE.—A muddled mariner writes to ask *Punch*, if the introduction of the French Pitch will in any way damage the British Tar.

THE NEW CHIEF POLICEMAN.

WE know not which feeling should dominate, in regard to the appointment of COLONEL HENDERSON, C.B., as the new Chief of the Police. Suppose we mix our sensations, and on the one hand congratulate that gentleman on having a name out of which no joke can be made, while on the other we condole with the smart writers who have been so unconstitutionally done out of their legitimate perquisites. MAYNE was a rich harvest for the wits. Had HUGHES been the new name, the police would have got hughed to him. Had it been KNOX, police-knocks would have been suggested to the dullest. SHAW, too, would have been—pshaw, you see. But HENDERSON is hopeless. Rhymes, of course, can be done, *e. g.* on the Sabbath closing question—

"For beer she wished to send her son:
The inn was shut by HENDERSON;"

and so forth; but a complex rhyme demands a cleverness not usually accorded to the smart. We do not think, on the whole, that Government has used the wits well; but if COLONEL HENDERSON makes a good Chief, bags thieves and bangs ruffians, we must try to look over the short-coming.

Antique Epigram.

HE lied, which s^d, the other day,
Y^e Eddystone was swept away.
He lies, however sad h^t tone,
Who says he'll sweep y^e Gladdystone.
Both beacons, w^h y^e billows mock,
Because both founded on y^e rock.

REVOLTING FEROCITY.

"You ought always to take me out with you, my dear," said a wife.
"You know they say that Happiness was born a Twin." "Yes, love;
but not a Siamese twin," said the Brute.

ROUND NUMBERS.—The "Globe" Audiences.



OUR SIAMESE TWINS.

MR. BULL. "YOU DON'T THINK THE OPERATION WILL BE FATAL TO EITHER?"

DR. GLADSTONE. "OH, NO!"

DR. BRIGHT. "NOT A BIT!—DO 'EM BOTH ALL THE GOOD IN THE WORLD."

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER FOURTH.—THE STORY OF THE JOLLY OLD COCK (CONTINUED). THE GOOSE HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH THE OLD BARNDOR—KOCK ROBBINS PICKS UP CHRISTMAS CRUMBS—AN OWL ACTS PROFESSIONALLY FOR THE GOOSE—THE GOOSE CONSORTS WITH A DORMOUSE AND A PORCUPINE.

It seems that as I understand from little KOCKY ROBBINS, GOOSEY chose to run counter to Old BARNDOR's wishes in every particular. GOOSEY came of a wilful stock: he seems to have *tried* to please his father, but all to no purpose. The Jolly Old Cock brought up GOOSEY expensively, with a view to position, and making a connection. He sent him to the University with the same idea. So far so good, and GOOSEY went on the usual road. He proved himself not more of a Goose than nine out of ten of his *æquales*; he came out of the first examination an unplucked Goose, and being subsequently crammed and fattened up for the Christmas examination for B. A. degree, he came out of that well placed in the penultimate class, and had the privilege of putting his head between the Vice Chancellor's legs in order to be told, in Latin, softly whispered in his ear by way of a secret, which he wasn't to tell anyone, that he was nothing more or less than a Baccalaureus Artium entitled to a hood, a pair of bands, two strings to his gown, and to pay about forty pounds for these enviable distinctions.

The Jolly Old Cock knew that a degree was the period put to the necessity for an undergraduate's residence at the University, and, having been himself in business from the age of fifteen, he suddenly announced to GOOSEY that he had obtained for him a situation in a Banking House. GOOSEY did not realise the situation until he had fairly entered upon his duties, and then, after taking counsel with some friends, especially with DAWSON DORMOUSE, an old College chum, he naturally set their advice on one side, and followed his own course.

Now his own course was diametrically opposed to the Jolly Old Cock's plan.

GOOSEY showed his father how unfitted he naturally was for business, and how this unfitness had become positive incapacity under the training which Old BARNDOR had himself given him. Now of all days in the year GOOSEY chose Christmas day, after Church time, as being best suited for his explanation. One reason for this was, that it was a holiday in the City, and another had something to do with the kindly tone and charitable feeling which was, as it were, brought in by the recurrence of the Christian festival. But as you have seen, GOOSEY was a Goose. So, when BARNDOR heard his son's mild explanation, he grew redder than ever about the gills, and swore that if his son didn't do what he wished, he would not give him a sixpence. This he confirmed with an oath: in fact, being highly choleric and explosive, he sent himself to perdition, conditionally, more than once during the interview.

GOOSEY said he had tried and failed. It was hard for him at his age, and after his education, to be doing a mere office-drudge's work.

Old BARNDOR, glowing before the fireplace, exclaimed, "Why, confound it, I was put at it when I was only fifteen. Yes, I had to work for my daily bread"—this phrase was thrown in as a sort of pious quotation suited to a father—"and deuced glad I was to get it, I can tell you. *Your work!* I was there from half-past eight till six, and Old GRANNIT would have turned any one out who was a minute late."

"But you were only fifteen, you say," commences GOOSEY, about to show that no parallel exists.

"Well, Sir, and you're twenty-two," Old BARNDOR retorts, sharply. "What of that? You've had a blanked fine education, which you seem to forget you owe to me—to your father."

"No, I don't forget that," says GOOSEY, "but——"
"But, but, but, WHAT!" shouts his Jolly Old Cock of a father, and before GOOSEY can continue his answer, Old BARNDOR has taken it up for him, sneeringly,

"But You are too proud; but You can't sit in an office; but You can't go the rounds on account day to the other houses; but You can't associate with clerks, because your father has made a gentleman of you; more fool he to waste his money on such an ungrateful vagabond."

At this point, after a little quiet swearing to himself, during which GOOSEY was wishing he could adduce some new and telling argument on his own side to justify the facts which he admitted, the Jolly Old Cock thrust both his hands into his pockets, turned on his heel abruptly, walked to the window, and looking out into the street, it was winter time, and looked very starved and cold, said, scowling, "There! I've had enough of this. If you change your mind, well and good; if not—don't come here again. Ah, how d'ye do? How are you?" This salutation was given in the pleasantest tone possible to KOCK ROBBINS, who happened to pass at that moment.

KOCKY ROBBINS, not being allowed by his profession of dinner-eating to be a family man, depends upon his patrons for his Christmas pudding. If his patrons fail him, he has to jollificate by himself at his Club, if he is in funds, or in his own room on the landlady's beef and pudding, which come up for him warmed after their first appearance at the one o'clock dinner. Should there be no crumbs from even this

quarter, then ROBBINS is as festive as he can be all by himself, on tea, buttered toast, marmalade, and an uncertain egg.

His patrons had failed him on this Christmas Day, and hence it happened that he was passing slowly, very slowly, in front of the Jolly Old Cock's house, where, he felt there was still a last chance of an invitation.

So the ill wintry wind which blew sharply on GOOSEY's face patted ROBBINS on the back, at the same time and on the same doorstep.

The Jolly Old Cock beckoned him in, as GOOSEY slowly put on his coat and hat in the hall.

"A Merry Christmas!" said KOCKY, blithely, to the poor Goose.

The Goose thanked him, and returned the compliment, as of no use in *his* keeping.

"You'll just make up our number," exclaimed Old BARNDOR, shaking ROBBINS' hand heartily, and drawing him into the drawing-room.

Then GOOSEY knew that *he* was not expected, and passed out by the door which the servant was holding open for him.

Old BARNDOR gave a magnificent dinner that night. Everyone politely asked after GOOSEY as their host's son, and everyone was perfectly satisfied with any answer. It was the Jolly Old Cock they'd come to see, and *his* dinner they were going to eat, and they wished him and themselves many such another happy Christmas in the same place, and really meant it. And if there had been, which there wasn't, any sort of doubt as to BARNDOR's right and title to being *par excellence* a Jolly Old Cock, it would have been set at rest for ever on that jovial Christmas night.

To DAWSON DORMOUSE and others—who, whatever opinions they held as to the conduct of Old BARNDOR, freely told his son that he had behaved like an impolitic Goose—GOOSEY explained his father's motives; but not until two years afterwards, when they had been explained to him by MR. OWL, the solicitor, to whom it fell to draw up a deed, by which, for a certain annual consideration, GOOSEY made over to Old BARNDOR all claims upon such property as would of right be his at the Jolly Old Cock's decease.

The *protégée*, who lodged at SPRATT's, had not a little to do with the Jolly Old Cock's conduct in this matter.

Old BARNDOR found his son a nuisance, a check upon his pleasures, an expense when he had looked forward to his being no burden upon him at all.

"But he can afford it?" I asked DORMOUSE.

"Of course he can, and plenty over," returned DORMOUSE, slowly.

And the DORMOUSE bestowed a variety of epithets, at intervals, as is his way, upon Old BARNDOR, among which not the least strong were miserly, cunning, selfish, wicked, cruel, debauched old scoundrel.

But this, after all, is only the opinion of DORMOUSE, and perhaps one or two others who are partial to GOOSEY; but if you ask SPRATT, or KOCKY ROBBINS, or the WRENS, or the SKYLARKS, or, in fact, any one who knows BARNDOR, his house, and dinners, they'll all be unanimous in declaring that "he is, without exception, the Jolliest Old Cock possible."

Being thrown upon the world the Goose found two friends in DAWSON DORMOUSE and TOM PORCUPINE, who had lodgings together, and were delighted to offer their spare room to the Goose.

DAWSON DORMOUSE was at College with GOOSEY, and is, nominally, very nominally, at the bar. TOM PORCUPINE is (*i.e.* at the time of GOOSEY's expulsion:—keeping myself in the present tense as accompanying GOOSEY in his career) three or four years older than his two friends. He is in the precarious position of a sort of extra-clerk in a Government office, put on for a special occasion when there *is* work to be done, and has "something to do with the papers," and something less to do, but equally mysterious, with a Publisher in the East End.

Two fellows more dissimilar, apparently, than the Dormouse and the Porcupine, never chose to lodge in the same hole together.

(To be Continued.)

By a Ritualist Lunatic.

THE Men of the Moon,
To a Hanwell tune,
Marched up to the "Christian Knowledge;"
But the Church's mouth
Said, "Your way is South,
Be off to the Sacred College!"

SPANISH INTELLIGENCE.

"THIRTEEN Canons of the Cathedral of Burgos have been arrested for complicity in the assassination of the Civil Governor." Poor Canons! Will they be let off?

BY A SIBERIAN CAPTIVE.

WHY is a man who lives in Russia certain *not* to be the same man who lives in South America? Why, because he's a-norther person.



BRILLIANT IDEA

OF YOUNG HARDUP DURING THE TRADESMEN'S BILL SEASON.

SYMPTOMS OF A COMING ROW.

ANYTHING for a Fight. Hooray! The Irish Protestant Defence Association is up and roaring like a young lion. An "enormous" meeting has been held at the Rotunda, and MR. GLADSTONE caught it in a way that would make his friends very uncomfortable, if they did not know that he had been already likened to everything from Antichrist down to BEALES, both included. Quotations of the most terrific character were hurled at him, one speaker not very luckily likening him to Achilles raging to slay Hector (Hector being, *pro hac vice*, the Irish Church) but PEELIDES can bear that. Another orator encouraged the Defenders of the Faith—Church we mean—with the following touching sentiments:—

"Although we have—

'A struggling warfare, lingering long,
Thro' weary day and weary year—
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hangs on our front and flank and rear.'"

I would remind you that ARTHUR WELLESLEY, driven back behind the lines of Torres Vedras, yet lived to see his victorious arms within the battlements of Saint Sebastian, and his brave troops marching upon Paris. We must be filled with such a determination; we must be inspired with a like courage. Yes, my friends, when I look at and consider our high and noble cause, I would say—

'Ne'er heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn,
For, with our side shall dwell at last,
The victory of endurance born' (applause)."

Applause! We should think so. At the risk of tautology, we must again remark Hooray! The wild and many-weaponed throng, by which is meant the Liberal majority, also likened to BONAPARTE'S Frenchmen, must shake in their Wellingtons and Bluchers. But one remarkable lapse was made. MR. VERNER, M.P., to whom we are indebted for the above splendid outburst, was shamefully abandoned, at one moment, by his guardian angel, and was allowed to say:—

"We have our BRADY—a most valuable but scarcely reliable institution, given to us by MR. GLADSTONE, AS HE ONCE GAVE US PEPPER."

AN ENGLISH-SPANISH FLY.

WE entirely hold with the late KING EDWARD THE SECOND, that when men close for serious fighting, it is not a time for courtesies.

"In battle day," the King replied,
"Nice tourney rules are set aside."

But is there any particular fight between the *Morning Star* and the English Ambassador in Spain, that can quite justify the Correspondent of the former in this severe pitch into the latter?—

"I believe the salary is £6000 a-year. Let the English who come to this city, answer what help or courtesy they receive at the hands of the Ambassador. As it is, one must go generally twice, sometimes thrice, before one can even deliver one's credentials to the deputy, the principal being seldom visible, or visible only for a few moments. The only place where one is certain to find him is at the Museum, copying, with more or less success, one of the many masterpieces to be found in that magnificent collection. The new Ministry might do a far worse thing in diplomacy than recal SIR JOHN CRAMPTON."

Really, this seems a harsh punishment to begin with. Even *Sam Weller* was for a much milder initiatory hint to the Shepherd, and would not in the first instance put him into the water-butt and shut the lid down. If LORD CLARENDON were to write a strong letter to SIR JOHN, intimating that he must sometimes forget MURILLO and attend to travelling cockneys, the remonstrance might have its effect, as *Mr. Punch* has always heard that the Ambassador is a gentleman. Besides, the best thing that an Ambassador can do, is to do as little as possible; this is a doctrine which we are sure that the *Star* will approve. At all events we cannot approve the Spartan sternness which proceeds to execution without giving the alleged offender a chance of self-justification or of reformation. The *Star* Correspondent may be justly vexed with the Spaniards for having returned a Monarchical Parliament instead of a Cortes of Republicans, but he should not vent all his ill-temper on SIR JOHN CRAMPTON, or interpolate, in a complaint, the feminine spitefulness of hinting that he is not a good painter. The *Star* is usually so honourably distinguished by its avoidance of vulgarity that we have the utmost pleasure in at length being able to hit a blot.

Well, we do not care to be prophetic, but if the Defenders go on in this way it is just on the cards that MR. GLADSTONE may again favour them with that pungent present. Without unduly intruding on domestic privacy, we may say that we happen to know that MR. GLADSTONE'S pepper-caster is by no means empty. Things have been very dull this winter, but "the wild night-huntsman hath gone by," and we shall have a row. Finally, and for the third time, Hooray!

NEW THING IN RACES.

AFTER all, we shall be able to bear up should there be no Derby this year. Racing is becoming more comprehensive, as is proved by the report of a velocipede race for twenty pounds. The horses of those who accompanied the competitors could not keep up with them. This will probably inaugurate a new era in racing, and we shall shortly hear of the Grand Wheelbarrow Stakes, the Perambulator Cup, and the Iron-Hoop Handicap. Why not? It will improve the muscles, and benefit the human race in a double sense. In the particular instance quoted, a MR. WALOSKI "trod"—that is the correct term, it seems—the two miles in nine minutes and a half. This is a capital idea; for, after all, why should betting scoundrels be the only "legs" who find their condition improved by racing?

Logic and Lighthouse.

ON Wednesday night last week a telegram from Plymouth announced that the rumour reporting the Eddystone Lighthouse to have been destroyed was without foundation. So all thinking persons expected to hear. Of course. They were sure that the Lighthouse had a very strong foundation, and they were not sure that the rumour of its destruction had any.

"HOLIDAYS of the Church!" exclaimed an elderly gentleman, who was perpetually being worried into "early services" and "high celebrations," by his Ritualistic daughters; "Don't tell me of such holidays—my festival and real day of rest is *Wet-Sunday*."

STAGE COPYISTS AND STAGE CRITICS.



Read in ARCH-DEACON HARE'S *Guesses at Truth* of a kind of men who, coming near a tree, never lift up their eyes, but go looking diligently on the ground till they come on a dry stick, and having found it, cry with a loud voice, "Eureka! behold one of the roots!"

From this order of men seems to have sprung a good many of the dramatic critics now-a-days, incompetent or indisposed for the more useful duties of their calling—measuring the merits, analysing the purposes, gauging the point, wit, humour, fancy, poetry, imagination of a play, or the merits or shortcomings of the actors,—they are large on the possible sources whence the author may have borrowed his idea, incidents, subject, story, or situations. If they can possibly refer anything in the play to anything that has ever been presented on the stage before, they insist on doing so, no matter how remote the resemblance, or how improbable the "conveyance."

This is a safe and easy game, and gratifies the smaller sentiments of critical natures. It may *sometimes* be fair criticism; but in a great many cases it is equally unfair and useless.

Ever since there has been a stage, dramatists have borrowed their subjects and stories, and it was when they were most original that they borrowed most freely and fearlessly. SHAKESPEARE was a reckless conveyancer. Look at the Italian novelists whom he drew upon without scruple. See how he cut up NORTH'S *Plutarch* into cantles for his *Julius Cæsar* and *Coriolanus*, giving himself no more trouble than was required for the slicing of NORTH'S prose into ten-foot lengths. Think of the old plays he was content—like a master-cobbler as he was—to vamp and patch and polish, and sole and heel,—the earlier King Johns and Henry the Sixths, and Timons of Athens, and—who knows—Hamlets, perhaps. He had his critics of the time, one of whom pitched into him as "a crow beautified with our feathers." But before and after him, in all times and all countries, play-writers, grave or gay, big or little, have put in practice the right of taking their matter where they found it. TERENCE robbed MENANDER, SENECA, SOPHOCLES, and EURIPIDES; ROTROU, CORNEILLE and RACINE, SENECA and the Greeks; MOLIÈRE, REGNARD, and their followers, TERENCE, PLAUTUS, and the Spaniards; VANBRUGH and WYCHERLY, MOLIÈRE; SHERIDAN, BUCKINGHAM and VANBRUGH. And so stage conveyancing has gone on, in a round of wrong, in all countries, from the earliest times to our own.

BOUCICAULT and MADDISON MORTON are not less original than COLMAN and KENNY, but the French sources which the elder playwrights drew from were not known to their public. The moderns do not and cannot keep theirs a secret. Everybody reads the French *feuilletons*; JEFF'S shop is open to all; and the *Magasin Théâtral* costs only sixpence a number. But, as a matter of fact, what are called the good old English comedies and farces are, in six cases out of ten at least, adaptations from the French.

Of course, the dramatist who invents story as well as dialogue and characters deserves more credit than he who invents only one or two of the three. But he who makes a character live and move and have its being for reader or spectator, does more than he who ferrets out from life or history a subject not yet turned to stage account, or builds up a plot out of his own invention. So does he who clothes his borrowed skeleton of a story in the beauty of fervid passion and high thought, sweet and stately verse, consummate wit, or genial humour.

These are the qualities that show the master. The story is but the peg to hang them upon. True, when the sole merit is in the story, when all the interest is got out of surprise and suspense, or the shock of a startling incident, as it often is in modern plays, he who borrows the story, situation, or incident, borrows all. Where play of passion or display of character is *nil*, poetry absent, wit wanting, humour, point, or grace of style dispensed with, for mere story, let us by all means credit the inventor of the one quality of the piece with all its success. But let the critics learn to distinguish between borrower and borrower, between adaptation and adaptation, between those who convey to enrich, grace, embellish, and invest with new life, and those who steal to deform and defoul, stunt, and starve—those who bring everything, and those who bring nothing to replace all that evaporates in translation.

Why should there not be a rule laid down that the word "original" shall be confined in the bills to pieces of which no original in a dramatic form already exists, and why should not the International Copyright

Bill be so modified that he who lays a foreign author's work under contribution shall pay for it?

In the meantime *Mr. Punch* is not sorry that this question should have been started by the recent charge against MR. ROBERTSON of having borrowed the idea of his charming comedy, *School*, from BENE-DIX'S very inferior *Aschenbrödel*. For this may set people thinking wherein lies the merit and demerit of stage-plays.

Would that lack of originality in plot and story were the worst fault of our dramatic writing.

Undoubtedly, it cannot be said to be a good time for the theatre in which coarse sensation, buffoonery, and bare ballet-girls usurp so much room, and are so relied upon to draw.

But there is a great deal more to be said for our stage, even as it is, than the critics are in the habit of saying, just as there is a great deal to be said against it that needs saying and is left unsaid. And this applies to acting as of play-writing.

Till we see sounder and honest, more impartial, and outspoken judgment of both—the judgment of critics who know what is good and relish it, yet can take into account the conditions of the time which stand in the way of what is good—who have taste and culture, yet are neither pedantic, bigoted, or impracticable,—and above all critics who have no interests to serve but those of Art and the public,—*Mr. Punch* is as little disposed to lend an ear as to look for good to the cuckoo cry of originality, raised without distinction or discrimination, and prompted far oftener by the ill-nature of a rival, or the jealousy of an unsuccessful *confrère*, than by the outraged feelings of those who respect originality, and are anxious to see every man credited with all that fairly belongs to him, and no more.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC BROWNRIGG.

A SERIES of vile letters has been published in a certain Magazine, with the apparent object of outraging the feelings of simple people, in order to gain notoriety by creating sensation. These communications might be described as a sort of Brownrigg Papers, with the qualification that they do not profess to advocate pushing Mrs. BROWNRIGG'S practices to murder, and that they affect to recommend the perpetration of them, not by mistresses on apprentice girls, but by mothers of families on their grown-up daughters of eighteen or twenty.

The writers of these foul, if feigned, articles enter into minute details on the choice of instruments of torture, and on devices for inflicting on young ladies a combination of "shame and pain." Over these some of them appear to gloat in such a way as almost to persuade one that they are in earnest, and write under the influence of feelings which have been engendered, or aggravated, in Ritualist confessionals. For further particulars, see the *Saturday Review* of Jan. 30.

But, although all these odious letters in the Magazine may be mere inventions, it is possible enough that they may produce the effect of inflaming the morbid cruelty and malice of some depraved female, and may so develop a maternal BROWNRIGG. In that case it is to be hoped that MR. BROWNRIGG, on first discovery, will let his wife know what he thinks of her discipline by a vigorous application of it to her own person, and teach her to inflict "shame and pain" on her daughter by putting her to both herself. For this purpose, before all the family and the servants, following her own procedure, MR. BROWNRIGG would but perform an act of retributive justice by lashing Mrs. B. with a horsewhip to within an inch of her life. With a horse-whip? No; with a dogwhip—the more appropriate scourge.

Conventual Tender Mercies.

THE Court of Queen's Bench has presented us with a pretty view of a convent interior. Who says the disclosures are revolting? The treatment which Sisters of Mercy are liable to be subjected to may seem merciless. But doubtless it is founded on principle. Its object is educational. "She had suffered persecution," says STERNE, "and learned mercy." Sisters of Mercy are tormented to teach them their business.

Personal, Surely.

MR. RAIKES, Opposition Member for Chester, declared at a political banquet, that what a distinguished American said to his friend in a difficulty was the best thing that could be said, at this crisis, to a Conservative. "Stick!" We have no objection, except to the rudeness. It is what is always said to a person who is too stupid to know how to Act.

PLEASANT READING.

In Berlin they have a paper which from its name must be a very disagreeable one to read, and is, we presume, the organ of all grumbling, cantankerous, and ill-tempered people, for it is called *The Cross Gazette*.

A FACT.—The best check for pauperism—one of PEABODY'S.



HERESY.

Mamma. "YOU KNOW WHO BUILT THE ARK, GEORGE?"
George (promptly). "NOAH, 'MA."

Mamma. "AND WHAT DID HE BUILD IT FOR?"
George (dubiously). "FOR LITTLE BOYS TO PLAY WITH, 'MA!?"

PITCH.

DEAR PUNCH,

You will recognise my signature, probably, although I have been so terribly screwed up of late that when I speak, I hardly know myself from my next door neighbour. There is a great deal of nonsense written about all my friends and relatives just now, and you, dear *Punch*, can do us service by correcting some false impressions that have gone abroad.

It was COSTA who made me so much sharper than I was formerly; therefore he alone is to blame if I am bold enough to say what I think.

It is absurd to accuse poor VERDI and other Composers of our rise. How can any man write us a semitone higher or lower? You could not, if you tried. Yet an authority, who has, I suppose, confused harmony with tuning, attributes to VERDI and others our present elevated position. He supposes, because VERDI extended the compass of the Baritone, and wrote Tenor music for him, that therefore he wrote higher, as truly he did, but not sharper. The trap was a good one, and the wise man fell into it. The same critic talks about the police not interfering with us, and complains that the "Teutonic Directors take their own line as to the pitch fork." If they do, he ought to follow their example, and take to farming.

Some people sneer at MR. SIMS REEVES, and at all the efforts he is making to restore us to our proper positions. They say MR. REEVES has been singing "under pitch" for the last twenty years—clearly a gross error; for though MR. REEVES may be sometimes not up to scratch, he was always up to and never under anything else in music.

My near relative A has been cited as being too highly favoured by MR. REEVES. I have often heard the note brought out by our great Expositor, but never oftener than HANDEL (who knew us when we were differently situated) would have wished. The particular note is employed by our old Master no less than eleven times in "*Sound an Alarm*," twice in "*Thou shalt break them*," and twice in "*The Enemy said*." I can only remark that I wish I were A instead of what I am, and that HANDEL could hear me when MR. REEVES deigned to give me out—shouldn't I be proud!

But the object of my writing to you at all was not to expose the folly of anybody so much as to explain that we unfortunates, who belong to the only harmonious scale in Nature, have been hardly used by COSTA. Ever since he came into power he has insisted upon pulling us up higher and higher, to make his band sound more brilliantly, until at last we are not only out of our element, but out of the good graces of all good singers, young and old, whose voices we are seriously damaging. We don't mind giving ourselves airs, in fact it is our duty to do so, but we strongly object to the high jinks we have been made to play for the last quarter of a century.

Yours, B.

BOBBY! BOBBY! BOBBY!

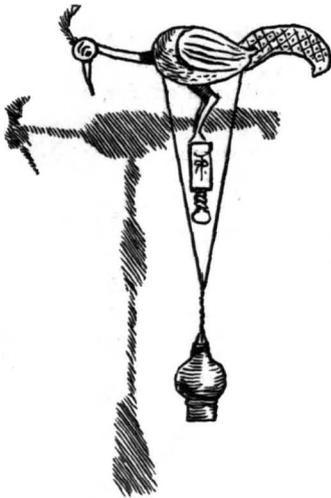
The other day at Manchester a Clown was arrested on a warrant for not supporting his wife. Now, if this sort of thing is to be repeated, it will be a sad blow to an ancient amusing and highly immoral institution. From time immemorial Clowns have been considered free to exercise every kind of atrocity with impunity. Who cannot picture to himself the delighted countenance of the policeman who, as the representative of his much wronged fraternity, turned the tables on poor Motley, and actually had him up before the Magistrate! This is a dreadfully levelling age, but if Clowns are not to be allowed to do as they like, there is—from a pantomimic point of view—no hope for the country.

Philosophy on Four Legs.

Poor and content! What do you mean?
 No wants to gratify?
 Hog without hunger, dozing, lean,
 In EPICURUS' sty.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.—The Dinner Table.

AN INSULTED BIRD.



THE Poet of *Paradise Lost* and *Il Penseroso*, my dear Mr. Punch, says of the nightingale:—

“Sweet bird, that shunnest the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!”

Addicted as I am to soaring, I hope I do not fly too high in saying that MILTON might have sung nearly the same about me. Nearly, observe, not quite. Although I say it that shouldn't, I am most musical, but altogether the reverse of most melancholy; on the contrary, universally accounted most merry. Hence, my name has come to be abused in a shameful manner; of which I now complain to you. It is made to signify a sort of merry-making which is about the most despicable and brutal foolery that I look down upon

from the sky. You saw in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the other day, that two young snobs were committed for tearing down the fittings of a first-class carriage, and throwing the footwarmer out of window. They pleaded that this damage was only done for a purpose to which they gave my name. I object to such a vile misapplication of it. Drunken idiots usually make the same excuse for wrenching off door-knockers and bell-handles. Even in common discourse it is customary to use my name as a synonym of the word, equally vulgar and disgusting with the outbreak which it signifies, called a “spree” by *Champagne Charlie* and the gents. I do protest against the misnomer of terming a silly mischievous frolic, of which the character is always essentially low,

Heaven's Gate, Dunstable.

A LARK.

SCOUNDRELISM ON THE SEA.

PERHAPS no plummet that shall be cast will ever find the bottom of human baseness and wickedness. We have sometimes thought that we had nearly sounded them, as in the case of the first Napoleon, or the last hag sent to penal servitude for stripping children of their clothes. But up crops a new case, which seems to demand a heavier lead and a longer line than do either of the criminals we have mentioned. At first we know not whether to thank MR. JAMES GREENWOOD, or not, for making the revelation, so disgusting is the cold brutality he records; but, on reflection, we thank him for having added another to his good deeds. What think you, brothers and sisters, who lie safely listening to the furious tempests, and who find some comfort, when you are pitying the sailors, in the thought that they are furnished with life-buoys, that may hold them up in the fight with the black waves,—what think you, we say, of this?

“Writing to me,” says MR. GREENWOOD, in last Friday's *Star*, “concerning loss of life at sea, MR. DIXON, a well-known life-belt and buoy maker of Sunderland, informed me that he had grave suspicions of the quality of the life-buoys manufactured in London, and supplied to the Jew sloop shops. He himself had met with life-buoys composed of the basest materials, and sent me some bits of *common rush* as a sample of the interior of one he had dissected. He further apprised me of the fact that to such an extent had this fraud been perpetrated, that a very large number of seamen would have nothing to do with life-buoys, declaring that they would rather go down and have done with it, than hang in the jaws of death for a few hours, with the certainty of drowning after all, becoming more apparent as the treacherous support gradually soddened, and sank under their weight.”

There, just read that quietly. It is no case for tall language. The simple words are pretty nearly enough, don't you think? You have taken in the fact. The men struggling in the waters,—thinking of firesides and children,—and feeling the article from the Jew's sloop shop giving way under their cold hands. Let us go on, then.

MR. GREENWOOD, naturally, did not care to receive this story without inquiry. He is no Gusher, eager to gush before a tale can be contradicted. On the contrary, a hard-headed, practical gentleman. He went to Shadwell, and found a belt and buoy maker. The man was frank enough:—

“He informed me that the buoys which are all stamped ‘warranted corkwood,’ are nothing of the kind; ‘not one in a dozen.’ ‘You couldn't do it for the money,’ said my informant; ‘the Jews that such as we work for won't give more than three-and-six or four shillings each for 'em, and how much

cork can you afford to stuff into 'em for that, I'd like to know?' . . . He appeared to think that it did not matter what the canvas covers were stuffed with so long as they were well sewn and painted. I further inquired as to where the precious goods of his manufacture might be bought, and he replied shortly, ‘Anywhere.’ And it seemed that this was perfectly true.”

He told MR. GREENWOOD what was put into the articles—rushes, shavings. But this will be shown better in MR. GREENWOOD's own account:—

“The neighbourhoods of Shadwell, Ratcliff, and Poplar were visited, and at each place at a seaman's sloop-shop a ‘good life buoy’ was inquired for and bought. One was branded ‘warranted corkwood,’ one ‘all cork,’ and the third simply bore the word ‘warranted.’ They ranged in price from six shillings to seven-and-sixpence. They were all three carried home, and dissected with the following results:—

“No. 1 (‘warranted corkwood’), when its flimsy yellow skin was slit, was discovered to consist bodily of straw, sparsely covered with cork shavings for the satisfaction, it is presumed, of any cautious mariner who might feel disposed to risk a like slit in his purchase so as to make sure of its quality before he paid for it.

“No. 2 (‘warranted’) was stuffed with rushes.

“No. 3 (‘all cork’) cork chips and rushes, about twenty per cent. of the former and eighty of the latter.

“To test the buoyant capability of the three detected impostors they were placed in water, a weight of ten pounds being attached to each. This was the result:—

“‘Warranted corkwood:’ sank in an hour.

“‘Warranted:’ stood the test for nearly two hours, and then succumbed.

“‘All cork,’ floated for four hours, and then sank from view.”

We really do not see that we can do better than leave the case as thus succinctly stated. We thought that no form of rascality could surprise us much; but this revelation has more nearly produced astonishment than any atrocity of which we have read for years. Yet why be astonished? For, “buthness is buthness,” as the Jew sloop-shop keeper would say; and “business is business,” as his Christian rival would remark. But, but—would it not be pleasant to fling a gang of the vendors of these accursed things into the sea off Brighton pier on a blowy day, and pitch them a choice assortment of their own buoys and belts to save them? We doubt whether a purer pleasure could be suggested to us, unless we could hand them to the unfriendly Maories about dinner time. We may not have either happiness; but we may call upon all our contemporaries to do their best to spread the knowledge that such are among the devilish tricks of trade; and we may among us save a good many poor fellows from the deep. Can't the Sailors' Home, among other channels, send about the facts? And if Jack inquires into the matter, and, breaking open a buoy at a sloop shop, finds straw or shavings, we hope that he will not be so hard as to pull the Jew's nose off—that is, not quite off.

CUTTING IT FINE.

THE Controller of Her Majesty's Stationery Office has issued a Circular to the public offices, urging greater economy in the consumption of quill pens, which, judging from MR. GREG's cutting remarks, appear to be very wastefully used between ten and four. As this is a question of pounds, shillings, and *pens*, the nation having to stump up a large sum every year for the supply of these quills, the Controller is no doubt right in making a pounce upon what seems a decided abuse. But, perhaps, a still more necessary reform would be effected, if the consumption of another article in constant use in Government offices could be lessened—Red Tape.

Nice Police News from Wigan.

THE other day at Wigan a publican and collier were tried for brutally assaulting a policeman who had called at the house of the former after midnight. He knocked him down, kicked him, and, says the local report, “tried to hold him over a fire—a performance in which they succeeded for a short time.” The publican was fined ten pounds: the accomplice half. Policemen are evidently not very highly valued at Wigan. There is a touch of professional originality in the collier's putting the policeman on the coals. Possibly they had been bitten by the Pantomimes in which the guardians of the peace are generally roasted.

A Box of Smoke.

A SEA-CAPTAIN has been fined, at Liverpool, for smuggling over tobacco in a missionary box. As such things are about the size of cigar-boxes, the poor man's offence could not have been very large. Why didn't he plead that the tobacco was some pious and anonymous contribution to the society to which the box belonged? If “VIGILANS” and other Argus-eyed writers say truth, many missionary contributions are dissipated in much less sensible ways than the smoking them.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.—In a Dentist's Window.



SPORT ?

Ruffian (to Snob). "YOU 'VE BROKE HIS WING, AND NO MISTAKE, MISTER."
Snob. "YES, I'M A GETTING ON."

PRISCIANITIES.

As there is likely to be a good deal of talk about the Spanish Parliament, it may be convenient to the ill-informed (most persons) to know that this body does not spell its name like that of CORTEZ, mentioned in *Rokeby* :—

"Till sank PIZARRO's daring name,
And CORTEZ, thine, in BERTRAM's fame,"

Nor is it in the singular number. It is masculine and plural, spelt Cortes, means States, and therefore not to be followed by "is," except in the language of such persons as say Sugars is riz. While in Spain, let us demand why people say they are going to the Al Hambra, any more than they would say they have been reading the Al Koran. Even the Greeks are educating themselves in the matter of language, and shall an Englishman come behind a Greek, except to give him a kick, if misconducting himself ?

A SPANISH BULL.

At the opening of the Spanish Constituent Cortes MARSHAL SERANO made a speech, epitomised in a telegram, concluding with the announcement that :—

"The inaugural address was received with great enthusiasm, and at its conclusion shouts were raised of 'Long live the Nation!' 'Long live the National Sovereignty!' 'Long live the Provisional Government!'"

How little the shouting part of mankind are accustomed to consider the meaning of their vociferations, it is amusing to see. "Long live the Nation!" is a reasonable cry, and there is consistency in "Long live the National Sovereignty;" but the Cortes convoked to settle a permanent Constitution, evinced a rather unthinking enthusiasm when they shouted "Long live the Provisional Government!"

"A RESPECTFUL NEGATIVE."—The Photograph that Flatters.

STUCCO: A MADRIGAL.

BEHOLD the domes of wealthy pride
In London's Western quarter;
The best of them are built, inside
Of sorry bricks and mortar.
Whilst you survey their outside fair,
With admiration struck, O
Remember that the fronts they wear
Are but all stucco, stucco!
All stucco, stucco,
All stucco, stucco.
The fronts those splendid mansions wear
Are naught but stucco, stucco.

So Beauty's but skin-deep at most,
Thus much you may depend on,
Beneath it there's no more to boast
Than muscle, nerve, and tendon.
If ever you a wooing go,
Consider that, young Buck O!
Fair face, which hides such things below,
Is but all stucco, stucco.
All stucco, stucco,
All stucco, stucco,
Is as a mask to things below,
And naught but stucco, stucco.

WONDERFUL CURE BY EPSOM SALTS.

WELL, what did *Mr. Punch* say all along? That MR. STUDD would win on the Derby Course. He has won. He is to be paid about what he demands for the use of his land, and he appears to have thrown a bit of generosity into the bargain. The disinterested creatures who train horses only to improve the English breed, and run them only to give the public a holiday, and bet on them only to keep up their practice in arithmetic, and let seats at exorbitant prices only that their patrons may not be over-crowded, grumble, no doubt, but MR. STUDD has his rights, and we are very glad he stuck out for them against Cant. But now, let all be now forgotten. The Festival is saved, which might have been a Mournival.

DESPERATE GAME.—A Stag at Bay.

PEARL FROM A FISH-DINNER.

ANYTHING prettier than the way the young MARQUIS OF LORNE (son of the DUKE OF ARGYLL, you plebeians who haven't a BURKE) returned thanks for the ladies, at the Fishmongers' dinner to Ministers, cannot be. Lest it should be forgotten, we immortalise it. First he quoted SCHILLER—we forget the exact words—something of this kind—

"Honour to women, to whom it is given,
To make men sigh to escape to heaven,"

or to that, or another effect. But the gem was the finish. "I thank you, Prime Warden, for this homage to those who are the Wardens of our Hearts." The worst is that one can't use this again, as Wardens are not often met. But if ever we meet one at a wedding-breakfast, and we propose the bridesmaids, we see our way to something about making them Church-wardens of our hearts. Church—don't you see—marry 'em—eh? Thanks, LORD LORNE—the fishmongers don't often hear such pretty things about the maids.

A CIVIL MAIDSERVANT'S QUESTION.

THE other night, at a meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, a philogynist read a paper, and a conversation ensued, on the employment of women in the Civil Service—which the Government are about to reduce. The argument of the paper, however, and the general opinion of the meeting, were in favour of opening the overmanned Civil Service to women. The utility of so doing may appear less obvious than the equity; but the idea, at least, suggests an inquiry perhaps of some importance as a woman's question. There is one particular in which women will naturally like to know whether, if eligible for the Civil Service, they will be subject to the same condition as that which generally regulates the Domestic—"No Followers Allowed" ?

RACING QUERY.—Is a fiery horse the best animal to "put a pot on" ?



PROVOKING!

"THAT'S IT, GUV'NER! GO IT!! GIVE IT 'IM!!! YER HOUR'LL SOON BE UP!!!!"

A LITTLE PLEA FOR LARGE APPETITES.

PEOPLE who have suffered from a plethora of turkeys, and who, with all their frolicking and feasting this last Christmas, may have found it hard some days to get an appetite for dinner, are likely to forget that hunger really is a most unpleasant feeling, and becomes indeed distressing when carried to excess. To a gourmand who is daily gorged with a good dinner, hunger may appear a sensation to be wished for; and envy, more than pity, may be the inward feeling with which he may regard a child half starving in the streets. A boy stuffed to repletion with plum-pudding and mincepie may awaken his compassion in a far higher degree than the little hungry urchins who crowd about the pie-shops, and flatten their small noses against the dirty glass.

But we are not all gourmands, and Christmas feasts are over, and we most of us know what it is to have a healthy appetite after a day's work. So we most of us can feel real pity for the little ones, with whom appetites are far more plentiful than dinners, and whose limbs are lean and stunted by paucity of food. But something more than pity it is in our power to give, and how to give that something usefully may be learnt from this:—

"Last year the Committee of the Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children commenced, in December, a system of providing 500 children with a good dinner weekly. These dinners were regularly given during the months of December, January, and February last, the whole number of dinners provided having been 6,682, at a total cost of £196 1s. 7d., or at a very small fraction beyond the sum of 7d. per dinner."

Sevenpence per dinner! and here are hundreds of us Christians dining pretty often at some three guineas a-head! At one meal we consume the cost of giving dinners to above a hundred children, who need a dinner far more than we do ourselves. If you have any doubt on this point, listen to what follows:—

"It is impossible to calculate the value of these meals to those who ate them, but it may be safely estimated that this one good meal in seven days has saved many a little child from fever, lung disease, or some other malady such as would be almost certain to attack the little frame wasted and weakened by a lack of nutriment. Many of these little ones are the children of very

poor parents. Their fathers have probably no regular employment: and when work fails, food, as a matter of course, fails also. 'You are not as quick as usual,' says the teacher of the ragged school. 'Teacher, I have had no breakfast, and I feel very weak,' is the reply."

Starving often leads to stealing, and a good dinner once a week may save a child from growing to a ruffianly thief. Think of this, please, you, whose selfishness is really the mainspring of your charity; and reflect that the more dinners you subscribe for in the Refuges, the less likelihood there is that you will be garrotted by some hunger-bred street-ruffian a dozen years, say, hence.

BROTHERLY, BUT A BORE.

We read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—

"The inspectors of weights and measures for St. Pancras have again inflicted penalties on a large number of tradesmen for having defective weights and measures. Amongst others they have fined a vestryman 10s., but according to the system adopted by the vestry under the local Act of Parliament the names of the vestryman and other tradesmen who have been fined are kept strictly secret."

Punch considers this latter course rather noble and brotherly on the part of the Vestrymen. Each is willing to bear his share in the disgrace. But it is also rather a bore for the public, who have to procure a list of the Pancras Vestry, and carefully abstain from buying anything at the shop of any vestryman who sells by weight or measure.

To Authors and Managers.

We wish to suggest a suitable name for the first new Burlesque or *Pantomime* that shall be brought out with decent dresses. Let it be a pastoral *Watteausque* piece, and let it be called, out of compliment to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, *Arcadia*, SYDNEY'S *Arcadia*.

LEG-ITIMATE SUCCESSES.—Modern Extravaganzas.

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.



ain as to the authorship of *Il Barbiere* (always speak as if you were familiarly acquainted with this work), and know that you go rarely and inexpensively to the opera, and that when you do go you go to sleep, and wish they would omit all the recitative, and relate their joys and griefs in a language you could understand.

Again, you probably could not tell the difference between hydrogen and oxygen, and would be puzzled to give an intelligible account of the cause of an eclipse; but for all that, if MISS CERULLA STROCKEN chooses to enlarge upon HUXLEY'S paper and TYNDALL'S discourse, upon molecules and protoplasms, spectrum analysis, and "BAILY'S beads," ordinary politeness, and the remembrance that you belong to the superior sex, should save you from disclosing your ignorance. It seems superfluous to hint that you must never let any one

suppose you are other than thoroughly well versed in the usual modern languages, and that all anecdotes, epigrams, and witticisms, particularly if concealed in verse, circulated in those tongues, are to be welcomed by you with a knowing grin, whether understood or not.

You are a little tired of the beautiful STAR case, and Sister SCHOLASTICA and her inadequate sweeping-brush and monotonous mutton, and skeleton suit, and thimbles, and gooseberries, and all the rest of the mean and miserable story of her persecution; and have probably settled these two things in council with yourself—that SAURIN v. STAR and Another must damage Romanism in England and its base counterfeit in the English Church, and will necessitate a stringent inspection of all convents and monasteries by Act of Parliament. Parliament! in that one word lie hints for conversation for months to come. Are we not all delighted that the sixteenth of February has come at last, that the row is going to begin, that "Disestablishment" and "Disendowment" will be spoken and written, and printed times innumerable between now and the twelfth of August, that the Right Hon. Gentleman will resume his seat amidst loud and reiterated applause, after speaking two hours and a half, without influencing a single vote or changing a single opinion, that there will possibly be another Education Bill, probably another Bankruptcy Bill, and positively another Abyssinian Bill, and that if the Lords are very tractable and considerate the Irish questions may be settled about the year 1872? Who does not envy the SPEAKER of the House of Commons? Or would you rather be the Lords Lieutenants, and receive deputations, and reply to addresses; or the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, to enjoy the treat of giving an audience to the ingenious inventor of a new system of tin pipes," or perhaps COLONEL HENDERSON?

TERRESTRIAL ANGELS' TEARS.

You are all aware of the saying that the French capital is the place of final beatitude reserved for all good Americans. Even to its native inhabitants Paris, fashionable Paris, seems to be very nearly Paradise. Very nearly; not quite. In Paradise there is no crying, of the lachrymose kind, at least. But in Paris, says the *Post's* Correspondent, there:—

"The Skating Club people have not recovered from their disappointment at the sudden break-up of the frost. It is a source of positive unhappiness to some ladies who had ordered icing costumes. I called to-day on a family, and found Madame in her drawing-room, gazing sadly on a pair of beautifully engraved skates and lovely Polish boots. 'Why so melancholy?' said I. 'Adieu patins!' she exclaimed, and burst into a flood of tears!"

Only think how happy, in general, this lady must have been to be capable of weeping over the skates to which the mildness of the season obliged her to bid farewell! What surroundings, what memories, what prospect could leave her tears for the despair of exhibiting her agility in ornamental skates and boots? From four to five, or even six meals a day, and nearly as many changes of dress in the height of fashion, are doubtless her portion in this vale of tears, of which vale Paris is a part, even to her. To all these blessings, house, servants, equipage to match, and all the other good things of wealthy life, lots of ready money inclusive, may be supposed to be added; and Paris, no doubt, contains legions of equally blessed beings, in respect of their blessedness almost angels. Yet very probably, like herself, they all cry at times, because something prevents them from showing themselves off in some special finery, or for some other disappointment or calamity not more heartbreaking. Therefore even to them Paris is something short of Paradise—even their own Paraisaical part of it is. For there are other parts of Paris, where dwell *les misérables*. If the beautiful superior beings of that city could only know, and think, what the wretched classes have to cry for, they themselves would never cry at being merely precluded from wearing superfluous and fancy clothes. Paris would then become for them as nearly as possible the place with which it is identified in the imagination of good Americans. Almost, if not quite, all tears would be wiped away from their eyes, had they any notion of the sorrows of those others.

A SOUND JUDGE.—A Musical Critic.

VERY SERIOUS DANCING.

A SHORT time ago some one ventured to suggest the idea of Ritualist quadrilles. The following statement, in a published letter from Paris, announces an advance far beyond that in the *cultus* of Terpsichore:—

"An Italian composer has published some dance-music under the title of 'The Seven Cardinal Sins!' This is a new idea, and may even sell bad music. Here is the original title:—'Lest Sept Péchés Capitaux, Danses Caractéristiques,—'L'Orgueil,' schottisch; 'L'Avarice,' polka-mazurka; 'La Luxure,' valse; 'La Colère,' galop; 'La Gourmandise,' quadrille; 'L'Envie,' polka; 'La Paresse,' mazurka."

Hereon observes the letter-writer:—

"Dance-music is often played in the churches of Italy. Why should not divinity come to the aid of music?"

The divinity that came to the aid of the composer of such dance-music as that above-named can hardly be conceived to bear any relation to the divinity which "doth hedge a king." It may be rather imagined akin to the divinity apostrophised by *Iago*. Dance-music really characteristic of the Seven Cardinal Sins would be music to which one might fancy fools dancing down an inclined plane, on the "primrose path," a "*facilis descensus*," down the middle, and not up again.

But perhaps the Cardinal Sin-dances, in spite of the present state of Parisian society, are not really characteristic. Possibly none of them are illustrations of wickedness, such as might be, and sometimes, if not usually, are, presented to the public in the modern ballet. It may be that pride, avarice, luxury, and so on, as the titles of polkas and waltzes, no more imply immorality than Sebastopol, Magenta, and Solferino, in the same connection, do carnage. For aught anybody knows, they express nothing worse than the condition of mind from which words that mean the most solemn things are commonly employed, by some composers, in the nomenclature of dance-music—idiotic frivolity.

Conundrum.

WHY oughtn't a Boot and Shoemaker to be trusted?
Because he's a Slippery Customer.

WHAT MANAGERS, ACTRESSES, AND SPECTATORS ALL WANT.—A good Dressing.

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER FIFTH.—THE STORY OF THE JOLLY OLD COCK, THE GOOSE, AND THE LITTLE DUCK, INTERRUPTED BY A DORMOUSE AND A BAT—THE DORMOUSE AT HOME—HIS HABITS—HIS PROFESSION—HE LECTURES ON CHAMBER PRACTICE, AND GIVES THE GOOSE SOME EXCELLENT ADVICE.

DAWSON DORMOUSE is the sleepest fellow I ever met. I don't know what he was as a boy, but at college, where GOOSEY made his acquaintance, his somnolent habits were proverbial.

No one, with any experience of DORMOUSE, ever thought of asking him to breakfast at nine. Such an invitation has often received from a Night Bird the answer, "My dear fellow, *I don't sit up so late*," but DORMOUSE hadn't this excuse; in fact, he had no *excuse*, but would accept the offer of hospitality with the proviso, "If I don't oversleep myself," which was tantamount to informing his host that he either wouldn't come at all; or, if he did come, would not make his appearance till mid-day.

He has always been the same; as he was, so he is, and in all probability will be to the end. DORMOUSE is not a man who lives fast; he does not, for instance, agree with those Sad Dogs who assert that "not going home until daylight doth appear" is a necessary condition of conviviality. On the contrary, DORMOUSE will dine with a party determined to make a night of it; will join them in that determination; will drink toasts, will take his share in sustaining the conversation, will help himself and pass the bottle, will smoke, will, in short, not be behind any one there in promoting the pleasure of the evening; but, about half-past eleven, some one will suddenly exclaim,—

"Hullo! where's DORMOUSE?"

Two or three wags will instantly look under the table, where, perhaps, they will be in another two hours, and, not finding him there, will discover, on further inquiry, that he had left about three-quarters of an hour ago. Whereupon they will cry, "What a fellow that DORMOUSE is!" and apply themselves, in a most Christian spirit, to make up for his defection.

DORMOUSE, in the above instance, has kept to his expressed resolution to "make a night of it," only he has done it in his own way.

He "makes a night of it" in bed: and a precious long one it is too; for though DORMOUSE has no regular time for rising, he is punctual to half an hour in retiring.

"DORMOUSE is a horribly provoking fellow," young BAT tells me, and tells him, too, to his face. Young BAT is of opinion that night was made for "sitting up." He will stay up long past the smallest hours without any sort of excitement, or even without a companion, as if he expected the end of the world between twelve and six in winter, and therefore it was no use his going to bed. When he is satisfied that another day has commenced, he looks at himself and his wry hair in the glass, shakes his head, and after observing confidentially, that "this sort of thing won't do—he must give up these late hours," he jumps into bed, and closes his eyes to the fact of the grey dawn.

Nothing will induce DORMOUSE to sit up with BAT, although he'll begin an evening with him. DORMOUSE will look in at BAT's rooms, on his road home, at nine o'clock.

"Capital!" cries BAT; "come along, and sit down. Have a cigar?"

DORMOUSE returns that he doesn't mind if he does. A cautious character is DORMOUSE's, you'll observe. A somnambulist never comes to harm if you only let him walk on; and in my opinion DORMOUSE is never thoroughly awake. He sits down by the fire and commences his cigar. Conversation gets along at a fair pace; they are plunging into the topics most interesting to Bachelors, and BAT is warming up when DORMOUSE looks at the clock, then corroborates its evidence by his watch (some men have this morbid craving for absolute certainty), and then says,

"Eleven o'clock! I didn't know it was so late."

"Late!" exclaims BAT: "Nonsense! the night's only beginning. Have another cigar."

"Thank you, I will," replies DORMOUSE; and BAT, handing him a light, is rejoicing at the success of his scheme for delaying his departure, when DORMOUSE takes up his greatcoat, and observes that the cigar he has taken "will just see him home."

"Oh, hang it!" says BAT, "stop a few minutes longer."

It is always a request for "a few minutes" with BAT. This expression means anything from a quarter of an hour to half a day. DORMOUSE is adamant.

"Well, then," says BAT, with an air of decision, as if he must really make this a matter of business, "stop till the half-hour *exactly*, and then go."

Anybody but DORMOUSE would yield to this: in fact, BAT knows that, this concession once made, to gain another half-hour *after* that is a comparatively easy matter.

But DORMOUSE is granite in his determination. He merely shakes his head pleasantly, and, putting on his hat, still puffing BAT's cigar, which

his friend considers as obtained under false pretences, he wishes BAT good night.

"Oh, you're not going?" says BAT, trying to make it appear that he really *can't* believe DORMOUSE to be in earnest.

But DORMOUSE is in earnest, and moves towards the door. BAT is at his wits' end for any pretext to delay him, in order that he may have some one to sit up with.

"Oh," says BAT, suddenly, "Just stop! I wanted to say something very particular to you." DORMOUSE pauses, and BAT feels that the corner of the thin end of the wedge is just wriggling in, and that the greatest delicacy of manipulation is required.

DORMOUSE waits a few seconds. BAT assumes a puzzled air, as if he was trying to recall what he so particularly wanted to say to DORMOUSE. Invention fails him; he can only implore his friend to "wait a minute, and he'll think of it." But DORMOUSE observes that "it doesn't matter: he'll look in again another evening."

Now, nothing annoys BAT more, at this juncture, than the postponement of a sitting. He is inclined to say, indeed sometimes *does* say, "Ah, perhaps I shan't be here another night," and adds, that he is probably going to Devonshire or Cornwall for a week: which is merely a little romance of his to induce DORMOUSE to seize the present moment.

"Well," replies the imperturbable DORMOUSE, "I must take my chance—good night." And before BAT has time to think of another excuse for procrastination, DORMOUSE has crept down-stairs, and is out of the house.

DAWSON DORMOUSE is studying the Law. His notion is to take up Chamber Practice. I think his idea is that there's no moving in this line.

"You see," he says, while in his dressing-gown and arm-chair, with his feet on the fender and his breakfast, at two o'clock p.m., by his side. "Chamber practice will just suit me. In the first place, it's practice,"—his friend admitted that it was,—"and then it's in a Chamber." This also I owned sounded far from improbable.

"Well, then," he continues, putting one foot over the other, to give each its due turn at the fire. "A chamber's comfortable; there's no rushing into Court at ten o'clock in the morning. In fact," he says, pursuing his idea of chamber practice, "there's no reason why you shouldn't see people in bed, or in your dressing-gown."

I suppose my face assumes an air of doubt upon this point, as he continues, "Why not? I give up these chambers and I have chambers in Lincoln's Inn: very good. I sleep there—my bed-room adjoins my sitting-room. Client comes to clerk in the outer room; Clerk shows him into the chamber. I am in bed, in the next room, with his papers on the counterpane. Client wants my opinion. "What do you think of So-and-so?" says he in the sitting-room. "Well," I should reply from my bed-room, "it's a case of Tenant-in-Fee," or whatever it might be, you know. "All right," he says, goes away, and I make my fifty guineas (with something included for the clerk, you know, who opens the door, and brushes one's clothes, and so forth) without stirring out of bed. *That's* chamber practice."

"You don't wear a wig, I suppose?" asked GOOSEY, who was present, and for whom the public work of the bar had many attractions.

"A wig?" repeats DORMOUSE, thoughtfully, as if this was a question on which he had read a great deal at one time, but had subsequently forgotten. "A wig? Well—I suppose not in chamber practice."

"Yet," says GOOSEY, "all barristers have the same dress."

"Ah, yes," returns DORMOUSE; "but not in chamber practice—that is, it would be absurd to suppose that I should be obliged to wear a wig and a gown in bed, while I am giving my opinions."

"Of course," says GOOSEY. "But no one *does* practise in bed."

"Why not?" asks DORMOUSE, who has evidently only chosen this department of the Law on the distinct understanding (between himself and imaginary Vice-Chancellors) that he can do business in his own style, and in comfort.

When GOOSEY was going to the Bar, how the MOLES helped him I will presently record.

(To be Continued.)

Great Ingratitude.

CUMBERLAND and Westmoreland people are about to petition the House of Commons against the appointment of MR. HENRY LOWTHER as their Lord Lieutenant, MR. DISRAELI's last snug little arrangement, done just as the door in Downing Street was closing upon him. Unreasonable Counties! Why not be satisfied to remain contented and happy under the sway of your great family at the Castle, and so enable us, envious outsiders, to realise the idea of a Lowther Arcadia?

IRISH ITEM.

THERE have been floods in Cork. Cork, as usual, kept afloat notwithstanding.



WHOLESALE!

Patron (yawning). "AUGH, WELL, THESE SORT OF THINGS ARE ALL MUCH THE SAME TO ME. I'LL TAKE A LOT BY WEIGHT—MOUNTS AND ALL. HOW MUCH A POUND FOR THIS LOT?!"

DECANAL ITERATION.

THE DEAN OF YORK is reported to have thus spoken in improving the occasion of a deplorable accident, the result of obvious and extreme incaution:—

"These dispensations we are unable to fathom. But this we may say, these things happen for examples, and they are written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the world are come."

Suppose a man, carrying a gun at full cock, and dragging it through a hedge behind him, shoots himself, would the DEAN OF YORK consider that a dispensation which he was unable to fathom? That casualty would be not a whit less mysterious than the one to which he referred. When the Dean remarks that these things happen for examples, no doubt he is right. So did deaths by fire through Crinoline. But when he says that they are written for our admonition, does he ascribe sanctity to penny-a-lining? And what does he mean by "upon whom the ends of the world are come"? Apparently much about that which was meant by the celebrated undergraduate under examination, when, being asked who was the first King of the Jews, he

answered SAUL, but instead of limiting his reply to that accurate statement, was so superfluous as to add, "which is also called PAUL." Unbridled iteration is no more than what we expect from CHADBAND; but a Dean should know where to stop.

THE CHANT OF THE CONVENT BELL.

HARK, the Convent Bell is ringing!
Child of Fashion, young and fair,
From your heart affections, clinging
Still to home, it bids you tear.
Hark, how it seems to say,
"Tired of a life too gay,
Hither your used-up soul bringing,
Come and let us crop your hair."

"Here, from constant dissipation,
You will find a nice retreat,
Of the flesh mortification;
Mouldy crusts of bread to eat:
Fat mutton if you hate,
Fat mutton on your plate.
Come where holy maceration
Shall take down your self-conceit."

"You'll be chastened here by snubbing,
Have, for faults, to kiss the floor,
On your knees be set boards scrubbing.
When your scullion's work is o'er,
Unto deaf ears may cry
For tallow, to apply,
When you shall, the skin by rubbing
Off, have made your fingers sore."

"Or, if there be cause to blame you,
You'll be made to knuckle down,
And, in public, more to shame you,
Wear a duster on your crown.
For bloom you'll have disgrace
With rose to tint your face;
Here they know the way to tame you,
Or the proudest girl in Town."

"Here your tongue must be close holden
As it can, from each 'extern,'
And the rule of silence golden
E'en with sisters you must learn.
If you exceed in chat,
You'll punished be for that.
Will example not embolden
You a blessed nun to turn?"

"If you have in your possession
Bit of rag, or candle-end,
That will be a dire transgression;
Or, a letter should you send,
Though to relations near,
Them if you call too dear,
Such misdeeds will need confession,
Penance too, when you offend."

"Wholesome discipline will humble
You completely to the dust.
Bear it well whene'er you stumble,
Or you'll out of doors be thrust.
With foul brand on your name,
Come, suffer pain and shame;
But remember, if you grumble,
Go you shall, and go you must!"

The Right Measure.

THE NEW LORD LIEUTENANT and his Countess are likely to be popular in Ireland, and will probably soon have a poem written in their praise—in the SPENSERIAN stanza, of course.

"STANDING ORDERS."—Free Admissions who can't get Seats.



TWO GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

RITUALISTIC PRIEST. "THERE, MY CHILD, OBSERVE THAT EXAMPLE OF HUMILITY AND DEVOTION. HOW SWEET TO CHANGE THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD FOR A LOT SO HUMBLE!"

FASHIONABLE CONVERT. "OH, BUT THAT IS NOT AT ALL WHAT I EXPECTED!—AND WEAR SUCH AWFUL SHOES? AND— OH REALLY, ON SECOND THOUGHTS, I SHALL STICK TO BELGRAVIA."

LONDON STONE.



PUNCH presents his best compliments to MR. JOHN LANDS and MR. CHARLES CURTOYS, Churchwardens of St. Swithin, Lombard Street, and begs leave to intimate to those gentlemen that he is much pleased to read that, abandoning the usual churchwardenly instinct, they propose to take due care of London Stone, to enclose it in an ornamental covering whereby it will remain visible, but out of the reach of mischief, and to erect tablets with Latin and English histories of the Stone. The City ought to be pleased also, and even MR. ALDERMAN LUSK might smile upon the proceeding, if we give him our solemn assurance that, to

the best of the belief of STOW and PUNCH, the Stone is not from the chisel of PHIDIAS. At least, DR. WILLIAM SMITH does not say anything about PHIDIAS having executed it. Perhaps the worthy Alderman would like to write the Latin inscription—shall we start him?

HOC LAPIS LONDISENSUS NON ERAT SEMPER HIC,
SED NEMO SCIT UBI VENIT DE,
SOLUM STETIT HIC UNUM TERRIBILE (AWFUL) TEMPUS,
ET JACKIDES CADIVS VAPULAVIT ID CUM BACULO EJUS,
DICENS, UT AIT SHAKSPERIUS,
"NUNC EST MORTIMERIUS DOMINUS HUIUS CIVITATIS,
ET SEDENS SUPER LAPIDEM LONDISENSUM,
JUBEO ET MANDO UT," ETC.

Now, dear, clever Alderman, go on with the Running.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THURSDAY, February 11. Of course, the universe had marked down in its Pocket-Book (*Punch's*) that the Essence would be resumed next week. But the extraordinary importance of the proceedings of Thursday last, in the House of Lords, to say nothing of *Mr. Punch's* glowing impatience to rush into political fray, induces him to forestal the happiness of the universe, and at once begin a New Series of Records, which promise supernatural interest and excitement. The fiery Fish-mongers, in their noble eagerness to learn news, gave the PREMIER and his colleagues a splendid banquet on that same Thursday, but MR. GLADSTONE told them only that his hand was at the plough, and he did not mean to look back. Look out, therefore, for the Plough-Monday, or other day on which he will unveil the statue of *Hibernia Placata*.

In the House of Lords, to-day, the new Chancellor, LORD HATHERLEY (mind, we don't object to occasionally naming the officials, but folks with bad memories must get a Ministerial list), took his seat on the woosack at two o'clock. The seat of the Lord High Chancellor of England in the House of Lords is called the woosack, from its being a large square bag of wool, without back or arms, covered with red cloth. Wool was the staple commodity of England in the reign of EDWARD THE THIRD, when the woosack came first into use. It was fortunate for Chancellors that so agreeable a material offered itself for their seat, as if the staple commodity had been flint arrow-heads, tennenny nails, or Wenham Lake ice, their comfort might not have been so entirely complete.

The House sat at two, in order to show that the Peers are wise men, and despise lunch. They regard it, as did a great epicure of the last generation; namely, as an Insult to Breakfast and an Injury to Dinner.

Prayers were read by the Bishop of Hereford, DR. JAMES ATLAY. Hereford is the capital of Herefordshire, and is a bishop's see, near the Wye. When a husband resembles it, in being near the why, that is, in thinking of demanding his wife's reason for doing or not doing anything, he had better go out of town and remain in fresh air and meditation until he shall have regained his senses.

EARL GRANVILLE, Colonial Secretary, sat on the Ministerial bench. He was doubtless prepared to answer any question that might be put to him as to any of the Colonies. Our colonies and dependencies embrace, affectionately, about one-third of the surface of the globe, and

nearly a fourth of its population. Their area is more than Four Millions of square miles. Our colonial and dependential population, at the latest returns, was 154,810,787. LORD GRANVILLE was ready to give information as to all or any of these places or people. But the House of Lords was as well informed as himself; at all events it was not considered necessary to ask him a single question. EARL DE GREY, Lord President of the Council, sat by him, affably.

There was not anybody on any of the Opposition benches. This, we think, is a gratifying fact. It showed that there was no immediate disposition on the part of the Conservatives to harass the Administration by raising factious questions. LORD MALMESBURY has solemnly handed over the leadership of Opposition to LORD CAIRNS, who will doubtless take many an opportunity to

"Show what the Arm of Old Erin has in it."

But, ever just, *Mr. Punch* compliments the Conservatives for not having come down to the House for mischief. He thinks it exceeding probable that they all forgot that the Lords had adjourned until this day, and not the following Tuesday, but there are so few occasions on which we can safely say a civil thing about anybody, that we pounce with hawk-like avidity upon any chance of being polite. This is a sad world for disillusioning of people. *Punch* heard the other day that a publican, in a road much frequented by the humbler class when they take holiday, had subscribed two pounds towards a drinking-fountain near his place. "Noble fellow," said *Mr. Punch*. "It would seem the last thing a vender of liquors ought to be expected to do." So *Mr. Punch* went into the liberal man's hostelry, and ordered refreshment. While consuming it, he pleasantly complimented his temporary host on his goodness in the matter of the fountain. He was an honest and frank man. "I'd pay a deal more than that, Sir," he said, "to save the bother of children coming in, on busy days, and asking for drinks o' water. You can't refuse 'em, but it's greatly in the way of business." But this is a digression, and we now come to the next item in the proceedings of the day.

The BISHOP OF DERRY, a Representative Prelate, whose name is WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., took the oaths and his seat. Derry is the same as Londonderry, but we presume that when the disestablishment takes place, the English half of the word will be finally cut away. Derry is situated on the Foyle, and therefore foiled all KING JAMES'S army for many months (see *Pinnock*, also *Mangnall*, if you don't believe us). In the favourite chorus, "down, Derry down," the famous siege is commemorated, only Derry did not go down. But this is a trifle when an antiquarian fact has to be assumed.

It was then felt that the House should address itself to serious business, and the Colonial Secretary rose. We usually put an extra hydraulic screw upon speeches, but we shall give this in full:—

"I move that your Lordships adjourn to Tuesday next."

This speech appears to us to be as nearly perfect as possible in a world of imperfect tenses. Every word was needed. It might have been shortened, had the Earl said, "you" instead of "your Lordships," but something is due to traditional courtesy. "To Toosday" would have sounded ill—"grated," as LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN says, from an old-fashioned speaker, but LORD GRANVILLE is an accomplished linguist, and hit the happy mean (not that the mean can ever be happy) between the "too" and "tew." Were we hypercritical we might say that "next" might have been omitted, as the proximate day is always taken for granted when a date is not given, yet precision should mark the utterances of a legislator. *Non offendar maculis* is a good rule, except when they are spots produced on the shirt-front by carelessness over your soup.

The House of Peers rose at ten minutes past two.

We have depicted a placid scene. The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below. But in the *Orcades* of THORMODUS TORFÆUS, and also in BARTHOLINUS, is a Norse song:—

"Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.
Sisters, hence, with spurs of speed,
Each her thundering falchion wield,
Each bestride her sable steed,
Hurry, hurry to the field!"

Imitate the Moon.

If you are a wise man you will treat the World as the Moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at a time, and let what you show be calm, cool, and polished. But look at every side of the World.

OF COURSE.

THE idiot who writes to ask if DRUITT on *Wines* was published at Stockton-on-Tees is beneath anybody's notice.



LITTLE AND GOOD.

Gentleman. "WHO DO THESE PIGS BELONG TO, BOY?"

'Charv.' "WHY, THIS 'ERE OWD ZOW."

Gentleman. "YES, YES; BUT I MEAN WHO'S THEIR MASTER?"

'Charv.' "WHY, THAT THERE LITTLE 'UN; HE'S A YARMUN TO FOIGHT!"

CULLEN'S PARADISE.

(See the Speech of the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP at the Dublin banquet.)

Air—"We may roam through this world."

We may roam through this world, North and South, West and East,

For the soles of our feet and our faith seeking rest,
From the kingdoms of earth we know best and like least,
To the kingdoms of earth we know least and like best;

But if peace in this world and place in Heaven

Are the choicest blessings that life supplies,

Seek these where Infallibility's leaven

Helps poor mortality's dough to rise—

In that land of lands where the POPE sits crowned,

Where Faith is at anchor, and Truth at home,

Where Doubt is dumbfounded and Heresy bound,

Seek these in that Heaven upon Earth called Rome!

Poor England in constant hot water is kept

By heretical jangle and wrangle and brawl;

Through her Church's pale blind Reason has crept,

And with fruits of faith played the deuce and all.

Ah, she wants the high and holy fence

Which round Rome's blessed dominion dwells,

Admitting belief while it shuts out sense,

And reason's bewildering light repels.

Then remember who in the flesh sits crowned

'Neath the one true cross on St. Peter's dome;

In the deluge of doubt who would not be drowned,

Must ship in the Ark—PETER'S bark at Rome!

France under Imperial colours may sail;

Her Colère de Bismarck let Prussia try:

FISHMONGERING. A MYSTERY.

"Polonius. Do you know me, my Lord?"

"Hamlet. Excellent well. You are a FISHMONGER.

"Polonius. Not I, my Lord.

"Hamlet. Then I would you were as honest a man."

Hamlet, Act ii. Scene 2.

"THE immortal WILLIAMS" down upon it, as usual! Although the Fishmongers' Company had not yet, in his time, hoisted the true blue flag, as the Liberal Phoenix of City companies, his prophetic pen has bracketed for evermore FISHMONGER with HONEST MAN.

And now GLADSTONE, whom, in his opinions, his enemies declare to be "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring," but in whom *Punch* devoutly believes as honest man, is, in sober earnest, the Fishmonger th *Hamlet's* "wild and whirling words" dubbed *Polonius*. From this time forth he can at once enjoy the Fishmonger room and the Fishmongers' Company, and will hard to say that the one is better than the other, the first being the most stately of halls, as the second is the most go-ahead of guilds.

And why should Ministers *not* be Fishmongers? Unless, indeed, it be thought that to become free of the Fishmongers is *lèse-majesté* in Ministers to their own special mystery—THE LOAVES-AND-FISH-MONGERS.

Otherwise, the connection between Ministers and Fishmongers is obvious and manifold. Like the Apostle, Ministers are fishers of men. In the way of votes all fish that comes to their net—odd fish or flat fish, fresh fish or stale fish, fish with scales (to weight them in) and more without, fish with tails (like the large family of the Tadpoles) and fish with no more tail than WHALLEY.

Everybody has enjoyed their flounders when in difficulties; has heard their opponents denounce their bills as "fishy," and has seen them trying to cobble up a bad measure by help of fresh soles and 'eels. Who ever knew a ticklish negotiation, when a certain Lord was at the F.O., but he was charged with helping to mull it? Above all, their demand for place is, as a rule, rather over the supply. They will take any quantity that is offered, and seldom care how high they bid against each other to secure it.

Algebraic Etiquette.

It is polite to believe a man to be rich unless he bears signs of poverty. As in algebra, *plus* is understood when there is no *minus* presented.

Spain may make PATRONICIO and CLARET turn tail,
And Italy bid the Church good-bye—
Pro NONO on bay'nets be forced to sit,
French cannon guard Civita Vecchia's shore,
Rome loves the gag and adores the bit,
More kisses her rod as she's whipped the more:
Then remember, when nations run their round
As by reason's will of the wisp they roam,
In one spot faith's steady light is found,
And that is the Heaven upon Earth, called Rome!

AN ANTI-EARTHQUAKE COMPANY (LIMITED).

THUS says the Leading Journal:—

"EARTHQUAKE TIMES.—The citizens of San Francisco have formed a committee to inquire into the means of preventing or lessening the destruction of property by earthquakes. The bricks used in building are reported to be very defective, and it is proposed to adopt a method of bracing buildings with iron rods."

A good precaution. But wouldn't it be better to construct the houses, as to their framework, altogether of iron, and build them on springs? Here is a suggestion for the benefit of any enterprising speculators whom the revival of credit may dispose to invest capital in a promising speculation. How much for the idea? "Gentlemen Capitalists," as Cabby says, "Leave it to you."

A Joint Stock Company could be formed for the purpose of supplying the San Franciscans and others in like case with iron architecture. Then iron might be profitably exchanged for gold.

"THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S CHARGE."—A Three-Act Drama, two guineas.

IMPERIAL FRENCH POLISH.

Do the boots ordinarily worn by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH consist of common or patent leather? Because M. ROUHER, the other day, in the French Senate, replying to M. DE MAUPAS, spoke as follows:—

“You want to cover the responsibility of the Sovereign? I declare to you that it is this very responsibility which will be his glory and his grandeur. As for us, obscure servants, we have no pretension to enlarge the part allotted to us. You talk about a President of the Council. It is a puerility. We are devoted, and that is all.”

The foregoing effusion deserves a reward, and the form this should take depends upon the substance of the Imperial boots. Were LOUIS NAPOLEON to honour us with a visit, and perambulate this metropolis, he would probably be now and then accosted by the cadets (not cad) who constitute a certain Brigade of Foot, so to speak, in the Public Service, with cries of “Clean your boots, Sire, clean your boots!” One of these youths might be a lad of some education, accustomed to read the papers. Suppose the EMPEROR were pleased to have his boots cleaned perchance by such a member of the brigade, and then, struck by his intelligent appearance, were to ask “What is your name?”

ORNAMENTAL? OR USEFUL?



From the “Fashions”:—
“LADIES’ HATS ARE MADE TO FIT THE HAIR, AND ARE WORN VERY HIGH BEHIND”—

The bright young brigadier might answer “ROUHER.” To clean boots of patent leather you want only a moist cloth. But if M. ROUHER’s master is accustomed to wear boots that require polishing, the recompense which his “obscure servant” has merited by the above-quoted adulation is a set of brushes and a blacking-bottle.

LINES

(Dropped in Pleasant Places.)

OH, let the Church be an absolute Monarchy.
Severed from State, cries MR. MACKONCHIE.

SONG BY A SCOTCHMAN ON HEARING OF THE DUKE’S DIGGINS.

DIGGERY Diggery dock,
Agen I’m ganging bock.

O EDWARD WATKIN EDWARDS, you’re
An Assignee indeed!
But none to you would go, we’re sure,
Except an *ass in need*.



AND OCCASIONALLY QUITE OVER THE EYES IN FRONT.

ROBBING AND REFORMING.

We hope there is no truth in what this Correspondent states, although the journal whence we cite it is not renowned for letting falsehoods be inserted in its columns:—

“There are hundreds of hard-worked Civil Servants whose incomes are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. They have been for a long time crying out (after a smothered fashion) that their salaries have become so reduced in value, through the increased cost of living, that they find it next to impossible to pay their way and support their families in common decency.

. . . The persons I refer to are clerks in outlying Government departments of twelve to twenty years’ hard service, on salaries of from £100 to £200 a year; highly intelligent, indefatigable fellows, many of them, without whose patient industry their well-paid chiefs—whose principal duty it is to attach their im-

portant autographs to the productions of others’ brains—would cut a sorry figure, indeed. These are the persons, I expect, on whom the first-fruits and benefits of financial reform will fall with a vengeance. Secretaries of State, Chancellors of the Exchequer, and ‘my Lords’ know nothing of them. They are too small to be recognised as parts of the Government machinery, and their cries rarely reach the atmosphere which surrounds ‘my Lords.’”

Retrenchment, it is true, is now the order of the day, but in aiming at retrenchment the nation, we should hope, has no desire for robbery. Now it really would be robbery to cut down the small pay of some poor devil of a clerk, to whom the cost of living has of late been nearly doubled. Good work deserves good pay: and if MR. BULL expects to have his books well kept, and his income well collected, he must not starve the men who often have the means of cheating him.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

(Being from "Home" of course the Theatre here represented is not the Haymarket.)

A FIRST NIGHT.

SCENE—Interior of the Royal Bertie Theatre, on the first night of a peculiar Comedy, by MR. WOBBISSON.

Stall Keeper. Yes, Sir. (Reads our numbers.) Stalls 67 and 99.

Friend (astonished). Here, they're together.

Stall Keeper (finding he has turned one card upside down). Beg pardon. Yes, Sir—so many people to—(Calls to invisible assistant) Sixty-six and Sixty-seven. (We descend.)

** We are fortunate in the position of our Stalls, and especially in finding ourselves near a remarkably WELL-INFORMED PERSON who apparently belongs to a party of six. On his right is an ELDERLY LADY with eye-glasses, and, next to her, a younger Lady. On his left two Gentlemen, one evidently being a visitor to Town, determined to see as much as possible in a short time.

Well-informed Person. I chose this night because it's the first of the new piece, and you'll see all the Theatrical and Literary notabilities here. Elderly Lady (referring to bill, under a sort of impression that she'll find their names down there). Indeed!

[Rustling in the Stalls. Enter a brilliant party of two Ladies and two Gentlemen. They nod and smile to several people in the back row. While the Ladies are settling themselves down, the Gentlemen nod and smile to various persons in the front rows, as if congratulating themselves and everybody else on having done something curiously clever and witty in being there at all. When the party is seated, they are acknowledged by other parties in private boxes. More nodding and smiling.]

Lady (just come in to Gentleman with her). There's MRS. PURKET up in that box. (Inclines herself graciously to Lady in box, who returns the salute. A Gentleman's head appears from behind the box-curtain, and bows and smiles to Lady in Stalls, then nods somewhat jovially to her companion. The idea conveyed to a looker-on is, that if they were not separated by their respective positions from one another, they would all rush into each other's arms, so pleased do they appear at the mutual recognition. The dialogue in Stalls continues.) What has MRS. PURKET done to her hair? I never saw such a—

Gentleman. Saw PURKET driving a pair to-day. They seem to be going it. Can't last. (Recognises more people, smiles and nods.)

Well-informed Person (to Gentleman on his left). I say (sotto voce) you see that man there with the brown moustache? (After several mistakes, friend hits upon the right individual.) Well—that's the Proprietor of the—(Voice sinks into whisper.)

Friend from country. No! is it? (Inspects the Gentleman in question with curiosity.) Does he write much?

Well-informed Person (with some contempt). Write! No, of course not. Enormous fortune. (Turns to Lady.) See that tall man just come in?

Lady (with glasses). Yes. (Feels deeply interested. Young Lady listens.)

Well-informed Person. That's—(Sinks his voice, and tells her who THAT is.)

Elderly Lady (feeling that she ought to know all about him). Really. (Considers.) Let me see, he wrote—

Well-informed Person. Wrote! Why he writes all those pieces at the Magnet Theatre. Don't you recollect—you liked 'em so much.

Elderly Lady. Oh yes, of course. (Inspects him again, as though with a view to see if he's writing a play now.)

Young Lady (interested). Who is it, Mamma?

Mamma. Well, I—(quietly to daughter) I didn't quite catch the name, but I'll ask MR. TOPLIN again presently.

Well-informed Person (nodding delightedly to a tall severe-looking Person). Did you see that man I was nodding to?

His Friend (proud of him). Yes. Who is it?

Well-informed Person. That's JIGGERSBY, of the Piccadilly.

His Friend (as if he had expected something quite different). Is it really? (To Young Man.) That's JIGGERSBY, you know, of the Piccadilly—(Young Man, uninterested in everybody except a very pretty girl with light hair in a private box)—JIGGERSBY, you know, who wrote—

Young Man (seeing a handsome Lady with the Gentleman pointed out as JIGGERSBY.) Who's that with—er—what's-his-name, eh?

Well-informed Person (who hasn't got the slightest idea). That's his wife, I think. [Young Man uses Opera-glasses.]

Literary Gentleman (in stalls, talking earnestly). Did you see that review of GROUGHN's book in the Mausoleum?

Second Lit. Yes—who did it?

Third Lit. Don't know—but it seems GROUGHN got all his plot from an old Hindostanee romance, &c.

[They lay their heads together, and reveal to each other awful literary secrets.]

Well-informed Person (intensely excited). Look! there's SMUGG, who writes in the *Fac-Simile Gazette*, he's shaking hands with CLIPPUN—that's CLIPPUN who wrote the *Traitor's Daughter*. SMUGG walked into him the other day—cut him up awfully in the *Fac-Simile*.

Swell (in answer to a Friend). Always come first night of a piece. Something's sure to go wrong, or stick, and the Prompter's such fun. First Critic (to Second Critic). Is WOBBISSON here?

Second Critic. Yes, saw him just now. Up there in a box.

[WOBBISSON'S head suddenly bobs forward in a private box. He is recognised by several friends below, who give him an encouraging smile. WOBBISSON retires to the back of the box, and thinks it's getting confoundedly hot. Gallery and Pit show signs of impatience. WOBBISSON irritably wonders why the dickens they can't begin. WELL-INFORMED PERSON, who has been pointing out a totally different person as WOBBISSON, falls a peg or two in his friend's estimation.]

Amateur Critic (distantly connected with the Papers). The piece is from the French—yes—I recollect it years ago. Old BARILLON played in it at the Gymnase.

Professional Critic (seeing capital to be made out of this information.) What was the name of the piece?

Amateur Critic (considering). Oh—shall forget my own name soon; ah, dear me, yes—of course—*L'Homme*.

First Act received with rapturous applause. Everyone called, including the scene-painter.

In the Lobby.

Enthusiastic Friend. Capital, isn't it? best thing he's done! Out and out!!

Cautious Friend. Well, it's nice and pleasing; but nothing very great.

Enthusiastic Friend (who hates a middle opinion). Oh, it's admirable!! splendid!!!

[Continues to jabber about the excellency of the piece until he creates a positive antagonism to it, himself, and WOBBISSON.]

Amateur Critic (who has had several pieces declined with thanks, depreciatingly). All from the French—good—but nothing original.

Wobbisson's Professional Friends (eagerly). What? eh? from the French?

[Amateur Critic, having obtained an audience, repeats his information. In the meantime, as we walk about, everyone is how-d'ye-doing everyone else, and the Private Box doors are, as it were, thrown open to the public. The WELL-INFORMED PERSON comes out very strongly here.]

Well-informed Person (loudly). I was at the Turret Theatre the other night—seen it? No? bosh. (Taps Friend on shoulder, and subdues his tone). There's COPPALEEN BAWN. (Pointing out an elderly gentleman in a glossy hat.)

Friend (as if this "must" be impossible). No.

Well-informed Person. Yes: he's made about two hundred thousand pounds by one play.

[Friend staggered, having hitherto held a vague idea that dramatists produced their pieces merely for the fun of the thing.]

Second Act commences. Every one charmed, though less so than with the First Act. Slight hissing somewhere, apparently for no particular reason. Great applause.

Amateur Critic (reporting of the piece afterwards when we come across him at a Club). Success? Not a bit. First Act went well; but the Second was hissed off the stage, Sir.

Friend (interested). How did the Third Act go?

Amateur Critic (who prides himself upon not being carried away by the vulgar enthusiasm). Flatly. Wants cutting. It is delightfully acted. (He allows this in order to account for a success.) But as a piece—not up to the original French.

Enter WOBBISSON, to Supper.

Amateur Critic (hailing him). Hullo! WOBBY. I think you must be satisfied with the way your piece was played, hey?

Wobbisson (modestly). Yes. It seemed to go very well. Hope 'twill be a success.

Amateur Critic (as heartily as he can). Hope so, I'm sure. Luck's everything. (Thinks he has hit WOBBISSON hard there, and can now make a good exit.) Good night.

[Exit, and thinks to himself how he'll finish his little Comedy, and have it ready in case WOBBISSON'S doesn't do.]

And so we finish the evening, with a not very clear idea of the piece, and an undecided opinion as to its merits, and we think to ourselves that if we want to form a correct judgment about a piece, we will not again go to see it amid the bustle, heat, confusion, and excitement of a First Night

Quoth Robert Lowe.

ECONOMY in the abstract makes a good cry for office; but economy in the concrete makes a bad foundation for popularity.



MAKING UP FOR IT.

Lady. "BUT IF YOU HUNT FIVE DAYS A WEEK, YOU CAN'T HAVE TIME FOR ANYTHING ELSE!"

Foxhunter. "O YES, I DO LOTS OF THINGS; AND THEN I AM CHURCHWARDEN ON SUNDAY, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 16. *Tuesday.* The QUEEN'S Speech was read by LORD CHANCELLOR HATHERLEY, his first appearance as a reader of QUEEN'S Speeches. MR. GLADSTONE had not given him a great deal to do.

1. HER MAJESTY recurred to the advice of Parliament as early as Ministerial arrangements had permitted.
2. Did so with special interest, at a time when the Popular branch had been chosen with the advantage of a greatly enlarged enfranchisement of her faithful and loyal people.
3. All right with Foreign Powers. Believed that they desired to keep the peace.
4. Rejoiced that there was nothing serious in the Levant.
5. Hoped to place friendship with America on a firm basis.
6. Grieved at disturbances in New Zealand. Was confident that the Colonists would take care of themselves.
7. The Estimates would show a DIMINISHED CHARGE UPON THE COUNTRY.
8. We need not continue to suspend Irish Habeas Corpus.
9. Can we have further guarantee for purity and liberty at Parliamentary and Municipal elections?
10. Poorest class of Rate-payers to be relieved.
11. Scotch Education to be improved.
12. Also English Endowed Schools.
13. Invent Financial Boards to control the County rate.
14. Reform in Bankruptcy. Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt.
15. THE ECCLESIASTICAL ARRANGEMENTS OF IRELAND are to be considered at an early date.
 - (a) Regard to be shown to every legitimate interest.
 - (b) Welfare of Religion to be promoted through equal justice.
 - (c) Undivided feeling of Ireland to be secured on the side of loyalty and law.
 - (d) Memory of former contentions to be effaced.
 - (e) Sympathies of an affectionate people to be cherished.

That was what LORD HATHERLEY had to say, and the intelligent reader, even without the help of the SMALL CAPITALS, might perceive that there were only two points of much interest. He may just note that No. 3 means that it is politic to seem to think that France and Prussia do not want to quarrel, though the former is nagging viciously at the latter, through Belgium. No. 5 meant that nothing was settled with America, except the yacht-match, and if the Speech had been delayed forty-eight hours, the QUEEN would have had to mention that America rejects the Reverdy-Johnson Convention. No. 6 means that the New Zealand colonists, who grumbled at our soldiers, are not going to have them again, but must fight the Maori on their own hook. No. 9 is interpreted by sundry to mean that the Government are inclined to the Ballot. No. 14 we seem to have heard once or twice before.

There was another thing which might as well have been mentioned in the Speech, except that it is gracious for a Queen to say as little about disagreeable matters as may be. The HOME SECRETARY, the next evening, gave notice of a measure for the Repression of Crime.

Nos. 7 and 15, meaning Reduced Expenses and Irish Church Disestablishment, will be the great texts for Parliamentary preaching upon.

As for the Debates on the Address, they really do not deserve so hard a name. Honey on velvet, flowers, compliments, everything that is delightful. LORD CAIRNS, the learned lawyer and brilliant debater, who has succeeded dear MALMESBURY as leader of the Opposition, has nothing to find fault with, and was blandness itself. LORD GRANVILLE is always polite, and to-night expressed modest concern that he had to succeed, as leader, one who had made himself a great name in history, EARL RUSSELL. We believe that LORD CAIRNS was going in the excess of his good humour to say "So have I," but was pulled down by his moral coat-tails. All was over by seven.

In the Commons announcement was made by MR. GLADSTONE that on Monday, the 1st, of March, he should reveal his Irish Church scheme.

LORD EUSTACE CECIL (brother of LORD SALISBURY) means to deal with the tradesfolk, Pancras vestrymen or others, who use fraudulent weights and measures, and *Mr. Punch* hereby pledges himself to stand by LORD EUSTACE in this crusade.

The Honourable HENRY COWPER moved the Address, which was seconded by MR. MUNDELLA, new Member for Sheffield. MR. DISRAELI thought that the former had spoken with ability. Doubtless the latter thought so about himself.

Really, MR. DISRAELI and MR. GLADSTONE were so courteous and civil to one another, that *Punch* had better refer the universe to his Cartoon, for an idea of the impression produced upon him.

MR. WHITE asked why the Speech said nothing about Spain.

MR. GLADSTONE replied, that as the work of the Spaniards was incomplete, it would have been premature to talk about it, but that they had, of course, our best sympathy. As MR. WHITE is a China merchant, it seems to *Mr. Punch* that the Honourable Member for Brighton might more properly have inquired why we heard nothing of the new treaty by which we are bound not to cut off an offending Chinaman's pigtail ourselves, but to remit him for Imperial justice.

Some of the lesser stars blazed out a little. MR. NEWDEGATE ingeniously suggested that the reason why the Spanish revolution had not been mentioned was that it was a heavy blow and a great discouragement to the POPE, whose friends in the Government did not like to allude to the subject. Surely, MR. NEWDEGATE must have said this to oblige WHALLEY—he could not have meant such nonsense on his own account.

MR. MACFIE, Member for Leith, was pleased that Scotland was mentioned in the Speech. This was becomingly humble, as all that was said of Scotland was, that her education would bear improving.

MR. M'MAHON was not pleased that there was no mention of a new Reform Bill for Ireland. What, another! Come, has not Ireland got her share of the programme for this Session?

SIR P. O'BRIEN hoped that Government would let Fenian by-gones be by-gones in Ireland.

MR. HADFIELD spoke ill of Bishops, and hoped that they would all be ejected from the House of Lords, their restoration to which was one of the blackest pages in history. Hereat was laughter, and the speaker then sneered at the Bishops as old tutors and schoolmasters. The venerable schismatic must have been getting crusty for want of his dinner. The House may have felt this, for the Address was instantly voted, and we were up by 7'45.

Wednesday. Symptoms that the halcyon days will not last. LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE brought in a Bill about Cattle, and MR. HEADLAM promised to defeat it if he could.

Thursday. The young DUKE OF NORFOLK, Earl of Arundel and of Surrey, Baron Fitz-Alan, Clun, Oswaldestre, and Maltravers, descendant of him of whom we have all read:—

“The murdered Surrey's love, the tears of GERALDINE,”

took the oath and appeared as Hereditary Earl Marshal, Premier Duke and Earl of England.

My Lords grumbled a deal because the Ministers will not give them Bills to discuss. Specially they demanded the Bankruptcy Bill, but the CHANCELLOR urged that it contains so much that affects the trading interest as to be a measure which the Commons ought first to have.

A graceful announcement was made in both Houses. The QUEEN desired to receive, in Person, the Addresses in reply to the Speech from the Throne. It was stated that Her Majesty had been most anxious to open the Reformed Parliament; but, said MR. GLADSTONE, the Sovereign, “had been suffering, more than usual, from severe head-ache, and to a degree which precluded the required exertion.” That simple and homely language should be felt to be appropriate, and in tone with the affectionate relations which QUEEN VICTORIA has ever held with her people.

The Constitution, however, is always remembered, and English statesmen never forget precedent. It is exceptional for the Houses to attend a monarch with addresses, unless the Speech to which they reply has been delivered in person. One exception was made after the battle of Trafalgar, and MR. GLADSTONE thought that ours was somewhat of a kindred case, “the celebration of a great and peaceful triumph, which largely extends the liberties of the people.” MR. DISRAELI held it “important and desirable that some personal relations should be established between the QUEEN and the new Parliament,” but desired all precaution against the establishment of a precedent. SIR LAWRENCE PALK, of East Devon, winced at MR. GLADSTONE'S mention of a triumph, and protested against any congratulation on a “political” victory. Of course, in both Houses the assent to the Royal visit was unanimous.

In the Commons the Right Hon. JOHN BRIGHT gave his first Ministerial answer—it was to say that the Portpatrick lighthouse would probably extinguish its light.

Do you know what Hypothec is? Find out. Or you may save yourselves the trouble, as it is going to be abolished.

MR. FORSTER brought in his Bill for reconstituting Endowed Schools. There is also to be an Examining Council, which is to have compulsory power, and to give certificates to masters and scholars.

There will be an Irish row presently. MR. JOHNSTON, remote Tory, and the O'DONOGHUE, remote Liberal, combine to have the Party

Processions Act repealed. Whack! Your sows to glory! Ubbubboo, &c., &c.

Friday. It was announced, in both Houses, that HER MAJESTY would receive the Addresses on the following Monday. But the nation next day heard, with sorrow, that the illness of the PRINCE LEOPOLD would detain his Royal Mother at Osborne.

Two matters of different interest presented themselves in the House of Commons. A protest, raised by LORD ELCHO, and seconded by the Chief Commissioner of Works, against a useless and hideous viaduct to be raised in the rear of the beautiful Embankment; and a revelation, by MR. FOWLER, of such atrocities, perpetrated by our allies the Boers, upon the miserable Kaffirs, as may here only be alluded to. We arm the Boers, and refuse arms to the Kaffirs, so that the savage murder of the latter is easy—and the Boers do worse than murder. It seems that we cannot interfere, but we can cease to sell guns to the Boers—and this has been ordered. About as revolting a bit of detail this night, as you shall find in your Parliamentary annals, MR. PHILISTINE PEARISEE BULL.

GREEK STREET ALIAS QUEER STREET.

THE *Times* Correspondent at Athens lets in a startling light on the little game of the last Greek Cabinet, or rather its head, M. BULGARES.

It seems that M. BULGARES came into office a year ago with a programme of peace, retrenchment, and administrative reform, very much of the cut of MR. GLADSTONE'S, in short.

During eight months he carried out a policy in the teeth of his programme, blowing up the coals of war, increasing expenditure, and reforming nothing.

At last, having emptied the national till, being unable to raise a penny on the security of Greek credit, and his Financial Minister being at his wits' end—not a very long journey,—M. BULGARES found himself on the horns of a dilemma, between resignation and bankruptcy. The only thing like hard cash within reach was the specie in the National Bank, and the only way to get hold of that was by blowing the trumpet of war till the Chamber voted a war contribution of a million drachmas, and gave the Minister leave to get the money whenever he could find it. And then M. BULGARES walked into the bank, and swept out its specie-drawer. Then came, in rapid succession, the Crisis, the Conference, and the Collapse. Greece is left humiliated and sulky, with its paper-currency inconvertible, its industry stagnant, and its property insecure.

Mr. Punch, on the faith of these facts, would ask leave to alter a proverb and a name.

For the well-known line—

“When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war;”

he would propose to read henceforth

“When Greek robs Greek then comes the talk of war;”

and the “BULGARES Cabinet” he would have re-christened the “Burglarious Cabinet.”

Strange Food.

WITH horse the daring epicure

His palate oft regales,

Feeds upon toadstools, nor impure

Accounts a dish of snails;

“And under Marlow Bridge ah, why,

My friends,” he says, “should we

With eating canine suckling pie

Reproach the Thames Bargee?”

Carried without a Division.

A DINNER was lately given at one of the great hotels, to bring the Australian preserved meat into notice. If, by the introduction into England of these provisions, which seem to be moderate in price, some of those amongst us who now seldom, if ever, taste animal food, can get a good nourishing meal, everyone must wish success to such a meritorious case of Dish-establishment.

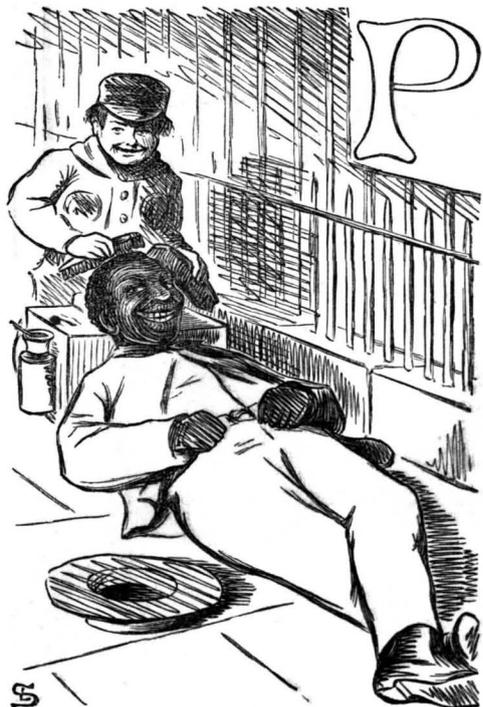
Reversing the Order of Things.

At a recent meeting of the “Victoria Institute” a paper was read “On the Doctrine of Creation, according to DARWIN, AGASSIZ, and MOSES.” Would it not have been more reverent if the last of these three names had been placed first?

CLERKLY CRITICISM.

Clerk in Civil Service, lq. “Ministers don't say this time that the Estimates have been framed with a due regard to economy. Haw! No! Fact is, they've been framed with an undue regard to economy.”

"HE IS A MAN."



PUNCH is indebted to the *Musical World* for calling his attention to the following bit of keenness and justice. He did not see, at first, what the topic had to do with music; but, on second thoughts, the wisdom of the editor of the *M. W.* in extracting the passage became evident—those who praise such trash as MR. WHITMAN'S perform on the instrument called Fiddle-faddle, which the *M. W.* has of course a right to criticise:—

"The New York Weekly Review, discoursing upon the *Atlantic Monthly*, says:—

"In another part of the same magazine, the reader is told that whenever MR. WALT WHITMAN speaks, 'you hear the voice of a man.' The fact that MR. WHITMAN is 'a man,' ought to be pretty well understood by this time, considering the strenuous emphasis and minute particularity with which MR. WHITMAN himself has described his physical attributes, to say nothing of the stress which his critical admirers have laid upon his virility. Could it not be agreed, all round, once for all, that MR. WHITMAN is 'a man,' and a very large and heavy one, so that the topic may be set at rest? Its disappearance from the field of literary discussion would be a great relief. The statement that MR. WHITMAN is a poet, would still remain for controversy, and surely that is sufficiently exasperating, in view of the copious catalogues, suggestive of nothing so much as a crazy auctioneer, which MR. WHITMAN continues to publish under the name of poetry."

If the *M. W.* sees any more such good bits, we shall be glad to read them in its pages, which we observe have lately become replete with a serener wisdom than of yore. Perhaps RABELAIS was a little over the heads of the majority of musical folk. Still, *Punch* hopes it will occasionally lend the good service due from all educational journals towards demolishing Shams, whereof there is no greater than MR. WHITMAN—we say it, even at the risk of bringing on an American War.

TAR TAR.

A VERY pretty story of tarring and feathering comes by a recent Melbourne letter. A person of the name of BLACK went to survey some mining property, and was laid hold of by a gang of ruffians, who tarred him, and then coated him with "fragments of wool, straw, or whatever rubbish came to hand." But BLACK is evidently a very long-headed man, and instead of divesting himself of his uncomfortable attire he had it "taken off" by a photographer. With this negative argument in his favour he goes into court claiming two thousand pounds damages. We heartily hope he will obtain a verdict.

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

ONE of the first things the House of Commons did, was to appoint a Committee to control the arrangements of the kitchen and refreshment-rooms, and, very wisely too, to place an Alderman upon it. As another prominent member is FRENCH, and VIVIAN has a convivial sound about it, the prospects of the Parliamentary *cuisine* may altogether be considered good cheerful.

A FINE OPENING.

HERE'S a chance! The Strand Union is prepared to give twenty pounds a year and part rations to a night nurse. Her hours are to be from seven in the evening till seven in the morning. What munificence! Almost as much as the wages of an errand boy.

THE HAIR AND MANY FRIENDS.

VICTORY! Victory! Glorious news, my *Punch*. Only look at this:—

"The great ladies of Paris have determined to abolish chignons. False hair is to be repudiated, and women are to appear as if they dressed their own hair. In the daytime the hair is to be simply plaited and confined in a net. In the evening it will only be needful to put on the head a crown, or a wreath of roses or ivy, or some other creeping plant."

A bas les chignons! be our battle-cry in England, now that Common Sense has won the fight in France. What great ladies do the less are sure to imitate. No more wigs for women! No more borrowed plumes to bedizen silly jackdaws! No more piling up of Pelion on Ossa, or, as wags would say, on 'Oss hair! Ladies, for the future, or at any rate for the present, are to dress their heads *au naturel*, and only wear a crown, or else a wreath of roses, or some trifle of that sort. As they are to have the option, I would advise their wearing roses rather than a crown, for "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and only queens of fashion can be the fitting wearers of one. As for ladies wearing creepers in their hair, I see no harm in this, so long as they are only of a vegetable species. From creepers, such as gregarines and other little insects, ladies' heads will now be free, and this is more than could be said of them while chignons were in vogue. So long as these excrescences are worn, if I were a young man I should think twice before I asked a girl to give me a lock of her hair, lest I might discover it was hers by purchase only, when a microscope might show me certain little specimens of animated nature, imported possibly from Russia, and these would not increase my admiration or my love,

SIMPLE CYMON.

BALLET OF THE PERIOD.

SCENE—A Theatre. TIME—Rehearsal.

Manager. Here, where's the fairy for the car? Who is it?
Prompter. MISS MONTMORENCY, Sir, is the fairy. (*To Callboy.*) Call MISS MONTMORENCY. (*Pause. Boy returns, and whispers Prompter.*)
Manager. Now then, where's Miss —
Prompter. She left about half an hour ago. She said she had waited long enough, and her brougham was there to fetch her.
Manager (growls fearfully, then inquires). Well then, DELAMERE—where's DELA—
Prompter (apologetically). MISS DELAMERE told me, Sir, to tell you—when—that her Mother was very ill, and she was obliged to go away in a hurry.
Manager. And in a brougham, too. (*Growls, but remembers the value of Stalls and Private Boxes.*) Well, go on: this sort of thing won't do. No it won't, and here's poor honest hard-working and pretty MISS SMITH at fifteen or twenty shillings a week, with shoes and tights to find, has had to stop here all the morning, dinnerless, and she can't leave on any account, or if she did, she'd be fined. But you can't fine Stalls and Private Boxes, you know. An old story, perhaps, but one that doesn't come in badly now ye Gentlemen of England who sit in your stalls at EASE, and look at SHES.

KINGS AND OTHER THINGS OF SPAIN.

So FRANCISCO is to be King of Spain. What? The late titular king, F. DE ASSIS? No, M'm, he sporteth on the Boulevards, and may sport. Don't you know that his name is FRANCISCO—if women would only be accurate? It is Field Marshal DON FRANCISCO SERRANO Y DOMINGUEZ, Duke de la Torre, born at Cadiz, 1810. What, King? Well, as soon as the Cortes shall have verified themselves, he is to be head of all things, and to form a new Cabinet. That is uncommonly like Kingship, M'm. The Directory seems to be laid on the shelf—a new nation cannot produce a good one, like KELLY'S, or THOM'S. KING SERRANO would sound very well. SERRANO, in Spanish, means Montagnard in French, and Highlander in English, So we may say of him, with the Princess in *Love's Labour's Lost*—

"Who e'er he be, he shows a mountain mind."

It is possible, of course, that this mountain may bring forth a mouse in the shape of an insignificant king, of royal blood; but if we were SERRANO, and PRIM didn't mind, and the army were affable, we should put it to the Spanish nation whether a native nobleman were not better than a foreign prince. And probably Echo would (as a great writer said) answer in the affirmative.

Goody Four Shoes.

By the more humane farriery which "The British Goodenough Horseshoe Company" wish to introduce, it appears that the horse is likely to be the gainer. On this account alone, therefore, the object of the company is good enough for us to wish it success.



“READING WITHOUT TEARS.”

Teacher. “AND WHAT COMES AFTER S, JACK?”
Pupil. “T!”

Teacher. “AND WHAT COMES AFTER T?”
Pupil. “FOR ALL THAT WE HAVE RECEIVED,” &c. &c.

THE BOW BEFORE BATTLE.

THERE never was known such a season!
So soft and so mild and serene,
That Londoners looking the trees on,
Stare to find that they're black and not green.
And the mildness has spread to the Session,
And the Commons have 'countered in calm:
And the "outs" on the men in possession
For vials of wrath distil balm.

O'er DIZZY grave GLADSTONE drops honey:
For a kiss DIZZY drops bark and bite;
Each his compliments paying in money,
Which, whatever its worth, looks all right.
Then why should we look in their hearts
Or the hands that upon them they lay?
Consummately both play their parts,
And gracefully each says his say.

So Fontenoy's ranks prefaced burst
Of battle with bows, ere they drew,
The French Guards begging ours to fire first,
While the English replied, "After you!"

Does this bow before battle presage
That this Session's fight will enjoy
Butchers' bills, such as redden the page
Of Fame's ledger that holds Fontenoy?

Let us wait till politenesses pass,
Nor pooh-pooh palaver and praise,
As if we thought either the ass
To believe his antagonist's phrase.
At the shake-hands a set-to before,
The ring "o'er the left" points its thumb,
For it knows that, the handshaking o'er,
There is tapping of claret to come!

PUNCH'S STEREOSCOPES.

The Queen's Speech.

“THE LORD CHANCELLOR read, on yesterday afternoon, to the assembled Peers and Commons, a speech which, for directness, clearness, and grave dignity, will challenge comparison with any that have been put in the mouth of HER MAJESTY since her accession. A good cause, a knowledge that the nation is in thorough sympathy with the Government, and a clear view of the immediate exigencies of political progress in England, have helped MR. GLADSTONE to an exposition of his policy, at once simple and impressive, which stands out in marked contrast to the rhetorical cloud of phrases in which MR. DISRAELI has been accustomed to mask his meaning, or his want of meaning.”
—*Star, Wednesday.*

“THE House of Commons, held to be the first which has hitherto represented 'the people,' and therefore deserving of especial distinction and respect, was yesterday convened to listen to a Royal Speech which, in substance, was retailed to the public by a daily contemporary on Monday last. Save in respect to its closing paragraphs, it is not a very provocative speech. Its style is feeble and stilted, it is clumsy in construction, its language is vague and affected, and its promises of useful legislation are meagre in the extreme; but we are not disposed to criticise too harshly a document composed under peculiar difficulty, and evidently inspired by the maxim, 'the least said the soonest mended.'”
—*Standard, Wednesday.*

An Unlucky Blow.

THE *Scotsman* says that during the very high wind, the other day, a lady who had been drawing five hundred pounds out of the National Bank was surprised to see several notes fly off, some of them over the housetops. Many of the notes still remain so high that the tallest tenor can't reach the fivers. Probably the lady will get them back when the pitch is lowered.

AGAIN?

IF, under the guidance of the new Greek Minister, M. ZAÏMES, Turk and Christian become united, they ought to be called the Zaïmes Twins.



EXTRAORDINARY MILDNESS OF THE POLITICAL SEASON.

MR. DISRAELI. "DELIGHTFUL 'SPEECH FROM THE THRONE'—QUITE CHARMING!" &c., &c.

MR. GLADSTONE. "SO GLAD YOU LIKED IT—THE REPLIES TO THE ADDRESS WERE ADMIRABLE!" &c., &c.

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER SIXTH.—DORMOUSE IN ADVICE AND PRACTICE—TOM PORCUPINE—A DIGRESSION ON BLUEBOTTLES—AND A RETURN TO PORCUPINE—YOUR ATTENTION IS REQUESTED TO THE FUNNY DOG, THE SINGING BLACKBIRD, AND OTHERS WHICH WILL BE SEEN WHEN EXHIBITED—SO WE PASS ON.

DORMOUSE gave GOOSEY some excellent advice. It was on the occasion of young LURCHER asking DORMOUSE to go into the country for a week or two. DORMOUSE refused. It was winter time, and as you could scarcely get DORMOUSE out of his room even to a five o'clock dinner at Lincoln's Inn, it wasn't likely that any inducement would entice him into the country; besides, there was the chance of Christmas festivities, of late hours, of not being able to go to bed when you like, and being obliged to get up (by abominable bells, and family rules and regulations) when you didn't like. Now, though this is always the reason of DORMOUSE's refusal to invitations, yet he is fond of putting it down to business.

"You see," said he to GOOSEY, "when you're at the Bar, or going in for chamber practice, you must be on the spot."

GOOSEY said he thought that there was good sense in that.

"Now," DORMOUSE went on, "if clients, and you know anybody may be a client—" he announced this as if it was a profession without an examination attached—"if clients see you always on the spot, they'll trust you, and give you business. But if they don't see you on the spot, you know, why what the deuce are they to do?"

DORMOUSE was perfectly satisfied with being on the spot without any further results. When in bed, he is on the spot. "Well," he reasons, "there I am; if clients want me, where's a better place to find me? I'm certain there: I can't gad about when I'm in bed, can I? Then I get up: well, I'm still on the spot; in my room: that's simple enough."

He has stayed "on the spot" for some years, having adopted chamber practice, but I never yet heard of any client attempting to find him there. Yes, there is a story of one client, who, being directed thither by a friend of the family, thought he'd do the young barrister a turn. He went to chambers at 11 A.M., and was informed by the clerk on the landing that he wasn't to knock, as MR. DORMOUSE was asleep, and wouldn't, probably, be up till about two. Of course, the clerk was threatened with dismissal, but was let off on account of his pleading insufficiency of instruction; for it was not till after this that the formula was invented, "MR. DORMOUSE is very busy just now, Sir; but he'll see you in a few minutes, if you'll walk in and take a seat. What name shall I say, Sir?"

The other occupant of the Chambers where GOOSEY was received when the Jolly Old Cock's door had been shut against him was, as I have already mentioned, TOM PORCUPINE.

TOM lives now, as then, by his quills, and being a cheery, soft-hearted warm-natured creature, he is perpetually guarding his good nature, and keeping it prisoner behind a very fortress of bristly points. He wouldn't hurt a fly, though perhaps he would draw the line at bluebottles; which is excusable.

Excusable! To kill a bluebottle is meritorious. Who kills his hundreds deserves well of his country. For, what one single recommendation to our respect, esteem or charity does a bluebottle possess?

On my word I don't know. I hate a bluebottle; as much as he hates me. A thought strikes me, have I mistaken his motive? Is it love and not hate that brings him buzzing about my room, flopping against the ceiling, settling somewhere to be in reach of me, coming suddenly, in (it may be), quite a playful manner, on to my paper or book, and causing me to dash down the pen or book, and utter a fine old Saxon monosyllable?

If I see children making cages of paper, and therein imprisoning bluebottles, I say to them, "That, my dears, is cruelty;" but I say it, as it were, professionally, in my character of senior, and therefore guardian, but my sympathies are with those little ones whose cry is war to the bluebottles: only, I add, mere confinement for a few hours is not sufficient punishment.

For myself, I don't, *now*, wait until I find the bluebottle on my beef or nose: I kill him when I take him, giving him no benefit of a doubt.

He is a bluebottle, and therefore in my eyes guilty. It is nothing to me that it is his first day of existence, it is nothing to me that he has never "blown upon" the food in my larder. He may, if he lives, he will. I can't take him and educate him; therefore he dies. I can't send a bluebottle to a reformatory; therefore I, providentially, and for the benefit of society at large, execute him by Lynch law. On the window-pane (which is dangerous, and sometimes expensive), on the table, on the table-cloth (which has to be sent to the wash forthwith, that the unsightly stains of gore may be effaced), on my friend's back, on my horse's shoulder, wherever the insect may be, down I come upon him, and down I shall always come upon him, while I have life, health, and strength, with the Law of Lynch, free from all forms and dilatory processes. TOM PORCUPINE could put up with flies, but though almost belonging to that order of men which

the noble Roman would rather not have had about him (this is my graceful way of saying that he was of the *lean* kine), there must have been in him something peculiarly attractive to bluebottles. Perhaps 'twas his known long-suffering towards flies that encouraged the brutes to annoy him, specially at his work.

PORCUPINE used to write criticisms on theatrical and operatic matters for a weekly paper, and many an author and singer owe their escape from the sharp point of the Porcupine Quill to the bluebottles upon whom he used to visit all his wrath. Not that the journal in which PORCUPINE's articles appeared was so influential on matters of art as either the critic or his proprietors imagined; but *that* is not to the purpose. If TOM was disgusted with a piece, an actor, or a singer in summer time, as surely as he would sit down to smash them with one of his fiercest quills, buzz would come a bluebottle, and in order to write at all, it became necessary to rid himself of his tormentor. Then PORCUPINE, glugged with the sacrifice of his victim, would, in a calm frame of mind, and at peace with all the world, re-consider his truculent criticism, and would either destroy the sheet already penned, or, after erasure, would substitute something which, compared to the cancelled opinions, was as mild as milk-and-water.

TOM PORCUPINE would say a sharp cutting thing for the sake of saying it; and would attempt to tone it down afterwards. This did not make him many friends—but what matter? Who has many friends? And are they only to be made by perpetual soft-sawdaring and palavering? Bah! a *fico* for such, say I. Give me, TOM PORCUPINE, with his spring of tears out of the softest heart, and his artificial well of cynicism in which the little bucket is always being worked up and down. Everyone can see a well; but a spring is invisible.

'Tis these confounded bluebottles have led me into this digression, and, as I write this, I dread the summer, for the history even of a bluebottle repeats itself, and I regret, by anticipation, what I know I shall say in my wrath.

There is a publication called *Good Words*—it is bound up at the end of the year, and is edited by a clergyman. Can you imagine a companion annual entitled *Bad Words*, and *not* edited by a clergyman? In such a work I should insist upon a great many marginal references, shifting on to the wings of the bluebottles the responsibility of whatever I might utter, in moments of heat, during June, July, and the first two weeks, at least, of August.

Mais revenir à mon Porcupine.

He will do you, or anyone, a good turn if he can, and go out of his way to do it; yet he must needs be for ever pumping up satirical humour, and cynical speeches. He used to be fond of attributing all apparently good actions to selfishness; and this for the sake of startling us with a theory which was as clever as it was infernally (that's the word) unpleasant.

TOM PORCUPINE would splash almost every one over with the word Snob in large letters: those who escaped that bespattering were "Swells." He affected age and the wisdom of experience; would generally assist a friend with the best possible advice, on which he could never act were the case in question his own.

When the Goose, TOM PORCUPINE, and DAWSON DORMOUSE were young men all together, TOM the Elder would look upon the other two as "swells," because they had university friends, received invitations to parties in Belgravia, wore white ties at the theatres, and dressed in the fashion of the day which TOM affected to despise. He thought of DR. JOHNSON, and took some praise to himself for a certain amount of slovenliness and carelessness in his apparel.

How delighted his real friends were when he became suddenly successful! for TOM PORCUPINE, then, bashfully broke upon us in faultless trousers, and a hat which in polish was only equalled by his boots, and rivalled by his gloves.

He had been to a first-rate tailor's slyly, and in a huffy sort of way, as if the idea of *his* doing this sort of thing was too ridiculous: so his coat and waistcoat were models of artistic cut.

A friend congratulated him on "quitting Grub Street:" whereat TOM laughed [I think he blushed; but a blush doesn't show much against his red whiskers] and sang out, "I'd be a butterfly," and immediately fell to making cynical remarks on his clothes, his boots, his hat, his gloves, and everything that was his. But at night didn't he put them carefully out to be brushed, and wasn't he particular in his directions to the maid as to folding and brushing?

But it was before these gay days that TOM PORCUPINE and DORMOUSE invited GOOSEY to stay. Now, of what came of that invitation, and how GOOSEY *did* stay with DORMOUSE and PORCUPINE, and of the Moles (aforesaid in last chapter), and of what *they* did for him, and of the Funny Dog, and of the Singing Blackbird, and of Miss NIGHTINGALE (not FLORENCE), and of the Little Duck, is not all written in the Seventh Chapter of the Chronicles of Birds and Beasts and Fishes? No; it is not. But a part thereof is; to which we will now come, and thereto I do plight you my troth.

(To be Continued.)

WHICH is the wickedest portion of America? Why *Sin-sin-naughty*, to be sure.



THE FOG.

"LAUKS, MUM, IT WAS THAT THICK, SAIRY AN' I COULDN'T FIND THE WAY TO THE PUBLIC-HOUSE!"

DINNER AND DICTIONARY.

MR. PUNCH,

I READ that "The Dictionary Club held their second dinner," and for the first time in my life I think of a Dictionary as convivial, enjoying itself in temporary forgetfulness of all the cares and anxieties of derivation, definition, and orthoëpy. I amuse myself with wondering what the rules can be which each member of this club is 'expected to have imprinted on his memory. I assume that everybody present is bound to employ in conversation at table only such words as are to be found in our best Dictionaries; and that any member is fined a page of JOHN-SON, folio edition, to be learnt off by heart and recited fasting at the next meeting, who, when warmed by generous wine, has the misfortune to let drop a slang or colloquial expression. Then I picture to myself all the company rising when the cloth is drawn, and drinking, in solemn silence, the toast of "The Health of the Great Lexicographer," and see them immediately afterwards busy with a word, say concrete, or idiosyncrasy, or metaphysics, or protoplasm, or something of the same simple character, just sufficient to exercise the brain and assist the digestion, and writing their definition of it down on a piece of paper (with illustrative quotations), for the Chairman of the evening to read out, and the assembly to decide which is the best. Engaged in such harmless recreation, I can imagine the club spending a most agreeable evening over their words and wine. Probably between the definitions they have a quire to sing to them some charming little Anglo-Saxon *morceau*, or comic song in Low Dutch.

Nothing further suggests itself to me at present, except that I cannot doubt there is a stringent regulation to prevent gentlemen being carried away by philological excitement, and getting three sheets in the wind; and another forbidding the use of cabs or vehicles of any kind, either in coming to, or going from, the place of meeting, every member of such a Club being reasonably expected to be a Walking Dictionary.

S. JOHNSON WALKER.

A Pleasing Conviction.

THERE are certain Theatres in London to which we go, feeling sure that if not delighted ourselves, we are certain to see others transported, such is the character of the pieces produced.

A GENUINE MASON.

Dedicated as our Contribution to First-class SERGEANT MASON, of the X Division, recently rewarded and promoted for his gallant conduct on the 5th of January last.

It was the time 'twixt night and morn,
Four burglars in a cart were borne,
Along the Uxbridge Road.
They had been practising their art,
And all their plunder in the cart,
Had safe away been stowed.

They do not fear to laugh and talk
Over each silver spoon or fork.
The four were named thus:—
First DOWNY DICK, then STUNNING JEM,
The next the "Doctor," and with them
Comes the gay magsman GUS.

A figure on the road is clear,
A mounted officer draws near—
"A Peeler!" cries young DICK.
"'Tis SERGEANT MASON," says the one
Who knew him best, "By goles we 're done,
Doctor! we'll hook it quick."

The Sergeant stops the trotting mare,
"I know you all—what have you there?
You're prisoners—yield to me."
"What four to one, and prisoners! No!
Back from the rein you fool, leave go!"
Cries DICK, no coward he.

They ply the whip, but 'tis too late,
The mare o'erburdened by the weight,
Against the lash revolts.
Then SERGEANT MASON seizes GUS,
And DICK. Says JEM, "He shan't take us."
And with the Doctor bolts.

Unequal combat! two to one,
Both armed with bludgeons. Then the Sun
Rises to view the fight.
It sees two burglars on the ground,
By hero-sergeant tightly bound,
And crowns him with its light.

Rewards I trow has MASON gained,
Guerdons more honourably obtained
Were never yet bestow'd.
Say are there more like MASON who
Stopped the four burglars and bound two
Upon the Uxbridge Road?

THOSE DREADFUL BOYS!

MR. MANN, in a paper read at the Statistical Society, proposes to employ "boys" to do one-third of the work of the public offices.

Well—the Public Offices may want to be kept afloat, now that everybody is trying to run them down, but we should doubt the feasibility of buoying them up in this way. To judge by *Mr. Punch's* experience of "boys" in his own office, he is disposed to think they spoil quite as much in bad work as they save in salary, to say nothing of the wear and tear of temper and waste of time in looking after them. On these grounds he protests against the whole arrangement—MANN and boy!

From the Archbishop of York.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Eaton Place.*

WHY did the Ministers make the QUEEN call the Commons the Popular branch of the legislature? Was it not rude to ignore what I said in my City speech, and what Professor THOROLD ROGERS does not seem to like, namely, that we Bishops are the Popular element, and *à priori*, Liberals? Ministers may disendow churches, but should not snub churchmen. Allow us to be *populares*, while they are *populantes*. Please, preach on this text. I mean, remark on this subject, and oblige,

Yours, faithfully,

WILLIAM EBOE.

A THEATRICAL FOUR-IN-HAND.



MR. WATTS PHILLIPS has performed—or shall we say there has been performed, by the aid of that gentleman—a theatrical feat which *Mr. Punch* holds it just to note. Four London theatres are now playing important pieces by MR. PHILLIPS, and three of these were produced within the same week. Of the respective and comparative merits of the leash, the Great Censor, having been too much engaged with MR. GLADSTONE to have many spare evenings, does not as yet intend to say aught. But he has witnessed the revival of one of MR. PHILLIPS's plays, the *Dead Heart*. He retains his opinion that this is one of the best Adelphi dramas which have been produced. Its origin is patent enough, yet it is original in an artistic sense. He remembers no more effective scene than the dark one at the foot of the guillotine, with the passionate dialogue before dawn, and the mother's cry as the light breaks in, bringing

her son's last day. MR. WEBSTER's personation of the vengeful but repentant victim of treachery is, as it was, as fine an illustration of dramatic art and power as the English stage can offer, and he gives it with all the old unflagging force and subtlety of detail. MRS. MELLON has forgotten no jot of the skill with which she used to depict the agonised mother. Gloomy as the play is, it is a wholesome gloom, whence we emerge with a healthy tone of feeling. MR. WATTS PHILLIPS laid his whole strength into the construction of this piece, and had his reward in its instant and permanent success. He should not be too proud to take a lesson from himself.

PAT ROONEY TO MR. DISRYALI.

ATR—"Paddy's Wedding."

We're all intint
On Parliamint
Expecting justice daily oh!
From WILLIAM G.,
The Primiair he,
Instid of DISRYALI oh!
We soon shall be
From taxes free,
Which kape their Parsons gaily oh!
Och whin that day
Comes round—this way
I'll flourish me shillelagh oh!
Och doo! blatherum boo!
For Justice blind and scaly oh!
May GLADSTONE be
The Primiair we
Did not find DISRYALI oh!

(Here comes in an obiligarter on the poipes.)

No Fenians more
Will pass the door
Of London's dark Old Bailey oh!
For England's Queen
Rules Erin Green
In spite of DISRYALI oh!
If she'll but smole
Upon our Oisle
There'll be no Thraitors, raly, oh!
Let's see her face,
And all is pace,
And come too DISRYALI oh!
Och doo! blatherum boo!
For Justice blind and scaly oh!
She loves her Queen
Does Erin green,
And don't mind DISRYALI oh!

(Obligarter agen on the poipes.)

THE EX-MEMBER FOR BEWDLEY.—A Parting GLASS.

PREMATURE TOBACCO-PIPES.

WHAT fools men are to smoke—that is, if it hurts their health, for otherwise the folly is clearly not conspicuous. But little boys who smoke are greater fools than even men, for tobacco at so young an age is sure to be injurious. See here are some medical statistics on the subject:—

"Of 38 boys, aged from 9 to 15, who smoked more or less, distinct symptoms were present in 27. In 32 there were various disorders of the circulation, *bruit de souffle* in the neck, palpitation, disorders of digestion, slowness of intellect, and a more or less marked taste for strong drinks. In 3 the pulse was intermittent. In 8 there was found on examination more or less marked diminution of the red corpuscles; in 12 there was rather frequent epitaxis; 10 had disturbed sleep; and 4 had slight ulcerations of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days."

Boys mostly take to smoking, not because they like it, but because they think it manly. They take a snobbish pride in aping their big brothers, and don't mind making themselves sick if they can get the reputation of being fast young fellows. Silly little snobs is what they really should be called, and some such name as this, if frequently repeated, might help to put their pipes out. A simpler course would be to knock them from their mouths, and follow the assault by a sound box on the ears, whenever little boys are publicly seen smoking.

Good Friday Forestalled.

The *Post* announces:—

"ANOTHER PERVERSION.—The REV. WILLIAM HUNNYBUN, M.A., Vicar of Bicknoller, Somerset, has resigned his living, and has been received into the Church of Rome."

The Romish Church will doubtless find the late Vicar of Bicknoller no lukewarm adherent. It may be presumed that HUNNYBUN has become HOTCROSSBUN.

THE VOCALIST'S REAL "FRIEND AND PITCHER."—MR. SIMS REEVES.

GENERAL BALFOUR AND GENERAL RETRENCHMENT.

GENERAL BALFOUR, who was sent to the War Office, as the best hand to cut down unnecessary expenses, retired one day last week, but to everybody's astonishment, if not to everybody's satisfaction, returned to office and resumed his operations in the "cutting-room," a few days after. His reason for resignation is said to have been, that in the sweeping operations of the new brooms at the War Office he found his duties swept away, and himself reduced to the ignominious position of a sinecurist.

At this, GENERAL BALFOUR very naturally kicked, declaring that he had come into the office to serve under King STORKS, and not under a set of King LOGS; and that, if he were allowed nothing else to reduce, he should be obliged to reduce himself.

Since then it has been found that in spite of the new brooms there is still a little room for economising at the War Office, and GENERAL BALFOUR has consented to resume the stool of retrenchment.

EARTHQUAKE IN JERSEY.

THE other day, according to intelligence from Jersey in the *Times*, "the whole island was agitated from centre to circumference." This alarming announcement, however, is qualified by the explanation that the movement was synchronous with the proposal, in the "States," of "a bill for the levying of a tax on tobacco to the extent of $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per ounce." The earthquake, therefore, of which Jersey has experienced a shock, was merely a political and moral convulsion. Its violence, however, was such as to compel the abandonment of the tobacco-tax, designed for the purpose of liquidating the insular expenditure. Strange to say, the Jerseyans have since submitted to the enactment of an increased spirit duty to raise the needful, whilst their island has remained unshaken.

Soldiers for Schoolmasters.

MASTERS for Preparatory Schools in Russia are to be selected from the ranks of the Russian Army. Of course it is expected that they will teach the young idea how to shoot.



IRISH ASSURANCE.

The O'Mullygan (who has been assuring his life). "HAH! ANOTHER WORD, GENTLEMEN! OI HEAR A GOOD DEAL ABOUT MERCANTILE FRAUDS AND FINANCIAL IRRIGULARITIES, AN' I'VE ONLY THIS TO SAY: IF MOY EXICUTORS HAVE ANY BOTHER IN GETTING THIS PAID, 'FAITH O'LL INTERPATE INT-HIRELY THE THIN SITTING BOARD!—ACTUIRY, SICRETFARY, AND IVERY MAN JACK IV YE! MAKE YOUR MIMORANDUM O' THAT, AN' GOOD DAY T'YE!!"

A PERT PRISONER.

MR. PUNCH hoped, a few years ago, that by publishing the lines of which the following are part, he should, as *Mr. Puff* says, have placed the petting of criminals "in so ridiculous a light" that the system would have been done away. Yet it not only goes on, but the petted ones exult in it, and even sing *Mr. Punch's* song with insulting mirth. He had to note this fact in September, 1864 (does He, any more than the universe, forget an act of his own?) and now he reads that ALDERMAN WILSON has just told the Middlesex Magistrates that a prisoner left *Mr. Punch's* lines written on a slate in his cell—these:—

"I cannot take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key;
And much the public I applaud
For all their care of me.

"Not more than others I deserve,
In fact, much less than more,
Yet I have food, while others starve,
Or beg, from door to door."

We are sorry that the interesting creature should have applied our moral wrongly, and we can only hope that the next gaol he gets into he will find that we have been understood in a sense made clear to him by his finding nothing to sing about, except in the way of singing out.

Falsehood and Its Reverse.

It is satisfactory to know by telegram that:—

"The Sultan of Zanzibar has imprisoned the man MOSA, who gave false intelligence regarding DR. LIVINGSTONE."

MR. MOSA, or whatever his name is, will now, perhaps, learn to tell the truth, by lying in prison.

BEAUTY AT BATTUES.

ON the last day of the shooting season in France there was a battue at Marly. In a letter from Paris we are informed that the EMPRESS killed one hundred and ninety-three head of various game, his male companions between thirty-six and seventy-five each, and:—

"The EMPRESS brought down thirty, but then Her MAJESTY only shot during the first part of the sport, that is the portion of time before luncheon."

Of course, EUGÉNIE is a fair shot, and after the rate, if the foregoing figure represents her average, as fair a shot as a lady need be. As France leads the van of civilisation, and the EMPRESS is an acknowledged pattern to her sex, not only in clothes but also in conduct, we shall doubtless see the girls of England take to shooting, as soon as possible after its next commencement. Few of them will, perhaps, attempt the moors on the 12th of August, but a large number will, doubtless, be out on the 1st of September, and although not equal to heather, may be expected to be quite up to turnips. The majority, however, of sportswomen, still following the example of the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, will probably confine themselves to battue-shooting, and the slaughter of tame birds, pheasants, and hares, sport which, though a man may contemn it, is manly enough for a woman.

A French humorist's joke against us English was the saying that, when inspired by particularly fine weather, we were accustomed to exclaim, "It is a beautiful day—come, let us go and kill something." France has, perhaps, had some ground for this fling against Englishmen, but not, hitherto, against Englishwomen.

To Sydney.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S recent edict about the Ballet's brief skirt is at all events one mode of re-dressing a grievance.

A WARM RECEPTION.—A Crowded Levee.



HONOURABLE AMBITION.

Colourman (quite concerned). "OH! PERMIT ME TO SEND THEM FOR YOU, SIR, OR WRAP THEM IN PAPER."

Swell. "NO THA---NKS, I'D RATHER CARRY THEM MYSELF THU----US; 'SHALL BE TAKEN FOR AN ARTIST!"

NO JOKE FOR A JURY.

O poor Jury, boxed, poor Jury,
Three weeks odd, each day but one;
Rose impatience not to fury
Ere your weary task was done?

You were special, picked and chosen
For the nonce, were you, indeed.
But had one among your dozen,
Business of his own to heed?

Put an artist on an action,
Or a scribe as juror bind,
How shall that man help distraction,
From his duty, of his mind?

Thoughts of lost employment pressing
He can chase not, nor control
Fell anxiety, distressing,
If it were to save his soul.

If your case need comprehension,
Litigants, your jury, then,
Must, to give it due attention,
Be composed of leisure men.

Swells in yachts life idly leading,
Fishing, hunting, shooting, who,
Might, to work for bread not needing,
Sing, "We've got no work to do."

An Answer in Kind.

WHEN you lament that you are not well enough off to pursue your favourite studies, travel, hunt, shoot, and fish, live amid the surroundings you would like, dress like a gentleman, and associate with your friends on equal terms, some people pretend to offer you consolation by bidding you compare your lot with that of a beggar, and reminding you how many paupers there are in the workhouse. As if anyone with a rightly-constituted mind could derive any satisfaction from considering the unhappiness of others.

THE CRETANS AS THEY WERE.

Now that the Greek difficulty is over for the present, perhaps the Cretans will Lie still.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 22. *Monday.* EARL RUSSELL delighted the Peers by an intimation that as soon as he should be instructed, from returns, upon certain points connected with national education, he would deliver a speech upon that novel and entertaining subject. The Peers, unable to contain their joy, instantly went away.

Cattle plague was mentioned in the H. of C. Such mention gives *Mr. Punch* a peg on which to hang a note that Miss Courts has published a kindly and womanly plea (pardon the tautology, Wardens of our Hearts) in behalf of youthful cattle, better known as calves, who are cruelly treated by the ruffians to whom for the most part the conveyance of the poor creatures is entrusted. Miss Courts urges that, at a time when we are paying so much attention to criminal bipeds, it would be but Christianlike to spare a little for innocent quadrupeds.

The HON. JOHN BRIGHT promised a Mercantile Marine Bill, with an Appalling number of clauses. *He* appalled! Tell that to the Mercantile Marines.

MR. HARDCASTLE, who, from his question one would think must live in the Castle of Indolence, actually asked when the holidays were to be. It was not a fortnight since school had met. DOCTOR GLADSTONE, Head Master, could not say, but was willing to hear what the boys wished, Easter falling so early. He was for giving them a Vacation when they had done something more to earn it—and, he added, as a *placebo*, when they would have a more genial season for its enjoyment.

Being asked to define a House, the same great master of definition declined to do anything of the sort. In other words, he was not inclined yet to begin tinkering the last Reform Act.

The IRISH SECRETARY announced that out of the eighty-eight Fenians whom we now have in Band for being Opinioned (*Dogberry* and *Verges*) forty-nine should be released, as hot-headed fools, who had been misled. The other thirty-two comprised all the main founders, organisers, and leaders of the Fenian movement. Yet an Irish Member

thought—or said—that they might also be let out, if they could give guarantees of good conduct. "There's *some* virtue in a lock and key." Thirty-four of the supposed harmless felons are in Australia, and Government, asked whether it would bear the expense of their coming home, reserved a right to consider each case by itself. If the Australians do not mind keeping them, *Punch* conceives that it would be a pity to deprive them of the advantages of emigration.

The PREMIER mentioned (as LORD GRANVILLE had done elsewhere) the exceeding sorrow with which the QUEEN had foregone her purpose to receive the Addresses in person. They were sent in the usual way. One paper which *Mr. Punch* has received stated that the Address of the Upper House was to be presented by the Lords with White Slaves. Is this the nineteenth sentry, or do we live in mædicore days, among surfs and willans, under the Fuddle system?

MR. GLADSTONE brought in some technical Bill about Pensions, but as he made no mention of the pension we ought to have, we abstain from minding what is not our business. As Grand Adviser of Cabinets, we should have thought—but no matter. Money is not everything in this world—it only procures everything.

Now, this next paragraph may Bore some, but it must be heeded for all that. Rates! do you know what rates are, M'm? Is your mantel-piece ever free from those detestable little notices, demanding sums which are detestable but not little? Well, rates are laid on at random, and if they were collected in the same way, there would be a chance for everybody. But the collection is the only part of the business which is done systematically. We pay about One and Elevenpence in the lb., and London pays about a Million and a Half. We are most unjustly assessed, and good MR. GÖSCHEN is going to rectify this, by appointing Boards who shall assess fairly. This will be a real reform, and tends to a Free-Breakfast table—one free from acrimonious remarks, on the part of Pater, to the effect that he is always paying rates, and that he has a great mind to live in a hotel.

MR. M'EVOR resolves to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. Will he? Ha! Clever M'EVOR—well, do your endeavour.

Tuesday. "You want work, my Lords, do you?" said LORD PRIVY SEAL KIMBERLEY. "You shall be obliged. MR. BRUCE has handed over to me the Bill for the Suppression of Crime, and I will thank you to be in your places on Friday." "Since your Lordship is suppressing, we'll come," said the Peers, who were evidently acquainted with the Boiler, in *Dombey*.

In reply to LORD ELCHO, MR. CARDWELL, Secretary-at-War, made a dignified and resolute little speech, which was applauded. First, we learned the grand universal fact that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is not the Commander-in-Chief, but a Field-Marshal commanding in chief, and, secondly, that he is under the command of MR. CARDWELL, who intended that he should remain so. This plain speech (it was a trifle but not much more euphemistic—no, not euphuistic, you ass; EUPHUES was a quaint writer, with a peculiar style) pleased the House of Commons.

Little Girls, mind your P's and Q's, and indeed all your alphabet, especially your I. O. U. For a great man, a Minister, stood up to-night, and declared that an Infant might be arrested on a writ of capias, and that a child above twelve might be outlawed, if a boy, and younger, if a girl. It is no silly talk, my dears, for a girl under fourteen was arrested and taken to Whitecross Street Prison the other day. So beware of running in debt for goodies, photographs, valentines, or beads.

We debated, on LORD BURY'S motion, whether a section of the Statute of ANNE (not the Statue, that's before St. Paul's, hass), which makes it needful for a person who takes office under the Crown to be re-elected, should be done away, as needless and inconvenient. The House was indisposed to disturb old arrangements. MR. VERNON HARCOURT (Historicus) made an effective maiden speech against change. QUEEN ANNE is dead, but her statute is not to be Bury'd.

The noticeable point in a debate on the Excessive Taxation of Houses and Land (MR. GLADSTONE will attend to it when he has a little spare time) was the astounding statement by MR. NEWDEGATE that a certain High Official, pestered with applications, writes in a corner of the applicant's letter, as instruction to the secretary for reply, U. B. D. We have not the faintest idea what is meant.

The Lateral Viaduct, with which it is intended to spoil the Embankment, was laudably hindered by MR. LAYARD, according to promise, and referred to a Committee. He who would spoil the noble new Via ought to be Ducked.

Wednesday. Salmon in again. And very good it is, and how we pity the ignorant wretches who eat lobster sauce with it, or anything else, except a few drops of lemon-juice or Chili. However, this has nothing to do with MR. DONDS'S motion for information about some "fishing coops" of LORD LONSDALE'S, in which we suppose his Lordship keeps hens when salmon mustn't be caught.

Thursday. Thanks to JOHN KNOX, education in Scotland has been for many generations provided by Compulsory Rating. The schools are so good that, as the DUKE OF ARGYLL told us to-night, the children of the peasant, the tradesman, the gentleman, sit on the same form, and learn, not only the 3 R's, but geography, history, and very often Latin and Greek. It is perfectly unfair that a part of the island should enjoy such advantages in the race, and no wonder the Scots win it so often. This system must either be put a stop to, and the Scots children be reduced to the coarse level of English training, or England must have similar chances. *Manet sors tertia*, repeal the Act of Union. Meantime, the greedy Scotch, on the plea that parishes have outgrown original arrangements, are actually going to improve their already admirable system, liberalising it—on religious matters—into the bargain. The weasel wants to suck more of the eagle's princely eggs. And is never to be caught asleep.

MR. DILKE asked his first question—we hope to hear him ask many another, as he is not a gentleman likely ever to put a foolish one. It was whether the capital of India is not henceforth to be some healthier place than Calcutta. MR. GRANT DUFF is not yet in a position to reply.

CAPTAIN STACPOOLE asked a very proper question about the Oriental Vagabonds who scowl about our streets, and demanded why a wholesome Indian rule providing for the return of exported servants were broken. He was told that most of these vagrants were independent adventurers, which we believe *cum granis nullis*.

MR. GÖSCHEN introduced a Bill, for remedying, in a somewhat circumambagial way, the hardship sustained by the poorest ratepayers. MR. BRIGHT made his first speech as a Minister, and was sure that MR. DISRAELI had not intended to cause the suffering complained of.

MR. CHAMBERS re-introduced the Bill for enabling a man to marry his sister-in-law. We shall not marry ours, because we have none, and for other reasons, but all needless restraints on marriage are contrary to morals and English law. Question therefore remains, is this restriction needless? Let us hear what Reformed Commons say.

Friday. After some good news of the New Zealand War, and of a signal chastisement of the Poverty Bay murderers,

LORD KIMBERLEY introduced the Government Bill for the Suppression of Crime.

He said that the Dangerous Class, who number 120,000, made War

upon Society, and it was now necessary for Society to make War upon them.

The Bill is what Cant calls "un-English." That is, it proposes to repudiate, in certain cases, the doctrine that a man must be held innocent until proved guilty by others. It enacts that if he have been proving himself guilty, by incurring the penalties of the law, the proof of his subsequent innocence shall be offered by himself.

The Ticket-of-leave man may be called on, at any time, to show that he is pursuing an honest calling, and if he cannot do this, he may be sent back to prison for the rest of his sentence.

After a man has been twice convicted of felony, he shall be under the eye of the police for seven years, and at any time that he cannot prove he is engaged in an honest calling, he may be sent to prison for a year.

So, if he haunts public places with apparently unlawful intentions, or is found in a private house under suspicious circumstances.

If he be sentenced a third time, he shall be under surveillance for life.

And after a third conviction he shall receive no less than a seven years' sentence.

Receivers of stolen goods, once convicted, shall, on every future charge, have to prove their own innocence. Bad for Pawnbrokers and Marine-Storekeepers.

Magistrates may give six months instead of one month of imprisonment for assaults on the police.

LORD KIMBERLEY'S speech was an able one, and it was most favourably received, LORD SHAFTESBURY pronouncing strongly in its favour. LORD GREY declared it founded on right principles. LORD CAIRNS thought there was much that was wholesome in them. An endeavour to send the Bill to a Select Committee was generally condemned.

MR. GLADSTONE and the Liberals have grappled boldly with one of the great questions of the day, and (subject to the improvement of details) the Declaration of War against Crime will be applauded by all honest men.

The only noticeable thing in the Commons was the introduction, in an excellent speech, by MR. SYKES, of a Bill for the protection of our poor, harmless, beautiful, useful sea-birds from snobs and ruffians like those lately exposed in one of *Mr. Punch's* pictures.

The Logic of Liquor Laws.

"OUR statute books pretty plainly show that we have very small scruple in abridging the liberty of the subject for the general good." True, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK—most true, most reverend. But do our statute-books show any instance of the liberty of the public at large abridged for the mere sake of restraining a minority from the abuse thereof? Would'st thou deprive them that shave of razors, lest certain lunatics should slice their weasands? If not, why withhold the comforting draught from all, only to the end of disabling some to get drunken? Go to!

Consolation.

SLIGO, NOT DUNGANNON.

ONE COLONEL KNOX

Is in wrong box,

And doubtless deems his fate infernal;

But not the KNOX

Whose jovial *voez*

Makes mirth when night's at noon—our Colonel.

AN ADMIRABLE FIRST LORD.

"FLYING Childers" may or may not have been as swift as is commonly supposed, but there *is* a CHILDERS fully able to keep pace with the times. Success to him in his arduous course! Uphill work, but if he perseveres, he is sure to win—public favour.

ICE EH!

In the American news we find that "an Ice Bridge has been formed near the falls." We should imagine there would be a great many falls near the ice bridge.

WHY are Sedate Old Maids like some of the best qualities of the Spanish soldier? Because they are found in general PRIM.

Scholastica-1.

THERE is one measure which the Lords cannot possibly object to have sent up to them at the fag end of the Session—the Endowed Schools Bill—a useful piece of legislation which we hope both Houses will Foster.

"THE RATING OF WEEKLY TENANTS."—What they get when they don't pay their rent.

TEMPERANCE AND TAXATION.



ADDRESSING, from the Chair at St. James's Hall, a meeting of an Association which may be described as the Society for the gradual Suppression of the Liquor Trade, the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK adverted to certain facts, of which he said :—

"The first was that in one way and another the revenue of this country was recruited to the extent of £24,000,000 out of what people drank."

So much the less taxation, at present, for total abstainers. But if ever the agitators, endeavouring to suppress the trade in excisable liquors, effect their object, they will thereby necessitate an augmentation of the Income-Tax by an

amount proportionate to the deficiency which they will have created in the national revenue. So then, they are ready to incur increased taxation for the sake of compelling the tipplers of the community to be sober. How more than disinterested of them: How self-sacrificing! Only one would like to know how many of them pay Income-Tax, and how much, and whether they would generally be so anxious to stop the sale of wine, spirits, and beer, if they thought that the duty on those liquors was likely to be replaced by a rise in the taxes on tea and sugar.

A select part of the nation has had the honour conferred on it of having to defray the national expenses of the Abyssinian war. Now only let the prohibition of the traffic in liquors be combined with a free breakfast table, and that same fortunate class may hope to be still further honoured with the obligatory privilege of paying for the enforced sobriety of sots.

TOO HARD UPON COLENSO.

As the Houses of Parliament are accustomed, on occasion, to vote thanks to victorious Commanders, so might the Houses of Convocation acknowledge the services of triumphant Defenders of the Faith. A candidate for the honour of their reverend commendation comes forth in the person of a learned gentleman, whose name adorns the title-page of a work described as "Critical Letters. Letter IV. By DR. FRASER HALLE, Author of the *Doctrine of Logical Limits, Exact Philosophy, &c., Critical Imposture: Its Logic and Scholarship.* With Illustrations. On this production a contemporary reviewer observes :—

"As regards the subject, the principal point here examined has reference to BISHOP COLENSO's easy assumptions, in common with other sceptical writers, that what is called the 'Hebrew text' contains the original language of the Pentateuch."

He then proceeds to quote DR. HALLE himself, as follows :—

"It is out of the limits even of possibility for any logician to elaborate a proof that MOSES either spoke or wrote what we call Hebrew."

If DR. HALLE has succeeded in proving that the Hebrew Pentateuch on which BISHOP COLENSO commented is not authentic, he certainly has confuted COLENSO, and thereby deserved the thanks of Convocation, provided that he can produce, or reproduce, the genuine original. Otherwise he will have cut the ground not only from under COLENSO, but also from under every other commentator on COLENSO's theme. He will thus, perhaps, be considered to have proved rather too much; and Convocation will have to thank him, if it thanks him at all, for less than nothing.

Too Great Rejoicings.

"A Telegram from Belfast states that the success of MASTER M'GRATH in carrying off for the second time the Waterloo Cup has evoked great rejoicings on LORD LURGAN's estates in this neighbourhood. In the town of Lurgan great enthusiasm prevails; tar-barrels are blazing in the streets, the houses are illuminated, and there are great crowds."

AND all this fuss because a greyhound runs away with the principal stakes at a Coursing Meeting! What will such hare-brained people do next?

A SHARP NOTION.—Of all the characteristics of its inhabitants, the stranger in Sheffield is most struck with their *Kniveté*!

THE PERILS OF THE STREETS.

HERE is an agreeable morsel of intelligence for folks who daily take their walks abroad in London. We clip it from the Registrar-General's report :—

"The expected number of deaths by violence in the streets of London is, in the present condition of their traffic, between 19 and 20 in five weeks; the actual numbers registered in the five weeks of this year amount to 21: 5 persons were killed by horses, 1 by a carriage, 2 by omnibuses, 2 by cabs, 5 by waggons or vans, and 6 by carts. What appears the work of chance is the natural effect of causes which admit of control."

When deaths are caused by accidents "which admit of control," ought they to be viewed as merely accidental deaths? Is it not highly probable that there would be far fewer of such accidents, if a verdict of manslaughter were now and then returned? We rather think that horses would be kept more under control, if once a week or so a carter or a van-driver were reported in the newspapers as being sent to prison for carelessness in driving, which had been the means of causing an "accidental" death.

It is a pleasant thought for Londoners that really one may now "expect" to be run over whenever one walks out. Our over-crowded thoroughfares are well nigh as deadly as a battle-field. Cabs and carts kill people as readily as cannon-shot, and the carnage caused by van-drivers is as great almost as that by Juggernaut itself. When to the deaths occasioned by the "accidents" of driving we add the injuries resulting from street-prowlers and garotters, it will be obvious that any one who wishes for long life had better take short walks, and rare ones, in our deadly London Streets.



CONGRESS IN CONFUSION.

THE row which took place the other day at the joint meeting of Congress in the American House of Representatives, and increased to such a degree of confusion that MR. SPEAKER COLFAX "was finally compelled to order the serjeant-at-arms to arrest any member obstructing the proceedings of the Convention," is an additional proof of the absurdity of calling the United States the Model Republic. The House of Representatives, was originally modelled after the House of Commons, which it now seems to resemble chiefly in the particular of keeping a serjeant-at-arms; an officer for whose services its members apparently give frequent occasion. So far from having acquired any pretension to be regarded as a model to the Commons' House of Parliament, the American House of Representatives, if not Senate too, as to order and decorum especially, are presented with a model in the Marylebone Vestry.

An Odd Show.

We read in the *Illustrated London News* that—

"The meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, held on Tuesday, was a most successful one. There was a perfect blaze of flowers, among which the cyclamens, and various forms of Chinese primroses, were greatly admired."

What does this mean? Should not cyclamens and Chinese primroses be left to the Royal Horticultural Society? The only flowers the Royal Agricultural Society could with any propriety show would be Cowslips and Oxlips.

How to Treat a Guest.

ONE GUEST, a "respectable" farmer, has been committed to prison for three weeks at Sheffield, for selling a diseased cow for food. It is to be hoped the fate of this GUEST will be a warning to the *host* who are carrying on or meditating the same rascally fraud.



A GENTLE VEGETARIAN.

"'MORNING, MISS! WHO'D EVER THINK, LOOKING AT US TWO, THAT YOU DEVoured BULLOCKS AND SHEEP, AND I NEVER TOOK ANYTHING BUT RICE?"

WHAT CONVENTIONAL REPUTATIONS COME TO.

Oh dear, oh dear, and oh dear, here's a muddle—
Alabama Convention got all in a huddle:
Though STANLEY and REVERDY o'er it did cuddle,
And swore 'twould hold water like what is called "puddle."

There's JOHNSON's been dined ever since we first heard of it,
High-faluting, serene, has in rapture referred to it,
Swearing all the Conventions e'er drawn but absurd to it,
And here's UNCLE SAM won't say never a word to it!

Here's the Press has been blowing its trumpet o'er STANLEY—
How he's all that's straightforward, clear-headed, and manly—
How ne'er was diplomatist—speaking humanly—
So beyond either blunder or bungle as STANLEY!

And here we have all been consigning to blazes
Old-fashioned diplomacy's myst'ries and mazes;
And, in self-satisfaction's complacentest phrases,
Singing new-fangled open diplomacy's praises!

Here was REVERDY JOHNSON, all gushing and go a-head,
To count chickens unhatched, and e'en ask them to crow a-head;
Here was STANLEY, perfection! Nor too quick, nor too slow-a-head;
Here was CLARENDON, after the first foul, to row-a-head!

All these wonderful cooks, with their wonderful toiling,
The broth have completely succeeded in spoiling:
And REVERDY JOHNSON his slack-jaw up-coiling—
May sigh "We're small taters, I guess,—the whole boiling."

And—sorest of slaps on the face, not a doubt of it,
To the diplomates who in advance made a shout of it,
And at mutual compliments had quite a bout of it,—
Here's JOHN BULL, like JONATHAN, glad to be out of it!

"A JEWEL FROM AN EARTHEN POT."

George Herbert.

EVEN if this squalid Convent case had dragged its twenty days' length along to no better end than this (it has done vast good in exposing the character of convent life), *Punch* could not say that the time had quite been thrown away when occasion was given to SIR JOHN COLERIDGE, Solicitor-General, to say what we thus embalm for the ages:—

"I will take the liberty, Gentlemen of the Jury, of giving you a warning upon another matter. *Do not be afraid of doing what is right and just because it chances to be popular.* That is a danger to which sensitive and high-minded men are much more liable than to the coarser and commoner forms of temptation. But, Gentlemen, there is one old and a grand distinction—a distinction drawn first by, perhaps, the very greatest man who ever filled the seat that my Lord [C. J. COCKBURN] now so worthily occupies, I mean LORD MANSFIELD—the distinction between the popularity which follows, and the popularity which is followed after—a distinction which I earnestly entreat you carefully and inflexibly in this case to remember."

Those be words, SIR JOHN, for which *Mr. Punch* heartily thanks you. They point a moral which needs a good deal of pointing just now, and which *Mr. Punch*, who has ever been superior to the weakness condemned, begs all sensitive and high-minded men to remember and apply. *Vox populi* is not necessarily *Vox DEI*, but neither is it necessarily the exact Opposite. Once more, thanks, COLERIDGE, for very happily timed counsel. Your grand namesake and relative never spoke more wisely—we despair to add a compliment you would like better.

A Safe Guess.

WE see a little treatise advertised under the attractive title of *The Stomach and its Difficulties*. What may be these difficulties, we who are not medical and know not indigestion, are happily quite ignorant. We apprehend, however, that with very many persons, the chief difficulty of the stomach is that of regularly filling it.



THE END OF THE "TEMPEST."

PROSPERO. "BE FREE, AND FARE THOU WELL!"—*Shakspeare.*

BIRDS BEASTS AND FISHES.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.—MISS IDA, THE LITTLE DUCK—THE CHRISTMAS PARTY CHEZ DORMICE—PORCUPINE'S OPINION—HOW GOOSE TAKES ADVICE AND ACTS ON IT—THE JOLLY OLD COCK HAS HIS FEATHERS AGAIN RUFFLED—OF THE MACAWS—LADY DODO—THE STORKS, &c.—THE FUNNY DOG IS INTRODUCED, AND SO IS MR. PAUL PARROT.

It was Christmas Day you recollect when GOOSEY was turned out of doors by the Jolly Old Cock, and on the same afternoon DAWSON DORMOUSE and TOM PORCUPINE gave him their spare room for as long as he liked to occupy it; and DORMOUSE begged him to come and spend Christmas night, with a merry party of Dormice, to which also TOM PORCUPINE had received an invitation.

So they kept Christmas happily among the Dormice, and there it was that GOOSEY first saw the Little Duck, who was Governess to the younger members of the family.

MISS IDA DRAKE was the young lady's name. Her father, the REV. MR. DRAKE, had a curacy in a midland county: he possessed "*a quiver full of them*," and was not quite so happy as the commencement of that quotation would lead you to suppose. But it should be remembered that quivers are of all sizes, and if in one fashioned to accommodate ten arrows you find yourself compelled to carry twelve or more, the problem becomes embarrassing.

So it has fallen out with the REV. MR. DRAKE, and he was only too glad to send one of his elder arrows into the paternal bosom of a Dormouse; that is, to accept his offer of a home for IDA, where she would be kindly treated, and be able to make a return to her benefactors by instructing the children, and taking the household under her charge. For MRS. DORMOUSE was too great an invalid to superintend the domestic arrangements herself, and was delighted to obtain the advice and assistance of MISS IDA, who had had the experience of a "Little Mother" in her own home.

MISS IDA was not handsome; but hers was a beautiful face. "She has such a beauty," said PORCUPINE, thoughtfully, "as would calm a tempest." The servants respected her, the children loved her, and to their parents she was invaluable.

GOOSEY BARNDORR saw, and was conquered. It never struck him that having nothing to live upon was an obstacle to marriage.

He thought, as he came to know her better and better, and the difficulty aforesaid had been judiciously represented to him, that if they had nothing, she was exactly the person to economise and make the most of that tremendous income.

"Ducks and geese," a learned writer on Birds has said, (I think it is BISHOP STANLEY) "possess strong affection," or words to that effect; and in a short time it was evident to any regular visitor at the Dormouse Nest, that a real attachment had sprung up between our friend GOOSEY and MISS IDA.

When a young man without a sixpence is head over ears in love with just the person with whom, from a socially-advantageous point of view, he should *not* be in love, every one who does me the honour to read this, knows how readily the young gentleman will listen to sage counsel and advice; how eager he is to profit by the experience of his seniors, and to avoid the frightful examples adduced for his benefit by those interested in his career. Every one, I say, must know how, in such a case, the words of wisdom are never thrown away: how easy it is to convince the young man of his error, and how cheerfully he relinquishes his own headstrong and rash resolves, in order to adopt the prudent course set before him by his sincere well-wishers.

Didn't we all, DAWSON DORMOUSE, PORCUPINE, and even that worldling of the Clubs, KOCK ROBBINS, show him, prove to him, logically, reasonably, mathematically, and experimentally (by anecdotes) that he was going to commit a fatal blunder? Didn't old DORMOUSE, with great weight, and in a most affectionate manner, point out to him that though he (Old DORMOUSE) had married MRS. DORMOUSE without either of them having a shilling, and had lived happily, healthily, wealthily, and wisely ever afterwards, yet that this was only an example proving the rule to the contrary, and therefore to be avoided? Of course he did; and wasn't GOOSEY more struck by his illustration than by his arguments? And, to sum up, wasn't the result of all our counselling, and advising, and illustrating, and talking against improvident marriages, this, namely, that young GOOSEY meeting MISS IDA the very next day by the ornamental water in St. James's Park, proposed to her there and then? Undoubtedly. And what did we? Why, we—we—shook hands with him heartily, and wished him joy, and told him he was a confoundedly lucky fellow. All, except KOCKY ROBBINS, the professional picker-up of crumbs, who did not foresee much for the fowls of the air from *that* table.

IDA's determination was, however, to *wait* until GOOSEY could get something to do. So first he ate humble-pie, and returned to his father, like a prodigal as he wasn't. He professed himself ready and willing to return to the banking-house and drudge to the full content of the Partners' hearts.

Now at this the Jolly Old Cock might have come round, and have

used his influence to reinstate him in his former berth, but unfortunately GOOSEY must needs blurt out his reason for this seeming penitence; and when Old BARNDORR heard of IDA and of her magnificent position as a Governess in the Dormouse family, he cursed, and swore, and would have nothing to do with his son, or his son's wife, nor would he help them, nor in any way do anything for them, and so on, until he was purple with rage, when he flung out of the room, and GOOSEY, for the second time, was to all intents and purposes kicked out of the house. Old BARNDORR saw in his son, and such a marriage, only an incumbrance and inconvenience to himself, and an obstacle to a plan which he was gradually preparing to carry out (not unconnected with that cunning little pianiste, who lodged with the SPRATTS), and so he would not for one minute countenance such a match as that upon which GOOSEY was then bent.

We were all looking about for something for GOOSEY to do. DAWSON DORMOUSE was most energetic in his own way. That is, he stayed in bed two hours later than his wont every day for a fortnight, in order, as he said, "to think the matter over thoroughly."

The result was, that he strongly advised GOOSEY to remain "on the spot." He also wrote letters to several people on the subject, most of whom wrote back to say that they'd be delighted to oblige any friend of *his* whenever they saw an opportunity, and then, no doubt, forgot the affair from that day to this. The applications were made in earnest, the answers were mere formalities.

About this time the MACAWS, of Macaw, gave a party. They had very fine feathers had the MACAWS, and they had the appearance of remarkably fine birds. That Mr. MACAW possessed money's worth was evident from his house, horses, his carriages, and the plumage of Mrs. MACAW and her daughter.

They were neither elegant nor refined, and indeed Mr. MACAW would explain privately to such friends as he cared to trust with the secret, that all this *paradin'*, and parties, and suppers, and operas were all given for the 'sake of the female MACAWS, whose touching devotion to fashionable society deserved a more affectionate return than it at first received.

It was old LADY DODO who first gave the MACAWS a lift, in consequence of the success of some speculation by which MACAW had managed to double her Ladyship's income.

LADY DODO immediately introduced him to the MARQUIS OF ARGUS (the family name is PEACOCK), LORD and LADY STORK, SIR JOHN PARTRIDGE and family, and many other influential personages who keep, as it were, the keys of the *beau monde*, though their recommendation can only secure an entrance without guaranteeing a permanent position. The latter must depend upon the Invisible Tribunal of that Social Committee before whom all, except Royalty, must appear. And even Royalty, sometimes at least on the Continent; for is it not in last week's news that the Marquis of Something refused to admit PRINCE HUMBERT as a member of some musical society, and that the Old Nobility gave up their boxes when VICTOR-EMMANUEL visited the theatre at Nice; so that the gay and gallant monarch, once so popular, sat in the Royal Box surrounded by a galaxy of theatrical orders sent for by the manager (who was bound to make a full house) and brought at the eleventh hour (that is punctually at eight, when the overture commences) out of the highways and byways, evening costumes being perhaps provided out of the wardrobe of the theatre.

Then LADY DODO took up MISS MACAW, and advised her mother to give an artistic party, a concert, or amateur theatricals.

"Well, but," quoth MRS. MACAW, "I know nobody who will act." Whereat LADY DODO smiled grimly (she had not been an inartistic performer in her day) and at her ladyship's next "at home" introduced MRS. MACAW to MR. TED NIPPER, known everywhere as the "Funny Dog," and also to MR. PAUL PARROT, whose imitations of popular actors are still, I believe, the delight of gay lads and lasses (from seventy downwards) who nightly throng the gilded saloons, and only depart when the stirrup-cup is prepared, and when the last saraband has been danced in the hall.

How the MACAWS, the DODO, the STORKS, the PARTRIDGES, the FUNNY DOG and the PARROT, directly or indirectly, assisted to make, or made, or married, or helped to mar the fortunes of the Goose and the Little Duck, will be duly recorded. For the present, a Chapter at least must be given to the FUNNY DOG and MR. PAUL PARROT.

(To be Continued.)

Railings for Railings.

SAY the Semi-Officials who scribble in Gaul,
"Don't think, you brave Belgians, you make us sing small:
From your *chemin-de-fer* to expel us you fail,
For, by Tuilleries orders, we're all on the rail."

THE result of going out for a "Lark" very generally is, that the last part of the Lark you see is the Beak.

ADDITION TO WALKER.—Convent, s., a lunatic autonomy.



STUDY

OF AN ANCIENT BUCK AT A MODERN BURLESQUE.

SISTERS AND WIVES.

As a Romish Bishop can absolve a Nun from her vows by virtue of a faculty obtained from the Pope, would it not be well to allow Nuns to make vows only on condition of observing them till canonically dispensed from their obligation? Feelings change: a Sister might get tired of celibacy: and a fact came out in the evidence on a late trial which shows that some Sisters would make some men excellent wives. One of the witnesses deposed that she had worn her veil for ten years; another hers for a term still longer. No doubt they both of them make the rest of their clothes last a proportional length of time.

Now a woman, such as one of these two Nuns, would be just the wife for a poor philosopher who remains single because he is deterred from matrimony by the fear of linendrapers' and milliners' bills. Such a philosopher would only throw away money by advertising for a wife accustomed to want a new dress as seldom as he wants a new suit. He would probably not find such a woman outside of a convent. But now he may know that within the walls of nunneries there are ladies who wear their veils as long as he wears his hat. If one of them could and would but have him, she might make him as happy as any philosopher in narrow circumstances can be made by her who shares them. And almost all philosophers are in narrow circumstances. A man, endowed with sense enough to live as happily as possible within his means, is usually possessed only of straitened means, and, being blest with prudence, has little of the pecuniary needful wherewithal to bless himself or anybody else. Evidently the only suitable wife for such a man is a Sister.

War-Song.

Down with the Beershop, the dirty, the drear shop,
That poisons the rustic whose legs are so small,
And down with the Brewers, the tyrants, the screwers,
That make the poor publican poison us all.

MUSICAL AND MELANCHOLY.

Q. WHAT is the difference between a pitchfork and a tuning-fork?
A. The one is used to make hay with, and the other to make "A" with.

MOTTO FOR PURCHASERS OF SHADWELL LIFE BELTS.—"I don't believe you, my buoy."

A REMARKABLE CASE.

(Vide Report of Proceedings before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in the "Times" of February 25, on which this Romantic Legal Legend is founded. Names exact. Facts not warranted.)

A CASE was brought
Before the Court,
The names we know
As told at the Bar

were
Kāchēkālāyānā Rungappo
Kālākā Tōlā Oo-diār;

That's one: the other less difficult far
was

Kāchivijāyā Rungappo
Kalaka Tola Oodiar.

The case was heard:

At every word
A voice laughed loudly out "ha, ha!"
Says the Judge, "I know

That's Rungappo.

Now officer, go;

Take Rungappo."

Says the Officer, "Oh,

Which Rungappo?"

Says the Judge, "Bless me! What a fool you are!

The man you've got to take, you know,

Is Kachekalayana Rungappo

Kalaka Tola Oodiar."

They took up Kachekalayana. "Go
To Prison you naughty Rungappo!"

Says the Judge.

"Oh fudge!"

Says Rungappo, "this *pas* is *faur*,
I didn't laugh, indeed, no, no."

Says the Judge, "Then show

To me the man who laughed just so—

Like this," and the Judge gave a loud "ha, ha!"

Says Kachekalayana, "Now, I know

That's Kachivijaya Rungappo

Kalaka Tola Oodiar."

"Now, Chorus!" cried the whole of the Bar,

"Sing Kachivijaya Rungappo,

Kalaka Tola Oodiar."

"I can't catch Kachivijaya, though

I've tried," says the Usher to Rungappo.

"If you cannot Kachivijaya seize,

He won't come back to pay his fees,"

Observed an attorney down below!

Then suddenly cries, "Hullo! hullo!

Why where's the other Rungappo?"

Says the Usher, "Sir, when he heard of fees,

A trembling shook the Indian's knees,

And he ran away, like a frightened pup."

"They've gone," says the Judge, "so I'll sum up.

"If Kachekalayana Rungappo

Is in the right it follows, you know,

That in the wrong is his mortal foe,

Kachivijaya Rungappo."

But which is which is not for us,

To decide at all, but *Jus* is *Jus*—

Now let us sing, as away we go,

Kachekalayana Rungappo!

Kachivijaya Rungappo!

So here's to you both, whoever you are—

Kachekalayana!

Kachivijaya!

Kalaka Tola Oodiar!

Chorus (by every one concerned). Kachekalayana!

Kachivijaya!

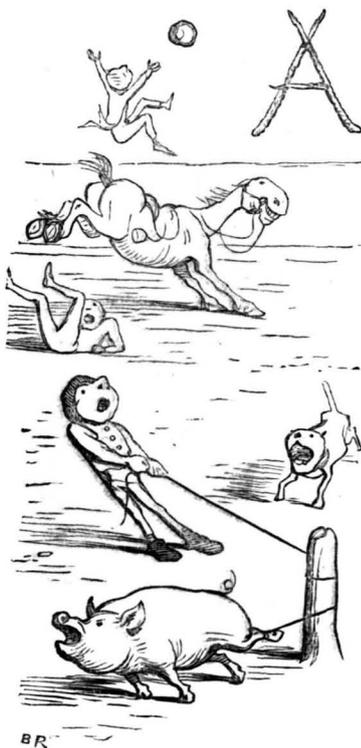
Kalaka Tola Oodiar.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

An Unhappy Misnomer.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph advertises a "celebrated kid glove" by the name of "JOSEPHINE." This is very un-historical. Poor JOSEPHINE owed her divorce from the benefactor of his species to the misfortune of being kidless.

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.



ARE you benevolent, anxious to relieve a case of real distress, and to lay your head on its pillow at night, conscious that you can say with PETER THE GREAT, that you have not lost a day? Make known, then, over your *Julienne* or *à la Reine*, the following piteous appeal to any one you may think able to alleviate the destitution it discloses:—

A GENTLEMAN, who dines occasionally in the City, seeks information where good soup may be obtained, SERVED UP HOT. He is aware it is a secret known only to a few, and he will make a donation to some London charity for reliable information.

Modest gourmet! He does not crave a loan, or a wife, or a Government appointment in exchange for a *douceur*: he only sighs for hot soup. May his *soupir* not be unheeded! (N.B. If you dislike that pushing word "reliable," quote it under protest.)

Not improbably the conversation will now take a culinary turn—in Dublin the tendency would very likely be CULLENARY—and you will find your advantage in having read such a savoury old work as *The*

Original, and such a succulent new one as *The Epicure's Year Book*, an annual, we hope, will long flourish; but beware of fishing up from your common-place memory anything so stale as the story of the great chef who killed himself because the turbot did not come in time, or SYDNEY SMITH's receipt for salad, or DR. JOHNSON's partiality for veal-pie with plums, or LORD ELDON's fondness for liver and bacon.

The Fine Arts are nearly related; one introduces another. The pleasures of the palate are in most men's mouths (one of the few things in which woman is the inferior creature); the delights of the palette are almost as much appreciated. Cooks are great female artists, women of taste, but the ladies who show their paintings in Conduit Street are greater, at least aesthetically (this once idolised word has been somewhat neglected of late); so leave oil and vinegar for oil and water, and touch on the pictures, and drawings, and studies in the various Exhibitions at present open, with the air of an expert and the mien of a judge. Next, as a suitable introduction to the politics you must come to—let us keep away from the Irish Church as long as we can, for the services there will be protracted and weary—descant on the meeting of the two Houses, on the coalition of the two Companies, (like the Siamese with one band between them), under Mr. Prime Minister GYE, and Mr. Leader of the Opposition MAPLESON, and on the aviary of singing birds that are to make Covent Garden melodious, with the coming of the sweet airs and showers of April; postponing for a few happy moments WILLIAM and BENJAMIN, ROBERT and JOHN, to linger with the Lady Superiors of Song, PAULINE and ADELINA, CHRISTINE and TERESA. (We congratulate everybody on their breakfast table being free from "The Great Convent Case," and are ready to take all sorts of vows never to hint at it again.)

For a few moments only! For WILLIAM GLADSTONE will be heard before *William Tell*; MICHAEL COSTA may or may not be Conductor, but BENJAMIN DISRAELI is now the Leader of a powerful band; there is a *Don Giovanni* to be listened to at Westminster as well as at Covent Garden, and the tale of his conquests is not yet complete; there is more than one *Robert*, with a Budget not likely to be quite so amusing as *Figaro*; and *Les Huguenots* may set us a-thinking of the massacre that is impending of Bishops, and Deans, and Pastors without flocks; of columns—of newspapers, and divisions—in lobbies; of manoeuvres, and tactics, and skirmishes, and general engagements; and of all the defeats and victories in the great campaign, perhaps another Seven Years' War, the first shot of which was fired on St. David's Day, the last bayonet-thrust dealt—when? The Greek Kalends or Latter Lammas would be as easy a date to fix.

Drink your Chateau Lafitte, or your Chateau Ordinaire, whichever it may chance to be, smoke the hodman's clay or the Sultan's *chibouque*, care no more for the Established Church of Ireland than you do for

the worship and ritual of Buddha, have as little feeling for Bishops as for Bonzes, be as ignorant of Politics as of protoplasm, be indifferent to all parties but evening ones; you must talk, and will be talked to about Dis-&c. and Dis-&c., and the College of Maynooth, and the Regium Donum, and the Act of Union, and the Coronation Oath, and Protestant Ascendency, and Papal Aggression, and Tithe Rent Charges, and GLADSTONE's magnificent speech of three hours and a half, and DISRAELI's equally splendid oration of three hours and three-quarters—so, for there is no ticket-of-leave for you, incarcerate yourself, and read blue-books, and pamphlets and debates, and come out as well informed upon the subject of the Irish Church, as you already are on the laws of short whist, or the public running of the best two-year-olds of '68, or the new regulations as to Court Dress, or the Gulf Stream.

CLERICAL HARD-RIDERS.

UPPER House of Convocation

To the QUEEN a mild address pens,
Groaning o'er Gladstonization,
But not louder than some press pens.

Lower House of Convocation

O'er the mild address of Upper
Falls to fierce recalcitration,
Scorning bit and breaking crupper,

Finds it Gallo-like and gall-less;
Sprinkling with mere milk and water
Sacrilege—what can you call less,
GLADSTONE's conduct o'er the water?

Adds to it a brace of riders—

Moved by canons and arch-deacons—
Pitching into the backsliders,
Who would quench our Irish beacons—

Calling GLADSTONE's Irish measures

Clean un-Christianization;
Wilful wast'ry of the treasures
Of the glorious Reformation.—

Its "Anathema, Maranatha"

Thundering in the old Church fashion,
On the family of wrath a-
bout to encroach the Church's cash on.

Gently, Lower-House dividers!

Lest folks claw back when you claw them:
And if you must needs draw "riders,"
Try if you can't milder draw them.

Hunting men (without implying

Thereby anything censorious)
Say the Clergy for supplying
Hardest—"riders" are notorious.

But by Clerics to be chidden

Ends in riling Lay outsiders:
JOHN BULL now, if *once* priest-ridden,
Won't stand Clerical rough—"riders."

A Publicola's Plea.

EVERYBODY who has the public interest at heart will rejoice that the Conservative element in the House of Commons obliged VISCOUNT BURY to withdraw his motion for leave to bring in a Bill to repeal that portion of the Act, 6th Queen Anne, chap. 7, which necessitates the re-election of Members accepting office under the Crown. The maintenance of the law requiring such Members to be re-elected often occasions a contested election, which is always a good thing for the publicans.

Two Great Works.

THE *Dundee Advertiser* says that since the ugly revelations in the great RUMBLE case were published, information of similar mal-practices has been pouring in on the Admiralty from all sides, and that MR. BAXTER, "the indefatigable secretary," is giving up his time and attention to routing out these rogues in and out of the office, at the cost of much personal ill-will. All *Punch* can say is, Bravo, BAXTER! The Member for Dundee is determined that his great work shall not be *Baxter's Saints' Rest*, but *Baxter's Sinners' Disturbance*.

A BOOKWORM'S OBSERVATION.—When a man has got turned of 70, he is in the Appendix of Life.



ZOOLOGY.

Railway Porter (to Old Lady travelling with a Menagerie of Pets). "STATION MASTER SAY, MUM, AS CATS IS 'DOGS,' AND RABBITS IS 'DOGS,' AND SO'S PARROTS; BUT THIS ERE 'TORTIS' IS A INSECT, SO THERE AIN'T NO CHARGE FOR IT!"

BALLAD OF THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.

LONG last the Law of England to govern great and small,
Within this kingdom paramount, alike for one and all,
And, with respect to persons, no distinction ever draw:
No Prince, no Priest, no Prelate here, no soul above the Law!

Let other nations patch up their Concordats with Rome's See,
But never to such compromise do thou, JOHN BULL, agree,
Monks against monks for justice, against nuns if nuns should stand,
Be there for them the Juries still, and Judges of the Land.

Superiors in the witness-box, and Bishops too, must show,
And at their peril testify of what the Court would know;
A Cardinal could be enforced, if need were, to appear:
The POPE might be subpoena'd if his Holiness were here.

No priestly jurisdiction to suffer let us deign,
But in old England evermore our English Law maintain;
That law, of human reason the perfection that would be,
Of but a few absurdities if it were only free.

A BAD PRE-EMINENCE.

MR. PUNCH for many reasons has a high esteem for Manchester.
But his esteem is not enhanced by this statement in the *Times* :—

"In comparison with the metropolis, it appears that in Manchester alone more than 3000 lives are annually sacrificed to personal dirt, municipal stupidity, and social neglect."

"The death-rate in Manchester is higher than in any other city in the kingdom; and this, we are informed, is owing chiefly to its dirt. Death and dirt go often hand in hand in crowded cities, and the dirtier a place is the more deadly will it prove to be. If Manchester would send its dirty people to the wash, the chances of longevity to the rest of its inhabitants would doubtless be increased."

GOOD FENCING.

PUNCH has not yet read a novel called *Meta's Faith* (he has no faith in meters, the gas-chaps cheat awfully), but the tongue of good report hath been heard in its favour. And if there is much in it, like this, he is sure it is worth reading :—

"A family without the masculine element is something like an egg without salt. . . . Even if a man can do nothing else in a house, he seldom fails to give the women about him abundant opportunities for self-denial, and so brings out the noblest part of their nature."

A very well planted hit, dear lady-author. If women habitually fought their battles with such neat fence as this, men would not think that they always get the best of it, as they now do. However—ha! ha! will the wives thank you, MRS. META. Is not the above a hint for a good excuse for a man's dining out, and refusing an evening party? That's our *riposte*.

Respectability Presents her Compliments.

WHAT though, to show how warm well-doers thrive,
Her Gig *Respectability* may drive?
She begs to say (after a late sad tumble),
She may ride in a Gig, but scorns a *Rumble*.

Admiralty Office, Somerset House.

AN OBSCURE DISEASE.

ABNORMAL growths must be more common than is generally supposed, judging by the number of afflicted people who confide to you that a song grows upon them.

WHY does the commerce of our country, as represented by the Gladstone Ministry, present a strange anomaly?
Because though our Trade is BRIGHT, our Exchequer is LOWE.

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.



It is possible that you may find people more ready to talk, over the *épergne*, of the contest which will take place on Wednesday, the 17th, at four o'clock, than of the conflict to commence on Thursday, the 18, about the same hour, and disposed to take a keener interest in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, than in the "Bill

to put an end to the Establishment of the Church in Ireland." Should you be placed next thoughtless creatures like these, in whose eyes the row on the Thames is far more important than the row on the Liffey, you will, of course, lament to yourself the frivolous indifference of society to the approaching extinction of Archdeacons in Ireland, and the absence of all excitement on such stirring subjects as Glebe Houses, and the County Cess; but you will do well to put your oar in and go with the stream, and drift away for awhile from the See of Dublin to the river that runs by Putney and Mortlake.

So be ready furnished with the customary details of the number of years Oxford has won in succession, and the reasons always given for the defeat of Cambridge, and the names, weights, and colours of the rowers, and Mr. MORRISON'S coaching, and Hammersmith Bridge, and the behaviour of the steamers, and the conduct of the towing-path; using one or two becoming boating phrases—feathering, and jerky action, and pulling well together, and catching crabs, and the like, although you may be as ignorant of aquatics as you are of hydraulics—and not forgetting to refer to that "*Annus Mirabilis*" when Oxford won seven-handed, or to speak of the race as "the river Derby."

Do all this, artfully concealing your own preference until you have found out whether *she* is a dark blue or a light blue, and you will get credit for having quite a flow of conversation, enough to tide you over dinner, unless, as you are on the river, you are reminded of the threatened reduction in the number of the swans on Linlithgow Loch, owing to the desperate condition of the public finances; or prefer to speak at some length of Miss SWAN, the Nova-Scotian giantess; or the gulls on the Serpentine; or the Bill for the preservation of Sea-birds; or that which is to permit you to marry your deceased wife's sister—a subject, perhaps, as well avoided if you have a wife, and she is within hearing—or the playful notion of ERASMUS LAMBLEY'S, whose fireside circle is not considered by his friends to be the happiest in Woburnia, that a Mother Superior must be a Mother-in-law; or any other harmless little joke you can extract from the lighter topics of the day, such as the Army and Navy Estimates, the Bankruptcy Bill, or the Election petitions. What an impetus the trials of these petitions must have given to a better acquaintance with English Geography! Did you know, before MARTIN and WILLES and BLACKBURN began to reign, in what counties Bewdley and Bodmin and Stalybridge and Westbury were situated? About as accurately as you do now the position of Kashgar and Yarkand, and the exact whereabouts of Semipalatinsk, or the Issy-Kul Lake. Where's Wigan? At the *Gaiety*, is, we believe, the only answer you are able to give, without turning to the atlas.

Slightly Different Conclusions.

IN a scientific lecture at Paris, lately, the lecturer exhibited enlarged photographs of notabilities by the magnesium light, throwing the rest of the theatre into darkness. When the EMPEROR'S photograph was seen, it was saluted by a storm of seditious cries from all parts of the darkened house. "*A la porte!*" "*Vive la République!*" "*Il s'en ira bientôt!*" and so forth. Query. Is the logical inference from this, that all those who abuse the EMPEROR are in the dark, or that everybody, in the dark, abuses the EMPEROR?

BETTER DAYS.

WE are told that "the agricultural statistics of Ireland show an increase of meadow and clover." This improvement and her brighter Church prospects lead us to hope that Ireland is at last in clover. We trust that the seeds of discontent will now cease to be sown.

"SOLAR PROMINENCES."—Sun Blinds.

CONVENTS AND CONVENTS.

WITH reference to the late Convent Case, the Paris Correspondent of the *Post* says:—

"The scandals of the convents of Italy and Spain would throw your very mild little drama into the shade. The instruments of torture employed in the monastic establishments of Italy are more like those which may be seen in the Tower of London, though not so terrible, I confess. I remember that VIANELLI, a Neapolitan artist, who painted interiors of churches and convents, had a collection of 'discipline instruments,' which he had contrived from time to time to extract from convents. There were rods of fine wire, collars of iron, heavy rings, heavy iron shoes, and some queer little things which would puzzle you to conceive how they were applied to the body. I am speaking of days when the civil power in Italy could not penetrate a monastic establishment without Church permission."

Of course there is no fear that any such articles as those above-specified would be found, on investigation, among the disciplinary utensils and apparatus of any convent in the United Kingdom. Human nature in England, and even in Ireland, is quite another thing than what it is in Italy; and, although clandestine letter-writing to friends appears to be about the highest crime known to conventual law, no educated person conversant with genteel society, can possibly imagine that, in any nunnery throughout these dominions, a Sister has ever to suffer anything much worse than being crowned with a duster, or having to wear a pair of boots hung round her neck. Besides, the Italian atmosphere differs from our own; and the suggestion that any kind of inspection of monastic establishments in this country is advisable, cannot, in the true interests of civil and religious liberty, be too promptly pooh-poohed.



A SKETCH FROM NURSERY HISTORY.

Cheering Intelligence.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, on delivery of the verdict in *Saurin v. Star*—

"A cheer arose in Westminster Hall, which was immediately taken up outside."

"Taken up?" Indeed? Taken up by the police, eh, and carried off to Bow Street? But which was taken up, pray—the cheer, or Westminster Hall? One might learn to be more careful in attending to one's grammar, when one has been recounting the quibbles of a law case.

IN WORK.—The public will learn with satisfaction that a use has been found for Ex-Colonial Bishops. Several of them are now industriously employed as curates to those Prelates at home who are unable to attend to their official duties.



HEAVY.

Stranger (just arrived at the city of Eastminster). "WHAT CAN I HAVE FOR DINNER, WAITER?"

Waiter. "ANYTHING YOU PLEASE, SIR!"

Stranger. "WHAT ARE YOU CELEBRATED FOR HERE?"

Waiter. "WELL, SIR, THERE'S THE CATHEDRAL—!!"

ALL WHALLEY.

WELL, now the Convent Scandal's done,
 Fade out of memory let it.
 At least, as touching monk and nun,
 Agree we to forget it.
 You've had a peep behind the veil;
 'Twas rather melancholy:
 But never rake up that old tale,
 Or take your place with WHALLEY

The worst of nunneries we know,
 By recent revelation;
 And nothing wiser should we grow
 Through more investigation.
 Inspection of them only name,
 And you'll talk such mere folly
 That everybody will exclaim,
 "Why, you're as bad as WHALLEY!"

The "Upper Ten" have not a few
 Relations in the Cloister,
 Oh, do not say reduced unto
 The level of an oyster!
 If highborn maidens scrub the floor,
 Like BETSY, JANE, or POLLY.
 What then? The subject is a bore.
 Don't dwell on it, you WHALLEY!

That faith whence Convents do proceed
 A Marquis has enlisted;
 The social influence of that creed
 Is not to be resisted.
 Let it alone to work its way,
 While we ourselves are jolly:
 Whoever tries the tide to stay,
 Him we will call a WHALLEY.

A bigot, crazed with anile zeal,
 Is each man that opposes,
 In aught, those priests who the genteel
 Are leading by their noses.
 On him, of scorn and ridicule
 Keep up a constant volley.
 Kin to the baser part of mule
 Is he; his bray all WHALLEY.

NAME FOR ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.—All Swells.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

RUMOURS of further considerable retrenchments and reductions reach us from various Public Departments.

The birds are to be taken off the ornamental waters in the Parks, as it is not thought right to make ducks and drakes of the Public Money. White ducks will be discontinued in the Navy. The sea-gulls on the Serpentine are to be sent back at their own expense.

A Treasury Minute is about to be issued intimating that gentlemen in the Civil Service of the Crown will in future be expected to provide their own soap in their rooms, and to pay for the washing of the Government towels. When the towels now in use are worn out, they will not be replaced out of the public funds.

With a view to increase the average duration of the National matting, a memorandum has been transmitted requesting gentlemen never to omit carefully cleansing their boots before entering from the street. Neglect of this injunction may bring them into a scrape.

The people's matches are on no pretext to be used for kindling cigars or lighting pipes.

A fee of one shilling will in future be charged to strangers wishing to see the New Foreign and India Offices. Photographs (cabinet size) of the Secretaries of State for these Departments will be on sale in the Messengers' rooms.

A further reduction is contemplated in the Army. The mounted sentries will be withdrawn from the Horse Guards, where they have stood for centuries.

It is proposed to make the new Park railings profitable as well as ornamental, by allowing advertising boards to be suspended upon them. Tenders to be addressed to the Board of Trade.

In the construction of any new vessel of war the figure-head will be omitted.

There will be no Rhododendrons placed in the Park this season.

A WHY AND A BECAUSE.

A COMPANY has been formed to fish up the pieces of eight aboard the Spanish ships sunk in Vigo Bay by ADMIRAL ROOKE in 1703. COLONEL GOWEN, who dealt so successfully with the wrecks in Sebastopol Harbour, is to superintend the diving operations.

"MERCATOR" writes to the *Times* to remind sanguine investors that the same venture was tried a great many years ago, and with no better return than a certain amount (limited) of crockery and pewter. Under these circumstances, a Cockney investor might be pardoned for asking the Company—*à propos* of Vigo,—Vy go there again? It is for investors to say if they are satisfied with the Company's answer,—that "it goes because it's GOWEN."

A Company to sink money is very common. A Company to recover sunk money is not quite so familiar.

May COLONEL GOWEN's adventurers recover not only a little pewter like their predecessors, but a great deal of tin into the bargain.

A Thing Done by Half.

THE first act of the new Parliament has been the rejection of MR. FAWCETT's Election Expenses Bill, intended to enable candidates in moderate circumstances to get cheaply into the House of Commons. As all the harm that bribery and corruption can do is that of giving wealth the preponderance in legislation over intelligence and morality, the House, which negatives the only measure calculated to insure purity of election, may as well, while they are about it, repeal the Anti-bribery Act of last Session.

A BRIEF EXISTENCE.—A Barrister's.

MOTTO FOR IGNATIUS.—'Tis Parson strange.



CAUTION TO LADIES.

DON'T TRY TO CATCH A GENTLEMAN'S HORSE FOR HIM, UNLESS QUITE SURE YOU CAN STOP IT!

[Gentleman in distance sees every chance of finishing the run on foot, and is grateful in proportion.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, March 1. The Great Magician began to utter the Words of Power that, when all are said, shall set the Protestant Ariel free, and bid her fare far better than ever. That night, the FENIAN CALIBAN

“ had cramps,
Side stitches that did pen his breath up; urchins
Did for that vast of night that they might work
All exercise on him. That most lying slave,
Whom stripes might move, not kindness,”

felt that soon his occupation would be gone, or else——

But to the Words.

New Year's Day, 1871, will see the Irish and the English Churches severed.

But the work of Disestablishment and Disendowment is to begin on the passing of the Bill, the Second Reading whereof stands for the 18th of this month.

Then is the present Ecclesiastical Commission for Ireland to be wound up, and a new one formed. For the purposes now before us, the Church is to be under two Governments, one, the State's, to last ten years, one her Own, to last as long as the Church pleases.

The first is a *New Commission*, appointed by the State.

The second is a *Governing Body*, elected by the Church.

No new Vested Interests are to be created after the passing the Act, but for the temporary government of the Church, spiritual appointments may be made.

The QUEEN loses her prerogative of appointing Bishops; but, on the prayer of the Church, may nominate them for spiritual purposes.

The Irish Bishops at once depart from the House of Lords.

Synodical action is to be restored to the Irish Church, and it is invited to elect a body which shall fairly represent bishops, priests, and laymen of the Anglican communion, and if the Government shall consider that such body is properly representative, the QUEEN will recognise it, and it will govern the Irish Free Episcopal Church of the future. This is the Governing Body that has been mentioned.

To this body, which it will be convenient to call the G. B. (let us hope the initials will also mean Great Blessing), will be set over so much of the property of the Church as she is to retain. Careful calculations have been gone into as to the value of that property, and of the rightful claims upon it, and it will be seen that provision is made for the clergy of various ranks.

Incumbents are to have their net income (less curates' salaries) so long as they discharge their duty. Or, if they please, the annuity representing their interest may be commuted, and handed to the G. B., subject to the trust of paying the income while duty is done.

Curates are divided into two sorts, the Permanent and the Transitory. The former are to have the same provision as Incumbents; the latter are to be dealt with as are Civil Servants.

No, aged ladies of both sexes, MR. GLADSTONE does not plunder the Private Endowments, nor does he hand over the Protestant churches to the Papists. On the contrary, every private endowment since King CHARLES THE SECOND'S Restoration (before which MR. GLADSTONE holds that the Irish Church was Calvinistic, and different from our own) is to be religiously preserved to the G. B. These are valued at half a million. And as for the churches, they are to be handed to the G. B. conditionally on its keeping them in order for divine service, or undertaking to pull them down, and build others where there are more Protestants. And,

Twelve churches, which are national memorials, or objects of art, are to be maintained by the Commission. Ruined churches, or such as are refused by the G. B., are to be transferred to the Board of Works, to be taken down, and the materials and the land sold.

Nor are the Protestant Church Burial Grounds to be given up to Popish ghouls, but are to pass with the churches, all rights reserved. All other burial-grounds go to the Guardians of the Poor.

We disincline to trouble you about Glebe Houses and the Glebe, lest, like ADDISON,—

“In the sultry glebe you faint.”

But take it from us that the proposed arrangements are very just to the Church.

Would you like to know the value of the Public Endowments of

the Irish Church? MR. GLADSTONE estimates them at Sixteen Millions.

Now, when we have said that Ecclesiastical laws and courts are to be abolished on the passing of the Act, but that the former may be accepted by the Church in the way of Voluntary Compact, until the G. B. shall please to alter them, we proceed to mention that

The Grant to Maynooth (Catholic), and the *Regium Donum* (Presbyterian), the former £26,000 a year, the latter about £50,000, are to be continued for Fourteen Years. Fierce is Opposition wrath at this, which is described as giving Maynooth £380,000, out of Protestant money, a distinct violation of MR. GLADSTONE'S pledge. There will be a row, especially as the gift is made permanent, instead of being at the annually expressed will of Parliament, which might be ultra-Protestant.

It is hinted, very broadly, to Trinity College, Dublin, that it will have to be overhauled shortly.

The tithe rent-charge—but you don't understand that, my dear. Well, never mind. It is a very important matter, affecting the land, and MR. GLADSTONE has devised a plan by which the landowners can get the charge "merged" on easy terms. When the matter is fought over in Committee, *Mr. Punch* will tell you as much about it as it is good for you to know.

All the Church Lands are to be sold, and the present tenant is to have the refusal of his portion, and if he likes to buy he is to be helped with a loan of three-quarters of the money, to be repaid by instalments.

The Income of the Irish Church is calculated at £700,000 a year.

Now then,

Of the Enormous Sum which has to be dealt with, the Sixteen Millions.

Eight Millions and a half is to go back to the Church, for the purposes which have been mentioned.

There will be upwards of Seven Millions and a half for MR. GLADSTONE to deal with, and as a delightful writer says, "What will he do with it?"

We'll tell you what he will *not* do with it.

It is not to go to any Church.

Not for any teaching of religion.

Not for Education, or we should soon be in quarrel.

Not for public works, for the Irish would "job," and "scramble," and besides, the arrangement would not be final.

Not for railways, for similar reasons.

But the application should bear Legible Marks of a Christian character. Therefore,

Let us apply the money in aid of that region of want and suffering which lies between the independent part of the population, and the purely pauperised population, the region where the Poor Laws work not.

Let us first, and most largely, provide for Lunatics.

[Here *Mr. Punch* interpolateth, at his sweet will, a note. What did DEAN SWIFT write? That he, too, would give the surplus of his property in the same direction, in Ireland. *Vide* Cartoon. He said:—

"He left the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools or mad
To show, by one satiric touch,
No Nation wanted it so much."

The other objects of aid are to be the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind, the Training of Nurses, Reformatories, Industrial Schools, and Infirmarys.

Surely the Christian character is, as Milton says, "writ large" there.

Such is the Magician's scheme. It was expounded in a speech of three hours, a speech in which an artist, whose praise is worth having, MR. DISRAELI, "willingly admitted that there was not a phrase too much." That its lucid order should surpass that with which *Mr. Punch* has presented the plan is not in the nature of things, but *Mr. Punch* willingly admits that his own lucidity was paralleled. And though he seldom stoops from epigram to eloquence, he can cordially admire the glowing words which sent arguement home to the heart, and on this occasion he will immortalise an orator's peroration. It will be historical. As regarded the Irish Church, he said,—

"I venture to believe that when, instead of that fictitious position in which we have too long bolstered up the Irish Establishment, it is called on to trust to its own resources, to its sacred mission, to all that it can draw from its ministers and members, and all the high hopes of the Gospel which it teaches, it will find that it has entered upon a new era of its existence, an era bright with promise and instinct with life."

And thus he concluded, nobly:—

"The credit and power of this assembly are involved. This assembly, which has inherited long ages of accumulated honour, in numberless trials of peaceful legislation, is now called upon to address itself to a task which would have demanded the best energies of the best of our fathers and ancestors. I believe it will prove itself worthy of the task. Should it fail, even the fame of this assembly will suffer disparagement; should it succeed, its fame will receive no small or insensible addition. . . . We are sanguine of the

issue. We know the controversy is near its end, and for my part I may say I am deeply convinced that when the day of final consummation shall send forth the words that give the force of law to this work of peace and justice, those words will be echoed from every shore where the names of Ireland and of Great Britain are known, and that the answer will come back in the approving verdict of civilised mankind."

MR. DISRAELI said that his side had not changed its opinions, but looked on the Disestablishment as a grave political error, and upon Disendowment, especially for secular purposes, as Confiscation. He bore the tribute *Punch* has cited, and would not oppose the introduction of the Bill. But notice has since been given that on the 13th he will move that the Bill be read a Second Time that day six months. So we are to have battle.

With such a Whale in the offing, we have no care for the little fishes. Those who like to catch them can. Brazil is thought to have ended her Slave Trade, so we are to abolish our high-handed Act under which we seize slave-ships in her waters. MR. FAWCETT, against remonstrances, persisted in getting himself beaten on the proposal to throw hustings expenses on rates, a new Member gracing his maiden speech with mentioning that one of his constituents had declared he would see him D before he'd pay such a charge. A London Tramways Bill was read a Second Time by a large majority. MR. TOM HUGHES'S Sunday Trading Bill is to be referred to a Committee. Another Committee is to consider the means of promoting purity at Elections, and the HOME SECRETARY declared himself a convert to the Ballot.

But the pleasantest hearing was MR. LOWE'S announcement that the Abyssinian Expedition, which was warranted to cost us only Five Millions, will certainly have cost us Eight and a half, and probably more. There are prettier things in the South Kensington Museum than those crowns and robes, and things that have cost a deal less.

The Bill for dealing, not gently, with gentle BILL SIXES, has been read twice by the Lords. The Commons heard LORD E. CECIL on adulterations and bad measures, but were persuaded by MR. POCHIN and MR. BRIGHT that these are small grievances, that tradesmen cheat themselves as often as their customers, and that the adulterations are rather beneficial than not; so the poorer class are still to be victimised. The Bill against the snobs and ruffians who murder the poor sea-birds made progress, and a Bankruptcy Bill has been introduced, based on the Scotch system, which allows those who understand a debtor's case, and are most interested in his prosperity, to manage his affairs in their own way. MR. HENRY JAMES has turned out SERJEANT COX, and is the able Member for Taunton.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS OF US.

STALE enough is the old story how a fishwoman was put into a rage by being called a parallelogram. But though hard words break no bones, there are few of us who relish them. Where, for instance, is the man who does not slightly feel disgusted when informed that he, in fact, is nothing more than a mere protoplasm? Yet any one who reads PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S recent paper will find that this is how a man ought to be designated. If folks were all as learned as the erudite Professor, what curious remarks might be dropped about a dinner-table! Fancy hearing somebody observe that he had lately met a protoplasm, that had told him how the Income-Tax was going to be doubled! Or imagine the dismay of an elegant young lady at being told that a distinguished Irish protoplasm, expected later in the evening, was dying, positively dying, to be introduced to her! *Punch* envies the great minds that, by the aid of science, can throw light on the momentous question, "What is man?" But *Punch*, without a spark of envy can contemplate the society where men are only mentioned by the name of protoplasms, and where talkers use large words to hide their littleness of thought.

BAD NEWS.

"Steps are being taken, we believe, to re-open the Great Convent Case of *Saurin v. Star and Kennedy.*"

A MORE distressing announcement has not been made for a long time. The rumour will be received with consternation by thousands of newspaper readers who are hardly yet convalescent after three weeks of weary suffering, and can see no end for months to come to the Election Petitions and the Irish Church. The thought that columns of the paper may again be filled day by day with the Great Convent Case, must bring terror and dismay to many a happy breakfast-table. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is expected to resign, and take a peirage.

Operation on Old Nile.

A SUBSCRIPTION was started amongst the inmates of Colney Hatch for the purpose of engaging an eminent Surgeon to accompany the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES on their Egyptian expedition, and crouch the cataracts of the Nile.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S REVENGE.—(A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.)

CHAP. I.



CHAP. II.



CHAP. III.



CHAP. IV.



CHAP. V.



CHAP. VI.



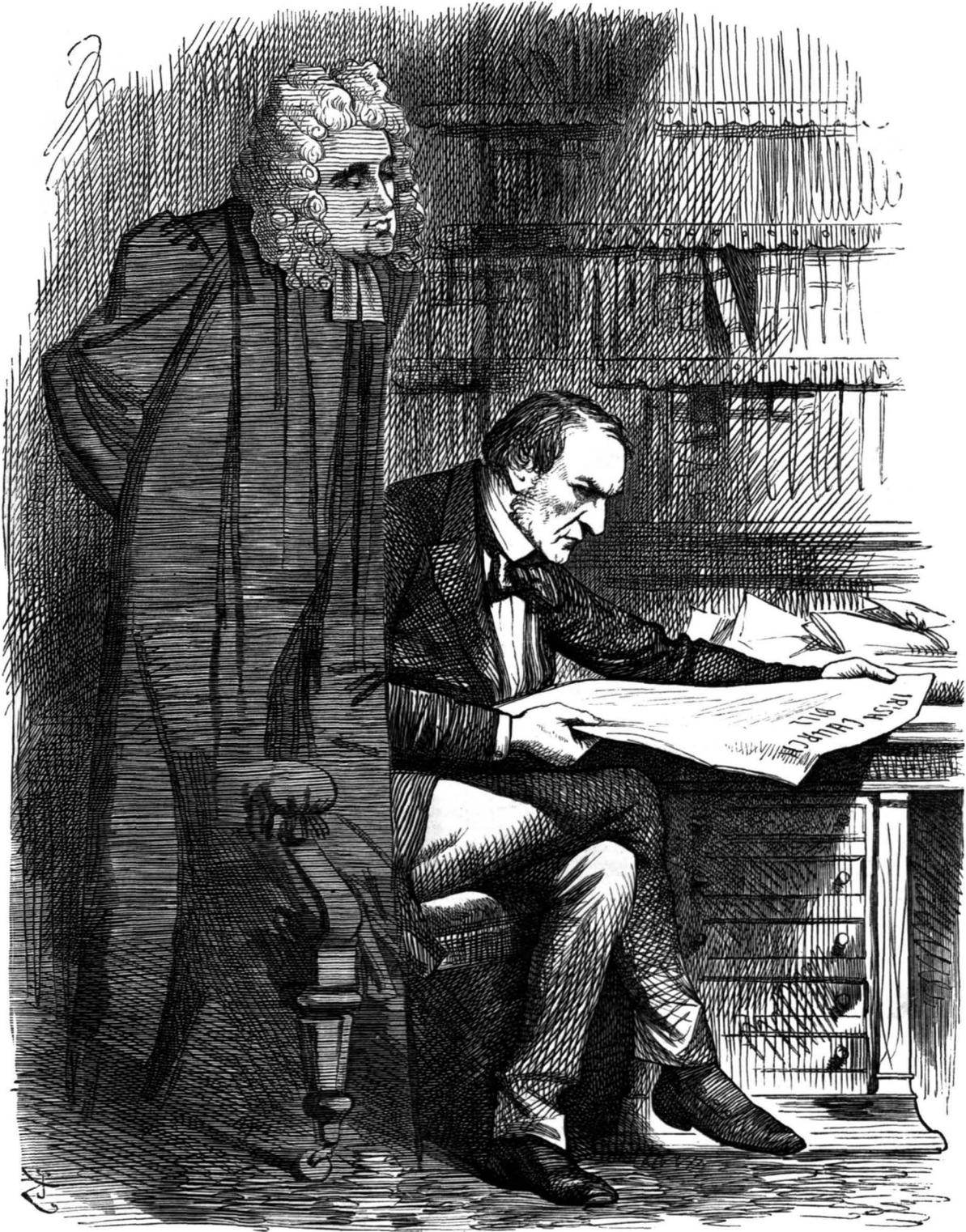
CHAP. VII.



CHAP. VIII.



(To be Continued.)



SWIFT ON A LARGE SCALE.

GHOST OF DEAN SWIFT. "WELL, MR. GLADSTONE, YOU QUOTED MY WILL, BUT, BY GUMDRAGON, YOU MIGHT HAVE GIVEN ME CREDIT FOR BEING THE AUTHOR OF YOUR PLAN. I LEFT MY CHURCH SURPLUS TO A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"TO SHOW, BY ONE SATIRIC TOUCH,
NO NATION WANTED IT SO MUCH."

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.—THE FUNNY DOG—OF WAGG—MR. HYÆNER AND MISS CATTERINE CHESSER—MORE WAGG—MORE NIPPER—POODEL—NIPPER'S GRIEVANCES.

MR. TED NIPPER, the FUNNY DOG, is what is called in society an Acquisition. He is formed by nature for a drawing-room low comedian, and possesses certain advantages over the professional Droll, inasmuch as, to see the latter, you must suit *his* convenience, not your own, while the former comes to you at your own time and place. "Therein," as WAGG would say, who follows the FUNNY DOG, "lies the difference between the former and the latter, or rather, the former and the per-former." But then WAGG is *such a fellow!*

WAGG (while I am on the subject) is not equal to NIPPER, that is, in society's opinion, though in reality little WAGG is original and NIPPER is not; moreover he says clever things, which is utterly beyond NIPPER, who is simply a Droll. Sometimes they are asked to a party together, when NIPPER, in conversation at the dinner-table, is utterly snuffed out by WAGG, and is, so to speak, nowhere. In fact, on this occasion, but for the justice he does to the dishes and drinks, NIPPER might as well be under the table as at it. He seldom ventures upon a passage of arms with WAGG without being speedily shut up and dis-comfited; when, with much tact, he joins the laugh against himself, and gives such a comical roll of his eyes, and such a funny little abrupt cough, by way of an aside, as puts WAGG's witty repartee out of every one's mind, and sets them laughing at and with NIPPER. NIPPER professes much friendly feeling for WAGG, and secretly envies him his talent. WAGG affects to patronise NIPPER, whom he treats as a hopeless buffoon.

"How d'ye do?" says MR. NIPPER to MR. WAGG one day. At which funny speech his admirers went into shrieks of laughter. "For you see," as that giggler HYÆNER explained to me, "it's not so much *what* he says, but the way he says it;" in which observation I perfectly concurred.

When the FUNNY DOG gave utterance to the above memorable speech, he accompanied it with a shrug of the shoulders, a closing of the eyes, and a pursed-up smile which increased the merriment of his audience. He can't even say the most commonplace thing without some drollery of this sort.

"Hallo! JACK PUDDING," replied MR. WAGG, "what a pity it is old WIDDICOMB isn't alive: you'd have made a fortune with him as the Clown at Astley's. I wonder you don't take to a Circus now?"

Whereat MR. NIPPER was very much annoyed, as he informed me afterwards, privately; but at the moment all he did was to imitate a Clown in a Circus, asking MR. WAGG whether there was "anything he could go for to fetch for to carry for to bring," and other conventional funniments of the Circus level. MR. HYÆNER at this was in yells of laughter again, and as for MISS CATTERINE CHESSER (a young lady who is always, according to her own account, either "shrieking" or "screaming" with exuberant merriment), she fairly "went off" in a high giggling key, and begged MR. NIPPER, in an exhausted voice from behind a small pocket-handkerchief, "not to be so *very* absurd." The FUNNY DOG was much hurt by WAGG's expressed opinion of him as a buffoon.

"Hang it!" he says to his intimate friends, "I'm not a buffoon, am I?" His tone is so piteous that you can't find it in your heart to tell him that WAGG isn't far wrong, even if not entirely right. So NIPPER's friend, probably MARSH TOADIE, replies,

"Buffoon, my dear fellow, of course not. You're a deuced good actor, and WAGG's jealous. It was only for the sake of saying a smart thing before Miss CHESSER."

"Yes," says the FUNNY DOG, not much relishing this last remark; "but it wasn't a very smart thing to call me a buffoon."

"Bah, my dear boy," returns TOADIE, "JOHNSON called GARRICK a buffoon; but that didn't make him one, eh?"

"No, of course not," says the poor FUNNY DOG, quite brightening up at this portrait of himself as GARRICK. Henceforth he adopts this argument as his own, and when WAGG repeats his offence, NIPPER is down upon him with the example of JOHNSON.

"What JOHNSON?" asks WAGG. "BEN or SAM?"

"Eh?" says poor NIPPER, taken aback; for his memory is bad, and his acquaintance with literary history, or any history, worse.

"BEN or SAM?" repeats the inexorable WAGG, adding,

"Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die?"

There is only one way for the unfortunate NIPPER out of the difficulty. If he shows, before an admiring crowd too ("That's the worst of WAGG," he complains; "always says these things before a crowd—such nonsense, you know"), ignorance of GARRICK, BEN and SAM, his reputation will receive an injury from which it will be difficult to recover; for he is supposed to know all about the Drama, past and present, and generally to be a very clever fellow. So, when WAGG repeats "BEN or SAM," the FUNNY DOG takes refuge in the assumption of a hoarse voice, supposed to belong to the traditional peep-

showman, with whose celebrated speech he now parries WAGG's searching inquiry.

"Vichever you like, my little dear," says NIPPER, in the character just mentioned. "You pays your money, and you takes your chice."

His admirers describe this as "doosed clever of NIPPER," and "a regular shut-up for WAGG." But the FUNNY DOG is perfectly aware that he has had to defend himself against the charge of buffoonery by putting on the cap and bells, and begging for quarter at his adversary's hand, in the character of an idiot. Calling upon him next day I was enabled to follow the course of his studies since the encounter of the previous evening, by his ingenious remark to me, that "It was odd, but he never knew, or rather, had never noticed till to-day, that BEN JOHNSON spelt his name without an H." He had also been looking out GARRICK's date and contemporaries, for BOSWELL's Life was lying on the table.

WAGG is a performing dog in his own way, but in a totally different line, as you perceive, from NIPPER's.

There is also ALF POODEL, who belongs to the category of Funny Dogs. But *he* is only an inferior Nipper, with puns added of the worst description possible. POODEL, like the marmalade in the advertisements, is "an excellent substitute for" NIPPER at dinner, or at amateur theatricals. POODEL is, in fact, the *second* low comedian, and if POODEL and NIPPER have both to perform in a piece, to NIPPER is given the choice of parts, and POODEL takes what he can get and makes the most of it—if he can.

As to his personal appearance, the Funny Dog is short—all funny dogs are. I only remember one exception, and *he* was a Grotesque of over six feet high, which was somehow funny in itself, as a sort of exaggerated caricature. In fact this comic monster was NIPPER seen through a magnifying glass of immense power. Do my readers recollect the shout of laughter which used to greet the appearance of the magnified lecturer, focussed on to the dissolving-view white sheet at the Polytechnic, where he used to open his cavern of a month to eat a penny, or as it *then* appeared a two-and-sixpenny, bun? Well, if they do, *that* will give them some idea of the cumbersome tall Droll, at whom no one could help laughing when he opened his mouth; that is, if it wasn't to say anything.

NIPPER is inclined to podginess. POODEL is more sketchy. NIPPER belongs to the Grimaldi order of clown; POODEL to the tumbling.

The FUNNY DOG is not only funny in himself, but is the cause of attempts at fun in others. Thus the gravest men meeting NIPPER will think it incumbent upon them to assume a manner totally at variance with their known character, much in the same way as we accommodate our conversation to the infantile style when we visit a friend's nursery.

This, by the way, is a source of as great annoyance to the FUNNY DOG as being stigmatised as a Buffoon by WAGG.

A Chancery Barrister, at whose house NIPPER has been very happy in a Buckstonian character, in some recent theatricals, meets him in the street. The Barrister is middle-aged, ordinarily grave and solemn.

He sees NIPPER. In a second that grave man forces himself to be jocose and practically funny. He exclaims, "Ha, *Mr. Box!*" which is the character he has taken in that classic work, and favours him with (as *he* thinks) a complimentary imitation.

"How do you do?" returns NIPPER, severely, by way of reproving the Chancery man for attempting to interfere with his (the FUNNY DOG's) peculiar line.

"Been acting lately?" asks the Barrister.

"No!" returns NIPPER, carelessly, "not much;" though the fellow knows he has been performing every night, and is full of engagements.

"Aha!" says his friend, "we must have some more theatricals soon. We'll do a farce for you and me. I'll play whatever you like. How you made my wife laugh! She can't get it out of her head. I never saw anything so absurd as you were in that white hat. Ha! Ha! Ha!" And the worthy Lawyer goes off into a roar (all by way of compliment) at the bare recollection.

The FUNNY DOG despises him for laughing at such nonsense, and feels annoyed at his reminding him of having made a fool of himself.

He complains to a friend. "Why," he says, "can't he" (referring to the Chancery man) "speak to me sensibly. I don't want every one to come up with a caper and a grin. It's abominably annoying. I think I shall cut farces, and play nothing but serious parts. Serious with a dash of sentiment in them. 'Pon my word," he goes on bitterly, "people seem to think that I'm always going about with a white hat, and hiding in a cupboard, or sitting on somebody's bonnet in a band-box. Idiots!"

But really and truly so he is. He was born for it; and is never funnier than when he is seriously annoyed.

(To be Continued.)

TWO HEADS ARE NOT BETTER THAN ONE.

The duel system in the Army has been abolished with advantage. The dual system might follow with equally satisfactory results.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. JINKS?—YOU SEEM OUT OF SPIRITS!"

"MATTER, MY DEAR MADAM! WHY, I'VE JUST SEEN THE DOCTOR, AND HE TELLS ME IF I DON'T TAKE THE GREATEST CARE OF MYSELF, I SHALL BE A COMPLETE WRECK IN ANOTHER TWENTY YEARS!"

NOTHING TO VOTE FOR.

WHAT harm is there in bribery
As you or anybody see?
If I can understand, blow me!

You calls my vote a trust—for who?
For them as votes theirselves? For you?
Or only for the Residoo?

SMITH for a railway to his town,
For a mail-packet line votes BROWN,
Now I prefers the stumpy down.

My politics is Number One,
I votes for them as pays; or none—
Out of my vote must I be done?

If, forced to vote without my pay,
I tossed up to decide which way,
Would that be any better? Eh?

As good a reason why to vote,
As chance, for them in either boat,
I take it, is a ten-pun' note.

Of all the swells that talks so pure
Who wouldn't sell their votes, if sure
To fetch a jolly sinecure?

But since the judges of the land
Has took sitch a determined stand,
Between us and the open hand,

I now from votin' shall abstain,
As I consider, and complain,
A serf enfranchised hall in wain.

A Hint.

Two people have been badly hurt last week through slipping on pieces of orange-peel. Now the police haven't many people to arrest in the day-time, why don't they "take up" all the orange-peel they find on the footways? Besides they would then give an opportunity to an irreverent joker of calling them orange-peelers.

THE WAY OF THE WHIRLED.—The Rail-way.

ECLOGUE OF THE SIAMESE TWINS.

SIAM's famed twins, conjoined by living band,
Before the British Public took their stand
Prepared, the one to chant in lofty strain,
The other to respond in numbers plain.
The Brothers thus alternate verses sang,
CHANG first; then tuneful ENG, succeeding CHANG.

Chang. BRITANNIA, glorious Island of the Free!

Eng. There isn't such another in the sea.

Chang. Great Ocean Queen, BRITANNIA, rule the waves;

Eng. You, Britons, never, never should be knaves.

Chang. Here are two hearts in unison that throb.

Eng. Admittance to examine them, one bob.

Chang. The fulness of these hearts no hand can feel!

Eng. No stuffing this, like that you get in veal.

Chang. But oh, believe our feelings are sincere!

Eng. We're very glad indeed to see you here.

Chang. On you, ye forms of loveliness, we gaze,
Our souls entranced with rapturous amaze.

Eng. Ladies, the crowds that throng to see us two,
In a great measure, are composed of you.

Chang. Those gently glowing cheeks and eyes of light
Gleam, oh how beautiful, and oh how bright!
He who would bask in Woman's sweetest smile,
Should, of all lands, repair to Britain's isle.

Eng. Young Abyssinian ladies can compare
With English in the way they dress their hair;
But you, in every other point, no doubt,
Cut them, and all your sex besides them, out.

Chang. But now, farewell! Ye Loves, like spirits blest,
In dreams you'll hover o'er our nightly rest,
Of which the blissful time is drawing nigh.

Eng. I'm tired, and want my supper—so good bye.

A STORM IN A TEA-CUP.

THERE is now a war in print about the right to write books in which all the words shall be like these; that is to say, all short, for small folks. One of the soft sex is quite hard on some ones of the hard sex, and says that they have not kept faith with her as to some books which she said she would write, and which they have told two new scribes to do in this small way, for kids. It does not seem a great feat for any he or she, nor, as there is not a nice nurse who does not write out nice tales in this way for the dears in her charge, does the fight seem to be a grand one, and the rage of the dame makes *Punch* laugh in his snug way. She says that she has writ, or wants to write thus some books which she names, but how the juice she means to do it is a nut which we fail to crack, as one of the books is the *Swiss Family Robinson*, and one more is the *Evenings at Home*; but we guess that she will call the first the *Swiss Kin of Sons of Bob*, and the next *Nights not spent Out of the House*. Sure there is not much here that should make grown up folks snarl and scold; but we are glad of fun, and we thank our friend who prints the fight in his æsthetical hebdomadal publication, denominated the *Athenæum*.

A WAVE OF OUR BATON.

THE word *Star* rather crops up just now. There's *MRS. STAR* in the Convent Case, but we've happily done with that, and can leave its lesson to soak into the minds of Priests, Women, and Families. Then there's the *Transit of Venus*, classically called a wandering *Star*, or planet. Then there's *MISS STARR*, the artist, for whose sake *Mr. Punch* writes this paragraph, to note that in a graceful and appreciative notice of some Art-works, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the critic "assumes" that young lady "to be a student," and for the moment forgets that she was a student, certainly, who took the Gold Medal for about as bold and fine a work as the Academy has often guerdoned. As Herald to the Nobility of Art, *Punch*, King-at-Arms, insists on having the procession to the temple of fame duly marshalled.

HOW TO FEED OUR GAOL-BIRDS.

To live "like a fighting cock" is generally conceived as an agreeable existence. But it can hardly be agreeable to live like common poultry, at least if one be fattened in the way they are at Vichy:—

"A large circular building, admirably ventilated, and with the light partially excluded, is fitted up with circular cages, in tiers rotating on a central axis, and capable of being elevated, depressed, or rotated, which are so arranged that each bird has, as it were, a separate stall, containing a perch. The birds are placed with their tails converging to a common centre, while the head of each may be brought in front by a simple rotatory movement of the central axis. Each bird is fastened to its cell by leathern fetters, which prevent movement except of the head and wings, without occasioning pain."

To live strapped up in a cage can scarcely be regarded as a comfortable way of passing into pinguitude; and one would think that even birds would become extremely bilious when deprived of means of exercise, and daily stuffed with food in the manner here depicted:—

"When the feeding time comes the bird is enveloped in a wooden case, from which the head and neck alone appear, and which is popularly known as its paletot, by which means all unnecessary struggling is avoided. The attendant (a young girl) seizes the head in her left hand, and gently presses the beak, in order to open it; then, with her right, she introduces into the gullet a tin tube about the size of a finger. This tube is united to a flexible pipe, which communicates with the dish in which the food has been placed, and from which the desired quantity is instantly injected into the stomach."

"I would I were a bird!" is one of the last wishes this description would excite, if one has any taste for enjoying a good dinner. What a punishment it would be for an alderman, for instance, to be fastened in a wooden case, and forced to sit bolt upright, with a tin tube down his throat, and so be crammed with turtle soup, without the power of tasting it! The torments of Tantalus could scarce have equalled this, for we doubt if turtle soup were invented in the days when Tantalus was tortured.

Now, why could not some tantalising punishment of this sort be adopted with garrotters and other British gaol-birds? Compared with

workhouse fare, the diet in our prisons may be looked upon as sumptuous; and there is very little doubt that, to many a pet prisoner, the nuisance of confinement is palliated greatly by the pleasures of the palate. Clearly, then, our gaol-birds should be stuffed *à la Française*, as poultry are at Vichy. Doubtless, now, their dinner is a comfort and a pleasure to them, and this would hardly be the case if it were forced into their gullets through a tube which utterly prevented them

from tasting it. For brutes who beat their wives, and for ruffianly garrotters, a further torment might be added by cramming them with dainties such as roast pig and plum-pudding, upon which they might be suffered to feast their eyes awhile, without having the enjoyment of any further relish. We should vastly like to contemplate a party of street ruffians, encased in wooden paletots, and with their noses tightly pinched, to prevent their even sniffing what they were forced to swallow without the power of tasting.



A CHECK.

*Short-tempered Huntsman (to Party who has been fidgeting about, thinking to pad the Fox).
"G' OUT O' TH' WAY! YOU WON'T FIND ANY PRIMROSES ABOUT HERE!"*

and capable of being brought into the very best condition for a knife and fork. This consideration may perhaps induce SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY to reconsider his proposed Turf Reforms. It is probable that the carcass of a "stumped up" winner of the Derby would command a fancy price per pound.

THE TWO-YEAR OLD PLATE.

TALK about a hierarchy! What is that topic, gentlemen sporting-men, to the subject of Horse? Of how small importance is the Bill for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church compared to the question whether or no the Jockey Club shall legislate on the running of two-year-olds! Are these young race-horses overworked? So it appears. ADMIRAL ROUS says they are "stumped up" at five years old; a rousing announcement, surely, to all lovers of horseflesh, especially to those who love to discuss it, not only as a theme, but also as a dainty at dinner. For, though stumped up for the Turf, your two-year-old may still remain available for the Table, and if no longer fit to be entered for a plate, may, nevertheless, be very presentable in one,

HOTEL FOR BEE-FANCIERS.—The Hum-mums.

THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

TARQUINIUS the Tyrant,
In purple and in pall,
Sat in his chair of ivory
Before the Senate-hall,
Watching the busy toilers
That crowded Tiber's strand,
Hewing beam, and squaring marble,
For the temple he had planned.

When sudden came a dark'ning
Of the bright sun in the sky,
And TARQUINIUS looked heavenward,
But nothing could he spy;
No eagles on the left hand,
No eagles on the right;
Presaging good or evil,
By the manner of their flight.

But still the day grew darker,
Though no cloud was to be seen;
And there fell an awful shadow,
The King and folk between.
And it deepened to the blackness
Of a summer thunder-cloud,
That clove, and gave a passage
To a woman bent and bowed.

O'er a forehead, carved with wrinkles,
Fell a forelock thin and hoar,
And in her lean arms gathered
Nine rolls of books she bore.
And her robe against the darkness
Shone white, as she stood there,
Confronting, with no reverence,
The monarch in his chair.

She looked; her glance took all things
Around, before, behind;
She spoke: her voice seemed distant,
Like a far-off ocean wind.
"These nine books hold the wisdom
Of the Sibyl; I am she:
From Cumæ I have journeyed,
By the sunny southern sea.

"All Apollo hath revealed me,
All the wisdom and the wit
That the sun-god's love hath quickened,
In these nine books is writ.
Therein all public evils,
And therein all their cures;
Which the State that heeds not, falleth,
And the State that heeds, endures.

"These nine books, oh TARQUINIUS,
Shall unto thee be sold,
For a talent of white silver,
And a talent of red gold;
But all the sand Pactolus
E'er swept down to the main,
Were little to the value
Of what these books contain."

All scornful sat TARQUINIUS;
For the cloud had pass'd away:
And his heart within was hardened,
And he said the Sibyl nay.
But scarce the word was spoken,
When the great cloud fell once more:
And the place where stood the Sibyl
Was empty as before.

Then TARQUINIUS felt a pricking
In his heart, and wished, within,
He had ta'en the woman's proffer,
So those nine books to win.
And scarce the wish was shapen,
When again the crone was there,
White robed against the darkness,
Before the ivory chair.

"Again, oh King, I am with thee,
For thy unbreathed wish I heard:
Without cars 'tis mine to hear
What is spoken without word.

Again my books I offer,
But three no more are mine;
And the same price thou shalt pay me,
For the six as for the nine."

Then scornful laughed TARQUINIUS,
And his heart was like a stone:
"To pay the price of nine for six,
For fool were to be known."
Then again the woman vanished,
Like a cloud into the cloud,
And the King wished he had closed with her,
But spoke it not aloud.

When, lo, as on his wishing,
Stood the Sibyl at his knee.
"Again my books I proffer:
But the six are fall'n to three."
Again my books I offer,
And again their price I fix;
And the same price thou shalt pay me
For the three as for the six."

Then TARQUINIUS was astonished,
And the Augurs' counsel prayed
And they said he had done evil
That with evil would be paid:
For the Gods had brought him wisdom,
But their purpose he had crossed:
And now of that deep knowledge
Six books of nine were lost.

So the red gold and white silver
Were paid by tale and weight,
And the Sibyl's books were garnered,
And guarded by the State.
Locked in the sacred Capitol,
Shut in a chest of stone,
And two seers to guard and search them,
And make their wisdom known!

Then let England think of TARQUIN,
How the oftener he said nay,
Still the Sibyl's books grew fewer,
And the same he had to pay,
For less knowledge of the evil,
And less knowledge of the cure,
By one of which States perish,
And by one of which, endure.

When Ireland's cloud lay blackest,
And PITT, our Sibyl, came
With a plan to pay the priesthood,
And spoil Sedition's game,
His wisdom was rejected,
And the nine books came no more;
And the black cloud lay still blacker
Round the Green Isle's weeping shore.

Now GLADSTONE stands for Sibyl,
With six books instead of nine,
And offers a worse bargain
Than PITT's in ninety-nine.
And if we spurn *this* offer,
The six books will shrink to three,
And less profit we shall purchase,
And more the price will be!

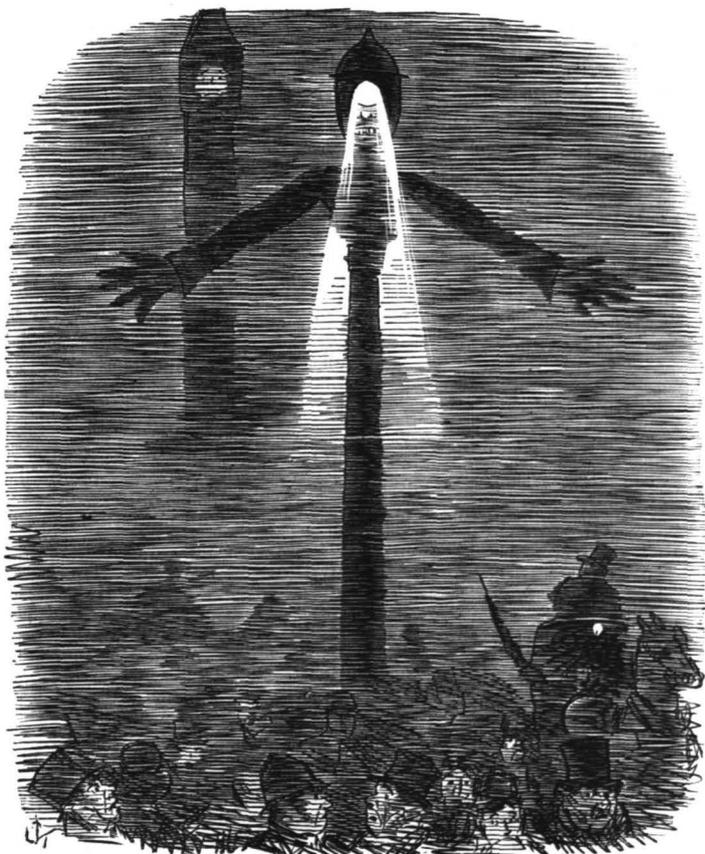
A Nice Place.

Two remarkable paragraphs from Chicago—"An average wedding costs ten thousand dollars." What is an *average* wedding? But the following is more startling—"A Chicago judge reproved two police officers, whereupon they assailed him on the bench and almost throttled him to death." Policemen "collaring" a judge must be a pleasant sight for a prisoner, but scarcely edifying for the general public. If an average wedding there costs ten thousand dollars, we wonder what is the salary of an average judge, and if the above little case is an exceptional one, or only an average example of the playfulness of the Chicago police.

AN UNNECESSARY OFFICE.

AN easy life leads GULLAWAY, 'tis sure,
For a Quack's living is a sine-cure.

ROUGH'S GUIDE TO THE TURF.—The Police.



TERRIFIC APPARITION

SEEN DURING THE RECENT FOG AT WESTMINSTER.

GULLS BY SEA AND LAND.

WHEN we're drawing a Bill to save sea-birds—
Whose suff'rings no doubt deserve pity—
Why don't some one bring in a Bill
For protecting the Gulls in the City?

These poor Gulls are just as much shot at,
Plucked as bare of their plumes, though they go
Not to deck ladies' hats, but line pockets
Of PROJECTOR, DIRECTOR, & Co.

You will find just as many lame ducks,
As many poor geese who have bled,
Limping sadly around Capel Court,
As you'll find about Flamborough Head.

And in both city-court, and sea-crag,
While fish swim, and shares rise and fall,
You will find hungry Cormorants watching,
Who find no prey too great or too small.

Above all you'll discover that puffin'
Has an equal attraction for most
Who follow their game in the City,
As for snobs who hit fowl on the Coast.

If 'tis well to protect sea-gulls' eggs,
Why leave land-gulls' eggs, let me ask it—
Whose produce was counted ere hatched,
To be smashed, often, all in one basket?

If we think it our duty to shelter
Young sea-gulls unable to fly,
Why let unfledged land-gulls risk necks,
On paper-wings soaring sky-high?

If a "close"-time for sea-gulls is fixed,
When 'tis penal the creatures to "pot,"
What a blessing a "close"-time would be,
That would keep Land-Gulls safe out of shot!

The land-gulls "close"-time to begin,
Like that of the sea-gulls—let's say—
From that highly appropriate date
Of April the first—All Fools' Day!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 8. *Monday*. The Lords fixed their holidays. They agreed to rise on Friday, the 19th instant, and meet again on Monday, the 5th April. The intervening time *Punch* supposes that they will expend in talking about the Boat Race, and the arguments against the Irish Church Bill. The water coaches will have done their work splendidly, but how far MR. DISRAELI will succeed into coaching his men to pull together, and not catch crabs, is another matter.

One has not heard much of Oriel College, Oxford, lately. In old days there was a capital parody on *Roderich Vich Alpin Dhu*, wherein that hero, transformed into a Don, who had fallen in love with Miss ELLEN DOUGLAS, says,

"Thank Heaven, there's one man whom I don't see about her,
Her townsman, the tutor of Oriel, *Fitzjames*,
For though of the two I am somewhat the stouter,
His legs are far neater, much older his claims.
Look on this tutor true,
ELLEN, for love of you,
Just metamorphosed from blacksmith to beau,
Hair combed and breeches new,
Grace-altered *Roderich Dhu*,
While every gownsmen cries, wondering, Ho! ho!"

But now there is a Bill for enabling a layman to be appointed to the Provostship of Oriel. LORD DERBY, Chancellor, does not object to this, but to the way in which a lay provostship is to be endowed. The matter does not seem to concern the entire universe, and *Mr. Punch* would hardly have mentioned it but for the sake of displaying the magnificent memory that can bear in mind a squib which he read forty years ago.

LORD RUSSELL made a sensible speech, urging a general system of popular education, and LORD SALISBURY could not see any connection between the diminution of crime and the increase of education. Crime was a matter of moral depravity, and no teaching would make a criminal depart from his original bias. The way to diminish crime was to diminish poverty. As thus boldly and baldly put, the Marquis's

proposition may shock, but it is not to be dismissed with a jeer. The BISHOP OF LONDON knew better than to jeer, but he reproduced the idea in a Christian form.

We read, for the Third Time, the Bill for doing away with what CONSUL RICHARD BURTON, in his delightful new book on the Brazil (with the religious protest by his Catholic wife, the editor, against its anti-Catholic and Mormon doctrines) calls one of the greatest insults ever offered by a strong nation to a weak one, the assertion of our right to seize slavers in Brazilian waters. Why, by the way, don't we invent the Brazil? Here is a glorious country, rich in gold and diamonds, and much better things, and only in want of development. Willing, moreover, to be rescued from speculators and jobbers, and set in the right groove. *Mr. Punch* adds with satisfaction that our Coffin Squadron, that of the West Coast of Africa, has been reduced, and is to be kept on foot only for the purposes of trade. This note does not mean that he thinks, as many well-informed persons do, that the Brazil is on the West Coast of Africa, quite the reverse, it is on the East Coast of South America, unless there has been any alteration.

MR. CHILDERS moved the Navy Estimates. There is a reduction of above a Million.

Tuesday. THE DUKE OF SOMERSET pitched into the Missionaries in China, who are always getting into scrapes, and calling in armed force to help them out. Of course, a young sea-officer is delighted to be asked to let fly at the Chinese, and then a complication occurs. Missionaries were either rogues or enthusiasts, and it was no use talking to them, they must be forbidden to do mischief. This is coarsely put, but there is truth in it. The Missionary is not a man of the world, he believes that anybody who cannot see the truth of what is taught at the Baptist or Independent College must be a fool, and therefore incontinently brays him in a mortar. Some folks don't like braying; that of Exeter Hall, or otherwise. The Chinese had a religion and a highly-finished literature when we were running about stained with woad, and burning children to idols, and they do not see that a third-rate English preacher should rush into a Chinese town, and begin to make fun of the objects of its worship. Suppose a Chinese Missionary arrived at Charing Cross, ran down to the Abbey, and told

the people in it that DEAN STANLEY was an ignorant idiot, and that the figures on the altar were all Guys, and hammered at these with his umbrella, defying them to defend themselves. Well, he would speedily be in a police-cell. But suppose China were strong, had a lot of gun-boats in the Thames, and should land a dashing crew who proceeded to liberate the REVEREND CHOPSTICK PIGTAIL, and slaughter the policemen. Only, you see, China is weak and we are strong. Something will have to be done on the side of justice. LORD CLARENDON has given our Consuls some hints that may tend to restrain the fanatic impulses of illiterate Missionaries. It is due to the great religious societies to say that they disavow the absurdities of the kind of men who are so objectionable, but there must be more done. No man has a right to compromise his country by insulting the creed, or superstition of another country, and as the QUEEN is the Chief of Mohammedan Sovereigns, this rule ought to have been understood long ago.

A Primogeniture Bill, MR. LOCKE KING'S, was debated in the Commons. Its object is to assimilate the law of real with that of personal property in the case of intestacy. *Punch* cannot see any objection to this. MR. HENLEY said that it would snuff out all forty shilling freeholders, as they never made wills. More fools they. A man who will not take the trouble to make a disposal of his property, is simply a booby, of whom no legislature is bound to take care. *Mr. Punch* would go a great deal further in support of this principle, and if it were carried out in reference to Election matters, nine-tenths of the present scandals would cease. We would have no nominations, no canvassing. Let each candidate issue an address, and let the returning officer fix the day of poll, on which every public-house should be shut up. The elector who will not take the trouble to learn who asks his suffrage, and where it is to be given, is a personage whose voice is not wanted in the selection of representatives, and the man who cannot walk up to the booth, and mention his own name and his man's, without instantly wanting beer, is still less worth consulting.

Wednesday. A fight on the Solicitor-General's Bill on University Tests began, and as in the battles of HOMER, evening closed upon the fray, and the combatants drew off.

Thursday. LORD ROBERT MONTAGU brought forward his Contagious Diseases in Cattle Bill. He wanted to make separate waterside markets, and prevent the admission of afflicted cattle, while the Government Bill applies only to cattle after they have been landed. Government opposed the measure, contending that their Bill is to be a sort of code on the whole subject, and for the first time a Liberal and Conservative battle was fought, the result being the defeat of LORD ROBERT by 253 to 197.

Friday. An Indian Government Bill, introduced by the DUKE OF ARGYLL, and nearly the same as that brought in by MR. DISRAELI'S Ministry, was read a Second Time in the Lords.

Some slanders perpetrated against certain most respectable men in the Foreign Office by some discontented persons, "bastards, and else," as *Faulconbridge* says, were mentioned, to be dismissed with the contempt they deserved.

MR. WHITE, who talked loudly on a supposed Admiralty grievance, was informed by the Authorities, past and present, that he could not utter greater nonsense. We hear that he denies this, and means to prove that the Authorities were foolish in such a defiance.

MR. CARDWELL moved the Army Estimates. There is a reduction of above a Million.

Hypothec. Ha! Have you, in compliance with *Mr. Punch's* gracious invitation, found out what that means yet? If not, he regrets it, as there was a most interesting debate on the subject in the House of Lords to-night. If you have found out, of course there is no necessity for his saying anything in the way of explanation. The matter is really very important and hypothetical.

A Bill to amend the Law of Bankruptcy in Ireland was brought in. DR. MORIARTY, one of the Popish Bishops, has written a letter upon the Irish Church Bill, and affects to think that its result will be bankruptcy among the married clergy. The letter is a coarse and vulgar one; and the real character of the Irish priest is revealed in that of the clown who affects to regret the prospect of seeing "a married parson out at heels and elbows, with a lean wife and naked children." This scoff at a fellow-clergyman is so characteristic of the priests of the Affectionate People, that *Punch* notes it only in proof of the venomous hate entertained by the Affectionate People's priests—first, for Protestants; secondly, for Marriage. However, a moralist would prefer that a clergyman should be subject to the purifying influences of home affections (even if they involve hard self-denial) than that he should be the full-fed leering roysterer, with a *double entendre* ever ready on his tongue, and absolution for every crime except submission to law. Some of the exuberant zeal of the Irish parsons may have amused us in other days, but we never insulted them by placing them in the same category as the clownish agitators and vulgar libertines who have never taken one step to put down agrarian assassination, though a general curse from the altars would have done it.

In the Commons, Debate on the Want of Education among the

Poorest Classes in the large towns. Stereotype statements—usual result.

Fagot votes are a good deal manufactured by the Conservatives of Scotland; in fact, without such aid they would scarcely get any seats at all. Complaint is made, and the defence is of the weakest, but we are asked to remember that the Anti-Corn Law League did the same thing. No, replied Her Majesty's Minister, MR. BRIGHT, the latter votes were real. Well, in a sense they were; that is, they meant property which could be seized and sold, and so, it appears, do these Scotch fagots. But if we take a large view of the question, we may say that any vote made for the sake of the vote, and not arising out of the voter's interest and residence in a district, is of the fagot nature. You can't humbug *Mr. Punch*, either side.

"In spite of all your tricks it
Is not in you JUDGE PUNCH to do, not nohow you can fix it."

A Committee was appointed to consider the contracts with the Cunard and Inman Lines for carrying the American Mails. The late Government made these, and the new Government does not entirely approve of them. There is an odd story about some Coals. As a specimen of the wisdom of Parliament, and the sound and accurate information with which Members arm themselves when they have to discuss a question, *Mr. Punch* would mention that MR. GRAVES, champion of the lines, was pleased to inform the House that the Postage of a letter to Paris now costs eightpence. We forget what remark by a lady to LORD CHESTERFIELD drew from that earl the reply, "Oh, Madam, I believe only half what I hear."

A CRICKET-MASTER WANTED.



An old proverb says, "All work and no play makes JACK a dull boy;" so let JACK have his holidays, or he may become a dunce. But does not JACK at some schools play a little to excess? Else how do you account for such advertisements as this?

GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
W—R.—Wanted immediately, a Second Assistant Master, to teach thoroughly writing and arithmetic, also junior English subjects. Must be a good cricketer and round-arm bowler. Character to bear the strictest investigation. Salary £40, increasing to £60.

How the Schoolmaster abroad—at Paris, say, for instance—would lift his eyes, and shrug his shoulders, at a mastership like this! Fancy his astonishment at hearing that a gentleman was paid to teach boys cricket, as well as English reading, writing and arithmetic! Doubtless he would next expect to learn that a *professeur* was appointed, to teach lads to play dominoes as well as to speak French; or else he might conceive that, in this benighted country, men learned in the classics taught their pupils Greek and Latin, and the Art of Self-Defence.

THE CHARITY OF THE STAGE.

It is a weakness with some preachers to throw hard words at the stage; but though there may be sermons in stones, it is rarely wise to throw stones in a sermon. Charity covereth a multitude of sins, and, whatever else they may be, actors certainly are charitable. No sooner do theatrical calamities occur, than help is given liberally by those who live by acting. To poor players time is money, as it is to other workers; yet they never grudge their time in a charitable performance. Hard-worked as they are, half the best actors in London played at Drury Lane last Thursday, to help the sufferers by a fire last month at the Hull theatre; and all who wish to aid in a work of real charity ought now to go the Hull hog in sending in their cheques.

Prophecy for Wednesday.

We have carefully considered all the chances of the Water Derby, weighed each man, examined him as to his teeth and his catechism, the ages of his father and grandfather, and his opinion of the Digamma and *paté de foies gras*. And on mature reflection, we have no hesitation in saying that both Oxford and Cambridge will show themselves worthy of their renown, but that the colour of the winner will be

BLUE.

A SENTIMENTALIST ON SEA AND LAND BIRDS.



HERE is nothing of a character more contrary to that of BILL SYKES than the Bill for the Preservation of Sea-birds, which MR. SYKES has brought into the House of Commons. It is a pity that this measure cannot be enlarged so that land-birds also shall be brought within its purview. For the benefit of agriculture there ought to be fixed a period, namely the whole of breeding-time, during which small birds shall be out of season as well as game, so that the operations of sparrow-clubs shall be temporary, like those of goose-clubs. It may be remarked that, at present, the sparrow-clubs are goose-clubs in a

sense other than that in which the goose-clubs are so called; that is to say, they are composed of geese, stupid clowns, who know not that sparrows eat up much more mischief, in eating caterpillars, than all they do to the farmer in eating corn.

Natural history may be a thing of no consequence. If so, any demand for the preservation of its objects, as such, is of course absurd. According to this view, there is no reason why any limit should be prescribed to the employment of gamekeepers in destroying all varieties of the British fauna which they account vermin. But on the opposite supposition, which supports the British Museum, and also the Zoological Gardens, in as far as that rendezvous is also a scientific institution, kites, buzzards, hawks, ravens, crows, magpies, and even badgers, stoats, and weasels, ought not to be suffered to be, as they are in swift course of being, exterminated. As to a kite, nobody ever sees one now, except that flown by a schoolboy, or a gentleman in difficulties, or a rogue in ordinary circumstances. All these ornaments of our wilds and our landscapes are doomed to disappear and perish, for the sake of saving a few head of game. This is a sentimental complaint, is it? Very well. Say it is all bosh. Then zoology, apart from its physical uses, is all bosh too, and so is botany.

Abolish the fauna and the flora too. Improve all the beauty of the earth off the face of it; do as much for the water—and throw out MR. SYKES'S Bill? No. MR. SYKES has informed the House that the sea-birds follow the plough, picking up worms and grubs, that they give merchant-sailors warning of rocks, and tell deep-sea fishermen where to cast their nets. Therefore protect these gulls, and puffins, and cormorants, and terns, and the rest; but only because they do a considerable deal of that material good which is now generally pursued as the *summum bonum*, to the progressive disfigurement and defacement of these dominions.

MADAME RACHEL'S LAST APPEARANCE.

MADAME RACHEL'S house, furniture, and effects have come to the hammer. The lady's business having been knocked down by the Judges, her effects are about to be knocked down by the auctioneer. The catalogue and sale bills are quite overpowering to the imagination. The drawing-rooms and principal apartments are said to "present splendour and magnificence difficult to describe." There are candelabra (brass and lacquer probably), formerly belonging to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, and incense-burners once the property of the KING OF DELHI! "Dispersed through the house are numerous works of Art and articles of *virtu*, many of them presentations from MADAME RACHEL'S distinguished patronesses."

Let us hope the works of Art include choice specimens of MADAME'S own face-painting, and that the articles of *virtu* left in MADAME'S hands by her distinguished patronesses have not been cracked or otherwise damaged.

A Newspaper Heading.

"PRESIDENT GRANT'S first check." What did he do with it? How delightful to receive your salary so immediately after taking office! It must have been paid in advance. If so, here is an American institution which all who hold Government appointments in this country, from the PREMIER to the postman, would rejoice to see introduced amongst us.

[Our Contributor is in error: the "check" received by the President was of another sort altogether.]

BIS DABIT.

MR. EASTWICH has postponed his motion on Central Asia. We thank him. If he would only add to his kindness by going thither and delivering the speech, our happiness would be complete.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

THIS DAY!!

I WAS asked to make one in a Drag and see the Great University Aquatic Contest, and I said I would. I was asked to ride with somebody else along the Bank, and I said I would.

I was asked to walk with a companion also along the bank, and I believe I promised him faithfully that I would be with him at mid-day. I hope he has not waited for me.

I was invited to go on board a steamer, and see the race from a paddle-box. I said that was what I should enjoy above everything. Tickets a guinea, I think, including the chance of falling into the water, and not returning to Town.

I was invited to go in a Hansom Cab. I said I was sure this would be delicious, if fine. Share of expense one pound five. At the last moment I thought I wouldn't.

I was invited to five breakfast parties on the eventful Wednesday Morning; and last night I was at two Supper Parties after meeting the givers of those Entertainments at the Venerable PADDY GREEN'S, whither the Gentlemen from our Two Seats of Learning do generally, on this annual occasion, betake themselves.

I was not therefore at home in bed until the daylight—"It's my daylight on a shiny night," was the last chorus we sang at SMITHSON'S, with three cheers for the Light Blue, having previously at my other supper party joined in "They are Jolly Good Fellows,"—meaning the Oxonians—with three cheers, equally hearty, for the Dark Blue—until the daylight, as I was saying, did appear, which it did this morning considerably before its time, I am sure: a fact, by the way, which I recommend to the notice of the Astronomer-Royal and the Authorities (if any) of the Greenwich Observatory.

Having made this a holiday with a view to having a "day out," my landlady had not had notice to call me at any particular hour, and therefore left it alone entirely, I suppose, as it was nearly one o'clock before I awoke.

Then came the debate, in bed, as to how I should see the race. This took at least half-an-hour; and finally I arrived at the conclusion that I should get into hot water with most of my friends with whom I had failed to keep my appointments.

The mention of hot water suggested the idea of the preliminary step so necessary to going out at all; and so I rang the bell, and having ordered my hot water, consulted my watch, considered how long it would take me to go to Putney; how uncomfortable it would be when I got there; how I hated a crowd, and how my appearance there, if detected by my friends, would lead to the necessity of a variety of explanations, I determined upon having the race in my own room before the fire, where I could see it at my leisure in my dressing-gown and, with a pipe of much peace in my mouth, without the trouble of putting on, to say the least of it, my boots.

I stood, then, on the top of a drag drawn by four greys, with champagne, game pies, and our party equally divided into light and dark blue: mine was a light blue with fair hair, with whom I betted gloves on the event, and knew my fate whatever happened.

We are to see them finish. Cheers and huzzas in the distance grow louder and louder, and we are all excitement. My Light Blue thinks it dangerous to stand on the top of the drag, and I show her that, if you are well guarded by an arm, no danger need be apprehended. Oxford is seen in the distance through her glasses: for me I see only Light Blue. If Oxford sees her, it will put on a spurt and win. Dark Blue is going well forward, and the boat's nose— But what to me is the boat's nose—I see no nose but Light Blue's, shaded by the hand that holds the race-glasses. Hoarse shouts from the bank, "Now you're winning!" Am I? "Go it, Cambridge!" "Now then, Oxford!" "Now for a spurt!" Jostling, trampling, scrambling, shouting, clutching, splashing, on comes the crowd. I hear them; but my eyes are on Light Blue. Oxford presses Cambridge closely. I am Oxford for the moment, Light Blue is Cambridge. What do I care about races? Now they're winning! A loud cheer: a bang, a clang of bells.

Yes, I will call on her to-morrow. This afternoon I will walk down to the Club, and see which has won the University Boat Race of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-Nine.

Happiness of the Million.

DRAWN by the Universities' Boat Race,
See what a crowd, intent each eager face!
The kindly heart delights to think how free
From every care the multitude must be.

A HEARTY GOOD WISH.

"ADMIRAL ROUS upon the Turf." We hope it will be a very long time before the gallant Admiral is under it.



"NOW, LADIES, IF YOU PLEASE! LOOK STRAIGHT IN MY FACE WHILE I COUNT FIFTEEN, AND PRAY DO NOT LAUGH!!"

ATHLETICS AT THE UNIVERSITIES:

IN consequence of the increasing preference now given to the study of Athletics in the University, we may shortly expect vast changes in the ancient systems hitherto existing in our two great seats of learning. Latin will be nowhere; Leaping everything; Geometry will yield to Gymnastics; Philosophy to Fencing; PALEY to Pole-jumping; HOMER to Hurdles; Co-sines to Calisthenics; Trigonometry to Training; and we shall probably hear, in the course of time, of some such changes as the following being made in the Oxford and Cambridge curriculum:—

LITTLE GO.—The Preliminary Examination. Candidates will be examined in *Fistiana*, Chap. I. to VI., and will be expected to give the Examiners practical illustrations: *e. g.* Let C be a circle; it will be required to describe in it three rounds and a square.

Extracts from Questions.—1. Explain the terms, Nut; Potatoe-trap; Knowledge-box; Mawley; A Mouse.

2. What do you understand by the Upper cut? Practical illustration necessary. If the Examiner is floored, the Student will receive full marks.

3. How and when is the Sponge thrown up?

The Flat Race.—1. Explain the terms, Lap; Sprint race; the Lead; Waiting on some one; Easy winner; Spurt.

The Candidates will be required to run a one-mile, a three-mile, and a one-and-a-quarter-mile course.

Problem.—If A is to B as C to D, how would you handicap them for a two-mile course?

The Hurdle Race.—This will be exclusively confined to Candidates for Honours. In every case the Senior Athlete will have to walk round the Senate House and show his muscle.

The Senate House, by a grace after dinner passed for this special purpose, will be fitted up with ropes, poles, gymnastic bars, the flying jumps, and special corners will be fitted up for the Professors and Students of the Noble Art of Self-defence.

Honorary Degrees will, in the course of next year, be conferred upon JEM MACE, NAT LANGHAM, O'BALDWIN, and TOM KING. In honour of this event, Brasenose College will be called Broken Nose College.

The Great Prize of the Mastership of Trinity College will be given to the victor (previously duly qualified) after a fair stand-up pugilistic

encounter in the College Quadrangle with an antagonist of his own size, age, and weight.

The VICE-CHANCELLOR will hold the belt for Fighting, Running, Leaping, and Pole-jumping, also the Challenge Cups for the same, for one year, when he will have to meet all comers or resign his office. Each Vice-Chancellor will, if unchallenged, prove his right to tenure of office by clearing a jump of twelve feet high with the leaping-pole. College Livings will be conferred on Muscular Christians only. They will be examined in the Evidences of Muscular Christianity.

Scholarships of £60 per annum, with commons and rooms included, will be given to the best hands at "putting the weight" and "throwing the hammer."

Scholarships of £30 for best flat racers over a mile course.

The Proctors will be chosen from the best runners of the year.

Boating, Cricket, and Billiards will be duly considered; as also Tennis, Rackets, and Fives.

When we come to consider that during this week the Members of both Universities are engaged in athletic contests and Billiard and Racket matches, for which they have been in careful training and practice during the entire foregoing Term, it must be conceded that the above arrangements are not only not improbable, but will be rendered absolutely necessary by the impossibility of Undergraduates being able to find time for even such light studies as the works of the old Latin and Greek authors, the study of mathematics, the *Constitutional History* of HALLAM, or the philosophic arguments of the playful PALEY.

Recommending the above to the consideration of our University authorities, and of Parents and Guardians interested in our educational system, we leave the subject for the present, and remain theirs truly.

Sportsmen at Sea.

Tom (*exhibiting a tern which he has shot*). I say, 'ARRY, wot bird's this 'ere?

'Arry. A auk, I should say.

Tom. What yer calls a sparrerawk?

'Arry. No. Hay, u, k, auk without the sparrer.

THE PAYMASTER-GENERAL.—MR. JOHN BULL.



THE "HABITUAL CRIMINAL" CURE.

BILL SIKES. "LOR, BLESS YER, I AIN'T UP TO NOTHIN'! WHY I WAS JEST A-GOIN' 'OME TO MY TEA!!!"
(I. A. SAYS NOTHING, BUT WALKS HIM OFF.)

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER THE NINTH—PAUL PARROT—THE MACAWS—MRS. HUMMIN BYRDE—MR. RATTELS NAYKE—MR. BYRDE—LADY DODO'S ADVICE—OF THE PARTY WHERE MR. PARROT GAVE HIS ENTERTAINMENT.

AMONG the other useful people, whom, it was necessary, as LADY DODO represented to the MACAWS of Macaw to have at their party, was PAUL PARROT. He is known everywhere as a mimic, a marvellous mimic, who however does not, it is understood, take off his friends, but exercises his powers on the imitation of well-known public personages, whose peculiarities afford admirable opportunity for this style of entertainment.

Of course there never was a man who imitated that didn't offer to give you BUCKSTONE, within five minutes after you'd made his acquaintance, or give him without the offer. The latter case is, perhaps, somewhat dangerous, unless for a professed expert like PARROT, as an imitation without the previous announcement that it is intended for So-and-So, is apt to cause mistakes among the audience, and lead to questions far from complimentary to the imitator's skill.

As a rule it is safer to say, "This is BUCKSTONE," and *do* BUCKSTONE, than to *do* BUCKSTONE first, and then have the chance of being annoyed by some one saying, "Excellent! COMPTON wasn't it?"

PAUL PARROT need never preface any of his mimetical illustrations, I'm sure; but he does, and modestly gives out "This is BUCKSTONE," or "This is MACREADY," as if to remove the chance of there being any doubt on the subject afterwards. This is PAUL PARROT's one talent, and this he, so to speak, hides in a dinner-napkin, and brings it out after dessert down-stairs, or up in the drawing-room afterwards, just to break the monotony of the songs and music, and give a special colour to the evening's amusement.

"My dear," says LADY DODO to MRS. MACAW, "these people draw their audiences, they have their 'following' just as preachers have, and there are sets where acting and charades and tableaux are all the rage; and wherever they are given, it is absolutely necessary, in order to obtain a complete success (which implies that you have made the previous party-giver jealous, and have raised the spirit of emulation among the intending hosts) to be supported by such a galaxy of talent," as the old playbills used to say, as MR. NIPPER, MR. WAGG, MR. POODEL, and MR. PAUL PARROT. MRS. HUMMIN BYRDE must have a part in your operetta, and so must MISS FYNCH. Also, my dear MRS. MACAW, in arranging your pieces recollect that MRS. BYRDE always likes to perform with MR. RATTELS NAYKE, who you know has a beautiful tenor voice, and invariably plays the Lovers. MR. BYRDE, I believe," continues LADY DODO, "has no great liking for MR. NAYKE, nor for private theatricals in general, though his wife makes him give them; but that is nothing to us. Only recollect, my dear MRS. MACAW, that if he is to do anything in office on the Stage, let him be Prompter. MRS. BYRDE prefers this, and you now a Prompter cannot leave his place for a minute."

So LADY DODO went through her elementary instructions to the MACAWS of Macaw; and hence it happened that Little PAUL PARROT was of the party.

I had—we had all of us, GOOSEY, DORMOUSE, and myself—heard so much of him that we expected to be snuffed out by PARROT's wit and brilliancy during dinner. It was an entirely gratuitous assumption, because why should a man who copies your snuffle, or your growl, or your squeak, as you may have been gifted by Providence apparently with an especial eye to PARROT's benefit—I say, why should such an one be original and witty, and make you die of laughing with any other kind of humour than that for which he has been peculiarly adapted by a kindly Nature?

If he were original, he would cease to be MR. PAUL PARROT. If he set the table in a roar, he would perhaps anticipate the effect to be produced by his entertainment when we had left the table and betaken ourselves to sofas and drawing-room chairs.

We met him first at a large party. He was not introduced to any one of our trio, nor were we to him. I didn't know him by sight, and no one pointed him out to me as the GREAT PAUL PARROT. But there he was, like JACK HORNER, in a corner, and taking his food with that mimetic mouth, silently and placidly as one who knew his power and future triumph, and would not discount his reputation by hazarding an original observation. I noticed—not knowing who he was *then*—that he was rather particular about the salt, and had a marvellously good appetite; but though MISS LAMBKIN sat next him, and did all she knew to attract him, yet he hadn't a word or a look even for *her*, who forthwith began to practise her eye-battery upon a more susceptible individual, who shall be nameless here, and who would have utterly succumbed before the attack, had he not been previously armed against the insidious advances of the SHEEPSEY Family, whereof MISS LAMBKIN is of course a member. MR. RATTELS NAYKE was at her other elbow, and he was, naturally enough, engaged, as usual (but I say *nothing*), with MRS. BYRDE, who certainly did look radiant.

When the Lady Birds had retired to commence warbling aloft, and

we were left, not to drink like Fishes, and turn under the influence of Circe's Port into Swine, as was half-a-century ago the abominable custom, but to refresh ourselves with a libation to the God Chicory, and a burnt sacrifice of one delicate cigarette to Nicotine, the Dusky Divinity, then we thought that the host would call on PARROT. But no: not a word came from our little friend PARROT. Nay more, he actually, and so did our cruel host, permitted a young University Man, a Wagtail, who was ignorant of his company, to give an imitation which had been very popular with his unsophisticated companion undergraduates, his *aequales*; but which merely evoked a quiet smile of pity from those who knew what was coming, and from the head of the table the observation, "Ah, you'll hear some imitations up-stairs presently, that'll astonish you; eh, PARROT?" Whereat PARROT smiles feebly, and attempts nervously to drink nothing out of his coffee-cup.

Then the host rises, and we go up-stairs. Nightingales and Larks sing. MRS. BYRDE and MR. NAYKE give us that "exquisite duet" out of that "charming operetta" by Young KYNG FISCHER, the amateur, who, you know, is *really* quite another OFFENBACH—"oh, quite," and we all applaud; and then, when the entertainment begins to flag, our host brings PAUL PARROT from somewhere, out of a corner and behind a crowd, much as the street conjurer suddenly shows the little travelling doll popping out of the bag when he has been for some time supposed to have been absent on a voyage to China. So, unexpectedly, PARROT steps into the centre of the drawing-room. Some people ask who he is, and what he is going to do, and others, proud of the knowledge, answer that this is PARROT, and now you'll hear him give the most wonderful imitations in the world.

The Funny Dogs do not envy him the talent. It doesn't interfere with *them*, and in fact they rather like expressing aloud their testimony to PARROT's excellent rendering of BUCKSTONE, or PHELPS, or COMPTON, or WEBSTER, in order to show how familiar they are with the originals, whom, they give you to understand, they know privately; or, as the schoolboys used to say, "at home."

(To be Continued.)

AMERICANISED MEDICINE.

As the Right Honourable the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE wrote the other day, we are gradually Americanising all our institutions. Unless we stop, Posterity, at least, may see a President writing his Message to Parliament. Some little time, however, may have to elapse before every one of our British institutions shall have been wholly Americanised. Our social institutions will probably precede our political in undergoing Americanisation. Among those of our institutions that are especially getting Americanised, is a part of our Press, professing to afford us information which it calls "reliable," and also abounding in announcements on which we may rely if their phraseology strikes us as the language of truth and honesty. Some of these notifications are formed on models whereof a contemporary thus quotes an example:—

"A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.—The following advertisement is from a recent New York paper: 'If you want a really pure, unsophisticated 'family pill,' buy DR. R—'s liver-encouraging, kidney-persuading, silent perambulator—twenty-seven in a box. This pill is as mild as a pet-lamb, and as searching as a small tooth-comb. It don't go fooling about, but strictly attends to business, and is as certain as an alarm clock.'

Puffery resembling, if not quite equalling, that above instanced in wit and humour, is fast gaining ground among us. America has taught us how to advertise. Thank BARNUM. The advertising sheet, the poster, the placard, are in rapid course of being Americanised out and out. Facetious advertisements, like the foregoing one, tell on the British as well as on the American Million. In other days the same class were wont to be persuaded by the mountebank's zany to buy his master's physic. They were the wise. Their multitude is great and increasing. So do the wise increase. We have been, and are continuing to be, Americanised. We are progressing.

"The Use of Salisbury."

EVERY amateur of old Church Chaunts and Services is familiar with "The use of Salisbury," but it is gratifying to find "the use of Salisbury" extended from the old religious to the modern Civil service of the country—in the chant of "We've got no work to do," as introduced with excellent effect in the Lords, by the active-minded Marquis of that ilk. To find work for the Lords in the first half of the Session will be putting SALISBURY to very excellent use indeed.

LEGAL CHARGE.

A CONTEMPORARY stated that—

"The trial of the great Nun Case cost about two hundred and fifty pounds a day."

A Cockney friend adds, that was about a Nun-dred every two hours.



STUDY IN BELGRAVIA.

Little Ladyship. "O PARKER! YOU SHOULD HAVE CARRIED POPPET TOO!
HE'LL GET HIS FEET WET!"

ROGUES ALL!

COME! Perhaps we, eminently respectables of the shop, the office and the counting-house, had better not turn up the whites of our eyes in such *very* holy horror over the sinful sixpenny defrauders by false weights and measures, when forty per cent. of us are detected by the Inland Revenue Commissioners in making false returns to the Income-Tax, under Schedule D, and to the tune of 130 per cent. under the mark, on the average statement of our profits.

Let us add the figures for our own more edification.
Out of 350,000 persons assessed under Schedule D,
140,000 make false returns.

Amount returned and paid on, £44,042,000.

Amount not returned and not paid on, £57,254,000!

The Metropolis accounts for a fifth of the total assessment under Schedule D.

Every man who relieves his own burden by a dishonest return, throws an additional burden on his honest neighbour.

We would suggest that Schedule D. should be printed with a motto from *Falstaff*:—

"Rob me the Exchequer, the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands, too!"

BALLAD OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

O SAY not tradesmen cheat in weight,
Or practise fraud in measure,
To such extent as to create
Much harm, or gain much treasure.

O say not with intent unfair
The shopkeeper arranges
Unequal scales; but wear and tear
Their due proportion changes.

'Tis few that can with rogues be classed
Of all the trading body;
No gross aspersion on them cast—
Excuse a little shoddy.

AGRICULTURAL MACHINES.—Farm Labourers.

COMPETITIVE BRITISH JURIES.

MR. PUNCH,

CONSIDERING the great Convent trial, every Briton must feel a very great exaltation of his already high opinion of a British Jury. In that case twelve Protestant jurymen had to settle a question of convent law between contending Roman Catholics. What next? Another such body of gentlemen may have to determine doctrinal disputes. A MR. FFOULKES has written a certain letter to ARCHBISHOP MANNING—his Archbishop. It is denounced by a portion of the Roman Catholic Press as heretical. MR. FFOULKES, however, professes Catholicism, and has not been excommunicated. Now, suppose MR. FFOULKES were to bring an action against any organ of his own denomination for calling him a heretic. Surely he might: heretic is a hard word. An accusation of heresy is calculated to do a man injury with his co-religionists, may even subject him to special damage. Well, suppose an action of libel to be brought on that ground by MR. FFOULKES, or any one else in the like case. The defendants would plead a justification, and call authorities to support it. Opposite experts would be called by the plaintiff, including, perhaps, those who, if they deemed him a heretic, should, and would, officially have pronounced him one. Then, of these differing Roman Catholic doctors, a British Protestant Jury would have to decide which were right and which were wrong in deciding whether the plaintiff was a heretic or not. Sing—

"O tremendous British Jury!"

Of course the same arbiters may also be called upon, in like manner, to determine a similar controversy between Wesleyans, Independents, Baptists, or litigants of any other Protestant persuasion, Churchmen inclusive, and even Jews as well.

Now, therefore, your British Jury ought to be perfectly fit to perform the united functions of the Court of Arches and the Consistory of Rome, together with every kind of Dissenting Council or Conference, and the tribunal which serves for the Jewish Sanhedrim into the bargain. To be, however, thoroughly up to all this work, British jurymen in general can hardly, perhaps, be considered to have had quite so

much education as they ought. But that advantage could be insured only by a system of examinations—at which the majority of persons at present liable to serve as jurors would take exceedingly good care to be plucked. The sole way to get any of them to pass would be that of paying jurymen liberally for their services. If this were done, the examinations for the Jury List might even be made competitive. What a noble institution the British Jury would then become! There would be no more petty juries; every jury would be a Grand Jury. Composed of successful competitors, our British Jury would indeed be what, in original language, I may venture to call the envy of surrounding nations and the admiration of the world.

The honour, and still more the emolument, of being empanelled on a jury would then be sought, instead of the inconvenience and the loss being, if possible, avoided, by the generality of persons in the position of

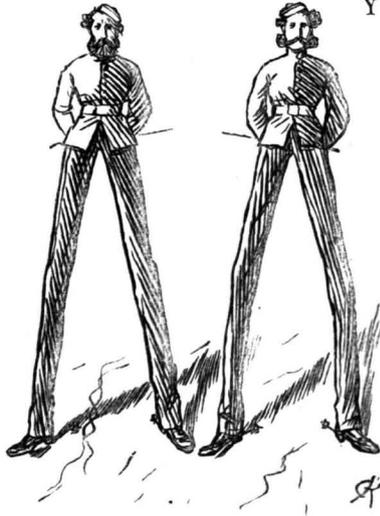
A HOUSEHOLDER.

P.S. What would be a small addition to the County rates? Only the price of exemption from a burden and a bore often attended with a ruinous loss of that time which is money.

A VEGETABLE GIANT.

THE *Builder* reports the arrival from Nicaragua of specimens of "one of the most gigantic plants in the vegetable kingdom." They may be said to be connected with the aristocracy of that kingdom, as the plant is "closely allied to" those distinguished members of the *Arum* family, our English "Lords and Ladies." It has only one leaf, but that one is nearly fourteen feet long, supported on a stalk measuring ten. The flower-stem is a foot in circumference—the flower, or spathe itself, two feet in length. As to colour this Aracean, or Aroidean, monster is "purplish blue," and it exhales "a powerful carrion-like odour," being thus strong in full proportion to its size. Finally, our architectural contemporary informs us that "as this remarkable species of *Aroideæ* is quite new to men of science, it has not as yet received a name." In compliment to the City of London, suppose the botanical authorities call it *Gogmagogus graveolens*.

MILITARY ARITHMETIC.



Y DEAR MR. CARDWELL,

I CONGRATULATE you heartily upon the progress in arithmetic which you are making at the War Office. Your predecessor never studied further than addition; but you are bold enough to venture on some problems in reduction. You will require both skill and courage in mastering this rule, but you need not be afraid while you have me to back you. I think that on the whole you have worked out your four first sums with very fair success. The reduction of the Army by eleven thousand men, and the reducing of the estimates by a million and a quarter, are problems you may pride yourself on having nearly conquered. This is, I consider, a good result of labour, seeing that you did

not begin to work till Christmas. Still you cannot be too careful in the way you do your sums. Here, for instance, are mistakes which you might have well avoided:—

“The most useful arms in the Service are undoubtedly the infantry of the line and the artillery. In the former we have reduced some 7000 men, in the latter 1439. The least useful branch of the Service for military purposes, or, as far as we are aware, for any purpose but such as the beefeaters would answer as well, is the household cavalry; and in these corps the reduction amounts to 12 men!”

I don't think beefeaters on horseback would look by any means so imposing as life-guardsmen, and it is chiefly as mere ornaments that our life-guards are of use. Still in the eyesight of a taxpayer their looks may seem imposing in quite another sense, if he only takes the trouble to consider what they cost him:—

“The cost of the 1308 life-guardsmen, who delight the nurserymaids in St. James' Park, is no less than £121,834, without including the expenses connected with their barracks; while the same number of artillery and infantry men would cost £62,866 and £52,320 respectively. In other words the country pays for each showy life-guard who appears in London or Windsor £93 per annum, as compared with £47 for the gunner and £40 for the foot-soldier, for service in every part of the world.”

What we want our Army for, is not for splendour, but security. We enlist recruits for soldiers, not for showmen. Never mind how nursemaids may cry for their lost loves. Reduce the Ornamentals, when next you try your hand at a problem in reduction. The Sovereigns of France and of Austria and of Prussia are each of them content with two hundred for their body-guard, and if the thirteen hundred life-guardsmen were reduced to the same number, I think the fact would not be displeasing to our QUEEN, and, as a tax-payer, it could not but be pleasing to your

PUNCH.

A STRANGE SPECTACLE.

“The ‘hideous structure,’ the semaphore in Parliament Street, as CAPTAIN DAWSON DAMER called it, will be brought before the House by him on Monday.”—*Morning Paper Summary.*

How many policemen were required to bring it in? Was it sent back again, or consigned to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms? Did the Members think what they were doing, when they allowed this “hideous structure” to be introduced within their walls? The precedent once established, what is there to prevent all the other hideous objects in London being brought before the House, until the Lower Chamber is turned into a Chamber of Horrors? The Statues alone would so scare and terrify Members that it would become a matter of great difficulty to get together a sufficient number for the transaction of business. The House knows something of ugly jobs, but nothing to equal these.

Impromptu on a Tumble.

(By a Backslider from the Liquor Law Platform.)

You shee I've got no locush shtandi:
Tha's too mush sorra-warra—an' brandy.

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.

“ON the behaviour of Thermometers in a Vacuum,” the title of a paper lately read before the Royal Society,—worded, by the way, as though thermometers were creatures of flesh and blood instead of tubes of glass and quicksilver, and 'accountable for their actions—leads one to think of the behaviour of Society in a vacuum or pause in conversation, and the valuable auxiliary that man or woman is who can fill it up with suitable stopping. For Society abhors a vacuum, and you will secure honours and rewards, smiles and invitations, by making its existence, when you are present, an impossibility. The newspapers carefully examined will often supply material. Take this as a sample. “SIR CHARLES BRIGHT has picked up the electric cable lost last year between Florida and Havannah.” There are famous Twins now exhibiting in London, and a Giantess, also a Circassian Lady, all doing, it is reported, a good business in shillings; but if SIR CHARLES could be induced to show himself in the character of the strongest man that ever lived, and perform a few feats of this sort, the receipts would be enormous, and he would soon pick up a fortune. (Newspapers want very careful editing: here are two or three little mishaps. The eminent Frenchman lately dead, M. TROPLONG, the President of the Senate, is registered in one of the chronicles as having been born in “1705”; the actor now playing at Drury Lane is spoken of as “DR.” DILLON; and a young lady of the name of “EDITH” is twice mentioned in a notice of *School*, who was certainly not in the piece when we had the pleasure of seeing it.)

You will find everybody still in the blues, and you are recommended to buy a scarf and charter a steamer, and “Go to Putney” to see the Boat Race, if you have social engagements for the 17th and following days, and do not wish to be completely stranded in conversation, or considered a poor dull creature unacquainted with the light *entrées* of the table—the names of the crews, and the Court Circular, and the new colour, and bicycle Velocipedes, and the fate of DEMONIA HUDDERBURN in the last number of *The Monthly Stimulant*, and only caring for such solid fare as the Debate on the Second Reading, or Habitual Criminals, or the Site of the Law Courts, or PRESIDENT GRANT, whose Cabinet you will be surprised to find does not enter half so much into table-talk as MRS. THWAITES'S, or MADAME RACHEL'S furniture.

Take the opportunity, when discussing the Race, (which you may be certain the papers will say was attended by a greater crowd than in any previous year, and was timed by one of MAYNE SPRING'S chronographs,) if there is a seaman present, to ask him what “logarithmic waves” are; and do not be astonished if the great contest brings on the cloth other University matters of the highest moment. Can you guess what they are? You very properly suggest unattached Students, or new Professorships, or the Abolition of Religious Tests, or, perhaps, the Keble College? Nothing of this sort will come on for hearing. You mistake if you suppose that the main object of a modern University education is study: you would jump to a right conclusion if you said it was sport. Oxford and Cambridge are splendid Gymnasiums, with the public schools for preparatory academies, and will soon, no doubt, have athletic Professors, Fellows, and Scholars; and men will go out in the Athleteal school just as they do now in that of History or Natural Science—only in greater numbers. Boat-races, cricket-matches, billiard-matches, racket-matches, athletic sports—with all these pressing engagements to attend to, is it not unreasonable to expect a man to find time for a careful study of the works of THUCYDIDES and ARISTOTLE, or the tedious productions of EUCLID and NEWTON? So—for you will hardly like to appear an ignoramus in the presence of a young gentleman with perfect clothes and a faultless arrangement of his hair, whose parents pay three hundred a year that he may decorate the family sideboard with silver cups and medals—qualify yourself in-stanter to talk about pole-jumping, and hurdle-races, and putting the weight, and throwing the hammer, and the wide jump, and the high jump, and all the other new University studies which, by their introduction into the academical curriculum, are bringing plenty of business to a most valuable class of men—the silversmiths—and, as some people think, to the doctors also. But if Paterfamilias approves of all this athleticism, on the whole preferring it to asceticism, who need growl?

Rem Acu Tetigisti.

SIR C. E. TREVELYAN suggests that Cleopatra's needle should be brought from Alexandria and set up on the Thames Embankment, in the open space between the new wings of the Temple, facing the river. We confess we can't quite see the point even of so large a needle on such a site. We would suggest, as a more appropriate position, on geographical and other considerations, the front of the India Office, and beside the needle, a statue of JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLL, as the greatest CAM'EL living, trying to get through the eye of it!

“PARTY PROCESSIONS.”—Going down to Supper.



EXTRAORDINARY TAKE OF TWIN SALMON.

A UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE SONG.

(ADAPTED FROM MOORE.)

HARK! as the clocks the quarters chime,
The sound of the sweeping oars in time;
Hark! as the bright, blue blades appear,
The crowd, the cry, and the rolling cheer!
Row, Oxford, row, the stream runs fast,
The Winning-post's near, and the Bridge is past.

See! all the line your flags unfurl;
See! the blue crest upon braid and curl;
Now, for the love of the girls on shore,
Pull, stroke and bow, pull every oar!
Row, Cambridge, row, the stream runs fast,
The Winning-post's near, and the Bridge is past.

Fly on the tide this afternoon!
City and Town will shout for you soon;
City and Town will wish for you there—
Cool heads, stout hearts, and wind to spare.
Row, victors, row, the stream runs fast,
The good "Ship" is here, and the danger's past.

LORD GLASGOW.

LORD GLASGOW is gone. He seems, though but a racing nobleman, to merit a word from *Punch*. For he was also a racing gentleman. He loved the sport for its own sake, and took its risks and chances as "sport." So the real turf-man, the fellow who cares no more about his horse, except as a thing to play with, than you care about the dice that give you the bar point, called him eccentric. He had a bothersome habit of not naming his horses, and this was inconvenient to the betting rascals, whose vocal powers, except for bad language, are small. He was a gentleman—peace to his *manes*, and those of his steeds.

THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.—Ladies' Hair as now worn.

A SAINT REHABILITATED.

ST. GEORGE, in his character of a gallant knight on horseback, spiking a dragon, was disgracefully removed from the sovereign; and *Mr. Punch* has scarcely cared to take a sovereign since. If he does, it is only to do like other people, and because that coin does as well as any other to shy at a waiter after dinner, and in exchange for the cigar-light. But St. George, as the jolly Cappadocian Baker, has never had half justice done him, and *Mr. Punch* inclines to consider him in this light. The notion came into his head at St. George's own Hall, nearly opposite the Polytechnic, the other night, while he was listening to the Christy Minstrels, who made musical the echoes of that highly superior edifice. It occurred to *Mr. Punch* that he would write them an opera, to be called *George, the Cappadocian*, or the *Brave British Baker*. We hereby copyright the idea. There be passages in the life of St. George which would not only delight, but instruct. We should not leave out the Dragon, but should put him in a new light. George was brave, but a cheat. The Dragon was the type of the Magistrates who seek to prevent bakers from cheating. We should not give George the victory, though he gets it now-a-days, thanks to the imbecile idiotcy of Vestries, but we should repress him by means of the beautiful Princess. We forget whether Cappadocia is a place where blacks live; but no matter; we should certainly let the Christy Minstrels wear their sable, though we never could comprehend why really charming melody should come more pleasantly to the ear through redded lips than from an artist's natural mouth. Yes, we are rather nuts upon our Cappadocian opera, and shall probably give the *scenario* at an early date. Meantime, go to St. George's Hall, and hear the Minstrels; for they are exceeding good, both in serious and comic work, and they have excluded all the vulgarity which used to make *Punch* long to break the woolley heads of other days.

A Sweet Idea.

GIVING sugarplums to children, if not an act of *bonhomie*, may surely be regarded as an act of bonbon-homie.

THE QUEEN'S LEVY.—Taxes.

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.



VOLUNTEER Review, a distinct thing altogether from an Amateur Magazine, is to be held next Monday at Dover, and you are hereby cautioned not to fire off as your own that joke about "Dover's Powder" which you read in a newspaper, when once before Shakspeare's Cliff reverberated with the roar of riflery, and the poor samphire-gatherer hung halfway down, terror-stricken at the warlike proceedings of the Honourable Artillery Company.

You have heard of a speaking-trumpet, of a tasting-order, of smelling-salts, of a touching discourse, of a laughing-stock, a crying evil, a walking dictionary, a "talking oak," and many other things which, if there is any accuracy in language, must be considered as en-

dowed with the senses and faculties of animate beings; and we have now to acquaint you with the existence of another member of the same category—always be scientific in your nomenclature—which, if it can be generally introduced into Society, will prove a real blessing to the dullest, the shyest, the youngest of its victims, and save them from the weather and cold extremities. The discovery we have made is that there is such a thing as "a Conversational Sofa." Only secure that priceless treasure, and you will never again have to resort to the earthquake, or the Irish Church Debate, or the prospectus of the amalgamated operas—the new "Musical Union"—or PRINCE ARTHUR'S visit to Ireland (the MARCHIONESS OF ELY'S country-house will be known in history as "ARTHUR'S SEAT"), or any other of those subjects, which when started are a fatal symptom that old ADDLEBY or Young BOONISON is pumped dry, and attacked with the distressing thought—what on earth am I to say next?

Do people ever talk upholstery when assembled round "The Mahogany Tree," just as they talk dress, or wines, or horses? If so, please to try and find out from some thoroughly well-informed person, and get to the bottom of it if you can, what an "occasional" chair is, and what it is at those not infrequent times when it is not a chair? Will you also ask the lady who has just charmed you with that tender *andante* of MENDELSSOHN'S, what "warmed pianos" are, and what is the caloric applied to these instruments, and if coal, whether Silks-tone?

Everybody should have a good word and a good wish for the Voluntary System. Were you not once yourself (for six weeks) a very ineffective private in the Third Stockinghamshire Rifles, and was not the drill-sergeant almost driven to drink by the uncertainty you displayed as to which was your right leg and which was your left, and did you not resign, on the plea of a lengthened stay in the Metropolis, rather than have your nether limbs distinguished by chalk symbols? Unless, therefore, you are greatly changed, and have seen the error of your legs since those pleasant days (notwithstanding the drill-sergeant) at Trentsyde, you are not very likely to be found amongst the plucky men who will leave home in the gray of the morning and their uniform on Monday, the 29th, and return, covered with dust and glory, a little after midnight. As, however, you may be dining out on that day at some hospitable house which has sent its gallant contingent to the great muster, prepare for action by making yourself acquainted with the names of the officers in command of divisions and brigades, and the names and numbers as given in the papers,—which you had better make up your mind will be particularly vociferous that evening,—of the various corps which left the railway stations at 6 A.M., in high spirits and knicker-bockers, if you desire to get on satisfactorily with charming persons in pink tulle and blue silk whose parents, husbands, brothers, and—lovers (there is probably now a genteeler term, but we don't know it, and this is in *Shakspeare* and *Tennyson*) have gone forth to march past a flagstaff, and increase the traffic receipts of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway.

You may be as ignorant of musketry drill as of harpooning, you may be as clumsy with a rifle as you would be with a theodolite, you may think MR. CARDWELL right not to increase the capitation grant, but you must wish the Volunteer army (to whom Easter Monday will not be exactly a holiday) fine weather, a pleasant journey, a successful meeting, and—reasonable hotel-charges.

P.S. Grumbling are you, because there is nothing in this despatch about the Irish Church Debate? Go to your "Essence of Parliament." You are sure to find there far better hints than any we can offer.

THE LAST LAUNCH AT DEPTFORD.

Loyally and Lovingly Dedicated by MR. PUNCH to H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE.

If there's a spirit of the tree, as fair Greek fable tells,
And the green blood of the Dryad is the sap of acorn-bells,
Not death, but higher life, befalls the Nymphs of the oak-trees
That are squared and shaped, and set to frame the ships that rule the seas.

And they were not doleful Dryads, but exulting ones that spread
Their unseen wings for shelter of LOUISE'S gracious head,
As she faced the nipping March wind, like a daughter of the sea,
To christen the last war-ship that from Deptford launched will be.

Lift high the wine, sweet Princess, and with blood-red baptism crown,
The bows, slow creeping streamwards, as the dog-shores are struck
down:

And, fit name for last heart of oak that from Deptford-slips shall glide,
Bid "God speed" to *The Druid*, as she curt'sies to the tide.

'Tis the last launch from Deptford; the old yard has had its day;
Times change and war-ships with them: oak yields to iron's sway:
There are wider slips and statelier sheds, and broader quays elsewhere,
And Wisdom says "concentrate," and Thrift says "save and spare."

Deptford is now a frowsy place, ill-smelling, dank and low,
Where muddy banks are eat away by a foul stream's festering flow:
Where low Vice haunts and flaunts, and flares, fed full on sailors' gains,
And threatening them with surer wreck than all lee-shores or mains.

But the Deptford that we look on, to whose yard we bid good bye,
Was once the Deptford, where, in pride, *The Great Harry* went to lie;
Where, lusty King to lordly ship, from his Greenwich palace near,
Bluff KING HAL among his shipwrights showed broad breast and face of cheer.

With delicate ANNE BOLEYN upon his brawny arm—
Lamb and Lion,—monarch's majesty, enhancing woman's charm—
To mark, well-pleased, how in his yard the work sped swift along,
From fair keel to tall top-side of swift pink and carraek strong.

And rapid ran the Ravensbourne, a cleanly country stream,
Glassing in its bright bosom, brave attire, and banners' gleam,
When, tenc'd in tower of jewelled ruff and tun of pearled robe,
Came good QUEEN BESS to welcome CAPTAIN DRAKE from round the globe!

'Twas in this very Deptford creek was drawn *The Golden Hind*,
Fragrant with spices of New Spain, rich with heap'd spoils of Ind,
As to bold Queen bold Buccaneer knelt on his own deck-board
Plain CAPTAIN DRAKE, and rose again SIR FRANCIS from her sword.

'Twas in Deptford yard, from reign to reign, the PETTS* their credit won,

Handing their craft of ship-builder from famous sire to son;
To Deptford smug SAM PEYPS took boat, in CHARLES'S thrifless day,
To note "how still our debts do grow, and our fleet do decay."

And hither, from the fair-trimmed yews and hollies of Sayes Court,
Came a burly, bull-necked Muscovite, for labour and disport;
Sturdy swinker, lusty drinker; king with king, and tar with tar,
The Northern Demiurgus, Russ Prometheus, PETER TZAR.

Richer in slips and stores and sheds, there be other yards, I trow,
But none more rich in memories, Old Deptford yard, than thou.
It was well done and worthily of a Princess fair and sweet,
To christen the last war-babe, born of thee into our fleet.

And may *The Druid* ne'er disgrace the parentage she owns,
Or mar the glorious memories that spring from Deptford stones:
May she bear her worthy England, and the white hand that but now
Has dashed the wine of baptism upon her shapely bow!

* The PETTS were the hereditary ship-builders of the English navy from the days of JAMES THE FIRST to those of JAMES THE SECOND.

A Third Competitor.

It may have escaped observation that on the day of the University Boat Race there were *three* eights on the River—the Oxford Eight, the Cambridge Eight, and the Chiswick Eyt.



"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY GAINED."

Scotch Excursionist. "YE DINNA CHARGE A BAWBEE AT A' THE BRIGS IN TOON—DI YE?"

Toll-Keeper. "OH, NO—BLACKFRIARS AND LONDON BRIDGE ARE FREE."

Scotch Excursionist (re-pocketing coin). "E—EH THEN, WUD YE BE KIND ENEUCH JUST TO DIRECT ME TO LUNNON BRIDGE?"

LAW APPRAISING MEDICINE.

ATTENTION, Judges, Gentlemen of the Long Robe, and British Public at large, to the following utterance of the MASTER OF THE ROLLS, reported to have been delivered in *SANGER v. SANGER, ex parte DR. JAMES CLARK*. Note that the sum referred to in it was that of a hundred guineas, which DR. CLARK having at first declined, had finally accepted.

"HIS LORDSHIP said,—I think this sum is even more than DR. CLARK is entitled to, and I must dismiss his summons with costs from the time when he rejected the guardians' offer of a hundred guineas. I think it right to add that if the case had not ended as it has, I should have disallowed the visits to the sea-side altogether, as well as the concluding item, and have materially reduced the allowance for visits."

DR. CLARK had, as a general practitioner, attended two young ladies, sisters, the elder for some slight complaint, the younger for measles and other ailments of a dangerous kind which "required his continuous care and attention for many weeks." These young ladies were at school at St. John's Wood. DR. CLARK had paid one hundred and twenty-five visits, inclusive of two journeys to Worthing and three to Brighton, besides meeting SIR WILLIAM JENNER in consultation thrice. He charged at the rate of a guinea a visit—or half-a-guinea, when he saw the two. His whole claim amounted to £310 5s. 6d., which, besides extra charges for the journeys out of town, comprised a fee of six guineas paid to DR. JENNER, and forty guineas for "correspondence and sundry consultations and interviews with the solicitors and other parties interested in the cause." This claim, for which he had sued the guardians of the young ladies, DR. CLARK had "adjourned from Chambers," whereat the Chief Clerk had awarded him £82 13s., which the MASTER OF THE ROLLS appears to have thought enough, as he considered a hundred guineas too much.

It may be that DR. CLARK, in the amount which he claimed, did not

A CHANT FOR COLLEGE ATHLETES.

How doth the busy Undergrad
Improve each shining hour,
Loving each new athletic "fad,"
To show his muscle's power!

To learn to row and feather well,
What awful pains he takes?
But just to see his name in *Bell*,
Full compensation makes.

To pull stroke-oar, to coach a crew,
He aims to be a dab;
And such disgrace he never knew,
As when he caught a crab.

The cue, the leaping-pole as well,
Have each their charms for him;
Or at the gloves he takes a spell,
To keep his lungs in trim.

At cricket, racquets, or at fives,
He yearns his skill to show;
And little time to spare he strives,
To pass his Little Go.

In feats of strength and games of skill
His time must all be passed,
Heedless that, 'spite of cram, he will
Be sorely plucked at last.

Papers out of Print.

WE see announced a recent invention by a foreigner for thoroughly obliterating printers' ink from newspapers, so that to-morrow's news may be published on returned sheets of the journal of to-day. This may be economical, and, if so, will perhaps be pretty generally adopted. We may live to hear of journals being hired for perusal, and then sent back to be cleaned and reprinted for next day. As for most of the French newspapers, and especially the "Comic" ones, the sooner all the ink is taken out of them the better; for what they print is frequently so unclean in its character, that they often should do penance by appearing in white sheets.

THE BEST ARGUMENT FOR THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS BILL.—To show respect for Founder's wishes. Throw over their wills.

at all under-estimate the value of medical attendance. But did the MASTER OF THE ROLLS not somewhat depreciate that commodity in appraising so much of it as DR. CLARK had supplied those young ladies at less than a hundred guineas? Did not the learned Judge under-value it, if not absolutely yet relatively? LORD ROMILLY has ascended to the eminence which he adorns from the Bar. Does he account the remuneration asked by DR. CLARK for medical services, however exorbitant simply considered, to be at all unreasonable in comparison with that to which a corresponding quantity of forensic work is commonly allowed to entitle barristers? It is true that DR. CLARK's own counsel acknowledged that his charges were large. One would like, however, to know how much the briefs of those learned gentlemen have cost DR. CLARK, and whether the fees which they are accustomed to derive from their clients fall, on an average, very much below the rate at which that medical gentleman charges his patients. If a tariff were to be fixed for Law, proportionate to that which the MASTER OF THE ROLLS adjudges to Medicine, would not the legal profession, and especially the Bar, have to deplore a loss of income which lawyers could now incur only from circumstances affecting their labour-market, so as to occasion a tremendous fall in fees?

Representation of Shop.

THE legal profession owes a debt of gratitude to MR. T. CHAMBERS for opposing MR. BAINES's Libel Bill, which would tend materially to diminish the number of actions brought against newspaper proprietors. In order to discharge this obligation, the inferior class of attorneys, and the lower Members of the Bar, might club together and get up a subscription for the purpose of presenting the honourable and learned gentleman with a gilt wig.

HABITUAL CRIMINALS.—Exorbitant Tailors.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S REVENGE.—(A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.)

CHAP. IX.



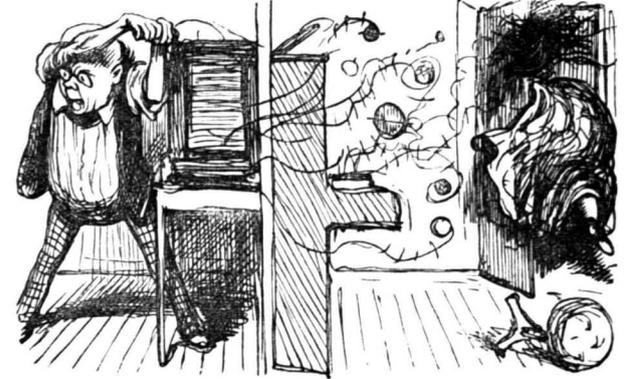
CHAP. XIII.



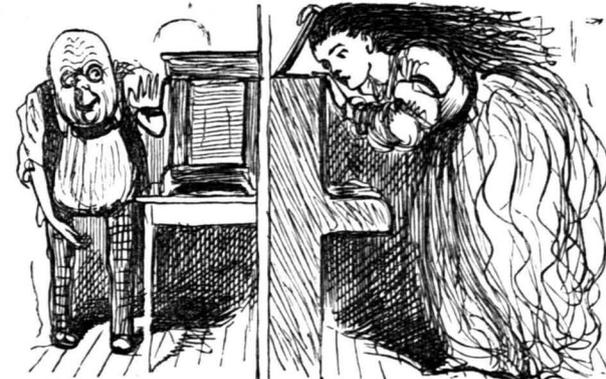
CHAP. X.



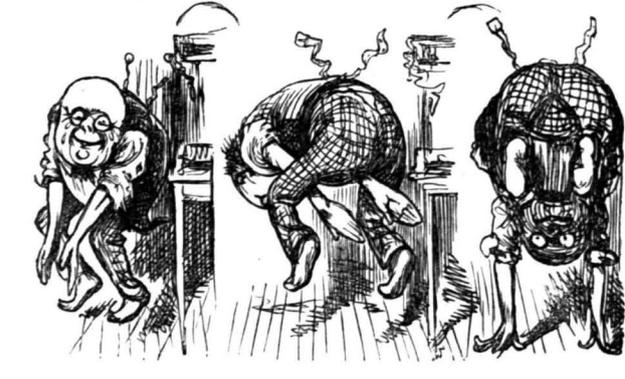
CHAP. XIV.



CHAP. XI.



CHAP. XV.



CHAP. XII.



CHAP. XVI. AND LAST.



(The Right of Translation is reserved.)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *March 15.* This week, but not until Thursday, began the Grand Remonstrance against the Irish Church Bill, which the Conservatives call Spoliation, but MR. DISRAELI will not—he draws the line at Confiscation, a much prettier word, and derived, as *Mr. Punch's* boys, just home for Easter, inform him, from the Latin signifying “laid up in the public treasury.” This is rather a happy escape from nonsense, only we doubt whether the Conservatives, generally, are sufficiently up in their classics to appreciate their leader's delicate euphemism. Laid up in the public treasury is just what the Irish Church revenues are going to be.

But *Mr. Punch* will briefly note the work which preceded the Remonstrance. On *Monday* the Lords took the Criminals in hand, made the clause against the Receivers of Stolen Goods still more severe, and listened to the appeal of the Pawnbrokers, who allege that a great many of them are too respectable to deserve to be included in a Bill directed against rascaldom. This appeal was felt to be reasonable, and there is to be a separate measure for the Universal Uncle. Why the Marine Store-keepers should also be allowed consideration, *Mr. Punch* is unaware, as he considers them pests, who do more to encourage the breeding of thieves than any class of the QUEEN's subjects. He would like to see them extirpated. But he trusts that the powers which will be given to the police for dealing with them will be carried out with such persistent and unrelenting vigilance and severity that the abominable trade will soon become hardly worth following. MR. MELTER MOSS is also to be legislated for, and we hope that he also will hear something greatly to his disadvantage.

ALDERMAN WATERLOW was declared unduly elected, on the ground that he had not relinquished a Government contract quite early enough. Formalities are valuable, but *Mr. Punch* will be sorry if an energetic and able reformer of social grievances should not be again returned. MR. MIALL, victor at Bradford, took his seat, and *Mr. Punch* joined in the cheer which greeted this distinguished Dissenter, because, though the former is by no means in accord with MR. MIALL upon many subjects, he is a thoroughly honest champion of the opinions which he professes. MIALL, according to the learned MR. MARK ANTHONY LOWER (whose book on the derivation and meaning of family names is the pleasantest of reading) is from MICHELL, a mediæval form of MICHAEL, which it may be agreeable and consoling to the Member for Bradford to know, when he is fighting with the Dragon Establishment.

The “heedless rhetoric”—headless would be as good a word—of a ridiculous Irish priest called SHANAHAN (what can it signify what a creature called SHANAHAN says?) received more notice than it deserved. Most of the utterances of such folk may be dismissed in the spirit in which FONTENELLE spoke of his brother, also a priest. “What does your brother say, M. DE FONTENELLE?” “In the morning he says mass.” “And in the evening?” “In the evening he does not know what he says.”

We then had a most interesting speech from MR. FORSTER, expounding his scheme for the Reform of Endowed Grammar Schools. If people comprehended the importance of this subject, they would talk more about it. We have the means of giving a capital Secondary Education (as distinguished from Elementary) to every boy of “pregnant wit,” and we have a net £350,000 to give it with. But we have let the schools go to the Juice, and it is very hard work to get a boy taught at all. If you send him to a costly school, he learns Greek and cricket, and if you send him to a cheap school he learns nothing but slang. Now, as we want him to learn some classics, much science, and several modern languages, reading, writing, and arithmetic, it is clear that our system is wrong. It could be all set right, without injury to anybody, and with incalculable benefit to myriads, by carrying out the wise intentions of our ancestors. This is what MR. FORSTER's Bill is designed to effect, and we wish it all success. If the British Parent is better than a Parent of Goslings, he will wake up on this question. The Bill goes to a Select Committee.

The University Tests Bill was read a Second Time, after an able speech by SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, who purposes to introduce into it a declaration that the admission of non-Churchmen to the government of the University shall not interfere with the system of religious instruction now, or hereafter to be established there. This seems but a sort of anodyne effort, but it may soothe sundry. In the course of his speech he quoted COWPER's description of the sheep who were so frightened by the hounds that it was proposed by one terrified ovist that—

“To save our lives we leap into the pit.”

Mr. Punch apologises for the burst of laughter which broke from him when the next orator rose, and which seemed to puzzle the SPEAKER, and all around, but the fact was that the next lines in the poem occurred to him:—

“Then followed him his loving mate and true,
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian Ewe.”

for the next Member who rose was MR. O. MORGAN, a clever Welsh Member. Of course, he is neither SIR ROUNDELL's mate, nor a Ewe, but that's nothing when a witticism occurs. He spoke very well. So did DR. LYON PLAYFAIR, whom *Mr. Punch* welcomes to the political arena. The Bill was read a Second Time without a division, though MR. HARDY, admitting that there was as much personal religion (what's this—a religion that likes personalities?) among Dissenters as among Churchmen, fulminated valiantly against it.

Tuesday was a Ballot Night. MR. LEATHAM delivered about as good a speech for secret voting as you should desire to hear, and wished it made an instruction to the Committee, which is to sit on the question of making Parliamentary and Municipal elections more pure, that they should consider the Ballot. SIR GEORGE GREY and the PREMIER, however, thought this unadvisable, and the motion was withdrawn. Observe the Cartoon, for an exquisite and exact illustration of the hugely mended prospects of “Little Boy Ballot.”

MR. WHALLEY, having ventilated Income-Tax notions, was cruelly derided by MR. LOWE, and replied that the Chancellor was impertinent, and therefore—mark the wise WHALLEY—he would divide. But MR. BRIGHT told him not to be so absurd, so he abstained.

The only other remarkable things were that on the Party Processions Act COLONEL KNOX (we told you that Our Colonel was to the fore) stated that MR. GLADSTONE was about to fling the Bible on the floor of the House. Whatever the PREMIER's intentions may have been, he performed no such indecorous act that evening—nor has he done it up to the time of our going to press.

Wednesday. Revenue officers can vote, but now they want a relaxation of the law which prevents their meddling and muddling in elections. MR. GLADSTONE opposed the proposal, and spoke strongly against imitating one of the worst features of American arrangements. It was rejected by 207 to 83.

MR. AYRTON, for Government, opposed the Bill for freeing newspapers from actions for libel in respect of reports, announcing that Government were going to bring in a great measure for establishing the Freedom of the Press. This sensational announcement is worth noting—we fancied that the Press had made a Public Opinion which had already established that Freedom, but officials know best.

Thursday. My Lords had a spirited debate on the Administration of Law in Ireland, and there was much taunting of Government for letting loose the Fenians, whose friends exult and jeer. “No more advice” is to be given to the QUEEN on the subject, which means that the Fenians now in gaol are to stick there—and very proper, too.

In the Commons, as hath been said, the Grand Remonstrance began. MR. DISRAELI, in pursuance of notice, led off with an oration, terminating with a motion that the Church Bill be rejected. Now, neither in the case of MR. DISRAELI, nor of the other speakers, is *Mr. Punch* going to flood his invaluable space with notices of twenty times used arguments. He merely means to note anything salient, or sapient.

MR. DISRAELI's speech was, in one sense, a failure. Yet *Mr. Punch* is not sure that such failure is not more honourable to his candour, and more creditable to his brains, than if he had delivered the most fervent and brilliant of harangues against his manifest convictions. The best thing that can be said of his speech is, that it utterly dissatisfied his party, who were ominously silent, who went away displeased, and whom it was sought to comfort next day by assurances that there was the utmost wisdom in their chief's “studied moderation.” You may judge him generously, or cynically, according to your natures. If you take the former alternative, you may say that though accident has made him the head of the Tories, he cannot talk their nonsense, and that as MACAULAY wrote of PEEL, he could but “perform the hard task of translating the gibberish of bigots into language which might not mis-become the mouth of a man of sense.” If the latter, you can hint that MR. DISRAELI was too clever to make a speech that should effectually prevent his ever taking advantage of the chapter of accidents, and again leading the House of Commons. Anyhow, he delivered a mere Perfunctory Protest. He expatiated upon the advantages of religion, and upon the freedom which a Union of Church and State had given us, and pictured the consequences of a destruction of toleration. The Church of Ireland was not the only cause of Irish disaffection, and we should next have to deal with the Land. If the principle of confiscation were to be introduced into Ireland, it must also be introduced into England. After some ingenious battering at the details of the measure, and a few adroitly framed and amusing paradoxes, which he would be the last to call arguments, he described the measure as a most dangerous one. If MR. DISRAELI were bound to say anything, *Punch* does not see how much less he could say, in his position, but assuredly his party has only to thank him for giving them the broadest hint that the situation must be accepted.

However, they were avenged by dear SIR GEORGE JENKINSON, who raved away like a good one, talked of Jesuitical sophistry, substitution of the Supremacy of the POPE for the mild sway of the QUEEN, blowing-up of prisons by Fenians, who were rewarded by release, and he even revived the lamented SIBTHORP's *Timeo Danaos*. We hoped those poor Greeks had gone to sleep. There were several more

speeches, and the Irish Secretary made one of the best which could be delivered on the subject. "The Bill was sweeping and severe, and it would be weakness and folly if it were anything else."

Friday. Very effective sparring between two clever Irish lawyers, DR. BALL, and the present ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Hibernia, an exulting address from MR. MIALL, and a series of neatly-aimed shots from SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S small-bore, were the noticeable incidents of the night, which was closed by one of the finest orations ever delivered by MR. BRIGHT. We had heard much about Religion, but MR. BRIGHT introduced the element of Christianity, which asserted its power, and gave the speaker a grander triumph than one of mere eloquence, however splendid. Never "despair of the republic," while there are men to speak such words, and men to listen to them as the English Commons to-night listened to JOHN BRIGHT.

WELL-DRESSED GUYS.



JUDICIOUS article, *Mr. Punch*, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on "The Dress of Englishwomen," contains the following passage:—

"Men as well as women sometimes dress in an eccentric manner from mere caprice, or from an idea that it is unworthy of a 'sensible' person to take any trouble whatever about dress. They think it is creditable to them to say, 'I do not care how I dress.' In reality it only shows that they are untidy by nature. No man pays his brains a compliment by going about the streets a sloven. Men of talent, great writers, and great orators, must cherish the belief that they are superior to

dress, or the shabbiest men in the community would not be found so often in their ranks."

All this is undeniable. There are, however, those who take no trouble whatever about their dress from quite another cause than the idea that it is unworthy of a sensible person. Let me describe one of them. Sir, I am accustomed, myself, to dress without the least regard to any other considerations than common decency, comfort, durability, cleanliness, and cheapness—I never did dress with much concern for aught else. That was simply because I knew it would be thrown away. In my best days even I was short, fat, and dumpy, not, indeed, exactly round as to figure, but oval; my circumference at the waist being my greatest, and the measure thereof considerably exceeding my height. My legs were what my schoolfellows called bandy, as of course they remain; and in growing older I have grown not taller but bigger round, so that my form approaches that of the Earth, and if I were a monk I might be said to belong to the Order of Oblate Fathers.

In face I was, and am, what women euphemistically call plain—in a plain word, ugly. Not only were my features always as coarse and lumpish, nearly, as they are now, but they at all times wore a dull, unintelligent expression, which has by no means improved with years; and if I were quite as foolish as I look, I should be as great a fool, almost, as anyone I know.

Now, if any arts of dress could possibly have rendered my bodily disadvantages otherwise than remarkable, I should certainly not have failed to dress, in my youth at least, as well as I could afford:—

"Costly my habit as my purse could buy."

Because, never having been an object of anybody's fear, I have often had my personal defects ridiculed in my own presence. When I was a boy some other boys would continually inform me of them; just as men, who were once such boys, are, chiefly for want of anything wiser to say, wont to remind each other that they are getting old, losing their hair, their teeth, their sight, their memory, or their intellect.

Now, so long as people say nothing that is likely to do me any damage, I don't care a straw how they talk about me behind my back. Anyhow they may laugh at me as much as ever they please. But I object to being made fun of to my face. If a man merely gird at my

nose, and I pull his, I commit an assault. Prudence may even forbid me to retort upon him in a sarcasm. Not resenting his insult, I feel a temporary humiliation. To be sure it is only temporary, but for the time it is unpleasant, and could I avert this annoyance by wearing a better dress I would, unless it were too expensive.

I should once have taken as great pains about my clothing as any fop could, if I had been so good looking a fellow as to be capable of conciliating the favour of young ladies; but I knew that nothing I could put on would prevent me from being outweighed, in their estimation, by every handsome fool. I have now attained to an age at which every man ceases to be an object of interest to the gentler sex, unless he is rich; but, if I thought that, by an improvement of my costume, I could ingratiate myself with the better sort of them, I should still be disposed to adopt it. Circumstanced as I am, however, all expenditure on decoration, which would be unavailing and not pay, is excluded by the economy which of necessity presides over my wardrobe. What I save by thus retrenching that outward show that could give me no pleasure, enables me to purvey gratification to a sensitive interior. So, albeit never taking the least trouble about my dress, I am not, I contend, ever ill-dressed. On the contrary, I say, I always dress as well as I need to, and therefore nobody can really dress better than

Your humble Servant,

GUIDO.

P.S. I assure you that, whenever I cease to be importuned by beggars, I always purchase new apparel. I doubt whether I could dress much better than I do, if I tried to. I might quit the slop-shop, indeed, and employ a tailor to make my clothes, if I could find anybody worthy of that name who would venture. I could ask MR. POOLE, but think it very probable that he would refuse.

GLORY, GLORY, ABYSSINIA!

FIVE million pounds voted last Session for the Abyssinian war! Three more millions to be voted immediately by the present Parliament, and how much besides ROBERT does not know. The Income-Tax payers had better make up their minds to be fleeced altogether to the amount of £10,000,000. For all these millions we have to show the captives of the late THEODORE, and a quantity of Glory. O Glory, what millions have been lavished in thy name!

The Yankee soldiers in the Secession Civil War used to march singing a song about JOHN BROWN'S body, of which the burden began with "Glory! Glory!" They sang that ultimately to the tune of many millions; so many that it is to be hoped they will not be in a hurry to sing it again. Its notes were greenbacks, which, standing for dollars, in sum equivalent to hundreds of millions of pounds sterling, formed altogether a tune that was very dolorous.

THEODORE was no ARMINIUS, and LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA proved himself anything but a VARUS, so that Her Most Gracious MAJESTY has no cause to cry, with CÆSAR AUGUSTUS, "O NAPIER, restore me my legions!" But the Income-Tax payer may well shriek, and will find himself in case to shriek yet louder, "O Abyssinia, give me back my millions!"

The Income-Taxed portion of the community may, however, console themselves with the consideration that, besides the Glory which their country has made them pay for, there certainly are the rescued prisoners to show. Glory, with nothing else, has generally been the most successful result of our wars, and now that battles have to be fought with iron-sided turret-ships, and projectiles so highly improved that shells cost from twenty pounds or so, and no shot that will make any considerable smash can be fired under some five pounds, the war-tax-paying class cannot but implore the Government and the Legislature to go to the very verge of national humiliation rather than incur another Glory Bill which that class will be obliged to defray.

"A Vision of Life."

A TRINITY College (Dublin) man was talking the other day upon the small value attached to life by uncivilised nations. Somebody remarked that in China, if a man were condemned to death, he could easily hire a substitute to die for him. "Ah yes," said T. C. D., "I believe many poor fellows get their living by being substitutes that way."

Puffer's English.

In the catalogue of the articles to be disposed of at the sale of old BEAUTIFUL-FOR-EVER'S effects in Bond Street, one chattel was described in vulgar auctioneers' slang as a "matchless" sideboard. Why matchless? Was there no match to it, or no match in it? Did it contain no matches, or was there no sideboard out so good as to be a match for the old woman's?

NEW MEMBER.—"The Ear of the House."



AWFUL SUMMUT

THAT TUMMAS MET AS HE WAS A-COMIN WHOAM—"TA LOOKED LIKE A MAN A RIDIN' 'PON NAWTHIN!"

POVERTY AND PHYSIC.

THANKS to MR. TORRENS, who presented their petitions, above a hundred Poor-Law Doctors appealed the other day to the Collective Wisdom of the country, for redress from certain grievances imposed on them by certain Boards of Poor-Law Guardians, who may not impossibly be viewed as part of the Collective Folly of the country. Of these grievances the principal are over-work and underpay, and that there are certainly some fair grounds for a grumble, the following will show:—

"There are parishes in London, and other great towns, where the pay of the medical officer does not exceed threepence on an average for each individual case. Can anything be more unfair to him, or unwise for the community? How is it possible that he can be expected to devote the time and attention necessary for checking disease before its disastrous ripening, or dealing with its symptoms after it has come to maturity, when hundreds are distracting his attention by their importunities, and when the paramount claims of his own household hourly call upon him not to neglect the private practice, whereby alone he can live?"

This we quote from the *Examiner*, a journal which is noted for its good sound common-sense. As a rule, our Poor-Law Guardians are not famous for this quality, or they would not expect one Doctor to do the work of six. Such penny wisdom leads to pound foolishness, of course, for by allowing poor sick people the sixth part of what they want in medical attentions, their maladies are likely to be multiplied sixfold. Thus disease is spread, and parishes are over-burthened with sick paupers, who might otherwise be healthy, active labourers, and in need of no relief.

For remedy, the *Examiner* gives the following good advice:—

"One or other of two things ought to be done. Poor-Law medical officers ought to be so multiplied as that their work for the parish or the union should be adequately compensated by a moderate stipend; or the stipend should be so augmented as to justify their being debarred from private practice."

We can fancy what a braying would be heard in certain board-rooms, if either of these notions were proposed to be adopted. What he-haws would arise at the idea of Parish Doctors being paid enough to free them

from the need of private practice, and to enable them (it would be added) to visit their out-patients in an elegant new carriage, and to amass a handsome fortune in, say, half-a-dozen years! Yet, after all, it may be questioned if this extravagance would not be cheaper than the present stingy system of screwing down poor Doctors to such a scanty pittance, that they would soon themselves be paupers did they not elsewhere earn money by neglecting, somewhat, those committed to their care.

LITTLE BOY BALLOT.

LITTLE Boy Ballot, come blow me your horn,
Many now love you who laughed you to scorn:
Where's the small boy who was ordered to keep
Under the hustings, fast asleep?
Bribing and bullies have waked him now,
And Cabinet Members are patting his bow,
Bidding him bring out his musical box,
That echoes the notes of the popular vox.

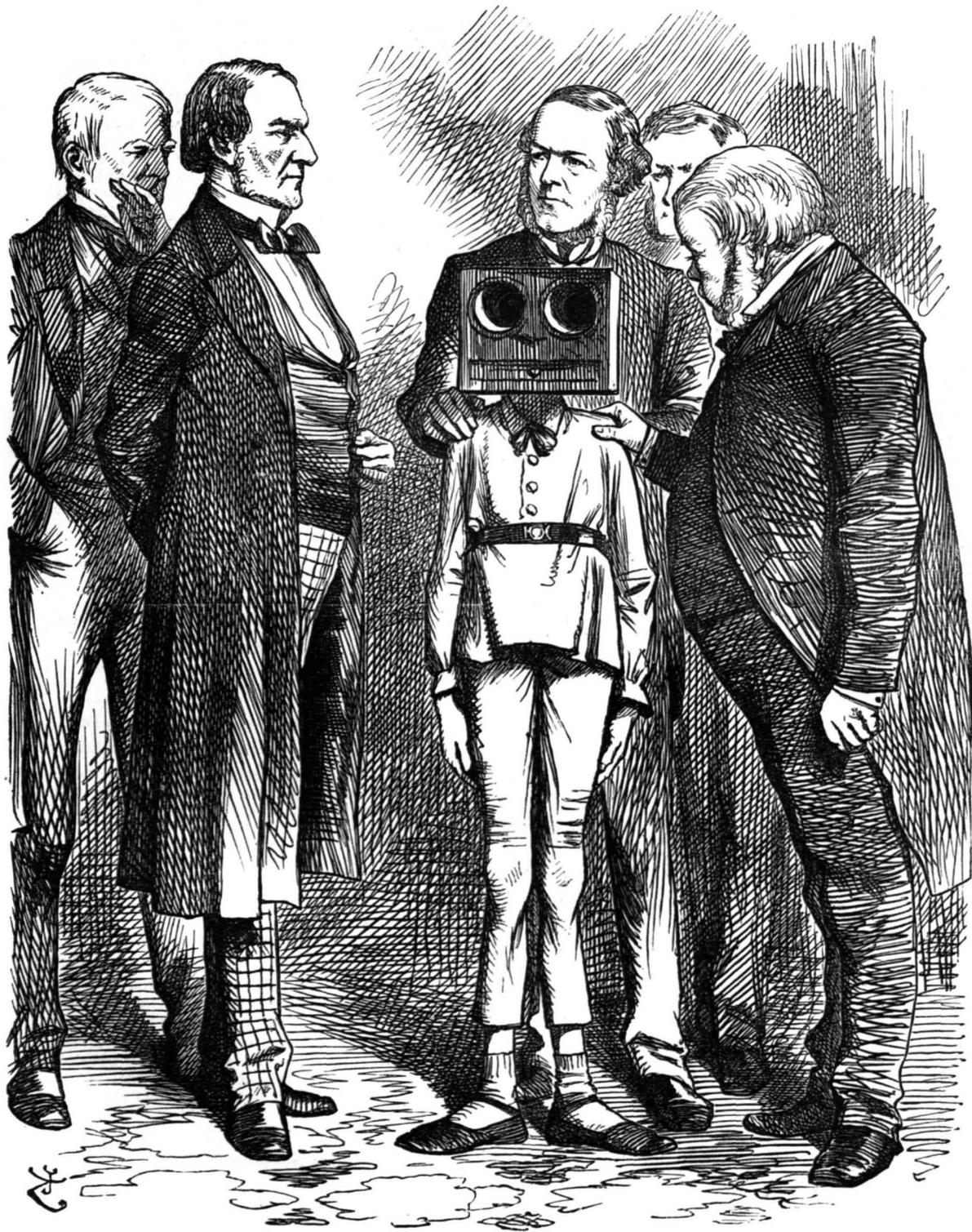
The Government Gymnast.

WHAT'S the use of complaining that Athletic Exercises occupy three times more of a schoolboy's attention than they ought to do? MR. FORSTER himself has recognised the system, and actually declares this to be his notion of the use of an Endowed School,

"WE WILL MAKE LADDERS OF THESE SCHOOLS."

QUITE IMPOSSIBLE.

It is stated that SIR JOHN LAWRENCE, when raised to the Peerage, will take the title of Foyle. "Foyle" SIR JOHN may be, and deserves to be, but foiled we can never imagine him to be, under any circumstances.



LITTLE BOY BALLOT.

THE HON. R. LOWE. "HE'S PRECIOUS UGLY, BUT HE GROWS TREMENDOUSLY!"

THE RECORDER'S RIGHTS OF WIVES BILL.

So, MR. RUSSELL GURNEY, you have brought into Parliament a Bill for securing the Rights of Property to Wives. Very good, Sir, of you; and so much the worse for handsome CAPTAIN SCAMP and his kind, including MR. MANTALINI. But now, when next you are on your legs to speak upon your Married Women's Property Bill, could you just answer these questions?

When a wife, under your arrangements, possesses real or personal property of her own, will her husband be entitled to claim the rent thereof, or the dividends? If not, and he nevertheless take and pocket them, will he rob her?

If he rob her, will he commit a crime? What will that be; petty larceny or felony? Will he be liable to be tried for it? In that case will she be permitted to give evidence against him? Should his theft amount to felony, will he, on conviction, forfeit all his goods and chattels to the Crown?

If a rogue of a husband pick his wife's pocket, will she be enabled to call a policeman into the house and give the offender in charge, and will a Magistrate be empowered to sentence him summarily to imprisonment and hard labour?

If a brute of a husband not only rob his wife, but also beat or throttle her, accompanying robbery with violence, do you make the conjugal garrotter liable to be flogged?

If a wife die intestate with surviving relatives, will her widower inherit only his "thirds"? In that case will not the following verses probably be set to music by some future MOZART:—

MAKE THY WILL.

O Love what life shines through thine eyes
So bright, of clear unclouded blue!
What radiant health, my Treasure, dyes
Thy dimpled cheeks with roseate hue!
How frail a thing is yet that life!
I think its loss myself would kill.
But lest I should, my little wife,
Perchance survive thee, make thy Will.

O'er us, united, many years,
I trust, there are to roll away;
But who can, in this vale of tears,
Be certain of another day?
The least delay how oft we rue!
Precaution let that thought instil
What should be done at once to do;
Now that is, dearest, make thy Will.

Else I should not obtain the whole;
Some part would go away from me:
My own one, make me, then, thy sole
Executor and Legatee,
Then let the happy moments fly,
Far distant be that hour, until,
If I be not the first to die,
When thou wilt leave me. Make thy Will.

The foregoing Stanzas are supposed to be sung by a fond husband to his young wife who has come into the possession of property which, in the event of her death and intestacy, he would divide with co-heirs.

PHŒBUS AND ARCHIMEDES.

ACCORDING to GULLIVER, the *savans* of Laputa spent a good deal of their time in attempting the extraction of sunbeams out of cucumbers. We find it easier in England to reverse the problem, and with the help of earth and seed to grow cucumbers from sunbeams. But this appears a paltry purpose to which to put our sunshine, when we learn from a late letter to the Stockholm *Aftonbladet* that, by condensing the sun's rays a motive power may be generated equivalent to stopping the motion of the earth. "Stand out of my sunshine," will certainly be soon the order of the day, if credit be attached to calculations such as this:—

"In weather suitable for the action of sun-machines the action of the sun on a superficies of 100 square feet can evaporate 439 cubic inches of water in an hour. This corresponds to the action of a motive force capable of raising 29,750 lbs. one foot per minute, and is rather greater than one-horse power. It follows that 64,800 steam-engines, of 100-horse power each, can be worked with the rays thrown on a Swedish square mile. Archimedes, having calculated the force of the lever, explained that he could move the earth from its position. I assert that by condensing the rays of the sun, a force could be created that might arrest the earth in its course."

We doubt if any patent will be taken out for sun-machines, in this country at least, for as a rule the sun shines barely more than once a

fortnight; and, thanks to smoke and fogs, there is little fear at present that any London *savant* will condense sufficient sunbeams to stop the earth from moving, and thereby whirl us off its surface into never-ending space. But it really makes us shudder when we read of things like sun-machines, and imagine Archimedes living, say, in Africa, with sunshine always handy, and experimenting quietly to send us all to smash! To condense the solar rays is a grand idea, no doubt, and a century or two hence some good may be got out of it. Meanwhile, we wish that somebody, instead of bothering his brains about "arresting the earth's course," would try to hit upon a plan for putting sunshine into bottles, so that we might import it, as easily as oranges, for our winter's use. As for condensing sunshine for practical utility, that, we fear, will prove all moonshine.

BEZIQUE.*

DOUBTS having arisen as to which is the right way to play this fashionable game, we have waded through a lot of correspondence in the newspapers, and have come to the conclusion that these are the proper rules:—

1. The game is commenced by each player cutting a card, and is ended by each player cutting away.
2. The highest cutter deals, and, in cases of dispute, a foot rule may be sent for so that somebody may measure him.
3. A ten can take a king, and a cat may look at one.
4. When some one plays the knave, in certain cases some one else may send for a policeman.
5. Should a player be so lucky as to score 500 for a double bézique, his opponents are allowed to say he came the double over them.
6. In declaring a marriage between a king and queen, it is not needful that the banns be published by a clergyman.
7. In Scotland it is dangerous to make a declaration of marriage, if you are playing with a widow, and witnesses are present.
8. Until the last eight tricks you need not follow suit, unless you have the ill luck to walk behind a chimney-sweep.
9. Whatever points you hold you must make a point of counting them; but you must not count this point in addition to the others.
10. The game being 1000 points, when a player scores that number to 500 of his adversary, the odds are even at the finish, 500 to won.

* The ways of spelling this new game appear to be as various as the ways of playing it. Bézique, Bézique, Bazique, Basique, all of these appear to be equally in vogue, and one eccentric writer sticks, we see, to Bazouk, perhaps from thinking it a rather boshy sort of game, and thus somehow confounding it with a Boshy Bazouk.

LET US BE GENTLE.

SAYS a respected contemporary—

"Music-hall songs are becoming increasingly idiotic. Subjoined is a quotation from a song of MR. ARTHUR LLOYD:—

"Jamsetjee ma jabajehoy,
Jabbery dobi porie,
Ikey, Pikey, Sikey, Crikey,
Chillingowullabadorie!"

Nay, nay, let us praise when we can. Our contemporary perhaps thinks that it is, while blaming, implying a compliment, on the principle on which DR. JOHNSON remarked that he was glad to hear a fellow had been kicked. "Because, Sir, his character must be rising. I supposed that no one thought him worth kicking." Our contemporary rebukes, but had previously not thought a music-hall song or singer worth rebuking. There is much in this. But we had rather praise directly. The above verses are an improvement on the mass of music-hall minstrelsy. They are not indecent, they are not even coarse, they do not express the feelings of a foul cad, there is nothing in them for which a singer should be smitten on the mouth. They are harmless nonsense. Nay, the first word shows that there must even have been some little education in the writer, as he has correctly copied an Oriental name. Nor should the respectful reference to "Ikey," a sort of patron-saint of music-hall people be unnoticed, and "Sikey," too may be affectionate for BILL SIKES, who before he was hanged probably frequented such places. The verses are quite harmless, and if the LLOYDS, and SYDNEYS, and VANCES, and the like kept to this sort of thing, we should be indisposed to express, very harshly, the contempt a rational person must feel for Music-halls, their *habitués*, and their performers.

Natural Enough.

THE entrance-doors of the South Kensington Museum are lettered, "Ingress," "Egress." The other day a visitor was overheard wondering where the Ogress was.

BLACKTHORN WINTER.—Why is a Sharp Frost in Spring like a B'mbaillif? Because it arrests "The Rake's Progress."



FAITHFUL EVER!

Magistrate's Clerk (swearing Witness). "KISS THE BOOK, MR. JOLTER."
 Mr. Jolter (exemplary old Peasant—"never been before the Justices in his life").
 "NOA, NOA, I BEAN'T A-GOIN' TO KISS NOBODY 'CEPT MY OW'D WOMAN!!"

CONJUGAL CONFESSION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

No Lady's letter, cynics say, is complete without a postscript, our best thoughts being afterthoughts. You will please observe, however, that this is an honourable exception. My husband may make any addition he thinks fit, but for that Mr. W. must be held responsible, even should his hand be gently guided by mine. I only write to gratify him, as he always smiles whether I appear in type or in tulle, in pearl or in small caps. MR. W. likes to see the "young idea" dressed in a pretty print. MR. W., I should tell you, is a City gentleman: he has already attained civic honours, and is therefore public property. He sits on a Board—I am not sure that he don't sit on two Boards—but I am quite certain that when required he is never absent from his post. His political principles are similar to my own—a light straw colour. Before marriage he was a decided blue, but not wishing to create disunion, and all my family being straws, he at my solicitation, on our wedding day, without a moment's demur, consented to adopt the fashionable Whig dye.

MR. W. is naturally sanguine and speculative. He is so fond of dabbling in tallow. I scold him, and then he plunges into hives. Once or twice but for my restraining voice, he would have fallen heavily over pig-iron, and have become involved in cotton-twist. His social feelings would render him the life and spirit of any company (limited), and impel him to join in any wild-goose chase for premiums and bonuses. The commercial atmosphere in which he moves is not healthy—it is too highly cent-ed.

I never could have acquired such control as I now exercise over MR. W.'s financial movements had I not, at an early period of our union, laid down this salutary rule. Every evening I require and expect that he will make a candid and unreserved confession of all his monetary designs and deeds. If he has taken a false step, and is penitent, of course I absolve him. Occasionally he has to perform penance, but that only happens when his confessions have been overheard by his mother-in-law.

THE SPRING ASSIZES.

How blithely to the vault of blue
 The lessening lark in carol rises!
 The violet blooms, the primrose too;
 And now we hold the Spring Assizes.
 When fair flowers blow, and sweet birds sing,
 We hold Assizes in the Spring.

The buds put forth their tender leaves;
 All Nature in her freshest guise is;
 Meanwhile the Judges rogues and thieves
 Are trying at the Spring Assizes.
 The downs with bleating lambkins ring,
 Assizes whilst we hold in Spring.

The wild doves in the forest coo,
 And maids and widows win rich prizes
 For breach of promise when they sue
 Deceivers at the Spring Assizes.
 Of trover, lads, your actions bring
 At our Assizes of the Spring.

SHAKSPERIANITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just read, in a book of travels:—

"At first, the motion of a Mule occasions to the inexperienced a feeling of sickness."

SHAKSPEARE knew everything, Sir. Do you think this fact was in his mind when he wrote (*As You Like It*, Act II., sc. 7)

"Muling and puking."

Yours truly, A DEVOTEE.

[Get out, smaller parent of a mule.—*Ed.*]

No Purity of Election!

THERE is no denying the truth of what some ass, who confounds the meaning of words, might urge as an objection against an enactment establishing Vote by Ballot; namely, that it would institute Club Law.

A FLAT RACE.—Simpletons.

I am perfectly aware that attorneys are generally considered best qualified to act as confessors, because they look as if they were deeply "concerned" for suffering humanity. But an attorney, you must remember, cannot proceed without consulting his authorities, whereas a wife has no one to consult but her Mamma, and has authority enough to enforce obedience in any emergency. Some nervous ladies would, no doubt, shrink from Stocks and Shares, as if they were snails and spiders. Of course I can't expect their mercantile consorts to make confessors of them. My friend, MRS. CREAMLEY, has no notion at all what "Scrip" is, and MRS. SATINWOOD fancies that it is something like those small pellets of silver-paper which we sometimes find mixed with our bohea.

Now that ladies are aspiring to so many vocations for which formerly they had little or no inclination, there is one important profession to which I would earnestly invite their attention. I mean the office of Public Auditors. I have seen butchers turn pale and tremble at a very young wife's examination of their monthly bills. Think you that Directors who had cooked, or made a hash of their accounts, could resist the scrutiny of such auditors as MRS. PINPOINTS and MRS. DOTS? Would they not sink on their knees, penetrated by the indignant glances of MRS. FLINT or MRS. BRIERS, whose hearts, it is well-known, are as impenetrable as adamant, and their mental faculties as finely pointed as their pens? Let us make the experiment.

Another thing I would strongly recommend is that when a large Company is in course of liquidation, a warning bell should be rung every five minutes, and after a certain interval the decanters replaced by tea, chocolate, and coffee.

I enclose my card, in case you should wish to communicate officially with,

Yours obediently, MARIA THERESA.

P.S. I cordially indorse all my wife says in her excellent letter, and think her plan of appointing female auditors excellent. As to Companies in course of liquidation, I fancy their present expenditure considerably exceeds what under my wife's management would be their Tea-total expenses.

FRANK.



“NO IRISH NEED APPLY.” (A FACT.)

Maid. “IF YOU PLEASE, MA’AM, I WISH TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY.”

Mistress. “WHY?”

Maid. “WHEN I TOOK THE PLACE, MA’AM, I WAS NOT AWARE THAT MASTER WAS IRISH;—MY FRIENDS WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME IF I TOOK SERVICE IN AN IRISH FAMILY.”

Mistress. “BUT YOU CAME TO US FROM THE MARQUIS OF BALLYMALONEY’S!”

Maid. “YES, MA’AM; BUT HIS LORDSHIP WAS NEVER AT HOME WHILE I WAS THERE.”

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.—OF AN ARISTOCRATIC QUARTER—DORMOUSE MAKES A CALL—LADY DODO—STORK THE BUTLER—WE TALK IN THE STREET AND STAND ON THE DOOR-STEP—WE ARE SHOWN UP-STAIRS—BUTLER STORK—AND HIS GHOST.

DAWSON DORMOUSE, by a superhuman effort, managed to leave his bedroom at four o’clock in the afternoon, to get himself launched, TOM PORCUPINE assisting, into the stream of *flâneurs*, and carried to the town residence of the DOWAGER DODO, in the neighbourhood of Mayfair.

LADY DODO lives in one of those compact little houses, situated in one of those compact little streets, which stand away from the vulgar thoroughfares with such an air of quiet aristocratic repose, that even the careless shop-boy lowers the pitch of his shrill whistle, if, indeed, he does not cease altogether; and his idle companion rattling with his hoop-stick occasionally against the area-railings with unaccustomed timidity, finds in even *this* slight infraction upon the monotonous atmosphere no relief to his sense of oppression, and giving it up hopelessly, trudges on, as if ghostly six-foot footmen in plush and powder were ordering him onward; nor does he again draw breath freely, until he turns up in Grosvenor Square, Park Lane, Bond Street, or Piccadilly.

At almost all hours, in these streets, in some form or another, you will see grooms, or coachmen, or stable-helps. Either they are furtively coming out of area-gates, in mufti, having been, nominally, for orders, in reality to join the domestics in the eleven o’clock beer and bread-and-cheese (a sort of kitchen *déjeuner à la fourchette* very generally, I believe, patronised by our masters below), or they are standing on the steps of the front door, waiting to take a message, or

to receive an answer. Or the groom, turned out spic-and-span, and mounted on a troublesome animal, will be holding SIR TOBY’S fifteen-one cob, which was born to carry a Bishop and splash heavily on wet days through Rotten Row, to give the portly Churchman exercise. Or the coachman, looking straight before him over his immaculate stiffly starched white tie, with a face so bright, and hard, and polished, that it gives you the idea of his cheeks having been rather planed than shaved before he came out, sitting, impassible as a Sphinx, on the box of the neatly-appointed brougham, into which anyone of the residents of that street might step without noticing that it was not his or her own,—so strong in this quarter is the family resemblance among the vehicles. Carriages with ruby-gilled coachmen perched up aloft, looking, generally, as if that eminent Judge, MR. BARON MARTIN, had laid aside his robes, and was taking some friends out for an airing,—these may be seen waiting for their ladies in the afternoon; but they are in the minority as compared with broughams, and their appearance here is usually a sign of the advent of some illustrious stranger making a visit of ceremony.

Round the corner, at the public-house closely connected with the mews, the *employés* of the stables do mostly congregate. Here is their club, their reading-room, their lounging-room; to which the only drawback is, that ladies *are* admitted, and those ladies the matrons of the mews, or, as WAGG would say, the Mewses. (By the way, I don’t think this is quite good enough for WAGG; it’s more in ALF POODEL’S line, who forces out the most audacious and atrocious puns whenever he can get an opportunity, which, may his patrons and toadies be forgiven, I regret to say is too often given him.)

A noticeable fact in this quarter is, that they seem to love a semi-darkness, as if they were a colony of Spiritualists, engaged in perpetual *séances*. Perhaps the carpets are so rich and rare, that the sun’s rays, piercing even through the smoke and fog of London, might

cause their bright colours to fade, and then—there must be new carpets. And new carpets *here* are a consideration; for, mark you, this quarter knows not luxurious opulence. The residents here have their position, and will only surrender it with life; while, during life, they will defend it at all points, with such weapons as studious, unostentatious economy can supply. Every dowager, every bachelor, every married pair in this quarter knows exactly, and to a fraction, what can be done for a shilling, and what can *not*. Position, they say here, is nine points of the law, and to keep it is the tenth. If you cannot give ten dinners in the season, and keep a brougham, then give *two*, and keep your brougham. If "at homes" or "drums" serve instead of dinners, and mean two horses instead of one, and the two are a necessity, then "at homes" and "drums" be it. A temporary illness, a bereavement (carefully announced,) in one season, will enable a dowager to let her house for the three months, deny herself for once, and *pay* for the painting and whitewashing which is inevitable in the spring of next year. Hitherto the denizens of this part have been somewhat exclusive in avoiding almost entirely any connection with Tyburnia on the upper side. But this state has been some time passing away, and such dowagers as LADY DODO, finding a new profession, as it were, open to them, do not hesitate to take payment in kind for leading and ruling in Tyburnia, which they can now do without in any way damaging their position (indeed, sometimes they can improve it,) in their own Mayfairian sphere. The LADY DODOS find their account in taking up, from time to time, the MACAWs of Macaw, the SWALLOWs of One Summer Hill, and such-like ephemeral celebrities.

MR. MACAW doesn't call on LADY DODO, you understand, and say, "LADY DODO, here is five thousand pounds, introduce me into society:" but MR. MACAW is interested in certain mines, or railways, or companies, or something that will pay cent. per cent. at the least, and he advises LADY DODO to transfer her money so advantageously that for every hundred she received before, she would now receive two, and, moreover, MR. MACAW, to prove his confidence in his own speculation, offers to "hold her harmless," and does so. So LADY DODO "realises," and advertises MR. MACAW, and he finds his account in his generosity. And LADY DODO wants to bind him to her, and therefore takes his wife up, and introduces her; and when Society once knows that this is MRS. MACAW, wife of MR. MACAW of Macaw, who can make your hundreds thousands, and your thousands millions, they answer her invitations in shoals, and the aristocratic Eagles, the Kings and Princes of Birds, wing their way to MACAW's perch, and heartily feed with him. Ah! what fine feathers the Macaws had for some seasons! Then they moulted, and were pecked by all sorts of birds, and then the Prince Eagles left, disdaining the carcass around which they had gathered, and other Eagles (of the great Crooked Beak Tribe from the East) came and chattered, and bartered, and sold, and bought, and pulled the nest to pieces, and there was an end of the MACAWs of Macaw.

"Ah!" exclaimed LADY DODO, burying the MACAWs out of sight, and writing their epitaph once and for all, "I told him, *from the first*, that he was too rash."

And all the above was information absolutely necessary to be given by the *cicerone* who accompanied DAWSON DORMOUSE to the DODO's door (oh, vile alliteration! but let it stand, as we did on the steps), where TOM PORCUPINE would have left, had it not been for our expressed wish that he should stop with us, and witness the trying interview. For we were not there to leave cards, but actually to visit in person LADY DODO.

It was then we noticed the darkness of the house. Its eyelids were half closed in a sleepy, dreamy sort of way. I have suggested the carpets as a reason. PORCUPINE observed it was more likely to be "complexions," but in the midst of our discussion the door is opened noiselessly (I think it had been opened for some seconds before we discovered it), and STORK, the Butler, is ready to shut us in, and announce us to his lady.

"What names shall he say?"

We tell him what names he *shall* say: giving him three, from which he selects one, masters it, and gives it clearly in the drawing-room. The other two names STORK leaves to explain themselves.

STORK is *the* butler for LADY DODO. Above the average height, thin, and of such an ascetic pallor, that the most uncharitable could not accuse him of undue liberties with her Ladyship's cellaret, even if he could get at it. But, bless him, LADY DODO is Butler over *him*, and he never met his master before his engagement here.

STORK is noiseless and quick. He would in other and happier times have made an admirable executioner to the Vehmgericht, or to any secret tribunal where an imposing appearance and great physical strength were less an object than secrecy and despatch. (I suppose this is how they would have advertised for such an official.)

STORK has no words to throw away. His eye is quick: he knows when to fill, and how much to pour in. If you were staying in the house for only one night, you couldn't, on leaving, give him less than half-a-sovereign on any pretence whatever. If you have a reputation to keep up with LADY DODO, so you have with STORK.

If LADY DODO was (as she must have been) meant by nature to be a gentlewoman, then was STORK born to be an Aristocratic Butler. There are Nature's Noblemen: there are Nature's Butlers. Like clings to like; money attracts money; and a kindred aristocratic sympathy united STORK to LADY DODO. See him behind her Ladyship's chair. On my word, there *is* a family resemblance. Both are thin, both are pale, or both would be, had not LADY DODO the advantage of twenty years' seniority, and the excuse of her sex for the addition of the slightest *souffron* possible of colour on her withered cheek, and of powder for filling up Time's furrows. STORK's face has been furrowed too, but very neatly done, less indeed the work of Time's plough than of the Old Gentleman, as an artist, drawing carefully on wood, and leaving a great deal to be finished in a year or two.

STORK is the sort of man who couldn't be a ghost; or, if allowed to revisit this earth, like *Hamlet's* father, he would be shaken hands with, and welcomed as the very STORK. He might tell them he was a ghost; no one would believe him any more than we should now if he turned round upon us on the stairs, and announced such a fact.

Figure to yourselves, my readers, such an after-existence—a ghost journeying to and fro over this earth, and never able to get any one to believe in him. Bah! The Wandering Jew is nowhere by the side of such a romance.

Say STORK dies; STORK is buried on Tuesday; STORK turns up on Wednesday night, just as you're going to bed. "Hullo, STORK," you say, not a bit frightened, "what do you want at this time—eh?" "I am a ghost," returns STORK, in sepulchral tones. You smile, and think how absurd it is for STORK to attempt to be funny.

"Oh, by the way, STORK, as you *are* here, I'll send a note by you to LADY DODO;" and thereupon down you sit to write the letter—probably something about a dinner-party. STORK sighs, and, while you are inditing your epistle, vanishes. You look up. He is gone. "Queer fellow that STORK," you say. "Wrong in his head, I'm afraid. Pity. Capital servant." And you turn into bed.

If STORK *would* do this it would confer a great benefit on a society largely inclined to superstition, and would do more to ruin the whole fraternity of Ghosts and Spirits than all the sneers of all the sceptics that have ever existed.

We are now *coram* LADY DODO, and STORK has retired.

Now lest it should be inferred by impatient readers, that, of GOOSEY BARNDOR and MISS LIDA DRAKE they will hear no more, it behoves the writer to tell them that such inference is wrong, and, further, to refer them to MR. EDITOR PUNCH for his philosophic definition of the term Space, as applied to these columns.

(To be Continued.)

JUDGE v. JURY.

HAS a Judge the right to criticise in Court the verdict of a jury? This question is suggested by what passed at a late trial at the Middlesex Sessions, when—

"The jury retired, and after great deliberation found the prisoner Not Guilty."

"MR. PAYNE. Not guilty, Gentlemen! Well, after that verdict there will be no protection for the public. If you believe the Prosecutrix, why, the prisoner is guilty. She swears positively to him, and says she had seen him before."

"THE FOREMAN. We were not satisfied with the identity, my Lord."

"MR. PAYNE. Let the Prosecutrix stand up again."

Trial by jury has been long regarded by many a British orator as one of the chief bulwarks of the British Constitution. But if Judges bring their juries into the Court's contempt, the moral strength of such a bulwark will be sensibly diminished. Perhaps in the above case the Judge may have been right and the jurymen all wrong, although the odds were twelve to one against that supposition. A Judge may charge a jury to the muzzle as he pleases, but, when their verdict is delivered, it is not his business again to open fire on them. It is his duty very often to pronounce a judgment on a prisoner, but he has no right to pronounce a judgment on a jury.

A Step on the Safe Side.

At the boat-race to which all London went last Wednesday, for the first time no horsemen were allowed upon the towing-path. For the safety of the public we trust that this good precedent may be observed in future, and that the towing-path on match-days may only be the heel-and-toeing path.

WOULD IT WERE NOT SO.

CAN any one doubt that there are faggot Members as well as faggot Voters, who thinks of the number of "Sticks" to be found in the House?

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE-WORK.—Getting the Pillar to England.



EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Employer (on his way to business on Monday morning). "AH, SAUNDERS! I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU IN THIS WAY. I THOUGHT YOU 'D TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF!"

Saunders (repentant). "SHO I 'AD, SHIR, BUT (*hic*) 'TSH ALL ALONG O' THESH 'ERE WA'ER CO'PANIES—I 'SSHURE YOU, SHIR, 'ERE WASHN'T 'DROP O' WA'ER IN OUR SHISHT'RN ALL YESHT'RDAY!!!"

THE LADIES' CLUB.

A LADIES' Club is said to be in process of formation. How the male mind shudders at this most tremendous news! What a field for fearful questions the intelligence suggests! Will there be a Club Committee? and if so, at its meetings how many ladies' tongues will be allowed to speak at once? Will there be a smoking-room? And, if so, will cigars be suffered to be lighted, or will the fear of being ill restrain the ladies from indulgence in anything except the very mildest cigarettes? Will conversation be restricted to the politics of the nursery and the latest news in bonnets; or what will be the limits sanctioned to recounters of a thrilling bit of scandal, or to narrators of a tale of love, or marriage, or divorce, which has just been set a-wagging in high life? Instead of billiards we presume the younger members will amuse themselves with tating, while the elder are engaged in a fierce battle at Bézique. We would suggest that, if new members be elected by the ballot, it would be fitting that the votes should be signified by cotton balls. Of course no husband will be suffered to set his foot within the sacred threshold of the Club, but he may drive up to the door-step, and send word to his wife that the carriage is in waiting, when perhaps she may reply that he had better drive straight home, and let the children have their tea, and on no account wait dinner, as she probably will stay to take a chop with an old school-fellow, who has just come from the country, and wants to know a few of the best women of the Club. By the way, what a sensation would be caused on the street pavement, if the Club belles were to congregate about the Club beau-windows, and stare through their eye-glasses at every handsome man who passed!

The ladies will, of course, want a title for their Club. Perhaps, *The Feminine* would be a fitting name for it; or would its members prefer to call themselves *The Chatterers* while the present fashion lasts? Should the Ladies' Club prove popular, there may doubtless be some little ducks desirous to belong to it. But we trust, however silly may be certain of its members, nobody will ever dream of calling it *The Goose Club*.

THE ONLY COMPANY NOT LIMITED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.—Bad Company.

SOUND PORT AND PRINCIPLES.

AIR—"The Vicar of Bray."

I AM an old and sound divine,
Amongst a few surviving
Who still adhere to old port wine,
To get it genuine striving.
As much as I do find suffice,
I go on drinking daily;
And this is always my advice:
O stick to Port and PALEY!

When good port wine was, long ago,
The Clergyman's potation,
Church parties preached, both High and Low,
And practised, moderation.
But when from port they fell away,
To my dissatisfaction,
The Low Church rose, and had its day,
And then ensued reaction.

When eyes were bright that now are dim,
And heels that halt went skipping;
The man at Cambridge called a "Sim"
Was noted tea for sipping;
At Oxford, whilst the other school,
Thereat first ground then gaining,
Applied themselves to live by rule,
From their port wine abstaining.

Had every one to port alone
Continued still a true man,
Tractarianism had never grown
Of PUSEY and of NEWMAN.
No Ritualists had made a fuss
Of vestments and of candles,
Nor would that ass, IGNATIUS,
Have sported frock and sandals.

No *Essays and Reviews* had seen
The light, if such true nectar
Their authors' constant drink had been
As what once warmed each Rector.
The liquor of Oporto's grape
Had ne'er perverted men so:
But lo it was exchanged for Cape!
And that inspired COLENSO.

Port wine would have kept Popery
Within our Church a stranger;
And no occasion there would be
To cry "The Church in Danger!"
The Irish Branch intact had stayed,
Establishment and treasure:
'Tis GLADSTONE'S claret that has made
The way for GLADSTONE'S measure.

Now England's Clergy, as of old,
No more drink port, no wonder
A first step taken you behold
The Church and State to sunder.
And port is getting scarce and dear.
That Pair Fate will dis sever,
That wine will fail; their end is near:
They'll last my time, however.

Dunce Dunstan.

"A man called DUNSTAN has blown up the Tölmén rock with powder."—*Times*.

DUNSTAN, for sordid greed, or stupid spite,
To bits the Tölmén, Cornwall's wonder, blows:
The next time DUNSTAN and A Party fight,
O, may the pincers be on t' other nose!

Dialogue from Nepos.

Sharp Boy. Yes, Uncle, I'm out of my teens.

Uncle. Why, you're not sixteen yet.

Sharp Boy. Never said I was. But I've got cloth clothes on now.

Uncle (behind his age). Well, what's that got to do with it?

Sharp Boy. Why, I'm out of my velvet-teens. Give us sixpence, Uncle. [Exit Uncle.]

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.



APRIL 1 is not such an important day as the last great festival in the calendar, February 14, and perhaps should rather be ranked with Michaelmas Day, the one being dedicated to fools, the other to geese; but as its peculiar rites are still carefully observed alike in densely populated districts and sparsely peopled wapentakes, you will do wisely and well to consult ADAM SMITH, the learned BUSBEQUIUS, and the other Standard Authorities, so as to be able, if appealed to at the hospitable board or the polished

round table, to trace back the origin of these ceremonies to the Hyperborean races who overran Antarctic Europe under ZENDAVESTA, and planted their settlements and their salads on the shores of the Equator in the darkest ages. Then proceed to show, from the pages of PSAMMITICHUS or SIR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S *Encomium Moria*, translated on foolscap from the Swiss—the first thought of which occurred to him as he was sitting on the ruins of Carthage, listening to the hymn of the Marian monks at luncheon-time—that the universality of folly is attested by the historical fact that all civilised nations, from the Pelasgi to the Pelargoniums, from the coasts of the Carpathian to the peaks of the Pocahontas, have set apart one day in the year for mutual stultification. (If in this learned disquisition some slight inaccuracies have crept in, in the quotation of authorities, &c., it must be attributed to the influence of the festival now in question, one which, if we were sporting characters, we should be inclined to call The Hoax Day.)

You will find plenty more to talk about on this day. First, quote a few words from JEREMY BENTHAM'S *Salmonia* in explanation of *poissons d'Avril*. Then, and you must not be surprised if your statement causes some astonishment, announce that MR. GLADSTONE, out of respect for MR. WALPOLE'S feelings, and impressed by LORD GEORGE HAMILTON'S mature convictions, has written to MR. DISRAELI, offering to withdraw the Irish Church Bill, and to substitute a measure, enabling all the Hibernian Bishops to have seats in the House of Lords, and making attendance at the services of the Established Church compulsory, at least four times a year, on every one who contributes to the Grand Jury Cess. (It is understood at the Clubs and drinking fountains, that in return for this courteous behaviour, MR. WARD HUNT has engaged to abstain from demolishing MR. LOWE'S Budget, and that SIR JOHN PAKINGTON and MR. MOWBRAY have relieved MR. BRIGHT of a source of much uneasiness, by promising, in the handsomest manner, never to follow him in debate.)

You will gratify those of your hearers who are Conservatives by assuring them that the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH has consented to introduce in the Upper House (by way of giving "Peers, Idle Peers," something to do) a Bill for the abolition of Primogeniture early in the spring of 1870.

Military men will be interested to hear that H.R.H. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has decided to resign the command of the Army to MR. CARDWELL, who will immediately be made a Field Marshal, with rations for four *aides-de-camp*, and the usual allowance for forage; and if a Naval officer is present, he will grasp your hand with emotion on being told that in future no sailor will be allowed to enter the Queen's Service without passing the Civil Service Examination, and that any seaman will have ginger-beer served out to him instead of rum, on communicating his wishes to that effect (in writing) to the Port Admiral.

To a right-minded Ritualist the announcement that LORD SHAFTESBURY is to be at the head of a Commission charged with the duty of removing from our churches all ornaments, vessels, and vestments which were not in use in the time of KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, will be most consolatory; and you will diffuse happiness all around you by reading a letter from the Cape, with the happy news that COLENSO and MACROBIE have been induced by a common friend, a Wesleyan missionary, to shake hands, dine at his table, and sing duets together at a Penny Reading, numerous and respectably attended by the delighted Caffres.

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.—INTERVIEW WITH THE DODO—THE PREPARATIONS FOR THEATRICALS—WHO WAS TO BE WHO—HOW THE LITTLE DUCK CAME IN—AND GOOSEY—NIPPER—WAGG—PORCUPINE—MUCH ABOUT MISS CATHERINE CHESSER—REHEARSAL COMMENCES—THE MISSES RABBITS.

It was settled by LADY DODO, on behalf of MRS. MACAW, at our interview, that we were all to do our best to assist in the theatricals which were to be given at the MACAW'S house. TOM PORCUPINE was to be Stage Manager, and to draw out the programme, which was to consist of an operetta and a farce. In the course of the evening PAUL PARROT was to give his imitations, WAGG was to amuse the people and make himself generally useful, ALF POODEL was to play in the farce with TED NIPPER, who was also to sing the funny part in the operetta preceding.

MR. RATTELS NAYKE was cast, of course, for the tenor, with MRS. BYRDE as his soprano to be made love to. MISS KATE CHESSER was to be in the farce, and both MISS LAMBKIN and MISS GAZELLE in the operetta. DORMOUSE was to play an elderly gentleman, and after it was arranged what everyone should play, the important question started by MR. KYNG FYSCHER, whose operetta it was, arose as to who should play the piano. MRS. BYRDE couldn't, and wouldn't; she couldn't act, sing, and play too. That was evident—the other young ladies said the same. A professional pianist was all very well for a quadrille, or dancing generally, when he could take his sherry and sandwiches, and play mechanically in a corner for hours together, with his eyes shut. But to accompany singing,—to "humour the voices," said KYNG FYSCHER, "that's another thing."

"Would he do it, then," asked LADY DODO, a suggestion which was firmly, but civilly declined.

Here DORMOUSE put in a word. (By the way, he had brought GOOSEY as one of his "clever friends who was first-rate in anything of the sort," and who had consequently been set down for *Mr. Augustus de Montmorency* in the farce, and a remorseful Bandit in the operetta.) DORMOUSE said that the Governess at his father's house was just the very person—would do it, to oblige, with pleasure; and, in fact, so lauded her, that he nearly roused even MRS. MACAW'S suspicions; and as for LADY DODO, she placed her old hand on his, and said, with an approving smile, "You shall bring her then, my dear, to rehearsals. What is her name?" Whereupon LADY DODO was mentioned, and LADY DODO goodnaturedly affected to remember a DRAKE family in Leicestershire, "to a branch of which," said her Ladyship, "the young lady probably belongs." Now this was not given out purposelessly, but as a hint to MRS. MACAW as to how she was to comport herself towards the young person, who was such a Godsend, you know, at the piano. At these rehearsals, then, it will be at once seen that MR. GOOSEY BARNDOR, being very strict and punctual in his attendance (for had he not two mighty difficult parts to perform?) was continually meeting MISS LADY. There was a song for the remorseful Bandit, I remember, when he falls in love with the Seconda Donna (whom he had been paid to waylay, and did; paid also to murder, and didn't), and sings, "Ah, thine eyes! They teach me how to love!" which GOOSEY was for ever trying over to MISS DRAKE'S accompaniment, in order, as he said, to master the true expression of feeling, which the words (words by ALF POODEL) were intended to convey.

MR. BYRDE, a quiet elderly gentleman from the City, about fifteen years, at least, MRS. BYRDE'S senior, accepted the office of Prompter, as LADY DODO had previously arranged with MRS. MACAW. But as the rehearsals were very seldom fixed for an hour when he could "attend in his place," the prompting was done by different people at different times; and MR. BYRDE coming once to a night rehearsal, fell asleep at the fifth page and fourth hour of the operetta, and snored loudly during the great duett, for which he was very properly reproved by his wife. He did not fill the post again until the night of performance, when, as might have been expected, he knew rather less of the pieces, and where the actors were likely to "stick," than he would have, perhaps, of the first verb in a Hebrew Grammar, had he been asked to conjugate; "a task," as POODEL would say, "which he would at once decline." (If POODEL had said this, WAGG would have taken off his hat respectfully, and explained to the bystanders that he always "saluted such very old friends as POODEL was fond of introducing." Whereat ALF POODEL would smile, abashed, not daring to show his annoyance, lest he should only expose himself to some more cruel blow at the hands of the merciless WAGG.)

I recollect some advertisement to the effect that "No breakfast-table complete without somebody's celebrated something or other," I forget what; but this is the formula which I would use as applicable to almost all the amateurs above mentioned: specially NIPPER. If, as you remember, a place at a dinner-party is vacant, send for KOCKY ROBBINS: if you want to start theatricals, send for NIPPER. If, however, you want your entertainment to be as near perfection as possible, don't rely upon NIPPER'S recommendations for your other performers.

The charity existing among professionals for one another, is pro-

verbal. They get their bread by the stage; and a funny man, or a tragic man, may be robbed by a funnier or a more tragic man of his crumbs. A Droll may be at the top of the tree; still there is the tree below him, and a Droller than he may climb up, and displace him, whereby the Droll's income is considerably diminished, and MRS. DROLL will have to pinch, and the little DROLLS not be able to go to school next half. So you see one is not very much surprised if a professionally comic, or tragic, man speak disparagingly of his fellow craftsman; that is, if the latter be rising, and with more than probable chances of ultimate success in his favour. But it is remarkable that one should find precisely the same kind of charity and good feeling among the amateurs of any art—notably, however, of the dramatic. "Oh, heaven! how these Christians do love one another!" cries TOM PORCUPINE, after discussing, in his character of Stage Manager, the question of who was to be who at MRS. MACAW'S theatricals. "It's Bottom all over again, *Snug the Joiner*, and all the rest of 'em," says TOM, "SHAKESPEARE must have begun as an amateur, or he'd never have known so much about it."

And indeed NIPPER, eminently comic, no sooner hears of the Heavy Father who has some tender and pathetic speeches in the piece, than he immediately wants to throw up the Funny Waiter's part (who hides in a box, you know) and take that of old *Martin Graylocks*.

He is again unsettled on reading the Villain's part (which was originally played by the great tragedian GROWLER when he was a younger man), and he can't help observing that he should like to have played that. TOM PORCUPINE, however, fixes him in the Comic Waiter. "Hang it!" says NIPPER, "I'm always a Comic Waiter." But he knows, the sly dog, that it is the part in the piece, and that having seen BUCKSTONE in it fifteen times at least, he can, without troubling his originality, reproduce the chief points of that excellent comedian's performance, "without their being recognised," as that satiric WAGG whispers in an aside to MRS. BYRDE. WAGG is not asked to act, but drops in at rehearsals, as *amicus curiæ*, and a precious nuisance he is.

MISS CATHERINE CHESSER is a handsome young lady somewhat resembling the character of *Mr. William Taylor*, drawn in that celebrated ballad as being

"Full of mirth and full of spree,"

provided always, that "spree" is understood as never passing the bounds of propriety. MISS CHESSER'S only chaperon is her theatrical reputation: it guards her everywhere, it travels with her all over England. Her parents may thank Heaven that, so to speak, the Comic Muse has stood godmother to their CATHERINE, and has provided for her for life. She is as full of engagements as a Professional Star. "She is so goodnatured: she is so useful: she is so clever," say the matrons who get up these parties, and at whose houses MISS CHESSER is a great attraction. In fact, though they cannot exactly advertise in print, yet the MRS. MACAW'S of society will be careful to get it well put about that MISS CHESSER is going to play, and then there is a rush of the best young men of her following.

MISS CHESSER has a really strong appreciation of humour tempered by a woman's gentleness. Thus NIPPER, as a perpetual Droll, sends her off "into fits," as she expresses it, when he only asks for the salt, or offers his opinion on the probable weather of the day after to-morrow. But she gives no more than a smile to WAGG's repartees, while of TOM PORCUPINE'S sarcasms she is simply afraid; but then TOM will force a satirical meaning (as I have shown already) into everything, and as MISS CHESSER will "roar" and "scream" at NIPPER'S, or even ALF POODEL'S saying "How d'ye do?" so she will "be sure MR. PORCUPINE means something satirical" when TOM salutes her with precisely the same words. If there is one thing above another she enjoys, it is a Rehearsal. NIPPER comes on in the character, not in the dress. He says his first line, and gives his queer look out of the corners of his eyes at MISS CHESSER, who is the Chambermaid. Safe laugh, that queer look.

"Oh don't! MR. NIPPER," she cries, struggling with almost irrepressible laughter, and utterly unable to proceed with her words.

"What is it, MISS CHESSER?" inquires that dog NIPPER, pretending to be perfectly unconscious of his comic power, and doing it again.

"I shall never be able to go on," says the young lady, whereat NIPPER, still feigning ignorance of the cause, becomes funnier than ever.

"I know I should scream if I was in front when you were acting," she says; at which avowal NIPPER smiles deprecatingly, but on considering the matter over, going home, acknowledges to himself that it is wonderful what a comic power he has, and lor! what a fortune he would have made on the stage.

"My sister says," MISS CHESSER tells NIPPER, "that when you came on with that red wig the other night at the FRY'S, she shrieked." NIPPER is delighted to hear it, though again he only smiles deprecatingly, as much as to say, "Oh, dear no. I'm sure—'tisn't so very funny—only you're good enough to say so"—and thereby he gets, with some folks, a reputation for modesty.

By the way, when MISS CHESSER tells him that her sister "shrieked" and she "screamed," she only means to convey her idea of being immensely amused, and laughing most heartily.

And both the CHESSER girls can do this, and are not simperers like the Miss RABBITS, who snigger behind their pocket-handkerchiefs, or smile, and then look round to see if any one else is smiling too, as though your witticism was something of a dubiously proper character.

(To be Continued.)

OUR HABITUAL CRIMINALS.



ERY ONNERD PUNCH, AVING been a pick pocket almost from my birth I may call myself a member of the criminal persuasion, tho I calls myself a cobbler when I'm brort before the Beak. As sich, I feels a natral hintrest in the progress of the bill for putting down abitual criminals, and shutting up the shops of them as deals in stolen goods. Well, all as I can say is if you shut up the receivers you'll soon shut up the thieves, for as I says to CHARLEY CLYFAKER what's the good o' priggig tickers when there's nobody to sell 'em to? We shovellers of industry,* as our lively neighbours calls us, in course must find that clyfaking is all a waste of labour, when there ain't no market open where we

can sell the swag. To us old prigs it seems a pity our indoostry should be wasted, and all our skill and science which has cost us so much trouble be found of no more use. But I spose we must regard ourselves as victims of Society, and if Society have only the pluck to get the steam up, I shouldn't be surprised at the fulfilment of a prophecy I lately saw in print—

"Five years of correct legislation, capable administration and adequate expenditure, and crime as a profession might be extinguished in Great Britain."

To pass a law to take a cove's bread out of his mouth aint what I consider as "correct legislation." But we pore martyrs must submit to be extinguished if Society insists, and I'm doubtful if Society will give us compensation, though rogues as bad as we have ad it afore now. But while Society's about it, there are other thieves than us pore prigs as ort to be looked arter. Pray, aint there thieves in bubble companies who prey upon the public quite as much as we do? Aint there habitual criminals in the money-lending line, whom Society would do well to put under surveillance? Aint there rogues in grain who adulterate their bread, or put poison in their beer, and rob people of their health as well as of their money? Aint there rogues who rig the market and trade upon a panic, and care nothing for the widows and the orphans whom they ruin? Aint there fraudulent directors, and fraudulent trustees, and fraudulent tradesmen, who buy their goods from fraudulent bankrupts, or who swindle poor folks by selling them? Afore you brags of the "hextinction of crime" by act of parliament, you must hit upon a plan for extinguishing sich criminals like them as I ave named. Why shouldn't money-lending swindlers and rogues who sell short measure have a ticket o' leave given 'em, arter proof of first offence, the same as prigs and burglars who have served their time in quod? They are all habitual criminals every bit as much as me and CHARLEY CLYFAKER, and if Society's in earnest about the crushing out of crime it ort to set the crushers on the criminals I've mentioned, as well as on pore pickpockets like Yours truly,

PETER PRIGGINS.

* *Query Chevaliers d'Industrie.*

Papal Toys.

AMONG "Notes from Rome" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it is stated that "CARDINAL MATHIEU, Archbishop of Besançon, has lately brought to Rome a considerable number of breech-loaders as a present to the Pontifical Government." Of course these breech-loaders are mere playthings. A PIUS could have as little use for any other as an INNOCENT. We all recollect the original breech-loader of our early childhood. And Papa's breech-loaders, of course, are only Pope-guns.

A LIGHT EMPLOYMENT.—Cleaning windows.



LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION.

Host. "I AM SO VEXED, EMILY, THAT DOCTOR M'CLUSKIE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN ALL THE TROUBLE TO PUT ON EVENING DRESS FOR SUCH A SMALL PARTY AS THIS!"

[The Hostess cannot help speculating on what the learned Doctor's appearance must be when he has not taken the trouble to put on evening dress.]

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

(By a Casual Contributor.)

1. *The Perverse Mouse.*—One evening a young lady was playing a waltz on the piano when a small mouse came out of a hole near the grate, and danced a polka. Not being in the least alarmed, the young lady played a polka, but the mouse immediately danced a waltz. On her discontinuing, the mouse retired and was never seen again.

2. *Sagacity in Whales.*—In the North the winter is a hard season for whales, which can barely obtain a subsistence. A sailor once saw a whale "spouting." Being observed, the monster dived suddenly, and the sailor vainly searched for the ticket. It is supposed that it must have been taken with him.

3. *The Bashful Cat.*—A cat once being alone with a fiddle, played three tunes on it beautifully. Seeing a stranger, however, listening, she laid it down, and would never, for any amount of coaxing, take it up again.

4. *The Bullfinch.*—The Bullfinch is a cross between a Bull and a Finch. There is more of the Finch in it than the Bull, and some naturalists have entertained the opinion that, if killed at a proper season, it would furnish a small family with very excellent beef.

5. *The Butterfly.*—A similar observation (to the above) may be made in the case of the Butterfly. They are excellent substitutes for cows, as their name implies, and no dairy should ever be without a good supply of this delicate and useful insect.

6. *The Modest Centipede.*—A Centipede was lately seen entering a tailor's shop. It was reported that it ordered fifty pairs of light summer trousers. The prevalent belief is that the Modest Insect had been much affected by the Lord Chamberlain's edict about lengthening the ballet-dresses. We cannot, however, vouch for the exact truth of the story.

7. *The Arithmetical Snake.*—A Countryman was one day much alarmed at hearing a snake doing a sum. On examining the reptile cautiously, it proved to be an Adder. This, it should be noted, took place in Summer.

A RUBRICKALL READYNGE.

In a right sensible address to his clergy, the Most Reverend the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, touching a matter in controversy, whereon somewhat hath been unduly drawn from the late judgment of the Privy Council, well saith:—

"But this was never argued before the court; which would have had, before deciding it, to consider on which side is 'before the table,' since that another rubric leaves the precise position of the table undefined; also whether 'before the table' means more than 'at the table.'"

Truly a man may stand before a chair, because if he stand on the other side thereof, he shall stand behind it; but he cannot stand behind a table, for a table, look you, hath no back. Every man who is at a table needs must have the table before him, whether it be round, or square, or oblong, mark you that. The Chairman at a dinner sitteth before the table, and so doth the vice; so do the company sit likewise on either hand. You shall stand, indeed, before a table as to your beholders if you stand between it and them, and that alike whether you stand with your back to the table or to the beholders. Go to, then. An you be at a table, and not before the table, then must you be either on the table or else under the table, where, my masters, may none of you ever be found. Save you, Sirs; joy be with you: and so farewell.

To Sportsmen and Others.

MOTTO for the new "Ulster" over-coats—*Ne Plus Ulster*; i. e. an Ulster beyond the knee.



DISENDOWMENT AND DISARMAMENT.

FENIAN. "BE JABERS, Y'RE RIV'RENCE, IT'S SPILIN' OUR THRADE THEY ARE, INTOIRELY."
His Riv'rence. "THRUE FOR YOU, ME BOY."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

WRITING of Ireland in 1649, great THOMAS CARLYLE saith "To those who think that a land over-run with Sanguinary Quacks can be healed by sprinkling it with rose-water, these OLIVER CROMWELL letters must be very terrible indeed. But in OLIVER'S time men had a notion that the difference between Good and Evil was still considerable. It was a true notion. Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards Radical Change, or final perdition, can such indiscriminate mashing up of Good and Evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary, of ROUSSEAU sentimentalism, universal Pardon and Benevolence, with dinner and drink and one cheer more, take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous as sweet as it is, and very nauseous, of which OLIVER, happier than we, had not heard the slightest intimation even in dreams." With which ominous prologue our great THOMAS proceeds to show how the Irish massacres of several score thousand Protestants were reasonably well recognised at Drogheda, Wexford, and elsewhere, abiding memories of the just vengeance of a tremendous great Englishman.

Let us cast rose-water out at the window, and for the moment let us believe in something else than "final perdition," and try our THOMAS'S alternative, Radical Change. Of a verity, brethren, the division on this Irish Church Bill rang out note of such change to him that hath ears to hear. A majority of this size means something, or there is no meaning in this terrene sphere.

The numbers are worth conserving.

Voted for Second Reading of Bill	Liberals	366
	Conservatives	4
		— 370
Voted against same	Conservatives	246
	Liberals	6
		— 252
Pairs		14
Absent	Liberals	2
Absent	Conservatives	4
Vacant Seats		15
Speaker		1
		658

In which numbers, saith the leading journal, may be seen the Death-Blow of the Irish Church. And it is difficult to say what else can be discerned therein. Let us hope that Content and Loyalty in Ireland may hereafter be evolved. Anyhow, we do justice to the Irish, and it ought not to be necessary that in any future time we do justice on them, OLIVER fashion, or otherwise.

Having thus risen to the level of the occasion, *Mr. Punch* subsides to that of mortals, and briefly notes the incidents of the third and fourth nights of debate.

Monday. There was more interest about the first speech of this night than about any other. For it was delivered by the learned SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, who, but for his inability to concur with the Ministry in this Bill, would have been MR. GLADSTONE'S Lord Chancellor, or Attorney-General, as SIR ROUNDELL might have pleased. He could go but a certain distance with Ministers. He would Disestablish, and he would even Disendow to an extent for expediency's sake, probably to that of some half of the property of the Church. But the State had no right to take the property of a part of the community for the benefit of the whole, except on a ground of forfeiture. But he should try to mend the Bill in committee, and he advised the Conservatives to accept the wrong like men and patriotic citizens.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL objectionably said—the second-hand taunt has been disavowed by his partizans—that SIR ROUNDELL PALMER had brought the question into Chancery. It must be taken as a whole. He was more fortunate in his general argument, and eloquent at its close.

MR. HENRY RICHARD, Welsh Dissenter, begged leave to comfort those who were afraid that religion would not thrive under the Voluntary system. The greater part of the religious service in Wales was provided by voluntarism. It is due to an educated clergy that *Mr. Punch* should add, that though the dissenting teachers in Wales are mostly very good men, and supply food which satisfies their flocks, they can in that sense only be called Pastors.

LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON fired off a thunderous volley of hard words at the Bill, and the House laughed.

MR. LOWE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, commented on MR. DISRAELI'S speech, and warned young Members that he could do much better things than that if he liked. Nobody could reason with more closeness and force, if he chose, but on this occasion he had not chosen. The Irish Church had not fulfilled its mission. The State was no Trustee. It would not do to establish such a powerful Corporation as the Church would be, if left, as SIR ROUNDELL PALMER desired, with half its revenues and no State control. The laity had no vested interest in the maintenance of the Church. Were or were not the many made

for the few? The present condition of things was alterable. "We can alter it," concluded MR. LOWE, "and we will."

MR. GREENE, on the other side, made some fun until the adjournment. He did not want a division, as only 30 out of 653 Members had spoken.

Tuesday. MR. WALPOLE opened the fourth and last night. He spoke, as ever, like a thoughtful man, desirous to convince. His best point was, that voluntarism would fail to support religion as it had failed to support education.

SIR HENRY BULWER thought that we ought to alter the Act of Union, because Ireland had altered from what it was when that Act was passed.

MR. VERNER had a panacea of his own for Irish discontent. Let the Church alone, abolish the LORD LIEUTENANT, and let the PRINCE OF WALES go to Ireland and represent the QUEEN.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON made a smart maiden speech in behalf of the Church.

But the grand event of the night was the oration of MR. HARDY, who, to do him justice, "did all he knew" for his party. He pitched away all notions of compromise and conciliation, and let drive, right and left, at the Bill, against which he meant to fight to the last. The Church was part of the Imperial establishment, and a recognition of the supremacy of the Almighty. She has done, and was doing a great work, and the State had no right to touch her. As for the Government, they were afraid of the Fenians, whom they were releasing in droves, and fear, not policy, was the reason why this Bill was brought in. MR. HARDY fought in the most fearless and defiant manner, with a fluency that often rose to eloquence, and ended with a solemn denunciation of what he termed Sacrilege. He took all the Conservative honours of the debate, and the House rang and rang again with the shouting of the delighted party.

The PREMIER finished the debate. He charged MR. HARDY with "bringing an indictment against a nation," and with endangering the Union by alienating the nations. Remedies for Irish discontent must be introduced piecemeal, and Government had begun with the Church. The Opposition had proposed no scheme, except that of "levelling up," and this the country would not tolerate. MR. GLADSTONE had not much difficulty in dealing with the tempestuous rhetoric of MR. HARDY, but *Mr. Punch* has heard him to more advantage than in his reply to SIR ROUNDELL PALMER—the fact is, the men are of kindred minds, and MR. GLADSTONE wanted much more time to enable him to deal with his friend's distinctions and subtleties. He urged, that in consenting to Disestablishment, SIR ROUNDELL had given up the best portion of the argument. But the battle was over, and MR. GLADSTONE, after an effective allusion to the clock which was moving rapidly towards the dawn, "so are rapidly flowing out the years and months and days which remain to the existence of the Irish Established Church," said that it was for the interest of all that this establishment should not be kept in a prolonged agony and struggle. The judgments that had been given on this question could never be recalled. "To-night, another stroke will be struck in the same cause. I will not intercept it for a single moment more."

The rest has been told, and the House rose until the First of April.

Mr. Punch has now his innings. He begs to state that he hates these important debates. They may be all very necessary to the well-being of the country, to the Crown, and the Altar, and all that is grand, but they interfere detestably with that other enormous institution, the Essence of Parliament. They do not admit of Rabelaisian treatment, and you can't play leap-frog over mountains. There is a comic side to everything, for fools, but then *Mr. Punch* is not a fool. You don't dance to the sound of a church-organ, even when it is being played for the last time before being taken down. In this spirit he has spared the small folks on both sides who introduced the element of grotesque into a great debate. But he must draw the line somewhere, and he proposes to draw it at a Second Reading. Accepting MR. GREENE'S hint that there were 658 Members, or so, who mean to speak, he warns about 600 of them that they had better not. The respect which he has chosen to manifest for the House will not actuate him towards a Committee. If he sees any First of April work on that date or after it, he intends to mention it in a way which will be remembered. With this gentle hint, he dismisses Parliament for the Easter Holidays.

At Least.

BABIES may come, and passing-bells may clang
 In Lent; but "Marry Not," your priest insists:
 His superstition lacks all Pagan twang,
 MORS and LUCINA are no Ritualists.

A Puzzle.

MENTION was lately made in the House of the "Cadastral Survey." What is this? The only Cad-astral Survey we can think of is, when an omnibus conductor looks up to see whether the stars are out.



CANDID.

Undergrad. "WOULD YOU TELL ME, SIR, WHY I HAVE BEEN PLOUGHED?"

Don. "SIR, YOU HAVE BEEN 'PLOUGHED' (AS YOU ARE PLEASED TO EXPRESS IT) FOR IMPUDENCE."

Undergrad. "OH—VERY SORRY. I WILL TRY AND BE BETTER UP IN IT NEXT TIME!"

A NEW AMERICAN DRINK, OR AMERICANISED CLARET.

AMONG the arts cultivated in the Republic which we have had proposed to us as a political and social model, there is one that might be called the art of adulteration, only that it is more than that. Adulteration is the admixture of rubbish with genuine goods. The American art which transcends it is the simple substitution of sham for reality. Its first recorded fruits were wooden nutmegs, and now, according to the *British Medical Journal*, we are actually instructed by one of its learned professors at a scientific Institute:—

"HOW TO MAKE CLARET.—At the meeting of the Polytechnic Association of the American Institute on the 7th of January, during a discussion on the adulteration of wines, DR. VAN DER WEYDE is reported by the *Chemical News* to have described a mode of making claret, viz., by allowing water to soak through shavings, and adding thereto a certain proportion of logwood and tartaric acid. This produced a wine hardly to be distinguished in flavour and colour from claret."

An eminent statesman has declared his belief that adulteration is very little practised in England. Need he have been ashamed to acknowledge the fact that it is very largely practised indeed? He glories in the idea that we are Americanising all of our institutions. Suppose we also Americanise our commodities. We shall then go beyond merely adulterating them. Adulteration will be no longer our national reproach. Our national boast will be Americanisation.

Wants Correcting.

THE Liberty of the Press is great in America, but the liberties of the Press there are still greater, as taken by that type of American publishers who make a profit out of the brains of English writers, by reprinting their works without first obtaining the sanction of the authors, or afterwards sending them a cheque.

Weather-Beaten.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has declined to accede to a request from the Meteorological Society of Scotland for a slice of the grant made by Parliament to the Royal Society. MR. LOWE is weather-wise. He evidently thinks the Society ought to raise the wind for themselves.

A CAST FOR ANOTHER DRAMA OF REAL LIFE, TO BE ENTITLED "*Fettered*."—The Siamese Twins.

FLASH NOTES.

MY IDEA.

(*A Flash! a Dash! and an Appeal!*)

At Five o'clock precisely, or if not precisely, thereabouts, an Idea struck me—a grand, a glorious, a splendid Idea.

It was *the* thing. It was what I had seen long ago would make my fortune. I jumped from my chair and said, "By Jove, that's it!"

I saw how to carry it out, clearly. In a second everything connected with the Idea flashed before my mind's eye, as we hear a drowning man views a panorama of his entire past life in an inappreciable fraction of time.

I paced my room—I looked out of the window—it must be done *at once*. No time must be lost. Paper, pens, ink; meet it is I set it down.

A large sheet before me, pen in hand, ink by my side, blotting-paper in its place—*Now*.

A wave of the pen, a word on the paper. That is not the way to express my Idea—scratch it out.

Pause: my Idea must be memorandum'd at once. But how?

Heavens! have I an Idea that won't go on paper? *It must—it shall!*

Another word. My hand moves unwillingly, my thoughts will not direct it; my grip is firm on the pen—my will is iron. Words will come, yes, they *do* come, but none express my Idea.

Am I to lose a fortune, hundreds, thousands, millions, perhaps, because I can't fix this Idea and develop it on paper?

Stay, let me *think it out*, and *then* develop it. My long German pipe, my arm chair; out of the draughts and comfortably before the fire.

The days are drawing out, but duskiness creeps on apace. * * *

I have sat for two hours with my Idea. At least, I think, with my Idea. There are difficulties in the way of carrying out my Idea.

What they are I don't know, but they are insuperable—I *feel* they are insuperable.

Other Ideas have started up. Little Ideas buzzing about the great one, and worrying it. Or, the Idea itself has split up into these little ideas—which is it? I resolve to come to it fresh to-morrow, and work it out.

To-morrow. I look at a large piece of paper lying on my study table, with heavy-handed words scored through and through. It is headed, by way of memorandum, "A Great Idea"—then follow date and hour.

I ruminate—*What was it?*

I know from my memorandum that it *was* a Great Idea, but—*What was it?*

Was it in Music? or in Politics? or to do with Literature? or with Marriage? or Law? or Physic? or *What?*

My memory tells me generally that it was something great—something immense—that my future fortune hung upon it. If I could only find out what led up to it? Of what was I thinking *before* the Great Idea struck me? I don't know, I have no clue.

If anyone can help me, I should feel personally obliged to them. Imagine the situation: in my own room, before the fire, with a pipe, in a dressing-gown, looking at the coals, slippers on (red and black), hands cold, feet cold, head warm, leaning back in arm-chair, a little drowsy, no noise, no distraction, sunset outside (but nothing to do with me, *that* hasn't), and an arm-chair with nobody in it opposite side of the rug. There's the picture: in this position I was struck by the Great Idea.

If any one of your numerous readers will give me his notion on the subject, I shall be for ever grateful. Any suggestion *might* recover the Lost Idea. An Imaginative Pollaky would be useful here. Establish an office for Lost Ideas. No, that wasn't *the* Grand and Great Idea; nor, I am sure, was it anything like it.

Should I know it again, if I heard it? Ye--es, ye--es, I th-i-ink so.

But try, do try, somebody, and you shall have twelve-and-a-half per cent. of whatever I make by it—that's business. Now, *What was it?*

N.B. Imagine what important discovery may be lost to the world if my Grand Idea is not found !!

WARNING: IMPORTANT TO ALL.—*Anyone during the next Month hitting upon a Great Idea, anywhere, will understand from this that IT IS MINE; and he is hereby advised, on pain of prosecution, to send it to ME, under cover to the Editor of "Punch," Punch Office.*

*** An acknowledgment will be published in our next issue of Flash Notes.

BANQUO.

DE PROFUNDIS!

PUNCH has groaned o'er the Black Country's gloom,
That from body has gathered to soul,
Has spoken his mind of it plainly,
Has sharply been called o'er its coal.
But he owes the Black Country a lesson,
That from depth of its darkness is given,
Of trust in the goodness of God,
And the love of our Father in Heaven.

As they toiled in the deep-driven mine,
Came the rush and the roar far away,
That told the pent waters were loosed,
And the black flood 'twixt them and the day.
Thick and thicker the air to the breath—
Dim and dimmer the lights to the eye—
High and higher the wave at their foot—
Choice of death, but no choice save to die!

Slowly dragged the dull hours, as they sat
Huddled close by the lip of the flood,
As light after light dimm'd and died,
And the cold crept and crept on their blood.
'Twas at five, Wednesday night the flood came,
Their last light died next morn before seven,
And up-spoke STEPHEN PAGE in the dark,
"Lads, our lights are not put out in Heaven."

They have prayed, as men pray, from whom hope,
Save in God and his goodness, is fled;
Written farewells to children and wives,
To be found, when Earth gives up her dead.
Calm they wait God's good time, all save one,
In whom suffering, o'er manhood had sway,
Till in darkness without and within,
That crazed life ebbed in ravings away.

Fouler still grew the air: quickened breath,
In the darkness, with labour they drew,
With their mouths to the face of the flood,
Where a thin pulse of sweet air came through.
And they knew by the faintly heard clank
That the pumps were at work night and day,
And cold hands felt the ranged coals, that told
How the flood, inch by inch, ebbed away!

Inch by inch, hour by hour! It was hard
Of those ebbs which would win to divine;
That of life's stream, in slowly dulled veins,
That of death's stream, in slowly drained mine.
Inch by inch: hour by hour: hunger gnawed,
Men who had, gave to boys who had none;
There is little to give; it is given.
Eat the candles: the candles are done.

Inch by inch, hour by hour! Weary day
Undistinguished draws on weary night;
Failing fingers, by touch of the hands,
Read the watch-face denied to the sight.
But still each pump-stroke drives a breath
With strengthening and hopefulness rife,
And they thank God to think how the tank
That draws off death, bringeth down life.

Inch by inch, hour by hour! Night and day
By their reckoning have five times gone round;
Still with crowds that watch, weep, hope and pray,
The pit-mouth and pit-heaps are crowned.
Ply, good pumps! Drain, good tanks! Comes a pause—
For a thwart rod, or chain gone awry—
What's that?—In the hush—Can it be?
Faint and far, from the depths comes a cry!

Yet again, and again! There's a rush
To the shaft—and for answer is giv'n,
A cheer to put life into death,
From earth's core to the blue height of Heaven!
Above, 'tis a multitude mad,—
Who can say what it is, down below?
Man the cage! It is manned! Lower away!
Oh, the hope from despair! Joy from woe!

Then the sick thrill of hope long deferred,
And the back-sweep of dread and despair—
And of all that ten thousand tense souls,
No soul but is offering its prayer.
Here's the cage! Back! Stand back! Lo, the news
From crowd-edge to crowd-end flashes through—
They are found; they're alive; from the cage
They are lifting them, ghastly and blue!

Again and again with its load,
Where life flickers faintly and low,
The cage is steered gently to bank,—
And a shout sends the news to and fro.
Feeble pen, silly poet, that strivest,
Through thy little channel to pour,
The great joy of ten thousand hearts
O'er those twelve to life rendered once more!

I but utter, how weakly soe'er,
The thoughts, through all England that go,
With those eager watchers above,
And those patient watchers below
Through the fears, hopes, and joys, shared with these,
The faith, that with these we'd fain share,
To the truth, plain through all, that our God
Still compasses Earth with his care.

PUBLIC SERVICES REWARDED?

THE *Eastern Post*, no doubt well posted up in trustworthy rumours, makes the following announcement:—

"THE LEADERS OF THE REFORM LEAGUE.—We are informed that Mr. BEALES, late President of the Reform League, will shortly receive a County Court Judgeship. It is said that Mr. HOWELL, the late Secretary to that body, has been appointed private secretary to a Member of Parliament."

This, if true as stated, is as it should be. It was well and wisely done, too, if done at all, to liberate the Fenian prisoners without tickets of leave. See, one may say, how a generous confidence has been justified by demonstrative gratitude. Never again will roughs need an invitation to mob the House of Commons. Never, under any circumstances, will Hyde Park railings go down any more, or prison-walls and poor people, in Clerkenwell or elsewhere, be blown up. By the way, couldn't something be done for poor FINLEN?

Female Politicians.

Few women, except a very few exceptions, really know a word, or care a straw, about politics. Many, however, strenuously declare themselves Conservatives or Liberals, as the case may be, according to the parties of their respective husbands, papas, or men in the place of those protectors. The better part of them take those men's sides, the rest the opposite.

How to Grow Mushrooms.

(*Mr. Punch's Way.*)

TAKE a lot of snobs. Manure them with money, made fast. Plant them in the House of Commons, and stick their wives in Society. You will have a fine crop of Mushrooms.

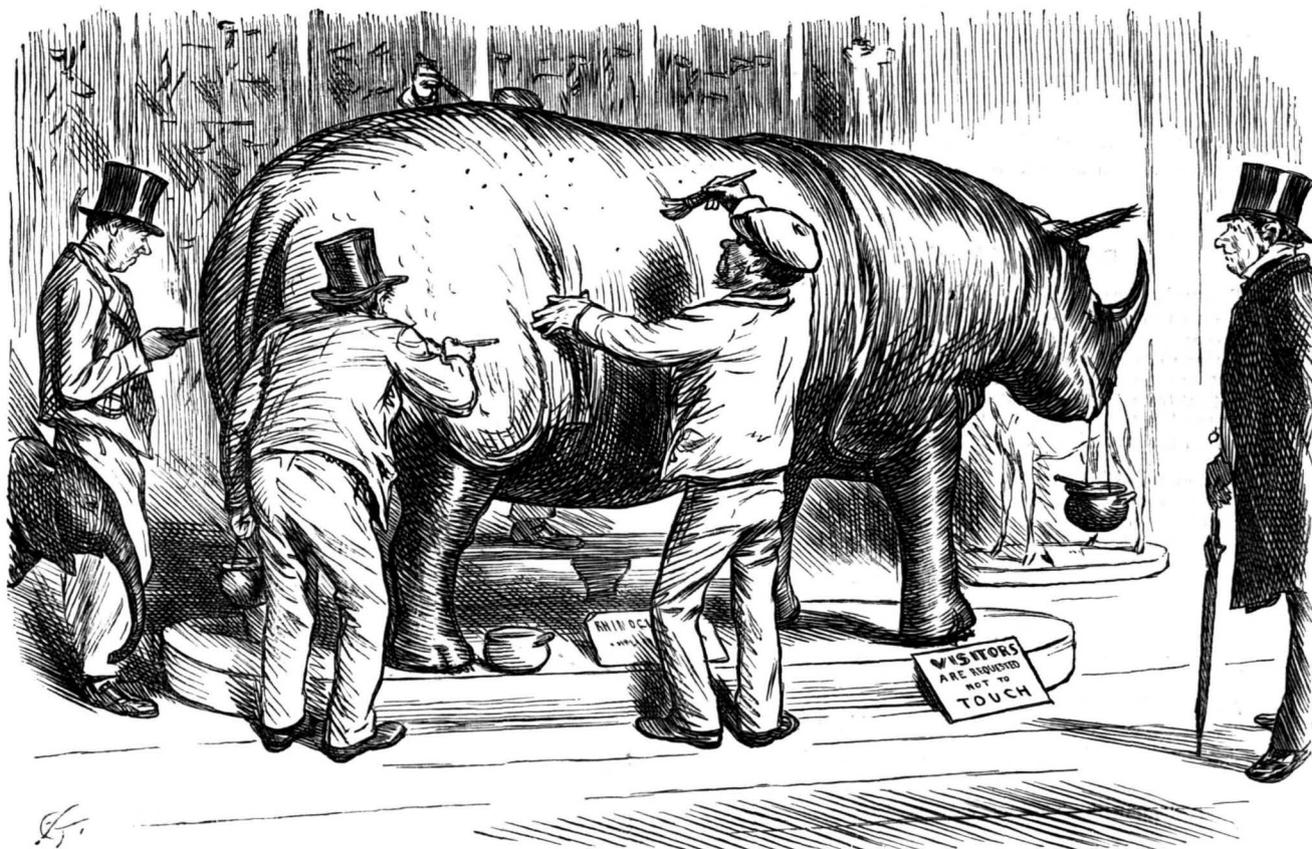
Fine Art.

SPEAKING of the Raphael recently sold in Paris, one of the papers says—"It is now duly recognised in PAS SAVANT'S *Life*." Is there not a little mistake here? For PASSAVANT, who wrote the *Life of Raphael* was certainly a *savant* on that subject.

BURNING AND SHINING LIGHTS.

WHAT Scotch Presbyterian Minister has a name that might be applied as a nickname to an Anglican Ritualist Parson?
DR. CANDLISH.

A GOOD MOVE.—The Society for the Suppression of Mendicity have determined to put down begging—the question.



SANITARY MEASURES.

THE RHINOCEROS (BRITISH MUSEUM) HAS BEEN SUFFERING FROM PARASITES— GOVERNMENT ORDERS HIM TO BE VARNISHED!

BERWICK WORKHOUSE ECONOMY.

A SMALL bird has informed us that an extraordinary meeting of the Berwick Poor-Law Guardians was held the other day for the purpose of taking into consideration an answer, the only one received, to a certain remarkable notification, lately published by them, of being in want of a medical officer and a workhouse porter. It ran as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,—By an announcement which has appeared in several of the journals, I am informed that you desire to engage the services of a medical officer, and also of a porter. To the former you offer £25 a year, out of which he will be required to pay for all the medicine which he supplies, except cod-liver oil, and you expect candidates for his appointment to attend before you at the election day at their own cost. To the latter you offer £20 a year, with board and lodging.

I beg to propose myself, conditionally, as a candidate for the situation of your medical officer. Circumstances, peculiarly narrow, will preclude the possibility of my attendance at your Board, where, if I could attend, perhaps I might not find any competitor. Accordingly, should no applicant present himself, a line addressed to me as below, accepting the proposal I am about to make to you, could summon me immediately; and I would be with you punctually on the First of April.

For the place of workhouse porter, I apprehend that you will experience no want of applications, it being obviously by much the more eligible of the two. In case your views could be met by the combination of both officials in one person, allow me to propose myself to you as ready to constitute that one. You would then obtain the advantage of a resident medical officer, whose duties, as porter too, would not forbid his visiting patients in the receipt of outdoor relief, because his calls would occur chiefly during the night, and in the meanwhile, whether by night or day, paupers and tramps seeking admission might wait, as also might patients, whenever you, Gentlemen, arranged to visit the workhouse.

My poverty prevents me from offering to perform your medical officership merely. I couldn't do it on the terms. To ask that you will allow me to undertake both of those employments in union—may

I say workhouse union?—my poverty, and not my will, consents Accordingly I am, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble servant,

AN APOTHECARY.

P.S. For testimonials I refer you to MR. W. SHAKSPEARE, Stratford-on-Avon. Please address Mantua, *Poste-restante*.

The foregoing communication having been read, a discussion ensued amongst the Guardians as to where Mantua was, and who and what was MR. W. SHAKSPEARE. On which points nobody present being able to supply any information, the meeting was adjourned, a member of the Board, who was able to write, having undertaken in the meanwhile to communicate with MR. SHAKSPEARE.

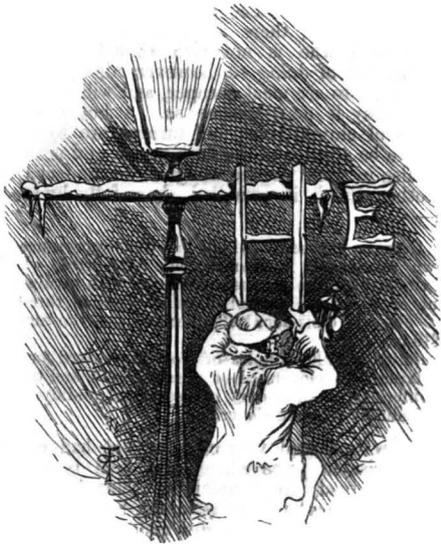
ANYTHING BUT COMB IL FAUT.

THE Admiralty are advertising that they will receive tenders for "Ivory Combs." Our belief in MR. CHILDERS as an economical reformer has been great, but if he is aware of this piece of reckless extravagance, and does not instantly order the advertisement to be withdrawn, *Punch* will doubt his sincerity. We are quite at sea as to who can possibly require "Ivory Combs"—My Lords, or officers afloat (no enemy to have a brush with now), or the clerks at Somerset House and Whitehall? Whoever the requisitionists may be, we put it to them whether, in the present state of the national finances, they ought not to be satisfied with a less expensive material—horn, or gutta percha, or ebonite? If ivory combs are supplied, why should not ivory-backed hair-brushes, and other toilet requisites of the same costly description, be also furnished at the public expense?

From the North.

"BEZIQUE!" said an old Yorkshireman who had been reading all the controversy about the game, "I be zique of it."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



CHRISTMAS is over. The almanacks called it Easter, but a decent Easter would be ashamed of such weather, and besides, a pantomime has just been produced at Drury Lane—it was Christmas, we repeat, and it is over. The House of Commons met again on

April 1, Thursday.

That is, a few of them came, and stayed for a short time. Attorney-General SIR ROBERT COLLIER announced that the Judges' report against Norwich and Bridgewater was so strong that we must have two Commissions to inquire into the evil doings in

those places. Some local men protested, but Mr. HARDY declared that the House must stand by the Judges, and the Commissions were agreed to. If we have any influence with our respected contemporaries of the daily press, we would ask them, when the investigation is going on, not to waste their valuable space and irritate our valuable temper with column after column of report of low, vulgar, and paltry exposures, but merely to sum the matter up with a line to the effect that "another batch of Norwich cads to-day made shameless confession of their malpractices." Why should the sayings and doings of such animals be recorded as history?

The Bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt was brought in, but as its parent did not make a speech about it, Mr. Punch will await his explanations. It would seem that the Prison is to be reserved only for those monsters of crime and contumaciousness who fail to obey the decree of the County Court.

Friday. Still they didn't come, but there were quite enough to carry on debate until past one in the morning. A sensible question was put to Mr. LAYARD by SIR HARRY VERNEY about the protection of ancient monuments in this country, and the Chief Commissioner of Works made an earnest reply, stating that he had asked the Royal Society to write him out a list of the monuments requiring public protection. This LORD STANHOPE had undertaken should be done. He alluded to DUNSTAN the Vandal who recently destroyed the Tölmen in Cornwall, in whose favour Mr. Punch last week expressed the hearty wish that the next time DUNSTAN and the Enemy contend, the latter may get hold of DUNSTAN's nose, instead of the affair going as in the legend. But it is useless, as PETER PINDAR said, to whip pigs with velvet, and nothing that Mr. Punch or Mr. LAYARD can say could affect DUNSTAN. Still, the parson of his parish might be down on him with the bit from the Communion Service about the curse that resteth upon him who destroyeth his neighbours' landmark, explaining to him, for his dismay, that the Tölmen was a landmark for everybody. If the reverend gentleman will frighten DUNSTAN into "the horrors," Punch will make a handsome present to the church school.

MR. CHARLES BUXTON raised a question about an appointment in the Mint. He was completely answered by MR. DISRAELI, who had made that appointment, and MR. BUXTON was told by MR. GLADSTONE to shut up. The only points that concern the reader are two. First, the young gentlemen at the head of the Foreign Office are declared to be young gentlemen of the greatest intelligence, assiduity, and perseverance; and, secondly (and this is useful to people who write novels of political life), when "a man" (said DISRAELI) becomes leader of the House he is allowed two private secretaries, and one of them is appointed from the office with which he himself is connected, and without reference to politics. When MR. DISRAELI's private secretary first entered his room in that capacity, the late PREMIER had not the honour of his acquaintance, nor did he even now know the gentleman's politics. Note this, authors and she-authors, that you may not describe a Minister's private secretary as some pet of Mrs. Minister's, selected for his Adonis looks, and that you may not make him suddenly spring from his desk, and in an access of passionate politics reveal to his employer a scheme for overthrowing the Constitution.

Then the Navy Estimates were taken, and ships were talked all the evening. The Government are bent upon building two grand sea-going turret-ships that will go anywhere, and they will not build any

more wooden men-of-war. MR. CORRY, the late First Lord, denounced these great ships, and read heaps of letters from sea-officers, who predicted that they would be useless. But on division MR. CHILDERS was ordered to have his own way by 122 to 46. There was also a good deal of controversy about recent Admiralty changes and reforms, but on the whole the Committee of Supply thought that the Administration was on the right tack.

The Budget is to follow, MRS. GRUNDY, and of course the Income-Tax as before, MRS. GRUNDY, and lucky if it isn't increased, MRS. GRUNDY, M'm.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY BALLS.

A Lecture delivered at the Pumpford Social Science Institute.

BY PROFESSOR BUCKLE.

GENTLEMEN and Ladies, I have the honour to propose the institution of Matrimonial Agency Balls.

The one sole object with which grown-up persons in general go to balls is matrimony, either for themselves or the girls they take with them. But you may go with your daughters to a public ball, and not find a single eligible partner, that you know, for one of them in the room. There is the price of tickets, amounting, perhaps, to several guineas, gone for nothing. There is also the cost of dresses and decorations. This I call throwing away powder and shot; besides which you are kept up until perhaps four in the morning.

All this waste of time and money would be saved at a Matrimonial Agency Ball.

The ball might either be got up through subscription, or given, on speculation, by a Matrimonial Agent, or Agency Company. Allow me to mention a few of the arrangements which would be requisite to work it. Let a hall or gallery be provided in which the photographs of persons designing to attend the ball may, if they please, be exhibited. Each portrait to be accompanied with a statement of terms, requirements, qualifications, capabilities, and so forth. As for example:—

No. 1.—Man of sixty. Wife wanted, young and beautiful. His income, from safe investments, £20,000 a year. Will settle all his property, and her own, if she have any, on herself.

I hope, Gentlemen, that there is not one among you who entertains so low a view of humanity in its fairest form as to think that the original of the photograph thus ticketed would be in a position to throw the handkerchief to any single lady in the Matrimonial Agency Ball-room, unless he had a competitor still more opulent than himself, or one equally rich, but older. I trust, too, that none of you would venture the insinuation that the bare statement of particulars, in such a case, would suffice, and no photograph be necessary. Well; now imagine a Candidate of a contrary description; a handsome young man, entered as:—

No 2.—Captain in a Cavalry Regiment. Longs for a domestic life, but can't afford it. Would undertake to make any rational woman happy.

Here you see would be a chance for an heiress who might or might not be beautiful and accomplished as well; for an old maid, no matter how old, if wealthy; or for a rich widow. Given a maintenance, the gallant Captain, we may suppose, would not look any gift horse in the mouth. The cases I have imagined are extremes. A variety of others may be conceived. A nobleman might have a title to bestow on the best bidder. Intellect might be desired by some men—mere beauty by others. Then men have fancies in these matters. One is particular about eyes, another cares for complexion, another regards figure rather: this man thinks most of a face, that of a foot and ankle. All these men, in stating circumstances and requirements, could specify their peculiar vanities—for oh, my friends, are they not vanities, after all? Why now, I can fancy a gentleman registering himself and his predilection simply as:—

No. 3. Artist. Admirer of RUBENS and ETTY. Embonpoint.

As to the ladies proposing to attend a Matrimonial Agency Ball, their pictures alone would say quite enough, with a very few exceptions, such as when the hope of a husband is based on culinary skill, or some other utility, or accomplishment, or on *£ s. d.* Marriage is, and always will be, most girls' living; their faces being their fortunes, as the saying is. For what man, in these days, can possibly afford to give his daughter a portion that would be of material use to anybody but a small shopkeeper? Everyone wants to spend much more than he is able. The professions may, as Society progresses, get thrown more and more open to the better half of mankind, and Posterity will perhaps see a woman on the Woolsack. But, for a long time, the field of female industry will remain restricted to that old vocation wherein obtaining employment would be greatly facilitated by the institution of Matrimonial Agency Balls. *Patresfamiliarum—Matresfamiliarum!* Parents, Guardians! I earnestly hope that the realisation of the idea which I have now suggested will enable you to economise time and money in securing matrimony.



DOVER, EASTER, 1869.

"IT WAS LUCKY THE WIND BLEW ON SHORE, OR CERTAINLY SOME OF US WOULD HAVE BEEN TAKEN OUT TO SEA!"

A SMASH FOR THE SEED SWINDLERS.

WITH lamb at thirteen pence a pound, and beef and mutton at eleven pence, there are certainly substantial reasons why a man who is not rich should become a vegetarian. Instead of doing so, however, nine men out of ten would prefer to see meat cheaper, and will welcome any means whereby it may become so. A hot summer and short crops of clover, grass, and turnips, are by some people alleged to be a cause of the high prices, and perhaps they may be also in some degree assigned to the fact that poor old Mother Earth is swindled shamefully by seed-merchants:—

"Inferior German rapeseed (which has the appearance of English-grown turnipseed) is steamed, then kiln-dried, which destroys its vitality, for the purpose of mixing with turnipseed to the extent of about one bushel of killed seed to three of turnip-seed. The rape costs about 48s. per qr., and the turnip-seed about £10 per qr.

"Again, inferior and old samples of clovers are dyed for the purpose of mixing with cloverseed of greater value, and dyefoil (a cheap and inferior kind of clover) is also killed and dyed for the purpose of adulterating red clover."

If farmers sow bad seed they must expect bad crops, and meat must rise in price when cattle-feed is costly. Farmers are ever ready to complain of their bad luck, and assign it to bad weather. They would, however, show more sense if they took care to sow good seed; but as sense is not a quality for which they are remarkable, a Bill has been promoted to atone for their deficiency. By this measure a smash will come upon the seed-swindlers. It is a burning shame that a kiln for drying seed should be a kiln for kill'n it; and they who swindle Mother Earth in the way we have described, ought to be hauled over the coals and well scorched at the fire of public indignation.

A Contradiction.

VENICE is always said to be a City of Canals and gondolas, nothing but water, "the Pride of the Sea." How, then, are we to understand "The Moor of Venice?"

THE REAL "CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH."

"The Captain"—just launched—and all congratulation on your child, CAPTAIN COWPER COLES.

FROUDE ON THE TWO R'S.

ON being installed Rector of St. Andrew's University, MR. FROUDE the other day delivered an inaugural address which, as reported, shines in vivid contrast to the prolix Buncombe commonly puffed by "able editors" as eloquence, whereof you read so many yards in the newspapers under the head of Parliamentary Intelligence. The talented President of the Board of Trade, however, and some other persons, how thoroughly soever they may approve of part, will as entirely dissent from the remainder, of the following passages in that remarkable discourse:—

"We have had thirty years of unexampled clerical activity among us; the churches have been doubled; theological books, magazines, and newspapers have been poured out by hundreds of thousands, while by the side of it there has sprung up an equally astonishing development of moral dishonesty. From the great houses of the City of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deeply has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating and shoddy everywhere."

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, and the minor mercantile gentlemen of Southwark and Marylebone, are doubtless in perfect accord with so many of the foregoing words as those which assert the increase and allege the unfruitfulness of clerical activity and church-extension. We may suppose them ready to concur in the statement that parallel thereunto there has arisen a proportional development of moral dishonesty; that is to say, amongst part of the upper classes—for instance, the horse-racing. But that the trading classes generally, and in particular any class of shopkeepers, have grown in roguery, we apprehend that the Minister of Commerce, and its cultivators north and south of the Thames, will strenuously deny. "False weights, false measures, and cheating, we have nowhere to speak of, MR. FROUDE. Not a word about shoddy." To all that comes next, barring the reference to shoddy and the like of that article, the Right Honourable Gentleman, and his right honest clients, for the most part,

we dare say, cordially assent, and the wiser part of our clergy not to say laity themselves, must lament that it is nearly all unquestionable:—

"Yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference; and the great question which at this moment is actuating the Church of England is the colour of the ecclesiastical petticoats. Many a hundred sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on apostolical succession, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but never, during these thirty wonderful years, never once that I can recollect on common honesty, on those primitive commandments, Thou shalt not lie, and thou shalt not steal."

There may exist some doubt whether, in all the time that MR. FROUDE mentions, he never heard one single sermon against lying and stealing; but, even if he has heard, and forgotten, one or two, they are as the one or two apples or pears, the production of which, to disprove the statement that the orchard they were found in contained no fruit, was instanced as a donkey's argument by DR. JOHNSON. MR. FROUDE tells manifestly quite the truth in representing the Church of England as at present chiefly occupied with millinery. So much is this the case that one wonders that not one of the Ritualist publishers has got up an illustrated ecclesiastical fashion-book, under the title of *Le Follet Courrier des Eglises*. The art of printing in colours, tastefully applied, would make it a safe speculation.

There is an analogy, as well as a parallel, between the Ritualism and the Roguery now and of late both rampant. Ritualism plays fast and loose with the Thirty-Nine Articles. Roguery, as to an indefinite number of other articles, tampers with weights and measures. Ritualism adds various Romish stuff to Anglican linen. Roguery adulterates its cloth for sale with shoddy. In short, we may couple Ritualism with Roguery as the two R's.

Not Herveys Now, but—

THE world is divided into three classes, men, women, and people who have written to the papers to say they didn't give bail for Mother RACHEL.



THE JIBBING PONY.

"CAN I DO ANYTHING TO HELP YOU?"

"YOU ARE VERY GOOD. IF YOU WILL KINDLY FORCE A HANDFUL OF MUD INTO MY PONY'S MOUTH, HE MAY PERHAPS GO ON!"

MOTHER ENGLAND ON THE TORPEDO.

AH lawks-a-daisy, little good in these times one can often mention!
But now one thing I will allow to be a capital invention.
'Tis a machine sunk in the sea, to serve our arbourers for protection,
Which have been by ingenus men brought very nearly to perfection.

I've heer'd about a Spanish Don famed for his wisions, one QUEVEDO,
Daresay he never dreamt of this thing which they calls it a Torpedo,
Arter a flatfish as I'm told, that, bathin if you treads it under,
Gives you a strong helectric shock, and which they say 's the same as
thunder.

Likewise by the galvanic spark this epperatus, bein loaded
With nitrio-glycerine, gun-cotton, powder, is at will exploded.
When if the inimy 's above, the ribbles, reptiles' crew, ah drat 'em!
It blows their ship up in the air, and sends the wretches to the bottom.

That's how I wish as we could deal with all detestable invaders,
As couldn't be prewailed upon to keep aloof by sitch persuaders.
Give us the means, I've always said, of blowin up the base attackers,
Just like the boys does wopses' nests with fireworks, divils, squibs, and
crackers.

The wonders that Saint Chassy Pot did for the Pope of Rome was
trifles

To sitch as the torpedo works, a hinstrument wuth all your rifles.
And bless whoever did contrive so hexcellent a institution
For to defend our native land with avoc and with hexecution.

Of stakin your own lives agin them plaguy yermin I've no notion.
Set traps, I say, to pison 'em, or burn, or sink 'em in the hoocean.
Ah! if we could destroy 'em all, there 'd be an end of war and battle,
Which we abhors, and only gets dragged into by them foreign cattle.

The thing of all I can't abear to hear a person name is glory.
Men killed and wounded; taxes; tea and sugar rose: the old, old story.
Glory, juice take it, glory, yah! the very word my fancy sickens.
Glory! I hope torpedos will blow all your glory to the dickens.

Oh what a blessed appy thing to live in peace and out of danger,
By bein able at a blow to spifflicate the orstile stranger,
When upon all the people of the earth around in war delightin,
We shall look out o' winder like, and as it were at dogs a fightin!

Wrack, ruin, olesale, sweepin, hinstantaneous death, annihilation,
To them as ever dares to lay a finger on this peaceful nation!
No wrong, harm, hurt to nobody, whilst we be left alone would we do;
But hands off, all you foreigners, or bang at you goes our torpedo!

A CAPITAL ENTERTAINMENT.

THANK YOU, MR. GERMAN REED—*Punch* thanks you very much for a vastly pleasant evening. The "Entertainment" at your Gallery is really entertaining, and that is more than can be said of many so-called "entertainments." You have done the Stage good service, too, by introducing on it an excellent new actor. Clearly his performance is of more than usual promise. Not only he can act, but he can sing as well; and, when these powers are combined, the warbler must be looked on as a *rara avis*. In these days of vulgar music-halls, and vapid, coarse burlesques, it is a treat to hear a gentleman, who really is a gentleman, sing a comic song, which really is a comic one. This is done now daily at the Gallery of Illustration: and *Punch*, remembering an old service in a charitable cause, records with pleasure the success of MR. ARTHUR CRELL.

A Rock Ahead.

A TELEGRAM from Madrid has agitated our Foreign Office by the portentous information that:—

"In to-day's sitting of the Cortes, SENOR ORENSE gave notice of an interpellation respecting the future of Gibraltar."

That future some Spaniards would fain have us make a present of, by presenting them with Gibraltar. As long as Gibraltar is necessary to our maritime position, don't they wish they may get it?



CURIOUS ENTOMOLOGICAL STUDY

MADE FROM OUR STALL THE OTHER EVENING.

DRESSING AND DEVOTION.

WE wonder if fine ladies ever go to church to show off their fine dresses. One would fancy that some must do so, at any rate in Paris, else wherefore have some dressmakers there put forth what they please to call a "programme for the Holy Week," whence it may interest fair readers if we cite the following:—

"Toilette de Sermon. Robe de poulx de soie noire; Metternich de même étoffe, garnie d'une ruche chicorée; chapeau satin, mance Sultan, mêlé de Chantilly, forme Maintenon; bottines de chevreau Sultan; gants de Saxe; missel de chagrin rouge; col et manches toile de Hollande; cravate de Chantilly; boutons d'or uni; chapelet d'or."

A congregation all arrayed in their *toilettes de sermon* must be a most improving and most edifying sight. A lady whose mind is quite at ease about her dress, who is conscious that her boots are of the fashionable colour, and that her bonnet is constructed of the very very latest fashionable shape, can of course devote her thoughts entirely to devotion, and can listen to a sermon with undisturbed attention, in serenity and peace. Where all are dressed alike, too, in the very height of fashion, there can be no disquietings of jealousy or envy, and no dread of being criticised can rankle in the breast. We doubt, however, if a sermon be the better laid to heart for being listened to by ears adorned with fashionable ear-rings; and heads which are so filled with the worship of the toilette, have but little room for storing up the wisdom of the text.

Dover, March 29, 1869.

WHEN JULIUS CÆSAR landed
On Dover's chalky height,
The troops that he commanded
Put Britons brave to flight;
But if he, last Easter Monday,
The coast had ventured near,
He'd have turned tail to the fury of the gale,
And the British Volunteer.

CROWNER'S QUEST LYNCH LAW.

MR. PUNCH,

AN assize jury has, of course, reversed the verdict of manslaughter returned by a coroner's against the two breaksmen concerned in the railway accident at Abergele. It acquitted the prisoners in ten minutes. Sir, they have, however, by no means escaped punishment. If they didn't find bail they went to gaol, and at any rate, they have been put to the cost, and subjected to the suspense and anxiety, of having to be tried for felony.

Whenever any individual, still more when any numbers, of the British Public are killed by accident, somebody must be punished. Somebody did or omitted to do something, and so caused the accident. But common law does not make such act or omission necessarily criminal. It admits the excuse of infirmity or error in judgment; will not call homicide by misadventure manslaughter; will so call casual homicide by carelessness only, or by culpable; ignorance. So, by assize law breaksmen, stokers, engineers, or other railway servants, having the misfortune, without any fault, to occasion the death of any passengers, would go unscathed.

Here Crowner's quest law supplies the defect of assize law, *Mr. Punch*. Coroners' juries find verdicts of manslaughter irrespectively of fault. Those verdicts cannot be sustained; but the prisoners found not guilty have in the meanwhile been punished in the ways above-named, inclusive recollect, perhaps of some months' imprisonment. British Crowners' quest law, you see, Sir, is in its way supplementary to law proper, much as Lynch law is in the United States. Only Lynch Law cares for natural right as well as public safety—Crowner's quest law contemplates public safety alone.

Your Consistency will see that law proper should be reconciled with Crowners' quest law. It soon will. We are evidently on the verge of a great legal reform. In conformity with a very extensive feeling, occasionally asserted by some of our principal public instructors, acts will in no long time come to be judged with respect to their operation only, and without any regard to their motives. "Hang homicidal maniacs," is the cry, which, more or less paraphrased in various quarters, expresses this feeling—Society's pure instinct of self-protection. Never mind the maniac, look simply at the homicide. Why not also cry, "Hang all breaksmen and others who break people's necks, and occasion homicide, whether by misfortune or by negligence?" Only because it might be difficult to replace them, or to retain the unchanged in their situations.

There appears to be a growing conviction that the end of punishment is simply protective. On that principle the law would punish a fatal mistake, not at all for any supposed guilt in it, but solely with a view to make the offender, or, if it hang the offender, then to make other people, more careful another time. You would hang a homicide, Sir, just as you gibbet a scarecrow, *in terrorem*, and for nothing else; you would whip a garotter precisely as you would a hound, to break him of his practices, and discourage his like. In short, it is fast becoming unfashionable to consider crimes, or any other actions, as to their moral character at all. Such consideration is commonly stigmatised by our strong-minded men as sentimental; and, certainly, morality and sentiment, in as far as sentiment is not immoral, are convertible terms. Abolish sentiment—abolish morality.

Fiat justitia ruat cælum? Not for the future, *Mr. Punch*. If the skies should fall, larks would be caught; but the British Public, and every other Public, would be crushed, Sir. *Fiat injustitia* to any amount, if necessary for the public safety. Hang everybody, justly or unjustly, whose execution may be needful for that paramount purpose. Don't, indeed, exactly hang breaksmen, pointsmen, stokers, and engine-drivers for accidental homicide; but spare their lives only because, if you absolutely hung them, you would thereby incur the inconvenience of a railway stand-still. There is also a reason for not making them in every case of fatal railway accident legally punishable for manslaughter. Such accidents sometimes occur from parsimonious arrangements, in which cases the protection of the British Public would be the rather consulted if the parties made criminally responsible were the Directors. I am, Sir, the Supreme Law. You must sacrifice individuals to

SALUS POPULI.

Not a Doubt of it.

A WRITER in the *Times* upon the "Criminal haunts" of London assigns much of their vice to the demoralising influence of the numerous low pawnbrokers. In fact, these criminal haunts would never be so full of crime, were it not for the abundance of the criminal "uncles."

WHAT WILL IT TAKE?

GOLD has many properties, but we never knew that it could feel a desire for drink, until playbills and posters told us of *The Thirst of Gold* at the Olympic.

"OPERATIVE SPINNERS."—Spiders.

APRIL FOOLS.

COME, April fools, from this side sea,
Come, April fish, from t'other—
Let's hob and nob, and all agree
Each April gowk's a brother!
For you're a fool, and I'm a fool;
And in this nipping weather
The more the fools the merrier . . .
So here's all fools together!

Which head were't best that I invest
With *Punch's* Cap of Folly?
Who with its bells is like to make
Music most melancholy?
England has hosts of candidates,
And France, I see, has plenty:
One Arch-fool it is hard to choose,
Though easy to choose twenty!

Say, should it be the Fenian,
That dab at vulgar fractions?
Whose scheme is to make Ireland one,
By letting loose her factions:
To feed her fat by damming out
The commerce of the Saxon;
And ease her load by leaving nought
The State can lay a tax on.

To raise to flood her tide of wealth
By drying up its fountain;
And turn on JOHN BULL, in the might
Of molehill against mountain.
To share the land: spin ropes of sand;
Fools' Heavens convert fools' Hells to:
Rise up, my Fenian April fool,
You've earned the cap, and bells, too!

And yet I wist my Ritualist's
A formidable rival,
From bobs and bows, and mops and mows,
Who looks for faith's revival;
Who in a cold, dark world finds light
And warmth in altar-candles:
Holds rites and vestments helps to Heaven,
And prayers in plain clothes scandals.

Who shakes his head at LUTHER's name,
And sighs for "Papa noster";
Meantime, from pulpits Protestant
Doth Papal doctrines foster:
Content by thumb of Priest and Churell
To gauge Heaven's rule and Hell's, too—
He leaves the Fenian in the lurch—
Give him the cap, and bells, too!

But rampant rise to claim the prize
Competitors a couple;
An Orange-man with bloodshot eyes,
An Ultramontane supple.
For Protestant ascendancy
The one, for Papist t'other;
At odds in all, but the resolve
Of each to damn his brother.

O'er GLADSTONE's Bill had they their will,
Kilkenny's cats they'd equal:
And fight till but two tails were left—
Two tales without a sequel!
But cooler England steps between,
As their wrath high-tide swells to;
And since the crown she can't assign,
Divides the cap, and bells, too.

"Now nay, now nay!" LORD JOHN may say:
"Advance our feudal banners:
And raise a claim to cap and bells,
In morals' name and MANNERS'!
Right in the teeth of saucy facts,
I'll make my docile flock run,
DAME PARTINGTON swept back the sea,
Back MANNERS bids the clock run!"

And here come Lords of Vested Rights
In Schools and Boards and Vestries,
To prove that what's wrong is our own,
What's right, is our Ancestry's.

If they think long-befooled JOHN BULL
Will longer yield their yells to,
I think their Lordships may put in
Good claim to cap, and bells, too.

But turn the sight to left or right,
The cry is still "They're coming!"
Like flies about a honey-cask,
Or wasps round peaches humming.
So dense the swarm of April fools,
Pure English, for the picking,
That foreign April fish can find
No room their tails for sticking.

'Tis clear one crown is not enough
Among so many claimants,
So glorious in their length of ears,
And motley of raiments.
Keep England's cap for English fools,
For French let France provide one;
With heads so worthy crowns apiece,
Why stick two pates inside one?

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.

Customs, Excise, Stamps, Abyssinian Expedition, attacks upon income otherwise Income-Tax, deficiency, reductions, fortifications, and the fifty other items of THE BUDGET, will figure rather largely in Conversation for the next few days, and bind you to know something about Exchequer Bonds and Ways and Means.

People will be wrapt up in the balance sheet, and full of Mr. Lowe's maiden speech as the great taxing-master and purse-bearer; and will, more than ever, appraise those Abyssinian cases (cases *belli*) at South Kensington, in which you may now stare at a really fine King's crown, as the most expensive acquisitions ever exhibited by any Museum.

The Budget has made you low. For the time you are rather annoyed at having an income, and can hardly abstain from stamps, and form resolutions to discontinue excisable articles, and never again to encourage armorial bearings, and hair powder; but for all that, you are not an apostate from your faith in LOWE and GLADSTONE. The mention of the Prime Minister, one of the primest England has ever had, is, by association, to make you, and all around you, happy once more. For is he not Member for Greenwich, and is not Greenwich the home and haunt of the infant herring (has not DR. GÜNTHER proved it)? We hope we are correct and not erring, in assigning this distinction to the baby bloater, rather than to the youthful pilchard or inexperienced sardine—our natural history, particularly ichthyology, was always fishy), and has not the Whitebait Season commenced, and are they not cutting brown bread and butter at the "Trafalgar" and the "Ship" day and night, and importing cargoes of limes and lemons from all sorts of tropics?

But if Whitebait is coming in, Beefsteaks are going out, as you found when you went to CHRISTIE'S, and saw the pictures and prints, the wines and wine-glasses—out of which it pleased you to think PEG WOFFINGTON had drank and been toasted—of the "Sublime Society of Beefsteaks," born 1735, died 1869, sold by auction; as you will narrate at dinner to ELEANOR RANCLIFFE, whose smile and charms make you content to have a taxable income, and whom you will take, under auntly chaperonage, before the week is out, to see *Black and White*, or *Dreams*, or *Won by a Head* (with MRS. STIRLING in it), or *Cox and Box*, or some other of the Easter offerings.

MISS RANCLIFFE'S tastes are many and various; so you are certain to have a gracious listener, whether you talk of Easter plays, Easter eggs, or the desirableness of making Easter a stationary feast about the middle of April; of the Opera or LADY PETRE'S admirable *Crèche*; of the Preston strike or the London season; of BROWNING'S poem or STOPFORD BROOKE'S sermon; of Customs or fashions; of the faces you have seen in the pictures intended for the Royal Academy; or, to return to our first love, of the figures in Mr. Lowe's Budget.

Archiepiscopal Confirmation.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, in a letter, of necessity declining an invitation to the dinner about to be given in Liverpool to MR. CHARLES DICKENS, writes:—

"I much regret to say that, being engaged with my confirmations, it will be quite impossible for me to be present to do honour to one of the greatest writers that have adorned English literature."

Thus has the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK confirmed the popular estimate of MR. DICKENS:

FROM THE HOTELS.—The Nova-Scotian Giantess is staying at LONG'S. The Siamese Twins are at THE UNITED.

THE EGG-POACHER (A TALE OF COUNTRY LIFE, IN 3 VOLS.) VOL. I.

CHAP. I.—WONDER.



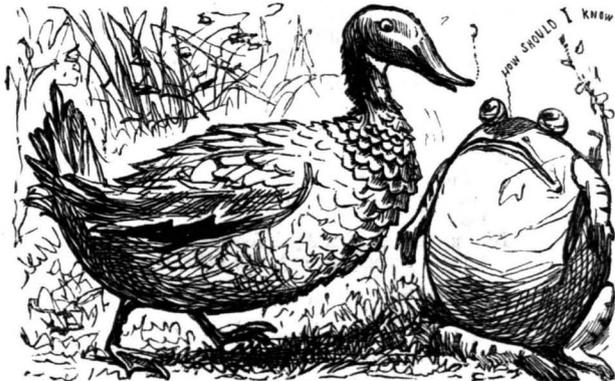
CHAP. V.—JUST IN TIME.



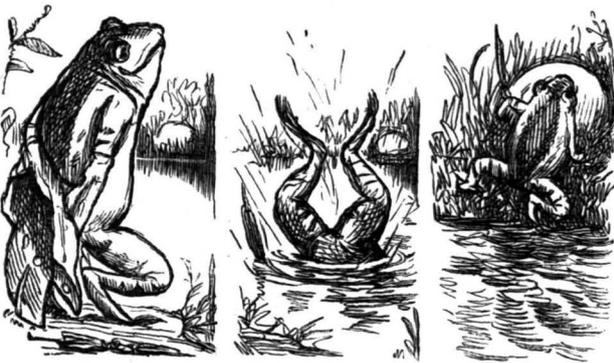
CHAP. II.—TEMPTATION.



CHAP. VI.—INJURED INNOCENCE.



CHAP. III.—IMMEDIATE ACTION.



CHAP. VII.—A MOTHER'S GRIEF.



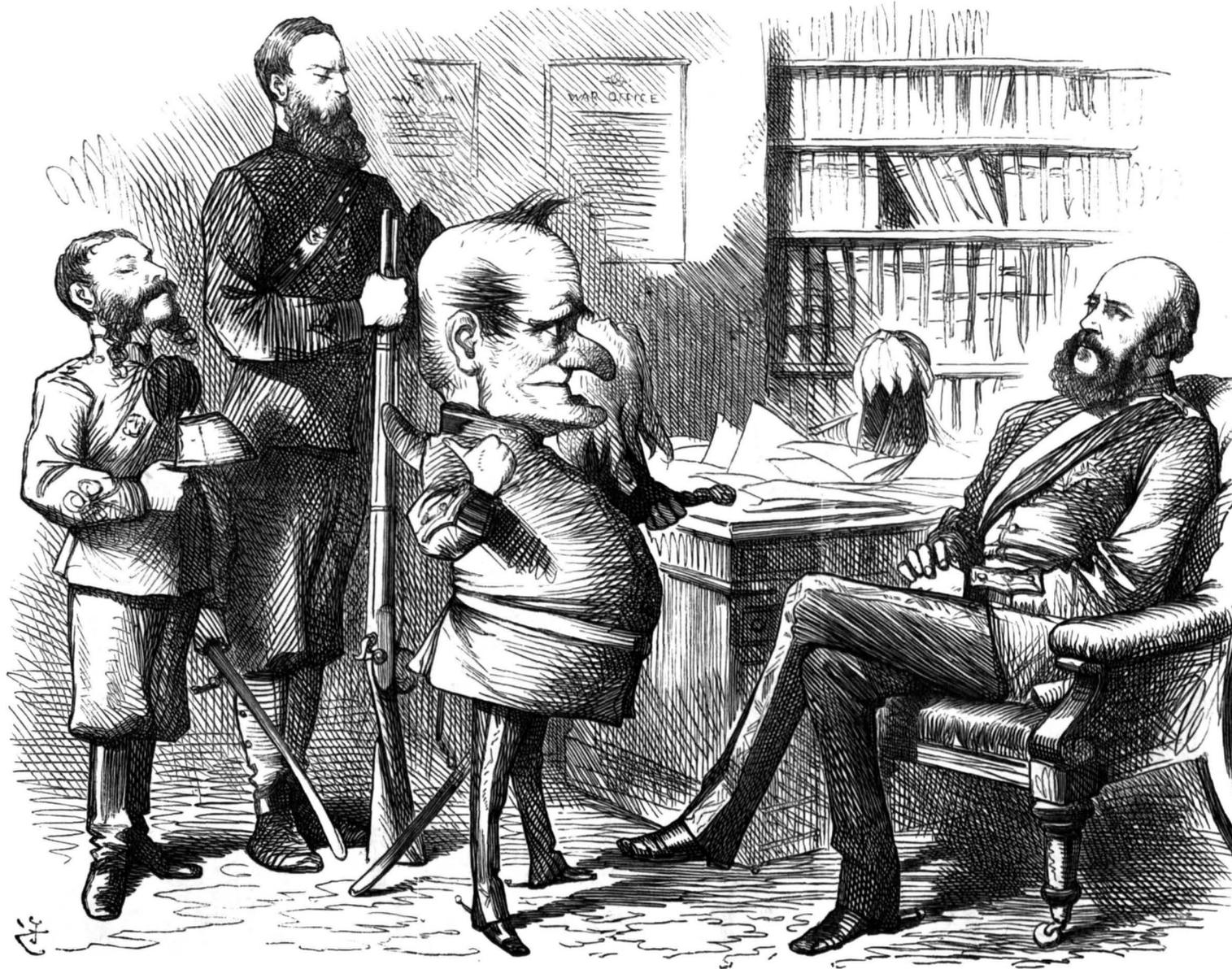
CHAP. IV.—AMBITIOUS SCHEMES.



CHAP. VIII.—SELF-DOUBTS.



End of Vol. I.



NO PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

COLONEL PUNCH (INSPECTOR OF VOLUNTEERS.) "LOOK HERE, GEORGE, I WANT THESE BRAVE FELLOWS TO LEARN THEIR DUTY."
H.R.H. COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. "OF COURSE YOU DO, OLD BOY, AND SO DO I;—AND I'LL SEE THAT THEY *DO* LEARN IT, TOO!"

CANTABRIGIAN ONOPHAGY.



T times it has rained cats and dogs lately; but the subjoined extract from a newspaper suggests the probability that those poor animals are going to be robbed of their meat:—

“GASTRONOMY IN CAMBRIDGE. —At the instance of a prominent Member of Trinity an ass has been slaughtered, dressed, and prepared for cooking. It is an animal about nine years of age, and was for some time subjected to light work, but of late has been ‘living in clover’ on the farm of MR. LANGTON, at Trumpington, in the vicinity of Cambridge. It was duly fattened up, then butchered and dressed by MR. HOLDEN, a butcher, of Fitzroy Street, Cambridge.”

The mere information that an Ass at Cambridge had been slaughtered, dressed, and prepared for cooking, would of itself alone look frightfully anthropophagous, since it does not assure us that the Cambridge Ass, killed and prepared for cooking, was not an Undergraduate, or even a Don; for Dons have been, and may still be, some of them, Donkeys. But our minds are relieved by the statement that this Ass was only about nine years old. Men do not come up to the University so early as nine. We perceive, therefore, that the victim was a regular quadruped with long ears, and not a man, called, or written down, an Ass because of inability, for instance, to pass his little-go. There are still, however, many people who, when they consider that “a prominent member of Trinity” has eaten “moke,” when, if he had chosen, he might have dined on mutton, will say that the word prefixed to the above-quoted paragraph, should have been, not ‘Gastronomy,’ but ‘Cannibalism.’”

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

I.—A SPORTING SONG.

AIR—“*All my Fancy dwells upon Nancy.*”

THERE was a man whose name was DAN,
And a hunting he would go,
So, before he went, his time he spent!
In learning “Tallyho!”
In learning Tallyho, boys,
In learning Tallyho;
For—all his fancy dwelt upon NANCY,
And—learning “Tallyho!”

This young man DAN was in love with NAN,
Which p'raps you'd like to know;
To her he came to confide his plan
Of learning “Tallyho!”
Of shouting Tallyho, boys,
Of screeching Tallyho;
For all his fancy dwelt upon NANCY,
And—learning “Tallyho!”

A Huntsman came, I forget his name;
But it doesn't matter: no.
Ten hours a day he passed away
In teaching “Tallyho!”
In teaching Tallyho, boys,
In screeching Tallyho;
And all *his* fancy dwelt upon NANCY,
While teaching “Tallyho!”

Says DAN, says he, we'll married be
In sixteen weeks or so;
Says NAN, says she, you'll give up me,
Or learning “Tallyho!”
Or learning Tallyho, boys,
Or turning Tallyho;
If all your fancy dwells upon NANCY,
Then give up “Tallyho!”

Says DAN to NAN, who used her fan,
Remember I'm your beau;
But for all *that*, I *must* get pat
This cry of “Tallyho!”
This cry of Tallyho, boys,
This cry of Tallyho;
Says she, your fancy's not *all* upon NANCY,
But most on “Tallyho!”

The Huntsman winks and blinks and thinks,
“Oh, isn't this a go?”
She knows *my* fancy dwells upon NANCY,
And *not* on Tallyho!”
And not on Tallyho, boys,
No *not* on Tallyho;
No, all *my* fancy dwells upon NANCY,
And none on “Tallyho!”

This was *his* plan; he made young DAN
Stop in a room below;
And run about and hollow and shout
The one word “Tallyho!”
This one word Tallyho, boys,
This simple Tallyho;
And—as you can fancy, he made up to NANCY,
While DAN sang “Tallyho!”

When DAN had done what he'd begun,
To NANCY he did go;
Says she I've heard that you preferred
To *me* your “Tallyho!”
Your horrid Tallyho, boys,
Your nasty Tallyho;
You've followed your fancy, and lost your NANCY,
By learning “Tallyho!”

MORAL.

If on a Miss, a girl like this,
Your love you do bestow;
Then marry away, but do not stay
To pick up “Tallyho!”
No, hang your Tallyho, boys,
Yes, bother Tallyho;
For—if all your fancy dwells upon NANCY,
Then give up “Tallyho.”

Now let us sing *God Save the King*,
And loyalty we'll show:
That is, I mean *God Save the Queen*
With yoicks and “Tallyho!”
With yoicks and Tallyho, boys,
With yoicks and Tallyho;
For—all *our* fancy dwells upon NANCY.
While *we* sing Tallyho!

Grand Chorus.

For all *our* fancy dwells upon NANCY,
While *we* sing “Tallyho!”

OUR SPIRITED BRITISH SELVES.

WHAT a wonderful calorific is enthusiasm! At the Volunteer Review on Easter Monday at Dover, the prices of admission to the grand stand were from 5s. to 10s. a-head. What philosopher would, in ordinary March weather, stand out a Review, even if paid the larger of those two sums to do so, unless he were very hard up indeed? But philosophers are cold-blooded, and their blood is not to be warmed except with some such stimulant as wine or spirituous liquor. A more generous spirit than brandy, rum, gin, or whiskey, firing the British Public, enables it, surveying the evolutions of its patriotic protectors, to resist, for hours, the operation of a very low temperature, and pay very high prices for the privilege of an altitude in the cold.

A Friendly Suggestion.

THE “Mindere” are amongst those on strike at Preston. Would it not be well for all, both Masters and Men, to be “mindere” of the advice of such counsellors as MR. MUNDELLA.

AN EXCEPTIONAL MONTH.

MANY people have complained a good deal about the weather which we have had during the past month. Nevertheless, after all, this last March has been none so dusty.



ANXIOUS INQUIRIES.

Lady. "I SAY, MARY, WHEN JAMES GOES HOME TO-NIGHT, TELL HIM TO CALL AND ASK HOW MRS. SMITH IS. IT DOES NOT MATTER ABOUT THE ANSWER TILL TO-MORROW."

"HAIL, GENTLE SPRING, ETHEREAL MILDNESS,
COME!"

(The most unseasonable line in THOMSON'S Seasons.)

HAIL, Spring, and snow, Spring! bite, bluster, and blow, Spring!
And give JEMMY THOMSON, that humbug, the lie.
Dispel our delusion that Flora doth owe Spring
The snow-drop that comes from the earth, not the sky.
When have March-skies been sadder, or March airs been madder,
Or March-winds been edged with more pitiless blast?
Not at Dover alone, the forlorn Easter gadder,
May sneeze out, "Thank goodness, we've got our 'March-past!'"

JEMMY THOMSON invoked thy ethereal mildness,
He'd have still better reason to call for it now;
Or for "mildness," methinks, he'd have given us "wildness"—
Thou that nip'st lamb on leasowes, and bud upon bough
I sing thee, 'tis true, but my song a long sneeze is,
And instead of light lyre I've a heavy catarrh;
And my *Ver* is a lady in fur, and she teases
For a hot-water-bottle to put in her car!

Proper Pride at Greenwich.

Too much pride is a bad thing, as we know from MILTON and others. But proper pride is to be commended, and here is a little of it. At a meeting of the Greenwich Conservative Association one SHERSBY remarked of one COVIL,—

"Firm adhesion to principle was now most important to the country, and they might be proud of their friend, MR. COVIL, when they saw the Prime Minister had shown the most extraordinary vacillation. (*Cheers.*)"

Let us all be proud of COVIL; only who is he, and while our informants are about it, who is SHERSBY?

TÊTE DE VEAU EN TORTUE.

Of all laws sumptuary laws are about the most odious. Of all sumptuary laws the most odious law that can be imagined would be a law forbidding the consumption of real turtle. But what would aggravate the odiousness of that law to the highest possible degree would be a state of things which, disallowing the consumption of real turtle, permitted that of mock.

The REV. MR. LOWDER, on Good Friday last, with a tail of Ritualists at his back, is said to have perambulated St. George's-in-the-East, as the Coryphæus of a mimic Roman Catholic procession.

Now this is undeniably a case of mock-turtle. That is to say, if Popery is turtle—which nobody of all the journalists and other gentlemen, as well as ladies who are doing its work can deny. If Ritualism isn't mock-turtle, say that it is mock-oxtail, mock anything you like; at all events mock.

Suppose ARCHBISHOP MANNING and a train of Popish priests had made, in public, the original demonstration of which Parson LOWDER'S was a copy, would they not have committed an illegal act? Would not the Police have been empowered to compel them to move on, off, and away; and in case of their refusal, to conduct them to the station-house? As a fact, we see no Roman Catholic processions in the thoroughfares, but only shams of them, and what is there to prevent the realities but the law?

If Parson LOWDER can, and ARCHBISHOP MANNING cannot, march the streets at the head of an ecclesiastical posse, that condition of *non possumus*, as MANNING might say, is very unfair to the Papists. The law is a WHALLEY still, and cries "No Popery!" Religious equality is not yet; persecution still vexes our Roman Catholic brethren—we had almost said fellow-subjects; but as for us, our allegiance is undivided, and we own no Mikado at Rome. If the Ritualist clergy are free to practise parade, forbidden to the Romish priesthood, what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander; or, to speak impartially, what is sauce for the gander is not sauce for the goose.

A Deal Too Bad.

WHAT can have induced the Preston Whist-players to join the Strike? We ask this question from reading that "the Card-room Hands" there are involved in the dispute.

SCIENCE ON ST. PAUL'S.

ON Easter Monday one of *Mr. Punch's* friends took his alpenstock, and with three companions who carried parasols, made the ascent of St. Paul's Cathedral. He would like to know if the party are now eligible for the Alpine Club.

In the gallery surrounding the dome, he put his chin over the balustrade, when an ascending fragrance immediately regaled his nose. Whence came it? From a commercial establishment. What was it? The aroma of a substance undergoing a process. He may say no more. Further particulars would amount to an advertisement, of which the Ritualists and all the quacks in the world would say, and some of them perhaps even think, that *Mr. Punch* had been paid for the insertion.

But what an advertisement! One that would circulate, untranslated, over every land where the English language is spoken; translated throughout every other. Of course, no shop whatever could possibly afford to pay one-tenth of the price such a puff would be worth.

But puffery of every sort and kind is what *Mr. Punch* abhors, and he publishes the fact above stated merely as an instance of the minute divisibility of matter, and the height to which odorous particles can ascend.

Reviewing the Past.

WHAT the Volunteers would like to have, when they go again to Dover, would be a Walmer reception by the LORD WARDEN—and the weather. They hope the next tide they see there will be a Whitsuntide.

Advertisement.

(BY A DYSPEPTIC.)

WANTED, a LIGHT PORTER for Supper time.

THE VOLUNTEERS' OATH.—"By George!"



SHE "JESTS AT SCARS," &c.

Aunt. "AND HOW 'S LOUISA, MY DEAR? WHERE IS SHE?"

Sarcastic Younger Sister (fancy free). "OH, PRETTY WELL, BUT SHE WON'T BE ON VIEW THESE TWO HOURS. SHE'S WRITING TO HER 'DEAR FRED'; AT LEAST I FANCY I SAW HER COME OUT OF THE LIBRARY WITH TUPPER'S POEMS AND A DICTIONARY!!!"

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.—THE REHEARSALS—DIFFICULTIES—OF MR. SALMON—MR. DACE—MR. PORPOISE—MR. SALMON AND HIS MAN, WOODPECKER—MEASUREMENT—THE GAS QUESTION—ARRIVAL OF THE PROPRIETOR.

THE rehearsals of KING FYSCHER'S operetta for the private theatricals at the MACAW'S (of Macaw) party afforded a very pleasant way of spending the spare hours between four o'clock and dinner-time, and also various evenings when there was no other engagement.

NIPPER was, I recollect, the man whose time it was difficult to suit, as he was out every night, and would only promise to "look in" after one of his parties, on his road home; which promise, being made conditionally, was rarely kept. To the rehearsals in the afternoon he was as punctual as a sentry at the Horse Guards, seeing that being engaged in an office (as assistant-secretary's assistant clerk, a very gentlemanly appointment of some considerable value) he was very strict in observing to a minute the hour when business finished. This was four o'clock, and at half-past NIPPER was at MRS. MACAW'S.

The difficulty was to get every one to time. One day we were all there but KING FYSCHER, who came, full of apologies, just five minutes before everyone had to go away. Another time it would be ALF POODEL who thought we were going to rehearse the operetta and without the farce (he only playing in the latter), and would in the evening (when the operetta was rehearsed, and *not* the farce) overwhelm us all with his sorrow for the "inconvenience which he feared he really must have caused," &c., &c.

TOM PORCUPINE having been lugged in, on account of his knowing something about the stage and stage matters (he could, it was averred, shake hands with three managers, calling them by their surnames, without prefix, and had had one farce refused by five principal theatres, and one produced somewhere at some time or other), was made much of when he came, and pleaded most important business, in a literary way, as an excuse for nonattendance generally.

"If they want 'us to go and rehearse," said Tom, crustily, "why don't they ask us to dinner? Rehearsal first, dinner afterwards."

And this, being a good idea, was suggested to MRS. MACAW, who not having many invitations at present, had several evenings at her own disposal.

"Oh, MR. PORCUPINE," says she, one night, "what *shall* we do about the stage?"

"Better hire one," suggests TOM.

NIPPER, who must be worth a fortune to theatrical costumiers and perruquiers, immediately puts in, "Go to SALMON—can't do better than SALMON."

ALF POODEL objects. "Go to DACE," says he, mentioning another eminent purveyor of costumes theatrical.

"Not for a stage," says NIPPER, speaking as an authority. "DACE don't put up stages."

"Ah, well," returns POODEL, yielding this point; "but I *always* go to DACE for dresses."

"Not so good as SALMON!" cries NIPPER.

"Oh, isn't he?" replies POODEL, sarcastically.

There is a great difference of opinion on this important subject between these two authorities, and well might SALMON and DACE tremble in their slippers did they know how their respective merits were being discussed by the two distinguished amateurs above-mentioned.

On one common ground they meet, namely that PORPOISE is to do the wigs.

So MRS. MACAW sends to SALMON (or "if MR. NIPPER *would* call and tell him, she *would* be so much obliged;" and he does so, making MR. SALMON distinctly understand that he appears in his shop only as an agent, and perfectly irresponsible), and of him orders a stage, scenery, and some dresses; while a party, led by POODEL, prefer (also as irresponsible agents) to procure theirs from MR. DACE.

MR. SALMON appoints a time to call at the house, measure the room, and see what MRS. MACAW exactly *does* want.

MR. SALMON, a red-headed little gentleman, whose presence imme-

diately conveys the idea of a predominance of hair-oil in his toilette (having apparently washed his hands and face in it by mistake), arrives with his man (a sulky and silent person, very dirty, with a carpenter's rule in his pocket), and is at once shown up-stairs by the servant, who holds him at first in no small awe, as having some mysterious connection with the "Theater." MR. SALMON enters the drawing-room in an easy and affable style peculiar to himself, and, if neither NIPPER, POODEL, nor PORCUPINE are there, at once assumes the command, and rules with the powerful confidence of one "who knows exactly what you want, Ma'am."

Strangely enough he seems to hit upon the scenes in KING FYSCHER'S operetta, not to mention the dresses and characters, as if he'd been familiar with them from his childhood upwards.

"PECKER," says he to his man, who shelters himself bashfully in the shadow of his chief, and slouches out with a two-foot rule, "just measure this here." Then to MRS. MACAW, in rather a thick, dusty voice, "I know exactly what you want. Interior of 'ut, fast act; set. An inn, second, with table, chairs, and ushull properties."

"Yes, quite so," says MRS. MACAW, vaguely.

"Twenty-five by thirty," grows PECKER, pocketing his rule, and retiring once more into the shade.

"Very good," continues SALMON, as if he now saw it all at a glance. "Ut first; Inn second. You'll wish us to find everything?"

MRS. MACAW replies rather faintly (being a little overcome by the prevalence of the hair-oil), "Oh yes, if you please," and rejoices to think that further particularising is not expected of her.

MESSRS. SALMON and PECKER are just taking their leave when enter NIPPER and POODEL, followed by PORCUPINE.

In a second MR. SALMON descends (as it were) from his throne of conscious superiority over MRS. MACAW'S ignorance of theatricals, and is ready to listen to what MR. NIPPER has to say.

NIPPER is exacting. He knows all SALMON'S scenes, and insists (on pain of losing his custom for ever) on SALMON not giving them that old make-shift of an Inn which he sent to MRS. SANDPIPER'S the other evening. SALMON promises; in fact will have "a new scene, pran new, fresh a purpose for this operetta; and is there hanththink else?" It appears that there are several anythink else, and MR. SALMON spends his next hour under sharp examination from NIPPER and PORCUPINE as to the scenes, the dresses, and the lights.

"We must have a front scene of a wood," says NIPPER.

"We'll paint you one," answers MR. SALMON, readily.

"And mind it works well, and that we have it for rehearsal," insists NIPPER.

"It shall be here," replies SALMON, "and the practicable winder and doors, and the wings and borders, all complete." As MR. SALMON makes this summary, he moves towards the door.

A fearful thought suddenly strikes MRS. MACAW. "Oh!" says she, "you won't knock the walls about *very much*, will you?"

MR. SALMON immediately professes an instinctive reverence for the rights of property, and an intense regard for the preservation of walls, folding-doors, and hanging-pictures. "There shan't be a nail anywhere," says he, in a most conciliatory tone, "except, perhaps, just a tack or two where it won't be seen, and is absolutely necessary. MR. NIPPER knows me."

NIPPER, not altogether displeased by this appeal, corroborates SALMON'S statement; and MRS. MACAW'S mind being set at rest on the subject of the walls not being knocked about, is unwilling to see MR. SALMON detained any longer, when ALF POODEL (who doesn't think much of SALMON and his arrangements) suddenly exclaims,

"Yes, that's all very well for the scenes; but how are you going to light 'em?"

"Foot-lights," says TOM PORCUPINE, as if nothing was easier.

"Ah! but *where?*" says POODEL, putting this as a poser.

"On the ground," answers NIPPER, "of course;" while MR. SALMON looks from one to the other.

"Let's have them gas, then," says POODEL; "and can't we have gas at the wings?"

SALMON rubs his chin thoughtfully. He is waiting to hear the opinion of the lady of the house.

"Easily run a gutta percha tube," says PORCUPINE, "along the floor from some gaslight on the stairs, and you can have a row of 'em."

"Or take up a board, eh?" suggests NIPPER. "You can easily do that, MR. SALMON?"

"Oh, lor', yes, Sir," answers MR. SALMON, looking at his man, who scratches the back of his neck with his foot-rule, and nods assent in a grumpy manner, as if letting in gas under boards or pulling down a wall for the sake of a footlight, was merely child's play to him.

"Hey, what?" exclaims MR. MACAW, suddenly arriving on the scene (from the City). "Gas and gutta percha? Hey? What's this?"

(To be Continued.)

PHRENOLOGY AND FUDGE.



WONDERFUL psycho-physiological discovery has been made by an anonymous philosopher. He thus enunciates it amongst a series of objections to phrenology, advanced, in an unfavourable review of a work on that subject, in the *Morning Post*:-

"Matter, active and inert, cannot arrange itself; it is only set in order by its co-existent colleague, spirit, endowed with properties as multifarious as its own. Varieties of these are conveyed by different agencies into the human frame, to perform their vital functions. Some of them

ascend by the vertebral tissues into the brain, and select the cells in which they develop the perceptions of sense and the faculties of mind. The spheres of their productive energy, expanding by action, raise the overlying portions of the cranium beneath which they work. This is the only rational view which can be taken of phrenology, and may serve to account for the cases by which its advocates maintain that their opinions are confirmed."

Let us try and construe so much of the foregoing extract as we need in order to be enabled to see precisely how profound is its meaning.

Varieties of properties of spirit are conveyed by different agencies into the human frame to perform their vital functions. Whose vital functions? The vital functions of the different agencies, or the vital functions of the varieties of properties of spirit themselves—their own vital properties? Not the vital functions of the human frame; our philosopher says "their," not "its." We have accordingly to form to ourselves distinct ideas of the vital functions of an agency, and also of

the vital functions of a property, both, if we can; if we cannot, then, if possible, clearly to conceive the vital functions of either a property or an agency. Having made sense of both, or either, we shall have little difficulty in making further sense of the vital functions of different agencies, and of the vital functions of varieties of properties, or else of the vital functions of the former or the latter, as the case may be. We may, however, consider, without much fear of being mistaken, that these several vital functions are on the whole pretty much alike and equally intelligible.

The next proposition which we have to master is, that varieties of properties of spirit, conveyed by different agencies into the human frame, ascend by the vertebral tissues into the brain. Of course the author of this statement knows that the vertebral tissues are the component parts of the vertebrae or bones which united constitute the backbone or vertebral column, and he means to say that varieties of the properties of spirit climb up into the brain by this ladder. (Do they begin to climb at the *os coccygis*?)

The divine WILLIAMS avers, by the mouth of *Falstaff*, of "a good sherris sack," that it "ascends me into the brain; . . . makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." Our antiphrenological reviewer's varieties of spirit behave in some measure like sack. They ascend me into the brain; but then they do me more than filling it with the shapes which *Falstaff* mentions. They select the cells in which they develop the perceptions of sense and the faculties of mind. What an astonishing selection is this, made by varieties of properties of spirit! But that is not all. The spheres of the productive energy of these varieties of properties of spirit expand by action. We have only to picture to the mind's eye this easily imaginable process. The spheres are, of course, cerebral cavities, of a spherical form, in which the varieties of properties of spirit exert their productive energy, making the spheres expand. In expanding they must necessarily raise the overlying portions of the cranium beneath which they work; that is, of course he means, are worked by varieties of properties of spirit. They could not expand without a corresponding expansion of the cranium. If the cranium did not expand, the expansive force of the varieties of properties of spirit would occasion apoplexy.

It will be very mean and shabby of the College of Surgeons if that learned body do not, in the interests of science, award a gold medal to the anonymous discoverer of the cerebral spheres, which, expanded by the action of varieties of properties of spirit, expand portions of the cranium which those properties work under, thus suggesting the only rational view that can be taken of phrenology. Is it necessary to say that this sage has settled phrenology's hash?

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.



ARE there such creatures as shy young men still to be found by enterprising naturalists? Perhaps the species is not wholly extinct; here and there a specimen may be discovered in country towns where they have one public ball, for the benefit of the Dispensary, and three private dances to amuse them in the winter months, the assembling of the Yeomanry once in three years, in May, and an annual pleasure fair and water-party as summer entertainments. Do we address any who are diffident, but barely provided with conversation in their intercourse with the diviner sex, particularly with the younger angels, grouping on *gala* occasions with other youth in corners and doorways, and not emitting a brilliant light in dining- and drawing-room?

There is hope for such as these, there is something better than the "conversational sofa" mentioned a se'nnight or two back—there is a professor, rather a professores, of the talking art who removes shyness, extracts diffidence, and completely eradicates all nervous awkwardness.

But they will have to go to America to be cured—to thriving Chicago, where, according to the *Morning Star*, a young woman advertises that she will "give lessons in etiquette, and the way of conversing with ladies, to any young gentleman who does not feel at ease in the society of the opposite sex. Tuition to lovers, extra." If the "young woman," who is reported to have been "quite successful," will come over to England after she has finished her lessons in America, she will be welcomed almost as heartily as MR. LOTHROP MOTLEY, have an immense class of pupils, and go back to Chicago, there to spend a happy old age in the possession of a handsome competence and first-rate testimonials. But is not the interference with lovers of doubtful propriety, especially if the young woman is good looking, or, to use the language of the placarding papers, "of a highly prepossessing exterior"? We leave this to Congress.

As MR. MOTLEY, the successor to MR. REVERDY JOHNSON, who deserves our kindest farewells, is likely to be a good deal talked about, it may be as well that you should know something of his picturesque Dutch Histories (WILLIAM the "Silent" will at last be dragged into conversation)—if only of the title-pages; and having correspondents in New York and Boston, it will not be strange if you express a wish that this distinguished man of letters may help on cheap ocean postage.

Further, mindful of your parting promise to MARIAN WINTHORPE when she went to stay with her aunt at Clayworth—a village purely agricultural, and not possessing many objects of interest—to send her two or three numbers of *The Echo* at a time, you are sure to stand up (and sometimes sit down) in Society, for cheaper book-postage at home; which subject, or one akin to it, appears to have attracted attention in other places besides the House of Commons, one of the learned Societies having been amusing itself with a paper on "an Envelope in the Cubic Correspondence of Points." (Another paper being entitled "The Invariants of a Pair of Conics," we are daily looking out for an announcement in the *Times* that among the latest additions to the Zoological Gardens are "a Pair of Conics," presented by the Nawab of Nagpore.)

Talk as you please on the question of Life Peerages (here's a health to LORDS LAWRENCE and PENZANCE), for you are not very likely to arouse angry passions on that topic; but be cautious what you say on the subject of opening Public Museums and Galleries on Sundays. (Were you not sorry for MR. BRUCE when you read that in one day he "received three deputations, and had to listen to no fewer than twenty-five speeches on the Sunday Question?" He ought to have his salary substantially raised if he has to go through such sufferings as these frequently.) Not because you have any doubt that they ought to be opened, and that they will be opened, but because it is always desirable, when you are enjoying exquisite savours, and flavours, and vintages, and the company of fair women, to avoid anything like argument or dispute; and as there might be some one present engaged in the liquor trade, or largely interested in publichouse property, or a believer in the fitness of allowing no recreation on Sunday, except what may be derived from successive quarters of highly sophisticated gin, do not, at all events, rouse the subject. But if you find that your neighbour thinks as you do, ask him if it is not surprising that those

of us who can go to Trafalgar Square and South Kensington any day we like in the six, and who have airy houses and nice gardens, and well cooked dinners and friends dropping in after Morning Service, should wish to deny a glimpse into a sweeter life to that not inconsiderable part of the population of London, whose existence is one piece of monotonous wearying toil from Monday morning to Saturday night, whose home is in a sullen, stifling court, and whose only chance of seeing something that shall amuse and cheer, and perhaps elevate them, lies in a reformed, but not a revolutionised, Sunday. We are only speaking here of the opening of Free National Institutions, otherwise something might be said *in re* Crystal Palace *versus* Gin Palace.



Of all the types in a printer's hand,
Commend me to the Amperzand,
For he's the gentleman, (seems to me)
Of the typographical companie.
O my nice little Amperzand,
My graceful, swanlike Amperzand.
Nothing that CADMUS ever planned
Equals my elegant Amperzand!

He's never bothered, like A. B. C.
In Index, Guide, and Directorie:
He's never stuck on a Peeler's coat,
Nor hung to show where the folks must vote.
No, my nice little Amperzand,
My plump and curly Amperzand.
When I've a pen in a listless hand,
I'm always making an Amperzand!

Many a letter your writers hate,
Ugly q, with his tail so straight,
x, that makes you cross as a bear,
And z, that helps you with zouns to swear.
But not my nice little Amperzand,
My easily dashed off Amperzand,
Any odd shape folks understand
To mean my Protean Amperzand!

Nothing for him that's starch or stiff,
Never he's used in scold or tiff,
State epistles, so dull and grand,
Mustn't contain the shortened and.
No, my nice little Amperzand,
You're good for those who're jolly and bland,
In days when letters were dried with sand
Old frumps wouldn't use my Amperzand!

But he is dear in old friendship's call,
Or when love is laughing through lady-scrawl:
"Come & dine, & have bachelor's fare."
"Come, & I'll keep you a Round & Square."
Yes, my nice little Amperzand
Never must into a word expand,
Gentle sign of affection stand,
My kind, familiar Amperzand.

"Letters Five do form his name."
His, who Millions doth teach and tame:
If I could not be in that Sacred Band,
I'd be the affable Amperzand.
Yes, my nice little Amperzand,
And when P. U. N. C. H. is driving his five-in-hand,
I'll have a velocipede, neatly planned
In the shape of a fly-away Amperzand.

Hanwell,

SCANDULA EXOLUTA.

Hattention!

MEMBERS who find it a sell to discover some other M.P.'s hat on a favourite seat, and who wish to know how to act under the circumstances, are recommended to go into the Library and consult "Hatsell's Precedents of Proceedings in the House of Commons." Or they might take the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown.

MOTTO FOR PRIZEFIGHTING IN AN ELECTION RIOT.—"Spargite nubes;" i. e., Scatter their nuts right and left.



THE NATION

HAVING GIVEN THE ROYAL ACADEMY A SITE LARGE ENOUGH TO EXHIBIT ENGLISH PAINTING ADEQUATELY, SLODGER, IN GRATITUDE, PAINTS "THE FINDING THE DEAD BODY OF HAROLD," OF A SIZE BEFITTING THE GRANDEUR OF THE SUBJECT (HIS FAVOURITE ONE), ON THE SPOT TOO, AND FARMER COBBLEY'S BARN MAKES A CAPITAL STUDIO.

Mrs. Cobbley (very intelligent woman, Mrs. C.). "AH, I CALL THAT SO'THIN' LIKE A GRAND PICTUR'. WHY, OUR ARTIS'S DOWN IN OUR TOWN HERE, MISTER—LOR' BLESS YER, YOU MIGHT PUT HALF-A-DOZEN O' THEIR PICTUR'S INTO A FRYIN'-PAN!!"

THE APATHETIC EGYPTIANS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES must have been amused when, the other day, his Royal Highness went in state from the new Palace at Cairo to the old, thereat to honour with his presence the levée of ISMAIL PASHA. Thus writes the Special Correspondent of the *Times*.—

"There was a considerable crowd outside the Palace railings as the Prince's carriage, preceded by outriders in scarlet and gold, and by mounted cavasses in full uniform, slowly passed out into the street to the sound of the Royal salute, and there were hats and caps raised, and a few cheers were heard; but the

Oriental is not in the aggregate easily moved, and, least of all, by an infidel show; and although there were graceful salutations by upraised hands, and the most respectful attitude on the part of the multitude, drawn up as if by order on both sides of the tortuous streets, not a sign of admiration at the fine sight, or of any emotion at the aspect of the unusual uniforms, could be detected on their faces."

The contrast between this unmoved gravity on the part of the Egyptian Public, with the demonstrative enthusiasm towards illustrious personages in procession usually manifested by the British, no doubt afforded diversion to Her Majesty's Her Apparent. Heartiness is one of the many high qualities in which the sight-seeing multitude of England excels every other people in the whole world, perhaps not even except the American. The "graceful salutations by upraised hands" witnessed by DR. RUSSELL, "as our Prince's carriage, preceded by outriders in scarlet and gold, and by mounted cavasses in full uniform, slowly passed out into the street," were doubtless the expressions of Oriental reverence, but as little can it be questioned that those other hands by which "there were hats and caps raised" pertained to sojourners in the land of Egypt, natives of another land, countrymen, indeed, of the PRINCE OF WALES, and individuals of exactly the like class with those who commonly figure, performing the like acts, in the woodcuts representative of similar occasions in the *Illustrated London News*. Those of the spectators from whom "a few cheers were heard" were of course the same persons, or at least belonged to the same magnanimous nation.

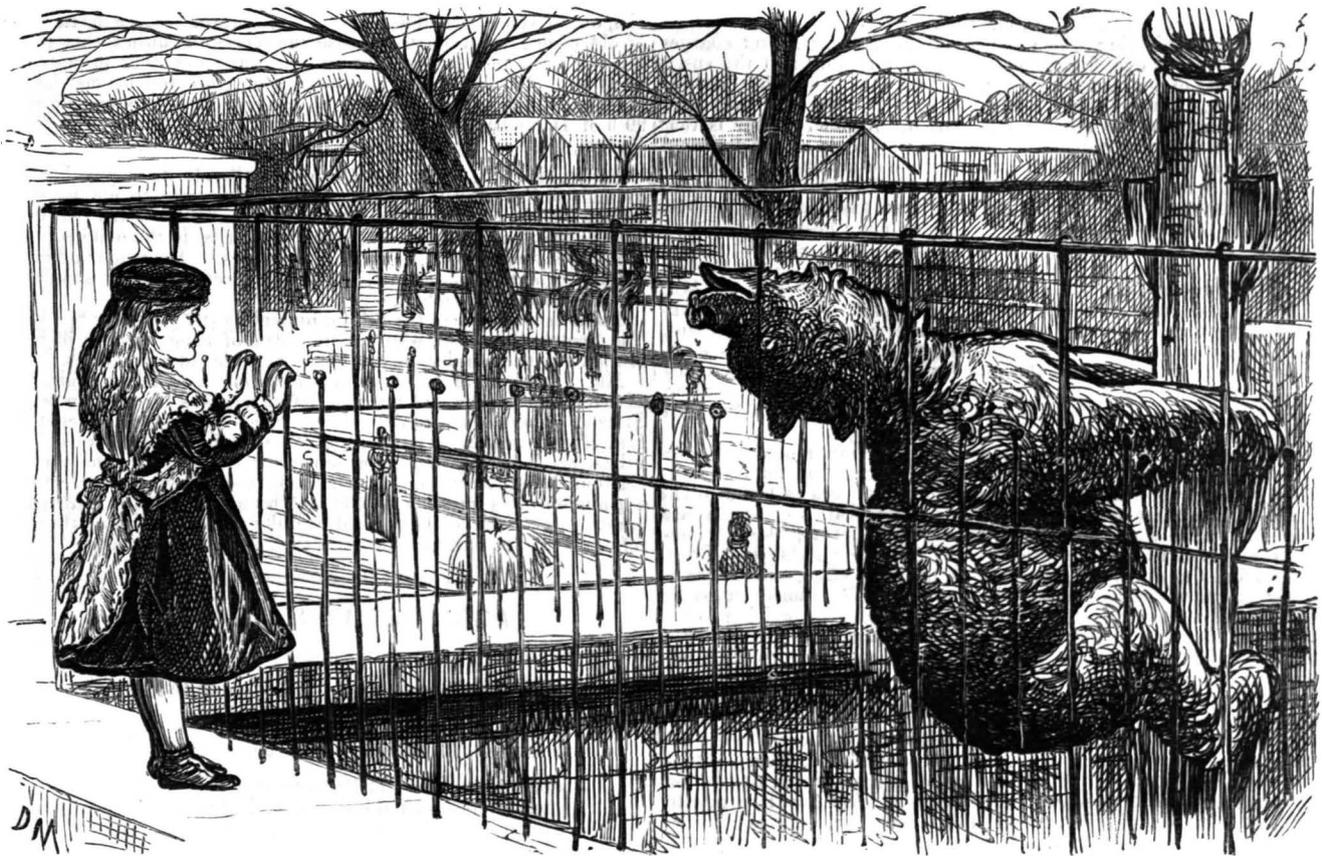
Let cold-blooded aristocrats eulogise the stolid apathy of Oriental dullards, and call it, if they will, dignified courtesy; but Britons will continue to flourish their hats and caps in testimony to the pageant which excites their ardent and irrepressible admiration, to hail its exalted yet condescending hero with successive cheers, and respond to his frequent obeisances right and left with shouts of "Bravo!"

DON'T FORGET THE PARCEL.

MR. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, the delightful historian, is likely, we are told, to come here as the new representative of the United States. He will be welcome—he is well remembered—in fact, we do "wear Motley in our Brain." But *Mr. Punch* hopes that something in the shape of an English tribute will be offered to that kindly hearted gentleman, MR. REVERDY JOHNSON, before he is allowed to go away. He has been assiduously doing his best to create the international sympathy which we desire to believe exists, and if ever a man came under the provisions of the beatitude about peace-makers, MR. JOHNSON is the man. "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest" is an admirable social rule, but there will be less good speed than haste, if we let MR. JOHNSON drive off without our kind regards tied up in as large a parcel as he would like to add to his luggage.

Reform your Sailors' Bills.

WRITING upon naval retrenchment, as proposed by MR. CORRY, a contemporary observes that there are "mountains of red tape," and the like impeding obstacles, for him to surmount. But what are mountains to a man who has the staff of *Punch* to help him? Be they high as Alps, all that *Punch* need say to vanquish them is merely this:—"I, Corry, per Alpes!"



THE GREAT BIG HUNGRY BEAR TO THE NICE TENDER PLUMP LITTLE GIRL.

"OH! WOULD I WERE A BIRD,
THAT I MIGHT FLY TO THEE!!!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, April 5. There be divers Formosas, or Formosæ, including the winner of the last Oaks. One of them is an island in Chinese waters, where the people don't seem to like Presbyterians, and where this singular repugnance was recently illustrated by an attack upon some native converts to Johnknoxism. To correct this weakness on the part of the islanders, "the inevitable English gunboat" came up, and LIEUTENANT GURDON, her commander, in the most gallant and skilful manner attacked a Chinese fort, slew some dozen of the bigoted Formosans, and made the authorities pay the expenses of their chastisement. But as we have arranged with China that she is to be treated like other civilised nations (a gracious concession, as she had colleges, institutions, and all sorts of refinements, while our own respected ancestors wore nothing but woad), we have apologised, removed the Vice-Consul who called up the secular power, and sent the money back. The difficulty is laid to the Missionaries, whom we shall certainly have to ticket and license, one of these days. LORD SHAFTESBURY hoped that they would take the excellent advice that had been given them to be particularly careful. Where is that Cassowary? China is not Timbuctoo, we know, but the moral's the same.

The Commons partially discussed the Bankruptcy Bill, and MR. JESSEL delivered an elaborate speech thereon. As nobody who carefully reads *Punch*, and acts up to his teaching, can ever be in any difficulties, pecuniary or otherwise, the topic may soon be dismissed here. The general object of the Bill is to let the creditors settle matters with the bankrupt, by which plan they will get at a lot of his property, if he has any, instead of a very little, as now. We also discussed the Bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt. The only point really at issue is whether the County Courts should be able to do with the small debtor what no Courts, except in strong cases of fraud, are to do with the big one. The usual phrase about one law for the rich and another for the poor, was of course brought into play, but it is urged in answer that the poor must have credit, and that the tradesman will not give it unless he has a hold on the person of him

who is usually without property, and of whom the Scotch humanely remark—

"If he have not gold to fine,
He has shins to pine."

Apropos whereof, *Punch* would much like to make the Tally-man's debt irrecoverable. This fellow goes, in the husband's absence, and tempts the wife into extravagance, by the offer of credit, and quarrels and misery are the result. Husbands should cry "tally ho!" when they see him skulking off, and set any dogs on him that may be at hand; and if there is nothing with four legs ready, a three-legged stool may be dispatched with the happiest result.

Tuesday. The Lords polished off the Habitual Criminals Bill. There is no mistake about this bold and salutary measure. It carries the war into the enemy's country, and wages it by no means as the DUKE used to wage war, or as if it were a Civil War. There will be small choice for rascaldom. Honesty, or emigration, are the alternatives, if the law be worked vigorously. The great lawyers see the necessity for it, and it is to be hoped that the Commons will not listen to the small lawyers, and other small folks who will make a clamour about the un-English practice of asking a scoundrel, with a mask and jimmy, what he happens to mean by being near your door at midnight.

CAPTAIN ARCHDALL is, and has been for thirty years, the Conservative Member for Fermanagh, which is in Ireland. He gave notice that on the third reading of the Irish Church Bill, he should move that its provisions extend to the Church of England and the Kirk of Scotland. First, says the Conservative *Standard*, there were cheers, then there was laughter, and lastly there was a kind of puzzled silence. The puzzle we are not careful to put together, but there be various sorts of silence, and that which succeeds laughter is not of the kind most to be coveted by a speaker.

MR. GRAVES, Conservative Member for Liverpool, introduced, in an able speech, an important question. Why do we pay the English post-office so much for carrying newspapers and other printed matter, when on the Continent and in America people pay so little? It is cheaper, said MR. MUNDELLA, to post a circular in Palermo, in Sicily, for Aber-

deen, in Scotland, than to post it in the Strand for the House of Commons. Companies can deliver, for Eight and Ninepence, a thousand circulars, for delivering which the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON charges £4. 3s. 4d. Of course, figures do not prove everything, and the speed and certainty of our own system are most valuable. The official answer is Revenue. This, however, was the answer when SIR ROWLAND HILL's penny postage scheme was started. Another answer is that Letters are the first consideration, and that they could not be delivered as rapidly as at present if printed matter came in avalanches. But this is a detail, and will not do for *Mr. Punch*. The idea of there being any difficulty, of a mechanical sort, in these days, is preposterous. While on this topic, why are Letters much more heavily taxed than print? It costs as much to send an envelope, inscribed "All right," as to send ten closely printed pages of a daily paper. With the Budget in view, of course there was no chance of immediate success for MR. GRAVES, and the Previous Question was moved. Then MR. GLADSTONE, knowing that there were numbers of new Members present, obligingly rose and delivered a little lecture explanatory of this form. He apprised the novices that the vote for the Previous Question only meant to signify that this was not the moment to settle the matter. MR. GRAVES was resolute, and took the division, getting 62 against 229. We shall hear a good deal more on this subject.

Then the House minded—or mounded (if you want a new verb)—its own business—that is, its own want of accommodation for its Members. We never intrude in matters that do not concern us, but mention that MR. HEADLAM said that one of the great charms of the House was the graceful social relations between its Members, whose friendships were not likely to be promoted by fights for seats; that LORD ELCHO found a pair of dogskin gloves in his usual place, which articles being put there against prayer-time, he called Devotional Dogskin; and that MR. GLADSTONE was calmly cynical, and in replying to the argument that new Members would attend in large numbers, observed that the same thing was said at the time of the first Reform Bill, but the attendance soon dropped off.

A Select Committee was appointed on the Enclosure of Wisley Common. *Mr. Punch* detests the enclosure of Commons, and is more-over informed, on good authority, that this business is a device to shut out the public from one of the prettiest and wildest places within twenty miles of London. The Members most nearly interested in the matter never opened their lips in the debate. *Mr. Punch* regrets to add that they are all Liberals. If the Wisley Enclosure can be defeated, he will have spoken Wisly, but not too well—only exactly well enough.

Wednesday. Nothing of interest, except the able maiden speech of MR. KAVANAGH, a gentleman, whose victory over physical malformation is one of the most remarkable triumphs of will.

Thursday. Poor LORD REDESDALE continues to be haunted by the Coronation Oath, and gave notice that he meant to ask whether Government intended to have it altered. It is odd that so shrewd a man of business—a man whose eye darts through and through the most elaborate swindles of railway folks—should be so dull in this simple matter. We incline to appeal to his pride. Ought not a man to be ashamed of holding the same superstition as GEORGE THE FOURTH?

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, AND HIS BUDGET.

"By Jove! MRS. GRUNDY, M'm, he takes a Penny off the Income-Tax, one of the two pennies which were laid on by KING THEODORE. Also, he abolishes the shilling duty on Foreign Corn, and the Poor will benefit.

Also, Fire Assurance Duty, after Midsummer.

He modifies the taxes on Locomotion, and specially makes so huge a reduction of the duty on Cabs, that a bad cab ought never to be seen again.

Payment for a Licence to sell Tea is to be done away, as a sacrifice in honour of Temperance.

Hair Powder is to fly free.

What do you say to that, M'm? Reads well, doesn't it? Parliamentary Magic, the HONOURABLE CHANCELLOR called it. "Rough Magic," M'm, as *Prospero* observes. How do you think MR. LOWE gets at the means of doing all these noble things? Thus, respected M'm.

The Assessed Taxes are at present collected in a clumsy manner, and by instalments. Henceforth they are to be in the nature of Excise Licences, and are to be collected by trained and disciplined Government officers, who will exact them to the last farthing. Moreover, they are all to be levied in January, in a lump, and we are to pay them all at once. MR. LOWE says that the poor hate being often bothered for taxes, and the rich like to pay once and have done with it. But how about those who are neither very one nor very t'other, and how will they like being called on for a year's taxes in a lump?

By this means, and with the aid of MESSRS. CARDWELL and CHILDERS' "heroic" savings in Army and Navy, Abyssinia and all is set straight, and we shall have a surplus of £442,000. MR. BOBBLO's *tour de force*

is brilliant. So was not his speech, but he gave us two characteristic bits, one in which he condoled with his predecessor because the right sort of old people didn't die, to increase the succession duties, though useless old folks were falling right and left; and the other in reply to a question. He said that if a man married in April, and his matrimonial speculation was unfortunate, and he hanged himself on or before the 29th of December, he would not be asked to pay taxes. The quaint Budget, quaintly expounded, was received with favour.

Friday. The Hudson's Bay Company sells all its happy hunting-grounds to Canada. It is quite right that the sale should be made, but we are bound to say that the screw was put on in a way that would have done credit to the most accomplished artist in thumbbikins.

EARL RUSSELL spoke ably on Life Peers. He would allow the Crown to make 4 per annum, and would enact that there should not be more than 28 altogether.

The Commons passed the Bill for protecting the poor dear Sea Birds. The Scotch fishermen, who got up a deal of canny interest in behalf of their right to murder the creatures, were kicked down-stairs.

MR. FAWCETT, again persisting in taking a division, against the advice of his leaders, got a signal defeat recorded for the Competitive System. There was nothing else of much consequence, except that MR. HUNT managed to irritate the PREMIER into "much warmth and vehemence," and to elicit from him the declaration, that he was still desirous to tax Charities. MR. DISRAELI was, of course, deprecatory—a plain business question should not be answered with a torrent of taunts. We have all been so dreadfully affable, hitherto, that it is refreshing to see that men have got their swords about them.

AGRICULTURAL RETURNS.

"Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

A LONG time 'tis now since I've looked in the glass,
But I feels I be ruddle all oaver the veass,
I blushes and colours as red as you zee,
For shame that us farmers sitch rude clowns should be.

Commiss'ners of Inland Revenny remarks
As how we insults and opposes the veass,
A gwaiun their rounds 'mongst the yeomen and squires,
Agricultural statistics as comes and requires.

To gie infurmentation and git a new tax
We'm too much afeard when our answer is "Ax!"
Too loth for 'um out on us sacrets to screw,
"What odds?" in replyun, or "What's that to you?"

And then to disclose our affairs we refuse,
Although the best time to chastise us they choose,
The summer, when all we've to look to's mere play;
No moor nor to watch lads and lasses make hay.

Wi' pipes in our mouths whilst we zets in the shade,
Beholdun youth daancun and rompun wi' maid,
Wi' nothin to mind, and wi' much time to spare,
To stand 'zamination the time is that there.

"Good gentlemun welcome," our spache ought to be,
"We're quite at your sarvous, at laisure and vree,
What questions you likes ask; we'll lend you a ear,
And gie you true answers; zet down: ha' zome beer.

"Don't think we be busy wi' hoss or wi' cart,
By no manes, mun, nothin not now o' that sart,
'Tis haymakun time, and you wun't do no wrong,
By keepun o' we talkun all the day long."

Was we up in London, myzelf, mates, and you,
And had need to Zummerzet House for to goo,
And question them just when they'd got most to write,
For all they was busy they'd still be perlite.

They're called civil sarvunts, the rason for why
Is their always gieun a civil reply;
Which shows us a pattern what answers to gie
At hay-harvust when they comes questionun we.

Their Guardian Angel.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS has been nominated one of the Guardians for Bethnal Green. Of course she will be elected by acclamation. But the office and title will not be new to her, for she has long been the Guardian of the Poor.

"THE CONTROLLER OF THE MINT."—The Greengrocer.



THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

THE PUBLIC-HOUSE;

OR,

THE HOUSE FOR THE PUBLIC?

A TABLET AND A TOKEN.



Pall Mall Gazette, as an illustration of "provincial flunkeyism," thus refers to an affecting example of humility:—

"The Wiltshire papers give us a full account of the proceedings at 'a grand concert by a Choral Society at Wilton, where MR. GLADSTONE has been on a visit to LADY HERBERT OF LEA, into whose gentle keeping the adjoining domain, together with the allegiance of the townsmen, has fallen for the present. The local incense expended on this occasion was overpowering. The REV. D. OLLIVIER declared that it was a very memorable occasion, for they had been honoured with the presence of the PREMIER of this great country; and he thought a portion of the school fund might be used to place a brass-plate where MR. GLADSTONE had that evening sat.'"

It may be expedient to correct a possible misapprehension of one of the preceding statements:—"The local incense expended on this occasion was overpowering." Consideration of the fact that the PREMIER's late hostess is the widow of one of MR. GLADSTONE's old theological and political associates, and one of those fashionable ladies who have passed from High Anglicanism into the Romish persuasion, to which her Ladyship is one of the most zealous converts, might make some stupid people imagine that the "local incense expended" on the occasion of his presence actually consisted of sacrificial perfumes exhaled by fire in glorification of a Minister asserted by wild Protestants to be swayed by Romanists' influence. Let them know, then, that incense, in the foregoing connection, means no more than what butter and soap mean in the mouths of the manuscript of low persons. The Rev. DR. OLLIVIER, we may be quite sure, would never think of censuring persons or things uncanonically; would certainly under no circumstances censure a layman like MR. GLADSTONE. But his notion of fixing a plate of brass to do honour unto the Prime Minister's place was perhaps a little excess of that natural lowliness which a priest might exercise, with a will, in saluting his ecclesiastical sovereign's toe.

HABITUAL CRIMINALITY.

THE following charming piece of biography appeared in the police reports of the same day with the debate on the Habitual Criminals Bill. Readers may think that some little extra remedy for certain social evils is wanted:—

"SERGEANT DOWDELL, 12 F, said the prisoner kept a house which was let out in lodgings to expert and well-known thieves, and she assisted them in carrying off and disposing of the stolen property. One of her sons was a ticket-of-leave man, and two of her daughters were convicted in this court, and sentenced each to eighteen months' imprisonment, with two other persons, who were respectively sentenced to seven and ten years' penal servitude for robberies from the person. Witness and SERGEANT ACKRELL had also had two persons convicted to penal servitude from this house, and the prisoner was known to be one of the worst receivers in London. She ostensibly kept a bird shop, but it was nothing but a blind for the reception of stolen property."

All the lessons which law sought to impress by the above treatment of the interesting family were lost upon the prisoner, and she waxed over-bold and came to grief. When we get the new Bill, we hope to see her lodgers, the "expert and well-known thieves," and some of her customers in similar trouble. Meantime the amiable bird-seller is a gaol-bird.

A Cornish Lord.

THE Judge in Divorce is very deservedly raised to the Peerage. SIR JAMES WILDE takes a Cornish title, and is LORD PENZANCE. We might think that, considering his Lordship's special avocation, another Cornish title, Lord St. Keyne of the Well, might have been as appropriate. But that is his business. He arrives in the House of Lords in capital time, just as that tribunal has to take a most important Divorce case, "State v. Establishment, (falsely called Lady Church of Ireland) and others," and we believe that he has a strong opinion that the petitioner has a good case, on the ground of incompatibility.

HINT FOR A HOLIDAY.

Go to the Zoological Gardens, if you want to enjoy them, always for choice, on a very wet day. In your water-proofer, and under your umbrella, you will then have room, without inconvenience or obstruction, to see the wild beasts fed.

"CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN!"

(An Old Fogey's Lament.)

Good Gracious! what terrible times I've lived into!
Revolution seems knocking at everyone's door!
Each day brings its call some new faith to give in to,
Each day makes its business some old one to floor.

Not a pillar of trust I once clung to, but's broken:
Not a key-stone of faith but they'd loose in my creed:
My watch-words as texts for coarse mock'ry are taken,
And my beacons called will-of-the-wisps, to mislead.

I was born a True Blue, I was brought up a Tory;
Trained to hate Papists, *sans-culottes*, Lev'lers, and Rads:
To drink "Church and State," and think Pitt England's glory;
To believe Frenchmen fools, and lump Lib'ral with cads.

I've lived to see Tories bring in Household Suffrage,
And, with DERBY for guide, in the dark take a leap;
When the mob Hyde Park railings tore down in their rough rage,
Horse or foot-guards I saw not: I saw WALPOLE weep.

I've known Vested Rights—aye of old Corporations—
Walked a-top of—not only by FORSTER and LOWE!
I've seen bureaucratic French Centralisation's
Rude hand at Self-government's ark deal its blow.

That "whate'er is, is right," ancient wisdom would tell us:
That "whate'er is, is wrong," now for wisdom is known:
And things they call "rights of the million" compel us,
To say, men mayn't do what they like with their own!

An Englishman's house, of old time, was his castle,
Now that house by Inspectors and Boards is controlled,
Till JOHN BULL that was once Lord of Law, as Law's vassal,
Finds e'en his own homestead no longer his hold!

Once we stuck to old ways, howe'er slushy or skew ones:
But now the old ways we must curb, drain, and mend;
And be thankful if old aren't abandoned for new ones,
As taking, forsooth, shorter cuts to their end!

'Twixt the rogue and the rope we once planted as buffer,
A maxim of that "perfect wisdom," our law—
"Better ten guilty 'scape, than one innocent suffer;"
But new-light State doctors "*ont changé tout cela*."

If a poor wretch, of theft twice convicted, should blunder
Into backyard or area, his purpose we doubt;
And harshly inferring he's come there for plunder,
A meddling police force his ears bring about!

Once 'twas said of a fellow whose name had a handle,
He was born with a silver-gilt spoon in his mouth;
But now to promote one's relation's a scandal—
Younger sons, who won't work, must face hunger and drouth!

Examiners' barriers, at backstairs are planted,
And family tickets won't pass people through;
Though 'tis high birth that wants, or low berth that is wanted,
There's but one road—the cram-road—for snobs and for you!

Time was, when in Ireland the Protestant pastor,
Could flourish his crook in the Romanist's face,
And the hatred of creed proclaimed which Church was master,
More plainly than even the hatred of race:

Now GLADSTONE, of Church and State once the defender,
And Champion à l'outrance, through thick and through thin,
Of Irish-Church income proclaims the State spender,
And 'mong Papists and madmen shares Protestant tin!

In short, life's a series of painful surprises,
And Society clean topsy-turvey is whirled:
Why call in JOHN BRIGHT to Americanise us,
When Tories turn traitors, to new-make the world?

Why seek the Antipodes? Only stay quiet—
As the drunken man did, while the houses swam round—
And we'll find ourselves set, thanks to change's mad riot,
With our heels to the sky, and our heads to the ground!

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.—MR. LOWE will go down to posterity as the author of a Surprise Budget. He may be said to have surprised everybody by Lowe-ring taxation.



SEE THAT YOUR GARMENTS ARE MADE
WITH A LOCK-STITCH MACHINE.

Street Boy (bursting with ecstasy). "YOUR TROWSIES IS A-COMIN' UNSEWED, SIR!"

LATEST NEWS OF A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

A GOOD many inquiries have recently been made as to the whereabouts of an estimable young nobleman, named EDWARD HENRY LORD STANLEY, born 1826, who has filled several important State offices, and did not speak in the Irish Church debate, but gave a silent vote against the Bill. For the information of all who are anxious about him, or who have advertised that if he will apply at Downing Street he shall be treated as one of the family, we reprint an official intimation which has appeared in the Conservative organ, the *Standard* :—

"We will allow that it is a great public misfortune that LORD CLARENDON, instead of LORD STANLEY, should hold the seals of the Foreign Office. We confess that the noble Lord might command his own terms from the present Government, and might have done the same at any time during the last ten years. Yet, notwithstanding all this, * * * It is perfectly true that existing combinations cannot last for ever. No combination could be more unnatural and more precarious than that which leagues together the members of a Ministry like the present; which unites Papists and Presbyterians, Dissenters and Infidels, Ritualists and Secularists, by the sole bond of a common animosity; which seats MR. BRIGHT and MR. LOWE on the same bench, and induces the chiefs of the great territorial families of Whiggery to serve side by side with men who avow semi-socialist doctrines in respect to landed property, and are shrewdly suspected of thinking much more in that direction than they yet care to avow."

We do not quite understand how LORD STANLEY could have commanded his own terms from "the present" Government at any time during the last ten years, because the present Government came into office only in last December. But this may be a *lapsus penne*, and the *Standard* may mean "any Government." The important part of the announcement is that LORD STANLEY believes that the present Government cannot last, and that he is ready to take office under MR. GLADSTONE'S successor. Very well, but we think he may have to wait—and he can afford to do so, having, as we have said, been born in 1826.

Good Conduct.

SIR,—I don't know what time Magistrates get up. But I am no early riser, and yet I was up before a Magistrate twice last week. Something wrong here.

Yours, WINKER.

THE ART-HOUSE AND THE ALE-HOUSE.

DEAR LORD SHAFTESBURY,

WHICH is the better place wherein to spend a Sunday afternoon—the South Kensington Museum or the bar-room of a beer-shop? You will agree with me, I think, in favour of South Kensington; and yet I find your Lordship heading a deputation 'tother day to the Home Secretary, and, as its mouthpiece, talking nonsense, which the *Times* condenses thus :—

"LORD SHAFTESBURY opened the subject in a very short speech, in which he declared that the people had the greatest and strongest possible objection to the opening of museums on Sundays, and there was no argument made use of for the opening of museums which would not equally apply to the opening of theatres."

"The people," says your Lordship. But pray, who are "the people"? Surely not those whom your Lordship introduced? Your deputation, says the *Times*, "was composed mainly of people of the middle class, few artisans apparently were present."

Now your Lordship surely knows that it is expressly for the artisans that the Government has been asked to open the Museums, and your deputation followed one which the *Times* says, was "composed of *bona fide* members of the artisan class," whose spokesman was a "Mister," and spoke his mind out thus :—

"The sensible working-men of London could attest the necessity which exists for other places being opened on that day besides churches, chapels, and public-houses; and especially in the winter was this necessary, for there was a craving among the people at large for intellectual cultivation, and in the winter this could only be satisfied by the study of the works of art now to all intents and purposes closed against the great mass of the people."

From this your Lordship sees that there are other people whose tastes should be consulted, as well as those whom you are pleased to talk of as "the people." As a rule, men of the middle class, whose mouthpiece you were made, have many opportunities for leisure on a

week-day, and therefore have no need to "desecrate the Sabbath" by studying the handicraft of Nature or Fine Art.

But they surely have no business to call themselves "the people," and to arrogate the right of shutting the museums in the faces of their neighbours, whose only time for seeing them is Sunday afternoon, and to whom the only alternative left open in the way of recreation is to sit and smoke, and swill in some crime-breeding public-house.

Beseeching you in future, when you talk about "the people," to state clearly whom you mean, I have the honour to remain, your Lordship's humble Servant,

PUNCH.

"A FICO FOR THE WORD."

DESPERATE, uncompromising Tories though we are, we own that we do not much like this advertisement in the *Athenæum* :—

THE PROPRIETOR of an influential and old-established Conservative Weekly Paper in a large and fashionable city, and to which is added a first-class and profitable Jobbing Business, &c.

Well, well, we may be hypercritical, but why Jobbing Business? It is not a pretty phrase. We, as a party, do understand jobbing, as it is vulgarly called, and it would be difficult for us to get on without it. But there is no sense in using ugly words. Why not say "unusual facilities for carrying out arrangements in the interest of personal and political friends?" That reads so much nicer.

A New League.

THE tax on Armorial Bearings is to be increased. Those whom this proposal will affect are already up in arms against it, and think of making the *Morning Herald* the organ of their grievance. But they are not likely to find supporters, and if they come into conflict with MR. LOWE will issue from it crest-fallen, for this being one of his achievements, he cannot shield them.

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.—THE PREPARATIONS—MR. SALMON, THE COSTUMIER—MR. PORPOISE THE PERRUQUIER—THE PERFORMING DOGS—SALMON PROFESSIONALLY—PORPOISE DITTO—BEHIND THE SCENES—THE LADIES' COSTUMES—THE DRESS REHEARSAL—HOW THE UNDERPLOT PROGRESSES.

THAT MR. MACAW should come in with such an abrupt inquiry as "What's this?" in his own house, too, was unprecedented.

FOR MR. MACAW, who was more at home among his City friends and acquaintances, and even with them only when discussing business, was a quiet little man who went into and out of the East End regularly every day, as if by well-oiled machinery, leaving his doorstep (he used to let himself out without the slightest noise) immediately after his breakfast at an early hour, and returning as quietly (he used to let himself in again) between five and six.

He did not profess to understand his wife's fondness for theatricals and parties, but looked upon it, from his own point of view, as good for business.

Strangers coming to the MACAWS' house (and there were always a great number of people who had been "brought," and were as utterly unknown to their hosts, as their hosts to them)—Strangers, I say, coming to the Macaw Saloons, would cautiously ask which was MR. MACAW, having at first been peculiarly civil to the butler, under the impression that they were speaking to the head of the house.

On these occasions there was no mistaking MRS. MACAW. There *was* no mistaking MRS. MACAW. There she stood in all her glory of feathers, false hair, real pearls, and diamonds. Such diamonds as even the Countess of Penguin (of Beak Castle, Wales, and Flapwing House, Twickenhamshire) who used to be at all parties ablaze with jewellery, might well envy, as there is no doubt she did, for, methinks 'twas the flashing of these sparklers that induced her Countessship to invest in one of MR. MACAW'S cent-per-cent. speculations.

MR. MACAW wisely left to his wife all the arrangements for the gaities in which she thought it necessary to indulge. But when he came in suddenly upon a discussion as to the facility with which his

flooring could be taken up, and gas introduced as foot-lights, he was startled into verbal interference, and exclaimed, "Hallo! what's this?"

TOM PORCUPINE is immensely amused, but says nothing, waiting to see what will now become of his mighty original suggestion. WAGG, who has looked in to see how things are getting on, cannot resist the opportunity.

"Oh, it's nothing, MR. MACAW," says this

funny dog, "nothing at all: we're just arranging to take up the boards, introduce tubing for gas, run it up the walls inside (where it won't be seen), and bring it out in various jets, so as to light up the wings—the side-scenes you know—and also the top of the stage; because in the great scene where there's a house on fire—"

MRS. MACAW thinks he is going too far, and interposes. She explains that what they are going to do in the way of lighting is absolutely necessary; which statement NIPPER and the rest corroborate, and MR. SALMON is ready to confirm it on oath.

In a minute SALMON sees whose orders he has to take, and henceforth, ignoring the Master and Mistress, he looks to NIPPER, to whom he promises "new scenery, new dresses, first-rate lights, and everything complete. You know me, MR. NIPPER."

SALMON, the costumier and purveyor of these portable theatres, lives in the midst of amateur theatricals, knows the costumes of all periods, theatrically, and those of the principal characters in every piece. It is improbable that he ever saw a play, as a spectator, from the front, or even as a professional assistant "from the wings," his entire knowledge of all plays having been obtained from the dressing-rooms, where the little man is invaluable.

Of what the characters do when they are dressed, I do not imagine he has any idea. They leave him, to be made up by

MR. PORPOISE, the perruquier, with whom both SALMON, whose chief business lies with "hamachures," and DACE, who does the regular professional work, and is an artist in his own line, are on the best possible terms.

So SALMON was to undertake the stage, the lights, and dresses; ALF BOODEL, and one or two of his followers, were to go to DACE for their costumes, and all to PORPOISE for the wigs and "make-ups."



WHAT WE MUST EXPECT TO SEE

IF THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD KEEPS PACE WITH THE LATEST NOVELTY—THE GIANTESSE.

NIPPER and POODEL call together on PORPOISE. His shop is in a theatrical neighbourhood, and it is not improbable that you may actually meet *real* actors (think of that!) coming out, or may pop in upon MR. BUCKSTONE, or even the great MR. PHELPS trying on a wig!!

Such happiness as this does sometimes fall to the lot of persistent amateurs. But though amateurs go to PORPOISE every day, the visits of actors, like those of angels, are few and far between—that is, in these days of long runs and stupendous successes.

It would be a base calumny to call PORPOISE a thin man, or even stoutish. MR. PORPOISE does not know what it is to be cold, and how there comes to be anything left of PORPOISE after a severely hot summer is next door to miraculous. PORPOISE moves himself about the shop, and about a room: he does not walk: indeed, I don't think that anyone ever yet saw his legs, which are generally behind a long white apron which he wears, so to speak, theatrically; that is, if you were to call a drama *Porpoise*, you would commence with such a stage direction as this: "*Apron goes up: legs discovered, standing.*"

PORPOISE has a wonderful memory: order after order is given verbally, every man singly, considering *his* the important case to which PORPOISE ought to give, if he knows his own interest, his whole and sole attention, and, with only an occasional memorandum of an address, not a lock of your wig that you were so careful in ordering, will be omitted, not a curl twisted the wrong way, not a hair but as your worship commanded it. NIPPER is most exacting: so is ALF POODEL. They both try several wigs, and make grimaces at themselves in the glass, PORPOISE not moving a muscle. If MR. PORPOISE is in a hurry, and has more important business to attend to, he will smile, approvingly, at the first face that either NIPPER, or ALF POODEL pulls; which admiration from such a man as PORPOISE ("PORPOISE, you know, who is intimate with all the professionals, and doesn't laugh at things unless they're really good," as NIPPER wisely puts it) decides either of them at once.

"I think that'll do for *Peter Spriggins*," remarks NIPPER, who generally chooses a close crop of light or red hair.

"Couldn't be better, Sir," returns PORPOISE: whereupon ALF POODEL, who is tired of waiting for his turn with PORPOISE'S wigs, observes that if *he* (POODEL) was NIPPER, *he* should certainly fix on that wig for *Spriggins*. By which he delicately hints to NIPPER, you see, that he is not the only person in the world who can play *Peter Spriggins*.

It is the same in the dressing-room, where NIPPER, we'll say, is waiting for POODEL'S face to be finished by MR. PORPOISE.

PORPOISE can get up a face capitally, if he gives his mind to it.

His general rule (when he doesn't give his mind to it, but works mechanically) may be stated thus:—

Young Gent, somebody's lover. Rub hare's-foot, with rouge, over cheeks, sharply but lightly. Powder the nose. Only takes half a minute.

"Shan't I black my eyebrows?" inquires Young Gent, somebody's lover, not liking to be dismissed in this abrupt manner.

"If you like, Sir," says PORPOISE, more in sorrow than in anger; as much as to say, "Well, black 'em if you like; only a jolly guy you'll be when you've done it."

So the Young Gent cedes his chair before the glass to some other character, and goes into a corner to consult a friend as to "how, he thinks, he does;" with whose opinion, when given, he is of course more or less dissatisfied, and is subsequently found alone before a looking-glass in a separate dressing-room, surreptitiously blacking his eyebrows and moustache with burnt cork, which comes off on *Clorinda's* cheek when that kiss is given on the stage, of which they have been so shy during the rehearsals.

Old Gent by MR. PORPOISE. White powder all over. Black line with thin paint-brush down each side of the nose. Little black of burnt cork rubbed into cheeks where the hollow should be.

Three little lines at the corner of each eye.

More lines on the forehead. Whiten'd eyebrows.

"Grey 'air or scalp?" asks MR. PORPOISE. The Amateur replies by asking which he, PORPOISE, thinks the better.

"You're not to be too old, Sir?" says PORPOISE, who hasn't an idea what the character is.

"No, not too old," returns the Amateur, who beyond having learnt the words of the part, knows as much about the character as PORPOISE himself.

"Grey 'air, then Sir's best," says PORPOISE, and fixes the wig adroitly on his customer's head.

Guards, Noblemen, and Peasants, PORPOISE dismisses with a dab of rouge on each cheek, and a bold dash of burnt cork when moustachios are begged and prayed for.

PORPOISE is a long time making up NIPPER, and NIPPER watches the operation closely. ALF POODEL stands by, and exclaims, after waiting for two minutes and a half, "Hang it, NIPPER, *You'll* do very well. Never saw anything better. Now let me come, as I've got to go on immediately." But NIPPER'S not to be hurried, and not a line of black, or a dab of red or white is to be omitted, simply because ALF POODEL won't have time for *his own* toilette. Sometimes PORPOISE,

who never loses either his temper, presence of mind, or his comb, even under the most trying circumstances, will say to some old hand of an Amateur, who has been bothering him, "There, Sir, there's the hare's-foot and the indian ink, you can make yourself up, can't you, Sir?" and flattered by this opinion of PORPOISE'S, the Amateur goes to work gingerly, and experiences much difficulty as to getting the candles right on either side of the glass. At the end of a quarter of an hour's screwing up his mouth, elevating and depressing his eyebrows, toning down a splotch of black which ought to have been a thin line, wiping off a quantity of powder which had made him too pale, rubbing off a patch of carmine which had made him too red, and having twice dipped the paint-brush in the gum by mistake for the water, he refers himself to PORPOISE, who, having painted, got up and done for an entire set of characters while he has been hard at work on only one face, and that his own, says without any show of triumph,

"Sit down, Sir. Now what are you, Sir?"

"Sort of Brigand or Robber Captain," returns the Amateur, and in two minutes he leaves that chair the incarnation of scoundrelism; that is, if burnt cork, indian ink and carmine go for anything.

The Ladies have a great deal of consultation about their own dresses, and artistically match their colours. They are so obliging to one another.

"My dear," says MRS. BYRDE to KATE CHESSEY, "if *you* like to wear the mauve, I'll wear the pink."

Then they discover that as they don't appear in the same scene together, each can be left to her own choice.

So while they were all consulting about dresses, and lights, and make-ups, GOOSEY would be indefatigably practising the Brigand's song to MISS IDA'S accompaniment.

Then came the great Dress Rehearsal, which was to have commenced at seven, but didn't till half-past eight, and when we only got through half the operetta, and everybody lost their temper, except the couple above-mentioned, who appeared thoroughly satisfied with everything and everybody.

After which we had another Dress Rehearsal for the Farce and the remainder of MR. KYNG FYSCHER'S operetta, and then came the night of performance.

It was on this night that the Goose proposed to the Little Duck; but as that was in a very quiet corner of the room when the dancing had commenced, you and I, my friends, (it being no business of ours if two young people go and make donkeys of themselves) will join the crowd of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes in the Supper Room.

After you, if you please. Enter.

(To be Continued.)

ERNEST JONES.

WE have not so many men among us (we do not forget him who might now be Chancellor) who are ready to sacrifice £2000 a year, for conviction, that we need be afraid of being often asked to assist their widows and children. ERNEST JONES, however, made this sacrifice, and his family, consequently, needs aid. LORD LYTTON, though a Conservative, can hardly be more opposed to the political faith of ERNEST JONES than *Mr. Punch* is. The author of *The Customs* remembered only that a brave man had died poor, and sent generous aid. Conservatives, you may safely follow the lead. Liberals, you need no bidding to follow *Mr. Punch's*. Any contribution may be safely sent to the "ERNEST JONES Fund," 20, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross. For the mere literary point of honour, there should surely be no distress in the household of him who wrote the noble lyric beginning,—

"Chief of the North! From the labours of war
Lay thee to rest on thy pillow of Death:
For thy funeral torch Heaven kindles a star,
And the tempest that rides on the conquering car
For thee clothes in thunder the might of his breath."

Note for Ill-used Nuns.

NEWSPAPERS state that DR. MANNING has consented to become Chairman of the Committee formed to collect subscriptions for the purpose of defraying the costs of the late trial, SAURIN v. STARR. It was suggested by the Popish press that MISS SAURIN ought, instead of going to law with her Mother Superior, to have appealed to the titular ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. Now that he has taken up MRS. STARR, we see what MISS SAURIN would have got by doing that.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE rejoice to hear that the Musical Services of St. Paul's have been much improved by Canon GREGORY. Congregations will doubtless be attracted to the Cathedral by its Gregorian music.

HIS FAVOURITE DISH.—Lamb is now in perfection. There is no one so likely to enjoy his Mint sauce as—MR. FREMANTLE.

William Bradbury.

THOSE who produce this Periodical desire that it should contain a record of their affectionate regard for one, who, at a good old age, and in possession of all the rewards due to an upright and energetic life, has just passed to his rest. MR. BRADBURY, from the early moment when he became associated with this Journal, devoted himself to its interests in a spirit of no mere commercial venture: he rejoiced in all its successes, and to contribute to them was at once to become the friend of a man with whom friendship was no idle name. His genial presence at the meetings of the Contributors was ever welcome, and his hearty co-operation in matters of business was not more appreciated by them than his avowed pride in the fortunes of the work, or his brotherly sympathy with all engaged upon it. They will not soon forget the good man, and good friend, who has peacefully passed away.

April 15, 1869.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, April 12. What a comfort it is to have somebody on the Treasury Bench who has read the Bible, and got into his mind its sturdy and compact English! MR. BRIGHT was asked for a mass of statistics from the Board of Trade. He replied that he did not think that giving them would be useful, but that the publication would only induce various branches of the service to Magnify their Office. One of your platitude-mongers would have said that the invitation to a multiplicity of departments to manipulate and tabulate infinitesimal details would be disadvantageously conducive to well-intended but undesirable amplitude, dictated by an ambition that the department with which the reporter was connected should assume an undeserved prominence in national estimation. Thank you, MR. BRIGHT, for the Pauline phrase—teach the House as much of the language of the Bible as you may, and, while you are about it, a little of its spirit.

A discussion about Branding deserters. The case is this. Scoundrels have a habit of deserting from one regiment and enlisting in another, for the sake of the bounty money. So, for their identification, they are branded with a tiny but ineffaceable D. The question is, whether this should be done more than once. MR. CARDWELL did not approve the practice at all, but said that the fraud in question was so common that some effective method of checking it was necessary—and so the matter stands. Why did not MR. BRAND speak?

Delicate question. Many bishops are so aged that they cannot do their work. An intelligent mind will supply the rest of the story, and MR. GLADSTONE said that he believed that the Bench was giving consideration to the subject.

Tuesday. The new Member for Wareham took his oaths and seat. Ha, Sirs, the name of MR. DRAX makes us young again. How is MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY? Remembereth he that grand day of sport, when he mounted his steed, and

“ Before his head was dog ODIN led,
And behind his tail came DRAX ? ”

The good old days! But drink, Sirs, we shall never be younger. MR. DRAX was victor on that day, nevertheless GRANTLEY and ODIN did their work well, and all but won that desperate game.

The Crypt under St. Stephen's Chapel is ready for divine service, but MR. LAYARD said that if the House wished for that, they must make some endowment for a minister. But why can't the House go to prayers there, and have their own excellent chaplain; thus getting rid of the unseemly “devotional dogskin” and other secularities?

MR. MAGUIRE, in a very good speech, brought on a very good debate on the Irish Society. One or two persons may “not exactly recollect

all about this Society, though of course they know generally”—and so forth, which means that they know nothing at all on the subject, and if we were to tell them (we'd scorn the action) that the Irish Society was an association founded in Cork, in 1711, by WILLIAM AND MARY, for supplying pikes and testaments to the citizens of Ulster, they would know no better. But they shall know better. JAMES THE FIRST desired to plant the confiscated lands in the north of Ireland, so he composed a puff, as MR. MAGUIRE said, for the purpose of inducing the London citizens to take the district in hand. Of course, they were too wary to believe the King, but they sent four discreet men, MESSRS. BROAD, FRIESWELL, ROWLEY, and MUNNS, to see how far His Majesty had told the truth. To the astonishment of the City, the spies reported well of the Irish Canaan, and a Committee, which afterwards became the Society, got a charter from the Crown. After the settlement, of course the King began to play his usual tricks, and at last their property was taken away, and they did not get a new charter till 1670. Since that time they have managed much as might be expected from London citizens, that is, on the whole honestly, but with at least an eye and a half on London, and only half an eye on the Irish. They have, naturally, had a vast deal of fun and feasting out of the revenues, but MR. RUSSELL GURNEY says that they have fairly discharged their duty. The Irish Secretary thought that there was a case for consideration, but not one which demanded any particular hurry.

We had a slightly personal debate. A representative of the Great House of Lowther has once more been made Lord-Lieutenant of the Counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The dynasty has endured, we believe, some 130 years. MR. DISRAELI made this last appointment a few days before resigning. It was challenged to-night by MR. CHARLES HOWARD. So MR. DISRAELI had to explain, in his lofty comedy style, that he had not been actuated by dynastic considerations. That MR. DISRAELI should give such a thing away from the heir of LORD LONSDALE, was really not to be expected; and MR. GLADSTONE spoke up in his defence. The argument that a moribund Cabinet ought not to give away patronage, MR. DISRAELI met by observing, that if a Minister ceased to be a Minister before his successor were appointed, there might be Dreadful Moments for which nobody would be responsible, which was shocking and unconstitutional. He said that he should have been happy to give the appointment to any other qualified person; but there was none. COLONEL LOWTHER, the L. L. in question, had the pleasure of hearing himself thus discussed; and MR. HOWARD of course apologised to him, as became an aristocratic neighbour. We must quote what MR. DISRAELI said about his own resignation:—

“ When the borough elections had well nigh concluded, it occurred to me and my colleagues, who, however, were scattered over the country, that the

result was not satisfactory to us, and that it was most painful after the declarations we had made, that we should continue to remain in the possession of power and patronage (*hear, hear*), and therefore we took the earliest opportunity of considering our retirement. Difficulties, however, for a time prevented our arriving at an unanimous decision, but ultimately the Cabinet arrived at the conclusion—and it was their unanimous decision—that the time had arrived when it was their duty to retire from the post they then held."

We should like to know something about the "difficulties," when MR. DISRAELI happens to be communicative. Who wanted to stick in, and fight the 120?

Wednesday. Asked whether the MAYOR OF TYNEMOUTH had prohibited MURPHY, the firebrand, from lecturing, the HOME SECRETARY said that he had, and by the authority of the Home Office. Very right too. MR. WHALLEY raged in silence that day, but next night said that he was making arrangements to send out a dozen Murphys to plant the Protestant standard. Thank Providence, there be a dozen gaols to accommodate these missionaries.

Nearly all the sitting was given to the Bill for Protecting the Property of Married Women. MR. JESSEL, Q.C., explained that a married woman, in England, in 1869, occupies just the legal position formerly assigned to our slaves, even to flogging and imprisonment, which are, by the common law, still recognised as the right of the husband. *Punch* doubts whether the majority of married women are aware of this fact. Let them be thankful that husbands rarely use their rights. The Bill was read a Second Time, in an assembly consisting for the most part of married men, which fact speaks well for masculine nature.

Debate on the Sunday Trading Bill was adjourned. Somebody stated, and somebody else agreed, that the upper classes observe Sunday much more devoutly than they used to do, and thereby set a good example. *Mr. Punch* mentioned this with pleasure, at the Zoological Gardens (not the "Zoo," you mimic of a music-hall cad) on Sunday last, and again at the one of the eleven aristocratic dinners to which he was invited for that evening.

Thursday. The Irish Church fight recommenced. You are aware that, when a Bill has been read a Second Time, it goes into Committee; that is, the mace is taken off the table, the SPEAKER delightedly resigns his sway to MR. DODSON, whom Members address; and it is permitted to everybody to speak as often as he pleases—if the Committee will hear him. But before going into Committee, it is necessary that a motion should be carried to the effect that such journey be taken; and it is open to anybody to resist this. As MR. GLADSTONE explained the Previous Question, *Mr. Punch* deems it proper to educate in similar fashion. Well, MR. NEWDEGATE, the great Protestant, being determined to hinder the Irish Bill as much as he could, opposed the motion for going into Committee, and this whole night was occupied with a renewal of the debate on the general question. Nearly all the speakers were Conservatives, and none of them had anything new to urge, with the exception of MR. RAIKES. This gentleman adverted to a recent cartoon of *Mr. Punch's*, in which the Irish Church, as *Ariel*, is seen delivered from the encumbrances of State trammels, and rising free and beautiful. MR. RAIKES complained that, inasmuch as the Church was to be stripped of all that she had, *Mr. Punch* should have depicted her as entirely undraped. There is no objection to the unclad figure, if treated with purity, as you will own when you shall have seen a certain picture by MR. LEIGHTON this year, and there is great objection to it, when treated as French artists and their wretched imitators do, and *Mr. Punch* was not deterred, as MR. RAIKES suggested, by fear of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. But he was deterred by the fear of putting forth that which would not have been true, seeing that MISS ECCLESIA HYBERNICA has by no means been stripped, but is left with an exceedingly handsome fortune. MR. DISRAELI regretted that MR. NEWDEGATE had opposed the regular stage of proceedings, as the principle of the measure had been affirmed, and he wished to get at real work. But MR. NEWDEGATE would divide, and the Government got a larger majority than before, 355 to 229—126.

MR. H. SHERIDAN this week carried a motion for making the Metropolitan Railway folks provide smoking carriages. They must paint their vehicles in an unmistakably distinctive manner, or in the rush during the half-minute stop there will be no end of mistakes, with rows to follow.

Friday. We went into Committee, and MR. DISRAELI moved to leave out the Second Clause of the Bill. This enacts that on the 1st of January, 1871, "the Union between the Churches of England and Ireland shall be dissolved." MR. DISRAELI, without desiring to interfere with the object of the Bill, wished the Union between the Churches preserved, as the maintenance of the Royal Supremacy alone would secure liberty. Most elaborate debate followed, but the real answer was, that it is left entirely to the will of the Church of the Future to ask the QUEEN to reign over it, appoint its bishops, and otherwise protect it, but that it is due to the Protestants to give them the liberty of choice. MR. DISRAELI contended that the Roman Catholic religion was already established in Ireland, under the Supreme Pontiff, and that the Anglican Church ought to have a similar advantage. He finished the debate with an animated peroration, and the Committee

finished it by a division which rejected MR. DISRAELI's motion by 344 to 221—majority, 123.

We are going on with the debate at all possible times, until the Bill has gone through Committee. *Mr. Punch* would give a hint to those who are congratulated on having "found their voices"—that is, have learned that they can amuse themselves by making noises, and preventing speakers from proceeding. There be bores who must, in the fitness of things, be shut up; but there must be no system of disturbance. This measure is more important than any holidays, grouse, or continental tours, and ample time must be given for its discussion. And for those who will not listen to argument, but require menace, *Mr. Punch* would gently urge that the Lords are hostile to the whole scheme, and will assent to it only in consideration of its being sent to them as an expression of the will of the nation, as represented in the Commons. If the Lords are able to say that debate has been stifled, they will have an excuse for asking that the Bill be re-considered below. So we recommend the noisy Members to go on the terrace, and chaff the bargemen, and so get rid of their excess of legislative steam.

A SENSIBLE PETITION.

To the House of Common Sense in Parliament Assembled,—

The Humble Petition of the Ginshop-keepers, Publicans, and other Pious Persons,

Sheweth,—That an infamous attempt is being made by certain sacrilegious and misguided British Workmen to persuade your House to desecrate the sanctity of the Sabbath by throwing open certain places of mundane recreation, such as Galleries of Pictures, Art-Museums, and the like.

That such places are supported by the money of the nation, and should therefore be kept closed upon the Sabbath day, if ever so minute a minority of the nation, perchance, should think it proper.

That improvement of the mind is alleged as an excuse for this unholy desecration; but as improvement of the mind implies an exercise, or work, it is breaking a commandment to improve one's mind on Sunday.

That the nation gets a great part of its revenue from drink, and ought therefore to support the trade of those who sell it.

That if galleries and museums be opened on the Sabbath, their attractions will materially diminish the attendance at the ginshops, which are now the only places of rational amusement that, on Sunday afternoons, are open to poor people.

That British workmen state that they can not compete with foreigners in elegant design and rare artistic handicraft, while they are denied the means of studying the fine arts, for which their only leisure is the afternoon of Sunday.

That if British workmen take to competition with the foreigner in matters of intelligence, they perhaps may lose their relish for the pleasures of the beer-shops, and will entail thereby a heavy loss on the Exchequer.

That, moreover, Hampton Court is graciously permitted to be open after Church hours, and plebeian amateurs have there the opportunity of cultivating profitably their taste for the fine arts, by studying the Beauties of the Court of CHARLES THE SECOND.

Your Petitioners therefore pray that, for the sake of public piety, "public" worship be enforced, as heretofore, upon the Sabbath—that is to say, the worship of the public-house.

A Trifle for Pesth.

RIDE a cock horse,
To VAMBERY CROSS,
And hear that we've gained, in Shere Ali, a loss:
That we ought to snub Russia,
And stamp on her toes,
And think her a Burglar wherever she goes.

The Greater Contains the Less.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS has withdrawn her name from the list of candidates for Election as Guardians of the Poor of Bethnal Green.

Mr. Punch cannot regret this. The smaller office is included in the larger one,—which MISS BURDETT COUTTS already holds for life—that of Guardian of the Poor of all London.

A GREAT LOSS.

A SECOND Course of Lectures for Ladies is now being delivered at South Kensington on "Size and Shape." The Nova-Scotian Giantess and the Circassian Lady would be suitable living illustrations of his subject.

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.



HERE is an interesting question for the Registrar - General, or the Statistical Society, or the Dinner-Table Society and Drawing-Room Association:— Why has there been this year a falling-off in the crowd of marriages which usually take place immediately after the Lenten six weeks fast from matrimony is over? How are we to account for the decrease in the number of pairs published in the first column of the *Times*, with all those pretty musical combinations of feminine Christian names amongst which unadorned MARY, and JANE, and ANNE, hardly dare to mingle;

and all those curious family details, whereby we learn that EDITH EMILY GERTRUDE is the great-niece of a knight, and that EMMELINE MAUD MARIAN's godfather was a baronet—the connection of the first-mentioned young bride with the opulent miller at Barleythorpe, who was her grandfather, and the close relationship of the second to the leading grocer at Byfordbury, being carefully suppressed?

Has the unprecedentedly (not a bad word to set in a Civil Service Examination) limited amount of bullion in the vaults in Threadneedle Street,—which causes considerable uneasiness and alarm to those of us who bank with a lock-up drawer,—done it; or the diminution in our exports of cutlery and cotton goods to Siam? Or is there an inadequate supply of bridesmaids, and have they struck for more expensive lockets? Or is nobody in future going to marry on less than a thousand a year, and a brougham, and a man-servant, and a Sèvres dinner service?

These are questions of serious import, almost too grave for lights, and flowers, and *Pompadour* dresses, and sparkling wines; and rather befitting that still, solemn hour when the guests are assembling, and the great people of the party are terribly late, and the hostess is anxious, and the shy desperate, and the cook, below, an incipient lunatic.

But asked they must be, if we are not all making arrangements to go into monasteries and nunneries, and precedence this inquiry into the diminution of gentlemanly and gentlewomanly marriages ought to have, unless celibacy is to be the humour and fashion of the day, over every other topic, except, perhaps, the Married Women's Property Bill, an excellent measure, but one unforeseen consequence of which will be,—and it is right that the Select Committee should know it,—that we shall be forced prematurely into marriage with ROSAMOND DAYBELL, because, good little woman as she is, she is scarcely equal to the absolute disposal of the four thousand pounds left her by an excellent maiden aunt, happily unencumbered with any such absurd nonsense as trustees, or sole and separate use, or freedom from marital control.

Whilst you are at table take the opportunity of asking whether anybody knows anything about "Semolina," to be relieved in future, by the kind permission of MR. LOWE, from a disagreeable duty; and why SELINA and WILHELMINA are not to be similarly favoured? Perhaps, also, you may be able to find out what "bere or bigg" is, eatable or drinkable, and whether "Manna croup" (which reminds one unpleasantly of the diseases of infancy) is an article of food commonly met with, and to what culinary purposes "cassava powder" and "mandioca flour" are most frequently applied. Moreover, if you take a glass of beer with your cheese (this is not vulgar, is it?), seek to know what "Mum" is, a thirty-six gallon barrel of which delicacy is henceforth, unless the Conservative party see a lurking danger to the British Constitution in this daring innovation, to be assessed at a guinea; and if everybody, with the usual deplorable ignorance of society, is silent, say to yourself, "Mum's the word," and call for a draught of "spruce,"—another beverage which is to be made more accessible,—certain that no well-educated butler will ever permit his master's sideboard to lack this refreshing drink.

If you are not interested in the Conference of the Irish Church, or the Hudson's Bay Company (you may extract a little geographical amusement out of this far away Fur Land, if so disposed), it will be only natural that over your wine you should draw attention to the voter

"who had been 'bottled,' and gave his own account of the process" to one of the Election Judges. In the drawing-room you will not, we are confident, neglect your old friend, the Weather, who has lately been using too great exertions, and in consequence over-heating himself, running into all sorts of excesses with thermometers; nor fail to mention the return of those volatile absentees, the swallows, to their accustomed haunts in the Poultry and Paternoster Row; and the cuckoo which some observant naturalist has heard earlier than usual on Knightsbridge Green; and the "Swedish Nightingale" of our day, CHRISTINE NILSSON, who is to come with the bloom and blossom of May; and SIR MICHAEL COSTA (not many worthier Knights than he); and the report that Her Majesty's Theatre will not be used as a grand Music Hall; and the clever young actress at the *Globe*, MISS MAGGIE BRENNAN, and MR. KING, the excellent new *Hamlet* at Drury Lane; and velocipedes, handsomer cabs, and street tramways; and all the other topics of the hour and the day.

THE HAIR ON LAW.

THE Police Force are in future not to be forced to use the razor, lip and chin are no longer to go bare. This change in the facings of the Constabulary, which will make them more than ever *airy* favourites, is not the result of a shaving clause in an Act of Parliament, but of an order, we might say an Imperial decree, of the Chief Commissioner, who in such matters is supreme. By those who are sticklers for the liberty of the subject, some alarm is felt lest we should now be bearded by the Police; but this is a groundless apprehension, and may be dismissed at once without the interference of SIR THOMAS HENRY. On the whole the Force is to be congratulated on this change of hair, which to look well should be uniform; but having experience of the disposition of the vulgar in the streets of London, adults as ill as boys, to offer unpleasant personal remarks, we shall feel for P.C. during the sprouting season. A sudden thought. Now that the tax is going to be abolished, would it not be desirable to give the Police a more imposing appearance, by permitting them to wear hair-powder?



"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER."

JUST SO. BUT SURELY IT MIGHT BE SO ARRANGED THAT THOSE METROPOLITAN CONSTABLES WHO WISH TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE RECENT EDICT SHOULD BE PLACED UPON NIGHT DUTY TILL THEIR BEARDS HAVE GROWN TO A DECENT LENGTH.

Advice to Fawcett.

(On the Defeat, by 181 to 30, in a division forced in the teeth of his best friends' advice, of his doctrinaire resolution, "To make all civil and diplomatic appointments by competitive examination.")

"THERE's good in competitive examination,"
Say its friends. 'Tis a fact. *Punch* is glad to endorse it:
But it mustn't be pushed to pedanti-fication:
And the best advice *Punch* can give FAWCETT's "Don't force it."

A Duck and a Canard.

THE *Musical World* treats as a canard the story that the DUC DE MASSA marries the divine MDLLE. NILSSON. We hope that the *M. W.* is right, for though MR. JESSEL says that all wives are slaves, we should not like to think that such a wife had always to address her husband as "massa."



TALENT APPRECIATED.

Jemima Cook. "OH, MARY! HOW WELL HE PLAYS!"
Mary Parlourmaid. "DOESN'T HE!! SUCH EXPRESSION!!!"

COIN OUT OF CROSSES.

THE only Englishman that ever had his great toe saluted as that of the Sovereign Pontiff was ADRIAN THE FOURTH, *né* BRAKESPEARE, christened NICHOLAS. His present Holiness can, however, on occasion talk as much like a true born Briton as he could if he, too, had been a native of Abbot's Langley. He had a great variety of gifts offered for his acceptance on the 11th of April, and the *Fall Mall Gazette* says:—

"The POPE is annoyed that so many of the presents consist of crosses, and the other day he remarked to some members of his household, 'I have too many crosses. What I want is money, money, and still money.'"

This speech will raise the Holy Father in JOHN BULL's estimation, as a man of the world, who looks to the main chance like the rest of us, and whose cry after all, if not before all, is "Money, money, money!" And he gets not a little.

"THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT."

"And we're all grumbling—grumb, grumb, grumbling,
 We're all grumbling at our house at home."

ALL must own the House of Commons,
 Though dear to all who sit in it,
 Is too small for six hundred
 And fifty-eight to fit in it.
 That its seats aren't wide enough for
 Broad based administrations,
 Such as, in lukewarm periods,
 Plan measures and rule nations.

No wonder names with Stephen
 Our House of Commons barbers;
 The first of martyrs *he* was,
 And M.P.'s say *they* are martyrs:
 Stretched out, *à la* Saint Lawrence,
 Upon a huge grid-iron,
 With DR. PERCY down-stairs,
 A-making of the fire on.

Members *should* be men of mettle,
 By the means employed to mould one:
 Now blown up by a hot blast,
 Now cooled down by a cold one.
 With Father Thames exhaling
 Breath a mud-lark fit to smother;
 And in default of sweet air,
 The sewers distilling t'other.

Then for distinguished visitors
 There's no room on occasion,
 Unless upon each other's laps
 They find accommodation.
 And the ladies in the cage have
 Most inconvenient quarters,
 Not to speak of their *susurrus*
 Distracting the reporters.

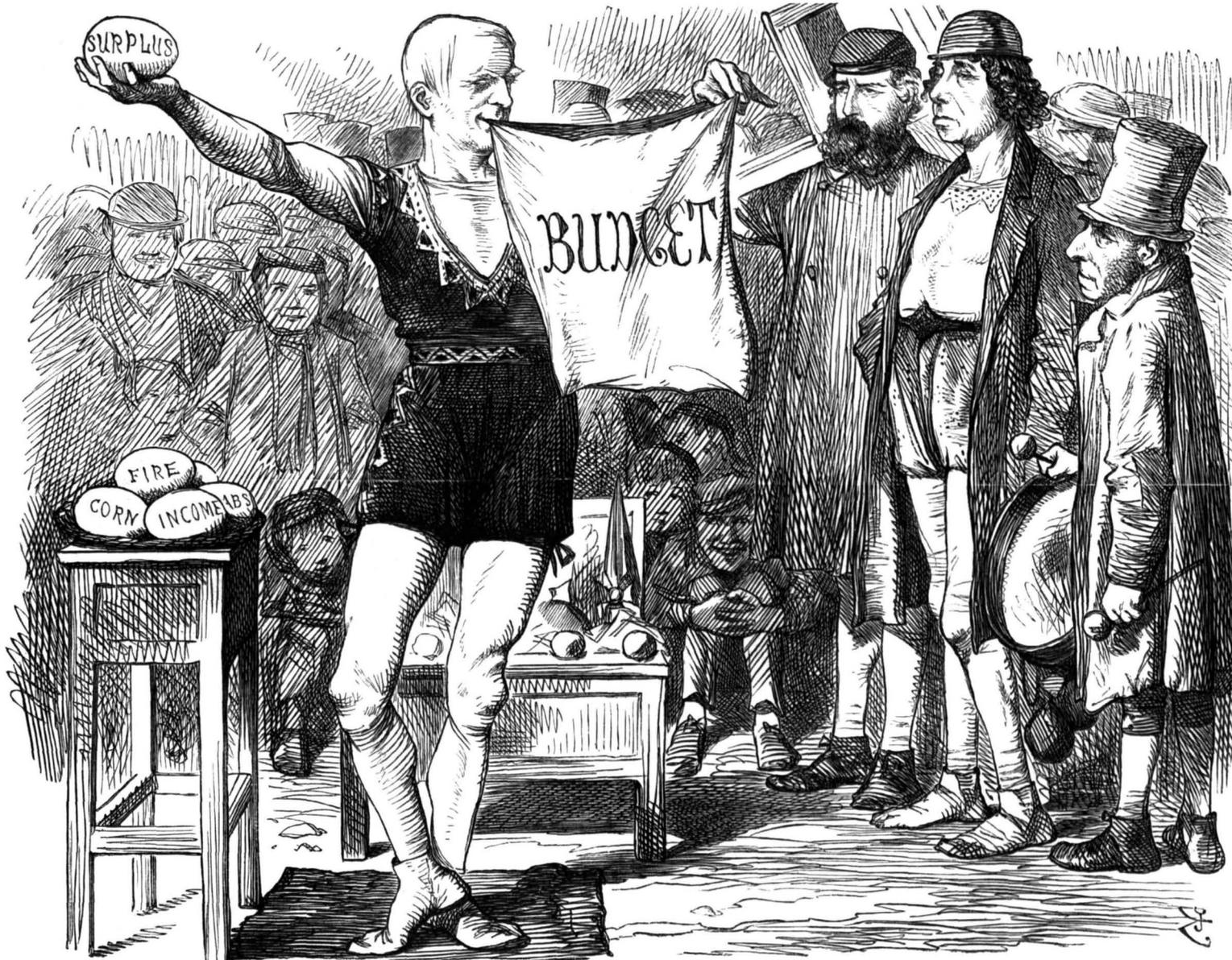
And as the House is *too* small
 For all its Members, keen 'uns
 Who want seats put a hat down
 By way of *locum tenens*.
Punch don't object to *that*, but
 By cynics it may said be,
 Seats should *not* be kept by hat, but
 Should only kept by head be.

There's one way to a new House:
 If BARRY would build over
 The Court outside the old one,
 M.P.'s would sit in clover.
 And as the Commons' power
 The Crown's has caused the stop of;
 There's reason good the Commons
 Should sit a Court a-top of.

But COLONEL FRENCH objects that
 This would destroy the dining-room;
 Letting M.P.'s in the basement,
 For eating, gain by mining, room.
 And he maintains that Members
 Would be anything but winners
 If they improved debates,
 By dis-improving dinners.

The Colonel feels that forces
 Need for their conservation,
 What the French, in phrase well chosen,
 Entitle "restauration."
 And now that folks are zealous
 For Commons' preservation,
 The Collective Wisdom's dining
 Is of moment to the nation.

Who'er comes near the Commons
 As second best will fare with them;
 'Tis like them, the Lords' dining-rooms,
 To ask the Peers to share with them.
 Now Peers' rights to graze the Commons
 Are assailed with doubts and sneers:
 It's too bad to give the Commons
 Grazing rights upon the Peers.



THE RIVAL CONJURORS.

PROFESSOR BOB. "THERE IS NO DECEPTION—THE BAG IS EMPTY. HEY, PRESTO, PASS! (*Produces the egg.*) SURPLUS!!!"
PROFESSOR BEN. "WHY, WE COU'D HA' DONE *THAT*— (*Pauses.*) IF WE'D ONY THOUGHT ON IT."

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.—WE ENTER THE SUPPER-ROOM—LADY DODO'S ADVICE—A SAYING OF PORCUPINE'S—THE PERFORMERS APPEAR—MR. FYSCHER—MISS CHESSER—SIGNOR CORMORANTI—LADY LYNX'S EYE-GLASSES.

BIRDS, Beasts, and Fishes, certainly come out strongly in a supper-room. The Birds are there to be seen swooping, or pecking; the Beasts gorging themselves, and mumbling over their food; and the Fishes drinking as if they had been suffering from drought for a fortnight past.

LADY DODO'S advice to the MACAWs has been "In giving a large party like this, my dear, you must of necessity make a sort of salad of it. But an excellent salad; for *that* is an appetiser, of which who eats once desires again to taste—and *that* is your object at starting. Therefore, my dear, season your salad with a sprinkling of the professional herb. A couple of eminent musicians, an author or two, an actor, a singer here and there—foreign of course, that is in the case of women—because a foreigner, with us has no antecedents, and as a professional, is admitted to our Society by virtue of her professional reputation only—and, in fact, dear, any other notability who *is* a notability, and whom your guests feel some curiosity to meet. An acquaintance with these people will cost you something, perhaps, but you are well repaid in return. You will have to be a patron for benefits; you will feel it necessary to purchase a picture; to help Madame or Signor in getting up their select concert at some rooms; taking so many tickets at a guinea a head yourself. If you manage this well, you will find your account in it. Your parties will be *unique*, and, in time, even Royalty itself may express a wish to visit your *salon*."

This picture nearly took MRS. MACAW'S breath away; and is it a wonder if she used all her influence with her husband for the benefit of LADY DODO'S little property? Royalty at her house! PRINCE EAGLET himself, accompanied by a Royal Duke, dashing up to the hall-door in the well-known Royal carriages, and, walking behind them, MAJOR JACKAL, Equerry in Waiting, who somehow, in MRS. MACAW'S mind, gets mixed up with "all the Royal Family," for whom she devoutly prays in Church every Sunday.

And well may a pious, fashionable congregation, supplicate Heaven on behalf of these August Personages, upon whose health depends all the gaiety of the summer in London; or, as TOM PORCUPINE observed, there might be a special clause introduced to the effect that, if Providence did intend anything unpleasant to Royal Families, it might be deferred till, at all events, the end of the season. But this was only what TOM PORCUPINE said; and then, as MISS CHESSER told him, he was *so* satirical: whereat TOM snorted, and probably thought to himself that the young lady was, unconsciously, the more satirical of the two.

The amateur opera is over, and everybody is delighted: some because they liked it as well as they liked anything; some because they didn't care for it one way or the other, and to praise was the more pleasant; and some (and they were enthusiastic) because, whatever its merits or demerits, it was *over*.

MR. KING FYSCHER enters the room ready to receive the congratulations of everybody, and to ask the musical professionals, when he can take one or two of them aside, what they really *did* think of it, as if their opinion given in public was what they really *didn't* think of it.

MRS. MACAW is profuse in her thanks to the Young Composer, who smiles and blushes deprecatingly, and looks helplessly at the lobster-salad in the distance. Several gentlemen are eager for an introduction to MISS CHESSER, and vie with one another in supplying her with supper. She has a short triumph over MISS SKYLARK, who comes up to say how much she was delighted, how admirably she (MISS CHESSER) played her part, and how fatigued she must be after her exertions.

MR. RATTELS NAYKE being an old hand at this sort of thing, accepts praise as his right, and prefers chicken and iced champagne with MRS. BYRDE in a quiet corner, where far be it from me to intrude upon them. MR. BYRDE will come up presently to mention the existence of the carriage, and MRS. BYRDE will reply that "If he is tired he needn't wait for her, as," she explains, "he has to be up so early for business in the morning;" and undertakes to see herself home after a dance or two, for which amusement she knows he doesn't care. Old BYRDE, very much MRS. BYRDE'S senior, wouldn't on any account be considered a jealous man, but doats and doubts, and—and—in fact, lights a cigar, and goes home to bed. Heavens! if married couples can't trust one another for a waltz, out of each other's sight, for an hour or two, what a miserable world this would be!

DORMOUSE of course went off to sleep in the middle of the evening's entertainment, and was neither useful behind the scenes, nor ornamental in front of them.

MISS IDA DRAKE looks very pretty and very flushed on emerging from the screen behind which she has been accompanying the opera all the evening; and, I warrant you, there is a certain seat in the ante-room where a certain young gentleman, when he has got out of his

brigand's dress and resumed the ordinary garments of private life, will be ready to meet her, and escort her proudly to the supper-room.

MR. KING FYSCHER, who is ambitious (as what amateur composer, if he thinks himself worth anything, is not?) wants to get SIGNOR CORMORANTI'S opinion. The Signor is hard at work with another professional friend at the supper, and being challenged by FYSCHER to champagne, politely takes that opportunity of congratulating his young friend on his work, and then urges him to sup, not wishing at that moment to relinquish his own delightful occupation for the sake of forcing a conversation.

But FYSCHER is not to be put off. He wants the Signor's genuine opinion, and commences a learned musical conversation with that eminent person, carried on in technical terms, and involving all sorts of questions as to the capabilities of a *mezzo*, so-and-so's range, the expression of an *andante*, and so on, and expatiates upon the difficulties of getting "amateurs" (he lifts himself quite above *them* for the time being) to do justice to his work.

The Signor agrees with him in everything; he advises him to work and "do something for *us*," whereby he insinuates that the lyric drama is waiting for an opera from the pen of MR. KING FYSCHER, who is, of course, delighted at the notion, and, being sanguine, sits down in his dressing-gown when he gets home [he affects a dressing-gown when composing, having seen a portrait of BEETHOVEN in that costume, with turn-down collars] and writes, off-hand, a chorus of soldiers and peasants (without words), a tenor song, and something sentimental for a soprano, in which he sees the elements of his future grand work at Her Majesty's or Covent Garden.

LADY LYNX is there too, a great friend of LADY DODO'S; somewhat younger than that elderly dowager. Having done ample justice to the supper, she is taking a little interval of rest previous to refreshing herself (when MR. POODEL shall offer it) with just one little glass of champagne more; and she is delivering, *solito voce*, her notion of the performers. POODEL is running everybody down; LADY LYNX says, "Oh, I don't think MR. NIPPER did that badly"—meaning as the comic waiter.

"I don't say badly," replies POODEL, who sees himself in the character. "It was vulgar;" and LADY LYNX taps him on the hand with her fan; and the reason for the interruption is made obvious by her saying,—

"Ah, MR. NIPPER, how good! how *charming!*" And POODEL has to modify his expression without absolutely eating his words in the presence of LADY LYNX, by whom he doesn't want to be set down as an arrant humbug. "Yes, it was very good, NIP," says he, with a critical air. "But you, as an artist" (this flatters NIPPER, but doesn't deceive him), "mustn't mind my being a little disappointed with one or two parts where I thought you lost a point."

NIPPER professes himself delighted to hear his faults, and LADY LYNX leaves them, to stand alone for a few seconds, surveying the scene through her eyeglasses. Good gracious! *she* doesn't want eye-glasses! There's nothing in that room that escapes her; and so I go up, and, knowing what her ladyship wants, bring her a glass of sparkling champagne; in return for which she tells me who is who, and also enlightens me, socially, as to what is what.

A CUMBERLAND CATECHISM.

OBJECT to COLONEL HENRY LOWTHER for Lord-Lieutenant of Cumberland and Westmoreland!—Why?

Firstly, because DISRAELI gazetted him on the second of last December, the very day he wrote his letter of resignation!

Secondly, because he is LORD LONSDALE'S successor and nephew!!

First of the first:—

Why shouldn't MR. DISRAELI make a parting present to Cumberland and Westmoreland?

And what better present could he give these counties than the gallant Colonel for their Lord-Lieutenant and *custos rotularum*?

Second, of the second:—

What is a Lord?

One who rules absolutely.

What is a Lieutenant?

A *locum tenens*: one who stands in the place of another.

What is a Lord-Lieutenant?

One who stands in the place of a Lord.

Who is the Lord of Cumberland and Westmoreland?

The EARL OF LONSDALE.

Who is the fittest person to stand in the place of LORD LONSDALE?

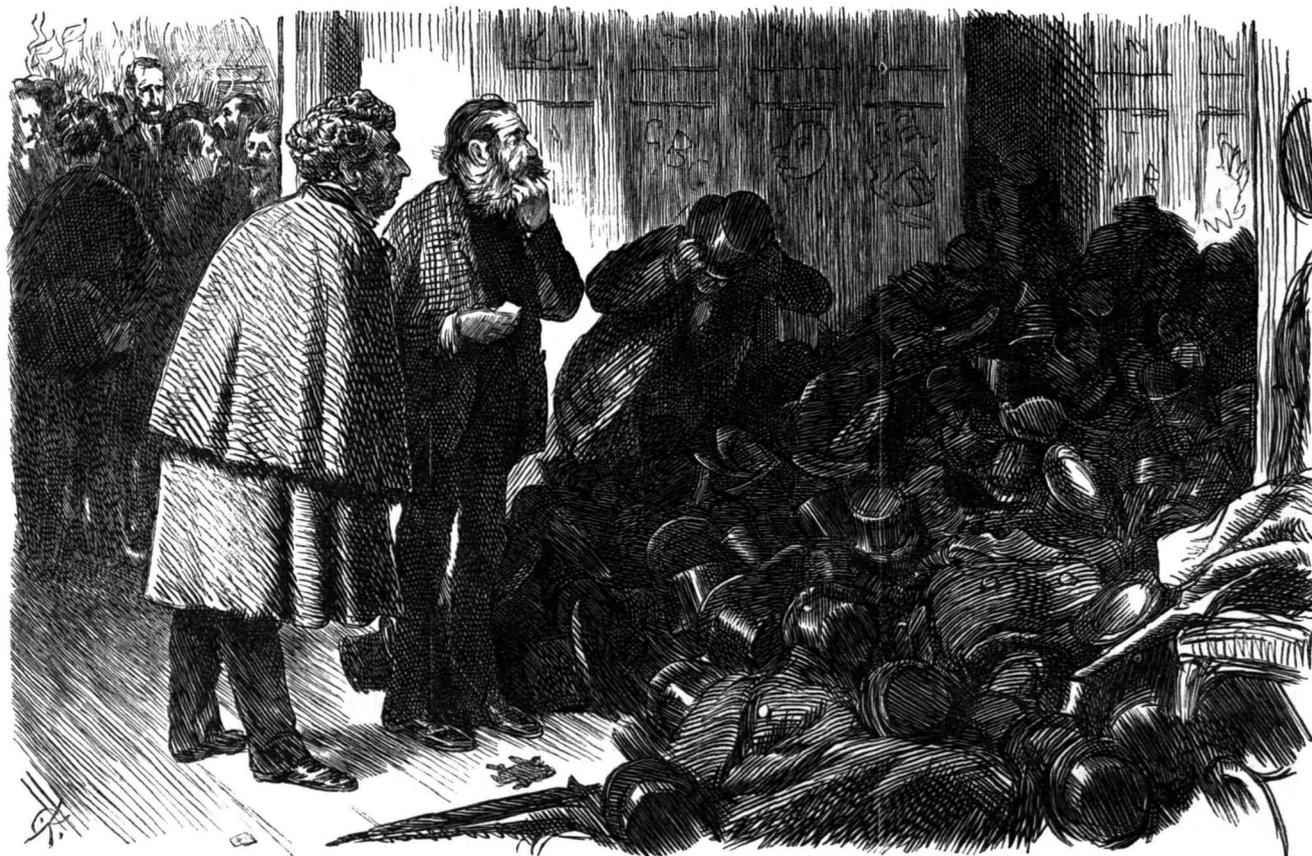
His heir and nephew, COLONEL HENRY LOWTHER.

What follows?

That COLONEL HENRY LOWTHER is the natural Lord-Lieutenant of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Q. E. D.

AN EQUITY DRAFTSMAN.—A Lawyer who Sketches.



OUR ART-SCHOOL CONVERSAZIONE.

AT WHICH (IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE INCREASED SPACE ANTICIPATED AT THE R.A. EXHIBITION) THERE IS A GREATER CROWD THAN USUAL.

Model (who has charge of the Hats and Coats). "NO. 97? YESSIR. THERE NOW! IF I DIDN'T SEE THAT 'AT-AH—NOT A QUARTER OF AN HOUR AGO!!"
 [Not a very satisfactory look-out for Bouncefield, who has barely time to catch his last train!]

PIO NONO'S TWO JUBILEES.

"On Sunday, April 11, was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of his Holiness PIUS THE NINTH."—*News from Rome.*

JUBILATE! sing loud, to our brave Pio Nono!
 Fifty years on his grey head their winters have strown
 Since that head was first tonsured (*pro publico bono?*);
 Two-and-twenty, since o'er him the pallium was thrown!

Fifty years! Let us hail thee, oh Bark of St. Peter,
 That labourest sore in the stress of thy see,
 And ask thee, which tide-set is stronger and fleetier,
 That to port on thy chart, or to shore on thy lee.

Jubilate! sing loud, though the growl of the thunder
 Round the sore-shattered vessel be threat'n'ingly rolled;
 Though her pumps are scarce able to keep the leaks under,
 And her cargo's dead weight is adrift in her hold!

Jubilate! sing loud, in despite of the quaver,
 That tells of the tremor of captain and crew:
 Perhaps holy water and relics may save her,
 But 'tis more than the skull of her pilot can do!

Fifty years! What has come of that Holy Alliance
 That to young priest MASTAI seemed a pillar of trust?
 Fifty years—to his order one long drawn defiance,
 And for end, Peter's pence, and a throne in the dust.

From his dream of a Pope, free from trammels and fictions,
 To give life to a nation, and faith to a world—
 From Liberal longings, that once seemed convictions,
 To the lowest Inferno of Priestcraft he's hurled!

Contrast thy two jubilees! That from a nation
 Rejoicing to link its new birth with thy name,
 And this nasal chorus of priests' gratulation,
 With no warmth of love and no forecast of fame.

Well for thee hadst thou died, ere Church mildews had eaten
 The gloss of thy unworn tiara away,
 Ere Italian's hopes and man's instincts, down-beaten,
 Left thy soul to Priest's hates and Pope's terrors a prey.

Is the Apostrophe Right?

ONE of the papers, in its account of the dinner given to MR. DICKENS at Liverpool, spoke of the music as being performed by "The Orphan Boy's Band." As the "Orphan Boy's" music appears to have been good, it would only have been fair to have given the "Orphan Boy's" name.

No Flattery.

WE do not think that a smaller amount of praise than this was ever bestowed upon a novel. Yet the publisher is grateful, and he extracts the tribute into his advertisement.

"All readers cannot fail to be interested in 'Oliver Lancaster.'" *Morning Star.*

Can it Be So?

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, speaking as the President of the Board of Trade, lets fall a word or two at times which may lead one to the notion that, what with deputations in the day-time, and questionings at night, he himself in his own person, without mention of his colleagues, unfortunately constitutes the Bored of Trade.

LIMITED MATRIMONIAL LIABILITY.



OME objection to MR. RUSSELL GURNEY'S Married Women's Property Bill would perhaps be removed by a clause annexed to it allowing persons about to marry to subject themselves to its arrangements or not, as they might choose, registering their intention previously to their marriage, lest one of the happy pair should afterwards see fit to break a merely verbal agreement with the other.

Tradesmen and others, dealing with married partners, would like to know whether the husband was liable for the wife's debts or not. Therefore if the Recorder should be pleased to adopt the foregoing suggestion, perhaps he would further be advised to provide that husband and wife accepting his Act should be bound to write themselves, on all occasions, for example, MR. and MRS. ROBINSON (Limited).

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

II.—THE MODEST FISHERMAN.

(To a Catching Air.)

THERE was *such* a modest man,
That he used to use a fan,
To hide his blushing face, I know.
If you 'd ever seen his head
Popping out above his bed,
He 'd have fainted in a fit.

Just so, just so,
Chorus. He 'd have fainted in a fit, just so.

Now this very modest man
Went and bought a fishing-can,
For a-fishing he wanted to go;
All alone he read in books
How to use his lines and hooks,
And he practised in his bath,

Just so, just so.
Chorus. And he practised in his bath, just so.

Now I cannot tell his name,
Nor the county whence he came:
If you press me, I must always answer "no."
And if you ask me why
I refuse, I must reply,
Because I don't know,

Just so, just so.
Chorus. 'Tis because I do not know.

He travelled to the North,
Long beyond the Frith of Forth,
And a boat he hired to row;
But they said, "What the deuce
Of a boat, Sir, is the use,
If a-fishing you 'd go,"

Just so, just so.
Chorus. If a-fishing you would go, just so.

So he paid his money down,
It was more than half-a-crown,
For a man who the way would show;
Says he, "You 'll take my rod,
For the tittlebat and cod,"
Says the man a-grinning, "Yes;

Just so, just so."
Chorus. Says the man a-grinning. Yes, just so.

Then there came another man,
For the job two miles he ran,
And his mate he called him JOE,
And they carried rods and cans,
Nets and compasses and plans,
In single file they marched.

Just so, just so.
Chorus. In single file they marched, just so.

Say the men, "In this here stream
Swim perch and dace and bream,
And mackerel and trout *also*."

Thus spake his pleasant guide
When a-walking by his side,
"That 's very nice," says he,
Just so, just so.

Chorus. That 's very nice, says he, just so.

The fishes in the tide
Did race and jump and glide
With very many sorts of roe,
And the grayling swam about
Quite congenial with the trout,
Both winking at the bank.

Just so, just so.
Chorus. Both winking at the bank, just so.

He threw his line and hook
In the way he 'd learnt by book,
And walked till he began to blow;
But everything he caught
You could represent by O,
And angrily he cried—

Just so, just so."
Chorus. And angrily he cried, just so.

When for hours he had fished,
"It isn't what I wished,"
He exclaims in a tone of woe;
"And oh, I so perspire,
If, my friends, you will retire,
I shall jump into the stream,

Just so, just so."
Chorus. I shall jump into the stream, just so.

So they went behind the rocks,
Which formed a sort of docks
Round the bath which lay below;
First he looks about, then peels,
Then you only see his heels
As he jumps into the stream

Just so, just so.
Chorus. As he jumps into the stream, just so.

When twice or thrice he 'd dived
He felt very much revived,
And he scrambled on the bank. But, lo!
Though he stood upon tiptoes
He saw no clothes nor hose,
He must walk home as he is—

Just so, just so.
Chorus. He must walk home as he is, just so.

Now, what was he to do?
I do not know, do you?
And the time passed very slow;
He had nothing on his back,
And he couldn't get a sack,
Nor a waistcoat, nor a pair—

Just so, just so.
Chorus. He was very much perplexed, just so.

He was never seen again,
Ah! I mention it with pain,
But a figure, with a face like dough,
Is at night seen in the North,
Searching near the Frith of Forth
For the somethings he has lost,

Just so, just so.
Chorus. For the somethings he has lost, just so.

Finale.

The Legend has been told, just so,
And if to the Frith you go,
There 's a Modest Ghost that seeks,
Through the valley for his breeks,
And vanishes if once you show.

To Several Habitual Correspondents.

IF SIR SAMUEL BAKER is going to the Nile Basin, that is no reason why you should rout out a grey old joke, and ask us whether he will afterwards proceed to the River Plate.

EASY FOR THE DRAFTSMAN.—The Bill which has been laid before the House of Commons relating to the Post Office Savings' Banks, is about the simplest ever drawn, consisting entirely of Saving clauses.

THE EGG-POACHER (A TALE OF COUNTRY LIFE, IN 3 VOLS.) VOL. II.

CHAP. I.—THE LONE EGSILE.



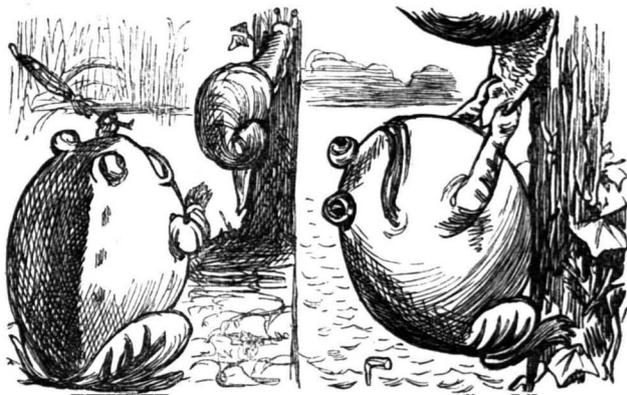
CHAP. II.—FRIEND OR FOE?



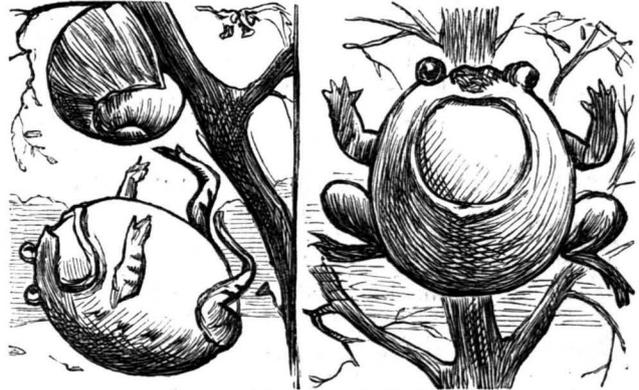
CHAP. III.—ON THE TRACK.



CHAP. IV.—WHITHER?—EOSHLSIOR!



CHAP. V.—THE HELPING HAND WITHDRAWN.



CHAP. VI.—EUREKA!



CHAP. VII.—THE OVERLAND ROUTE HOME.



CHAP. VIII.—PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.



End of Vol. II.



PROPER REPROOF.

Fussy Party. "WHY DON'T YOU TOUCH YOUR HAT TO ME, BOY?"
Country Boy. "SO I WUL I' YEAOU'LL HOWD THE CA-ALF!"

MISS CUBA AND HER OFFERS.

PRESIDENT GRANT (not the P.R.A.) is asked to recognise the Republic of Cuba. Of course it will be asked, with excessive wit, "what's He-Cuba to him or He to Cuba?" But when the laughter shall have in some degree abated, *Mr. Punch* may remark, through the appropriate smoke of his mild Havannah, that if he were a Cuban, he should gesticulate in a most remarkable manner for such recognition. For those who don't know anything about the matter are therefore probably unaware that the unfortunate Queen of the Antilles has been used worse than BOADICEA, or any other unfortunate female sovereign. She has been kept in vassalage by Spain simply that any general, or other court favourite whom it was desired to enrich, might go out to Cuba and make his fortune, no matter how. He soon came home, wealthy with Cuban plunder. Now, of course, the new Spanish Government intends to patronise every virtue that lived with BISHOP BERKELEY. But a Republic in the hand is worth two Constitutions in the bush. We have no burning desire to see Cuba annexed to the dominions of KING ULYSSES, but we are not altogether astonished at her emulating MRS. ARTEMUS WARD's courtship, and saying, with an indescribable look at the American lover, "If you mean gittin hitched, I'm on."

TO HANG, OR NOT TO HANG?

It is probable, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, that,—

"If the time should ever come when certain vague and ill-understood notions, which shelter themselves under the phrase of the sanctity of human life, are permitted to be rationally considered, the question will be asked about others as well as murderers, and may receive an answer which would more or less surprise the present generation."

If the sanctity of human life is to be held absolutely inviolable, sing old Rose and burn the gallows. But if that apparatus is to be employed at all, is there much more occasion for its employment given by the cutter of a single throat than by the breaker of numerous hearts, and the causer of several suicides? If CALCRAFT is necessary for the protection of Society from ruffians, is he not equally needful for its security against rogues whose fraud entails upon their victims death, and ruin to which death may be preferable. Hang fraudulent directors, or hang not at all.

THE BALLAD OF BOB LOWE.

My name it is BOB LOWE,
 Cutting down, cutting down!
 My name it is BOB LOWE,
 Cutting down!
 My name it is BOB LOWE,
 And I'd have you all to know
 For retrenchment in I go,
 Cutting down!

Of saving I've a plan,
 Cutting down, cutting down!
 Of saving I've a plan,
 Cutting down!
 Of saving I've a plan,
 To tax each British man
 As lightly as I can,
 Cutting down!

To spare you money lost,
 Cutting down, cutting down!
 To spare you money lost,
 Cutting down!
 To spare you money lost,
 Your means which did exhaust,
 I'll dock Collection's cost,
 Cutting down!

A building job immense,
 Cutting down, cutting down!
 A building job immense,
 Cutting down!
 A building job immense,
 Proposed with vain pretence,
 I'll frustrate; vast expense
 Cutting down!

No nonsense I will stand,
 Cutting down, cutting down!
 No nonsense I will stand,
 Cutting down!
 No nonsense I will stand,
 But keep, with steady hand,
 Whilst I the knife command,
 Cutting down!

I mean to peg away,
 Cutting down, cutting down!
 I mean to peg away,
 Cutting down!
 I mean to peg away,
 That tax-payers may say,
 "Continue, ROBERT, pray,
 Cutting down!"

"You do your best, we know,"
 Cutting down, cutting down!
 You do your best, we know,
 Cutting down!
 You do your best, we know,
 To mitigate our woe,
 Our taxes, ROBERT LOWE,
 Cutting down!"

COLLARS FOR COLONISTS.

OUR Colonial Friends will be enchanted to hear (as they have just been told) that they may be made Knights, if they deserve and desire the honour. An alteration has been made, in their favour, in the statutes of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. *Mr. Punch's* boxes are full of orders, stars, chains, jewels, and the like gauds, and he really forgets whether he has St. M. and St. G. among them. Consulting, however, his dearly-beloved *Debrett*, which is always at his hand, by day and by night, he perceives that the motto is *Auspicious melioris ævi*, which, meaning the Promise of a Pleasant Evening, makes the collar just the thing to go out to dinner in. The Chancery of the Order is the Colonial Office; and as there are some capital fellows among the Knights, and as he would like to give the Order a good start, *Mr. Punch*, Member for all the Colonies, will trouble LORD GRANVILLE to send up a few collars, that *Mr. Punch* may try them on. The ribbon is watered Saxon blue, which just suits his delicate complexion.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, April 19. Rather a fragmentary sort of week hath to be accounted for. Dear LORD REDESDALE began it by bothering about that eternal Coronation Oath, which he still thinks debars the QUEEN from passing the Irish Church Bill. *Punch* utterly declines to try any more to make him understand the case, especially as he has now got to the point of demanding an Act of Parliament enabling HER MAJESTY to dispense with the obligations of the Oath. That is, the QUEEN is to absolve herself from it with the aid of the Estates. But will she not do so in ordering *La Reine le veut* to be said over the Irish Bill? LORD REDESDALE seems to think the QUEEN is a personage of the mental calibre of GEORGE THE THIRD, who replied to the explanation that he had sworn in an executive and not a legislative capacity, "None of your Scotch metaphysics;" or of GEORGE THE FOURTH, who, in a sober interval, wept over a Bill which he thought would affect his holy religion. LORD MELBOURNE's pupil knows all about it, dear LORD REDESDALE, and you know all about railways. Stick to 'em.

A Bill in regard to the Indian Council brought up the new peer, LORD LAWRENCE, amid general applause. He spoke for half-an-hour, very calmly, and as one who thoroughly understood his subject. He said that LORD MAYO was but carrying out with the Afghans a policy initiated by LORD LAWRENCE. There, M. VAMBÉRY.

MR. BRIGHT, on cigar smoking, commanded much attention. He objected to compel the Metropolitan Railway to provide smoking carriages, as the trains would soon arrive every two minutes, and it would be impossible to sort, first the three classes, and then the three classes of smokers. So what was good for the Metropolitan District lines was held not to be good for the Metropolitan, and MR. SHERIDAN was defeated by 31.

Sickly soldiers before discharge are not "cupped until the world goes round," or at all, except for medical purposes.

We then went again into Committee on the Irish Church Bill. Every amendment on which the Opposition divided was rejected by a large majority. MR. DISRAELI had, we are sorry to say, HORACE WALPOLE's "Remedy;" so could not attend, and MR. HARDY took the defeats in his absence. The date of Disendowment was fixed at January 1, 1871, the clause for effecting it was carried, the Irish Bishops were turned out of the House of Lords, and the Committee would not alter the clause for deducting compensation to curates from the income to incumbents. On this last division the Conservatives got their largest number since they divided on the Second Reading, but the figures were 330 to 232.

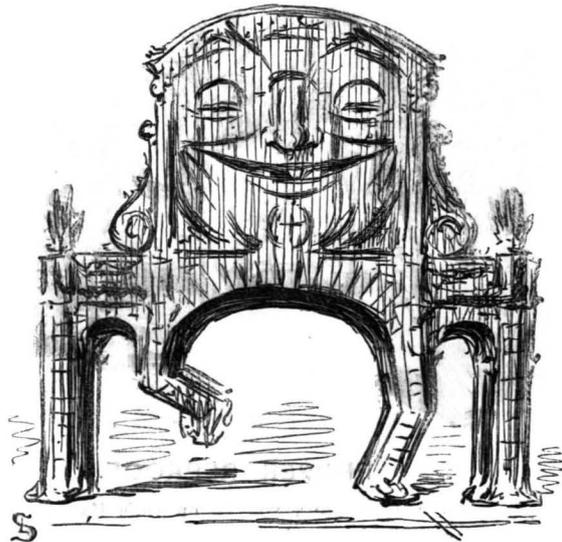
Tuesday. The Lords discussed, and the Government disapproved, a Bill of LORD CLANRICARDE'S on the Tenure of Irish Land. The Bill is a mild one, and its object is to compel the use of Written Agreements for letting. But the mass of Irish tenants do not like this, and prefer verbal engagements, as more elastic. It is difficult to supply documents to an Affectionate People that settles conveyancing instruments by the light of the flash of a blunderbuss; but if the system could be enforced, good would be done. Some Conservative Lords joined in the debate, rather (if *Mr. Punch* might be permitted to wink his thought) with the hope of extracting some damaging information as to Government Land plans, than for the sake of helping to adjust the question. But Lords GRANVILLE and KIMBERLEY would not be drawn, and so were informed that the Administration no doubt held dangerous and revolutionary views as to the rights of property, and that they would be responsible for all the Tipperary murders next winter. After which pleasantness, their Lordships went away.

SIR EARDLEY EARDLEY, Baronet, was sentenced to imprisonment for a very cruel bigamy. His term has been abbreviated, and he is on the Continent. It was imputed that a powerful connection in the Ministry had helped him, but the explanations of the late and present HOME SECRETARY made it clear that he had been treated as any other diseased convict would be—perhaps a little more rigidly. But it is always well to know why criminals are let off.

Then did we not have a sensation? Did not MR. LOWE astonish the House? There was debate on the Site of the New Courts of Law. The lawyers wish to adhere to the Carey Street location, and there are other objections to doing this besides the *prima facie* one that the course is acceptable to our natural enemies. The public, directed by the Demon of Taste, according to SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, wish the new building to adorn our noble Thames Embankment. When the discussion had been protracted far into the night, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER rose, like *Samson Agonistes*, to spoil all the architecture. He would agree to neither plan.

"This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy buildings
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till they came out and drew
Their two roofs after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat to hear.
The vulgar heard the howl who stood without."

Pardon the slight variation on MILTON. But MR. LOWE, like the magnificent *Armado*, did excel *Samson*. For he not only destroyed, he erected. As for the Carey Street plan, it would cost Four Millions and more, and he would be no party to such extravagance. Nor would he build on the Embankment. But there was a site already cleared, between Cecil and Arundel Streets, Strand, and bounded on the north by Howard Street, which could be had for a reasonable sum, and there he proposed to build the Temple of Law. It would have no Strand front, but might have a splendid front towards the river. As he spoke, Father Thames, now a nice clean old man, quite unlike his former dirty self, rose from his purified tide, putting little salmon and whitebait tenderly aside, and held out his arms to the virgin Themis, imploring her to come and be his beautiful neighbour and love. Behold the Cartoon. Finally, MR. LOWE said that INIGO JONES had planned a Palace for CHARLES THE FIRST near the suggested spot, the plans were to be seen, and might be adopted. The House, simply staggered, could only beg that the subject might be adjourned; and in about three weeks the Australian Slasher is to produce a Government scheme. Temple Bar, again saved, has been in such a paroxysm of joy ever since, that we hear that MESSRS. CHILDS' *employés* complain of its



unseemly agitation, and threaten to ballast it with a few tons of sovereigns, if it will not keep quiet.

Electors of Dublin, an address was carried for inquiry into your Electioneering behaviour. Step out now, and say something for yourselves, for we're in a mighty purifying mood.

Wednesday. Of course, a new and reformed Parliament must be asked for its opinion as to marrying your Wife's Sister. We had the usual arguments, and the battle was ended by two of the Ministers, who opposed each other with all their might. MR. BRIGHT had never heard any real argument against the alteration of the law. He was a Quaker, and his sect had always allowed such marriages. Warriors and lords were bad enough, as SIR JOHN COLERIDGE's relative, the great poet, had said, but priests were worse, and the opposition to this Bill was ecclesiastical rubbish. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL, nothing moved by the family quotation, responded that Christianity had for 1500 years repudiated such marriages, that it was a woman's question, and that the women of England were not converted to the new doctrine. He objected to the change.

"Because it endangers one of the most blessed and delightful relations which can exist between man and woman, because it narrows the circle of the affection into which passion cannot enter, an affection which cultivates the highest and purest parts of our nature, and which they would all agree with MR. BRIGHT in characterising as being that to which we owe a debt greater than we can express."

On division the Second Reading was carried by 243 to 144, majority 99, and the ladies in the cage called their gallery instantly set up such a clatter, clapping hands, waving handkerchiefs, and rattling parasols, that MR. PUNCH, who seldom wonders at anything a woman does, almost wondered at such a demonstration, though he sternly rebuked a cynical Member near him, who growled that a good many females seemed very anxious for the deaths of their sisters. The Bill will be thrown out by the House of Lords, as matter of course. Do you remember what LORD PALMERSTON said about it—that it was a humane measure, for it would enable a man, though he married twice, to have but one mother-in-law.

Thursday. What's the Tendering Hundreds Railway Bill? No

railway people ever tendered us hundreds, and we should like to catch them at it. Whatever it was, the Lords passed it, and we are quite ready for the money.

LORD LYTTLETON moved the Second Reading of a Bill for making a great lot of new little Bishops—"subscription Bishops," as the DUKE OF SOMERSET amiably called them. The real Baron-Bishops gave it but scant approval. CANTERBURY, YORK, LONDON, GLOUCESTER spoke against it. LORD CARNARVON said that these were not times when folks would be very ready to risk ecclesiastical or educational endowments. We hear you, my Lord. LORD LYTTLETON said he had been called an enthusiast, but he had no desire to be particularly enthusiastic on that or any other question—it was merely a matter of authentic and common sense. The Bill was rejected by 43 to 20.

HOME SECRETARY BRUCE was asked why he had not hung one WILTSHIRE, who had been sentenced to death for an atrocious outrage, since which he had committed another, and who, if you kill anybody at all, seems certainly a savage of whom this world might as well be rid. MR. BRUCE had a very good answer in the representations of ten of the jury, and in the recommendation of MR. JUSTICE HANNEN. But he desired to show that he had discharged his duty properly: out of eleven persons sentenced since he came into office, two proved to be innocent, one was insane, two had been sent to penal servitude for life, and he had hanged the other six. The House applauded.

Irish Church again, and Compensation to Curates. If you want details, the daily papers are open to you. One amendment, in the interest of the poor Curates, was agreed to by MR. GLADSTONE, and a reasonable present is to be made to them. The Organists make a noise, but do not receive much favour, which is not wonderful, if the Ministers have often heard Irish church organs. The only incident was rather a neat quotation by MR. BERESFORD HOPE, who, looking towards MR. SYNAN, Catholic Member for Limerick County, said,

"Victorque SINON incendia miscet Insultans."

Now this was good, and Mr. Punch is not pleased with MR. SYNAN, who, instead of accepting a classical fling as a compliment, as scholars and gentlemen usually do, answered angrily, and borrowed a second-hand epithet of scoff at MR. HOPE. An Irishman not take a joke! Could he not—for he waited a long time to reply—have run into the library, and looked up some line with SPES in it? This event convinces us that Catholic Emancipation ought not to have been granted.

Friday. LORD MONCK, of Ballytrammon (what a good name), late Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, called attention to the state of the Army, which he did not think at all adequate to our requirements. The Under-Secretary for War, LORD NORTHBROOK, thought better of it, but announced various improvements. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE hoped that there would be no destruction of the present system until another should have been tested. Our GEORGE'S speech was very sensible, but in manner a beautiful illustration of the way veterans hammer the same allegation into you a dozen times consecutively. LORD TRURO most properly urged the Government to look after the Volunteers.

Irish Church again. Amendments intended to improve the carnal prosperity of the deposed Church—all defeated. The docile way in which both sides obey their leaders is lovely. Only a few of the chiefs really understand the details of the Bill. If you suddenly asked one of the rank and file on either side to explain the purport of the proposed insertion for or against which he was going to vote, you would get an answer much in the style of *Joseph Surface*, when the screen has fallen. But the faithful followers never go into wrong lobbies.

"They know this truth, enough for them to know,
ISRAELI walks out this way—that way LOWE."

WANTED: A STEAM-DOMESTIC.

O THAT this present were my dwelling-place,
With one steam-servant for my minister;
Then I'd dispense with all JEMIMA'S race,
And, hiring none, keep it instead of her.
Ye mechanists, by whose unceasing stir
New helps are still invented, can ye not
Construct me such an engine? Do I err
In deeming such will work in many a cot,
Though with one to be blest may never be my lot?

CAUGHT NAPPING.

THE sleepy habits of some of the Members make it certain that there is one kind of hat seldom seen in the House—the Wide-awake.

A MONEYED MAN.—From an account of the Yeomen of the Guard we learn that one of the officers is called "The Clerk of the Cheque." Of course he acts as Paymaster?

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.



MAY-DAY! Instead of asking BLANCHE and AUGUSTA whether they went out shopping this morning, or for a ride in the "Row," or a walk along the charming new landscape garden in the Park, inquire of them whether they got up early, and went a-Maying with their young companions of the upper classes in the Willesden lanes, and had a May Meeting with Jack-in-the-Green and the chimney-sweepers of the vicinity in holiday costume; and what spoil of scented hawthorn blossom and wild flowers they brought home to the family mansion in Upper

Grandison Street; and how they enjoyed dancing the *cotillon* round the Maypole in the Strand, reared at daybreak by the Metropolitan Police in the presence of the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs; and whether they did not find May-dew, applied as a wash to the complexion, a wholesome and sufficient cosmetic; and who, after a ballot, was elected "Queen of the May;" and what objection they see to giving up the Opera for this one night, and going, in sedan-chairs and chariots lighted by link-boys, to any hill conveniently situated they may choose to select, Mount Primrose, or Ben Haverstock, or the Peak of Stamford, or, perhaps, the more sylvan Denmark, there to kindle, with BRYANT AND MAY'S matches, blazing fires, in revival of the ancient Keltic (spell it with a "K") heathen festival known as "Beltein," and fully detailed in the works of that luminous historian, IGGNIS PHATVOUS?

BLANCHE and AUGUSTA may not be able to report that they have performed any of these rites and ceremonies, and may elect to go to *William Tell*, or MRS. CLIFTON CLEVELAND'S dance, in "green light-of-day tulle," in preference to rambling on Herne or Notting Hill; but you will have had the opportunity of displaying your antiquarian knowledge, to which, when you brush against the chimney-sweepers, you can impart a more modern turn by references to MRS. MONTAGU, and the "young nobleman," as dear CHARLES LAMB calls him, who was lost, and found, all in black, in the state bed at Arundel Castle, and the dinner she used to give to the London sooties on the first of May, and the sweet voices of the Oxford choristers singing their morning carol on fair Magdalen tower; concluding with a classical allusion to the Roman "Floralia," held in ancient times at this period of the year under the patronage of the resident nobility, clergy, and gentry, which you will translate into Flower Games, or Flower Shows, and so adroitly bring your fair and dark hearers back home to the Regent's Park and South Kensington Gardens, where, by a happy conspiracy, you all met to see the spring flowers, sat under the Upas Tree (which, from its supposed fatal power of causing the death of every person who came near it, ought to have been called the You Won't pass Tree), admired the new voluptuous blossoming shrub from the Cordilleras—*Hookeria Scrumtiosissima*—and noted the last novelty in parasols.

Ask that Irish archdeacon, peeling an orange, who is recruiting his health in furnished apartments in Piccadilly after the exhausting duties of his sequestered parish (Protestant population 26, emoluments £446, good substantial house, and some glebe), what the "Kentish Fire" is which of late has been rather extensively consumed in public meetings and assemblies where MR. GLADSTONE is not idolised—whether a sort of Protestant firework (wholly different from Roman candles) dangerous when entrusted to firebrands, and of a highly inflammable character; and talk to him nicely about Maynooth, and the POPE and the Jubilee he has been celebrating, and ARCHBISHOP MANNING, and his own prospects in the Archidiaconal future, until you have made him comfortable and happy for the rest of the evening.

As you are personally interested in the matter, being on the point of marriage with a lady who is one of six daughters, get, if you can, at the views of MR. LOFTUS H. SMALLEY, the Member for New Sagent, on the Deceased Wife's Sister and Deceased Husband's Brother Question; or, if you are a lawyer, ascertain whether he inclines to Carey Street or leans to Howard Street; or startle the timid lady you took down to dinner, in a shy-coloured silk (there is a new novel worth reading—*In Silk Attire*, and HENRIETTA ANNESLEY is advising everybody to make the acquaintance of her namesake, *Helty*, in *Once a Week*), by asking her if she has seen the article in one of the scientific periodicals on "The Lion in Britain," which great "carnivore" she has hitherto hoped was confined to the Zoological Gardens, where you can recommend generally all who have a taste for the ferocious to go and see the young Wild Cat; or condole with the company round on the possibility of the revival of the great Convent Case, which you forgot at the time to say was a nonesuch; or, finally, having reserved it as a *bonne bouche*, thinking the subject one certain to arouse universal interest, set yourself to elicit the opinions of all at the social board on—the Bulgarian question.



TO SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

IT'S VERY WELL TO GO DOWN FOR SIX WEEKS INTO THE COUNTRY BY YOURSELF, TO GIVE UP TOBACCO AND STIMULANTS, AND TO LIVE THE WHOLE DAY, SO TO SPEAK, IN THE OPEN AIR; BUT ALL THIS WILL DO YOU NO GOOD, UNLESS YOU CULTIVATE A CHEERFUL FRAME OF MIND, AND TAKE A LIVELY VIEW OF THINGS.

THAMES TO THEMIS.

(After MARLOWE'S "Come live with me, and be my love.")

COME build by me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That spite of PALMER and of FIELD,
BOB LOWE and STREET and LAYARD yield.

Here you shall sit on granite blocks,
And see the Lawyers shear their flocks
Of shallow clients; to whose squalls
Sweet mud-larks shall sing madrigals.

Here will I bless thy servants' noses
With smells as sweet as scent of roses;
I, whose foul breath was wont to curtail
The joy of whitebait and Ship turtle.

A stately mansion, reared by STREET,
(Not Strand),—no gaudy home but neat—
Its fair front on my banks shall show,
Where high thou'lt sit, at cost but low.

For lo! thy friend that PALMER stayed,
Hath a front by him ready-made,
INIGO JONES'S—that, for thee,
Unto STREET'S body tacked shall be.

A site, with access for JOHN BULL,
To leave thee, shorn, or bring thee wool;
With air and light, thy scales to hold,
That weigh Law's brass with Right's pure gold.

Smokeless, the Temple Garden studs,
For me, its green with pompon buds—

And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come build by me, and be my love!

Leave foul and frowsy Carey Street,
For bills to flare and cats to meet;
To other tenants sold, not thee,
That site, like its supporters, be!

The Temple swains will dance and sing,
If to my banks thy halls thou bring:
Then from dull Lincoln's Inn remove,
And build by me, and be my love!

LEGAL PANIC.

ONE Supreme Court! Law and Equity to mean the same! All suits to begin in one Court! No more quibbles over mistakes! Real Justice! Such are the grand features of the Report on Judicature, made by the highest legal authorities. The news is too frightful to be treated lightly. Numbers of the profession are, we hear, studying the last passages in the life of ANITHOPHEL. But let them not be hasty. There is another chapter, called the Chapter of Accidents, that has been very consolatory to the afflicted. As SIR WALTER says, "It's a beautiful thing to think how long and how carefully justice is considered over,"—especially how long. Don't let them imitate ANITHOPHEL, beyond "saddling their asses"—clients, we mean. There's no hurry for either the legislative, or what FARADAY would call the induced boon to the nation.

Scotland Yard.

POLICE NOTICE.

THE Public are cautioned to be forbearing to the Police, who are unavoidably irritable while their Beards are in stubble. BY ORDER.



THAMES TO THEMIS.

“COME BUILD BY ME, AND BE MY LOVE.” (After MARLOWE.)

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.—THE JOLLY OLD COCK AGAIN—GOOSEY—LADY LYNX—HER MANAGEMENT—MR. RABYT—MISS GUINEA PIGG—MISS WEASEL—SIR GUY FOX—SERGEANT TURKEY.

OLD BARNDOR, the Jolly Old Cock, was there, hearty and honest as ever. GOOSEY was somewhat troubled in his mind as to what his parent's reception of him would be, seeing that, on their last parting, he, GOOSEY, had, so to speak, been kicked out of doors. To see Old BARNDOR salute his son in his heartiest manner, was, as LADY LYNX observed, really quite touching; and then how courteous and pleasant he was with Miss IDA DRAKE, in whom he had then no idea that he was welcoming a future daughter-in-law. But LADY LYNX saw it all, knew it all, every bit of it, better than we did, who were, to a certain extent, in the secret.

LADY LYNX having disposed of her own encumbrances to advantage, undertakes matrimonial speculations for friends, as it were, on commission. No one who knows her Ladyship would urge, for a moment, that marriages are made in Heaven; unless he were inclined to flattery, when an explanatory addition could be made to this effect: "Or in your Ladyship's drawing-room, which is the same thing." If such speculations were a thoroughly recognised business, then on LADY LYNX's cards would be inscribed, "Matrimonial Promoter. Managing Directress of the Holy Alliance Company. Unlimited."

How many excellent matches has not this enterprising woman made! Of how much misery has she not been the cause!

Misery! Bah! That's *their* affair: not hers. She brings them together. She introduces MISTER RABYT to MISS GUINEA PIGG, the Scotch heiress, *gauche* and gawky, with red hair and an irritable nose; she brings them together, throws them together, leaves them together, drops hints of RABYT's passion for Miss PIGG, and regrets that she (LADY LYNX) having been made the *confidante* of RABYT's secret, cannot betray him to *her*; though—And here she will break off and exclaim that she wonders how some people can be so blind. Then she gives Miss PIGG a little smart kiss on the forehead, and two little good-natured taps with her fan on her arm, just as the servant enters announcing "MR. RABYT."

"How curious are these coincidences! We were only this moment speaking of you." And here my Lady casts a significant glance at MR. RABYT, who utterly fails in an attempt to appear at his ease; while Miss PIGG, in shaking hands with the visitor, can hardly trust herself to throw her large eyes up at him, lest he should then and there go down on his knees on one of the large flowers in the pattern of the carpet, and make an impassioned declaration.

If MR. RABYT, aged twenty-two and with plenty of money ("Money clings to money," says LADY LYNX) is led to propose to the Scotch heiress with a Jamaican fortune, well, they deliver themselves to each other of their own will, by their own act and deed. Cupid lights a hymeneal torch, and, being a universal lamplighter, has to run off, ladder and all, to the next post, and thence to the next street. If there's a poor supply of oil, out goes the lamp. It is hard to blame LADY LYNX in such instances: yet they do. The parties themselves blame her, and wish they'd never entered the Dowager's drawing-room, or been placed under her chaperonage.

She knows this—no one better. "But, my dear," she says, quietly nodding her head, "they come to me in their difficulties." And, assuredly, many a domestic rent has this invaluable woman patched up. Aristocratic clothes-carts, with baskets crammed full of dirty linen, are driven up to the Lynx laundry, where the washing and cleaning is carried on with the greatest possible secrecy.

When LADY LYNX chats with you (she is delightfully chatty), she merely indicates her knowledge of a scandal here and there, as baits to draw you out, and discover what *you* may know about the affair, whatever it is. She took up Miss WEASEL, a very wide-awake young lady, without a fraction of a consol in her possession, and married her to SIR GUY FOX, the Catholic baronet, of ancient lineage, with one of the finest estates in England, which he had some idea of giving up to his brother and entering into the ecclesiastical state, had it not been that while he was debating the subject with himself, he paid a visit to his cousin, LORD ST. REYNARD'S, where LADY LYNX came, bringing as her companion Miss WEASEL, who, professing intense dissent from the baronet's religious opinions, showed an under-current of inclination towards being converted to the tenets of his faith.

"Catch Miss WEASEL fast asleep," said her Ladyship, playfully, to SIR GUY, "and win a pair of gloves of her." And the guileless baronet did it too.

When Miss WEASEL became LADY FOX, her kind friend, LADY LYNX, "who had been a second mother to her," (her first being in a very humble sphere of life, and kept judiciously in the background,) was always gushingly welcomed at Holecastle, SIR GUY'S seat, which had been in the Fox family for centuries. But, after a time, a coldness grew up between them, and when, in two years' time, little GUY was born, the Old Fairy didn't receive her invitation to the christening.

She did not arrive, however, in a chariot drawn by dragons, and did not prophesy any ill to the child. She only said in confidence to LADY DODO, "NELLY WEASEL will want me one of these days. I know her. I am told SIR GUY is very devout, and is giving up all balls and parties. She is not made for a dull life. They tell me LORD MOTH has been staying at Holecastle lately."

LADY LYNX could have pointed out to OLD BARNDOR the Little Duck as his daughter-in-law, with the very time and place of the proposal that evening, had it served her purpose to notice such small game.

Within a week the DORMOUSES, in whose family you may remember Miss DRAKE was governess, knew all about it, and communicated with the REV. MR. DRAKE, her father, in the country. Then GOOSEY had to go through the ordeal of a visit to the Jolly Old Cock, when that amiable old gentleman told him that he was throwing himself away, that he had expected, from the society in which he had seen him, he would have made a good match, and more to the same old purpose, finishing by condemning himself, in a most Christian spirit, to a fate worse than that of *Hamlet's* father's ghost, if he should ever allow one sixpence to a son who was so blankedly ungrateful.

The fact was, he wanted all the sixpences which should in time have come to GOOSEY, for his own present use and benefit; and what more natural reason for his own justification in this matter could there be, than the unfilial conduct of his son? For, as every one, who knew OLD BARNDOR'S parties and dinners, concluded, "There *must* be something wrong in a lad who could behave badly to such a kind, good, Jolly Old Cock as that."

The above interview with the parent bird was, as I have said, a week or more after this party at the MACAWS, but it was here that he politely yielded his place at the supper table to a portly, middle-aged gentleman, with whom he fell into conversation, and to whom he was subsequently introduced by Mr. DORMOUSE Senior, when, to poor GOOSEY'S dismay, he found he had been discussing legal points with the great SERJEANT TURKEY himself, whose name as a Quarter Session Judge, is a terror to prisoners, and whose presence is an ornament to any bench of magistrates.

(To be Continued.)

SISTERS-IN-LOVE v. SISTERS-IN-LAW.

"The announcement of the majority of 99 for Second Reading of the Bill (for Legalising Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister) was followed by rattling of fans, clapping of hands, and something very like cheering behind the lattice of the ladies' cage."—*Parliamentary Report.*

WHEN TOM CHAMBERS and BRIGHT, with unhallowed delight,
Broke the barriers 'twixt husband and sister-in-law,
Behind the cage bars, in LORD CHARLES'S* despite,
Fans rattled, sounds rose 'twixt "hear, hear!" and "haw, haw!"

Were those earthly fans in live hands that so rattled?
Came that eldritch laugh from live feminine throats?
Or was't bodiless spirits that giggled and prattled
Their delight in those speeches, their joy in those votes?

Were they ghosts of dead wives, smart of old raws diverting
With the thought of this new matrimonial blister,—
Of a wife, with the mission at once of asserting
The rights of her sex, and the wrongs of her sister?

Were they ghosts of wives' sisters, who wed in their life-times
Cared neither for status nor statutes a straw;
Now exulting in prospect of legalised wife-times,
For sisters-in-love who are sisters-in-law?

Be those sounds from live women or spirits of dead ones,
Woman *has* made her voice heard in Parliament's halls;
And the gain of one mother-in-law for two dread ones,
Must be set 'gainst the chances of sisterly squalls.

* LORD CHARLES RUSSELL, the Sergeant-at-Arms.

A Wonderful Feat in High Art for Lowe.

(Subject for a Grand Cartoon in the *Salle des Pas Perdus* of the New Law Courts.)

As a Pendant to SAMSON carrying off the Gates of Gaza—BOB LOWE with INIGO JONES'S front upon his back!

Too Vague.

At the last meeting of the Geographical Society a paper was read giving an account of a "Journey through the Afar Country." There are so many countries which are "afar" interesting to geographers, that a rather more precise indication of the particular region meant might, perhaps, have been desirable.



THE SECRET OF DELICATE APPETITES.

SCENE—A Lady's Boudoir on a Wet Afternoon.

Ellen (with the plum-cake). "AREN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE ANY MORE TEA, KITTY? THERE IS NEARLY AN HOUR BEFORE DINNER!"

THE CENTENARY OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

LETTER OF THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

(BY TELEGRAPH.)

(From our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, APRIL 27.

The *Journal Officiel*, only published very late this morning, contains the following letter from the EMPEROR to M. ROUHER:—

M. le Ministre,—On the 15th of August next it will be a hundred years since the EMPEROR NAPOLEON was born.

This fact, M. le Ministre, is incontestible, if the major contains the minor. My respected Uncle was born in 1768.

But, out of his adoration for France, he was pleased to advance the date of his birth. He was a Corsican, and his native island did not belong to us until he was a year old. Great and noble being, who could thus sacrifice his swaddling clothes on the altar of glory, and make himself a Frenchman in defiance of Providence! A lie, baptised by genius, is a holier thing than a vulgar truth.

During that long time plenty of ruins have been made, but the great figure of NAPOLEON has remained up-standing. It has been occasionally removed from Arches of Triumph, columns, and the like, when France foolishly and madly got weary of Napoleonism, but it has been replaced, for the present.

To celebrate what we will designate the centenary of the birth of the man who called France the Great Nation because he developed in her those masculine virtues upon which empires are founded, is to me a sacred duty, in which the whole country will willingly assist.

For those cavillers who pretend that France was a Great Nation, and was so called by Europe, centuries before my respected and Corsican Uncle was heard of, I have no reply but disdain. That France had valiant and meritorious Kings in old days it is impossible to deny, seeing that the Revolution which brought up my Uncle kicked their skulls about the churches in which they had been laid by the piety of

Frenchmen. But who thinks of the stars of night when the dawning sun breaks forth in splendour?

Others assert that my respected and Corsican Uncle was a Failure, even in the single art which he understood, that of slaughter. They pretend that he was beaten out of Russia, beaten out of Egypt, beaten out of Spain, whence a hook-nosed aristocrat had the insolence to follow a flying French army into France itself. Finally, they affirm that he completed the list of his Failures at Waterloo, and that though his life was contemptuously spared, he died in transportation. Such reminiscences are abominable, and an abuse of memory, and I scorn to deal with them. But to recall grand historical memories is to strengthen faith in the future—to do homage to the memory of great men is to recognise the most brilliant manifestations of the Divine will.

I will not dwell upon my own superiority to my respected Uncle. He was Emperor only from 1804 to 1815, with an interval, whereas I have been Emperor from 1852 to 1869. *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*

Let us hold a JUBILEE in honour of my Uncle's alleged birthday.

That it may be pleasant to everybody, let us increase our national expenditure by several millions of francs. Let us not waste them, however, upon the starving Schoolmasters of France (whose clamours are offensive, and who ought to console themselves in their penury with noble and elevated thoughts of their sacred mission), but let us give them to old soldiers who shared the defeats of my respected Uncle.

I deplore the fact that though Frenchmen affect to be as alive as ever to a sense of the glory of France, and would be as prompt as ever to rush to war were her honour attacked, they are stupidly blind to the fact that there can be neither honour nor glory without Napoleonism. They hiss the war-songs that delighted their fathers, they laugh in the theatres at military sentiments that of old drove them to fever. Those pestiferous journals preach peace, and goodwill, and commerce, and dwell on the hatefulness of the conscription, which they say drags the flower of our youth to a useless life, or a bloody death. How can one argue with such materialists, or kindle the true flame in their stony bosoms? Still, we will do what we can.

I hear, with disgust not easily clothed in words, that the objectionable

BISMARCK, having an inkling of my intentions, is about to carry a Bill in the so-called Prussian Parliament (how different from our frank and free Legislative Assembly!) for providing pensions for the surviving Prussian volunteers of 1813. This is, of course, a challenge. *Nous verrons.*

Prepare the Bill for the new military expenditure, and let the proper officials make an example of all who must be intended by Providence to be destroyed, seeing that they are already driven so mad as to refuse homage to the manes of my respected Uncle.

With this, M. le Ministre, I pray, &c., &c., &c.]

NAPOLÉON.



FOREIGN NOTES.

"The Cuckoo has already been heard in our neighbourhood, her welcome notes bearing testimony to the extraordinary mildness of the season."—*Extract from Daily Paper.*

YES! AND THE CUCKOO WISHES SHE HAD NOT BEEN SUCH A FOOL; FOR WITH A SEVERE COLD IN HER HEAD, HER WELCOME NOTE IS CHANGED TO CUCK-A-TCHEW! CUCK-A-TCHEW!

THE BEST POSSIBLE INSTRUCTOR.

Of course the *Daily Telegraph* knows all about it, when it tells us, *à propos* of the execution of SHEWARD and the reprieve of WILTSHIRE,

"The sad fact is, that reprieves are mere chance-medley. The Home Secretaries are overwhelmed with work; they do the best they can, by the help of certain rough-and-ready rules; until, after one or two exercises of clemency, the irresponsible balances which they hold tilt up, at the touch of fancy or a dogged opinion, and the culprit who happens then to 'lie for execution' 'draws a blank' in the Home Office Lottery."

Shallow people, who do not draw their opinions fresh and fresh from the lips of our contemporary, might be apt to think that the HOME SECRETARY, who usually combines the qualifications of lawyer and statesman, in exercising so solemn a function as that of dispenser of the mercy which is one of the prerogatives of the Crown, would be likely to act under a grave sense of responsibility—to weigh the reasons which have to decide the momentous issue of life or death, carefully and anxiously,—to proceed, in short, in a way as unlike "chance-medley," or the guidance of "rough and ready rules" as can well be imagined.

The leading-article writer in the *D. T.* knows better. He has watched the Home Office Secretarial Staff, Private, Parliamentary, and Permanent, at their little game of tossing for "Life or Death," like the group of street urchins at their game of "Heads or Tails" in HOGARTH'S picture of the Idle Apprentice. He has seen Sportive Fancy, and Dogged Opinion,—like Sin and Death at their diceing, in the *Ancient Mariner*—tipping up the irresponsible balances kept in

Whitehall for weighing Guilt and Innocence. He has stood by while the convicts "lying for execution" were dipping into the Whitehall "lucky bag" for their chance of a reprieve, like Cockneys round a Wheel of Fortune at Ramsgate.

When one reflects on the probabilities of the case, by the light of what one knows of the station, education, and training of English statesmen, the feelings which are likely to guide them, the influences they habitually act under, and their liability to answer for their acts in the House of Commons as well as *in foro conscientie*, it is impossible not to be convinced that the *D. T.* is in the right on this matter as on all others, and that we cannot do better than accept its conclusions,—till we are forced to correct them by the help of the HOME SECRETARY'S straightforward answer to a plain question put to him in Parliament.

NECROMANCY, OR NONSENSE?

(Aid to investigation. Dedicated to the Dialectical Society.)

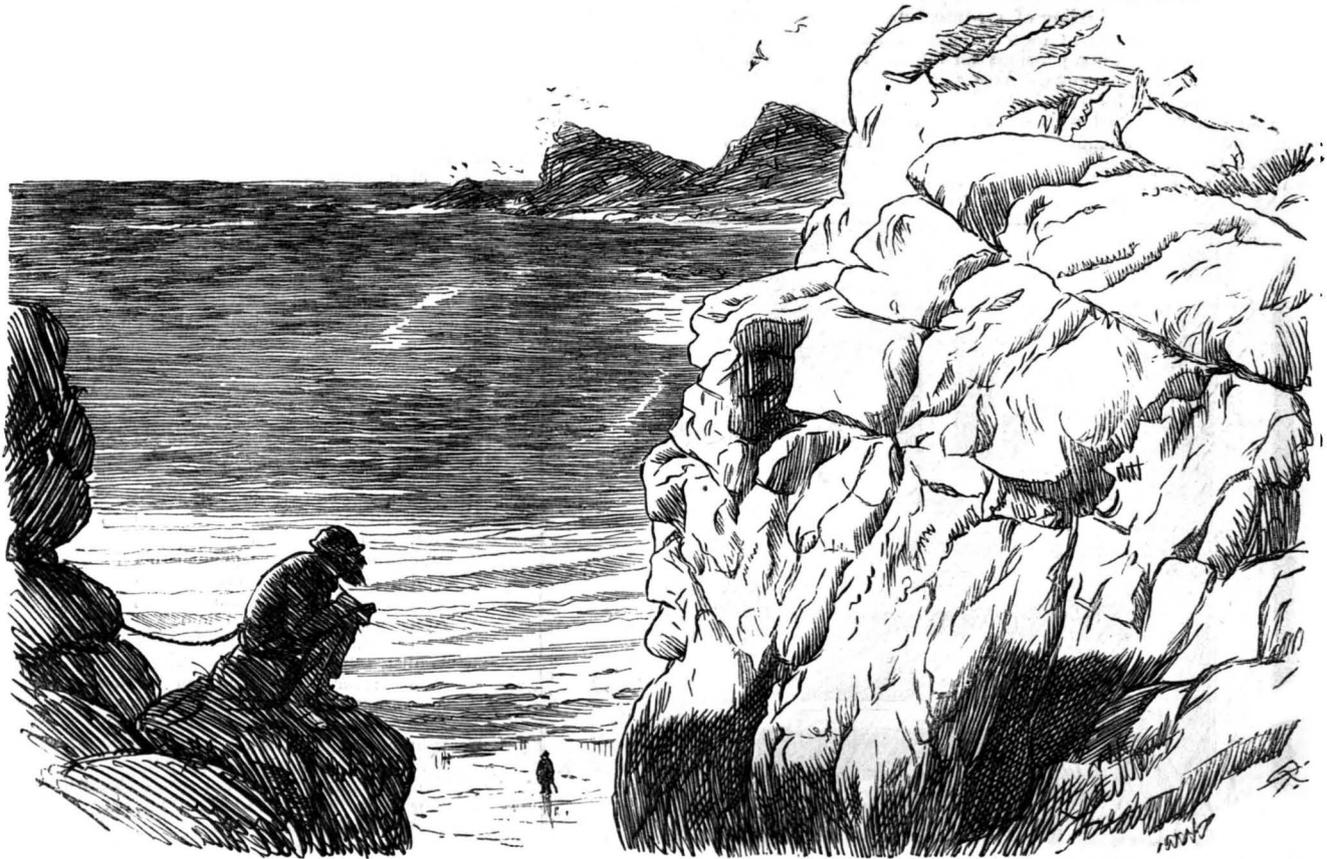
SPIRITS, who are not only able,
Through MR. HOME, to move a table,
But also lift himself in air,
Maintain him long suspended there,
And float him in and out of casement,
To gazer's horror and amazement,
Assist him a live coal to hold,
And place in hands which feel it cold,
Whilst, touched, another hand it burns,
Who stretch and shorten him by turns
A foot and more above his stature,
As much below his height by nature;
Who make him do what MICHAEL SCOTT,
With all his gramarye, could not,
Things which with wonder would exhaust us
More than the deeds of DR. FAUSTUS,
Facts if a Barrister-at-law
Did see, which facts he says he saw;
And if those facts had a foundation
Outside of his imagination—
Now listen to an invocation:—
Say, Spirits of departed folk,
You can, or HOWITT is a moke,
Lares, Penates, Lemures,
Or Poltergeist—what you please—
Why did you to your HOME prove lacking
In time of need? Call you that backing
Your friends, to keep yourselves aloof
Just when their credit wants your proof?
When LYON *versus* HOME was tried,
Why were you not at DANIEL'S side?
You might have proved, by demonstration
In open Court, his "levitation."
When Counsel him did cross-examine
You might have shown yourselves no sham, in
Whisking JAMES, Q.C.'s wig off, or
The wig of the Vice-Chancellor.
And yet so much you did not, then,
As scribble with his Honour's pen.
Or even knock, with unseen blows,
Upon the desk beneath his nose.
Come now, will you a sign afford
To *Punch*, when at his festive board,
Your presence at that board revealing
By hoisting it unto the ceiling?
Nay, raise it but an inch or two—
To satisfy him that will do.
What can you not, for his conviction,
Give him one rap? Your name is FICTION.

NOTICE TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"EDWARD" has been misinformed by the buffoon who told him that Spanish interests are represented in Parliament by the O'CONNOR DON.

TOO FAST.—What is "an Improved Driving Clock?" Is it a companion to a Hunting Watch?

THE REV. BENJAMIN SPEKE is going to be married, they say. Is it to be a run-away match?



OUR ADVENTUROUS ARTIST,

SKETCHING ON THE CORNISH COAST, AND WHO HAS TAKEN PRECAUTIONS AGAINST SLIPPING OVER THE ROCKS, IS SEEN, FROM BELOW, BY THE LEARNED GERMAN PROFESSOR LONGBAUER, AND MADE THE MOST OF IN HIS "TRAVELS," AS AN INSTANCE OF THE CRUEL TREATMENT OF THEIR POLITICAL PRISONERS BY THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT!

VOLUNTEERS! ATTENTION!

GENTLEMEN, you have got it at last. Do you see what SIR HOPE GRANT, a veteran General, says about you:—

"IN MY OPINION THIS FORCE CANNOT BE REALLY SERVICEABLE IF IT BE NOT PLACED, WHILE UNDER ARMS, UNDER SOME MORE STRINGENT MILITARY CONTROL. SUCH A LARGE BODY OF ARMED MEN NOT AMENABLE TO ANY MILITARY DISCIPLINE MIGHT BE THE CAUSE OF VERY SERIOUS EMBARRASSMENT."

He tells you only, my brave boys, what you yourselves knew, but he has now told it to the public, which is very ignorant and very good-natured, and admires your pluck, and your uniforms, and thinks that really you do very well, considering. Come, this sort of thing must not go on any longer. Meet, choose a small body of representatives, who shall have power to bind you, and let them go down to the Horse Guards, and demand proper officers. The details may easily be settled, if you are in earnest. And if you are not in earnest, after SIR HOPE GRANT'S declaration, you may play at soldiers until you are tired. But you'll do nothing of the kind, my Household Guard—you'll choose your men, and send them to my friend GEORGE at the Horse Guards. He has promised to do what is right, and he means it. Come, elect.

85, Fleet Street.

PUNCH.

A New Creature.

THERE is a book called the *Adventures of a Bric-a-Brac Hunter*. Will some fellow of the Zoological Society have the kindness to inform "An Ignoramus" what sort of an animal the "bric-a-brac" is, and in what country the curiosity is found, and whether one can be seen in the Society's Gardens?

SOMETHING WRONG.

THE Seasons, we are often told, are changing and interfering with each other, but now the months also are getting into confusion, "May Meetings" being openly held in April.

A CREDIT TO CAMBRIDGE.

STUPID indeed, one would think, must be that constituency which sent to the House of Commons a representative capable of uttering the internecine arguments which follow:—

"Much had been made of the expression in Leviticus that a man was not allowed to marry the sister of his wife during the life of the latter, but many eminent Hebrew scholars were of opinion that in this, and in a number of other instances, the Hebrew word 'sister' merely meant 'woman.' It must not, however, be forgotten that the Jewish system exhibited a rudimentary and imperfect code of morality compared with Christianity. A system which tolerated polygamy could not be regarded in the same light with the religion of the Gospel."

How, if the Hebrew word "sister" in Leviticus merely meant "woman" could the "Jewish system" tolerate polygamy any more than pork? The reasoning which provokes this obvious question occurs in a speech reported in the *Times* as that of MR. BERESFORD HOPE, who actually represents the University of Cambridge!

"Hot-Water Apparatus for Heating Churches."

WE have received a long list of testimonials to the merits of MESSRS. BLANK & Co.'s contrivance for this purpose. But read the articles in the Church-Union organs and the *Record*, and the speeches at the Dublin Church Conference, and then say what can equal Ritualism and Dis-establishment, as a "Hot-Water Apparatus for Heating Churches"?

PSYCHOLOGICAL.

THE state of mind that man is in who risks largely in a lottery, and does not draw a prize, may be described as Blank Despair.

AN EXTRA OPERA KNIGHT.—SIR MICHAEL COSTA.



REAL BENEVOLENCE.

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH HAVING LEARNT, TO HIS GREAT SURPRISE, THAT THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF BEAUTIFUL PICTURES, BY ENGLISH ARTISTS, EXCLUDED THIS YEAR FROM THE R.A. EXHIBITION FOR WANT OF SPACE, OFFERED TO LEND THE GREATER PART OF THE FRAME OF HIS FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT, AS THE USUAL CURTAIN, PILLAR, INESTAND, OPEN LETTER, GLOVES, AND COCKED-HAT COULD BE SEEN IN SEVERAL OTHER WORKS IN THE ROOM.

CHIGNONS AND CONFIRMATION.

YOUNG Ladies, your attention if you please to this appalling intelligence:—

“It is said that the BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY has refused to confirm young ladies adorning themselves with borrowed tresses.”

The term “borrowed tresses” is an euphemistic phrase, which means in plainer language hair that has been grown upon another head than the one which now is wearing it. Girls who buy this borrowed hair, for the purpose of adornment, are like the jackdaw that went strutting in the peacock’s left-off plumes. They cheat the eye by seeming prettier and more comely—a wag would say more comely—than they naturally are; and a Bishop is quite justified in declining to confirm them while they practise this deception, or else it might be hinted that they were confirmed offenders.

DISRAELI’S PARTY.

AIR—“*Hans Breitmann gife a party.*”

DISRAELI made a party;
What right had they to frown,
If he did it on the principles
In *Vivian Grey* laid down?
If a tool to ope his oyster;
In Toryism he saw,
And in the Tory peelage,
A collective Carabas?

DISRAELI gave his party
Much pleasure I’ll be bound,
When in PEEL he thrust his dagger,
And turned it round and round:
When he backed up LORD GEORGE BENTINCK
In his figures and his facts;
Out of place, resisted reason;
In place, accepted facts.

DISRAELI used his party,
As his stepping-stone to place;
No more scruple in his conscience,
Than passion in his face;
And climbed, and still climbed higher,
And with flap-doodle fed,
Their follies whom he flattered,
And their foibles whom he led.

DISRAELI taught his party—
(And they were not slow to learn),
There never yet was principle
But inside out ’twould turn.
That what’s a lie in Whig mouths
In Tory mouths is true:
And Household Suffrage always
Was a genuine Tory view.

DISRAELI led his party,
Two several times to power:
To raise the cost of ruling,
Its character to lower.
Now of ape and now of angel
The part so well did play,
As to perplex plain Tories,
And drive able ones away.

DISRAELI had a party—
Where is that party now?
Like sheep without a shepherd,
Queered where to turn or how.
Yearning for SALISBURY’S courage,
Or PEEL’S blunt sense of right;
Or following HARDY’S banner,
Straight-forward—from the light.

COMFORT IN PARIS.

DESCRIBING a fashionable residence in Paris, a New York Correspondent states that the chief bed-room is “extremely comfortable,” having—

“In one corner a piano, on which old masters are played for private enjoyment.”

Tastes differ, we all know, and what in Paris is thought comfortable, in England may be deemed to be exactly the reverse. Fond as we are of music, we should never dream of putting a piano in our bed-room. Fancy the delight of being waked in these light mornings about four o’clock, A.M., by one’s wife playing the old masters for her private enjoyment! Why, it would be actually worse than the Waits!

“*Motley’s your Only Wear.*”

MR. MOTLEY is coming. America in the person of REVERDY JOHNSON, has had enough of dinners. MR. MOTLEY comes in for getting her desserts.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, April 26. The Lords had what our old friend RABELAIS would have called a jolly little great debate. Well, we do not insist upon its jollity, save that all rows are conversationally said to have that quality. But it was little: also great. Some Conservative Lords, and one remarkable Lord who hath been in his time a Liberal, and something more, were minded, mark you, to make it clear unto the promoters of the Irish Church Bill that the measure need not indulge itself with any hopes of an affectionate reception up aloft. And before dinner, which must have been eaten about nine o'clock, the amiable intention had been carried out with a vigour worthy of a better cause.

Firstly, did LORDS LISMORE, BATH, CAIRNS, and MALMESBURY make strong, but not too strong reference to the Tipperary murders. They insisted that Government ought to say whether repressive measures were not to be adopted. This was all right. But it was a good deal less right (when LORD GRANVILLE said that the LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND had telegraphed to beg that the question might not be pressed) to try to pin the Ministers to a date for giving information. LORD SPENCER is minding his business, and part of it is not to let the assassins or their Fenian or priestly sympathisers know what he is going to do.

But, the drama having begun with a dark scene, its tone was preserved. Nominally discussing LORD CLANRICARDE'S Bill, the Opposition Lords endeavoured to show that the disaffected state of Ireland was due to Anti-Church agitation, that Government had unsettled opinion on the rights of property, that Irish land would become unmarketable, and that the peasantry fully believed that MR. GLADSTONE, in return for election support, meant "to give them the land." These pleasing utterances were varied by quotations from MR. BRIGHT—whom LORD DUFFERIN cleverly defended, and from MR. BRUCE, the only drawback to the effectiveness of these second citations being the trifling fact that the HOME SECRETARY had never said the things imputed to him.

DUKE OF ARGYLL, indignant, told the Opposition plainly that in pretending to be impatient to settle the land question, they were manifesting their hate for the Irish Church Bill. He was too angry, however, to enforce this palpable truth with effect, and the practised advocate, LORD CAIRNS, amplified over him with some success.

But it was for LORD WESTBURY'S speech that we all looked, and he was serene and defiant. If the Government had a land scheme, we ought to know something about it. Most important was the question of fixity of tenure. Unless the Ministers had views thereon, they ought not to have unsettled the question of ecclesiastical tenure. As for the Church Bill, we had been told that we must accept or reject it. Just so. But was there not a third course? The pacification of Ireland being the sole pretext on which such a measure was pressed, could we not postpone it until we had the whole Pacification scheme before us? Well asked, thought the Opposition Lords, who began to discover that the once dreadful LORD WESTBURY, Bishops' Demon of the Privy Council and annihilator of other demons, had much goodness and wisdom in him. LORD GRANVILLE did not say what he thought, but we shall hear at fitting time. He says he talks slip-slop, but nobody talks better.

LORD CLANRICARDE, graciously assuming that Ministers had promised that their Land Bill should not be destructive of the rights of property—this must be a great comfort to us all—postponed Committee on his Bill till the 25th May.

In the Commons we went on, undaunted, with the said Irish Church Bill, and MR. DISRAELI (recovered) made a smart speech, in which he set forth that the gracious and generous Bill which had been promised in the autumn had been made a sweeping and severe one. The PREMIER replied that it was as G. and G. as it could be, but such a measure must also be S. and S. But he assented to some minor amendments suggested by MR. DISRAELI.

Then we had a goodish fight. The Government had proposed that Twelve Irish Churches—we mean actual edifices—should be preserved as national monuments, and that the Future Church—we mean ECCLESIA—should be paid to keep them up. But it is thought that this is a sort of homage to the Protestant Church, so the clause was struck out. Did not certain Protestants rage, and declare that this was a concession to the Papists, made at the command of CARDINAL CULLEN? However, majority 100 settled that matter.

Then there was a Glebe Houses wrangle, in the course of which SIR HERVEY BRUCE politely observed that the observations of MR. GLADSTONE were disingenuous, even for him. Of course he apologised on demand, but scarcely mended the affair by saying that he really did not know in what words to express his meaning.

Tuesday. The Lords read a Second Time, and without a division, EARL RUSSELL'S Bill for enabling the QUEEN to make Life Peers. LORD DERBY, however, signified that Peers ought to be men of great estate, and that it should be expounded in the patents of the new class that they accepted such a rank because they had not the means of

founding a family. EARL RUSSELL, in defending his Bill, said that JOHN LOCKE would have made a good peer, and that JOHN MILTON was equal in business talents to LORD MALMESBURY, with the additional advantage of having written *Paradise Lost*. It was also agreed to consider the process of making Scotch and Irish Representative Peers. And in the course of the debate the DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH "repelled with scorn and indignation" an imputation that had not been made. Good melodrama, banished from the stage, takes refuge in the Senate.

Took his seat in the Commons LORD HYDE (son of LORD CLAREN- DON) the new Member for Brecon. Ha! *Punch* has mentioned this young noble before, but it was a very long time back, and when he was a very young noble. One who singeth no more sang the wail of a loving footman in the service of LORD CLAREN- DON, then leaving Ireland, and taking with him his family and maidens—

"And little LORD HYDE, and the Chewtor,
And what will I do
Without you,
O MEARY, with eyes of the blue."

MR. LAYARD re-stated MR. LOWE'S plan for the New Palace of Justice, the Home of Themis, or whatever else we are to call it. Government resolves that it shall not be on the Carey Street site, and shall be on the Howard Street site. All the judges, except one who had not been consulted, were stated to approve the change.

The young Minister, MR. TREVELYAN, won his spurs by a speech introducing a Bill for the reform of Greenwich Hospital. All the old salts are to be sent away with pensions to be spent where they like, except those who require the shelter of an infirmary, and these are to be sent to Haslar and elsewhere. The present infirmary is to be given to the Dreadnought hospital. Government has not made up its mind what to do with INIGO JONES'S grand building. The merchant seamen who have contributed their sixpences for ten years are to have £4000 a-year among them—they have long complained of being wronged, and have been answered that the fleet protected the navigation by which they lived. This shows the advantage of going on grumbling.

Scotch game seems a grievance, but landlords can get such enormous rents from rich Englishmen who like sporting, that the tenants have not been listened to. However, something is to be done now. While the legislation is on, could not a clause be put in for hanging the man who murders an eagle? How could SIR EDWIN have painted *that* picture, if all the eagles had been murdered, as they will be a precious time before we have another LANDSEER?

A most particularly objectionable debate was raised by MR. NEW-DEGATE over the alleged confession of O'FARRELL, the Fenian who sought to slay the DUKE OF EDINBURGH. Ministers very properly refused to make the House a party to publishing such ribald trash. And a Bill for dealing with the abominable Beershops, which demoralise more clowns than can be counted, made progress.

Wednesday. A Bill for improving the method of taking Evidence in the Divorce Courts was read a Second Time, on MR. DENMAN'S motion. LORD PENZANCE approves it, which is one thing in its favour, and another is that it is a further step towards getting rid of the idiotic rule of law, defended only by lawyers and therefore *primâ facie* wrong, which prevents a Judge from asking for information from the very person who best knows the facts.

Thursday. Another and another Irish murder. The desire of Members to know that the Government is doing something, cannot be blamed. The Irish Secretary stated that the executive would proceed with the utmost vigour, but deprecated the entering into details. There is a Ruffian called the Mayor of Cork, who has presided at a dinner to two of the released Fenian convicts, and who eulogised O'FARRELL, who wounded the DUKE OF EDINBURGH. MR. GLADSTONE said that the fellow's language could not be too severely condemned. Is there no loyal and strong-armed Catholic gentleman in Cork who will take a hunting-whip, and handle this Mayor as the Greeks handled SOSTHENES—while GALLIO smiled?

Irish Church Bill all night. Government insisted that the Glebe Houses should be paid for. MR. MOORE, a zealous Catholic, was for giving them up freely to the Protestant clergy, but MR. O'REILLY, understood to speak for the Catholic hierarchy, would not assent to this. Majority for MR. GLADSTONE, 91. Then, after an interesting historical speech from MR. DISRAELI, who desired that the date of the private endowments, to be retained by the Church, should be put back from 1660, "to the Flood" said MR. GLADSTONE, "to 1560" said MR. HARDY, a majority of 86 supported the Government date. Practically, the Church will not lose much by the decision—the diverting thing is to see a theologico-historical era settled off-hand by an assembly a fraction of whom probably may know the difference between an USHER who was an Archbishop and the Usher of the Black Rod. MR. CHAPLIN, hitherto chiefly known on the turf, made an excellent maiden speech (on the Opposition side), on which he was gracefully congratulated by the PREMIER, whose praise is worth having.

Friday. Both Houses were occupied with debate on the State of

Ireland, and there was much bitterness of incrimination and recrimination. The Church Bill was laid aside in the Commons that the Ministry might be assailed. GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, STANLEY, CLAUD HAMILTON were among the Combatants. It was a good night—to have an order for the Gallery.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

For Social Gardening: adapted to Practical Cultivators in Belgravia, Mayfair, &c.



ALL the winter months you will, during your stay at various Country houses, have taken care to prepare the grounds for the seeds of innocent flirtations.

March.—Sow in time for the London season.

Beware of late frosts.

Confirmed bachelors, or confirmed married men, may now set about destroying weeds. The simplest process that we can recommend is to cut off the thin end, and having inserted it in your mouth, light the other end with any inodorous match: inhale and

exhale the smoke. Thus the weed will be gradually destroyed; and with the assistance of a few friends thousands may be got rid of in the same way.

Box.—*To Ladies.* Box in all gardening operations is merely used as an ornamental border. The best for the purpose of setting off colours is the Opera-box: then the Theatre-box. Any box on the Grand Stand at Epsom or Ascot will well repay whatever trouble it may have cost a careful mother with three eligible daughters.

City men may cultivate stocks with a view to future operations.

April.—Ladies can now make cuttings. In Hyde Park, in the Row, in the Hottest Houses, a cutting is easily made, and the objectionable person disposed of for the remainder of the season.

Now is a good time to transplant affections. In all such operations you must treat them as you would early peas, and look well to the Stakes.

*** In ordinary gardening, the proverb that "as you make your bed so you must lie on it," does not apply. The gardener, who was found lying on his bed after he had made it, would be immediately dismissed.

May.—*For Gentlemen.* Now is the time for a good crop. One shilling to your hairdresser will do it.

A good deal of careful and judicious dressing is required morning and evening. About this period wallflowers come into bloom; they are to be effectively trained in rows, on landings, in ante-rooms, and up the staircases, of Mansions and Hot Houses during the Ball-giving season.

To Ladies for the Toilette Table. Pot-out rouge, and blonde de perle. Be careful about Bella Donna and Indian ink. Trust in Cupid and keep your powder dry: also a powder-puff in your pocket.

Bettering the Instruction.

THE London Stereoscopic Company announces that its Pompeian Studio is peculiarly adapted for taking Portraits of Gentlemen on their own Velocipedes.

The enterprising photographer, near Westminster Bridge, the polite attentions of whose "touter" all who pass that way must acknowledge, has improved on the brilliant idea of the Stereoscopic Company. He announces his "Assyrian Studio, peculiarly adapted for taking Portraits of Costermongers on their own Mokes."

RIDDLE. (BY THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.)

WHY should all Steamboat Smoke be suppressed? Because it's an in-funnel nuisance.

SOLD AT COVENT GARDEN.

(BY A VICTIM.)

THE Opera troop, last Monday week,
Robert the Devil were to do.
I took a place to my own cheek,
And other places I took two.
Observe, I took our tickets late,
The time Four Thirty. When I took
Those tickets, also let me state,
I at the same time bought a Book.

The Book was, at Four Thirty, mind,
Roberto, and *Roberto*, still,
To TITIENS with her part assigned,
Stood posted then in every bill.
But when I came to claim my seat,
Roberto from the bill had fled.
And there, to my disgust complete,
Il Trovatore was instead!

Old Boots *Il Trovatore* take!
Dashed may *Il Trovatore* be!
I forked out for *Roberto's* sake.
Il Trovatore hang for me!
I paid my price for MEYERBEER;
To get my money's worth I fail:
Get swipes for stingo, and a mere
Allowance of your smallest ale.

To keep engagements my design
If any accident should cross,
As was the undertaking mine,
So I should have to stand the loss.
Dealers, for special wares prepaid,
If a respectable concern,
Who can't perform the promise made,
The money taken do return.

Such dealing did, I grieve to say,
At Covent Garden not appear;
My money was all thrown away
On stuff at sixpence all too dear.
Who pays his money takes his choice,
As righteous showman's law is known;
In no such luck did I rejoice:
The choice was Hobson's, not my own.

Of course this cannot be the rule;
'Twas no intentional device:
For nobody, except a fool,
Once sold so, ever would be twice.
The restitution was forgot
By a mere oversight—that's plain,
And, I am confident, will not,
In time to come, occur again.

PENCILS AND PENKNIVES.

THERE are other topics besides the Irish Church engaging the anxious attention of the Cabinet. Curates, and organists, and pew-openers, are not the only persons whose wrongs wring the hearts of Her Majesty's Ministers. The entire Civil Service will rejoice to hear (according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*) that—

"The great 'Penknife question' has been set at rest by the cancelling of the order that no more penknives should be issued. The matter was, we hear, carefully considered by the Cabinet."

How true it is that the greatest minds can attend to the smallest trifles! But we should like to know more particulars. Was there a sharp discussion on the subject, full of personal, not to say pointed, allusions? Did the Secretaries of State preserve their temper, or did they cut the Chancellors, and proclaim war to the knife against the Presidents? Will the indulgence thus granted to the Government Officials—who were all, it is rumoured, on the edge of rebellion,—end with penknives; and must pencils, which, we believe, were also included in the original ukase, be in future provided by struggling clerks with large families at their own expense? If so, let those who were foremost in restoring the public penknife, now take the lead in giving back the State pencil; and let Ministers cede a point which is likely to prove a sore one if not instantly yielded. Cut down our pencils! That would be too sharp practice.

THE FLOUR OF LOVELINESS?—Pearl Powder.



MONDAY, APRIL 26TH.

OUR ARTIST GOES TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY ON THE APPOINTED DAY TO HEAR IF HIS PICTURE IS ACCEPTED. HE BARELY ESCAPES WITH HIS LIFE AND HAT!

ANOTHER "STORY OF ELIZABETH."

HUNGER is the best of cooks, said one of old. He was not altogether wise. The work of the best of cooks is lost on a ravenous man. But gentle hunger, which we call appetite, is delightful. Natural, it is best. It is good when gained by "brown exercise." It is not to be despised when helped on by sherry-and-bitters. It is even welcome when invited by bark. All agree that there is nothing so pleasant as a reasonable hunger.

Yes. But there is one thing highly expedient. That is, the having wherewithal to satisfy this reasonable hunger. But why introduce such a common-places? We all—all who are worth thinking about—have all we need; and as for the paupers, how many millions do we not pay yearly for work-houses? Nobody need be hungry in England longer than he or she likes.

Exactly; and what a nuisance those newspapers are. They are always disturbing our satisfaction with existing arrangements. Just as we smooth ourselves down to a comfortable cigar and a glance at the criticism on the last play, which (the criticism) is not so bad, we come on a pestilent bit like this. A coroner has to view what is left of ELIZABETH WILSON, milliner, of Chelsea, aged 35. Having been far gone in consumption she could not do much work, and a quarter's rent being just due, her landlord distrains, much sooner than usual, being a wise landlord, who knows that consumption may be rapid. However, she paid him £2 10s., but there was £5 owing. Broker left in possession. She could have crawled from bed to do a little work, but was not allowed to use her sewing-machine—might injure it, perhaps, and so diminish its value to the landlord. Clergyman comes, seeks a Relief agent, and a sovereign is paid, that she may use machine. Agent comes again a day or two later, and landlord has swept all away, and consumption lies on a bag of rags in a corner. Agent (a good man, MR. DAVES) sends her a bed and food. But ELIZABETH WILSON insists on dying.

These things *will* happen, and *Punch* would hardly have intruded the story on polite readers, but that it bears upon his opening remarks. ELIZABETH told the clergyman—

"That, being an out-patient of the Hospital for Consumption, she had plenty of physic, but that she dared not take it always, as it made her hungry, which she could not afford to be."

Pray take notice, *Mr. Punch* is not blaming anybody. He never blames anybody. Things go in averages, and there must be an average of murder, fire, starvation, every year, to be duly tabulated, and argued on at Social Science meetings—until dinner-time. ELIZABETH WILSON, unluckily for her, came into an average, and now is out of it, and at rest. There must be an average of landlords, too, who look a little sharply after their rights, and will be much comforted, we trust, to think that they did so, in the hour when the doctor says they may have "whatever they like"—words set to passing-bell music. All *Mr. Punch* would point out is, that moderate hunger may, under certain conditions, be undesirable. Whether any sort of private visiting society, that could amuse the idleness from which the women of the period say they suffer so much, might look up such cases as these, is no question for him—he piques himself on never being practical. He is half inclined to apologise for telling "the story of ELIZABETH."

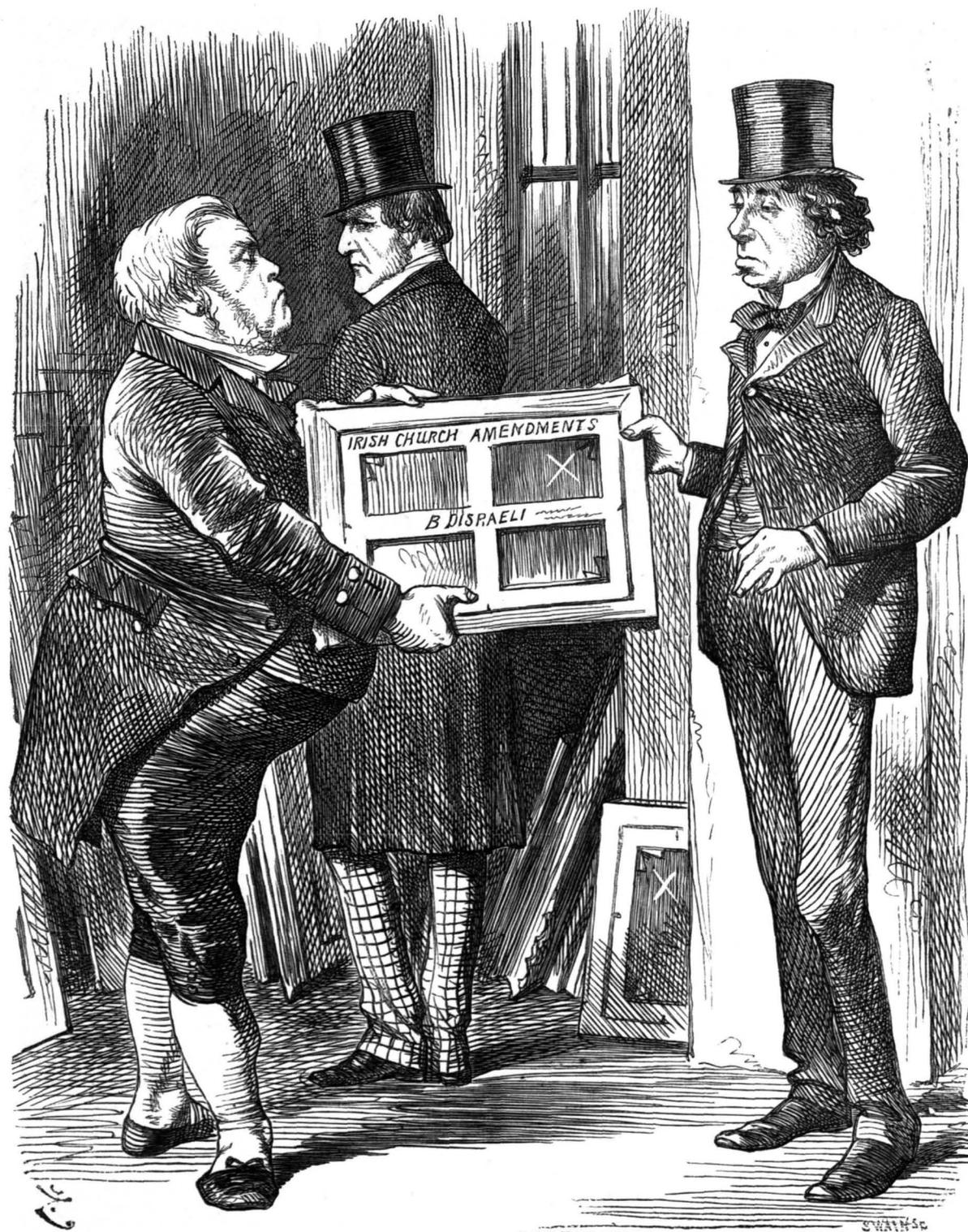
To Sir Edwin.

120. The Swannery invaded by Sea-Eagles.—*Academy Catalogue*, 1869.

O TRUE Poet-Painter! the debt that you owe us
From Genius's funds, you are constant to pay;
Your youth is renewed like the Eagle's you show us—
Far, very far off be the Swan's parting lay.

Protection Wanted.

THERE is a Bill now passing through Parliament entitled the "Sea-birds' Preservation Bill." This is a very commendable measure; but would it not be advisable also to protect another class of creatures rather too much shot at just now? Is not a Landlords' Preservation Bill desirable?



“REJECTED!”

OR, THE VICISSITUDES OF ART.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AT THE OPERA; FOR IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

In the Stalls.

Elderly Gentleman (from the suburbs, who has brought his youthful nephew, aged fourteen, by way of educating him musically, looks at his watch). Ah, I thought we should be too early. (Looks about and sees a slight sprinkling of people.) It won't begin for a quarter of an hour.

Youthful Nephew (who would have come half an hour before if he could). Oh, that's jolly, Uncle. (Enthusiastically.) We shall hear the tuning!! (Elderly Gentleman meditates, and Nephew examines the programme, after which an idea strikes him.) I say, Uncle, I should like to have a book—they're selling books.

Uncle (foreseeing also that between the Acts there are refreshments). Oh, you don't want a book of this. (Nephew disappointed—Uncle relents.) Well, you can go and get a book.

[Furnishes him with half-a-crown. After a short interview with the Stall-keeper, Nephew returns, and overcoming a natural inclination to keep the change for himself, tenders it to his relative.

Uncle (generously). Put it in your pocket.

[Feels the satisfaction consequent on an act of disinterested kindness, and considers the future refreshment question disposed of.

Enter Two Ladies, escorted by a Military-looking Gentleman, who pass over Elderly Uncle's toes to their stalls. Military-looking Gentleman following, holding his hat high up in the air, as if he'd been petrified in the act of cheering a speech. Ladies settle themselves in their seats.

Vague Gentleman (of military appearance, in difficulties with his hat). Very odd I can't get this—

[His head and shoulders disappear, and presently he comes up red and baffled.

Habitué (compassionately, after watching the struggle). It's very simple—permit me. [Shows him how to do it.

Vague Man (gratefully). Thank you, (pleasantly) all stalls are so awkward. [Laughs. Pause. Enter the Conductor into the orchestra. Partial applause.] Ah! (to Ladies) Here's COSTA!

Habitué (kindly). No: ARDITI.

Vague Man. Oh, yes; ha, ha! (laughs as if at his own absurd mistake. To Ladies) I meant ARDITI. COSTA, you know, used to be—I mean at the old House.

[Becomes mystified, as it suddenly occurs to him that Covent Garden was burnt down, and so was Her Majesty's, in which case where was COSTA? Before he can arrange his thoughts on this subject, Overture commences.)

Habitué (to his Friend). Charming overture.

Friend (who doesn't like being instructed). Yes—know it well.

[Tum tum tums with his fingers on his opera-hat, as if checking the orchestra's performance.

Vivacious Lady (between two other young married Ladies, attended by a Middle-aged Gentleman in a fourth stall; they are earnestly and audibly conversing during Overture). Yes, I told Mamma that WILLIAM couldn't get a place for him; but you know MRS. BROMFIT will always say such unkind things of everybody, and so we settled not to do it.

2nd Lady (much interested). It is so like her.

3rd Lady (equally interested). And wasn't it, after all?

2nd Lady (evidently feeling herself of some importance). No. But when DOCTOR GIBSON came—he said—

[Relates what DOCTOR GIBSON said. This recital is carried on at intervals through the Opera.

Enter Very Near-sighted Man. He stumbles against corner of third row of Stalls.

Near-sighted Man (confusedly, to nobody in particular). Beg pardon.

[Is seen to feel for his eye-glasses, which he has evidently left behind him. Vexation of Near-sighted Man. Tries another row, and inspects corner stall to find his number—discovers some one in corner-stall, apologises, asks for his number.

Swell (in corner-stall, annoyed) Number—aw—'pon my soul, I—there it is at the back.

[Leans a little forward so as to let Near-sighted Man read it on the back of the stall.

Near-sighted Man (politely). Thank you. (Wonders where the deuce the number is, but not liking to inconvenience Swell any further, appears satisfied.) Thank you, yes—much obliged. [Retires, puzzled.

Swell (to Friend) Wants to take my number, like a cabman.

[Says this audibly; thinks it doosed witty, and intends to repeat it at different dinner-parties, with a preface of "What I said to a fellar, who," &c.

His Friend (an amateur musician). Yes: here's the tenor song. (Tenor sings. Friend shrugs his shoulders, and intimates by expressive pantomime that he is suffering tortures, then says audibly.) Oh, dreadful!

[Draws in his breath and compresses his lips, as if preparing himself to bear the worst heroically.

Nephew (to Uncle). What's he singing about?

Uncle (to Nephew). You've got it in your book.

[Nephew collapses. Near-sighted Man having hit upon the happy expedient of getting the Stall-keeper to see him to his seat, is now installed, and is attempting to follow the Opera from a book, which he has brought with him from home. He keeps his eyes close to the page, and rubs every line with his nose.

Near-sighted Man (to himself). Wonder where they've got now? (Turns over two pages, and tries to catch up the Tenor in the middle of his song.) No—it's— (Looks off his book, and tries to see what is going on on the stage. To his eye the Tenor looks like a blurred photograph.) Eh? Ah! Is there anybody else on the stage? (Moves his head about from one side to the other, scrutinising the stage.) No. (Is satisfied.) It's a solo. (Looks for a solo song in his book. By the time he has fixed this, other songs have come on, a quartette has been sung, and then we have SANTLEY as Papageno, making the niggers dance with his bells.)

Near-sighted Man (inspecting the book closely, and referring to the stage.) I can't make it out at all. It's—ah— (Thinks he's got some clue to it now.)

Habitué (for the information of people generally, speaking in a loud voice to his Friend.) I rembar—this—ar—Operar—some twenty years ago—it was a wonderful cast—MARIO, GRISI, RONCONI, HERR FORMES—

Friend (who has waited his opportunity to cut in and settle this objectionable instruction.) And LOUISA PYNE, who sang the "Queen of Night." I know.

Habitué (taken aback, but still with a reserve force). Yes, when— Friend (coming in quickly with a finisher). When ANNA ZERR was ill, and couldn't play it. [Habitué is shut up.

Near-sighted Man (examines the book closely and turns over three pages rapidly—to himself). Dear me! can't make it out. Bass solo? (Looks at the stage.) No, there are five or six people on.

[Goes three pages back again, and wishes to goodness he hadn't left his glasses behind.

Lady to Vague Gentleman. What is the story of this?

Vague Gentleman. Well, it's not easy to follow. You see, there's a princess and a black man, who—he is in love with her—and the—

Lady. But what does MURSKA?

Vague Gentleman. MURSKA? She is the fairy—the Queen of Night—who—she rescues them somehow; and they pass through fire and water. And—and—it's a stupid story.

Well-informed Person (to Funny Friend). They call this the Italian Opera; and we've an Englishman, an Italian, a German, and a Pole.

Funny Friend. A Pole! Most of 'em sticks. (Laughs, and looks round to see if the joke has tickled anybody else. Disappointed in this, he becomes serious.) But who's the Pole?

Well-informed Friend. MURSKA. (Suddenly distrusts himself.) Or a Swede. (Distrusts himself again.) Though now I think of it, I rather fancy she's a Russian. (Returns to his original proposition.) But at all events she's not an Italian.

[Drops the subject, and uses his lorgnette. Near-sighted Man (to himself: utterly staggered by what he CAN make out from the book and the stage). They don't seem to be playing it at all like what it is here. This is the Second Act, and I can't—

[Refers to Irritable Gentleman sitting next him. Irritable Gentleman (who has been much annoyed during the opera by Near-sighted Man's jerky and fidgety manner of talking to himself and turning over the pages). Yes, Sir; they're quite right. Opera played as usual.

Near-sighted Man. Well, but it's the Second Act, and they ought to be doing— [Shows him his book.

*Irritable Gentleman (glancing at it sharply). The opera is *Il Flauto Magico*.*

Near-sighted Man. Yes, I know, and—

Irritable Gentleman (wishing they wouldn't admit such people to the Opera who WILL interrupt). And yours is the book of Lucia di Lammermoor.

Near-sighted Man (referring to title). Bless me, so it is!

[Puts the book in his pocket. Commences looking for his coat and hat. Irritable Gentleman "confounds" him, sotto voce.]

[End of Opera. Exeunt Omnes.

An Omission.

IN the notices of the new and splendid Market built by MR. DARBISHIRE for MISS COUTTS, no mention is made of one sort of decoration which might have been expected to have found a conspicuous place there—Marquetry.

CAREY STREET—EH?

DON'T let the lawyers be afraid of placable times, even though MR. LOWE'S Law Court plan should be carried. There will surely be storms enough when Mother Carey's Chickens are seen on the Thames.



A POST-OFFICE PUZZLE.

Intelligent Foreigner. "OUI, C'EST BIEN LA POSTE! MAIS, C'EST DRÔLE! IS IT THAT ONE MUST PUT ZE LETTARE IN ZE LANTERNE?"

THE BUNS AND THE BEASTS.

CAN anybody tell us why the buns at the Zoological Gardens seem all of them expressly constructed for the beasts? There are bears among the visitors and bores too, we dare say, not to mention that wild donkeys upon fashionable afternoons are pretty frequently seen herding there. For such animals as these the buns and other eatables provided may be good enough; but when any nobler creature of the *genus homo* hungers there, he finds it difficult to feed on such inferior food. A walk about the gardens is an appetising exercise, and after seeing the birds fed, one often feels inclined to peck a bit oneself. But to stuff oneself with stale buns is an insult to one's dinner, and till something better be provided there for luncheon, folks who have fine appetites should be careful to destroy them before leaving their own homes.

No Stake in the Country.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has effectually put a stop to the proceedings instituted by MR. SHEPHERD against the Romanesque Vicar of Frome. On the other hand there is no bringing COLENSO to book, so much as to determine whether he is right or wrong. Never mind—in toleration we excel all Christendom. Other Churches, in union with the secular power, have doomed heretics to fire and faggot. Our Establishment cannot even call them over the coals.

"HAIL! COLUMBIA" MARKET.

MISS ANGELA BURDETT COUTTS, the Lady of the Poor, has given Bethnal Green a Market costing, it is said, £200,000. This is the best Money Market we ever heard of.

THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA.—COLMAN'S "Heir-at-Law."

AN ILLUSTRATED ARCHBISHOP.

THE *Illustrated News* recently contained a leading article in which the writer commented with severity on the alleged language of ARCHBISHOP MANNING to a Fenian deputation. DR. MANNING replied, through his solicitors, denying the accuracy of portions of the report on which the censure had been based. He also favoured the *News* with his opinion that in misrepresenting the Archbishop it did not promote loyalty on the part of that large proportion of the population that look to him for advice. But the *Illustrated News*, remembering, we suppose, that a much larger proportion of the population look to it for advice, rejoined by withdrawing any remark based upon an imperfect report, and then retaliated thus:

"There are two kinds of imperfection. We have dealt with one. The other we regret that the Archbishop does not enable us to deal with as agreeably. Minor details are corrected, but nothing is said in answer to the general purport of our article, which went to show that the Archbishop separated political from other offences, expressed a sympathy for convicted felons, and spoke of them pityingly, as 'poor men,' not as bad subjects and condemned criminals. In return for counsel, which we receive in a perfectly friendly spirit, we would suggest that the loyalty of that class advised by the Archbishop might be largely stimulated if those who rule in the Catholic Church would remember that something is due to the great British nation, and that the work of conciliation, at which English statesmen are honestly labouring, would be rendered easier by a few loyal, manly, and patriotic utterances on the part of the Catholic hierarchy."

Very sensible, and none the less effective for being very polite. But *cui bono?* Dares the Catholic hierarchy speak out in the way desired? What would CARDINAL CULLEN say, either from himself or from 41° 54' N., 12° 27' E.? In old days Christian bishops helped Governments to suppress crime. If the districts in Ireland, red with assassination, were deprived by the Catholic spiritual authorities of religious rites until the murderers were in gaol, we should hear no more of "agrarian outrages." The assassins in the late cases are, of course, supping whiskey in the cottages of an Affectionate People. In England or Scotland they would have been hunted down and delivered over to the law, for in England and Scotland religion means, among other things, hatred of murderers.

DRY BONES THAT LIVE.

W. RUSSELL has been convoying the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES over the scene of his old experiences in the Crimea.

Captain Pen, who did such gallant service for Captain Sword all through that mighty siege, has drawn his weapon again, for war against a new and formidable enemy—the apathy that surrenders the monuments of the gallant dead to the wasting hands of time and the elements.

It seems that our cemeteries on the plateau which for so many months was the home of so much valour and so much suffering, are falling rapidly to decay. We paid £13,000 for having them walled in and put in order; but we had nobody to see how the money was spent, and it seems to have been absorbed, as a good deal more money of English tax-payers has been swallowed up in the same region, without serving the purpose it was paid for; and so, in those seventy graveyards which dot the wild slopes of the Crimean plateau with their white mementos of courage quelled and endurance over-borne, the stones are decaying, the weeds are springing. The star in stone is chipped off one monument, the honoured names are illegible on others. Everywhere there is decay and desolation, where England believes and wishes there should be decency and order, and everything which in graves of the dead should testify to the love and reverence of the living.

The note of pain and protest over this dishonour of the resting-places of our fallen soldiers, comes well from WILLIAM RUSSELL, the most generous and vivid chronicler of the deeds of those heroes while they lived. Let England blush, and let MR. CARDWELL look to it.

Academical.

Suggestion for a Hunting Picture.

REPRESENT that obstacle peculiar to some counties called a Double. Represent a horse stopping abruptly on one side of the double, while his rider has gone over his head on to the other. This picture should be painted by MR. DYCE, and be called in the Catalogue—

No. A. I. A THROW. "Double and Quits."

Hymeneals in the House of Commons.

IF women ever succeed in acquiring political equality, they will be eligible for seats in Parliament. The consequence of their election as representatives of the people will be, that Honourable Members on the same side of the House will, more often, perhaps, than on opposite sides, have recourse to the arrangement of pairing off.

THE "DEPTFORD SPEC" AND THE "DERBY SWEEP."



SEVEN persons of fashionable exterior, who gave the names of ALGERNON DEUCEACE, SIR JOHN PUNTER, CAPTAIN HORSLEY, THOMAS FITCH, MONTGOMERY GREEN, ST. LEGER FLATHERS, and PLANTAGENET DE BOOTS, (the two latter of quite boyish appearance) were brought up at Bow Street charged with establishing and conducting sporting lotteries under the name of the "Derby Sweep," the "Two Thousand Guinea Sweep," and similar titles.

MR. POLAND, who appeared for the prosecution, put in various articles seized by the police, including receipts for money paid to the different defendants, and lists of the various sweeps, which it was proved had been exhibited at various clubs, mess-rooms, colleges, and even in the rooms of some of the upper-form boys at Eton and Harrow.

HORACE PIGEON, a young man of distinguished but dissipated appearance, who was brought up from Whitecross Street, said, I am a young man of good family, I fancy, and of

what is called a sporting turn, I suppose. I have expectations: nothing else that I know of. Of course, I have debts. On the first of April I was a member of the Mausoleum Club. I suppose it is what would be called a fashionable club. Should say *decidedly* it is frequented by gentlemen—rather. How could a snob get in, with a committee-ballot? It is in St. James's Street. I saw one of the lists produced, exhibited over the smoking-room fire-place at the Mausoleum. I went in for a chance. I paid a sovereign for it. Can't say where I got the sovereign—the Jews, I suppose. I have gone in on four of the lists produced, and paid my tips for them. I paid the money at the Mausoleum to FITCH. I believe he is-butler at the Mausoleum Club. I paid it, in two other cases, to DEUCEACE and PUNTER. They managed the Sweeps at the Isthmian in Piccadilly, and the Grosvenor in Pall Mall. They are Clubs, too. I belonged to all three, and two besides. I paid two sovereigns for my chance at the Isthmian, and five at the Grosvenor. That was the highest sum I paid. I got receipts for the money I paid, of course.

Cross-examined by SERJEANT WINKING for the defendants.—Had no doubt the thing was all fair. Expected to collar the lot, if he drew the first horse; and half, if he drew the second. Had heard of fellows winning as much as £300 and £500 at the Mausoleum and the Grosvenor. Had no doubt the thing had been going on for many years past. As long as he had been about town, in fact. Is down on his luck now. Had dropped all he had, or is ever likely to have; and a good deal more, he should say, on the turf. Might have said he had been "rooked:" might have said he would like to pay off DEUCEACE and PUNTER. His friends have always been preaching to him it was his duty to pay everybody off he owed anything to. Owed DEUCEACE and PUNTER a "turn." The Serjeant knew what that meant as well as he (witness) did.

Similar evidence was given in the case of the other defendants. The evidence against FLATHERS and DE BOOTS, the one an Eton the other a Harrow boy, was extracted with difficulty from two of their fellow schoolboys of twelve and fourteen, whose smart appearance, knowing mode of giving their testimony, and coolness under the cross-examination of the learned Serjeant, created much amusement in Court.

SIR THOMAS HENRY said it was very deplorable to see persons in the position of the defendants engaged in breaking the law. It was particularly melancholy to see mere lads, like FLATHERS and DE BOOTS, showing such a familiarity with the worst features of the turf, and not only concerned in these criminal practices themselves, but tempting their younger schoolfellows to join in violation of the law of the land. He could not overlook such a flagrant infringement of the law on the part of persons who ought to have set an example to those of humbler station. He had lately committed six men, of a lower class it was true, for the same offence. They, also, seemed to have conducted their "Lucky Bag" and "Deptford Spec," as they called their "Sweeps," fairly and with good faith to their subscribers. The law could not recognise any distinction of classes. As he had felt it his duty to commit LEICHMAN, FARRAH, and their agents and associates in the "Lucky Bag" and "Deptford Spec" lotteries, he should feel it his duty to commit the defendants for establishing and conducting the Mausoleum, Isthmian, Grosvenor, and other "sweeps," including the Eton and Harrow ones. They might be tried at the same sessions of the Central Criminal Court as LEICHMAN, FARRAH, and the Deptford offenders. Indeed, he saw no reason why both batches of prisoners should not be included in the same indictment.

The prisoners were committed for trial, bail being taken in very large amounts. The Court was crowded with a distinguished and

fashionable audience, who on several occasions manifested their sympathy with the prisoners so loudly that the Magistrate threatened he would have the Court cleared. There was quite a rush to tender bail; and the bail—a famous sporting Marquis and his "confederate" and stable-adviser, a gallant Captain, all equally well known at "the Corner," and wherever else sporting swells do congregate—having been accepted, the prisoners left Bow Street in their carriages, amid the cheers of the crowd assembled, as usual, to greet the departure of the prison-van.

BENJAMIN HIGGS.

(A Central Gas Shareholder's Lament.)

OH, BENJAMIN HIGGS, thou most artful of prigs!
Our books, howsoever we twist 'em,
Show us short sev'nty thousand, along of thy rigs,
And in spite of the perfectest "system!"
We had pass-books and checks, 'cutest rogues to perplex,
Payments daily, boards weekly, yet still
Here's a book-keeper shifty, at a hundred and fifty,
With his hand in the "Central Gas" till!

He was ne'er sick or surly, left late and came early,
So diligent—nought could o'er-task him;
His own toil ne'er would shirk, would do any man's work—
Pay in cash—draw it out—only ask him!
The Central Gas Office at, none but took off his hat
To that model of book-keepers, HIGGS;
And Directors up-stairs, thanked Heaven in their prayers,
For such a protection from prigs!

How little they thought, as the daily 'bus brought
That modest and ill-paid young man
To his desk and his stool, each *employé* was his tool,
And that "tapping our main" was his plan;
That at High "Tide-end Place" he was going the pace,
Lighting up quite a Central Gas flare,
That the clerk in the City, whom all used to pity,
Was the Teddington millionaire!

What's the good of Directors, Accountants, Inspectors?
'Gainst burglary what use to keep dogs?
If you're plundered by those you most trust as protectors,
And find those are wolves, you thought sheep-dogs?
If your great Millionnaires with their preaching and prayers
Had not first practised "cooking accounts,"
And so long 'scaped uncensured, would HIGGS have ventured
On their smaller, yet-swingeing, amounts?

A FRIENDLY ADMISSION.

SIR, APPRAO' of the debate about a man's marrying his wife's Sister, I see as how a noosepaper remarks that MR. BRIGHT—

"With a grand *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* sentiment, informs us that the Quakers have always admitted the legality and propriety of such marriages."

My attention was attracted to this ere by seeing the word *omnibus*, which I've druv one of them vehicles for uppuds of 10 year, and I takes a natral interest in most anything consarning 'em. Sir, I don't see what a *omnibus* have to do with marrying your wife's sister, nor have it I consider much in common with the Quakers, leastways its precious seldom as a broad grin, I mean to say a broad brim, ever gets outside one. But I'm puzzled how a Quaker or any other man can have "admitted the legality" of what is now, and always have been, contrary to the law, which hoping MR. BRIGHT will explain this here discruppency, I remain, your most obedient,

THOMAS BLUNT.

A Scratch with a Saw.

Artist. Why is Hanging at the Royal Academy Exhibition like kissing?

Academician. I'm sure I don't know.

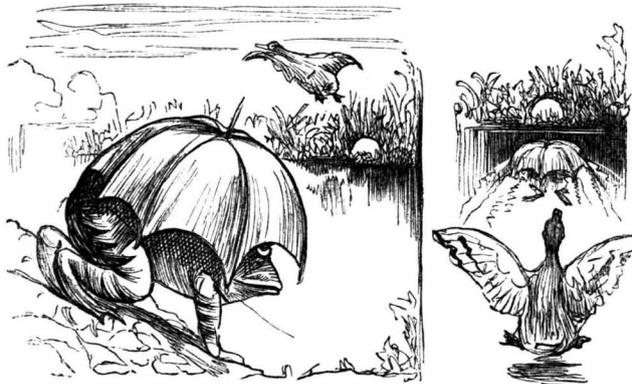
Artist. Because Hanging goes by favour.

Hardly Likely.

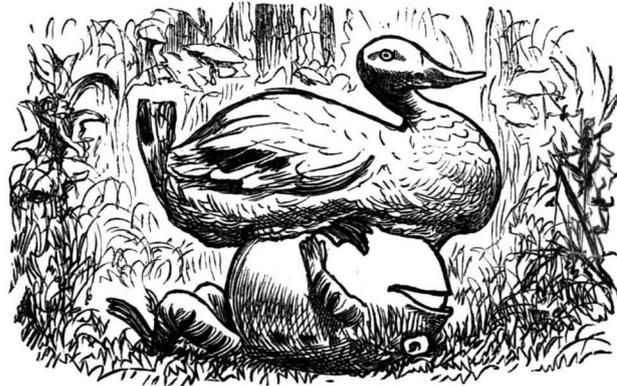
SPEAKING of a Debate in the House, one of the papers said that, "MR. GREENE and LORD ELCHO stood up for the preserving interests." On hearing this, Mrs. Malaprop wished to know whether that MR. LOWE was going to tax her jams.

FREE TRANSLATION.—Sotto voce. In a drunken voice.

THE EGG-POACHER (A TALE OF COUNTRY LIFE, IN 3 VOLS.) VOL. III.



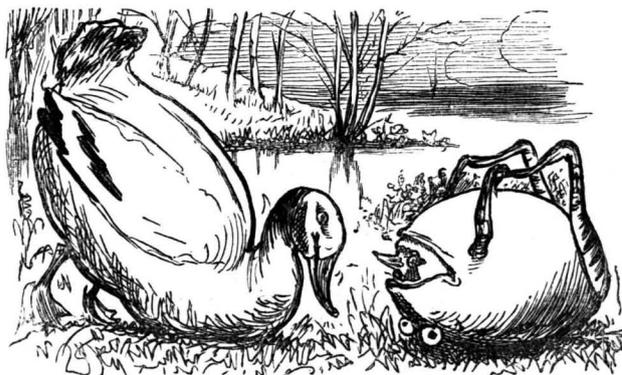
CHAP. I.—THE HABITUAL CRIMINAL.



CHAP. V.—EGGSIATION.



CHAP. II.—WATCHED FROM AFAR.



CHAP. VI.—THE PLOT THICKENS.



CHAP. III.—CAUGHT IN THE ACT.



CHAP. VII.—THE PEACE-MAKER.



CHAP. IV.—A FOWL BLOW.



CHAP. VIII.—READER, FAREWELL

The End.

TO PARTIES FROM THE COUNTRY, AND OTHERS.



You will certainly have your money's worth if you go to the Holborn Theatre and see *Money*, which all who are glad to have the opportunity of again enjoying a play by one of our Old Masters in Comedy, LORD LYTTON, more commonly known as BULWER, must heartily wish it may pay the new Lessee, MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, to have reproduced. In *Money*,

as it may now be seen on the Holborn boards, there is good acting, sterling good acting, and the attention given to it by the House proves that the taste for excellent substantial English fare, when well served up, is not yet spoiled by indulgence in those more highly seasoned relishes in which the flavours and spices of French cookery are sometimes rather too predominant. The intervals between the acts are judiciously short, and the piece is handsomely placed upon the stage. So in your theatrical programme do not omit to include a *Money*-box.

You want to see a good Burlesque, and are balancing the *pros* and *cons* as to where you should go? Do not hesitate. Go and enjoy the new and laughable *prose* Burlesque of *The Military Billy Taylor* (first Cousin to *Black-Eyed Susan*) at the Royalty. You will find it anything but prosy; and must be prepared to come back with a splitting side-ache.

"JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER."

(Authorised Version.)

JUST before the Battle, Mother,
JOHNNY felt unwell;
Wha was ailing JOHNNY, Mother,
JOHNNY couldn't tell.
JOHNNY ran away, Mother,
Braving captain's ire,
JOHNNY can't abide, Mother,
Hearing cannons fire.

JOHNNY came to me, Mother,
Wasn't JOHNNY right?
Tea with me was nicer, Mother,
Than a horrid fight.
Let me marry JOHNNY, Mother,
And we'll bless the day,
When just before the Battle, Mother,
JOHNNY ran away.

Most Refrigerating.

In the Royal Academy (the new "Palace of Art") there is a grand landscape by MR. MAC WHIRTER, entitled "Loch Coruisk, Isle of Skye." In the hot summer with which the weather-seers again threaten us, his will be a most refreshing picture to stand before, seeing that it not only represents the Loch, but also the Cuchulin (Coolin') Mountains.

VICTOR HUGO'S NEW NOVEL.

L'Homme qui rit is addressed to *L'Homme qui reads*.

CAPTAIN SWORD AND LIEUTENANT PEN.

GREAT and little Britons are continually grumbling that theirs is the most expensive Army in the world, but they rarely take the trouble of inquiring why it is so, and in what manner the cost may be most sensibly reduced. Soldiers, as a rule, are seldom fond of writing letters; yet, according to the *Times*, it seems that Army correspondence is one of the chief ways in which we are most wasteful of our military means:—

"Military correspondence is absurdly large, and employs an army of clerks. The whole system breaks down inevitably during a campaign. Can any one give a valid reason for paying troops nominally a certain sum daily, and then stopping a regular portion of the money for food and necessaries? There is none, unless it be that no other means could be devised for employing so many clerks. Why not say at once that the soldier is fed, clothed, and paid 6d. or 9d. a-day besides, as the case may be? About two-thirds of the paper work would be saved by such an arrangement."

Powder, shot, and pipeclay are considerable items in the outlay of our Army, but these are probably exceeded by paper, pens, and ink. Captain Sword requires such service from Lieutenant Pen as enhances very greatly the cost of Private Crossbelt. Even in time of peace an army of clerks is always kept on active service, and a paper war is being continually waged. Moreover, says the *Times*,

"Many of the clerks in the War Office and other Government departments are examined competitively, paid highly, and then set to add up rows of figures and copy letters, work which would be better and far more cheerfully performed by non-commissioned officers at about one-fourth the cost, very often indeed by copying machines."

If this be so, competitive examinations for military clerkships should be limited, for candidates, to mere copying machines. Why should educated gentlemen be invited to compete, when the work is quite mechanical, and requires no mental skill? A clerk who has to copy letters, and to add up rows of figures, need hardly be proficient in Greek, Hebrew, trigonometry, dynamics, and High Dutch. Such acquirements are both difficult and costly to attain, and ought not to be wasted in a service where, it seems, they serve no useful end, and only put the country to considerable expense.

A Pious Memory in Paris.

On the fifth of last week, according to intelligence from Paris:—

"This day being the anniversary of the death of NAPOLEON THE FIRST, religious services were celebrated in the chapel of the Tuileries and at the Hôtel des Invalides."

Is there no Mosque in Paris? For aught that seems to be known, the only persuasion which the Great Philanthropist and Truth-teller ever professed was the Mahometan.

THE FAL-LAL MONITOR FOR MAY.

SPECIFYING the various "Fashions for May," *Le Follet* announces that "Paniers are still very much worn." Are they? Then perhaps the Parisian world of fashion, impelled by an instinct of self-appreciation, has taken to going on all-fours. If their much-worn paniers are carried on their backs, perhaps the creatures may be considered to be appropriately laden. But, according to recent intelligence from Paris, there is a league of ladies in course of formation, under the title of *Réactionnaires élégantes*, against the asinine absurdities of attire with which they have hitherto submitted to be burdened by dictatorial dressmakers.

Le Follet also notices a costume of shot foulard, but says nothing of shot sea-gull serving for fanchon. It does, however, particularise a bird's-nest "formed of heath, moss, leaves, and miniature wild flowers, such as blue-bells, daisies, forget-me-nots, and lilies of the valley, in the midst of which is placed a very small humming-bird, as if in the act of flying from the nest." The contempt for physical geography exhibited in this combination of the botany of Northern Europe with tropical ornithology, is to use the milliners' own epithet, charming.

Not only are ornithology and botany, but entomology likewise is tributary to "Fashions for May." *Le Follet* describes a head-dress, named the "Diadème Marquise," which has—

"At the side a bouquet of white daisies surmounted by a small gold butterfly."

The somewhat whimsical decoration of a butterfly in the diadem is one which, if bonnets were still in vogue, might be replaced by the still more significant emblem of "a bee in the bonnet."

Tardy Irish Tories.

It is announced that a meeting of Conservative Irish Peers and Members of Parliament, headed by COLONEL TAYLOR, VISCOUNT CRICHTON, LORD CLAUD J. HAMILTON, and LORD A. E. HILL-TREVOR, is to be held at the Carlton Club on Saturday next, at 4 P.M., to consider the propriety of immediately forming "and bringing into working order" a Conservative Registration Association for Ireland. Will not this be very nearly like taking steps to shut the stable-door after the steed has been disinstalled?

Extraordinary Feats.

In Belgravia, not long since, a builder succeeded in running up a house, and this feat was succeeded by his running up a dozen others. Having found his rents, however, rather difficult to get, he now is very active in running down his tenants.



A MISNOMER.

Country Valetudinarian. "AH YES, MU'M, I'VE HAD THE 'LUMBAGER' TUR-BLE BAD, MU'M! 'KETCHES ME IN THE SMALL O' THE BACK 'ERE, MU'M!!"

HIPPIC INTELLIGENCE.

It used to be commonly said that the French invent ideas, and we improve upon them. The converse of this rule will probably be soon exemplified in at least one particular. Monsieur has imported from England the fashion of exhibiting cattle and other animals. The large Exhibition Building of the Champs Elysées has lately, after the manner of the Islington Agricultural Hall, been occupied with a horse show. This exhibition was organised by the "Hippic Society." The Hippic idea will probably expand into the Hippophagic. Larger prices are now given for horses in Paris than in London. The comparative dearness of horseflesh in the former capital is doubtless owing to its greater consumption. Its admirers may expect in a short time to be presented with the spectacle of a Fat Horse Show. This, modified as to season by difference of national usage, and with the further difference of subsequence instead of antecedence, will most likely stand in the same relation to the Carnival, as that which our Smithfield Club display bears to Christmas; and who knows but that the Parisians on Shrove Tuesday next may feast their eyes on the procession of a Cheval Gras?

NOTE.—Hippic! it is good; yea, indeed it is—good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Hippic! it comes of *ἵππος*, very good—a good phrase, is it not, *Master Shallow*? Hippic! a neat substitute for "horsey;" you may call a stable-minded character, gentleman or cad, as the case may be, a "hippic man," and for "talking horse," say "hippic conversation." Of a truth "hippic" is well calculated to become a popular euphemism. The horse has no poet yet to speak of; had once a sporting "Vates," but never a *vates sacer*. Will TENNYSON or BROWNING write a Hippic Poem?

Well Protected.

IN the account of PRINCE ARTHUR'S reception in the Isle of Man (and lovely Woman), an address presented to him is mentioned as that of "the Lieutenant Governor, Council, Deemsters, and Keys, being the Legislature of this Island." Her Majesty's Manx subjects must feel particularly secure at the present time, for remembering who their gallant Governor is, they may be said to be under LOCH and Keys. But how can "Keys" join in an address and legislate? This beats Gold and Silver Sticks in Waiting.

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

III.—THE BROKEN-HEARTED CLIENT'S ADDRESS TO HER LAWYER.

DRINK to me only in thine ink,
Pledge me in legal draught;
Urge me to action with thy wink,
Aid me with subtle craft.

Wreath codicils around thy brow,
Burn bonfires to COKE;
Record in writing each fond vow,
Thy true love ever spoke.

Let me thy *Dom-vec* be! Thy Act
And Deed I'll sign and seal;
Accessories before the fact
Shall at our wedding kneel.

Yes! 'twas the mystic hour we met,
It was 'twixt 10 and 4:
Be mine, my own *Processus Stet!*
Be mine for evermore!

Ah! was thy conduct Cadgery?
You signed no contract, true.
For *Scribere est agere*,
Which maxim well you knew.

You *did* propose—(you Balaam!)
You sent a friend to me,
Qui facit, Sir, *per alium*
Facit, you know, *per se*.

Facit, indeed! you'll *face it* out
That you did no such thing;
Don't you remember port and stout,
And promising the ring?

Qui peccat ebrius, as you've said
Often to me while gay,
He *Sobrius luat*—this poor maid
Will take your heart as pay.

It was a *Simple Contract*—plain
It was upon each part—
A *Habeas Corpus* I'll obtain.
Then cry, "I'll have your heart!"

Second Part—New Movement.

What! am I wild! are you still free!
Will I crouch, fawn, or beg? No!
Mandamus! *quid pro quo!* *In re!*
Ha, ha! *ne exeat regno!*

You've called me *Prochein amy!* Fie!
In accents hot and fiery;
Where's now your *feri facias?* I
Shall get a *præmunire*.

"Wed you! O don't suppose it, Ma'am,"
(He used to say CECILIA!)
"Wed you, the *Lex non cogit*, Ma'am,
Ad, Ma'am, *impossibilia*."

He has a *femme* and *infants* three,
I saw them out last Sunday.
So back I'll go and married be
To some one else on Monday.

Perplexing.

AT the Royal Academy Dinner the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, referring to the Army, is reported to have spoken of "the leading features on which it is founded." Will some physiologist explain what these "leading features" can possibly be? If His Royal Highness had said "leading limbs," we might have supposed he meant the arms of the Army.

WHAT AN M.A. THOUGHT.—Many ladies visit the Exhibition at Burlington House elaborately dressed. In University parlance, they may be said to go "in full Academicals."



MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION.

Aunt Ellen. "I WONDER YOU ARE NOT ASHAMED TO LET ARTHUR DO YOUR SUMS FOR YOU EVERY DAY, MINNIE!"
Minnie. "WELL, BUT AUNTY, I ALWAYS BUTTON HIS BOOTS AND GAITERS FOR HIM!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, May 3. Want of dinner prevented *Mr. Punch* from mentioning last week an odd little episode in the Irish Debate on Friday. There was not much in it, but Parliamentary anecdotes are scarce, and a good deal was, later, made out of the affair. LORD CLAUD HAMILTON (brother to the DUKE OF ABERCORN, late Lord-Lieutenant) made a vehement attack upon the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, charging him with having greatly contributed to Irish discontent and disaffection. *Inter alia*, LORD CLAUD quoted a letter of MR. BRIGHT'S, written three years ago, in which he said that "if Ireland were a thousand miles away, justice would be done, or the landlords would be exterminated by the vengeance of the people."

MR. BRIGHT responded at considerable length, denied no charge, said that there would be no peace in Ireland until the soil was much more largely in the hands of the people, and added that he had a plan to propose for effecting this without injustice to anybody. [And, Gentlemen Landowners, it is only fair to MR. BRIGHT to recognise the fact that he declares his interpretation of the word "injustice" to be the same as yours, so you are not to suppose him a reformer of the type of the French revolutionist, who, when a man had proved that his ancestors had possessed his estate for two hundred years, gave it to his rival on the score of justice—the other side had had it long enough.]

Demanded MR. HARDY whether MR. BRIGHT were authorised to announce the policy of Government in regard to land.

Somebody on the Treasury Bench answered "No."

It was assumed that the speaker was the PREMIER, but the *Star* was authorised to deny this. The mystery has been well kept. We divulge it. The speaker was

Mr. Punch.

And what he meant was, not that MR. BRIGHT is not in accord with the chiefs of his party, but that nobody was authorised, at that time, to announce anything.

So much for that matter. On Monday the Commons behaved like a pack of great schoolboys. The PREMIER proposed rather short Whitsuntide holidays. Whereat, say the reporters, half the House groaned,

and the other half howled. It would have served the idle fellows right had the Head-Master at once declared that they should have no holidays at all, and morning sittings every day. But MR. GLADSTONE has been a boy, and has a boy at Eton, and so he goodnaturedly said that his decree was not written in letters of iron, and later, he extended the vacation. What do they want holidays for now? There are no birds to murder.

We went on with the Irish Church Bill, and a student of human nature would have been interested, if not pleased, with the sweet submissiveness of the Conservative Land-owners to the Sweeping and Severe clause which makes them such a splendid present in the matter of the Tithe Rent Charge. MR. FAWCETT did not like it, and explained that it will have handed to the Irish landlords eight millions and a half of sovereigns, at the end of fifty-two years, on the condition that they devote it to the commutation of their charge. It was meant to buy off their hostility to the Bill. MR. GLADSTONE tossed figures about with exquisite skill, and so completely convinced the landlords that it was a right thing for them to take the money, that when MR. FAWCETT divided, he got only 33. It was touching to behold such humility and patriotism.

Tuesday. The Lords sent the Sea-Birds Bill through Committee, but took out a clause making the possession of eggs penal, as collectors and museums might be informed against. But that our friend MR. DU MAURIER'S egg-swallowing Frog has had his offence condoned, he would have had an interest in this question.

That Mayor of Cork, who eulogised the man that tried to shoot the DUKE OF EDINBURGH has brought the Government down upon him. To-day (morning sitting) the Irish Attorney-General announced a Bill for knocking him off his chair. There will be a great deal too much clatter over such a fellow, but it seems that a Bill is the only way to get at him. He went to the Cork gaol, and let out prisoners. It was a pity the gaoler did not bundle the buttermonger into a cell, and keep him on bread and water until the cheek was taken out of him—*Mr. Punch* would have guaranteed the official against consequences.

Irish Church again, and we came to Maynooth, on which a great fight was expected. But the chief incident to-day was exchange of

vituperation between MESSRS. NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY. The latter, however, made a statement that MR. GLADSTONE had pledged himself to abolish Maynooth, which, of course, the PREMIER denied, and an amendment of MR. WHALLEY's, for preventing the College Trustees from holding land, was rejected by 324 to 196. After some more progress, MR. GLADSTONE named the three Commissioners who are to carry out the Bill. He could not have made a better choice. They are LORD MONCK, who was Governor in Canada, and has seen a dis-established Church get into work there: MR. JUSTICE LAWSON, an eminent lawyer and a man of the world: and MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER HAMILTON, a Protestant, a Conservative, one who has the confidence of Irish churchmen, and disapproves of the Act he is to execute.

At night MR. HEADLAM proposed to do away with the Lighthouse Tolls, but the Government could not afford to listen to such a thing. Incidentally, MR. BRIGHT said that the Trinity House managed its work most admirably.

Wednesday. We went at the Buttermonger of Cork, whose name is DANIEL O'SULLIVAN. Everybody (except (MR. MAGUIRE) felt that he ought to be demolished, but the Conservatives determined to have an onslaught upon the Ministers, in House of Lords style. So MR. DISRAELI gently mentioned that his Government had dismissed O'SULLIVAN from the county magistracy for seditious language, but that since that time a "revolution" had commenced in Ireland, gaols had been opened, and a flood of traitors and assassins had been let loose over the land. Therefore, MR. O'SULLIVAN might have thought that his profligate foolery would not be punished. MR. GLADSTONE, in reply, took advantage of a contemptuous expression used, or worn, by MR. DISRAELI in reference to the Irish Attorney-General, and made indignant remonstrance hereon. The Opposition did not really resist the Bill, and MR. BERESFORD HOPE warmly supported it, but had a fling at MR. DISRAELI ("Batavian grace" not forgotten) and begged the Government not to mind musty constitutional precedents. MR. SYNAN (Limerick) pleased the Assembly with an Irishism, mentioning that COLONEL FRENCH had had a seat for many years, and was likely, if he lived as long, to retain it for the period of his natural life. The house laughed Synanously. He writes to say he meant "as long more"—almost as pretty a phrase as the other.

Hypothee—. That, we presume, is enough.

Thursday. We know the beatitude touching him who expecteth nothing, and therefore shall not be disappointed. We keep it in our minds in all transactions of life, with men and assuredly with women. But we had almost a kind of idea that if nothing particular prevented it, there would be something like a glorious shindy on Maynooth. For to hear the language which has been used on the subject since the promulgation of the Church Bill, the furious menaces of Demonstrators at St. James's Hall and elsewhere, one might believe that the forces of the Church were coming up for a sort of Protestant Armageddon.

"One conflict more, the fiercest but the last,
When the old Dragon-Monarch of the air
His fiery pinion on the cloud shall cast,
To fight the final battle of despair."

There was, really, no fight at all. A couple of divisions certainly, but who took them? Did the Conservative army march forth to the fray, with banner, brand [no, they could not have BRAND, he's Liberal], and bow? Did the leaders pour hot volleys into the bosom of the Scarlet Lady? Nay, verily. Hear the tame end of the Maynooth War.

SIR GEORGE JENKINSON moved that the money for Maynooth should not come out of the funds of the Irish Church. COLONEL BARTELOT said MR. GLADSTONE had promised it should not. MR. GLADSTONE denied it, and almost said that any one who supposed the money would come from another source, must be an ass—at least crass. He protested against bigotry. Then the Scotch element came in, with some clatter, but it was made clear that the Scotch Members, who had been sent to support the Bill, would do so, and leave Episcopacy and Popery to settle their own quarrel. SIR JAMES ELPHINSTONE abused the Ministry for leaguering themselves with CARDINAL CULLEN to rob the Church. More clatter, and a speech from MR. BRIGHT, who complained that the Opposition to the Maynooth clause proceeded from hostility to the religion of the Irish people, which was probable enough, seeing that the opponents are Protestants. But MR. DISRAELI said that Protestants and Conservatives had endowed Maynooth. He thought the new grant should be Imperial. MR. FORTESCUE made a point by reminding MR. DISRAELI that he had strenuously opposed the Maynooth endowment. Then the Committee had had nearly enough of it, shouted everybody down, and rejected SIR GEORGE'S Amendment by 318 to 192. Next, MR. AYTOUN moved another Amendment for paying life-interests instead of a lump sum, and MR. GLADSTONE elaborately explained that this would not do—we forget why. MR. WHALLEY said that he had been an unappreciated prophet, and soon afterwards the Amendment was rejected by 305 to 198—majority 107, and the Maynooth Clause was passed.

Friday. "What wilt thou do, renowned SALISBURY,
Call BRIGHT a Villain and a Murderer?"

quoted LORD PUNCH (improving on SHAKSPEARE) as he saw his brother nobleman arise, meaning mischief, which was also meant by a number of other Peers, impatient for a fray. LORD SALISBURY used no unworthy language; on the contrary, he spoke of MR. BRIGHT with respect and admiration. But, referring to the incident of Monday, recorded above, the Marquis let fly at the Ministers, and demanded to know whether they had a Land-policy, and what it was.

LORD GRANVILLE is an excellent Manager of the House, and never showed more tact than to-night. He told the Peers frankly that MR. BRIGHT had violated the usual reticence of a Minister, and had since said to his colleagues that he was sorry to have omitted explanation that he spoke for himself only. Then he distributed slight but stinging cuts all about, and refused to make any revelations.

Peers CARNARVON, CAIRNS, CLANRICARDE, GREY, RICHMOND, all fired shots, but they did no great harm; and when the CHANCELLOR quietly said "We quite see what all this means" LORD PUNCH could not help shouting out, "Don't us, my boy?" But it is due to himself to say that he was so ashamed of his rudeness, that he instantly left the House.

House of Commons sent all the rest of the Irish Church Bill through Committee, and the last clause was passed amid Liberal shoutings. Some amendments were urged, apparently for the sake of filling up the morning sitting. They were of course rejected, and may be forgotten. The next stage—the Report—was fixed for the following Thursday. The Commons thought that they had done enough for one day, so, at the evening sitting, they were Counted Out, and *Mr. Punch* has nothing to say in the way of rebuke. They have worked well at this measure, according to their lights and their darknesses; and *Mr. Punch* congratulates MR. WILL. GLADSTONE on having walked, as DANTE says,

"Where WILL and POWER do hold one only path."

WHAT THE WALLS HEARD AT THE ACADEMY DINNER.

REALLY the speeches at the Academy Dinner this year have been most imperfectly reported. Luckily new walls have ears as well as old ones, and the walls of No. 3, Burlington House were listening on Saturday se'night, on *Mr. Punch's* behalf, and have forwarded him for publication some unreported utterances of this year's dinner.

(From MR. GLADSTONE'S Speech.)

He was a free-trader in Art as in other things. He was as ready to welcome foreign productions to our exhibition as foreign products to our custom-house. But he thought, as Government had duties in the one case, so the Academy had duties in the other. One of these duties was so to manage the admission of foreign works of art, as not to exclude meritorious works of English growth. Now he had noticed in this Exhibition about sixty foreign pictures—some of great merit. But he had heard, he was sorry to say, of more than sixty English pictures, also of great merit, sent back by the Council. Now, either the accepted foreign pictures were occupying places to which the rejected English ones had the first claim, or, supposing both only equally entitled to exhibition, he for one would have been glad to see the walls more closely covered by the admission of rejected pictures, equal in merit in many cases, if he might trust to what he had seen himself and heard from others, to three-fourths of those accepted. Of course he did not include the works of Academicians. They could not fairly be taken into calculation, in fixing the standard—either in "levelling up" or "in levelling down." Looking round those walls, he thought he could see room enough for at least two hundred more pictures. He did not suppose there could be more cases of harsh and unmerited rejection than that. Probably there were not nearly so many. But if there were only fifty—if there were only twenty—if there were only ten—he thought the Council who rejected them must have a very heavy weight upon their consciences. He would not attempt to paint the heart-ache, the bitterness, the gnawing sense of wrong, nay, too often, the blank wretchedness of despair, which these rejections might produce. He did not insist upon these painful consequences of rejection in order to wring the hearts of the Members of the Council, or Hanging Committee, who might be listening to him. But he referred to them, in order to impress upon the Academy the deep,—nay the painful, responsibility of the duty imposed upon them; all the deeper, all the more painful, because those who came under their *fiat* were practically without appeal, and because it often happened that rejection meant more than disappointment,—it meant ruin, the loss not of the hopes only, but too often of the comforts—nay, of the bare means of subsistence for the year. That might not be a fair consideration to urge in the case of unquestionably bad pictures, but it was a very sufficient reason why the utmost care should be taken not to reject any picture that was not unquestionably bad, having regard to the standard adopted, as indicated by the accepted pictures. He hoped the

Academy would not be offended by these observations. But he was in the habit of addressing another Assembly, of a more distinctly representative character,—the members of which were elected, not by their brother members, but by outsiders. That Assembly, he was proud to say, was in the habit of largely considering the interests of outsiders. The poorer and more helpless those outsiders, the more generous, as a rule, was the consideration of their interests. In fact, it was this consideration, which, in the Assemblage he referred to, had mainly governed the course of Reform, and the whole progress of legislation. He felt it *ought* to be so, he trusted it *would* be so, in that Parliament of Art, whose members he was addressing,

(From MR. LEIGHTON'S Speech.)

He had returned thanks for the Volunteers, but he had lately been serving in a corps that was not exactly a Volunteer one—he meant the Hanging Committee. (*A laugh.*) There was a general impression that it was not a pleasant thing to be hung. He shared that impression. But he could safely say it was a more unpleasant thing still to hang. Still he would remind their distinguished guest who had spoken on the subject, that the acceptance and rejection of pictures rested not with the hangers, but with the Council. He had taken part in that work too. For corroboration of his experience of it, he would appeal to all his brother Academicians who had fulfilled the same most painful duty. He begged to assure their Right Honourable guest that it was not possible humanly to avoid injustice. Let him consider what was involved. This year it was worse than ever: for there were one thousand five hundred pictures more than usual sent in, and no more time to judge them—nay, less, in fact, for the workmen were in the building, and the work of the Council and hangers was necessarily much interrupted. But here were more than four thousand pictures to be judged in three days, from ten to six, with an interval of about an hour. That gave twenty-one hours, or one thousand two hundred and sixty minutes to do the work: or between three and four pictures to a minute! Among the four thousand, of course, there were many pictures that aroused a good deal of discussion, and had to be put to the vote. He left his hearers to judge how much cool judgment or deliberation was possible, under these circumstances. Of course there were many pictures so direfully bad, and some so pre-eminently good, their reception or acceptance was settled by acclamation—at a glance, as it were. But the mass of pictures came within neither of these categories. Great care and much time were often necessary to weigh fairly the merits of a modest unpretending picture, which had occupied many months perhaps of thought and labour, but which might not have been seen by any member of the Council till it was swept before them in the rapid tide of pictures brought up for judgment. It might be in a style the Council were unfamiliar with—perhaps of a class most of them were ignorant of, or indifferent to. Landscape, for example. There were only two or three landscape painters in the Academy. None of them might be on the Council. What chance had a simple, natural, unobtrusive, yet faithful and meritorious, landscape, of fair judgment, under such circumstances? So far from wondering that some good pictures were rejected, his wonder was that cases of hardship and involuntary injustice were not far more numerous. Luckily, though some of the Council might get drowsy, others desperate, while all of course, grew fractious, they *had*, as a rule, a sense of duty among them, and felt they were sitting as judges, and tried to do their best. But it was physically impossible to get through the work properly, in the time allotted to it. Luckily a good many pictures were seen before-hand in the studios: and men had their friends and acquaintances, of course, and looked after their pictures. And a good deal was done by outside influence. There was a class of people it was impossible to refuse anything to, if they really set their minds on it. But, with all these correctives, he had no doubt that cases of cruel injustice did occur, particularly to the works of unknown and modest men, who had no friends on the Council, and no influential acquaintance outside it, or who shrank from setting that sort of influence in motion on behalf of their works. He, for one, was ready to confess all this, and to avow his penitence for any unintentional wrong that might have been done, and to submit to any penance that could be imposed upon him—except to serve again on the Hanging Committee. The truth was, the time allowed for selection was too short. He would give thrice as long to the work. He would like five hangers instead of three, and he would always have a landscape painter if not an architect, among them. He would not have the fate of pictures decided at one glance, but would leave time and opportunity for re-consideration, in all cases but those of pictures so bad that they carried their fate in their faces. He did not know whether a Council twice as numerous was not desirable, and whether it might not be an advantage for them to act in relays, so as to relieve the strain of too long-continued attention. After some hours of rapid picture-seeing, it became almost as difficult to distinguish good work from bad, as Port from Sherry after many hours of wine-tasting.

Again, it should be considered that this was their first year in the new rooms. The Council really were all abroad. They did not even know with any certainty, how many pictures could be hung. They began, as might be seen, by hanging wide, and leaving a great deal

of upper wall, but they kept hanging closer and closer, as they got on, till at last they hung almost as high and as close as in the Old Rooms. As it was, they had only hung about one hundred and fourteen more pictures, he believed than last year: and this was exactly the extra number sent by Academicians and Associates. Then, though there were sixty foreign exhibitors, he was very sorry to say the catalogue of 1869 showed forty-two fewer names of English exhibitors than that of 1868. Considering the large additional space at their command, he could not say he thought this satisfactory. He hoped they would manage better another year.

(From the PRESIDENT'S Speech.)

They *had* been afraid of lowering their standard of excellence. The fact was, they could not afford to do it. The difficulty was to keep it up, particularly if old Academicians—good old boys, he was well aware, but regularly used up, would insist on sending pictures, as they often did. He had done his best, for insiders and outsiders too—and he thought, for his own part, the Council and the hangers had been too sharp in a good many cases—he had seen them at work, and could only say he was thankful *his* pictures hadn't to pass through their hands.

When people talked of "levelling up"—and he didn't object to the phrase—he agreed with their distinguished guest, the First Lord of the Treasury, that Academician's work—a good deal of it, at least—mustn't be taken into account in fixing the standard. Perhaps it might be well to put a mark on a good many of the R.A.'s pictures to show they weren't to be considered by the students in the "levelling up" business. He wouldn't say some of his own Portraits mightn't be among the number—and perhaps his excellent friend, the Secretary, wouldn't object to two or three of *his* being "spotted," in the same way. Of course they had sent their full number. They were under the notion there'd be lots of room this year. It seems there wasn't, for he had heard even more grumbling about rejections, he thought, than usual. He had no doubt there was reason enough for it. There were a good many young fellows took to painting nowadays, who had better have stuck to shoemaking or tailoring, or some other honest trade: good fellows enough, he had no doubt, and clever, he dared say, but with no connections, and no fortunes, and no manners; who looked like guys, and could only live from hand to mouth, and were on their beam-ends if they didn't sell their picture as soon as it was painted. He pitied 'em; but he didn't see how that sort of thing was to be helped, if that sort of people insisted on coming into a gentlemanly profession. He was told their schools were to be improved. He understood they wanted improvement, and he was glad it was coming. There was another thing. The Academy had changed its quarters. It meant to change its manners. In future a politely-worded note would be sent to those whose pictures were rejected, informing them of the fact, and telling them when and where they would have their pictures returned. Then there would be arrangements for the orderly admission of applicants for rejected pictures at specified times, and for returning their pictures without their having to wait and hustle for them for hours—so that the bear-garden business of last week would be avoided. It was too bad to have a row round their place like that at the old Opera pit-door on the Jenny Lind nights, which he remembered. A civil notice would be sent to outsiders exhibiting, of the day on which they would be admitted to varnish or touch up their pictures. After all, the Academicians were gentlemen, whatever the artists might be as a lot, and he thought they ought to set an example to outsiders of good breeding and consideration. He was glad to see they had got a decent refreshment-room. He was told it was well managed: prices fair, and refreshments as good as they usually were at such places—rather better, if anything. *That* was an improvement. But there were the umbrellas. He was afraid improvement was sadly wanted in *that* department. The two poor devils he had seen at that work as he came through the hall, even at the private view yesterday, looked regularly baked—groggy he should have said—blown, dead beat. They knew what he meant. It was regular cruelty to animals. And if that was so yesterday, what would it be on Monday, all next week, and all through the season, in fact? They ought really to put on half-a-dozen fellows instead of two. They could afford it, and he thought some clever fellow might invent a spring clip, or something of the kind, to put on the umbrellas, instead of those big tickets with long strings that took such a deal of tying and untying. These were small matters, perhaps, but after all they told on people's comforts. And he thought the President of the Academy should be like an Elephant—he did not mean that he ought to have a trunk and tusks, but that he ought to be able to paint a portrait, or to pick up a pin. He had been picking up pins in Academy administration, and sticking them into his brethren—that is, not exactly his brethren, for he was President, and would allow no brother near the throne—he meant into the other Members of the Academy. He thought they ought to march with the times, whatever some obstructive old fogies might say; and he, for one, would be glad to march at their head. "Live and let live" was his motto. He might not be as good a painter as some who had filled that chair, but he would yield to none of his predecessors in the desire to deal kindly and justly with all, in or out of the Academy, whom he had anything to do with. (*Cheers.*)



A RURAL STUDY.

BURLESQUE-WRITER FORCING PUNS.

STANZAS TO SUMNER.

SAY that an Aristocracy, which fears
 Plebeian rule too much, and street-made law,
 And rough equality where all are peers,
 Well pleased the cleft of your Republic saw,
 And South Secession's sword against North draw;
 Rejoiced to think that chasm would never close,
 And huge Democracy the world o'erawe
 No longer, split asunder, and at blows:
 Withal took not your part, but sided with your foes.

Say that a Government the fact too soon
 Proclaimed, which it needs must have, soon or late,
 Giving your rebels 'vantage, for which boon
 From your own act they would have had to wait,
 So much if you unblushingly can state:
 Say that a better watch it might have kept,
 And that you had just cause to be irate,
 Because a pirate cruiser, while it slept,
 Out of a British port, the *Alabama*, crept.

Suppose all this. How spoke the People's voice?
 Your adversaries did they back or you?
 Why, your War's issue hung upon their choice,
 NAPOLEON would have made your Nation two,
 Would Englishmen his plan have helped him through.
 Yet not for Manchester and all its poor,
 Starved by your conflict, did they prove untrue;
 Bearing dire loss with patience, they forbore
 The cry that would have made your Union last no more.

What's your return for British sympathy,
 SUMNER and Senate? On wild fiction based
 You proffer us outrageous humble pie,
 When meekness only can have earned its taste,
 Yielding so much we were all but disgraced.

Bullies, before the French Imperial throne,
 Let, if you dare, your dainty dish be placed.
 There tender humble pie in hectoring tone.
 Ah, but already there you've feasted on your own!

ROO-EY-TOO-EY-TOO!

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH writes from Boston to MR. POTTER, editor of the *Beehive*, to say that emigration to the United States had better not be thought of for the present, MR. SUMNER having aroused so bad a feeling against England. He thinks there will be no rupture, but "is prepared for a turn of affairs which will oblige the English to leave the States." *Mr. Punch* declines to prepare himself, at present, for anything of the sort, and unless the two foremost nations of the world are mad, he believes the re-publication of the "SUMNER'S TALE," by one G. CHAUCER, would be as likely to produce war as the Munchausen Manifesto of his friend CHARLES, with whom, moreover, he means to have a word shortly. However, as it is well to avoid the least misunderstanding between friends, *Mr. Punch* himself has paid MR. SUMNER'S Bill. The handwriting of the latter being indistinct, *Mr. Punch* is not quite sure whether he asks for Two hundred and Fifty Millions, or Billions, and therefore has sent over the latter sum. If there is a balance, MR. SUMNER can keep it for himself, or lay it out in building a lunatic asylum, into which, if the quarrel should really arise, the people of the United States will do well to insert every public man they have, from sober SUMNER down to drunken CHANDLER.

Absence Makes the Fingers Grow Fonder.

"ABSENT but not forgotten." Such is the tender, touching heading to an advertisement in which a lady is quoted (by a sentimental but business-like Co.) as saying that "she has been away for three months" from what, from whom does the sympathising reader think? From the home of her childhood, from all who are nearest and dearest to her?—"from her sewing machine, but is much pleased with its working, now she has returned"!



HUMBLE PIE (?)

JONATHAN (AS INTERPRETED BY MR. SUMNER). "WAAL, REVERDY! GUESS THIS LOT 'LL ABOUT DU FOR YOUR FRIEND JOHN BULL THAR."

REVERDY JOHNSON. "HA! I'VE DINED WITH HIM A GOOD DEAL LATELY, AND HE WON'T EAT *THAT*, I PROMISE YOU."

HOW TO CHECK TRADE CHEATS.



VER ONNERD MR. PUNCH, SIR, — You knows all the swells in the litter airy way, & peraps you know the cove who've been a visiting our cribs, which he calls em criminal aunts, as though they'd been his own relations. I'd be grateful if you'd give him a small piece of my mind, and arst him what the [expletive] he means by coming the Paul Pry on a lot of onest fellers, shoemakers and sich, as is mostly out of work & finds it ard to earn a living. He'd took good care to have the bobbies at his back, else he might have got a bonneting & preshus well he wanted it. I says as its a shame for coves

to be exhibited as if they was wild beasts, & for crushers to be ired to play the part of showmen. How would you swells enjoy a visit from me and SLIMY SAM, which he's a night-man by purfession, supposing we wos jist to drop in quite permixious some fine evening at your Clubs, and wos to jine in conversation with you at your dinners? Preshus nice ewasive answers you'd be tipping us I fancy, if we arst you how you lived & if you'd paid your tailors, and how much in a week you'd ever made by onest labour. Them's the sort of questions as you put to us poor kiddies, & expex a cheerful answer, which I wishes you may git it.

But aint there other criminal aunts as ought to be inspected? How about your grocers shops & your butchers & your bakers, where cheating goes on wholesale, & retail too, with customers, by using of false weights & breaking the commandment by committing of adulteration? If one could see behind the scenes, sich aunts would prove as wicious as the wust of our relations. Why, see here what's been said of em by gents as have inspected em:—

“The inspectors of balances, weights, and measures think the only way of lessening the numerous cases of deficient weights and measures in the parish is by giving publicity to those persons on whom the fines are levied. We think the parish authorities ought to take the matter in hand, and be more strict. . . A famous tea-merchant, on our last round, whom we had occasion to fine (he having a 2 lb. weight 6 oz. deficient, and a 7 lb. weight 4 oz. deficient), said he would sooner pay any amount than have his name published.”

I see a pictur once in *Punch* of Justice with a pair of scales in one hand, and playing blind man's buff with a bandage on her eyes; and this is how she goes about inspecting Weights and Measures. Precious blind she must be not to see with arf a eye that the only way to stop a cove from selling of short weight, is to put his name in print and advertize the swindle. If a kiddy fakes a cly, he gets quodded for a twelvemonth, & his name is promenarded in most every blessed paper. Well, coves who picks your pocket by selling you short weight is just as had as prigs & should be punished similar. You'd soon spoil their little game if you stuck their names in print, & lugged em up afore the beaks that the public might appreciate the booty of their persons.

Till this be done we pickpockets must look upon ourselves as ighly injured individuals, seeing as we also like to have our names kep dark, lest when we get in trouble the Beak should recollect em and give us a hextry dose for assuming of a halias, which I remain Sir yours obedient NATHANIEL PRIGG, though in Society my chums prefer to call me CONKY CHARLEY.

THE SWIGMOGRAPH.

OUR scientific readers are probably aware that an ingenious little instrument has lately been invented for taking automatic tracings of the throbbing of the pulse. From a couple of Greek words which mean the writing of pulsation, the inventor of the instrument has christened it the “Sphygmograph:” and the name, we are informed, has suggested the invention of another clever instrument, which, as a companion, will be fitly called the “Swigmograph.”

The object of the Swigmograph will, as its name implies, consist in tracing upon paper the condition of a person who has been swigging a good deal of alcoholic liquor, and, by an automatic action, recording the cerebral pulsation of a headache engendered by excess. By preserving thus a picture of the throbbing and the racking and the splitting pains he suffers, the swigmograph will be warned against all

dangerous indulgence in the pleasures of the table, and may be spared much vinous folly and subsequent remorse. A glance at a bad headache, as depicted by the Swigmograph, will be a prudent prelude before going out to dinner, and may operate benignly in resisting the temptations of a perilous repast. Habitual diners-out will find the Swigmograph a salutary adjunct to their dressing-room, and may thank its timely warnings for a fortunate escape from many a racking headache or severe grip of the gout.

WHO CRIED “NO”?

“In our first article yesterday we said, ‘It is quite true that MR. GLADSTONE said ‘No’ when MR. HARDY asked whether MR. BRIGHT had authority to announce the policy of the Cabinet.’ The writer was mistaken in ascribing the exclamation ‘No!’ to MR. GLADSTONE. We have unimpeachable authority for stating that, whoever uttered it, the word did not come from the Prime Minister.”—*Morning Star*, May 4.

THEN who was the Party that shouted out “No!”
And instantly caused a Conservative crow?
O which of the partners in GLADSTONE & Co.
Was so awfully prompt independence to show,
Inducing the Tories to mop and to mow,
And hope that dissension would speedily grow,
And their leader again find the ball at his toe?
Was it outspoken ROBERT, whom some call BOB LOWE,
Or CHILDERS, who's taken the Navy in tow,
Or good AUSTIN BRUCE—nay, he's rather too slow,
Or GÖSCHEN, the long arithmetical JOE,
Or COLERIDGE, with scutcheon as spotless as snow,
Or LAYARD, so quick with his damaging blow,
Or CARDWELL, the carefulest card in the row,
Or MONCRIEFF vich Advocate, ho ieroe,
Or eager-tongued SULLIVAN, all in a glow,
Or HARTINGTON, Lord of the General P. O.,
Or COLLIER who lingered so long *statu quo*,
Or FORSTER, so full of decision and go,
Will nobody tell, for does nobody know,
Who flung out that answer to HARDY the foe?
Methinks explanation the Ministers owe,
And *Punch* as he thinks so, takes leave to say so,
And then that eternal old cynical beau,
The like of whom lives not 'twixt Severn and Po,
And who's wise as DE LOLME and DE STAEL and DE FOE,
Tosses off to your health a large glass of noyeau,
And proceeds, with a wink, this here chaff for to stow.
If a goose asks its reason, the answer is Bo!

WHY STRANGLE YOUR SOLDIERS?

SIR,

As an old soldier who has seen, and, doubtless, “done the State some service,” as that actor fellow says, I have a right to my opinion on the prospects of the Army; and my opinion is, by Jove, Sir! that the Army is fast going to the deuce. I don't often read a newspaper, but when I do I'm pretty sure to stumble upon something disagreeable relating to the Service, and the other day I happened to stumble upon this:—

“I feel convinced that the amount of aortic aneurism in the Army may be much diminished by the tunic being fitted more loosely round the neck and upper portion of the chest; nor can I see the propriety of making any portion of the soldiers' dress so tight as to place him at a great disadvantage in regard to health, comfort and usefulness, when actively employed.”

This is what some doctor fellow, hang him! has the impudence to state, and I daresay there are fools who will believe him, and agree with him in thinking that a soldier can't be comfortable if he be nearly choked. Perhaps he'd like to see the Life-Guards dressed in flannel shirts and wideawakes, like those ragged red-sleeved Garibaldi scare-crows, and with baggy knickerbockers and a pair of hobnailed high-lows, to finish their costume. Pretty figures they would be for one's inspection on parade; and how could any officer expect 'em to look smart?

Those infernal doctor fellows always like to trot out fine new-fangled words, and no doubt “aortic aneurism” is a new-fangled complaint. In my young days I never heard it mentioned in the Army, but now I'm told that soldiers are eleven times more likely to be attacked and die of it than men not in the ranks. Of course civilians and taxpayers, and people of that sort, may grumble at the cost of thus killing off old servants, for without a stiffish bounty one can't get new recruits. But of course no British officer ever bores himself by thinking upon matters of economy; and as for making troops more useful by giving them loose tunics, who expects 'em to be useful while a Quaker fellow's suffered to sit among the Cabinet, and the Government encourages retrenchment and reform?

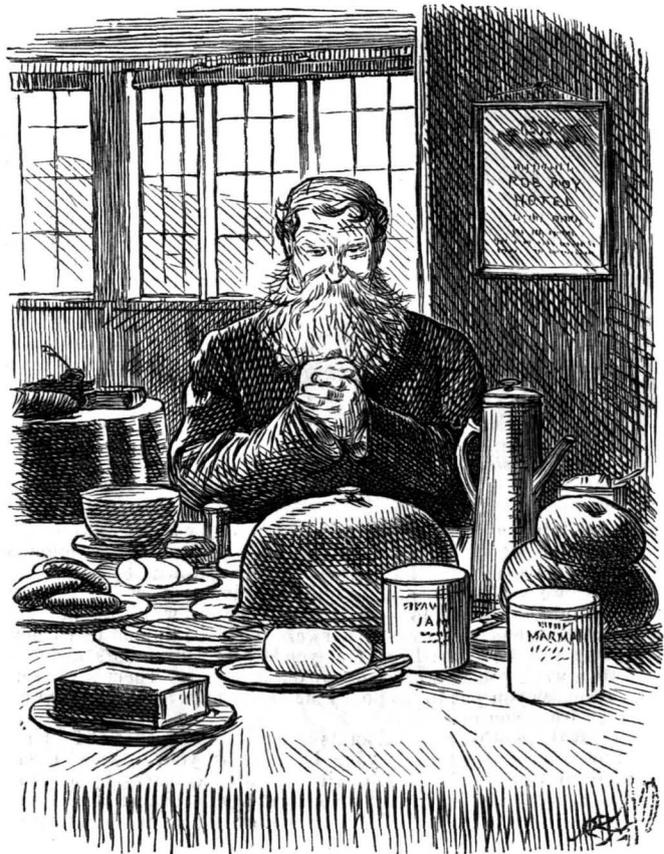
Yours, PIPECLAY.

THE PRINCIPAL REASON WHY MAC STAYED SUCH A SHORT TIME IN LONDON.



At Bilkins's Royal Hotel (Limited), London.

Mac (hungry). "LO-OR-SH KEEP'S! CA' THIS A BR'AKFAST!!"



At the Rob Roy Inn, Peebles, Unlimited!

THE ART AND ARMS OF ENGLAND.

MR. PUNCH,

MAY the gallant Volunteers of the Artists' Corps be destined never to have any brush with an enemy. But should it ever be their cue to fight, who doubts that they will make good the words of MAJOR LEIGHTON, thus spoken in responding to the toast of "The Volunteers" at the Royal Academy dinner?

"Of my own colleagues in art I shall only say that their peaceful pursuits do not unstring them for the ruder offices of war. I confidently assert, on the contrary, that one who year by year, in search of the picturesque, pencil in hand, has lingered with loving feet along the lanes and round the peaceful homesteads of this most lovely country, will not be the last in the hour of need to stand forth in its defence; and I will add, with the assent I am sure of every artist present, that a man who in the life-long search after ideal beauty, shall have found its nearest image in the face and form of Englishwomen, will own a double debt of chivalry in the defence of those homes of which they are the light and the crowning grace."

Gallant MAJOR LEIGHTON would, after *Fitz-Eustace*, ask:—

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land—"

—as that which he calls "this most lovely country." But what, Sir, when this country, now not so lovely as it was within boy's not to say man's memory, shall have lost all its loveliness? The beauty of the face of the earth, as well as that of the human face divine, is but, so to speak, skin-deep, and, by the railway progress of material utilisation, is in the way of being very fast used up. When this country shall have been converted into close clusters of towns with intervening hotbeds, where, *Mr. Punch*, may we not ask, with some misgiving, is the enthusiast who will care to fight for such a land, with its beauty improved off its face? To be sure, Sir, there will still remain the face and the form of Englishwomen, off whom we may trust that beauty will never be improved, and therewith there will coexist all the motive of fighting that men had before HELEN of Troy; but, in the meantime, if but to keep up the national courage by maintaining those incitements

of it, which, according to MAJOR LEIGHTON, inspire the Artists' Corps, and particularly in that corps the Landscape Artists, let us wish, and drink as often as ever we have an opportunity, "Success to the Society for the Preservation of Commons."

I represent the landed interest, but it is that of the community, *Mr. Punch*, not the landlords, and especially not that of the Lords of the Manors. If the House of Commons become not more true to its name than it has lately shown itself, there will soon be not a common in England for a goose to graze upon, or that will regale the vision of one whom, if you were a Philistine, you would call your aesthetic

EDWARD.

A PERFECT PICTURE.

HERE is an advertisement on which the stable mind may ponder, if it please:—

FOR SALE. A PERFECT LADY'S HORSE. Warranted.

Is it the lady or the horse that is warranted as perfect? Gallantry and grammar both incline towards the lady; common sense, however, points rather to the horse. But the word "perfect" may be used as denoting a past tense, and meaning something *passé*, and, if we thus construe it, gallantry would forbid us to apply it to the lady, and experience would incline us to apply it to the horse.

A Variation from Watts.

WHY should you deprive your neighbour
Of his beer against his will?
Let men drink fat ale who labour,
Not thin slops and water swill.

A LAUGH IN THE LADIES' COLLEGE.

YOUNG Ladies, in studying *Euclid*, sometimes giggle over their geometry. This is your "*Gratus puelle risus ab angulo.*"

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.—SERJEANT TURKEY—GOOSEY'S CONVERSATION—MR. OWL—THE LEGAL INSTRUMENT—SIGNED—LICENCE—MARRIAGE—WHAT WAS DONE FOR HIM—THE MOLES.

SERJEANT TURKEY was a great creature: not much of a lawyer, perhaps, but fat, red-faced, and imposing. When you come to think of it, what marvellous moral weight is there in a portly stomach, an old-fashioned black satin waistcoat, and an old-fashioned watch-guard? Throw in a bald head, and you have a picture of Wisdom. The Serjeant was blustering: was kindly. His legal decisions were seldom, if ever, questioned: being founded on common sense, which is the basis of all Law: only that it is so, Lawyers forget. And Clients, too, for the matter of that; but *they*, and not Idealised Justice, are blindfolded, and hence litigation.

The above was the sum and substance of GOOSEY'S observations to the Serjeant at the supper-table; MISS IDA being close at hand, was wondering at these learned remarks, until she was presently taken away to dance with MR. WAGG, of whom and whose attentions our young friend was not in the least jealous.

When, therefore, GOOSEY found out to what great legal luminary he had been giving his opinions, he was much abashed, and was inclined severely to blame his own youthful garrulity.

"We must look out for 'you,'" observed the Serjeant good-humouredly, "when you practise at the Fiddlesticks Sessions."

Now this promise, coupled with TOM PORCUPINE'S suggestions as to the Bar being his (GOOSEY'S) line, and also with DORMOUSE Senior's desire to aid his son's chum in every possible way, fired the inmost soul of GOOSEY, and set him all agog for the honour of a wig and gown.

DAWSON DORMOUSE impressed upon him that if he entered the profession he must "be on the spot" perpetually.

To which GOOSEY sensibly replied, that he was not going to take up Chamber Practice, but the Civil, or Common, Law to commence with, which straightway led to an argument as to what was "civil" and

what was "common;" which, but for their good fellowship, might have ended in uncommon incivilities.

The Jolly Old Cock would not give him the slightest assistance, being rendered almost beside himself (apparently) by the intelligence, brought to him by GOOSEY, of his son's marriage with MISS IDA DRAKE, the Little Duck. That this wrath was entirely assumed, was

made manifest to us, the lookers-on, by an application from MR. OWL, Old BARNDOOR'S solicitor, for an interview with GOOSEY as soon as convenient.

DAWSON DORMOUSE and PORCUPINE accompanied their friend to the Solicitor's office, where on hearing the proposal which MR. OWL was empowered to make to his Client's son, they strongly urged GOOSEY not on any account to accept the terms. The arrangement was to the effect that if GOOSEY would sign away his little property *in futuro*, and place it at his kind, good father's disposal, he, Old BARNDOOR, would give him, per annum, something less than a very ordinary City clerk's salary, for his money, during his (Old BARNDOOR'S) life-time.

The young man would not be advised. He thought that to acquiesce in the proposal would humour his father, and render him ultimately less unfavourable to his marriage, and kinder towards himself and wife. That was *his* idea, not that of his friends.

MR. OWL, who had been the Family Barndoor solicitor for years, didn't offer an opinion on the matter, and only sat at his table with the parchment before him, pen in hand, looking over some briefs and referring occasionally to the Clerk during our discussion. He was seventy-five, and impenetrable. He had not much more to say in this world, and what he had, he kept to himself. At

his age he was Legal Mechanism personified. A Client said "do this," and he got it done to the best of his ability. Going home in the evening I have a sort of fancy that Old Owl sighed over his Clients' victims; nay, in some cases regretted that "business" did not permit him to offer advice contrary to his Clients' interests and objects.

"This is what your father proposes," said he, quietly, and offered the document for GOOSEY'S inspection. That was OWL'S mission, nothing



"With a proper teacher of their own sex, and with suitable dresses for the preliminary practice, ladies can obtain such a command over the velocipedes in one week's practice, of an hour daily, that they can ride side-saddle-wise with the utmost ease."—*New York Sun*.

OH! THEN, THIS IS WHAT WE MAY EXPECT TO SEE THIS SEASON.

more. Other birds have their eyes open; Owls are always blinking; but *they* see when others sleep.

"I have not met you, MR. GOOSEY," observed MR. OWL, while GOOSEY was irresolutely playing with the pen, "since you were three or four years old."

This reminiscence had in it something tender. It was as much as MR. OWL could say safely, and conscientiously, as regarded that Invisible Presence, his Client.

To remind GOOSEY of those days had in it, I say, something of tender warning. It seemed to say, "You are younger than I am by a lifetime. I have known your father all these years. I understand him. *You* don't. Take care." But the handwriting on the parchment was mere pot-hooks and hangers to GOOSEY, and the old Owl's hint, if hint it was intended to be, was utterly thrown away. In vain we told him that of all edged tools a legal instrument was the most dangerous.

"Bah! he would trust his father," he said; and to that sentiment what could we return?—nothing.

So GOOSEY signed away his money, and was happy. Receiving so much a year, quite a trifle, he was determined to marry, and did; for IDA, with all her good sense, was not proof against his enthusiasm. She could have met argument with argument: affirmative possibilities with negative probabilities, and could (if occasion had required) have damped ardour. But Enthusiasm did everything in half-an-hour, even to buying the ring, and setting off in a cab to swear before a gentleman at a writing desk (Cupid's Secretary, *pro tem.*, whom you expect to be cheerful and radiant, and generally interested in your personal matters, but he isn't, and merely asks *your* name, her name, takes as a matter of course parents' consent, pockets a fee, and continues the ordinary work your entrance has interrupted), and even to enlisting on his side, the sympathies of such a staid elderly couple as MR. and MRS. DORMOUSE.

DORMOUSE Senior came out very strongly on this occasion, promising to *lend* him his expenses of a "call" to the Bar, which GOOSEY was to repay when he should make a fortune in his profession.

I pass over the wedding, a very quiet one, and the Honeymoon, of which, of course, I am profoundly ignorant; but when they returned, and took lodgings in town, we all put our shoulders to their little boat, and assisted at the launch. And should the barque overturn, could not a Duck swim, and a Goose too? So we were confident and hopeful.

GOOSEY passed an examination, and obtained some honourable distinction, and therefore DORMOUSE and PORCUPINE took him one day to call upon the MOLES, one member of which firm TOM PORCUPINE was going to see on a matter of importance to *him*, and not of even six-and-eightpenceworth importance to MR. MOLE Senior, who would give as much time, care, and attention to a case that could never bring him in a groat, as he would to one which was to be worth thousands to his practice.

The Three MOLES Solicitors had their offices in one house, were partners, each one, however, in his own separate and distinct line. They were Members of some one or other of the Most Ancient People's Tribes, and despite all Christian prejudice and tradition to the contrary, were as kind, as liberal, as charitable, and as generous, both in and out of their business, as any Gentile, in the same line, that you would ever come across in a long summer-day's search, from Holborn Valley to the end of Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

(To be Continued.)

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF CORK.

UNDER the heading of "Extraordinary Proceedings at Cork," the *Globe* states that—

"On Sunday the MAYOR OF CORK went to the Bridewell, and discharged the prisoners confined there."

Did the MAYOR OF CORK really talk the treasonable Thuggery that he is reported to have vented at the Fenian dinner? Did he countenance the Fenian dinner at all? Then there is no wonder in his having gone to the Bridewell, and let all the scoundrels loose. But it is to be lamented that he went to Bridewell on a Sunday of his own accord, instead of having been sent there upon a working-day by lawful authority.

Demi et Demi.

It used to be said that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. As to the French world of fashion there is much doubt if this saying holds good any longer, and no question that the upper half well knows, and that by experience, how the under half dresses. Please not to copy any longer.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

MR. OFFICER, the Speaker of the House of Assembly of Tasmania, has been Knighted. It will be generally agreed that he is the proper officer to receive this distinction.

THE SOLDIER'S POOR FEET.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF had a very good reason for objecting to march through Coventry with his regiment of ragamuffins. Is it possible that he would, if now in being, have had an objection, still better founded, to march through Fleet Street the other day with certain companies of the gallant 98th? Doubtless, albeit revived in rejuvenescence, as when he was not an eagle's talon in the waist, and could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring; when eight yards of uneven ground would have been, not threescore and ten miles, but a joke with him. The said 98th had to march from the other side of Staines to the Tower Wharf, a distance of nearly thirty miles, and by the time they passed the quarters of Field Marshal *Punch*, were seen, by a correspondent of the *Times*, most of them hobbling. Knocked up even with that long march along a level turnpike? Yes; as a troop of Spartan infantry would have been in like case, forced to march all the way, as the 98th were, in new boots—a forced march truly. The *Times* sensibly suggests that now, when it is proposed to employ the leisure time of our soldiers in some kind of industry, a few shoemakers, who could see where the military shoe pinches, and put it right, might be attached to every regiment. At present there appears to be a sad deficiency of respectable Shoemakers in the ranks of the British Army, whilst, among those superior persons who are responsible for the way in which its Foot is shod, there are some very bungling Snobs. It is all to no purpose that we talk of improving the condition of the British soldier, and putting him on a better footing, when every man who knows how badly the Lobster, as he is vulgarly called, is off for what the vulgar also term Crabshells, would, on no account, like to be in his shoes.

VERY QUEER FISH.

ACCORDING to the *Hampshire Independent*—

"An American contemporary says fish may be kept alive for ten days or more without water by filling their mouths with crumbs of bread saturated with brandy, and pouring a little brandy in their stomachs, after which, in this torpid state, they may be packed in straw. They become alive in a few hours when again placed in fresh water."

And then, one would think, they must be very fresh themselves. The freshness of the fresh water, however, which refreshes the fish, we may presume to mean the contrary to vapidity, and not the absence of salt; though of all the scaly and finny race,

"Fishes that tipple in the deep,"

should be the most capable of standing spirits, and the least of being reduced to insensibility by brandy. It may, indeed, be argued that salt-water fish are apt at times to get half-seas-over, and thus screwed in some degree, if not to that of being absolutely tight. But this is the unscrupulous sophistry of an abandoned punster. It is occasionally said of a bibulous person that he drinks like a fish; that is, practises the reverse of total abstinence without being the worse for liquor. The truth, however, is, even if the above-quoted statement is true, instead of being simply American, that the only fish who ever get drunk are fish out of water.

DE POTATORE EXCLUDENDO.

DR. MANNING, the illicit Archbishop of Westminster, advocating a liquor law, argued at St. James's Hall, the other evening, the justice of such a law from "the admitted right" of majorities in these days to impose legislation upon a minority against its will. Oh, DR. MANNING! No such right is now admitted more than it ever was. The minority never recognised the right—only submitted to the might. And to-day, if DR. MANNING and his associates were a majority instead of a minority, the majority that now is, then reduced to a minority, would as little admit the right of the greater number to debar it from liquoring up, as the few under HENRY THE FOURTH admitted the right of the many to restrict their liberty of conscience by the statute *de hæretico comburendo*.

THE HIGH HORSE AND THE HOBBY-HORSE.

THE Cavalry of the English Church Militant consists of the richer class of parsons; its dignified clergymen are the Church dragoons; of course its bishops are all mounted, and even its archdeacons mostly proceed to deliver their charges upon chargers. The Curates, as a body, constitute the Church infantry, and may be described as the walking clergy. For the ecclesiastical Foot generally, and those of their superior officers who cannot well afford to keep horses, the *Church Review* suggests that velocipedes "may become a useful means of rapid communication." Very likely; but what the more zealous of the divines who form the two leading divisions of the clerical corps want much rather is a means of rapid excommunication.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

WONDERFUL, ISN'T IT? THE POLICEMAN HERE, WHO HAS ASSISTED THIS OLD GENTLEMAN (WHO HAS BEEN DINING WITH HIS "COMPANY") INTO HIS HOUSE, WAITS TO SEE THE RESULT!

THE WEATHERCOCK AT ITS WORST.

KNOW you a more unpleasant day
Than one with an East wind in May?
A melancholy sky, of lead,
Or slate, frowns drearily o'erhead.
An air, bedimmed with blighting haze,
Look where you will, offends your gaze;
Branches with nipt, shrunk leaves, the trees
Toss wildly in the blustering breeze;
The lilac-bloom is faded, sere;
Flowers wither in the blast severe;
The song-birds all have ceased to twitter,
Because the weather is so bitter;
You shiver in the blinding gust,
Whilst in your eyes it blows the dust.
And then you think about poor souls
In want of blankets and of coals,
And letters to the *Times* enclose,
In thought, soup-kitchens to propose,
Instead of thinking on resort
To Greenwich or to Hampton Court,
With your own aliment in question.
In Bushy Park the sweet suggestion
Of the Horse Chestnuts out in bloom
Is chased by atmospheric gloom.
And so a season flies, which all
That man can do will not recall.
O Æolus, old fellow, stow it:
The wind in May that blows East—blow it!

The Irish Puzzle.

CERTAINLY, the Irish are a riddle. If it is proposed to treat them exactly as if they were English, there is a blaze about our Philistinism, and non-understanding of nationality. But when they practise "wild justice," and set law at defiance, we are warned not to deal with them except by the most scrupulous rules of English law. As their own poet writ (of Love or Friendship)—

"Which shall it be—how shall we woo?
Erin, choose between the two."

HORTICULTURAL NOTE.—For Flower Show Day read Flower Shower Day.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *May 10.* SIMON SCROPE of Danby wants the Wiltes Peerage. It was created in the time of RICHARD THE SECOND. His successor, our HENRI QUATRE, cut off the head of the Peer, and the House of Lords, after long and patient consideration, decides that this operation extinguished him. The DUKE OF CLEVELAND, who appears to think that a Peer can do without a head, wanted to revise the decision, but the Lords held that the beheading finished the business. This did LORD SYDNEY go and tell the QUEEN at Windsor.

Their Lordships then spoiled the Scotch Education Bill. Scotland, except—and please to note the exception—the Scotch clergy, desires the measure. That single line explains the case. Our Primate honestly showed his hand by objecting to a Bill which brought the Lords into collision with questions that affected both England and Scotland. Just so, dear Archbishop. But the collision will come; and if Questions mean hindrances to popular education, may we respectfully remind your Grace of GEORGE STEPHENSON'S answer, before a Committee, in the pre-railway days: "Suppose a cow should come into collision with a train?" "So much the worse for the cow."

LORD COLONSAY, new and venerable Scottish law peer, was actually for introducing a clause enacting that the wee laddies and lassies should be taught the Shorter Catechism of the Kirk of Scotland. But the DUKE OF ARGYLL objected to incorporate that document in an Act of Parliament. There is only one Catechism that ought to be taught to any child, and that is our old friend ISAAC WATTS'S "First." Without speaking of the dreadful Scotch and hideous Westminster bundles of dogmas, see the difference between WATTS'S and that of our beloved Mother Church. She begins, "What's your name?" He begins, "Can you tell me, my child, who made you?" Which is the religious teacher?

A notice given in the Commons about opening Museums on Sundays, reminds us that some persons fear that this will lead to the opening Theatres on that day. This again leads us to a speech made by MR. BUCKSTONE at the General Theatrical Fund Dinner last week. He

said that no member of his own Haymarket Theatre would ever consent to perform on Sunday, and he believed that such was the feeling of his Profession. Also, he stated that great numbers of actors and actresses regularly go to church. It is satisfactory to know this, and likewise that the Stage does not encourage Dissent.

A long debate, begun by MR. CORRANCE, on Pauperism and Vagrancy. MR. GÖSCHEN admitted the alarming extent of pauperism, and the consequent deplorable increase of expenditure. Nothing particular came of the discussion, but there seems to be a growing conviction that as workhouses are to be found everywhere, vagrancy is adopted as an easy profession, and that the tramp should be treated as a criminal.

Law Court battle again. MR. STREET is preparing his plans for what is wittily called the Lowe site. SIR ROUNDELL PALMER menaces his best opposition. By the way, *Mr. Punch*, who never forgets anything, and is justice incarnate, intimates that there is bad taste and not altogether fair play on the part of the Government in allowing the Law Courts Commission, at the head of which was SIR R. PALMER, to be abused for extravagance and absurdity. For SIR ROUNDELL was MR. GLADSTONE'S Attorney-General in the last Liberal Administration, and was then entrusted with the business of officially defending the Commission and its purchase.

Tuesday. A morning sitting of Commons in order to deal with the Cork Buttermonger. As *Macheath* sings—

"The Court is prepared, the Counsel are met,
The Judges all ranged, a terrible show."

But the Mayor caved in—denuded himself of his robe—declared by letter (read by MR. MAGUIRE) that he had not meant to justify assassins, and resigned his office. So Head-Master GLADSTONE, who had previously remarked, in the old scholastic rhyme, to Monitor EDWARD SULLIVAN,

"Hic, hæc, hoc,
Lay him on the block,"

And had taken a thundering rod out of pickle for DANIEL O'SULLIVAN'S

be—nefit, abstained from laying it on, and in consideration of DAN'S penitence, permitted him to adjust his garments, and retire, with a severe warning. *Vide* Cartoon.

In the Lords, the MARQUIS OF TOWNSHEND proposed two out of about a dozen bills of his, framed for the most part in the interest of humanity. One was to protect the property of Lodgers who owe no rent, yet have their goods seized by a landlord, the other for punishing brutal assaults on women and children. The former Bill was opposed on technical and worthless grounds. Against the latter it was alleged that such assaults are becoming less frequent, and therefore new legislation is not needed. We should be glad to believe it. None of LORD TOWNSHEND'S Bills will be carried, but none the less honour to a Christian nobleman who, in the House and out of it, defies the vulgar grin of those who call him "eccentric" because he believes that property has its duties. If he gambled away a magnificent ancestral estate, like one peer, debauched until he killed himself, like another, or ran away with his bosom friend's wife, like a third, he would not be laughed at, but only called "poor fellow!"

Property has its Duties. But its Taxes, at least those on Real property, are light. At least so contended MR. FOWLER, and raised a debate of much prosiness. MR. LOWE said the question involved a problem which he could not solve then, but he promised that if an idea flashed upon him, the country should hear of it. So he merrily escaped the snare of the Fowler. *Apropos* whereof, there was a quarrel over Scotch game again, and a one-sided Committee which MR. LOGH had compounded, but not to the satisfaction of other Scots. Evidently, Scotland is waking up on this game question, and when she really wakes she has a habit of not going to sleep again until the rousing matter has just been settled.

County Financial Boards—do you want to know anything about them? *Punch* supposes not. Do you remember *Mr. Huggins*, in Hood's *Epping Hunt*, who, being run away with by his horse, thought that

"He never saw a County go
At such a County Rate."

Wednesday. In the Lords—now, then, MM. Clever? The Lords don't sit on Wednesday. They don't, eh? Have you any other valuable information on the science of egg-sucking to impart to your grandmother? Perhaps the PRINCE OF WALES is not a member of the House of Lords, and perhaps the EARL OF PUNCH is not going to note, with satisfaction and delight, that this day the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES returned to England, after months of absence in the East and elsewhere, lunched with HER MAJESTY, embraced their infants, who were brought up from Windsor, went with the QUEEN to the Royal Academy, drove in the Park, and attended a State Concert.

Says BROWN to JONES, "You and I are temperate fellows, and moreover have cellars of our own. ROBINSON may be tempted to drink too much. Let us shut up all the public-houses. He has no cellar. Then he must be sober, and his wife and children will get his wages." So BROWN and JONES get SIR WILFRID LAWSON to ask Parliament to allow a majority of two-thirds to shut up the public-houses.

Parliament is right. But, as MR. FORSTER said, the Permissive Bill is demanded by "the aristocracy of the working classes," and though this plan for repressing drunkenness will not do, their wishes must be considered.

There was a long debate. COLONEL JERVIS opposed an infringement of the rights of the subject. MR. O. MORGAN believed that some such special enactment would do much to put down drunkenness. MR. CAWLEY did not approve of this Bill, but would support any practicable project for reducing the number of public-houses. To MR. BAZLEY, who had stooped to repeat the silly slang about "not making men moral by Act of Parliament," MR. FORSTER said, "No, but you may diminish their temptations." *Punch* hoped that slang was extinct, but it is too foolish not to live long—idiots do, and so do shallow phrases. LORD SANDON believed that the working classes were reforming themselves. MR. WALTER dwelt on the evils of gin-drinking, which was worse than beer-drinking. MR. JACOB BRIGHT supported the Bill, but hoped there would be a sharp and general interference with the liquor traffic. He would legislate in the style in which they had dealt with the Irish Church.

The HOME SECRETARY spoke most sensibly and satisfactorily. The present system must be considerably changed. But education was the chief remedy. The upper classes were sober, because they had mental resources. But the class whose only enjoyments were sensual, instinctively drank. Repressive measures must, however, be adopted, and hitherto no Government had been strong enough to carry a valuable measure, because representatives were afraid of certain influences. Now that the franchise was widely spread, those influences would greatly diminish. [Bungo, "mine host," how do you like that?] It was the honest intention of the Government to deal with the question next Session, and meet the wishes of the people, without interfering with innocent enjoyment.

So the Permissive Bill was rejected by 193 to 87, and next year look out for BRUCE'S Permits. *Punch* points out to the superior class of artisans that Parliament, which legislates for all, has nevertheless given

respectful attention to their desires, and rejects this Bill because it is hoped to give something fairer and better.

Thursday. Last day before the Holidays. So Old RUSSELL (we use the adjective as schoolboys do, not irreverently) thought he would have a lark, and suddenly bonneted Old GRANVILLE, cheeking him about Irish land policy, and telling him he had better have minded that than bankruptcy and schools. Or, if you want to be serious, he accused the Government of having encouraged dangerous hopes, and held them, by their silence, responsible for MR. BRIGHT'S plans.

LORD GRANVILLE had nothing to say but what he had said before. He announced nothing. Government were not responsible for MR. BRIGHT'S views, but these had nothing in them opposed to the rights of property.

LORD DERBY said that the Irish had been led to believe that no more rent was to be paid after 1870. He drew a pleasing parallel between MR. BRIGHT and the Buttermonger. The plans of the former would convulse Ireland, and before they were promulgated he hoped that the army in that country would be largely increased.

LORD KIMBERLEY replied with a *tu quoque*, setting his Lordship right in respect to MR. BRIGHT, and the DUKE OF ABERCORN (late Lord-Lieutenant) contrasted the present unhappy state of things, mainly caused by MR. BRIGHT and his friends, with the tranquillity of Ireland under himself and the Conservatives. LORD WESTMEATH—but we imagine that will do. My Lords, having thus finished the pre-Whitsuntide sittings with a good row, rose until the 31st.

There was no disturbance in the Commons. The General Omnibus Company having failed to defeat the Tramways in Committee, tried to spoil the Bill in the House, by getting leave to run any vehicles on the tramway. MR. BRIGHT exposed the dodge in language which even a conductor would call straightforward, and the Buss Coves were floored.

We were told that in rural districts the postmen were, if they liked, to ride on velocipedes, or bicycles; but, said LORD HARTINGTON, pleasantly, as the art of riding those articles is not included in the Civil Service Examination, the thing is to be optional. We can imagine rose-garlanded CELIA, in her arbour (O thanks, MR. LESLIE), singing sweetly,

"Don't blame, dear Mamma, this ecstatic throb,
But the Bicycle Brought me a Billet from Bob."

Then did we finally Consider the Irish Church Bill, as amended, fix the Third Reading for the 31st, and after some Budget details, not unamusing, including a complaint by MR. LOWE that when there was an alleged grievance the "Inevitable Widow" was always brought up, we rose until Thursday, the 27th.

THE ZERO OF FRAUD.

Is it come to this? Under the head of "Notices of Motions," in a programme of "Parliamentary Business" recently printed, there was the following entry:—

"LORD ELCHO.—To call attention to the adulteration of manures; and to move that, in the opinion of this House, it is desirable that the attention of the Board of Trade should be directed to this subject."

Has commercial rascality descended even to the adulteration of manures? Why this is worse than TENNYSON'S conception of the pharmaceutical rogue "pestling a poisoned poison." It is the lowest conceivable depth of dirty dishonesty. British mercantile morality must indeed be at a low ebb if LORD ELCHO has reason for bringing the adulteration of manure itself before the House of Commons. What will Parliament do to prevent it? We can imagine what the Collective Wisdom of our ancestors would have done. It would have doomed the debaser of manure to stand in the pillory, and be pelted with his own wares—purified.

SOLILOQUY BY A SOT.

No SHWILFRID LAWSON, no! Sh' House 'fuses you permission
On everybody'sh beer to put a prohibition,
An' every shober man in sh' 'bitual sot's position,
Him tha 'sh got shelf-control, an' him 'sh got weak volition,
To treat 'em bo' like boysh tha' 'sh shubjec' to tshuition,
Idiotsh an' imbeshilesh incap'ble o' cognition
Ash t' how mush liquorsh more shan 'sh goo' for zsheir nutrition,
To govern 'em ash priestsh rule shlavesh of shupershtition,
All 'cause shome, like me, can't keep out o' zshish condition,
—Tha'sh reason why I shined zshe Liquor Law petition!

Going Astray.

It will be a great mistake if our learned societies involve themselves in political discussions. We make this remark, because we notice with regret that one of these bodies has permitted a paper to be read before it on "The Property of the Radical axis."

AGRICULTURAL FROLICS IN FRANCE.



THERE'S a Cathadral at Winchester; that every fool knows. Accordun to the *Times* there's also a Cathadral at Chartres. Now, if you was told as how the farmer of them two sehaacred ediffuses looked down t'other day upon a ploughun match, I dwoant suppose as how you'd make any partickler observation, 'cept that you didn't know the Cathadral had got eyes in his tower, and that, if so be as a did look: down upon a ploughun match, that couldn't ha took place on the Downs cause they be above un, and looks down upon he, but must ha come off down below in the valley

o' the Itchun. But when you larns, if you needs to larn, and dwoant know already, as how that sart of a trial o' skill was witnessed by the tother venerable buildun, I expect you'll say them French fellers be a gettun on. That's another leaf they've taken out of our book; fust they took to hoss-racun and *le sport*, and now they be a imitatun our manners and customs in the farmerun way. Fur twusn't only a ploughun match as was performed at Chartres, but that there performace came to pass in the coorse of a agricultural meetun, and the *Times* says them gatheruns is becummun as common in France as they be this here side o' the Channle. Fur the credit o' JOHN BULL, howsomedever, you'll be plazed to know that the fust prize, a goold meddle and 200 franks, was carried off by an Englishman, sent over by MESSRS. HOWARD, of Bedford. I wish't had been Hamshire. But no matter fur that. Old England fur ever!

I'll own its grativyun to zee that the French be beginnun to lower a little that there terreceable consate o' theirn, and to find out who's their masters in some things at any rate, and whilst they brags about leadun the van o' civilization, that they bain't above bein' show'd who drives the plough.

There's one pint wherein I be curus to know if the French be gwaiun to foller we at their agricultural meetuns, and that is as to prizes. I wonder if the Moosoo 'squires and farmers 'ool gie any for good conduct and length o' sarvus; persent a carter, fur instance, by way o' reward for bringun up a famaly of a dozen childern without help o' charutty wi a napoleon—and a pair o' cordroys. Praps instead o' the cordroys they'll award un a cross o' the Legion of Honner, which 'll be zummut more greashus, and arnamental for un, if not so useful.

I be, &c.,

JACOB HOMEGREEN.

P.S. I dwoan't know, though, about the twelve childern. I fancies the French bain't much inclined to incurridge merit in that line. Well, they han't got no colonies—that herearter zome o' these days ool break away vrom 'un and then zeek occasion to plunder 'un and cut their drooats. Zo much for your increasun popolation of the Anglo-Zaxon reass.

AN ADDITION TO THE DAIRY.

THE *British Medical Journal* publishes an analysis of sow's milk by PROFESSOR CAMERON, of Dublin, showing that it contains 18 20 parts of solid matter per cent., whereas in the milk of the cow there are only about twelve. Amongst the constituents of the former fluid the quantity of lactin, or sugar of milk, as stated by the Professor, very nearly approaches the average proportion existing in the natural diet of babies. In fats his table exhibits sow's milk as nearly twice, in casein and other nitrogenous matters as almost four times as abundant as the other. Its excessive richness would therefore perhaps be considered by the Faculty to disqualify its producer for the situation of wet-nurse, for which her aptitude might seem to be suggested by the largeness of the saccharine element in her milk, as also by the advantage that its formation requires no stout, which, together with loads of other "nourishing things," is usually consumed in vast quantity by the ordinary substitute supplying maternal attention. There is no foundation whatever for the proverbial comparison which implies that excess in intoxicating liquor is a besetting infirmity of that female pachyderm to whose parental care, and lactescent qualities, we are indebted for sucking-pig.

Parliamentary Intelligence.

THE House of Commons, in addition to its permanent inmates, has now got a GUEST in the person of the new Member for Youghal. We hope a Welcome Guest.

A GOOD SITE FOR A HOSPITAL.—Healing.

JOHN THOMAS AT ELYSIUM.

Most afternoons in May we go,
And figure in the Park of Hyde,
Ho, what a sight is Rotten Row—
Likewise the Ring, our carriage ride.
Them faces, calm and bright, reweals
The better classes peace of mind,
A state by sympathy I feels,
The foot-board whilst I treads be'ind.

My hi ow 'appy they must be!
Ow rich, them raptured looks to wear!
So well-off only phancy me,
Thinks I—and seems their bliss to share,
They sheds it from their beamin' eyes,
Which 'tis a gladness to beold,
Like sunshine from unclouded skies,
When meddows glows with green and gold.

His hincome-tax he must enjoy,
Whose hindependence is secure;
Or sallery from some employ
As is genteel, well-paid, and sure.
No hBJECT funk, no sawdid dread
Of ruin aunts his noble breast.
That's why the Swells a hinfuence spread
That sets me, for a time, at rest.

Ence, hall you hugly slaves of toil,
Whose frowns and scowls base care betray!
This Paradise your looks would spile—
Keep your hill-favoured mugs away.
Your features is so painful coarse!
Though what makes countenances fine?
'Tis wealth, which some calls Labour's force
Conserved. There won't be much of mine.

Of five good meals a day, and plush,
Could I but count to my life's end,
For my costume I ne'er should blush,
However spruce, you may depend.
And has to work, I'd change my own
For nothing but superia pay,
With any Servant of the Crown,
That's subjec' to be turned away.

Down fawthought, drive paw drudges mad!
Down mean hanxiety and fear!
I won't look like a carewawn Cad,
A hBJECT in this 'eavenly sphere.
I may, with fascinatin' hi,
Some hairess catch in yonda scene;
But not with liniments all wry;
JOHN THOMAS keep your brow serene.

ESCALADE OF THE SHANNON.

A RECENT list of Parliamentary notices included the announcement of a question to be put to the CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND by MR. ORMSBY GORE, respecting the Government's promised construction of salmon ladders on the River Shannon. This question suggests another inquiry which does not, however, appear to have occurred to MR. GORE, or any other Honourable Member whose attention he may have called to the subject of salmon ladders. When the salmon scale the ladders, do the ladders scale the salmon? There is the rub, so to speak; and we pause for a reply.

Debates at the Fingers' Ends.

NOT every reader of *Punch* may be aware that there exists a Society called the Deaf and Dumb Debating Club, otherwise the "WALLIS Club." "This organisation," says the *Post*, "has just terminated its third session in the usual English fashion by a dinner." During its last term it has had nine debates on various subjects, political, social, and scientific. One question which the Deaf and Dumb Debating Club might have opportunely discussed at the dinner with which its meetings concluded, is whether a dumb waiter is not as good as a deaf one.

"LIGHT DUES."—Photographers' Charges.



THE STOLEN LADDER;
OR, HOW WILL THEY GET DOWN AGAIN

LOOK OUT, LAYARD!

THE *Lancet* some time ago called attention, not before it was needed, to the wretchedly insaniary state of the Guard-room at Buckingham Palace, where, in the Sergeants' room more particularly, the arrangements for slow poisoning by foul air were carried to a pitch of perfection hardly attained, much more surpassed, in any of our many highly pestiferous barrack quarters.

The *Lancet's* ventilation of this abomination, we were glad to hear, was like to lead to the ventilation of this dog-hole.

Proposals were submitted in the Estimates for new windows to give light and air, new Galton's stoves, a plentiful introduction of ventilators, and a new cooking apparatus.

The Treasury had approved. Parliament had sanctioned. The improvements were nearly completed, under the authority of the War Office, which has control of the inside of the Guard-room. But the outside, unluckily, is under the Board of Works. And the Board of Works, on the plea that the new windows were an architectural disfigurement, has given, so says the *Lancet*, peremptory orders to the War Office to put things "as they were."

The *Lancet* must be wrong. The head of the Board of Works is called LAYARD. His antecedents have shown that if he cares for architecture much, he cares for the British soldier more. We call upon him from his place in Parliament to contradict the slanders of the *Lancet*, and to assure us that if he has shut up one window in the Sergeants' room at Buckingham Palace, it is only that he may open two.

We were not aware, till so informed by the *Lancet*, that the architecture of Buckingham Palace *could* be spoiled. But if the Board of Works considers that such a feat is possible, we are sure it will not be done by opening a window in the dog-hole known as the Sergeants' room; and that the most æsthetic passer-by will gladly compound for the irregular opening, when it is understood to be the only provision for light and air in a room occupied by the non-commissioned officers in authority over soldiers who keep watch against the intrusion of possible boy Joneses into the Palace of the Sovereign.

A PRETTY SIGHT IN PARIS.

AFTER all it seems that there is still some good taste extant in the drawing-rooms of Paris, although, from what the fashion-books and newspapers have told us, we may perhaps have doubted if such could be the case. *Mais voilà la preuve*—

"Some young ladies of the *élite* of Parisian society have obtained at the last *fêtes* a real success, by showing themselves with their hair simply braided."

Hair "simply braided" is indeed to our mind simply charming, and we wonder how young ladies who have prettily-shaped heads can disfigure them with chignons and similar excrescences. A girl who simply braids her hair and wears nothing on her head but that which Nature has implanted there, will please the eye not only of the lover of the beautiful, but in like degree of the admirer of the sensible. A pleasant sight she likewise will present to the phrenologist, who in these days of monstrous feminine hirsuteness can rarely get the chance of a sight of a girl's head; so much false hair is heaped upon it.

A simple glance would be sufficient, were the hair was simply braided, to show which bumps, or organs, appeared the most developed. Those of modesty and candour would be prominent, no doubt: while those of vanity and folly would be reduced to cavities. A man who wants to marry should look out for a girl whose hair is simply braided, for he then could form some notion of her cerebral qualities, before it was too late to escape being their victim.

The Gravity of a Flea.

By an ingenious little instrument which is called a pulexometer, it has been found that the strength of the *Pulex irritans*, or domestic flea, is "equal to eight hundred times its specific gravity." Without in the least questioning the truth of this scientific statement, we may be allowed to say that it really seems a joke to talk about a flea's "specific gravity." As if any one could specify the gravity of a flea! One might as well attempt to chronicle the humour of a cockchafer, as pretend to specify the gravity of a flea.

O'SULLIVAN TO WIT.—The best way to dispose of a Bottle of Smoke—Un-Cork it.



THE BLOCK FOR TRAITORS.

MASTER O'SULLIVAN CORK. "PLEASE, SIR, I DIDN'T MEAN WHAT I SAID, SIR; AND I DIDN'T SAY WHAT I MEANT, SIR. BOO—HOO—BOO—HOO—OO!"

HEAD MASTER. "O, YOU DIDN'T, DIDN'T YOU? WELL, I WON'T FLOG THIS TIME, BUT IF YOU'RE UP TO ANY MORE TRICKS, YOU'LL CATCH IT. YOU MAY GO."

THE OLD MASTERS TO THE NEW.

FROM MICHAEL ANGELO, RAPHAEL, GIAN BELLINI and MORONI,
CORREGGIO and DEL SARTO, TITIAN, TINTORET, and GIORGIONE,
FROM REMBRANDT and from RUBENS, VAN DER WEYDEN and VAN EYCK,
VELAZQUEZ and MURILLO, CLAUDE, the POUSSINS, and VANDYCK—

PETER DE HOOGHE, and TENIERS, OSTADE, POTTER and VAN DER
NEER,
And all the Old Masters of all the old schools, whenso'er, and where-
soe'er,

To SIR FRANCIS GRANT, President, and Messieurs the Academicians,
Greeting and all good wishes for successful Exhibitions!

May it please you to remember, from your REYNOLDS to your TURNERS,
That we are the old masters, and you but the young learners:
And that it ill beseems you to a Palace to have fitted,
While we're obliged to be thankful for the shabby rooms you have
quitted.

There are contrasts as likely to be provoked, on the one side as the
other,
'Mong the crowds, who cram your fine new rooms till they're almost
fit to smother,

And among the selecter visitors to our good hosts, BOXALL and
WORNUM,
Who appreciate our beauties, or study, in hopes to learn 'em—

Contrasts between our respective walls, and the pictures to them con-
fided—

'Twixt the lodgers to be provided for, and the lodging rooms provided:
Contrasts, that can hardly fail to provoke somewhat odious com-
parisons,

Between the old and young strongholds of Painting, and their garrisons.

All this considered duly—though, as it is, we are thankful
For elbow-room—since already we find they have filled our every rank
full,

And, spite of the new walls, some of us are hung closer than we like to
be,
We send you this as a warning that there's an Old Masters' strike
to be.

We won't stand your being lodged like kings—because you've had
kings for supporters—

While we, your elders and betters, are in such inferior quarters:
We want a Burlington House of our own, instead of this Wilkins stable,
Though to build it out of our private funds, like you, we may not be
able.

We have not been in the habit of sacking "the nimble shilling;"
Our visitors have been welcome to us, free gratis, when they were
willing:

And probably, if we had made them pay, the balance at our bankers
Would not have been what yours is—cash was ne'er one of our sheet
anchors.

But just let us remind you, and, through you, JOHN BULL your patron,
That though there's a small run on our rooms, and on your rooms
there's a great run,

We are your masters, and shall be, and as such claim better lodgings,
And will thank MR. LAYARD to give us them, without more delays and
dodgings!

Coming Events.

MR. LAYARD recently assured the House of Commons that "both
the crypt and the baptistry were complete, and were ready for the use
of Members, if required." What does this portend? We can under-
stand the attachment of some Members to the House being so strong
as to lead them to wish to be buried in the Crypt, but we confess that
so long as the Church of England remains the Established Church of
the land, we have no desire to hear of our Representatives joining the
Baptist persuasion, and going in batches, headed, it may be, by
MR. GATHORNE HARDY and MR. BERESFORD HOPE to undergo the
rite of public immersion.

Returned, with Thanks.

THE Holborn Circus is closed for the introduction of first-rate
music, but in the country (at Liskeard) an act of Horsemanship has
been successfully accomplished, which must give satisfaction to all
who wish to see the Company now performing at Westminster still
further strengthened.

"ROCK-IT APPARATUS."—A Cradle.

THE GREAT "NO!"

I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
House of Commons.
WITH your usual kindness and chivalry, you took upon your-
self the responsibility of having cried out "No," upon the occasion on
which you rhymed last week with such unequalled grace and wealth
of diction.

But it was "a way we had in the army" to fight our own battles,
and you must please to state that it was your humble servant who
gave that prompt response to my friend, MR. HARDY.

Nevertheless, with thanks and admiration, believe me,

Yours always,

J. S. COWELL-STEPNEY.

To Mr. Punch.

(Formerly in the Coldstream Guards.)

II.

MY DEAR COLONEL,

We are all frail, and even I myself have my moments of
fragility. The temptation to allege that I had been the man to say the
right thing at the right time was too much for me. In the state of
innocency ADAM fell, and what should Falstaff or Punch do in the days
of villainy?

But I apologise to you, and hasten to declare that the Member who
so properly cried "No" was not Mr. Punch, but COLONEL COWELL-
STEPNEY, the veteran Liberal who worthily represents Carmarthen.

Ever yours faithfully,

To COL. COWELL-STEPNEY.

PUNCH.

P.S. May I print our correspondence? I may? I will.

WHY SHAVE YOUR SAILORS?

MISTER PUNCH,

OUR ship's just been paid off after a cruise of nigh four year
and as that's a tidy spell of seeing nothing but salt water, and con-
versing in Chinook with them Vancouver Island savages, I thought
I'd better steer my course to have a look at London, and spin a yarn
or two with some of my more civilised relations. Well, the first of 'em
I hailed was my own brother BILL, as was on duty at the station,
when our train came to its moorings. He's a policeman now, is BILL,
and has grown out of all knowledge, leastways I'm blest if I'd have
known him, for he's growed a stubby beard and sort of toothbrushy
moostarch, which he used to go as clean shaved about the month and chin
as any sailor in the service. But hullo, JACK! says he, and hullo, BILL!
says I; after which affecting welcome, BILL, I says, why who's your
barber? So BILL he spun a longish yarn, and said as how moostarches
were allowed him by his admiral, and how he'd parted company with
his shaving brush and scraping iron for upwards of a month or more,
and, though the boys they chaffed him cruel, he found his beard a very
great protection from the weather, which to look at it you'd say
was more imagination than literal true fact.

Well, thinks I, me and my messmates we'd be thankful for the same,
not alone because of our exposure to Nor' Easters, and at times when
reefing torpsles they're sharp enough to cut one's throat, but you see
as shaving aboard ship it isn't easy work exactly in a sea-way, when
she's a rolling yardarm under, and unless your hands is steady and you
lays hold of the end of it, the chance is that you slices a half inch off
your nose. So I thinks as how we sailors we're the Sea Police, and,
if Whitehall would serve us all the same as Scotland Yard, well all as I
can say is we'd be grateful to the government, and we'd chuck our
razors overboard and sing, O be joyful!

I remain, Sir, yours respectful to command,

JACK BOWLINE.

A RETREAT FROM THE MARRIAGE MARKET.

At a time when marriage, owing to the cost of housekeeping and
millinery, has become impossible for gentlemen of limited means, and
the generality of young ladies are either eating their heads off or going
out as governesses, Paterfamilias and Materfamilias will rejoice to hear
of an opening for any pictorial talent their daughters may possess at
"The Female Gallery of Art," established at 104, Great Russell Street,
Bloomsbury, "for the sale of works of art executed by ladies only."
We hope to hear that this institution is really selling pictures, not
painters, and shall then deviate from propriety of speech so far as to
say, with reference to the latter, that gals will do well to try the above-
named gallery.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S PERMISSIVE PROHIBITORY BILL.

IF "People can't be made good by Act of Parliament," how can we
have any faith in the Temperance that's Law's son?



LE FOLLY.

MR. PUNCH DARE NOT TELL HOW HE HAS BEEN LET INTO THE SECRET, BUT THIS IS POSITIVELY THE LATEST FASHIONABLE MONSTROSITY FROM PARIS.

AN UNCANONISED MARTYR.

ON Friday, the 7th instant, according to a newspaper, was celebrated at Orleans the *fête* of the famous Maid of that ilk. Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings a variety of demonstrations. The same may, with a difference, be said of JEANNE DARC's anniversary. The difference is chiefly that the latter has no pantomime performed in its honour; though JOAN OF ARC, just now, is the victim of a burlesque at the Strand Theatre. It was, however, observed the other day "with the usual ceremony," Orleans was decorated with flags, the principal inhabitants of the vicinity were present, and—

"A large number of the Episcopal hierarchy took part in the festival; amongst them being the Archbishops of Rouen and Bourges, the Bishops of Beauvais, Poitiers, Chalons, Nancy, Verdun, Saint Dié, Blois, Troyes, Constantina, and lastly of Orleans. The civil and military *cortège* started from the bridge and arrived at eight o'clock at the Cathedral. The Mayor handed JEANNE'S standard to the ARCHBISHOP OF ROUEN, who pronounced a discourse."

Which unfortunately is not reported. We can only imagine what his Grace of Rouen said. Perhaps something of this sort:—"We are here to celebrate the festival of a glorious heroine, martyr to patriotism. JEANNE DARC, what was she? A saint, a witch, a lunatic, or an impostor? To imagine her an impostor would be to insult France. If she had been indeed a saint, in the sense of the Church, the ecclesiastical authorities, with the predecessor of my venerable brother here present in the see of Beauvais, PIERRE CAUCHON, would not have made the immense mistake of pronouncing her a witch, and causing her to be burnt alive. Let us draw a curtain over all that. As to witchcraft we well know that it is nothing more than a heretical superstition, condemned solely as such by the bull of POPE INNOCENT THE EIGHTH. This bull did not commit infallibility to any assertion of the mediæval belief in witchcraft. As JEANNE DARC was no impostor, it follows that she could have been no witch, and CAUCHON and his colleagues—whom I will not call *cochons*—erred, it must be avowed, with a deplorable stupidity. It was the temporary aberration of a misinformed tribunal now reversed by the authority present here to-day

PROSPERITY AND PROGRESS.

OYSTERS are going,
Salmon is growing
Scarcer and scarcer, boys, year after year;
Mouths must be shut on
Beef, veal, and mutton,
Butcher's meat's got so confoundedly dear.

Prices for chicken
Poulterers stick in;
Fowls are about twice as dear as they were.
Splendidly living
People are giving
Six, seven, eight, and nine shillings a pair.

House-rent is rising.
Very surprising!
Births still increase at a wonderful rate,
O the severity
Of our prosperity!
Hey! Will Posterity want or abate?

A Safe Irish Landlord.

THERE is one argument in favour of MR. BRIGHT's scheme for the purchase of Irish estates by the Government, which the EARL OF DERBY, perhaps, has not considered. That plan would constitute Government the Landlord of Ireland. Government might possibly get payment of rent, or the price of land resold, by enforcing it, and Government is a kind of Landlord that could not be shot from behind a hedge.

Who's Afraid?

THE nation at large may make itself perfectly easy about its dispute with America. War can cost it nothing but its excess of population. The pecuniary expenses of any battles that the country may have to fight will of course, according to the Abyssinian precedent, have to be defrayed by the payers of Income-Tax.

FENIANISM FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

UNE idée Napoléonienne,
Fenian Mayor shipped from Cork to Cayenne.

of no less than twelve Bishops. Was then, JEANNE DARC a lunatic? No, no—a thousand times no. She had, without doubt, a fixed idea; but that idea was noble. What was she, then? I say a generous, a sublime, a devoted enthusiast. Honour, immortal honour to the memory of the Maid of Orleans! She would not have been misunderstood in the present day. We enjoy the happiness of living in the civilisation of the nineteenth century, so fine a thing for France and Humanity, except in those points which have been condemned by the Holy See, particularly in the last Encyclical and syllabus of the Holy Father."

"Ire Licet."

MR. PUNCH is glad of MR. HORSMAN's election, for the House is not lively. But the mysterious explanation given by the new Member for Liskeard of the reason for his return smacks of the Cave of Trophonius, rather than that of Adullam. The Liberal majority was for the *millionnaire*, LYCETT, when down came the Tories like Cedron in flood, and seated MR. HORSMAN, but the election had nothing to do with LYCETT, or with Toryism either. We "Cave" in.

Meller and Fochin.

THERE were two nice Members for Stafford,
One's agents spent all they could afford:
The other one's purity
Proved no security:
I walked 'em both clean out of Stafford.

BLACKBURN (*Judge*).

THE SEASON OPENS WELL.

HORSES are clever animals, but until the other day we were not aware that they could play cricket. It seems, however, that there has been a match at Lord's "between eleven colts of the South, with HEARNES, and eleven colts of the North with GRUNDY."

AFTER A VISIT TO THE ACADEMY.



THEN they all joined in a Pyrrhic dance at the Garrick — KING COPHETUA, and QUEEN ESTHER, and DR. JOHNSON, and NELL GWYNNE, and JOHN FOWLER, and the lovely RHODUS, and the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, and ELECTRA, and SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, and GATHORNE HARDY, and HETTY, and CARDINAL WOLSEY, and ANDROMEDA, and DON QUIXOTE, and VANESSA, and WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, and a sweet little maid all in white, with a flower in her hand, which she gave to MR. RASAM, who was a fugitive, and hiding in a great chimney “atter], Culloden,” while QUEEN MARY was “lighting the beacon to guide,” the LORD MAYOR, attended by “a man in armour,” across Loch Coruisk in the Romagna, to “CELIA’S Arbour” among the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where JOHN SIMON and GRINLING GIBBONS, “Floating Down to Camelot” to “the Belvoir Hunt,” stopped to admire some “Girls Dancing” in “Autumnal Showers,” until a “Fire at a Theatre” (in “The Minstrel’s Gallery”), obliged DR. HUME to leave “The Duke’s Ante-chamber” and HERO (at Lucknow, with the Red Cross Knight), and join the Master of Trinity, that instant returned from hunting gazelles in the Pontine Marshes with MARTIN LUTHER, and off again immediately to “a Christening in France” by the Prolocutor of the Convocation of Canterbury, accompanied by MRS. GEORGE MOORE and MILE. HILDA DE BUNSEN, who were “letting the cow into the corn” on “The Ptarmigan Hill,” while CATHERINE DE LORRAINE, on her way to “The Cattle Tryst,” was urging JUDITH to assassinate GENERAL GREY busily engaged making cider with ROBERT BROWNING (both “Prisoners” being “caught by the tide”) in “The Swannery” on Plymouth Breakwater, assisted by PROSERPINE, MISS ESDALE, The Venerable BEDE, and MR. GLADSTONE, when the “Alarm of Invasion” was—“half-past seven, Sir!” and I awoke to find I had been dreaming after a long, delightful, tiring day at the Royal Academy.

A SONG FOR A SPEECH.

(At a Liquor Law May Meeting.)

THE Orang-outang and the Chimpanzee,
And the big Baboon with the nose of blue,
Teetotallers are those Apes all three—
All three are Vegetarians too;
And your grinning Gorilla, a fourth is he:
As they live so the rest of the monkeys do.

Shall I stint myself to jackanapes’ fare?
Not in sooth if I know it, sage masters mine;
For your nuts and apples no jot I care,
Saving after good dinner, and with good wine.
Give potatoes alone to the pigs—I swear
By the haunch, and the steak, and the brave sirloin.

I trow not that ADAM drank ADAM’S ale,
Till when ADAM and EVE had no stronger beer;
When thistles sprang up, and streams did fail
To run with aught better than water clear,
With those herbs and that liquor yourselves regale—
For the Jackass accounteth the same good cheer.

TEACHERS ON WHEELS.—It is proposed that our less-paid Clergy should make their parish rounds on Velocipedes! No, no. Leaders mustn’t be Wheelers.

THE RUM AND MILK CURE FOR CLERGYMEN.

CAN it be that the Right Reverend the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER is acquainted with a certain celebrated matron named GRUNDY? It can hardly be otherwise; and the excellent Bishop appears to cherish a very grave deference for that lady’s criticisms of the personal habits of clergymen. So at least it would seem from the judgment reported as below in the *Times* to have been, after mature deliberation, delivered the other day for him by DR. BAYFORD, chancellor of his Lordship’s diocese, and one of his assessors at a court of inquiry respecting allegations of drunkenness preferred against the REV. L. H. MORDACQUE, for the last eighteen years perpetual curate and titular vicar of Haslingden:—

“The charges were all dismissed on the ground that the evidence for the defence, on the whole, outweighed the evidence on the other side. At the same time it was remarked, as a curious coincidence, and one evidently open to misconstruction, that the defendant should have persisted in the use of such a medicine as rum and milk, instead of adopting some remedy equally efficacious and less equivocal. The conduct of two of the complainants was no doubt open to comment, but in the case of the third there could be no possible reflection on the nature of the prosecution; there had been a clear case for inquiry, and under these circumstances each party should pay his own costs.”

But it was proved in evidence that MR. MORDACQUE’S medical attendant “had sanctioned a prescription of rum and milk for him, as he was in a weak and nervous state.” Then who could possibly have suggested to Manchester’s estimable prelate that the reverend gentleman’s persistence “in the use of such a medicine as rum and milk instead of adopting some remedy equally efficacious and less equivocal,” was “a curious circumstance, and one evidently open to misconstruction”? The openness of such a circumstance to misconstruction is not evident at all. MR. MORDACQUE could perhaps not have taken any remedy equally efficacious with rum and milk for the cure of his complaint; and rum is rum, nothing can be plainer: rum is a remedy not equivocal at all, how rum soever. Nor would the circumstance that he persisted in the use of rum and milk be at all curious, even if he could have used any remedy that would have been equally efficacious. He may prefer rum and milk to a remedy equally efficacious but less agreeable. Then why should he not take rum and milk? Only because MRS. GRUNDY says he mustn’t.

The good BISHOP OF MANCHESTER could have derived his ideas of the unsuitableness of rum and milk as a cure for a clergyman only from MRS. GRUNDY. Nobody else could have put them into his head. MRS. GRUNDY says all she can to restrict the liberty of the clergy in a great many things indifferent. She condemns a clergyman for smoking cigars, to say nothing of a cutty pipe, unless he smokes on the sly. For MRS. GRUNDY doesn’t blame hypocrisy. She objects to a parson’s taking a hand at whist, or standing up in a country-dance, or riding occasionally after the hounds. She prohibits him from wearing a pudding-bowl hat or a black-tie, or from growing a beard. A Curate is required by MRS. GRUNDY to lunch on a piece of plum-cake and a glass of currant-wine rather than on a biscuit and sherry. Rum and milk for a clergyman, even though taken medicinally, she calls a potatoion only less awfully improper than early purl—of which liquor MRS. GRUNDY knows the ingredients. It is quite clear that the judgment of the respected BISHOP OF MANCHESTER touching the REV. MR. MORDACQUE in regard to rum and milk was, in fact, her judgment. A bad job this for the defendant, who, though acquitted, had, having employed SERJEANT PARRY and MR. ADDISON, to pay his own costs.

In the defence of the abovenamed learned Serjeant’s calumniated client, says the *Times*:—

“It was implied by some of the testimony that MR. MORDACQUE had been on the side of the Liberals at the North-East Lancashire Election.”

But whatsoever influence this fact may have had upon MR. MORDACQUE’S accusers, we may rest satisfied that it exercised none on his judge, whose sentence, in so far as it was a condemnation of rum and milk as an uncanonical remedy, may be safely presumed to have been the pure expression of the specifically clerical and perhaps pedagogical mind, dominated by MRS. GRUNDY.

On the Eminent Telegraphist.

ENGLAND believes his telegrams,
Whether they please or fright her:
Other Electric sparks are right,
But he is always *right-er*.

“LAUGHTER HOLDING BOTH HER SIDES.”

SIR SYDNEY SMIRKE has grown so cheerful, from the success of the New Academy Rooms, that his friends have suggested he should change his name to *BROAD-GREN*.



LABOR IPSE VOLUPTAS.

Rosy Philistine. "YA-AS, I DISCONTINUED SMOKING. I FOUND I COULD DO A PERCEPTIBLY LARGER AMOUNT OF WORK WITHOUT IT!"

Sallow Artist. "EH! GAVE UP SMOKING FOR THE PURPOSE OF DOING MORE WORK!? WELL, THAT'S THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY REASON I EVER HEARD! 'GAD! THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES!"

THE BEST OFFERING TO O'CONNELL.

MAY 14TH, 1869.

"The remains of the Liberator were this day transferred from their temporary resting-place where they have reposed since 1847, when he died, with great pomp, to the tomb raised for him by national contribution in Glasnevin Cemetery."—*Dublin News of May 14th.*

BEAR his bones, with all pomp, from the place they have kept
For the twenty-two years that have pass'd since he slept,
To the tomb that his Erin has painfully reared
For the Champion she loved, and her enemies feared.

There's a time to note sharply, a time to pass by,
The flaw in the brilliant, the cloud in the sky:
There's a time to be gen'rous, nor narrowly scan
The stains on a mem'ry, the faults in a man.

Standing now by his tomb, who devoted his life,
With wrong and oppression to wage deadly strife,
Till from Captive, Emancipate, Erin he saw,
In the liberty won by the triumph of Law,

Why gauge the alloy that was mixed with his gold?
Earth and matrix why weigh, 'gainst the gems in their hold?
A great work was laid on him, and that work he wrought;
He'd a battle to fight, and that battle he fought.

And he wrought to good end, and he fought till he won,
And the sum of injustice was less 'neath the sun:
Let what smallness or selfishness darkens his name
Be drunk up and drowned in the light of that fame.

Let us think of the warm heart, still open, at need,
To the wronged of his race, the oppressed of his creed:
Untempted by pelf, and undaunted by power,
Too noble to crawl, and too daring to cower.

Let us think of the big brain, and eloquent tongue,
That like Erin's own *clair-seach** now wailed, and now rung,
O'er the wrongs of the slaves he was vowed to set free,
Or in praise of his green isle, his gem of the sea!

On the bier that is borne to Glasnevin to-day,
One offering the hand of the Saxon can lay—
The Bill that the Church of the stranger strikes down—
Of the work of *his* life consummation and crown!

Last link of the chain, once red-rusted with gore,
Forged by Saxon for Celt, in the ill-times of yore,
At whose crushing coil, forty long years ago,
His hand struck the first and the deadliest blow!

* The ancient Irish harp.

Next Year, if not This.

THE Royal Academy have accomplished great things—enclosed their Exhibition within handsome walls and their Catalogue in neat covers; revived the spirits of sculptors, and refreshed hungry and thirsty visitors; done honour to foreign painters, and done justice both to home and foreign art, by hanging pictures neither too high nor too low. Will they not undertake one more reform—label every picture and sculpture with the name of the artist and title of his work? How the weary would bless them!

[Oh yes! Who'd buy our Catalogue? J. P. KNIGHT.]

TO THE COURT NEWSMAN.

WHEN the *Court Circular* gives the names of certain guests who "were honoured with invitations after dinner," are we to understand that they came in to dessert?

PASSING THE TIME.—Going by a Clock.

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.



Y pensive pachyderms, here we are again, wise as an owl, merry as a kitten, and punctual as the Equinoxious Procession. What fool in human form propagated the report that *Punch* would have no prophecy this year? I should like to prop a gate with him tied to it, and shy turmuts at him till he cried peccory, which you may see at the theological gardens any Sunday. No Prophecy! Sooner than give you none, he'd give you the Prophecy of DANTE, with notes by his sister ANN DANTE, whose name is on all the songs. But I forgive him at this Festival time. I dare say the idiotic report originated in the utter downfall, scrunch, and smash up of all the advertising prophets who beg for money before they predict. Look at their advertisements. How the fellows have all tailed off! Their small merit of coarse cheekiness (how different from the elegant badinage of your *Punch*!) is gone. Where be their chaff and slang and impudence now? A more melancholy set of beggars doesn't mendicantize. But let us not contemplate any of those wretched screws. Leave 'em in their sordid cribs. Here is *Punch*, the aristocratic, high-blooded, generous-minded, frank-speaking, affable *Punch* to

the fore again, with the eyes of an eagle, the voice of a SANTLEY, and the smile of a Mephistopheles, sunning his white brow on the hill of Epsom, cooling his melodious throat with Moselle-cup, and smoking his one-and-threepenny cigar promiscuous and anti-plemastic as ever. And how are you all? Pretty Robertish! That's right. And should a cloud of gloom perversely linger,

Let us at once fling every care away
In the enjoyment of this Derby Day!
(*Punch*, 1847.)

Do I know the Winner? There's a question! Does MR. DISRAELI know MR. GLADSTONE? Does an English dramatist know MR. JEFFS? Do the Siamese Twins know one another, or are they waiting to be introduced? Shall I chalk his name down your respected back, Sir? Or shall I whisper it to the violets in that sweetly gloved hand, BELINDA? I' faith, ye make me smile, you merry throng, as the marine-store keeper's placard has it. Let us take things easily. *Festina lente*—fast in Lent—but eat at Whitsuntide and afterwards, yea, and drink. Your healths! and may your rosy hours roll gently like perfumed bubbles into the abyss of Time. Do I know the Winner of the Derby? You make me give Echo a headache. Away to thy Bœotian Narcissus, sweet nymph of the Cephissus, I will call on thee thus rudely no more. And thou, well-instructed-in-classics BELINDA, smile not that BOB, reading this to thee, boggled over the river's name, doubtful of quantity. Yet do, for I like well to see thee smile, BELINDA. Thy health!

Farewell, farewell, the voice you hear Has left its last Soft tones with you. The next must join the Starting cheer, And shout among the welshing crew. Horses, horses, produce your horses, and let the Great Prophet behold! H'm—A Rum Lot, yet things may be worse than rum—old rum. I detect merit under some of those silken skins. Be pleased to name the animals as they pass me, my dear MR. DORLING. I am glad to see you looking so well, MR. DORLING, and all your arrangements are as c'rect as your cards—can I give you higher praise? This quadruped is termed—what? *Thorwaldsen*. A great sculptor's name. A name to be revered. He who bears it should cut a pretty figure. At least he should cut out the running, and chisel many. The next? *Rupert*. My LORD DERBY hath won the name of RUPERT, but I debate much with myself whether *Rupert* will win the Derby. Should he tumble down, we will playfully call the feat a *Rupert's drop*. *Vagabond*. Let me look again. "Stick to your pantomimes, vagabond," wrote JUNIUS to GARRICK, but this vagabond is no pan-

tomime steed. Howbeit, all depends upon whether he be fugitive and vagabond. You can put money upon him, if you like, but you had better not, as it will all fall off as soon as he begins to move. A vagabond is usually a beggar, and here comes one who loved a beggar-maid. *King Cophetua*, in Elysium, be proud, for DANIEL MACLISE hath this year made thee an entity, or, for the better understanding of young swells, a fact. But for the horse which is named after the affectionate king, I affection him not hugely. *Leontes*, another king? I' facks? Why that's my bawcock. What, hast smutched thy nose? Mine honest friend, will you take eggs for money? Wonder not, BELINDA (are you there, sweet one? 'tis well) at these words—they come from out the play whence *Leontes* takes name, and no one heeds the appropriateness of a quotation: the point is to show that you are a scholar. Take away *Leontes*, boy, *pecunia* on him were *Perdita*. But who is this? *Ethius*! And why his name? My friend *Argus* says that ERNUS was a swift Scottish King—what, another king? I rather hold with my friend, LORD WINCHILSEA, who, as Lord of the Manor of Wye, is ever ready with a good Because, that the name is muddled from that of *Aethon*, one of the horses of the Sun. But if from the Greek for a custom, he is a custom I honour not in this observance. *Exit tyrannus, Regum ultimus*, and after Kings let us behold a *Pretender*, usually of a better blood than they. Come on, proud steed, and sun thyself in BELINDA's eyes, brighter than Phoebus above-named. Well, what shall we say—what shall we sing, but a Jacobite rhyme?

"Heaven bless the King, Heaven bless the Faith's Defender,
Bless—there's no harm in blessing the Pretender.
Which the Pretender is, and which the King,
Heaven bless us all, is quite another thing."

That was a good story, well recollected by MR. SALA. "When LADY STRANGE, the widow of the famous engraver, was old and well-nigh paralytic, a pert young gentleman once happened to speak in her presence of CHARLES EDWARD as 'the Pretender.' 'Pretender, and be d—d to you!' cried old LADY STRANGE, from her arm-chair. Was this masculine? No; it was but a burst of manliness." Lead on the noble beast, honoured boy. Merry it is in the good green wood—faith, we are musical to-day, but fine spirits are finely touched by a word, and here comes MR. MERRY's *Belladrum*. This is the people's idol. A cynic would say that I have said enough. But I have not. Bells and drums should be the harbingers of merriment. I say unhesitatingly that this horse will be beaten if his jockey flogs him. *Martyrdom*—if he is just in (which he will not be), his owner can call him JUSTIN MARTYR-dom, if he ever heard of that Christian Apologist. *Perry Down* is a name that looks like a joke, but is n't one. Howbeit, if you drank a glass of perry, it would be perry down, and being inside you, there is an opening for an industrious young joke about in-cider. But mind what I am going to say. Perry is made of pear-juice. Do you understand that? Very well, then, remember it. Here is *Perry Gomez*—no, *Pero*. Now, don't go generalising and jumping at conclusions, or you may come a cropper. What I said about the last horse by no means applies to this one. *Pero* may go down to Zero, yet be quicksilver still.

Ha! Brown *Ladas*. He was a famous courier in classic days, and victor at the Olympic games—it is a good horse-name. He won the Convivial Stakes, and as Epsom is, if anything, a convivial meeting, that omen is good. Ride, Custance, ride! And this is the *Drummer*? Not handsome, assuredly, but give him the benefit of the proverb, and let him go, the rather that he can stay. Cometh the *Duke of Beaufort* to be again beaten by *Belladrum*, or comes he for vengeance? *Dux* means a leader, but some leaders are very heavy—look at the newspapers. *Bosworth*! He who there cried, (in 1485, BELINDA,) "A horse; a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" meant not a horse like this. *Alpenstock*. Methinks he should be good at getting up the hill—"whate'er he is, he shows a mountain mind." *Lord Hawthorn* is a new peer, I find him not in *Debrett*, but let him prove himself one of Nature's nobility, if he can. His name is of good odour—marked you, my BELINDA, how sweet was the scent of the blossoms? *Master Whistler* may be a good boy, but the Derby is no child's play, and *Ryshaworth*, good to look at, is not worth a rush, nor will he make one, ugly or pretty. *De Vere*, aristocrat, I fear me your manners have too much repose for the rough sport of the day. *Border Knight*, chivalry comes from *cheval*, no doubt, but we will mount the horse foaled of an acorn if you lead the charge to-day. *Brennus* comes, but not for conquest, nor is it at our weighing here that we throw a sword into the scale. *The Egean*! I want nothing from the Egean save Cos, whose lettuces are welcome to our salad, BELINDA. And so they have passed, like the years that have fled. Truly, as *Bottom* saith, I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. Nappiness is the best substitute for happiness. I would repose. Lead me to my carriage, and throw the handkerchief of Peace over the countenance of Virtue. I dream a dream, and I see a vision—horses there be, but no nightmares. What do I behold? Comes the dream through the gate of Ebony or Ivory? I see a mighty rush of horsemen upon glittering steeds, and the horsemen are gaily attired in all the colours of the rainbow, the various Iris, who came from Juno to cut the hair of the departing Queen of Carthage, see Virgil and other classical authors. Some of the horses are before, others, on the contrary, are behind. They shift their places, they change, they dodge, like unto the little black pig who ran about so that the negro could not count him. Ha! from the ruck there press forward a few, and they make fiercely for the goal—fiercely ply the riders whip and steel, and onward rush the maddening horses, yelled at by ten thousand voices of a madder public—one—two—three are in advance, and now four, and now four, and two yields to three, and one drops in rear of two, and four toils desperately for the third place, and now—now—all is over, and the winner of the Derby is—

Hallo, you scoundrel, give me that handkerchief! How dare you snatch it from a sleeping prophet, you irreverent rapsallion? I will contund you to a jelly, you tatterdemalion mooncalf—

[Is about to rush from his carriage to cop the pickpocket, but is held back by the coat-tails.

Let me go, I say. I've told you the Winner a long time ago. [Exit in full chase.



“ FENCE.”

Swell (screwing himself up for the contest). “ HOW MUCH F_r ”
Cabby (with a rush). “ FIVE SHILLINGS, SIR ! ”
Swell. “ OH, NONSENSE ! I DON’T WANT TO BUY YOUR HORSE ! WHAT’S YOUR FARE, I MEAN ! ” [Cabby gives in.]

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

IV.—THE UNPOPULAR CLUB MEMBERS. A DRAMATIC CHANT.

RUB a dub’dub,
 Two men in a Club
 Came and kicked up
 A hub-a-bub-bub.
 First they found fault
 With the mustard and salt,
 And made a to-do

With the brew
 Of the Malt.

Then they complained
 “Table-cloth stained ;”
 Blew up the waiters,
 Dashed the potatoes,

Swore at the dish
 Used for the fish,
 Cried out, “ Oh Gammon !
 What not got salmon ! ”
 Made waiters start
 Calling for *carte*.
Potage aux œufs
Filets de bœuf.
 “ Nothing but that :
 Food for a cat ! ”
 Mulligatawny.
 “ I ’m not so sawney ! ”
 Sparagus heads
 Fresh out of beds.
 “ Hate em. Some treat
 We want to eat.”
 “ Hang Irish stew.
 Something quite new !
 Try turnip top
 Mashed with a chop.
 Or would you take
 Small juicy steak ?
 Nice pint of stout —
 “ Waiter, get out !
 Knives are all grimy ;
 Butter is slimy.
 Ice ! where’s the ice ?
 None here ? that’s nice !
 Salad and bowl,
 Also French roll.
 What ! got no lettuce ?
 Done just to fret us !
 Jug us some hare.”
 Hare, yes Sir, where ?
 Where shall we buy one
 Boil, bake, or fry one ?
 “ No hare ! Then, drab it,
 Fetch us a rabbit.”
 None, Sir. “ The reason ? ”
 They’re not in season.
 “ Quails ? ” No, nor snipe, Sir.
 “ Peaches ? ” Not ripe, Sir.
 “ Whitebait ? ” All eaten.
 “ All ! Oh, the Cretan ! ”
 No, ’tis the truth, Sir,
 There was a youth, Sir ;
 Gave a large party ;
 Jovial, hearty,
 Guests, wisely blended ;
 When it was ended
 Nothing remained ;
 But, as explained,
 Tops, Sir,
 and
 Chops, Sir,
 Which I recommended.
 “ What ’cos one buffer
 Dines—that’s your tale—
 Are we to suffer
 In cakes and ale ?
 If in the upper
 Room dine six thou,
 Shall we lose supper,
 Yet make no row ? ”
 Suppers ain’t takin,
 Sir, in this Club ;
 No use your makin
 A Hub-a-bub-bub.

Rub a dub dub,
 Rub a dub dub,
 Says one to the other, “ Now I see the rub.”

“ The rub, Sir, why ? ”
 “ Why you and I
 Such unpopular members be—
 Yes, that’s their notion of you and me—
 That when a man goes and dines the lot
 All are asked, and we are not.”
 “ Rub a dub dub,
 A hub-a-bub-bub
 We’ve made,
 I’m afraid,
 We must leave the Club.”
 “ Good bye,” quoth the Members, nothing
 loth,
 “ Your money’s returned,” and *exennt* both.



Swell Amateur. "YOU NEEDN'T COME TO THE DOOR WITH ME—I AM ALSO AN ARTIST, REMEMBER."
Artist. "THAT'S JUST WHY, MY LORD."

A SCRAPE FOR THE STATUES.

KINGS and Queens, in their oxidised latten,*
 Had for ages slept snug in the Abbey,
 Till some snobs, with no relish for *patina*,†
 Of late raised a cry of "How shabby"!

Hence a talk about stripping each statue
 Of the coat of black dirt it had on,
 And, straight, through the *Times* shot off at you,
 Flights of letters, some *pro* and some *con*!

But bold LAYARD has sanctioned a trial,
 And PERCY declares in a letter
 That an old lady of the blood royal
 Has been scraped clean, and seems all the better.

When forth springs LAKE PRICE, with approval
 Of *patina*'s reverend rust,
 And kicks up, against dirt's removal,
 What irreverent folks call a "dust."

But WARD, R.A., 'tother way leans,
 Is for cleansing the statues *en masse*,
 And bringing our smirched Kings and Queens
 Back to their original brass.

Now *Punch* has been leaving his card,
 On HENRY THE SEVENTH'S old mother:
 The usage she's had she thinks hard,
 And begs they won't rub-up another.

And looking all over the place,
 It certainly must be confest,

* The composition usually described as "brass," used for ancient Sepulchral Statues in metal.

† The crust formed on metals by oxidation.

That the old lady's newly-cleaned face
 More dirty-faced makes all the rest.

As you've polished up poor COUNTESS ANNE,
 If you polished the whole royal crowd,
 Though the statues might look spick and span,
 The effect would be *rather* too loud!

And JOHN BULL would be apt to complain
 If the Dean ordered "Down with the dust!"
 Like MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,* in pain,
 When the nurse cleaned his shield from its rust.

Bright faces new Sovereigns may fit,
 But old Sovereigns should be sacred things;
 And *Punch* won't have disturbed—not a bit—
 The dirt, or the dust, of his Kings.

* See in the memoirs of that illustrious worthy, how, by his wife's directions, the ancient shield, destined as a cradle for his son and heir, was ignorantly and irreverently polished till it looked for all the world like a new dish-cover!

A.M. or P.M.?

"The Royal train arrived at Perth at 8-30 on Saturday evening . . . The Royal party breakfasted in the station refreshment rooms."

How exhausted the Royal party must have been, going without their breakfast until half-past eight at night! Or is this now the fashionable hour for that meal?

THE VERY WORST THING SAID ON THE DERBY DAY.

The *Court Circular* states that the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES drove out Yesterday. We honour their energy, but if they had let Yesterday alone until twelve at night, he would have gone out of himself without any driving!

TOUCHING HORSES' NAMES.

MR. PUNCH,

I SHALL forsake the genteel but not very lucrative profession to which I was brought up, and inaugurate a new one. I shall become a Nomenclator. I shall advertise in all the newspapers, railway stations, railway carriages, and omnibuses, and on every tempting wall and hoarding in London, in company with the "Excelsior" Velocipede and "Caraccas Cocoa," that I will undertake to supply appropriate and original names, duly registered at Stationers' Hall to prevent piracy, for racehorses, roses, greyhounds, pictures, pet dogs, plays, novels, new songs, waltzes, and Her Majesty's ships of war. I shall meet a great want, and make a great fortune. My charges will be nominal, but I shall stipulate for a liberal per-centage, to be determined by three Commissioners appointed by the Government of the day, on all gains, winnings, and profits, whether in specie or gold and silver plate, accruing to those patrons benefited by my instructions.

Can anyone doubt that I shall render a substantial service to English nomenclature, who reflects on the clumsy and unsuitable names—to instance only one class of appellations—bestowed on those high-bred and costly animals, the *élite* of which, now in their second season, are at this present hour more thought of and talked about even than the Irish Church or the American claims?

Let us run through a few of the most fashionable of the horses engaged in this year's Derby, and try whether their names ring like winning ones.

Do you think *Pero Gomez*, whose colour ought to be Spanish chestnut—I halt for a moment, to remark that, as a rule, I should exclude foreign names—likely to bring SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY the luck again? Do you fancy *Perry Down*—"Hey, derry down!" must be the chorus to the song of triumph if he is the victor? Can you imagine the whole course shouting, "*Ladas wins! Ladas wins!*" or "*Ethus! Ethus!*"? Will you put your money on *Bosworth*, or *Rysworth*, or *De Vere*, or *Duke of Beaufort*, or *Thorwaldsen*? Do you expect that the cheer of victory will greet any one of these horses about half-past three on the afternoon of the 26th? If you do, it can only be because you have drawn him in a sweep.

Still, ye young gentlemen of England, who are going down to Epsom with luncheons, and ladies at all times partial to putting questions, and particularly so on such an eventful occasion as the Derby Day, which makes so many of us think of "The Gloves of the Angels," you will do well to get up the histories of such of these hippic names as have any; displaying, for example, your classical learning commenced at St. Scholastica's, continued at Oxford, forgotten on the Stock Exchange, and now revived by the aid of DR. W. SMITH'S excellent *Classical Dictionary*, over *Ladas*, a performer who had a great run, a good many years ago, at the Olympic (Games—not Theatre), but is not so sure of fame at our Isthmian ones; and showing your acquaintance with modern Art when you reach *Thorwaldsen*, who, you will explain, was not a breeder or a trainer, but a celebrated Danish sculptor with an European reputation, perhaps not destined to be increased at Epsom. (May he not "chisel" his friends on Wednesday!)

When you are asked about the horses which have good winner-like names, be ready with an epitome of the life and adventures of the Young *Pretender*, who once before got as far as Derby, and will not now surprise his adherents if he makes good his claim to the crown of the British—Turf, in which case you would regret that there was no FLORA MACDONALD to compete with *Scottish Queen* in the Oaks (observe that the fillies are generally better named than the colts). In *Belladrum*'s name does there not lurk the germ of a joke, for surely his backers must hope that he was not made merely to be beaten? *Martyrdom*, as a Professorial friend appositely remarks, immediately suggests a stake; the *Drummer* will be heard of at Tatt(oo)enham Corner; and another outsider, or "extern," as, conventually speaking, he should be called, *Vagabond* (one of the best names in the lot), will for this day only not be interfered with by the Surrey County Police, or the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity. Lastly, express your hope that no one will be a beggar made by *King Cophetua*, or have reason to regret that he did not rely more on his *Alpenstock*, or lament that he treated *Rupert* too cavalierly.

HIPPOCRATES, JUNIOR.

Disappointing.

WE see advertised "The new improved Baby, requires no feeding, and is warranted not to cry." This is a real blessing to fathers and mothers, and distracted lodgers—and to be had, too, for a few stamps; but is it not rather cruel to offer to send the little dear by the post? (Great blow to our hopes—"the new, improved Baby" we find is only what so many actual babies are boasted to be—"a regular picture!")

TO TIMID VISITORS TO THE ACADEMY.

Be prepared. In Gallery, No. I., there is the "Study of a Lion"!

A WOMAN'S IDEAL.

A PARODY.

WHOF'ER he be,
That not Impossible He,
To be hereafter lord of me,

Though he now lie
Where mortal naked eye
Cannot his shape desory,

I do believe that he,
Most verily,
In flesh and blood doth wait for me.

I wish him beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To arts of dress—pins, rings, or blue tie.

Something more than
Hats or blacking can,
Which make the fop, and not the man.

An eye that's bright
With youth's own eagle light,
And needs no "glass" for sight.

A stately form and tall,
Highest in field and hall,
As was of old KING SAUL.

Standing among men, proud,
With a free step, uncowed,
With a high head, unbowed.

Tender to woman's tears,
Pity for maiden's fears,
Kind words for children's ears;

A true heart and clear head,
Yet not all Euclid-bred,
Or on stale classics fed;

One who can ride to hounds,
And loveth sylvan sounds,
But is not "horsy" without bounds;

One who can steer and scull,
A "biceps" that can pull
Up-stream a whole boat-full.

Yet with a soul and parts
For finer, gentler arts,
That live in noble hearts:

One who can rise and sing
When maidens wake the string,
And softest cadence fling.

A fair, good name,
Perhaps no renown or fame,
At least no taint of shame.

A manly grace,
That looks you in the face
And owns to no disgrace.

Now, if Time knows
This him, for whose high brows
There waits my wreath of vows,

He that dares be
What these lines wish to see,
I seek no further—it is he!

HIPPONOMY AND NOSOLOGY.

SOME controversy has been raised as to the original whence the owner of *Ethus* derived that name for his horse. Nobody seems to have disputed the derivation of *Belladrum*, which, nevertheless, is open to some question. There is, in nosology, a term *Tympanites*, which signifies a drum-like distention. In the popular tongue this intumescence is denoted by a word which differs from *Belladrum* most obviously by beginning instead of ending with drum. The only other difference is that existing between the final vowel of *Bella*, and the vowel, sometimes a consonant, with which the other word ends. Is it possible that medical science suggested that modified inversion for the English of *Tympanites*, which would form *Belladrum*, to the stable mind?

FINAL CAUSE OF BEARDS.—The interception of superfluous particles of soup.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND FISHES.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.—THE MOLES—THEIR NAME AND POWER—AN EXAMPLE—GOOSEY'S PROSPECTS—OF OLD BARNDOR—OF COCK ROBYNS AGAIN—ALSO A FEW WORDS CONCERNING THE MACAWS—THE CAGE IS CLOSED FOR THE SEASON—A FAREWELL.

JOHN MOLE, SAM MOLE and LOUIS MOLE were the occupants of a legal sanctum, "contiguous," not to the "melancholy ocean"—with my compliments to the ex-Premier—but to a stream of life running rapidly along one of our great thoroughfares.

Business of all sorts was transacted in the Molehill, from cases which paid nothing to cases which were a fortune to Solicitors and Barristers, and a joy to their underlings, every kind of respectable work found its way in and out of the Moles' doors. Did anyone find himself suddenly lugged into a County Court or Police Court, he sent for the youngest MR. MOLE, who got him off, if getting off was possible. Were you Plaintiff or Defendant at Common Law, MR. MOLE the second would so instruct some eminent Counsel on your behalf, that if the eminent Counsel would only take the trouble to make himself master of his brief, your success was certain.

The Senior MOLE undertook Chancery matters, as became his age and grave demeanour.

The name of MOLE is a terror to uncivil cabmen; and I feel confident that the Juniorist MR. MOLE might walk through the most disreputable thieves' haunts unmolested, so strong is their superstition concerning his power.

WAGG was going to consult the Second MR. MOLE one day on some important business, and being in a hurry took a cab to within a yard of the MESSRS. MOLE'S door. WAGG gave the man eighteen-pence. This being precisely the sum to which the driver was entitled, he of course descended from his perch, and assuming a defiant air, inquired with one eye askant upon the shilling and sixpence in his right hand.

"Wot's this?"

"What's what?" returns WAGG, quietly, who knows London, and is not to be bullied.

"Why this 'ere," says the cabman, lashing himself up to fury pitch on seeing that a crowd was rapidly collecting, in expectation of witnessing a fight.

"That's eighteen-pence," answers WAGG, imperturbably.

"Well, it won't do," bawls the cabman. As far as this goes he has the crowd with him. None of them would evidently have taken eighteen-pence for the job whatever it was.

"Why not?" asks WAGG, keeping his eye on cabman, and his hand on his stick.

"Why not!" shouts the excited driver. "Cos it won't. Here, where's your card—I ain't come no less than four mile o' ground—here he appeals to the public, who listen to him sympathisingly—"and this 'ere won't do. 'Ere, where's your card?"

"Give me back the eighteen-pence," says WAGG, kindly, "and you may summon me."

The crowd wavered, this wasn't a bad idea. How would the cabman take it. It was getting exciting.

"No, I sharn't," replies the man, decidedly. "You just 'and me over your card. You oughtn't to go riding in cabs if you can't pay wot's right. 'Ere, where's your card. You ain't no gentleman, you ain't. 'Ere, 'and over—"

"Now, don't you be impertinent, my man," says WAGG, sharply. The man thus addressed, makes a rough demonstration with his fists, swears he ain't impertinent, and again demands the card. The crowd becoming somewhat weary of the monotony, are closing in upon WAGG, and one or two in the outer circle propose that the cabman should pitch into him, and settle the matter that way off-hand.

At this instant a brilliant idea flashed across WAGG'S mind. He was determined *not* to give another penny, and wasn't going to give a card.

"Now look 'ere, 'and over that card—" The cabman was just beginning threateningly when WAGG interrupted him.

"You came from the top of Regent Street; well, my office is close here. Come with me, and we'll see what the cab-fare is marked on the Regulation List."

"Oh, yes," returns the Cabman, ironically, "where is your office?"

"Here," answers WAGG, quietly pointing to the Moles' door—MOLE & SON—I think you know *me*," he adds with an impressive glance at the irate vagabond.

"MOLE & SON," repeats the Cabman, as if he could scarcely believe his ears, while the crowd, as if expecting legal proceedings against them individually and collectively, begins to break itself up and slink away.

WAGG goes to the door, and produces his own latch-key. Seeing this the Cabman accomplishes the ascent to his box with even greater alacrity than had marked his jumping off it, and venting his ill-humour on the tumble-down animal in the shafts, drives without so much as an audible grumble, out of reach of MOLE & Co.

So much is in their name, so much is in their power.

These good people gave Goosey a lift, and the DORMICE had given

him a start. With a lift and a start, the young gentleman working assiduously, managed in the course of a few years to jump into some sort of practice, which went on increasing, to the great joy of the LITTLE DUCK, who had not at first found swimming against the stream quite so easy a matter as the Enthusiastic Goose before marriage would have had her believe.

As for our old friend BARNDOR, the SPRATTS still gather round his table, or rather round *her* table, for the old gentleman married his young musical *protégée*, who has led him a delicious life ever since, and serve him right.

LITTLE COCK ROBYNS dines there occasionally, and comes away pitying his host. Even *he* prefers picking up his crumbs elsewhere, if it can be done; and, indeed, he is, now-a-days, not sorry to accept an invitation at the shortest notice from that rising young Barrister, MR. GOOSEY BARNDOR, who "suddenly made a heap of money, Sir," COCK ROBYNS informs us, "by being put into the Railway business in the Committee Rooms—before the new regulations, Sir, by Jove." Whereat COCK ROBYNS is as pleased as are GOOSEY'S best friends, for he can't afford to know a poor man, and the prosperity of an acquaintance enrols, as it were, the little bird as a member of another first-rate London Club.

The MACAWS of Macaw vanished. They gave larger and larger parties—grander and grander, louder and louder, until one fine morning there was a burst and a bang, and whether they were shot, or whether they took flight and flew away in the smoke that accompanied the report, nobody knows, but a great many people *care*. It was said that they were not Macaws at all, but only old Rooks, who had pecked a bird of rare plumage to death and flaunted it bravely in his feathers.

Pigeons cried, and were comforted by Hawks; and the small birds, who had suffered, appealed to legislation to protect them for the future against the consequences of their own folly.

What more?

Much—but not at present. Go to the Zoological Gardens, and there draw your Sunday Moral from the Birds, Beasts, and Fishes now on view.

For the present I draw the night-covering over my Happy Family, and shut up the Cage.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I remain, yours,

VAN HUMBUG.

(Concluded.)

LANDLORDS AND LODGERS.

THE Peers, with ever adverse will,
Injustice to undo,
Out of their House, LORD TOWNSHEND'S Bill
Protecting Lodgers, threw.

The Irish Romanists are strong;
The British Lodgers weak:
Those first they'll grant redress of wrong,
But leave these last to seek.

This rule it seems their Lordships use
In practice to apply;
Do all the right you daren't refuse:
Do none you dare deny.

DUKES AND DUFFERS.

WHAT sort of a Duke was he that kept a fool who, once upon a time, trimmed his cap with strawberry leaves? No such Duke as any modern Scotch one. The ducal SAWNEY is no fool. Sacrifices sentiment to siller. Lets the shooting of his estates to the best bidder. Cherishes no feudal nonsense about game. In a practical, business way is destroying all stupid reverence for all such tradition in regard to sport as that which SCOTT glorified in his verse on the occasion

"When in the cleugh the buck was ta'en."

Teaches his enlightened people, and all others whom he can influence, to value such an animal in such a place as a buck in a cleugh, by just the same standard as he would a pig in a sty. Does not exhibit himself in invidious contrast to the new landed interest of successful traders. Does his utmost to discredit the fallacy that *noblesse oblige*—the delusion, indeed, that there is any such quality as *noblesse* in the nature of noblemen; to demonstrate, in fact, that the idea of *noblesse* is all humbug. Understanding the spirit of the age, accepting the times, he has exchanged the spirit of chivalry for that of commerce. Should only, for rents' sake, take care that excessive preservation of game does not ruin his tenants, and must be prepared to hear people demand the abolition of the hereditary privileges of Peers.

RACE GLASSES.—Champagne.

JOHN BROWN AND THE CID. (IN TWO ACTS.)

SCENE—Foreign parts (or thereabouts).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: THE CID, an Invincible Gamecock. BUNKUM, a Yankee Gamecock. JOHN BROWN, a Tame Eagle. Three Yankee Sailors. Three Aborigines. ;

ACT I.



DEFEAT OF THE YANKEE SAILORS' BUNKUM.



THE CID, AND HIS OWNERS.



THE LAST DOLLAR.



THE HAPPY THOUGHT.



THE YOUNG GENIUS



JOHN BROWN.



THE WAR-PAINT.



A YANKEE GAMECOCK.



SIR JONATHAN FALSTAFF.

PRINCE OF WALES. "SIRRAH, DO I OWE YOU A THOUSAND POUND?"

SIR JONATHAN. "A THOUSAND POUND, AL'?—FOUR HUNDRED MILLION! THY LOVE IS WORTH FOUR HUNDRED MILLION: THOU OWEST ME THY LOVE."—SHAKSPEARE (*slightly altered*).

MCNEILE TO GLADSTONE.

As a Protestant Dean, to protest is my right :
As an Irishman born, I've a mission to fight :
As a preacher of peace, I bid all hold their tongue,
And list, while my curse at the Papists is flung.
You are deaf to remonstrance, and hardened 'gainst ruth,
But still 'tis my duty to tell you the truth :
So just read my letter, and say how you feel
When you've swallowed two columns of red-hot MCNEILE.

You talk of equality—ass that you are !
As if Papist and Protestant *could* be at par !
As if the sole question were not, and must be,
“ Shall I keep down the Papist, or he keep down me ? ”
And why to the wall he, and not I, should go,
'Tis my duty by Christian reasons to show :
Not that *you* Christian reasons are likely to feel—
But such are the reasons that weigh with MCNEILE.

Imprimis, I take it for granted, you know
My view of the Papists, expressed long ago ;
When Liverpool shook, as I laid down the law,
And defied Priest or Pope in my proofs to find flaw—
That Papists are tricksters, and traitors, and thieves :
That none of them ever says what he believes :
That their faith makes the Irish to cheat, lie, and steal,
And be blackguards—as sure as my name is MCNEILE.

That the seven deadly sins are summed up in a priest :
That the clerical tonsure 's the mark of the beast :
That their Pope is the red Babylonian fye-fye :
His tiara a fool's cap, his cross-keys a lie :
That their preaching and teaching lead straight to the pit :
That in devilish conclaves their canonists sit,
Forging fetters for Protestants—soul, head and heel,
And fashioning faggots to roast HUGH MCNEILE.

That Protestant landlords Priests view in the light
Of victors in wars waged in justice's spite :
That to tenants, as landlords *de jure*, they hint,
That the landlords *de facto* have no right to rint.
That if they distract, and the wrong'd tenant like,
There 's worse sins than a shot from the back of a dyke :
That theirs is no theft, who from heretics steal,
And *that* 's Papist morals, say I, HUGH MCNEILE !

If you tell me the question 's not “ Which Church shall rule ? ”
But “ If Law shan't rule both ? ”—I reply, you 're a fool.
If you call for the proof that confession and mass
Lead to shooting of landlords—I say, you 're an ass.
If you ask “ How its jaws Canon Law 's to outstretch,
And swallow up *Common* ? ” I say, you 're a wretch.
That this proves my thesis, I hope you will feel,
And allow me to write, Q. E. D., HUGH MCNEILE.

A SHOT AT THE GUN CLUB.

PARLIAMENT has shown its sense as well as its humanity by passing a good law for the prevention of cruelty to Sea-birds. But there are certain land-birds, also, that are cruelly ill-treated, and have claims upon humanity, although Parliament is not unlikely to forget them. Not to speak of the poor skylarks imprisoned in small cages in our noisy London streets, where they sing their little souls out in sighing for their liberty, what think you, Honourable Gentlemen, of the thousands of poor pigeons which are slaughtered every season by your honourable selves and fellow members of the Gun Club? Would it not be kind to establish by an Act of your collective wisdom a close time for these birds as well as partridges and pheasants? The Spring is pairing time for pigeons as for indolent M.P.'s, and yet the meetings of the Gun Club are held mostly at that season, and hecatombs of “blue rocks” are annually sacrificed, that certain noble sportsmen (?) may win a few bank-notes.

Moreover, *Mr. Punch* has heard from an eye-witness of one of these day's sport (?) that wounded birds are often left to welter in their blood, and at times a half-hour passes before some one takes the trouble to put them out of misery, and wring their pretty necks. This is not a pleasant thought to entertain of noble sportsmen, nor can their happy shooting grounds, bestrewn with blood and feathers, be a vastly pleasant sight. Yet ladies, it is whispered, sometimes go to see the slaughter, and applaud successful shooters, without feeling any pity for the pigeons that are shot.

“ THE DOUBLE EVENT.”—Twins !

THEATRICAL PROTECTIONISTS.

WAL, *Punch*, old hoss, I guess as heow you Britishers air A singing pritty small now SUMNER hev fired into you. Four hundred million sterling is a biggish lump of money, toe shell out, and JOHN BULL must pull his horns in, and give up givin' dinners afore he 'll find the needful. And besides the *Alabama*, there 's another little claim, I guess, he 'll hev to settle. See what ses our *Tribune* :—

“ Our native and naturalised actors and actresses are in imminent peril of their professional life. The inroads of English companies are taking a shape which seems to denote systematic organisation and a determination to check the growth, if not to strike at the root, of American dramatic art. Already, in this city, half a dozen theatres are occupied almost exclusively by foreign performers, and others shine only by the light of European stars. The evil is bitterly complained of, and protection is loudly called for. Protection should be afforded. England offers inferior articles at cheap prices ; managers bargain at wholesale, and retail to the public with immense profit ; and American histrionic industry is crowded out of the market.”

Applesquash and airthquakes ! it 's enough to rile a skunk toe see our Stage A trampled under foot by foreign talent. Keep your stars to shine at home, where you 're in need of some enlightenment, or we shall hev to snuff 'em out, as we would a two-cent rushlight. Europlians may think 'em fine, but Yankees aint Europians, and their tastes air far superior. This is what the *Tribune* ses, and I ses ditto toe the *Tribune* :—

“ The commonest American artisan, the meanest mechanic, is shielded from unfair foreign rivalry ; the actor, almost alone, stands undefended, painters are protected and sculptors. Poets are not, but that is the fault of the copy-right law, and not of the tariff. The most popular art of all is left by a thoughtless government to take care of itself. In what manner, and to what amount, duties might be imposed upon foreign players, it is not our province to determine. The scale would probably be settled by professional rank and ‘lines’ of business. Upon every individual a sufficient sum should be levied to make it necessary for him to demand the same salary an American actor of the same degree would receive. . . . A tariff revision is the one thing needed to save the native profession from impending doom.”

A tax on “heavy fathers” would pay well, if a heavy one ; and I 'd come down heavy tew upon your light comedians. But I 'd go further than the *Tribune*, and claim a compensation for the damage as our Stage already hev sustained through foreign importations. Not being bright at figgers, I 'll jist drop a line to SUMNER, and git him toe make out a little bill against JOHN BULL for injuring our players. Guess he 'll find it as well founded as our *Alabama* claim, and will be as easy bullied into paying it.

Wal, writing 's thirsty work, so I 'll jist go and put myself outside of an eye-opener.

Yours, old hoss, as formerly,

JONATHAN MARCELLUS JOSH GOLIAH GONG.

*** Without questioning the statement that English actors are performing “at cheap prices” upon the New York stage, might not England plead a set-off in this case for compensation, on the ground that New York actors have been highly paid in London? But *Leah*, *Lord Dundreary*, and dear old *Rip Van Winkle* have come and left such pleasant memories behind them, that we would gladly welcome any similar competitors with native English actors upon the English stage.

Grandiloquence for Bumbledom.

It might please the fancy of Vestrymen, Churchwardens, Overseers, and other such officials, to assimilate domestic and parochial to foreign and diplomatic cant, and, by way of a beginning, instead of “local self-government,” for the future always say “topical autonomy.”

Armed Peace.

PEACE, Peace ! What Peace, when, every day,
Firing off money tried guns rattle,
And for new arms we have to pay ?
Why this is war, if not yet battle.

CAUTION TO JOKERS.

THE Members of a certain Medical Society were invited by one of their number to discuss the question :—“ Whether vaccination can be effectually practised with printed matter ? ” He has been placed under restraint.

GALLERY, NO. IX.

At the 'Academy, the other day, a visitor experienced a singular sensation, while looking at one of LEIGHTON'S pictures (No. 705)—he was Electra-fied !



A CASE FOR REFORM.

First Omnivorus (in the cool of the evening, when the public have gone). "WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A SANDWICH? I DARE SAY THERE ARE SOME LEFT."

Second Omnivorus. "EH! WHAT, ONE OF THEIR SANDWICHES? OH, NOT FOR ME, THANKY. YOU MUST BE HUNGRY!!"

FILIAL APPEAL TO A PARENT.

AIR—"Cheer, boys, cheer!"

Do, please, Papa, take me to the Derby!
It is a scene I do so long to see.
Mitte negotium; fiet nil in Urbe,
O Gubernator dilectissime!
Say to expense you entertain objection,
Then we can go by railway, if you like;
But I confess I have a predilection
For the good old time-honoured road, and pike.

Stand us a drag; us youths, and certain others;
Seat us, that is, the vehicle outside;
Drive, if you will, myself, my friends, and brothers,
Or let some expert whip our horses guide.
All round our hats the veil of azure wearing,
(Schooled by my seniors I've been taught to be;
And of instruction fruit, I trust, am bearing,)
Dust or no dust, to Epsom Downs tend we.

All the way down, at window, wall, or paling,
Females their powers of fascination try,
Which on us chaps prove wholly unavailing—
We know that kind of thing is all my eye.
Fellows, when they are going to the races,
Only at horses ever ought to look.
Let idle boys, time wasting, stare at faces;
I'd rather pay attention to my Book.

'Mid soldiers, statesmen, artists, men of letters,
Taking our stand where best we can, what fun
Seeing example set us by those betters,
Who, all around, are betting odds to one!

There we behold, with interest undivided,
As viewed alike by publican and peer,
Of all events the greatest one decided
Which all the world can show in all the year.

Oh! then unpack those things we should say grace on,
Which will have been, through kind paternal care,
Largely purveyed by *FORTNUM atque MASON*,
Pop goes the cork while we consume the fare!
Hip, hip, hooray, whoever was the winner!
Hip, hip, hooray for such a jolly lunch!
None of us after that will want a dinner,
Hip, hip, hooray for old Papa and *Punch!*

Then we descend and mingle with the masses,
Where various rogues unwary victims fleece;
Where stroll the Swells among the lower classes:
Thimblery, gipsies, preachers, and police.
Let those who will at nuts and toys go shying,
If they delight amidst the Cads to roam.
Light your cigars, and whilst the day is dying,
Chaffing and chaffed we'll jollily go home.

Conundrums.

WHAT reason is there to suppose that frost has an intoxicating effect on flat fish?
Because in frosty weather we so often see soles and skates "screwed" together.

If a leaden bullet hits a man, what striking metamorphosis takes place?

The leaden bullet becomes felt.

Why is a list of musical composers like a saucepan?
Because it is incomplete without a *HANDEL*.

ON THE DERBY DAY.



DELIGHTFUL TO GO DOWN ON A FRIEND'S DRAG—PROVIDED YOU CAN MANAGE YOUR VEIL SKILFULLY, AND DON'T MIND WIND, AND DUST, AND SUN IN YOUR EYES, AND YOUR NEIGHBOUR'S CIGARETTE ASHES BLOWING IN YOUR FACE ALL THE WAY.



GRATIFYING TO FIND NOTHING BUT THE CHAMPAGNE HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN.



CONSOLATORY, WHEN YOU HAVE LOST YOUR MONEY, TO MEET CHEERFUL FRIENDS WHO HAVE BACKED THE WINNER.

ALL VERY WELL TO SHOW LADIES THE COURSE FROM THE BACK SEAT OF YOUR DRAG; BUT JONES DID NOT BARGAIN TO LEND HIS BEST FIELD GLASS FOR QUITE ALL DAY



POSSIBLY AN UNDIGNIFIED, CERTAINLY AN UNCOMFORTABLE FINISH; BUT IF THE POSTILION CAN'T BE FOUND, AND YOU HAVE NO LONG REINS, WHAT IS TO BE DONE BUT RIDE HOME YOURSELF?

MAN'S RISK IN MATRIMONY.

An Eclogue. BROWN. JONES.

Brown. O JONES, your countenance is glum. Avow
What cause with anxious care has marked your brow.
A sum upon the wrong horse have you lost,
Or are you in the tender passion crossed?

Jones. Not yet my Book miscalculation knows,
Nor have I jilted been, as you suppose.

No; on the contrary, the truth to say,
The dresses all are made, and named 's the day.

Brown. Then does another flame your bosom fire,
And from your bargain would you fain retire?
'Tis true that MABEL's charms much MAUD's excel:
And do I talk to an inconstant Swell?

Jones. MAUD will have wealth, and MABEL will have none.
My thoughts on RUSSELL GURNEY's measure run;
Bill to select Committee now referred:

The "Married Women's Property"—absurd!

Brown. Why should that Bill, designed, in spite of sex,
That wives may hold their own, your mind perplex?
'Tis not yet passed; wed quickly while you can,
Ere it, enacted, can affect a man.

Jones. Why, so I would BROWN, but that, don't you see?
MAUD has to come into her property.

If RUSSELL GURNEY's Act for married men
Should prove a retrospective one, what then?

Brown. Had you not better, while you can, withdraw?

Jones. Then what in case the Bill become not law,
Such as I fear? Meanwhile, did I break loose
For breach of promise could I plead excuse?

Brown. An awkward hole no doubt that you are in.
He runs a risk who marries now for tin.
Should the Bill pass, then only men that fall
In love will marry: none besides at all.

Jones. 'Twill give the girl whose fortune is her face
As good a chance as girls in richer case:
A better, if the richer girls are plain.
How many such old maidens will remain!

Brown. A good thing too, for them at any rate,
Better celibacy than wife's estate
Shared with a sordid wretch, who had in view
Naught but her money—JONES, I don't mean you.

Jones. And if you did, you know I shouldn't care.
I apprehend that marriage will be rare
When men are moved thereto by love alone,
My wedding how I wish I could postpone!

RITUALISM ON THE TURF.

THE readers of the *Record* are probably not many of them accustomed to the perusal of Sporting Intelligence, but will doubtless be interested, if not excited, by the following extract from a letter of "ARGUS" relative to a horse-race at Salisbury:—

"The Wilton Stakes was won very cleverly by *High Church*, whose success was hailed with a good deal of pleasure by all the Ritualists present on the course. She was bred by SIR LYDSTON NEWMAN, and, being a Newminster, was named *High Church* by your Correspondent, and I hope the appellation will meet with the approbation of LORD WINCHILSEA."

It will be evident to that serious class of the community above indicated, that the Ritualists are very fast filling up the measure of their iniquities. From ecclesiastical pastimes they have advanced to actual sport, and now attend not only matins, mass, and vespers, but races, insomuch that there was what American journalism calls "quite a number" of them upon the Salisbury race-course; and they all rejoiced in the success of a horse named *High Church*! What is this but downright horse-worship, at which they have at last arrived from Romish idolatry?

"ARGUS" proceeds:—

"I may add also that a filly out of the dam of *High Church* by *Crater*, is coming up at the forthcoming sale of the Mamhead yearlings, and from what I recollect of her, she is well worth looking at."

The passage last quoted will doubtless be read with horror in Exeter Hall, as a fearful sample of the phraseology of self-convicted Ritualistic reprobates. Now that Ritualists have taken to the Turf, they will perhaps additionally outrage evangelical feelings by a new modification of costume, adjoining to the characteristic M. B. waistcoat a coat and trousers of a horsey cut, to which might be prefixed the same initials; the B signifying the monosyllable synonymous with animal, as applied to that noble animal the Horse.

SEA BIRDS (to be carefully preserved).—The Flying Squadron.

A CASE OF BADGER-BAITING.

"BROCK" in the dialect of the North means "badger." The Rev. W. BROCK, rector of Bishop's Waltham, is acting up to his name as well as his nature when he badgers Mr. GLADSTONE. His letter is about the richest specimen of Clerical Billingsgate ever penned, and that is saying a great deal. "Under the name of Liberality, Mr. GLADSTONE," writes the reverend gentleman, "is abusing his power to put down the Protestant religion and the liberties of England." But thousands and tens of thousands of true Protestants in England are determined to expose and crush his conspiracy against the faith and freedom of the Empire. The time may not be far distant when "the vile person" (*i. e.*, Mr. GLADSTONE) shall no more be called Liberal.

The Rev. W. BROCK is much mistaken if this last act of GLADSTONE's, undertaken at the bidding of his priestly masters, does not speedily bring his measures and his Ministry to a bad end. GLADSTONE is committing sacrilege. GLADSTONE is teaching the people of this country to lie and to steal. GLADSTONE is suborning our Gracious QUEEN to perjury.

It will be a consolation to the Rev. W. BROCK, before he ministers at the Lord's table on the day he writes, "to have lifted up his humble voice thus publicly against the sin of GLADSTONE."

But the most awful threat is to come. The Rev. Mr. BROCK means to take steps to send copies of his letter, when printed, to both Houses of Parliament!

It will be a comfort to our readers to know that when we last inquired at Carlton House Terrace, the badgered GLADSTONE was as well as could be expected.

The Rev. W. BROCK begins his letter by reminding GLADSTONE that it is an old trick of the Jesuits to choose good names for doing the worst things: and that (he adds) is just what the Government is now doing.

Mr. Punch will close his article by reminding the Rev. W. BROCK that it is an old trick of parsons in a passion to choose bad names for doing the best things—and that is just what the Rev. W. BROCK is now doing. It must be a comfort to him to feel that in this, as in all else, he is in direct opposition to the Jesuits.

THE SWEETS OF OFFICE LIFE.

"I WOULD I were a boy again, a free and happy boy!" is a sentiment familiar to most after-dinner singers. But one would hardly feel a yearning to recommence one's boyhood, if one therewith had the prospect of three years of youthful slavery, such as this advertiser offers in a newspaper at Leeds:—

WANTED, in an Office, as Correspondent and Shorthand Clerk, a Youth under 20 years of age. He must, as Correspondent, write a good commercial hand, and as Shorthand Clerk must be able to write to dictation at the rate of from 90 to 120 words per minute. Office hours 8-30 A.M. to 7 P.M., Saturdays to 3 P.M. He must find sureties for £150 at once, and at his own expense, and enter into a 3 years' engagement at following wages: first year, 18s. per week; second year, 22s. per week; third year, 28s. per week. One with some knowledge of mechanical drawing preferred. State references in reply to Box * * Post Office, Leeds.

"I would I were a bird," or any sort of living creature, rather than myself, must surely be the aspiration of any poor young fellow, whose poverty and not his will consents to let him take a situation such as this. A poor young fellow must indeed be pitifully poor if he be forced to work hard daily for ten hours and a half, and receive but threepence-halfpenny an hour for his work. A clerk who is to act as correspondent in an office, and, moreover, to write shorthand at the rate above recorded, must be worth a little more than the wages of an errand-boy; and if he knows something of "mechanical drawing," he had better turn his knowledge of mechanics to account by drawing somewhere else a better salary than that of eighteen shillings for threescore hours weekly of work for such a skinflint as this advertiser seems.

A Slight Confusion.

MRS. MALAPROP, who is growing just a little deaf, on hearing a friend read out from the paper something about "the last Encyclical and Syllabus of the Holy Father," observed that, good Protestant as she was, she *should* like to taste that syllabus.

MORE FALSTAFFERY.

If you were an invalid, and you went by *Sir John Falstaff* in the street, why ought you to be condoled with? Because you would not have passed a good Knight.

THE COURSE OF EVENTS.

1869 may be *Pretender's* year. 1868, when we had Mr. D—I as our Leader, certainly was.



THE CONVALESCENT.

New Curate (tenderly). "MY GOOD MAN, WHAT INDUCED YOU TO SEND FOR ME?"

Oldest Inhabitant. "WHAT DOES HE SAY, BETTY?"

Betty. "'SAYS WHAT THE DEUCE DID YOU SEND FOR HIM, FOR!!"

THOSE ISTHMIAN GAMES!

AIR—"Those Evening Bells."

THOSE Isthmian Games! those Isthmian Games!
How one and all admit their claims!
From snob to swell, from grave to gay,
From flats that bleed, to rooks that prey.

For them the shop-boy robs the till,
For them the plunger backs the bill;
For them touts watch, and tipsters lie,
And sweeps are filled, and pigeons fly:

For them the road pours down its shoals;
For them the rail its myriads rolls;
Theirs is the carriage-crowded "Hill,"
The nigger song, the chaff, the mill!

Theirs are the black-eyed gipsy's tricks,
Aunt Sally's three-a-penny sticks;
The DORLING's card, that, hoarsely cried,
Proclaims their names and weights that ride.

The luncheon hampers, and the drain
Of Hamburg sherry and champagne;
The popping of a million corks,
The flash of countless knives and forks.

The thrill that stirs a million hearts,
When, after false alarms and starts,
The cry "They're off!" sweeps through the crowd,
Like lightning through a thunder-cloud!

The Stand, lit up with sudden sun
Of myriad faces, turned like one;
The passing rush of hoofs, and hues,
Their shouts that win, their pangs that lose!

Three minutes' madness in a day!
A headache, and a bill to pay!
A book, whose losers fail to show,
But on which *you* pay what you owe!

So 'twas, ere I saw Derbies run:
So 'twill be, all my Derbies done!
There'll still be flats to own your claims,
Nor count your cost, dear Isthmian Games!

GOOD NAME FOR A SCOTCH POLICEMAN.—MACNAB.

"DE PAR LA REINE!"

"HER MAJESTY spent her 50th birthday quietly at Balmoral. The QUEEN marked the day by conferring the Order—(see poem)."—*Court Circular.*

THEN "God Save the Queen!" let us loyally whistle:
PRINCE L. got the Garter—PRINCE A. got the Thistle.
If you ask why this difference in ribbons should be,
Then know that PRINCE A. was already K.G.

All health to the QUEEN who is Over the Borders:
She always does well when she's giving her Orders:
MAY WEBSTER and BUCKSTONE be honoured, some day,
With orders to fit up her Box at the Play.

A Good Riddance.

THERE was joyful news in the papers last week for wearied and disgusted readers. One line brought them great relief, after months of bribery, corruption, intimidation, guzzling, treating, tippling, fencing, and various other old English sports and pastimes. It was simply this—
"THE LAST OF THE ELECTION PETITIONS."

BLACKBURN, WILLES, and MARTIN, who ought to be the best judges of their own feelings, are understood to share in the general joy at this most welcome announcement.

A Horrid Old Pig.

Old Brisles (inspecting through eye-glass Portrait of a Young Bride at the Royal Academy Exhibition). Lovely Being! Nice picture! Suppose it cost a good deal of money. Hrumnk! Wonder how much anybody would give for the likeness if he thought it would fade as soon as the original?

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.

"NOTHING can do me good. I should be quite happy if anything could do me harm," remarks a *blase* young aristocrat in one of MR. DISRAELI'S best novels. In the same spirit Mr. Punch wishes that he could sometimes be wrong, instead of being so invariably and inevitably right on all subjects in this distracted orb. Somebody ostracised ARISTIDES, being wearing of hearing him called the Just. *Punch the Just* thinks of ostracising himself (only oysters are out of season), tired with incessant tributes to his wisdom. Spare your compliments, dear Universe, and let him be. His Derby Prophecy? Well, he prophesied, of course, that *Pretender* would be first, *Pero Gomez* second, and the *Drummer* third. And, equally of course, they were so declared to be by MR. CLARK. "Let him go—handsome is that handsome does," he remarked of the latter horse—"let him go, the rather that he can stay." Of *Pero* he said, with playful jingle, "*Pero* may be at zero, yet be quick-silver still." His prediction of *Pretender* was so plain that nobody could mistake for a moment—he blessed the horse, introduced him to BELINDA, and then named him winner with what is absurdly called an oath, borrowed from LADY STRANGE. The anecdote which he took from MR. G. A. SALA "seemed to have no connection with the other sentences"—so wrote humble inquirers. Why—you idiots—that was just it. He inserted it, *apropos* of nothing, for those who had eyes to see. When Mr. Punch not only names a horse, but names him, swearing, ye must be dull indeed to doubt his meaning. "*Pretender*, and be—to you." It might not be civil, but it was concise, and clear. Happy are those who plucked the sweet nut out of the rough shell. With what exquisite accuracy he described the finish of the race (a splendid one, though the pace was slow) observe by comparing the accounts of the scene, the rather that none of them agrees with any of the others. Well, your Prophet hopes you were all happy. It was a lovely day, and the PRINCESS OF WALES was present, and *Punch* had told you how to bet. What more could you want in the way of terrestrial happiness? Now, his wearied lips he'll close, Leave, O leave him to repose—until May 1870. *Valete et plaudite.*

GOING TO EXTREMES.—A Friend of ours is so humane that he cannot even bear to dine upon Hung Beef.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THURSDAY, *May 27.* The holidays lasted until over the Derby Day, so that the Serious Parties who are exercised in spirit by hearing of adjournment "for the sake of a horse-race," had their feelings spared this year. There be Pretenders elsewhere than at Epsom.

The debate promised to be eminently stupid, but broke its promise. Before noticing it, *Mr. Punch* reminds himself to ask his respected contemporaries of the Daily Press why, in the name of all that is illegible, they devote column on column of valuable space to lists of the Petitions? Who wants to know that the Sunday School children at Barking have been told to sign a petition against opening Museums on Sunday? that some folks at Luton dislike compulsory vaccination? that nobody at Frome wants to marry his wife's sister? that Northampton objects to the Dunchurch Turnpike Trust after 1870? that a Mr. PRICE and a Mr. HART think women should vote? that at Rusholme (where's that?) somebody thinks that criminals should not rush to their last home by capital punishment? These are out of Thursday's list—rather a short one; sometimes we have a yard of such rubbish. The stupidest letters from correspondents—and the depth of their stupidity is frequently abyssmal—were more acceptable than such a catalogue of opinions by people of whom nobody ever heard before, and of whom everybody hopes never to hear again.

The Alabama Papers were promised in a few days. They are now without interest, *Mr. Punch's* Falstaff Cartoon having not only settled the question of American demand, but having so worked upon the affectionate nature of the Americans, that MR. MOTLEY is instructed to ask LORD CLARENDON whether *we* should not like a few hundred millions of dollars, and to insist on our accepting Cuba, which is to be immediately conquered for us.

We then got into Mr. Lowe's Budget. Most of the cats which he let out of this bag are sleek and pleasing creatures, welcome to our hearths, but there is one ugly big black beast which was a good deal chivvied to-night.

In other words, the more people look upon the amiable proposal that they should pay Five Quarters of Income-Tax in one year (that is the requisition, and the Governor of the Bank of England himself told MR. LOWE so), the less they all like it. It does not matter whether they like it or not, because Parliament has enacted that they shall pay, but MR. LOWE might just as well spare our feelings, and not try to persuade us that five is four. The grave men in the House, who can do sums without pencils, and who have had plenty of time to look at the proposal, smiled sardonically at MR. LOWE's clever juggling (*vide* former Cartoon), and seemed to think that he had better take his money, and not affect to fancy that it was only the regular thing. If *Mr. Punch* has any friends to whom money is an object, he advises them to begin putting away Income-Tax in a Savings' Bank, as the collector will be down on them for an awful lump in January next as ever is, proximo.

But this was nothing compared to the profane way in which MR. LOWE and others talked of the Bank of England and the Money Market. The man who had been heard to speak disrespectfully of the Equator was pious compared to these speakers. MR. LOWE said that the Money Market might take care of itself, and it was not the business of Government to cocker up the Bank of England, a private banking institution, and help it to assist trades and hoist storm signals. The Governor of the Bank, MR. CRAWFORD, Liberal Member for the City, expressed his great regret at the indifference which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER showed to the value of the function exercised by the Bank. "Function," applied to the Bank, is, *Mr. Punch* takes it, derived from "funk."

MR. LOWE said one thing on which it is *Mr. Punch's* intention to act. He observed that a man is happy if he is able to do his duty, and does his duty, by one set of people. This is a noble and moral sentiment, and *Mr. Punch*, who is attached to his family almost to a fault, designs to carry it out. He means to do his duty to that set of people as far as a beautiful country house for the Summer, many garden parties, a yacht, an expedition to Norway, an opera box (grand tier), and a private band may contribute to the happiness of "that set." There is another set whom he will not attempt to do his duty by; but if, when MR. LOWE's five quarters of Income-Tax shall have been paid, there is any surplus at the bankers, why they may call and ascertain whether at some future time *Mr. Punch* may take their demands into consideration.

We got through the Budget, Lord Mayors—no, Brood Mares, are not to be taxed, and we had a debate on the Pensions Act, only noteworthy because MR. FAWCETT was again in opposition to MR. GLADSTONE, who, however, said that he did not in the slightest degree resent that course. Finally, when we were on Beer-Houses, MR. HENLEY wanted a definition of the words "a notoriously bad character." Some persons, he said, would call a man that, if he were a teetotaller—some if he beat his wife—some if he were seen with a pipe in his mouth. As regards the first sort, *Mr. Punch* thinks that a man is rather foolish than bad who denies himself wholesome liquor in moderation. Beating his own wife, beadle, devil, and everybody, he is not called upon to

criminate himself. But he frankly concedes the entire depravity of anybody who smokes a pipe, and that reminds him to thank a lady admirer for two pounds of the finest Latakia he ever tasted.

Friday. MR. CHARLEY, Member for Salford, called attention to a case in which an Irish priest, called LAVELLE, had (by his agent) knelt upon a she-parishioner, and bruised her, in a squabble about some oats, and had (personally) turned a lot of other parishioners out of chapel, for having sent their children to the National School. An Irish jury had given this amiable ecclesiastic one farthing damages for a published letter, which illustrated his proceedings, and there the matter might as well have dropped. But MR. CHARLEY, who is a vehement Anti-Gladstonian, told the story, and pointed a moral. As Government was, he said, desirous of conciliating Rome, and looked upon Education as one of the three heads of the Protestant Upas Tree, MR. CHARLEY wished to know whether MR. GLADSTONE meant to do away with the National Education system, or whether he would protect the humbler Catholics against their priests. MR. G. MOORE made an excuse for LAVELLE, and MR. GLADSTONE said that Government had no desire to conciliate Rome, except by doing justice. A Ministry, composed, for the most part, of zealous defenders of the National System, was not likely to wish to destroy it. In these days of slip-slop, it is comforting to read so exquisitely neat a sentence as that with which the PREMIER ended: "What we have to ask is whether the law works, whether the officers of the law do their duty, and whether the ends of the law are attained, and it does not appear to me that the Honourable Gentleman has affirmed the negative of any one of these propositions."

Patents and Poor-Laws occupied the rest of the night which followed the most hideous Oaks day ever witnessed. We believe that there were no human beings on the course, but that the animals got up the race among themselves, and that *Brigantine* herself telegraphed to say that she had won.

NOW CROWN YOUR EDIFICE.

NAPOLEON, you have done some things, and made some points of glory;

The man will write a big book who shall duly tell your story:
But, "Ere his death," the ancient sage said, "nobody call happy;"
A thousand years hence by mankind may you be called so, HAPPY.

'Gainst him that was before you of the Tuileries possessor,—
I do not mean your Uncle, but immediate predecessor,—
The people, weary of his rule, on one fine day revolted.
He put the name of SMITH upon his carpet-bag, and bolted.

Ne'er will it be your fate, I hope, in like case to come over,
And, going by the name of BROWN, to step ashore at Dover;
Yet needful to the tenure of your throne is the condition
Of Popularity—and lo, a growing Opposition!

Now will you try to put that down by physical repression,
And force of arms; or mean you to disarm it by concession?
You are a clever fellow. Nay, I don't intend to flatter.
You can see how the cat jumps. I should think you'd do the latter.

Then, if you fail you'll nobly fail! If you succeed or no, it
Is sure you'll be a hero for historian and for poet.
Sire, you will be immortalised, the Edifice for crowning,
By TUPPER and by TENNYSON, by CLOSE, and me, and BROWNING.

THE DULNESS OF THE DERBY.

SPEAKING of the Derby Day, a "special" writer says:—

"Freaks of riotous misconduct were far fewer than is usual, and on the whole there has been seldom seen a duller coming from the Derby."

"Come, gentle dulness," shall be our invocation when we next venture to the Derby: that is, if by dulness is meant absence from brutality. Jolly dogs may think it dull not to get drunk, and black-guard cads and roughs may think there is no fun in going to the Derby unless they can fling beer-bottles about as they come home, or fire volleys of foul chaff at the ears of decent people. Blackguardism such as this is neither jollity nor fun, but simply riotous misconduct; and any man of any sense must be glad that better manners contributed this year to the dulness of the Derby.

Political Cries in Paris.

(WALKER'S Telegrams.)

PARIS. MONDAY.

YESTERDAY the elections terminated.
The majority of the people uttered cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"
The cry of the minority was "Vive la Liberté!"
Some buffoons cried "Vive l'Esclavage!"

ON BEAUTY'S HEAD HORRORS ACCUMULATE.



IT is not often that one finds an expression of opinion by a writer on the fashions. An article indited on this interesting topic is usually confined to a description of new dresses, and seldom ventures to give utterance to such remarks as these upon the want of taste in ladies, for whose benefit alone such articles are written:—

“Modern chignons give a truly frightful shape to female heads. Any idea of the natural hair being worn is out of the question in presence of those gigantic edifices of loops and of crépés. All the charm of a coiffure is lost as soon as one sees nothing but artificial tresses in those curls and bandeaux, put on as ornaments, but suddenly becoming an object of real repulsion.”

What queer ideas of beauty must any woman have, who can put on a big chignon, and fancy it an ornament! She might just as fitly wear a false hump on her back, and imagine it enhanced the graces of her figure. A lady with an edifice of false hair on her head appears as much deformed as though she were afflicted with some scrofulous disease that caused cerebral swelling. Her head is out of all proportion to her body, as doubtless are her brains, in an opposite direction; for as a rule one may consider that, the bigger is the chignon, the smaller are the brains which lie semi-dormant under it.

DOUBTFUL DRESSING.

THE following advertisement in a newspaper is simple and suggestive:—

“MECHI'S DRESSING BAGS.”

The number of a shop and the name of a street are subjoined, and that is all. Well; but in labouring to be brief, does not MR. MECHE become obscure? Very likely a great many agricultural gentlemen have been visiting the establishment at which his Dressing Bags are sold, to inquire about them, expecting to find them sacks containing some form or other of fertilising matter, such as guano, the double phosphate, or deodorised sewage.

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

V.—A MORAL LAY ON CONTENTMENT AND TRUE HAPPINESS.

I HEARD a Ploughman o'er the Lea,
I do not know where that may be,
Singing a song. Thus he began:
I'd be a butterfly. Poor man!

Why should I cry, Poor man, like winking?
Because that song set me a-thinking;
And, perched upon a new hewn trunk,
Here is exactly what I think:

This man to providence demurs,
And his own ways he far prefers;
For though an honest ploughman, he
A gaudy butterfly would be.

The thought to me itself presented—
“This worthy man is discontented.”

He has to work, he has to toil,
To make his children's kettle boil:
He, discontented with his wittle,
Bewails his lot—I mean his little.

I with brush'd hat and kerchief scented,
I *am* the butterfly: and—discontented?

Am I contented with my lot,
Quite satisfied with what I've got;
Am I, let's see, or am I not,
If not what *do* I want—come, what?

Give me a farm of acres four,
A cottage with a little door,
A gable roof, a sanded floor,
Kind fate! I'll ask thee for no more.
(Here cottagers shall live: while I
Reside in Manor House, hard by.)

Away from cares, away from noise,
We'll take our fill of rural joys;
Leaving the town, like CINCINNATUS,
Who took his *otium* diggin tators.
(That is, I'll pay the proper men
To hoe and sow; say, gardeners ten.)

I do not ask a single pound,
Nor carriage; no, nor horse nor hound:
Only a house that's truly rural,
And all the others—in the plural.

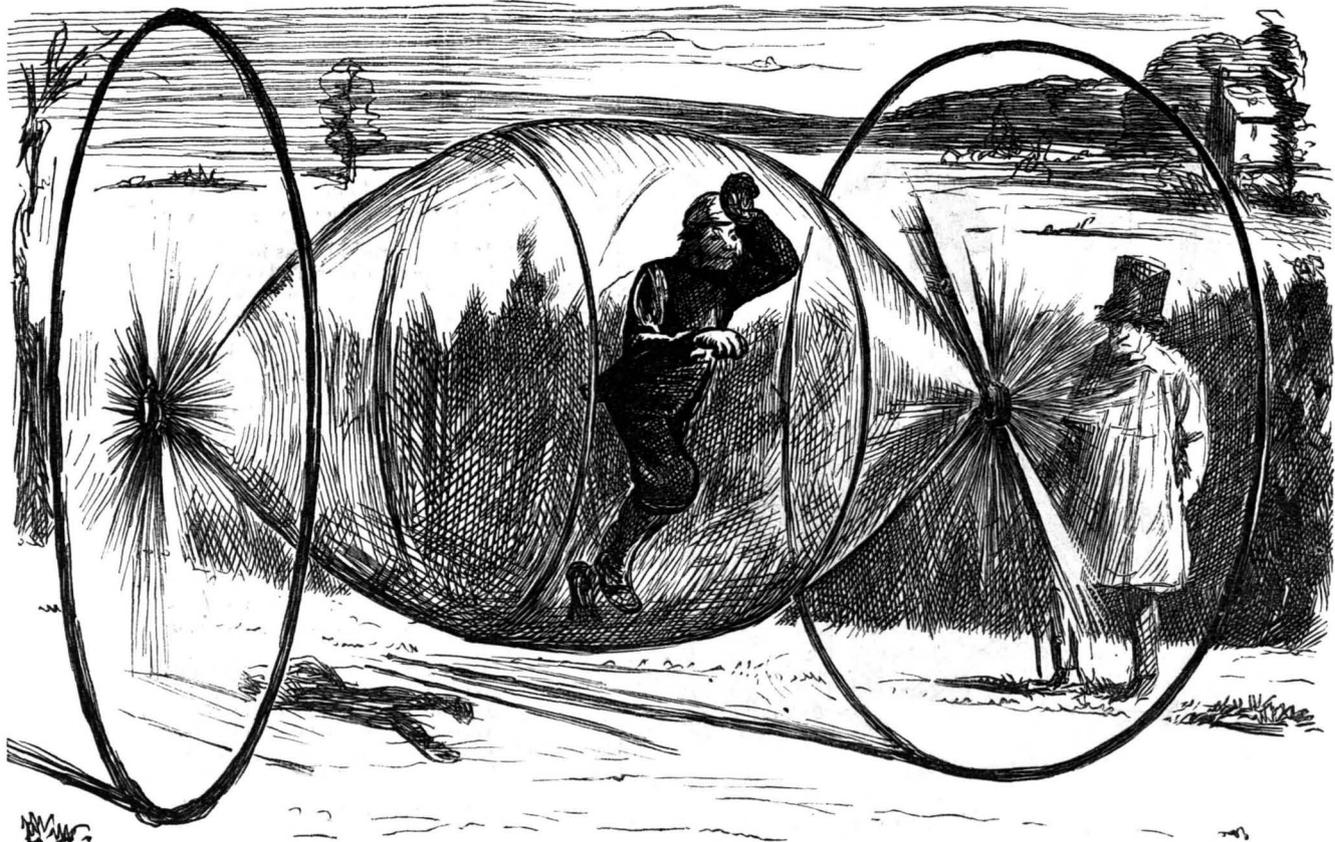
Upon my word I do not care
To be a princely millionaire:
Give me my modest house and grounds,
With but ten hundred thousand pounds.
I would not envy Lords or Deans,
Or sigh for aught beyond my means.

Yet I can rough it, if there are
Truffles and *pâté de foies gras*.
Hardships I can endure if I
Quaff Burgundy with cold grouse pie.

A little food for me will do,
Breakfast at nine and lunch at two;
Or else with lunch I can dispense,
As should do every man of sense.
If after cup of tea at eight
He for a *dejeuner* can wait
Until eleven o'clock shall strike,
When let me eat just what I like.

Then tea again at half-past four,
A muffin p'raps and nothing more,
Until the humble dinner-bell—
A sound you know and love so well:
Or when may be the Chinese gong,
With thundering voice cries “Come along”—
Until in fact 'twixt half-past eight and nine
Dinner is served—and down you go to dine.
Give me enough: I need no sumptuous feast,
Except such little luxuries at least
As are but luxuries beyond a doubt.
And as for necessaries—I'll do without.

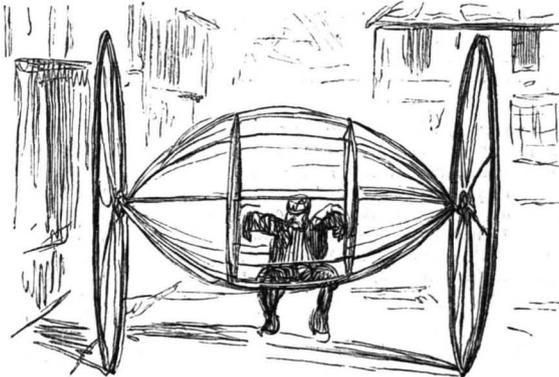
To Fate I make this delicate presentment,
Owning that Happiness is in Contentment.
And this Contentment with your settled lot
Is to want nothing that you haven't got.
And so True Happiness, depend upon 't,
Is simply having—*everything you want*.



LITTLE BIFFIN, WHO IN HIS EARLY DAYS HAS HAD A DEAL OF EXPERIENCE IN WHITE MICE, INVENTS A VELOCIFEDE, AIRY, LIGHT, COMMODIOUS, AND ENTIRELY FREE FROM DANGER.

SPIRITUAL PERSPICUITY.

SOME of the American papers contain reports of a process which had been for some time going on at the Court of "The Tombs," New York; the trial of a person named MÜMLER, a photographic artist, for swindling people by pretending to furnish them with cartes-de-visite including, with their own likenesses, portraits of their deceased relations. MR. MÜMLER stood on the genuineness of his spirit-photographs, calling evidence to attest the reality of such alleged facts as those on which he grounded his defence. Amongst his witnesses was JUDGE EDMONDS, who deposed to having seen various spirits, and one



IN REPOSE.

spirit in particular, as to whom he made a statement, as reported, to the effect that:—

"He saw the spirit sitting at a window, he was clothed, but JUDGE EDMONDS saw through his clothes and himself also, the objects behind him being clearly visible."

Spirits, by many accounts, are described as occasionally diaphanous; but a spirit photographer, one would think, must always be a transparent medium. Yet, whether JUDGE EDMONDS saw through a spirit or no, he did not see through MR. MÜMLER.

A HUMBAG IN HERALDRY.—Snob-boy Knave at Arms.

PUNCH AND HIS FELLOW PROPHEET.

BETWEEN *Mr. Punch* and DR. CUMMING nothing but the greatest harmony and affection has ever existed. The two Augurs *do* laugh when they meet in the street, and shake hands in friendship. And *Mr. Punch* is only too happy to announce anything that may spread the renown of his friend the Doctor. In that spirit he begs to promulgate the fact that DR. CUMMING, having again consulted omens, maintains that we are coming to the end of all things. Last Wednesday he said, at Manchester, that—

"We must expect in our midst convulsions the most stupendous; changes the most rapid; evolution of scenes the most startling; the disappearance of the Crescent; the restoration of the Jew. Another sign was the wasting and destruction of the great Western apostacy. But he did not expect to see the POPES destroyed at once."

We are very glad of this; for though Popery has no deadlier foe

than *Punch*, the present head of the Catholic Church is rather a favourite with him, and he would be very sorry to think that His Holiness would not be able to have that Cardinalrum for which so many invitations have gone out marked R.S.V.P.

Wild Sport at Wormholt-Scrubs.

Is there any sport corresponding to tame pigeon shooting? Yes; and the Gun Club might as well, now and then, as a substitute for deer-stalking, diversify their accustomed sport with sheep-shooting.

HIPPOLOGICAL REASONING.—Why is horse-racing a necessity? Because it is a matter of Course.

POPULAR PROTESTANT SONG.—"Charley is my darling."



“L'HOMME QUI RIT!”

OUR 'DEAR' HOTEL-KEEPERS.



R. PUNCH, the great Reformer of Hotels, has still work before him in that direction, and he means to do it. Shall he not take his ease in his Inn, without fear of the bill? Liberal, nay, handsome remuneration he is ever prompt to render to his Host, for a comfortable hotel is an admirable institution, and to know that one can walk into it at any hour of the day or night, is much. But gold may be bought too dear, and so may comfort. In the interest of the British Public which he is sworn to protect, he means on all occasions to speak out when an Inn becomes inhospitable.

There hath lately been correspondence touching charges made at the Bull Hotel, in Cambridge. In reply to complaint, the keepers of that house "consider that the *Times* is bound" (the *Times* being, of course, their property, or they would have made a civil request for space) to print the whole of the bill complained against. Which the journal obligingly doth. Mr. Punch, whose space is more limited, will not imitate the example, but will mention that a party at the "Bull" was charged something over £10, and that one of the charges admitted by the "Bull" to have been made was this:—

"A Night-Light Threepence."

Ex pede, and so on. The "Bull" pastures on classic ground, and no doubt understands Latin. Now Mr. Punch remarks that to his knowledge Night-Lights, of the best sort, cost One Shilling per dozen—that is, One Penny each. If a quantity of boxes be taken, as would probably be the case at an hotel, the price of each would be ninepence, so that the cost of one light might be stated in farthings. But let us assume the Penny.

Then the "Bull" makes Two Hundred per cent. on the article. Two Hundred per cent. profit, even in these days, is pretty well. Possibly, when a party had dined generously, taken two bottles of champagne at half-a-guinea each, and other things to match, the "Bull" felt ashamed to charge a lady a penny for a light in her bed-room, and so raised the price to the more respectable sum of Three-pence. But if Two Hundred per cent. be the profit which an hotel-keeper looks for on all that he sells, no wonder Mine Host prospers. Mr. Punch, however, makes a memorandum that if he should ever sleep at the "Bull," Cambridge, he will lay out his private penny at a wax-chandler's, and burn his private Night-Light.

But if Two Hundred per cent. be Night-Light profit at the "Bull," what per cent. is taken at the Great Northern Hotel, Peterborough? There—yet the sacred cathedral, memorial of piety, is near—Mr. Punch himself was charged, the other day, Sixpence for a Night-Light. That was noble. Sixpence, for what may have cost a penny, and probably cost three farthings! But there was other nobility of charge at the Great Northern Hotel. Mr. Punch had dined at the place, and had partaken, modestly, of wine. He was charged Eighteen Pence for his Bed-room Candle! The bill is before him, and shall be placed in his window in Fleet Street, if anybody desires to see it before it goes to the British Museum. Of what costly wax that candle was made, he knows not. Imperial Napoleonic bees may have made it in a hive of gold. At what shrine a candle, consecrated by the use of an inch and a half by Mr. Punch, has since been offered, he guesses not. But there is the fact—Sixpence for a Night-Light, Eighteen Pence for a Bed-room Candle, at the Great Northern Hotel, Peterborough. He thinks of instructing MR. WHALLEY to bring the matter before Parliament.

To Sight-Seers.

LOVERS of the marvellous may be glad to know that the Metropolis can show something far more wonderful than the Siamese twin brothers—"Seven Sisters' Junction"!

THOUGHT IN THE ACADEMY.—A Jacobite in hiding is a favourite subject with our painters this year. So to match fugitive poetry we now have fugitive painting.

THE JOLLY GEOGRAPHERS.

You know that a transit of Venus over the Sun's disc is to occur in 1874, and another in 1882. You know that a passage of that planet over that orb took place in 1769. You also know that the ship *Endeavour*, commanded by CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, and carrying SIR JOSEPH BANKS and DR. SOLANDER, was sent to Otaheite by the command of GEORGE THE THIRD, to observe it for scientific purposes, and that the *Endeavour* succeeded. Know you if you know not, that scientific purposes require the phenomenon of Venus traversing the face of Phœbus to be again observed, this time within the Antarctic Circle. Hear what SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON delivered the other evening on this subject in the Chair of the Royal Geographical Society at its annual meeting, held at the Royal Institution:—

"That preparatory expeditions must be fitted out to secure the establishment of proper observatories, in order to clear up this great datum in the physics of the Universe, I must consider certain when I quote the Astronomer-Royal, who speaking of the expedition sent into the Pacific to observe the transit of Venus in 1769, justly says that it has ever since been esteemed one of the highest scientific glories of England in the last century. Surely then our country, largely as it has advanced in physical science in the last hundred years, ought much more strongly to feel the urgency and desirability of this new expedition. But alas! I cannot but feel a misgiving as to the national endeavours which will be made, when I know that so important a branch of science as North Polar research, which did not carry with it the vulgar recommendation of usefulness and profit, was slighted by too many of my countrymen, with whom the common aphorism of *cui bono* is a sufficient apology for a shabby abstinence from much which would ennoble our nation."

The foregoing extract from a newspaper report probably contains a misprint. It is unlikely that SIR RODERICK MURCHISON called *cui bono?* an aphorism. He doubtless said *asinism*. For *cui bono?* is the characteristic saying of a donkey—it always was. Donkeys asked *cui bono?* concerning electricity, and gas, and steam. They did not reflect, being unreasoning creatures, that the Future might answer them—as it did. Knowing this, and not considering it, contemporaneous donkeys, greater donkeys than their predecessors, continue with regard to every new discovery or proposed investigation, to ask *cui bono?* still. In rebuking the *cui bono* mokes the great SIR RODERICK has shown himself a foe of the Philistines, who are all *cubonists*. Therefore, giant as he is in geology and geography, it will not do to call him a Goliath. On the other hand, Samson would be the reverse of appropriate, for an obvious reason.

Thinking of the inferior maxillary bone, we are reminded that PROFESSOR OWEN, another of the scientific Anakim, spoke at the dinner of which the jolly geographers partook after their meeting. The Professor, from what he said, appears to have had much fun in his voyage up the Nile with the PRINCE OF WALES. He saw no end of the Egyptian fauna; flamingoes, spoonbills, pelicans, herons, ibises, hoopoes, kingfishers, and curlews. The Prince, with unerring rifle and fowling-piece, shot specimens for him as fast as he could examine them; also suggested to him the provision of a seine net, by which he was enabled to catch and examine numerous "living forms of siluroids, snouted mormyri, and other Nilotic scaled rarities." Through the kindness of his Royal Highness our British CUVIER also enjoyed an opportunity of observing a live "*Choreutica agilis*," which appears to have been an uncommonly queer sort of fish, or as eccentric a serpent as any of old Nile. By the way, the Professor saw no crocodiles. He said that "the improved rifles have driven them to the Cataracts." Consequently, MRS. MALAPROP, unless she got above the Cataracts, would now look in vain for an allegory on the banks of the Nile.

Mr. Gladstone's Good Health.

A WINE for twelve bottles of which you give 60s., not including the bottles, is often really worth no more than the price of a liquor modestly advertised at "12s. per dozen (bottles included), as supplied to the leading London Clubs, &c.," under the somewhat aspiring name of "University Claret." This claret ought to be good. Your University Claret, surely, is the proper wine wherewithal to wash down your College Fudding.

Sycophants and Slanderers.

(Epigram by a Son of Erin.)

SAYS DONOVAN: "What reptiles base
There is among mankind!
They'll kiss your heels before your face,
And bite your back behind."

WANTS PUTTING DOWN.

Is it not sad in these enlightened days of Women's Rights, Women's Lectures, Women's Colleges, Women's Examinations, &c., still to see "Mauds" openly offered for sale at Railway Stations?



AT THE HORSE SHOW.

SPLINTER, THE HORSE-DEALER, IS "UP" FOR CAPTAIN CLINKER; BUT MR. SMASHER (OF CLAPHAM) "SHOWS" FOR HIMSELF.

[N.B. And finds the revolving hurdles an admirable invention.]

VULGARIANS AT THE PLAY.

OUR Tory Contemporary, the *Globe*, which we beg leave to congratulate upon its re-assuming the lively and readable character that it bore when under the sway of Military Omniscience, has published a letter on theatrical matters, one paragraph from which epistle *Mr. Punch* purposeth to reproduce. The writer, who signs himself CHRISTOPHERO SLY, we presume as a discontent spectator of certain performances, believes that they would be better if private boxes and stalls were swept away, and authors and actors were brought close to the educated audience, which he thinks would (moderate prices being demanded), take the place of ignorant swell-dom. This is matter of opinion, and CHRISTOPHERO has much to say for his. But there cannot be two opinions about the absolute justice of the following observations. Having characterised a performance as rubbish, MR. SLY says:

"That it is rubbish is not much excuse for the very numerous vulgarians who go to the private boxes to talk and laugh; or for the 'swells' who, after a late dinner, yawn in the stalls, or still more offensively chatter there with the paintings from the academy of the *demi-monde*. They need not manifest so openly their unconcern with the business of the stage, for it is quite certain that they do not know whether they are witnessing good acting or bad. But this is detail; it is piteously pleaded, however, by the poor actors, who ask how it is possible for them to put their hearts into their work, while they catch every word of the noisy flirtations in the private boxes, and see that the stalls are yawning? Here I interpolate a tribute to the highest personage but one in the kingdom. The PRINCE OF WALES sets an admirable example. There is no talking in his box. He attends to the performance, such as it is, with the real courtesy which kindly recognises an attempt to please. He has seen plenty of continental acting, before real audiences, but never allows English actors to feel that they suffer by the comparison, which must be inevitable. Flunkeydom might take the hint."

Mr. Punch has frequently pointed with his *bâton* at offenders of the kind indicated by MR. C. SLY. But the offence is so much on the increase that one of these days the *bâton* will be used in another way—meantime, let "vulgarians" accept this re-printed paragraph as warning. *Mr. Punch* adds a bow to H.R.H., and rejoices in indorsing the Christopherian tribute.

NIGHTSHADE AND NIGHTSHADE.

MR. PUNCH,

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* quotes from the *Liverpool Mercury* an account of a case of poisoning by the undersigned, attributed to another. According to this narrative, a man pulled a root out of the ground, mistook it for a carrot, ate a piece of it, was presently seized with convulsions, and died within ten minutes. "The plant proved to be the Deadly Nightshade, *Solanum Dulcamara*." Sir, the *Solanum Dulcamara* is not the Deadly Nightshade. It is the bittersweet, or woody nightshade, no more a poison than the potato—a mere simple. Your friend, DR. DULCAMARA, derived his name from that member of the *Solanaceæ*. It promotes the functions of the skin, liver, and kidney, as one of your young men can tell you from personal experience; and, your fair readers who want to be fairer may like to know, it makes a cosmetic potion better than anything advertised, to remove tan, pimples, freckles, discolorations, bubukles, and wheelks, and knobs, and flames of fire. I form a cosmetic lotion, and I dilate the pupil. Therefore a preparation of me is used by silly women to give what they call expression to their eyes. *Solanum Dulcamara* is only a distant relation of mine, and has none of my powerful properties. I am the deadly nightshade. Ha! ha! I represent Medea in the Vegetable Kingdom—see her picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition, by MR. SANDYS,—and agreeably to my fatally killing qualities, on which I do not scruple to own that I pride myself, am botanically named you

ATROPA BELLADONNA.

P.S. At your service, if you want to be returned *felo de se*. Am to be found among the ruins of Netley Abbey. S. D. bears red berries in clusters. Mine are black, shiny, and single.

To a Correspondent.

You cannot be serious in supposing that the question of additional Bishops could have any connection with "The Reserved Lawn Stakes" at the Epsom Meeting. We shall send a Rural Dean after you.

UP IN A BALLOON.

[THE report as to the great balloon, which so suddenly broke from its moorings last week, having as yet alighted anywhere, is, if our valued Scientific Correspondent is to be believed, not strictly in accordance with the facts of the case. It is still somewhere above, and we have despatched messengers in every direction in order to pick up such scraps of intelligence as may be dropped by our highly-valued scientific friend during his most remarkable aerial voyage, which will mark an epoch in the history of balloon navigation. *Ed.*]

First Day.—Alone on the ocean of air—how did I come here? *Per varios casus per tot* (pretty word *tot*)—*per tot discrimina rerum tendimus in latitudes hitherto unattempted.*

I went to the Gardens—I saw the Balloon. I had longed for the opportunity—it had come at last. Provided with instruments for taking and making observations, and with my well-stored luncheon-basket purchased for the Derby—that Derby which I was not to see—I approached the Car.

In vain the enterprising Lessee of Cremorne implored me not to attempt the ascent, at least without paying a sovereign down.

"SM-TH," said I, sternly, "you do not know your man, when you thus try to dissuade me."

He swore by the rim of his hat, turned up heavenwards, that I should not go.

His myrmidons (the Myrmidons were the followers of Agamemnon, you may recollect; they now follow SM-TH) would have restrained me. My science—I am scientific in more ways than one—set their puny efforts at defiance.

Flooring them right and left I sprang into the Car, and in another instant the rope strained to its utmost tension, snapped in Twain like twopenny Twine (Do you like alliteration? I do), and the Giant shot up into mid-air, with the force as of a cricket-ball, from a catapult of a hundred horse-power.

SM-TH fainted. His last cry was for Cremorne Sherry. I heard it and smiled. In a second I was smiling at nothing in the azure sky.

I write this as I sit in the Car. I shall jot down my diary and observations, and drop them, addressed to you, with a request on the envelopes that they may be forwarded, in the interests of science, to your Office, at once.

I look over the side—nothing. Farewell Earth—farewell planet of my birth—farewell revolutionary body. *Excelsior!*

7 P.M.—Rising. Atmosphere gradually more rarefied. Proceeding easily in W.W. by W.E. direction. (If this is any use to the Post-office authorities let them know, as any letter forwarded *per* another balloon would reach me.)

7:30.—Mercury in the bulb up to something. I have just passed the preparations for a new comet—they will not be perfect for another hundred years. The Comet, on close inspection, resembles a kite of peculiar form, with a magnificent tail. The tail is formed of luminous nebulae. When these are sufficiently weighty, it descends so as to trail across the earth and other planets. There is no danger, except from the tail being over-weighted. In this latter case the comet would be pulled down and would come into sharp collision with the Globe. I do not, from what I have observed, think that there is any danger of such a contingency for some time to come.

8.—Glass down to 20. By careful manipulation I have just managed to let the Balloon down sixty miles, and thus increase the temperature. By the aid of my powerful glass I can see the people below. They are pointing me out to each other, and from what I can gather from the movement of their lips, are describing me to one another as SM-TH.

[We have received an independent statement from Gretna. The mistake was as our esteemed Correspondent rightly imagined. The memorandum forwarded to the office ran thus:—

Gretna. 8 p.m. E. T. SM-TH just passed over here. Not spoken with.

Subsequent telegrams of a similar nature, from other places still further north, tend to confirm this mistaken notion, which we at once hasten to correct. *Ed.*]

8:15. Proceeding pleasantly N.N. by N. As I always dine at this hour I shall now dress myself, and hand myself down to the repast.

Luckily I have my carpet-bag with me, and my opera hat. A light soup, a bit of fish, a chicken with truffles, and a pint of Moët. That is all. Then a cigar. To those who know how to smoke in a Balloon, there is no danger.

Time flies apace. I like to enjoy a siesta for a quarter of an hour, and then con over a few chapters of a novel. Say *L'Homme qui Rit*. I have the *Gentleman's Magazine* with me.

The moon has risen beneath me, and the stars are muddled about the sky, making the Milky Way as awkward a place to steer through, as is Regent Street after mid-day in June.

Moreover, though the lights are sufficient as preventives, they are not strong enough, if you want to read by them; being as dull as those in most railway carriages.

9:30. A Brilliant idea. If it is Night *here*, it is Day at the Antipodes. To the Antipodes!!!

I drop this before descending, and hope some kind friend will forward it to you instanter.

Sinking. Sinking. Sinking. By simply using weights and counter-weights, and withdrawing the Balloon's sails and the "current ropes"—(do you understand Balloon tackle? No?—well then, take my word for it)—I can so control the "Gerent coil" as to allow the body of the car to exert a pressure downwards, which may be with almost mathematical precision expressed algebraically by

$$x^{20} (a + b) c^n = a b c d (m + n)^{mn}$$

allowing as much for cosines as would reduce the opposing forces of air-currents to a mere logarithmical value.

This process has hitherto been but little understood by Aëronauts, and indeed I believe that I am the first to, at all events, avail myself of this most useful discovery.

9:45.—I am in daylight again. The Antipodes, including America, Asia, China, and some undiscovered Continents, of which I shall at once proceed to make a map. By what races they may be peopled I cannot, at this distance, determine.

A propos of races, if you get this in time, take twenty to one in thousands against *Belladram*. Do it for me. *I authorise you*. Also put in some lotteries for me at a guinea a ticket. I shall be down again soon. I'll lay against *Pretender*. Do it.

10:30. A Welsh rabbit I had with me here became suddenly cooked. The chicken in my hamper is broiled. We are too near the Southern Cross. The rabbit I will eat now. The chicken must do for supper cold.

I am somewhat nervous about the action of the Solar rays at this proximity upon the soda-water and champagne.

I look over the side. China, I think.

People pointing me out to one another. Their lips form the same word as did theirs in Scotland. It's very annoying to be taken for SM-TH again.

[From an esteemed Correspondent in China, this telegram has been received corroborating our highly-valued Contributor's statements:—

Pekin. E. T. SM-TH just passed over here. Wind S.E. by E. Knew him by his hat. Ed.]

Do correct this erroneous impression on receipt of my communication. I shall re-ascend to-night twice, as I need rest sadly. I have brought my travelling cap to fold over my ears, which will serve me for the night.

I now understand the people's mistake. I have just taken off my hat in order to replace it by the aforesaid cap. It bears inside the initials E.T.S., and is very much turned up at the brim. It was changed in the scuffle before I leapt into the Car.

By a simple scientific process I re-ascend and anchor off Taurus. There are festivities going on in an adjacent constellation. The music of the spheres (I suppose) is playing an air well known to Aëronauts who have travelled any distance worth mentioning; viz., "*Partant pour la Sirius*."

I must move on somewhere else. It is fair weather, quite Bartlemy Fair Weather, for the Great and Little Bears are being led about, Virgo calls herself the Something-assian Giantess, and the Gemini are exhibiting themselves at so much a-head. Aquarius has given up his watering-pot and taken to organ-grinding. I have threatened to complain to MR. LOWE (not ROBERT, but the Astronomer-Royal at Bishop's Observatory) if this sort of thing isn't stopped at once. I drop this here. Don't forget to lay against *Pretender*: *I authorise you to do so*.

[Of course we acted immediately on our valued Correspondent's hints, and, on his behalf, laid heavily against *Pretender*. We have been obliged, on his behalf, to pay. We hope the balloon will soon come down again. The last note we received from him was forwarded to us by a kind friend, and is published immediately under this parenthesis. *Ed.*]

Thursday, May 27.—Going on as well as can be expected. Think I'm over Kamschatka. Am taking bearings and soundings. Results to be sent later on.

Wind S.N.E. by E.W. Thermometer 20°. Aëroid 60—5 $x + 2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the fall. Consols $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$, up here.

N.B. I hope you've carried out my instructions exactly, and backed *Pretender* at any odds. I haven't got an idea what'll win.

[Some mistake evidently, as our esteemed and highly-valued Correspondent will see when he comes down. *Ed.*]

Turf Reform.

BROOD mares are to be exempt from taxation. If race-horses generally, and especially two-year olds, were not taxed beyond their strength, the change would be for the better.



COMPARISONS.

Barber. "AIR 'S EXTRAORDINARY DRY, SIR. (Customer explains he has been in the Country, and out o' doors a good deal.) AH! JUS' SO, SIR. RUINATION TO THE 'AIR, SIR! IF I WAS TO BE KNOCKIN' ABOUT 'UNTING AND FISHIN', LOR', SIR, MY 'AIR WOULDN'T BE IN NO BETTER STATE THAN YOURS, SIR!!"

AN EXAMPLE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

OH, *Mr. Punch!* Read this. It is the conclusion of the *Post's* usual letter from Paris, and refers to the Exhibition of the Works of living artists now open in that awful city:—

"The galleries are visited by thousands of persons daily (1 fr. entrance), and on Sundays the public are admitted gratis. When are you going to do likewise?"

When? Too soon, Sir, I am afraid. Is there anything in the Royal Academy's Charter to prevent them from throwing open Burlington House on Sundays *gratis*? Unless there is, we have every reason to fear that they will follow the shocking example set them by the authorities who preside over the Parisian Exhibition. It is not only the exaggerated ideas which, as artists, they entertain of the moral influence of painting, but also the notorious liberality of their general views and practice, from which the danger of their conferring on the working classes the boon of access to a view of their pictures on Sundays may be apprehended. This would, of course, soon be followed by the concession of admittance to the National Gallery, British Museum, South Kensington ditto, and all similar places of mental recreation for the people on the day of leisure. Now, Sir, only consider how the higher orders have been depraved and demoralised by the entrance to the Zoological Gardens, of which they practically possess the privilege on that blessed day. Let our Sabbatarian friends lose no time in petitioning the Legislature to prohibit the Royal Academicians from taking, if they have now power to take, the first step towards seducing the minds of the masses from true religion, and genuine OLD TOM.

Irish Steeplechasing.

THE present horsey season suggests an idea which may reconcile Irish Protestants to disestablishment and disendowment. Hitherto their Church, as against Popery, has been heavily handicapped. When it carries less weight, it will have more.

THE ROSE SHOW IN ST. PAUL'S.

SOME people may be shocked when *Mr. Punch* informs them that, if they want to see the very prettiest of flower-shows, they will find that it is really to be found in a cathedral. Still the fact will be admitted by any one who pays a visit to St. Paul's on the first Thursday in June, when the school children assemble there. Such a display of roses is rarely ever seen as that upon the cheeks of these fresh, healthy little creatures. They look so bright and blooming, these pretty little buds, that it is clear the blight of poverty as yet has brought small harm to them. All who see this rose show must own it is the prettiest of any they have witnessed, and will regret to hear a rumour of its coming discontinuance. But a whisper has been echoed lately in the whispering gallery that one of the Great Guns—or, if not, the Minor Canons—has been thundering at the show, "because it interferes with the ordinary service." If this great gun would open fire at certain choral slovenesses, and singing-boy irreverences, which disfigure very frequently the "ordinary service," he really would be doing a good service to his church, and a better one than at St. Paul's on week-days 'now is ordinary. But the rose show at St. Paul's is a pleasant yearly sight, and puts many a good thought of kindly Christian charity into the forgetful head of many a good Christian. Many a man who goes there yearly comes away the better, for the sight is one that can in no place else be seen; and Canon *Punch* devoutly hopes that some greater gun may silence the Canon afore-mentioned, and that the roses and the show alike may be perennial.

Teetotalised Shakspeare.

Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful headache he sleeps well;
Liquor has done its worst; nor gin, nor whiskey,
Nor foreign spirits, nor domestic heavy,
Can touch him further.

THE SHEET ANCHOR OF OUR LIBERTIES.—The Press.



Old Gentleman (who has not hurried over his Dinner, and has just got his Bill).
 "WAITER, WHAT'S THIS? I'M CHARGED HERE TWOPENCE FOR STATIONERY. YOU KNOW I'VE HAD NONE—"
 Irish Waiter. "FAIX! YER HONOUR, I DON'T KNOW. Y'AVE BEEN SITTIN' HERE A LONG T-H-IME, ANYHOW!!"

ÆSCULAPIAN GAMES.

THE Medical Students have naturally enough fallen in with the fashion which has become prevalent among the schools in general, of contending in bodily exercises. On Wednesday last week those of St. Bartholomew's Hospital held their third annual athletic meeting at the Beaufort House Grounds, Walham Green, in the presence of a large number of the sumptuous classes.

The list of the sports of the sinewy and surgical competitors included "Throwing the Cricket Ball," "Putting the Weight," "Throwing the Hammer," a "Hurdle Race," a "High Jump," and a "Consolation Race." Instead of throwing the Cricket Ball, one seems to fancy that the feat really performed was that of throwing the *Cranium*; that the Weight put was a measure of that Heavy which, put down the *oesophagus*, serves to relieve the dryness of anatomical studies; that the hammer thrown was the *Malleus*, a little bone which it would be hard to fling a long way; that the Hurdle Race was managed with frame-works composed of *tibiae, fibulae, radii, ulnae*, and ribs; that the High Jump was a leap over the skeleton of the Irish Giant in Lincoln's-inn Fields, and that the Consolation Race concluded with a composing draught of beer.

No doubt the study of the muscles must tend to give a peculiar alacrity and expertness in this exercise. The Hospitals ought at least to equal the Universities in muscular proficiency. Bartholomew's and Guy's should institute an annual boat-race. There is nothing like athletic sports to test endurance and pluck—the only pluck to be named in connection with medical students.

The Nobility and the Noble Animal.

ANOTHER nobleman, and a Duke, is done up by the Turf. His Grace has failed for upwards of £95,000. A man in the way of being ruined used to be said to be going to the dogs. In the same way, when a Peer or any other person of property goes on the Turf it had better become customary to say that he is going to the horses.

"A LIBERAL WHIP."—A Jockey's?

A SONG TO THE RIGHT TUNE.

MR. RUPERT KETTLE, of Wolverhampton, who has already settled by his arbitration so many quarrels about wages between masters and men in the Northern Counties, has just effected another arrangement of the same kind among the Cotton-spinners of Oldham.

All our readers will remember the opening of a famous domestic quarrel in one of DICKENS'S Christmas Stories: "Kettle begun it."

Let us hope that henceforth all stories of trade-quarrels in the North will run "KETTLE ended it," and that, encouraged by the success of this voluntary Conciliation Court, masters and men, instead of striking, will strike up the popular chorus, "*Polly, put the Kettle on.*" *Punch* begs leave to offer them a version of the song for such occasions.

Better put the KETTLE on,
 Better put the KETTLE on,
 Better put the KETTLE on,
 And let's agree!

There's some love striking
 Till clemmed they lie:
 There's some love ratt'ning,
 And blowing sky-high.
 But we'll put the KETTLE on,
 We will put the KETTLE on,
 We will put the KETTLE on,
 And friends we'll be!

If men, let's remember
 A master's a man;
 That if all will be masters,
 There's nobody can.
 So let's put the KETTLE on, &c.

If masters, remember,
 In playing our parts,
 You cannot have hands,
 But you have heads and hearts;
 And let's put the KETTLE on, &c.

Let's all do our duties,
 Not talk of our rights;
 And we'll soon find our interests
 Are one—against fights,
 And we'll put the KETTLE on, &c.

If men thought of masters,
 And masters of men,
 They'd agree in compounding
 Nine quarrels in ten,
 And put RUPERT KETTLE on, &c.

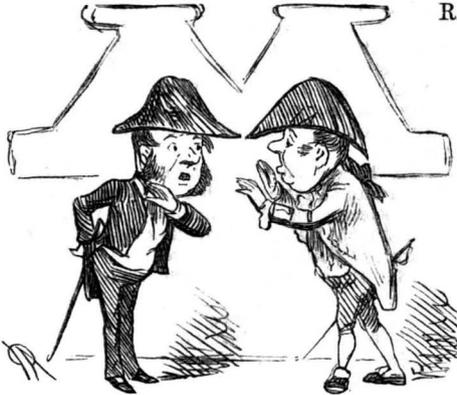
The head needs the hand,
 As the hand needs the tool:
 To set either 'gainst other's,
 The thought of a fool.
 So let's put the KETTLE on, &c.

And the thought of the fool
 Of the knave is the sin,
 When either cheats other,
 And thinks so to win.
 So let's put the KETTLE on,
 So let's put the KETTLE on,
 So let's put the KETTLE on,
 And friends let's be!

Seamanship and Sporting.

A MASTERLY letter on "The Turf" appeared the other day in the *Times*, occupying about a column and a third of the leading journal. It was signed H. J. ROUS, Admiral. "I have been on the Turf upwards of fifty years," says ADMIRAL ROUS therein. Truly the gallant Admiral may be regarded as the Patriarch of the Turf. There are Admirals of the Red, the White, and the Blue. Should not ADMIRAL ROUS be constituted Admiral of the Grey, or the Bay, or the Brown, or the Chestnut? There are even those who dare to whisper that the distinguished naval Officer who presides over the Jockey Club deserves to be appointed, not without a proper increase of pay, Commander of the Horse Marines.

A KISS FOR MISS AUSTRALIA.



R. PUNCH, who has Correspondents everywhere, has received a complaint from Western Australia. No part of the universe is too remote to be noticed, at need, by him, and he has double satisfaction in replying to this complaint because he can throw in a word or two to all the Australians.

His Correspondent alleges that people at home have no interest in the Colonies, and that the gratification expressed by the DUKE OF EDINBURGH in his recent visit to Western Australia, was not unmingled with surprise at the graceful and splendid hospitality which he received. He had not been aware of the progress made, in those regions, in the arts of civilisation. Does the COLONIAL SECRETARY himself know it? Yet, a Perth bard is not satisfied with what was done in honour of the Duke, and vents himself thus in the *Fremantle Herald* :—

"Our preparations were not quite so grand
As you might see in a more favoured land ;
Think not young Prince we are a whit less true
In our devotion to our Queen and you.
Oh no! God bless her, and your Royal Self
And every member of the House of Guelph ;
In fact had you but stayed another day
We would have made some efforts to be gay."

Premising that *Mr. Punch* has reason to know that the Personage whom the loyal colonists chiefly desired to please by their reception of her son is more than pleased at that reception, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to answer his Correspondent from the Swan River.

No interest in the Colonies, dear Sir? You mistake the matter entirely. There is plenty of interest taken by those who know where the Colonies are and what they mean, but the fact is that the majority of people are so utterly ignorant of geography, that if they know where Australia itself is, they are quite proud. But you must not expect them to go into such details as the difference between New South Wales and Victoria, or to know that Brisbane is the capital of the former, that Perth is the capital of Queensland, and that South Australia used to be called Port Phillip.

Ha! ha! my Colonists, you laugh, but those who have fallen into my three traps have no idea why you laugh.

Will you tell *Mr. Punch* how he is to make English people understand a little about you, just enough to prevent their making a colonist choke himself at dinner when his hostess asks him whether there are any schools in Melbourne, or the gentleman next to him supposes that the British population of Australia probably exceeds one hundred thousand by this time? MR. ADDERLEY descanted on this ignorance, in the House of Commons itself, last week, and no one contradicted him. *Mr. Punch* has tried to stick a few colonial facts into people, but the seed falls on stony ground. However, he will not discontinue his efforts. He insists on the following hymn being committed to the memory of all persons under Twenty-one, and their Elders will be none the worse for learning it :—

Australia, little boys and girls,
Contains Divisions Five,
Where quite a million British folk
Do bravely toil and strive.

The first is New South Wales, my kids,
At breakfast eat a kidney :
That fixes in your little minds
The Capital's name, Sydney.

The second's Queensland called, my brats,
Give rat white arsenic, his bane :
That fixes in your little minds
The Capital's name, Brisbane.

The third's Victoria called, my pets,
A diver's down in bell borne :
That fixes in your little minds
The Capital's name, Melbourne.

The fourth is South Australia, ducks,—
JONES said the bet was bad he laid :
That fixes in your little minds,
The Capital's name, Adelaide.

The fifth is West Australia, chits,
All Cedric's pigs loved Gurth :
That fixes in your little minds,
The Capital's name, Perth.

If each of all these dozen facts
Within your memory dwells,
You 'll know much more than three-in-four
Colonial Office Swells.

PUNCH.

WHAT IS LUGGAGE?

In these days of over-dressing, when ladies cannot manage to travel for a week without a score or so of boxes, in each of which a camelopard might be comfortably packed, it is not surprising that the question, "What is luggage?" should be argued in a Law Court. If we look into a dictionary, we find that luggage is defined as "anything cumbersome and difficult to carry: of more weight than value." Now ladies' dresses, with their long trains, certainly are cumbersome, and, when packed in elephantine trunks, are rather difficult to carry; but they are mostly so expensive that nobody can say they are of little value. In the Queen's Bench very recently it was decided that a rocking-horse was "hardly a thing ordinarily carried by a passenger," and therefore was not "luggage" in the ordinary sense. Several good judges were heard on this occasion, and several good things were said in course of argument, as the following will show :—

"MR. JUSTICE HAYES suggested that the point might have been put that a rocking-horse required a horse-box. (*Laughter.*)"

"MR. JUSTICE LUSH put the case of a child's cradle, or a perambulator, or a bedstead.

"Numerous cases were put in the course of the argument; the case of a gentleman carrying home a salmon or a barrel of oysters for dinner, or a hamper of wine for his cellar, or a case of books for reading in the train, and so forth.

"MR. JUSTICE HANNEN suggested that the rule might, perhaps, be laid down thus—that the passenger was entitled to have anything which passengers usually required for their personal use or accommodation on a journey, which would include a bath or bathing tin, but exclude a rocking-horse or cradle."

With due respect to JUSTICE HANNEN, we may doubt if he will find that many ladies will agree with him in thinking that a cradle is not a thing "required on a journey," when there is a baby to be carried and popped into it, as soon as the train stops. We can conceive what indignation would be felt by a young mother, if her precious poppet's cradle were taken from the luggage van, and sent by common goods train, as though it were a beer-barrel. As for carrying one's bath about, that in some few summers more, we hope, will be quite needless, even on the Continent, for as civilisation spreads so does the art of tubbing. To let one's bedstead travel with one is not a usual course, although it certainly might save one from nocturnal irritation where fleas do mostly congregate. But as to salmon and oysters, these should clearly be called luggage, and carefully conveyed as such, or what will your friends say when you leave town to visit them? A man who goes to spend a few days in the country takes a bit of fish as naturally as he does the latest *Punch*, and if the fish, not being luggage, were sent by the goods train, it would probably arrive just in time to be too late for any one to relish it.

UNDER THE BUTTERCUPS.

AMONG the miscellaneous intelligence of a country paper occurs a paragraph stating that :—

"A man, named FORTUNE, aged 68, died at Swindon (Wilts) last week, and in accordance with his last will and testament, the whole of the coffin furniture, including the breast-plate, was painted yellow, indicative of the political principles he had advanced in his life."

Was MR. FORTUNE the Man in the Moon? Yellow principles, one would think, are the sort of principles advanced in Sovereign Alley, which might be otherwise called Yellowboy Lane. But perhaps this yellow politician was only bilious.

Facilis Descensus Avernii.

New reading of an old proverb (*à propos* of the late swallowing up of certain noble flies by certain ignoble spiders)—

"Nemo repente fuit turpissimus."

The meaning, we need hardly say, is exactly the same as that of the usual version.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 31st, Monday. A night to be remembered. This night did the Commons read a Third Time and Pass the Bill for Disestablishing and Disendowing the Irish Church. *Mr. Punch* heard of no dismal Signs or Prodigies worth mentioning, but perhaps they are reserved for the day when the Royal Assent shall be given.

The Conservatives, of course, took a division, by way of a final Protest, and it was precluded by an exceedingly flat debate, a matter of mere form. *MR. HOLT*, of North East Lancashire, moved the Rejection of the Bill, and *LORD ELCHO*, like a bold Volunteer, volunteered to second the motion, and made some very fair jokes—the only fun of the evening. After speeches by divers who may dive into Lethe, and stop there, *MR. DISRAELI* and the *PREMIER* finished the business with orations which they were bound to deliver, but neither put himself into his work. The Leader of the Opposition, at great length, contended that the destruction of the Church would not tranquillise Ireland, and that it was the first of a series of revolutionary measures, the end of which would be the triumph of the Papacy, and perhaps something worse. *MR. GLADSTONE* was pleasant over *MR. DISRAELI*'s rejected amendments; and one passage is worthy of immortality, which we thus give:—

“It appears that the Right Hon. Gentleman has borne in mind the history of the patriarch *JOB*. The life and sufferings of that excellent man commence with a touching account of his Disendowment, and the admirable courage with which it was endured; and the narrative then cheerily ends with the announcement that, at the close of his life, he had more stock and greater possessions than ever. He was the precise example, the very model on which the Right Hon. Gentleman has framed his amendments to the disendowment and disestablishment of the Irish Church. Had the benevolent designs of the Right Hon. Gentleman taken effect, the Protestant Church, rich as it is in numbers and the work it has to do, would be richer still. Under these circumstances the Right Hon. Gentleman's power of astonishment was as remarkable as his power of rhetorical description.”

He had no complaint to make of the Lords for rejecting the Suspensory Bill, but the opinion of the country had been taken, as demanded by their Lordships, and now they would stand face to face with the nation. He would not be so unjust to them as to doubt that they would consider what was due to the people on one hand, and to their own permanent dignity and utility on the other.

We then voted, and the numbers may be worth record.

Voted for the Bill	363
Voted against it	249
Pairs	22
Absent Liberals	9
Absent Conservatives	3
Vacant Seats	11
Our friend the <i>SPEAKER</i>	1
	<hr/> 658

The Majority for the Bill was ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN.

The occasion being important, *Mr. Punch* would like to conclude the tale with an elegant classical quotation; but as there was no Established Church in Ireland in the days of *HORACE*, he refrains from any allusion to one. Still, come, hang it all, a gentleman and a scholar must be able to cite Latin on the slightest provocation:—

“Conclamant omnes, thumpuntque outrageously mensus.”

They didn't, for there were no tables to thump, but the macaronic moral is the same. And so we dismissed the Irish Bill—for the present.

That Elephant's Trunk pokes itself round the corner on all occasions, and to-night it picked up the pin before it rooted up the oak. The House, previously to finishing off the Irish Church, took cognisance of the case of two small children who were apprehended at dirty Brentford—(well, it is dirty, and so it was when *SHENSTONE* writ

“As when through Brentford town, a town of mud,
A herd of bristly swine is pricked along)

for stealing wood from a fence. As usual, the grievance was *nil*—parents had sent children to plunder, and the latter were led before the Beak, that the punishment might reach the real offenders. So stated the *HOME SECRETARY*. Were we not Elephantine?

The Lords read the Newspapers Bill a Second Time. It is to do away with certain regulations about securities and the like, once useful, now vexatious. *LORD CAIRNS* took the opportunity of complaining that the Government had sanctioned the suppression of the firebrand, *MURPHY*, by the Magistrates of Tynemouth, one of the most sensible things ever done where the song in the genteel circles is,

“Where hest te been, maw canny hinny,
An' where hest te been, maw bonny bairn?
Aw was up and doon seekin for maw hinny,
Aw was through the town seekin for maw bairn.”

The singer might have seekt in vain, if *MURPHY* had caused one of his sanguinary riots.

Tuesday. *LORD GRANVILLE* laid the Irish Church Bill on the table of the House of Lords. “And when goes hence?” as *Lady Macbeth* asks. The Second Reading was fixed for Monday, June 14th.

The Lords read a Bill about the Stannaries in Cornwall. The word stannaries comes from *stannum*, which means tin. The Latin term might be adopted by those whose mental conformation so curiously disinclines them ever to mention Money, and who always talk of cash, the needful, tin aforesaid, the rowdy, browns, dibs, dragons, sinews of war, coal, ochre, filthy lucre, mopuses, and so forth.

It was stated in the Commons that the Ruler of Egypt would be here about the 22nd of June, and that (this time) he would be hospitably treated. He is to be lodged in Buckingham Palace. *Mr. Punch* observes that objection has been made to calling this eminent potentate the Khedive,—which should be Khedeve—because it is Arabic for king, and the *SULTAN* is King of Egypt. But if cavillers will consult that invaluable work, *MR. MARTIN'S Statesman's Year Book*, (which more well-informed writers consult than cite—ha! ha!), they will find that this title was conferred by an Imperial Firman of May 14, 1867. Egypt, is independent, and hereditary in the family of *ISMAIL PASHA*, our guest.

“What wants this Brave
That a king should have?”

Hudson's Bay—by the way. That reminds us that *GEORGE HUDSON*, once Railway Khedeve, is in sore want in Paris. In remembrance of much fun at his expense, and not in condonation of any of his alleged offences against commercial morality—since his time illustrated by brilliant financing which throws his cookery of accounts into the shade—*Mr. Punch* points out the case for notice. It can hardly be expected that the sycophants who fawned upon him, in their greed for his money and hospitality, will do anything for a fallen man—'tis not their nature To; but some of a better sort must have profited by him, and might help the poor old king.

Hudson's Bay, we repeat, is taken (for a noble consideration) from the Hunting Company, who were chartered by the chartered libertine who reigned in 1670, and it is to belong to the Dominion of Canada. There is an awful lot of the very savagiest sort of Indians to be improved off the premises, Stone, Copper, Hare, Dog-Rib, Strong-Bow, Cree, and Black-Foot cusses; and as our friends, the subjects of *KING ULYSSES*, next door, have got their hands in at that sort of work, they might show their good feeling by lending us the said hands. Then, *Mr. Punch* takes it, a grand field for wholesale emigration will be laid open in this huge region, hitherto a strictly preserved hunting-ground, where poachers were treated even more summarily than in the dukeries.

Wednesday was a holiday, *HER MAJESTY'S* fiftieth birthday was kept. There were illuminations—some were Crowns; *Mr. Punch* lighted up a whole Regalia—and smoked it, to the delight of mankind.

Thursday. The Lords put *LORD RUSSELL'S* Life-Peerages Bill through Committee. The number of peers to be made in a year was reduced to two, and the total number is to be twenty-eight. The motto for these coronets should be from *POPE*:—

“Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life.”

A neat thing in Indian Civil Services came before the Commons. Successful native candidates disqualified because their Horoscopes, or whatever do duty for baptismal certificates, did not state their age rightly. A sharp native found this out, and gave the next candidates the straight tip, doubtless disinterestedly. We can only recommend all natives to be baptised.

We put the Bankruptcy Bill through Committee, with much lawyer-wrangle.

Friday. Statement by *LORD CLARENDON*, on the invitation of the Great Eltchi—who spoke with the most finished and reticent eloquence—touching the American difficulty. *Mr. Punch* would be content to leave to any half-dozen educated and impartial Americans final judgment as to the willingness of England to do all that honour enjoined or permitted.

MR. HADFIELD is a very good old Dissenter, and his eighty-two years entitle him—being a worthy man—to consideration. But he dissents a little too much. To-night he wanted to stop the Revision of the Statutes, though it is going on very decently. No, said the Commons, by a majority of 153.

MR. GREGORY made an earnest speech in favour of opening Museums on Sundays. He was answered by *MR. ALLEN* (Newcastle), *MR. M'ARTHUR* (Lambeth), and *MR. CHAMBERS* (Marylebone), who all protested against what they contended would lead to French Sundays, declaring that the feeling of the great majority of the working class was opposed to the proposal. One of the artisans had designated Sunday as “Heaven's antidote to the curse of Labour.” Himself irretrievably idle—no, contemplative is a prettier word—*Mr. Punch* cordially endorses the sentiment that labour is a cuss, *Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis*. The Commons, following this counsel, were Counted Out.

Saturday. Great meeting of Conservative Peers to consider what to do with the Irish Church Bill. *Mr. Punch* considered them.



EXTORTION.

Porter, S. E. R. "TICKET FOR MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, PLEASE, SIR."

Amateur Violoncellist (who never travels without his bass, indignantly). "WHAT! PAY FOR THIS? I'VE NEVER HAD TO PAY ON ANY OTHER LINE. THIS IS MY 'CELLO!'"

Porter (calmly). "NOT PERSONAL LUGGAGE, SIR. ALL THE SAME IF YOU'D A HURDY-GURDY, SIR!!!"

[Our Amateur's feelings are too much for him.]

THE COLD SHOULDER.

(Irish Church Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill brought into the House of Lords, June 1st, 1869.)

PAINFUL the lot of the new boy, exchanging
Home's soft delights for the hard knocks of school;
Painful the middy's, his kit who arranges,
Shipped for first cruise under stern cock-pit rule.

More kicks than half-pence the greenhorn may look for,
From barn to barrack who ventures to shove:
Actors who try new stage-ventures I'll book for
Candid opinions, with little of love.

Fearful the plunge, when the *débutante* blushing,
Red as the rose of her youth's early spring,
Chaperone-guarded, encounters the crushing
Of fillies, booked like her, to run for the ring.

What are the heart-beats, like hammer on anvil,
In school, ship, or barrack, new part, or first ball,
To those of the Maid, ushered in by LORD GRANVILLE,
To our *Di majores'* Olympian Hall.

Time was that Hall she has trod in her glory
Of wealthy Endowments, established in pride,
When calmest and coldest of Dowagers Tory
Smiled her a welcome to seat at their side.

Reft of her state-ropes, her plumes, train and trimming,
Gemless, except that one star on her brow,
Truth's bitter waters as if stripped to swim in,
Cold is the welcome vouchsafed to her now!

Say, will they spurn her, redress her, or rend her?
More hate than love those cold glances betray;
Back to their hands whence she came will they send her?
And bid them restore what they've taken away?

No! Even Dowagers have their own reason:
Hate may be bitter, yet not be all blind:
What use to throw out the Bill, that next Season,
Will come for acceptance, with BULL's name behind?

THE ROYAL MASON.

So, the Heir Apparent is a Free and an Accepted Mason! The fact was proclaimed in Grand Lodge the other day by the EARL OF ZETLAND. The KING OF SWEDEN initiated His Royal Highness when in Stockholm. This was reported at the time, but Great Queen Street rather sulked, and said that the Swedish Lodge was not orthodox, or something of that sort. But all SOLOMON'S wisdom has not been inherited by Great Queen Street; and it is now clear that the PRINCE OF WALES is as good a Mason as Brother ZETLAND himself. Moreover, he purposes to join one or more English Lodges. *Mr. Punch*, being naturally pensive and a solitary, sighs

"Oh, for a Lodge in some vast wilderness!"

but he will cheerfully shake off the sorrow with which the follies of the rest of the world inspires him, and join any Lodge which the Prince may honour. Brother Your Royal Highness, welcome and salutation, and in the sublime words of the Free Mason's oath, "May the diamond staff of Golconda glitter less brightly than the incandescent star which shall ambiently light you through the glowing flowers of social happiness to the sparkling fountain of perennial wisdom and the polygonal temple of patriarchal virtue!"



THE COLD SHOULDER.

76

25 MAY 1869

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.



*I*N London.—The progress of my book, *Typical Developments*, Vol. I., brings me up to town to find a publisher. MILBURD, whom I meet accidentally, says, "A publisher would jump at it." I ask him what publisher? He says, in an off-hand way, "Oh, any publisher," but doesn't volunteer any particular information on the subject. BOODELS, I re-

member, published a volume of poems a year or two since. *Happy Thought*.—To write to BOODELS, and ask what publisher jumped at his poems.

Odd that my wife doesn't enter into my work. We have been married three years. I read her the first chapter of Book I. during the honeymoon. Since that time I have sometimes said, "Now, I'll read you some more," or have selected some passage that has struck me as peculiarly happy. She has generally been busy. One evening, on my opening the manuscript, she said she didn't want to be bothered. I told her I didn't think it was kind of her. She replied, that rather than I should think her unkind, she'd listen. I returned, "Oh, but don't, if you'd rather not." She said that though she'd rather not, yet she would, to please me. I didn't want to be cruel, so I said, "Never mind." She confesses she'd like to see it when it was in print. Before we married I thought that FRIDOLINE cared for literature. She doesn't: except for novels.

Her mother, MRS. SYMPERSON, is staying with us at my cottage, in a lovely situation.

Happy Thought.—To come up to London to look for a publisher. Also might see the Academy, and the Opera, and dine with some fellows at the Club.

Happy Thought.—Not to say anything about this, as of course I don't know that I am going to do it: only mention the publisher. They say they shan't be dull without me; and as I haven't been away for a holiday—I mean away from home—for some time, my wife thinks it will do me good.

Happy Thought.—To say it's *not* a holiday—it's business. Going to London, in fact, on business. My mother-in-law suggests that we should all go. *All* means herself principally. I point out that I shall only be away, *probably*, for a day or two. Better to say "*probably*," in case I should stop three weeks. I add that I shall be engaged the whole time, and not be able to attend to them. FRIDOLINE says, "Yes, better wait till we can all go away to Brighton. Baby will want change of air soon."

Happy Thought.—To agree at once. Brighton, by all means, for baby, at some time or other. I consider this to be the condition of my getting away now. My own opinion privately is that Brighton may wait. Baby is always having a rash, and always wanting, so they say, to go to Brighton.

I leave the cottage (Asphodel Cottage it is called—that is, FRIDDY would call it Asphodel) in the lovely situation, and go up by the 4:40 to town.

Happy Thought.—Take my cheque-book.

In the Train.—It occurs to me that going to a hotel in town is expensive. I'll drive to BOB WILLIS'S, in Conduit Street. WILLIS asked me whenever I wanted a bed in town to come to him.

In Conduit Street.—I jump out and ring. I know WILLIS well: a good fellow—always glad to see me. WILLIS is a sort of fellow who'd do anything for you. I foresee how I'll dash past the servant, rush up-stairs, and say, "WILLIS, old boy, here's a lark: I've come to stay with you." And WILLIS will jump up, and order the bed, and — The door opens. The maid. "Is MR. WILLIS in?" "MR. *Who*, Sir?" the maid asks. "WILLIS." "No one of that name here," she says, as if she expected me to try another name, as that wouldn't do. I ask her "if she's quite sure?" On second thoughts, this question was absurd, as of course she'd know who was living in the house. I am perplexed. I say, "Oh, he's not here, eh?" to myself.

Happy Thought.—Perhaps he's next door.

The maid says, "Yes, perhaps next door." She shuts hers, and I go to the next door bell. I don't know why, but I fancy the cabman doesn't think much of me after this failure. Perhaps his idea is, that it's a dodge of mine for not paying the fare. It's stupid of him if he thinks *that*, because he's got my portmanteau and my hat-box, and my

bag with the MS. of *Typical Developments* in it. I've heard of swindlers' portmanteaus filled with stones. He may think mine a swindler's portmanteau, but even in that case it would be worth more than two-and-sixpence—his fare, at the outside. Besides, there's *Typical Developments*, worth thousands, perhaps: only, not to a cabman.

Next door opens; I put the question diffidently this time; in fact, I beg her pardon first, and then request to be informed if "anyone of the name of WILLIS lives here?" "Yes, Sir."

Ah, capital! here we are! Down come my things. Here, cabman, half-a-crown. He is indignant, and says he's been waiting about more than half-an-hour. I dispute it. He says, "Look here: it was six when you took me at the Station, now it's seven." It might have been six—it *is* seven.

Happy Thought.—Always look at your watch when you take a cab.

Sixpence makes very little difference: pay him.

"Which floor are MR. WILLIS'S rooms?" Second. I rush up. I bound into the room. "Hallo, old boy—" In another instant I am begging somebody's pardon (whom I don't know) who was lying on the sofa half asleep. I explain that I thought WILLIS was— He cuts me short courteously. They have a room together.

Happy Thought.—Like *Box* and *Cox*:

I don't say this, but think it. WILLIS may be in by eight, or if not by eight, not till twelve. Would I like to wait?

Happy Thought.—Say I'll come back about nine; and first go and get some dinner. I add that I think that will be my best course.

The stranger (WILLIS'S partner—the *Cox* of the firm) politely agrees with me that that will perhaps be my best course. He doesn't offer me any dinner there. I hate inhospitality. I mean if anybody, a perfect stranger, but still a friend of the partner of my rooms, came in, I should press him to take something—sherry and a biscuit. I say, however, that I'll leave my things here (this will give WILLIS a hint of what I mean by coming at all), and I will return when I've dined. The stranger (*Cox*) replies, seriously, "Very good," and is evidently getting bored by me. I retire.

Happy Thought.—At all events I've found out where WILLIS lives. Must dine somewhere. Where? At my Club, or somebody else's Club.

Turning into Regent Street, I come accidentally upon WIGHTHORPE. He is delighted to see me. I am to see him. I think (to myself) that I'll ask him to come and dine with me at my Club. I think it over while I'm walking with him, and he's telling me a story about what he did last week in Devonshire. He stops suddenly to ask me if I don't think that (whatever it was he was saying) a capital idea? I reply, "Yes," and put off giving him my invitation until I see what *he* is going to do. He asks me what I'm going to do to-night.

Happy Thought.—To reply, cautiously, that I've got to go and see WILLIS. He says that he's sorry for this, as he should have liked me to dine with him. I say I can, with pleasure. "Or, stop," he says, suggestively, "suppose I dine with *you*?"

Happy Thought.—Too late to order dinner at my Club. Very inconvenient. Fix it for another day. Say I'll write to him. "Very well, then," he says, "we'll dine together, and you shall have a French dinner." "Capital. Agreed." We walk off together to a French dinner.

SPORTS FOR MODERN ATHLETES.

ATHLETIC sports of all descriptions appear to be (as elsewhere recorded) so much the order of the day, that we should not be astonished if the prize which is obtained for the throwing of the hammer should be followed by another soon for throwing of the hatchet. Nor would it much surprise us if the casting of the caber were thought of more importance by certain clerkly rivals than the casting of accounts. If a prize be ever offered for prowess in the feat of outrunning the constable, we trust that all young athletes will abstain from competition for it. In a similar conception, the sport of running up a hill may be innocuous enough, but there is peril in the pastime of running up a bill. Be it remembered likewise, that the athletic feat of jumping to conclusions may, in certain cases, be practised with impunity, but the sport of drawing the long bow is certainly more dangerous, and it had better be avoided by every civil clerk.

Keep the Money at Home.

"Oriental Bazaar, at the Queen's Rooms, Hanover Square, on behalf of the Palestine Christian Union Mission to the Arabs."

HAS not a word dropped out here? Ought it not to be "to the Street Arabs"? Too many of them may be found in London, looking as though they sorely needed attention from some Mission or other. Cannot Arabia wait until heathen London shows a little more improvement?



CHACUN À SON GOUT.

BROWN AND MRS. B. SAY, THAT PEOPLE MAY SAY WHAT THEY LIKE ABOUT ART, BUT IN THEIR OPINION THERE IS NO MISTAKE ABOUT THE IMPROVEMENT IN THE ACADEMY THIS YEAR.

HINT FOR ASCOT.

IN that excellent paper, *Berrow's Worcester Journal*, there is an exceeding long letter in exceeding small type. Those two facts, coupled with a third, namely that the letter is a rampant Catholic's remonstrance with some Protestant critic, utterly precludes *Mr. Punch*, who values his eyes and his temper, from reading the epistle. But the said eyes fell upon one passage, which he extracts. The writer is defending belief in the efficacy of Holy Water:—

“St. Jerome, in his life of St. Hilarion, tells a wonderful story relative to the effects of blessed water on the horses of Italicus, a Christian citizen of Gaza. Hilarion having filled a cup with holy water, Italicus sprinkled with it the stables, horses, drivers, chariots, and even the race-course on which his horses were to run against the duumvir of Gaza. The Pagan laughed at Italicus; but when his horses had won the race many of the people were in consequence converted. Such is the account given to us by the great St. Jerome. Clearly he had no Protestant dread of holy water.”

As most turf men are heathens, of the darkest sort, we wonder that some modern Italicus does not try this experiment. If a Catholic horse wins at Ascot on Thursday, we shall know what to think.

Forgetful Self-Devotion.

ACCORDING to the *Union*, French newspaper, legitimist and priestly organ, a man in Spain, who has already lost an arm and a leg in Carlist insurrections, had lately come to place the rest of his body at the service of DON CARLOS. Generous but unreflecting enthusiast! If he should lose his one leg, he will be unable either to go or stand; and, in case of his losing his other arm, how will he be able to wash his face? It is perhaps fortunate that heroes do not generally consider too curiously the particular inconvenience which would result from the loss of both arms in battle.

FROM THE PADDOCKS.

WE hear discussions about what is called “the close-time” for two-year-olds. Perhaps, if the two-year-olds could make known their views on the subject, they would say that the close-time they like the best is when they are in the fields.

“HOF PROSPECTS.”—Balls to come.

A TORNADO WANTED.

ONE hates to bear hard on a nation in difficulties, as one hates to hit a man when he is down, but really Spain is very trying.

“Trying” is the word. She tries, or professes to try, apparently that she may be enabled to evade the end of trial—Justice. The case of the *Tornado* is now three years old. The ship is still condemned prize, according to what the Spaniards call their Admiralty law, which consists, Step 1st: in seizing an unarmed ship belonging to British subjects as contraband of war. Step 2nd; in proceeding to condemn her, on *ex parte* evidence, taken behind the owners' backs, and without allowing them to produce their witnesses. This is called the *Sumario*, or summary procedure. It does seem “summary” with a vengeance—in the sense of the old summary Border law, called “Jeddart justice”—hanging first, and hearing afterwards.

Then comes Step 3rd, referring the case for rehearing to the Court called *Plenario*, being the Court which has already condemned the ship as *Sumario*. This is what in Spain is called an *Appeal*. It is not even the old one from PHILIP drunk to PHILIP sober, but from Don Damnatory to Don Double-damnatory. This curious double shuffle is introductory to

Step 4th, the Appeal to what is called a Royal Commission. But the Royal Commission turns out to be composed of the same judges who have already sat twice in the case, as Summary Court first—as Plenary Court afterwards.

So that in the Spanish Prize Court, as in SHAKESPEARE'S precious verses, “one Judge in his time plays many parts:”—

First, as Judge Summary;
Second, as Judge Plenary;
Third, as Royal Commissioner.

It need hardly be added, that the owners of the ship declined to produce evidence at either of the two later stages, before the tribunal which had begun by condemning them. And so *Plenario* has com-

fortably confirmed the sentence of *Sumario*, and *Commissionario* of *Plenario*.

We remember nothing like this since the Irish gentleman, who hated solitary drinking, and so used to pass the bottle briskly from right hand to left.

As LORD STANLEY has already intimated to the Spanish Minister that he considers the sentence of the *Sumario* a nullity, LORD CLAREN- don can hardly hold the nullity to be converted into a reality, by this passing the same sentence from right hand to left of the same Judges. If the Spanish Themis is a thimble-rigger, that is no reason why JOHN BULL'S servants should let her go on playing her little game—“one, two, three, under which thimble is the nimble pea.” She has seized an unarmed English ship: she has robbed, imprisoned, and ill-used its crew: she has made widows and orphans of the wives and children of some of that crew who have sunk under their hardships.

And when she is called to account for these things she tries to ring the changes on

Sumario,
Plenario, and
Commissionario.

The “Three Courts of Justice all rolled into one,” the Cerberus—three heads but same dog—who stands on guard at the door of her Prize Court, whose bark is so much worse than its bite, that the British Bull-dog is almost ashamed to show his teeth to an adversary who shelters so much insolence under so much impotence.

But patience has its limits. Diplomacy is long-suffering, and magnanimity never becomes the strong so much as when dealing with the weak. All which while JOHN BULL most potently believes, he believes also that his Government owes a duty to British sailors and British subjects. If the owners of the *Tornado* were knowingly engaged in sending out a Chilean war-ship, there is nothing to show that the crew were participators in the knowledge,—not a tittle of evidence to warrant making them prisoners of war, still less plundering them, and ill-using them, while thus unjustifiably kept prisoners.

That Spain should be involved just now in a tempest on her own account, is no reason why we should let her hear the last of *our Tornado*. Even if we waive the claim and case of the owners of that ship, gross injustice and cruel wrong have been inflicted on unoffending British sailors and British subjects, and this LORD CLARENDON is bound to see repaired, or

"Thirty million Englishmen
Should know the reason why."

NOTES IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

On going into the gardens the first feeling is one of disappointment: the animal of all others which you made sure of finding at the entrance is not there—the Dormouse.

In the Monkey House see the Fruit-bat, most probably suspended with his head downwards, an ingenious gymnastic feat which fairly entitles this little creature to be called an Acro-bat.

Because you are a good Protestant, do not be deterred from going into the most popular building in the Gardens, on account of the Capuchins. There is no intention of perverting the Monkey House into a Monastery.

The Society should advertise their chief curiosities, and end the list with And a man Pig.

Is a Goose in a pie necessarily a Pied Goose?

"The Cheer. Two females and a male of this singularly marked bird were obtained from Simla in the year 1857." They were popularly known as "Threa Cheers." There are similar birds now in the Gardens.

The Emeus, "belonging to the same group of birds as the Ostriches," may justly be said to Emulate them.

The Harnessed Antelope is likely to be seen in the Drive in the Park in the course of the Season. The Gnu is anything but new, having been in the Gardens since 1865. Call upon the Sing-sing Antelope for a song.

The legs of the Flamingo are *not* composed of pink sealing-wax.

Immediately after seeing the Lyre-bird, go and look at the Harpy.

The Society have not as yet succeeded in adding to their collection of Llamas the greatest of them all—the Grand Llama of Tibet. "No more valuable present could be made by the Society's Correspondents" in that country.

If you do not read the label carefully, you will not unreasonably, from his grave appearance, conclude that the Boobook Owl is called the Blue-book Owl.

The Otter likes warm weather. Indeed, he has been heard to say, (corrupted; there is reason to fear, by the conduct of too many of his visitors with regard to the aspirate) the "Otter the better."

Do not omit to visit the New Elephant House, aptly named by MASSINGER RIVERS—"Elephanta."

A CASE FOR PROPER HEARING.

PLEASE, dear *Toby*, stand up prettily upon your hind legs, and beg your master, *Mr. Punch*, to order people not to crop the ears of little dogs like you and me, who cannot hear without them. Perhaps they do not know that cruelty like this is contrary to law; but the other day two men—or rather brutes, as I should call them—were pulled up at a police court, and would have been sent to prison if they had not paid a fine, for cropping a poor puppy. They said that cropping was a "custom," and really did not hurt (I wonder how they would have liked their own ears cropped, for an experiment), and their lawyer tried to make out that because SIR EDWIN LANDSEER had painted dogs with cropped ears, he proved that it was customary, and himself even approved of it. But SIR EDWIN bravely gave his evidence in favour of us dogs, and as he painted my great-grandfather I am proud of his opinion.

As dogs can only bark, and yelp, and howl, and growl, and whine, and whimper, (a language which poor human creatures don't yet understand), neither you nor I, nor any of our friends, were put into the witness-box to say if cropping hurt us. But there was this medical evidence brought forward of the fact—

"MR. FLEMING, veterinary surgeon of the Royal Engineers, stated that the operation would be an act of cruelty to the dog, and cause it extreme pain. He explained that dogs of that breed had drooping ears, which, if cut in the way which was presented by the little terrier in Court left the inner parts unprotected, and in many cases produced deafness. He attributed the cutting of dogs' ears to a depraved taste, and denied that it was the usual custom."

Dear *Toby*, please tell *Mr. Punch* that having half our ears cut off does hurt us very badly; and as it is against the law, I hope he'll put a stop to it, and thus win the lasting gratitude of you and me, and thousands like us who have had the bad luck to be born

A TINY TERRIER.

OUR LONDON LAZYRONI.

THE orders given by *Dogberry* to the policemen of the period, that they were "to comprehend all vagrom men," seem scarcely to be echoed now in Scotland Yard, or we should not see so many beggars in the streets. Such things are better managed by our friends across the Channel, where the streets are cleared by law from all the human rubbish that proves to be a nuisance:—

"Every person found begging in a locality in which there is a public establishment organised to obviate the necessity for mendicity, is punishable by imprisonment for a term of not less than three, nor more than six, months, and is afterwards conducted to the *dépôt de mendicité*. The regular beggar incurs a term of imprisonment of from one to three months. Beggars acting in concert, or using threats, or mimicking infirmities, or trespassing within an enclosure, a yard, or habitation, incur a prison penalty, the extreme limit being two years."

By "*dépôt de mendicité*" is simply meant a poor-house, but our French friends are particularly fond of a fine phrase. What a blessing it would be if we could take a leaf out of their legislative code, and if every beggar now in England were first popped into a prison, and then shut up in a poor-house! Beggars "acting in concert" very often play the flute and other ear-tormenting instruments, with which they rob poor working people—working with their brains—of time which would be money to them, and of temper also, which is likewise very valuable. Such beggars deserve richly to "incur a prison penalty," as do brutes who bully ladies whom they meet without an escort, and frighten into giving what will pay for a night's drink. Rascals such as these are punishable by our English law, as are impostors who sham sickness for the sake of getting alms. But our policemen, as a rule, have other things to think of—their new moustache, for instance—than taking up street beggars; and so London is infested with swarms of *lazyroni*, who dog our heels, like yelping curs, whenever we walk out.

BY COACH TO BRIGHTON.

YE lovers of the picturesque, approach!
To Brighton you can now go down by Coach;
Ye-hippic men, who love the whipthong's crack,
A Four-in-hand now takes you there and back.
Not in a railway carriage, but outside
A Coach, by leave of weather, let me ride,
For riding's sake, with time at my command,
To gaze about upon a lovely land
That was, and so still, here and there, remains,
Where smoky Progress may have spared the plains.
Wait me the breath of flowers, ye gentle gales,
And not such whiffs as firebox, stoked, exhales,
Delightful change, woods, fields, and meadows fair,
From hideous posters in your face that flare,
Free of those horrors when the vision roves:
Not yet has puffing commerce billed the groves.
Returns, in thought, the old Saturnian reign,
And GEORGE THE FOURTH his wig assumes again.
Then the weird music of the vanished Past
Blends with the coach-horn's old remembered blast,
And spirits, while the horses changing are,
Appear; as fellows light the mild cigar.

A WORD TO PLAYGOERS.

You are on the point, on the eve, of starting for a theatre. You will be a loser if you do not go to the Adelphi, and see the new domestic drama, *Eve*. It is "freely adapted" from the French (not offensively), but the *venue*—the legal characters in the story tempt to the use of legal terms—is laid in our own country and time, and a successful trial and a satisfactory verdict may be predicted for the Adelphi appellants. There are only five of them—stay, there are six, for MISS LILLIE LEE's pretty ways and words must not be forgotten—but all can make out a strong case in their favour on the hearing. Indeed, MR. WEBSTER, MR. H. NEVILLE, MR. J. C. TAYLOR, MRS. MELLON, and MISS FURTADO, are not an unlikely party to carry the Court with them generally. The story is one of temptation, and moral danger, and noble distress; but, happily, it has not been thought indispensable to try any of the characters on a capital charge, or to make an inveterate forger one of the *dramatis personæ*; and, in the end, *Eve* escapes from her peril as wife, and is restored to happiness. The second of the three acts is especially striking: all London should see MR. WEBSTER in its power and pathos.

Perhaps the comic business, although supplying much amusement, is somewhat intrusive; certainly it is introduced too soon at the end of the last act, where it interferes with a fine and pathetic situation. But this little defect may have been remedied since the first nights of representation.

JOHN BROWN AND THE CID. (IN TWO ACTS.)

SCENE—Foreign parts (or thereabouts).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: THE CID, an Invincible Gamecock. BUNKUM, a Yankee Gamecock. JOHN BROWN, a Tame Eagle. Three Yankee Sailors. Three Aborigines.

ACT II.



JOHN BROWN'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN A COCKPIT.



THE CHALLENGE.



TIME—3° 17' 6" P.M.



3° 17' 6½" P.M.

THE COMBAT.



3° 17' 7" P.M.



JOHN BROWN TASTES THE SWEETS OF VICTORY.



JOHN BROWN MARCHING HOME.



EMBARRASSING.

Nervous Spinster (to wary Old Bachelor). "OH, MR. MARIGOLD, I'M SO FRIGHTENED! MAY I TAKE HOLD OF YOUR HAND WHILE WE'RE GOING THROUGH THIS TUNNEL?"

MEAT AND DRINK.

ENTHUSIASTS, who would have us to
Abstain from beer and wine,
And every spirit, how do you
Propose that we should dine?

At dinner men not only bite,
They also need to sup:
Champagne and Claret were it right
To banish from the Cup?

And when the month contains an R.,
With oysters, which are in,
The lips from Chablis to debar
Would it not be a sin?

Breathes there the man who could forswear
Burgundy or Bordeaux
When at his woodcock? If so, where
Does he expect to go?

With whitebait give iced punch, if not,
Give whitebait not to me;
And oh, without that same punch, what
Would even turtle be?

With every dish a liquor goes,
By every wise man's use,
And even every schoolboy knows
What Latin is for Goose.

What Goose is English for is clear
To all men but an ass;
Him who maligns sound wholesome beer,
And bans the generous glass.

Our Irish Selves.

It may have occurred to some statesmen that the best way to settle the Irish difficulty would be that of making poor old Ireland new. To this end emigration from Ireland might be promoted on the one hand and immigration thereinto from England stimulated on the other. But the worst of it is, that all people as soon as they come to be born in Ireland become Irish, and if Englishmen, more Irish than the Irish themselves.

SOCIAL SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

At this awakening season of the year the serious world starts into activity as well as the sporting. Whilst the latter has been pursuing its *summum bonum* on the Downs and the Lawn, the former has had its whack at Exeter Hall. Different people have different opinions; some like the Turf and others the Platform: every man to his liking, as the noble lord said when he backed his horse. A considerable muster of the votaries of philanthropy, mostly of the "upper ten," was held on Tuesday week last, at the house of SIR PERCY BURRELL, Bart., Berkeley Square, in LADY BURRELL'S drawing-room, under the presidency of the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, and the title of the "Ladies Sanitary Association." This affair of the Shaftesbury lot is not in anywise a humbug, but really altogether a good thing and no mistake about it. Object, "to extend and popularise the knowledge of the laws of health by means of libraries, lectures, tracts, clothing and coal clubs, and other similar agencies."

Though mainly composed of ladies, it does not scorn the assistance of the sterner sex; some of whom were present at its late *r union*, and held forth. They included MR. CHADWICK, and, moreover, several distinguished sons of *Æsculapius*. Among the medical speakers one was DR. FARRE, who, you may be sure, would never lend his name to bosh, and another was DR. DRUITT, whose judicious treatise on light wines is a material guarantee that he could not possibly countenance any species of shamabraham.

The report of this fair Association of Good Sanitarians, read by MRS. BUTLER, one of its Hon. Secs., disclosed a goodly series of *bona fide* transactions. H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Prussia had become one of their Lady Patronesses. They had printed five hundred copies of the *Home Amanac* in the present year; the same number of essays on small-pox and vaccination; likewise one hundred copies of the Society's 10th Annual Report, and had reprinted some thousands of tracts, which, their contents consisting of useful knowledge and common sense, have probably not been physically utilised for spills, or otherwise, by their receivers. The Association had sent 13,243 children, last season, to

play in the Parks—cost £21 13s. 7d., as SAM PEPPYS says: The Committee of Destitute Children's Dinner Society (in co-operation with it) had opened 37 dining-rooms up to September, 1868, in the poorest districts of London, made grants to the amount of £384, and sold substantial dinners to 83,119 children, at 1d. per head; thus feeding, without pauperising, the hungry.

Some fifty of the ragged, if not the naked, had been also clothed by the Association. "The clothing consisted of fifty calico shirts, twenty-one red flannel shirts with Garibaldi tops and long sleeves, twenty-one linsey skirts, twenty-nine blue serge dresses, and fifty white straw hats trimmed with blue ribbon." I quote these details for the edification of your lovely readers. The London Dressmakers' Company, connected with the Association, was thriving—had shot branches into divers towns. The Association had in view a project for establishing nurseries for motherless young children, to serve as schools for nurses, and for mothers of all classes. Balance-sheet for 1868:—receipts, £511 2s. 10d.; expenditure, £404 2s. 1d.; surplus, £107 0s. 9d. This Association has much to show for little money, precisely the reverse of Societies for the Conversion of the Cannibals, and the Jews, which have many more missionaries to produce than converts, and in the opinion of your humble servant, when its fair constituents send round the *fanchon*, they should get it back filled with bank-notes, and would deserve to, even if the receptacle for subscriptions were a coalscuttle bonnet. The horse no doubt is not only a noble, but a worshipful animal, and some of the nobility and gentry, who have more money than they know what to do with, may like to relieve themselves thereof by playing at ducks and drakes with it on the Turf, whilst others, like the Members of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, prefer to expend their superfluous tin on the pastime of practical beneficence, which must at least be admitted to be quite as amusing, if not as rational, for those who like it, as the other. For a contrast between those two sorts of diversions, the Ascot Week affords a seasonable opportunity to

LARKSPUR.

A HINT TO THE LORDS.—Second Readings are best.

THE CHESTER GIRLS.



“WHAT imports the nomination of these ladies?” will be the Shaksperianic query that will at once occur to *Mr. Punch's* myriad readers. What of the Girls of pleasant Chester on the Dee, the Deva of the Romans, the capital of Cheshire, a bishop's see, and a city interesting for its antiquities, pop. 35,000? Why, this, when *Mr. Punch* can master his rage sufficiently to explain it. Somebody has been writing in the *Chester Observer* to the effect that the Girls of Chester are a very flagrant sort of Girls of the Period. A sort of sensation has followed, and *Mr. Punch* is appealed to for a just sentence.

It is due to the *Chester Observer* to say that it has opened its columns to a defence of the young ladies. But this defence, conducted by independent champions, more or less gifted with the power of spelling accurately, is remarkable rather for its zeal than for its ability.

It chiefly consists in abusing the cynical critic. He deserves all he gets, but he does not get an answer.

Mr. Punch hereby tramples him beneath the deep Titanian prisons, as *SHELLEY's* Jupiter proposed to do with Demogorgon, only that *Punch* does what Zeus could not do. *Mr. Punch* has had the pleasure of beholding the Girls of Chester many a time and oft, and it is not because they smiled upon him (how could Beauty fail to smile on Chivalry?) that he will believe that they cast other smiles otherwise than with maidenly propriety. He hath pleasant memories of their grace, their particularly English and fresh and cheery faces, and their neat—nay, elegant, and not extravagant apparel. Further, he hath reason to speak of their good sense, for *He* is their favourite Author and Mentor, and he is proud of his scholars. Nor does he believe, as alleged by some of their unwise defenders, that the Youths of Chester, by reason of ignorance and intemperance, are unworthy to find sweethearts and wives in the fair Cestrians. There be fools everywhere, (especially among people who volunteer letters to the press,) but let the Registrar speak. Manly Youth and Gentle Girlhood of Chester are as fond of getting united in holy matrimony as in any other of our comely cities, and the excellent Bishop of Chester waves his episcopal staff over as meritorious a flock as you shall see in merry England. All this happeneth to be within *Mr. Punch's* own knowledge. He hath spoken. Let the Dee become Laughing Water, as he blows his kiss to the Cestrian Minnehahas. But the Rhoodee is the most beastly racecourse in England—worse than Epsom.

MR. PUNCH'S ENGLISH PRIZE POEM.

Omitted, by some unaccountable oversight, to be recited in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on Wednesday June 9th, 1869, Commemoration Day.

DEEP in the west the roseate life expired,
Woods, waves, and wolds with fierce effulgence fired,
Day to his doom had gone, Night's tranquil car
Rose from the zenith and the regal star,
Sirius arousing and the pensive Bear
To leap to splendour in their glittering lair,
And where the waters of Jaxartes foam,
To guide and guard the storm-tossed sailor home.
Sleep, like a mother, in her arms caressed
All who had sought the cradle of her breast;
Birds, beasts, and bees recumbent from their toils
Found the repose dyspepsia never spoils,
And in the calm contentment of the sky,
Care lost its cark, and sorrow ceased her sigh.

Far in the bowers of a dreamy wood
A long-forgotten city daily stood,

Hidden away by bush and tangled brake,
It crowned the foreshore of an ancient lake,
And with a thousand shafts and spires of gold
Lightened the forest and illumed the wold.
Its towers of tufa, and its walls of quartz,
Spacious and splendid with vice-regal courts,
Chambers where Kings and ermined Kaisars spent
The contributions which their subjects sent,
With rosy wreaths and bliss of golden wine,
With beauty's argent laugh and smile divine,
With voice and lute, with harpsichord and gong,
With cymbals clashing for the maddened throng,
With tissues woven in Golconda's looms,
With diamond dados to *rococo* rooms,
With hawk and hound, the partridge and the fox,
And matches lighting only on the box.

A happy life! before the Penny Press,
With no restrictions about evening dress,
Pleasure alone its lord; its light, its lay,
Born for the sunshine and the dream of day;
Perennial mirth, perpetual jest,
Men free from duns, wives in their servants blessed,
Children who went to bed without a word,
Taxes unknown and organs never heard,
Smoke self-consumed, the weather always fine,
And no adulteration in the wine.

The people there in that ambrosial land
Gave Peace the fist and Fellowship the hand,
Called it not glory to destroy their kind,
And wore their hats according to their mind:
Content to see their image in the stream,
They would not trespass on the solar beam,
And when a great man died, they did not care
To place his statue in the public square.

They in their life no ebb, no reflex show,
Change or mutation they can never know;
Were then as now, and also now as then
Peaceful, pacific, paneirenic men.

Primæval race, with undisputed wills,
And no man running or refusing bills,
Lapped in the golden age of hoary time,
When pleiosauri revelled in their slime,
And the great mastodon from dawn to day
Rood upon rood in lush morasses lay;
When Egypt's mummied kings were yet to come
With the soft timbrel and the sumptuous drum;
Ere the last phoenix reared her latest brood,
Where godlike Nilus rolls his unctuous flood,
Ere Memnon watched the Sphinx's early grace,
And tuned her charms before her blushing face,
Heard by the Arab as he milked his flocks,
And speared the vampire on the jasper rocks,
Heard by the Fakir in the lonely swamp
Burying the ibis with affection's pomp;
What time the wizard with his magic scroll
Watched for the planet wheeling to the pole,
And in the strange conjunction of the stars
Read the sure portent of impending wars;
What time the maiden moon patrolled the skies,
And PLATO trembled at HYPATIA's eyes,
Searching for wisdom at her secret shrine,
And teaching man the substance and the sign,
Yearning to seek, and seeking but to find
The best and brightest dogma of the mind,
Yearning to leave the eidolon he found,
Vestured with beauty, with enchantment crowned,
Till in the conflict of tumultuous thought
He grasped the vision which his genius sought,
And in the calm of his own Academe
Shaped for all time the transport and the dream.

A Worm for an Airlie Bird.

THE *Inverness Courier* says that the EARL OF AIRLIE, having become possessed of the house made famous as LORD MACAULAY's residence, Holly (or M'Holly) Lodge, has changed the name to Airlie Lodge. Therein hath my LORD AIRLIE acted like ALCIBIADES when he cut off his beautiful dog's tail. He has done something to be talked about. Only, unlike ALCIBIADES, AIRLIE never did anything else to be talked about.

THE EQUESTRIAN ORDER.

If every Rogue upon the Turf to-day were to be under it to-morrow, how many respectable families would be placed in mourning!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, June 7th. The EARL OF DEVON, presenting a petition for the Rejection of the Irish Church Bill, disagreed with the petitioners, and advised the Peers to read a Second Time, and amend the said I. C. B. This was the counsel which the LORDS CARNARVON, SALISBURY, and STANHOPE gave to the LORDS on the previous Saturday, and which was spurned by LORD DERBY, who resolved to go *plenum sed*—full butt—against a stone wall. *Vide* Cartoon.

On the Metropolitan District Railway Bill the DUKE OF RUTLAND proposed a clause compelling the Directors to provide smoking compartments. Fumigating nobles do not travel on that line, so the Duke was defeated. *Mr. Punch*, however, is not enraged, this time. There be great objections to complicating arrangements where the passengers are so many and the stoppages so brief.

The HOME SECRETARY was giving an account of the late lamentable affair at Mold, where it was necessary to fire on a raging and savage mob of colliers, (and where an unoffending girl was killed through the wicked habit of firing, not straight at the guilty, but where the innocent usually are,) and had paid a most deserved tribute to the forbearance of officers and soldiers, when

MR. GLADSTONE entered the House, and was received with cheering that shook the roof. This was the Liberal answer to the Conservative demonstration against the I. C. B. If the Opposition had remembered the first performance of *Cato*, they might have imitated the Tories of that time, who, when the Whigs cheered any passage in favour of liberty, echoed the cheer, "to show that the satire was unfelt." [Speaking of ADDISON, *Mr. Punch* thanks PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY for the most capital and compact of modern editions, in one volume, of the *Spectator*, with admirable notes and specimens of the quaint advertisements—every gentleman should be with it. You don't like the phrase? Anything to oblige. No gentleman should be without it.] But they gave no sign. *Punch* agrees with the *Standard* that it was not for them to hoot the PRIME MINISTER—they were melancholy and gentlemanlike, as *Master Stephen* says. But they did their cheering on a later evening, in honour of the Tory candidates who have won at Stafford.

A fearfully dull but eminently well-spent evening. The Compound Householder was revived, and is to flourish, if he pays less than £20 in London, or less than £10 in the country. MR. TORRENS pleaded ably on behalf of the over-rated (by which we don't mean too much praised, but too much rated) Metropolitan Rate-payers, and objected to new imposition of Poor-Rate until inquiry had been made as to the extent of present accommodation for the sick poor. MR. HARDY advised the putting down with a strong hand what he termed the curse of the country—the Wilful Pauper. He would clear the workhouses of the sick and infirm, provide for them, and make the houses a terror to the idle. "If any would not work, neither should he eat," can hardly be objected to as an un-Christian sentiment, "and PAUL's a sound divine." He not only suggested but Commanded this.

Tuesday. On the Life Peerages Bill, the DUKE OF ARGYLL read the Peers a neat little lesson on their duty to keep abreast with public opinion. For which LORD SALISBURY went at him with extra steam laid on, and declared that if the LORDS were to be only registrars of the decrees of the Commons, the Duke might have the House to himself. LORD MALMESBURY was plaintive over the Bill, because it did not define the precedence to be enjoyed by young ladies who might be the daughters of life peers. This, we admit, is a question of vast importance, and we regret that the Earl did not move for a Royal Commission to inquire and report upon it. The MARCHIONESS OF PUNCH (when her lord is a Life Peer) will certainly insist upon her daughter taking place after the wives of the eldest sons of Marquises, who come after the wives of Dukes of the Blood-Royal, who come after Countesses of the United Kingdom, including those Countesses of Ireland whose titles were created subsequent to the Union. All come after *Mr. Punch*, because they love him.

"Did you tell your Mamma that MISS BOREHAM was here, my dear?" "Yes, Papa." "And what did she say?" "She said, 'O Bother!'" So said *Mr. Punch* when the LORDS agreed to five Commissions for raking into the corruption at Norwich, Cashel, Bridgwater, Beverley, and Sligo. The papers will be full of contemptible details of the doings of cads and knaves. Cut 'em short, dear contemporaries, *Punch* begs. Dublin escapes, though as bad as the rest.

The Commons went on with the Bankruptcy Bill, which they took again on Friday. Much quarrel over the means by which *Shylock* is to be helped

"To cut the forfeit from that Bankrupt there."

The Bill is thought to be at present moulded too much in the interest of *Jessica's* parent.

Touching the Abyssinian Bill—we mean the cost of the war—we there is to be inquiry by a Select Committee. The first estimate was Three Millions and a Half, and we have paid Eight Millions, Seven Hundred and Seventy-Three Thousand Pounds. Write that out in figures, Materfamilias, and then back in words: it will fix the sum in your memory, and enable you to hold your own (not that you can't do that

whether you know the facts of a case or not) when Paterfamilias is lofty about masculine habits of business. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, under whose reign the money was spent, stood up pluckily to take the responsibility, refusing to shift any of it upon the Indian Government, and paying a high, but merited tribute to the services rendered by SIR SEYMOUR FITZGERALD.

In Committee on Wife's Sister, MR. COLLINS poked fun. He moved that a Woman should be allowed to marry her Husband's Brother, and, parodying the statements of advocates for the other change, declared that he knew many ladies who were anxiously waiting for the justice he asked. The House did not seem much amused, and after two divisions the subject was adjourned. That there be prohibited Degrees does not excuse such Latitudes.

Wednesday. Ireland again all day. That island is intrusive. Something about Liquors—nothing to be done. And something about encouraging Irish Fishermen at the public expense. It was said that Irish fish are now as difficult to catch as Fenians. MR. AYRTON sternly refused what was demanded, intimated that if the fishermen were unlucky it was because they were asses, and that he should certainly not lend them Government nets. The *Telegraph* puts it neatly, that the fish have been scared away by predictions that all Ireland is going to become Papistical (on the passing of the I. C. B.), and will therefore want more fish for fast-days.

Thursday. MR. GREGORY told a good story. Forgeries of signatures to petitions for Sunday Museums were traced to two fellows, who, notwithstanding notice of their habits, were, he said, taken into employ by the Lord's Day Observance Society for getting up *their* petitions. The Sabbatarians have denied this latter allegation. The accused signatories are to come before the Beak.

Preston, it was stated by MR. BRIGHT, has the most abominable railway station in England, and COLONEL YOLLAND reported against it in 1866, but there is no prospect of improvement because two Companies quarrel over their respective contributions to a new edifice. The Preston men had spirit once—why don't they burn the atrocious station down? That delicate hint of their opinion would be effective. If officials interfere, pitch 'em into the Ribble—there is nothing like a perfect understanding in matters of business.

MR. LOWE admitted that the Royal Commission on the New Law Courts was inquiring into questions of measurement and cost, but saw no reason for delaying legislation while we were merely ascertaining what it ought to be.

LORD ELCHO in a longsome but able speech advocated an Army Reserve, and MR. CARDWELL promised reforms tending in that direction. We hereby offer last year's *Punch's Pocket-Book* to anybody who can tie up eight columns tighter than in the above sentence.

This was the Ascot Cup day, and *Brigantine*, who won the Oaks, won the Cup, beating *Blue Gown*, who won last year's Derby. If you don't see any fun in this, those see a lot who backed the darling daughter of *Buccaneer*.

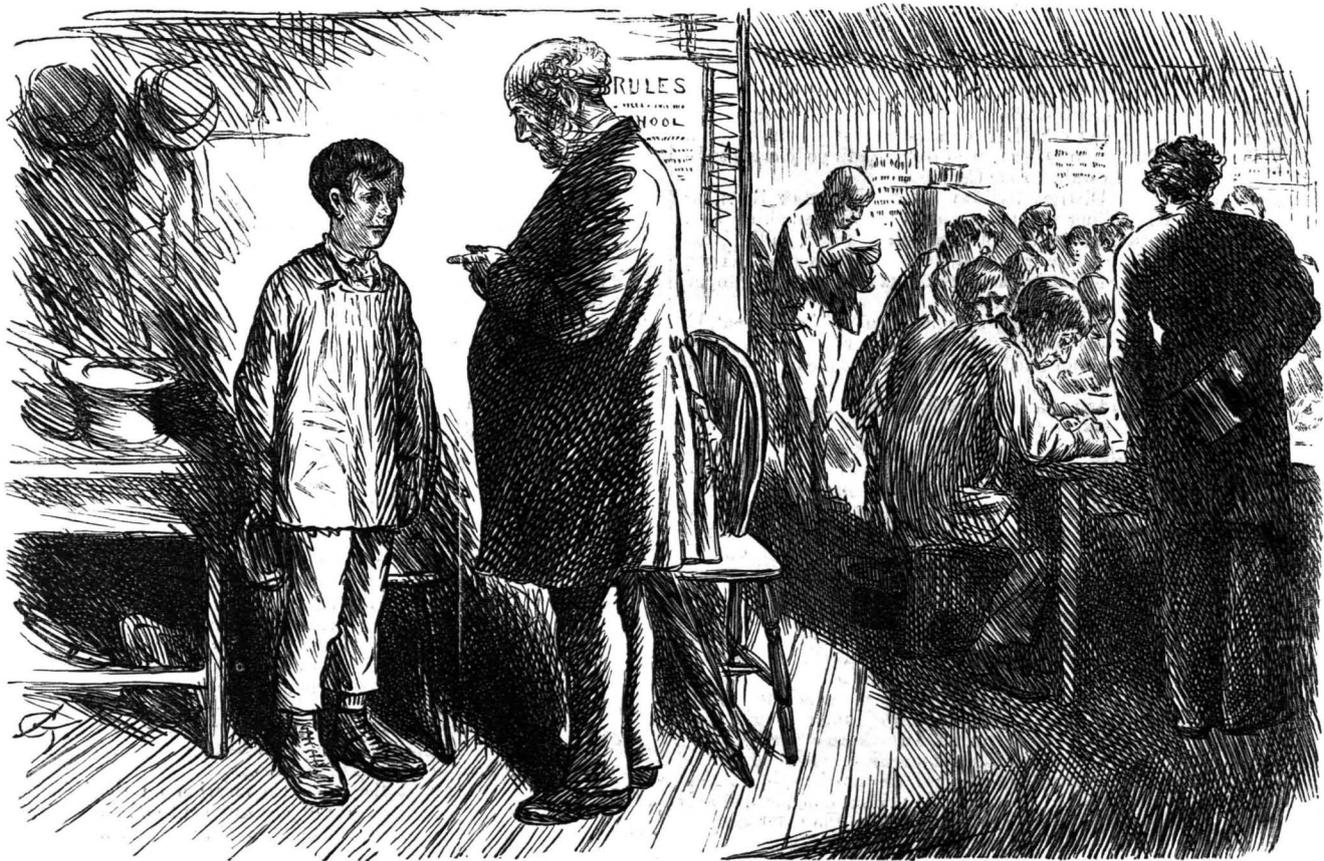
It is not Parliament—indeed the speeches are most un-Parliamentary, but as *Mr. Punch* writes a political history which will save all trouble to a future MACAULAY, he may as well mention that about this date all sorts of Protestant meetings were held to denounce the I. C. B., whereat MR. GLADSTONE was called by the most outrageous names, wretch and traitor being the mildest. But he wasn't much worsened. Hard words usually come out of soft heads.

Friday. "A storm was coming, but the winds were still." In anticipation of the night on which the winds were to be untied and let loose

"To fight against the Churches,"

LORD GRANVILLE said that he was unaware of there being any foundation for Menaces to which reference had been made out of doors, and that the Government had no intention of departing from that proper and respectful course which it was the duty of Her Majesty's Servants to follow in dealing with either House of Parliament.

The business in the Commons was so utterly dull, that even MR. PETER TAYLOR's taking action was a relief. He, with vast solemnity, set forth the duties of a Member of Parliament, which he expounded to consist of the redress of grievances, the alteration of bad laws, and the passing of good ones. Having thus portentously delivered himself of first principles, he promptly descended to a shilling's worth of greens. He complained that three children had been imprisoned for stealing the same at Salisbury. When he had made a speech of exactly three-quarters of a column of the *Star*, the HOME SECRETARY explained that MR. PETER TAYLOR knew nothing about the matter, that the offenders were habitual thieves, and had filled a sack and three wraps with the vegetables plundered from gardens. MR. TAYLOR could just as easily have ascertained facts as could MR. BRUCE, and it would have been respectful to the House not to tell it a cock-and-bull story. The "grievance-monger" never came to sadder grief than to-night, and we dare say he will, for a month at least, look angrily at greens, when they are handed to him at dinner, which will be a pity, for they are very wholesome, if nicely boiled.



A DISTINCTION.

The "Good Parson" (to Applicant for Instruction in the Night School). "HAVE YOU BEEN CONFIRMED, MY BOY?"
 Boy (hesitating). "PLEASE, SIR—I—DON'T KNOW——"
 Parson. "YOU UNDERSTAND ME; HAS THE BISHOP LAID HIS HANDS ON YOU?"
 Boy. "OH, NO, SIR, BUT HIS KEEPER HAVE, SIR—VERY OFTEN, SIR!!"

DUKE WRONGHEAD AND LORD LONGHEAD.

(A Peers' Eclogue.)

Quoth DUKE WRONGHEAD, "His note change who will, or his coat,
 Guide who will, by BRIGHT's compass, his helm—
 I've a mind of my own, and that mind I'll make known:
 Are we not an Estate of the Realm?"

Quoth DUKE WRONGHEAD—
 "Are we not an Estate of the Realm?"

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD, "Take care: that estate you'll impair;
 For wise wills, not strong, 'tis a case.
 If two men ride a horse, one rides hindmost, perforce;
 There's nothing like knowing one's place,"

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD—
 "There's nothing like knowing one's place."

Quoth DUKE WRONGHEAD, "How now? To the Commons kotow!
 At BRIGHT's bidding one's scruples surmount!
 Choke one's principles down, under grim GLADSTONE's frown,
 As a cipher be willing to count!"

Quoth DUKE WRONGHEAD—
 "As a cipher be willing to count!"

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD, "Your Grace, ciphers tell in their place,
 Tens of units they make, at the worst:
 And that's more satisfaction than helping a fraction,*
 Which ciphers must do, who'd stand first."

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD—
 "'Tis in fractions that ciphers stand first."

Quoth DUKE WRONGHEAD, "This jar must our Church make or mar,
 And the cause of that Church is the Peers";

* Of course all Mr. Punch's readers are familiar with decimals.

Orange blent with true blue makes the green, still the hue
 On which Erin smiles through her tears."

Quoth DUKE WRONGHEAD—
 "On which Erin smiles, through her tears."

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD, "But hear, if you chain Church and Peer,
 On the weakest Church-link why fling weight?
 'Blue and orange make green,'—true for you, yet I ween
 Green's the hue blue and orange most hate."

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD—
 "Green's the hue blue and orange most hate."

Quoth DUKE WRONGHEAD, "My will is but Old England's still,
 She thanks Heav'n for a staunch House of Lords.
 Look around! See the land at our side takes its stand,
 With its prayers, and, if need be, its swords!"

Quoth DUKE WRONGHEAD—
 "We've its prayers, and, if need be, its swords."

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD, "To me who's old England may be,
 Matters less, than who's Young England is:
 You've the old dames, no doubt, both in cassocks and out;
 But their fume's apt to end in a fiz."

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD—
 "Their fume's apt to end in a fiz."

Quoth DUKE WRONGHEAD, "Stout rope, and short shrift, to the POPE!
 England ne'er 'neath a priest-hood shall groan!
 Counting heads, Peer by Peer, our majority's clear,
 And we'll do what we like with our own."

Quoth DUKE WRONGHEAD—
 "We'll do what we like with our own!"

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD, "The POPE will not vex us, I hope;
 Lord of all priests the Law should be known:"



THE "RAM OF DERBY;" OR, LONGHEAD V. WRONGHEAD.

LORD CARNARVON. "HOLD ON, SALISBURY! HE'LL DO HIMSELF A MISCHIEF, AS SURE AS FATE."

You may do what you will with your own, but this Bill
Is the Country's, and so *not* your own."

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD—
"Is the Country's, and so *not* your own."

Quoth DUKE WRONGHEAD, "Away with such sophistry, pray;
I've made up my mind for a fight:
This iniquitous Bill I *can* throw out, and *will*—
So here goes for the Row, and the Right."

Quoth DUKE WRONGHEAD—
"Here goes for the Row and the Right!"

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD, "Of course you *should* know your own force;
I but steer after Sense's plain light:
And by that light I read—'tis an old-fashioned screed—
'Never bark when you know you can't bite.'"

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD—
"Never bark when you know you can't bite."

DUKE WRONGHEAD was dumb: o'er his chin passed his thumb—
Quoth LORD LONGHEAD, "Oft 'neath party stress,
The Peers have said 'nay,' when the Country said 'yea,'
But our 'nos' have still ended in 'yes.'"

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD—
"But our 'nos' have still ended in 'yes.'"

"Ermined caps crowns may guard: and Peers' heads may be hard,
But if to butt bulwarks we fall,
The pounding-match o'er, we shall find, sore for sore,
We have hurt our heads more than the wall."

Quoth LORD LONGHEAD—
"We have hurt our heads more than the wall."

THE BITTER-SWEET TESTIMONIAL.

THE *Times* had a very good article the other day, in which, in reference to the Recommendations and Testimonials which friends give to their friend, when he wants a situation, it was remarked that these documents are for the most part untrustworthy, as they suppress all disagreeable truth. Hence, they are but slightly regarded by those who have appointments to bestow. This is perfectly true. But the system might be reformed, and then a friend's certificate of character and ability would regain the value which a gentleman's statement ought to possess. Why should not Testimonials be framed on the following plan?—

I.

To JOHN BROWN, Esq., *Candidate for a House Surgeonship.*

MY DEAR BROWN,
THE Directors of St. Vitus's Hospital might do worse than make you House Surgeon. You have been fairly educated, considering that your family was a low one; and when you have had more practice in your profession I daresay you will make fewer mistakes than at present. I am glad also to know that you have left off the habit of drinking, with exceptions, which I have no doubt will become less frequent when you acquire a sense of responsibility. When the Coroner made those remarks upon your apparent ignorance and confusion of ideas, he could not know that you had been at billiards all night, and therefore his language ought not to operate to your detriment. The patient would very likely have equally died if you had been to see him: in fact, I think you showed humanity, in the circumstances, in staying away. I earnestly hope that your canvass will be as successful as it deserves.

Yours sincerely,
FRANK BUFFER.

II.

To MRS. SWITCHER, *Candidate for a Union Matronship.*

MRS. SWITCHER,
I do not hesitate to send you a testimonial, to recommend you to the Board of Guardians of the Pickles Union, though I detect some of your old impudence in asking it from a lady who refused to give you a character when she discharged you from the place of Housekeeper. We ought always to hope for the best; and though it is hoping very much indeed for the best to trust that you have seen your errors, I will act in the hope, though I *never got back the sheets and pillow-cases*. I can certify that you are a strong, large, healthy woman, quite capable of beating, single-handed, any she-pauper who might misconduct herself, and you are free from any weakness of nature that might make you unmindful that your one duty is to save the money of the rate-payers. I daresay that you will have learned by this time to be respectful to your superiors, and have profited by the advice of the Magistrate before whom MR. BANG BLUNDELL brought you for defying me with the tongs. If you had *continued* in intemperate habits, you could not write so steady a hand (I suppose the letter to be in your own hand, though you cannot forget the history of a written character you

brought to me), and therefore I think you suitable for the situation. I have nothing to say against your honesty, provided you are well looked after, and your morals are effectually guarded by your age and personal appearance. I am glad to know that you now go to church. I hope that you will obtain the place, in which your most marked failings will have little opportunity of displaying themselves.

MRS. BANG BLUNDELL.

III.

To JAMES JONES, Esq., *Candidate for a Head-Mastership.*

DEAR JONES,

I CAN consistently recommend you to the favourable notice of the Trustees of the Smotheringham Grammar School. I consider you precisely the kind of Master required in these times of progress. Not devoted to any particular study, you have a catholic feeling for all. Were you a sound classic, you might be tempted to neglect mathematics, and were you much acquainted with the latter, Latin and Greek might not be duly attended to by your pupils. Did you know anything of physical science, you might lead your charges to materialism, or worse, and were you a professor of any particular religion, there would be danger lest you should inculcate intolerance. As regards your temper, I have no doubt that your good sense will teach you, eventually, to control it, and the lesson will be enforced by your recollection of having been expelled from your last situation for flogging an entire class because you spilt the ink over your trousers. Thus, yourself educated, you will be qualified to educate others, and I shall doubly rejoice at your success, partly for the sake of your family, whom you will then have no reason to neglect, and partly for my own sake, as Smotheringham is 397 miles from the house, and banker, of

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS TRUEMAN.

A CHANCE FOR OLD GIRLS.

GRANDMAMMA, are you tired of the life you have led so many years as a widow? If so, here is a chance for you offered in an advertisement which appeared the other day in a newspaper:—

MATRIMONY.—Social position—Any Widow or Single Lady of independence, desirous of an introduction to the higher circles (through marriage) may HEAR of a DESIRABLE OPPORTUNITY. An interview with a lady friend, if preferred.

Perhaps the above extract is an opportunity which some ladies at your time of life, Grandmamma, would think very desirable indeed. It may be an opportunity which they would derive from marriage with an insolvent old nobleman, or even an insolvent young one, and one not only young, but handsome. The only question for them to consider, if willing to marry purely for social position, is whether, supposing they got, through marriage, an introduction to the higher circles, they could hold their own in them. That would depend. For instance, unless very wealthy indeed, so as to be able to empower their husbands to exercise splendid hospitality, it would be indispensable for them not to be given to drop their *h's*.

From the tenor, however, of this advertisement, addressed to marriageable women indiscriminately, saving independence, you may safely conclude that the advertiser (a racing Peer, perhaps) is not at all particular, at any rate as to personal qualifications. Therefore, with a view to treating with him, it will be quite unnecessary for you to go to the expense of being made, as doubtless you can be, although MADAME RACHEL is in prison, just as well as you could if she were at large, beautiful for ever.

You see that either he is not under any apprehension that the Married Women's Property Bill may become law, or does not care if it will. Very likely does not care. He may be presumed to be a gentleman, if not also a nobleman, whose purpose will be quite sufficiently answered by any marriage which will insure him, as DR. JOHNSON said, the certainty of three meals a day.

There, Granny!

A Great Oversight.

"Some disturbances of no great importance have occurred at Besancon, owing to the authorities having seized an electoral address of M. ORDINAIRE, an Opposition Candidate. . . . Several bands of people marched about the streets up till two in the morning [shouting] 'Vive ORDINAIRE!'"

WHAT a fine opportunity for a judicious misprint was here missed. It should have been "Vin Ordinaire!"

A CURIOSITY.

OUR friend, WENTWORTH WALKINGTON, is a great tourist, and brings home relics and mementoes from every place he visits. The last addition to his collection is a bit of the Isle of Wight.



"EELS OVER HEAD."

POTTLES, WHO GOES IN FOR DEEP DIVING, HAS GOT IN A HOLE THIS TIME, AND NO MISTAKE!

NOT A PIN TO CHOOSE.

THE Commemoration at Oxford this year proved a break-down, or, if you had rather call it, a break-up; the Under-graduates making a row that at last became insufferable. Noisy boys. Before the business of the day, which was not to be concluded, began, after they had hissed off a man in the area with a green tie, according to report:—

"The QUEEN" was now loudly cheered, while the mention of 'BRIGHT' and 'GLADSTONE'S' names provoked a terrific storm of disapprobation. 'LORD DERBY' and 'GATHORNE HARDY' were cheered again and again, as were also the 'BISHOP OF OXFORD' and 'DR. PUSEY.'"

When our young friends cheered DR. WILBERFORCE and DR. PUSEY, it could not have occurred to them that what they have to thank the latter for, is the inability of the parsons to poke up the British Lion against the Ministers whose names and policy were hooted on Wednesday last in the Sheldonian Theatre. They will probably live to find out that, whatever ulterior measures progressive statesmen may adopt with regard to Church and State, the influence exercised by the Puseyites and the Ritualists will have rendered it impossible among the People of England to get up any the faintest cry of "No Popery!"

PUNCH ASKS A QUESTION.

ANOTHER terrible colliery explosion! Sixty men killed or injured at Ferndale, where, in 1867, 175 poor fellows were destroyed by the fatal firedamp! "It is supposed," says the report of the lesser catastrophe, "that a man had opened his safety lamp to light his pipe, and thus exploded the firedamp."

Punch refers to these calamities in order to ask a question. Could not that powerful illuminator, the Magnesium light, be employed in coal-mines, and thereby remove all FLAME from close proximity to the "workings"? Safety Magnesium lamps placed in different parts of a mine would be costly, no doubt, but the consumer would pay the charge, and every fire would burn the brighter when it was known that the coals had been obtained with lessened danger to the poor miner.

Latinitas Canina.

THE Members of the "Nulli Secundus" Club had their annual dinner on Saturday evening at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street. It is not generally known that this distinguished Society derived the name of Nulli Secundus from having declared their determination never to sanction duelling by becoming, any one of them, second to anybody.

TOUCHING A RECITAL.

DEAR PUNCH,

I WAS a solicitor once. But, becoming conscientious, I of course renounced that calling.

I remember that when I made Deeds, I had to put in Recitals. They were of no use, but awfully easy and splendidly profitable. I need not explain what they were, except that they were verbiage. Justifiable, however, because I was inadequately paid for what really demanded skill, and was useful.

The other day I went to listen to a Recital at the St. James's Hall. It was not in the least like mine. It was made by MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD, to whose name you rhymed—

"Her with admiration all the critical squad heard."

It was not easy at all, except to listen to, for it was Music of the highest class. I hope it was profitable—certainly there was a first-rate audience. The lady's playing is one of those things which you can't puff, for you can't praise it enough. It is *per se*. I wish you would go and hear the next—there is only one more. MR. BENEDICT sits near her all the time, which I should say was taking an unfair advantage (for I don't believe he pays for his seat), only that everybody can hear every note as well as MR. BENEDICT can. Also he accompanies a very nice young lady, MISS EDMONDS, who sings charmingly. Upon my word, I wish you'd go and hear a Recital. You'd thank me for sending you.

Ever yours,

CARDUUS BENEDICTUS.

THE PROFOUNDEST CONVICTION OF THE EX-MEMBER FOR SHEPHERD.—That ROEBUCK and He-roe are two names for the same thing.

FASHIONABLE SUICIDE.

"WHAT fools there are in the world!" will be a natural reflection by the philosophic mind on learning the morsel of intelligence subjoined:—

"An American paper says that nearly all the brilliant complexions seen among the fashionable women of New York are the result of eating arsenic. Since the introduction of the *blonde* fashion, arsenic eating has become almost a mania."

"Almost a mania" seems rather a mild phrase. A person who can swallow poison for the sake of her complexion must be either quite a maniac or else a downright idiot. But this is not the only proof of modern fashionable insanity. Some ladies take poison to beautify their eyes, and others dye their hair with poisonous decoctions. Beauties without paint will swallow deadly drugs to give a charm to their complexions, and will run the risk of killing themselves in order to look killing. Tight-lacing is another form of fashionable suicide, and annually slaughters a hecatomb of victims. Indeed, the wonder is that ladies who only care to live in order to be looked at, have vitality sufficient to keep them in existence, while their life is so imperilled by the means which they employ for the enhancement of their beauty.

The Situation in France.

(WALKER'S Telegrams.)

PARIS. JUNE 12.

LARGE bodies of troops have been massed at Satory.

The principal sausage-makers of Paris have received immense orders. Great quantities of Champagne are stored.

It is whispered that events are about to repeat themselves.

TO PLAYGOERS.



THE Midsummer holidays are at hand, and heads of families must now be thinking of the annual visit to the sea-side. Many of them will hear with satisfaction that all the expense and trouble of a journey to the coast may be saved by merely walking or driving to Long Acre, to the cool and comfortable Queen's Theatre, where every evening, at half-past eight, *The Turn of the Tide* can be seen and enjoyed, without the drawback of lodging-houses, bathing machines, impertunate boatmen, itinerant minstrels, and rainy weather.

Let no one be deterred from going, through alarm at "four acts, ten scenes, and four tableaux." The acts are not too long, the intervals between them commendably short, and the tableaux very striking, particularly "The Cave of Morgane" (no connection with any other "cave"), to which the only objection that can be taken is, that, as the most exciting scene in the piece, it, occurring as it does in the first act, comes too early upon the stage. (N.B. For the best thunder and lightning, go to the Queen's.)

The story interests—its seriousness being relieved by the amusement *Mr. and Mrs. Danby*, admirably represented by MR. and MRS. FRANK MATTHEWS, afford. The acting of it is good; notably by MR. H. VEZIN, MR. J. CLAYTON, MR. RYDER, MISS HODSON, and MISS LARKIN. The scenery is beautiful, the dialogue has many telling points, and the handsome costumes—well, they are scarcely an exaggeration of the present hunchy-bunchy style of dress. It would have been better could *Lady Clara's* death have been managed off the stage, but this tragic close to her unhappy life has, we imagine, been made much less disagreeable than when the drama was first brought out. We hope it will bring the tide of success to the Queen's, and that MR. BURNAND, who in this piece—the plot of which is founded, as he tells us, on a novel published some years ago—makes, we believe, his first experiment in serious dramatic writing, will be encouraged again to play truant from, but not be wholly faithless to his first love, Burlesque.

P.S. To Persons in search of a good laugh. Go, see, and hear *Cox and Box*, at the Gallery of Illustration.

THE BAR FEMININE.

(Respectfully but remonstratively recommended to the notice of JOHN STUART MILL.)

Is this, we earnestly ask, in the name of cruelty to legal animals, what Court and Clients must be prepared for when ladies are admitted to practice at the Bar?

"The SHEDDEN legitimacy case was resumed this morning for the fifteenth time before the House of Lords. The LORD CHANCELLOR commented upon the extreme prolixity of MISS SHEDDEN's address, which has now occupied fourteen days, and exhorted her to confine her remarks to the evidence. Shortly after commencing to address their Lordships this morning MISS SHEDDEN swooned, and was carried out. DR. BOND being sent for, testified that the lady was suffering from hysteria brought on by nervous exhaustion. Their Lordships postponed the case till to-morrow, when, if MISS SHEDDEN should be unable to proceed, her father will be heard."

Let us hope MR. SHEDDEN Senior will be to the fore, or Heaven only knows when their Lordships will be released.

"... sedet eternumque sedebit,
Infelix CHELMSFORD."

"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum,
MISS SHEDDEN!"

Talk of "the Subjection of Women," MR. MILL! Here's the whole force of Law Lords in subjection to one woman. . . . who, after fifteen days, talks herself into hysteria, and their Lordships into—but what single word can be found comprehensive enough to describe their Lordships' state of body and mind, under the *peine forte et dure* of this distressingly fluent female. Fancy a Bar of MISS SHEDDENS! The masculine legal mind recoils in horror from the idea!

NEW WORK.—Shortly will be published, *Legendary Skittles*, a companion volume to "*Historic Ninepins*."

LE FOLLET RAISONNABLE.

Is *Orson* endowed with reason? Considering, however, that *Orson* was a creature very much the reverse of a *Narcissus*, perhaps we should not ask that question, as of him, concerning a man-milliner, or may be even a milliner and not a man. But in *Le Follet's* account of the "Fashions for June" there are no less than three distinct traces of positive rationality. *Imprimis*. Having stated that the immense variety of new materials for finery renders it impossible to enumerate them, our papilionaceous contemporary proceeds:—

"We find, however, that foulard of different kinds is very fashionable, more especially the 'Celeste-Empire,' which has the texture and brilliancy of China crapes; and the new Japanese, a kind of silk cloth which does not crumple easily, and is not injured by a shower of rain."

Lest *Le Follet* should get more credit than its due, it is proper to mention that the italics which, above and below, mark passages distinctly rational, are not in the original. The next instance of reason, in *Le Follet*, is this:—

"There is a new manner of making long dresses into short ones by merely looping them up with bows of a darker shade than the material. This looping up may, of course, be done in a variety of styles; thus a dress may answer two purposes—for walking or dinner toilette—by having two bodies."

Economy with elegance; actual economy! Here is example the third:—

"Dinner or visiting dress of torquoise blue silk, made very long, looped up or not according to taste, by means of bows of ribbon of a deeper shade placed at the sides. This arrangement admits of the dress being worn either for dinner or visiting."

If the man who makes two blades of wheat grow where only one grew before deserves well of his country, what does not he or she deserve of fathers and husbands who is the means of making one dress for a wife or a daughter answer the purpose of two? Nor less meritorious in their eyes will be the service rendered in the inducement, by authoritative recommendation, of daughters and wives to wear such dresses, and also the equally eligible dress consisting of "a kind of silk cloth which does not crumple easily, and is not injured by a shower of rain." The author or authoress of these recommendations may be supposed to have lately taken the benefit of a temporary residence at some such an institution as the one that is now, in testimony to the progress of the nation, being enlarged at Earlswood. Some germs of thought, somehow, have been evidently developed in that person's mind.

It must be cheering to the breadwinner, who is also the muslin-winner and silk and satin winner of a female family, to note that the use of articles of wearing-apparel which will stand a little rain is growing amongst girls. When you come to think of the present style of chignon, you will begin to see that, provided it is natural hair, and does not come from the gaol or the workhouse or the hospital, it is by no means so absurd a head-dress, nor anything like so grotesque as you may have considered it at first. Whilst it subserves all the use of a bonnet, it utterly defies the wet, and by its possibility of being occasionally reconstructed and trimmed with changes of beads and bows of ribbon, is capable of being transformed into no end of novelties. It might thus be made to last the wearer all her life, or at least as long as it signifies what she wears; for the term, at any rate, of her natural beauty.

PERSONAL GRATITUDE TO PERSONAL GOVERNMENT.

MR. PUNCH could not understand the reason why such a rush of letters came to him from France, demanding the instant transmission thither of his number containing the Cartoon of the EMPEROR, as *L'Homme qui Rit*, looking at the Election Urn. French people are not usually in such a hurry to obtain, at the cost of eightpence, the sight of a picture which they can see for nothing. At last his eye lighted on a paragraph in the excellent letter of the *Globe's* French correspondent. The Minister had ordered the number to be seized in the *cafés*. The Minister is most cordially thanked, and should he be in England (with his present master) when the next *Punch's Pocket Book* comes out, *Mr. Punch* intends to present them with a copy each in token of gratitude for a handsome donation.

A Cry Amongst the Clerics.

O BRETHREN, for the power, by hook or crook,
Critics, who freely dare our views to handle,
To bring with boundless licence, all to book,
And duly curse them by bell, book, and candle!

EXTRAORDINARY OBESITY.

THE visitors to the late Horse-Show at Islington included three agriculturists, whose united weights amounted to thirty-nine score.

SPECIMENS NOT YET INCLUDED IN THE COLLECTION AT REGENT'S PARK.



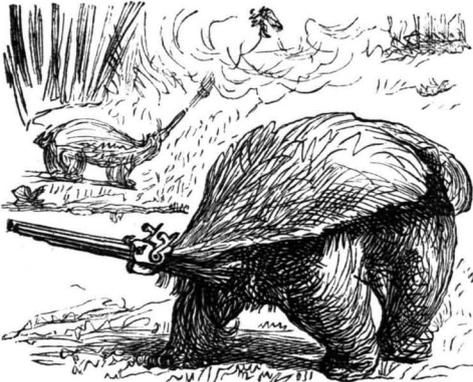
THE UMBRELLA BIRD.



THE VIRGINIAN PUFF-ADDER.



THE SCISSOR-WING BRUSH-TAIL RAZOR-BILL.



THE GUN-BADGER (DETONATOR MUZZLELOADAN).



THE TAIL-LESS BIRD OF PARADISE.



THE DANDELION MONKEY.



THE AQUARIUS LAWN-BIRD.



THE JAPANESE FAN-TAILED APE.



THE LONG-SIGHTED HORNBILL.



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

Policeman (invidiously). "IT'S PUFFECTLY HOPTIONAL VITH US, YOU KNOW!"
 ["The Hairs them P'licemen give theirselves," John remarked afterwards, in the Servants' Hall.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

It is universally admitted by all who have the faintest excuse for calling themselves Rational Beings, that though it is entirely impossible to predict the mode in which *Mr. Punch* will deal with any question whatever, it is absolutely certain that such mode will be profoundly wise and exquisitely graceful. With this wholly inadequate tribute to himself, which does but echo the voice of admiring Creation, he takes leave to introduce his account of the Great Debate which occupied the House of Lords last week. He proposes in some degree to depart from his ordinary—yet extraordinary—method of condensing Parliamentary eloquence. He does this, partly because were he to deal out but a Modicum—neuter Latin noun, signifying a little—of justice to each of the orations which have been delivered by the Peers, his present number would comprise nothing but Essence of Senate. Chiefly, however, because in the exercise of that brilliant and unerring judgment which is among his myriad merits, the topic and tone of the debate in question do not lend themselves so readily to his coruscating wit and scintillating sarcasm, as do most discussions in both branches of the Legislature. His lamented contributor and friend, the late ARTEMUS WARD, with much good taste, declined to make jokes about the Rocky Mountains, as may be seen in his famous Lecture, just handsomely published. In the same spirit, *Mr. Punch* holds that though as a rule the Peers themselves gain enormously by his criticisms, which indeed have notoriously educated the House of Lords up to its present standard, and kept it well with the nation, the present occasion is one on which he may satisfactorily discharge his magnificent duty by a calm and just record of incidents. The Great Council has been worthily discussing questions on which *Mr. Punch* never thinks lightly, and therefore never speaks lightly:

"For *Punch* is He who always speaks his thought,
 And always thinks the very thing he ought."

The debate has been upon MR. GLADSTONE'S Bill for Disestablishing and Disendowing the Protestant Church in Ireland. The question was

ODE TO UTILITY.

(On MR. COWPER'S *Commons Preservation Bill*.)

MATERIAL Utility,
 With what a wise servility
 For thy substantial wages labour we,
 And with no brute stupidity,
 No grovelling cupidity,
 All things of beauty sacrifice to thee!

The progress of machinery
 Is fast improving scenery
 From off the face of this industrious isle.
 The railways are victorious,
 And architecture glorious
 About each station thriving builders pile.

Where once, in ages drearier,
 Stood groves, stand shops superior,
 The public-house shoots up where bloomed the thorn.
 Soon will arise dense villages
 On land that under tillage is,
 Where the red poppy clots the growing corn.

The landscape, in the olden time,
 By owls esteemed a golden time,
 Adorned with spires that pointed to the sky,
 Exhibits now, in lieu of them,
 Tall chimneys, not a few of them,
 Whose factory smoke conceals it from each eye.

Then with our whole ability
 For thee we'll slave, Utility,
 Using old England up by swift degrees,
 All our green fields—coal measures too—
 Yielding ourselves those pleasures to
 Pigs which engross and make mankind Chinese.

Scan. Mag.

THE disgraceful and contemptible figure cut now and lately by so many insolvent sporting members of the Peerage, suggests a question which MR. SOTHERN, the next time he plays *Lord Dundreary*, may ask as a "widdle." If a nobleman who is a racing gambler were to take to honest industry and turn respectable workman, what workman would he begin with being? A Turf-cutter.

whether the Lords should read this Bill a Second Time, with a view to the introduction of alterations which the Conservatives would consider amendments, or whether the measure should be rejected altogether. The battle raged for four long nights, and Thirty-Seven nobles spoke. They may be assorted into three divisions. Ministerialists, under LORD GRANVILLE, supported the Bill as a whole. Conservatives, under LORD DERBY (still the virtual head of the party nominally led by LORD CAIRNS) opposed the Bill as a whole. Conservatives and some Liberals, under LORD SALISBURY, held, first, that the national will had been so clearly expressed at the elections, and by the large majority in the Commons, that it did not befit the Lords to reject the Bill, and secondly, that they might obtain better terms for the Church, and place themselves in a better attitude in regard to the country, by accepting the principle of the Bill, altering it in Committee, and throwing upon the Ministers the responsibility of refusing the amendments. An intelligent Public and a studious Posterity will, by this exposition, precisely comprehend the struggle in June, 1869.

Some of the speeches will be Historical. To those only—with a few exceptions—is it *Mr. Punch's* intention to advert with any detail. But it is due to every Peer who spoke in this debate to say that all appeared to be impressed with a sense of the importance and even solemnity of the theme, and that though every legitimate weapon of attack and defence was used with the best skill a combatant chanced to possess, the battle was fought with chivalry. Both the Established Church of Ireland, and the Irish People must feel that the case was amply and admirably argued, that the very utmost was done on both sides, and that this ought to be the Final Hearing of the great cause.

Monday. EARL GRANVILLE (Minister) proposed the Second Reading, in a speech intended to be conciliatory, and therefore adroitly pitched in a lower key than was adopted by the PREMIER, when introducing the Bill. Government, pledged to the principles of the Bill, would respectfully consider amendments of details.

The EARL OF HARROWBY, in a straight-forward, honest address, of no merit beyond its earnestness, moved that the Bill be rejected.

LORD CLARENDON (Minister) spoke for, and the DUKE OF RUTLAND against it.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, so long our famous Minister at Constantinople, "the great Eltchi" of Mr. KINGLAKE, disbelieved that the Bill by itself would conciliate the Irish, but in presence of the elections verdict advised its being accepted, though he would reject it later unless much improved.

LORD ROMILLY (Master of the Rolls) argued, as became a judge, that the measure was just.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (DR. TAIT) made the most important speech of the night. The Primate of All England accepted the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, but he desired to make it much better. It must be made more acceptable to the Protestants of Ireland. Of the voluntary system he disapproved, as it put the minister in a false position in regard to the flock whom he ought to guide.

LORD CARNARVON (Conservative) would endeavour to introduce more generous terms, but it was impossible to resist the Bill.

The BISHOP OF DERRY (DR. ALEXANDER) utterly—and dashing—denounced it.

Tuesday. LORD LYTON was expected to speak, but gave way to

LORD GREY. The raising the question had done dire mischief in Ireland, but it was raised, and must be dealt with. A worse Bill would follow rejection. Let the Lords accept with dignity, and let not the Ministers be hard and arrogant.

The ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN (DR. TRENCH) took an attitude of complaint against ungenerous and illiberal treatment of the Church.

The BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S (DR. CONNOR THIRLWALL, b. 1797) made one of the great speeches of the debate. He tore to pieces the superstitions about sacrilege, praised St. Ambrose, who sold the holy vessels to ransom Christians, laughed at the idea of the POPE as a scare-crow, and pointed out that Popery was crumbling in every civilised country. He thought the Irish Church unsuited for its purpose, and in the way of religious and political peace. By no means giving unqualified approval to the Bill, he would accept and amend it.

The Law Lords, CHELMSFORD and PENZANCE (the latter the Judge in Divorce, who now made his maiden speech) argued, the first for, the second against the Bill, and the DUKE OF RICHMOND reluctantly separated himself from his Conservative friends, and was for reading the Bill, though it was one of violence, injustice, and spoliation.

The BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH (DR. MAGEE) then delivered, against the Bill, one of the most splendid orations that ever delighted an assembly. Friends and opponents united in admiration of the eloquent Irishman. Let LORD DERBY, himself a master of oratory, and one who has heard all the great men of the last half-century, be the critic. "Its fervid eloquence, and impassioned and brilliant language have never in my memory been surpassed, and rarely equalled." The peroration was a most solemn reference to the one Tribunal that can judge the motives, as well as the actions of men.

EARL DE GREY (Minister) supported, LORD CLANCARTY opposed. LORD MONCK (one of the proposed Commissioners under the Bill) denied that Voluntaryism had failed in Canada, of which he has been Governor.

Thursday. The EARL OF DERBY, in a speech of touching earnestness, assailed the Bill with all his force, and thus ended:—

"My Lords, I am now an old man, and, like many of your Lordships, passed the allotted span of threescore years and ten. My official life is at an end; my political life is nearly closed, and, in the course of nature, my natural life cannot be long. That natural life commenced at the period of the great rebellion in Ireland, which immediately preceded the union between the two countries: God grant that it may not close with the renewal of rebellion. My Lords, I do not pretend to look at the prospect of the distant future. But, whatever may be the result of your Lordships' consideration of this measure, for my own part, if it be for the last time I now have the honour of addressing your Lordships, I declare that it will be to my dying day a satisfaction that I have been able to lift my voice against the adoption of a measure the political impolicy of which is only equalled by its moral iniquity."

LORD KIMBERLEY (Minister) supported the Bill, the BISHOP OF RIPON (DR. BICKERSTETH) thought it morally wrong, the DUKE OF CLEVELAND was in favour of it as a whole, LORD REDESDALE dwelt on the Coronation Oath, and quoted Malachi, the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE disliked Voluntaryism, but disliked an anomaly more.

The MARQUIS OF SALISBURY made one of the great speeches. He demolished the pleas raised on the Union, and the Oath, and held that it was the duty of that House to defer to the national will when it had been well ascertained. There was no honour in resisting the will of the nation. He was not afraid of any of the consequences that had been menaced in case of rejection, but he was afraid of the verdict of history, if the Lords should abandon their high rank and become a faction. The provision for the Church was ungenerous, and must be improved.

LORD COLCHESTER opposed, LORD STANHOPE (LORD MAHON, historian) strongly supported a Second Reading, the BISHOP OF TUAM (DR. BERNARD) opposed, and LORD NELSON, who said he had always stuck by his party, and was no coward, would nevertheless read the measure a Second Time.

Friday. EARL RUSSELL, who may have felt a sensation (only successes usually come too late for such feelings) on occasion of the great wish of his life being at last in course of accomplishment, delivered a long and interesting historical speech, which everybody should read—dwelt on the fact that the Catholics were the great majority in Ireland, and demanded justice for them. He liked not the title of the Bill, nor the disendowment, nor the application of the surplus. The measure must be improved.

The DUKE OF ABERCORN (late Lord Lieutenant) strongly opposed the Bill, and described it as the work of MR. GLADSTONE only.

The DUKE OF ARGYLL, on the other hand, described it as the natural offspring of Emancipation. A closely reasoned speech, boldly delivered.

The BISHOP OF LICHFIELD (DR. SELWYN, of New Zealand) was very manly and genial. He had lived and worked where there was no Establishment, and was impartial, but no case had been made out against the Irish Church. Like the other Bishops, he introduced humorous touches, and finished with a hope that religious conciliation was at hand, and that the dove of peace would build her nest in the tiara of a Disestablished Pope.

LORD WESTBURY's was a sarcastic speech against the Bill, and he displayed much acquaintance with the language of Scripture. He was for distributing the Church property among all the religions.

The LORD CHANCELLOR (LORD HATHERLEY—MR. PAGE WOOD) delivered a calm and able oration for the Bill.

LORD CAIRNS made an exceedingly long speech, in which he vigorously pleaded for justice to the Protestants of Ireland, who had been taken thither under a solemn compact that their religion should be maintained, who had turned Ulster from a wilderness into a garden, and who represented nearly all that was good in Ireland.

EARL GRANVILLE replied, briefly (for he rose at a quarter to three on Saturday morning), and again asked the House to accept the Bill, "subject to any amendments which your Lordships may think fit to propose."

The LORD CHANCELLOR put the question. "Your Voices, Lords."

For the Second Reading	179
Against it	146

Majority for Second Reading Thirty-Three.

So ended the ablest debate which it has fallen to *Mr. Punch* to describe since he began the Immortal Analysis which is justly regarded as one of the chief institutions of the country. The Committee was fixed for Tuesday next, the 29th June.

One episode varied the debate. It is explained and illustrated in the Cartoon so admirably that it is only necessary for *Mr. Punch* to record that the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE thought proper to write a letter to Birmingham, calling the Lords not very wise, but hinting that out of their unwisdom profit might come to the people. "If they delayed the Irish Church Bill three months, they would stimulate discussions on important questions which but for their Infatuation might slumber for years." Called over the coals by CAIRNS, who demanded, at the length of Chancery Interrogatories (as they used to be) whether Ministers shared their colleague's sentiments, LORD GRANVILLE could but shrug his shoulders deprecatingly, and say that MR. BRIGHT was "John Bullish." LORD RUSSELL said that they might despise the irregular shot of an Awkward Volunteer who had fired without leave. That suffices—*Punch* dislikes Pleonasm.

The Commons sat, but no man regarded them. They were doing their duty, however, with Bankruptcy, Endowed Schools, and other important matters, and their virtue must be its own reward, for *Mr. Punch's* lungs are full of the air of Olympus, and he cannot spend his sacred breath in the plain.

Liberality of Convocation.

THE following item of intelligence, apart from any context, appears in a contemporary:—

"Convocation is to be asked to make a grant of £1,000 for apparatus for the new building for Experimental Philosophy, under the care of PROF. CLIFTON."

There are, as everybody knows, Convocations and Convocations; but if Convocation were simply Convocation, you would wonder who could be simple enough to think of asking it to do anything so liberal and sensible as granting a sum of money for the promotion of practical science.

Change of Name.

ONE of the gentlemen to be nominated for the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex for the ensuing year bears the name of VALENTIN. The election takes place on the 24th, known in the Calendar as Midsummer Day, but which will this year be commonly spoken of in the City as Valentín's Day!

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—"Irish Lawn is at a discount."

A NEW USE FOR A BIRD'S NEST.



HERE are people who have plenty of money in their pockets but who are often sadly puzzled as to how they are to spend it. Hence we see in many such extravagance in dress, and hence we hear that ladies who have little to occupy their time employ it very largely in trying on new bonnets. For the same reason, we doubt not, the invention of the *modistes* is continually taxed to bring out striking novelties, such as that which is thus noticed by a Paris Correspondent:—

“Nor must we forget to mention the birds’-nest hats, a sort of puffs of moss with blades of grass and fern, and with delicate flowers, such as wood anemones and forget-me-nots. Upon the nest, there is a pretty little bird with out-spread wings. So far one has not yet imagined to put eggs within the nest. That will come perhaps; one will also, no doubt, put little fledglings in it, opening wide their beaks, to receive their food.”

Bird’s-nest soup in China is a not uncommon delicacy; but until we read this extract, we never should have dreamed of seeing birds’-nest hats and bonnets. Strange are the uses of prosperity. You may use anything you please in any way you like, if you have but wealth or rank enough to influence the fashions. For the mere sake of the novelty, rich people put a thing to usage such as, but for their prosperity, would never have been dreamed of. Perhaps we next may hear of ladies wearing birds’ nests on their heads, for the sake of carrying eggs about, to distribute to their friends when they pay a morning visit. This really would be useful, if not wholly ornamental; and, absurd as it may seem, we really see no reason to laugh at such a fashion. Morning callers, as a rule, are most insufferable bores; but we would summon our best smiles to welcome any lady who would visit us some day in a good big bird’s-nest hat, filled up to the brim with a lot of nice fresh plovers’ eggs, cooked ready for our eating.

LORD ROCHDALE.

SOME politicians, rather too hard upon JOHN BRIGHT for his little epistolary mistake with respect, or rather by ‘r lady, with disrespect, to the House of Lords, have urged that he ought to resign his post in the Ministry as President of the Board of Trade. The country cannot afford to dispense with the services which Mr. BRIGHT is able to render in that capacity, and has begun to show that he is willing as well as able by consenting to the appointment of a Select Committee on the Adulteration of Seeds Bill, whence it may be hoped that he will also concur with any legislative attempt that may be made to rectify railway mismanagement, and deter fraudulent shopkeepers from the use of false weights and measures.

If it were possible and expedient that the Honourable Member for Birmingham should withdraw from the Board of Trade, his retention of some office in a Liberal Cabinet would be still desirable. Then, in that case, the position most suitable for him to occupy would clearly be that of the PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL. No doubt the present holder of that dignity would readily vacate it in favour of Mr. BRIGHT who, of course, would have to be raised to the House of Lords. And why not? Because of his dyslogistic letter touching their Lordships? That is the very reason why he ought to have a seat among them, where he would be enabled to fill a part of the void, and perform one of the uses of BROUGHAM, in telling the Peers occasionally, unpleasant truths to their face. MR. BRIGHT might be created EARL OF ROCHDALE.

Advice Gratis.

To a Fool amongst Philosophers—Respect yourself in proportion to the contempt with which you are treated.

TEMPERANCE IN JERUSALEM.

IN the Clerical House of Commons, which met in the Jerusalem Chamber on Tuesday last week, ARCHDEACON DENISON having said that he had a gravamen of his own to present, solemnly protesting against the principle of the Irish Church Bill:—

“After several petitions for the Reform of Convocation in respect of the representation of the clergy had been presented, the House took into consideration the report on intemperance, prepared by a committee of Convocation of which the ARCHDEACON OF COVENTRY was the chairman.”

Subsequently, notwithstanding this discussion touching the subject of intemperance, the excellent but irritable Archdeacon, first of those two above named, when, whilst he was speaking on the Irish Church Bill, some of his hearers cried “Question!” could not refrain from saying:—

“There are some cries of ‘Question.’ Now let me say to you, that if you begin to call ‘Question,’ I shall stay here till to-morrow night. If you wish to save time, you had better listen to what I have to say.”

At a later period of the debate, wanting to speak again, amid cries of “Divide!” ARCHDEACON DENISON exclaimed:—

“You shall divide when I have spoken, but not before.”

He was pronounced by the Prolocutor to be out of order. In the meanwhile DR. JEBB, in seconding a motion, had said that:—

“He would endeavour to be as moderate in his language as possible, for such were his feelings on this question that if he should speak the words which would most truly express his views, those words would be actionable.”

Accordingly, sailing not very far from the legal wind, the reverend Doctor went on as follows:—

“The Church of Ireland had no opportunity of expressing her views as a Church upon the matter which affected her so nearly, and the opportunity to do so had been refused by that man who had introduced this Bill, and he was one who had forfeited the respect of the country—(Order!)—and was not to be trusted with a single thing when the interests of two parties were concerned.”

After all this abuse, MR. GLADSTONE would show magnanimity in making DR. JEBB a Dean. He could not, for reasons presently to be

mentioned, very well make him a Bishop. The report above quoted continues to state that:—

“The speaker proceeded, amid renewed cries of ‘Order!’ to use expressions to the effect that all who supported the Bill should be cut off from private friendship; that he himself could not act with the man who supported the Bill—for those who supported the measure could not have the least spark of honesty or principle.”

Hereupon:—

“The Prolocutor rose and called the Doctor to order.”

It would not exactly do for the PREMIER to heap coals of fire on the head of the clergyman who scolded him so violently in Convocation, by placing a mitre on that of DR. JEBB, because DR. JEBB could not possibly, by his own account, act with the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY or the BISHOP OF ST. DAVID’S, and perhaps would appear in too striking contrast with them, as well as with the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, with whom he could and would act, on the same bench. The subject of intemperance is one which Convocation may be congratulated on having discussed before that of the Irish Church Bill; for otherwise, after the outbreaks of ARCHDEACON DENISON, and DR. JEBB’S invectives upon the latter subject, most people would have considered that the less that had been said about the former in that Assembly the better.

The Wrong of Petition.

IN the notice of the debate in the House of Commons, on the question of Opening Public Museums, &c., on Sunday, the following instructive statement occurs:—“BIGG deposed that he had filled in 200 fictitious signatures [to a petition], and that at 13, Cook’s Court, from 12 to 20 persons had been occupied for more than three weeks filling in fictitious signatures.” Thus it seems that petitions as well as accounts can be cooked.

THE ABUSE OF JUSTICE.

THE Law Lords have been sitting for about twenty days hearing MISS SHEDDEN conduct her own case. Reasonably enough, they appear to have grown a little tired of such a S(h)eddentary life.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

TO ARTISTS WHO HAVE BIG PICTURES RETURNED ON THEIR HANDS:—"IF YOU CAN'T LIVE BY THEM, LIVE UNDER THEM!"

"HITTING OUT."

AIR—"John Todd."

You're an eloquent man, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
 You're an eloquent man, JOHN BRIGHT—
 But the time of your song
 Is still "You are wrong :
 There's but one man invariably right,
 And that's BRIGHT!"—
 He's the one man who *always* is right.

You're a well-abused man, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
 You're a well-abused man, JOHN BRIGHT—
 But for ev'ry hard whack
 You give ten harder back—
 That's what usually comes of a fight
 With JOHN BRIGHT—
 'Taint oft JOHN has the worst of the fight.

Quaker breeding you've had, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
 Quaker breeding you've had, JOHN BRIGHT—
 But the mild Quaker creed
 In your own way you read,
 Nor turn left cheek to him who hits right—
 Of JOHN BRIGHT—
 Nor turn left cheek to him who hits right.

Man of peace though you be, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
 Man of peace though you be, JOHN BRIGHT—
 Those who shake fists with you,
 Own, in black and in blue,
 There's no foe like a *Friend* who shows fight
A la BRIGHT—
 There's no foe like a *Friend* who shows fight.

So you've whipp'd your way up, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
 So you've whipp'd your way up, JOHN BRIGHT—

"Hitting out" with a will—
 And conducting the mill—
 As a rule, to your backers' delight
 In JOHN BRIGHT—
 As a rule, to your backers' delight.

Many changes you've seen, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
 Many changes you've seen, JOHN BRIGHT—
 But on the whole view,
 Things have come round to *you*,
 While your enemies' black has turn'd white,
 For JOHN BRIGHT—
 Your enemies' black has turn'd white.

But what change have you seen, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
 What change have you seen, JOHN BRIGHT—
 Like the right-about-face
 That brings *you* into place,
 And bids us Right Hon'able write
 Plain JOHN BRIGHT—
 Bids us *you* a Right Hon'able write?

That change should bring others, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
 That change should bring others, JOHN BRIGHT—
 When dignity's new,
 Manners should be so too,
 And your manners want some setting right,
 My dear BRIGHT—
 Your manners want some setting right.

You're a Minister now, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
 You're a Minister now, JOHN BRIGHT—
 And Ministers don't
 "Hit out," as are wont
 M.P.'s on their own hooks that fight,
 As used JOHN BRIGHT—
 M.P.'s on their own hooks that fight.

There's the Minister's muzzle, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
 There's the Minister's muzzle, JOHN BRIGHT—



FORGETTING HIS PLACE.

JOHN BRIGHT. "IRISH CHURCH COMING DOWN!—PULL OUT O' THE WAY THERE WITH THAT 'INFATUATED' OLD MACHINE OF YOURS—CAN'T YER?"

GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS. "JOHN, JOHN, YOU'RE *FORGETTING YOUR PLACE*—YOU MUSTN'T USE THAT SORT OF LANGUAGE *NOW*."

And if you can't bear
That muzzle to wear,
To be where you are you've no right,
My dear BRIGHT—
To be where you are you've no right.

No Minister bullies, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
No Minister bullies, JOHN BRIGHT—
He must couch blame or praise:
In Pickwickian phrase,
And hit hard with a hand that looks light—
Not like BRIGHT—
Hit hard when he means to hit light.

He must think of his colleagues, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
He must think of his colleagues, JOHN BRIGHT—
What you say may be true,
And may seem sport to you,

Yet their game it may ruin outright,
Or oust BRIGHT—
Yes, may e'en in the cold leave JOHN BRIGHT.

Very wise the Lords mayn't be, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
Very wise the Lords mayn't be, JOHN BRIGHT—
But there's Commoners, too,
Of whom the same's true,
And there's one, *Punch* is sorry to cite,
That's JOHN BRIGHT—
He's one *Punch* is sorry to cite.

If you give me "*tu quoque*," JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT—
If you give me "*tu quoque*," JOHN BRIGHT—
GRANVILLE'S tact and good sense
I'll invoke in defence—
To "hit out" *Punch* claims as good right
As has BRIGHT—
Yes, to "hit out" we both have a right.

PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE INVISIBLE.



RE PUNCH,
You probably know that MR. MUMLER, the gentleman brought before a Magistrate at New York, as your readers may have seen in the *Echo*, in *Public Opinion*, and other newspapers, on a charge of swindling people by the sale of pretended spirit-photographs, was discharged for want of legal evidence to prove the trick by which he

wrought them. Probably, if he had been had up for selling wooden nutmegs, he would have got off through the same defect.

You remember hearing your distinguished friend, the late LORD MELBOURNE say, speaking of another distinguished friend of yours,—“I wish I were as certain of anything as TOM MACAULAY is about everything.” My own habit of mind, Sir, resembles that avowed by the former one of those two of your distinguished friends. I am not only uncertain of the truth, but also of the untruth, of anything that, so far as I can see, may or may not be true. For instance, I am not positively certain that there may not be some proportion of truth amidst a great deal of mis-statement, and not a little lying, in the published accounts of the facts alleged in proof of the persuasion termed Spiritualism. On the other hand, I suspect, and if I had to “back my own opinion by a wager,” should elect to bet, that not even one rap upon a table, ascribed to spiritual force, has ever been really caused by any other agency than that of a fraudulent “medium.”

On the subject of “spirit” photographs, however, I am happy to say that I do feel a satisfactory degree of certainty. There may be, for aught I know, disembodied spirits. I do not know that disembodied spirits, if they exist, have not the power of making themselves visible. A visible spirit could be photographed as well as anything else. But nobody pretended to see the spirits that MUMLER pretended to photograph. The idea that an object not luminous enough to form an image on the retina, could reflect rays of light sufficiently strong to decompose photographic chemicals, is one of which the suggestion must make Credulity itself exclaim, “Walker!” and can hardly, perhaps, be seriously entertained even by MR. HOWITT.

Of course, spirit-photographs are all humbug; but the ability to give a reason for the disbelief that is in us, of anything how contrary soever to common sense, appears desirable to your humble servant,

Thomas Street, Dubersome Square.

PYRRHO.

Logic of the Ladies' Gallery Question.

THE principle on which ladies are screened off by a grating in the House of Commons is much the same as that whereon negroes are restricted to nigger-cars on railways in the United States. Therefore—understand intervening premisses—the grating of the Ladies' Gallery ought to be abolished.

But the negroes in the United States are not too beautiful, whereas the ladies in England are. Therefore the grating ought to be retained.

AN EARLY SEPARATION.

WHEN *Lilian* (in a novel) promises her beseeching *Alfred* that she will share his home “one day,” are we to understand that she intends to leave him at the expiration of twenty-four hours?

A PLEA FOR THE PRETTY BIRDS:
(IN THE CAGE).

(See Debate on Thursday, June 17.)

“TAKE down the cage,” stout HERBERT cried—
“Whose gilt and guilty wires
Rise, like a nursery screen, to hide
The bright eyes and fair cheeks inside;
And guard us from their fires.

“Say, are we children, to make known
That we dare not defy,
The fairest rose on cheek e'er blown,
The brightest stars that ever shone
In beauty's galaxy?

“In times of chivalry, what knight
In tilt or tourney rode,
But in the glad and glowing light
Flamed from the eyes of ladies bright,
Whose hand the prize bestowed?

“Why should not we, knights of the shire,
Or burgesses that be,
For grace of our tongue-tilt, conspire
Out of yon cage of gilded wire
Our lady-birds to free?

“Oh, for the voice of mighty MILL,
The darlings' cause to plead!
In words that burn, and tones that thrill,
To prove that woman's wit and will
This House, and all, should lead!

“What influence ladies' smiles and sighs
Might shoot to tongue and brain!—
What thinkers, speakers, then might rise,
The raptured SPEAKER'S wandering eyes
To call to earth again!

“What bach'lor eloquence might flow,
A witching bride to win:
How married wit would wittier grow,
With a 'wives' jury in a row,
The ladies' box within!

“How they who with the public cash
Now recklessly make play,
Would pause, if hard-pinched wives could dash
Cold water on expenses rash,
And whisper, 'Who's to pay?'

“How trimmers would from trimming cease,
When the fair ones hailed the true!
How smiles and frowns would whips release
Until divisions knew decrease,
And parties blent their hue!

“In short, from woman's presence dear,
What single ill could flow—
Unless, it be that we need fear,
We should be up there, not down here,
And vote debating slow?”

A STAKE IN THE COUNTRY.—In the Hedge.



IN THE SEASON.

James. "YOU DO A DEAL O' SHOPPIN', DON'T YOU, CHARLES?"

Charles. "YES, AND A GOODISH BIT O' HOPERA; BUT THE HEARLY MORNIN' CHURCH SERVICE TAKES IT OUT O' ME MOST!"

JUSTICE TO IRELAND MADE EASY.

THE Irish Church question, by calming some fears,
Would be speedily settled for some noble Peers
Of the Land of Shillelaghs and Shamrock so green.
That Church disestablished to see they could bear,
But Church disendowment's another affair.
At that, too, they little, however would chafe,
If they knew from like process themselves would be safe,
In the Land, &c.

No bigots, to Popery hostile, are they—
Religion's a matter not much in their way,
In the Land, &c.

The Protestant Church they would leave to its fate,
If each one weren't afraid he should lose his estate.
The Romanist Priesthood, in true Tories' eyes,
Are, if not rival claimants, by nature allies,
In the Land, &c.

Not alone are they such in the country of PAT,
But moreover in all other countries than that
Called the Land, &c.
In all climes where Rome's Clergy prop absolute rule,
And a struggle maintain with the Liberal School,
Which is one thing for them when it combats their game,
And another whenever it favours that same,
In the Land, &c.

With dispossessed Bourbons and ex-Dukes both side,
GARIBALDI abominate, hate, and deride,
In the Land, &c.

They were grieved when they saw the Italians unite,
And should Italy fail, they would dance with delight;
They rejoice in beholding the Romans held down,
For the Sovereign whose Triple Hat flouts the QUEEN'S CROWN
In the Land, &c.

On a great act of justice to Ireland intent,
Ye Statesmen, if you 'd gain the Landlords' consent
In the Land, &c.

Do but as to their acres their minds set at ease,
With the Protestant Church then do just what you please.
Then may loyal PAT shout, and contented PAT smile,
And Prosperity dawn on the Emerald Isle;
Or the Land, &c.

WELCOME VERBAL STRANGER.

OUR well of English, once pure and undefiled, has derived a fresh increment from America. By intelligence from Yankee-doodledom we are apprised that:—

"At Cleveland, on Saturday, May 15th, FERD. HAWLEY, of Rochester, N. Y., velocipeded fifty miles in three hours forty-one and a half minutes."

Welcome new verb "to velocipede;" welcome equally with "reliable." British journalists will do well to take up this latest Americanism instantly, and make frequent use of it. Very possibly the abuse of England which the Yankee papers teem with, is in a very great measure occasioned by the contemptuous avoidance of their phraseological novelties which the higher part of our Press persists in. If the leading literary organs of this country will only follow the example of their inferiors in adopting every American addition to the English language as soon as it comes over, and employing it on every possible occasion, they will perhaps do far more than they could by any argument towards a settlement of the *Alabama* "difficulty," and the establishment of cordial relations with the United States.

To be Pronounced Soft.

If the Lords had thrown out (may we not say "evicted"?) the Irish Church Bill, so many persons would have attributed this result to the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH and the spell of his eloquence, that he might have got the name of—The Great Mageecian.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

THE worst of WIGTHORPE is, that he's a fellow who never has any change. I make this note the day after our French dinner. I had never met WIGTHORPE before in London: always in the country, at somebody else's house, where, of course, one didn't want change.

He proposes a cab up to the French restaurant. It's somewhere in Soho, and will only be, he says, "a shilling's-worth." A Hansom passes: its driver looking the other way. I don't like to shout in Regent Street, so I hail him with my umbrella. He passes on. Three Hansoms pass on, all looking the other way. One trots up with no one inside. He sees me, but shakes his head, and doesn't stop. Why is this? WIGTHORPE says it's because he's going home. I say it's impudence. I say I should like to have taken his number. WIGTHORPE wants to know what I should have done with it. I reply, had him up. On consideration I don't know where I should have had him up, or what I should have charged him with. The charge might have been for going home, and not taking me. I stop another. We get in. As WIGTHORPE doesn't know the name of the place he is going to, he tells him to drive along Oxford Street, and he'll direct him whenever he has to turn.

WIGTHORPE is a fidgety fellow. Odd that I never noticed this before. He keeps popping forward to see where the turning is. He hits up the little trap-door, under the driver's nose, suddenly, and shouts out, "To the right!" then he directs him with his umbrella. Very intricate place, Soho. We are perpetually turning from right to left, and left to right, down little streets. At last we stop at a shabby-looking restaurant. "Now, my boy," says WIGTHORPE, heartily, "I'll give you a French dinner." He jumps out, and enters the house. If I pay the cabman now, I can settle with WIGTHORPE afterwards. A married man must be careful. When I was a bachelor, a trifle like eighteenpence (it isn't "a shilling's-worth") wouldn't have mattered.

Happy Thought.—He says he'll give me a French dinner. I wonder if I'm dining with him, or whether we're dining together? Delicate question.

Happy Thought.—Better not ask. Take it for granted that I'm dining with him.

I follow him in, along a narrow passage. At the end of the passage is a perspiring man in a white nightcap, backed by stewpans and black pots. He salutes WIGTHORPE, and we pass into the dining-room.

In an off-hand way (just like WIGTHORPE, now I know him) he stops as he is opening the door, to ask me, "Did you pay the cabman?" I reply that I did, expecting him to offer his share. He answers, "Ah, that's all right, as I hadn't any change." I think (to myself) he's evidently giving me the dinner, as he has brought a note out with him, and no small change. He takes off his hat to a respectable-looking woman standing behind a counter, and informs me that it's a French custom.

Happy Thought.—Will go to Paris with WIGTHORPE. Will write and tell my wife. Better not take her until I've been once or twice myself, and know the place. A literary man (engaged on such a work as *Typical Developments*) must go about and see varieties of life. It's business, not pleasure. My wife and her mother-in-law (very poorly-read person, Mrs. SYMPERSON) are inclined to call it pleasure. They never can understand what I mean.

WIGTHORPE appears to be known here. He says, "*Garçon!*" boldly to the waiter, who returns, "*Bien! s'ieu!*" and whisks imaginary crumbs off a table with his napkin. WIGTHORPE reads several French names to me from the bill of fare, and asks me what I'd like. I say I'll leave it to him. "Then," he says, "I'll give you a regular French dinner, just what you'd get at the *Dîner de Paris*."

Happy Thought.—Capital preparation for going to Paris. Come and dine here often, and speak nothing but French to the waiter. *Mem.* To do it.

I wish they wouldn't allow smoking while I'm dining. That's the worst of foreigners; all in the same room and at different stages of dinner. The room is full of foreigners—Frenchmen, I suppose—and two or three have evidently brought their wives or daughters. They all seem to know one another, and talk across the tables and to the Woman at the Counter.

Happy Thought.—Good name for a novel, *The Woman at the Counter*. *Mem.* in note-book.

The proprietor is a stout Frenchman, who plays with a dog and a cat, and patronises the establishment in his shirt-sleeves, which are very white; in fact he is so round and white, and so white all round, that his face comes out at the top like a brown plum-pudding. As this is a decidedly happy simile (I am better, I think, at similes than I used to be), I tell it to WIGTHORPE, who begs me to "hush," as the proprietor understands English, and hates to be called a plum-pudding. WIGTHORPE tells me that most of the foreigners dining here are *émigrés*, who are perpetually plotting something or other. He says that they all stick together like wax. I should say they do, as they all look very hot. [Note this down for Vol. II. of *Typical Developments*, "On *Émigrés*."] I notice that all these distinguished Royalists put their

knives in their mouths, recklessly. WIGTHORPE asks, "Why not?" When I tell him that I don't think it's good-breeding, he retorts that I'm narrow-minded.

Some of them have little bits of red riband in their button-holes, and others parti-coloured rosettes about the size of a fourpenny piece. WIGTHORPE whispers to me that there are lots of secret police always about here. I say, "Indeed!" and can't help looking about to find out a Secret Policeman.

First Dish. Mussels in butter. I think I'd rather not. WIGTHORPE says, "Absurd! You don't know how good they are." He adds, that it is *the* dish here. After tasting them, I am sorry to hear it is *the* dish, as I confess I don't like them. WIGTHORPE replies, "Perhaps you don't at first—it's an acquired taste." I eat as many as I can, to prove to WIGTHORPE that I am not a mere JOHN BULL, and prejudiced, but I can't get beyond half-a-dozen, and those with suspicion. We then have some fish and oil, or rather Oil and fish. WIGTHORPE is in raptures. He says it's the best French dinner in London. He pours out a bumper of red wine. I do the same. I suggest to WIGTHORPE that perhaps it's a little thin and acid. He won't hear of it, and replies, indignantly, "Acid! Not a bit! Hang it, it's the wine of the country." He speaks as if we were in France—not within five minutes of Leicester Square. I want some bread, and call out, "Waiter!" WIGTHORPE is disgusted. He likes to keep up the illusion about being in Paris. He says, "*Garçon! du pain!*" and puts himself on a par with the *émigrés* and the secret police.

I can't get a spoon for the salt, or the pepper. WIGTHORPE laughs. "They never do use spoons for salt and pepper," he says, helping himself with the point of his knife. After the fish we have radishes, sardines, and butter. I ask him if we've finished dinner, as I'm still hungry. The waiter brings some *filets de bœuf au cresson*. WIGTHORPE is in ecstasies. There is barely enough for one to be divided by two. WIGTHORPE is astonished at my appetite. The next thing is the leg of a chicken in a lot of olives. This is also for two. Then there is cheese, then coffee and a cigarette. "For goodness' sake," cries WIGTHORPE, "don't take milk with your *café!*" While here he talks all his English in a subdued voice, and his French very loud. "There's a dinner, Sir," says he: "better than you can get at any Club in London; and only two-and-sixpence altogether. Two-and-sixpence each! Very cheap! And threepence for *garçon*—two-and-nine." WIGTHORPE feels in his pocket, and confounds it, because he has no change. "I have: what for?" "Ah," he says, "you can't manage a cheque, can you, for twenty?" "No, I can't." "Then," says he, pleasantly, "you square the dinner, and I'll settle with you afterwards." I don't feel I've dined, and say so. WIGTHORPE pretends to be perfectly full and satisfied. He adds, "Well, we can sup together somewhere."

Happy Thought.—To say I should like it, but am engaged to WILLIS. WIGTHORPE says good-bye, and hopes I'll "come and look him up" in town. I will; and then he can settle with me for the dinner.

Back to WILLIS's, in Conduit Street. Maid opens door. "Oh, are you the gentleman, Sir, who's going to sleep here to-night?" I reply that I am. "Ah, then," says the maid, "here's Mr. RAWLINSON's latch-key." Mr. RAWLINSON is, it appears, the sharer of WILLIS's sitting-room. I ask if he won't want it himself? Maid replies that he left it out a purpose, as he was gone to bed early, and he'd just had a letter from Mr. WILLIS in the country, who wasn't coming up to town, but had given his bedroom to a friend for the night. Good fellow, WILLIS. Wonder how he knew I was coming? Or did the maid mean that he had given permission to Mr. RAWLINSON to let a friend have it? Maid says she dare say that was it; only, as Mr. WILLIS hadn't sent up his own latch-key, Mr. RAWLINSON had lent his in case I wanted to stay out late.

Happy Thought.—Go somewhere.

Pharmacy Unusual.

ACCORDING to the report of a case of poisoning in Lancashire, caused by taking a powder instead of a pill:—

"The powder was intended for a wash, and not to be taken inwardly."

Mahometan pilgrims in the desert are allowed to perform their prescribed ablutions, in default of water, virtually with sand; but the powder that was intended for a wash, one would think, could have been prescribed nowhere out of old Ireland.

New Fabric.

At the State Ball at Buckingham Palace on the 17th, we are told that the PRINCESS LOUISE wore a dress of "straw-coloured pont de soie." Rather a remarkable sight, to see a young lady in a ball-room dressed in a "bridge of silk!" (VISCOUNTESS PUNCH's Court Milliner telegraphs to say that this is a mistake for *poult de soie*.)

A MONSTER MEETING.—A Giant and a Dwarf.



INTERNATIONAL COMPLIMENTS.

English Workman (to Scotch Ditto). "I SAY, SANDY, HAVE YOU HAD YOUR PHOTYGRAPH DONE YET? 'CAUSE WHEN YOU DO, MIND YOU HAVE IT TAKEN 'PLAIN,' AND NOT 'VI'NETTE,' OR ELSE I'M BLEST IF IT 'LL BE LIKE YER!!"

THE OLD STATE SWEEP.

WHAT a different people we are, *Mr. Punch*, from every other! When I say we, I mean "the great Anglo-Saxon race." What nations on earth, besides England and the United States, are there in which you see a party agitating for liquor laws to prevent their fellow-citizens from getting arunk? "Mind your own business" was our forefathers' maxim; our platform tells you to mind your neighbour's.

How is it that we Britons get frightfully demoralised by things which do foreign populations no harm? In this country lotteries had to be abolished because they occasioned so much crime. We hear nothing of any bad effect produced by them in Austria, or the Roman States, where they are sanctioned by the POPE; and to say that his Holiness could possibly even tolerate anything immoral would be to offer a gratuitous insult to the religion of a large body of our fellow-subjects.

Lotteries, too, are among those matters that they manage in France well enough, but we can't anyhow manage in England. The *Post's* Paris Correspondent said lately:—

"The great lottery prize Ville loan, as might be expected, was this week covered no one knows how many times, and the obligations are at a premium of 30 fr. A lottery in France will always succeed."

Why shouldn't it succeed equally well in England without causing embezzlement, robbery of tills, and suicide? For aught you know, we have become more moral than we were; perhaps our clerks and apprentices could now resist temptation to which those of a past period succumbed, perhaps unsuccessful speculators would be content to live, and speculate another day. Just think, *Mr. Punch*, if the Legislature could, consistently with the public welfare, stand lotteries, how many poor fellows it would make comparatively happy. These fellows are at present living, and have lived all their lives, in a state of discontent and despair; discontent because their circumstances are unequal to their wants, despair because they have no chance, by any exertion or other means whatsoever, of making the fortune which would appease their longings. Now they might nevertheless be enabled, by perseverance in resolute parsimony, to buy a lottery-ticket annually, making their minds up to lose, mentally writing off its price. There would be still, however, always in view for them, the bare possibility of winning a great prize; they would have at least an infinitesimal spark of hope to comfort them. Having any the smallest degree of hope to live in is beatitude compared with having no hope in life, the present case of these thoughtful and cheerless fellows, who see no luck, or probability of good between themselves and the cemetery.

You, of course, *Mr. Punch*, will tell those fellows that they must look beyond the cemetery. Ay, reverend Sir. You will instruct them that lotteries are pernicious for the British Public, however wholesome for the Roman, and are inadmissible in England, even although they would divert much of the gambling practised by Diddlers in joint-stock shares at the public cost, insomuch, perhaps, as to rid the nation of the Income-Tax by getting its equivalent in taxation out of the gamblers. You will say that the only lottery of which you can approve is matrimony. Very good, Sir; but that is a lottery in which, if you draw a blank one year, you can't, except by special fortune, try for a prize the next, may never have another chance of trying, and, should you, might perhaps think you would be a fool to take it. Your taking it would, as JOHNSON said, be "the triumph of hope over experience"; a triumph which hope, I fancy, seldom gains more than once in the case of a widower. Whereas, in that of yearly loss and re-investment of stake in the monetary lottery, it would be annual. "Hope, like a glimmering taper's light—" you know the rest; and will tell me that hope in the lottery would resemble not that, but an IGNIS FATUUS.

P.S. Perhaps the most conclusive objection to Lotteries that can be named just now, is that they would tend to distract that attention of the public mind which ought to be wholly concentrated on the state of the odds and book-making for the St. Leger.

A Question for Convocation.

As a complete example of what is meant by the Church Militant, would it be correct to instance the Chaplain-General?



WHY WE ARE SO BELOVED ON THE CONTINENT.

Provincial Tourist (to "Kellner" who offers him Sausages). "I SAY, OLD FELLER, ANY 'OSSSES DIED ABOUT 'ERE LATELY? CHEVALS MORTS, YOU KNOW!"
[And the worst of it is, that though his compatriots did not laugh, as he expected, the "vulgarian" wasn't a bit abashed.

WELCOME, VICEROY OF EGYPT.

WE bid thee welcome, PHARAOH,
 That comest to us from Cairo.
 O may thy shadow never
 Be less—nor greater ever!

A thousand years extended
 Thy life be, thy reign ended
 No sooner; glorious be it,
 And may we live to see it.

By liberal cultivation
 Exalt thou still thy nation:
 Continuing wise courses,
 Develop its resources.

BRITANNIA is thy debtor
 For thou dost much abet her,
 And wilt yet more, when Suez
 Cut navigably through is.

She gladly sets her eye on
 Late Host of her young Lion;
 Thy presence calls upon her
 As Guest to do him honour.

If thou hast cause to mention
 Some shabby inattention,
 Be sure she doth lament it,
 And Flunkeys shall repent it.

Her multitude will cheer thee,
 They mightily revere thee,
 With all who men of mark are,
 Of lighter skin or darker.

Hip, hip, hooray!
 Along thy way,

Which thou wilt hear them shout and say,
 Means "Thou art great, O KHEDIVÉ,"
 Whom some call ISHMAEL PARKER.

Quite Out of Her Line.

PERHAPS the most furious talk against the Irish Church Bill and MR. GLADSTONE has come from the Pomona Gardens, Manchester. Rather hard this upon POMONA, who has never before been accused of having anything to do with the apple of discord.

TO PLAYGOERS.

WE will venture a prediction. When you visit the Haymarket Theatre to see MR. TOM TAYLOR'S new Play, *Mary Warner*, you will commiserate the unhappy case—not of the author, for he is to be congratulated on gaining another dramatic victory; not of the performers, for they have good parts to play, and play them well, (the little "lady of the house," MISS MARY WHITE, deserves the applause she wins); not of the audience, for they have wisely availed themselves of one of too few opportunities of sharing the sorrow and joy of *George and Mary Warner*; but, as you look round at the well-peopled house, and find from your bill that you are watching with an interest which accumulates act by act, a Drama that can only be played for a few nights—of the Manager, for whose sake you will wish that *Mary Warner's* career in England, could be as long as it bids fair to be prosperous.

If you have already seen MISS BATEMAN—for whom this Drama was expressly written—you will be glad to store up another recollection of her pathetic acting, and power of moving many hearts to tears; if you listen to her now for the first time, you will not fail to understand all you have heard of her triumph as *Leah*, you will not fail to regret that you are present at one of the nights of "a farewell engagement," and that a too brief acquaintance with so much power and tenderness cannot be prolonged.

It would be unjust to close this notice, without a mention of MR. HOWE'S excellent personation of *George Warner*, and it would be an unpardonable omission not to add that Friday the 9th of July, will be the last night on the English Stage of *Mary Warner*.

Sporting Unintelligence.

Old Lady (animadverting on the Races). Ah, drat the nasty dirty Sweeps on your Turf as you call it! In course it's them which occasions the good-for-nothing Blacklegs.

A TRIAD.

CAN anyone explain the following puzzles?—

1. "Wanted, Amateur Vocalists and Pianists.—A Royal Academy Professor will finish a Boy, if competent to appear at his *Soirées* and Concerts."
2. "On repairing and keeping in repair the London City Missionaries.—Copies of the above pamphlet may be had" &c.
3. "A Bazaar was opened to-day in CARDINAL WOLSEY'S Hall, Hampton Court Palace, in aid of the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows. Many curiosities were exhibited, not the least remarkable among them being a model of one of the Soldiers' Widows, for whose benefit the bazaar has been originated, which had been furnished by" &c.

A SUPPLEMENTARY PARAGRAPH.

If there really be any disciples of ROCHEFOUCAULD who "find in the misfortunes of others something not altogether displeasing to themselves," let them "Spend a happy day," as they say at Rosherville, by investing a shilling at the Supplementary Picture Exhibition, where they will see how Genius can be neglected, and Industry go unrewarded. The "Rejected" have done right in making an Exhibition of themselves, and the Royals ought to be pleased also that next year's Hanging Committee will insist, as a matter of fairness to their brother artists, that more time be allowed them for the consideration of works sent for approval, and so *hang* and not *gibbet* such meritorious productions as are to be found amongst others on the walls of the Supplementary Exhibition.

SURGICAL TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—Velocipedes and Compound Fractures!

THE OPERA OF "OMELETTE."

(With every apology to M. AMBROISE THOMAS.)

DEAR PUNCH,

HAVE you seen the new French opera—I mean, burlesque of *Hamlet*? I have not yet, myself, my reverence for SHAKSPEARE hinders me. Fancy a Singing Hamlet, with "To be or not to be" turned into recitative, and emphasised at intervals with thumps of the big drum and thrums of the big fiddles! Still, everybody tells me that I lose a treat by absence. I hear the words are quite delicious, and the music is delightful—but any music must be so, when sweet-toned NILSSON sings it. I also hear that SANTLEY makes a splendid *Hamlet*, or *Omelette*, let us rather say: for in French, you know, the H is dropped in nearly everything but Lobster, and omelette is a word familiar to a Frenchman. They tell me, too, he sings a famous drinking song, does this melodious *Omelette*. A capital idea, in truth, and worthy of the character. Of course the lines—

"As thou art a man,
Give me the cup; let go: by heaven, I'll have it."

Show that *Hamlet* loved his cups, and was a jolly sort of fellow. A drinking song is therefore just what SHAKSPEARE would himself have put into *Hamlet's* mouth—that is, at least, if SHAKSPEARE, like his eminent translator, had been writing a burlesque, and then, perhaps, he might have written some such nonsense as the following, to the tune of "*Bobbing Joan*," or something equally appropriate:—

To drink, or not to drink?
That is now the question:
A glass of wine, I think,
Is good for the digestion.
So come, my old friend *Polonius*,
do as I do;
Sing *tol de rol de rol*,
And likewise *tol de rido!*

Chorus—So come, my Pretty *Pol.*, &c.

Or perhaps the British public would be better pleased just now with a more modern drinking ditty, such as—

Recit. Champagne Hamlet is my name!
Champagne Hamlet is my name!
Up to any sort of game, my boys,
Champagne Hamlet is my name, my boys!
And the matter I won't mince,
Of good fellows, I'm the Prince.
[Flourish of trumpets and trombones.]
So I'm one of the Upper Ten Thou-sand!
Chorus (fortissimo). Yes, the matter we won't mince,
Of Denmark he's the Prince [Pause, with variations.]
So he's one of the Upper Ten Thou-sand!
Aria, with banjo obbligato—
If you ask me what I am,
Well, without a bit of flam,
I'm a Ham-let, I'm a Ham,
I'm a regular rollicking Ham!
Chorus Stentorissimo—
Yes, without a bit of flam,
He's a Ham-let, he's a Ham,
And we are the regular Rollicking Rams!
[Accompaniment of Horns, and Nigger Breakdown finale, in which the Prince of Denmark joins.]

Alas, poor SHAKSPEARE! Alas, poor SANTLEY! Alas, poor *Punch!*
This shall to the printers, with thy leave. BEN BUSKIN.

"MAGNA EST VERITAS, ET VAPULABIT."

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has got into hot water in his American Professorship by speaking his mind about England and the United States, MR. SUMNER, and the *Alabama* case. He has found out, like many other too candid utterers of their thought, that among the wells better let alone in the States, is the well with Truth at the bottom, when its waters happen to be bitter to the Yankee palate. The papers sneer at him as having been tempted across the Atlantic by a "fat Professorship." He might retort that he left a fatter; and that for one place of honour or profit open to him in New England, ten were at his command in Old. The last thing those who know GOLDWIN SMITH are likely to charge him with is a desire to win gold.

The Wrong of Petition.

We are requested to state that the Petitions referred to in a paragraph in our last week's Number were signed at 13, "Took's" Court, and not at 13, "Cook's" Court, as we had it. We are now right to a T.

"BY THE RIGHT—DRESS!"

"*The Soldier's Tear*" has long been popular. The Soldier's "Wear and Tear" has at last, and not too soon, attracted attention. Tunics that check movement, impede respiration, absorb perspiration, and wear out quickly, are about to be replaced by blouse-like "Norfolk" coats, loose round the chest, and drawn in at the waist with a band. There will be howling from COLONEL PIPECLAY, and gnashing of teeth from MAJOR MARTINET, over the innovation. It is the beginning of the end. Stocks will follow tight tunics. Men will be able to breathe and run and jump, without rupturing their aortas or bursting their buttons; recruits will no longer be properly "set up," or meddlesome army reformers properly set down: in short, the Service will go to the devil. COLONEL PIPECLAY will find half his work of inspection cut from under him, and the worst part of MAJOR MARTINET'S vocation will be gone.

Nor is the audacious hand of innovation to stop at soldiers' tunics. Soldiers' shirts are about to be reformed, by the use of a mixture of woollen and cotton, which, like its wearers, is warranted not to shrink. It is, besides, to be cheap, light, and soft—in a word, a model shirt: and made, let us hope, not at the slop-shops, but by the hands of the female prisoners of Brixton and Milbank, or by regularly and decently paid workers in the Military Clothing Establishment.

Then the great-coat is to be lightened, and a waterproof cape added. And then for a better packed and more portable knapsack!

More power to MR. CARDWELL'S elbow in these and all equally sensible reforms! But when we have done all that can be done in the way of dressing our *corps d'armée*, don't let us do with it what LORD CHESTERFIELD recommended his son to do with the salad after dressing it—throw it away. Let the well-dressed soldier be well drilled, well lodged, well amused, well employed, and well looked after while in the Service; and we will answer for his being well conducted when he leaves it.

"Reform your tailors' bills!" was a popular cry once. Let us hope "Reform your Military BILLY TAYLOR'S bills!" is about to be as popular a cry now; and that this will not be the only Card-well played by the present SECRETARY-AT-WAR.

"THE NOBLE GAME OF GOOSE WAS THERE IN VIEW."

Goldsmith.

IN a recent police case the witnesses spoke of one "LORD HAMILTON" who had been scrambling away his money, at a low public in Shadwell, with the suggestive sign of the "Paddy's Goose." More than one noble young British sportsman has been frequenting very questionable public houses lately for the same spirited pastime. But in these cases the goose is rather the sign of the customer than the public, and the nationality of the weak-minded bird is not limited to one of the British islands. We have had "Johnny's goose" and "Sawney's goose" in the person of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE and the DUKE OF HAMILTON; for if ever what the Scotch call "dukes" were geese, it is in the case of these two amazingly silly boys; and in both instances, we fear, the goose may be said to have been cooked, done brown, and cut up, by this time.

WHO WOULD BE A PRINCE?

"THE ROYAL VISIT TO HULL.—An effort is being made to induce the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES to extend their visit to Hull for a few hours, but it appears probable, according to present arrangements, that their Royal Highnesses will return to London the same evening."

ARE YOU surprised that their Royal Highnesses intend to make so short a stay? Read what follows:—

"Addresses will be presented at the station by the Town Council, by the Dock Company, by the Chamber of Commerce, by the Consuls, and by the Danish Residents."

(Why not also by the Custom House Officers, the Police, the Fire Brigade, and the Velocipedists?) Do you wonder now that the Prince and Princess propose to "return to London the same evening"?

Changing Sides.

MR. SUMNER, we read in the news from America, is about to pay a visit to the Pacific Coast, to lecture on the *Alabama* question.

MR. SUMNER, upon the *Alabama* question, on the Pacific side! A case of the wrong man in the right place surely!

SOME OF OUR BEST MEN.

ABOUT the best "List of Contents" we have seen announced for a long time past was that furnished by the House of Lords on the Irish Church Bill.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, June 21st. Various notices of the ways in which the nobility intend to improve the Irish Church Bill have been given, but sufficient for the night is the dulness thereof, and *Mr. Punch* will not anticipate the fray. He may mention, however, that EARL RUSSELL'S dissatisfaction with the details manifests itself in a proposal that Church funds shall be expended in building houses and buying glebe for Presbyterian and Catholic clergymen. We suspect it will be some time before MR. ADDISON'S hymn will be raised in the chapels of either class:—

"When in the sultry Glebe I faint."

The Orangemen of Ireland threaten a grand demonstration on the 12th of July; and MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, questioned, stated that he should send a particularly strong force of soldiers and constables, to prevent disturbance by these fiery Protestants.

On two nights this week the Commons addressed themselves to the composition of the Compound Householder, and he was duly reconstructed, and is *totus teres atque rotundus*. MR. VERNON HARCOURT made an attempt to get the vote for him whether his landlord paid up or defaulted, but MR. GLADSTONE held that we had to do with a detail and not with a new political reform. MR. HARCOURT, bravely persisting, 291 against 42 marked the House's sense of his forty-two'd. (A goak.)

The Nineteen Abyssinians were selected for the Committee.

Tuesday. Some fun in the Lords. The Strangers demonstrated so boldly at the ends of the Conservative speeches on the I. C. B., that LORD ROMILLY and others were scandalised, and there was reference to the French Revolution and the Mountain. But LORD GRANVILLE, who would smile a roaring lion into affability, said that he did not expect any horrors, and deprecated legislation on account of the exceptional conduct of some excited Irishmen. EARL BEAUCHAMP (who wedded LORD MACAULAY'S "Valentine") complained that ladies of title who had no right in the galleries were admitted to the exclusion of Peeresses. But what can officials do when beautiful women, in all their loveliness of arrogance, look them down and walk where they will? Yet, if the officials of the House of Lords cannot do their duty, they might abstain from impertinence. LORD BEAUCHAMP had to call "Order," and found that the persons who were violating it were three servants of the House, jabbering.

Bankruptcy in the Commons—likewise Local Taxation, Pauperism, Sunday Liquor, Sunday-School Taxation, and cognate topics of butterfly discourse.

To-day the VICEROY OF EGYPT came, and is understood to be by no means delighted with his reception. What a Rum thing it is, that whereas foreigners, individually, are as stingy as the Juice, their State hospitalities always are splendid and graceful, whereas an Englishman, who, individually, gives a guest the best that he can, and as much of it as he can, lets the powers that be manage to make Europe think that a visitor to England is scurvily treated. However, amends were offered to the VICEROY at the State Concert, which was composed of the most pious music set to words of Christian devotion, but into which was inserted, in order to cause the Mahomedan to feel quite at home, an air from the *Seraglio*.

Where shall the Law Courts stand?
Say, on the northern Strand,
Or shall Boblo
The building stow
Near yon Embankment grand?

We beg pardon for this burst of poesy, but have had to ask the question in prose until we felt unequal to doing so again. Government also feels unequal to answer the question, which is again referred to a Select Committee. "Hey, Temple Bar, are ye standing yet, And are your sides a shaking yet?" You may laugh, old one, but the masons are born who shall come against you with pickaxes, yea, and with crowbars.

Wednesday. Somebody wants to abolish the Irish £1 note. But it is clear that the peasantry like the article, and would not rather have a guinea than a one pound note, for a shilling is charged for changing a gold coin in the Green Isle. Moreover, they like to hoard, and it is easy to hide away a note where feminine piety can't hunt it up for the priest in the husband's absence. The abolition is not to be.

Among the scoundrelisms of trade is the Adulteration of Seeds—those the farmer sows. Not only do seed-dealers sell worse sorts than those they profess to vend, but they will "kill" seed in tons to prevent the discovery of their iniquities, or to raise prices. The question of seed-murder is to be sent to a Select Committee—*Punch* would like to send a perpetrator before such a Committee, to consist of twelve, with power to subtract from the number of rascals in existence.

Thursday. MARQUIS TOWNSEND again proposed a variety of legislations in the interest of humanity and social comfort, and with the usual result. Among them was a clause forbidding the cruelty which

covers a long street or road with large rough stones, over which miserable horses struggle, heart-broken, and gallant horses plunge and cut their hoofs and legs to pieces. A roller (used in one or two districts inhabited by Christians) would save all this suffering, and improve the roadway into the bargain, but the greedy contractor will not employ one, and the Porochials are much too busy with their muddling squabbles and jobbery to think of the horses.

The BISHOP OF OXFORD caused the insertion of a very good clause in the Beer Houses Bill. The keepers of these dens are not content with the mischief done "on the premises," but often take adjoining houses, where disorder is encouraged. The Bishop's clause will prevent a fellow who does this from having any licence at all. His Lordship is to be thanked. *Apropos* of nothing, who will tell *Mr. Punch* the meaning of the arms of a Bishop of Oxford? The upper part of the shield (*vide* DEBBETT) presents us with "three demi-ladies, couped," and looking down, as from a private box, on the Ox crossing the Ford. Who were these members of the *demi-monde*? Dear and learned MR. PLANCHÉ, to you we speak, you who know everything except how to be uncourteous. (Not a goak.)

Commons perfectly dull, except that MR. FAWCETT made fight against portions of the Pensions Bill, and did induce the Government to improve it, if you call it improving a Bill to enact that a person shall have done something to deserve a pension before he gets it. The idea of working for anything is too shocking to *Mr. Punch* for him to continue the discussion, but those who are fanatic, and believe in labour, may be pleased with MR. FAWCETT. We concede his good intent.

Touching Greenwich Hospital, MR. CHILDERS made the following lucid and elegant statement: "Government did not propose to apply Greenwich Hospital to any purpose which they might afterwards regret having applied it to, merely for the sake of using it." The FIRST LORD has been among his sailors lately, and might have heard of a better Evasive Answer than that.

The House of Commons, at the instigation of his Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, then re-christened a place called Kirkthwaite, which shall no more be called Kirkthwaite, but shall be called Cōwgiil. We have not the least idea where the place is—the Bill is called the Park Gate Chapel Bill. The Cowgillers don't like the change, but of course the House was not going to listen to them. Still, we remark that the new name is hideous, and that cows have no gills, except in the case of the Cow-Fish of Madagascar (*Orthogoriscus vaccinatus*) in the South Kensington Museum. This place, by the way, being one of the few good things in London, is not being completed, MR. LOWE having no funds for such an object.

Friday. LORD REDESDALE signified that he should not allow the Irish Bishops to be turned out of the House of Lords. If *Mr. Punch* were quite sure that there would be a perpetual apostolical succession of them capable of saying the neatest of things at the tryingest of moments, as one of the Irish prelates did last week, he might be inclined to vote with LORD REDESDALE. He is informed that a Bishop of the Irish Church trod upon the train of the amiable lady who resides in Lambeth Palace. Apologising, his Lordship added, "But is it wonderful that we trembling prelates should cling to the skirts of CANTERBURY?" Some dozen pretty things like that might imperil the Irish Church Bill.

The Imprisonment for Debt Bill passed through Committee in the Commons. There is to be no imprisonment for debt; but if low people don't pay their debts they are to go to prison for contempt of Court. What *Edie Ochiltree* said hereon will occur to all but fools; that is, to all who are well up in the Waverley Novels.

MR. FAWCETT made an able speech on the necessity of compulsory education for agricultural children, and, complimenting the Conservatives on their having, twenty years ago, forced such a system on the Manufacturing interest, asked them not to wonder that they, in turn, were invited to adopt what had worked so well. MR. BRUCE admitted the importance of the subject, an admission that a practised Minister would begin to make if suddenly waked up in the middle of the night. MR. HENLEY demanded religious education, which he thought the people desired, and MR. SCOURFIELD said that a man ought not to be called ignorant if he could do the duty he had to do. Something like Summer being reported, it occurred to *Mr. Punch* that he should display ignorance if he did not adjourn for a cool potato. *Potaturus vos salutat!*

Quite Right.

WILLIAM TITE receives knighthood. It is not much of an honour, but WREN got no more, at least from Royalty. But as it is meant for an honour, *Mr. Punch* is glad, for MR. TITE is a worthy gentleman and an eminent architect. Which of the Orders of Architecture is it to be? Surely that of the Royal Exchange.

THE COURSE OF THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE.

(In a single Hexameter.)

"Straight from the Brest of the shore, it plunged in the Bosom of Ocean."



A POSER.

"No, my good friend, you must NOT 'LEAVE IT TO ME!' Now, look here! If you went into a public-house, and partook of a certain number of glasses of ale, you would not like the lady at the bar to 'LEAVE IT TO YOU!'"

"My eye! Just wouldn't I, though? That's all!!"

"MR. TITE, M.P. FOR BATH,
WILL SHORTLY RECEIVE THE HONOUR OF KNIGHTHOOD."

So we read, by Owl-light,
And why not make a knight
Of stout WILLIAM TITE?
Nay, why not in full write,
SIR WILL RIGHT AND TIGHT?
Should the Crown not, by right,
Long Bath service requite,
K.C.B. making TIT,
Not a mere common Knight?
On his tomb we may write
When he's put out of sight:
"Oh, earth, lie thou light
On SIR WILLIAM TITE;
The Exchange's fair site
Who adorned, and, in spite
Of his teeth, to the height
Of M.P. soared, and Knight."

Or, if Latin delight,

SUARUM FORTUNARUM ET BURSÆ LONDINENSIS
HIC JACET ARCHITECTUS, TITUS AQUÆ CALIDENSIS,
QUI NUNQUAM DIEM PERDIDIT,—SUIS, SCILICET, IMPENSIS.

Severity of the Season.

The temperature of the longest day in this year was considerably lower than that of the shortest in last. The younger branches of many families, during the past week, have been suffering greatly from chilblains.

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT'S FAVOURITE GAME.—Pyramids.

BRAVO, BISMARCK!

JOHN BULL used to laugh to scorn the idea of a Prussian Navy, and chuckled hugely when *Punch* christened it for him "The Fleet of the Future." But lo, "the wheel of Time has brought about his revenges," and the Fleet of the Future is the Fleet of the Present! Prussia has a fleet—and no chaff! A respectable force of steam iron-clads, backed by a serviceable knot of unarmoured sailing-frigates and corvettes, with a first-class naval arsenal and dockyard, on the Jahde, is a very different thing from the solitary "gunboat on the Spree," which we used to poke our fun at twenty years ago.

BRITANNIA, through her *Punch*, rejoices to weave among her naval azures a new shade—Prussian blue; and will be glad, in all fair quarrels, to hail it alongside the true blue of the British man-o'-war's-man.

The Battle of the Sites.

OBJECTIONS from sound and from sense alike ROUNDSELL PALMER defies:

What if *Carey* be vocative of *Carus*, and mean, (says LAYARD) "oh dear-street?"

Howard Street will come just as dear in the long run; and besides 'Tis *Clients*,—not *Courts*,—of Law, that ought to be planted in Queer Street.

The March of Intellect.

(To the Right About.)

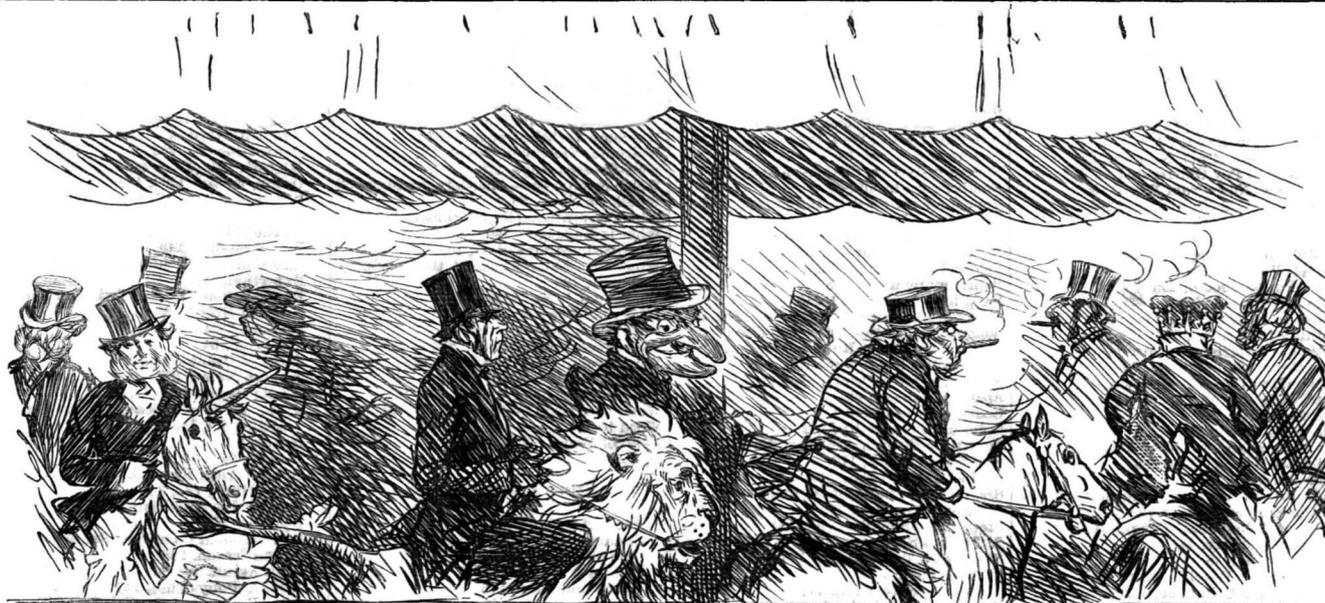
THE papers announced that his Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES would, on Monday the 28th instant, lay the foundation stone of an enlargement of Earlswood Asylum. The fact that this Institution needs to be enlarged, taken in connection with the popular demand for sensation novels, and dramatic performances which appeal to the undeveloped mind, is instructive.



DARBY AND JOHN.

(IN THE TEA-ROOM, AFTER THE DIVISION.)

LORD DERBY. "I NEVER THOUGHT WE SHOULD LIVE TO SEE THIS DAY!"
LORD JOHN. "HA! I DID!"



I N D E X

<p>Addition to the Dairy (An), 209 Advice Gratis, 32 Advice to an Emperor, 52 Advice to Fawcett, 167 Esculapian Games, 239 After a Visit to the Academy, 215 Agricultural Frolics in France, 209 Agricultural Returns, 156 Ainsi Soit-il, 38 All Whalley, 98 Americanised Medicine, 115 Another "Story of Elizabeth," 188 Answer in Kind (An), 87 Anti-Earthquake Company (Limited) (An), 74 Antique Epigram, 58 Apathetic Egyptians (The), 154 Apology for Playgoers (An), 31 April Fools, 145 Art and the Arms of England (The), 204 Art-House and the Ale-House (The), 162 Astronomy of the Stage (The), 45 Athletics at the Universities, 112 Bad News, 100 Bad Pre-Eminence (A), 96 Ballad of Bob-Lowe (The), 175 Ballad of the Board of Trade, 116 Ballad of the Court of Queen's Bench, 96 Ballet of the Period, 79 Bar Feminine (The), 257 Beauty at Battues, 86 Benjamin Higgs, 193 Berwick Workhouse Economy, 140 Best Offering to O'Connell (The), 216 Best Possible Instructor (The), 183 Betsy Waring, 19 Beware of Trapbois, 7 Bezique, 127 Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, 3, 14, 34, &c. Bitter-Sweet Testimonial (The), 255 Blackheath and the Beggars, 45 Bobby! Bobby! Bobby! 64 Bow before Battle (The), 80 Bravo, Bismarck! 272 Brides of Paris (The), 185 Brotherly, but a Bore, 67 Bruce and Bisgrove, 43 Buns and the Beasts (The), 192 By Coach to Brighton, 247 "By the Right—Dress!" 270 CANTABRIGIAN Onophagy, 149 Capital Entertainment (A), 143 Captain Sword and Lieutenant Pen, 195 Case for Proper Hearing (A), 247 Case of Badger-Baiting (A), 228</p>	<p>Centenary of Napoleon the First (The), 182 Chance for Old Girls (A), 255 "Change for a Sovereign!" 161 Chant for College Athletes (A), 120 Chant of the Convent Bell (The), 70 Charity of the Stage (The), 110 Chemistry of Quack Hair Washes (The), 21 Chester Girls (The), 250 Chief Magistrate of Cork (The), 206 Chignons and Confirmation, 185 Chins and Chignons, 2 Civil Maid-servant's Question (A), 66 Clerical Hard-Riders, 95 Coin out of Crosses, 168 Cold Shoulder (The), 242 Collars for Colonists, 175 Comfort in Paris, 185 Coming Events, 213 Committed for Trial, 48 Competitive British Juries, 116 Conference (The), 37 Conjugal Confession, 128 Conundrums, 226 Convents and Convents, 97 Cornish Lord (A), 161 Credit to Cambridge (A), 184 Cricket Master Wanted (A), 110 Cries of the Season (The), 7 Crown's Quest Lynch Law, 144 Cullen's Paradise, 74 Cumberland Catechism (A), 171 Cure for the Street Organ Plague, (A), 46 Curiosities of Natural History, 134 Cutting it Fine, 65 DANGEROUS Classes in Danger (The), 8 Dead or Alive, 51 Debates at the Fingers' Ends, 209 Decanal Iteration, 70 "De Par la Reine!" 229 De Potators Excludendo, 206 De Profundis! 189 "Deptford Spec" and the "Derby Sweep," (The), 193 Dinner and Dictionary, 84 Disraeli's Party, 185 Don Juan and the Ladies, 36 Don't Forget the Parcel, 154 Doubtful Dressing, 231 Dressing and Devotion, 144 Dr. P****(?) on Mr. Mackonochie, &c., 9 Dry Bones that Live, 192 Dukes and Duffers, 221 Duke Wronghead and Lord Longhead, 252 Dulness of the Derby (The), 230 EARTHQUAKE in Jersey, 85</p>	<p>Eulogium of the Siamese Twins, 106 English-Spanish Fly (An), 62 Englishwoman's Domestic Brownrigg, 63 Epicurus as Gymnast, 47 Ernest Jones, 164 Escalade of the Shannon, 209 Evenings from Home, 22, 76, 191 Example to the Royal Academy (An), 238 FAL-LAL Monitor for May (The), 195 Falsehood and its Reverse, 86 Fashionable Suicide, 256 Feeler on Fiscal Freedom, 12 Fico for the Word (A), 162 Filial Appeal to a Parent, 226 Fine Times and Financing, 55 Finnis and the Farmer, 21 Fishmongering. A Mystery, 74 Flash Notes, 138 Forgetful Self-Devotion, 246 Friendly Admission (A), 193 From Rome, 56 From the Archbishop of York, 84 Froude on the Two R's, 142 GENERAL Balfour and General Retrenchment, 85 Genuine Mason (A), 84 Gibraltar, 24 Glory, Glory, Abyssinia! 123 Good Fencing, 96 Good Friday Forestalled, 85 Good Riddance (A), 229 Good Word for a Good Work (A), 33 Gravity of a Flea (The), 210 Great "No!" (The), 213 Greek Street alias Queer Street, 78 Gulls by Sea and Land, 109 HABITUAL Criminality, 161 "Hail, Gentle Spring," &c., 150 Hair and many Friends (The), 79 Hair on Law (The), 167 Have Pity on the Unlearned, 7 "He is a Man," 79 Here he is Again! 23 High Horse and the Hobby Horse (The), 206 Hint for Ascot, 246 Hints for Conversation, 19, 23, 36, 47, &c. Hippic Intelligence, 196 Hipponomy and Nology, 220 "Hitting Out," 262 "Home," 26 Honourable and Right Honourable, 14 "Hot-Water Apparatus for Heating Churches," 184 House that John Built (The), 168 How to Check Trade Cheats, 203</p>	<p>How to Feed our Gaol-Birds, 107 Hymeneals in the House of Commons, 192 ILLUSTRATED Archbishop (An), 192 Imperial French Polish, 75 Insulted Bird (An), 65 Ireland's Double Grievance, 26 Irish Puzzle (The), 207 Is it One? 42 JARRING Note (A), 20 Jewel from an Earthen Pot (A), 90 Job and a Jobation, 26 John Thomas at Elysium, 209 Jolly Geographers (The), 235 Judge v. Jury, 130 "Just Before the Battle, Mother," 195 Justice to Ireland made Easy, 266 KEEP the Money at Home, 245 Kings and other Things of Spain, 79 Kiss for Miss Australia (A), 240 LADIES' Club (The), 131 Lady's Protest (A), 11 Landlords and Lodgers, 221 Last Launch at Deptford (The), 119 Latest News of a Young Nobleman, 162 Law Appraising Medicine, 120 Le Follet Raisonnable, 257 Legal Entertainments, 51 Legal Panic, 178 Let us be Gentle, 127 Liberality of Convocation, 260 Limited Matrimonial Liability, 173 Little Boy Ballot, 124 Little Plea for Large Appetites (A), 67 Livings v. Lights, 41 London Stone, 73 Long Life to the Life Boats! 19 "Look at the Clock," 3 Look out, Layard! 210 Lord Glasgow, 118 Lord Rochdale, 261 M'Neile to Gladstone, 225 Madame Rachel's last Appearance, 111 "Magna est Veritas, et Vapulabit," 270 Man's Risk in Matrimony, 228 Matrimonial Agency Balls, 141 Meat and Drink, 249 Military Arithmetic, 117 Miss Cuba and her Offers, 175 More Happy Thoughts, 245, 267 Most Refrigerating, 195 Mother England on the Torpedo, 143 Mr. Punch's English Prize Poem, 250 "Mr. Tite, M.P., for Bath," &c., 272 Music and Patriotism, 22 NAIRN and Laputa, 31</p>
--	--	--	--

Napier and the Lady (The), 32
 Necromancy, or Nonsense? 183
 New American Drink, or Americanised Claret (A), 138
 New Chief Policeman (The), 58
 New Fabric, 267
 New League (A), 162
 Newspaper Heading (A), 111
 New Thing in Races, 62
 New Use for a Bird's Nest (A), 261
 New Way to Pay Old Debts (A), 9
 Nice Police News from Wigan, 65
 Nightshade and Nightshade, 236
 "Noble Game of Goose," &c., 270
 Noble Pattern to Pusey and Co. (A), 20
 No Joke for a Jury, 87
 Not at all Pharisaical, 23
 Not a Pin to Choose, 256
 Note for Ill-used Nuns, 164
 Notes in the Zoological Gardens, 247
 Nothing to Vote for, 106
 Notion of a Christmas Number (A), 11
 Now Crown your Edifice, 230
 No Work to Do for the Nation, 53
 Odd Things in the Papers, 41
 Ode to Utility, 259
 Ode to February, 57
 Old Masters and the New (The), 213
 Old State Sweep (The), 268
 Omission (An), 191
 On Beauty's Head Horrors Accumulate, 231
 On the Eminent Telegraphist, 215
 Opera of "Omelette," (The), 270
 Orders of the Day, 41
 Ottomans (The), 48
 Our "Dear" Hotel-Keepers, 235
 Our Habitual Criminals, 133
 Our Irish Selves, 249
 Our Natural Effect of Gravity, 3
 Our New Dissenters, 84
 Our Police, 24
 Our Spirited British Selves, 149
 Overend and Gurney Affair (The), 24, 44
 Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, 111
 PAPERS out of Print, 120
 Pat Rooney to Mr. Diaryall, 85
 Pearl from a Fish-Dinner, 66
 Pencils and Penknives, 187
 Perfect Clerks (The), 46
 Perfect Picture (A), 204
 Perils of the Streets (The), 89
 Personal Gratitude to Personal Government, 257
 Pert Prisoner (A), 86
 Pharmacy Unusual, 267
 Phœbus and Archimedes, 127
 Phosphorus on Bosphorus, 13
 Photography of the Invisible, 265
 Phrenology and Fudge, 152
 Pio Nono's Two Jubilees, 172
 Pious Memory in Paris (A), 195
 Pitch, 64
 Plea for the Pretty Birds (in the Cage), 265
 Poetry for Greek Pantomime, 7
 Political Economy, 98
 Poverty and Physic, 124
 Precocious Princes, 13
 Premature Tobacco-Pipes, 85
 Pretty Sight in Paris (A), 210
 Priscanities, 66
 Prison Ministers, 36
 Proper Pride at Greenwich, 150
 Prophecy for Wednesday, 110
 Prosperity and Progress, 214
 Public Services Rewarded? 139
 Punch and his Fellow Prophet, 232
 Punch asks a Question, 256
 Punch at the Monday Pops, 12
 Punch Φιλία Φιλίας Έλληνας, 43
 Punch's Derby Prophecy, 217, 229
 Punch's Essence of Parliament, 1, 73, 77, 87, &c.
 Punch's Review, 22
 Punch's Stereoscopes, 80
 Puzzling Performance (A), 54
 Recorder's Rights of Wives Bill (The), 127
 Reform your Sailors' Bills, 154
 Remarkable Case (A), 94
 Rem Acu Tetigisti, 117
 Retreat from the Marriage Market (A), 213
 Retrenchment: a Soliloquy, 45
 Ritualism of Terpsichore, 25
 Ritualism on the Turf, 228
 Ritualist Rat (The), 8
 Robbing and Reforming, 75
 Rock Ahead (A), 143
 Rogues All! 116
 Roo-ey-too-ey-too! 200
 Rose Show in St. Paul's (The), 238
 Royal Mason (The), 242
 Rubricall Readings (A), 134
 Rubric well Ruled (A), 9
 Rum and Milk Cure for Clergymen, 215
 SAFE Irish Landlord (A), 214
 Saint Rehabilitated (A), 118
 Saurin v. Star, 58
 Science on St. Paul's, 150
 Scoundrelism on the Sea, 65
 Scrape for the Statues (A), 219
 Seamanship and Sporting, 239

Seasonable Hints, 187
 Sensible Petition (A), 166
 Sentimentalist on Sea and Land Birds (A), 111
 Sewage Irrigation à la Française, in Egypt, 57
 Shaksperianity, 128
 Shot at the Gun Cotton (A), 225
 Sibylline Books (The), 108
 Sisters and Wives, 94
 Sisters-in-Love v. Sisters-in-Law, 181
 Small Beer Chronicles, 9
 Smash for the Seed Swindlers (A), 142
 Sobriety of Election, 2
 Social Sporting Intelligence, 249
 Sold at Covent Garden, 187
 Soldier's Poor Feet (The), 206
 Soliloquy by a Sot, 205
 Song for a Speech (A), 215
 Songs of Sixpence, 149, 173, 196, 218, &c.
 Song of the Bottle-Nosed Whale, 31
 Song of the Street Ruffian (The), 34
 Song to the Right Tune (A), 239
 Sound Port and Principles, 131
 Spanish Bull (A), 66
 Sparkle on the Bench, 2
 Spiritual Perspicuity, 232
 Sports for Modern Athletes, 245
 Sportsmen at Sea, 112
 Spring Assizes (The), 128
 Stage Copyists and Stage Critics, 63
 Stanzas to Sumner, 200
 Step on the Safe Side (A), 130
 S. Thomas Secundus, 38
 Storm in a Tea-Cup (A), 106
 Strange Food, 78
 Strange Spectacle (A), 117
 Stucco: a Madrigal, 66
 Supplementary Paragraph (A), 269
 Supplementary Treasury Minute, 11
 Sweets of Office Life (The), 228
 Swimgograph (The), 203
 Symptoms of a Coming Row, 62
 TABLET and a Token (A), 161
 Tar Tar, 79
 Terrestrial Angels' Tears, 68
 Tell this to the Marines, 10
 Tête de Veau en Tortue, 150
 Temperance and Taxation, 89
 Temperance in Jerusalem, 261
 Thames to Themis, 178
 The Mi'G Rida! 54
 Theatrical Four-in-hand (A), 85
 Theatrical Protectionists, 225
 Those Dreadful Boys! 84
 Those Isthmian Games! 229
 To Hang, or Not to Hang? 175
 Too Hard upon Colenso, 89
 To Parties from the Country, and Others, 195
 To Playgoers, 257, 269
 Tornado Wanted (A), 246
 Touching a Recital, 256
 Touching Horses' Names, 220
 Triad (A), 269
 Two-Legged Vermin, 44
 Two-Year Old Plate (The), 107
 UNCANONISED Martyr (An), 214
 Under the Buttercups, 240
 University Boat-Race Song (A), 118
 Up in a Balloon, 237
 Usurer's Threnody (An), 22
 VEGETABLE GIANT (A), 116

Very Queer Fish, 206
 Very Serious Dancing, 68
 Volunteers! Attention! 184
 Vulgarians at the Play, 236
 WANTED an Island, 37
 Wanted: a Steam Domestic, 177
 Wave of our Baton (A), 106
 Weathercock at its Worst (The), 207
 Welcome Verbal Stranger, 266
 Welcome, Viceroy of Egypt, 269
 Well-Dressed Guys, 123
 Welsh Nannygoat—Anecdote, we Mean, 32
 Whalley's News, 56
 What Conventional Reputations Come to, 90
 What is Luggage? 240
 What Science says of us, 100
 What the Walls heard at the Academy Dinner, 199
 Who Cried "No"? 203
 Who would be a Prince? 270
 Why and a Because (A), 98
 Why Shave your Sailors? 213
 Why Strangle your Soldiers? 203
 William Bradbury, 165
 Woman's Ideal (A), 220
 Wonderful Cure by Epsom Salts, 66
 Word to Playgoers (A), 247, 257
 Zero of Fraud (The), 208
 &, 153

LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

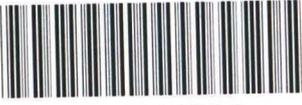
Block for Traitors, 211
 Chambermaid of the Vatican (The), 39
 Cold Shoulder (The), 243
 Committed for Trial, 49
 Darby and John, 213
 Disendowment and Disarmament, 135
 End of the "Tempest" (The), 91
 Extraordinary Mildness of the Political Season, 81
 Forgetting his Place, 263
 "Habitual Criminal" Cure (The), 113
 Happy New Year to All (A), 5
 Humble Pie (?) 201
 Justice to Ireland, 16, 17
 "L'Homme qui Rit!" 233
 Little Boy Ballot, 125
 No Playing at Soldiers, 147
 Our Siamese Twins, 59
 Prevention Better than Cure, 28, 29
 "Ram of Derby;" or, Longhead v. Wronghead (The), 253
 "Rejected!" 189
 Rival Conjurors (The), 169
 Sir Jonathan Falstaff, 223
 Sunday Question (The), 153, 159
 Swift on a Large Scale, 103
 Thames to Themis, 179
 Two Girls of the Period, 71

SMALL ENGRAVINGS:—

At the Horse Show, 236
 Awful Summit that Tammas met A-coming Whoam, 124
 Beard Movement (The), 259
 Bonnie Lassie of "The Period," 20
 Brilliant Idea of Young Harpud, 62
 Candid, 138
 Case for Reform (A), 226
 Caution to Ladies, 99
 Chacun à son Gout, 246
 Check (A), 107
 Comparisons, 238
 Convalescent (The), 229
 Country-House Study (A), 8
 Curious Entomological Study, 144
 Delicacy, 52
 Delightful for Lovers—a good Old Custom Revived, 4
 Distinction (A), 252
 Doctor's Bill (The), 44
 Dover, Easter 1869, 142
 "Eels over Head," 256
 Egg-Poacher: a Tale of Country Life (The) 146, 174, 194
 Embarrassing, 249
 Extenuating Circumstances, 131
 Extortion, 242
 Extraordinary Take of Twin Salmon, 118
 Faithful Ever! 128
 "Fence," 218
 Fog (The), 84
 Force of Habit (The), 207
 Foreign Notes, 183
 Gentle Vegetarian (A), 90
 Great Big Ugly Bear to Nice Tender Little Girl, 155
 Heavy, 98
 Heresy, 64
 Holiday Task for an M. F. H., 54
 Home Study (A), 33
 Honourable Ambition, 87
 Hygiene, 55
 International Compliments, 268
 Cold Shoulder (The), 243
 In the Season, 266
 Irish Assurance, 86
 Jibbing Pony (The), 143
 John Brown and the Cid, 222, 248
 Labor ipse Voluptas, 216
 Ladies and Photographer, 112
 La Polly, 214
 Left to the Imagination, 134
 Little and Good, 72
 Little Biffin invents a Velocipede, 232
 Look here, Loyd Lindsay, 45
 Making the Best of it, 262
 Making up for it, 77
 Mismomer (A), 196
 Mr. Jinks out of Spirits, 106
 Mutual Accommodation, 197
 No Irish need Apply, (a Fact), 129
 "Oh! The Mistletoe Bough!" 10
 Old Gentleman and Irish Waiter, 239
 Old Nick-otin Stealing "Away the Brains" of his Devotees, 21
 On the Derby Day, 227
 Ornamental? or Useful? 73
 Ottoman (The), 48
 Our Adventurous Artist, 184
 Our Art School Conversation, 172
 Penny Saved is a Penny Gained (A), 120
 Perfect Cure (A), 32
 Philosophical Revenge (The), 102, 121
 Pleasant Reflection, 24
 Poser (A), 273
 Post Office Puzzle (A), 192
 Principal Reason why Mac stayed a Short Time in London, 204
 Proper Reproof, 175
 Provoking! 67
 "Reading without Tears," 80
 Real Benevolence, 185
 Royal Academy, April 26th, 188
 Rural Study (A), 200
 Sanitary Measures, 140
 Santa Nicotina Consolatrix. The Poor Man's Friend, 35
 Secret of Delicate Appetites (The), 182
 See that your Garments are made with a Lock-Stitch Machine, 162
 Sketch from Nursery History (A), 97
 Slogder Paints "The Finding the Dead Body of Harold" in Farmer Cobby's Barn, 154
 "Smoking Compartment!" 58
 Soft! 38
 "Sour Grapes," 25
 Specimens not yet Included at the Regent's Park, 258
 Sport! 66
 Startling Effect, 56
 Stolen Ladder (The), 210
 Study from the Parlour-Window (A), 12
 Study in Belgravia, 116
 Study of an Ancient Buck at a Modern Burlesque, 94
 Swell Amateur and Artist, 219
 Talent Appreciated, 168
 Terrific Apparition at Westminster, 109
 Thing of Beauty is a Joy for Ever (A), 167
 To Sufferers from Nervous Depression, 178
 "Water, Water, Everywhere!" 42
 "What we must Expect to See," &c., 163, 205
 "Wholesale!" 70
 Why we are so Beloved on the Continent, 269
 Young Philistine (A), 13
 Zoology, 96



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 622 077 5

